



—KLEIN—

C O L U P H O N

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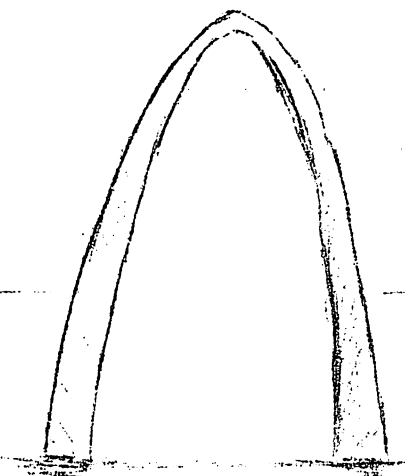


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ST LOUIS



in 1969

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Psycataxia



Confessions Of An Old Fanzine Editor

Sub-Title: It Only Takes Once

I now believe what I was told. After publishing one issue of a fanzine, you either retreat in horror, saying "never again", or you are hooked and determine to do better next time. My mistakes were all too obvious to those who read "Sirruish", the most glaring one being the lack of numbers on the pages. We've got that one licked. Typos were liberally sprinkled throughout. Would you believe how hard it is to proof read a stencil at three in the morning? I know now why collating is called coolie work and probably the most hated thing in fanzine publishing. We walked around the dining room table until we felt like oxen threshing corn. We are now well acquainted with the vagaries of the USPOD and I'm still putting money in little brown envelopes for returned fanzines. The responses were the most interesting and all were greatly appreciated. Strange, how one item can receive such opposite reactions, "I liked it!" "It was crud!". No one was really nasty, I suppose that comes later. Since publication, I have been overwhelmed by the generosity of contributors. I am in the enviable position of having more material than I can use in this issue. But don't think I'm going to turn loose of it. It will be published next issue. There are two pieces of material that are probably going to complete my education as a fanzine publisher. They are things I don't want to print and so, I have come smack up against the rejection problem. I was told by another editor that he sends a post card saying "Thanks" for accepted material and sometimes writes a three page letter explaining a rejection. With one, I don't care if I ever hear from the writer again,

but with the other, I do want the author to rewrite. Owel, I'll think of something.

July marked my first anniversary in organized fandom and I'm finding my way about a bit in this world. I have attended four cons, engaged in a frightening amount of correspondence, met some people whom I value greatly, and been obliquely invited to engage in two fan hassles. I'm basically a peaceful, friendly type who regards fandom as a hobby and not something to raise blood pressure about, so I quickly ducked out of that. No topic yet has impelled me to take a definite stand. If, and when, I feel strongly enough about something, I will.

Fandom is an interesting sub-culture, one in which there are very few of the barriers that are found in the mundane world. Fen are of all types, but seem to share two common characteristics, an interest in some sort of imaginative literature and a quality of being different. They're a fairly radical group, inclined to kick at the establishment and yet, some of their own folkways are rigidly adhered to within the group. I have run into some bleeding egos, types that don't mind belting you with a baseball bat, but scream "mortal wound", if you tap them with a feather. But they are mercifully few. I think fandom itself would make a good thesis for a Psychologist or Anthropologist (not a Sociologist).

Due to the plethora of material some things got squeezed out of this issue and must be mentioned here. Thanks to Mojo Dave for the Navigator, thanks to Bill Kunkel for Genook 2 LoC on way realsoonow. Thanks to Chuck Rogers and Gale for Wizit but I'm not a comix fan. Special thanks to Dale Tarr, Buck Coulson, Ed Aprill, Dannie Plachta, Earl & Gail Thompson, Banks Mebane, Roger and Judy Zelazny, and to some other very special people who don't want me to mention their names. You are among the beautiful people of this world.

NOTE: If you are the type of reader who skips fan fiction, don't this time. There are some very good things in here.

Now comes the commercial: St. Louis is a serious contender for the 1969 Worldcon bid. We have a committee chairman, Ray Fisher, publisher of Odd the fabulous fanzine, a committee and a local organization of about fifty members with seven new members joining in the past two weeks. We have just put on our second regional con and it was a success. We have many plans for making it a good worldcon. We are beginning to get promises of support from people across the country. Our location is an advantage, we aren't too far from any of you. We promise you hospitality and fun and, in the words of any courthouse politico, we earnestly solicit your vote and support.

I'll see you all in New York. Walk up and introduce yourself, I want to meet you.

Next issue of Sirruish will be out somewhere around the end of the year. Contributions are always welcome as are letters. September means school for me as it does for many of you, with one difference, my desk is bigger and I have more homework.

Fair Terra, Far Terra,
plague me with fond memories
of purple hills and cornflower seas . . .
of royal sunsets, orange and gold. . . .

lest I forget in Luna's cold
thy winter's harsh yet mindful scold
that she's a watchful guardian
o'er her far-wandering children . . .

lest I forget in Venus' heat
thy cooling and persistent beat
of breakers on the distant shore
where life began, so long before . . .

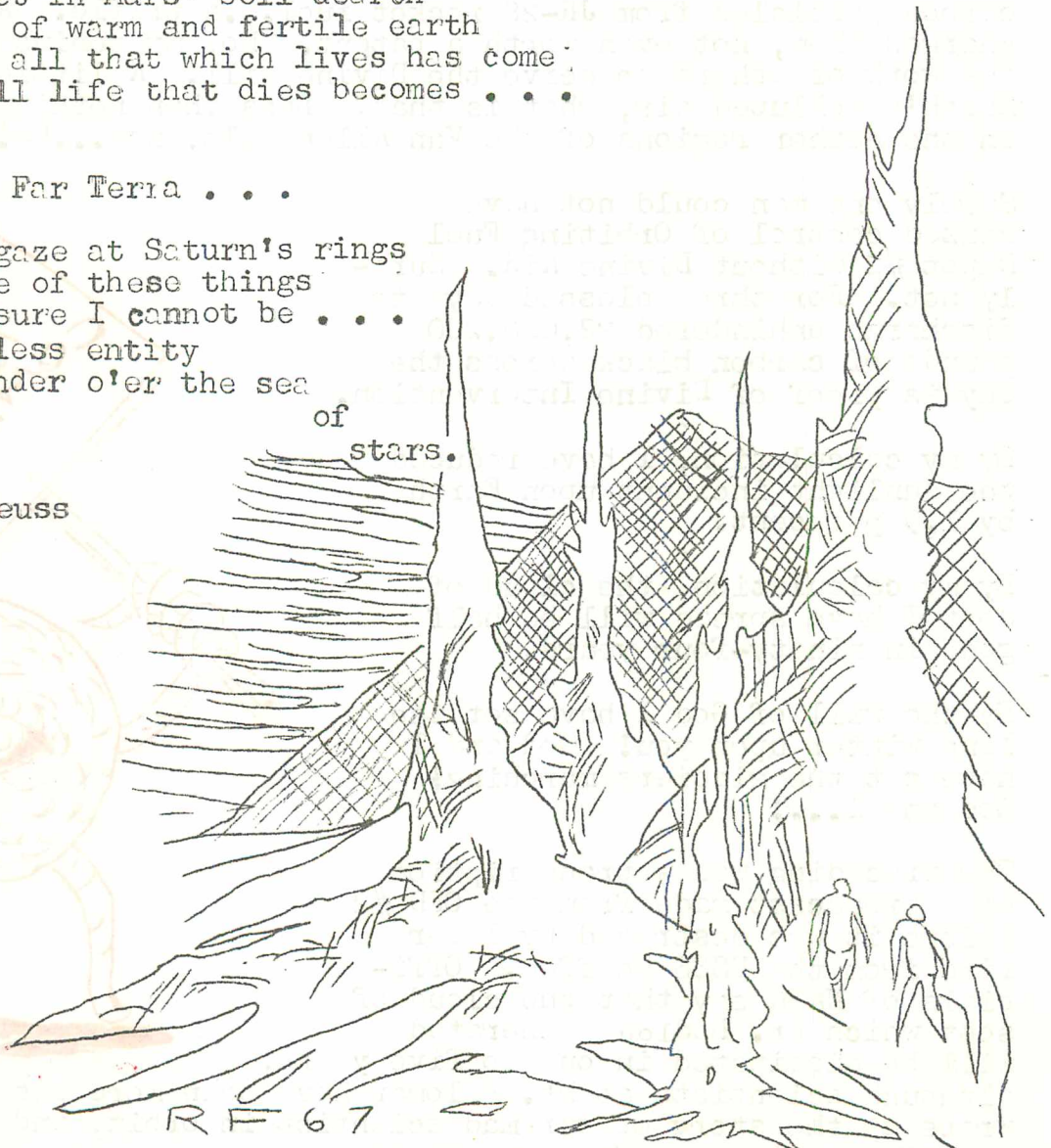
lest I forget in Mars' soil dearth
thy breasts of warm and fertile earth
from whence all that which lives has come
and which all life that dies becomes . . .

Fair Terra, Far Terra . . .

If while I gaze at Saturn's rings
I forget one of these things
a man, I'm sure I cannot be . . .
just a homeless entity
bound to wander o'er the sea

of
stars.

James Reuss



TEN O'CLOCK NEWS

Alexis A Gilliland

They say that I am mad, but I am not mad -- rather have I been the vessel into which the Divine Wrath was poured. I ask you...could any man, save the Scourge of God, have flayed the back of suffering sinful humanity as I have done? To call me mad is an insult, an epithet ten orders of magnitude too small.

Jimenez stealing the Pan Am SST to assault the Megalopolis and smashing one billion windows before he died, he, too, was a Scourge of God, though less skilled than I. Our dedication is equal, our madness equally Divine, but I have thrown my force against far greater leverage!

Technically I have done very little. A device that makes one micron carbon particles from JR-28 rocket fuel...a trifle. Another that charges them, not even worth a patent. No, my genius was to employ the work of others to serve the Divine Will. A little soot in Earth's polluted air, what is that? Less than nothing. But lodged in the nether regions of the Van Allen belt, now...HA!

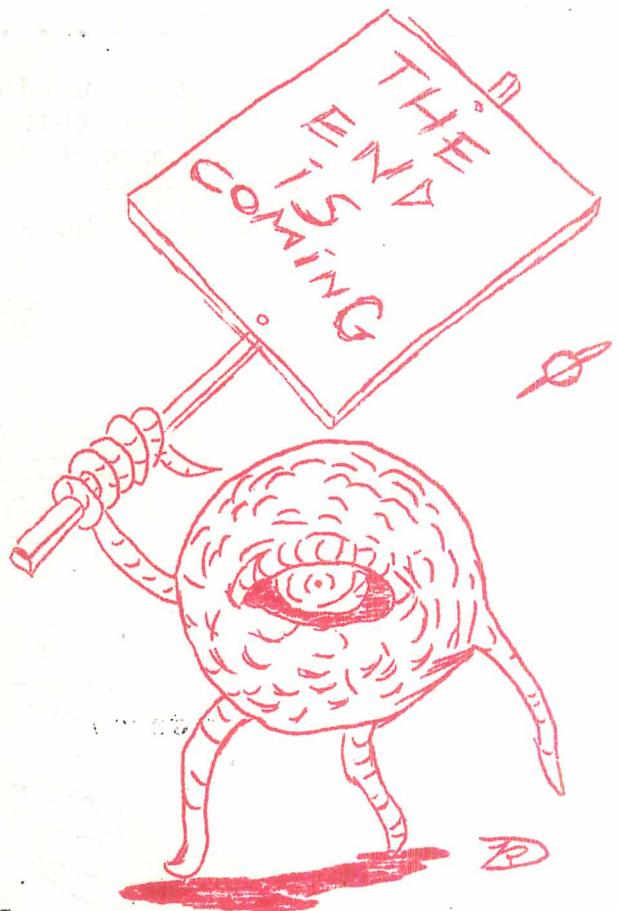
Surely one man could not have seized control of Orbiting Fuel Depot #2 without Divine Aid. Surely not. For three blessed days to discharge unhindered 22,046,200 pounds of carbon black across the sky is proof of Divine Intervention.

By my calculation, I have reduced the sunlight incident upon Earth by 1.9 per cent.

By my calculation, the cloud of soot I have spread will be half gone in ninety-four years.

By the will of God I have set the long winter upon you! God and I have set the glaciers marching! God and I....!

The preceding was a transcription of a broadcast made from the OFD #2 before it was destroyed by laser fire from the USSS Chaffee. Officials of NASA say that the cloud of soot which Dr. Bedloe generated will be dissipated in one to five years, although scientists at Mt. Palomar have been more pessimistic. That wraps up the story of our mad scientist in orbit, and now the weather, after this word from our sponsor.





JACK GAUGHAN





What a Sand's hero probably really looked like. . . .





Victimized
barbarian





DOOSPLATT

KIDS AROUND

In 2148 A. d., Nartlan Doosplatt developed a process for synthesizing protoplasm. Thus began both Doosplatt's fortune and his gigantic corporation, Fantabulous Androids, Nationwide, Inc., or FAN, Inc. as it came to be known. Both the corporation and the fortune grew until Doosplatt's wealth rivaled that of such legendary financial figures of American prehistory as John D. Rockefeller, Joseph P. Kennedy, and Daddy Warbucks.

Two hundred years and three rejuvenation treatments later, Doosplatt and his empire were in serious trouble. The development of the crystalline robot brain had revolutionized the robot industry. One crystal brain was laboriously constructed, then shattered into tiny fragments. Each fragment was placed in a solution and grew into a new brain. Robots were suddenly a megabuck a dozen; far cheaper than androids. Doosplatt was in dire straits.

As usual, however, Doosplatt's fecund and phenominal brain extricated him from his predicament. He completely dropped the labor android line which cheap and durable robots had rendered obsolete, and went into the toy field, launching his "kiddie" line of androids.

On the first day of production of the new androids, Doosplatt took Ditley Spootborn, his old friend and the largest stockholder in FAN, Inc., on a tour of the android plant. They came to the first android former machine, out of which an endless belt rolled. On the side of the machine was a large "A". The next one down had a "B" on its side and so on. The first of the new androids, a strange vaguely



*

The saying that something is "a megabuck a dozen" dates back to the middle of the 20th century, where it first appeared in the form of "a dime a dozen". A dime is an obsolete unit of currency, equal to one tenth of a 20th century dollar, although the inflation since those early days would make a dime worth 3 million 23rd century dollars, rough-ly. This inflation, in fact, is why the dime is obsolete and we no longer use a unit of currency larger than a megabuck

REG
1043

humanoid creature was conveyed from the interior of the machine on the rollong belt as Doosplatt and Spootborn watched.

"What's that?" asked Ditley.

"A duck," replied Nartlan.

"It doesn't look much like a duck!"

"It's a copy of one of the characters from early American fairy tales. This one is named Donald."

"But, if they all have the same name, how can you tell them apart?"

"Easy," Nartlan replied, snatching up the android and turning it over. "We stamp a serial number on each one's fanny. This one, as you can see, is 'A-1'. That means that it's an A model--or Donald Duck model--and it's the first one we made."

They resumed the tour.

"Each android is designed to be a perfect playmate for the child," Nartlan explained. Each one is made in the form of some creature from childhood fable and is given an I. Q. of about seventy--or slightly higher than the average politician."

"Are they all anthropomorphized animals?" asked Ditley.

"Many are, such as Mickey Mouse, Andy the Panda, Janie the Lamb, and John Camel, Jr. Others, however, are not animals at all, but are fantastic and unbelievable creatures, such as Peter Pan, Merlin the Magician, and Lyndon B. Johnson. And then, of course, there's Ellison the Elf."

"An elf?"

"Yes, we have great hopes for that line. This is the elf machine," Nartlan said, gesturing at a former machine with a large "N" on its side. At that very moment, an elf android rolled out of the machine on the conveyer belt.

"Well, here comes the first elf," Ditley remarked.

"I don't think so," Nartlan said. "There's been enough time for two elves to have already been made by this machine."

"That's easily checked," said Ditley as he turned the android over. "Say, you're right. There's an N-3 stamped on its behind. How did you know it would be the third one?"

"Child's play!" was Nartlan's reply. "Everyone in FANdom has heard of the N-3 Elf!"

REVIEWS

Rival Rigellians by Mack Reynolds/
Nebula Alert by A. Bertram Chandler
Ace G-632

The Reynolds half of this double is an expanded version of "Adaption" which appeared in the August 1960

Analog (the first issue to have Analog on the spine.) Reynolds poses a nasty problem - will capitalism or communism develop a backward planet more quickly? A band of educators decide to find out and take fifty years and two planets as the opening conditions. The first planet is at a Florentine cultural level and the second is similar to the Aztec civilization. One group introduces capitalism to the Florentine planet with communism via police state being introduced on the second. The ending is indicated in the original title - man adapts to the existing conditions to survive but will attempt to alter the conditions at the first opportunity. This would have been an outstanding novel if the expansion hadn't included Reynold's artificial slang; "Holy Jumping Zen, cloddy, flat," etc. In spite of this, the Rival Rigellians is worth reading.

Chandler's portion is a continuation of Empress from Outer Space and The Space Mercenaries. Nebula Alert is tied in with his excellent Rim World stories through a favorite ploy of the author - alternate universes. Zipping through the Horsehead Nebula, the main characters are transported to the Rim World universe. All in all, the story is too short for the number of characters introduced - they clutter up the story and hinder the flow while the reader sorts out relationships and backgrounds. Chandler, in spite of just marking time with this one, remains one of the better authors in the field.

Flame of Iridar by Lin Carter/Peril of the Starmen by Kris Neville
Belmont B50-759

Belmont has launched its double novel series with these novelets - and it needn't have bothered. Flame is a typically bad sword&sorcery book with superlatives and purple prose dripping from each page. The hero and heroine are pure cardboard, the villain doesn't come through as a villain and the supernatural is rather common. Flame lacks any novelty in plot or execution and is a good example of hack writing.

Kris Neville's selection is circa 1953, original source unknown and unmentioned. It, also, leaves much to be desired both in characterization and in concept. The starmen must destroy Earth because it threatens their home planet (which is the ultimate in police states.) Why? The concept of freedom has been conditioned out and any introduction of this radical notion will wreck the social structure. Flimsy, but that's the motivation for destroying Earth. The hero fights his conditioning but remains a robot. The heroine remains hysterical throughout the 71 pages. The villain is a psychotic Senator with delusions of patriotism (this was probably written during the McCarthy hearings.) A totally unsatisfactory novelet. Neville has done better, much better.

Starwolf #1 Weapon from Beyond Edmond Hamilton Ace G-639

16

This is unabashedly space opera like few authors can write it. Doc

Smith was the foremost but now that he has passed from this plane of existence, Edmond Hamilton has gained the throne. While Weapon does not begin to match the Lensman series, it does fill in and alleviate the lack of good space opera being written now. Morgan Chane comes from Varna, with its traditional heavy gravity which gives him super fast reactions and supernormal strength. After killing another Starwolf marauder, Chane flees and throws his lot in with mercenaries from Terra. Discovery of a ship from another galaxy, space battles and other derring-do are tossed around with consummate ease. Ace's other series, Agent of TERRA, failed miserably with its first shot; Starwolf is off and running with the promise of even better to come.

Bob Vardeman

Trouble on Titan (Lancer, 60¢), The Universe Between (David McKay and Co., \$3.95) both by Allen E. Nourse

Ah, the good old days of the Winston Science Fiction series. When they were bad, they were very, very bad, and when they were good, they were still far below the level of the juveniles that Andre Norton and Robert A. Heinlein were turning out at the same time. The titles tended toward alliteration: Danger Dinosaurs, Attack from Atlantis, Marooned on Mars, etc. Now they are being reissued as paperbacks. Alan E. Nourse's novel was one of the better ones (which, admittedly, isn't saying much.)

One of the problems of a juvenile is that the parents of teenagers would take a dim view of their offspring's engaging in feats of derring-do. The teenage hero can't run away from home either, for that would be frowned upon by the various watchdogs who make sure that no book intended for consumption by the young 'uns contains and subversive material.



Nourse blithely ignores the problem. The hero's father is a trouble shooting colonel for the Security Commission of earth, which runs the mining colony on Titan. He is sent to the colony, where revolt is brewing and the situation is fraught with danger, so naturally he takes his son along.

Where Heinlein would have spun a tale of rebellion against corrupt earth, Nourse shows us that prejudice is evil. Tuck Benedict goes to Titan convinced that the members of the colony are vile, uncivilized scum. "Why, they're hardly human....," says he. He rapidly sheds this notion, but Nourse's noble aim is undermined by the unrealistic rapidity with which he sheds it. The first half of the book tends to drag, but things start popping towards the end. Everything is neatly--too

neatly--wrapped up at the end. Why should the Security Commission suddenly start giving the colonists a square deal just because of Colonel Benedict's change of heart. I'm not convinced.

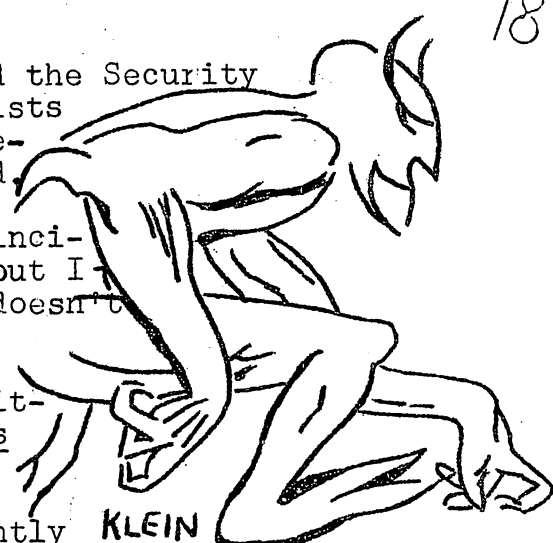
The Lancer edition has a gorgeous cover; incidentally. The artist is not identified, but I think that he is Edward Valigursky. Why doesn't he do covers this good for Ace Books?

Since Trouble on Titan, Dr. Nourse has written much better juveniles, notably Raiders from the Rings, Star Surgeon, and now The Universe Between. Two-thirds of the book first appeared in ASTOUNDING in slightly different forms. A low temperature research project accidentally creates an opening into another dimensional universe. Everyone sent to study the opening goes fatally insane, except a girl who realizes that she can go into the other world at any time, but can never understand it. She decides that only a child who is brought up on both "sides" can understand the other universe. In the magazine story, she used artificial insemination, but in the book she marries and touches all the proper puritanical bases. Meantime, the same project that opened the fourth dimensional hole has developed a matter transmitter which sends objects through the 'other side' with disastrous effects upon the inhabitants of the other universe. They retaliate by making Los Angeles and Boston vanish (oh ghod, they musy have got Asimov).

The book is excellan*but is marred by one of the oldest "surprise endings" in SF. Maybe Nourse thinks that it will be new to teenage readers. If so, he is wrong, for the comic books have done the bit to death, too.

War with the Newts by Karel Capek (Berkely, 75¢)

This is an Sf classic that really deserves to be called such. The author is the same Karel Capek who coined the word "robot" in his play "R. U. R." (his robots, however, are actually androids). "R.U.R." is, in my estimation, either poorly translated (Capek was a Czech writer) or a poor play. War with the Newts is something else again. It is that very rare thing; a telling satire which is at the same time humorous. Did I say humorous? It's hilarious! Salamanders roughly the size of Harlan Ellison and possessing slightly less intelligence (that is, equal to us ordinary human beans) are discovered on an island. Homo Sapiens immediately commences exploitation of the Newts, as they are called, using them first to gather pearls, then later for such diverse uses as underwater armies and the construction of new continents which are built up from the ocean floor. The Newts themselves are innocuous creatures, except for a few occasions when they defend themselves from humans raiding their colonies for Newt slaves. Even when they turn upon man at the end, they are being led by a man. Capek uses them as an instrument to poke fun at human foibles, rather than as a symbol of menace. There is, for example, the religion of the Great Salamander, concocted by a human philosopher especially for





the Newts. The Newts don't dig it but it catches on among humans. There is the manifesto of the Communist International to "all suppressed and revolutionary Newts of the whole world" which thunders, "Working Newts! The time is at hand when you will begin to feel conscious of the heavy burden of serfdom under which you live..." There are the Newts which are transplanted to the Baltic Sea which, according to German researchers, become superior to the Newts in other countries such as "the degenerate Mediterranean Newts, stunned both Physically and morally..."

The German newspapers immediately demand that more German Newt colonies are needed so that the racially pure, Nordic Newts can develop (the novel was first published in 1936). There is a Salamander Protection Society, which seeks to "provide the Newts with proper clothes..." and cover their nudity, which "surely offends their sense of shame, and gives an unpleasant impression to every decent man, and more especially to every woman and mother."

Read it. It's great!

The Wailing Asteroid, Miners in the Sky, Space Gypsies, (Avon, 50¢) .
The Time Tunnel (Pyramid, 50¢) all by Murray Leinster

Murray Leinster, that young whippersnapper of 71 years, is still going strong. Asteroid is a reissue of an Avon book which appeared seven years and fifteen cents ago. It's still great fun and has not --just barely--been outmoded by the advance of astronautics since then. The book is packed with lovely jabs at bureaucrats, politicians, dogmatic scientists and such. Nobody but Leinster could have pulled this off, because nobody else could have made such preposterous goings-on seem plausible. An asteroid suddenly starts broadcasting an undecipherable message to earth. The hero has, since childhood, had a strange recurrent dream in which he hears fluting sounds similar to the sounds in the message from the asteroid. He duplicates a gadget in his dream and he has a reactionless space drive. He starts building a spaceship using the drive to get to the asteroid, and so on.

The earth, it develops, is fighting a war with an unknown enemy, who has taken several thousand years to develop a weapon to smash the solar system; during which time, the earth's civilization went to pot and we forgot about the war. The asteroid is wailing because its detectors, left behind by the last human civilization, have detected the approach of the sun-smashers.

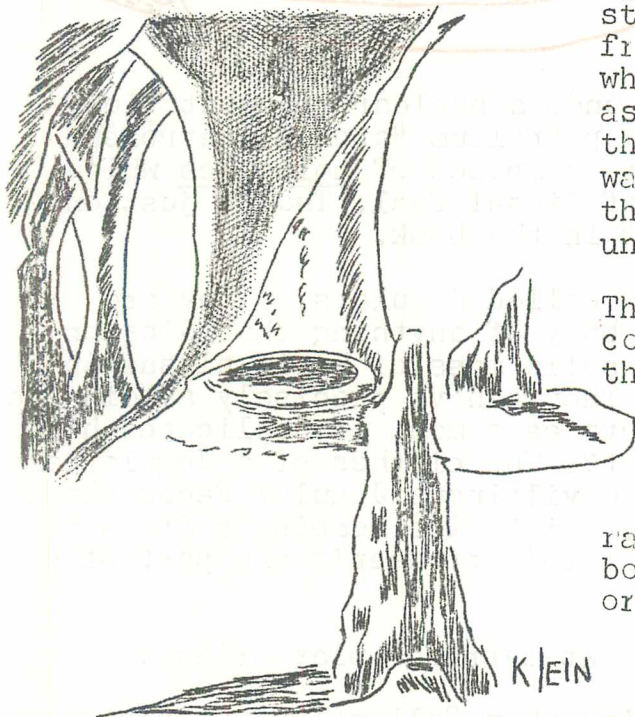
The three new books are skimpier fare, alas. Best of the three is Tunnel, which is surprising, in view of its being a novelization of Irwin Allen's lousy show. On second thought, since Murray Leinster

wrote it, it isn't so surprising. Tony Newman's wild plunge into the time tunnel is made more rational and believable than it was in the show. Once he gets Tony headed back in time, Leinster wisely makes up his own story, instead of following any of the show's highly uninspired scripts. The time travellers go back to the Johnstown flood, then to Texas where a trading post is attacked by Indians, then into the future, when an invading space ship has landed on earth, then, finally, they are brought back to the tunnel. Leinster has even concocted a plausible explanation for the failure of the tunnel to bring them back immediately. The time tunnel behaves like electronic equipment instead of a fireworks display.

The book has an excellent cover illustration by Jack Gaughan -- which formed a portion of the cover for another Murray Leinster novel entitled Time Tunnel -- no relation to the present tunnel.

The least of the three is Miners. The book has only 120 pages of text, but there still isn't enough plot for the length of the book. It would have been better as a novelette. The story concerns miners in the rings of Thothmes, a planet in another solar system. The hero and his partner have found a large lode of the crystals used in space drives. His partner's sister arrives, and it seems that someone is very anxious to kill her.

Gypsies is not up to par for Leinster, but it's fun. Once again, man once had a galactic empire, but something smashed it and man fell into savagery on earth and the other planets of the empire then rose again. A spaceship stopping between stars is detected and attacked by a ship of the ancient enemy. Forced aground, the crew discovers another strain of the human race, separated from earth for aeons. The means by which the ancient foe is vanquished is, as usual for Leinster, ingenious, but the book was spoiled for me because I was able to see the solution long before the hero did. Such a dense hero is unusual for Murray Leinster.

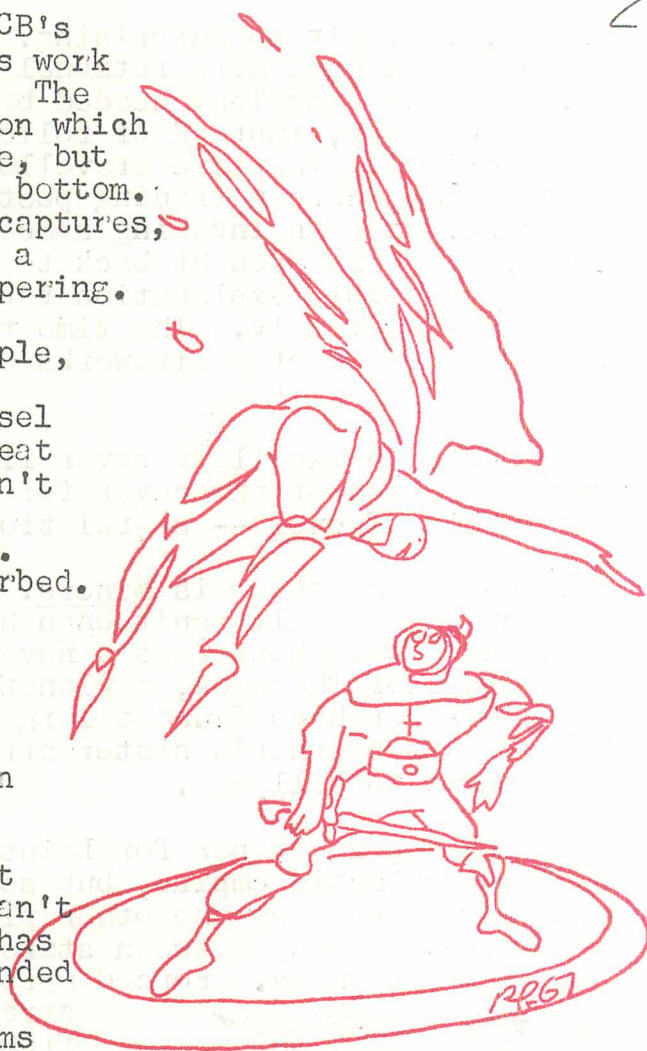


The cover of Gypsies deserves special comment. In the center is something that looks like an enflamed dandelion. Attacking it are four disc-shaped ships which look suspiciously like the flying saucer in the movie "This Island Earth" and something that is rather obviously a "Hustler" jet bomber (B-58). There's nothing like originality, I always say.

K/EIN Treasure of the Black Falcon by John Coleman Burroughs (Ballantine, 75¢)
I wish I hadn't read this book for the same reason that I am upset when I hear Nancy Sinatra sing. Both

undermine my faith in heredity. JCB's book has all of the faults of ERB's work and none of the redeeming virtues. The book is about a submarine expedition which sets out to recover sunken treasure, but runs into strange creatures on the bottom. Then we have a mess of betrayals, captures, and escapes and the book ends with a whimper; or maybe that was me whimpering.

The Science is terrible. For example, the sub is atomic powered by a new process. Electrons break down diesel oil, "liberating vast amounts of heat and oxygen in the process." It won't work. The breaking down of hydrocarbons is an endothermic reaction. Even with a catalyst, heat is absorbed. Even if the electrons provide the energy needed for breaking the molecular bonds, heat wouldn't be given off. And there isn't any oxygen in diesel fuel to be released. The only way to get oxygen from the fuel would be by nuclear transmutation. Transmutation by a beam of protons or neutrons I might believe; but electrons? But it can't be transmutation, because the sub has "reconstitution chambers that demanded only large quantities of cooling sea water to re-form petroleum atoms back into the original crude inexpensive diesel fuel." Cooling could not undo a nuclear transmutation. Moreover, there is no such thing as a petroleum "atom." Petroleum is a mixture of hydrocarbons which are composed of molecules which are more complex than the molecules of diesel fuel. That's just one sample of the scientific gobbledegook in the book.



The strange creatures encountered are called Jogulars. They are microscopic creatures that enter the body of anything that dies on the sea bottom and convert it into a solid mass of brain tissue in the shape of the original organism. They behave precisely as did the original organism. When a Jogular invades a man, it duplicates his body, including his clothes. Got that? The clothes of a Jogular are really part of his body, see? Now the villainous Jogular Fecus plans to marry the heroine Jogular Barbara. Dig? The heroine's dress is actually part of her body and the villain's trouser's are part of his body. Got that?

What are they going to do after they get married--play bridge?

Does anybody remember the early fifties when Ballantine was bragging about publishing mature science fiction?

--Hank Davis

SERIES Books

Murder Melody, The Spook Legion, The Red Skull
& The Sargasso Ogre all by Kenneth Robeson
(Bantam, 50¢ each)

All of these are short novels (120-140 pages) which originally appeared in DOC SAVAGE Magazine in the thirties. The first two are SF. The third and fourth are not. Doc Savage stories usually have two mysteries; 1) What is going on, which is revealed about halfway through, and 2) Who is doing it? The first is always present even when the second is not. An extensive plot summary would, therefore, spoil the story. Suffice it to say that in Melody strange earthquakes devastate Canada and, simultaneously, strangely clad men who can neutralize gravity and kill with the sound of a flute appear in the area. The Mighty Man of Bronze and his five cohorts immediately investigate. The cover of Legion spills the beans that Doc is up against invisible men who terrorize New York. The Red Skull is a geological formation and has no connection with Captain America's old nemesis. A man who has come from Arizona to enlist the aid of the Bronze Man is killed on Doc's very doorstep. Skull gets a bit tedious in spots. The cover again is a giveaway that in Ogre, Doc is trapped in the Sargasso. On the cover of every book is mighty Doc, his muscles swelling through his shredded shirt as he sternly grits his teeth.

The books certainly are not great literature, but they are enjoyable if approached in the proper frame of mind. Back in the thirties, ads for the Doc magazine appeared in another Street and Smith publication; namely, ASTOUNDING. The ads recommended the adventures of Doc Savage and his scrappy pals." That's what I mean by the proper frame of mind. Nobody eats filet mignon all the time. The Doc Savage are literary potato chips and should be tried, at least once.

Bet you can't read just one!

The Sundered Worlds (Paperback Library, 50¢), The Stealer of Souls, Stormbringer (both Lancer, 60¢ each) all by Michael Moorcock

In Worlds, the universe has stopped expanding and has begun to contract. Jon Renark learns of this and sets out to reach a mysterious solar system called the Shifter, which drifts through different levels of reality, passing through different universes, including this one. He fails to find a way to stop the contraction, but finds a way to save the human race. Before he finds the solution, the reader is subjected to an unbearably dull travelogue of the planets of the Shifter system. After he finds the solution, he dies with the old universe, and his friend Asquiol takes over to lead the human race into the next universe. It's a shame that they both didn't die. Then the story would have only been half as long and the boredom would have ended sooner.

The characters are all paper doll cutouts and the "mind-staggering" concepts in the book have been done much better by other writers. In fact, this is the type of story that Edmond Hamilton often writes. I wish he had written this one.

The other two books prove that Moorcock can write, after all. These books relate the saga of Elric of Melniboné. Elric is one of the last of a dying race of wizards. He is the rightful ruler of Melniboné, but his cousin Yrkoon usurps the throne and casts a spell upon Elric's love. Attempting to rescue her, Elric leads a fleet of plunderers into the city. He fails to rescue her, and Melniboné is virtually destroyed. Thus Elric becomes a homeless wanderer.

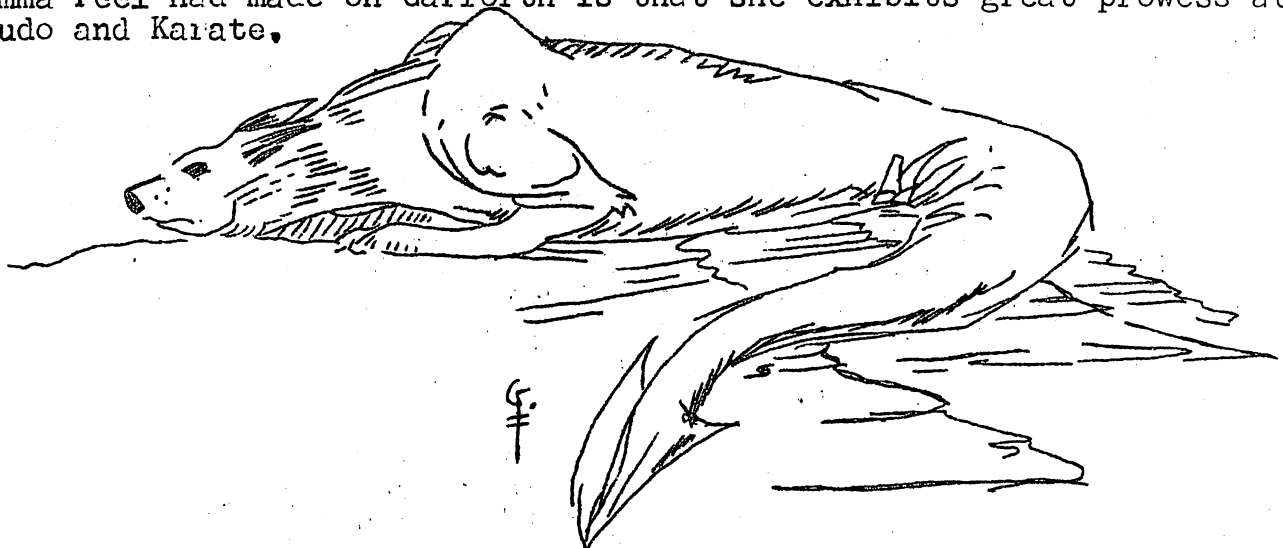
He is a very unusual sword and sorcery hero. He is an albino and a physical weakling. He is able to overcome his infirmity by means of his strange living black sword, Stormbringer, which sucks the souls of men from their bodies and gives strength to Elric. He is not quite human. Inhuman cruelties are quite natural to him. As time goes by, however, he acquires human values.

Stealer contains five novelettes. Stormbringer is a novel. I enjoyed the novelettes more, but that may be due to the fact that the novel takes fifty pages to start swinging. The novel starts with Elric searching for his kidnapped wife and ends with the destruction of Elric's world and the beginning of this one. Both Elric books are imaginative and entralling.

Worlds has a mediocre cover (by Valigursky?). Jack Gaughan has created an excellent cover for Stealer and a passable one for Stormbringer. One minor complaint: on the cover of Stealer, the toad demon Quaoalnargn has five spikes on one side of his back and six on the other.

The Floating Game by John Garforth (Berkeley, 50¢)

This is the first in a series of novels based on the excellent TV show, THE AVENGERS. I hope the next one is better than this mess. Garforth has an interesting style, but he can't seem to think of anything for the characters to do. Also, he has committed the most unforgiveable crime of all: he has altered the characters of Emma Peel and John Steed beyond recognition. The conceited boor who bumbles his way through this book bears little resemblance to the suave and witty TV Steed, and evidently the only impression that Emma Peel had made on Garforth is that she exhibits great prowess at judo and Karate.



In the book, she has all the sex appeal of a heap of soggy corn-flakes. I wonder if Garforth has ever watched the show.

Garforth has come up with a clever and original plot idea. The Mafia, afraid that Britain's government is going Communist, attempts to take over the brain-washing officials. It's a shame that he couldn't do anything with it.

Tarnsman of Gor by John Norman (Ballantine, 75¢)

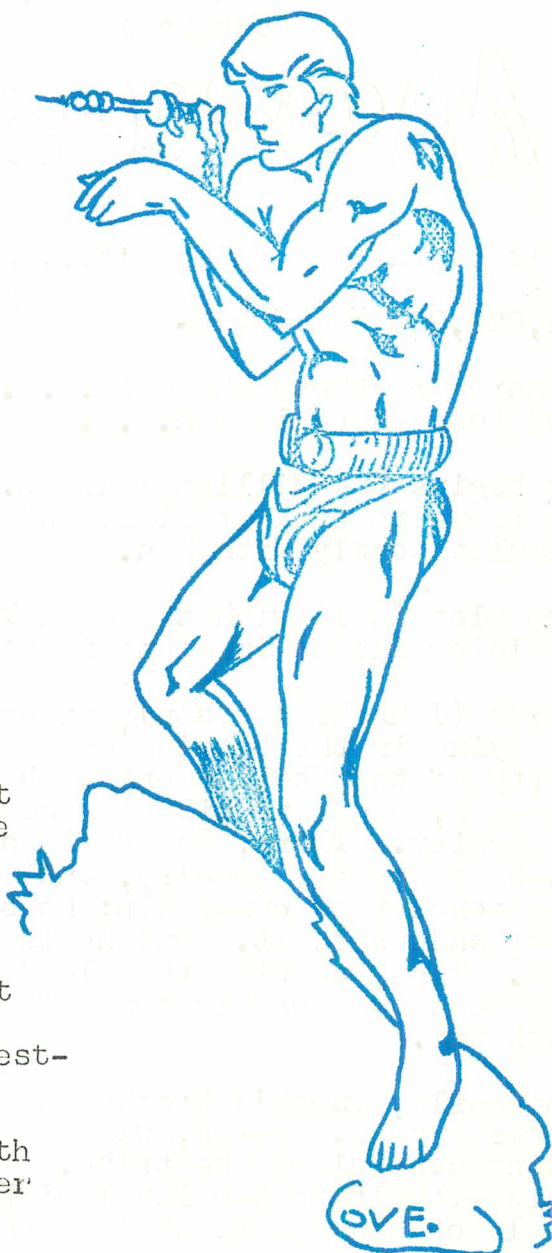
I enjoyed this. I don't know if anybody else will.

Edgar Rice Burroughs had something. I don't know what it was, but it made many of his books, badly written though they were, highly entertaining. Ralph Milne Farley and Otis Adelbert Kline wrote stories very similar to Burrough's at the same time that ERB was in his prime, and their stories bore me to tears. They didn't have what ERB had.

More recently, Edward P. Bradbury has sent his intrepid hero Michael Kane (not Caine) to the Red Planet with tedious results (in Warriors of Mars, Blades of Mars, and Barbarians of Mars, in case anybody is interested, all Lancer Books, 50¢) Bradbury doesn't have it either.

John Norman has it. The book has clumsy dialogue, a meandering plot, and thin characterization, but, ghod, it swings!

Tarl Cabot, abandoned at an early age by his father, grows up in a rather uneventful fashion and becomes an instructor at a small New England college. While camping one night, he receives a message from his father and is mysteriously transported to the planet Gor, which may or may not be in the same orbit as earth, but 180 degrees ahead of earth in orbit, so that it is hidden behind the sun. He is reunited with his father on Gor and becomes an expert fighter and tarnsman -- a rider of giant birds called "tarns." The planet is under the domination of mysterious "Priest-Kings", who move the planet from one solar system to another every million years or so. They return Cabot to earth at the end of the story. And right after he got the girl, too.



Ballantine is billing this as a "Fantasy Adventure."

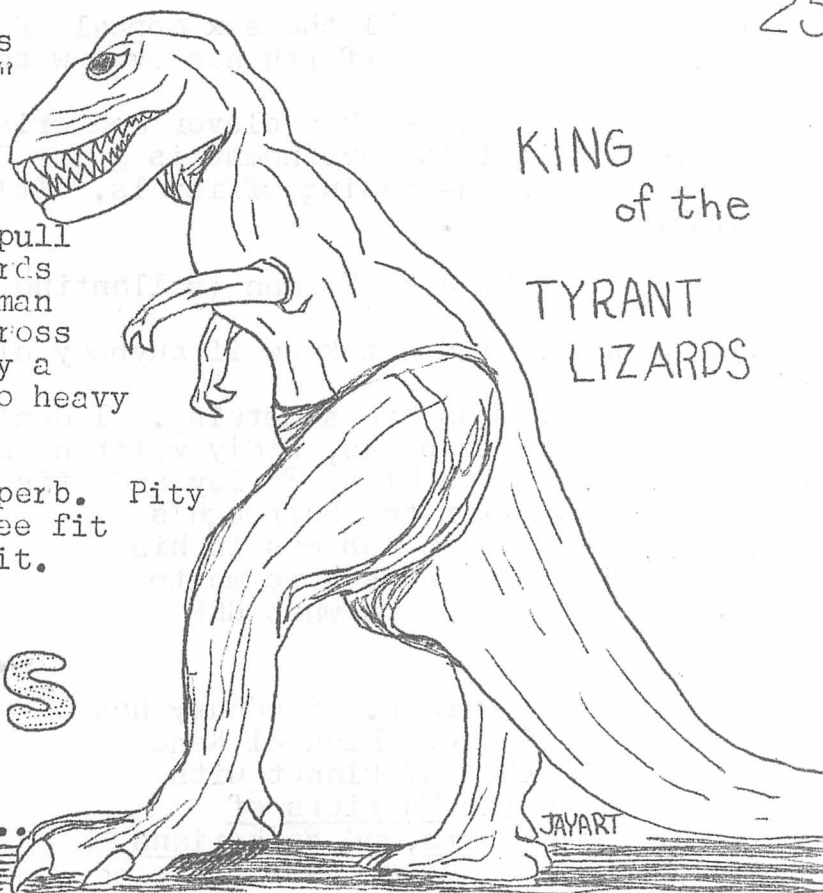
I don't know where the fantasy comes in, unless they have those impossible turns in mind. Gor has a gravitational pull equal to earth's, and birds large enough to carry a man couldn't fly. The Albatross is far too small to carry a man, and it is almost too heavy to get off the ground.

The cover painting is superb. Pity that Ballantine didn't see fit to let us in on who did it.

Hank Davis

MOVIES

KING
of the
TYRANT
LIZARDS



This is the way it wasn't...

1,000,000 YEARS B.C.

"There are those who wait. . . There are those who must kill to live, . . . And then there is man. . ."

So begins One Million Years B. C., the movie industries' latest attempt to prove to prehistorians and anthropologists that dinosaurs did exist simultaneously with Man.

The plot deals with the Rock Tribe and the Shell People, the former residing inland in mountain caves, the latter in seashore caverns.

Turak (John Richardson), an exiled member of the Rock Tribe resigned to dying in the blazing desert, stumbles upon a seashore and fishing party of the Shell People. Uanna (Raquel Welch), a lovely blond fisherwoman, comes to his aid and takes the fugitive to the Shell People's community. There, Turak finds many strange things, unknown to him, such as spears, jewelry, and sewing. Turak, however, fails to grasp the concept of ownership; he sees a spear, knows it as a superior weapon, and wants it. But he is denied the spear, and attempts to steal one. Then, despite the pleading of Uanna, he leaves the Shell People and sets out for his own tribe, taking Uanna, spear, and knowledge with him.

Meanwhile, Turak's brother has wrested control of the Rock Tribe from their father. Turak, with superior weaponry, defeats his brother and gains control of the tribe. Led by Turak, the Rock Tribe struggles to raise itself to the level of Uanna's people: Turak displays the principle of the spear, while Uanna teaches the Rock Tribe women how to sew.

Uanna is captured by a Pteranodon, and of course Turak must go rescue her. While he is gone, the evil brother recaptures control of the tribe. Turak rescues Uanna, and, warned by a young man from his tribe of the change, he recruits some warriors from the Shell People. The battle hardly begins when (don't they ever get tired of it?) a nearby volcano explodes, destroying the cave, and leaving only a handful of mixed survivors to start anew.

In the production of the film, plot is subordinated by the producers' desire to include an overabundance of Harryhausen's special effects. This line of thinking caused innumerable flaws. First, and most obvious, the dinosaurs. Even had the dinosaurs not been dead at least fifty million years before the first man, the countryside in which it was filmed could not have supported the dinosaurs used. Second, (as if dinosaurs were not enough) a five-foot tall spider was meandering about. Third, a group of ape-men were present that walked erect, and yet were covered with thick fur. These could have been omitted, and the theme developed as the struggle between the Neanderthals and the more skillful Cro-Magnon men. The seed was there: the Rock tribe was quite like a Neanderthal community, and the Shell People like

The filming techniques were more in order than the special effects; they weren't overdone. The most outstanding occurred just after the volcanic eruption. The filming from then until the end was done in black and white rather than color. This helped to emphasize the harsh world the survivors and their descendents were destined to conquer.

There was a single esthetic scene in the entire film: Uanna sheds a tear. Never before and never again in the movie did this happen, despite the suffering and the bestial environment which she endured. Turak had obviously never seen a tear before; perhaps no one until then in the history of man. They marked the evolution from beast to man, for only reason can know emotions, and will desire them.

- - James Reuss

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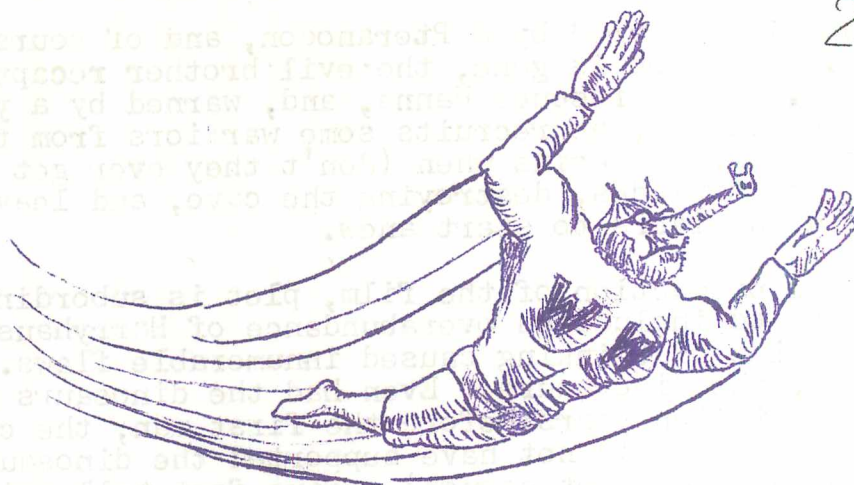
30 Letters I must answer
Fanzines strewn around the floor
No time now for Science Fiction
I don't read it anymore.

--Ye Olde Phan



WONDER WART HOG #1
Winter 1967 issue.
Millar Publishing Co.
Quarterly, 50¢

Superman started it all. He used to dash into the nearest phone booth for a quick change when the plot called for either Clark Kent or Superman. Although Superman would probably end up getting run in on a morals charge doing that these days, phone booths of the era



WONDER WART-HOG

before this one did afford quite a bit more privacy. There have been many supermen since Superman, and of late it has become fashionable to satirize the whole gang of them. Wonder Wart Hog is a radical departure from the standard superman type. He is a super wart hog. A common wart hog is an awesome beast even without extra endowments. It is almost futile to try and list Wonder Wart Hog's abilities as almost every episode uncovers even more superabilities. These include leaping over tall buildings at a single bound and surviving being killed. In appearance, Wart Hog is quite superhuman. The head though is strictly stylized hog. He has bristles on his scalp and rather small, for a hog, tufted ears. His long thin snout and dental equipment vary considerably at the whim of his creator, Gilbert Shelton. He is an animal humanized in a manner that Disney would never have dared. He is also smarter than the average wart hog. A giant among wart hogs, he is usually eight feet tall and seldom tips the scales at less than eight hundred pounds. He is engaged in a very strange symbiosis as he serves as the stuffing for Philbert Desanex, ace reporter who works at the Muthalode Morning Mungpie and the Muthalode Morning Mishap. For quick changes, he is given to dashing into the nearest W. C. which gives rise to the suspicion that Desanex has a complex. Even more strangely, even though Desanex does sometimes have a separate existence, Wart Hog is known to carry a thin Desanex along for quick changes. According to the introduction of #1, "A Word of Caution", Philbert discovered that he was stuffed with a Wart Hog in July of 1960. Also, Wart Hog wears a thin sort of mask or goggles, possibly these are special spectacles as hogs in general tend to have weak eyesight.

The bulk of this thin magazine is composed of short cartoon features. The first is, "Wonder Wart Hog meets Pie Man!" by Sheldon and Bell. Very likely this one is in the realm of science fiction as the villain, Pie Man, has carried the art of pie throwing far past the limits of modern technology. Wonder Wart Hog saves the day by heroically intercepting a pie flung at the president by Pie Man. The second short is rather slight of plot in light of the elaborate title, "Wonder Wart-Hog Meets the Merciless Masked Meany!" The Masked

Meany (who is also Super Psychiatrist on Sundays and holidays) is finally defeated by being buried under one hundred dozen lemon meringue pies. It is rather difficult to analyze the next bit which is narrative, rather than Komic. Perhaps it falls into a category similar to the old slogan of Mad magazine "Humor in a Juglar Vein". After several readings of Wonder Wart Hog meets Super Fool, there does seem to be a trifle of inadvertent humor as well as intended humor. Perhaps the best illustration of this is the hangover Wonder Wart Hog has could never be achieved by a mere mortal. There is a macabre humor in a hangover resulting from consuming six fifths of bourbon and eight turkeys at one sitting, which does seem to be an unholy ratio of intake to mass even for an eight hundred pound wart hog. "Wonder Wart Hog meets His Maker" by Shelton and Bell and Brown is on a strong religious theme as, it seems, there is a wart hog god, who turns out to be a practical joker. The story uses a very ancient literary device, the dream within a dream, since after all Wonder Wart Hog is immortal. The interesting point is brought up that the devil does not deal in wart hog souls.

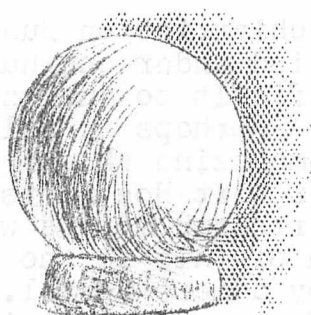
In "Wonder Wart Hog Visits the Ghetto" (Gilbert, Bell & Brown), there is only slight exaggeration. In this case giant rats are the villains.

"Everybody Seems To Be Going Over To Vietnam!" is strongly satirical of current comic strips and an obsolete one. Daddy Warbucks has a solution to the entire problem, simply purchase Southeast Asia. This is the one segment in the magazine where Wonder Wart Hog does not appear. "Wonder Wart Hog Goes a-Freedom Riding!" by Sheldon first appeared in Help magazine. Desanex is tarred and feathered and Wonder Wart Hog springs into action. Unfortunately he runs into another integration problem as in the last panel a counterman is saying, "Sorry, Boy! We don't serve Wart Hogs!" And, finally, we come to the "don't miss the next thrilling episode" department, the first installment of a Wonder Wart Hog science fiction serial, "Wonder Wart-Hog in the Battle of the Titans". Again by Shelton & Bell & Brown. This one is rife with pigs. Piltown Pig has arrived in modern times in a very unusual manner. He was hit on the head by a dinosaur fifty thousand years ago and thus hibernated in a most ersatz manner. Paranoid Punk Pig Is Wonder Wart Hog's kid brother. 739-61-46-108 is the name of the wart hog from the future. His time machine has an overly familiar appearance, although perhaps in fair comparison, an untutored aborigine would likely use a hub-cap to cool his soup. There is of course a tremendous elash of wills which results in terrific battles and intrigue of a low order. As this episode closes the hog of the future has gained the subservience of the antique hog and has in peacemaking killed Wonder Wart Hog and Paranoid Punk Pig with his zap gun. Obviously Sheldon, Bell and Brown will have to come up with a very singular literary device to continue the narrative.

According to an advertisement inside the backcover, Wonder Wart Hog is also a feature in Drag Cartoons magazine. Some of Shelton's cartoons have appeared in TRUMPET #2.

W. G. Bliss

THE



GAFF

James Alan Schumacher

PREFACE

Gaff (gaf) n. (British slang) A ruse, hoax. V. (slang, chiefly British), to cheat; hoax; trick.

gaffe (gaf) n. (French) A blunder

--Webster's New World Dictionary

The sign said:

FORTUNES TOLD

By Palm or Crystal Ball
\$2 - Madame Laura

It was safety-pinned to a shabby green, rain-stained canvas tent, not any cleaner than any other carnival tent nor any dirtier. The flap was pulled open from the inside and a teenage girl, giggling, joined her escort waiting by the sign; they walked away together, still giggling. The flap moved once more--a man's arm snaked out and hung a CLOSED poster over the sign. The arm retreated.

"How much did we clear today, hon?" the man asked when inside, rubbing his hands with delight. He was thirtyish, his age being hard to tell by his size; he barely stood five feet. He was extremely obese, he had weasly eyes submerged in folds of flesh, and he was dressed in an old piece of blue terry-cloth wrapped lengthwise around him and tied with a used decrepit piece of pastel gift-wrapping ribbon. He slithered, rather than walked, over to a table.

At the table sat a woman, whose most remarkable feature was her flaming red hair with deep black roots. She was dressed in yellow towel-ing, and an ugly blue cloth was wrapped around her head, fastened on top with a flaking rhinestone pin. She was, unlike her husband George (the man in the blue flannel terry-cloth) slight of frame, and had rather the appearance of an overgrown match: a blue and red head on top of a skinny yellow stick. She was counting dollar bills, and the colour of them went well with her complexion, in the flickering light of a citronella on the table. With an expert flourish she loudly popped each bill as she took it from the roll. George gave her an admiring gaze; when he had tried to pop dollar bills like that they had torn. Ah, well, that was George's luck. She flicked the last bill over her thumb and made a quick mental calculation.

"Three off for food, one for the candle.....Sixty-two dollars." She beamed five yellowed teeth at George, who responded with a similar loving smile. They were really a well-matched couple. He took off his turban (which was yellow) and, throwing it on the table, poured his massiveness into a nearby chair, which very distressingly creaked.

"That would be...uh...about a hundred and fifty for three nights. Not bad, eh sugar?" He reached over and pinched his wife's cheek.

"No, not bad, nor good either," she returned, getting up and placing the bills in a small suitcase. "Minus fifty for the tent, and we've got a hundred to last us a month, 'til we hit Rockford. I wish the suckers were more plentiful." She took a pack of cigarettes from a pocket in her robe and lit one.

"You know, I've been thinking," George said. You think we ought to get a new gaff, Laura?" He looked up earnestly. "We could run some other kind of booth..."

"Say!" said Laura, her face lighting up. "There's a spot open for a kissing booth--you know, the one Jenny Lisson had before she ran off and got married in Phoenix. I could sell kisses, and you take in the suckers' money."

George looked at Laura's face and shook his head, sighing. "I guess that's out. We'll have to keep thi--."

WHAT?" Laura screamed. "Don't think I could sell kisses if I wanted to? Of all the nerve!" She picked up the white billiard ball they had been using for a crystal and threw it at George.

Luckily it missed him, or there might be no more story. The ball hit the tent and caromed off as if it were a trampoline. It flew back to the table, knocking the citronella candle off, and fell onto the floor where it could distinctly be heard to crack on the concrete. The darkness enveloped the pair as the candle went out, and George could distinctly be heard cursing in the darkness.

"Laura!" he bellowed, after pronouncing several succulent phrases which this narrator has not bothered to record. "What the--"

"STOP," a deep voice suddenly boomed from out of the darkness. George stopped in mid-curse and Laura, dazed by the string of events, looked up from the floor, where she was groping on hands and knees for the candle.

"Who's there?" George roared, rather crossly. He was still upset.

"I AM HERE," the great voice boomed back. It came slowly and distinctly, and Laura could hear a rustling. "YOU WILL NOT SPEAK UNTIL YOU ARE GIVEN PERMISSION. I, KONAR, COME TO YOU FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS. WE HAVE GROWN TIRED OF YOUR UNDIGNIFIED EFFORTS TO EMBARRASS US BY THIS GAF...ER...THIS RISE YOU EMPLOY ON INNOCENT PEOPLE." (More rustling, closer to Laura; she backed away.) "WE DO NOT LIKE PEOPLE SUCH AS YOU TO CONFUSE OTHER PEOPLE IN REGARD TO SUCH MYSTERIES AS THE TELLING OF FORTUNES. YOU ARE COMMANDED TO STOP AND FIND A BUSINESS WHICH IS HON-

EST AND WHICH IS NOT REMOTELY CONNECTED WITH THE SPIRIT WORLD." (The rustling grew fainter.)

George found Laura and the two huddled closer together. "And what will happen if we don't?" asked George. He wasn't in the mood to believe the voice, but he wasn't stupid (or brave) enough to say something daring. "What if we don't believe you are from the spirit world?" Now there was a sneer in his tone, even in the dark.

"YOU MUST," the voice boomed louder than before. "IF YOU DO NOT REFRAIN FROM YOUR NEFARIOUS ACTIVITIES, WE SHALL PUNISH YOU BY FIRE, LIKE SO..." And with that the wall of the tent sprung into flames. George and Laura stared in horror at it. Once more the voice spoke. "THIS SHALL BE YOUR FIRST AND ONLY WARNING. DO NOT TRY OUR PATIENCE." By this time, the heat from the fire had grown so intense that they were shielding their faces from it. They saw the flap clearly outlined in the light of the blaze, and ran through scarcely stopping to open it. They stopped, panting and scared, about twenty feet away from the tent and watched it burn. They had not bothered to take out their clothes or money.

The next week a local cafe hired two new workers, a man and a woman, to wash dishes.

* * * * *

"Boy, Tony, that is one of the easiest jobs I have ever pulled. Imagine, just a speech!" Harry (the Rat) Regan sat with his feet on the table and rolled a toothpick around his mouth. Tony grinned as he expertly counted the bills, loudly popping each one with a flourish as he took it from the roll. Beside the suitcase on the table stood a gasoline can, a box of matches, and a battery-powered megaphone. "Them that lives by the sword, dies by the sword," Tony laughed.

END

If enough interest is shown to warrant its publication, the near future will witness the release of a one-issue magazine devoted entirely to Jules Verne,-- entitled "Dakar", the meaning of which is known to all Verne fans. Areas will be covered never fully discussed before and there will be some new material published for the first time. It will be totally unlike anything ever published on Verne before. It will be of the highest quality and worth collecting.

If you, or anyone you know, is interested in profusely- illustrated "Dakar", send a post card with your name and address to:

Mr. Ronald Millar (member, Société Jules Verne, Paris), 2836 Kingsrowe Ct., Columbus, Ohio 43209 or Mr. Lawrence Knight, 878 Lemore, Columbus, Ohio 43224 and you will receive full information.

OZARKON 2

CON REPORT

Thursday night before the Ozarkon was a busy time for St Louis fandom. Odd was being collated at the Fisher's apartment, Starling was being collated at the Couches' house, and the Ozarkon Program Booklet was being published. Doug Lovenstein arrived early, Thursday evening, for the convention, and soon found himself in front of a desk, drawing the cover for the Program Booklet, while Norbert, Leigh, Lesleigh, Chris, and Mike Couch, and Hank Luttrell labored at various tasks. While Hank was in another room, various Couches stapelled the program booklet together with one page in backwards. Hank was irritated only when it seemed that no one at the convention noticed. . .

About the program -- to quote from the program booklet, "The program this year has been planned to be quite informal and unhurried. Our aim is to combine some of the best features of the very informal Midwescon in Cincinnati, which has practically no program, and the convention with heavier programmed schedules." We wanted to bring some program to the midwest, but wanted to preserve an informal, congenial atmosphere.

Friday, the first day of the convention, scheduled programming began at 8:00 in the evening. Before that, the day had been spent in saying hello to fans as they arrived, looking over the books and magazines placed on sale by various hucksters, and generally getting into The Mood. The item of program mentioned earlier was Paul Westover's excellent slide-illustrated lecture on astronomy. Paul presented this at last year's convention, also. This year the slides, improved both in quality and number, proved very impressive and Paul's talk once again proved very interesting. After the lecture, OSFA's welcome party began -- and lasted long into the night. Roger and Judy Zelazny arrived about 10:15. Mike Montgomery walked around telling evil puns. ("An engineer designed a road up a mountain, a toll road. The engineer wanted the road to be a work of art, so he decided to build a fountain at the top of the mountain. But there wasn't enough money, so the state authorities wouldn't allow it. One night he and a construction crew built it anyway, under cover of darkness. When caught and brought before a judge, it was explained to him that one can't make a fountain out of a toll hill!") Harold Steele tinted his newly grown mustache purple with a magin marker.

Saturday, we had a banquet at one in the afternoon. We managed to have really excellent relations with the management. The meal was quite good, cost only \$4.50, and we were allowed to give the management only a very general idea of the number who were going to attend, while selling tickets up to the last minute. After the banquet, Roger Zelazny gave his guest of honor speech -- the text of which is included in this report. We had a reporter from one of the St. Louis dailies at the banquet and the speech -- she was scribbling furiously the whole time, and later used quite a few of her notes in a very good article on the convention. After the speech, we had an art auction. OSFA owes a sincere thanks to artists Jack Gaughan, Bob Gersman, and Doug Lovenstein, and autioneer Chester Malon for the success of this event. Purchasers included Roger Zelazny, Warren James, Andy Jackson, Chris Couch; Dan Chapman, Ray Fisher, Bob Gersman, Doug Lovenstein, Leigh Couch, Harold Steele, Chester Malon, Hank Luttrell, and Mike Montgomery. The total income was about \$65. The highest was for a Gaughan painting, \$17.75. Saturday night we showed some movies. Originally we planned to show only a Flash Gordon feature and a few shorts. However, popular opinion prevailed and, this year, like last, Metropolis was shown. Rich Wannen, who supplied both the Flash Gordon and Metropolis from his private collection, has supplied reviews of both these movies as part of the Ozarkon report. Late Saturday, of course, another party. Weird things happened Saturday night, too: puns and strange-colored whiskers and interesting and -- sometimes -- strange conversations.

Sunday was the quiet day. The major event was the OSFA meeting; business was conducted, officers were nominated, and plans were laid for the annual OSFA picnic. Then it became a matter of packing, good-byes, and departures.

The members of the convention generally enjoyed themselves -- and that, certainly, was the purpose of the get-together. Do come next year.

* * * * *

The program went really well this year. But there are areas that could have been different without too much trouble that would have made an improvement. Friday afternoon was kind of dead. People were arriving all day, hucksters setting up their stuff, people thinking about buying that stuff were beginning to look through it. But perhaps it might have been better if there had been something going on for a while in the way of official program. Something going on that would not break any hearts if missed -- many people didn't arrive until late Friday. Something like movies. We had planned to have some type of book/magazine auction Sunday, but it became apparent that there wasn't really enough interest for that sort of thing, so we just sold what items we had to those who were interested at what we felt was a fair price. We might try an auction of this type next year, but we'll have to organize it differently.

-- Hank Luttrell & Chris Couch

OZARKON #2 REGISTRATION:

001 Roger Zelazny	024 Paul Westover	045 Mickey Rhodes
002 Judy Zelazny	025 Charles Kieskalt	046 Diana Rhodes
003 Rich Wannen	026 James Schumacher	047 Ron Whittington
004 Hank Luttrell	027 Linda Worley	048 J. Andrew Jackson
005 Leigh Couch	028 Paula Worley	049 Neal J. Conan
006 Norbert Couch	029 Sylvia Tzinberg	050 Hob Broun
007 Ray Fisher	030 Dan Chapman	051 Keith Lammers
008 Joyce Fisher	031 Ken Sorogan	052 Richard Byers
009 Lesleigh Couch	032 Kerry Brouk	053 Greg Shank
010 Chris Couch	033 PanPacificon	054 Donna Mathews
011 John Steele	034 Warren James	055 Edward Kessell
012 Jim Hall	035 Sim Pearce	056 Gary Cobb
013 Mike Couch	036 Doug Lovenstein	057 Bob Gersman
014 Harold Steele	037 Richard Gordon	058 Marcella Gersman
015 Genevieve Steele	038 Jim Reuss	059 Allan Logan
016 Edward Steele	039 Wayne Finch	060 Ron Lizarty
017 Larry Steele	040 Creath Thorne	061 Ken Lizarty
018 Douglas Clark	041 David Oliver	062 Bob Schoenfeld
019 Banks Mebane	042 Westercon XX	063 Chuck Limbaugh
020 Dannie Plachta	043 Chester Malon	064 Dave Hall
021 Mike Montgomery	044 Rose Steele	065 Earl & Gail Thompson
022 Mike Appel		
023 Tom Appel		

MIDWESCON CON REPORT

by Lesleigh Couch & Hank Luttrell

We were all around the kitchen table, looking uncomfortably at a tape recorder in the middle, wondering what to say and where to begin. We -- Leigh, Norbert, Lesleigh & Chris Couch and Hank Luttrell -- had just a short time ago returned from the 1967 Midwescon. Mike Couch, the youngest Couch, had also been to the convention, but he wasn't in the kitchen -- he had already gone to bed. We intended to each record some comments -- everything we could think of -- about what went on at the Midwescon. We intended to use the tape as working notes from which to write a convention report. We recommend the procedure. It may not help to write convention reports, but it is a lot of fun* Onward!:

We departed for Cincinnati at a terribly late hour Thursday night and

* * * *

*In case you're interested, here's how this report was written: Lesleigh wrote a long, personal report on the convention for her apazine, using to some extent the tape that we recorded. Then I used her report, and what I remembered myself, to write this -- lifting some parts of her report unchanged, or almost so. A collaboration. -- HL

proceeded to find and navigate a most winding highway of the impersonal designation 50. It wound its way slowly and foggily through Illinois and Indiana, very boring. On the way back, for some of us our 8th trip through flat Illinois countryside, we decided that it would be a good idea to tear out the center section of the state and pull the edges closer together.

We arrived in Cincy about 8 am, and promptly proceeded to get lost. This was to be expected as we had made the 300 mile trip there without losing our way. Actually, the reason we did get lost was the incredible ambiguousness of the map provided by the Cincy group. Probably, if you had known your way around Cincinnati quite well, you'd have found the map almost understandable. We finally arrived.

We spent practically all of the remaining morning bothering the desk inquiring about other people attending the convention. In that way we met an old gentleman by the name of Ben Keifer--who has been coming to cons for ages--and new comers Doug Lovenstein and George Foster. We called Charlie and Marsha Brown, who said that everyone would probably go to the pool. The only fannish looking people around were 3 girls with varying lengths of hair--all long--wearing bikinis--all skimpy. These turned out to be Marsha and Sheila Brown and Cory Seidman. Charlie was there too. Later Lou Tabakou appeared in bright yellow bathing trunks and took registrations.

Fans gradually arrived all that afternoon -- notably the Columbus group, our rivals for the 1969 Worldcon. Oddly enough, they managed to draw a room directly across from the St. Louis suite. We ate dinner together that evening. Names that come to mind out of the large (16) Columbus group are Larry Smith, Rod Goman, Dick Byers, John Ayotte and Jodi Cavander.

After dinner we wandered around in different directions. Drinking and talk in various places, like the Cincy suite, our suite, Charlie Brown's suite. Hank talked to some people about the worldcon bid -- mostly he asked questions, like "um -- really, wouldn't you rather come to St. Louis? I think I would, I mean. . ." Some answered; yah, I guess I'd rather come to St. Louis. Lots answered, well, it really doesn't make any difference to me. I don't plan to leave the convention hotel, anyway. So Hank smiled and tried to assure them that they'd have fun within the convention hotel in St. Louis -- and, why don't you make it a point to meet us, the St. Louis bunch, and the Columbus bunch, and get to know us -- you'll want to, before you can support one of us for the con site. Like that is what he would tell them. . .

In Charlie Brown's room, Juanita Coulson and Dave Van Arnham talked about Star Trek. . .once, in a hall, a couple with pointed ears were heard to remark, "Why did we have to come to earth for our vacation?" In the Cincy room, Andy Porter came in with Mike McInerney and remarked that the "pure of heart Cincy girls had been staring at Mike, even a carload of guys had turned to stare at the New York beatnik." Mike replied, "A New York beatnik? Where?" Saturday afternoon we went to the banquet. Ted White and Bill Mallardi and Arnie Katz and Lee Hoffman and Andy Porter and Lou Tabakou said things about the Pongs --

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Hugos -- Fan Achievement Awards. In either tightly controlled annoyed sounding voices, or rather uncontrolled annoyed sounding voices. Not really a terribly good scene.

Saturday night the Columbus group and the St. Louis group held their bidding parties -- across the hall from each other. People wandered back and forth. How does one tell about a fan party? -- Juanita Coulson and some others went into a back room in the suite to sing folk songs. Dannie Plachta and Dean McLaughlan sat on a bed for quite a while talking about things like who is the best editor in the science fiction field? Fred Pohl. . . well certainly one of the most successful. Mike Moorcock? The most artistic, perhaps. That type of conversation. Later Dannie planted himself on the floor -- right where he found Ray Beam stepping on him everytime Beam wandered through for more booze -- and talked to Arnie Katz about the Marcon and fanzine publishing and like that. Norbert Couch did a superhuman job of bartending in the kitchenette. Some semi-collapsed person crawled out of the Columbus party and down the stairs while onlookers offered encouragement. The pointy ears couple departed, the man carrying the woman who was shouting "I'm a fakefan!" Juanita Coulson, as she was getting ready to leave, noticed a shoe sticking out from under a bed. She kicked at it, thinking to push it under the bed where it wouldn't be stepped on. She was rather surprised when it began to move of its own accord. It turned out to be attached to one of Ray Beam's kids. After finding a body under one of our beds, we just had to consider the party a success.

The party finally broke up in the St. Louis suite around 6:00 in the morning. At that time, the number had dwindled until only Arnie Katz, Andy Porter, Dannie Plachta, Mike McInerney, Donna Mathews, Larry Smith, Norbert, Chris & Lesleigh Couch and Hank Luttrell were left. The party in the Columbus room had broken up considerably earlier.

The next morning -- Sunday -- after considerably less sleep than humans can effectively operate on, everyone was up and walking around a bit. Buck & Juanita Coulson, Rick Brooks, Bill McDermet, Dannie Plachta and a few others wandered through our room that morning. We said goodbye to everyone we could find. We piled things into the car until there wasn't really room for us, and found our way slowly back through Cincinnati and toward St. Louis over the wonderful US 50.

St. Louis IN 1969!

THE GUEST OF HONOR SPEECH

ROGER ZELAZNY

Now, I really don't have a title for my talk. The bases for it are some comments by some other writers in the area, to the effect that Science Fiction writers and Science Fiction fans have a sort of "ghetto" mentality, that Science Fiction is apart from the main current of literature, and that this is really a false notion because we are as much a part of the main current of things as any popular modern novelist we see reviewed in the New York Time Literary Supplement, where we are very seldom seen. They say that Science Fiction writers should attempt to divorce themselves from this notion and realize that they are as much a part of the mainstream as anyone else.

I happen to disagree with this. I believe that we are apart from the mainstream, we're a separate thing; and, in order to give you my reasons for this, I'm going to have to lay a little groundwork, which, unfortunately, might make me sound like a Freshman Lit. Instructor. But I do want to bridge a few millenia and go back to the basis of literature as we know it in Western Culture and trace it just a wee bit -- and I will bring this to bear upon my ^{subject} by and by.

Now, once upon a time there were a lot of gods who had something in common: This was the fact that they died and were mutilated, and were resurrected. Now, they were generally worshipped in the area about the Mediterranean. Their names were. . . Oh, there were many of them: Attis, Osiris, Tammuz. And the people who worshipped them, according to anthropologists and classical scholars, tended to do this in a rather mimetic fashion. Now, some say that these deities were pretty much a solar myth. That is, that their deaths and their resurrections represented the passage of the sun through the seasons of the year; and that when the winter came and everything died, this, in a sense, was the death of the god. Once spring came, and the green came out again, things lived, and this was the resurrection. Primitive man does have a tendency to personify natural forces, and many gods were born around this area who had this thing in common, who went through this cycle

Now, the worship of these gods -- it would appear, from everything we know about the area today -- was, at first, something on the order

of a person's getting up and, wearing a mask which represented the god, reciting the story, the story of what had happened to the god. Mimesis. Imitation of an action. This gradually evolved so that, in time, there were several people represented, perhaps the person who slew and mutilated the god, as well as the god himself -- the protagonist and the antagonist -- and a bit of dialogue exchange might have followed. It has been said that a fellow named Thespis wrote the first plays. Unfortunately, nothing remains concerning Thespis but his name and the fact that people say he did this thing. The first fellow to really come on the scene and take advantage of this form of worship and to turn it into something which was ~~still~~ religious in nature, but **also** possessed literary significance of the highest order, was Aeschylus. He was followed by Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. Now, what happened was that at this point tragedy and comedy came into being. This was done by separating the two portions of the myth of the dying god. The tragic rhythm, which is represented by a certain passion, a certain perception, a certain catastrophe, was removed from this whole cycle and represented as tragedy. The comic spirit, in a technical sense, was the joyous reawakening, the spring-time sensation.

The tragedy normally involved certain supernatural powers, but its protagonist was a man, a very noble man, who had one tragic flaw, one thing about him which could be a metaphor for any and all human flaws. And, as a result of this, all the catastrophic powers which walked the world ultimately came to bear upon him and destroyed him. This was the death of the individual, the greatest tragedy which the individual is capable of considering.

Comedy, on the other hand, represented the continuance, the triumph of life over death. But this was not continuance for the individual; it was the continuance for the species. This triumph was not so much a personal one as a racial one. The great tragedies were supposed to produce a sense of catharsis, feelings of pity and feelings of fear which were evoked in the people who watched the tragic action; and this, in a sense, cleansed them. Now, the comedy also produced a sort of catharsis. But this was a different thing. It was a feeling of the joy of continuance, a sort of immortality. In all the surviving comedies we ultimately have some character who comes out carrying a big phallic pole and places it in the middle of the scene -- and everybody then gathers 'round and indulges in an orgy. This, of course, survives in modern literature -- even in the most popular media, the motion picture and television -- where a comedy usually ends in a marriage. Essentially, symbolically, it is the same notion, changed only slightly for mass consumption.

This cycle, these themes, continued through what I consider the four great turning points in the history of ideas in the western world: these being the Classical innovation, the Christian revolution, the Renaissance, and the Romantic movement, which latter is still with us.

Friedrich Nietzsche claimed that the two spirits which are present in our classic tragedy are the spirits of Dionysius and Appollo, the two gods, the god of order, and the god of chaos and revelry: Tragedos and Comedos. These two spirits inform just about everything we

write, everything we read, everything we consider literature, whether it's Literature with a capital "L", or popular literature. They are sometimes at war, and sometimes one triumphs, sometimes the other. 39 The technical meaning of tragedy is not. . . well, for an example, if a small child locks himself into a refrigerator and closes it, suffocates to death; people say, "That's very tragic". Well, technically it isn't; it's, speaking precisely, pathetic -- for while it does evoke a feeling of pity or sympathy, it certainly does not produce fear. We don't identify with the child; we wouldn't close ourselves into an icebox, ordinarily. A comedy, normally, basically, has a happy ending -- whether it's Dante's Divine Comedy which begins in hell and ends in heaven or Tom Jones.

Now, these are the tensions, the rhythms which are present -- the tragic and the comic. The tragedy itself reappeared in the time of the Elizabethans---Hamlet, Lear, Marlowe's Faust---and there is this imitation of the action again, there is this figure who is, in a sense, greater than the ordinary man, who suffers great passion, who comes into an insight, and who subsequently suffers a catastrophe. Now when a figure in a tragedy is dead, he is dead; and that is it: period. There is no more continuance for him as an individual. This is why many people say, and I agree; that the presence of Christianity precludes the notion of tragedy, because a tragedy posits the totality of existence within a specific time and space, and when that existence ends there is no after life; the individual is dead and that is it. There was criticism of the tragedy on this ground when it was revived in Elizabethan times. For it does, implicitly, deny the fact that there is divine justice. This guy is a rat, a villain, a fink, you have to kill him now, you have to make him suffer now, and here. You can't wait and let him go to Hell to be punished for his crime. There is a requirement that he be slain here on earth, made to suffer here and now, and this of course, is a non-Christian notion.

Now, that I've laid this much groundwork, as to the notions of tragedy and comedy and their presence-in whatever attenuated form they may exist-in any literature, I would like to, for a moment, refer to a work of criticism, a rather weighty tome, but worthwhile, rewarding if you take the time to go through it, called An Anatomy of Criticism by Northrop Frye, in which the author sets up a series of categories which I think will be of value to our discussion.

Mr. Frye classifies characters in accordance with four modes he believes exist in any form of literature. And these are the Mythic Mode, the High Mimetic Mode, the Low Mimetic Mode, and the Ironic Mode. Now I'll tell you what they mean.

In the Mythic Mode the main character, or characters, are greater than men. They're also greater than the natural forces which control the universe: they are, in effect, gods. They are the characters who occur in myths, in Scriptural writing, and who put in appearances in ethical writing, and occasionally in classical drama.

Now, in the High Mimetic mode we have characters who are greater than ordinary men -- they're kings -- but the Greek word used there doesn't really mean king in the Medieval sense. They're sort of great land owners, people highly respected in their community, people who exercise some measure of authority, characters who still have a slight

trace of the Mythic Mode about them, too, for they are often referred to as having some measure of control over natural forces. In Euphrates Oedipus Rex you hear references to a blight being upon the land because something is wrong with the king. This is the sort of character you run into in the High Mimetic Mode; someone who is greater than other people and can sometimes have a reputation for slaying a monster, or controlling some natural force.

Now, the Low Mimetic Mode has been with us since about the nineteenth century in most of our fiction. This is the thing which involves a character who is not superior to other men, who is not superior to nature. He is the character in most of the realistic and naturalistic novels we have with us today.

Now, in the Ironical Mode, the final one to which Mr. Frye refers, we have characters who are not only not greater than natural forces, not greater than their fellow men -- they aren't even equal to their fellow men. They are inferior. These are the people you'll find in the works of Beckett, Ionesco, Kafka. They are Charlie Chaplin going around a department store on roller skates.

So these are the four categories. Now, there is a strange thing about them. They are not considered a hierarchy, but rather a cycle. The Ironical Mode -- where a character is less than his fellow man -- sort of feeds back into the Mythic Mode. You'll find that when you have a grotesque person who does strange things, and who is kicked about and acted upon, and to whom inexplicable things happen, he strangely assumes the aura of a figure in a myth, of someone who in some way just might be a god-figure, an archetypal image.

I'll leave this for just a moment now and return to it shortly. It has been said that tragedy and myth or scripture -- or epic -- is impossible in a Democracy or a good Socialism, because these political systems have built into them an inherent notion that all men are equal. Consequently, this rather precludes considering a figure like Hamlet, King Lear, Coriolanus, Orestes, in modern literature. We, normally, since the nineteenth century, have been writing about figures in the Low Mimetic Mode. In recent years we have been going more and more into the Ironical Mode. But we've left the other two pretty much out of things in the main current of writing.

The distinction I think is here: Science Fiction has not abandoned the High Mimetic Mode. It is, in this sense, aristocratic. The characters in Science Fiction stories, the backgrounds which are set up, and the worlds explored in Science Fiction are ones in which you can posit gods, if you wish -- you can have them operate and affect the characters; also, the notion of the hero has continued in Science Fiction. There was a whole rash of stories some years back involving mutants. These people were able to control physical environment as well as the actions of others about them. They were clearly superior. This did open a way, if anyone cared to try, to write a tragedy in the Science Fiction medium. Someone is going to counter with a question 'Why didn't they?' I'll answer that, but I wanted to first draw this distinction between the mainstream and that area in which Science Fiction writers work; that area in which maybe a few hundred thousand people enjoy reading, in answer to Harlan Ellison, Ted White

and others, who insist that we are part and parcel of the main current of things.

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We're not. It's as simple as that. We're writing in a different mode. I don't say that all Science Fiction stories are in the High Mimetic Mode, but a good percentage are. The British writers are going into exploring the Ironic mode. Good. I consider Ballard of this tradition, and I like Ballard.

Now, I would like to, in a sense, vindicate Science Fiction writers for not having explored the full potential of the High Mimetic Mode, and while I have just said, or sort of agreed, that we live in a "ghetto", I'm going to attempt to say that this has given us a great potential, yet to be realized, and I will try to point my finger at something at least to show that we are moving in that direction.

Science Fiction, of course, began in the pulp magazines in the late twenties, ran through the thirties, the forties -- the depression, the war years -- and, as such, was pretty much a product of the restrictions of the pulp magazines. These restrictions were quite severe. Things like sex were tabu in the stories, and the writers had to write pretty much what the editors wanted -- formula stories -- if they wanted to sell their stuff. Otherwise, they'd be writing for themselves alone. So they conformed, and they went along with it, in order to write something they enjoyed a bit more than detective stories or westerns. And, after a time, the Science Fiction market burgeoned. There was a great plather of Science Fiction magazines all over the place, and it was natural that the bust eventually followed. Many of the magazines folded and left us with just a few. But there were many writers who had committed themselves to the area, and the market suddenly became highly restricted and much more competitive than it had been. So, they were forced to resort to the alternative of writing more and more for the paperback books. This was the first step, I think, in the direction in which we are still moving today. They were freed at that point, freed from many of the restrictions which the magazines placed upon them. At first, many of them continued to write the same sort of thing they had been writing for the magazines because they were used to it. Gradually they began to experiment more. Now there are many of them who do not write for the magazines at all. They write for hard cover and paperback books exclusively, and they find that there is freedom, freedom which they didn't realize they had. All that time, freedom to do whatever they darn please. And now, we also have new writers who came into the area in recent years, who have moved into this medium and inherited this recent sense of freedom; and I believe they have also inherited the means of producing something which may be great literature. I feel that we are going to see some genuine tragedies and comedies, in the strict classical sense of the word, in the area. I can only point at two which in my opinion, come close to it right now.

I believe that Theodore Sturgeon's novel More Than Human, with which many of you are familiar, came close to a genuine tragic vision at one point. For those of you who don't know the plot outline, basically there is a group of mutated individuals, each of whom possesses one particular psychic ability, and when they all come together and work together, they establish a sort of psychic rapport, which, in a sense,

turns them into a gestalt -- one organization, one entity, with many abilities. The one individual who is the brains of this group, or the director, I should say, once destroyed a human being, a man who could have been a genius: he wrecked this man's life completely. How, in the end this man is rescued, brought back to normal by a girl who is a member of the group, who is able to get inside the mind of a man and see exactly what's there. She forces him to get inside the mind of this man he has hurt. Suddenly, for the first time in his life, this director realizes that there is a sort of morality to which he, too, owes some sort of allegiance. He experiences a genuine pity for this man whom he has destroyed. He comes close to something like a tragic catharsis.

I'm not going to try to rewrite Sturgeon, but I would have done it a little differently myself, for there is hope for that man who was broken: he is on his feet again and he is going to become a "useful" member of society. I probably would have written the scene with the man on his deathbed, and this realization by the director as the last thing before the man's death. Whatever...

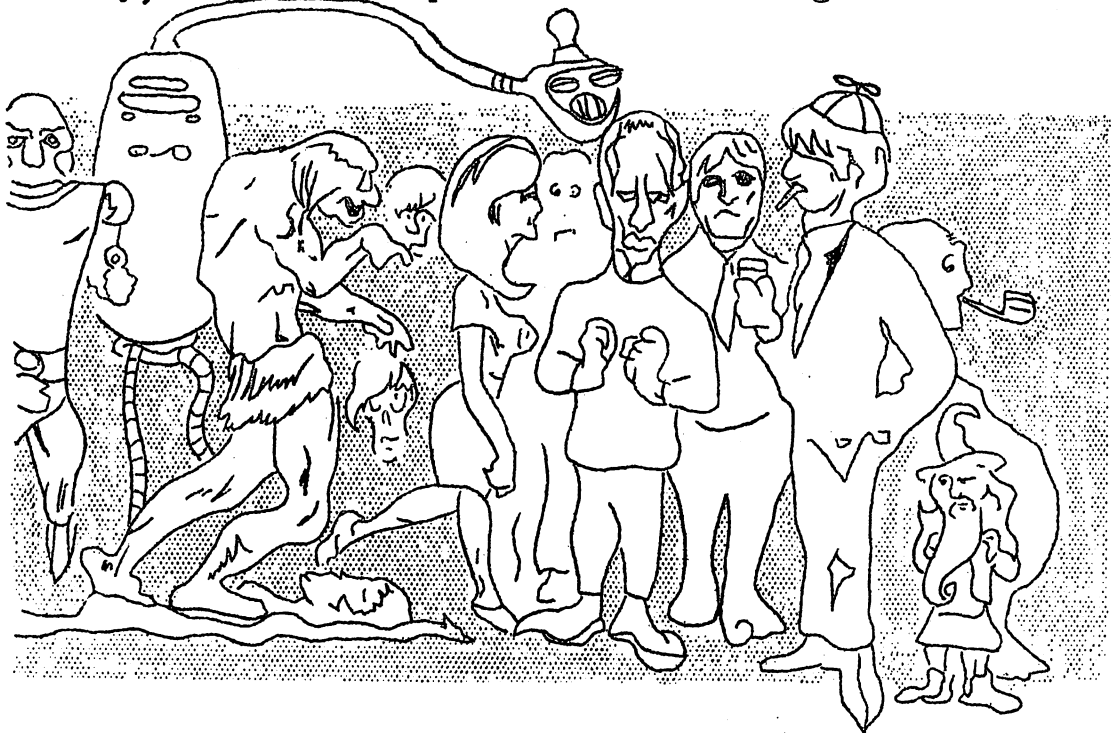
This, I contend, is very close: it's moving in that direction.

I said there were two works, though. The other one is Childhood's End by Arthur C. Clarke. Here, again, I'll just go briefly into the plot. We have a situation where Earth is visited by creatures from another place, creatures who correspond in appearance to the devils out of Christian tradition. They have horns and they have tails. When they appear, though, they're not malevolent; they're here on Earth primarily as observers. They're waiting for something to happen. Actually, what they're waiting for is the next step in the evolution of the human race. And this does occur in a few generations. A generation of children is born who possess strange abilities. As they mature, they establish a sort of psychic bond so that they share one great mass mind. The creatures who resemble devils are a race, who, for some reason which is never explained, are denied this step in their own evolution. They travel around the universe finding races which are about to mature into this next stage, and they act sort of as midwives to them at the time of their birth. Now, as it would happen, there is one Earth man who is very curious as to the place of origin of these demon-like creatures. He manages to stow away aboard one of their ships and go to their home planet. He is there discovered, of course, and they explain to him what is about to occur. In his absence, the children, who have now reached and passed adolescence, have withdrawn themselves from society into a sort of community of their own; and the old human race, which realizes that something fearful is happening, enters into a series of suicidal wars and pretty much annihilates itself. At this point, the children are about to depart the Earth. They no longer require the physical bodies they inhabit. They unite themselves into one vast golden being, and their last act in departing is to destroy the world, which has now served its purpose. Now, the man who stowed away aboard the ship which took him to the planet of the creatures is, at this time, offered the hospitality of these creatures. He may spend the rest of his life on their planet, they tell him. He declines the offer, and he asks to be returned to Earth. He is a concert pianist; he is a Negro; he is a man who realizes what is happening, and he sees no further reason for his own ex-

istence. His last act is to set up a piano and to begin playing as the Earth is destroyed. Everything falls apart about him, and he continues; and that's it. The great golden creature destroys the world and departs. This is the end of man's childhood; he has now become this great, golden thing. 43

Now, in a classical sense, it would be hard to -- at least I would be hard put to -- say whether it is a tragedy or a comedy. I suppose it would be a comedy, in that it represents the continuance of the species, the triumph over the death-rhythm you see in tragedy. But I can't really identify with this great creature which destroys people such as myself. So, while it may be a comedy if that creature were writing the story, for me. . . I consider it very close to a tragic vision when the last man is sitting there playing the piano and realizing all these things. He, of course, fears the end which, of course, is at hand. He, of course, has pity for all his fellows who have perished, who will never exist again. And he is destroyed. That, I feel, is the other example of coming close to what I think is a tragic vision in the Science Fiction area. This obviously could not have been done in what people refer to as the main current of literature. It required an artificial background such as could only be supplied by someone who is writing a "ghetto" story, if you want to call it that. These are the only two I can think of right now, but I think they indicate the possibilities within the area. I think that rather than being a bad thing, our insularity, our appendix-like position in the body of literature is a good thing, and I feel that it will eventually result in more stories of this ilk.

Now this, basically, is my whole thesis for today, this my answer to those who say, 'We are not apart': We have the gods on our side.



Cover of the Ozarkon Program Booklet, drawn by Doug Lovenstein, as printed in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The FILMS

FLASH GORDON - Universal (1936) - Produced by Henry MacRae - Directed by Frederick Stephani - Scenario by Stephani, Basil Dickey, George Plympton, & Ella O'Neill - 75 Minutes.

METROPOLIS - Paramount (1926) - Produced by Ufa Films - Directed by Thea von Harbou - Original idea by Lang and von Harbou.

No two films from sci-fi's "early" period of cinema expression could be more different than FLASH GORDON and Fritz Lang's METROPOLIS. Yet both emerge as entertaining and technically polished products, for their time, and (if received in the proper spirit) should provide the film fancier with much material for his imagination.

The difference in the two films should be obvious. The Lang piece is a film of social protest and prophecy, designed to put forth the problems of the capitalist system and the worker movement against the system, and to offer a solution. FLASH GORDON, on the other hand, is pure escapism, full of fantasy and action, the theme being (if any "theme" were ever in the mind of the authors) the simple faith of men in the ultimate triumph of "the good."

I'll deal with FLASH first, as it was the film offering of Czarkon II; METROPOLIS was brought in at the last minute, on the insistence of Warren James. For those not at Czarkon, the FLASH GORDON shown was not the complete, 13-episode serial, but rather the feature-length version released a few months after the serial. I admire this film both for its dramatic effect and for its representation of the art of editing. The latter is important when one considers that the original serial was some 4½ hours in length. The editing on feature is not the best to be seen on the screen to be sure. However, when one considers that a four-man team of editors had been employed to form the serial into its 13 episodes, the job of cutting away some 3½ hours more of film and still arriving with a coherent feature, must stand as some sort of credit to the profession. It is apparent that the editors involved did not just confine their work to eliminating large scenes or events; fight sequences were trimmed in what must have been a case of frame-by-frame examination. And what emerged is a coherent feature film; the plot is logical with the exception of only one or two minor points, which anyone with imagination should be able to overlook or excuse. I refer mainly to the fact that none of the villainous parties ever attempted to do away with Dr. Zarkov; and a question as to why Flash, in the first reel, blasts off in one of King's warships to do battle with the Lion Men. A few feet of film more left from the serial might have helped clear up this point. And there were one or two spots in which a bit of action cuts away abruptly, producing a somewhat laughable effect.

But I find these bits of imperfection not distracting, when the film is looked at as a whole. Not just from the point of view that the editors had one helluva job to perform, but also from the point of view that the story (in its technical/dramatic sense) is quite charming⁴⁵ and enjoyable. It is a case of escapism at its best. Flash is the all-American hero of the comic strip, and of our imagination; Dale is the all-American heroine; and Ming is a most despicable villain. Personally, my favorites are King Thun of the Lion Men and King Vultan of the Hawk Men; Thun for his proud stance and his rich baritone voice (he being played by one of the silent screen's former Tarzan's, and one of the '30s better Hollywood makeup men, Jim Pierce); and Vultan (John Lipson) because he reminds me of a fraternity brother now studying in Texas -- lecherous, given to excess, but still living by a code of honor divorced of selfish desires, and willing to fight for his friends. All the characters appear in this simplified yet recognizable pattern; they are, really, the people we see on the street or meet only occasionally; we don't see the problems of their lives or the personality quirks, except where those quirks are important to the story. The story, of course, concerns the events and adventures befalling Flash and friends as they attempt to save the world.

In a dramatic aspect, the film has much to offer. A variety of faces, a variety of animals and buildings and cities and scientific (in a sense) devices, all catering to the imagination. The actors play it perfectly straight; no smirking glances at the oh-so-sophisticated audience or double entendres. Some of the spacial sequences are a bit phony, but others are tremendously well executed. The music is scored from various sources, classical and non-classical, picking the most dramatic tones to enhance the dramatic events. Costumes and sets are in a semi-oriental motif, ala the original comics, perhaps reflecting the mystery of the still remote and alien (to western culture) Oriental society.

Scenes I enjoy most: the takeoff of Zarkov's rocket from Earth -- done through a fogged lens, we see and hear the rocket snap and sputter to life against a dark night sky, and the rocket ever so smoothly glides into space; some of the battle sequence between Flash and Thun -- Flash's ship swooping through space toward the top-shaped gyroships, and later a straight-line shot of Flash's ship pursuing a line of gyroships, all smoothly executed as if it were a real battle while others fly off with Dale and Thun, and Zarkov and Barin, rightful rulers of Mongo, arrive moments later to offer help. A pulse-beat rhythm drones during the combat, growing in pitch as Barin and Zarkov sprint across a field to help Flash; reaching a climax as the three heroes, plus Aura, daughter of Ming, set off in Barin's rocket in pursuit. The rocketship (seen in an interior long-shot) even sways, seemingly in beat with the music, back and forth with the music -- and the chase is on.

Funniest scenes of the film: The "Wazzat? Hah! Who dis dame?" look on Buster Crabbe's face when Aura first pops through the gaggle of guards and handmaidens to have a look at the Earthmen, and pops her eyes at "the blonde giant"; the "Whoops, caught me" stare on Vultan who is embracing a struggling Dale just as a party of his warriors (who have captured Flash) burst into his chambers. Worst shots of the film; some of the gyro-ship shots in which the gyros bounce about, obviously on a string; shots of a rocket taken with a stationary model

and a revolving "sky" backdrop; and the scene of Zarkov's rocket returning to Earth, the ship moving in a straight line but on a 30 degree tilt, and with smoke from the rockets twirling around, even passing the supposedly forward-moving ship.

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All in all, I found FLASH most enjoyable. It has stood some twenty showings, sometimes to myself alone, other times at our fraternity parties (by request, mind you) where it is always well recieved. I was a little disappointed at the stomping, laughing, and hoorawing from some of our fans.

With METROPOLIS, the dislike of the film surprised me even more. If fans don't dig escapism, METROPOLIS moves into the realm of social commentary, and should have satisfied the intellect. I can't quite do a Forry Ackerman "flip" over METROPOLIS, but I do admire both its imaginative and its philosophic qualities. The emphasis on the fantastic sets, costumes, and people of FLASH is not as prevalent, although the scenes in Rotwang's (pronounced Rote-vong) lab and during the destruction of the power station, with flashing bolts of electricity and weird, towering machines, are certainly enough to satisfy the imaginative element of the mind.

Lang and von Harbou also set about using a dramatic mystery to comment on social conditions and social protest. The theme in point is, the "heart" must mediate between the brain (i.e. the industrial magnates) and the hands (i.e. the workers); or we gotta all work together if we wanna get anywhere. Purportedly, Metropolis is designed from a deckside view of New York, experineced by Lang on a visit to our country. It is a city of towering skyscrapers, housing the industrialists and their assistants; and subterranean hovels, housing the workers. In between lies the machinery. It's sort of a vertical view of a city, with high-rise offices and executive suites, moving out toward the factories, and then to the slums (today, though, the suburbs destroy this picture, or at least revise it). The city organization is an extreme view of a decadent form of capitalism; John Masterman runs the whole city, the other bigshots being still subject to him. The decadence is resolved in the end when the workers nearly destroy their own children in a riot, and Masterman nearly destroys his son by his own blind greed. The heart bedomes the mediator through Maria, a saint from the slums who preaches tolerance and patience, and through young Eric Masterman, who falls in love with Maria, experiences the pains of the worker, and obliges his father to admit his own errors. The final shot shows industrialist and "union leader" shaking hands. Now, the late Siegfried Kracauer, in From Caligari To Hitler, a book which still fights World War II, complains that the alliance is a false one, and that Masterman still has the upper hand. All Kracauer has done with this argument, though, is to compare Maria's teaching to Goebbels (as they both talk about the heart as the mediator -- though for Goebbels the "heart" was Hitler), and to assume that Masterman did not make any dramatic reforms. All this is based on what he feels went on after the picture ended, which is sheer nonsense. Masterman repents when he sees his son in danger from his own actions, and in love with Maria; his machines, and thus his power, are completely destroyed; the workers are as united and as alive a force as the industrialists; and his only son is head over heels in love with both

worker girl and her philosophy, thus insuring better things once the old man kicks off!

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I must confess to being attracted to both the philosophy and the heroine. The huge sets are real and vivid impressions of a future industrialist Earth. The film shows age only through the form of the architecture and the style of dress, neither of which were terribly visionary. The hero wears the knickers of a boy of 1926, and rides in cars of the same vintage; monoplanes fly about the town; and the ornamentation upon the structure, rather than the simpler geometry and use of color of today. Spaceflight is also apparently unknown to the Metropolitans. Of course, on this point, by 2026 some world catastrophe might turn man away from the skies (though that will be a problem, unless nationwide birth control is put into massive effect).

So we find ourselves viewing two very different, yet very excellent films. FLASH GORDON is like a handful of snow, I think; rather plain at a glance, but revealing certain beauties when examined up close. METROPOLIS, lacking in the great imaginative appeal of the serial, more than makes up for this by looking at the society and facing its problems, and then offering a solution in a clear, well-defined manner.

In closing, to those who were so critical of METROPOLIS during its showing, I can only say: What did you expect? The exaggerated gestures and acting is a result of the use of actors trained for the stage, quite a common practice in the days when the film was only beginning to be recognized as a form of art for study.

Rich Wannen

* * * *

COMING ATTRACTIONS

In the morning I'll wander
Through fields green and forests lush.
New life will drip of morning dew
And morn will come, cased in a hush.

Some where far within,
Deep, with but smatterings of light,
Brook water will splash on cold, hard rocks.
A cloud will pass as would a kite.

The crack of rifles in my ear
And now I leave my pleasant daze.
Back come I to reality,
Edged in soft, atomic haze.

And now, fields once rich and fallow,
Do lay beneath the charred remains.
They wait for the sunshine that never comes,
They wait for soft and cooling rains.

Today the beauty that I see
Is a vision I subtly borrow,
I live my life in a phantasy
Till the day after tomorrow.

--Bill Kunkel

gaughANgaughANgaughANgaughANgaughANgaughANgaughANgaughANgaugh

something which has been bothering me. It's this...First of all the ruddy name is spelled with a darlin' IRISH ending. It's gaughAN. 49 Grr. Next, I love appreciation as much as any other fan. I'll sign autographs with the same glee displayed by Randy Garrett when confronted with Jack Daniels. But merely because I am by some lucky accident a so-called-"pro", and at the same time submit drawings to the fanzines doesn't make me the "greatest". I'm pleased to see the things in print and since I drew them already, I'm pleased to get the drawings out so other people can see them and either retch or enjoy them as they please. What I fear is that this not-very-special "pro" status I enjoy is clouding (Cranston-like) peoples' minds and that I'm being accepted on the basis of my being this untouchable thing (gasp) the (choke) PRO. Foocy! None of the pros I know (and I get to run across a number of them) are anything more than old fans. Hellsbells! That's what I am. An old fan. But not old in the sense of "erstwhile", but in the chronological sense. Ain't no difference twixt fans and pros but a few years, a little discipline, and the pros go to more expensive (and stuffier) banquets once in awhile.

I fear that when those young, gawky and lonely fans I met at Cleveland see my drawings or a letter from me in a fanzine, they may back off from submitting their own work imagining themselves to be in competition with me. I'm not that hard to outdraw, anyway. They forget, or don't realize, that like them, I was a fan at some big conventions, kicking around all by my lonesome, not knowing anybody or having the background or technique to just walk up and make friends. And I remember backing off from submitting drawings to the fanzines in those ancient days because I didn't want to go up against people like Roy Hunt and some others I can't name at the moment...(I think Lin Carter was one of them). I don't intend to stop playing around in the fanzines because it's fun, but I do hope you'll print part of this and make it clear to these (hypothetical) young fans that they need only draw for the fun of it and that they don't have to be pros right away. Damnitohell fandom is getting a little too professional for my blood anyway. I think I'd rather read a crudzine for the fun of it sometimes (enough is, after all enough) than a beautifully put out thing like Terry Carr's Lighthouse. Which isn't meant to knock Lighthouse because neither Terry nor myself COULD go back and put out some of the rough hewn fun things that the younger cats are doing because...well,



a portion of the rim of the crater, Copernicus
from a photograph! Haddamn!

of it, one of Ron's talents is "looking down at" many people and things. Thanks again for the great cover illo for the program book and I'm really sorry that you didn't get credit for it when the Post-Dispatch printed it.//

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Alexis A. Gilliland

2126 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.

Washington, D.C. 20037

As you remarked, the local fans may start a recall petition after seeing your first issue. I hope not; Sirruish #4 is pretty well done. However, I hope their issues had the lettercol attached, because otherwise...what I am trying to say, gently, is that I got a truncated issue. Somehow, the POD managed to rip off the last ten pages without disturbing the envelope. You ought to sign your book reviews; they were quite good. Did you know that in 1966 the U.S. Government spent \$666,674 on paperclips? If you put a table of contents on the lettercol, you could call it the Loc-Toc.

//Damn, meant to use Loc-Toc and forgot. Owel, next time. Your letter illustrates to the gentle reader the things that can happen to a beginning fanzine publisher. We are saving the poems for a future issue, we like them.//

Robert Coulson

Route 3

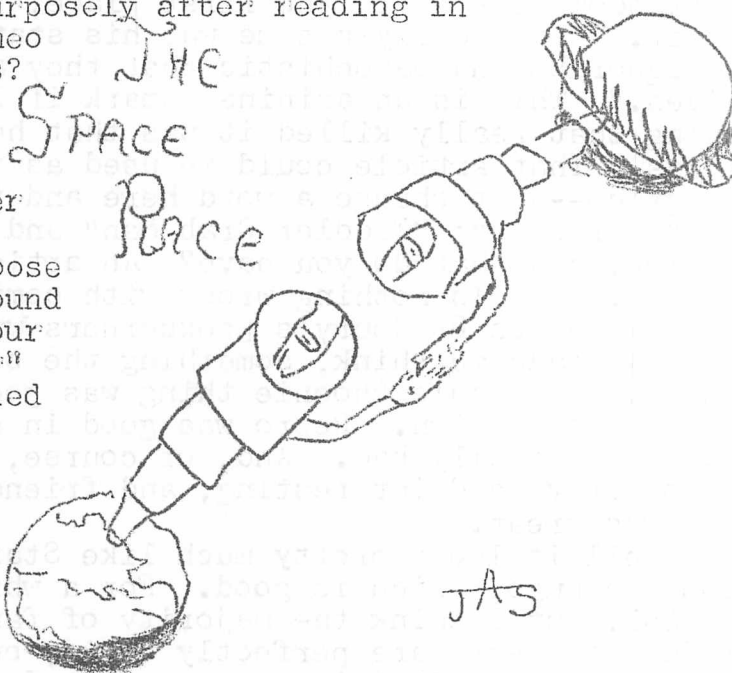
Hartford City, Indiana 47348

Why Nimoy and Nichols? Admittedly, they're my two favorites, but I'm startled to find someone else picking just those two. James' book reviews came across fine until he started to get cute at the end. Unnecessary and annoying.

You are good people; you review NEO-FAN'S GUIDE and not YANDRO. I'm tempted to argue with L. Smith, just to provide you with some response, but I agree with him too much. Bob Dylan is a blot on the musical landscape (but like E. R. Burroughs, he has one redeeming feature; he's better than his imitators.

//I reviewed Neo-Fan's Guide purposely after reading in Yandro "another turn of the mimeo crank-sigh." Nimoy and Nichols?

Well, they are just my two favorites too. I think Nichelle is one of the most beautiful women that I have ever seen. I suppose you know that Boardman has confessed. I suppose he decided that everyone had found out about it by now. We have our copy of "The Invisibility Affair" and enjoyed reading it. We tried to figure out who had written what. I know you and Juanita won't be at Nycon but how about coming to St. Louis in '69 when we host the Worldcon. We are going to win, of course, I keep telling myself.//



Harry Warner
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Maryland 21740

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It seems wrong to address a loc to you in Missouri. It should go to Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. For ten years or so I corresponded with Leslie Croutch up there, and we still write once or twice a year despite his complete abdication from fandom. It's just too much to find a Lesleigh Couch instead of a Leslie Croutch, too similar to a half-forgotten science fiction story by someone or other in which aliens conquered the earth by making little changes in it so gradually that humanity didn't realize the invasion was occurring. If this is your game, I'm glad to see that you are providing a great deal of pleasure by diverting us with an entertaining fanzine in furtherance of this nefarious scheme.

The nice thing about publishing a fanzine is that your audience contains so many bright young things who won't recognize the antiquity of those ploys which you cite in the editorial. Even if everything has been done before in fanzines of the past, as you fear, hardly anyone in your audience will remember beyond two or three years ago, and half or more of your readership won't remember anything at all. There's no comprehensive index to fanzines, no Anatomy of Melancholy to list in details all the foibles that fans have demonstrated, no Reader's Guide to Contemporary Fan Literature to provide a guide to what topics are used up. So every six months, a new fanzine appears with a new article on why there should be more science in science fiction and it's answered by two other articles on why there should be more fiction in science fiction, the readers happily plunge into the argument, the editors have found a way to fill all that mimeobond, and only a few of us are forced discreetly to evade a complaint that this is where we came in.

Incident Beside the Gafia Tree is almost an excellent story. I don't comprehend Bill Bowers' motives in his choice of nouns. Maybe he's writing an allegory so subtle that I can't find any trace of allegorical elements. Maybe he intended this originally for prozine use and chose Gafia as a sort of private joke that nobody but fans would comprehend if the story saw print. But that doesn't explain the use of Klan, which has connotations too strong for satisfactory use in a story about some far world, and Bandi is so similar to Bambi that I couldn't help visualizing a fawn-like little critter incapable of the attitude described here. Some changes in this terminology, and perhaps alteration of the opening paragraphs which the reader keeps expecting to play a major role in the denouement, and it would be even better than it is.

I enjoyed Jim Hall's summary of the Cabell creativity. There must have been a temptation to turn such an introduction to an author into either a scholarly treatise incomprehensible to anyone who needs an introduction, the same sort of flaw that afflicts most encyclopedia entries; or an outpouring of praise that conveys no real facts. This tells very well what Cabell wrote and leaves no doubt about what the writer thinks of Cabell, without becoming gushy.

The need to construct a background in science fiction, mentioned in the review of the short-short anthology, may have something to do with the general low quality of science fiction nowadays. Few authors try to construct the background that Asimov cites. Too many of them instead use references to a background which is obviously one of the half-dozen or so stock backgrounds that have been used



hundreds of times in piles of hack-
neyed, imitative science fiction
stories: a future world of intrigue in
a ruling class suspiciously like the
Ruritania of late 19th century

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operetta; four or five men with
wildly different personalities
exploring a previously unknown
planet that is like every other
previously unknown planet, ex-
cept for one gimmick on which
the plot revolves; the near
future in which psi powers have
been developed and the hero
alternates between preferring
this and that side as the good
guys; it wouldn't be hard to
list the other few major stock
backgrounds. This obviously

makes it much easier for the author
who can write without taking the

trouble to work in a fresh stage setting, just like the author of
westerns or crime fiction who doesn't need to visualize a new kind
of prairie or a different sort of interrogation at headquarters.
But it doesn't create very good science fiction, unless the author
is so talented that he can put old elements together in fresh new
ways.

I get the same discouraged feeling that Warren James writes
about when I think of how little the written word is honored and
loved today. But I wonder if we aren't forgetting that it has ever
been thus and that books will become really popular only if we dis-
cover some entirely new way to show the mass of the population how
fine they really are. We're forgetful of the fact that only a half-
century ago, not one youngster in a dozen went past the eighth grade,
in most areas. We laugh at Tippecanoe and Tyler, Too, forgetting
that slogans like that were used for exactly the same purposes as
today's employment of advertising agencies to further political
campaigns. We're deluded by the fact that almost everyone graduates
from high school and nearly half of the people continue education
after college, into believing that this should automatically create
a literature-loving race such as earth has never known. All it's
doing is to cram some facts about certain subjects that might be
useful for earning a living into brains that aren't fundamentally
better than the brains at the turn of the century. All this is
something entirely different from a possible future in which books
will be burned for political reasons, of course. Bradbury's plots
often depend on magnification to enormous and frightening proportions
of some present-day minor problem. There's no good reason for assum-
ing that this is what will happen; we're less likely to have a
conception if we read Bradbury fiction and watch Bradbury-based
movies with the assumption that this is what would happen if.

Burnout probably comes from the German brennschluss or, con-
ceivably, breenpunkt. NASA and fandom probably have found it nice to
use in English form independently without consulting each other.

The front cover is magnificent, although for some reason, I had
never thought of Lemminkainen as wearing such elaborate garments.

The interiors by the Scherrers repelled me at first, because I 54
thought they looked too cute. Then a couple more inspections con-
vinced me that I like them after all. They're sharply different
from the styles that guide the creation of most fanzine art, and this
is a quality greatly to be treasured.

//Harry, allow me to take this opportunity to clear up our identities,
not just for you, but for other fen who get us mixed up. I am Leigh,
married and mother of three. Lesleigh is my daughter. You gave us
a very complete critique of Sirruish 4. Thank you. I'm almost
afraid to get started on the subject of education, lest I get violent.
I break a grade school class down like this; 1/5 want to learn and
can, 1/5 want to learn and can't, 2/5 could care less and learn just
enough to get by, 1/5 won't learn under any circumstances and just
get pushed along grade by grade. Some high schools have a plan
whereby they give diplomas and certificates of completion. The
student gets the diploma meaning that he has done and passed the four
years work. The certificate of completion is given to the kid who
has served his time. I think it's a great plan.//

Alma Hill
463 Park Drive
Boston, Massachusetts

In case you are curious, the material I enjoyed most, personally
was the comment on Cabell. All fantasy wears better than hardware
sf, because nobody comes up with any real design improvements in the
human subconscious and the dream-symbolism thereof. But Cabell was
ahead of his own times and is still actually ahead of these times
too. He is not so much forgotten as still-not-appreciated; his
standing in his own day was more among critics, than with the
Book-of-the-Month-Club--if there had been any BOTMC. Esoteric sense
of humor. Today's readers are in better shape to appreciate it,
especially fandom's readers. Tell Jim Hall thanks from here. I
haven't read all of Cabell's books, am glad of the reminder.

Everybody will probably appreciate the neat error-free copy you
produce, so just to be different, let's pick one nut: "the sainted
memory of he who has gone" &c." If you are bound to do things back-
wards, go all the way: "of he whom has gone" &c. I feel entitled to
pick on goofs because I make so many typos myself.

Only not that one. Let him who is without THIS sin cast the
first stone. As you seem to be mostly typo-free, you can fling back
at me.

//You must have very kindly ignored all my many typos in S. 4.
This is not flinging back at you, but you might be interested to
know that the new English books for grade school students devote
only 1/2 page to the distinction between who/whom and it is being
de-emphasized. English, being a living language, operates on the
axiom, "the old order changeth".//

Bob Vardeman
P.O. Box 11352
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87112

What a great cover!!! Gaughan really did a fine job, so fine
indeed, that I wonder why he didn't sell it somewhere. Quite a bit
of work went into it and it definitely isn't "just something laying
around cluttering the desk". Also, Jack's letter (even if it isn't
as nice to look at) contained the sort of information that a be-
ginning artist needs and simply doesn't get in any way except by

experience, or from the experienced. If more pros (both artists and writers) took the time to offer advice like this, maybe we'd have more fans turning into pros. And the field would benefit accordingly.

"Why is it considered bhad, grubby and neo to subscribe to fanzines with MONEY?" I'd say it is for a multitude of reasons. To just send money when it is possible to get a fanzine for a contribution or LoC is basically a cop out. Anyone can do that. But to actually write something good enough for publication shows fandom your true mettle. "Hey, did you see Grubby Neo's article?" "Yeah, and it was lousy." So what? It was printed, AND noticed. Next comes the egoboo involved. Sending money doesn't get your name in caps at the head of a page. Only submitting something written will do that. Besides, we all know deep down inside that we're great writers, that's human nature.



Also a factor is that most faneds need material more than they do money. Pubbing is a hobby and hobbies don't usually yield a profit. A friend would much rather show his gratitude for sending him a copy of your choice publication by giving the editor something to publish rather than giving something to pocket. If you really get steamed up about something (or someone) just sending money isn't going to alleviate the pressure. A nice, fannish, vitriolic letter is much more satisfactory.

And, another reason might be the desire for correspondence (even in an impersonal, second-hand way) with a large number of people at the same time. It is a good way of attracting people with the same views and striking up richly rewarding correspondence with others whose views differ. A lesser reason might be a lack of money. It is no strain to sub to a few fmz, but it starts to pile up to quite a pile of dinero if you try to pay for every zine you receive. I pay for 6 zines and 5 are of a specialized nature. (S&S, ERB, etc.) but I get a total of 18. It is much easier and cheaper to write a LoC and stick a 5¢ stamp on the envelope and send it off.

So, in summary, it "...is considered bhad, grubby and neo to subscribe to fanzines with MONEY" because: (1) It's too mundane (2) There's no status or recognition (3) It doesn't satisfy the need for exhibitionism (4) You don't get any egoboo (5) Fanzines can't exist without material (6) You can't show your gratitude to a friend properly with just money (7) You can't build up a correspondence with other fen (8) You can't air your views (9) Most fen can't afford it.

Spiderman has hairy legs.

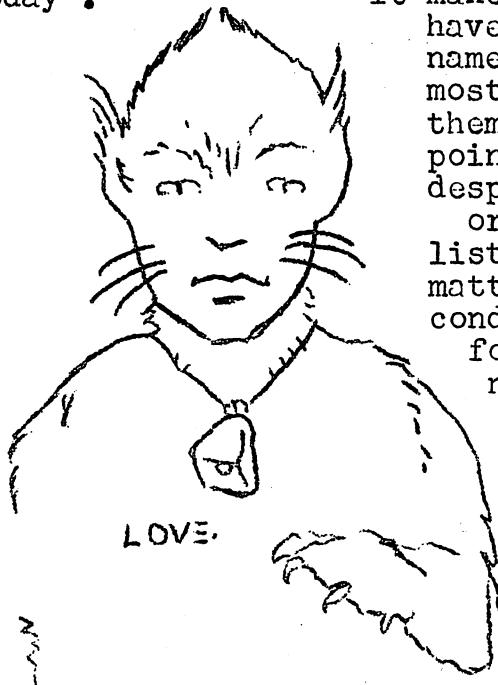
I'd like to comment on some other aspects of Sirruish but responding to Mr. Laurence C. Smith is a must. To go backwards in your short, concise letter, I'm glad you feel everyone is en-titled to their own choice of music, etc. - that is very democratic and nice of you. Comics may bore you stiff (I find them ridiculous) but don't you ever wonder what sort of people comics fans are? Don't you wonder what makes them like that garbage? Where is your curiosity,

Mr. Smith?

Now on to the main bone of contention. I see no reason whatsoever to despise Bob Dylan (unless you personally know the man, which I doubt). So I assume you meant that you despise the music he writes. At this point, I declare my own sentiments. Dylan writes beautiful songs and then proceeds to ruin them with his sick-cat screeching. It is possible that you don't like the subject matter of his songs - many have dealt with drug use. But, Mr. Smith, don't you think as a responsible, well informed citizen you should see how the "other side" views drugs? There is no better way than the pop songs and Dylan's folk-rock. Both "Gates of Eden" and "Mr. Tambourine Man" show an acceptance of drugs that borders on the commonplace. Isn't it important to gain this bit of insight into a widely publicized portion of "the new generation?" It's certainly much cleaner than actually living among the hippies.

Likewise, I don't share your implied view that this type of music has no place. Social commentary (such as "Society's Child") shows that prejudices are starting to break down and that a realignment of attitudes is indicated. By the way, Mr. Smith, did you know that a fifteen year old girl wrote "Society's Child"? I would say it shows a depth of feeling that most "adult" songwriters would find impossible to match. Perhaps you would rather ignore comments on our civilization such as are made in "Eleanor Rigby", "Universal Soldier", "Little Boxes" etc. but a head-in-the-sand attitude doesn't make the things contained in these songs any less meaningful or real. A giant step toward eliminating social evil is to recognize that it exists. The "new generation" talks about it, sings about it and hopefully, the generation after that will find it possible to do something about it.

I would be the first to agree that (Sturgeon's Law or not) 98% of everything in this field is lousy. In fact, downright terrible. But I think that the remaining 2% is worth waiting and listening for. You may not like the music, so go beyond what is said to what is meant. A current song that typifies the hippie movement is "Live for Today".



It makes it quite clear that these people have resigned from society and, as the name implies, are hedonistic to the utmost. I have nothing but disdain for them, but it still is useful to see their point of view. No, Mr. Smith, either you despise the music because you don't listen or you despise the music because you do listen. In the latter case, it is a matter of displacing hatred for social conditions onto the music and, in the former instance, you refuse to recognize any meaning beyond what is said; you neglect the implied. In either case, you are found guilty of not recognizing a window into the minds of the future inhabitants of your country.

//Thanks for the explanation; it does make much good sense. For me, the heart of your views on contemporary music is the phrase

"social commentary". Before Blue Grass or Country & Western music⁵⁷ became completely commercial, when it was really folk music, social commentary was found there. The best example from the viewpoint of being familiar, would be Woody Guthrie. Who had ever heard of migrant workers and their problems before Guthrie and Steinbeck? Now, hopefully, something is being done to help them. The fundamental distrust of the law of my own Ozark region is apparent in the James Brothers ballads. Truly "the law is an ass" often. Drugs? This has to partly be for shock value to the establishment. Left to themselves, the mass of the adult population would never change. Social inequalities would be glossed over or ignored. Change is accomplished by rebels, "saints" (special use-not dict. def.), and the young. The impetus usually comes from young people. They are better able to see what is wrong because their eyes and minds are unclouded by prejudice or acceptance of things as they are. I hope that contemporary musicians and singers who have something to say will stay out of the commercial trap, or else make so much money that they can still say what they please, e.g. the Beatles. Yes, much of it is extreme, but all attempts at revolution are radical. Listen to Pete Seeger's "God Bless The Grass" and Buffy St. Marie's "My Country Tis of Thy People They're Dying". I can get very radical on these two topics.//

John Albert Stonners
Miskatonic University

This letter is in reply to a letter printed in Sirruish. I believe the letter was by a Mr. Ronald S. Whittington and states, "John Stonners is an idiot." I wish to comment.

1st: Mr. Whittington's remark. I, John Stonners, am not an idiot. Mr. Whittington is an idiot.

2nd: Your remark. What do you mean, who am I? If you know me, you don't have to worry about it. However, if you don't, you're really in bad shape and too far gone to be helped much by knowing who I am at this late date.

//I'm not in bad shape that I've noticed, outside of presently having a fractured rib. Did you cause that accident in a fit of pique at my not knowing you by using the lab facilities at Miskatonic U. to cast a spell? On the back of this letter I find these scribbled sentences, "The Mind of an Immortal" by John Stonners. Many people have asked me what goes on in an immortal mind." I don't think I want to know you. I can't make out the postmark on this letter. Is there such a place as Bilge, Montana?//

Don D'Amassa
14 Meadowcrest Drive
Cumberland, Rhode Island 02864

Well, here I am, and guaranteed not to be twice as big as life. As a matter of fact, I'm rather short, reaching up to the fantastic measurement of five foot six. You should know by now that nothing said by Lee Carson is necessarily valid in the real world. He's been out of touch with reality for so long that if you look at him closely you can see right through.

I feel guilty about this letter really, because it doesn't seem to me that it's going to be much of a LoC. The editorial was better than usual, the repro was excellent, and most of the contents were above average. I've read no Cabell(yet) unfortunately, and comics don't vibrate on my existence level, so two articles went right by me.

The poems were adequate, though not noteworthy. The story was well handled. But what can I say? Usually it's the lettercol that gives me food for my hyperacidic typer, but even this was fairly innocuous.

I'll be in New York. I'll probably be in the hissing section when Ted White gets up. Actually it's not true, it wouldn't be worth the effort. Reading through several little tidbits in YANDRO, Ted White is beneath contempt. 58

Harry Warner objected to my use of the term "Victorian". In essence he's right, but he's also wrong. The term is not correctly used in reference to the moral behaviors that I was describing--at least not entirely--but the mistake was made by the public, not by me. The word is generally used now to represent the whole code of so-called moral behavior in which the two sexes operate within society as two different entities. The female must do certain things in certain ways, observing certain taboos. The same for the male. It also implies that women should be shy and retiring and, in fiction, completely pure and available to be saved (but rarely possessed) by the clean-cut hero type. It's a stereotype; and stereotypes are notoriously inaccurate anyway. These attributes were not confined to the Victorian period, but they are more generally connected with them than with any other.

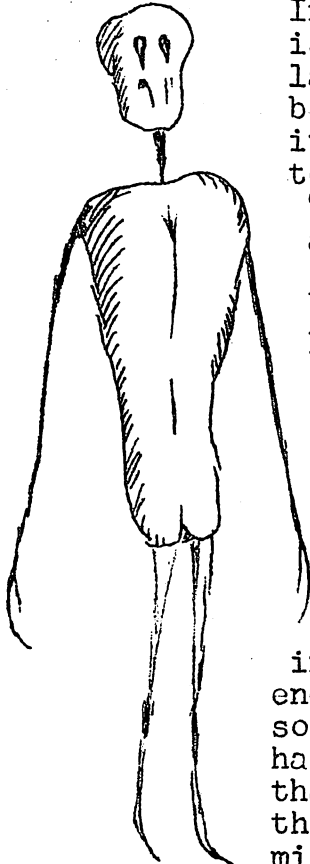
//I have from time to time pondered the question of Carson. I somehow never felt that he was really there. I thought perhaps he was a disinterested observer from a parallel world. You have cleared the matter up for me beautifully.

All stereotypes contain a grain of truth somewhere, and re your comment on the sexes operating as two different entities; I'm convinced they always will. It comes down to a question of property.

In a sense, women are property, or rather, their issue is. As long as a man has any wealth, position, land, etc. to be inherited, he is going to want to be very sure that the product of his own genes gets it. Women are the childbearers and milord is going to do all possible to be damn sure it's his child.

There seem to be very few people who are neutral about Ted White. He's rather like black olives or scotch, you like or you don't like, nothing in between. Valuable things come usually in small packages Don.//

Jerry Kaufman
2769 Hampshire
Cleveland Heights, Ohio 44106



Is Lloyd Corridor (shudder) really David Hall? "Lucifer" was quite good. Line cut-offs word choices all seem to have been picked with care for the proper effects. Bowers' story is

interesting, but there's something wrong with the ending and his "message" seems to lose itself in the soil with the water. J. Hall's article on Cabell has interested me enough to read that copy of Jurgen that's around here somewhere. James should look up the recent Pennsylvania race for governor where the millionaire candidate with a huge ad campaign lost to

the incumbent. This generation reads as much as any other--more in fact. Look at all the new fans! They read, and there are more today

than at any other time. As for Campbell's non-reading tenth grader-
he's one of those people who in the past never got to the tenth
grade - and pushed a plow, pounded stakes or moved bricks. 59

"Wednesday Morning 3:00 A.M." is beautiful.

"Pastiche" ought to be expanded, and instead of general reviews,
more individual issue reviews.

No, I'm not handsome and I'm about as vicious as a wet rabbit.
On the other two points I won't be so quick to disagree.

Jack Gaughan's letter was fantastic. If he keeps sending you
letters of this length and interest, why not give him a regular
column?

//Thank for all the nice things you said about Sirruish 4. Modesty
(ha!) forbids me printing all of it. I don't have the faintest idea
who Lloyd Corridor is. Pastiche got crowded out this time. The
reason for the general type reviews is that Sirruish is mailed to
many new fen. Also Sirruish comes out only four times a year and by
the time an individual issue of a fanzine had been reviewed, the
editor would probably have none left.

If Jack Gaughan did a regular column I'm sure it would be for
Terry Carr or suchlike BNF, not me. We are glad to have occasional
letters from him.//

Hank Luttrell
2936 Barrett Station Road
Kirkwood, Mo. 63122

I think just about the most important thing you might try to do
to improve your next issue is to make it a point not to stay up until
all hours in the morning finishing it off. Or at least if you must
stay up that late, see if you can't work on mimeographing or some-
thing which doesn't require the degree of concentration demanded by
typing and writing. "Also for contributions is accepted." That may
mean something, I'm not sure. It does sound interesting. I prob-
ably wouldn't have even noticed that if it hadn't occurred in your
review of my fanzine.

I do have just a few minor gripes. I might not normally even
mention them in a letter of comment, but your constant demands for
assistance and advice force me... You published several things
without by-lines--now I suppose you wrote all these (such as
Pastiche and the Star Trek material)--but I wish you would name the
author, even if a normally intelligent reader would probably be able
to figure that out. A fanzine is no place for anonymous articles.
Fans like to know with whom they are disagreeing. And (this is an
order) your next editorial is to be less self-conscious. If you
would forget to consider yourself a "neo fan" every one else would
too. Sirruish 4 wasn't a neozine. I published a neozine when I
started, but I was fifteen years old. Your Sirruish wasn't as good
with #4 as it probably will be in the future, but by all fannish
standards it was quite good--amazingly good for a first fanzine,
so good I feel guilty of some misdeed by attaching the stigma of the
"first fanzine" classification to it. Buck Coulson may even give it
a fairly good review, though I wouldn't bet too much on it.

You realize, of course, that I don't approve of letter column
editors who break into their correspondent's work every few sentences
- or every few words. I really do think it more coherent to save any
comments you want to make until the ends of paragraphs. Doing that

also makes for a good test--if something you have to say isn't important enough to save till the end of a paragraph, it probably isn't important enough to say. Comments like "Not any more" and "not for most fen" and "A thing of the past, alas. Sigh" don't mean much more in context than they do here out of context. 60

You're lucky to have Chris around. It took me ages to learn how to stencil artwork with any success at all, while he has been able to do justice to your artists right away.

I bet you are expecting me to complain about the lack of numbered pages. I bet you are expecting everyone to complain about the lack of numbered pages. I wouldn't want to disappoint you: Gee, you really should number your pages next time. It is a tremendous convenience for the reader.

//I think maybe I'll frame your letter since it was the first LoC that I received. Something like those business places that have a framed dollar bill hanging about somewhere with "Our First" tastefully lettered below.

Yes, I did write the unsigned material and it presented me with quite a problem. I didn't want my name to appear in the zine with distressing regularity; I considered a pen-name, but thought that would be pretty pompous, and so, not knowing exactly what to do, I just didn't sign it. I don't have that problem this time.

I got my info on fan status from R.J.C. and was just playing by the rules of the game. It's true that somewhere along the line the neo gets dropped and you become a fan. Probably partly a state of mind. Technical suggestions noted and, for the most part, followed. Deep bow of apology for lousing up your fanzine review//

Gene Klein

33-51 84th St.

Jackson Hts. N.Y. 11372

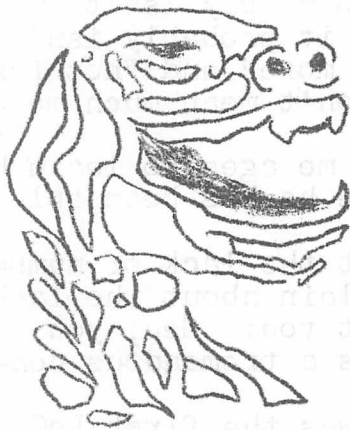
10,000 fanzines since the Age of Fandom began sounds just too little. I get at least 500 fanzines a year (say 5 issues of each zine a year---average) and this little percentage is mind-staggering. There are so many hundreds of fmz I've never heard of/received. Then there are the apa zines. 100,000 would be more like it.

Frankly, I never thought an sf zine like Sir- would print tv stuff--not that I don't like it mind you, but I think Spock and co. have been exposed a little too much--and what I'm afraid of, is that the same thing'll happen to Spock that unfortunately happened to Frankenstein(remember him?). Next thing you know, every new genzine that comes out, will have to have a Spock article (like the monster-film zines do to Frankie). I like Spock just as well as the next guy, but too much is too much. Cösign has Star Trek Trivia, Yandro has it's share, Auslander as well---where will it stop? Wonder Wart Hog for Vice Pres. Spock for Pres.!

By the way, Leigh(that rhymes) I wish you'd use another means to indicate you're answering a letter, it gets quite boggled up. Gaughan's cover was delicious--more? Was my illo (bacover) so bad, or did you stencil it a little sloppy?

//I am mind staggered, 100,000 fanzines? I suppose it is entirely possible. Your illo bad, never! Fault is ours. Hope you like our cover. We do, very much!

Spock and Uhura was a one-shot thing and not even contemplated as a regular feature. It was really just to show that I, personally, was on the Star Trek bandwagon. Gene please, "by the way, Leigh.." does not rhyme. Pronounce it the way Rober E., Vivian, and Mr. Hunt



did, LEE. Say my whole name, think about it, and you'll see why. Can you imagine all the hilarity and risqué remarks my name has prompted through the years? We call that 61
 article of furniture a sofa in my home. I believe Spock is going to run for Pres., the Terrian one, not the Vulcanian one.//

Ruth Berman
 5620 Edgewater Boulevard
 Minneapolis, Minn. 55417

The cover by Jack Gaughan is handsome. I suppose it was photo-offset. Perhaps you could arrange to get your illos put on electronic stencil to make the other art a

better match for the cover.

About the brief articles on Leonard Nimoy and Nichelle Nichols-- it's probably a mistake to write articles about currently popular subjects, using only material available in well-known magazines. TV Guide had an article on Nimoy, and everything in the article on Miss Nichols came from the article in Ebony. The material on Nimoy came, I think, from an article in TV Radio Mirror as there are several verbal echoes. Even though the source article is not in a magazine as well known as TV Guide, still, all the information is currently available in several magazines. //Info for Nichelle Nichols did, of course, come from Ebony. It was recommended to me by a negro friend and I got it from the library. That for Nimoy came from Parade and an article in a local newspaper. I've never heard of TV Radio Mirror and I don't read TV Guide. I doubt very much if many fans see these magazines. We do intend to try electronic stencil, but just for curiosity's sake, not because we think we need to.//

Alton Byron Chermak
 Mounted Route
 Alexandria, Minn. 56308

That Tanka by Jim Reuss was the first one I've seen written by the hands of one of we occidentals. What surprised me was that it was in the correct Tanka form of syllables, 5-7-5-7-7 (Haiku being 5-7-5). Most Haiku I've seen contain the standard 17 syllables, but they were written without consideration to the required number of syllables to each line. However, it is permissible to elide the first and last words in each line so that the proper amount of syllables can be attained.

I have to disagree with what Warren James had to say about our "reading trend". As a nation, we're at the peak of literacy and intelligence. This lofty plateau should continue to exist despite the many knives in its back. This young generation is a reading generation. The only thing I can see that will change the situation is the exorbitant prices. I have yet to know of anyone who doesn't crow at the ridiculous price labels on reading materials.

//Jim conveys thanks for recognizing the art form. I wouldn't object to the prices on reading materials, if the authors received more money. I don't know about intelligence being at a peak, it is an innate quality after all. If what you say is true, then I look for great things from the now generation.//

Sherna Comerford
83 Lincoln Ave.
Newark, N.J. 07104

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Probably the best article was the one by James N. Hall. I had heard the name Cabell before, but I knew nothing about him. Mr. Hall has accomplished his purpose-I shall certainly look Cabell up at the library.

Warren James' article sounds like the work of a perceptive high school student (if he's 50 and balding, forgive me!). He has something to say, but he has not yet learned to tell when he has said it. A more mature writer would have taken about 1/3 the space. But the author has time to learn this most painful of writing skills. Those illos which are suited for mimeo are really fun (I love that Fly Trap). The one who really suffers is Dick Flood. I've seen one of his original fillos in the same style (a head of Spock) and it was really beautiful. I can guess that the ones you printed lost a great deal in the reproduction.

//Yes, Dick Flood is the one artist we feel that we did not do justice to. He will be on electrostencil next time.//

Hank Davis
361 Linden Walk
Lexington, Kentucky 40508

BRAVO for the letter column title! It is the coolest one I have seen yet! Matter of fact, I can't even remember the names of the lettercols of any other fanzines; which shows how much impression they have made on me.

Please number the pages in the future. I almost went berserk counting pages to figure out who did what artwork. Have mercy.

About the contents of #4. Ron Whittington's article was excellent. It was, in fact, too short. One thing he didn't mention about the flypaper-like qualities of comics, is the danger of getting interested in one of Marvel's never-ending series such as Thor and The Hulk. James Hall's James Branch Cabell piece was interesting, but I wish he had given me some idea of what goes on in the stories. Obviously, another article by Mr. Hall is in order. Warren James' analysis of Bradbury's bookburners was also interesting, but Mr. James needs to work on his prose a bit. A bookburning society also appears in Bradbury's "The Exiles" in THE ILLUSTRATED MAN and in "Usher II" and "The Musicians" in THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES. In the last story "...the Firemen, antiseptic warriors with shovels and bins, shoveling away at the bony tatters and peppermint-stick bones, slowly but assuredly separating the terrible from the normal..." are on Mars. One reason for censorship (in Bradbury's stories) that Mr. James didn't mention shows up in these stories. Namely, the accusation that books make people believe in untrue and/or impossible things. Every SF fan is familiar with that bit. Jerry Kaufman's Phoenix "article" was amusing. Highlight of the issue was Jack Gaughan's article disguised as a letter. His comment about Sol Cohen picking up some of Mr. Gaughan's art for free was revealing. One thing you gotta say for Cohen---he has good taste.

//I'm printing your compliments on the letcol title because I didn't originate it and I want the person who did to get the proper egoboo. You are just about number one on a list I keep titled, 'people I want to meet'. How about coming up some week-end or planning on being at Midwescon next year?//

David Hall
202 Taylor
Crystal City, Mo. 63019

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This campaign to Send Pickering to Coventry is snowballing..... and at the same time the true facts of the issue are coming to light. I implore you, abandon your participation in this (as has been clearly indicated in SIRRUIISH) and think about it. This action is a clear violation of the precepts of your professed religion, and you are allowing yourself to be coerced into a shameful course of action. Remember Walt Whitman: "Not until the sun excludes you do I exclude you."

//It cheers me considerably to see you taking a compassionate interest in someone. I wouldn't have believed it possible. I presume it is your strict Presbyterian conscience which causes you to take me to task for my religious laxity. You are fond of quotations, so here are some for you in return, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye." Matthew. "Oh true believers, take your necessary precautions against your enemies." The Koran.//

J. Andy Jackson
344 Rowayton Ave.
Rowayton, Conn. 06853

Hooray! A brief but sincere cheer for the courageous abolishment of a cover logo! A lovely cover as Gaughan is expected to produce, poor overworked devil.

"Pscataxia" was chummy and readable, perhaps a little extensive. And now let me pause, clear my throat impressively, and wax pompous. The fad in fandom among neos is to write saying, "Dere--

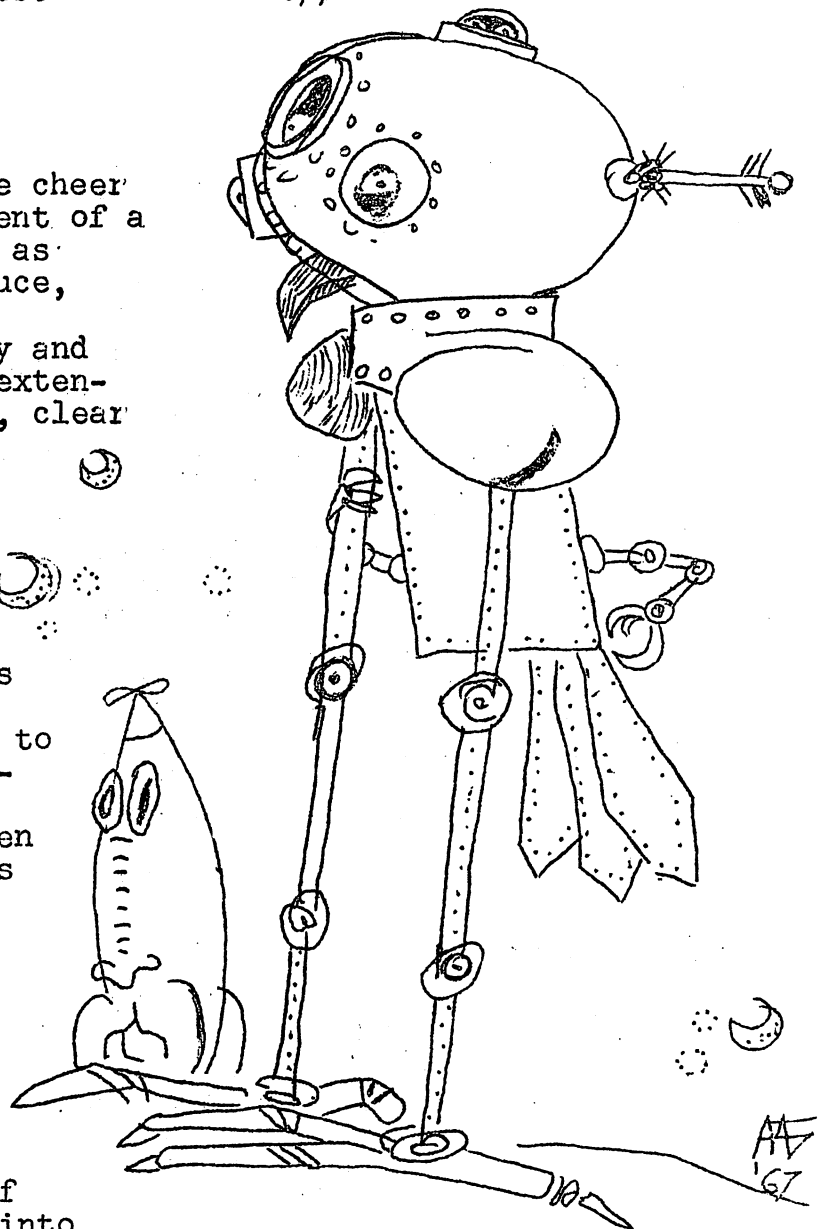
I'm one of those neos" (alt. "Ricardo Schmidlap tells me I'm what is called a neo..." This is bad. This is like those cats who sign their names when they write to Time so everyone will be impressed at how erudite they are for their ages. But then this whole smug cliquishness of fandom is not good.

Onward!

St. Francis quatrain is glorious, sitting in me, next to such other glittery oddities as Magnus'

"Sator Arepo Tenet Opera Rotas" and

"I wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate". Such stuff pushes further and further into mysticism.



On Whittington: I knew a girl who put down comic books like a pro,⁶⁴ and when I asked if she's ever read one, explained that she wouldn't lower herself. Comic books, like rock & roll, are getting better and better, and those who daren't enjoy them deserve their own aseticism. But it was funny.

Enjoyed "Lucifer", although it read like a first draft. Do wish I'd thought of it.

"Incident Beside etc. etc. etc." was dreary. Hall was fascinating, remind me to read all them interrelated books. Cabell somehow reminds me of William Spencer Carr who started out in Weird Tales, then exalted himself with a Great Gatsbyish novel, and wound up writing for Walt Disney. Ah well... The book reviewer seems pretty hard up for books to review. I retain the feeling that he/she didn't particularly want to do it. "The Bookburners" was muy buano. Ridiculously corny ending (endings are hell to write tho). It made me rise from my torpor and read that copy of Farenheit 451 I bought in 1964, and a damn good book it was. So thanx. "Pastiche" is a good idea. Fight to keep it from becoming a fanzine review column. It was reassuring to see that SOMEBODY in the midwest likes Lovecraft. HPL was a genius, of course. His best stuff ("The Outsider", "The Thing on the Doorstep", "The Festival", "Charles Dexter Ward") is the best there is, approached only by Donald Wandrei at his best ("The Lady In Gray", "Nightmare", "The Eye and the Finger")

There are two kinds of people; those who want no censorship, and those who want enough so they can pick up a novel at Random(House) and read it and not be grossed out. I was for zero censorship, but I realized that that would inundate us in porno. Inaugurate a porno quota system, say 25 books a month. This way, unoffensive literature could hold something resembling it's own.

Re Earl and Gail (an old Vaudeville team, making a comeback thru fandom, no doubt); if God exists, can you get me his autograph?

Gaughan was fascinating, even to me, who could care very little less about illustrating.

Now then, Andy's Book Corner: Earthblood was a class book. I can't believe that Rosel, after her debacular Sybil Sue Blue, could have anything to do with such a class book. It was lean and ugly and varied, and I usually enjoyed it.

Spinrad's The Men in the Jungle is a sort of SF Heart of Darkness and awfully gross. Spinrad's sex scenes are weak and uninspired, but his carnage is beyond reproach. He loves writing about torture and gore, and does it well, and does it often, and I would not like to meet him. The carnage is fun, at first, then stultifying in it's prevalence and ghastly monotony, and finally, zestful and somehow relaxing. It's a crummy book, but it's fun, if you like very ripe meat.

//Your quota system sounds reasonable to me, but what do you want to bet that anybody under fifty would, by law, have to have a signed note from his mommy to purchase any of those 25 books? You write a good letter, whether for publication or not. Gentle readers, this Andy is a very cool and knowledgeable type. Lookit all them big words!//

//I don't particularly like "we also heard from". It seems to imply that the letter wasn't worth printing for one reason or another. So I've decided to dispense with that bit. We did get other mail but space is a consideration and this letcol is long enuf as is. Write in people, we like to get mail.

