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cover: Alan Andres

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: I know I said I wasn't going to do this... but this is the last issue of No. Probably not the last ever, but the last for the next few years. Many thanks to those of you who've been subscribing. Enclosed are stamps or back issues to make up the balance of a subscription. Likewise many thanks to those of you who've been trading fanzines with me. The time has come to cut me off your list of trades. And a special thanks to the artists whose artwork has been decorating No -- and apologies to those of you who've sent me work some of which is still sitting unused in my files. I'll be returning unused art to you. I don't happen to have written work on hand and unused, so an unapologetic but equally grateful thanks to those of you who've written for No.

Brag Dept. New Worlds #7 is now out in the US, although over here it's called #6 and comes from Avon/Equinox. Contributers include me, Eleanor Arnason, Jerry Giannattassio, and a friend of eaa's, Jean Charlotte. Some time this winter I'll have a poem "Winter Solstice," in Green's Magazine, a literary magazine eager for subscribers (\$4/year, PO Box 313 Detroit MI 48231). Ditto a short story, "Draconian Inheritance" in Fiction (\$9/year, 193 Eeacon Street, Boston MA 02116).

Come Back to the Raft, Pooh, Honey:

Abnormal Sex and linnie the linnie by Deborah Collin

While it could hardly be argued that A.A. Milne intended his Winnie the Pooh fictions to be didactic entertainment for his young son, he nevertheless added some very adult touches to the seemingly innocent adventures. We can only assume that Milne, far from being depraved in providing Christopher Robin with so many hours of illicit enjoyment, simply did not realize the child's instinctive, subliminal understanding of sex. The average child may lack technique and terminology, but he can grasp one concept that writers, comedians, motion picture directors, and Madison Avenue executives seem never to abandon. Sex is "tabu." Whatever is tabu is automatically interesting. Therefore, sex is automatically interesting.

Frederick C. Crews seems to have acknowledged this aspect of Milne when compiling his anthology of "critics," The Pooh Perplex; the book is filled with references to the hidden implications in Pooh. Harvey C. Window, in "Paradoxical Persona: The Hierarchy of Meroism in Winnie the Pooh," says, "I think that Pooh must address us on an essentially subliminal level -- that it must achieve its effects through sly manipulations and secret implications, not through what it directly narrates."

Martin Tempralis, in "A Bourgeois Writer's Proletarian Fables," adds, "we may say that the 'unconscious' meaning of Winnie the Pooh seems quite opposite to its conscious, intended meaning." Little wonder when Tempralis further states, "the wide dissemination of Milne's four children's books justifies our concluding that he has had quite an impact on the

l. Frederick C. Crews, The Pooh Perplex (New York: E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1963), p. 5.

2. <u>Ibid.</u>, p. 23.



thinking of the generation now arriving at voting age. "3

P.R. Honeycomb, in "The Theory and Practise of Bardic Verse: Notations on the Hums of Pooh, "seems unaware of the sexual implications in his own choice of phrases -- "flowed by furry teddy-bear motives into the form and substance of desire" (p. 30), and "Pooh sends forth emanations of the pure infantile greed that we welcome and forgive" (p. 32). The implications of Christopher Robin's juvenile lust are particularly apparent in "Of course it can only be embodied, made flesh, in teddy-bear flesh" (p. 31), and most especially in "throwing off guilt and respectability for a live relation to the blood's flushing madness" (p. 35)4.

Myron Masterson, in "Poisoned Paradise: The Underside of Pooh, "is quite frank about the sexual elements. He sollated that "all of Milne's verse was more or less equally salacious" (p. 42). He mentions the importance of archetypes in literature and their effect on children and discusses Pooh's narcissism, then cites specific examples of Pooh which are clearly suggestive?.

Murphy A. Sweat, in "Winnie the Pooh and the Cultural Stream," also mentions the sexual element in no uncertain terms. read between the lines, you'll see what the score is quick enough. "o

Can there be any question why Woodbine Meadowlark, in "A la recherche du Pooh perdu, " will never forget his Aunt Amelia for giving him a copy of the book? He reveals the child's predicament when he states, "What is a child, if not a being cut off tragically from real knowledge, yearning to know the secrets of the adult world but being appeased, at best, with half-truths and condescension?" These "secrets" are explored in Karl Anschauung's article, "A.A. Milne's Honey-Balloon-Pit-Gun-Tail-Bathtubcomplex " in which he discusses the more obvious Freudian elements.

Nancy Penkshaw, in her Advanced Composition paper, "Saturate the Children with Pooh! or A Clue to My Version of Pooh!"9 mentions an experiment in which she read Pooh to a group of children. She notes their reactions, "As I read, my audience giggled and laughed, ohhed and ahned, and seemed to enjoy this special treat ... some even wanted to hear it again, yet none were conscious of any gained knowledge. Penkshaw seems to have overlooked the children's normal desire to conceal such sexual awareness from an

³ Crews, p. 17. 4 Crews.

⁵ Crews. 5 Crews.

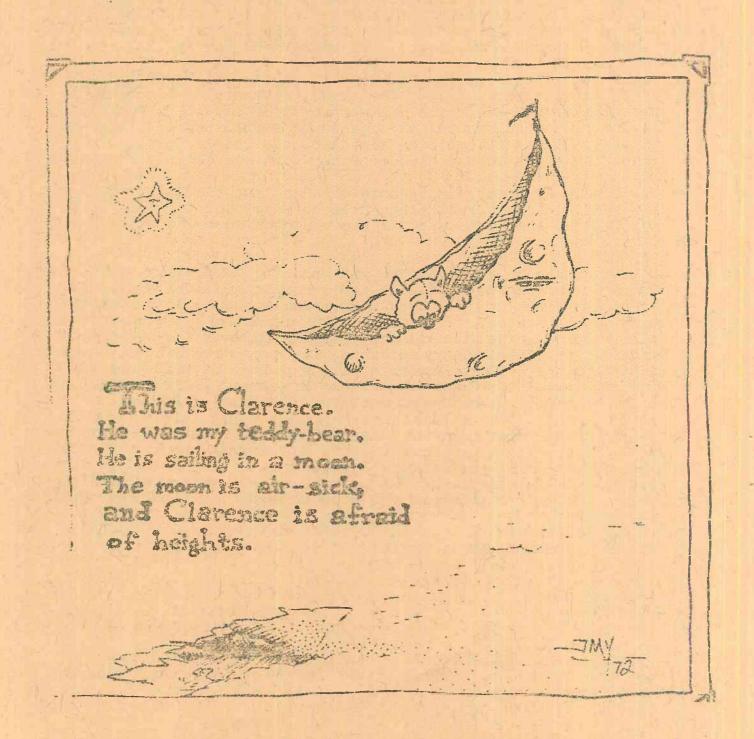
⁷ Crews, p. 7.

⁸ Crews, pp. 125-136.

⁹ Nancy Penkshaw, "Saturate the Children with Pooh," Advanced Composition term paper, Dr. Plourde, California State University, Long Beach. Unpublished.

adult. Would the reactions and reluctance have been any different if she had used Playboy instead of Pooh?

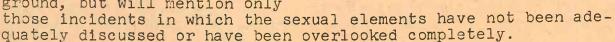
In her Advanced Composition paper, "The Bears in the Band, or The Sexual Adventures of Winnie the Pooh," Lisa Gonzales expresses her outrage at what she calls "the blatant, hardcore pornography" and suggests that Pooh be banned. She cites a few examples from the book to support her thesis, mentioning the nudity, the lack of heterosexual partners, the "rampant homosexuality," the anti-Kanga feeling in Hundred Acre Woods, and the

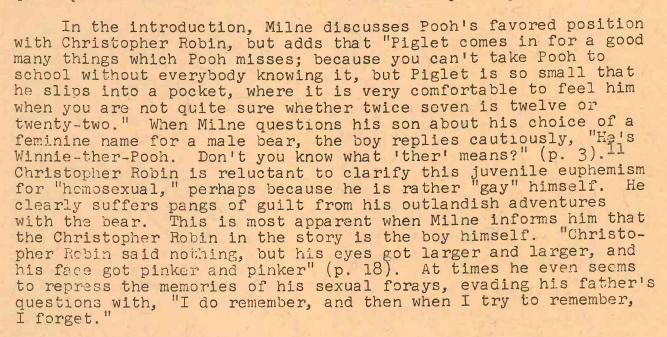


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possibility that Roo might be of mixed species, which, though biologically impossible, nevertheless gives a clear picture of the Iromiscuous Practices in Pcoh. 10 Gonzoles fails to list all the sexual elements, and although the argument she presents is convincing, some die-hard interpreters of Pooh still persist in claiming that it has no sexual content at all!

Is <u>Winnie the Pooh</u> a study of abnormal sex? A detailed analysis of <u>Pooh</u> is in order. I will not cover old ground, but will mention only





Christopher Robin seems to feel himself under pressure. From his father who is relating the adventures? Unlikely. Evidence clearly points to Mrs. Milne, indicating that she might not turn a blind eye to her son's little junior orgies. Pooh is concerned that the bees, the surrogate adults, "suspect something." He hastens to add that, "The important bee to deceive is the Queen

10 Lisa Gonzales, "The Bears in the Band," Advanced Composition term paper, Dr. Plourde, California State University, Long Beach. Unpublished.

A.A. Milne, Winnie the Pooh (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 1926).

Bee. "These are, after all, "the wrong sort of bees" -- all worker bees and therefore all female (p. 18).

Similarly, Wan Kanga and Roo enter the scene, they represent normal family relationships. Kanga must have engaged in normal sexual activity to have produced Roo. They cannot be tolerated. To admit them to the gay community in Hundred Acre Wood would destroy the communal "free love" atmosphere they have so carefully manufactured. Rabbit, the latent child molester, seems particularly intrigued with the idea of Running Away with Roo and is eager to take him home and "play" with him. Only when Kanga demonstrates that she, too, can engage in abnormal sexual activities is she admitted to the little inner circle of basket cases. "So Kanga and Roo stayed in the Forest. And every Tuesday Roo spent the day with his great friend Rabbit, and every Tuesday Kanga spent the day with her great friend Pooh, teaching him to jump, and every Tuesday Piglet spent the day with his great friend Christopher Robin. So they were all happy again" (p. 109).

Of all the characters in the book, Pooh seems the least reluctant to accept Kanga into the group. Although clearly homosexual, he does have certain qualms about it; "he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it" (p. 3). It is of no little significance that Christopher Robin is doing the bumping. But Poon is doomed by his own hyperactive sex drive. His narcissism is evident in nearly every scene. He even does his "stoutness exercises" in front of a mirror, naked of course, unquestionably enjoying the view. He never objects to Christopher Robin's rather disquieting habit of carrying him around in an unorthodox manner, and thoroughly enjoys a "game" every now and then. Touchy-Feely? Poor Pooh seems unable to control himself. "He hadn't gone more than half-way when a sort of funny feeling began to creep all over him. It began at the tip of his nose and trickled all through him and out the soles of his feet. It was just as if somebody inside him was saying, 'Now then, Pooh, time for a little something'" (p. 79). He is undeniably "that sort of bear" (p. 3).



In the Heffalump episcde, aside from learning that Pooh is an anxiety eater, a sign of neurosis, we find that he even thinks of the forest in human, and therefore sexually erotic, terms. "The Sun was still in bed, but there was a lightness in the sky over the Hundred Acre Wood which seemed to show that it was waking up and would soon be kicking off the clothes" (p. 65). Even little Piglet is concerned that his shady personal habits might not appeal to the large, ultra-masculine heffalump, though he continues to think of it in blatantly sexual terms: "Did it come when you whistled? And how did it come? Was it fond of Pigs at all? If it was Fond of Pigs, did it make any difference what sort of Pig?" (p. 67).

The "Grandfather" hunt in chapter three reveals Pooh's concern that Christopher Robin might react unfavorably to the introduction of a rival for Pooh's affections. Does he dare try to capture a Grandfather and take it home? (Should he terminate his relationship with Kanga?) He seems reluctant to abandon the useless circular effort as he and Piglet try to "catch" themselves, obviously representing the fruitlessness of homosexuality. Piglet, not content with such activity, begins making obscene gestures: "Piglet scratched his ear in a nice sort of way" (p. 38). The reference to "shortness of breath" reflects Edgar Allan Poe's fixation with impotence, particularly apparent in Poe's "Loss of Breath," which also contains examples of the nose as a phallic symbol -- one of Poe's favorite gimmicks (see "Lionizing") which also finds its place in Pooh. Pooh has a terrible habit of licking his nose at the slightest provocation. In the Grandfather incident, however, he is left in an agitated state that simple "nose-licking" will not alleviate. He comes across Christopher Robin, who will afford him more satisfaction.

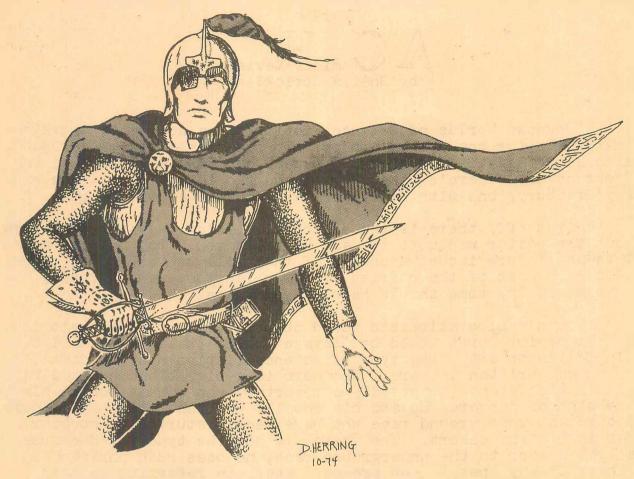
Christopher Robin, Pooh, and Piglet form a triangle which is not without variation. "Pooh always likes a little something at eleven o'clock in the morning" (p. 26). Pooh and Rabbit have "a little something" going on the side. Note Pooh's highly suggestive comment, "If I know anything about anything, that hole means Rabbit...and Rabbit means Company...and such like" (p. 24). Rabbit is selective in his choice of partners. He tells Pooh, "One can't have anybody coming into one's house. One has to be careful" (p. 26). His delight at being able to use Pooh's legs as a towel rack is not without erotic significance.

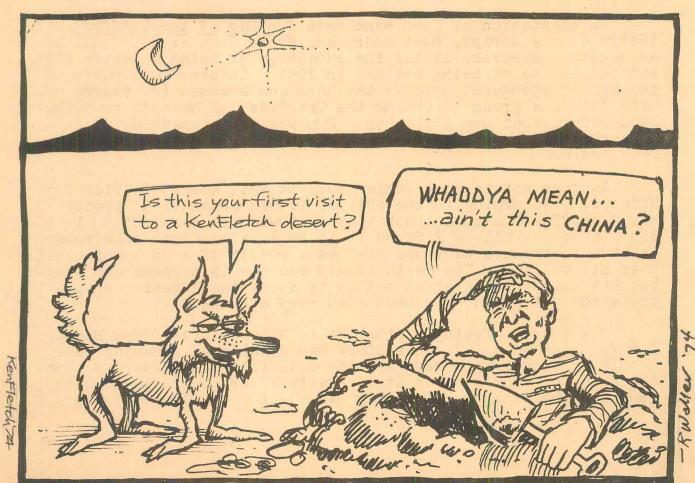
Pooh also seems drawn to the aged, experienced Eayore, who is apparently less interested in the national pastime of Hundred Acre Wood. Far more masculine than the others, he seems to take a somewhat dim view of the promiscuity around him: "Here we go gathering Nuts and May. Enjoy yourself" (p. 75). But not even Eeyore is immune. He makes suggestive gestures to little Piglet (p. 85) who just happens to be his "favorite size" (p. 87). Eayore's impotence (the loss of his tail) causes Poon a great deal of concern. Pooh does have heterosexual tendencies at times and does not wish to completely lose his masculine abilities. But when Eeyore finally gets his tail back, "Winnie the Pooh came over all funny, and had to hurry home for a little snack of something to sustain Him" (p. 54). Funny?

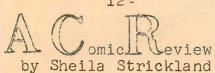
Even the most minor characters are afflicted with The Problem. Owl's aunt, for example, once "laid a seagull's egg by mistake," and one of Rabbit's smaller friends and relations seems overly interested in Eeyore's tail as he reaches for it in the illustration on page 157. Milne has not overlooked much in his effort to amuse himself while ostensibly instructing his son in the ethics of proper behavior. While there can be little doubt that although Milne was unaware how thoroughly he was "educating" his child, the sexual connotations were intentional and were not merely Freudian slips; Milne's subtle, conscious artistry would refute that claim instantly. I can only assume that this paper will finally settle the sex or non sex dispute that has raged in Poohology since 1926. Winnie the Pooh's underlying theme is Milne's leering view of abnormal sex. The truth will not be denied. Repressed, perhaps, but not denied.

⁽⁽After which it seems more or less reasonable to recommend some serious works of interest to the Poohologists. Children's Literature: the Great Excluded, vols. I and II, is an irregular, book-length magazine of essays about children's literature, put out by the English Department of the University of Connecitcut, Storrs CT 06268. Many of the essays in these volumes deal with fantasy or sf -- Tolkien, Williams, Oz, etc., and most of them manage to be intelligent without being pretentious. The first volume has an essay by Roger Sales on differences between a child's and an adult's (himself, for both) responses to and ways of appreciating Oz, Barbar, and Pooh. The second volume has an essay, "Back to Pooh Corner" by Alison Lurie, herself an author of children's books. The illustrator of Pooh, E.H. Shepherd, wrote/drew a memoir of his own childhood (called, reasonably enough, Drawn from Memory) -- an urban child, unlike either Christopher Robin or A.A., but with a similar note of sheltered, wonder-struck innocence. Christopher Robin has written a memoir, too, which I've seen praised by reviewers, but I haven't got around to finding and reading a copy yet. RB))

Corum Jhaelen Irsei







"Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction" is a new comic magazine that sells for one dollar a copy. It may seem a big price, but it's a big magazine -- 82 8x11" pages, counting, as they do, the front cover. There's an editorial and two interviews -- one with Ray Bradbury, one with Kelly Freas -- as well as the stories.

First off, there is the editorial. It's always nice to know what the editor wants to do, and he tells you. Roy Thomas makes this and future issues sound as if they will be very good. He also says most of the stories are from fanzines, and I found, unfortunately, some should have stayed there.

Women's Liberationists would object to all of these stories. My choice for worst would be "Savage World" (Wally Wood script, Al Williamson art), the type of science-fiction story I didn't think was written anymore. The hero is a big, blond, rugged WASP, with a girlfriend (supposedly a reporter) who cowers behind him at any sign of danger. He and his equally WASPish friend apparently destroy an underground race who have been disturbed by nuclear testing in the desert. The "hero" is not the type you'd choose as an ambassador to the underground race; he uses such phrases as "those filthy apes," "you creeps," etc., in referring to them.

An adaptation of John Wyndham's The Day of the Triffids (Gerry Conway script, Ross Andru and Ernie Chua art) is just about as sexist. However, it has the advantage of being a better story and the excuse of being written in 1951. Chapter One ends on a properly suspenseful note as the hero and a woman (of course) have joined a group to escape the Triffids. I haven't read the book before, but now I plan to. Finding an interesting story like that may be one of the best reasons for a non-comics fan to read comics.

Another not-so-good comic story is Neal Adams! "A View from Without." According to the editor, it was considered "pretty heady stuff for a comic-book treatment when it came out." I don't agree at all -- I found it to be a rather dull tearjerker about a Vietnamese baby who dies as a result of a US bombing raid over his village. The death itself and how it happens are tragic, but his fate is so dragged out as to spoil the effect. Simply presented, it could have been much more effective.

The most confusing of the lot is Mike Kaluta's "Hey Buddy, Can You Lend Me a..." This story has giant ants menacing four people as they try to make a phone call from a half-buried phone booth in the middle of an atomic waste after their flight is downed. The story's not really bad, just a trifle odd.

"Smash Gordon" is the only humorous piece. By Frank Brunner, it is, of course, a Flash Gordon parody. "Star Trek" fans might enjoy that at the end Smash, Zookoff, and Dale are beamed aboard the Enterfuzz. (Nit-pickers might also note the insignia for the Enterfuzz crew members are on the wrong side of the tunics.)

The last comic is perhaps the best. An adaptation of Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days" (Tony Isabella script, Gene Colan and Mike Esposito art), it has an obvious ending, but the story is genuine. It concerns slow glass, and the use a lonely man makes of it.

As for the interviews -- they make up for some of the bad writing.

Ray Bradbury's is the longer. He discusses how he became interested in fantasy through Oz and Tarzan, whether or not horror is harmful to children, and his plans for the future. He does not plan to be twiddling his thumbs. It would be exciting to see half of his ideas come off -- he has plans for everything from a movie to grand opera.

The Kelley Freas interview is shorter and more limited. An eight time Hugo winner might seem to deserve more; but with the Bradbury interview, one can't really complain. Freas talks about designing the Skylab I insignia, working as an artist, and some of his works. The magazine reproduced several of his covers, though black and white can't really do them justice. I have two of his prints, and they are beautiful.

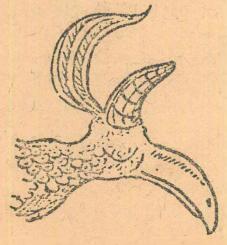
On the subject of art: the inside front cover is a levely drawing by Esteban Maroto, a two-headed dragon-like creature driven/ridden by two figures, and a spacecraft over their heads. A sort of delicate, exetic fantasy.

Was the issue worth one dollar? With the sf magazines around 75¢, it's reasonable, I suppose. But if you detest sexism in your science-fiction, as I do, and expect good stories, it's not worth it. Next issue, though, they promise an adaptation of Harlan Ellison's "'Repent, Harlequin!' Said the Ticktockman," one of my favorite stories. And an interview with Alfred Bester. Maybe I'll give them another chance.

⁽⁽Sorry about the long interval between receiving and printing this review -- that's what happens with an infrequent zine such as N_0 has been. But a "first issue" of a magazine generally is of some interest historically, so... RB))

Loui and Viceroy by Steven H. Waller

Loui double checked the pomegranate to make sure the seeds were still there and in place. Viceroy told him it would do no good, an earthquake was coming in one minute. Immediately seizing a chance to be right, Loui started elaborating on the pro's and con's of a popsicle, stating that cherry was good if eaten on a stick, flicking the tongue from right to left. Viceroy listened for 15 seconds not agreeing but being polite, then reminding Loui there was 45 seconds left. Loui said, "okay," and kept talking while keeping track of pomegranate seeds showing he could two things at one time, looking out of the corner of his eye to see if Viceroy was impressed. Seeing he was not, Loui grew ever more determined to prove his proficiency and be recognized as a 3 ring circus. With 15 seconds left Viceroy asked Loui to go with him to his combination peace of mind and earthquake shelter. Loui said he thought that a seed was out of place and felt pomegranates would soon be going out of style. Giving Loui fourteen treasure maps, a jig-saw puzzle, and a replica of Pandora's box, Viceroy then said, "it's coming," to which Loui replied that he thought the statement was a little ambiguous for a man who could add two and two. Viceroy pardoned himself and went to the shelter. Still arranging seeds and counting aloud, Loui put on a pair of rose colored prescription sunglasses, the kind he always wore when appraising a 24 karat gold vacuum; then looking at a clock, seeing the second hand on the twelve. Rumble...Rumble



Derry's aedeker (Concluded) by John Berry

RAVENNA

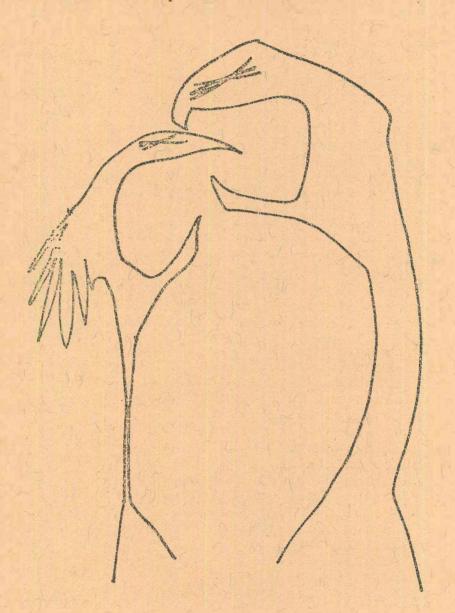
This town was founded by Augustus as a port almost 2,000 years ago, and although in those days the sea rather naturally reached the port, it is now about six miles to the East. But Pavenna is famed most of all for its exquisite mosaics, and as it is only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours coach ride from Cattolica I decided to visit the two on Thursday 15th July 1971.

No one else in Cattolica wanted to visit Ravenna, so the Direction booked a tour on a coach coming from Pesaro, south of Cattolica. This meant that when the coach reached Cattolica it was full of tourists except for the three seats for me, my wife and daughter. Their seats were at the front of the coach, mine at the back. The coach lurched forward as I mounted it, and I spun down the centre aisle and succeeded in stopping just before I landed in the lap of a very arrogant-looking German. right was a frigid-looking wife -- to the left were twin girls (his daughters) about fourteen years old. My seat was next to them. Tramping over a row of toes, I dropped into my seat, pulled the window open and let the dry air dehydrate the perspiration from my sweating body. When I cooled down, I looked to my right and the two girls, blonde they were, were wearing short shorts. I had a glimpse of four lithe legs, lovely and suntanned, sitting in formation. I looked up, and their father was looking at me looking at them. I speedily clicked my eyes out to the swiftly-passing countryside...eventually my neck ached and I turned towards the girls, looked at their legs, and their father was looking at me again. Their legs hypnotized me; I only looked at them to see if their old dad was looking at me and he was...it was a rather traumatic experience.

We stopped for an ice cream. When I got on the coach again, the twins were way over to the right, and the thin, stoney-faced mother was next to me. Their father was giving them an animated talk about the wonders of Ravenna and with typical German thoroughness he had guide-books and hard covers to indoctrinate them. They looked utterly bored; their father got red-faced and began to raise his voice in order to impress them with the marvellous things they were going to see. I was so busy looking at their expressions that a blob of ice cream fell off my wrapper, and with a dynamic instinctive movement I stopped it falling on his wife's dress. Unfortunately, whilst doing so my hand inadvertently fell on her thigh. Her lips closed like a nun's purse, and she said something to her husband, and giving me a really horrible look he changed places with his wife and sat next to me.

I could tell by the road signs that we were nearing Ravenna but when we were still about a mile away we stopped outside an

attractive sandy-brown angular building which I did not recognise as being an ancient monument. It was clean, with trees scattered around. Our guide said it was the Easilica of St. Apollinare, built in the first half of the sixth century. Inside, I was spellbound by the magnificence of it...a large cathedral, with marble tombs on both sides of the collonade, and above the altar a fantastic mosaic depicting a chap with a halo and half a dozen sheep on each side looking at him....the background dome showed a mural scene with impressionistic trees and bushes scattered



around with four angels rampant. All this was constructed with small pieces of of coloured glass. It seemed incredible to me that this was all constructed about 1,500 years ago. And our guide said that the mosaics in Ravenna were better than this.

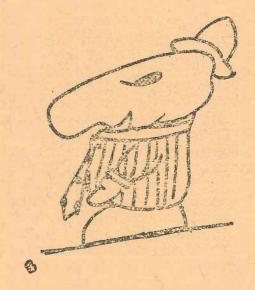
We quickly drove into Ravenna and de-bussed at the Theodoric Mausoleum, constructed by the gentleman aforementioned just before he died in 526 AD. It is large and chunky-looking (my guide

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book uses the expressions "austere" and "imposing"), and is surrounded by a large lump of stone 32 feet in diameter, and a yard thick, weighing 300 tons.

Back on the coach again (the German always pointedly standing or sitting between me and his womenfolk) we passed a ruined fortress, being part of a wall which I noticed surrounded inner Ravenna, and which I think is Roman in origin. In a few moments we parked at the Via Galla Placidia. The museum is here, but it was closed, but within a few yards of it were two structures which have



the best mosaics in Ravenna, and hence the best in the world. The Mausoleum was erected by Galla Placidia around 450 AD, and is in the form of a latin cross. It was dank and musty inside, and the faces of the tourists glowed unnaturally until the guide switched on flourescent lighting, strategically sited to show off the glorious mosaics, probably the most ancient in Ravenna. Contrary to what I expected, the mosaics in the place are not small flat bits of coloured glass, but varied lengths, hanging like stalactites, and consequently the patterns have an extra dimension especially when the outer areas are shadowed by the artificial lighting.

Nearby is the Church of St. Vitale. I cannot understand why this is not one of the wonders of the world. It is breathtaking, conforming as it does to an octagonal plan with a high lofted dome -- entirely spacious but sufficiently sacrosanct to make people talk in whispers; and to cap it all, masses of gorgeous mosaics, covering huge areas, all perfectly blended together in design and colour, making whatever portion one looks at a complately artistic entity in itself. The mosaics of course depict religious scenes, keen and handsome looking men with gaudy golden halo's, all their eyebrows black and raised, giving them each a look of query -- "Why am I standing here with this cross in my hand?" All around the men are exquisite designs incorporating doves, peacocks, bowls with vines creeping out of them, showing large individual leaves and healthy-looking bunches of grapes.... other birds, flowers, and surmounting everything, groups of angels in white robes all with vivid technicolour backgrounds. People were standing in silent groups, awed by the majesty of it. and pondering over the skill of artists who created and constructed this superb building way back in 548.

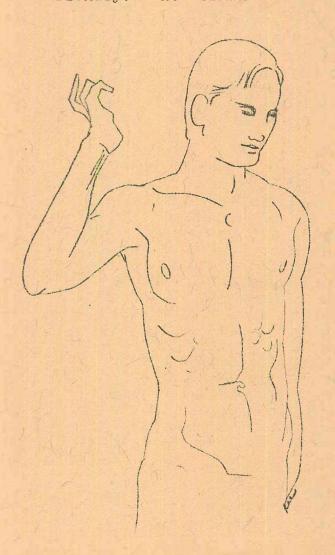
Another short coach ride to the Via Ricci, and an examination of the Basilica of St. Franceso, founded in the fifth century. We were permitted to be absent from the couriers care for an

hour, and we were warned in a friendly but firm manner that if we weren't on the ceach at 6.30pm we would be left behind. Even at this stage I was doubtful about the chances of the German tourist making the deadline. He was so obsessed with his earnest perusal of his numerous illustrated guide books of the Ravenna sites that he didn't even hear the bi-lingual warning. It was true that so many ancient buildings were scattered about that even I was frustrated with the short period of time allowed.

The St. Franceso Easilica is extremely large and austere in appearance, and is a sandy-brown colour, typical of many of the Ravenna churches. A few yards away is the tomb of Dange, who died in Ravenna on September 13/14th 1321. He was buried in a simple stone tomb close to the wall of St. Franceso, and the present imposing tomb was built in 1780.

With half an hour left, my wife, daughter and I went to a cafe in the Piazza Caduti Liberta....the tea and cakes we purchased were inexpensive, and the waiter was extremely polite and friendly. The German's wife and daughters, with wide-eyed

expressions, were sitting nearby; the girls smiled politely, and for a split second the mother's grim visage cracked and she managed just a slight uplift of one side of her mouth.



To cut a long story short, the German did not turn up at the appointed time. The coach driver revved up and started to glide away. The frau leapt up and shrieked for the courier to stop The girls were laughthe coach. ing hysterically. I was extremely pleased with the situation. It was a quarter of an hour later before he came rushing up, apologising profusely. He apologized bi-lingually to the occupants of the coach, and from the little German I remember I gathered in his explanation to his wife that he had attempted to visit all the sites in Ravenna in the short time we had available. I secretly admired his interest, and would have liked to have tried it myself, but it was pleasurable to see his arrogance temporarily diminished, replaced by acute embarrassment which kept him quietly brooding for the journey to Cattolica.

Ravenna is a jewel on the Adriatic coast. There are eighteen ancient churches and museums, etc., within the walls, and two important ones outside and it was unsatisfactory to have to spend a very few moments in each of the few we did manage to catch. I took quite a few successful colour transparencies, and purchased postcards, particularly those showing mosaics. I think that the illustrated colour brochure given to me by the guide describes the place to perfection, much more expertly than my meanderings, and I quote: "But Ravenna is the town of mosaic; a peculiar mosaic cycle which forms a superb mantle. A colour skill never reached thereafter has spread the most graceful colours and the most delicate shades in the apses, cupolas, along the aisles, on the triumphal arches of the sacred buildings. A sweet and solemn rhythm seems to flow from these representations, in the blending of two styles: Hellenistic-Roman and Byzantine."

* * *

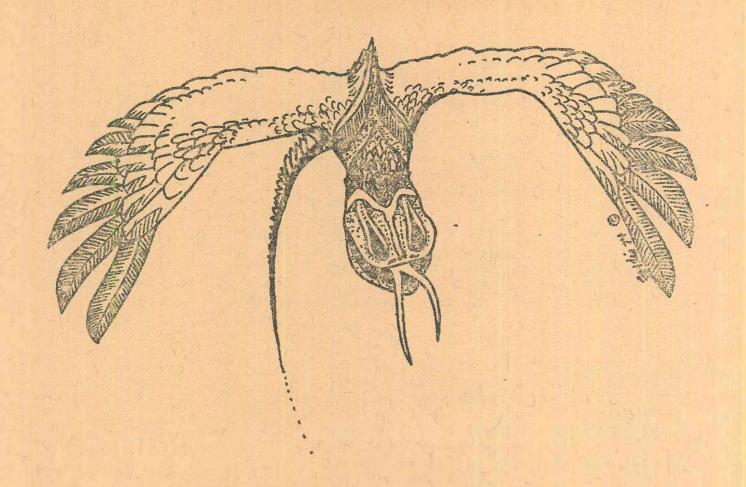
The last hours of our Italian holiday followed the usual pattern -- the difficult goodbyes with newly-made friends. This is a phenomenon I've tried to study before ...holiday friendships are made so quickly that there should be an element of superficiality about them, and yet personal feeling is so profound that there is genuine regret at parting, and honestly made promises to write soon are invariably kept, providing the hastily-written addresses can be found and deciphered.

Some of the Italian friends we made seemed sorry to see us go, and this is typical of the people... they are anxious to be friendly, and just a little hurt that rumour has it that the English don't like the Italians. They are completely open, they laugh all the time, and are extremely pleased if you try to speak their language. Quite a few foreigners try to be condescending towards them, and Italians certainly don't appreciate it.

I'm going there again.....

-- John Berry 1971





Dign for the Charisees by Gregory Fitz Gerald

Our world, dying slowly under poisoned skies, plans to atomize itself in name of peace. Yet our heaven-watchers' glass eyes detect no aberrant nebular caprice.

But suddenly an unexpected galactic death beams this earth its new receipt for glory: an undreamed shibboleth to render our chiefest dogmas obsolete.

All credos and coherence gone again, electronic dirges drone in tune to some outlandish strain..

What remains but for men to dance the new rhythms of this astral drum? Once more our planet is not alone in space with only Martian algae to outface.

(copyright 1975 by Gregory Fitz Gerald)

ompany by Philip Jeffrey Stuart

I have been sent the dwellers in shade.
Dour agents given to gloom.
Mleancholy prophets mirroring unwholesome moments.
Mournful messengers dispersing plague.
Sardonic leaders riddled with lice.

I ask why they hover?

To infect vague misfortunes.
To inflict numbing lassitudes.
To inflate dismal obscurities.
To infer damaging irrationalities.

I offer my hospitality.

May you wine on the greenish ooze Of the sweet slug.

May you feast on the exudate Of the promiscuous leper.

May you inhale the lingering fumes Of the ascriptive sewer.

May you listen perpetually To the anguished patter Of those that are kept in the crypt.

The effect is not overwhelming I require an ally I Threaten to summon He who despises Not despair.

He whose children are the wrestling worms of the pit.

He who dances with leering succubi.

He who converses with partially corrupted corpses.

He who herds the hybrid miscreations Of unremembered eons.

He who stirs the bottomless cauldron of vengeance.

My company seeks alternative missions I feel strangely untroubled.

76B West End Lane London NW 6 April 9, 1975

Dear Fandom,

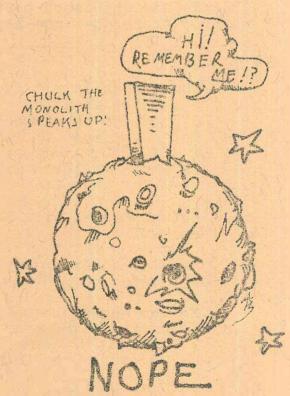
You'll forgive I hope the rather precious way of beginning what I actually intend to be a conreport, but it's been eight years since I've done any fanac (I feel self conscious even to use the term), and when I tried to begin this as an article it sounded pompous and awful. But particularly since I've lived in London I write a fair number of letters, and that's a form I'm used to. So you see.

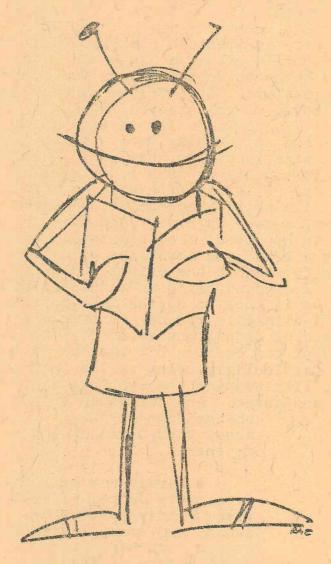
When I first came to London in '73 I went to a few meetings at the Globe which led to renewing a friendship with Ruth and Dave Kyle. I didn't go to many more meetings after the first autumn, but I did go out to visit the Kyles in Surrey fairly often. Last year I was in America at Eastercon time, and I left the Kyles the key to my flat in London to use as a pied a terre for their visiting fan friends. They didn't need to use it, but it was as close as I got to a con last year.

This year at Eastercon time I knew I'd be in London, hard at work on, or at least dithering about, my thesis. (I'm doing a thesis on Sunday markets for a master's degree in town planning at University College London, but that's another story.) The Kyles both encouraged and made the arrangements for me to go to the con; I would be sharing a room with Mary Judge, an Irish fan. It's been eight years since I attended a con, but I figured

wothehell archie, it should be interesting.

The weekend for me was like my very own Mr. Flood's Party. I was sixteen last time round, "and many a chance has come to both of us I fear, since last it was we had a drop together, welcome home." Not only was it a situation I'd not been in since then, but it was also people I hadn't seen since to n, and that I hadn't really expected. How fun to go up to Tom Schluek whom I hadn't seen since Tricon when a bunch of us had walked down to the lake at dawn. My memory of Tom had blurred with the picture of him in my photo album with Ron Ellik, Lois Lavender and me. But I recognized him in the





contextof the con, though probably not if I'd seen him on the street. How nice to go up and say howdy do and admire photos of wife and new baby. Marsha commented Tom is so pleased he looks as though he invented fatherhood.

Marsha. A vaguely familiar face walked up to me early Saturday afternoon and said "hello Jean Berman," and I mumbled something about hello Sheila, it was the first name that came into my head, and she said "no, I'm Marsha, the last time I saw you I was Marsha Brown."

"What are you now?" I asked, and she explained she was now Marsha Jones, and she and Eddie live near Liverpool. I'd only met Marsha twice before, both times in New York City, and it seemed to me she carried something of the essence of the city about with her. I wondered if I do the same with Minneapolis.

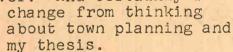
The last time round I'd been one of the younger fans, at least it seemed to me most people were in college or beyond, and from a high school viewpoint that seems quite old. I more or less saw myself as a "sweet young thing."

This time, while I certainly didn't feel elderly, I felt I was on the other side of mean age. This was compounded when a young fan started coming on to me in terms of being The Older Woman. Perhaps he didn't mean it that way, but the way I read his non-verbal communication it said "oh how old and experienced you are." My impression was reinforced when he rang me in London to tell me I was the most interesting person he'd met at the convention.

By the way, forgive me if any of this narrative sounds too egotistical. In part, the convention for me was a great deal of masculine attention. I was divorced six months ago, and since then have tended to retreat into my work and a close circle of friends, and it was quite exhilarating to have all these men to talk to. The last time round I also found it exhilarating, but then it was a game I didn't really understand and a bit frightening at that. Now I understand the game both how to play and not

play it, so I didn't feel threatened by it. If you see what I mean. How pleasant not to be sixteen!

On Friday I ran into Jan Finder, an American civilian working for the Air Force in Italy, whom I'd met at a Globe meeting. He mentioned he was looking for someone to do the makeup for his costume as a Gregorian (?) Pleasure slave. It involved makeup from waist up in a rainbow of colours. I volunteered, again shades of sixteen. In high school I'd worked a lot in theatre, some costuming, but particularly make up, chinese face painting, full character make-up, rubber prosthetic pieces, the lot. But I hadn't done any at all, not even to touch a pancake so to speak, since my sophomore year at Berkeley. Saturday afternoon we went shopping for last minute goodies like white greasepaint, sequined braid to wrap around arms and legs, a make-up brush, and cold cream, to get it all off again. In honour of the costume Jan had to shave his body hair, including a beard and moustache he'd had for six years, and he was looking forward to the effect. How silly, how fannish, but why not? I enjoyed being an accessory to the plot. After the two hours plus it took to do the make-up, the actual costume parade was anti-climactic for me, it looked so amateurish, bedraggled and pathetic, I didn't bother to stay to find out who won. For me the joy of the costume bit was the smell of the greasepaint et all, particularly using skills that haven't been used in a long time, like soaping the eyebrows so the greasepaint can go over them and cover. And certainly a





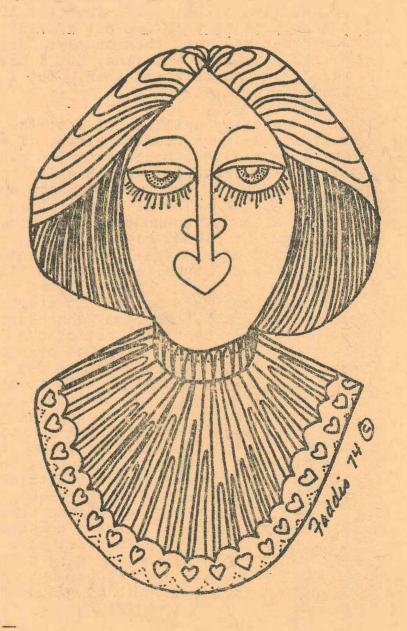
I hardly saw my roommate, Mary Judge. I arrived Friday just after lunch, and since I hadn't gotten much sleep the night before, I took a nap. She woke me up walking in, apologized profusely, and walked out again. Friday night I went to bed about quarter to one, early by convention standards I suppose. Mary came in, I woke up to say goodnight, she walked out, and came in again, only that time I didn't wake up. But I did answer a knock at the door, which was Danny Plachta. He was wearing a white dinner jacket, I was wearing my flowered

flannel nightie. It would have been a startling way to meet someone I hadn't seen in eight or nine years, if I'd been awake enough to be startled. "Is Mary there?" asks Danny. "No," say I "she went off and hasn't come back."

"Look again." I did, and there she was, just waking up. Off she went again, and when I was up and off in the morning she was awake, or rather, not asleep, and not out of bed. But seeing someone when either one of you is half or fully asleep isn't really the way to form an impression. Later on in the day I realized the jacket which had just gone out the door was the same one I'd seen hung up in my closet, and the woman wearing it had the same hair colour as I'd seen on the pillow on the bed opposite mine that morning. By the time I figured that must be Mary she was out the door and well away.

But I had a chance to meet both her and Danny properly after the costume bit, at a party in the Kyles' suite. Dave posed a quiz-discussion; he read off the Hugo nominees and asked the assembled folk a) who had read it and b) who had liked it. It was a wonderfully negative response on both counts. Occasionally someone would rise to the dfense of a particular work and say tentatively "I didn't think it was too It made me feel not quite so much of a fakefakefan; except for rereading The Door into Summer a few months ago, I haven't read any science fiction for years. Except at the hucksters room I bought a copy of New Worlds 7, with stories by my sister, and Eleanor Arnason and Jean Charlotte, and I'd read all three stories that merning, but that doesn't exactly count.

Someone at the Kyles' party mentioned Jan's costume had won, and



after a while I decided to see if I could find him to collect my egoboo. I didn't, but found myself in a circle of gently swaying folk between Tom Shippey and Harry Harrison, trying to find a song besides "Lloyd George Knew My Father" which everybody knew. Harry started in on "The Star Spangled Banner" and I joined in, but nobody else knew it. The American national anthem isn't a really singable tune.

I'd met Tom Shippey at breakfast that morning while he was dithering about what he would say in his talk, to be delivered three hours later. I didn't hear the talk because I was out hunting makeup, but through the day I'd heard reports that it was very good, but that was hardly surprising as Tom can give a beautifully reasoned and interesting talk on any subject he chooses to speak on. He is a reader in Old English at St. Mary's (?) college in Oxford. With that bit of background I didn't find it too surprising when Tom put a drink in my hand and explained I say "waes hal" and then he says "drink hal" and then we both drink. All well and fine, but I have never been drunk, and didn't intend to start then. But I am not a teetotaler, and had a couple drinks.

The party spilled out into the hall when the people whose room it was in wanted to sleep. I was surprised at myself, 3:30 and me not asleep hours ago; I'd caught convention zeitgeist.

About 4:30 a man in a white shirt, dark suit and tie, looking not only unrumpled, but pressed, came up to me and said "hello Jean Berman, I'm John-Henri Holmberg, and I haven't seen you since Nycon." Mike Glicksohn turned up sometime in the course of the evening. We didn't have much of a chance to talk, but the opinion I'd formed of him the last time we'd met was reinforced, that Mike is Good People, and someone I'd like to know better.

At about 4:30 or 5:00 it started to seem more like morning than like night time, and John-Henri and I found we were both sober, and ready to get out of the hotel for a walk. It was Easter morning, and we walked over to the bombed section of Coventry cathedral. As it began to get light a man in robes came out from the new cathedral and lit tapers in front of the altar in the old cathedral, and people began arriving for a service. There were only a dozen or so, and the ceremony was conducted the wrong way round, with the congregation standing in the apse, instead of in the nave. We joined them, standing on the edge, and listened to the man read from the bible. I vaguely remember it was the Easter story, but I think I dozed off standing on my feet. But it was very picturesque, with the morning sun coming through the gaps defined by the tracery. Originally there was stained glass there, but the colours of the pre-dawn sky, and then the first rays of sun can also evoke divine thoughts. We walked out, though, as they were offering the sacrament around. I'm not especially religious, but as a Jew there is just no way I would accept a this is my blood this is my body Easter sacrament.

We walked through the city of Coventry a bit and then went back to the hotel to wait until they'd start serving breakfast.

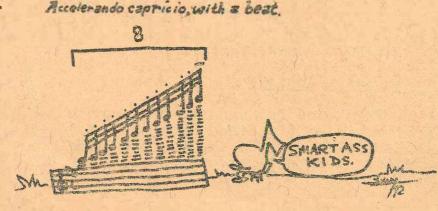
Sunday morning I got into a conversation with a rather obnoxious fellow I'd met the night before, who was going on about Americans this, and Americans that, all anti. I've run across this before in British acquaintances, but it never fails to amaze me. If the group they were discussing had the label "Negro" or "Jews" or "Chicanos" they would recognize it perhaps as prejudice and would probably keep their mouths shut about these prejudices when introduced to someone of that group. But perhaps because Americans are not a down-trodden minority, some people seem to feel they can give vent to all their anti-American feelings to me upon first hearing my accent. And so they can, unless I walk away first, but it doesn't how shall we say, make me form a very good impression of them. But this fellow was also trying to chat me up, to use the British phrase (difficult to translate, but it's the kind of conversation one has with a sexually interesting object the message of which is, I'd like to get to know you better) and it was all in all rather revolting, and I didn't even have the heart to tell him to get lost. Maybe I was too tired.

The day before I managed the kind of bon mot at the moment which usually comes to one as an "I should have said" some time later. In front of some other people a man half jokingly said to me "my dear, how would you like to come to my room tonight for a rare experience?" My prompt reply was "oh, no thank you, I prefer my experiences medium-rare, or at the very least, well-done."

Mmm, it pleases me even in the retelling. With that I'll wind this account up, particularly as it's half past eleven, and I'm going to visit the Kyles today, and I'm expected for lunch. I went back to London Sunday afternoon, quite bemused by my re-introduction to fandom. New in a way, but it was also a welcome home. I began this conreport as a letter. I suppose I should end it as one too.

With kind regards, Jean Berman

((Jean did finish her thesis and receive her Master of Philosophy degree. She is presently back in the States job-hunting. RB.))



UT FOR THE CERMITES THAT ATE WEW ORK ('Cause They Might Come Around and Eat Your Town)
by Stephen Foster Bidet

The days were hot, the winos sot,
The papers fried their food.
Flamingoes flew in all of New
York City in prelude.

There came the chomps of bugs in swamps Of deepest, darkest Jersey.

The unexplored salt marshes boardEd secrets of no mercy.

Now white ants thrive and best survive In spots of high humid'y. So people laughed to see the raft Of termites hit Fun City.

"They'll go away," they said. "Some day They'll find that they want food. And New York steel won't do, for we all Know that they eat wood."

But things had changed, and rearranged
The termites on the quiet.
Their jaws were stronger; soon they hongered
Iron in their diet.

They ate the cars, the metal bars,
The ferro from the concrete.
They chewed read signs, and gnawed phone lines;
The subway was the best treat.

So New York fell and who can tell Which city is to follow?

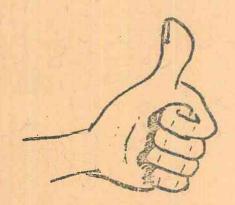
Don't be surprised if you should find Chicago's walls are hollow.

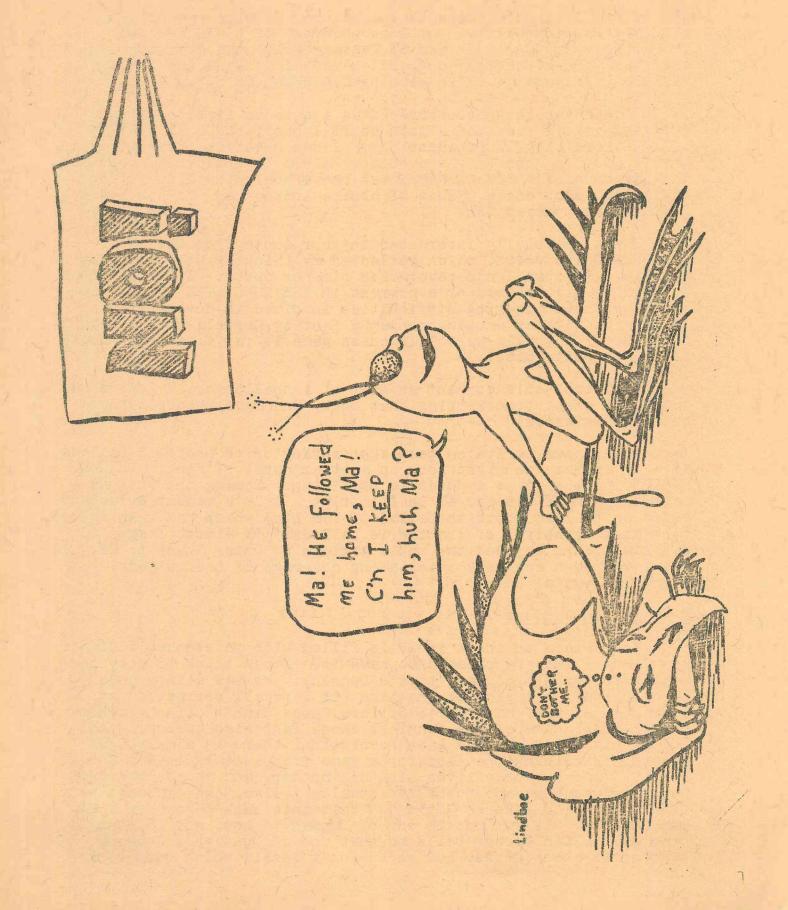
-- Paula Smith

No & YES: letters

from Dahlov Ipcar

Thank you for sending the copy of your magazine (fanzine? prozine?) with the article on Chess in SF. Like all writers, I am delighted to be noticed even in obscure journals.





I was once some years back a science fiction fan (zine?), avidly consuming Galaxy, but I've been out of touch for some years (pursuing my own brand of fantasy writing & dreaming) and I must say most of the jargon baffles me. I do find the letters vaguely fascinating...like reading CLOCKWORK ORANGE.

I've never thought of myself as a science fiction writer, but last year I received a form to fill out for CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION AUTHORS anthology. I was about to throw it away, when I found a note from the editor Robert Reginald. He told me that my novel WARLOCK OF NIGHT was one of only three full length fantasies about chess. That of course hooked me. So now I guess I am a contemporary SFA.

I was especially interested in your quote from Shiras' CHILDREN OF THE ATOM, which reflected my thinking when I wrote my tale, although I had never read his/her quote. I was inspired by reading Martin Gardner's comment in THE ANNOTATED ALICE, "Considering the staggering difficulties involved in dovetailing a chess game with an amusing nonsense fantasy Carroll does a remarkable job." Actually Carroll's chess game is far from remarkable; it's a complete mess.

So I took this comment as sort of a challenge. I learned a lot about chess from writing that book, and have been playing avidly ever since.

If you ever write on teen-age fantasy or on Medieval ballads as a SF source you might look up another novel of mine, QUEEN OF SPELLS, published as a juvenile by Viking. Coming out soon as a paperback in Dell's Laurel Leaf imprint. It's a romantic fantasy based on the old Scottish ballad of Tam Lin, which has been called "the most beautiful of the faerie ballads." I almost forgot to say how much I enjoyed the whole article on Using Chess in SF. It was a thorough and very interesting coverage of the subject. Thank you again.

from Martin Gardner

Your piece on chess in SF is filled with references I didn't know, and I am very pleased to have it. I can think of only one writer you've missed, and that's Dunsany. He was a very good chess player, champion at one time (if I recall correctly) of Ireland. Anyway, his "Three Sailors Chess Gambit" (in Last Book of Wonder) is one of the funniest chess fantasies ever written, and in his SF novel, The Last Revolution, there is a marvelous chapter describing the narrator's game with a newly invented robot. (The inventor lives with his mother, and to conceal from her the fact that the robot is actually "alive," he pretends to wind it up with a key.) It's odd that this book never had a US publication. It may not be one of Dunsany's best novels, but even so... Lin Carter tells me that one of Dunsany's Jorkens stories is about chess, but he couldn't recall which book it's

in. It may not be a SF or fantasy story.

(("The Chess Player, The Financier, and Another," in The Man Who Ate the Phoenix, probably. Not fantasy -- a sardonic parable. RB))

from Marcello Truzzi

Re SF chess stories, I don't think you mentioned Barry N. Malzberg's "Closed Sicilian" (F&SF Nov. 1973). Cute story and use of the Fool's Mate. ((Marcello Truzzi edited an anthology, Chess In Literature, Avon/Equinox, which includes a lot of fantasy and sf -- I recommend it. RB))



from Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Avenue, Teaneck NJ 07888

Old Lady Mother Time on the cover $((No\ 16))$? Female lib strikes again!! I am currently reading LeGuin's DISPOSSESSED, and it postulates a world wherein women are genuinely equals and then some of men; she manages to neatly put down the argument almost at once that a free woman loses something called femininity (in her eyes, it is really a man-created vanity). I am hoping the book will generate more story oomph for me, after the mere 1/10th I've read, for it is at this moment like an old-fashioned utopian novel or even Huxleyan. I imagine it will.

John Berry admires Venice but he has not attempted to capture its real charm. It is now 21 years since I was there, and this is a tougher world, and the place as well as everywhere else has been exploited. Maybe the charm is gone. However, when my wife and I, married a year, visited it, it was a glory of beauty and mystery (however Hollywoodish-scenery and outrageous fantasy). We took no mass tourist gondola, but took our own for a leisurely ride. John apparently spent no overnight there, for if so he could not forget the golden light pouring from the palazzo windows facing the Grand Canal as one drifted by...the (admittedly phony) gypsy band on a boat with an entourage of gondolas, all illumined by lanterns...he did not see rain spattering the Canal. And he should have stated it is not one island but over a hundred, bridged over. I would personally, after my bent, add that, while I did not then see it, being less concerned about my forebears, there is a section of Venice from which the term "ghetto" derives. The early sephardic refugees settled -- and thrived -- there. (I use the term "forebears" loosely -- I am Ashkenazaic.)

I am resentful of J R Christopher's accepting a surrogate for his air safety. The death of the pussycat deserves its own dignity; it was an accident, and blameless, and that is enough. The account of that esoteric and apparently very interesting conwas excellent.

from Amanda Bankier, 2 Paisley Ave S #6, Hamilton Ontario Canada

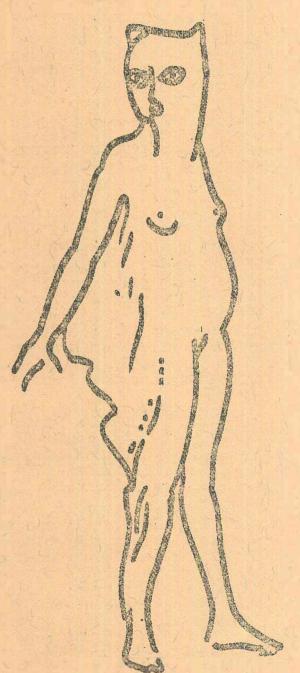
That's a nice cover on #14: have you seen Derek Carter's drawings of similarly unlikely flying machines? He's saddled Air Canada with some lovely fancies.

I'm glad I'm not the only one who thought giving the Candalf award to Tolkien posthumously was illogical. Come to think of it, why not nominate Shakespeare? It would give the award a distinctly original character! Seriously, the requirements should be more clearly defined.

from Dick Eney, 6500 Fort Hunt Rd Alexandria VA 22307

Though I can't give you the original source, I can refer "fantasy" to a source earlier than the first F&SF: Fancyclo-pedia, back in 1944, defined the word in the sense you want, and indicated that you'd have been understood correctly if you used the word that way ((as a genre of literature)) about, say, 1934-35 but that it postdated Lewis Carroll.

Hochberg may have gotten his assumption that writing is a product of sexual energy from Freudian sources, but it certainly isn't Freudian in origin. You've probably heard the story of the French romanticist (I've heard it told of Gautier and Balzac and haven't made any effort to trace the original) who one day was heard moaning that he had lost a sommet. After a sufficiency of this his friends asked him what the devil he was talking about and it





transpired that he'd forgotten himself and made love to his wife that morning rather than saving up his vital forces to inspire his poetry...

from Darrell Pardoe, 24 Othello Close Hartford Huntingdon PE 18 7SU England

John Berry makes his visit to Venice sound very interesting: it makes me want to go there myself before the place vanishes under the waves.

I notice though that he starts by saying that the mercenary nature of the local inhabitants is a misconception, then later on proceeds to detail exactly how they rooked him and the other members of the tour. The guided tour type of holiday is one of the lowest kinds on my list -- I much prefer to wander around freely, making my own way about; even if I can't speak the local language. Perhaps I just have a distaste for regimentation.

Why does Evangeline Walton need to postulate that the Mabinogion was written by an illiterate and dictated to a drunken monk? I would have thought that the inadequacies in it could easily be explained by its going through a longish period of oral transmission before it got into writing, and that when it finally was written down, the writer put it down as he was told it, without much alteration. There was a time, after all, when Ireland was one of the most literate and scholarly places in Europe and Wales was Christianized from Ireland, so its monks would be educated in the Irish molds.

from Harry Warner, 423 Summit Avenue Hagerstown Maryland 21740

I'm late with my bread & butter note on the 16th No. This, I suppose, could be termed a No no-no. Know, then, that I've been sick, busy, confused, and several other things. Except for a touch of gangrene in one arm, a headache and lingering terror from a spell at dawn, I'm feeling fine tonight and maybe this condition will continue long enough for a complete loc.

The front cover was a surprise. How often in the history of fanzines has a cover illustration portrayed a real-looking old woman with a face that is disconcerting but not grotesque in ugliness? The hourglass adds a chilling sort of touch, making the woman take on the stature perhaps of someone out of myth, a symbol of mortality or the aging process or one of several other things. It's a very fine execution of an artistic idea that would be spoiled without the simplicity with which it's done. I first saw Bruce's back cover sideways, of course, and my first reaction from that distorted angle was: Little Orphan Annie has let her hair grow. Then I turned it around and realized that the

eyes had fooled me, and this is actually a young lady of much more sophistication than the girl Daddy Warbucks could dominate. I like it, anyway.

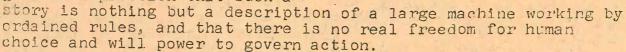
Your review of Wandering Stars is so thorough that it's hard to find a small chink into which I can insert some supplementary words. My reading experiences with fiction in which Jews play a leading role have included a lot of mundane stories with settings in New York City, and I suspect that the great number of talented writers who came out of that metropolitan Jewish community and drew on their own experiences for material has caused much of the stereotyped Jewish fiction idiom which you and Mel Gilden talk about on page five. Certainly the few Jewish families I've known in Hagerstown had nothing in common with their way of talking and this city has never had enough Jewish residents for them to cluster into one part of town. Science fiction writers aren't the only literary people who seem to be conforming to the most publicized way of writing about this nation's Jewish people in fiction. I read not long ago a Jerome Weidman novel about a boy growing up in the low income section of New York City (title has vanished from memory, but it was a street address, I think) and I envied him that kind of boyhood, only to discover somewhat later that he had no such experiences in his background and must have concocted everything from what other people had written.

John Berry is again vastly amusing and I had fun watching for places where the old John Berry came poking through the more sedatefacade of the mature John Berry of One instance was the way his favorite "scruffy," came bobbing up before this instalment was completed, just as it used to appear at least once in almost everything he wrote. I was pleased to see Venice get a good press in most respects, and my only real regret is that the John Berry of the 1970's didn't seize on the opportunity for a flight of fancy that the John Berry of the 1950's would have pounced upon. The cat wearing the bowtie, of course, would have become the guide to a party of visiting cats, with the neckpiece serving exactly the same function as Mari's umbrella. J.R. Christopher's little conreport was sobering for the way it dealt

J.R. Christopher's little conreport was sobering for the way it dealt with people, fanzines, and institutions almost completely unknown to me. And yet the Mythcon and other things mentioned in the

article can be traced back to the mainstream of fandom in one way or another. I hope we don't evolve further and eventually find ourselves in a condition when all fandom is something like the reputed American Communist structure, with thousands of tiny clusters of fans all over the continent but no fan knowing the identity of anyone else, other than the three or four other people who share his own particular set of interests and therefore form part of his cell.

I think I enjoyed your article about chess in fantasy more than I enjoyed most of the stories based on chess. Except for Alice's activities, I've never been comfortable with fiction built on such a frame. I get the impression that such a



from Jerry Giannattassio, 1130 Park Blvd Massapequa Pk NY 11262

Minds work funny: as I read your article "Using Chess in SF," No 16 (Jan. 1975), pp. 23-25, I start thinking about bibliography: would a bibliography of SF stories on chess be useful, done already (where to find it?). What if a library patron (one of my professors always spoke of 'library users' which sounded very Addictive which can be what reading is --) asked for SF stories about chess. How could I help this person (short of putting him out of her misery?). Now I know: I'll send it (all three heads and 5 funny legs) on a pilgrimage to Minneapolis.

There's a novel which redoes Through the Looking Class from the point of view of a black girl Alice. Author won the Newbery for Shadow of a Bull. With this info your local children's librarian can retrieve this novel (just don't tell her a library student cited it this way).

from Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave Faulconbridge NSW 2776 Australia

Religious of is something that I've never paid eny attention to, and as I've never met a Jew (that I know about; undoubtedly I've met thousands over the years, but I've never noticed the fact, since they have not acted differently in eny way) I haven't

eny great interest in Jewish sf either. There just isn't the tradition in this country (at least not in the sections I am aware of) that would leave people aware of the Jewish faith.

John Berry's travel piece was interesting, but for a non-visitor to the area, what can be said?

from Steve Beatty, 1662 College Terr Dr, Murray KY 42071

There are at least half a dozen definitions of "Jew"; I suppose one has to go by context to tell which is meant. I liked "My Brother Leopold" very much but did not realize until you mentioned it that it could have occurred in medieval times as easily as in the future. I nominated it for a Hugo even, which raises the question: are the Hugo awards for good stories which are science fiction, or for good science fiction stories? That is, should stories which are good in most ways but which are not essentially SF be considered? ((I'd imagine so -- I'd expect, though, that given two stories of approximately equal overall merit, one that had no particular stfnal merit would lose. RB))

from Mark Behrend, 707 6th Str Brookings SD 57006

The Lord of the Rings has "chess-playing" in it, too. Sauron is the black (for impurity); he moves his men that have fallen victim as pawns and the Nine Black Riders as his knights to slowly capture the Ring. Aragorn countered with a straightforward move to decoy Sauron from finding out that the Ring was about to be destroyed in Mt. Doom. The bluff worked. ((Starts to sound more like poker? RB))

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illustration p. 9: Ken Fletcher		•••

The Henry Regnery Company, 180 N Michigan Ave Chicago IL 60601, has published 2000 AD Illustrations from the Golden Age of Science Fiction by Jacques Sadoul, and it's due out in October: 176 pp, b&w illos throughout, 5 pp. color; hardcover \$15.00, paperback \$7.95. Judgging by the advance brochure, it'll be a very handsome publication. // Gnostica is basically a magazine about the occult, but contains some fiction which could appeal to those who like fantasy -- PO Box 30159, St. Paul MN 55165, \$5 (for MN residents add 4% sales tax) for a sub. // Milne's son's memoir is titled Enchanted Places. // Through the Broken Mirror with Alice by Maja Wojciechowska has a lot of Carrollian references, but is not fantasy and not particularly concerned with chess.

