

THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS



FINAL NOTES

Ned Brooks

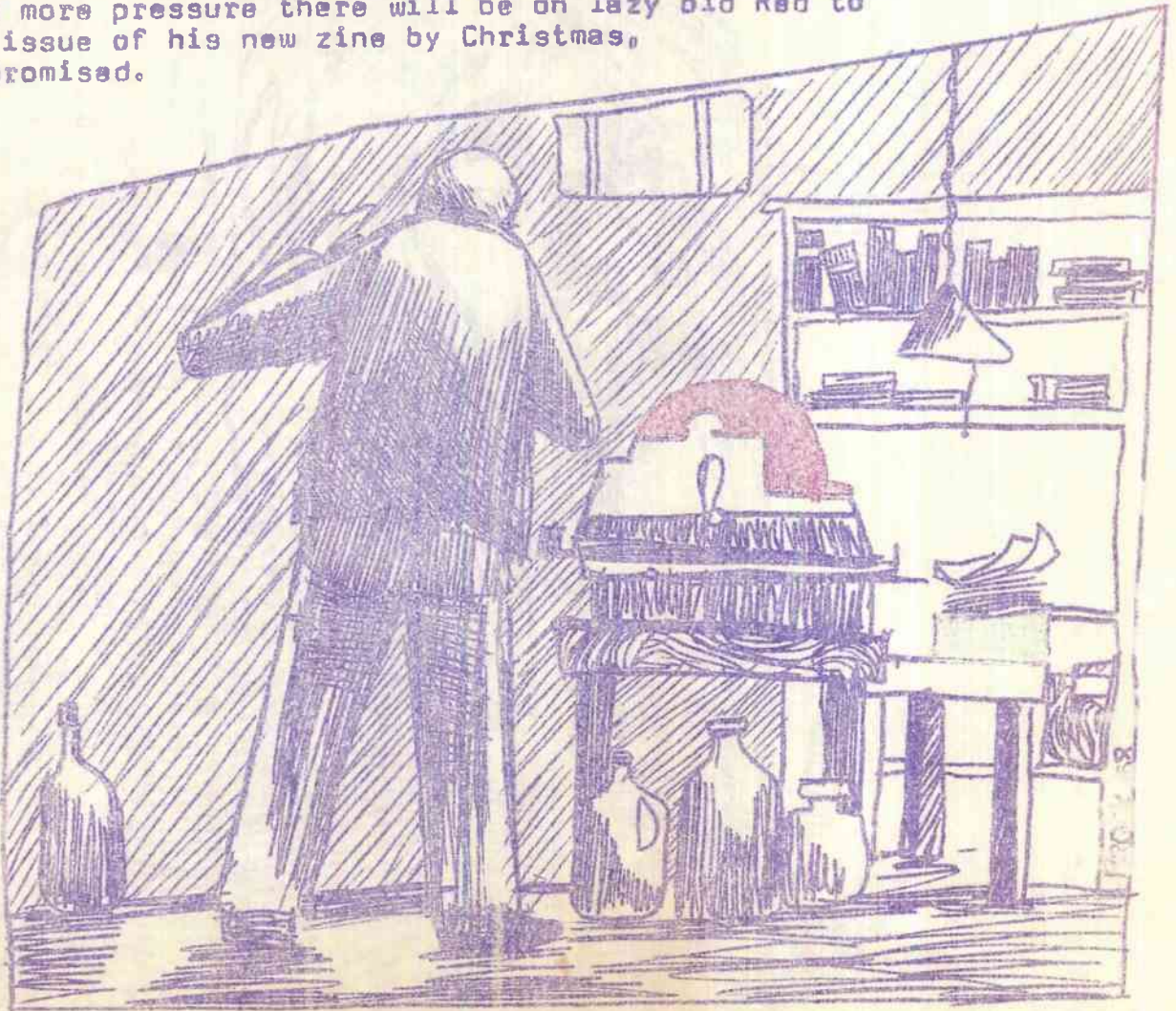
Sigh, Gasp, Pant... Except for this page, obviously, the 350 copies of the pages of this last TNNNN are already run off. The fronts were mostly run on electric Heyer at the station where Red's mother works. Then when it was found that the sheets would not go through the electric machine a second time, the backs of the sheets were hand-cranked on my trusty Rex-Rotary.

I apologize for the page of red type - it was either done by a Communist sympathizer or someone who couldn't tell the difference between a red carbon and a purple one.

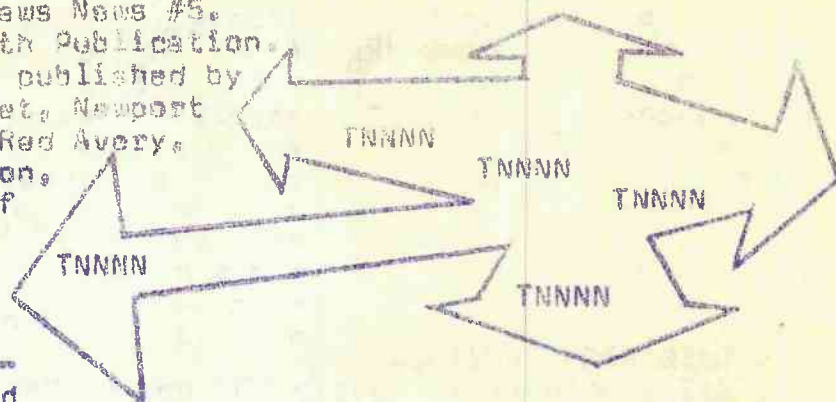
And I hope our readers and contributors will excuse the long delay. Don't hesitate to comment on this issue and send in contributions. I want your comments, and the more contributions appear, the more pressure there will be on lazy old Red to produce an issue of his new zine by Christmas, as he has promised.

Best,

Ned



This is The New Newport News News #5.
 April 1970. A Purple Mouth Publication.
 This issue was edited and published by
 Ned Brooks, 703 Paul Street, Newport
 News, Virginia 23605 and Red Avery,
 146 Hanover Street, Hampton,
 Virginia 23361. Issues of
 TNNNN are available for
 contributions, letters of
 comment, trades, and art
 work. TNNNN is a non-
 profit science-fiction ---
 fantasy magazine published
 for all who show an interest. This has been a Purple Mouth Pub.



CONTENTS:

Front cover.....	Glen Brock
Final notes.....	Ned Brooks, illo by Glen Brock.
Contents.....	
Apres Moi.....	Ned Brooks
A REDitorial.....	Red Avery, illo by Avery.
Magister Ludi.....	John Middleton
Scarlet Tape.....	Walter J. Wentz, illo by PAJ.
Imagination.....	David T. Malone, illo by Malone.
Poem.....	Rose M. Hogue
Beware of Barbara B.....	Irvin Koch, illos by Al Andrews, PAJ, and Stuart Chapman.
Fanzine Reviews.....	Red Avery, illo by PAJ.
Lost.....	Phil Harrell, illos by Al Andrews.
The Late, Late, Late, Show.....	Walter J. Wentz, illo by Alexis Gilliland.
Poems.....	Daniel Dern & Sharon Ann Towle, illo by Stuart Chapman.
Letter column.....	illo by PAJ.
The Why Fo°.....	illo by PAJ.
Back cover.....	Mike Zaharakis.

 COPYRIGHT 1970 by C.W. Brooks.

*Special thanks to Red's
 mother for publication
 assistance!*

cracuda

ned brooks

THIS DAMN FANZINE~

Well, here it is nearly the end of November, and this damn fanzine still lies in chaos... But at least Avery and I are working on it today. He has been working on it (he says...) for months, on and off.

I might as well make it perfectly clear right here that the editing of this issue has been almost entirely Red's work. The material had been glaring at me from one corner of my kitchen floor for months when Red Avery turned up and announced that he was recovering from the dread gafia - so I gave him all the TNNNN#5 contributions, and an armload of current zines to review, and my blessing and told him to go to work.

Note the way we have decided to handle the mail- all comments are to come to me (Ned Brooks) at this address. I will read them and answer letters if the spirit moves me, then turn them all over to Avery for possible use in the zine he will start next year (1970 - Ghu only knows when this opus will get into the mail).

So, even though this is the last issue of THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS, there will be a continuity with the first issue of Red's new zine, as yet untitled.

I hope no one will get the idea that I am gafiating. I just feel that I have enough to do in fandom, between SFPA and the NFFF and COLLECTOR'S BULLETIN, without trying to edit a genzine too. I don't feel that I have any great talent for it, and Ghu knows there are enough poorly done genzines, even crudzines, around already. I still want to recieve fanzines, even if I have to send \$\$\$. I never felt that a trade with TNNNN was very fair anyway, except to other lazy faneds who also only published about once a year.

CONS, CONS, CONS...

Just to show you how slow Red is - I have been to three conventions since he started work on this issue, and would have been to four if I had made the Philcon. I was at the DeepSouthCon in Knoxville, the Worldcon in StLouis the folbwing weekend, and a mini-con in Durham, N.C. in October. I just didn't feel like a Philcon when time for that came around.

The DSC-StLouisCon trip was good. I left here just after hurricane Camille had passed through Virginia. I went first to Richmond and stayed with my uncle there over the night that the river crested 30 feet above flood stage. Fortunately, the road from Richmond west follows the high ground and I did not actually see any flooding at all. By the time I got to the western part of the state, the roads there were open again - fannish luck is what it is, I guess.

APRES MOI, cont...

First fannish stop was at the home of Bee Bowman, a Tolkien fan in Waynesboro, Virginia. I found her house without difficulty. In spite of being on top of a hill she had still had some water in the basement due to the heavy rains. I had not met Bee before, though I got her Tolkien zine HOOM and we had exchanged tapes. She teaches school in Waynesboro. She has a beautiful house there, well guarded by a direct descendant of Fenris, the Dire Wolf. The beast is not particularly ferocious, but large and rather insistent... Anyway, after getting me out from under the dog, Bee showed me her tape-recorder collection - she has about a dozen - and I played for her the tape of the first episode of the BBC dramatization of the HOBBIT that I had brought along. Then I went on south down I-81 to Knoxville.

In Knoxville, all of the streets are one-way the wrong way, except for the expressways. From the expressways you get an excellent birds-eye view of the city, but it is impossible to get to any of the places you can see. After a couple of maddening hours, I stumbled across the con motel after having given up altogether and started looking for the way out of town to Janie Lamb's place.

The small, the DSC was great fun. Ron Bounds and Dave Halterman were there on their way to the worldcon. The Corricks, of course, from Knoxville, and also old-time fan Jim Tillman. And half a dozen of the New Orleans fan, also on their way to StLouis. Four Atlanta fans were there, including Glen Brock and the infamous Ceiko. And Len Collins, compiler of the Collins Index. The Goh, Rachel Maddux (THE GREEN KINGDOM), turned out to be a fascinating speaker and seemed to enjoy the con. And to insure complete fannish success, there were a gang of fans from Kingston, Tennessee, who played the parts of the traditional drunken neos with great enthusiasm. The banquet looked like the usual crot-tled greeps but was surprisingly tasty. Ron Bounds and I gave pre-view showings of our worldcon costumes. And the motel accused us of throwing red dye in their swimming pool...

After the DSC, I stayed with Jim Corrick a few days and enjoyed his mother's cooking before we took off for StLouis. The Baltimore and New Orleans contingents had contacted Perry Chapdelaine in Nashville and invited themselves to stay with him a few days before the worldcon! I guess a man with ten children cannot be intimidated by mere fans... The Corricks and I got together again with the two carfuls from Baltimore and New Orleans and formed a three-car caravan from Nashville to StLouis. I had a lot of maps and had had more sleep, so they put me in the lead. Then all through the con they referred to me as 'Winding Brooks' - I don't know what they had to complain about, I knew where I was every minute. How was I to know that the shortcut that looked like an ordinary secondary road on the map would make a sharp ninety-degree turn every half mile or so, or that we would go over it in the middle of the night through patches of sudden dense fog...? The occasional sudden rises were also interesting - I nearly attained weightlessness a couple of times. At any rate, we all reached StLouis without mishap.

The worldcon was, I thought, extremely well organized and in a superb hotel. The fact that the hotel was staffed by the usual gang of mundane idiots was to be expected... I spent most of my time in Vaughn Bodé's art show, staring. I'm not going to even try to

APRES MOI, cont...

report on this con, other than to say that I think it was the best worldcon I have been to.

The mini-con in Durham, N.C., in October was the invention of Edwin Murray, who is organizing Carolina fandom. It was a Sunday afternoon affair, and since Durham is only 4 hours drive and Manly Wade Wellman was to be GCH, I went down and had a great time. I was somewhat amazed to find not only comics fans and sf fans, but even underground comics fans there - and copies of ZAP and GOTHIC BLIMP WORKS. Highlight of the con was Mr Wellman's reading of his story in the December F&SF, THE CASE OF THE MARTIAN CLIENT. I recorded it for posterity and the NFFF Tape Bureau...

THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PRESENTED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE Or something like that... It is generally referred to as merely "Marat/Sade". I have vastly enjoyed this magnificent masterpiece in several forms. The songs from it sung by Judy Collins on the album "In My Life" are great. The movie was great. The original cast album was too expensive... The film album was marred by poor acoustics or recording technique or something, but still great. Phil Walker over in Norfolk knows the entire "Homage to Marat" by heart... And tonight I went to see a local high-school production of it. I was somewhat surprised that they would attempt it, but it was brilliantly done. The seats were hard and the acoustics in the high-school auditorium not too good; the audience seemed somewhat puzzled - but the players knew what they were about. The work was not bawled out that I could tell. The music was excellent, except for the "Cordey Waltz", which was not sung. Apparently the girl who played Charlotte Corday could not sing and so just spoke the words. The ending was much more effective than in the film, with fantastic use of flashing lights.

WIZARD OF EARTHSEA

...is supposedly a juvenile, but I enjoyed it immensely and hope that Ursula LeGuin writes more books set in that remarkable fantasy world. Ken Scher (through Devra Langsam) pointed out that Miss LeGuin has used this setting before, in several short stories in FANTASTIC ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ in 1964 - wish I had that kind of memory!

THIS DAMN FANZINE, AGAIN

I want to thank all the fan who contributed to this issue and apologize for being so long getting it out. I think all those trading with me knew what kind of schedule I had... I hope you will all write, contribute, etc., and get on the mailing list for Red Avery's zine. Circulation of this issue should be somewhere over 300, depending on what I can get out of the machine.

I feel more like I do now than I did when I started this column!

Ned Brooks

A REDitorial

Well Ned, we're finally through with this after all this time. I know that there were times that you didn't think that we (I) would make it, But here we are.

As you have read in Ned's column I will be taking over the publishing of this zine beginning with the next issue. I haven't come up with a name for the new zine as yet, but will probably call it "The Probable Outsider." A friend of mine laid that name on me several years ago. He said that it described me perfectly. Ha. Ha. All kidding aside, future issues will be pubbed on a multi-lith, compliments of my place of employment, with me paying something of course. How much I will have to pay I don't know yet. I can assure that there will be future issues. As far as art contributions are concerned, if you would contact me and tell me what you want to do, I will send you the proper masters. Then all you have to do is pencil your work in, and I will apply the multi-lith pencil to the master. I don't like to transfer another's art since it always loses a little in the process. Circulation is something that will depend on response of course. I would like to keep it at the present level to start, and then increase it as time goes on. Each issue will run hopefully, 30 pages. If you people would like to advertise I will increase the size of the zine. The rates will be fairly reasonable, probably no more than 3 dollars for a full page ad, if its one color. Multi color ads will run a little bit higher. We can set the price when and if we get any ads like that. For you cover artists, all covers, front and back, will be run off on semi-hard paper, and they will be spiral bound so allow for that. I would like to ask for material for the next issue at this time, as I presently have none. If anybody would like to contribute a book review column, that would also be appreciated. And of course I hope to receive many letters of comment. One additional note, when and how many times a year I pub will depend on my free time.

At the present time I am a senior at Virginia Wesleyan College in Norfolk, Virginia. I will be graduating in January of 1971, with a B.A. degree in History. From there I hope to go on to graduate school to get my masters degree in broadcast journalism. Hopefully, I will attend either The American University in Washington D.C. or Boston University in Massachusetts. To explain things a little further, I am presently employed by a local television station as a news reporter-photographer. It's an extremely tiring business, but at the same time it is also very interesting. My reasons for attending graduate school in a large metropolitan area should be apparent. I will have to work while attending school. I should also be married by that time.



Harry Warner Jr., I can hear you now. "... taking after the old man, why hasn't Jim talked to you?" Well, he has, and I'm still in the news business.

Getting back to future issues, and letters answers, etc.. I will not be able to answer too many this summer, and will not be able to publish a zine until probably October. I will be attending school in Graz, Austria, this summer. I will be there for about 2 months, studying international communications and international law. The school itself is several hundred years old, and I'm looking forward to being there. I'm not yet sure what time I will be returning to the U.S., but if I can make the world con in Heidelberg, and I hope I can, see some of you there maybe. Other than school there, I will also be filming some documentaries which I am trying to peddle to the educational television network for use next year. I plan on visiting Yugoslavia, and several other Iron Curtain countries. I hate to work but I have to pay for the trip somehow. I will also send back some reports to my own station as they would probably feel hurt if I didn't, and they might fire me.

Well, I've got a few more things to do before this is through, so I'd better close my rambling for now, and insert a little ad on the rest of the page.

Red

(ADVERTISEMENT)

*Material is needed
for next issue.
Contribute Now.*

MAGISTER

LUDI

A Review
by
John Middleton

The Book
of
by
Hermann Hesse

"The trouble was that I had discovered during the course of my instruction with Father Jacobus that I was not only a Castilian but also a man and that the whole world affected me and made demands upon me as a fellow human being."

"A magic dwells in each beginning and protecting us it tells us how to live."

In a world of the future all learning is concentrated in the Castilian Order, which consists of a community of scholars in a remote mountain province and trains educators for the schools outside the limits of Castilia.

Castilia came into existence after a series of devastating wars and the general dissolution of intellectual and spiritual excellence had led to the virtual demise of Western Civilization.

The highest activity of the Order is the Bead Game, consisting in an attempt to correlate all disciplines of learning into an organic whole. Joseph Knecht, the protagonist of the novel, rises through the hierarchy of the Castilian Order to become "Magister Ludi", or Master of the Game. His life is a series of "awakenings" or "transcendences", the last of which is a transcendence of Castilia and an awakening to the world outside the Order.

Knecht, after having attained his position of prominence by being selected to succeed Thomas of Irbay as Magister Ludi, foresees another disintegration of society, which will this time include the downfall of Castilia. This he sees partly as a result of the members of the Order having alienated themselves so thoroughly from the rest of the world. With great reluctance, but with a strong sense of the necessity of his decision, he resigns his position and leaves Castilia, incurring the vehement disapproval of Magister Alexander, the Master of the Order, who can, however, do nothing to restrain him.

It is important to note the influence of three persons on Joseph Knecht—Plinio Designori, Fritz Tegularius, and Father Jacobus. The first two he met while he was an undergraduate at the elite school at Waldzell, the third while on a sort of Traveling Scholar Program at a Benedictine Monastery.

Designori, not intending to become a member of the Castilian Order, belonged to one of the Patrician Families who were allowed to have their sons, if qualified in other respects, educated at one of the elite schools, this being in virtue of their having assisted the Order at the time of its inception. Plinio, while a student at Waldzell with Knecht, severely criticized the Order for its world-renouncing intellectualism, concerning which subject Knecht, accepting the role of Defender of the Faith, frequently debated him. Years later, Designori, on a return visit to Waldzell on the occasion of the Annual Bead Game, met Knecht again and talked to him at great length. These conversations played a great part in making Magister Joseph aware of the world outside Castilia and of the necessity for him to enter it. Plinio Designori had endured and suffered much since leaving Waldzell. His education at Castilia had not, as was intended, enabled him to form a synthesis of the Order and the outside world, but had created within him an almost irreconcilable conflict and had alienated him from other people outside Castilia, including his family. Upon leaving the Order, Knecht undertook the education of Designori's son, Tito.

After completing his required undergraduate studies at Waldzell and several years of free postgraduate studies, including exhaustive instruction in the I CHING by a hermit Sinologist, Knecht was sent as a Bead Game instructor to the Benedictine Monastery at Mariafels, where he met Father Jacobus. The latter added to Designori's criticisms of Castilia the lack of religion and, more important, the historical sense. The Castilians, Father Jacobus had contended, had emasculated history by attempting to reduce it, with everything else, to mathematical formulae. The usual Castilian attitude toward history is best exemplified by the third influence on Knecht, his colleague Fritz Tegularius.

The latter's attitude toward history, except for cultural and spiritual history, was that it was nothing but a vulgar chronicle of wars and struggles by unscrupulous, unintellectual, and spiritually desolate men, unworthy of a scholar's attention and certainly not deserving the status of an academic discipline. Joseph had met Tegularius during a Bead Game course and the two had become good friends. Tegularius was a highly-talented Bead Player, but, in anything other than his rather sterile intellectualism, was a fundamentally weak character who could function nowhere save in the rarified atmosphere of a super-academic environment, such as Castilia; he was, in short, a typical Castilian, except for his lack of respect for any authority, even that of the Order. Knecht saw in Tegularius what the Order would become-- a group of weak ego-centric scholars, most of whom would have all of his deficiencies and none of his strengths.

Joseph Knecht is Everyman; or, better yet, an example of the Nietzschean Overman-- the truly Great-Souled Man who is forever transcending himself.

SCARLET LAPE

by: W. Jas. Wentz

The demon appeared in the conventional cloud of smoke and crash of thunder, in the middle of the circle chalked on the floor for him. Melvin Smythe-Roberts, his pudgy fingers steeped under his chin, nodded in smug approval, but was careful not to move from the armchair in the confines of his pentagram.

"You took your time," he commented briskly, as if this were not the very first time he had ever meddled with the supernatural. "Now let's get down to business."

"My idea precisely," said the demon, removing a neat grey Homburg from his horned head, and a small briefcase from underneath one scaly arm. "What do you wish, for a beginning? Unlimited wealth? Power? Universal knowledge? A little-- ah, shall we say-- bad luck, to an enemy?"

Melvin gazed at the results of his perverse labors, his petulant slightly piggish face flushed with triumph. Let the Family laugh at him now, damn them! He'd tell Aunt Effie what to do with her money-- and, best of all, he'd get Cynthia... "I had thought," he said, "Not any great gift like that, but merely a small thing.... yes, ah--merely a little assistance, a little help or advice. in-- ah--"

"In romance?" interjected the demon smoothly.

"Yes-- yes," Melvin laughed uneasily. "As a matter of fact, yes."

"That may be arranged," said the demon. He materialized an armchair beneath himself, a small table to put his hat on. He shuffled efficiently in his briefcase, brought out a sheet of vellum and handed it to Melvin.

Melvin gazed dumbfounded at the columns of fine print and blank boxes. "What's this?"

"That," said the demon suavely, "Is Form 1B-279-D, 'Request for Diabolic Assistance--Amorous'. It should go through in about a month."

"A month?" Melvin protested, "But Cynthia is due to marry that square-jawed idiot, Randall, next week!"

"Too bad," said the demon. "Is there someone else available, perhaps?"

"No, there isn't-- now, look here, Mr.-- Mr.--"

"Belial."

"Belial?" Melvin tried a little flattery. "Not the Belial, is it?"

"A grandson," said Belial, bowing modestly in his chair.

"Look here, Mr.-- ah-- Belial, I've never heard of all this paper work involved in this business before-- Isn't it possible to just bypass it, somehow?"

"Absolutely impossible," said Belial firmly, "You may not know it, sir, but our business has been increasing to such a degree lately that we've had to streamline our whole operation. There are an amazing number of amateur devil-worshippers these days, requesting all sorts of unholy assistance, in return for various-- ah, considerations. To make an exception in your case would only result in delay on others, and might well cause chaos in our filing systems."

Melvin cogitated, pouting. Apparently this matter of sorcery wasn't quite the easy matter he had thought. Well, there were always other women, anyhow, and they would be easy enough to get once he had plenty of money to throw around-- the say Aunt Effie doled out his share of the inheritance, you'd think it was her own money.... "Well then," he said, "How about unlimited wealth?"

"Equally easy," said Belial, taking back the first form and offering a second. "Here is Form 3A-781-C, 'Request for Loan From Infernal Treasury.'"

"A loan?" Melvin said. "Listen, dammit, I don't want a loan! I want money that will stay with me all through my life, money that I can leave to my descendants!"

"Quite impossible," retorted Belial shortly. "Really, sir, there is only so much money in the world, and we only have control of a certain amount of it. Of course we couldn't allow any of it to go permanently out of circulation."

Melvin sprang up and paced around, fuming, while Belial's eyes followed him intently. Presently he struck a new thought. "How about if you just gave me good luck? So that everything I started would turn out successful? That would be easier than a loan, wouldn't it?"

"Not exactly," hedged Belial. "In order to give you good luck, we would have to assign a familiar spirit to you. We would then have to put you both through numerous compatibility tests, and you yourself would have to undergo a rigid security check. We've had some trouble in the past with agents of the Opposition seducing away some of our most promising young fiends...."

Melvin exploded. "Damn it, I'm tired of this! You're the most incompetent damn devil I ever heard of! Either offer me something that doesn't have so damn much red tape attached, or get out of here! Go on, get out!"

Belial was also on his feet, smoking with anger. "Really, sir, do you expect to dismiss me as easily as that? You must know that it is mere folly to think of summoning up an agent of the Underworld without making some concessions in return! By your own actions, you have already bound yourself to -- adhere to your bargain!"

Melvin laughed nastily. "Oh, yeah? Well, what if I suddenly repented? What if I started praying for forgiveness and salvation? Wouldn't that invalidate any bargains I made in my incantations?"

"Well, yes," admitted Belial reluctantly. "It would. However, a hypocrite like yourself, capable of breaking such bargains, would also have to apply for a Form 79-21D, 'Appeal for Heavenly Intervention', and those take at least a week to review. In the meantime...."

"IN the meantime," interrupted Melvin sarcastically, "is there anything at all which you are empowered to do that isn't covered by some damn form or another? Some little thing left up to your own discretion?"

"Well, yes," said Belial. "There is one thing."

"Then give it to me," snapped Melvin.

"Is that an order?"

"Yes! Give me that one thing, and then clear out! -- What is it, anyhow?"

"That one thing," said Belial, smiling unpleasantly, "is the collection of my fee....."

IMAGINATION

by: David T. Malone

It is a continual source of surprise to me how SF fans - whom I consider to be among the more imaginative types in society - can have so little imagination at times.

For instance take Ned Brooks. He is always insisting that SF fans should stop their vain attempts to popularize themselves because it is wasted on people who don't have the mental material to cope with SF anyway and if they did they would be fans. Beautiful logic. And because a person lives in a slum he must not have the mental equipment to be anything but a slum dweller, right?

The path you took to become an SF fan is indeed a precarious one. Often you came through because of mere happenstance and luck. Think of the millions of ways that a person could become turned off by SF before he had a chance to see what it was really like!

I came into SF through reading juvies which I enjoyed at the time - but imagine if I had started to read juveniles when I was just a little too old. I might not be gracing these pages!

In the last issue of TNNNN Dean Koontz had an article called YES, I DO in which he gave one plan to gain respectability for the sacred genre. I am not saying that his plan was all that fantastic but I am saying that we now have the ability to convert the intellectual masses. Armed with writers like Delany and Spinrad we can interest people who have never considered SF as a possible form of literature.

The intellectual masses are there too! When I think of the ways that I could have been soured on SF, I wonder how I ever got here today. And for every crossroads I took that led me toward fandom there is someone else of equal intelligence and sensitivity that accidentally took the wrong road. So, we do have the type of people we like out there and we do have the potential to bring them flocking to the banner. Now why don't we?

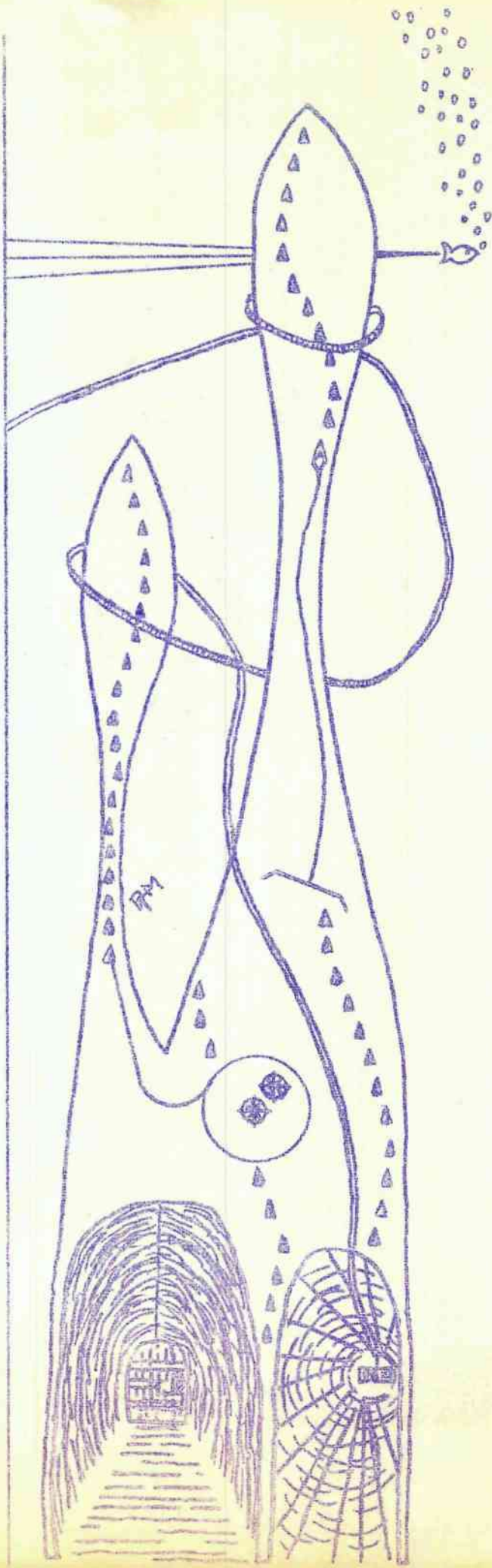
Well there are a number of people who believe that fandom is much too big already and that any new fans we get are adding too many members to a society that is too big already. I hope to prove herein that it can benefit us considerably to have both more fans and more readers.

First of all - we must be selective. The type of person who is mentioned in YES, I DO that talks with uncomprehending awe about John Updike's "Big Books" is not the type of person who will make pleasant company for an SF Fan. However, there are large numbers of people that we can recruit and benefit from.

Yes, benefit from! I don't know what it is that makes fans think that they can't benefit from new ideas coming in from the outside.

Cons can take on a extra dimension resulting from outside MONEY. Yes, Cons are unwieldy now but that can be handled. With an obviously respectable audience writers will use SF as a medium for works that would never have come near the field. I like reading SF and I think that I will like it even more when there is twice as much of it. OH sure, there will be twice as many hacks too but I for one feel that I have done a pretty good job at discerning so far.

Let's face it - an SF magazine reacts to its audience. ANALOG is done on quality paper with quality illustration because it plays up to an audience that will not take less. Galaxy however, no matter how good the fiction is will not ever become quality in format because it has a large thrills-chills audience that would drop it if it became "fancy". F+SF is perhaps the magazine that best illustrates my point. It has a large mundane readership and its quality reflects it. It does not have illustrations because it knows that what SF illustrators would have to offer could only detract from the magazine. Now if we were to get a large and Very selective readership for Galaxy, the quality of format would be certain to reflect it.



I don't know about you but I am a collector. This means that I like reading Tolkien in Hardcover and I like seeing my reading matter "done up nice". This may not mean much to most of you but there are fans who would greatly appreciate SF done quality. I was overjoyed to see Delany's NOVA in hardcover and I think wistfully of the possibility of his other books in hardcover. This is a dream that can come true if we open fandom to outsiders and try to obtain more SF readers of a discriminating type.

Fanzines like TRUMPET and A BLEEDING ROSE are a major step in this direction and when my own zine comes out this fall I am going to try and get a large mundane readership and a quality format by Multilith.

I realize as I write this that I am bringing a rather ugly split in fandom under the microscope. Fandom has been going along rather haphazardly for a number of years and it is time we decided our own destiny enough to be able to think about the future. I have hereby presented the argument for an open fandom and hope that the people who oppose my viewpoint will be kind enough to organise their arguments (if any) in the same manner as I have done so that the subject can be brought under discussion intelligently.

Thank you;

David T. Malone

- - - - -

Moonstruck maiden

Found on a hill

Mated in the morning

to a madman's pipe

and shrill

.....R. M. Hague

BEWARE OF BARBARA B.

by: Irvin Koch

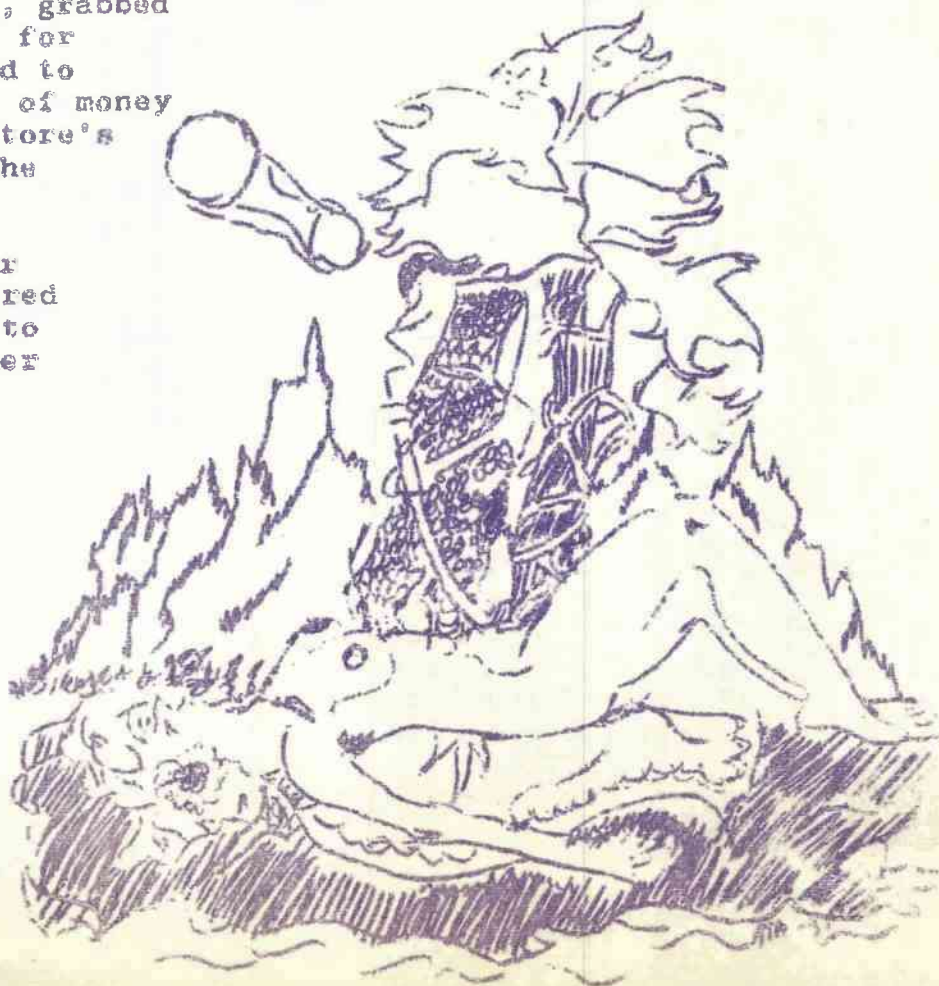
"Get your sexy body off my bed, I've been out sniping at neo-capitalists all day, and I need some sleep."

The brown eyed, suntanned, brunette opened one eye, lifted her head slightly, played with one of the two wide strips of cloth which were her only clothing, and seemed to go back to sleep.

"It's your time to go snipe at the neos. Get up and go." He kicked her gently.

"Being a socialist revolutionary is getting boring," the girl replied. "When the post-American feudalists were overthrown, why wasn't a bureaucracy set up to begin with. I shouldn't have tuned out of it all, after all. All right, I'll go out and snipe at somebody or do something."

The girl picked up a nondescript rifle as she went out the door into the Austro-Hungarian sunshine of the century after next. She made her way by a devious route to a post office and got an ordinary looking letter from a rented box. After reading the instructions the letter contained, she took a bus to the other side of the business district and met some more young people wearing what may or may not have been called uniforms. They mingled with a crowd going into a large store with "Sale!" all over it, took their weapons out of innocent looking boxes and bags, grabbed a few people at random for hostages, and commenced to loot the establishment of money and goods, using the store's own trucks to remove the booty. Tossing smoke and flame grenades at random in the area near the store, they scattered to prearranged points to switch trucks and either destroy the stolen vehicles or put them in larger vans for repainting and disguising. At the girl's destination a bus of what appeared to be college students drove by and blasted the rebels with machine gun fire. Some got out of the bus and put the dead bodies in the bus. The sweatshirts they wore bore one word--Army. The



dead bodies were examined for valuables and papers, then taken to a pit filled with quicklime and some newer chemicals for disposal. A thunder storm broke at that time and one of the dead bodies, which no one had checked to make sure were really dead, was hit by lightning. No one noticed it vanish.

Sometime later this female version of Conan was sitting on a throne.

"All right, you so called Holy Men making like scientists. Still can't figure out how I got here or can get back?"

"NO."

"Throw the bums out. Make sure they either become laborers in MY province or are... taken care of. Go bribe me some new Holy Men too." The girl's luck had changed planets if nothing else.

"Make sure they don't find out what happened to the previous ones and try to escape. Get moving guards."

She lifted her well carved body from the cushions on which she had been making like the playmate of the month, sauntered over to a low table upon which were lavender and orange colored fruits, and munching a few orange chips. She returned to her throne cushions.

"Somebody get my chief guard."

"At once mistress."

The servant returned accompanied by a fairly well built man. His blue uniform had the insignia of the province of Nomand where the Imperial Guard insignia should have been. The shoulder patch looked newer than the rest of the uniform. It had just been invented.

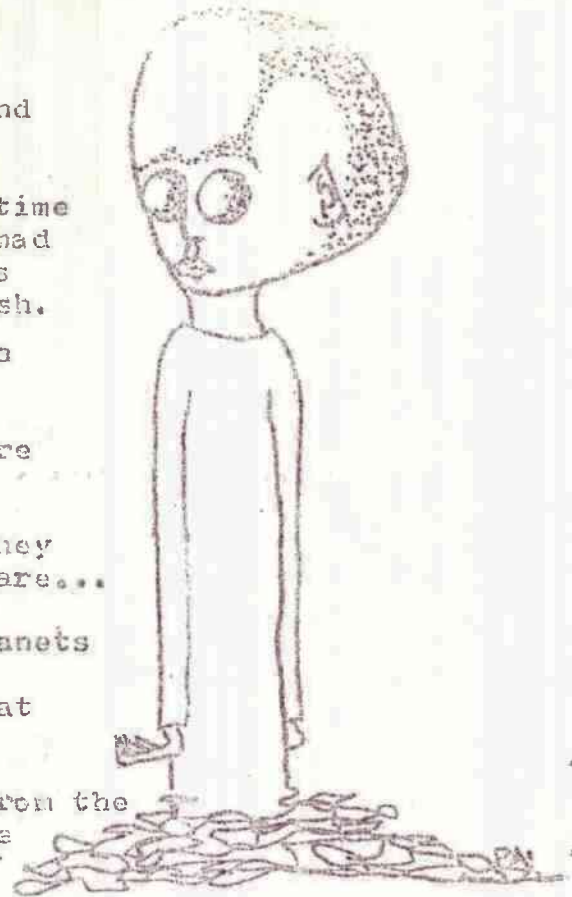
"How are MY forces?"

"Busy. Keeping off the Empress' men, various groups of Nomads, forest tramps, mountain beasts, unseen monsters, and our so called Surambarian friends. We've imported some thieves from Coastrambar and recruited some more deserters from the Imperial Guard."

"Speaking of our nasty friends, how are our tame 'enemy powers' coming along?"

"Surambar snapped at a chance to cut Carambarian throats like one of their drug addicts grabbing a free fix. Milambar is cut off by the empress, Coastrambar still belongs to the Traders Council and Upambar, as usual, won't deal with anyone."

"Yawn. Keep the agents working on it. O yes, as you leave have the jailer throw my pet in here."



Stretching out like a brown sex-kitten, she got up to get a drink of yellow tinted water from a pool reflecting the chartreuse sky and returned to her cushions just in time to have a medium sized bomb thrown into her lap. The ragged prisoner's scream was muffled by the Earth woman as he played with him like a pet puppy or a baby. Her ability to cuddle a full grown citizen of this planet came from Earth humans being ten percent stronger and she having had hard physical training at the hands of the socialist revolutionaries.

"You're sick--MuffF....."

"Sigh. I guess that means you still--I won't even ask. I have bad news for you. You are now the last person alive who knows all about me. I've convinced the rest of them I'm a goddess from..... Anyway, One way or another the rest have either got themselves "vanished under mysterious circumstances like happens all over this planet or I had them killed. Now, what am I going to do with you?"

"As I keep trying to tell you--"

"I know, sex on this planet is for middleagers. That's nonsense; if you'd change your diet, you'd know why."

"By the by...why do you have to keep me in jail...and why are you so happily gloating over the deaths or dooms of all those nice people?"

"Because I'm going to take over at least a good chunk of this backwoods planet and use the resources to getme back to earth and take over a good chunk of it. Also I like to have...men to play with..Anyone who stands in MY way or doesn't do as I wish just has to GO."

"You...mmuagagh--."

"That's too much out of you for now, slave. Guard, get into this throne room and get this slave back to--no. I have a better idea. Guards, lock him in MY room. Do not let any food go into that room;extra portions of what I eat only. In other words, Jaslaiff, no drug active plants, no uncocked or un-chemically treated food or water. GetO"

After considering the reports of her guards, mercenaries, and spy agents, Barbra decided to let her pet stew unattended in a caldron of aphrodisiacs while she went about personally attending to her grand plan of planetary takeover.

After reaching a conclusion as to how she would go about subverting everyone and after eating some more delicacies, consisting of dried magent fruit (the alcohol and citris flavored staple of local economy) treated to counteract the natural de-emotionalizing drug, she went out and had her palace personal attendant summon her guard commandant again.

"Get together your best officer, the most entirely subverted but actually competent Holy Man, the most skillfully evil Surambarian villain, and two strong stupid guards. Bring them to ME within a hundred Grabands. Move out!"

The six troublemakers set out two days later. Immediately before leaving, Barbra checked to see whether Jaslaiff had been turned into a humanly emotional being yet and was disgusted to find she still had only a sane person to play with. After leaving her room in the care of her totally hypnotised palace attendant, she reviewed her five henchmen in the throne room, and six fast bramborses summoned, and set out for Mark Mt., the local equivalent of M.I.T. and Rome put together.

Upon collecting some useful information and support at the center of the Holy Men, Barbra set out for the capital of Coastrambar through much dangerous country and boring female Conan type adventurers.

Meanwhile back in Nomand, Barbra's capital, the local Holy Men were conducting controlled experiments in sex and diet. The conclusions would have been different on Earth, but on Anoteart the people had had 50,00 years to develop some variant behavioral patterns. The Holy Men and the local palace girls decided drugs had nothing to do with a rational--according to them--action on sexual inaction.

Barbra's machinations in Coastrambar proved unsuccessful, again due to the indifferent idea on that planet of what common sense dictated in their actions/inactions in government and warfare.

Finally, after getting a lot of henchmen and henchwomen killed and nearly being killed herself amidst the plotting of her various attached gigolos and sycophants she discovered the Anotearthling counterpart of character weakness.

"So, my fine general, that's all you nuts want, if power for power's sake is what you want...."

STAB!!!

"Over your dead possionaless body I will take over this planet with sheer military strategy."

FUAGH?



"Take these zines and read, then review," says Ned. "Of course," says I. Every fanzine ought to have a zine review column, it's the fanzine way. So I proceeded to take a large stack of zines, which Ned gave me, and started reading. And reading.

This is intended, therefore, to be a review column of sorts. Unlike other review columns I've seen, and done myself, I will not attempt to rate any zine with any particular type of classification. Anyways, the first one to fall into my clutches is

REVIEW

MOJO-ENTMOOTER 1 & 2. Greg & Sue Shaw. 64 Taylor Drive, Fairfax, California 94930. 4 for a \$1. I liked the material in 1, but the artwork in 2. Being a music freak I can readily say get this one. I hope in the future that you have a few more articles about blues. I got an album a few months ago, I don't know how long its been out, but it is really heavy. Charley Musselwhite and his South Side Band. Back to the zine now. The artwork is something else, you really have to see it to believe it. Also articles on Elvis Presley, a radio dj, and record reviews. If you like art and music, get this.

ASH-WING 4. Frank Denton. 14654 8th Avenue S.W., Seattle, Washington 98166. NAPA zine. This is fiction type zine for the fan, with well done covers, front and back. Hope to see more in the future. The fiction is humorous, but gets gradually tiring. "The Pursuit of Wyllowyl," was interesting at the beginning, but fell flat at the end. Also, the Tolkien style is overworked too much these days. There is only one Tolkien, so why try to imitate. "Zingers of Zingara" I found quite amusing, as well as entertaining. Although an apa zine, the general fan will enjoy the material of ASH-WING.

AD INFINITUM 7. Circulo de Lectores de Anticipation, Apartado de Correos n 1573, Barcelona, Spain. Spanish and English editions are available. You'll have to check on the price. Maybe one of these days I'll get industrious and put out a zine in Russian. Anyone like that? Oh yeah, I'll print an English edition also.

PERIHELION 6. Sam Ballotte. 40-46B 77th Street, Elmhurst, New York 11373. 50¢ or 6/93. Good sercon articles and ficiton. There is also a Bode comic strip, which like always is pretty good. Derek Carter also has an excellent folio. Try it once and see how you like it.

BIAS 9. Paul Lewis. this is the last Bias unfortunately. Long live Bias, it does everywhere else in the world. Don't write the other check man.

REVIEWS....CONT'D.....

other zines we received and have not reviewed are:

The WSFA JOURNAL. OO of the Washington Science-Fiction Association.
Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906.
50¢ per or 6/2\$ or 10/3\$. Big type zine, worth the money.

THE UNDERGROUND. OO of the MMV Grotto, Inc. \$2/year or 50¢ a single.
Editor, 616 North 73rd Street, East st. louis, Illinois
62203. Another giant zine worth a look.

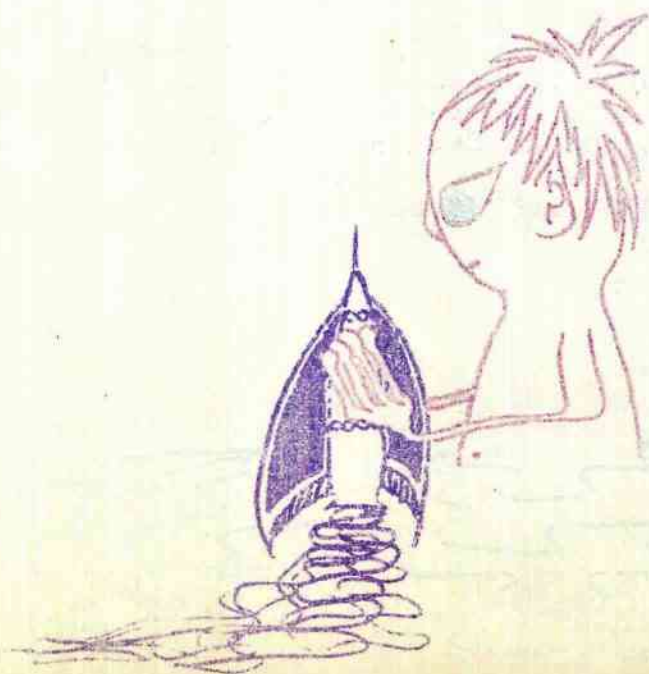
PROCRASTINATION 2. Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Road,
Strafford, Pennsylvania 19087. 25¢. Repro is better
thish but still has a long way to go. GHOOD LUCK!!!!

BeABohema. Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper Street, Quakertown, Penn 18951.
60¢ per or 4/\$2. Another big zine, over 100 pages. Worth
the price.

The INFO Journal. INFO, P.O. Box 367, Arlington, Virginia 22210.
\$1 per or \$4 a year. Pubbed by the International Fortean
Organization.

CARANDAITH. 75¢ per of 4/\$2. Alpajpuri 1690 E.26 Avenue, Eugene,
Oregon 97403. OO of the Australian Tolkien Society. OK.

We also received ICENI, David Malone's Science Fiction Fanatizine,
DJ, Maybe, DOUBLE:BILL, LUNA, QUARK, ARGENTINE SCIENCE-
FICTION REVEIW, SPINGE, AND A host of thers which weren't
reveiwed because of the time element. Now that you've
seen what a bad job I do of reveiwing zines are there any
takers elsewhere.



Red



Lost

"Oh God" I lost him. I had him just a minute ago, but now he's gone... floating in this blackness so thick you could cut it with a knife. I've tried calling him but he must have his radio unit off, either that or he is out cold. I had him tied on but some damned meteor must have severed the cord. A million to one possibility, but it had to happen while I'm bringing him back. Guess I'm lucky it didn't hit me. Wonder if it hit him? Might by why he hasn't answered.

"Oh this silence! This damned silence. Maybe it's my radio that's broke. Not even static, better try it. "Hello Veagus, this is RM 5 Hello Veagus, this is Rescue Member Hendricks, Over." "Hello Veagus, this is RM 5. Hello Veagus. This is Rescue member Hendricks, come in please."

"Veagus! I can't see you and I've lost my fix. Send coordinates so I can locate you. I lost my bearings. Over PLEASE!!

Oh God. it's DEAD! And I guess I am too now. The silence, the damn SILENCE. Maybe if I talked to myself it would help. "All right...Paul old boy...it's O.K. Look at those stars...Beautiful, aren't they? so cold and silent....this DAMN DEAFENING SILENCE!"

Careful there Paul old man musn't slip there boy... mustn't slip. Remember the time you got locked in a store and nobody came to let you out till the next day? Remember how silent it was then? YES, but it wasn't THIS damn silent.

Is my air getting thin? God.....I DON'T WANT TO DIE. Maybe if I prayed. Don't be silly boy you haven't done that since you were a kid and who could hear you way out here in the middle of nowhere anyway? Still.....

Our Father which art in Heaven.....Hallowed by Thy Name...
Hey, what's that off to the right? Looks like a
rocket plume.

IT IS.....Hey...HERE I AM OVER HERE.....That won't do
any good....my radios dead.....Oh God PLEASE let..them see us..
They do....Oh thank you God....Here they come now....how did they
find me though? But God I'm glad they did.....Now back to the ship..

"You know Paul....you're one lucky guy...go out
to rescue Simmons and he winds up rescuing you.

"HUH"????

Yep...when he was cut off from you he was floated
right into the side of the ship. Seems that it was on such
a tangent that while it missed Simmons it severed the rope
and your antenna at about the same time....That set you off
course...but not Simmons...He saw you headed the wrong way
and showed us the angle you went off in,,,then all weh
had to do was compute a course and intercept you.....

"And they say there isn't a God after this I know better....

THE STARS SEEMED TO SHINE DOWN A BIT BRIGHTER.



THE LATE, LATE, LATE, SHOW
W. JAS. WENTZ

Every once in a great while, for no apparent reason, I am attacked by a truly malignant case of insomnia. Last night was a case in point. I sat up to all hours, staring with jaundiced eye at the silvery surface of the Idiot Box, where was being shown, as the final offering of the night (the station stopped broadcasting at 2:30), one of those old movies that is always offered at that time. It was circa 1938, I suppose, and, at the moment, Richard Throgmorton and Thelma Clagenbloomer were sitting on a bear rug before a glowing fireplace in some backwoods cabin, while Thelma sang "Isn't it Romantic," at the same time sipping a glass of champagne, yet never missing a word. You know that scene. They use it in all those movies.

Presently Richard became restive --- perhaps romance was getting to him, or maybe only indigestion --- and then their voices faded out, along with the image, and I knew it was time for a station break. I sighed in weary resignation and sunk down further in the chair, stretching my legs out across the floor. But instead of the drone of a commercial came the snore of a tune. The television set had fallen asleep. I meditated throwing a shoe at it, but compromised by shoving a copy of Webster's Unabridged off the end table. At the resultant crash, the television came awake with a start, and a flustered character pawed through the papers on his desk, then began trying to sell me a bottle of Geritol. But his heart wasn't in his work, and I could tell by the haggard look in his eye that he wished I would get the hell to bed so that he could knock off for the night.

He faded from the screen with a final anguished glance at the clock, and then Richard and Thelma were back. She was dreamily leaning her head against his knee, stark in her eyes, and he was fumbling with her hair and grimacing, obviously on the point of asking the question.

"Marsha," he began uneasily.

"Yes," she breathed.

"Marsha," he said, "uh-- isn't it Two-thirty yet?"



THE VICIOUS CYCLOPS
BY: DANIEL P. DERN

FIAWOL?

Ulysses hit the panic button,
With his friends fled under mutton,
Fooled the Cyclops, sheepishly;
Felt no shame, no sir, not he.
Uly thought a ewe-phemism
Would help him to escape from prison;
He ramified his plans to scam
And soon they were all on the lamb.

Ice Plants

Pulpeaved little miracles
With gold and purple blooms,
Hugging all the seacoast dunes
Safe from windblown doom,

Taking little from the land,
Granting dunes salvation,
Thou against erosion stand
And earn our adoration!

Ice plants, lost without our light
As dunes are lost without thee,
We would nourish saving roots
And saving leaves be bound by!

.....Sharon Ann Towle

We came to get you!
You came this far.
I stopped in the city
To buy a quartz star!

If you had come further
Then I'd have come straight;
Have I wished too early
Or come too late?

.....Sharon Ann Towle

In many a heart there blooms
Flowers that brightly shone --
Towers of warmth, welcomes
of joy,
Lost in one alone --

To quicken the rain to sing
Or quicken a flower to fly
Or quicken the heart to wings
Are gifts to ask of the sky!

.....Sharon Ann Towle



FROM THEE TO WE.....

Mr. Brooks:

We feel that it is time that we dropped all pretenses. Reginald F. Grass is a fiction we created, and the Hyman G. Fogeldorf Foundation an excuse to make discreet inquiries into your affairs. It was reported to us that you were a student who, for several years, has been truant from school. We turned the matter over to our legal staff, and they used a plan proposed by one of our custodial staff to trap you. However, as you were born in 1938, you can scarcely be the student we sought. Therefore, we will present you with a bill for back property taxes you owe us. There is no need to vent your anger at being discovered on Daniel Dern or Ed Reed, as they are also fictitious characters, and Westover, Connecticut is a mirage.

Gerhardt Klosterman
Judge Crater (legal advisor)
South Huntington Schools
Union Free School District No. 13
Huntington Station, N.Y.

Here Ned:

As for INNNN, I thought it great --- especially the front cover. The short humorsketch was good also. Verse, fair. If only Merritt's widow would simply throw those items she sent me open to the public, I could give you a real scoop --- some verse that I don't intend to reprint in the biblio. But, as luck would have it, she's holding out for a contract. What kind of a contract she'll get out of a 1000 copy issue you can imagine. About enough for one meal.

You might tell Mark Owings that I nearly choked laughing at his song parodies, especially "The Battle Hymn of Oreland." I would only make one small suggestion, namely that the second and third stanzas might have the following chorus:

Gory, gory blood and thunder!
Pillage, rob and loot and plunder!
Flow the foes of Oreland under,
And massacre the Elves!

I think a tape recording of an uncouth chorus singing this whole item would be side-splitting --- perhaps literally. We could send it to JRRT, and thus perhaps insure against any more of his stuff being foisted off on us.

(MORE)



Glenn Brock's item --- fair-good. Verse-typical. Illustrations-- good to very good. Denton's "The Gargoyles" very good, Illustrations also. Dean Keentz --- good.

Walter J. Wentz
743 1/2 E. 11th Avenue
W Eugene, Oregon 97401

Dear Ned,

Enclosed is a bit of doggerel and an unrelated sketch to help pad out some future issue of TNNNN. This is known as building bridges. Actually, WSEA is strategically situated on the northern marches of southern fandom, and when we spot the first glaciers moving down we'll let you know. Today, quite a bit of heavy snow, but it seems to be in hand. Tomorrow? Who knows. At least Baltimore will get it first.

Speaking of Baltimore, my wife says I met you at the Balticon. I was drinking that 10 year old bourbon and regrettably do not remember.

I suppose some comment is due on TNNNN? Yes.

Good reproduction, adequate to pretty good art. Who needed "Fragment?" Also, I get enough political commentary in the course of my normal reading. Even Buchwald isn't funny. Sharon Towle is quite good incidentally. She rhymes, scans and makes sense, which is unusual for a fan poet, and she had has a good ear for rhythms.

The Perpetual Bouncer...well, as fan fiction it was close to the norm, and it was short, but to start off with "ran into something interesting out at KB4. Let me tell you about it." is pretty bad.

That'll do. Supper awaits. Adios, amigo.

Alexis Gilliland
2126 Pa. Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037

Dear Ned,

Thanks for TNNNN. I really grooved on it. It is a well done fanzine. Not much more I can say. It is a relief to see a zine that is not full of great debates or fan feuds or politiking that I feel obliged to comment on. Owings is funny in an open, understandable, if morbid, way --- no in jokes, no subtle sarcasm. Sharon Towle writes very good poetry. I don't know her, but if her poetry is any indication, she is a beautiful person. The illos are cute; its nice to see proper use of multi-color ditto. The repro is good enough to get the whole point across. Just one thing -- Stiles --- a giant dill pickle? That's going too far. An artichoke, maybe. But a pickle is too much for even a fan to take. If people like you keep producing fanac like this, Ted White may give up fandom for politics.

Jan Slavin

YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS ISSUE OF TNNNN BECAUSE:

- () YOU CONTRIBUTED
- () YOU ARE OUT TYPE
- () YOU ARE A PURPLE MOUTH
- () YOU LOC'D
- () YOU REVIEWED TNNNN
- () YOU SENT MØNEY, MAY THE GREAT GHU BLESS YOU!!!!!!
- () WE WANT YOU TO CONTRIBUTE
- (X) WE WANT AN LOC
- () NED OWES YOU A LETTER...I OWE EVERYBODY LETTERS.
- () YOU OWE ONE OF US A LETTER

-
-
- () YOU ARE THE MAD WIZARD OF NORVA
 - () WE TRADE
 - () CARE TO TRADE?
 - () PLEASE REVIEW THISH
 - () YOU ARE REVIEWED

ONE FINAL NOTE:

YOU ARE URGENTLY REQUESTED TO CONTRIBUTE TO THE
NEXT ISSUE OF THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS, OR AS IT WILL BE TITLED
THE PROBABLE OUTSIDER!!!!

RED AVERY

*Red
Avery*

新青年

新青年

