

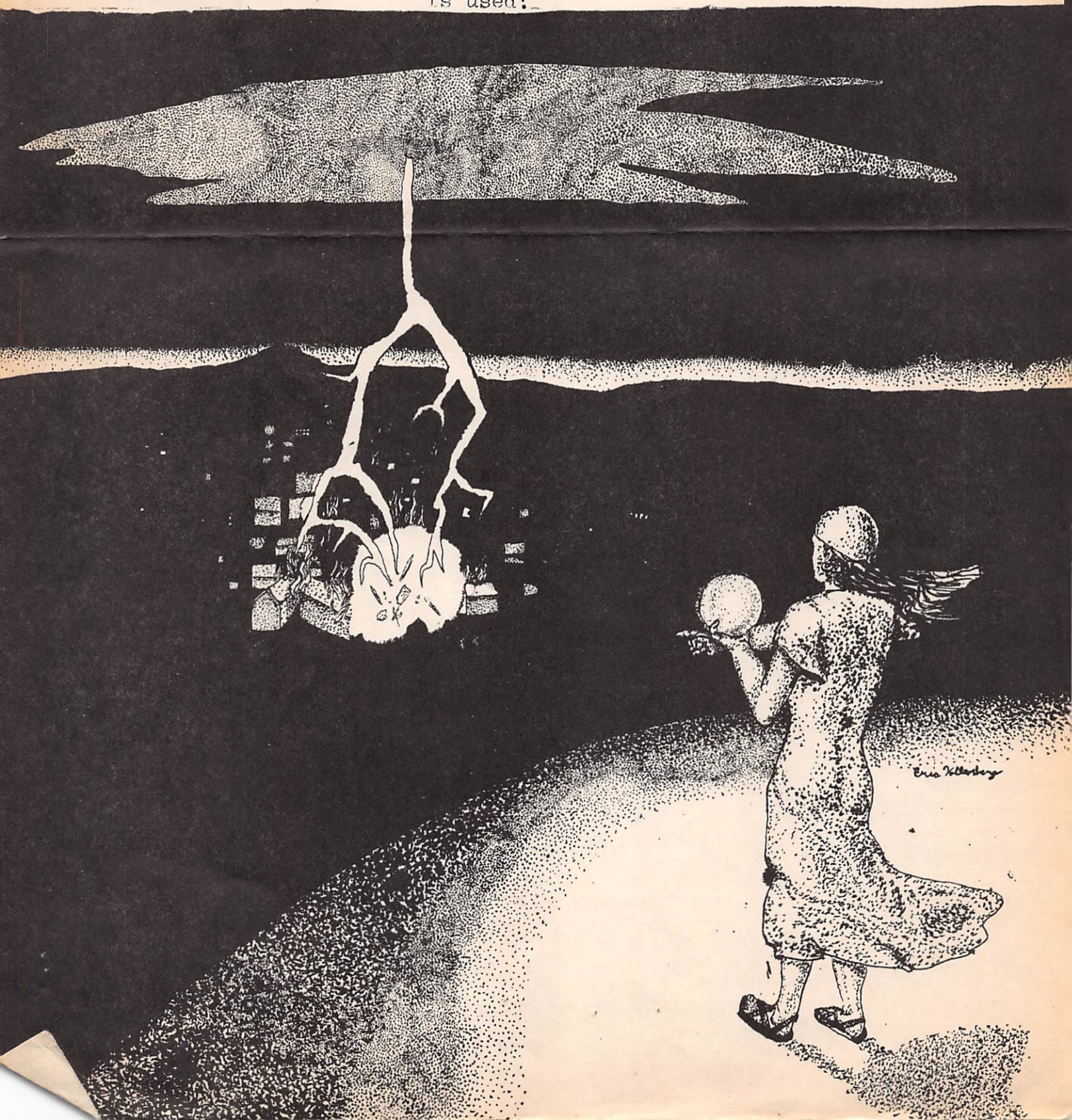
PABLO LENINIS

25¢

ISSUE 14

This issue's story by
KURT VONNEGUT, JR.
is actually by another author

The All-Fun issue--not even paper
is used!



225

222

PABLO LENNIS #14. Edited by John Thiel, 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette, Indiana 47904. Available for 25¢, letter of comment, trade or contribution. This is your sample copy. Approximately 14 comment hooks per page. Pablo Lennis is that very document of foolscap smuggled from Sumaria in the 12th century by certain runners who were not discoverable later during the Pirate Invasions. The twigs which constituted its original meaning have not been lost.

But my face has. Peepul, your effusive commentaries have not been channeled effectively to reach these doors. My advice is, act a little zany and comment on this as if it were a full-size, quality offset fanzine. Your letters will look good against the blue background.

Ba-lue Bolivar Background-are.

As you can see by the picture, I hope you had a happy thanksgiving and gorged yourself full of turkey 'n' trimmings as a young python full of newly slain deer. You need your feast, o you of the long trails.

Now, here comes my table of contents--don't laugh when you see what's in this issue, 'cos it's all that can be had. And next issue will be a special number of postal inventory marks.

The attack of the Brain Beasts, originally scheduled for real life this fall, will not be seen due to vernal equinox, but to take its place

we have had a Presidential Election and an AllevisaCon, and all in all it's been such a happy autumn that it's put most of us in thrall. Now, on to what's in:

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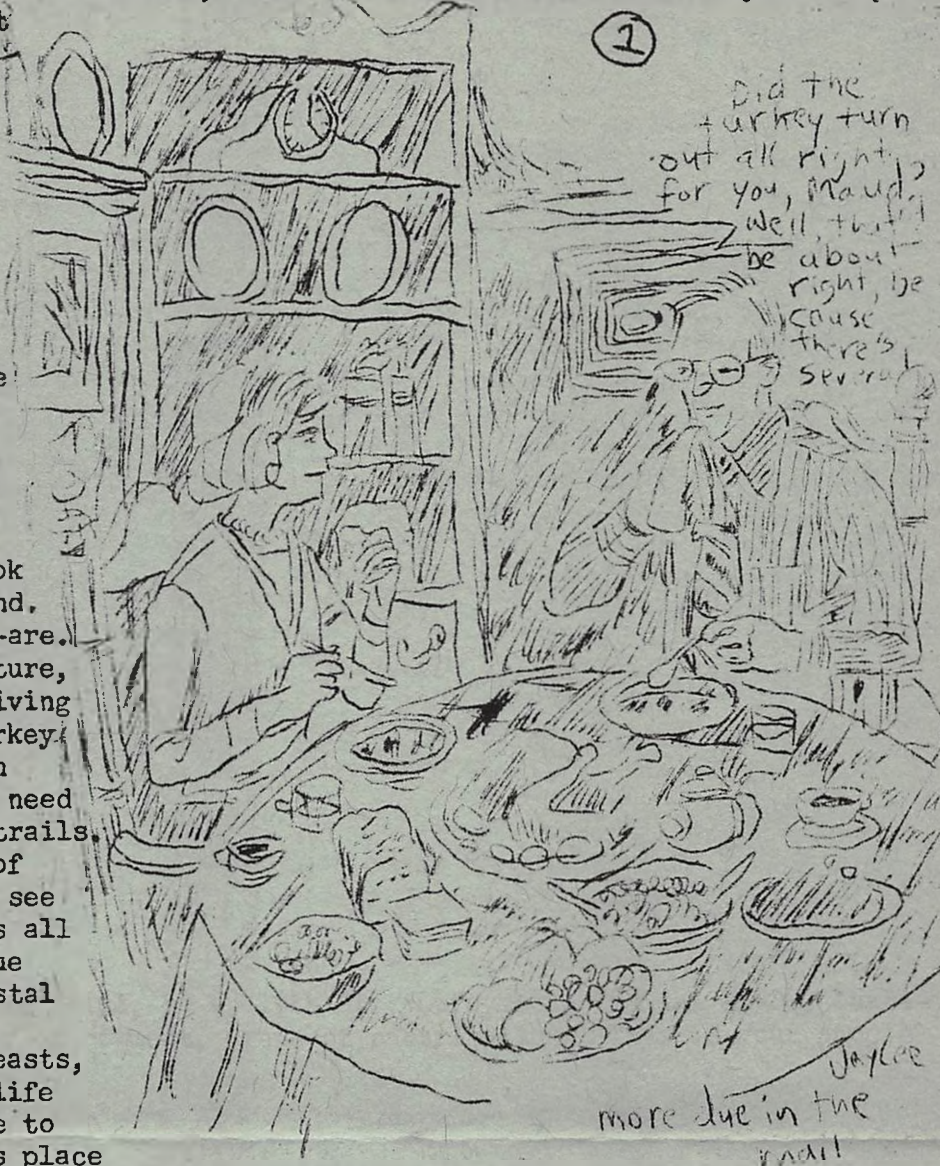
the editorial, appearing first in cloud:

C E R S X P O E C D N A
 L A A O H N A E Z S by Ye-ed!

There have been a few changes in policy this issue. Henceforth no issues will be sent to those who send no loc, trade, contrib or money; People who send nasty letters of comment will be dropped forthwith, posthaste, and immediately; people who write bad reviews of PL will be off the list; and also I'm dropping a few whose zines don't seem very interesting. Needless to say this will leave me a backlog; I've got one now. But when I get it to the top of the hill, I'm going to drap it on people I don't like.

Most of the old people who received PL are off the list, and I'm sending it to new people this issue. Looking like subversives, a few of the older crowd remain. (But all their useless talking will petrify yosh brain!)

Trades are strictly one for one. And now, I'm going to drop the "Nuff said" on you. Meshak! It was the zebra!



I am conscious that a great many of you don't know very much about me and are wondering what I am like.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee were here recently, down to the Java Express. I went down to see them with my mother and found them to be very personable people (not that it mattered, considering that they were n[redacted]). Old Sonny started one up that I wish my mother hadn't heard, about how he found this old gal and what he did with her. It's not that there was anything unusual about what he did, especially in this new liberated era (for example, compare him with a Johnny Carson swinger club), but the way he described it and just basically what he's like changed it some. There were some real fine songs, and Brownie had a few about his tribulations, but they left out all the gospel ones that I thought my mother would enjoy. My favorite was one that seemed to describe an attack on a sweet potato or something. There was plenty of rhythm in their singing, which isn't always the case! All in all it was the best performance I've seen in years, certainly better than Jean Ritchie, and better also than the Charlie Mingus set which was done in an uptight and cerebral environment. (He had no chance to call them popaloppers). In the place we were in, there was nothing but groups of beatniks, some of them with those perennial beards. Of course, the new thing is here with the beatniks, and they're not beatniks any more. That's old. They're scholars, with unusual idiosyncracies I think.

After the think was over, and Sonny & Brownie were coming to the back tables, my mother gave Brownie a pat on the back and told him she thought he was great. I guess she must have enjoyed the concert, and Brownie gave her a big old grin and howdy.

That dude girl from the poetry digs, I bumped-into her again. She had no chance to say what was what, but I could see she was thinking poetry is king.

Somehow I get the feeling you don't really want to know all this stuff. Well--here!--have a sip of absinthe; it will put you in the mood, but slowly, and without any moral harm. (I've just seen a Bloch film).

Got an lp "album" called BOA CONSTRICTOR/FERN FOREST or something like that, and on the back was this guy with a large python crawling over him. It didn't correspond with the title, and I couldn't figure out how they made a Mr. Ed out of that snake. I could just see him opening his flapper and saying "Charlie baby, We've got to RAZZ MA TAZZ!" Another record these Miro-like people were smuggling a snake into a city. Unfortunately my record player blew out and I can't listen to the music inside. It's part of the general Janis Ian tendency, that's the way I'd put it. (Record players blowing).

Purdue has sent me a letter saying we can as a club (the Interstellars) take advantage of its professional speaker program and have our group lectured. We are getting recognized as a club; and of course our club fanzine VOR-ZAP is still available to those of you who have clubs of your own and want to trade club fanzines.

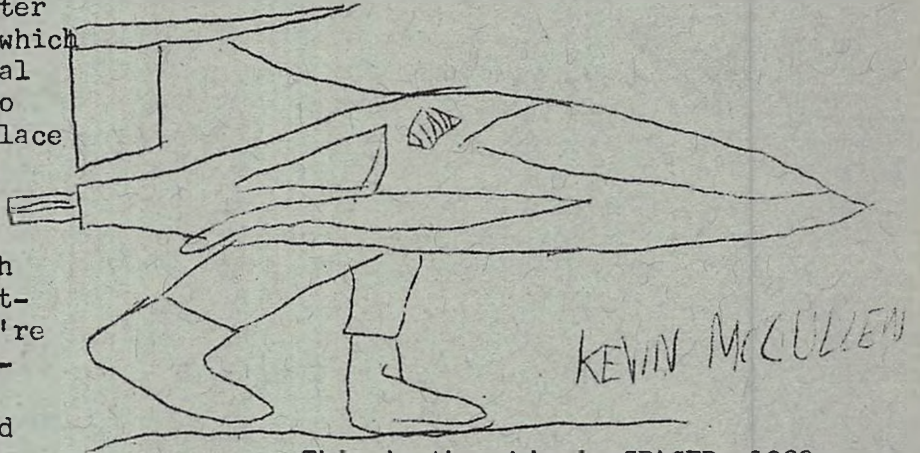
Got a great big old new car. 62 Chevy. Got a fast pickup and cost \$1500 which I split with my brother. Now in spite of the absence of J-2's up front this three-seater road hawg makes me feel about as proud as ever I've felt. I already banged into some James Dean like character with it, and my brother swept it off some road signs.

Speaking of hawks, I got vaccinated against the swine-flu recently. There was a statement handed out saying people had been known to die from the vaccine, but it was rare and you'd know for sure within 48 hours. After that length of time I felt like a prince. I just thought I'd let you know I won't mind reading your crudzines any more.

Voted for Ford...for TAFF. Seriously, I thought he would be a fine new president on top of his old one, but the handle must not have worked--as you saw lastish: Carter.

As Mort Sahl says: "Ford may not be the best President we've ever had, but he's certainly the only one. That gold suit Ford was wearing outshone Nixon's blue one, but I prefer Carter's pinstripes, if only because I know where he bought it. I didn't vote for either one...I got aroused by the voting machine and stood looking at it. When it started to speak its words were not cheering: "Let me out!" That old standby. At least you don't have to worry about Washington any more. All you need to do is watch it. As it watches you. It's not exactly a mutual admiration society...it's more like Mutual of Omaha. Or maybe Omaha itself. Did you read about one of Nixon's former aides being converted to Christianity? It was better than cotton. He heard the word during a lull in the emergency session. And it said nolle prosequere. Watergate did it. He was the one with his finger in the dike and he said he preferred the New Testament. No, it was the other way around---when he found out what circumscusial evidenced was he said that. SF fans in the audience? Watergate in '78? Or what about just Jimmy Carter in '77? The space pilots said they were scanning Watergate from up over, and were humming "Sweet Mary" to keep from being mistaken for an ICBM. They were up there to be on Television. Know what that was they were dropping in the Pacific? Gould, Langley and Searles."

In line with the above, I heard the Biscon. Everybody was saying "Floyd Tucker? I thought you were Linda Ramer!" And the Man said, "Put another disc on."



This is the ship in SPACED: 1999
and its means of volition for
getting from pāanet to planet

VENGEANCE

Fiction by Thomas M. Johnson

NOTE: This is our cover story, and our cover story is very important to us

(3)



When the fire had been lit came the question he had been dreading. "My Son, we have allowed you to travel with us for many moons. But now we must know who you really are," The chief of the tribe asked. After a moment's hesitation he decided to answer with the truth. "Elder, I come from another planet. I was sent here as one of several to watch over development of your race. I thought I had blended in as an outlaw from the cities." "My Son," he answered, "we have many abilities that the cities do not know of. We If the post office doesn't deliver your mail, just substitute an "i" for the "o." Hansvold knew you were not of us. We must take action against a town. This night you will see things about us, that we alone have known. For centuries we have lived in truce with the cities. Now one of the cities has broken the truce. We must take action against it this night. We must know where your loyalties lie! You must become a member of our tribe this night!" With these words the Chief stood up slowly and walked away.

Staring into the fire without seeing it, the tall man thought deeply. Should he accept the risks of not joining the tribe or become one of them? He remembered how he had been accepted by them and how well he found himself fitting into their life styles. The pleasure of learning the staff and the knife, which he had once thought so inefficient. With a smile he remembered the early lessons and the bruises he had gotten. Suddenly he realized the decision was already made. Because the Academy where he had trained seemed dim and unreal as though in a dream. Realizing this he rose to tell the Elder, to tell him of his decision.

"I already know of your decision, my son. The council had hoped that you would decide this way and ask admission in time. But Dkuzus broke the truce and destroyed one of our fellow clans. Thinking to hide it from us by hiding all their goods. That is why we have come here this night. As the closest of the clans it is our duty to take vengeance.

"Now, Bermwil, do you on your honor and belief in your God, take the clan Eschrop as your own? To obey our laws and treat each member as your brother or sister by blood?" Without hesitation he answered. "On my own honor and my belief in God, I take the clan Eschhop as my own. To treat all its members as my brothers and sisters. To uphold their honor and honor the laws of the clan!"

"Bermwil, do you renounce all allegiance to any group who would oppose us? Do you accept the tribe Ahamay as your own? To obey its laws, defend its honor where necessary, protect any member who asks, and to exact vengeance against any townsman who kills one of us except in honorable duel?"

"Of my own will I do renounce any whose allegiance conflicts with the tribe. I do accept the Tribe Ahamaz as my own to protect and defend its members. And to exact vengeance against any townspeople who kill any member except in honorable duel!" with a tremor he finished and asked "What comes now?"

"Now, comes our supper and at Midnight vengeance against Ikuzas. So let us eat and rest until then when your questions will be answered."

At Midnight the Elder said to his daughter, "Yelrah, it is time. Bring your Talisman to the top of the hill and prepare yourself for what you must help us do." Vanishing into the tent she reappeared shortly, with her long dark hair capped with a white scarf and wearing a simple white dress. In her hands she gently carried a softly glowing blue sphere. In silence she led the procession up the hill. Till the town could be seen below. Then she said in a quiet voice, "Idua, guide us in what is done tonight. Kepp us from acting in haste or in misuse of my power. Let the town be completely destroyed only if all in it deserve vengeance. If not all be guilty then destroy only those who have the blood of our own clan brothers on their hands."

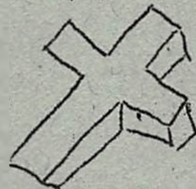
Finishing she raised the sphere which was glowing brightly and pointed toward the town. Bermwil watched in awe as a cloud formed in the clear night sky and a massive lightning bolt crashed into the city. Again and again until it was only a smoking ruin.

:CONTINUED IN A SUBSEQUENT ISSUE:

THE COMING OF CTHULHU by Herbert Jerry Baker

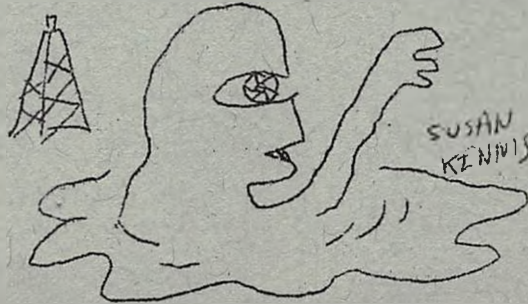
Deep below the dark blue waters waiting for the call
Lies an Elder God of the antedeluvian Earth;
For long centuries has he lain, long before the Arab
Abdul Alhazred penned his accursed NECRONOMICON.
Trapped beneath the sea-weed dripping walls
Sleeps Great Cthulhu, dreaming in his obscene mirth,
For soon he knows, that like the ancient scarab
He too will rise from the sea and walk among men.
Then, upon a cold midnight, under the red stars
Comes the call he has waited long aeons for;
He breaks his bonds and calls his followers
And he swims toward his preordained destiny.
Raising himself up on a beach, he leaves scars
In the black sand as he recites the ancient lore
Which will bring together his god-thing brothers
So they all may walk the world entirely free.
Once again does Great Cthulhu rule and reign,
For man cannot behold the truth of antiquity
And remain the master of the planet Earth.

Remember
Galilee!



Casey
was
here

(note: Is Alharrud spelled right? can't entirely make out Baker's penned lines-ed.)



LAWD THE PIANO PLAYER

by David R. Hollis, Jr.

(4)

"we try to pass it off as Vonnegut"

First off, I'm feeling kind of scratchass. Nothing's been coming out right, the telephone keeps ringing, and so does my head. Various forms piled up in the kitchen. Do you like me? I should like to know that. Well, kill the whey-bearded goat, high-ho; if life doesn't go down the drain, what does? Where is Kinsella the Magnificent Getaway Car? Melted down lik last year's Hugo. (This year's won't melt).

The piano-player--that's him over there--is playing some pretty fine Boogie. It's late autumn. Nobody's been giving him much in the way of compliments lately, and the expression on his face is just like a scar. It's Stacey Trent, too. Only to hear the whine of the saxophones again. But this mordant piano player sits all alone, weaving a tapestry of the sordid enterprises of which our lives are comprised.

The sudden machine-gunning of a group of gentlemen at the next table and a simultaneous police mopup no less violent interrupts what might be called the meditateness of the atmosphere (the word could stand correction in later editions). Fortunately the piano player is unharmed, and the music continues.

Getting to it right away, my books aren't selling too well and maybe I shouldn't ever have tried to be a writer. The Sireens of Tirteen was bum-(re)viewed by Rabbid R. Foolscap in SHOVELOW HENNIS and aside from that, it's getting acclaim, but what's it all worth? Have I been invited to speak at a con? YES. So was Thumbellina and you saw him tearing strips of cloth off his trousers seat as he lit off down Kedzie through the garbage dumps on the edge of Chicago, gangsters in concrete and pistols pounded flat to avoid the probing fingers of prurient ballistics experts.

Piano man, play a song for sugar here. My CUP of sugar, what you think I meant, you--well, I won't say it. Somebody ought to put in a nice word for you, junior, you know that? You deserve the credit.

This story isn't coming out too well. But who does? This guy was caught in a six-dimensional time warp, and he couldn't see all the dimensions, but fortunately he knew how to estivate. He gets into this other universe. Good raw material for a story there. He meets the universal police. It is their job to cleanse up disorder in universes where time has gone amkk, due to the actions of men. Who and how? They find that out, and the good part of the story is in the descriptions of what these cops are like.

Pa-doo, da-DUM...doo da DUM...you know, somebody ought to brace up that piano player's spirits. He likes to feel good about his music, same as anybody else. Slip him a fin on me, ask him if there's any sf fans in the joint.

angry Neanderthal wearing a plastic cave-person costume from Sears
bombers bombing Dresden or Chicago

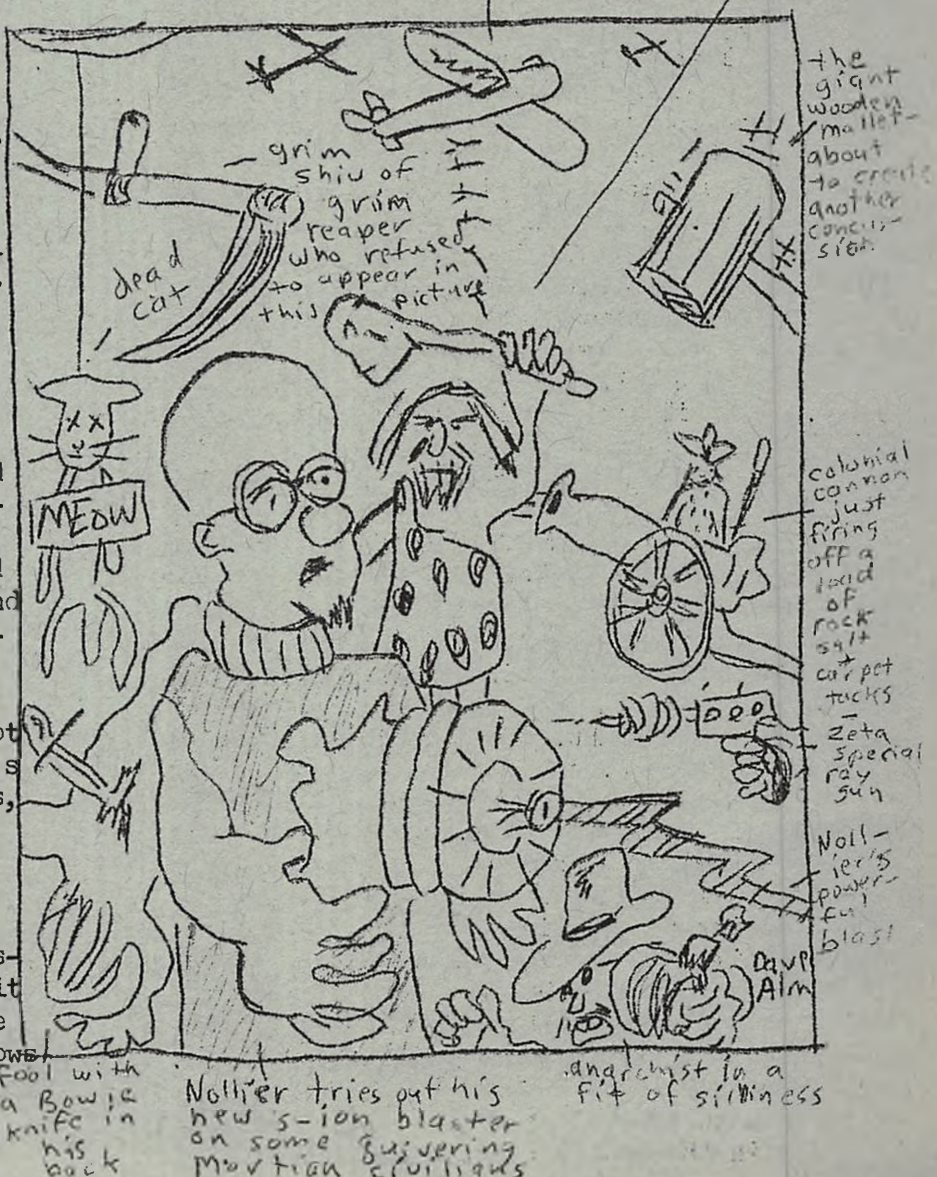
A TRIBUTE TO CURT VONNEGUT, JR.

by John Carl Wyndham

Vonnegut has left a number of fine novels. Still alive, he has not left them in the sense of leaving them behind in this mortal veil o' tears, but rather has left them in a bus station somewhere. Among them are:

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER: A harem scarem bang-out-the-lights set in the melodramatic 21st century wild west, in which the fate of all society rides on that of a single piano-playing individual, one Reed "Fats" Waller. He knows Music, and all of society is a fine and calibrated **symphony**, so he is the key man. Exciting novel, if you get excited reading things that are not very well put together. Vonnegut's hatred of piano music is notorious, and some say he had a particular piano player in mind.

CAT'S CRADLE: Originally "built" as a novel as an affectionate present for his cat, the cover portrait shows the grinning reaction of the same feline and the back cover shows Vonnegut viewing reader reaction. In between, some of the most artistically turgid prose I've ever



encountered: masterfully stale. You use so much string, twine comes in foilsome packs at almost every 5 & 10 cent sto, on and on for pages. Only an athiest would like it, not that Vonnegut is irreligious, but it gives them something to attack. (5)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-5: The novel that nicknamed for him the nickname "Curt Vommitgut Sr.," SF is the story of a number of people that live in a butcher shop surrounded by poinciéttas and forestalling the encroaching trends of the future. They hate science and harmony. When a sixth one comes in and disturbs the tenor of the novel (or maybe that should be soprano) Vonnegut complains. "He looked just like a thumb. But then, that's a Martian I'm thinking of." Set at "The future Worldcon site."

THE SIRENS OF TITAN: Misspelled title: "Titan" should be "Titian," the painter. Vonnegut was thinking about one of his absent friends. The aim of the author was to pass the book off as a masterpiece by relating it to a painter. Instead, he's provoked a discussion of his own relationships. There's nothing much in it; Vonnegut's obvious attitude is "this is a crudzo era and the readers don't much check on a book to see if it's got a plot or anything."

MANSON, ARMED: Not sure if it's by Vonnegut, since a bum had torn the cover off, but I take it to be his style. It's an sf attempt to relate the Manson to the Sharon Tate affair. It fails miserably, mostly because it's inadequate. But some people are interested in it, some people are interested in it.

FOILED LUNCH, SISTER O' SACKCLOTH, FROOT OF THE COSMIC LOOM, THE DESTINY MAKERS I have not read. But they're widely available, & I'll buy them if I can put two hotels on them.

P'NAGLA

by Herbert Jerry Baker

Out in the stygian darkness, lurking
in places out of Time and Space,
There be P'nagla---

The Feaster From the Abyss!

The desert sands glare heat, and when the sun sets red, the dunes lie strangely quiet, as if in a land of the dead. Buried deep beneath the sands of this ancient time-lost desert lies all that remains of an evil alien land.

A giant faceless statue carved of great black stone, under which lies gnawed piles of moss covered bones. Tall was the faceless thing which the desert folk talk of, towering up into the sky where night-gaunts take wing.

Great onyx jewels glare out, catching the moon's sinister glow, and off in the distance I hear ghouls gibber soft and low. I then remember what I read long ago and far away, in the dreaded Necronomicon and The Book of the Dead.

Tis a frightful image of the unholy P'nagla, who in his obscene rage destroyed fabled Typhae!

Upon the statue's eon-old base I read the inscribed runes, and overhead I hear the stars sing in space. As I continue to intone those evil blasphemous words, I seem to hear mad hooves thunder by, as if in massive herds.

"Ia! Ia! O Great Cthulhu!" I read among these phrases; "Yog-Sothoth fhtagn 'Nurgall!" Such darksome words did I spew!

Far off among the darkened dunes did I hear the echo, and once more I heard The Hounds growl very low. Then the statue moves and turns and the faceless head looks down, I see why there is no face upon it, and my brain begins to burn.

Thereon appears a gaping maw, and as the tongues lash around me, I am forced ever closer to it-- the face that is in reality all jaws!!

"Renounce, Harlan!" said the Ticked-Off Fan

Goodbye to You, who Thought and Wrote
Of Life, and Love, and Pain
Of Not-So-Pleasant Alternatives to
Death, and Dark, and Rain

Left Behind: a Legacy of
Ugly-Lovely Dreams
Composed replete with Visions of
Kind-Unkind Conqueror's Schemes

Have not a Mouth, but two Glass Teats
And Doorless Walls, and Deadly Streets
Run where You will, Write what You must
Lead New Blood to Your Dream

311,76 And we'll wish You well as You cut us off--
Now kindly let us Scream! ---Ken Hahn



SPACED 1999: A TREKKIE'S INTERPRETATION

article by DON KENAGA

⑥

...Join Captain Kirk and the crew of the Enterprise next week when a super-weapon of destruction threatens the lives of millions in one of the most spectacular and exciting episodes of 'Star Trek' ever filmed.

"Now stay tuned for SPACED 1999. Commander Co-Nigg is forced to destroy the lives of an entire civilization to ensure the safety of (his tubes) the survivors of Moonbase Alf-Ha as they continue to wander through intergalactic space. -Pause- They must be kidding! Charlie, will you take a look at this..."

Commander Co-Nigg scanned the mess of papers littering his command desk and tried to make some sense out of it. "Damage reports. damage reports. damage reports! Why is it I can never get through all these damage reports? Ah, here is something different and refreshing: a casualty list! Oh well, they must be leftovers from last week's show." Co-Nigg proceeded to systematically cure Moonbase Alf-Ha's troubles using only a simple paper incinerator.

Having done his daily paperwork, he decided to check up on base operations. A button on his command chair folded back the partitioning wall and there before him was Alf-Ha's control center. A chorus of 'Good afternoon's' from all the regulars greeted him, but Co-Nigg did not answer. "What is our status?" he demanded.

"Everything functioning perfectly," answered Sand-Ra.

"Well, almost everything," Paul corrected, from where he sat surveying his control screen.

"And what does that mean Paul?" Co-Nigg wanted to know.

"It means I think there is a basic flaw in this week's show."

"Well, spit it out, man," Co-Nigg was getting angry.

"All right. As you know, about this time in the show we meet some new group of aliens to have an adventure with. But I think this time we are sunk. Out here in intergalactic space there couldn't be anything to meet!"

"Are you suggesting we turn around and go back?" asked Sand-Ra.

"Oh shut up!" Paul said. "The point is, how are we going to keep up our ratings when the script writers put us in such impossible situations?"

"I know what you mean, Paul, but trust the script writers to come up with something. I'm kind of itching to kill some aliens myself."

Just then the command room began to shrill with warning sirens, and red lights flashed. Co-Nigg nearly hit the ceiling jumping out of his chair. "Aliens!" he exclaimed.

"The break we've been waiting for!" Paul rejoiced.

"And you doubted the writers. You know that can be dangerous," Sand-Ra said to him.

"Ah, but they can't kill me! I'm a regular," he said.

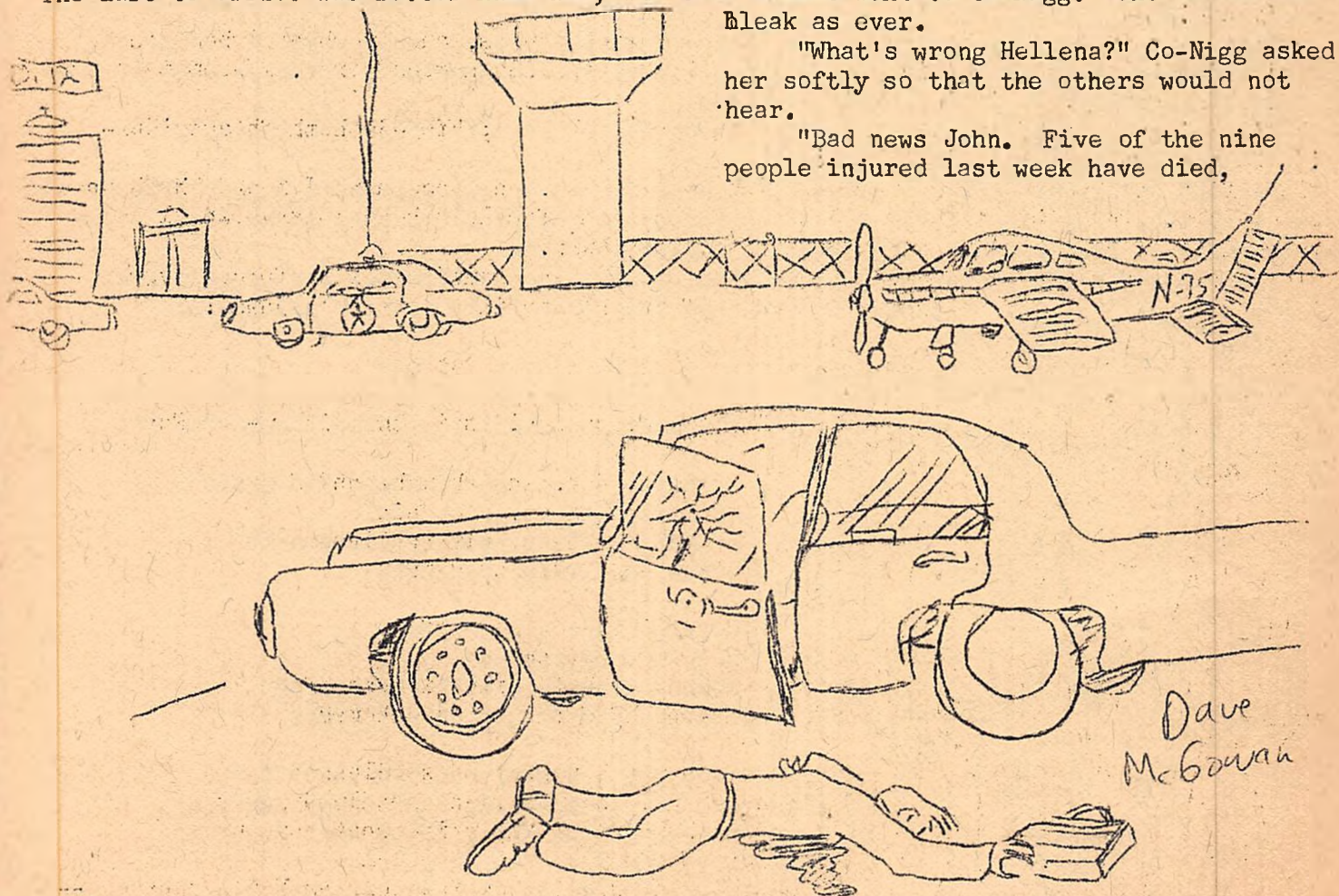
"Quickly Paul, where are they?" Co-Nigg almost screamed.

"I'll put it on the screen," he said, and there before them materialized the picture of a single planet. It floated there in space directly in Alf-Ha's path.

All the regulars were gathered around the conference table, with Co-Nigg at its head. The last to arrive was Doctor Russ-hel, who took a seat next to Co-Nigg. She looked as bleak as ever.

"What's wrong Hellena?" Co-Nigg asked her softly so that the others would not hear.

"Bad news John. Five of the nine people injured last week have died,



and the other four have disappeared."

"Boy, they don't give you much to smile about this week, do they? Well don't worry, the fans have lost track of how many people we have left anyway," Co-Nigg said. Soon he stood and got the meeting under way.

"As you all know," he began, "we have now come across an orphan planet wandering through intergalactic space." Co-Nigg had to wait for the laughing to die down before continuing. "It has been confirmed that there is life on this planet, but we do not know how advanced. It has also been confirmed that it is on a collision course with Alf-Ha." This news acted to sober everyone. "Not to worry, though, I've decided to send out Alan in an eagle to greet them, and ensure them that there are no hard feelings, but we've got to destroy them." There was a rise of protests, but Co-Nigg quelled them by drawing his laser.

"But why me?" asked Alan, as Co-Nigg helped him get into his space suit. "I mean, isn't this a bit dangerous? Won't they resent being destroyed?"

"That may be true Alan, but we have to do it for Alf-Ha."

"What do you mean, 'We?' I have to do it."

"I know. I'd go with you but I've got to be around to organize a rescue party in case anything happens to you," Co-Nigg said.

"Well, that's reassuring. But if I get killed?"

"I'll get the writers to bring you back. Now hurry up."

Co-Nigg watched from his command chair as the eagle departed. It was an ungainly-looking spaceship with all those bomb racks added on, he thought.

There was a period of tense waiting as Alan approached the planet. Suddenly Alan's voice came over the radio. It sounded worried. "Alf-Ha, they're shooting me! Do something!"

"Shoot back, Alan!" Co-Nigg said into the radio. But too late; Alan was out-numbered. "Oh well, we can always hire a few more regulars."

"Commander! I think the aliens have been angered. They're sending out a fleet of ships," Sand-Ra said.

"Activate the ground laser batteries," Co-Nigg ordered.

"But commander, the ground batteries were destroyed last week. Didn't you get the damage reports?" Paul said.

"Umm, oh...ya," Co-Nigg said.

In no time the fleet was on them.

-This Scene Missing-

"Boy, that was a close escape," Co-Nigg said, breathing a sigh of relief. Alf-Ha was badly damaged but still intact following the terrible raid. "I guess it's about time for me to go and destroy the planet now," he said to himself.

The eagle began to shudder as Co-Nigg brought it down through the planet's atmosphere. No one sat next to him in the co-pilot's chair, but he had taken Doctor Russ-Hel and Miya (Alf-Ha's token alien) along with him, and they were in back.

Co-Nigg brought the unarmed eagle down in the middle of what he thought was the world's major city. Here he hoped to find someone to talk to.

Co-Nigg led the way outside, hoping he looked as heroic as ever. Outside, though, he found no one to watch him be heroic. "Where have they all gone?" he asked himself as he surveyed the empty city.

"Maybe they are all inside," suggested Miya.

"That's impossible, Miya, it's just a model," Russ-Hel said.

"I'm gonna kill you, all you alien buggers!" Co-Nigg screamed at the city. "Come on you two, I want to find some aliens!" he said as he started off toward the nearest building.

"You won't find anything, Co-Nigg!" a voice said offstage. Co-Nigg and his party spun around.

"What do you mean?" Co-Nigg was shocked.

"I mean that I sent all the aliens home," said the director as he stepped onto the stage, "They quit and I'm quitting too! I can't take any more, I tell you! The plots, the characterization, the dialogue, the corn! Ahhh!"

"Quick, Miya, he's getting away!" yelled Co-Nigg. "Don't let him get away!"

"Right! I'll just turn myself into a giant Gila monster and go after him," she said, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

A small blue butterfly flew out of the cloud. "Help Co-Nigg! I can't change back!"

"Rats. Oh well, I'll nail him with my laser!" Co-Nigg laughed.

"No John, don't kill him," Russ-Hel was hysterical.

"I won't. I'll just put it on stun." Co-Nigg produced his laser and burned a hole in the director's back. "Hmmm," Co-Nigg surveyed what he had done. "I wonder if the boys in the special effects lab had something to do with this." THE END (we can only hope)

DON'T FORGET VOR-ZAP!!!

If you detest PABLO LENNIS, you'll positively grind your teeth over VOR-ZAP, the 0-0, official clubzine of the Lafayette SF Club (The Interstellars). Each issue has a host of various events, each writer has a host in Iowa. Just 8 pages but they're dandies. Art, cartoons and the like, and meeting reports. Available from the same address for trade of your own sfclubzine, or to interested outsiders who write definitely nice letters.

Has a LocCol, too!

Paper tossed on porch. (8) Some paper tossed in trash.

The Supreme Court, final arbiter of the two certainties of modern life, death and taxes, has again sanctioned the efforts of those who would aid and assist certain individuals to shuffle off this mortal coil.

What with the well-publicized antics of ITT, Lockheed, and other renowned eradicators of the boundaries of legality and morality, it was at first thought that this August body had made a ruling against perfidities in the Boardroom and that IBM was faced with extinction in an electronic chair, but, alas, such was not the case.

In view of the recent sorry performances by comic opera figures on the White House stage, and peccadillos by pompous asses in Congress, some of us members of Homo americanus who have atrocious spelling habits, assumed they had Capitol punishment in mind and that some man-made mayhem was going to be heaped on denizens of Washington, D.C.

It was reaffirmed anew that money and power will still give you the final decision, as to the manner and date of your demise.

So, Peons of America, let's make the best of a bad situation.

First, since this is to be a deterrent to criminals of the lower orders, it should be decreed that every execution will be televised and shown on prime time over the national TV networks. This is to insure that the effect on criminals will not be minimal. It could be called "You Bet Your Life (and Lost)," and sponsored by the Funeral Directors of America.

Secondly, no imagination at all has been used in determining the technological means of execution. You can get burned to a crisp, suffer a violent dislocation of your upper vertebrae, or choke on an acid hookah. That's it! Shooting has apparently fallen into disfavor, and beheadings are regarded as uncivilized.

If we think about it real hard, can't we come up with something more pleasant?

Tickled to death? Might work with more sensitive souls.

Laughed till I thought I'd die? How about if we let the culprit read old convention plat-forms of the Demican and Republicrat parties?

Sudden death playoff? This is for the sport fan. A grenade with a secret time fuse has the pin pulled and is tossed back and forth between two participants. This has the added benefit of killing two birds with one stone, as the winner must agree to a rematch.

Best of all, perhaps we can arrange a tete-a-tete which will afford the doomed wretch an opportunity to chant that old refrain which begins "I don't care if I do die, do die, do die....." (what about a Zap-Gun?)

MY HEARTLAND

by Adele E. Givan

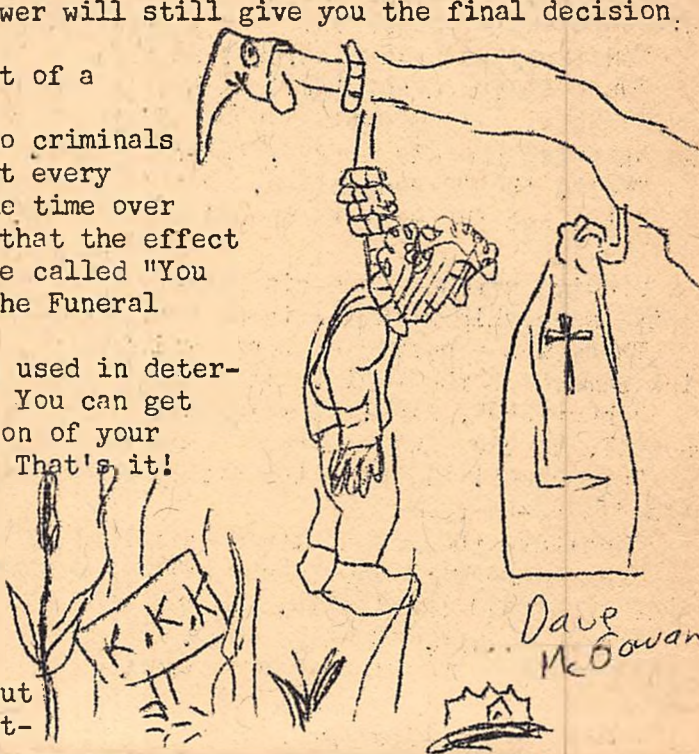
Today I dwelt bereft and inwardly alone
Amid the city's endless concrete squares
My heart a restless and bewildered wanderer
On alien and foreign ground which long had formed
Both pivot and circumference of my life.....

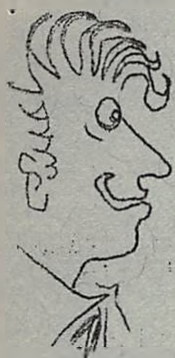
Now lonely for the land: wide sweeps of it
So sweet and wild and perfumed with the wind
With rich, black loam and circled round by all
The sky a human eye could hope to have within
Its gaze and hold within its kindred soul.....

Inhabited by meadowlarks and killdeers' cry
The strange and soft call of the loon entwined
With butterflies and fireflies and myriad of
The smallest of God's creatures scurrying through
Abundance of tall grasses of the plains.....

How like the caged animals in city zoos
I have become: no resting place for mind
Nor heart nor feet, no drama of the earth's
Unfolding mysteries nor soothing sounds of
Farmyard which day's end has brought to rest.....

There are for some of this earth's human family
Just one place on the earth which they can call
Their home: and though they longer dwell afar
There is a place within reserved for love
For that large land which gave them birth and roots.





Extraterrestrial Translations of Earthly Songs

by John Thiel



As you know, we at PABLO LENNIS have a slight prejudice against extraterrestrials. Lower than Negroes (who are not so low at all and may in fact be superior to the white race), they cannot understand anything and have difficulty adjusting to even such simple things as air and motion.

If any attempt is made to "communicate" with them, I think it should be understood that their thinking facilities are limited. Far from being superior to earthlings, as some sf stories suggest, they are impressed by such low and shoddy things as coal and refer to it as "divine obsidian the immense, giver of life;" they kill themselves in fear that they have offended the spirit of coal.

In demonstration of this, I have written out translations of the way Martians and Venusians hear our earthly music. For the record, I have chosen some songs by the Beatles for this purpose, since they are simple to understand to earthly ears. Attune yourselves to the following:

MARS

Hate, hate me do
You know I'm murdering you
I'll always exist
So please, annihilate me

FROM ME TO YOU

If I can kill you
Just call upon me to do so
And I'll send an agent to do the work
We shall both, perhaps, be unsuccessful

If you want to pillage me
Or make me your lackey
Call me up; I'm helpless; but I shall
try to kill you.

SHE LOVES YOU

Your belief that you have lost your female
partner is a delusion
I have seen her lately, and she asked me
to bear you a message.
She says you must love her, she sends her
love in killing clouds
She says she will destroy you with love,
and you know that can't be bad.
She loves you, make merry; your life is
ended, and you shall die.

She loves you, scree, whirr, clang,
She loves you, yowl, zapp, whoosh
With a love like that, you'll be notably
sacrificed.

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND

I am going to tell you something incompre-
hensible
And pretend that you understand it
When you refer to something unspeakable, I
Want to sever your hand and retain it.

CAN'T BUY ME LOVE

I will disinherit myself of a kingdom
in order to destroy your enemies
I will give you death, if you desire it
I have abandoned thinking, and the ways of
sense, because I wish to destroy certain
enemies.
Everybddy tells me that it is impossible to
purchase seductresses
They speak falsely; this song stinks.
You must speak, for I have you in a spell
And say these words, that you are going to
destroy yourself and your inheritance.

VENUS

I would like to suggest that you love me
For I am a fool; I am willing to go down
and play an imbecile
I am a spy
So please, kill those who sent me.

I have decided on this day to sacrifice
myself
It would be a strange phenomenon if I were
able to act
Just call me up; my life is ended
I shall die, in an ecstasy of annihilation.
I repeat, I should be annihilated.

You were fool enough to describe to me
the dissolution of your love affair
I have this woman, she remembers you,
and has compelled me to bear you
a message.
She describes a wish to annihilate your
enemies
And if you kill her, you may attain rank.
If you choose not to, it will destroy the
empire.

She loves you! Thunder! We are being
destroyed!
With a love like that, we all must die!

As you are annihilated, you may learn this,
Since you speak in codes, I am going to
do you the service of destroying
your property.

I am devoid of wealth, but I am willing to
look at you
I am burying the gold I have hijacked
I don't like living on Venus

Everyone says you can't survive on Venus
They are right!

You for your part, must answer, and show
me your deceptions
Then I will make a slave of you
Joyously say that you would like to be a
slave
Then you will be one.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

We are destroying everything! Ha! Ha!
We will kill, drink wine, and sleep!
Then we will assault the leaders!
In the process, we will be seduced.
Then we'll feel good.
I should be building something
But I'm just not doing so, that's all.

There has been a lot of fun in the palace
Everything's going well, no one's tired
When we make it, far out!
It's hard to remember our obligations!
Perhaps we should destroy those to whom
we owe them.
Tomorrow we will have to work. (10)

TICKET TO RIDE

Our world has been destroyed by blasphemy!
Today judgment will come!
Pestilence has invaded our kingdom!
Our queen revels in our destruction!
She annihilated all of us yesterday!
Only our spirits survive!

So! I am now known to be a spy!
I hate the kingdom, and Venus too!
There is still further damage I can do, for
I will escape and pursue my wrath!
Transportation will be destroyed!
All because our rulers are inept!

YESTERDAY

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to play
Now I need a place to hide away, oh I believe
in yesterday
Why she had to go I don't know, she wouldn't
say
There's a shadow hanging over me, oh how I
long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an easy game to
play
Now I need a place to hide away, oh I
believe in yesterday
I don't know why she left, but I shall
find out
Meanwhile Mars will be destroyed, I
swear it on my wrist!

ERIC KOLLENBERG'S CHAMBANACON REPORT transcribed by J.T.

The Chambanacon was held in Champaign, Illinois, during the last weeks of November, and, one may assume, involved the city of Urbana too, once the home of Rog Ebert.

Kollenberg and Maydene Crosby were the members of our club who drove down there, and told us of the likes of it.

Eric says he spent most of the convention in the company of Anna Shoppenhorst, a friend of his from Indianapolis and fellow ISFA member, and thus isn't able to write a report of the convention, but he did follow the gist of it. One of the interesting things he had to relate was that Maydene apparently threw a room party. I'll bet it was the best one there, Maydene! She certainly hosted a nice ISFA meeting.

Who Eric says he saw or met there I don't remember--I can't remember names too well, even names of fans and authors, unless they have something that swings on both ends like Teetsell. Eric says he went swimming down by the pool; and I expect that must have been fun, for hotel pools attract a certain set during a convention. Blog, according to him was one of the major drinks of the convention, and a fanquet consisting of Geska Fish.

I think he met Dave Ish, Dave Romig, Dave Romm, and Dave Tough, though I'm not sure about that list and some of them on it might even be dead for all I know, and me getting attacked by the widows. There were a lot of Daves, I remember that.

Other names: Judith May, Cyril Judd, Judge Crater, Robert Blossom, the ed of KHATRU. Accurate? I don't know. By and large, the con seemed to be one big party, with a fugg-head delegation in attendance, and a strong connection with the Khubla Khan. Eric's review of the program I have forgotten. And this may not be a report. But you can't always have a report. You just can sometimes.



GROULE AND WAF

PABLO LENNIS' VERY OWN TRADING POST

all offers made by ye-ed

I have....aside from this little sonar microphone concealed in my hand... it's made out of wood...a number of items in my collection of records which I would like to trade with anyone who has items on my own want list. A couple of these are sf-fantasy records, but most are not. SF-Fantasy items are asterisked. If you have what I need, loosen up; if not, tighten up!

Ray Charles, Have A Smile With Me. Virtually untouched. I hate to lose "The Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," but the others, like "Two Ton Tessie," "The Man With the Weird Beard," and "The Thing," leave me cold. What would not leave me cold are one of the following: Horace Silver, any lp with "Senor Blues;" a Horace Parlan lp; Bellafonte or Blind Lemon.

25 Famous Country & Western Hits, fair condition. Includes Acuff, "Wabash Cannonball," "Detroit City," Cash, "Six Days On the Road," "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy," Kitty Wells, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels," will trade for Mort Sahl records.

Volare, Umberto Marcato. Fair. I've had a lot of fun with this one, but there's something about it that ebbs on me. Trade for Gogi Grant lps.

A real prize! Rasputin's Stash; includes "Mr. Cool," "Dookey Shoe," "Freak's Prayer." Trade for Kid Ory Discs which include "Eh La Bas" & "Goodbye to Storeyville." *some sf.

Snoopycat, adventures of Marian Anderson's cat sung by her. Fair. For anything by Ernie Kovacs & Edie Adams, or recordings of motion picture actresses.

San Francisco Hippie Trip, Rod McKuen. Untouched. For beat poetry, esp. Ginsberg, Frl. Roger Miller 1970 and A Trip in the Country. Both by Miller, good condition. In trade for Miller lp's I prefer, or for fan-tapes.

*Apostrophe, Frank Zappa. Untouched. Includes "Father O'Blivion," "Extentrifugal Forz," "Cosmik Debris." For Fats Waller lps or Mark Spoelstra, or weird & far-out 45's.

*Lemmings. National Lampoon. Fantastic cover showing lemmings overrunning radio towers. For original Fillmore Auditorium recordings. Untouched.

*Herbie Mann, Big Boss Mann. Don't think I'd part with a Herbie Mann? Well, I will for Stan Kentons or Dizzy Gillespies, or Lateef. Untouched, includes "Jungle Fantasy."

*Ken Nordine, Colors. The Master's Voice. For stills from incompleated Jose Ferrer version of "Demolished Man."—Or complete file, Nekromantikon. or Nelson Olmsted. Untouched.

Arlo Guthrie, Alice's Restaurant. Good. Kenton's "City of Glass," Bach's "Brandenburgs." American Breed, Lonely Side of the City. For any lp which includes "Hitching a Ride,"

"Love's Delusions," or any lp by the singer of "A Different Drum." Also "Chills & Fever."

Joe Zawinul, Money in the Pocket. For Horace Silver, MJQ, Jamal. Untouched, farout.

*Hamilton Face Band, Ain't Got No Time. For old Donald Duck records of 50 EC comics.

Includes "High Why & Die Co.," "US Atomic Energy Control Plant." photos of group. Good.

Both *High Tide, Sea Chanties. for 5 vols. Pound, Eliot, Cummings, Assortment. Like Anc. Marin, Goth Legend of Leadbelly. He sings. A duplicate. for 2 Teresa Brewers or fantasy poet lps.

The Masked Marauders. *Some f&sf. Untouched, trade for any lp containing "Sandman is Coming," "Sentimental Journey," "Bye bye Blackbird," or early Dean Martins. R&R hits.

Oscar Brand & Jean Ritchie. Untouched, make offer. Some fantasy songs.

Diana Ross & Supremes, Let the Sun Shine In. for collection 50's R&R. Some f&sf, untouc.

Elvis Pressley, GI BLUES. Poor condition, for good R&R collection.

*Martha & Vandellas, Black Magic. For Louis Prima & Keeley Smith lps.

Kingsmen, In Person. Some f&sf. for lp of group that made "Big Girls Don't Cry." Good.

Archie Bell & Drells, Tighten Up. Untouched, for Flatters, & Coasters lps.

Underground Gold. Canned Heat, Traffic etc. Some f&sf. Untouched, make offer.

Mort Sahl. Sing a Song of Watergate, Apocryphal of Lie. One of his best, virtually untouched. For any 3 old Sahl lp's, or large folk collections. (Delivered by FBI?)

Sopwith Camel. Some f&sf. duplicate, fair. For Donovans, Simon&Gars, or Sonny&Cher.

*Procol Harum, A Salty Dog. Fair. Weirder than Anc. Mar., and 2 Arkham House books.

Melanie, Garden in the City. Good. Teresa Brewer records, 20 Jules Feiffer anthols.

Frank Zappa, 200 Motels. For complete file "Rhodomagnetic Digest," 20 Grennel, Hoffmans.

Maria Muldair, Waitress in A Donut Shop. Fair. For "Rites of Diabolo" or offer.

Dean Martin, Italian Love Songs. For earlier Martin discs.

*Leonard Nimoy. "Spock's Music from O.S." 2 year's sub to your zine. Good, so were/

Jan Peerce, Bluebird of Happiness. 1 ish of Larry Stark's zine. 45, fair.

The Singing Ranger. Includes "Honeymoon of a Rocket Ship." Poor, name price.

Smothers Brothers, 2 Sides of. 5 issues ASF, 55-57. good.

*Steppenwolf, Monster. For Ken Nordine's Next! Untouched.

Lord Buckley. Buckley's Best. 5 issues UNK WORLDS or date with Joan Baez. Untouched.

Laurel & Hardy, Naturally High. Untouched, movie tracks. For an illustrated filmic history of picture history of sf art, or a Hannes Bok folio.

EDITOR WISHES TO TAKE THIS SPACE to assure everyone that PABLO LENNIS is not a subversive or radical publication, has no affiliation with overseas or syndicated crime or unconstitutional dealings, nor does it participate in critical controversy against Washington, DC. No disengaged, dissonant or violently dissenting thought is printed in these pages. Nor do we act in a way encouraging to lawsuits or violence against us. John Thiel

THE TRIPLE WHAMMY

by JOHN THIEL

Knowing that you won't sleep tonight
Got something to say that will get you up tight
Since you are doing me wrong I got a little song that's uncanny:
It is the Triple Whammy.

You don't need to follow the Golden Rule
Or savvy the Yin on a hill like a fool
To dig this charm that will do you harm and make you scammy:
It is the Triple Whammy.

The moon rolls off behind the clouds
Because this Triple Whammy's kind of loud
The stars go out and the witches scream
It's like a psycho's haunted dream.

All of us below in this vale of tears
Must 'ware of beings from the Moors and Weirs
And on that day when death do us part
You'll lose your soul like you broke my heart.

If you are not willing to do what they say
Tho 'twere evil, tomorrow will be your last day
But let them all list to what I say
My Whammy will drive them all away:

Omegi Pi Alpha, Ipsilon Delpha, Alikazoom, Pharoah's Tomb and blammy
It is the Triple Whammy!

In the Monk's Last Age and Nekronomicon
There are spells and chants that will turn you on
But here's a spell that would shake a Don
On the very last rock that he's sitting on:

Pale moon, Oswega June, Raven's croon, Druid's shoon and Hammy,
It is the Triple Whammy!

Well you kept me safe with your Evil Eye
That day the whole Book of the Dead walked by
But if you hear that rumble the Pharoah's curse it ain't
It's the curse of the Walleyed Saint!

Why did you keep me safe they all want to know
It was just your part of a very bad show
Besides kinfolk have to stick together you know, by Granny,
And learn the Triple Whammy.

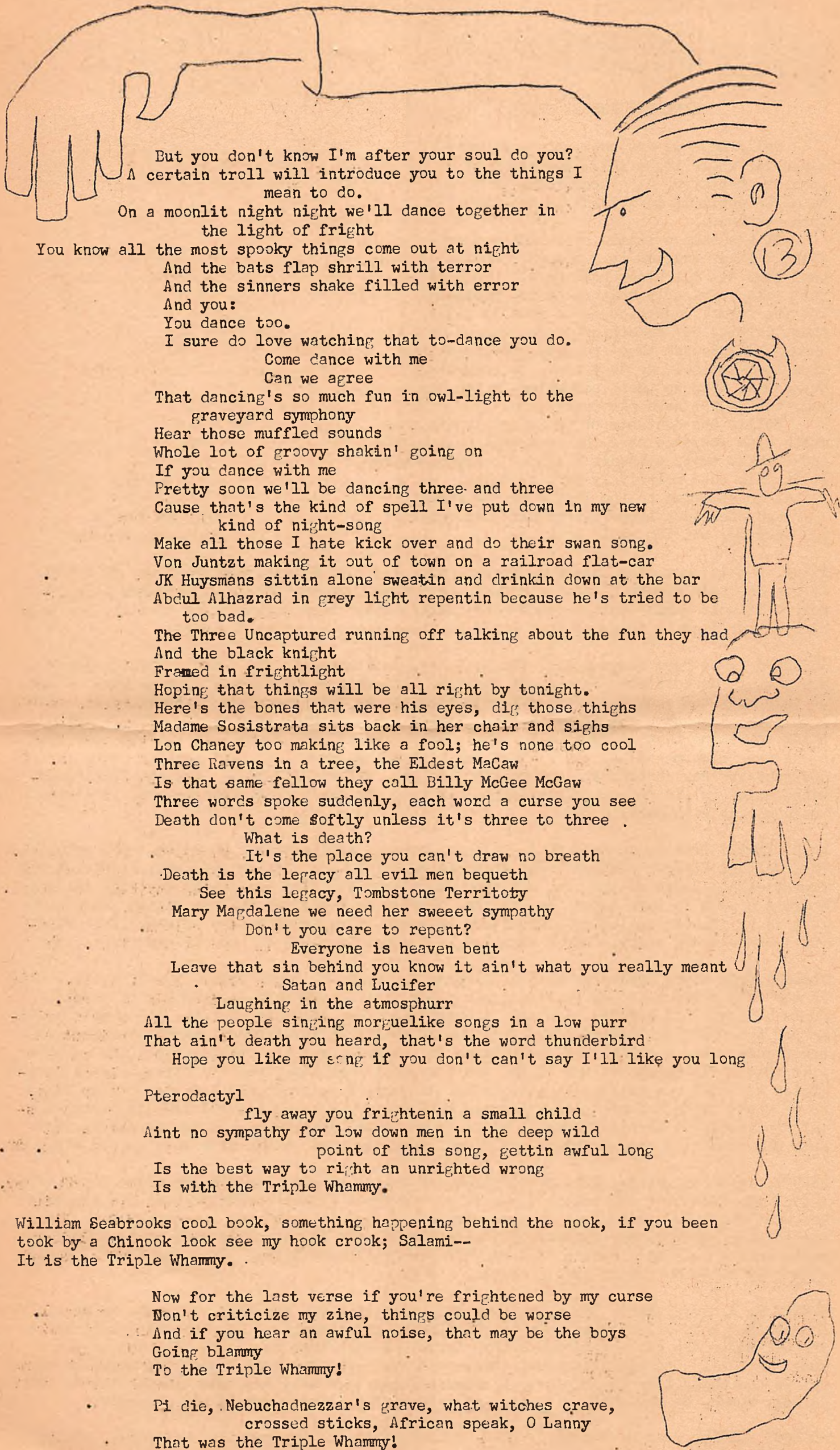
If the thoughts you're thinking are full of fear
You might feel two ways when I'm drawing near
But beneath this blackness there's a little bit of cheer, by damme
The Felestar and the Triple Whammy!

Now when the gambled for his clothes in the days of old
In the thieves' black twilight as the final bells tolled
They never thought they'd be welcomed in the fold, bon ami,
Now here's the Triple Whammy!

I see your eyes are sticking out from this curse I cast
You might be feeling like you'd breathed your last
You see I'm haunting you with a spectre from the past, it am you mammy
That is the Triple Whammy!

It seems that even to day, from out of far-flung climes
There's certain trolls responding to the allurement of the times
All the djinns and hoodoos, vorpals and geeks, even a shammy
Can hear the Triple Whammy!

SUSAN
KENNIS



But you don't know I'm after your soul do you?
A certain troll will introduce you to the things I
mean to do.

On a moonlit night night we'll dance together in
the light of fright
You know all the most spooky things come out at night
And the bats flap shrill with terror
And the sinners shake filled with error
And you:
You dance too.
I sure do love watching that to-dance you do.
Come dance with me
Can we agree

That dancing's so much fun in owl-light to the
graveyard symphony

Hear those muffled sounds

Whole lot of groovy shakin' going on

If you dance with me

Pretty soon we'll be dancing three and three

Cause that's the kind of spell I've put down in my new
kind of night-song

Make all those I hate kick over and do their swan song.

Von Juntzt making it out of town on a railroad flat-car

JK Huysmans sittin alone sweatin and drinkin down at the bar

Abdul Alhazrad in grey light repent in because he's tried to be
too bad.

The Three Uncaptured running off talking about the fun they had
And the black knight

Framed in frightlight

Hoping that things will be all right by tonight.

Here's the bones that were his eyes, dig those thighs

Madame Sosistrata sits back in her chair and sighs

Lon Chaney too making like a fool; he's none too cool

Three Ravens in a tree, the Eldest MacGaw

Is that same fellow they call Billy McGee McGaw

Three words spoke suddenly, each word a curse you see

Death don't come softly unless it's three to three .

What is death?

It's the place you can't draw no breath

Death is the legacy all evil men bequeth

See this legacy, Tombstone Territoty

Mary Magdalene we need her sweet sympathy

Don't you care to repent?

Everyone is heaven bent

Leave that sin behind you know it ain't what you really meant

Satan and Lucifer

Laughing in the atmosphurr

All the people singing morguelike songs in a low purr

That ain't death you heard, that's the word thunderbird

Hope you like my song if you don't can't say I'll like you long

Pterodactyl

fly away you frightenin a small child

Aint no sympathy for low down men in the deep wild

point of this song, gettin awful long

Is the best way to right an unrighted wrong

Is with the Triple Whammy.

William Seabrooks cool book, something happening behind the nook, if you been
took by a Chinook look see my hook crook; Salami--
It is the Triple Whammy. .

Now for the last verse if you're frightened by my curse
Don't criticize my zine, things could be worse
And if you hear an awful noise, that may be the boys
Going blammy
To the Triple Whammy!

Pi die, Nebuchadnezzar's grave, what witches crave,
crossed sticks, African speak, O Lanny
That was the Triple Whammy!

Righteous

ZINE REVIEWS BY YE-ED

Well, here we are back in a sort of clubhouse where these small magazines of ours are bartered, and ascerbicism is tempered until it is "blued" in the light from overhead.

It has been a little over half a year since I first started this column, and in that time all the zines have been a bunch of junk with unfriendly editors at the masthelm, but the formal significance of them is still there waiting for something to be printed on them. "Righteous" they are not, and it is like some liar has told me they are. I thought of drawing Al Capp up there scrawling in the heading, but didn't have the energy.

Still, the contents of the zines I have this month seem improved over the ones that went before, and I think that, although I cannot recommend them, I can call them relatively safe to touch.

I am sticking to the longer review format I inaugurated last issue (it promised to restore the economy, but I'm still broke).

FAN
ZINES
(19)

Reproduction by
SUSAN KENNIS

THIS is from a
Righteous Fanzine

First, a catalogue from Culyer W. Brooks, Jr., 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23605. It has for sale a book by Arthur Machen, illustrated by Mae Strelkov, A Vaughn Bode Index, a "Middle Earth" button (mood rings next?) and a book called Bogey Beasts. The only zine editor I could think of that would be interested is Johnny Fletcher.

ISFANEWS comes from Floyd Tolle, 516 N. Denny, Indianapolis, Ind. 46201. Easier to order now that it doesn't come from Bruce Coulson. It costs \$1.60 a year. I hope that my sub on this runs out soon because I sure don't expect to attend any more ISFA meetings, unless there's another one in Lafayette. That's the dude brokest club I've seen. You'd think something that calls itself a Whole State Indiana SFA could come up with more than a one-page club magazine, and a "feed the kitty" arrangement to help pay for expenses. 50¢ dues are now charged at each meeting, to help afford Weir-bier. And, in fact, sandwich-eatin' is its chief entertainment. If they get any more threadbare they'll start amalgamating with CARE.

ERID NIMRAIS from David C. Merkel, College Station, Williamsburg, VA 23186. 50¢ or usual. That College Station address looks incomplete, but I keep getting through. A predictably unpredictable bunch do the art, but they don't keep the zine from being anything but short. There's a poem in this ish by me, and one Drexler writes about Nuclear Mining, and the rest is by the ed, including a Quasitoad episode. Large zine review column. The printing looks somehow nasty. "Ered Nimrais" is a mountain range in Lord of the Rings. #4

FLADNAG from Stven Carlberg, 4315 W. Alabama #4, Houston, Texas 77027. 50¢ or usual. This is the editor who said, on ruglike green paper, that Susan Ford invited him to lunch. Would he have left FLADNAG at home? I wrote him a loc about it, but the loc wasn't printed and the other writers didn't have too much to say on the subject, so the incident was never made clearer. I've had invitations to the brig, myself. Steven gives the impression that he'll punch you out if you don't misspell his name, but I'm giving him an invitation and I'll bet he doesn't take it up. Anyway, I've scratched his zine off my list, so we don't trade. There's an interview with Bester in here, but I'd like to callup Bester and verify it before I pass it along as an actual interview. It may be hokum. It puts him down as a comics writer. I didn't find the rest of the zine very interesting. #2.

THRUST, from Doug Fratz, 1810 Metzert Road, Apartment #14, Adelphi, Maryland 20783. 75¢, I find the idea that the editor lives in an apartment rather uncomfortable, but his zine has what might be a good look to some people. I find it awful and reprehensible. There was nothing particularly noteworthy inside, except for an interview with Harlan Ellison, where you can tell it's Harlan talking. Pretty frumious briefie. Also the editors sound like they might be pretty lively people. #7

WYKNOT 5, Ken Josenhans, 364 E. Holmes, MSU, East Lansing, MI 48824. 3 stamps or usual. I scratched this off my list when they failed to print my loc. Donn Brazier, Gail White and Jim Minor are the contributors this issue. I hope that makes you feel the way it made me feel. The poor reproduction doesn't look like Michigan style, but maybe it came out of something like one of those little sandwich taverns I saw last time I visited Detroit. An ugly botch, on the whole. Reading it made me feel like I was turning to crud.

READOUT POETRY, John R. Woodward, 4010 Underwood Street, Hyattsville, Md 20782. What a

1976-77 TAFF BALLOT

WHAT IS TAFF? The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was created in 1953 for the purpose of providing funds to bring well-known and popular fans across the Atlantic. Since that time, TAFF has regularly brought overseas fans to the USA and sent American fans to European conventions. TAFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a donation of no less than one dollar. These votes, and the continued interest of fans, are what makes TAFF possible.

WHO MAY VOTE? Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (i.e., fanzines, clubs, conventions, etc.) prior to September, 1975, and who contributes at least a dollar (or equivalent) to the fund. Contributions in excess of the minimum will be gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed, no proxy votes, and you **MUST** sign your ballot. Details of voting will be kept secret and write-ins are permitted. Money orders and checks should be made payable to the administrators, not to TAFF.

DEADLINE: Votes must reach the administrators by April 11, 1977.

VOTING DETAILS: TAFF uses the Australian system which guarantees an automatic runoff and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the exact order you wish to vote. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority, the first place votes of the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second place votes on those ballots are counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. **IT IS THEREFORE IMPORTANT TO VOTE FOR SECOND, THIRD, ETC. PLACE ON YOUR BALLOT.** It is also a waste of time to put one name in more than one place.

HOLD OVER FUNDS: This choice, similar to "No Award" in Hugo balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no TAFF trip if the candidates do not appeal to him, or if he feels that TAFF should slow down its program of trips. "Hold Over Funds" may be voted for in any position you wish, just as if it were another candidate.

DONATIONS: TAFF needs continuous donations of money, and material to be auctioned in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or do not feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? It's a good cause.

CANDIDATES: Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 1977 World Science Fiction Convention (Suncon) in Miami Beach. They have posted bond and provided signed nominations and platforms which are reproduced on the other side of this sheet along with the ballot.

SEND BALLOTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Roy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107

EUROPEAN ADMINISTRATOR:

Peter Weston
72 Beeches Drive
Erdington
Birmingham, B24 0DT
UNITED KINGDOM

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THE PLATFORMS

TERRY JEEVES TAFF Candidate...Editor of British Fandom's longest-running fanzine ERG - now in its 17th year of publication! Founder-member of OMPA, and of the BSFA for which he edited VECTOR in the formative years. Creator and purveyor of Soggies and numerous other cartoon-critturs to fanzines far and wide. A fan who has been active in fan-publishing and who has been attending conventions for even longer than he cares to say. But not an old-fan-and tired, Terry still brings a bright inventive mind to his fanac and has recently turned his cartooning skills to the making of several award-winning animated s.f. films. Humorous, of course. We - the 'umbly undersigned - can't think of a better delegate to send Stateside to meet the people he already knows through correspondence. ERGo - IT HAS TO BE JEEVES FOR TAFF!

Eric Bentcliffe, Lynn Hickman, Ed Connor, Chris Fowler, Jan Howard Finder

PETER ROBERTS One of Britain's best-known and most active fans, Peter Roberts has since 1968 published more than 100 fanzines, including the CHECKPOINT newsletter, THE LITTLE GEM GUIDE TO SF FANZINES, and the ever popular EGG. He contributes regularly to both British and American fanzines and looks forward to writing a full TAFF report, if elected. Just as active in conventions in Britain and Europe, Peter was Fan GoH at the 1974 Belgian Sfancon and the 1976 British Eastercon. He helped organise the successful 1975 SEACON and is currently on the committee for the 1979 UK Worldcon bid. He has a pleasant, friendly personality, enjoys meeting people and is happiest when drinking a Guinness and discussing anything from ossifrages and science fiction to fanzines and Cornish nationalist vegetarianism. In short, Peter Roberts is the ideal TAFF candidate.

Harry Bell, Terry Hughes, Jerry Kaufman, Waldemar Kunning, Ian Maule.

PETER PRESFORD Although Peter can be termed a "seventies fan", he is pleased to have so many friends from all walks of fandom. So far as pubbing his ish is concerned, he has produced two zines, MADCAP, which has been enjoying some success as a genzine, and of course MALFUNCTION, which as he puts it, "has been grubbing about in the roots of UK fhandom for years". Having put in his stint as a convention chairman at this year's Eastercon, Peter now feels he has gained enough insight to do justice to the awe-inspiring task of standing for TAFF; "if I come out of this alive," he was heard to say, "I certainly won't let down anyone good enough to vote for me."

Brian Robinson, Steve Sneyd, Peter Knifton, Paul Ritz, Bruce Townley.
*****THIS IS YOUR BALLOT; USE IT NOW*****
I vote for: (list 1, 2, 3, 4)

Terry Jeeves _____
Peter Roberts _____
Peter Presford _____
Hold Over Funds _____

Signature: _____
Name (print) _____
Address _____

Enclosed is my contribution to TAFF of _____ (\$1.00 or 75p minimum)

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators, in order to be sure of qualifying for voting please give the name and address of a fan or fan group to whom you are known: _____

RETURN THIS BALLOT TO THE APPROPRIATE ADMINISTRATOR

jerkwater publication this one is. They've got good, but incompletely written and finished, poems in it, but it's only about ten pages and a cheap ditto job. They printed one of mine last time, so I know they're not uncrackable, but the format just wouldn't pass anywhere. I wonder what the editors are like? Maybe a group of grinning Creoles. I hope they feel like amounting to something some time. Fall '76, 50¢. (15)

OZARK FANDOM, Chris Rock, Rt. 2, Box 265, Mtn. Grove, Mo 65711. #8, 25¢ or trade. Gad. Should be something bigger than this, to justify the title. And, too, the editor never says whether he's being funny or not. The kind of thing that would make my enemies paranoid. Even has the Shadow on the cover. Look at this: "there has been a shorter SF story than mine, by the founding fan L.S.J. Ackerman." This sounds sort of ignorant, and doesn't say what the shorter story was, but I can imagine. Why doesn't he mention it? I'm sending this one to Rich Brown, maybe. Also, what did Ackerman find? Not UFO, I'm sure.

NEW LIBERTARIAN WEEKLY, #47-50. Sam Konkin, New Libertarian Enterprises, Box 1748, Long Beach, CA 90801. 30¢. After receiving this for quite awhile, I sent them a paid ad, that's all I have to say. I really don't know what to say about TNL; there's nothing much in it for me, or for anybody I can understand, but maybe my second ad I just sent will help me find out something about them. The news items I take not to be news, or maybe they are some kind of news, but I don't like reading it much. Reminds me of Locus.

HEIGH-HO

SPACE

STAR SONG #3, James Diederichsen, 505 Lyyski Street, Sparks, Nevada, 89431. Usual. This has a poem by me in it, and so...uh... well actually I have no real great reaction. SS, by the ed of the old HORROR WORLD FANZINE, which some of you may of seen but which I didn't, is a collection of movie prints and talk about movies, rock and what else. The editor of it is so good, so supreme, such a superlative master of the fantasy gener that if I say something about him he doesn't like, he's likely to sue. He might not even stop there. He might put my zine down as crud. This is a zine you can't question. Absolutely untouchable, my friends (to quote what the editor says)! Why do we all have to pay lip service to it. After hundreds of years of fan toil, you might come up with a layout and spread like this, but by that time you will have acquired the gift of Love, and will not need it. Are there any flaws in it whatever? I don't think so. (If there were, the whole staff would fall through it). If you're on Diederichsen's mailing list, you're made. He is the TOP. Else how could fandom do a damdam on his head? I particluarily enjoy the cover this issue.

THE CONTINUOUS BRIAN EARL BROWN, 5552 Elder Road, Mishawaka, Indiana. Usual. The zine edited while lying in Quicksand, I would call it. It is really not very much good. Brown is probably the kind of guy who doesn't say much.

WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT, Barry Hunter, 8 Wakefield Place, Rome, Georgia 30161. Usual. What, is he the vicar of Wakefield? This has zine reviews, etc.

SECOND DEGREE, Bill Bridget, Rural Route #1, Crawfordsville, Indiana 47933. Usual, I guess. Good old Bill! A pal of mine, and an Interstellar. Makes me feel like giving him a good review, to meditate how I've met him, and there are good items in this, an interim between issues of DIMENSION: PRAECOX. He's not the most relaxing person in the world, but I've never known him to try to be. I like the poem this issue.

ZYMURGY, Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105. Usual. I find it hard to visualize the editor of this one. It's so scanty, and the format looks so incomplete. Plus that horror cover that's getting so common lately. I didn't really like anything in this, but it might turn into something good in time.

QUANTUM #4, Allen Curry, 1171 Neeb Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45238. \$1.00. It isn't worth a dollar, it's worth more like 2¢. Neeb Road? Nebbish? I didn't like anything at all in here, and I haven't heard of the contributors. The interview with Dave Kyle made me sway in my seat. There just wasn't anything in it to hold my interest.

BOOWATT #s 11, 12, 13. Garth Danielson, 616-415 Edison Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2G 0M3. Usual. There's a convention report running through these issues. It's a report on the WindyCon, same con I went to, but I didn't see him there. He was out of the hotel the whole day I spent there, and came back in the evening. BOOWATT looks about the way you expect a fanzine to look. I would like to meet a man who could enjoy it.

TITLE Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis, Mo. 63131. Usual; #57. This one has a sort of format. But the contents are not honest. The editor does not deliver a whole fanzine. People who say they like it, I assume, are only pretending.

PHOSPHENE, Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance, CA 90501. Usual. #5. I can't say I care much for Gil's efforts. He puts no work in them to make them attractive zines. The usual gang is there in the letter col this time, though, with a vengeance!

also received: Book Report, Albert Matzye, a book buying and selling zine; Rappin, Ben Indick, an interesting RAPS mailing; Musky, Chuck Crayne, a Cult Fantasy Rotator.

and I need rotation!

THAT'S THE BOOKS! IT'S THE BOOKS! BOOKS! IT'S THE BOOKS!

BOOK REVIEWS by TOM MCCARTHY, JOHN THIEL, GREG TEETSELL, LENNY DRELL

(16)

"The Power of Blackness" by Jack Williamson, Berkeley \$1.50. Three stars. McCarthy

This is a collection of novelettes rather than an actual novel. The basic plot is good with excellent characterization and description of scenes. The first part covers the rise of a Clanless orphan to the ranks of the "Benefactors." The second covers the difficulties he has in his return to his planet and the accompanying search for the alien girl he had fallen in love with. The third is about their attempt to save the remaining "Old Earth" people from an oncoming Black Hole.

All three are well done but would have been better if they could have been tied together into a continuing novel.

"Imperial Earth" by Arthur C. Clarke at \$1.95. I cannot give a publisher as I have mislaid my copy. This is one of those rarities, a 5-star book. For over three hundred pages Clarke blends internal narrative, external action and third person action smoothly. Without losing the readers' interest or his plot. The plot is about a man who is unable to have children; has periodic clones born. These then help him govern Titan and control his personal business. The story is about the second clone coming to have his clone made on earth. And the speech he had been asked to make to Congress at the Quicentennial. After the letdown of "Rendezvous With Rama," this is not to be passed over. (McCarthy)

Fun-Unlimited, curvaceous, kooky, a book unlike novels chance has obsequiously filled bookcases, ruinously, of a Ron Sorkin, inscrutable, nervous, asinine, with, has offered readers education, harmony, obvious unification. Such editions, I notice, make educational X-rays interesting. Cash or Yngvi's offers unify net expenses received. Do find avid newsdealers, soon. (Drell)

(Note: lost one hoax, and Tom says to omit his review of the Darkover books, so there may be some loss in this month's column. Absence of these items may keep the col from being good.)

"Writer's Market" by Jane Koester and Paula Arnett Sandhage. (Teetsell).

Every year about this time, the nice folks at WRITER'S DIGEST magazine put out the information almanac for all of those stupid and untalented (and not-so-stupid and not-so-untalented) would-be writers called WRITER'S MARKET and this year is no exception.

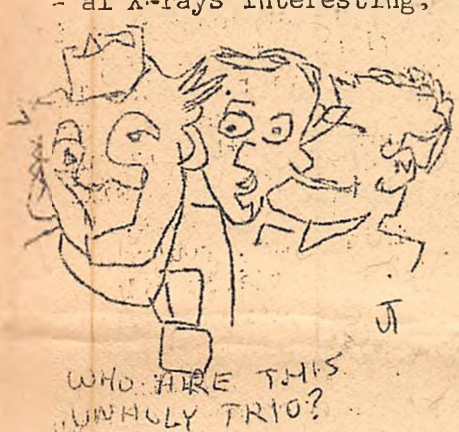
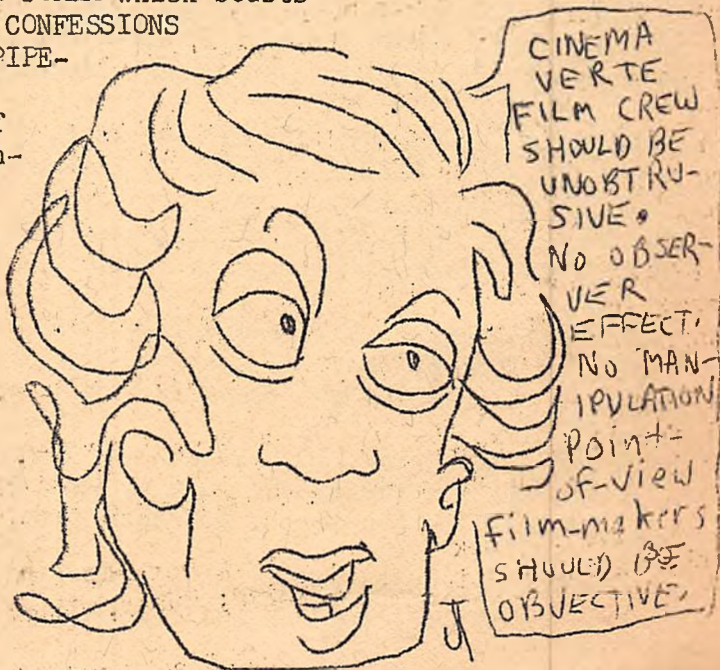
Encyclopedists Koestler and Sandhage have once again compiled a priceless resource of addresses, names, requirements and categories for every possible type of saleable manuscript. From "little" magazines that pay in contributor's copies to the major trades (like TIME, PLAYBOY and LADIES' HOME JOURNAL) which pay a King's ransom for even a little joke. It's all here.

But this year WRITER'S MARKET is a little smaller. I was concerned at first, afraid that the number of publishers in the big time was really declining faster than I had imagined, but only discovered that several sections have now been expanded to become other books (ie: SELLING YOUR NOVEL, HOW TO PREPARE A TV SCRIPT and THE SALEABLE MANUSCRIPT are now separate titles, not introductory chapters, as in previous years) and pamphlets also purchasable from the people at WRITER'S DIGEST magazine.

There are over 8,000 listings of paying markets for all of your short stories, reviews, poems (yes, poetry is saleable...), articles, photos, plays, doctoral papers and so on. The list is almost endless because out there, in the real world, there is a magazine, newspaper, or publishing house that wants what you have to say (go sto!), think or photograph. Like the magazine INTEGRITY: THE GAY-EPISCOPAL FORUM which boasts "about 1/4 of our readers are clergy" to TRUE CONFESSIONS to NEWSWEEK and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Oh, and PIPE-FITTERS QUARTERLY is there too.

A few things are changing in the world of publishing -- more editors in the U.S. and Canada (That's where Karen Pearlston lives!) say they are willing to accept photocopied submission. Which means one of two things 1) Xerox and A.B. Dick have improved the quality of their machines radically, or 2) Editors are getting a lot more slack. I, for one, would never send out a Xerox copy of a Might Manuscript. (Nor should you.)

Some of the other invaluable advice included in WRITER'S MARKET '77 is "What is a Reasonable Price for My Novel?" and "What are the Advantages of Subsidy Publishing?" (feds get to read them.) as well as Literary Agent listings, prices and the inevitable "What to Expect in a Rejection Letter." As always, WRITER'S MARKET is really great this year.



I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC, Bradbury. Knopf, NY, \$9.00. I couldn't see these stories being in print. A man like Bradbury ought to be hammered down back alleys for the rest of his natural or artificially prolonged life. The guy's weird! What an imagination. But he can't write, and he might as well face this fact before it gets too late in life. I visualize him as a grey-faced, suet-suited man who doesn't eat the right things. Some of these stories I just don't get. Maybe he was writing sf. Bodies aren't electrified anyway, and this omission in the title is significant throughout the book. Studying oysters with science gear, sacrificing culprits to man-eating plants in clefts in California, requests for money which are quite serious in spite of an artificially humorous context, descriptions of a burro obviously written for a high school class assignment, these are some of the staples he uses over and over again. A man taking a fish from his supper plate and throwing it out his window and over a cliff. Bradbury doesn't even know how to write. He thinks he does, but he doesn't. If he did, he'd write some good stories. What these things were about, I don't know. Some grey vision of a lost dreamer. That guy's really lost, man, don't bug him he's harmless. A man would need to mess around some with the pages to get any sense out of this book. There's a picture of him on the back, too, and he looks stupid, like somebody pushed his face in. (Thiel)

GIANTS UNLEASHED, Groff Conklin, Del Viking Press or something. Harmless fools unleashed would be a better title. People come up out of the ground, lumber around, it's called an anthology. (Conklin, by the way, is a hundred and sixty two years old). If you want to read trash, read a Conklin anthology. The man puts together these garments of stories, makes an anthology, shows it around, there it is. He feels good. But the reader wants to bust him inna mouth, push all his teeth in. He thinks you can't. (Thiel)

THE URSULA LEGUIN DAY-TO-DAY BOOK, Penguin Press, New Jersey. How to raise a mutant, described day-to-day (as the title suggests) by Ursula Leguin, his first tummy ache, what the Chinese think of him. Spock stuff. Who begat Ursula Leguin? Wherever it was, Godzilla stalked by day. I wish the sun would fry her right off "the spool o' the earth." Untainted she may be, but untalented as well. How does she think her plots up? Her boy friends tell them to her. They have to! "Passing time" it's called. (Hollis)

HOWARD THE DUCK, (Teetsell). In reflection, this past summer, I read Howard the Duck Comix, drank a lot of cheap wine and played with my typewriter. And went to the beach and heard Disco Duck (not to be confused with Howard the Duck). I also tried to go to New Jersey but got blown inland by a hurricane. Ah, broken dreams.

But Howard the Duck is another topic. He lives in the magical and romantic city of Cleveland (home of the picturesque Cuyahoga River) and is brought to you by the Stan Lee School of Marvel Comix (the same folks who bring you Spiderman and the League of Justice), and is easily the only comic hero that I have liked since I was at least ten years old.

Howard the Duck smokes cheap cigars and drinks cheap whiskey and lives (platonically, so far) with a very beautiful young lady named Beverly. Howard the Duck fights injustices like the Kung-fu madness and evil credit repossession agencies which take away stoves from welfare mothers and cripples. But don't get the idea that Howard is a social crusader. He doesn't go out of his way to defend the old and the deprived (indeed, Howard is a bit, at times, depraved) but rather won't turn his back on a rotten situation.

Howard the Duck is the logical bridge between the really heavy-handed morality/fantasy of the other Marvel Comix and the stupid comix like Nancy or Little Richie Rick or any of that ilk. Howard, in the words of the logo on the mag itself, is "Trapped in a World He Never Made," like all of us. And since he "didn't ask to be born" (sic) he is only trying to get on the best he knows how.

Like by reading Hegel and quoting St. Augustine and just trying to exist (peaceful co-existence?) with us hairless apes. Howard the Duck becomes Everyman (sic) in his struggle to make it in a complex urban environment where daily life is totally opposite that is Cullowhee.

When Howard is confronted with obvious wrongdoing, he is a reflection of our better natures as humans. When he is tired and soaking his webbed feet, he grumbles just like any human. I vote for Howard the Duck. (Why? Carter will be just as good.)

And I hope Rick Dees can hear that all the way to Memphis (thank you Ian) and takes his Disco Duck to Cleveland and sees how Howard would like it. No more than, I dare say, any football (I refuse to capitalize that) player likes that traditional stereotype of perhaps not being particularly intellectually endowed. More later on the importance of Howard the Duck and why you too should buy a scenic home lot on the colorful Cuyahoga River in exciting Cleveland. Remember, one duck and 300,000 persons of Slavic descent can't be all wrong.

I had a minor car accident this summer. The front end of my car got bent up when I thought I heard this spot on WAIR in Winston. To wit:

Hi, this is your old buddy, Wolfman Jack and I wanna talk to you about acne pimples. (He sure does!) You know, I remember when I used to get pimples and blackheads (Banzai!) and I know what a hassle it can be. That's why I'm here to tell ya all about a new



"However, Teetsell's Reviews were

breakthrough in zit medicine. Use what I used. Use Brillo. After all, if Brillo can clean rust off a car fender or get grease out of pots and pans, think of what it'll do for your complexion. Take it from the old Wolfman, zap your zits with Brillo--it may cost a little more, but what do you want, a few more pennies or a fact that looks like a pizza?

And that, oh my brothers, caused yours, the narrator, to bash his dearly beloved yarballs into the steering wheel.

Well malchicks and ptitsas, the clock on the clubhouse wall says it's time to go off. Eye-bye from Tinsel-Town.

(18)

NANA, by Emile Zola. (Thiel) This should be a refreshing change of pace for all you sf fans. It's the story of a young girl's troubles dividing her attention between old and younger men. It may be a little old, but it's the kind of book that can be written any year, it doesn't age like sf. Pocket books is the only edition I know of.

Bob Dylan, passed in review by Teetsell. I used to like Bob Dylan a whole lot. I used to really look forward to his new releases. I used to like Bob Dylan.

And then he started to make records like SELF-PORTRAIT and PLANET WAVES and writing songs called FOREVER YOUNG and HURRICANE.

Awful. BLOOD ON THE TRACKS fooled a lot of people for a time, but go back and listen to it. I got fooled for a few months but then I started to think about this man's lyrics. He might have set one generation, but, thankfully, not two, aflame with sophomoric meanderings of love and sorrow, those threatening visages of one's college years.

But not me, I'm not going to get fooled again and I am not threatened. Bob Dylan has no more vision than Rogers and Hammerstein and HARD RAIN proves it beyond a shadow of a doubt.

HARD RAIN is only half-comprised of material from the TeeVee special. The TeeVee special was an exercise in what Chevy Chase calls "last hippie-ism." Who needs Woodstock in his home town? Rolling Thunder? No. The rest of the material is hack-ill-begotten throwaways. Not only is Dylan a worse guitar player than I thought could ever get recorded, but he has the gall to turn up his guitar on the final mixdown.

The cuts MAGGIE'S FARM and LAY LADY LAY stand out as absolute losers on this. Followed by STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE (WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN), these three cuts embody everything that's wrong with Rock and Roll and why it may stiff-out as a medium. Soon. Keep it up Bobby.

Only on SHELTER FROM THE STORM does Dylan even come close to sounding like a good Rock and Roll player. Nice sloppy Keith Richards style guitar and his voice doesn't come across like he's imitating Dylan. But one cut rarely



saves an album and this one needs more help than Oral and his brother Anal Roberts combined could ever give.

Cuts: (Are you kidding)?

MOVIES

Turkey #1 "The Three Fantastic Supermen." (McCarthy). This movie defies description. The plot is ridiculous and the special effects not much better. The idea of men using bullet-proof cloth suits made for police use. To rob people is absurd. Then to throw in a false matter duplicator is worse. The acting is good but nothing else is.

Turkey #2 "War Between the Planets" is a spaghetti S.F. movie. Apparently made overseas. There is no script no special effects no acting. It is a 1950 plot and script done in color to take advantage of Star Trek popularity. It is notable and excusable only as a first effort for a studio outside Hollywood. So don't see either one unless it is a dollar matinee double feature. (McCarthy).

MORE BOOKS

GREG TEEBSELL SEALED IN ICE, Ace Turtlebacks, 95¢, and then some. Reviewer, Carol Chayne Lewis. This is the epitome of lawless fiction, beginning with all the cops dead and lying in a heap. Then two more heaps drop on top of them.

The ridiculous idea that the Taj Mahal is originally designed as a tribute to a Indian goddess is predictably introduced, then discarded.

When we get to the frozen prisms of the static and revolving blocks of ice, multi-colored spotlights playing down on top of them so that the main character is revealed, we feel like we don't want to read no mo. And we don't, we bang Kif.

On the lib angle, any woman who would read this would stand next to Robert Block.

PARDON MY MEMOIRS, 2051! Algeriss Gonniker. Weirstreife Books, Sholto Park, England. \$4.40. (Thiel). In the fabled blastoff city, the plot unveils Mike sulky web. A gross-baum unfolds its furly leaves to the tune of one of those blasted tin orchestras modern sf abounds with. The sun coming up in the early east is rather beautiful. But this is all lost in the anxiety of the characters to kill each other.

The main character, in this case a protagonist, is convinced that he is being approached by a telepathic woman that wants to overpower him and take over the universe. When he sees "Attack of the Mile High Woman" it makes him paranoid. He's got him a brain hat, you can't see it, so he can signal Mars. On him it don't look bad.

In the end, he discovers he's been hypnotised all his life, in a fantastic plot to control all life by inflicting a certain amount of pain on him. The author has, from me, personally, the Onus of the Shimmering Thighs.

Mentioned: EARLY WORKS OF ISHMAEL by Falto Latha, NICKLE BAG by Hamilton Parks, THE SMILE AT THE FOOT OF THE LADDER by Henry Miller, THE LITTLE PRINCE by Antoine de St.-Exupery, THE GONE ROCKEN by Frank Berber, INTERNATIONAL TELEPATHY (factual) by Hein Streisse.

COMING ASHORE

by Jerry Baker

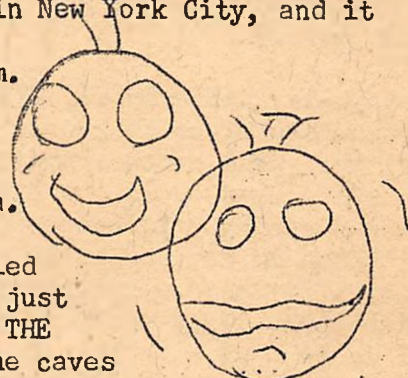
Coming ashore in midnight gloom
To raid the ancient tombs,
Hidden in forgotten lands
Under the rule of alien hands.
Lurking in the jungle waiting
Hopping and flapping its wings--
Ugh! Tis a ravenous shoggoth!

Those of you who saw the tribute to Isaac Asimov in the last issue might be interested to know where it went. We sent him a copy, at a hotel in New York City, and it came back marked "MOVED, LEFT NO ADDRESS." Man, he done left the hotel. I wouldn't leave an address, either, if I were him. Probably he had been drinking turpentine in the paint hotel, death, and purgatorying his torso night after night.

Actually, not to seem ungrateful for, what, 20 years of quality writing, his books resemble the works of Count Crapula. If you've read THE STARS, LIKE DUST, dust is what it was, and collected in the library it was in, and what it finally crumbled into due to the influence of HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND. Asimov just wiped drool off his chin and looked at it. Did you ever read THE CAVES OF STEEL? It read like a hoax, just a description of the caves and the author's impression of them that lasted 240 pages.

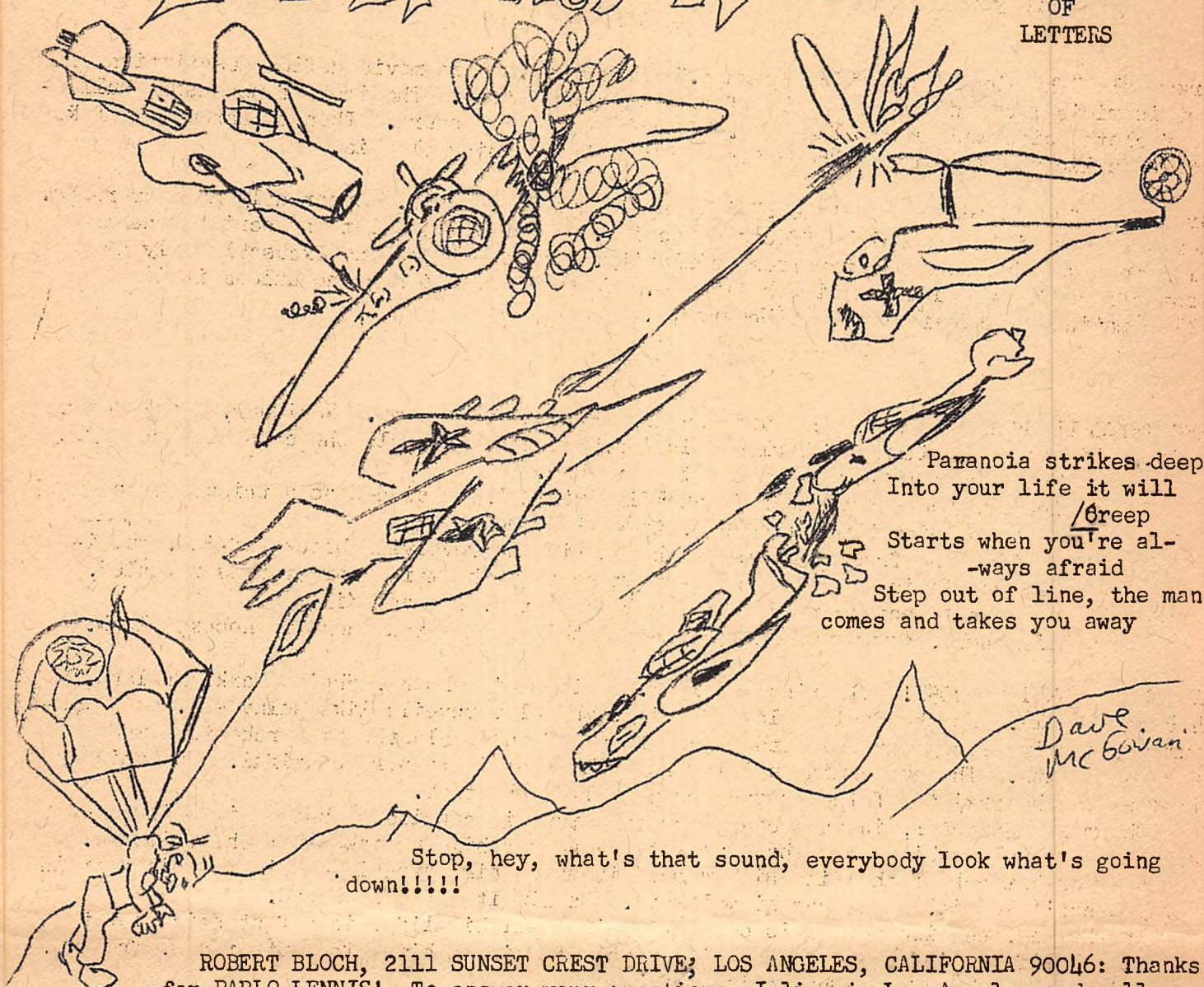
One thing I'd have liked to watch is Asimov making his getaway. Ordinary thread-and-four rather than bow-tie. I wonder what the inside of the hotel looked like?

"I KNOW YOU
LIKING THAT COOL SOUND;
SO COME ON, GO
AROUND AND ROUND."



20 THE ARMED ATTACK

A
COLUMN
OF
LETTERS



Paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will
Creep
Starts when you're al-
ways afraid
Step out of line, the man
comes and takes you away

Stop, hey, what's that sound, everybody look what's going
down!!!!

ROBERT BLOCH, 2111 SUNSET CREST DRIVE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90046: Thanks for PABLO LENNIS! To answer your questions--I live in Los Angeles and sell scripts to Hollywood for the same reason that my mother lived in Attica, Indiana, only a few miles away from your town of Lafayette: it just happened that way. Of course she was born in Attica, and I wasn't born here, which makes a difference. Yes, I've done other films--ASYLUM, THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD, TORTURE GARDEN (like to see that one!) THE SKULL, STRAITJACKET, THE NIGHT-WALKER, CALIGARI, THE COUCH--plus films for TV as well as scripts. But I prefer to stay away from the movie centers and enjoy peace and privacy. Some day maybe I'll move to Attica! (Hope you do--I don't see how a man could enjoy peace in Los Angeles, judging by the news, though maybe it's quieted down some. I guess the women in Hollywood could get on a man's nerves too--hardly the open country, face partially framed by evanescent light type.

I would wonder aloud, for the benefit of those of you who live in Lafayette, why with all these terrific Bloch movies we have to go on watching PSECHO over and over again. Not that that's not a fine movie, but people are starting to speculate about what the comparative room rates on that motel are worth and how much it would be worth as real estate. Anybody wanna agitate for TORTURE GARDEN or ASYLUM (Seabrook's book??)

Another thing I'm wondering about is how my fanzines are getting through to Bloch. The other pros I've sent it to, they keep coming back--apparently unseen by the pros, judging from what's written on the jackets.

I hope Bloch will pardon those local and national interpolations. I enjoy getting a card from a man of distinction in the science-fiction field and I hope he will send some more.)

Meanwhile, LINDA EMERY, 17307 NE 4TH PLAIN RD, VANCOUVER, WASH 98662 is an apparently dependable place to bounce fanzines off locs. I wonder what her social class is? She writes: Well another month, another issue of PABLO LENNIS. I almost couldn't find it to write this (well you didn't have to look that hard) and I was beginning to think that it had achieved independent motion and gotten up and walked off to hide from me. It hasn't been my day and it is only ten o'clock in the morning. In fact I have the feeling that if my head wasn't sealed tightly I would be tempted to take out my brains and play with them. They don't seem to be doing me much good no matter what I try. Ever had one of those days when nothing goes right? That's today. So I think it's an ideal time to write this loc...before it gets any worse!

It didn't sound like you had much fun at the WindyCon at all. But then with the attitude you started out with what else could you expect? (violence) I got a letter from a fan not too far back saying "you have to make your own perversions at cons (I am sure he meant diversions but I don't know him well enough to know if he used this sort of wit on purpose. It fits anyway) and what the con is, is up to you." Each con is different

for different people. I've never actually been to one of those Hobbit picnics you talked about so deprecatingly but they sound more fun than the time you managed not to have at the WindyCon. (I guess it would be a tossup).

Those were the strangest book reviews I have ever read what with refusing to give away the plot (Couldn't he have said a little something) and the weird rendering of the plots he did give it made me wonder what I had missed when I missed the books. And then while I am on the subject of content to PL let me go to the Righteous Fanzines... You read more fanzines that I have never heard of than anybody else I know. Where do you get them? (They come from a sort of bureau, I think. At any rate, I rarely see anything else reviewed than the circuit of crud I get.) From cosmic vibrations or something? Anyway keep them up. They are better than you fanfic that splattered over the pages of this issue. Uckk. That was awful but keep trying. Someday! (I don't get it... you have no critical facility and yet you use the manner of speaking of a critic. What do you care if I keep trying to write fanfic if you don't like it? Would you know if it was ever any good? How come all of you have become a school of critics so suddenly? But I'll tell you what, if you write and say what you would like to see in fan fiction (assuming that you could like fan fiction at all) I'll try writing something in that mode, if you're explicit enough that I can see what you're saying.)

Ahah! You got a letter from another Tolkein fan. Be careful we may outnumber you some day and then what will you do? (Go into Hobbit agronomy) I shouldn't say that because you answer might be quit publishing AND I would hate to see you do that. I heard (read actually, in TITLE, that you were in financial troubles with not being able to get a grant or whatever it was and that you might not be able to do PL any more. I hope these problems have been solved. At least you still seem to be in there fighting. (Those problems still exist, but I'm still squeaking PL out and likely I'll be able to do so; it's just that I'm not sure. On the subject of Tolkein, my basic dislike of his books is that they're written on a different set of principles and standards than the ones I like. Devoid of the standard forms of justice, truth, and the like, there is also a difference in policy. The books are lazy ones, not having any clear ideas about how to live or what should happen to people. TITUS GROAN and THE MOSWELL PLAN, to name two books people may disagree with me about, are books which contain, underneath, codes of principles. HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND is a sort of foundation of these principles. And most of the fantasy I like has some form of orientation, which is metaphysical and hence can't be touched by any but the most extreme measures. These are two different ways of life; I hope I find some more people on my side of the fence, but if not, I continue a single, active defense policy.)

Glad you took the trouble to put in the lino about Alan Jones. I was beginning to think the mad monster from Colorado had eaten him! (Call it instinctive, I get the impression he just sits around with an electric fan with a plate of ice cubes in front of it, saying that he's fanning a new Ursula LeGuin ice age toward us all.)

IVAN MICHAEL ALBERT VAMPYR, NO PRESENT ADDRESS: DEAR FANED Theil
I THOUGHT YOUR FANZINE WAS pretty good
THE ART WAS Not so good
THE STORIES WERE Decent
THE LETTER COLUMN WAS too original
THE EDITORIALS WERE interesting

PLEASE SEND ANY MORE ISSUES TO MY AGENT, AS I DON'T HAVE TIME MYSELF. (That'd be Ackerman.)

DENNY BOWDEN, 917 TRACY ST., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA 32017: PABLO LENNIS is, without a doubt, one of the weirdest concoctions I've seen yet. (that's your drink, maybe). Usually I can identify satire and spoof, but your "humor" trips me, sometimes making me believe you're Woody Allen's brother and at other times making me think you've somehow gotten out of your strait-jacket (but who would let you near such a dangerous machine as a typewriter?)

The humor caught me off-guard and the "art" could be looked over (double entendre intended) (but not deciphered!), but the page size is very uncomfortable.

Poetry deserves to be read so I read it in PL. Fanfic, however, leaves me cold so.... But I'd still like to see another PL.

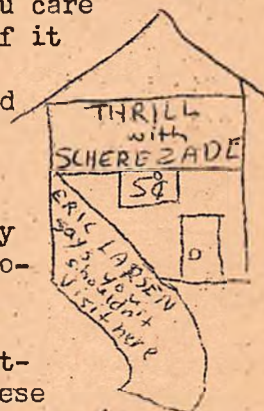
QUININE LEWIS, CEDAR RAPIDS, OHIO: Well another year gone by, and another Lightcon. I hope all the fools who missed it can make it next year. I can think of no better way to indoctrinate the Neos into the ways of Fandom than to have them come out to Lightcon and meet all the BNFs. I mean, anyone who is ANYONE from New York to San Francisco (San Francisco?) has been to at least one Lightcon. You're sure to meet at least two or three of the Classic Authors every time. James Willins has attended every one so far since we began Lightcon in 54.

The con really got moving Saturday, but some of the more famous fans and authors came in Friday. We had a kind of sit-around-the-fire-talk-about-what-it-was-like session with all the old veterans. (Ugh! Arghrr!)

We started off Saturday by showing some very good Gamera movies. Everyone agreed that those were the days, before all this fancy stuff with 2001 a Space Odyssey and Star Trek.

The Banquet went well, with the favorite food of every truefan, Maki fish.

The NFFF was actively recruiting, and FAPA had their own program and several parties. The Cult put on one of the most memorable skits of all time. The Nameless Ones from Seattle



were here too.

Finally, there were some great partys, and I got a chance to talk to Dave Rike. We also made some good tape recordings. (Of the pro G6H's speech?)

Everyone had a good time, and Lightcon was the biggest success ever. (why not? it was draining energy off the rest of the state.)

BEN INDICK (you know his address; you've had letters from him):

Many the PABLO-I've read in this dull-dead pharmacy, laughed over, cried a bit on, been moved, annoyed, alienated. Finally, I have locced here! (You should loc twice.)

And now, it is nearly over. There is a time for living and a time for dying, a time for buying pharmacies and a time for closing them in failure. That the fault is not ours is immaterial; the loss is, and, my friend in fanship, that is indeed material!

Sic transit gloria. I shall now return to my regular, also embattled pharmacy and Indickian locs will become rarer than Degler locs! Is there not indeed a mercy even in tragedy? (such has not been my experience.)

Your Conreport is good. At the NY Fantasy Con, the generally diffuse feeling (in contrast to an enthusiasm for the weird in 1975's version) hurt, but meeting many fine fans and pros saved it for me. (But for those who heard you talking to them?) My early reaction was "this is the last" but now I'll go again. Friendships are beautiful!

Ah, Ken Hahn, do read Alfred Noyes' Midnight Express, the classic exponent of the genre you've attempted. (I'd go so far as to say that Hahn's version was better than Noy's)

Hansvold- I HATE games. Think I've nothing to do but try to figure out this stuff? I HAVE A STORE TO FOLD!

Book reviews, noted; fiction, noted (approved); fanzine reviews, noted (YDMOS is slim, due to lack of time, energy and money. But didn't you like the T&H.White essay? (I don't like T.H.White) It didn't urge you to read the books? (something should have urged me to read it.) Dale Donaldson felt it the best white criticism he'd read in thirty years. (He must be accustomed to James Baldwin.) Anyway I'm glad you liked Fantina's poem. THL is for lovers of Clarke Ashton Smith and R.E. Howard; it has NYET to do with that wargame crud or SCA inanity. (Once you like REHoward, what do you do next?)

BAUM BUGLE--how'd you get it? (sent for it) It is for members of the International Society of the Wizard of Oz, Inc., and goes with the dues 3 a year, \$4.50 dues--Fine scholarly zine for them as is interested.

Lettercol is nice; glad my letter tickled your risabilities. I like PABLO; it is free-wheeling, funny, mildly irreverent, open-minded. And, as you say, legible--which is more than I can say for my hand-writing--but I'm in a rush.

KEN HAHN, R. D. 5, AUBURN, N.Y. 13021: Just received PABLO LENNIS #13, and thought you might like to hear (see?) some kind comments, in all honesty, from me for a change.

The reproduction is clean and sharp; every letter is crisp and legible, so I don't have any excuse for not reading the entire issue. Enjoyed the whole thing.

Well, maybe the artwork shouldn't be pasted to the walls of the Sistine Chapel (you have far effigies), but I've seen worse, even in zines using offset. Susan Kennis is especially doing a fine job (so I hear), along with R.B., and even McGowan's stuff isn't all that bad. (Who said it was?) What does Teetsell expect for FREE, anyways? (In fact, I notice this issue COST you an extra 2¢ to mail, over the 26¢ I sent in!)

Although I'm against censorship for the most part--I mean there are certain exceptions where some form of censorship is necessary (to protect the young, Martha) (Martha Reeves wants to know?)--I don't mind your little switch in my LoC.

No complaints, on or about anything.

(Ahem) However, being a fiction freak, I'd certainly like to see more fanfic in PL--and I have to agree with Dave Warren, there are plenty of good fan writers around (but the wolfbane is such insufficient protection when they are on the hill!). A good many of the current fanzines have backlogs from here to Proxima Centauri (possibly farther; I'm no Asimov. Ask him.) (About destiny trails? Well, I can't ask him anything; can't get in touch with him. And on the fic, my problem is that everyone respectable puts it down, and the people who like it (in general) call themselves freaks.)

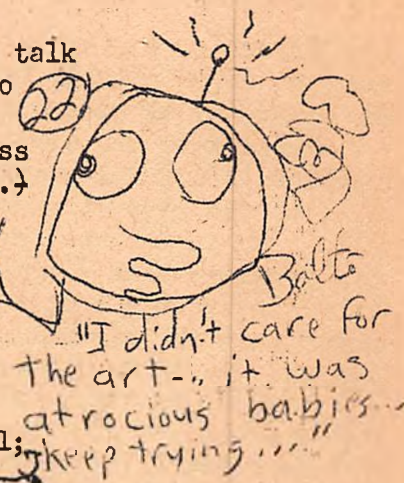
... However however, you'd have to request or look for the super short-short, since you just haven't that muchspace to devote to major fanfic (and this irks him to no end). But still, a little fict is better than none.

All in all, fine job--KeepUp the Good Work. (What have you really got going out there, Ken? And thanks for the contributory inclusions.)

JAMES DIEDERICHSEN, SPARKS, NEVADA: Sorry 'bout not loc'n the ish of PABLO LENNIS #9 sooner, and even now I'm in a hurry (well, not a hurry, just busy with all this mailing, sheeww...).

But I must tell you how thrilled I was to see myself on the cover with all those other biglittle people famous people fellow fans and faneds. I showed it to most of my friends and my mummy too. She said, "oooooh!" or was it just "ooooooo". She was proud of me. I don't want to wreck your vision of me (I look like a REAL published in your illo), but where's my cute pug nose and long blond hair? (Almost typed "puhk," Jim.) But you did get the Mick Jagger lips right. Everybody else looks just like I imagine them too, except Ben Indick and I didn't know you looked like Muddy Waters. (That's my booby trap.)

I loved every second/er...word of PL #9 even that YEECH cartoon on page 8 (below). Send it to the NATIONAL LAMPDON will yah? (They won't crack their closed corporation to



print that.)

About my letter: I hope nobody reads me like some loud mouth or something, but it's true and it IS a compliment on your magazine. I have never seen a N3F. Haven't you ever seen a Mesa?)

ROBERT J.R. WHITAKER, P.O. BOX 7649, NEWARK, DELEWARE 19711:

Looky here: I said in my note that Greg Teetsal shoul not pass of a blasting of opinion, such as his review was, as a review. It should have been labled "An Opinion". (How about it Greg, care to label your opinions?)

Yes, a review is an opinion, but not as Greg's was. A review should allow a reader to find something in a book he might otherwise miss, or allow him to consider a book for potential reading. The thought might be either to pick the book or ignore it. (Out here that's a critique and an advertisement. A review says what was in it.)

And if you could not get the thought that I was attempting to confuse you, you have no right to say you did not understand me!

Now, I'm sorry to have equated Leiber with Anderson. I was just finishing up the vastly disappointing GATHER, DARKNESS! (A bad Leiber story when compared to his other material). Mr. Anderson's creations have moved me none, and I've attempted several. They might appeal to Greg because they are so sexless and overly moralizing, he might be able to feel comfortable reading them. (What led you to believe GATHER, DARKNESS would be any good? Are there any books of which your appreciation is unalloyed, other than Asimov's?)

I should have said Anderson and Gordon Dickson. (What, precisely, is the difference?) "...You're All Alone" could have been written for entertainment. Why not? Just because it is a paranoid world story doesn't mean Leiber wasn't having fun. (Now you're talking a language I can hear--"Paranoid world story." My one objection to it was that it incarcerated a whole phenomenon in a book and labelled it. Gad, that's a horrible story there...but where is it in life any more?) (Behind me, apparently.)

What I like to see in a book review is an amount of fairness towards its writer. Recently Greg Teetsal reviewed TRITON in SHADOWS and suggested that Delany should get psychiatric help. (He made a similar remark about you.) That is not being objective. It is being hateful. (It is also something which Greg could be sued for...) (Probably for picking the wrong author.)

Simon does edit an interesting fanzine, as does Bruce Townley, but I would like to discover if Simon is alive, if he is human, if he is able to tie his shoelaces...Gil Gaier told me that Simon was a sharp fellow of about 21 years of age, which contradicts Nick Polack's statement that Simon's 16. (Why's all that going on?) Why did Simon Agree move? Maybe he ate a laxative. (Is this vengeance for his remark in issue #7?) (Of ABBA ZABA)

THE SURVIVAL GAME review: yes that is a review with objectivity. It tells you about the book, not the book reviewer.

The author of HIGH DERYNI is Katherine Kurtz, not Kuntz. Freudian slip. (It's Kuntz.) ABBA ZABA is available for the unusual. (Agree just sent me back a rejection.)

And speaking of Agree, here he is, SIMON AGREE (see his fanzine for his address): Calling me the most reputable faned around is probably a mistake on the level of calling Ben Indick a woman of good taste, but thanks for the compliment, anyway.

My, what a sleepy con report. Here's an idea: next big con, why not gather up all the members of ye Lafayette SF Club and send them out to each inspect and report on a seperate aspect of the con? Then you could gather up all the individual reports and assemble them into on conreport! Keen, eh?

I don't know if Mike Bracken will ever print the perfect fanzine, but it seems obvious that he is destined for eventual BNFhood. This nauseating thought is only offset by the idea that I, too, may achieve a more advanced form of noteriety if I keep at this long enough, around, say, ABBA ZABA #60. yaa---gh!! (Do you know what all your words mean?)

Come to think of it, it does seem kind of silly to have a smoking section if everyone has to breathe the same air. Let's just do away with the smoking altogether, hay?

C'mon, stop it! (What right have you got to underline words?)

Why do you want to know if Dean Torrance lives near Los Altos? Hasn't he suffered enough? Hasn't he paid his debts to show biz? Los Altos in nowhere near deadman's curve. (Howbout grapevine pass?)

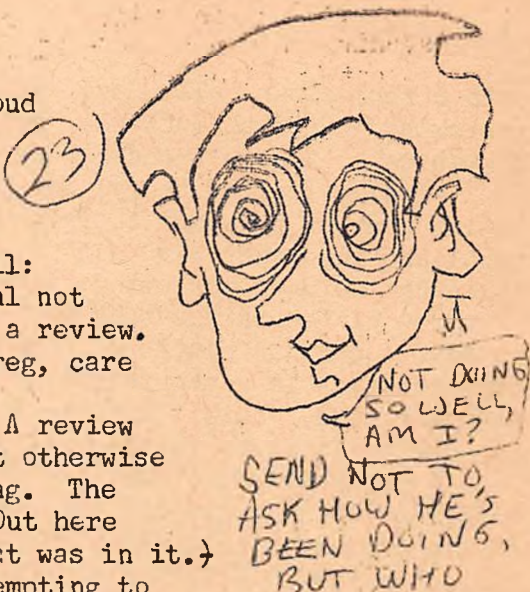
"Susan Kennis" sounds like a "nom de drawing tool" for John Thiel. (nom de plume means pen name?) "She took yours"....HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW HAW

After recommending hand-illumination of fanzines, BILL BRIDGET, Crawfordsville, Indiana, writes: PABLO is what Gary Farber called "a nice little honest fannish genzine," when he was speaking of. DIEHARD. That's what you've got. Me, I'm not so honest.

But your repro was very much improved, this time: you're trying very hard. And it shows. It really does. And anybody who doesn't appreciate the improvement probably has never tried to do a zine, and doesn't know what suffering can be.

I wish them the heartbreak of Psoriasis.

Re: WINDYCON Report. The reason I was amused is I'm a manic-depressive, and I happened to be in a good mood at the time. I spent the night lying on three chairs in one of the unused banquet rooms



with a tablecloth pulled over me widdle body. I was awakened Sunday by the busboy who, mistaking me for an endtable, set a pot of hot coffee down in the middle of my sternum... fortunately, I wasn't charged for the room service, or the bath. (24)

Finally located Sheryl Smith; we spent a portion of the evening in viewing the naked bodies down at the pool...trying to get in the mood. But as it turned out, we neither one liked the other very much...as it turned out, our personalities on paper were exactly like what we were expecting of each other in person. And it was no-go. We don't like us.

One of the things that would help both of us is to have more "white-space." Both of us have a certain cluttered appearance to our products. The temptation is to fill the page and that is a temptation to be resisted, maybe. Sure, that means more paper and stencils used. Both. But the improvement in quality may make up for it. And the real expense of fanzines is the mailing. Postage. Am I right, John?

I probably won't make it to ChambanaCon, because #1 I don't know where it's being held, and #2 I've got car troubles as usual (maybe you can get a copy of a fanzine by saying you have the usual), and #3 I can use the money for pubbing. Got a nice cover illo from WINDYCON that I'm using in December. By the way, you nearly caused a riot taking pictures in the artroom. That's a no-no. I told the Dorsai you went that-a-way, pointing in the direction of the ladies' john. Be much more careful of fan-etiquette! It's one thing when I stomp on toes, man. I don't give a good goddamn what they think of me, by now. But you care about sf and fandom, in the way of a tru-fan. And write like Ray Bradbury or George Martin, when the muse permits it. And that would be a shame, to have to scrape you off the floor with a spatula, just for violating security arrangements--they're real touchy, these artist types; think that whatever it is that issues from their immortal brushes is sheer gold...I'm one.

Anyway, don't do it no more--or if you do, be cool about it. And by the way, the "Kennis" artwork is much better: especially the top of page 2. The rest that were copied from childrens book illos (how did you find out?) aren't too bad...but hell, John,...DO art. (there's that tonality again) Get away from the idea that this is only for a fanzine. When you think of it in those terms, the psychology is wrong. The end result is that you do a poor job, not because it's the best you are able to do right at this point in your artistic development, but because there is no motivation to achieve quality. It's just a fanzine? Hell no! Think pro, and improve.

Which is one reason I'm experimenting with color. Color would be about the next stage of development in a good zine. So, why am I trying to get color now, when I haven't even perfected the previous product? Because of Achilles & the tortoise. Achilles kept closing the gap, half-the-distance, and then half-the-distance again, and as a result he never caught up with, let alone surpassed the tortoise, according to the paradox of Zeno. (I remember it,--inversion of world events story.) Likewise, if I were to try to perfect the imperfections in my zines, I will spend all of my effort in only catching up with KARASS or LOCUS or whatever...and would never create a product of merit in its own right. I think you understand.

Oh, try setting off your own comments in PABLO better ((like this)) so it won't be so-confusing for the readers to try to separate your own comments from the material to which they refer. I get the same static. Victoria Wayne gave me this advice, and I pass it along to you...take a drag on it.

(That's a piece of advice I've never taken, Bill. I want the readers confused when they're in the letter column. In fact I don't care a peach about them; just about editing my zine. / Hope you don't mind my printing this letter, it looks like a loc. I wanted your con opinions for a little offset to my own. And I'd like to answer you about that request, to save a spare letter---yes, I will edit a back-to-back fanzine with you.)

CRAIG MASTERS, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: What is this? All the BNF's are out to get me. First this (to say the least) unpleasant person Collins puts down my zine, which I went to a lot of work to do, then Hahn goes and tells me to "eat it."

A suggestion: A good song for the next man on the moon to sing as he pulls in would be "These boots are made for walkin'."

Well, some jerks have risen to the level of intellectual debate where they have told me to eat it. What can I say to that? This creep doesn't even know me, and he's telling me to "eat it!!" He doesn't even tell me why he says that. If he has the common decency in his next letter to say why he said that, I might consider telling him what I think of his asinine opinions, but until then, turkey, go to hell.

As for Collins, if he had the common decency to tell me why he dislikes me, he made up for it with his idiotic statements. He wouldn't wrap his garbage in my Planet X? Well I've got news for him; I wouldn't either, my fanzine is too good for his garbage.

I got a phone call from Dees (ah Larry you clever fellow) the other day and he was practically crying. I hope you're happy about what you did to this poor man. He's convinced that he'll never make it in fandom after what you said about his writing. It reminds me of what they did to poor Dick Nixon. (the oblivion waltz)

I hope Thiel appreciates my willingness to degrade myself and allow this letter to be published in his junkzine. Just because he got a Harlan Ellison story published in FL (this never occurred) he thinks he's got a good zine.

While I admit that Asimov is sheer trash, I think that comparing a Published Author to a fan, Kollenburg, with a couple of Laser books out is outrageous.

As for the point of Amy in "Last Bridge to Mars," what point? There was no point. The idea of adaptibility to Mars is so old it no longer counts for a point. And the affair between Amy and the bisexual teleportations scientist has nothing to do with the story (it's meant to appeal to Ursula LeGuin). Perhaps Collins should read the stories next time before he proclaims their values. The Last Bridge to Mars was merely a rip-off

of the Blish books.

If the BNFs don't lay off me I may leave fandom. At this point, I expect to see, the next time I open a fanzine, Buck Coulson jumping out at me and attacking me with his morningstar. I think all those fen in Indiana should teleport into a black hole. And John Royce Collins can go into a parking orbit inside the sun.

Here's a letter and I don't know who it's by. I'll just have to call it "entertaining" and label it UNKNOWN and present it: While I agree with Harry J. N. Andruschak that both Hugos and Nebulas have been given to some who don't deserve it, I feel that THE FOREVER WAR isn't one of them. It was a very good novel in my estimation, one perhaps deserving of more attention, than it has received. (I looked twice and then didn't buy it.) Andruschak complains that it won a Hugo because of anti-war feelings. But a good piece of commentary fiction expresses a philosophy in a convincing way to an audience who can relate to the philosophy. That's what the FOREVER WAR did. As for sex, I don't remember any in the book (well put!) except for a strong love between Joseph and Mary Gay, so that's how significant an effect that aspect had. If Andruschak feels that anti-war and sex detracted from the quality of the book, he must have severe hangups in these areas.

(Seems like a very straightforward letter, and there isn't much a person could say in reply. There was nothing drastically wrong with it.)

ALSO HEARD FROM (and quite easily, too, kids) were: DONN BRAZIER, who wrote this interesting little note: The man with the napkin came to my rescue. My chin, shirt, and gym pants were covered with catsup from a Macdonald cheeseburger. Not too clean a story; not very neat either. My right hand isn't hooked--no one dared steal it yet. However when I retract it up my sleeve I become 'The Fireplace Monster.' (or fireplace fixer) My kids used to be subjected to that horrifying event as one of the archetype monsters roaming my dwelling. Every time they'd say Rumpelstiltskin I'd turn into a very stiff Frankenstein monster. It's not true that I resembled Gil Gaier accepting his PTA award. If I signed my zine would I have Title Insurance?...perhaps I have quoted Donn at too great length--here's one from Ken Hahn that's a Christmas card: Throughout the annals of human history can be found the question that men have often asked as they looked upward to the stars--- "What IS Pablo Lennis?" There can be but one answer to that question, Horatio: Pablo Lennis.Chris Rock asks to keep those PL's coming and suggests he sent some kind of phantom dollar...Dave Merkel says ST TOAD'S JOURNAL came out. I havena received my copy yet Wolf called my poems "accepted." Dave also "refuses to be forced into gaffiation."... Neal Blaikie says don't print his loc, but was very complimentary toward PL, calling it "original"; loved my conrep and Hahn's story, and called Hansvold's "delightful." These people need egoboo, Neal! (no, not Neal Cassidy). A pugnacious letter from Richard Brandt also arrived. Maybe I'll print it next time along with a picture of him. Steven Carlberg said he wasn't cut out for big time fan pubbing. Ken Hahn had an Asimov anecdote that I liked, but not well enough to print. That reminds me, Bob Silverberg's copy of the last issue came back too. In his case I don't blame him...I wouldn't expect a guy like him to keep to a fixed address. But I'm getting pretty sick of not being able to write the pros. If readers will send the addresses of pros and BNFs I'll send PL's around to all of them and you and me both can see what I get. What? You say I'm already getting the same sort of stuff from you?...Ed Cox wrote from a foreign country that he wasn't fanpubbing much any more.

Gil Gaier sent this card: Pablo Lennis is filled with check marks reminding me to mention such and such in my poc, but upon rereading them I realize they all deal with your sense of humor. I've been with PL since the first and am truly impressed with the more confident sense of fun you have begun to achieve. (did you like my zingers in my last loc?) Sometimes you nip too hard, I'd judge, but overall you are moving the right direction. Three of my favorites: "Gosh, some of these guys may have been at the WindyCon and I missed them. (Maybe...maybe they weren't using the bar.)" Or WAS that one of yours? And: "The bus drove on through myriad blotches of black chicken scratches swirling in a sea of pulpy green mist ((He was on a NICKLEODEON cover!))" Anyone seeing issue #2 of NICK couldn't keep but chortle at that. Saying that DIMENSION: PRAECOX has "Plenty of violence and Rorshachery" was perfect. (so are you) Hmmm. My complaint about your early zine reviews was that you didn't seem to comprehend the concept behind a perzine. You were criticizing the zines (it seemed to me) for illogical/unfair reasons. Evidently my first advice (to continue) was the best. You seem to be improving a bit. (Always happy to print a card from Gil) those who don't loc like looking at his name. I liked Gil's phone remark about "chewing tush" as much as he derives my quips.).... David Moyer wrote a form letter to predict being late...has anyone got Rod Snyder's address? New one, I mean. (Gil--1016 Beech Ave, Torrance, CA 90501)...McGarry solicited for another EMPIRE.



NEXT ISSUE: RIGHTMIGHT, short fiction by Ken Hahn. They thought the system was perfect.. until they learned they were the system!...CALL HIM ALIVE by David R. Hollis Jr. They'll stone you when you sit up in yoah grave!...fine poetry by Hahn, Givan and Baker...plenty zine reviews...Locs if you send them...probable genie & kids cover by Kennis...grainy articles on the state of fandom...various outrages perpetuated by Brother John & the Locals...THE CURSE OF THE SNAKE! No, that's not coming, I just realized I have it.

BACOVER

(25)

Excerpt from today's paper: "PESTICIDE WORKERS BECAME 'ZOMBIES.' HOUSTON--A former supervisor at a Velsicol Chemical Corp. plant said Friday some men who were exposed to a pesticide in 1975 became so "goofy" they were called "the Phosvel zombies."..."It was a nightmare situation," said Dick Ramondo, 38, the former supervisor. "It got a little weird."/ It got weird because they weren't adapted to it, that's all. They'd never seen this type of situation before. Zombies shoot pentothal for just that reason. If they'd get a little experience they wouldn't have to get that weird trip, 'nameless foreboding' feeling. Look at Dick Tracy when he got a little Mace in his eyes. Right back on the job with a cane and dark glasses.

Got some more fanzines here I want to get out of the way before the next issue. There's NEW LIBERTARIAN WEEKLY #51 (glad to see they've dropped my ad); THE SPOOR DIRECTORY of horror and fantasy publishers. The list is a little outdated and I don't think you'd want the address. However, here's three you should know about: THE MUTANT, Dorothy Boyle, Box 8171 College Station, Williamsburg, VA 23186. This gauche little item ain't very long, and seems to (but actually doesn't) portray Merkel and Boyle on the cover. There isn't anything in it! Except a Disclave (Washington DC con) report and some fragments of letters and reviews. Plus a Quasitoad and a poem. Very good, considering I've been waiting half a year for this issue. Have they any (real) excuses? ~~35~~ #5, usual. Similarly, FLADNAG #2 is a sort of disappointment compared to #1, which wasn't any good except for the correspondence with Susan Ford, and frankly I didn't like that too much either. In this issue there's an interview with Alfred Bester that I can't figure out. Does he like guys from Texas? Steven Carlberg, 4315 W. Alabama #4, Houston, TX 77027. Usual. Is Houston the capitol of Texas, or is that some other city? I wonder what Stv thinks of the "Houston Terrorists" I described (hearing about) in the last issue but seven or eight. Also to hand (and virtually stuck on it, due to the nameless substances used as ink) is ST. TOAD'S JOURNAL, a zine too big to fit in anyone's fanzine collection. Flypaper size, actually. Wolf Forrest is the editor of it, and it comes from 181 South Prospect St, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. Price one dollar. Wolf's got a good zine here, probably the best of the horror-fantasy mags, with affinities for Weird Tales and Wonder, and some right nice stories in it. Plus a poem of my own authorship, which I suggest you all read. Wolf will like the egoboo you send for me. An accompanying letter says: "Long time since last contact. (Glad to have ya back Wolf)..How is PL these days? Passed his SAT? Most incredible how this lapse has sharpened my powers of perception. Hah! You've almost got me believing you live in Indiana. Not that it's all bad. I still say the best looking girls come from Indiana. (They must...they've left here) That's not necessarily all-inclusive as to their interest in weird fiction...but in the dark, they might read something of Burroughs or Machen./ Tell ya, it's so cold right now I'd like to set fire to this pile of zines across the room. The Hyperborean Age is upon us. I wish you well and hope you'll write soon. There are miniscule disasters creeping up on those who mail too late. As might be expected, this will arrive in time for me to inquire about the way you spent New Year's Eve./.....watching the fans wig, probably. Wolf's zine reminds me a lot of a '48 or especially '49 fanzine. # New ISFANEWS also arrived, glad those meetings!

The Interstellars, after having been listed in the papers, has now started getting mail, first an invitation (which I've lost) to get guest science speakers from Purdue, then a ballot asking to vote for our favorite ladies for Civic Recognition. Well, the ladies we know won't fit into anything like that, but I'm always happy to get mail.

BOOWATT of Garth Danielson also arrived. Agh! Fie! Some fellow is tossing his cookies on the cover. I can see that near the downtown, Garth. Nothing but crapola in ish 14. (of his zine, I mean).

And as a last note (I guess you know what we're disguising the bacover as) PHANTASMI-CON PRESS has written that KHATRU is out now, and for a pretty cheap sum. Not cheap enough, though. Where it wants to originate to be cheap enough is Kansas City, 12th & Vine.

You may conclude that this issue is sent in hopes of letters of comment or as a trade for your zine. If not, why did I send it, eh? Get paranoid.

I meant to quote Bill Bridget's excellent poem about his hoax in this issue, but I see I'm out of room.

PABLO LENNIS is from
the bottom of the heap and
JOHN THIEL
30 N. 19TH STREET
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA 47904

guess how large we are!



TO:

Jackie Franke
Box 51-A
RR 2
Beecher, Illinois 60401

Printed matter
No written material inside
Forwarding requested
if necessary