

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS



Dedicated to the Fellowship
of the Purple Tongue



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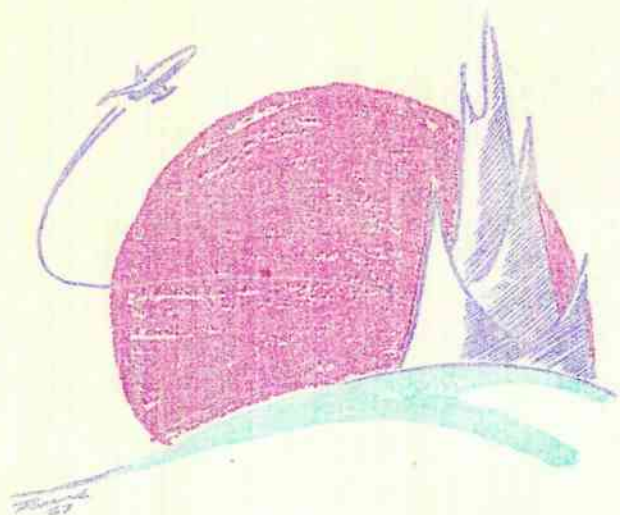
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ART CREDITS:

Cover by LEE SCHILLING
 Pages 2,3,4 by TERRY ROMINES
 Pages 10, 11 by GLEN T BROCK

It will be noted that this zine has no price (that's so I can call it priceless...) or subscription rates. I will gladly trade it for anything I like, however.

Lyrical poetry, articles on lots of things like sub-world fantasy, fantasy illustration, etc., and good fiction are solicited. Paanish items, puns, and articles on music will also be considered. Art is also tenderly solicited, preferably multicolored, on spirit master.



Well, friends, fans, and other various victims of this insidious Purple Menace, it's that time again... I would have had this third issue out long ago, but I could not think of anything brilliant and scintillating to say in the editorial.

If some of you are wondering why you haven't heard from me, there are several possible explanations. I am lazy. The zine you sent is under 20 others, all great, also great, and all uncommented on... Or it might be the fault of the USPOD - I just got a Xmas card from the Garlic Press (Devra Langsam and Sherna Comerford), it was mailed back in December of last

year and today is Jan 26. Happy Spock Shock, Shevra and Dernal

The "Planned Parenthood" people recently sent me a reprint from Esquire of an article by one David Lyle. According to him, we only have 35 years left before population pressure becomes unbearable. His last paragraph is interesting... Afetr threatening us with the various horrors of an "1984" type world, he winds up,

"Which sounds like Buck Rogers stuff, until you remember that the gravity belt is here..."

How's that again? Gravity belt? Where can I get one? Be very nice for going to work on sunny days...

In case anyone wonders about the editorial policy of this rag, I publish articles, poetry, fiction, and art (that about covers it...) that people send me and that I find interesting, thrilling, exciting, beautiful, etc. There will be a few letters this issue, the PO didn't lose all the copies of #2...

I see by the new TV GUIDE that this latest "Save Star Trek" campaign has letters coming in to NBC at the rate of 1000 a week, "allegedly instigated by a sci-fi magazine" it says. Apparently the "allegedly" was necessary because some of the letters threaten to "blow up" NBC if ST is cancelled... Be funny if Juanita Coulson went to jail for inciting to riot, or conspiracy to blow up a TV network! I find it a little hard to visualize NBC blowing up though.

I always watch Star Trek, at least the first half. If it's good, fine, if not, well it's never a surprise when crud comes out of the TV. Personally, I wish (or wish, when I can master my lithp) they would add a couple more interesting aliens to the crew, cut some of the corn out of the Kirk-Spock relationship, and put a little more thought into the plots or use some of the many great sf stories written in ~~the~~ the last 20 years. That last episode with the 11,000 mile long amoeba looked like a regular refugee from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

I am most grateful to the contributors to this issue, especially to Sharon for the poems, and to Terry Romine, Glen Brock, and Lee Schilling for the artwork.

Terry is the current resident fan at Fort Eustis, having been preceded there by Steve Stiles (FOR TAFF) and Colin Cameron, and Fred Lerner.

Glen Brock is ex-secretary of the new Atlanta fan group, ASFO II. I sure was glad to see a revival of fandom in Atlanta. I missed the first ASFO, I didn't know about it even though I was living in Atlanta before it folded in '55. My parents live near Atlanta, and I generally get down there a couple of times a year.

Lee Schilling is not exactly a fan, ~~he's a staff writer for the Atlanta Journal-Constitution~~ he works in the same office I do and makes like an artist on the side. I have been experimenting with painting direct on spiral master with a brush dipped in Hecto ink, in hopes that he might do me some artwork that way, but the results aren't too encouraging.

DEPARTMENT OF ARCANES MYSTERIES - In his "Theme of the Traitor and Hero", Argentine fantasy writer Jorge Luis Borges quotes the following lines as being from "The Tower", by William Butler Yeats:

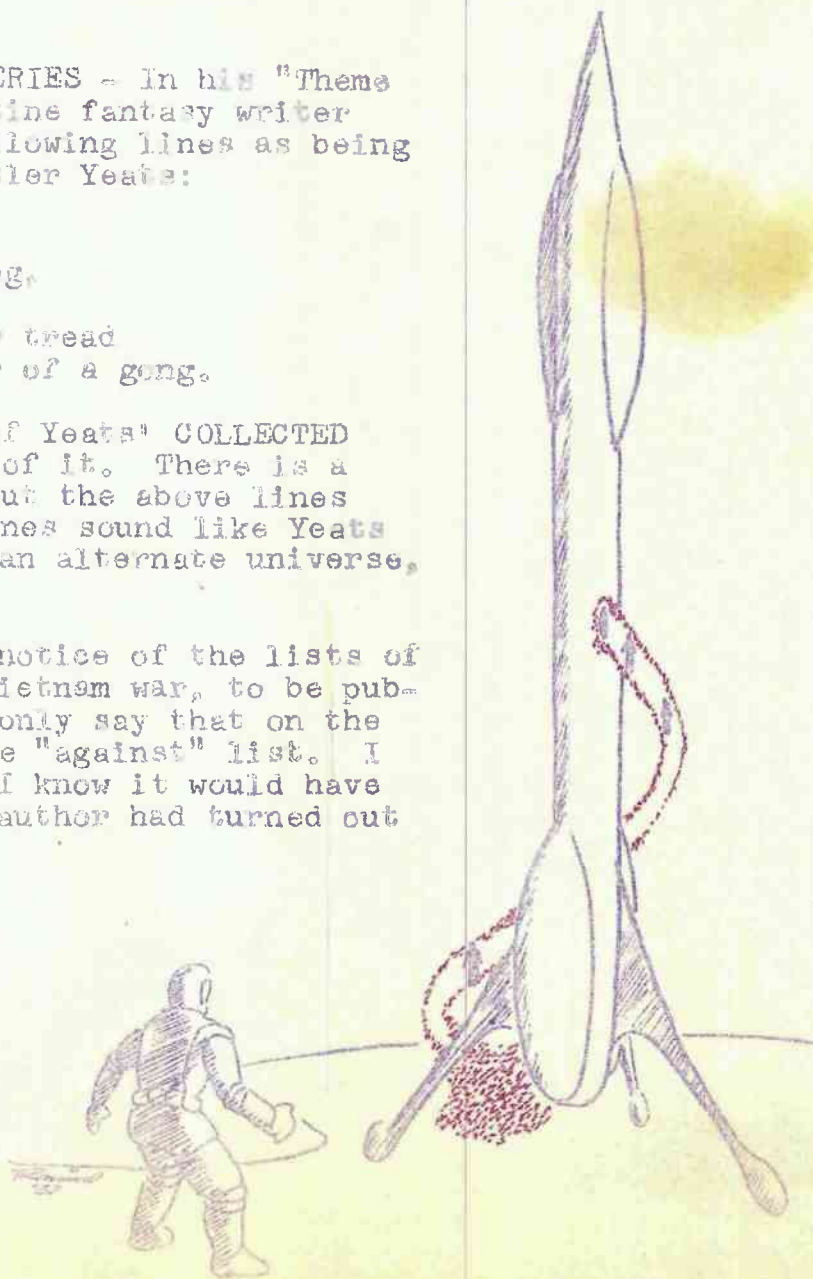
So the Platonic Year
Whirls out new right and wrong,
Whirls in the old instead;
All men are dancers and their tread
Goes to the barbarous clangor of a gong.

Now, I have the latest edition of Yeats' COLLECTED POEMS, and I've read a good bit of it. There is a poem called "The Tower" in it, but the above lines don't appear. And yet, these lines sound like Yeats should have written them... In an alternate universe, perhaps?

Having seen the advance notice of the lists of writers for and against the Vietnam war, to be published in the March F&SF, I can only say that on the whole I prefer the writers in the "against" list. I suppose this proves something - I know it would have been a shock if all my favorite author had turned out to be "for" that useless atrocity. The advance notice, incidentally, was in Porter's SF WEEKLY.

May Ghu bless you in the reading of these words...

Wes



THE SPLENDIFANS

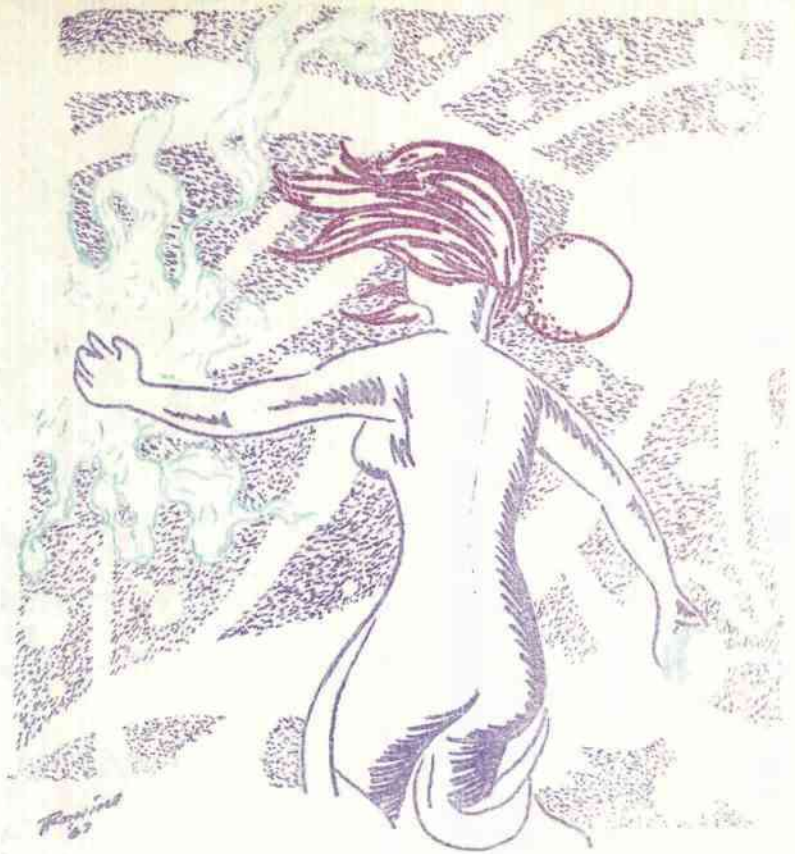
by Sharon Ann Towle *

The splēndifans make merry,
Under an ambushade
Of herbs so salutary
I watch them making merry
In an underterra glade

They say they came all Faery
And — I cannot quite grasp —
Terra manuevers mainly
On everliving grass;
Within her wisdoms pass.

Tall as a tortured structure
Came a splendifan to me
And asked me why we'd rupture
The life of all Faerie?
I murmured "Fairheart — flee!"
Free as a gossaming whisper
Of love's eterne delight,
When love flows down like silver
And eyes are shining light,
He stared so shockedly bright!

I could have told him truly
Of our dead and dying lives,
How we would wing aft Faery
Had we kept our firstborn eyes,
But I bade him flee my knife!



* As with those in the previous issue of TNNNN, all rights to future publication of Sharon Towle's poems remain with the author.

PARANOID? PROVERB?

Sharon Ann Towle

Is something missing from your purse?

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

Are you the victim of a curse?

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

Have you been mocked or snubbed or slapped?

Rudely awakened from a nap?

When blessed with silence asked to chat?

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

Who watches everything you do?

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

And stops you cold if it's something new?

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

Do nothing strange, lest someone spies!

There's someone round you on all sides!

You can't escape those prying eyes!

Hark! The menacing someone lurks!

SONG - by Sharon Ann Towle

(Tune: "Christ Is Born In Bethlehem", an Appalachian folk carol)

Electric lightbulbs in the eyes
Are used to drain the mind;
Yet we ignore the starlit skies
And turn the lights up high!

And turn the lights up high!
And turn the lights up high!
Yet we ignore the starlit skies
And turn the lights up high!

Our childish prayers arose to Heaven,
We felt a faint reply;
As we matured, we heard no more,
And used to wonder why!

And used to wonder why!
And used to wonder why!
As we matured, we heard no more,
And used to wonder why!

We've blotted out of all our lives
The strange, in many ways!
And find we're starving for surprise
From cradle to the grave!

From cradle to the grave!
From cradle to the grave!
And find we're starving for surprise
From cradle to the grave!

Machines that look like Hellish things
Are chewing up the land!
That we can put up narrow walls
To bind the mind of man!

To bind the mind of man!
To bind the mind of man!
That we can put up narrow walls
To bind the mind of man!

Our Lord, he gave us all free will --
To stay or go from him;
And warned the Devil comes unknown --
Yet we believe not him!

Yet we believe not him!
Yet we believe not him!
And warned the Devil comes unknown --
Yet we believe not him!

INDIAN RING

Sharon Ann Towle

An oval, slate, of polished fossil wood
Smooth as a robin's egg, oval long and narrow,
Laid in silver, solid and enduring
Setting of braid and well-chosen curves,
With a black matrix embedded in the grey stone,
Linked to another by a flash of red,
That strongly brings to modern mind a protozoan.

This stone long and narrow was carefully chosen
By savages, from acres of petrified wood,
Before the coming of modern man;
And set in silver wrought with a skill
That modern craftsmen languish and long for.

COMICS

by Jim Ashe

Today I surprised myself by going into a magazine store and purchasing two comic books. It has been years since I purchased a comic book, in spite of some exposure to comic fandom. Why should I have purchased two comic books?

Because, after all that time, I quite sincerely wondered what was in them. And maybe I felt a certain evil little thought that as an adult I should be able to discover what upset my parents about my purchasing comics as a child.

So I ended up with a Batman Special and a Fantastic Four. The Fantastic Four featured the Silver Surfer, who seemed to be either guest star or guest villain -- I couldn't guess which.

Close inspection revealed no sinister influences. In fact, the comic books were disgustingly pure. Absolutely unrealistic. What kind of people are we, that we should publish that kind of material for children to read? It's no wonder that when children reach adolescence they become strangers. Nothing in their experience, not even comic books, prepares them for the real world. But getting back to those comic books --

It seemed to me that they closely resembled the ones I read years ago, but were less interesting. Some of the designs, though, were absolutely fantastic, and I do believe that modern comics are more striking visually than those I read in the Long Ago.

But no sinister influences!

The Batman Special seemed to contain earlier Batman strips. That would be good economics; no need redrawing the material for each new generation of readers. Some of the material in the Batman book might have been drawn just after WW2, if the appearance of the cars is any indication. Batman now looks much like Batman then.

The artwork in the Fantastic Four is pure escapism, as seen from an adult view. My! Those muscles! Let's see... Oh yes, Superman and Captain Marvel were the original weight-lifter types. There are four of them here, and the least looks like Joe Louis in his prime.

One thing was a little upsetting. Why have they tilted all those books down? Time was when they pointed the covers right at you...

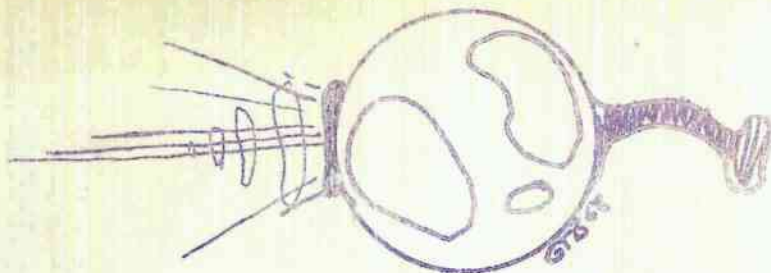
Ed. Note: Any comment from comic fans? Personally, I find the super-heroes too super to identify with. The plots just seem to be an excuse for striking visual set-pieces, and there is no real attempt at a suspension of disbelief.

THE PERPETUAL BOUNCER

by Glen T. Brock

From: Reg Ranovich
Starship Savannah (IP 10748)
Standard Star Date 47125 3/8

To: Roger Brown
Starship Leonardo (IP 7317)



Dear Rog,

Hope things are drifting well your way. Everthing's peaceful (at least now) at this end of the galaxy. Ran into something interesting out in Deep Space Sector X10174. Let me tell you about it.

There was a bunch of blips on our radar systems coming directly at us at about a quarter light speed. Captain figured they were going too fast for detectors (God knows I agree with him) so he decided to investigate.

Well, guess who got volunteered for the investigation team. You're right, me and Ross. We suited up with the traditional curses and oaths and when we were thoroughly miserable and out-fitted went outside.

The damned things were animals, Rog! Little round balls about 40 or 50 centimeters in diameter. They had a probiscus at one end and a flared opening at the other. Most of their bodies must have been connective tissue or they would have burst in the void. Well, anyway, they came at the ship without any indication of knowing it was there. The probiscus would sweep from side to side gathering debris, then (and I swaer I'm sober) waste material (a gas) would be forcefully expelled from the flared opening. That was how they moved, nature's own rockets!

We told Cap about it and he was so interested he told us to go out and grab one for him to look at inside. Well, Ross and I both wished he would soak his head in liquid oxygen but we pushed off and started after one of those damn things.

It wasn't hard to catch one. They completely ignored us (all except one, which considered us food. Ross kicked him in the flared opening. After that he left us alone.) and soon we had one in our arms and were blasting towards the ship. The only bad thing was that the thing ignored us and consequently would not cooperate. We missed the ship twice before we could adjust our retros to counter his resistance.



Well, our problems didn't really start until we got the thing in the outer storeroom. When some idiot closed the airlock and filled the chamber with air, all hell broke loose.

Ever try to stop a rocket? The creature, used to a vacuum, considered the storeroom a "Joe's Pizza Parlor". That probiscus whipped back and forth like a whip and the thing flew around like a rocket. Fumes smelled like burning rubber and the thing was like a bowling ball fired out of a cannon at you. Ross got knocked cold and I, screaming and hollering like a Comanche, clung to the ball for dear life.

But if things weren't bad enough, the thing decided to reproduce (asexually by fission)! Then there were two of them spinning and bouncing off those walls. It didn't take long in that "soup" for the two offspring to grow to maturity and split again. Before I knew what had happened there were dozens of the damned things bouncing everywhere. I couldn't see Ross, who was buried under the squirming mass, but I could hear his long streams of poetic profanity through my earphones.

After about five minutes of this punishment I began to plead with the captain to get us out but old Cap' wouldn't do it. He had a head on his shoulders! If one of those things got into the control room the whole crew would be up the creek. He told me it was my nestegg and I'd better hatch it.

I squirmed and wiggled down through them to the floor where Ross lay half crushed and almost without appropriate words. Together we struggled through those things to the airlock door and with some degree of concentration and perspiration we managed to wedge it open.

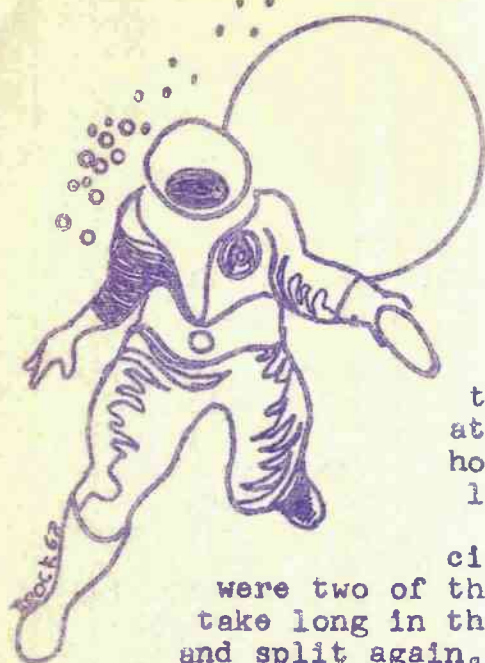
The force of those things shooting out of the airlock was almost like an atomic explosion. We found ourselves a thousand paces out before we could switch on our retro rockets.

Well, we got back to the ship without any more incidents, but guess who caught it for bringing those things in. You're right! Ross and yours truly. Ol' Cap' gave us a verbal whipping I'm not soon to forget on the whys of not bringing alien creatures aboard ship.

Well, that's about all I have to say decent at this end.

Share air, comrade!

Reg



FRAGMENT...

(Ed. note: This fragment of an obviously fannish journal fell to earth near here after last year's disastrous tornadoes. It is published in hopes that the owner, if he still lives, will reclaim it.)

Mon/11/6/67 - I suspect there may be several remarks made in question of why a fanzine purportedly devoted to horror and Sword & Sorcery literature should include an editorial about the civil rights issue. At the 1967 World SF Conference in New York, Isaac Asimov, in a spirited debate with _____ on the topic, "Should there be more or less science in science fiction?", remarked that one of the roles of sf in this nuclear age was to try to save the world from itself. Suppose for a moment that overt nuclear disaster can be averted. The world will still have political problems, economic problems, psychological problems, and social problems, and among the latter there will remain that specific question, "How can the world's different races learn to live with each other?". You will, of course, have noticed the note of optimism explicit in the speculative approach of the science-fiction amateur press. We do not ask, "Can the world's races learn co-existence?", but "How?". We make an assumption which can only be borne out by socio-political forces in motion today. I would like to ask, in this context, "Can science fiction and the Science-fiction amateur press contribute towards a more meaningful exploration (if not an immediate resolution) of the problems presented by the civil rights issue?". We don't look at the world through rose-tinted glasses; we don't claim that science fiction, much less the science-fiction amateur press, with its limited audience, can solve all the world's problems as if by magic. But we are concerned, nevertheless, that the problems exist, and that they exist on the same planet which we happen to inhabit, therefore they are part of the huge panorama of human experience from which professional science fiction draws its grist, and in that sense they ultimately come into contact with science-fiction fandom. Since (word missing) is indirectly a product of New York City science-fiction fandom, therefore, we feel it is proper for us to approach the civil rights issue here. We should not be so obliged to strain so hard in order to thus affect such a tenuous and exaggerated connection between the problems of the mundane world and the sub-culture of sf fandom, but there are fans who find it difficult to accept this insular attitude which fandom adopts in order to remove itself, to escape, as it were, from that portion of existence which is non-fandom. The problems of the mundane world are every bit as much the problems of the science fiction/fantasy fan, and ought to be regarded as such. There is a feeling that this would be the case if fandom itself were not so beset with the more immediate problem of how to survive.

It would be a dismal prospect indeed if this magazine were alone among genzines in recognizing the relative status of science fiction and fandom among the mass media in which the civil rights issue is debated. I contend that abstraction like brotherhood, equality, and social justice are part of the collective responsibility of the man in the street and the fan in the street. If a community has a judiciary or a legislature which does not satisfy the needs of its constituency, it has the option not only of voting in a hopefully more suitable judiciary or legislature, but of going to the lengths of trying to keep abreast of the problems and situations which confront them. Most citizens, it appears, are either unable or unwilling

to take this step, to try becoming more politically conscious. Yet if a court hands down a decision that gives a minority a good screwing, the

Note by sub-curator, Sol-system Subdivision: This fragment of a fragment is, ironically, one of the few legible remnants found in the rubble after a final nuclear war on the planet we call Sol-III. The general sense of the words was decipherable because we had been recording their television transmissions for a number of years before the last war. Those interested in the significance of this fragment in terms of the self-destruction of the ill-fated inhabitants of Sol-III should see Professor Brongle's excellent monograph on the subject, "Elucidation of Sol-III Remnant #5 Fragment", TSN-5329.

#####

Water where grassblades cannot grow
Presents an unforgiving hue --
When Lo! Under the water's glow
Minutest little leafsprouts show.
Around the verge I see them -- dying,
Their little roots no soil binding,
Their little stems too weakly made
To airlift heavy seedleaf heads.
Quicksilver love of flashing rain,
Spawning an intermittent pond,
Evoked these radiant wee green gasps,
Forsook them to their quick collapse.

- Sharon Ann Towle

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES

(also an embarrassment of misspelling...)

Being a long column of short fanzinest reviewingly - in the order in which they fall from the mailbox. I am going to omit the \$ wanted for these, except in the few cases where they absolutely insist on getting some from you even for a sample issue.

BOX 41 - Joe & Karen Wehrle, 539 West Mahoning St, Punxsutawney, Pa-15767
Offset, small but beautiful (like Karen...). Better art (I think) than Joe's FAWN THE DARK-EYED. A brief con-report, and an excellent piece of short fiction. Best is a fragment called ARKAHVAH, the start of a new strip.

FANTASIE - Dan Carr, Willem Van den Broek, 1128 Birk Ave, Ann Arbor, Mich
Bad black ditto on thin yellow paper, and only partially legible. (46103)
Some of the legible parts not too bad though, maybe it will improve.
Apparently devoted to fiction, review, and discussion.

STARLING #11 - Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Sta Rd, Kirkwood, Mo - 63122
An attractive zine in the classic mimeo style. Con report by Lesleigh Couch on Nycon, reviews, letters.

MANTICORE and OUTRECROFT, Mike & Diane Zaharakis, 14 Third Av SE, Minot, North Dakota - 58701.

Mimeo, could be better. But the art and poetry are good, and the comment interesting. Both zines are members of the "Vector Free Press". Apparently the only reason for two zines rather than one is that they had two good titles on hand... I can't see any basic difference in them. Especially good is DEATH OF A FAN in MANTICORE.

LEFTOVERS #2 - John Boardman, 592-16th St, Brooklyn, N.Y.-11218
Mimeo, on brown paper, with no art - BUT chockful of ~~very~~ fascinating political, philosophical, fantastical, and fannish comment, hilarious gags, letters and a very good poem by Micheal Girdansky, THE DEVIL IS AN UPRIGHT MAN. Also Boardman's side of his feud with The Cult.

COSIGN 14- COSFS, 160 Chittenden Ave, Columbus, Ohio - 43201
Good mimeo, and a very good cover. Good sf reviews and comment, and altogether too much about "Spider-Man".

QUARK 5, Lesleigh & Chris Couch, Rt 2, Box 889, Arnold, Mo - 63010
Mimeo, with multicover, uh multicolor cover, done by some process I'm not familiar with. This is a genzine-apazine (APA 45) as is TNNNN, come to think of it. A good zine, except for a long article on sup-

rent music by Hank Luttrell that doesn't even mention the Fugs. Whose third album is finally out, incidentally.

ECCO #3 - Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C. - 27298
Good mimeo, almost 100 pages, but half-size. Must have been a lot of trouble cutting all that Twilltone in half. A good short story by Ray Nelson, and another good one by Albert Ellis, whoever he may be...

ODD #18 - Ray Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St Louis, Mo.-63108; 75¢, 4/\$2
This is probably the most fabulous fanzine of the year.... Offset, 122 pages, great art, fiction, poetry. It is beyond my commenting on it in this type of column. Besides, I'm missing pp 33-34, the start of what looks like a fantastic 20 page story by Bill Bowers, LOOK DREAMWARD, BEGGAR.

ALPHA #21 - Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave, Charlotte, NC-28203
Mimeo. I don't understand how 20 issues got published without my ever hearing of it before... An article on teleports, a crossword puzzle, a good piece of short fiction, and a review of last year's prozines.

CINEFANTASTIQUE #5 - Fred Clarke, 7470 Diversey, Elmwood Park, Ill - 60035
Good mimeo, good art, and ten pages of movie material for sale. This is the best fantasy film zine I've seen since the old GARDEN GHOULS GAZETTE folded. Also has an index and article on STAR TREK, with numerous offset stills.

PERIHELION #3 - Sam Bellotto, Eric Jones, 190 Willoughby, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. 6/\$2.
Offset, centerfold-stapled, looks a bit like TRUMPET. This zine started life as SELDON SEEN, and has improved tremendously. All very good. The best things are the Jeff Jones artwork, the Evelyn Lief story, and the article by Yonah N Ihn Aharon on the source of Lovecraft's "Necronomicon". I am looking forward to the next issue, even though the centerfold staples did attack me - you need to adjust your stapler, both are broken and have sharp points sticking out.

TWILIGHT ZINE #22 - Leslie Turek, Cory Siedman, 20 Ware St, Apt 4, Cambridge, Mass 02138
Mimeo. Good art by Jack Gaughan and Stephen Fabian (who he?). This is about the wackiest zine going. Supposedly the OO of the MITSFS, the minutes of that august body appear as "The Bastard of the Rape of the Bride of the Son of the Ghost of MITSFS". And then there are the adventures of Captain Zoom, and a good bit of Ambrose Bierce... They note on the back that I "used to trade", I didn't know I had quit. They get this rag and CB, I don't know what more they want. I'd write them a letter, but they are all a bunch of drunks, potheads, lunatics, etc., and never pay any attention to anything south of NY. The only sane (well... nearly) fan there was Mike Ward, and he's gone to the West Coast.

NOUS #1, 2 - Jean Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minn-55417
& Ruth Berman, 3905 West 1st St, Los Angeles, Calif - 90004
Mimeo & ditto, both pretty bad, which is unfortunate as the contents deserve much better. #1 has a good article on the Tarot and Charles Williams' fantasy based on it, THE GREATER TRUMPS, and a fascinating article on the logic behind Lewis Carroll's ALICE. And #2 has an operetta, THE FANDOLIERS, using the music from Gilbert & Sullivan's GONDOLIERS, and a hilarious article by Lon Atkins on his West Coast job-hunting adventures.

SF OPINION - Dean Koontz, 528 Walnut St, Apt 5, Lemoyne, Penn - 17043
Ditto, wish mine was as good. There have been a $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen or so issues of this little 2-4 page zine, all excellent. Original comment on the sf field, wacky jokes, good art.

INFO JOURNAL #2, International Fortean Organization, 801 North Daniel St, Arlington, Va - 22201, \$1

Offset beautifully done by the Golden Goblin Press, with the same excellence that graces ANUBIS. Info was established to carry on the work of Charles Fort in documenting, reporting, and investigating phenomena which our current scientific theories cannot explain. Besides excellent art by Jennings and Rhodes, there are photos and sketches illustrating the articles. Among other things, this issue covers the "Nampa image", a small clay figure which apparently came from a geological strata much older than the presence of man in that area, supposedly; and the "moon-shaft", a peculiar cave formation with geometrically smooth walls and a cross-section like a new moon (crescent).

HYDRONICAL #2 - Terry Romine; I don't know his current address but he's in the army at Ft Eustis, Va and I see him every other week or so. This was the last issue of his zine before he got drafted. Excellent ditto, with multicolor art by Terry and a couple of other good artists.

KALEIDOSCOPE #1 - Stan Taylor, c/o Bill Bruce, 1603 N. 16th St, Baton Rouge, La - 70802. At least I guess Bill is still there, haven't heard from him in some time.

Good Offset, centerfold-stapled. The whole zine is the work of Stan Taylor, who is comparable to Will Eisner in his ability to create a total work of art in the panel story form. The only thing not Stan's is Ray Bradbury's 1948 story "The Man", which is done in strip form. Unfortunately, in giving his permission to use it, Bradbury asked that the print run be kept below some low figure (100?), because of the copyright. This zine is fabulous and should have gotten wider distribution.

AD ASTRA #3 - Paul Crawford, 505 N. West St, Visalia, Calif - 93277
Good Mimeo. Best thing in it is a story, "A House Named Hilda" by Don D'Amassa that could have come straight out of an old UNKNOWN or IMAGINATION.

ARGENTINE SF REVIEW VI#5 - Hector Pessina, Casilla 3869, C. Central, Buenos Aires, Argentina. 30¢ in mint US stamps.
Good offset, digest size. Photo cover of Argentine pbs and proziens. All in English. Comment and reviews of fanzines, books, etc.

PARADOX #8 - Bruce Robbins, 436 S. Stone Ave, La Grange, Ill - 60525. 35¢
Good mimeo. In addition to fanzine reviews and a checklist of Brad Day publication, this has the complete text of the 1823 stage version of FRANKENSTEIN by Richard Brinsley Peake. It was apparently an operetta, the characters break into song on every other page, though only the lyrics are given here.

ENIGMA #4 - John J B Jacobs II, 2223 N. Scott St, Arlington, Va - 22209
Offset, centerfold-stapled, digest size. This zine is well-named, I did find it an enigma - within a puzzle, wrapped up in a mystery. With the exception of two articles on the "psychedelic" thing by Ronald White, most of the rest of the 80 pages seems to be written by the ~~anonymous~~ editor, under various names. Result is a bit as if Stephen Pickering and Paul Ferrante co-edited RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, advised by Bishop Sheen. The offset is wasted on most of the art. There is one good illo that is uncredited, and a reprint of the curious Jerry Burge illo of the lizard creature and the girl that looks as if time stood still.

ETERNITY #1 and 2 - Stephen Gregg, PO Box 8, Sandy Springs, S.C. - 29677
Mimeo. Stephen is probably about the only fan in SC. I hope I answered the letter that was with these two zines, they are towards the bottom of the stack and pretty old. The zine is devoted to amateur fiction, good layout but rather crude execution. #2 has a couple of Jack Gaughan illos which should have been electrostencilled. Stephen complains that he needs more subs for ETERNITY (4/\$1, or 30¢ for one). Most fanzines don't try for subs until after they are well established, or the editor well-known, Stephen.

WITZEND #3 - Wallace Wood, Box 882, Ansonia Station, NY, NY - 10023.
Excellent offset comic-type zine, centerfold-stapled, \$1 per each. Good though rather imitative artwork. Though it claims it's "not in the opinion business", both of the stories set in the present do express definite (and rather reactionary) social opinions.

COSMOSTILZETTO #12 - Gene Klein, 33-51 84th St, Jackson Hts, NY-11372
Offset, Mimeo, Ditto, maybe some other repro methods. The Cawthorne is excellent offset, and very good. The rest of the zine is largely an illegible mixture of ditto and mimeo.

ANUBIS #2 - Paul Willis, same address as INFO JOURNAL, above. 50¢ Offset. Supposedly devoted to weird fiction, but a couple of articles on Charles Fort and a legendary "killer rock" seem to have escaped into ANUBIS from the INFO Journal. Artwork by Jack Gaughan and R. Edward Jennings is wonderful. As with ANUBIS #1, a couple of pages from the fabled NECRONOMICON are reprinted in facsimile.

* * * *

I still have fanzines here I could review, but I won't... Enough is too much of anything, as my kindly old fairy god-mother used to say.

* * *

Concentrated on the sunset
As on an arc of theatre, watching
The colors change --

Flamboyant Orange lit the sky
And salmoned clouds a mile high
(Like curdled creams in blushing wonder)
As the round sun so brightly flamed
Volcanic blazed her cloudformed arch --

From vast dark wings of heavy cloud
The fading sun drew down a rain
Of finest glory in thundrous silence --

In dawning dusk, the shell of sky
Faded a thousand million shades
Of grey and gold and rose and blue
O'er vast soft wings of spreading cloud

- Sharon Ann Towle

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE READ THE LAST ISSUE, CAUSE WE GOT SOME

LETTERS

Eds. comments like so //..blah..//

Dear Ned,

I am a scatterbrained idiot! //There you have it, straight from his own pen...??// Here is a short story with illo that I neglected to send you. //The s-b idiot refers to "The Perpetual Bouncer", in this issue. See Webster's second definition of "bouncer".//

Want a copy of NEUTRON? Send a quarter to me at:

NEUTRON
Box 10885
Atlanta, Ga - 30310

Or I'll trade you one for TNNNN#2 or #1. //No #1 or #2 left, how about a trade for #3? // Pass the word on the zine, will you? It's going to be a genzine emphasizing southern fandom politics. (Sapa formation, ASFO, N3F, NOSFA, discussions, fanzines, etc.) and I need contributions for #2. #1 is on the way to the printers and will be ready in about three weeks. //This letter was recieved about Jan 20.//

Sincerely, Glen T. Brock (address above)

Brief comment on TNNNNN: //Some people don't know where to stop with the 'n's - this comment by Steve Stiles, who just won the TAFF.//

You have a way to go to master the intricacies of dittoing, but at least every page in my copy was legible, which is a Good Sign.

You know, I never would've thought of the sympathetic magic angle in flag burning, but you may have something there. Obviously, the outraged citizens seem to regard the act as an act of treason, a sign that the burner wishes a similar destruction on the US... Or at least that's the way it looks from here; the hawks so often over-react to the doings of the doves (like when some Flower People were beaten up at a Veteran's Day parade) that it's difficult to judge the justice in their outrage. Flag burning is a protest against the present war; as a symbolic action it is too general to be an effective comment (as well as being in poor taste) //True... I tried some burnt flag the other day and it tasted awful!//; burning down a napalm factory might be more to the point. But while setting fire to a flag may be fuggheaded, I'm just wishy-washy enough to wonder about those who would (and have) clapped people into jail for doing it. Afetr all, a human being's freedom and welfare are infinitely of more importance than the welfare of a piece of dyed cloth.

best, Steve

Ned,

Sharon Ann Towle's poetry //In TNNNN#2// was pretty good, but I'm afraid that J.W.M. Turner did not impress me at all. Among other things, I didn't care for the frequency of dashes and exclamation points. // I wonder how many other readers thought, as Don appears to, that "J.W.M. Turner" was the name of the poet? J.W.M. TURNER was the name of the poem, by Sharon Towle, about the British painter of that name. //

"Claustrophobia" was up to the standards of fanzine fiction, and even had some good points, but -- partly because of length restrictions I fear -- characterization was neither strong enough to create reality nor pseudovaguely enough to give the impression of universality.

I agree on Blackwood, at least the half dozen or so short novels I've read by him were excellent. He reminds me of A. Merritt writing H.P. Lovecraft. His stories have only one noticeable lack; they're very similar, as with Lovecraft.

By the Zimiavian trilogy, I assume you mean MISTRESS OF MISTRESSES and FISH DINNER AT MEMISON, due out from Ballantine. But what's the third? I'm told that it was incomplete, and was related to the WORM OUROBOROS. Can you elucidate? //Gee, I get to show off! The third book, last to be written in the trilogy but actually the first chronologically, is indeed incomplete. Eddison died in WW2 before he could finish it. It is entitled THE MEZENTIAN GATE. There is little or no direct connection between the trilogy and Eddison's better known WORM OUROBOROS. //

I ought to try submitting something to you. //You certainly ought!// but I think I'll hold out for a letter. Actually I've been trying to get into a funny mood for a month because I receive courtesy copies of TWILIGHT ZINE and ZARATHUSTRA and really ought to submit to them.

I'm hot on the trail of THE JOURNAL OF JULIUS RODMAN. Will let you know what I discover. // The J of JR, a little-reprinted E A Poe novel, turned out to be a dreary non-fantasy about early western exploration. //

peripatetically, Don D'Amassa
14 Meadowcrest Dr
Cumberland, R.I. - 02864

Dear Ned,

It was very pleasant meeting you at the con. // Likewise, I'm shuah! // I also enjoyed the NNNNN (that's like banana; you never know when to stop). Your zine has the peculiar advantage of being just the right length - I read it cover to cover without becoming super-saturated. (This is a real danger with NIEKAS - you just dip into it and BAM! You've lost two hours and have a raging headache from the micro-print.) ...you did pretty well with ditto, a horrible medium at best. // It is not! //

I liked the short story //Claustrophobia// best. Generally I dislike fan fiction - it is at best on gruesome topics that give me the creeps, and at worst sounds (in writing) like the novel I'm trying to write. // One of those, eh? // Anyway that story really was good. It was short, to the point, and effective. One was continually tantalized by the snippets of data dropped, the picture being drawn. And it stopped in the right place too.

Speaking of fantasy, I recommend especially THE BOY WHO COULD FLY by Robert Newman.

LIVE LONG AND PROSPER, Devra Langsam
250 Crown St
Brooklyn, N.Y. - 11225

TO: Mr. Ned Brooks,
a/k/a The Newport News Nuisance

FROM: The Most Distinguished and Lovable
Julius Henry (Hank) Reinhardt
World's Greatest Hearts player.

2502 Randolph Pl
Birmingham, Ala
35223

Enjoyed the issue of TNNNN. Jesus Reinhardt, what a name!
No stupid, not the name Jesus Reinhardt, but the TNNNN. You got
some sorta fixation on the word News? Probably sexual in content.

Would you be offended if I told you you were as lousy a punster
as Jerry Page and Charles Wells? //I refuse to answer...// You would?
Good, you are!

Something about the poems by Sharon Ann Towle bothers me. It
clearly states at the bottom that all rights are reserved by the
author. It also clearly states that they may be published by Paul
W... //I can't spell it either...//, but who in hell is he? I hap-
pened to like that one, and if she does any more that are equally
attractive, I'll probably buy the book, so keep me informed. //Paul
W... is a Canadian fan who has already published a number of Sharon's
poems in a loose-leaf binder with provision for future sheets to be
added. I haven't heard anything from him in a year or so//

Best, Hank

Dear Ned,

I recieved my copy of the NNNN some weeks ago, but I put
it on my desk and consequently it has been lost until today when I
reached the midpoint in cleaning it.

The back cover artwork is good - like to see more like it. // So
would I!// You might try using some black it relieves the eyes in
some way since all these ditto colors are pastel. If you can get some
yellow ditto masters let me know as I'd like some. //Yeah... Even Steve
Stiles in NY says he can't find yellow or brown ditto carbons any more.
Did you see QUARK 5? The cover looks like ditto, but has gold and
orange in it.//

The story by Pat Perrin has excellent possibilities but is too
short. It should be developed more fully; it is, at present, a
fragment and not a story.

Some of the pages in my copy of TNNNN are faded and spottily
reproduced - this should vanish with more issues. I have found
that the typewriter used in ditto stencils is quite important, more
so than one would normally think. Best of luck with TNNNN.

Tony Lewis
124 Longwood Ave
Brookline, Mass - 02146

// Dr. Lewis is editor of the excellent zine STROON, than which there
is no other. If you are interested in Cordwainer Smith or Rapid
Transit, write him.//

teh,	teh
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[illegible]

To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the flea the dog
thou canst not then be liked by anyone...

[illegible]

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Oh well, it'll be more convenient that way for those who like such.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Since we are tired of this silly and pointless waste of men and money, and even so we seem to be more interested in defending the "South Vietnamese" than they are in fighting their own battle, I suggest that we simply admit that we are fed up, and tell Saigon that we are pulling out. In order that they not complain that we are throwing them to the wolves, backing out on our commitment, etc., let us provide the Saigon government with a couple of thermonuclear missiles. They want to be a modern nation, let them bear the responsibility of a modern nation! The Soviet Union would no doubt quickly supply Hanoi with its own nuclear weapons. Then North and South Vietnam could have their own little atomic stalemate, their own balance of terror. We would be careful, of course, to see that the range of the weapon was insufficient to threaten any part of the civilized world, and that the warheads were "clean" ones.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

I think George Wallace has an agent in the local ABC-TV outlet. Immediately following a half-hour of Wallace propaganda, this station ran a 1939 Ronald Reagan movie in prime time, 9 p.m., and in place of the ABC Network Special OF MICE AND MEN. I can't think of any other reason for replacing a major dramatic special with a 29-year-old movie!

IN CASE YOU WONDERED, THIS PUBLICATION HAS APPEARED BEFORE YOU
BECAUSE:

- YOU BELONG TO N'APA
- ✓ — I THINK YOU SHOULD JOIN N'APA
- YOU COMMENTED ON TNNNN #2
- YOUR OWN RAG IS MENTIONED HEREIN
- YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO RECIEVE ALL PURPLE MOWTH STUFF
- YOU ARE A FANNISH ARCHIVE AND I WANT IT PRESERVED
FOR POSTERITY
- YOU CONTRIBUTED
- ✓ — I WISH YOU WOULD CONTRIBUTE
- YOU SENT SETH JOHNSON \$1
- WE TRADE
- WE TRADE? (MY MEMORY IS AN EIDETIC SIEVE...)
- ✓ — I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT
- I FAINTED WHILE COLLATING IT AND YOUR NAME APPEARED
TO ME IN LETTERS OF FIRE
- ✓ — I WOULD LIKE TO TRADE

And now, as the fannish light which shines from the brow of Wally
Weber sinks slowly behind the western mountains, and the evening
breeze wafts away the fumes of ditto fluid, the kindly old fanned
gazes across the ill-drained tidal swamp and faunches in his heart
for the Second Coming of Ghu...