



SIRRUISH 10



SIRRIUSH 10, published February, 1973  
Mailing address; Railee Bothman 1300 W. Adams Kirkwood, Mo. 63122  
Sent for trade, letters of comment, or contributions, or 50¢

STAFF:           RAILEE BOTHMAN                   DONN BRAZIER                   CELIA TIFFANY  
                  LEIGH COUCH                   JON YAFFE                   GENIE YAFFE  
  
PRINTING:       JOE BOTHMAN

### CONTENTS

L.A.Con Report.....	Celia Tiffany.....	p.2
Googols to You.....	Betty Knight.....	p.6
The Gismok.....	W.G.Bliss.....	p.7
Mid-America Con Report.....	Celia Tiffany.....	p.9
The Last Dinosaur.....	Jon Yaffe.....	p.10
Short history of the Stellar Strongmen....	Donn Brazier.....	p.11
Instant Plot.....	Bruce D. Arthur.....	p.15
Books.....		p.16
The Joke.....	Ed Lesko, Jr. ....	p.18
Tokyo Rose.....	Dave Locke.....	p.19
Comments.....		p.23

### ARTWORK

Front cover-Jack Gaughan  
Jon Yaffe-pp.  
Doug Lovenstein-p.3

Back cover-Jon Yaffe  
Bill Rotsler-pp.

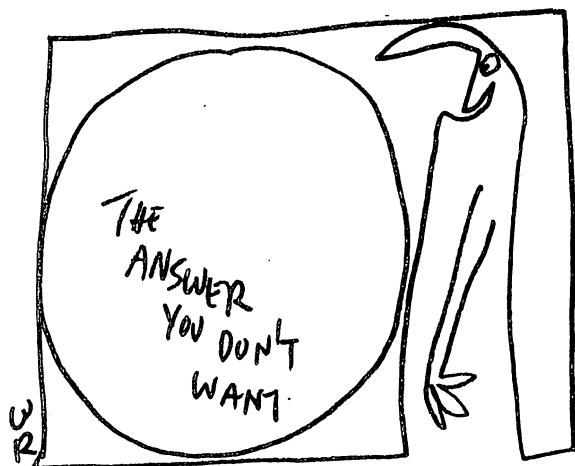
Here, at long last, is SIRRIUSH 10. When we get together we seem to do a lot more talking than working, but that's how we like it, and we don't plan to let SIRRIUSH take us over like a slavedriver. Thanks to all of you who have kindly sent letters and contributions. WE have a very minute backlog, so let's keep on hearing from you. To quell the rumors that have been coming back to us: all the fanzines emanating recently from the St. Louis area are not the first signs of an upcoming bid for a Worldcon. We are only publishing because we like to. Doing a Con means giving up months of one's life, and we don't have that inclination. Especially me - St. Louis con in 1969, National Model Railroad Convention co-chairman in 1970, heart attack in 1971.

L.A. Con  
The 30<sup>th</sup> World Science Fiction Convention  
International Hotel, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Sept. 1-4, 1972

I combined the con with vacation, so I moved into the hotel several days early. Unofficial celebrations began Wednesday night, when a small group of dedicated fans took over the ballroom foyer and swapped "on the way to the con" tales far into the night. By Thursday afternoon the hucksters were trundling in their books, Bjo Trimble's crew were assembling racks for the art show, and the halls were jammed with fans and their luggage. LASFS held an evening panel discussion on the present activities of fan clubs around the nation. Afterwards, there was a Meet The Authors party in the penthouse. At least a dozen authors and many BNFs were present, if you could find them in the crowded dark.

Friday programming included the keynote address by GOH Frederick Pohl; panels on international fandom, fan history, and world building; and the futuristic fashion show. The evening belonged to films, informal seminars, and parties.

On Saturday there were more panels -- something for everyone -- but I skipped all of them in favor of special events. First, Kathleen Sky and Stephen Golden were married in the main ballroom; the costumes and trappings were medieval, the vows were modern (and beautiful). Michael Kurland and Randall Garrett officiated. Next, the Burroughs Bibliophiles held their annual Dum-Dum. Guests-of-Honor were actor Bruce Bennett (=Herman Brix, the eighth movie Tarzan) and artist Burne Hogarth, who has just published a pictorial version of Tarzan of the Apes.



In the late afternoon Rita Dyan and her "Al Afrah" dance troupe performed traditional Middle Eastern dances, including traditional belly dances. Since I'm not a female chauvinist, I heartily approve of hiring exotic dancers instead of a rock band. Easier on the ears and more fun to watch! I hope the practice becomes a worldcon tradition.



In the evening we sardined into the main ballroom (far too small for the 1956 attendees who registered, plus who knows how many free-loaders who didn't) for the Costume Ball. The con newszine "Wabbit Twacks!!" says there were 67 entries; I was too busy giggling to count. There were some real corkers this year. Local St.Louisans Tim & Julie Zell took Best of Show as Ker-nu-nos and Ker-id'-wen, attired in blue skin, fur loincloths, flame-topped helmet, and Hista the Boa Constrictor. Scott Shaw richly deserved his title of Most Revolting. He appeared as his own underground comics character The Turd, simulated by a thick coat of chunky peanut butter. I missed getting a photo of him; immediately after

his presentation, he vanished in search of a bath. The Most Humorous Production award went to Ron Bounds and Jerry Jacks, as Fafhrd and The Gay Mouser. The rather chubby Mouser was bedecked in purple satin, frills, and lace. Veterans of St.Louiscon recognized Fafhrd as a reincarnation of a certain cereal-toting Viking. I wish I had room to describe all the others; there were no duds.

Sunday morning we got down to business -- for a few minutes. The 1974 Worldcon Site Selection Session began with Art Saha withdrawing the New York bid, leaving D.C. in possession of the dubious honor by officially unanimous vote. Again, there was heavy programming throughout the day, plus the Hyborian Legion muster, the Mythopoeic Society presentation on "The Tolkien Phenomenon", and a surprise appearance by Ray Bradbury, reading poems and a portion of his new play The White Comet, a deep space Moby Dick. And if that and the hucksters rooms weren't enough to keep you busy, the art show auction began at noon.

This is as good a place as any to discuss my favorite con activity. The art show occupied a large room with three glass walls. Phil Vanderlei's iron dragons and other creatures dominated one end of the room; you may have seen some of his work on Night Gallery. Burne Hogarth had pages from the book I have already plugged above. Kelly Freas had dozens of studies for Analog covers. Don Davis displayed a rackfull of magnificent astronomical paintings. Greg Davidson had a small but delightful collection of illos for children's fantasy.



George Barr had another set of voluptuous, extravagant fantasies. (Is that how he really sees women, or how he would like to see them? Whichever it is, bless him. Someday I'll be rich enough to outbid the other collectors and buy one of those beautiful dreams.) Tim Kirk brought his Master's Thesis, a mind-blowing series of illos for the Tolkien Ring tetralogy. My favorite (and everyone else's) depicted Gandalf towering over Bilbo at the entrance to his hobbit hole. Other well-known names at the show included Eddie Jones, Cathy Hill, Alicia Austin, and Karel Thole.

I came to L.A. armed with a chunk of money and determined to get a good piece of original art. But as I wandered through the show looking at minimum bids, my heart sank. Inflation strikes again. I don't mind Tim Kirk and George Barr asking \$40 minimum; not only because they deserve it, but also because I know the bidding on their goodies will soar out of my reach anyhow. (Tim Kirk's "Heldendammerung" fetched Sunday's cash prize of \$203.) But many -- probably most -- of the pieces by completely unknown and, let's be rude about it, less talented artists carried even higher minimum price tags. While I was still mulling over blowing the whole wad on one little painting by someone I'd never heard of, I discovered some Ad Astra covers by Eddie Jones in the main (not the art) auction for a mere \$20 apiece, and line drawings by Kelly Freas for \$15 to \$35. Guess where I spent the dough.

The Hugo Awards Banquet sold 585 tickets; the food was unusually edible (rumor credited this to the influence of gourmet con chairman Bruce Pelz). In addition to the Hugo Awards, which you've certainly read elsewhere, the committee made three special awards: to Le Club du Livre d'Anticipation, for SF book production; to Harlan Ellison, for anthologizing Again, Dangerous Visions; and to NUEVA DIMENSION, for SF magazine production. Pro GOH Fred Pohl and Fan GOHs Robert & Juanita Coulson each received a plaque. Forrest Ackerman presented two private awards: the E.E. Evans Memorial ("Big Heart") award to Stan Woolston, and the First Fandom Award to C.L. Moore.

I report the Monday morning business session by hearsay: the Hugo novelet category was reinstated, and the pro magazine Hugo was changed to best editor. Confirmation, anyone? Hucksters kept me occupied most of the day, but I did take time for the market report by editors Harry Harrison, Ben Bova, Terry Carr, Ian Ballentine, and David Gerrold. Consensus: now is the time to peddle good short stories.

The '72, '73, and '74 con committees got an earful at the closing session. As usual, many of the impassioned speeches denounced the hotel facilities (or lack of). Although the staff were pretty good sports, the building wasn't equipped to handle conventions of this size. There were only four elevators, so naturally they got stuck; one of them developed a snapping door that was downright vicious. The hotel had one restaurant and one coffee house, and there were no other eateries within reasonable walking distance. There were no ice, coke, or vending machines of any sort anywhere in the hotel. (A hungry fan is an angry fan. A thirsty fan is a raging maniac!) The movies were tucked away in a tiny corner room. The low lighting levels made existing-light photography difficult, leading to more use of flashcubes and more bitter complaints about flashcubes (since the eyes dilate more in a dim room). The type of security practiced in the hucksters rooms annoyed both hucksters and fans. All this probably sounds familiar; St. Louiscon heard much of the same.

By Monday evening the halls were nearly empty. Movies and a few parties ran on. I'm glad I didn't discover the coin-operated "Computer Space" games in the con suite earlier; they're definitely addictive. The new books room remained open, long after the regular hucksters were gone. The con suite party was still kicking when I gave up about one A.M.

So much for one woman's opinion.

-- Celia Tiffany

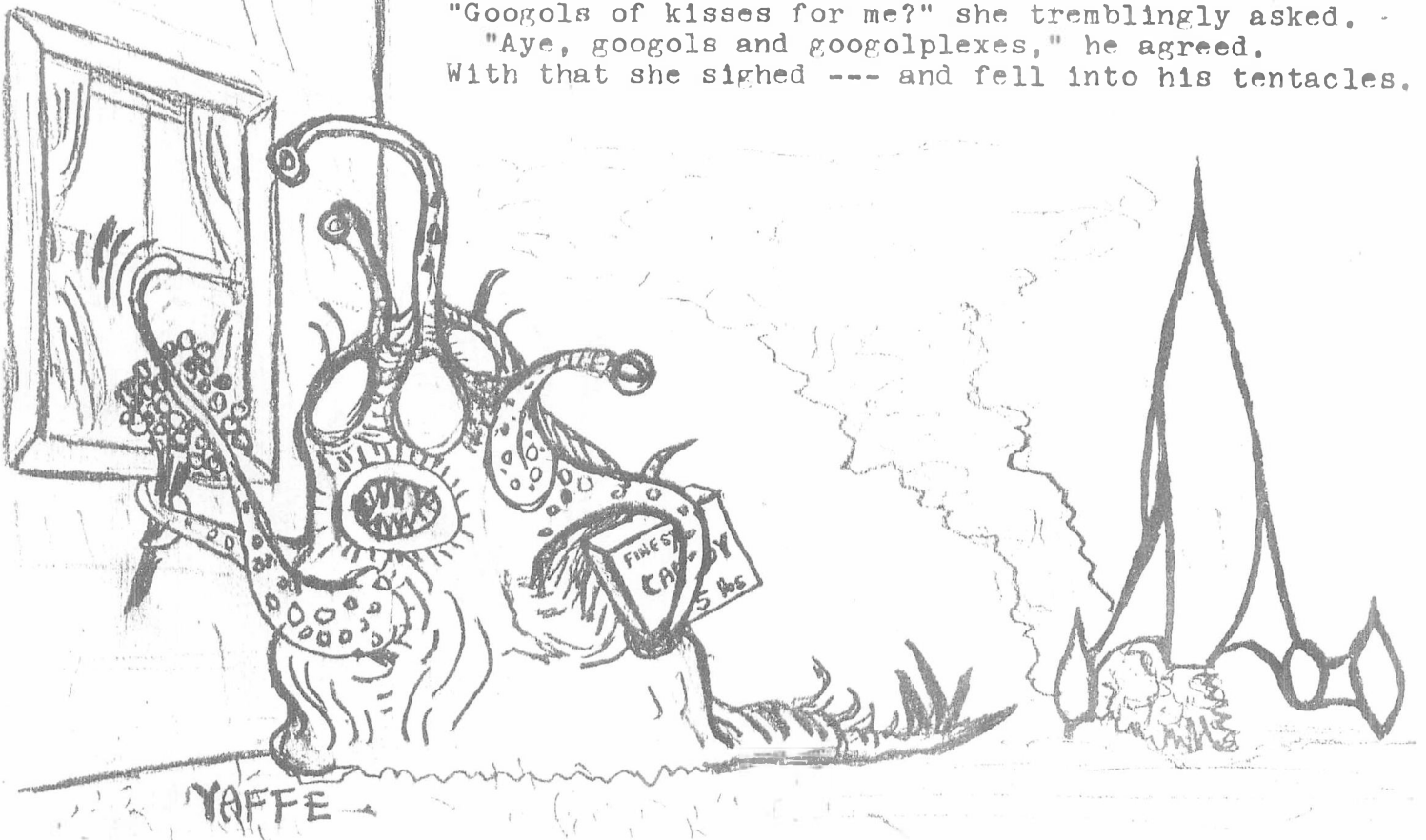


GOOGOLS TO YOU  
by Betty Knight

Googols and googols of light years,  
Through the depths of fast Space-Time,  
Sped the gold spacer from the Universe's edge;  
Where space curves in upon Time,  
And Gravitation crumples the Neutrons of Nothingness,  
Into the sphere of bounded unboundedness;  
From there he photoned his wary way.

His gold spacer jetted down in her backyard;  
By her bedroom door he stepped out,  
And rapped upon her window as the raven of yore.  
He was tall and he was strange and he was green,  
And his antennae glistened with \_\_\_\_?

"Marie, Marie, I have come for you," he glowed.  
She sat up in bed, trembled, and asked, "Who are you?"  
"From the depths googols and googols  
Of light years I have come for you," he replied.  
"My name is Xlix from Korakol,  
And I have googols of kisses for you."  
"Googols of kisses for me?" she tremblingly asked.  
"Aye, googols and googolplexes," he agreed.  
With that she sighed --- and fell into his tentacles.





Quoted from "Ramblings in Physics" by S.Silb, a book that still cannot be taken entirely seriously at this late date, three hundred years after its first publication:

"It is well known that almost all practical machines operate with intangible parts, since more often than not, complete tangibility of the intangibility of mechanical function is not required. An example of that is a doughnut rolling on a skating rink. The top plane the doughnut is rolling on is missing, and is in fact, not needed."

S.Silb also postulated the possible number of intangible doughnut holes in the total absence of doughnuts before they were invented, but that is not very relevant to Gismoks.

-----

The Gismok is a device made entirely of intangible parts that opens cans, repairs self-repairing computers, and untangles shoelaces. Gismoks are very therapeutic when connected to the inputs of computers that have slipped their trolleys. The afflicted computers spew out all kinds of nutty stuff for a few days and finally blow a fuse\*, and return to a normal state. Evidently, after wrangling with figuring out something that is real, but intangible, and blowing their stack in a big way, going back to dealing with mere mundane tangible imponderables gives them a comfortable sense of security.

Other practical can openers are common, so that is not a special virtue of a Gismok. Tangled shoelaces are not a severe enough problem (they can always be snipped and replaced) to warrant having a Gismok just for that.

Gismoks can be laid flat and shipped in a common 9x12 envelope. A few are lost by postal inspectors who think the envelope is empty and somebody has swiped the contents.

It is not recommended that Gismoks be taken to repairmen with an I.Q. of under 400, since that is the lowest needed ingenuity quotient for competently replacing intangible parts in an intangible machine.

One giant Gismok was constructed experimentally that could open oil storage tanks and untangle ships' hawsers. It was not tried on a computer.

The terms of the sale are that the buyer is responsible for keeping track of his Gismok. No other device is so easy to lose track of. There is always an uncertainty of how many are on inventory at the factory. The counter on the final inspection machine is accepted officially by the various tax departments. It has mal-functioned several times since Gismoks have been in production, so there may be a few gross more or less Gismoks in the world. Gismoks are well-nigh theft-proof since burglars find it almost impossible to find

them if you don't happen to know where they are. The best way to keep track of a Gismok is to have a special box with a sign on it that says, "GISMOK ONLY", and also a small hinged sign that says "Gismok is in box-Gismok is out of box". Then have another plain box to keep the Gismok in and leave in a desk drawer that nobody looks in.

Gismoks never wear out, but their parts can be sprung from overloading and need replacement.

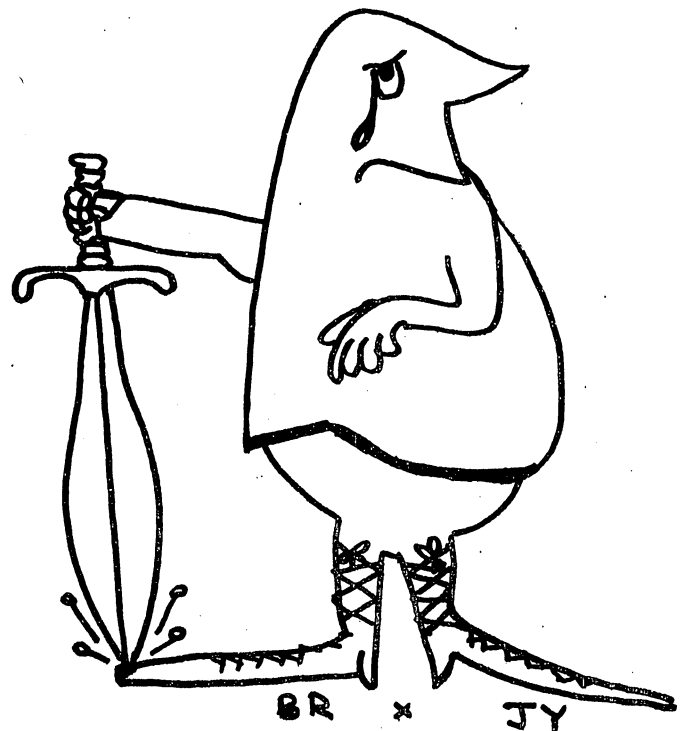
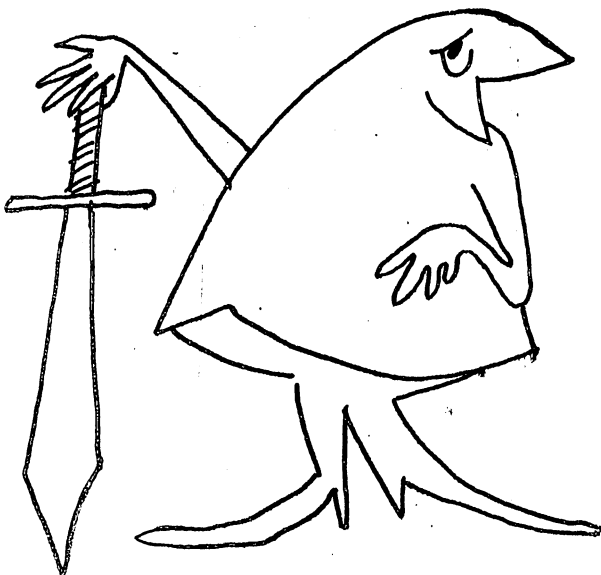
Gismoks withstand dropping from any height and do not bounce.

Gismoks should not be used for practical jokes. They can be used to make a plate of spaghetti appear enchanted since the Gismok untangles the spaghetti just like it does shoelaces. Usually, the only one who laughs is the joker.

Three phase holography is the only way to make a Gismok visible, but that is not what a Gismok really looks like.

\*Computers that do not have an old fashioned link fuse should have one installed temporarily.

\*\*\*\*\*



Mid-America Con I  
Continental Hotel  
Kansas City, Mo.  
June 16-18, 1972

"BIG MAC", Kansas City's first official SF con, was high in quality and low in attendance. It drew 236 fans, plus committee and guest. The con committee had prepared for over 500, so they were understandably disappointed. It may be small comfort, but I hereby award them a commendation. A special medal for reckless valor goes to con chairman Ken Keller, who had never before attended a con. Other kudos go to John Taylor for an exceptionally fine program book, including sections on Guests-of-Honor Philip José Farmer and James Gunn, capsule reviews of all the films, cartoons by Dave Holmon, illustrations by Herb Arnold, and covers by Richard Corben.

The film room ran almost round the clock. Featured were a Ray Harryhausen Film Festival, amateur shorts, classic films, and (of course) James Gunn's Kansas University Literature of Science Fiction film series.

Each day had a different artist's show. Friday's was Richard Corben's ( I missed that one, drat it). On Sunday morning, Russ Myers displayed comic strip art, including his own BROOM-HILDA. And on Saturday afternoon, Burroughs Bibliophile #1 (Vern Coriell, if you don't know) conducted an informal tour through a sampling of the vast Coriell Collection. We gazed enviously on originals by J. Allen St. John, Hannes Bok, Montaigne, and Roy Krenkel, among others.

The banquet was served in the ornate Grand Ballroom. Under the crystal chandeliers, Phil Farmer regaled us with an eyewitness account of events "After King Kong Fell". Then James Gunn read from his upcoming Alternate Worlds, a study of past, present, and possible future trends in SF literature.

At least the small attendance meant less competition for bargain hunters. As I was dragging my loot to the taxi stand, I encountered Ken Keller. He and fellow backer John Taylor were estimating a \$1500-\$2000 loss, to be partly recouped by selling Ken's comic collection. Yet Ken was still chipper enough to quip, "We got torpedoed, but we're only listing -- we're not sunk!" But he added that he had given up his plans to bid for a worldcon.

A pity. If this was a sample, Kansas City could throw a good one.

-- Celia Tiffany

Hi There. Im the last dinosaur My NAME IS

I don't think I have A NAME NAMES  
keep you separate from your kind and I  
AM THE LAST OF MINE SO WHO NEEDS  
A NAME

Im sorry  
like this Its  
when all thats  
evolution but  
is the mother of

The worst part  
be replaced by things  
AND TWITCHY AND TOO  
to slow down when  
gets cold like a being  
really should AND  
THEY DONT LAY EGGS  
I dont know what  
they do but theres  
AND ONLY ME SO THEY  
SOMETHING RIGHT AND  
DOING SOMETHING WRONG  
WHEN THEY FIND MY  
THEYLL KNOW IVE BEEN

ABOUT CRYING  
dumb to cry  
happening is  
evolution  
loneliness  
is to  
little  
wild  
it

lots of them  
MUST BE DOING  
I MUST BE  
I WONDER  
BONES IF  
CRYING

YAPFE 73



## SHORT HISTORY OF THE STELLAR STRONGMEN

CHARTER MEETING Sept.22, 1972 at home of Harry P. Shovecart

Called to order at 8:01 pm by Harry Shovecart. Attending: Steve Stige, Max Berg, and Harry P. Shovecart.

After long discussion about a club name it was voted 2 for and 1 against "Stellar Strongmen", a name proposed by Steve Stige. Steve voted against his own proposal, saying it was chauvinistic.

Max Berg moved that females be given honorary membership in the club. Defeated. Steve then moved that females be given full membership. Passed. He then proposed that his girl friend, Astrid Allen, be elected to membership. Defeated. He then gave her measurements and moved she be given a trial membership, and that she be given the honor of hosting the next meeting at her house and providing the refreshments. He added that her dad owned a pool table. Passed, 2 to 1, with Harry P. Shovecart dissenting because he didn't know how to shoot pool.

The discussion of dues was tabled until the next meeting.

It was decided to publish a clubzine called "Tales of the Stellar Strongmen". Max Berg volunteered to be editor since he had access to a mimeograph. He was directed to buy paper and stencils to be refunded out of the club treasury at a later date. Harry P. Shovecart advised Max to brush up on his spelling and grammar if he was going to be editor of the clubzine.

Election of officers concluded the meeting, as follows:

President ..... Harry P. Shovecart  
Vice-Pres ..... Steve Stige  
Treasurer ..... Max Berg  
Secretary ..... Astrid Allen

Meeting adjourned at 10:06. Minutes respectfully submitted by Harry P. Shovecart.

SECOND MEETING Oct.17, 1972 at home of Astrid Allen

Called to order at 8:03 pm by Steve Stige, v-pres. in absence of Harry P. Shovecart. Attending were Steve Stige, Max Berg, and Astrid Allen.

Dues were set at \$1.00 per meeting, and Max Berg collected a dollar each from Steve and Astrid which he paid to himself for the ledger he had bought for \$1.98. Max gave an off-the-cuff treasurer's report, showing a balance of 2¢, and a bill payable from Harry P. Shovecart for \$1.00 plus his own IOU for \$1.00.

Max reported he had not yet bought any paper or stencils for the clubzine, but had done some pricing, and was awaiting word from his uncle who could get some paper wholesale. He was also half-finished with a story, "Vagabond on Vega", which would lead off the zine. It was a terrific story, he said. He then asked the members to review some paperbacks from publishers who would then send new publications, free, for review. He volunteered to set up a library at his house where the books could be kept.

Steve Stige pointed out that the clubzine title ought to be changed from "Tales of the Stellar Strongmen" because fans would shorten the title to "TOTS", and the club ought not to project a juvenile image. The name was then changed to "Stories of the Stellar Strongmen".

Meeting adjourned at 8:13 and everyone played pool while Astrid served cokes and cookies. Respectfully submitted, Astrid Allen, Secretary.

### THIRD MEETING Nov.23, 1972 at home of Astrid Allen

Called to order at 8:09 pm by Astrid Allen, Secy., in the absence of Pres. Shovecart and Vice-Pres. Stige. Attending were Max Berg, Joe Neofan, and Astrid Allen.

It was voted to make Joe Neofan an honorary charter member since he had missed only two meetings. Over his objections Max Berg proposed that Joe then owed \$1.00 for the last meeting even though he had not been a member at the time, and \$1.00 for this meeting.

The treasurer was not able to collect from anyone at this meeting and his books showed a balance of 2¢. But counting IOU's the treasury was a healthy \$8.02. Everyone present was urged to pay up at the next meeting.

Max Berg then read a short paper he had written for the clubzine: "Bradbury's Debt to Captain S.P. Meek." This might have to take the place of "Vagabond on Vega" because he was having trouble with the ending. He reported that he had received an advertisement for the Blastcon in nearby Five Corners which he would run in the clubzine. He had not yet heard from his uncle about the paper.

Joe Neofan proposed a comics sub-club or section to be called the Cosmic Comic Circle to meet with the Stellar Strongmen. Passed. It was then voted to collect an extra 25¢ per meeting for those who joined the CCC. No one joined at this meeting but Joe promised to bring his younger brother, Mike, to the next meeting.

Astrid Allen proposed the name of the club be changed to Stellar Strongpersons. Defeated.

Joe Neofan pointed out that the new name of the clubzine, "Stories of the Stellar Strongmen" could be shortened by the fans to "SOTS". Max Berg argued that had a fannish connotation, but he was voted down by Astrid and Joe. The name then accepted was "Yarns of the Stellar Strongmen."

Meeting adjourned at 8:32 for pool and coke and cookies. Respectfully submitted, Astrid Allen.

#### FOURTH MEETING Dec.19, 1972 at home of Max Berg.

Called to ordre at 8:22 pm by Max Berg, tresurur, in absense of the pre., vice-pres. and seceratary. Atending was Joe Neofan, his little brother Mike, and Max Berg.

The tresurur gave his report. After colecting 25¢ from Mike Neofan, the tresury stood at 27¢. He siad that unless the members got off there dufs the clubzine couldn't get off of the ground. All present promissed to pay up at the next meeting.

Mike Neofan was elected president of the Cosmic Comic Circel. <sup>has</sup>

Max Berg, editor of the clubzine, said he/~~xx~~ got only one last scean to write for "Vagobands of Vegga".

~~Rxxxx~~ Plans were layed for a big New Years Eve party on Dec. 31 and Max said he was sure that Astrid wouldn't mind having it at her house and he would call her and make ~~xxxxxx~~ arrangements necessary. It would be guest females allowed. Joe said if nobody had a girl his sister might come as ~~xxx~~ someone's partnur. His sisters name is Marybell and doesnt have a boyfreind.

Meeting was adgurned at 8:47 and Mike read comics while Max and Joe played some rock records. Respectively submitted, Max Berg.

#### FIFTH MEETING Dec 31, 1972

Called to order at 9:02 by Harry P. Shovecart, Pres. at home of Astrid Allen before the party. Atending was aforname Pres. and his date, Dorie Danzer, Steve Stige who got stuck with Marybell Neofan at the begining anyway, Max Berg and his girl ~~xxxxxx~~ freind Sue OConnell, Joe Neofan and Marybell his sister, and Astrid Allen.

The tresurur gave his report of 27¢ which he donnated tp the club for the party refreshments. Everybody cheered. And the next meeting was set for Jan. 27 at Max Bergs house.

Meeting adgurned at 9:07 and the party comenced. For the record the fight began about 1 am and ~~xxx~~ nobody is clear how it got started. Steve Stige made hissself obnoxious around Harry and Dorie, and Joe squirted a coke bottel all over Max and Sue who were ~~xxxxxx~~ lying on the porch sofa in the dark and got Maxs back all slopt. Somehow Astrid ripped her dress, and nobody admitted to hitting Dorie in the eye with a pool kew. And Sue never did get her lost new red shoe back.

Respectively submitted, Max Berg.

**SIXTH MEETING** Jan. 27

**Nobody showed up.**

~~XXXXXX~~ Respectively submitted, Max Berg.

**SEVENTH MEETING** May 22, 1973 at Max Bergs house.

Max Berg called this meeting to make it official that the club is no more. Astrid called by phone and said her father said after the party that she was not allowed to be any longer in the club and would have to resign.

Max Berg called up Sue to see if she would go to tge Blastcon with him and her mother said that didn't I know that she had just got married to Harry P. Shovecart and that Sue and Harry were going to Five Corners where Harry was the FoH. Whatever that is Sue's mother said.

So I hereby close the ledger with no balance and my uncle just called yesterday to say he could give me a fine deal on some newsprint paper.

Mike Neofan says he would be glad to keep the Cosmic Comic Circel going independtally of the Steller Strongmen, but i am way passed being a comicfan.

Respectively submitted, Max Berg, former tresurur and acting  
seceratary.

\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* End \*\*\*\*\*

JANIE C. HURLEY  
AND  
RAYMOND D. FISHER  
ANNOUNCE THEIR MARRIAGE  
DECEMBER 29, 1972  
GALVESTON, TEXAS



## YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE FUN WITH 'INSTANT PLOT'

---

by BRUCE D. ARTHURS

RECIPE: First, take a paragraph from each of two books. Then, take the first word from the first paragraph, then the first word from the second paragraph, then second words from each, then third, fourth, etc. List them all one after another to make a new paragraph. Words may occasionally be skipped to make the thing readable, but just barely. New wave!

I shall give you an example, taken at random from the second chapter of Phil Farmer's Lord Tyger and the fourth chapter of Ed McBain's mystery-detective novel, Fuzz. Herewith, an excerpt from the yet unpublished Tyger Fuzz !

By detective time, Bert Ras Kling was in nine. Love Mariyam but Yusufu. Nobody had, else given was. Up mayor trying was restrain not. Him in, until love. Then he at furious, least the one mayor of Called Two. The insisted police! (Punctuation by me.)

Now the real fun starts, namely making sense of the garbage. Let's take it step by step:

detective time -- Perhaps this is an Einsteinian term. If this story takes place in the future, with ftl travel, there will undoubtedly be trouble with people undergoing different time rates. So detective time may mean the rate of time as detected by the individual, in other words, perceived time.

Bert Ras Kling -- The protagonist, obviously.

was in nine -- A location, like Sector Nine or some such?

Love Mariyam but Yusufu -- Protagonist loves Mariyam except for someone named Yusufu.

Nobody had, else given was -- If people had it (what?). they would give it, but they don't have it. Love, perhaps?

Up mayor -- A mayor who governs a specific section of the city; Uptown Mayor.

trying was restrain not -- The Up Mayor is not restraining Kling.

Him in, until love -- Kling successful until he fell in love with Mariyam.

Then he at furious, least the one mayor of Called Two -- Kling is angry, because if his mission is successful, it will mean his appointment as the only mayor of someplace named Called Two, and his separation from Mariyam.

The insisted police! -- Heavy police state; for some reason they are after Kling.

We now have a classic situation. A young man on some important mission falls in love, but his mission jeopardizes this love. The Up Mayor supports him, but Yusufu has become his enemy. Kling delays his mission, but Yusufu has found out and informed the police, who are now after him. Now, you or Dean Koontz, write it!

FIFTH PLANET - Fred and Geoffrey Hoyle Gold Medal, Fawcett  
April, 1970 75¢ Original publication 1963, Harper & Row

I found the Preface more interesting than the story, for the former stated the space-time concept which, unfortunately, really figured little in the story. This slighting of the scientific basis was purposely done in order "to avoid too much interruption of the narrative." In fact, the Preface calls the reader's attention to the two pages where the theory enters the narrative for its one and only appearance. The novel is full of careful detail of preparations, by both the Western World and the Russians, to send an exploratory spaceship to the fifth planet of the invading star system. The launching, the trip, the exploration, the return are all described, but the actual exploration of the fifth planet shows very little. This is part of the plot, this apparently unoccupied water and grass world, but still leaves the reader disappointed when he finds out that the world is truly occupied, and that one of the beings has returned in the body of one of the astronauts. Cathy becomes an interesting character after her husband discovers that she, after the death of the astronaut, now harbors the alien. Cathy is able, with her new powers, to avert a war between Russia and the Western World. And, that job done, she (and her husband) set out to the fifth planet when the book ends. Slow reading and more enjoyable for those who like international tensions and politics than science or adventure.

Donn Brazier

THE STARS, LIKE DUST - Isaac Asimov Fawcett Crest Book  
June, 1972 75¢ T1713

One night Leigh handed me a pile of review copies. Passing over the psychic, horror, and psycho nerve-jerkers, I pounced with relief on an Asimov reprint. With at least fifteen years and several thousand books between the first and second readings, it was as good as a new book; I didn't recall what happened on the next page. Galactic Empire, secret rebellion, one ship versus the space navy, the whole delightful space opera bit. Funny thing, tho: the copyright says 1951, but the science isn't out of date (not as far as this amateur can spot, anyway). After a while I realized why the trouble comparing this concoction to the standard Galactic Empire intrigue. Asimov is the standard. He got in firstest with the mostest when the little kid started grabbing armloads of SF from the bookmobile. So I can't compare Asimov to anyone except Asimov. He has grown better over the years, but he started out so far ahead of almost everyone else! Maybe there are some of you out there who haven't read (or have forgotten) the incomparable Dr. A's early works. If so, Fawcett has done you a favor. They've reprinted this and several others. Encourage them. Go buy.

Celia Tiffany

STRANGE CREATURES FROM TIME AND SPACE - John Keel Gold Medal,  
Fawcett March, 1970 75¢ Portions printed in MALE, 1968-69  
and SAGA, 1968

This is a non-fiction catalog of classified mysteries of odd appearances and disappearances, with 23 chapters including such things as demon dogs and cats, giants, creatures from the black lagoon, flying saucer people, man-birds, sea-serpents, and the like. The book is indexed and contains a list of organizations and publications devoted to such notings of the unexplainable. Keel gathers his information from newspapers, letters, and any source that yields a nugget. He speculates that these non-human and human-like creatures penetrate Earth from time to time from another intersecting space-time continuum. The writing is straightforward, and Keel reserves his "explanation" until the last chapter. Although Keel does not have a unique literary style like Charles Fort who wrote much the same kind of book, the numerous sightings of the mysterious moth-man, for instance, make the book a goldmine for the reader who wants all these mysteries in one volume. As Keel writes: "We have only tried to lay out the facts before you." In laying out the data - fact or not- he has succeeded.

Donn Brazier

THE CASTLE KEEPS - Andrew J. Offut Berkley Madallion S2187  
1972 75¢

This is the second book length thing I've read by Offut, and I like it better than the other. He has a nice feel for how things might really go in the near future, -- about 15 to 20 years from now. There's nothing that hasn't been used before, but everything is a lot more believable because it's not over-stressed... No super war, no super sex, no super overcrowding, no super pollution, just slightly underdrawn (maybe I'm kidding myself) extrapolations of what's happening right now. No super-serious preach, screech or hype. Just people reacting in usual ways to not too unusual situations. There's a little less food, a little more crime, enough more pollution that peas mutate and ripen red instead of green. No one is frantically desperate. Just business as usual. After all, things change in the course of 15 to 20 years...would you believe 10 years?...maybe 5?...

Genie Yaffe

THE END OF ETERNITY - Isaac Asimov Fawcett Crest October, 1971  
75¢ 192 pages Original hardcover Doubleday, 1955

A novel of time-travel with some of its paradoxes, and an interesting innovation: a section of the universe where a group of eternal (selected from the human race) live in ordinary sequences of time by careful study and eventual alteration of

a minor factor (like changing the position of a bottle on a shelf) to bring about a whole new future - until changed again. Human beings are pawns under the whims of the Eternals who, at the end of the book, are pointed out by the femine love-object of the hero to be psychotic and not worthy of trust in such God-like decisions. Thus, the hero and heroine bring about the "end of eternity". A straight-forward novel which starts out slowly, but builds suspense from the middle on as the plot zeroes in on the problem facing the hero, Andrew Harlan. Asimov seems to say that the human race is better left uncontrolled by any super-ruling class, and that normal human beings will be better off to work out their future themselves in whatever untampered-with time-stream that results.

Donn Brazier

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE JOKE

While I lay in my coffin deep  
And the maggotts wormed through my skull  
I stood before my Lord, our god  
And he looked at me with knotted brow

"You have sinned overmuch my child"  
his grim face turned to stone  
"And I've made a place for lambs like you  
To roam without a home"

"Oh Lord, don't send my ass to hell"  
I whimpered, cried, and begged,  
" 'cause I would hate to fry down there"  
He merely shook his head

"Where else wuold you go, my little lost soul,  
you don't rate Paradise"  
"Back home to earth, my place of birth,  
yes that would really be nice"

He stroked his chin, began to grin,  
And laughed and waved his hand  
"So shall it be, you've humored me"  
Far away I heard a band.

And so I awoke in my funeral cloak,  
and my rotting teeth gnashed out a curse  
and in my head rung the laughter of god,  
for what in Hell could be worse?

Ed Lesko, Jr.



# TOKYO ROSE

FROM THE ASHES!!!!

by DAVE LOCKE



I think I've turned my kid off of anything that concerns science-fiction or fantasy. I let him watch WAR OF THE GARGANTUAS the other day...

TV GUIDE blurbed the movie as follows:

*"The War of the Gargantuas"  
(Japanese: 1970) Russ Tamblyn  
as an American scientist fighting  
monsters in Japan.*

Channel 5 advertised the movie in TV GUIDE with the following:

*TWO 150-FOOT MONSTERS IN COMBAT STOMP A NATION FLAT!  
(Sound like your upstairs neighbors?)*

Nothing sounds as bad as our upstairs neighbors. But I digress.

Channel 5 must operate on a fantastic budget. They run the same movie five days in a row, Monday through Friday. They advertise it with 3/4-page spreads in TV GUIDE. And they buy the worst that they can find.

If memory serves me, there were two monsters in this film. One was black, and evil. The other had red fur, and was good. Although their skin and muscle were flexible enough to allow them to run like hell, all modern weaponry and even disintegrating lasers could do no better than to singe their fur. So, they proceeded to stomp Tokyo.

What really amazes me is the number of times that the Japanese have had to rebuild Tokyo. Every time a monster is discovered, it heads straight for Tokyo.

Imagine two fishermen in a small sea-faring boat anywhere on earth. Except on dry land.

"John, lookit that for christsakes!"

"Oh Christ, what is it?"

"It's a giant monster awakened from the deeps!"

"How do you know that?"

"It's rubbing its eyes."

Suddenly the monster starts swimming away.

"Where's the ugly mother going?"

"Tokyo, of course. Better phone ahead and tell them to hold off on the reconstruction."

The crowd scenes in Tokyo used to really be something. Thousands

of people fleeing for their lives, keeping just ahead of the monster's footsteps (or occupying them). In the latest Japanese horror flicks, though, the crowds are getting less panic-stricken. Perhaps they're getting jaded by it all. Even The Fugitive got tired of running after awhile. One of these days we may see a crowd scene that goes something like this...

"Good grief, Yamasaki, look at that!"

(Yawn) "What?"

"That giant 250-foot monster that just stepped on your wife!"

"Oh, that. That's nothing. You should have seen the one we had around here the other day."

But my kid took it all deadly serious. "Kill that monster!"

"Why? What did he do to you?"

"He ate that woman and spit out her hat!"

"I don't blame him. That was a pretty ugly hat. As for the woman, I wouldn't mind --"

"Careful," my wife interjected.

"Tell you what, Brian," I said. "I'll hold you up on my shoulders and you pop him one right in the nose. Ok?"

"No," he said, softly. "No, I don't think so."

"Time to go to bed. Pleasant dreams." But he dreamed of cowboys. Guess that's because I watch GUNSMOKE, and don't watch NIGHT GALLERY. Brian watches what I watch, but that isn't true the other way around. And I'm getting mighty tired of eating breakfast with BOZO THE CLOWN and HOBO KELLY.

I wonder if a young monster gets in shape for adult life by stomping on Little Tokyo? One of these days they should rebuild Tokyo in New Zealand or someplace, and really fool hell out of those monsters.

"Hey, Godzilla, where the hell did Tokyo go?"

"I dunno; I thought it was right around here someplace."

They've even got Japanese monster movies playing at the drive-in theaters around here. I thought it was bad enough that television would buy them, but to have them in a theater is ridiculous. But the places get packed, so there must be people with cash who want to see that sort of stuff. "Held over for third big week! - GORGO DOES THE BACKSTROKE." But maybe the teenagers don't really care what's playing at the drive-in, just as long as they know who will

play at the drive-in.

"Hey! Open up that car. What's going on in there?"

Shades roll up. Window rolls down. "Nothing, sir, we're just watching the movie."

"Then why doesn't she have any clothes on?"

"Well, the monster scared the crap out of her and I'm just helping to clean up."

"Oh, yeah? Well why isn't your car facing the screen?"

"We can't see over the headrests when we're in the back seat."

"Tell me what the show is about."

"The monster is stomping Tokyo."

"Ok. Sorry I bothered you."

Monsters are big business in Japan, and fairly big business here, too. I wonder why the monsters aren't getting on the big bandwagon to rake in some fast cash doing television commercials?

"Godzilla, you may stomp me for this, but you have bad breath. Why don't you try some Scope?"

Stomp.

Or how about:

"So I came to the states and the President told me: 'Try it! You'll like it!' I asked him what is it? He said: 'Try it! You'll like it!' I said: Aaargh, but whathell is it? He said: 'Try it!'"

So I ate New York City. Thought I was gonna die..."

Yup, monsters are big business. And can be even bigger. (300-foot, 350-foot, 400-foot, etc.)

But I've got to get my kid turned away from that stuff. The other day I was lying on the sofa and he stomped on me.

As it turned out, it wasn't that he was whole-heartedly involved in a monster fad. He was just angry because he found out that we had watched WAR OF THE GARGANTUAS instead of THE FLINTSTONES.

I can get angry over a choice like that, too.

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire  
England

So many thanks for sending me a copy! And it's nice to see such a manifestation again. It's especially gratifying when a club comes out of its own personal shadow with a zine that it's prepared to show to the world, for then we know that its got something to be proud of.

Nostradamus; well, can I trade you Yorkshire's own Mother Shipton? She lived around the end of the fifteenth century, her mother was a witch, and she herself was chiefly remembered for the following prophecy though I have been trying to trace more; but not alas in time for this letter!

Carriages without horses shall go  
And accidents fill the world with woe.  
Iron in the water shall float  
As easily as does a wooden boat.  
A house of glass shall come to pass  
In England, but also!  
War will follow with the work  
In the land of the pagan and the Turk.  
Gold shall be found, and found  
In a land that's not now known.

From this brief stanza, I'd say she had more in common, extrapolating from her sources, with the sf writers of today; consider those first two sentences...and I think the 'house of glass' has usually been interpreted as being the Crystal Palace for the Great Exhibition of 1851, and the 'gold' as referring to the Klondyke discoveries...but as this book I've got at present was published in 1903, I think there may have been more scholarship done!

Donn Brazier take heart; over here, thanks to an early morning radio show, there's something called the Black Spot which has listeners writing in with accounts of all their catastrophes; and some of them are really excruciating. Makes me wish I'd stayed in bed some mornings, if this is what happens to other people...But consider the thought that there may be a race of gremlins, more potent than the deros Ray Palmer used to go on about; we've had our hobgoblins that would sour the cream unless some was left out for them; can you see a little gremlin perched on the bonnet of your car and two of them pushing behind, urging it on? And that bag didn't get filled with egg shells and bread crusts on its own; did you ever find your lunch? Chalk up another for the gremlins! Maybe not all of them are thirsty for blood sacrifices, though the freeways are littered with their victims; but it pays to be careful....

I've seen two views on fanfiction; one being that if it's not good enough to be submitted to one of the prozines, it shouldn't be printed at all. For if prozine editors have to make a living from their choice, and therefore should be the best judges; and it's no good printing in a fanzine if it's less than the very best; they've got to keep their standards up, at least...And then there's the other, that a lot of sf writers had to start somewhere in a small way, and they did this in the fanzines; and if they can gain

that experience here, they won't start off by collecting too many rejection slips! Though having practiced a little fiction myself, I'm firmly of the second opinion....!

The hard cover, I would say, is an abomination in Ghu's sight! Being neither nowt nor summat, as the old Yorkshire saying has it; on such a light-seeming zine as the present issue, it's definitely out of place; and, anyway, it's difficult to prop up on the breakfast table...no, seriously, it gives an air of permanence and stiff sobriety, ready to be bound in the annals of fannish history; and while this may be welcomed, it's better to be nice and floppy and loved rather than stiff and cold and respected, isn't it? And as well, if you try to hurl this across to room in disagreement, instead of making a soft landing, it tends to skim, causing confusion and breaking things all over the place...

Donn Brazier - The radio show you mention, Black Spot, is one I'd like to hear; should make me feel good and take my mind off my black spot (a rare, alien fungus infection).

And fan-fiction is, when not attempting to copy pro-fiction, a totally different type of work that can be good or bad on its own merits.

Jon Yaffe - I totally agree with your comments about the cover. Now, had I been asked to do one...!!!

\*\*\*\*\*

Doug Carroll, 1109 Paquin, Columbia, Mo. 65201

Thanks for SIRRUIISH 9. It is good to see St. Louis coming to life. Harry Warner wrote me a letter a while ago reminiscing about the paper blizzard of 69. I just say let it snow, let it snow.

Genie Yaffe's article was the most enjoyable thing in the issue. The trufan must prevail against the mundane masses and the flies.

I found the NOSTRADAMUS article interesting, but I have mixed views about this fortelling the future business. I believe in esp and related subjects which should include knowing the future, but the whole idea of prophesy makes me uncomfortable. Quotes can be twisted any way an individual desires. Bob Vardeman in a SANDWORM made his own set of predictions, fairly specific, and came up a high number of hits by using a little common sense and being properly vague. To believe or not to believe that is the twist. I predict that...

Donn Brazier sounded like he would like to stir up a little hot comment from those who don't share his views on science fiction. I don't mind watching a good fight as long as I'm safe. I'll be looking for violence in your pages now that they're trying to take it off TV.

Good luck on your next issue. Hope to see lots more from you poor folk working under the shadow of St. L.



Donn Brazier - Didn't stir up anything, Doug.  
Everyone had nothing but sympathy for my bad day and  
didn't chop through to the kernel of octopus science  
fiction I was blasting.

\*\*\*\*\*

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

When the ninth Sirruish arrived, I confess that my first reaction was not admiration of the beautiful reproduction for the text and pictures, nor pleasure at the variety of material you'd acquired, nor any of the other proper thoughts. Instead I instantly wondered if the previous issue was still in the stacks of fanzines awaiting a loc, which shows how far a bad conscience can take a fan.

Anyway, I'm glad to see Sirruish back. The interval since the last one isn't so large, the way time zips past and the way fanzines frequently take their time about coming out again. Warhoon probably hasn't appeared for almost as long and nobody can blame a worldcon for stopping that fanzine, because Dick Bergerson refuses to attend them. Algol has gone 18 months between issues on occasion, I think. (Incidentally, I don't know if you're the right person to get a loc. ((addressed to Raille)) This typewriter won't produce the carbon copies needed to supply the same loc to everyone on your large staff, but your address was in the return corner of the envelope, and this saved me from making an arbitrary decision.)

Genie Yaffe is very amusing. I hope this isn't one of those extremely old articles because it would break my heart if she has grown blase and snobbish about enthusiasm by now. I was terribly lucky while growing up, because my parents never made the least effort to control what I read (except for the day they hid the newspaper, when the Lindbergh kidnapping story broke). Maybe I overreacted as a result one Christmas day when as aunt came visiting, looked at my gifts, and began to lecture my folks over the fact that they'd given me a collection of Edgar Allen Poe. She was a school teacher and it was not suited for a person my age according to all academic theory, but her protests didn't cause anything to happen. The knowledge that I was reading something that might not be good for me made up for the enjoyment I missed by failure to appreciate the virtues of Poe as an author.

An article by Art Rapp in a general circulation fanzine is the biggest surprise of the year. I wish it would signal his return to general fanac.

I wouldn't want to risk taking a stand on the question of whether Nostradamus really did pierce the veil. Maybe nobody will ever be sure. Those poems originated so long ago. How can we be sure four centuries later that one of the early publishers or copyists didn't do a bit of meddling to make sure there would be a few lines that "forecast" with amazing accuracy a recent major news event, in order to make readers believe more devoutly in the old writer's powers? It would take only a few such saltings of the mine down through the centuries to create the series of miraculous predictions which make everyone want to believe in the validity of the more cloudy prophecies.

It's something like religion. A few inaccuracies were probably inserted in the ancient manuscripts centuries later by monks so that an Old Testament prophecy could be more precisely fulfilled by the life of Christ; this doesn't, of course, invalidate the divinity of Christ of itself but simply shows how human nature stays unchanged down through the millenia of editors and publishers.

I'm not sure I understand Donn Brazier's story, except for the fact that it clearly echoes his belief that things aren't what they used to be. It's nicely written, anyway.

And the art is magnificent, of course. The cover is impressive and effective as all get out, but I am enthralled most by the Gaughan full-pager. He hasn't been appearing in many fanzines lately and this is the perfect example of why all fanzine readers everywhere would send petitions and stage demonstrations and do whatever else is necessary to start him drawing again for fanzines.

Donn Brazier - "Genie Yaffe is very amusing..." - That is only one of many adjectives applicable! Definitely, I shall reassure you of her enthusiasm and unsnobishness and other charming qualities.

"Art Rapp, a big surprise of the year" - An article that sojourned in the Sirruish file for at least 4 (?) years. But Nostradamus goes on forever....

And as for Brazier's story, faint praise makes me swoon!

Jon Yaffe - Bear in mind that to do away with the seemingly hardy Mr. Brazier once and for all, one need merely hand him an outright complement. I would appreciate communications from others knowing of Donn's fatal weaknesses, as I'm collecting these just in case. Charming qualities indeed...!!!

Genie Yaffe - The article by me is all of 11 months old at this point in time. So far the sf infection has shown no sign of abating, despite frequent applications of rotten reprints, etc.. I really think this is chronic. The enthusiasm I have no control over - when I like something, I like it all over. But I like so many, many things.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave, Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario  
Canada

Thanks for including me on the revised SIRBUISH mailing list. I was just getting active in fanzine fandom when you stopped publishing so this is my first look at a fairly famous fanzine. I wish you the best of luck with future issues.

Having just finished another five foot high shelf for our books, I can certainly sympathize with Genie's problems. We only have a two bedroom apartment and the spare room is filled with the mimeo, my desk, much paper, several boxes of recent fanzines, well over a thousand comic books, six gerbils, mountains of paintings and sfnal artwork and my snake, so most of our books are on shelves in the living room. We've begun to

judge the calibre of our visitors by their reaction to the four massive shelves filled with books that line our walls. Those that say "Oh my, what a lot of books! Have you read them all?" are written off pretty well from the start.

I used to think I was psychologically incapable of throwing away a book but I can actually recall throwing away two paperbacks at different times so I am perhaps not entirely beyond redemption...oh well; a quick check of the bookshelves shows that I've really only thrown away one book. H Warner Munn's King Of The World's Edge is still on the shelves although I've never read more than the first few pages. I suppose the fine Gaughan cover made it worth holding on to. But I did quite literally throw away the other book. It was a freebie I got at a convention somewhere and was the first of a proposed series about someone called "The Phantom Detective". I clearly recall being so disgusted with the idiot thing that I hurled it at a cat that was doing something it shouldn't have across the other side of the room and never bothered to go and pick it up again. To my knowledge that's the only book I've ever owned that I do not possess to this day.

The Nostradamus article was fascinating but I view much of it with scepticism. Many of the translations seemed bizarre to me (and I have only a very limited knowledge of French) and once Art got into the future - and even the present - the translations became a bit far-fetched I thought. Certainly the three cases Art describes where prophecies seemed to come true are intriguing. But I'm still inclined to believe that there's some other explanation than the ability to foretell the future. And as for the modern examples, well they are all like oracles (and like the daily horoscopes), so worded that they can be interpreted as the reader wishes to interpret them. I'm sure most anyone could take one of the quatrains Art uses and give another, totally different yet reasonable sounding interpretation of it. Nevertheless, I learned a lot I was unaware of from the article and I'm delighted you printed it.

That Donn, he sure am a weird sorta guy.  
Best of luck to you.

Donn Brazier - To know me is to love me; I'm really pretty mundane. Only one thing - I like gravy on my mashed potato sandwiches.

Genie Yaffe - I keep the books I haven't read off the living room and dining and..... room shelves. I have thrown away or sold "best seller" type novels. My main problem now is buying the same book over and over, everytime they put out a new cover. And they're so expensive now! O, the pity of it, buying a \$1.25 copy of a book I already have at \$.35.  
Oh.....



Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st Rd., Flushing, NY 11367

I don't know exactly who to address this loc to. Railee's name and address are on the little slip of paper tucked in the issue, but I would feel kind of guilty addressing it to just her. When you have more than one person putting out an issue, I know that the other people like to be acknowledged. I know because I'm a co-editor myself. That, believe it or not Ripley's, is why the greeting on this issue is "Peoples". Go figure it out.

I like the Bergeron cover. I have a few pieces of his artwork that I got from Marion Zimmer Bradley, and while he's not in the same class as Grant Canfield or Tim Kirk, he nevertheless has a very distinctive and (to me at least) eye pleasing style.

I was particularly unimpressed at the nice offset repro you had on your cover. Now before you try and figure that one out on your own, let me explain. The degree of variability of repro (say that ten times fast) has sort of fascinated me recently. Ditto, for instance. I've seen ditto which was so blurred you couldn't distinguish the space between the lines. On the other hand, I've seen ditto that was so sharp as to be better than some mimeo work. Mimeo work, of course, varies from overinked to underinked, from ripped stencils to wrinkled stencils, and ghod only knows what else. And on the other hand there is impeccable mimeo work. But what really fascinates me is the variability of offset. The repro on your cover is excellent. The repro on the covers of the genzine I co-edit has been excellent. And yet I read of offset fanzines that are supposed to be pretty bad, for example, early issues of Sanders. But never having seen these issues, I can't really say all that much about it. Altho it would seem to me that there is less to go wrong with offset than with other reproduction processes. I'm not saying that there isn't a lot of things that can go wrong. There is plenty ranging from under/over inking to a bad blanket. It just seems that it would be a less troublesome process.

"Attic Addict" was nice but except for one thing. I find it difficult to comment on. (Watch, now I'll write two pages.) Genie lists things she and her husband had in common as being horny, knowing how to properly handle records, and interest in Sf. That's her order, not mine. Now, personally, I would shift the order. There are many horny people around. But people who know how to handle records properly are a rarity. I mean, I work on my college radio station and there are people who do things to records that I wouldn't do to my sister's "The Monkees" records! Touching the grooves are the least. During someone's show he had some poeple in the studio dancing and one of them danced right into the turntable scratching the record but good. At any rate, people who know how to handle records being more difficult to find than people who are horny, I prefer a reverse order on those two. Of course, horny people may be more fun...

The temptation to clutter a few pages with my own experiences in reference to Donn's article is tempting, but since I have a paper due tomorrow, I'll stop here.

Donn Brazier - Very happy you did not "clutter a few pages" because if there's one thing I can't stand it's a clut.

Railee Bothman - We're using offset because I have a wonderful husband who is willing to do all the printing for us, if we will promise not to try to convert him to reading sf.

Jon Yaffe - I cannot speak for Genie, but for me horny comes first. Both of us had considerable exposure to sf and records prior to our arrival at college, but our opportunities for sexual activity had been severely restricted up until that time.

I can honestly say that my preoccupation with sound reproduction systems resulted from sublimation of energy better directed to reproduction systems of a more traditional sort. As far as I can tell, however, our systems were extremely sound; and though handled extensively they have stood up nicely through the years. I believe that in our early episodes together we may even have established a record.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ed Lesko, Jr.

Picture the scene: you're walking the street minding your own business, latest copy of Analog tucked under your arm, watching the shadow play tricks with the dim illumination from the street lamps, when suddenly, out of an alley jump two ex-marines with hairy knuckles, who grab you by each arm, hoist you up against the wall, and look you deep in the eye.

"Quick, name 5 SF poems or die!" growls one.

"Huh! What's going on?" you blurt out.

"Ya got twenty seconds, Jack, so make with the poems!"

"Well, I think I remember some Howard stuff...."

"Not S&S, buddy, SCIENCE FICTION!"

"Well, let's see, there's....uh, no,,but what about...hey! lemme go, I can't remember any goddam poems!"


"Can't think of any to save your life, hey! Well," A .38 magically appears in his paw, "Too bad, pal, Eat Lead!" BLAM! KA-BLAM! BLAM!

End scene.

I hope this illustrates the pitiful state of affairs that constitutes the field of SF poetry. I know of only ONE book of SF poetry, a paperback anthology called "Holding Your Eight Hands", edited by Edward Lucie-Smith, and none of the poems in it struck me as very good. I'm sure that the authors are trying their best, but for some reason or other science fiction comes out lacking feeling in verse.

Railee-I don't think people read much verse compared to fiction- how many poems do you like and remember in other types of writing?





HEY JOE, WE DIDN'T  
FORGET THE  
STAKE THIS  
TIME, DID WE?

OSFA  
PUT

YATFE