



summer

undertakings



DEER

entrails -

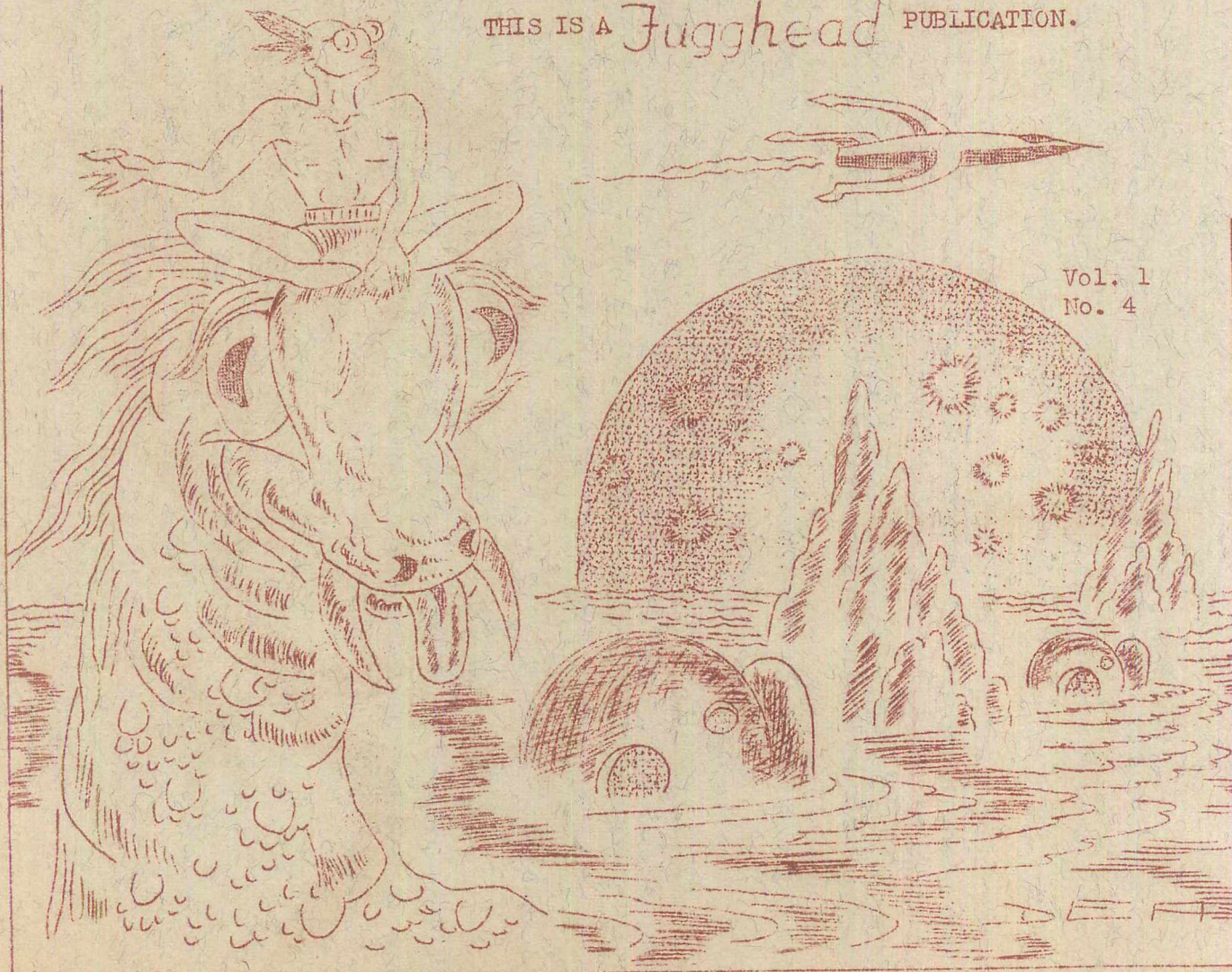
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Summer, 1955 issue.

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THIS IS A *Jugghead* PUBLICATION.



GHOUL

I was so hungry -- so very, very hungry. I crawled out of my box and began to dress -- carefully, meticulously -- so that I should attract no attention in my search for food.

The moon was rising, an evil, ghastly eye peering down through the cloudy eyelids of the sky, peering for me -- but, of course, not seeing me; the dead cast no shadows.

I cursed the ground upon which I walked, for it was rough, and tore huge pieces of flesh from my feet.

I walked on, looking for food, seeking and never finding, sniffing the air for that delicious smell.

Finally I came to a place where I might find food. I pawed the ground, paying no attention to the rotting flesh that fell from my hands as I dug deeper -- three -- four -- six feet. I opened the box that there I found, and started to nibble at the contents.

I fell to, ravenously, till at last nothing was left but bones.

Truly, there is nothing so delicate to the palate as a freshly buried girl!

DUO

of

FEAR

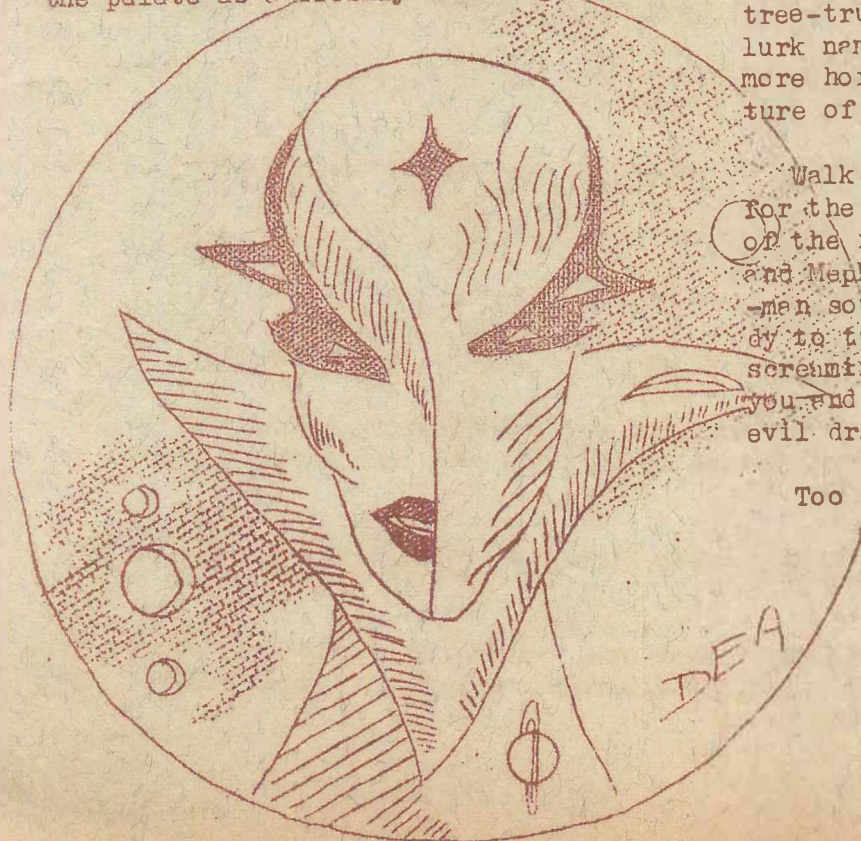
FEAR

Alone! -- and not alone. Chased by myrid scampering feet, watched by a multitude of solitary eyes, reached for by countless ectoplasmic hands, he walks alone through the deserted city street. The lights, cold unmoving beacons, extinguish themselves singly and in groups, till, at last, only the corner street-lights remain, and they too, blinking, wavering, uncertain. Between corners, the street receives illumination only from the cyclopean eye of the heavens, gazing now and forever on man's folly; its light filtered and diffused by the overhanging tree-branches -- and not tree-branches, but eldritch hands reaching for the sky, to extinguish even the moon. And behind those tree-trunks -- nay! warped, titan bodies, lurk nameless diabolic creatures, each more horrible than the rest, each a creature of pale Hecate, each waiting --.

Walk no more, man! Run for your life, for the salvation of your soul! The things of the night, the spawn of Satan, Lucifer and Mephisto, are free and hungry for a human soul to slay, hungry for a human body to turn to an evil purpose. Run, run screaming, that perhaps someone may hear you and help you -- run! for the powers of evil draw closer --, closer --.

Too late, man. Too late.

PETER
ZOLAHY
INGERMANN



CORONER'S

CORNER

BOB ROLFE

Angels and Spaceships is the intriguing title of an equally intriguing collection of short stories of Frederick Brown. This anthology taken from the best of the veteran sf and mystery writer's works is very interesting. Both fantasy and science-fiction are included, and in an introduction, the author gives an excellent distinction between the two.

The definition is all the better for its simplicity.

"Fantasy", says he, "deals in things that are not, and cannot be; sf deals with things which may seem impossible, but, nonetheless could be, though not necessarily today."

The book isn't completely filled with true epics, but are all entertaining. Also included between the longer pieces are eight vignettes; short stories of around three hundred words each, which I think are the best part of the book.

Recommended for enjoyment is my rating of it, though one tale, "Letter to a Phoenix" strikes me as really deserving thought. Read it and see.

August Derleth, the sage of Sauk City, has edited a very good collection of stories called Portals of Tomorrow. This contains tales by Simak, Bradbury, Clarke, Brown, and many other top names. They aren't necessarily the best work of each writer, but they are all effective.

Included, by the way, is Ray Bradbury's "The Playground", a fantasy story I intensely disliked when it first appeared in Esquire, and again, as a filler in Fahrenheit 451. On third reading, though, I am tempted to change my mind and to rate the story much higher.

Best of the book? Mildred Clingerman's "Stickney and the Critic", Arthur C. Clarke's "The Other Tiger", and James Blish's "Testament of Andros". The latter particularly got me.

On the reprint list is Costigan's Needle, also Clarke's Exploration of Space, and William Tenn's Children of Wonder.

Another Vargo Statton. Time Trap is the latest one. Hero is marooned in another dimension; escapes; Isle of Lost Ships; beautiful girl also marooned; crud. O science fiction! What crimes are committed in thy name!



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Now, to depart from the book shelf for a moment, we glance at the TV screen. Last Monday, January 24, Studio One presented it's first stf story -- "It Might Happen Tomorrow", by Carey Wilber, who writes the Captain Video serials. When I read of the author's occupation, I froze up, and so viewed the offering with less than an open and unbiased mind. What I saw, however, gave me a pleasant surprise.

The story was good, though not particularly original. The acting was passable, the photography excellent, and the total effect very pleasing. And the point the story got across, too, which, while it will ring howls from many fans, still strikes me as the truth. That is, to quote the author, Man needs "time to catch up with his own creations". Today mankind is neither physically nor psychologically ready for space travel. Thus, while it is a technical possibility, the human factor isn't up to the level needed. In time, say several generations, perhaps we will be, but not now ---.

This leads to a few words on the whole field of stf and TV.

There was only one really good series on - that was the Eversharp sponsored "Tales of Tomorrow". This struck me with fond memories of "Dimension X", the great radio series. Unfortunately, the series has been taken off the air, at least in this area, and I, for one, am sorry to see it go. TV would be a fine medium for presenting fantasy & stf if they would get better material and stop assuming the viewers never got beyond the fourth grade!

[Bob, do you remember "2000 Plus" and the series Galaxy put on - I believe that it was on in the summer of 1952 - ? Both of these were excellent programmes. "Mysterious Traveler", and "High Adventure" were also two great shows for stf & fantasy. I have memories of sitting in my bed, scared to death, listening to "Inner Sanctum". Ah, then were the days when TV had not yet driven us all away from yea olde radio-type-machine-type-thing.

Why could not we organize a pressure group and see if we couldn't bring back a few of those old gems? Anybody have any suggestions?]

This should be all for now, but I'll be back - eventually - when Sam works up enough nerve to get together another issue.

Illustration by: DEA

Author: Bob Rolfe

SALE

Copies of AFS, BEYOND, STARTLING, TWS,
FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, AMAZING, FSM, WIERD TALES,
IMAGINATION, FUTURE, MAG OF F & SF. Send for list.

WANTED - 1st edition with D/W in Excellent condition -
SKULL FACE AND OTHERS by Howard

also wanted in excellent condition -

BURROUGHS BULLETIN Nos. 1,2,3,4,5,6
PSYCHOTIC Nos. 4,6,7
ABSTRACT Nos. 1,2,5
GORGON - all issues
WIERD TALES - Jul., Aug., Sept., 1934
Jul., Aug., Sept., 1938
Jan., Mar., July, 1940

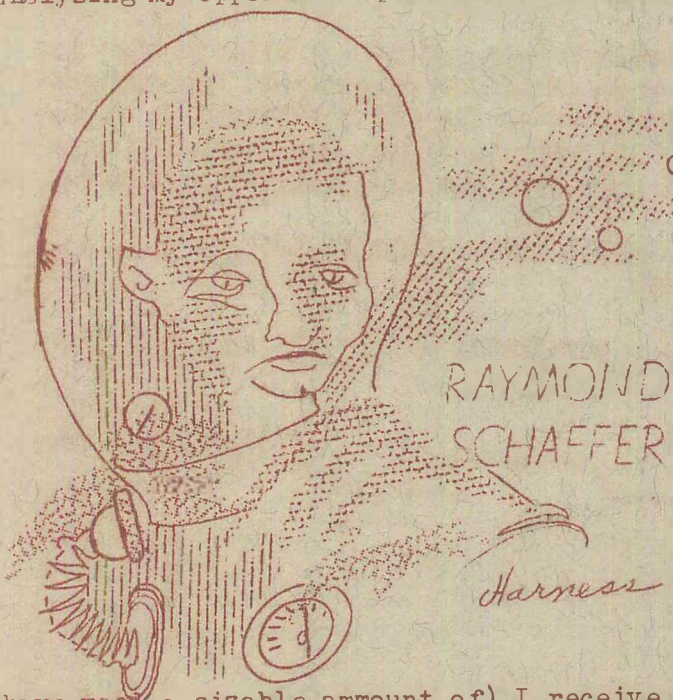
Paul Mittlebuscher
Sweet Springs, Mo.

...for which I shall
be, probably, seriously
ridiculed...

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that some of the readers are not in harmony with Mister Wylie's philosophy of the times. This has irked me and irritated me to some extent, for I could see some narrow-mindedness lurking in the minds of two members of the opposition. Or rather I should say lack of knowledge on the subject under criticism, which has resulted in their closed minds to alien viewpoints. Now I am always one to relish debate, which involves the freedom of thought & speech, and with the result that I usually appreciate the opponent's viewpoints. But is that viewpoint resting on a solid foundation? That is the question I ask myself when analyzing my opponent's platform. And upon reading the comments of two of the readers,

namely G.M. Carr and David Norman, I have concluded that their platforms have very shaky legs indeed. Now I believe that both these individuals are guilty of a common error in reason known as non-empirical logic and judgement (That being of the making of a statement, believing it to be true, but lacking sufficient proof to back it up.) I further believe that both these individuals represent the typical American, in that the same non-empirical logic that they have employed is further made use of by the American populus. Especially true is this occurrence when the term "true Americanism", "Communism", and "radicalism" are involved.



Let us take now the case of the individual by the name of Carr. From the brief comments by Carr, (and the tone of writing by her hand is that has appeared in other publications of the amateur press, which I

have read a sizable amount of) I receive the impression that here is an individual who is religious in spirit, that being Christian. And that Christian influence has been heightened to such a great extent that Carr is always ready to support any statement made by one of her same belief, so long that that statement conforms to the general over-all beliefs of the Christian faith. That is, when the President made his plea to the American populus to return to God and their Christian heritage in order that peace might return to the world, Carr was immediately enlightened by the plea, for the statement was in exact agreement with G.M.'s channel of thought. Carr was not alone in her feelings, for millions of Americans, upon hearing the President's speech, likewise began a movement to return our leadership into God's hands, by means of calling upon him for help in these troubled times. (This movement in itself could be termed a fine gesture, but it only indicates man's lack of faith in himself.)

All this chatter up until now has been merely an introduction. Here is what really disturbs me. That being that millions of Americans are reared from childhood to believe that Godliness is the American Way of Life. I do not want to commit myself and say that this is surely true of Carr, but her writings indicate it. Before I discuss the connection between God and Americanism, let me first orate a little upon the learning process.

From birth to adulthood, all individuals learn by training and conditioning, which is termed a Conditioning and Conforming process. After the training and conditioning

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of a specific idea, belief, or train of thought, we then try to make ourselves believe that we accepted the above willingly. For we refuse to confess that it was forced upon us, even though such is always the case. Even I, in writing this rebate, am guilty of being conditioned in thought by my upbringing and environment. But when a contrary idea to my way of thought is placed before me, I do not immediately cast it aside and ridicule it. I investigate the new concept in order to see if perhaps this new abstraction is more logical than the one that has dwelt in my mind previously. And if the new concept proves to be more logical, then my chain of thought will drastically or moderately change, depending on factors involved.



NOW many Americans are reared from childhood to believe that Godliness is the American Way of Life. (Actually, there is no one true American Way, but many. But that's a subject for debate, for there are too many factors involved, and I can't discuss them all in a short space as permitted by this article.) I can't say for sure that Carr was reared in the above manner, but again her writings that I have read indicate it. I'm not trying to criticize her for her suspected beliefs, for I ridicule no religion, as I respect free thought. What I am merely trying to display is that Carr represents the typical American who professes the Christian belief, and who accepts the fallacy that America stands for God and Christianity. Millions of Christians instill the belief in the back of their minds that they accepted the Christian religion willingly and with no compulsion on their part. As I indicated before, all acceptability results from training and a certain amount of compulsion on the learners part. Many Christians are so immersed in their beliefs that new conceptions placed before them (and Carr shows signs of being in this category from her slander of Wylie's article) are immediately cast aside and scoffed at. Please, bear in mind that such an attitude is not in agreement with the so-called American Way. I feel that Carr, the President, you, me, and all fellow Americans should bear in mind that this land was founded upon, basically, freedom of religion, not freedom of worship, as so many would lead us to believe. And there is a difference. Freedom of worship is the right to worship God in whatever manner of form the individual happens to choose. While freedom of religion is the right to worship, or not worship. Of course, both terms can be misleading and misinterpreted, because freedom of worship could also indicate the right to or not to worship. Actually, the definition depends upon the viewpoint of the individual. However, the difference between the two terms will not be debated here, because neither can be defined definitely. No matter how you wish to separate the terms, both indicate, basically, that an individual has the right to or not to worship. To reject this would mean that an individual actually has no freedom of religion.

If we were all compelled to attend Church every Sunday to worship, there would be no freedom involved. Therefore, an atheist cannot be called an un-American individual. To do so would contradict the freedom theories upon which this country was founded. So many Americans have been guilty of connecting this term "Atheist" with the political theory of Communism. This is entirely a false conception. The Soviets do not have Communism, or for that matter, anything even remotely connected with the original theories of Marx. The Soviets push Atheism in their propaganda drive, which results in the belief that Communism is Atheistic in nature. Such is not the case.

The Soviets are not Communists, at least in the true sense of the word. Marx advocated abolishment of the churches and their officials because he felt that, in a sense they were governmental bodies. Marx advocated abolishment of all governments.

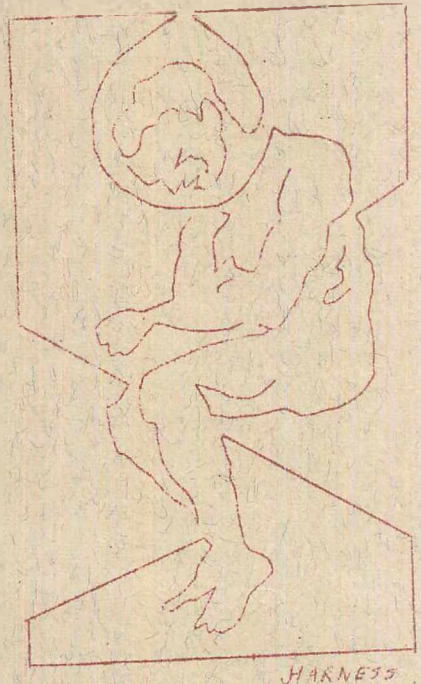
Contrary to popular belief, Communism does not mean tyranny or state control of all goods and wealth. That is Sovietism...or for better name, Stalinism. Actually, the original Communists under Marx were strongly opposed to any form of government. I fear that the American populus has been totally unaware of the fact. Then, due to the ignorance of many, the term "Atheist" has been mistakenly connected with the term "Comm-

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nism". Marx wanted the church abolished, but he also advocated continued worship of God in the home. From this misconception, we have the second error of connecting the Atheist with un-Americanism, due to the narrow-mindedness of devout Christians. And then it only follows that if an individual is an Atheist, he must then be also a Communist because Atheism is falsely synonymous with Communism. Of course, over a period of time words evolve into different meanings from the original meanings, but that is no reason for the over-whelming misconceptions behind the true and original Marxist theories. I have even heard the remark, to emphasize the public's ignorance of what Communism actually stands for in the true sense, that Karl Marx was a Russian and was an instigator of the Russian revolution. I sickened when I heard this, because Marx was of German birth, and lived almost his entire life in England, where he attempted to form labour unions so that the workers might have more comfortable working conditions, less hours, and more pay. Does this sound like Marx had ideas of world conquest and tyranny?

Now we come to David Norman, and his comment that Wylie's article was too radical, and almost of Communistic origin. I believe Sam did a commendable job of showing Dave his mistake for having such an accusation come from his lips. However, I'd like to comment further.

Radicalism is a term often misinterpreted by many people, and it seems that these same individuals insist on connecting it with Communism. Now I'll go along with the accusation that is made, since it is true that pure Communism is perhaps the most radical of all political beliefs in that it really isn't a political theory in the true sense of the word. It is opposed to all forms of government control. Actually, all political theories contain a certain amount of radicalism. A Fascist would consider the Soviet political setup to be radical, and vice versa, although the two have many similarities. But because the two theories are not in agreement, the two tend to call each other radical. Some might consider the Canadian government to the north to be radical, because it is different in many respects from our own. The point of emphasis is this: the popular definition of "radical" denotes "difference". Stif Fans are radical in the sense that they read a form of literature that is ignored by the majority of the reading public. I can go even further and say that every individual is a radical in some extremes, whether it be a small or large difference from the "average". The Soviets have given the word "Communist" a different meaning from the original. Likewise the word "radical" has evolved into a different meaning with the passage of time. It originally denoted "extreme difference", but now can be applied to anything that differs; even slightly differs from the established, accepted, and commonplace. As far as the evolutionary change in word definitions is concerned, it doesn't make any significant difference to me, except in the case of the word "Communism", for it is here that we have an instance where tyrants are attempting to control the minds of men by changing the meaning of a word and all it signifies. And by jumbling of the meaning of the word, these tyrants are tricking innocent men into fighting for a movement, a world-wide movement that is in direct opposition to what Marx advocated. It is rather obvious that the Soviets have had an effect upon Dave's thinking, for he states that the President is probably right when he said that Communism is Godless. I pointed out before that this is untrue when true Communism is concerned. Perhaps I should concede the point, that people make, that the word "Communism", like "radicalism", has changed with time. Well, I believe this to be a grave mistake, because the very changing of a word's significance has caused the enslavement of millions of people. Innocent peasants who believe, that by fighting for Russian and Chinese Communism, they are rid-



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ding their lands of long-felt tyranny, are gradually sensing the fact that they are actually making a firmer foundation for tyranny to exist. All this because of the changing of the meaning of a word and what the word implied originally.

I would now like to retrace my discourse, and return to Christianity and the American Way, for I have omitted a few points.

The question that needs answering in my mind is why so many Christians insist that Christianity is the American Way? I shall never know, unless perchance someone would be kind enough to explain it to me. And you won't explain it by the Bill of Rights. The President said that this nation was founded on a belief in God. This is only partly true, as religion was only a small part of the foundation structure. It was founded primarily upon freedom of thought, speech, and action. If you want to go back to the Pilgrims, whom we so wrongly honor, you will find that they didn't even celebrate Christmas, because they outlawed the holiday. Now would you call that founding a nation upon religious freedom?

I shall now leave you with a few parting facts, for which I shall be seriously, probably, ridiculed for making, for some narrow-minded individuals will surely refuse to admit their validity. In summary:

Christianity does not imply Americanism, although I should say here that I do admire their faith. Whether it be faith in God or America, it will keep us strong. But I fear in times like these that many of us tend to lose faith in ourselves and our country and turn toward faith in God for support. We refuse to admit our weakness to combat the evil forces in the world by our own effort.

Communism does not imply atheism, as many of our "Big Wheels" would have us to believe. The Soviets do not have Communism. Naturally words change in meaning in the course of time, but this change was made deliberately to fool the people ---the people did not accept the change. Marx did advocate the abolishment of the church and its officials ---he did not desire to see the abolishment of religious worship. The Mohammeds have no church to speak of, nor do they have anything remotely resembling a priest or minister. This is, in effect, the same thing that Marx advocated. Would you say that Mohammeds are atheists, and that they believe in nothing? You can see now just how ridiculous the Christian accusation is. Soviet Communism may be called Atheistic, but not Communism.

This article has lasted, or should I say dragged out, much longer than I had intended. You will find many repeats of a particular statement, but this has been done for emphasis. And there you are, and this is the article. That's debatable.

a fancy goodnight for now

Illustrations by: JACK HARNES &
ROBERT GILBERT

Author: RAYMOND SHAFFER, Jr.-



Last month I received a copy of IF - the April issue. Soon afterwards I received a card from the editor (presumably) asking that I mention his magazine, IF, in my fanz. This is a singularly surprising turn of events and one which, up to this time, has been unprecedented. I believe that

a few other faneds have received copies of IF also. - This month I received another copy of the promag. - the May issue. #Well, I feel that perhaps this is useless as advertising, since I am an IF reader from the beginning, and I know that nearly all of the people who read Un are readers of IF. If you haven't read IF, I would suggest that you do so. Not because they sent me the free copies, but because I think it is one of the few worthwhile promags out. #Thanks Mssr. Quinn for the free IFs. I hope whatever you're doing turns out alright for you. I'm baffled.

-Sam

RUSSELL K. WATKINS

Well, let's dig up a couple buried fanzines and see if we can revive them. Hope you creeps (this sounds a bit like Inner Sanctum...) like this fanzine rev. If you have any suggestions, please jot them down on the nearest tombstone and send them by the next hearse.

Rating system: Excellent*****, Good****, Average***, Poor**, Worse*.

Hic jacet.

INSIDE/SFA

Ron Smith, 111 S. Howard, Tampa 6, Fla.

I made a remark last issue that calls for an apology. I said that I had just learned that Ron Smith had taken over SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER and that I thought it boded no good for my favorite magazine. I am glad to say that I was entirely wrong. I received that latest issue of the new combination and must say that it is every bit as good as the previous issues, if not a mite better. My fears were ill-founded mainly because I had not seen an issue of INSIDE for some time and did not know Ron is as capable as he is. There's some excellent artwork within this number and the usual line-up of ads that always make my fannish mouth water and my mind mentally count what's in my wallet. This is one of the basic magazines for any fan's collection of fanzines to subscribe to regularly.

Subs: 5 for \$1.00; Rating:*****

FANFICTION

Ronald Voigt, 3859 Sullivan, St. Louis, Mo.

I am reviewing this magazine because I have been especially asked to by the editor. I find myself in a strange situation in regards to this review. I am reviewing this mag without having read it, and I am doing so because I don't intend to read it. You see, I am one of that multitude of fan who don't read fan fiction. This, of course, doesn't put me in a qualifying position to give an honest and accurate review. I will say in all fairness to Ron, that the zine is well reproduced. All the mimeoing is done on one and only one side of the paper. Also, much of the issue is double-spaced. Ron is certainly

trying to make it easy on the readers. FANFICTION has very well-known names in its table of contents; among them being John le Magnus, of SF and CULT fame; Orme McCormick, the mistress of poetry; and Wilkie Conner, formerly associated with THE LITTLE MONSTERS OF AMERICA. So, probably, the zine is good; that is, good to those who like fan fiction.

I am not against fan fiction; in fact, I am sure that this zine is doing a worthwhile job



BURIED
COMMENTS

A GRAVE STUDY OF
THE
FANZINE FIELD

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by providing a place for budding young writers to try out their wares. I would suggest that Ron initiate a special column to aid his writers by having his readers criticize the stories and point out scientific and grammatical errors. Ron also published FAN-FICTION REVIEW which devotes its pages to reprinting fanfiction from older fanzines.

Subs: 2 10¢; Rating: not rated.

ANDROMEDA Pete Campbell, 60 Calgarth Rd., Vindermere, England

ANDROMEDA is not its former self. Its mound has sunken a bit. Mimeod and held together by one staple, this magazine does not make an impressive appearance compared to its giant size of yesterday. However, it is with magazines as with life - we are here but for only a day, we bloomed and wither away.

ANDROMEDA is still interesting reading for the atmosphere is always different in a British fanzine. This No. 7 contains reviews of fmz, lots of nice letters, a people-in-British-fandom column, and several interesting story articles.

Sub: @ 5¢; Rating: ***

FIE Harry Calnek, Granville Ferry, Nova Scotia

FIE is one of the brighter spots in this dimming museum of fainting fanzines. Ye and his Canadian friends seem to have a furor scribendi. One of the reasons I like FIE is that Harry is not afraid to print something if it isn't related to stf or fandom. This issue is devoted to Al Collins, a dee-jay of the fabulous type. Much of the editorial is taken up with the discussion of flying platters of the jazzy type; cool.

I like to hear about the hobbies of fans. I collect records, stamps, and am a phot-fan; this along with a few other well-assorted interests. I like to read about other fan's interests too, and if they are the same type as mine, I like to see what procedures they use in pursuing their hobbies. It seems that only Canadian fmzs print other things besides stf.

Joe Keogh has a fine column about Sam Mines. Someone else asks an abstract question:

"Why does everyone hate Norman G. Browne?"

Calvin Beck again with THE TAKEOFF, a crazy play taken off TV and assorted puns. Starts out well, but ends weakly. Norman J. Clarke, who says he has been using Norman G Browne as a pen name, columnizes some astute ramblings. THE POISON PEN writes a few letters, and the letters are so readable. Georgina Ellis (a sexy name if there ever was one...), writes of two rather foul letters she received in her mail... Gerald Steward GASPIPES a few fmz in a politely harsh way. I fully enjoyed this zine and look forward to receiving this fanzine. I even look forward to receiving magazines from Canada even though there has been some hard feeling between Canfandom and Amfandom. Perhaps Amfandom is a bit jealous of the perfect reproduction and the completely non-crud material.

Sub: @ 15¢; Rating: *****

EYE Ted Tubb, Stuart Mackenzie, and Vinge Clarke
67 Houston Rd., London SE 23, England

This is by far the largest fanzine I have ever seen. The pages aren't numbered, but I have heard that it is over 170 pages long. This is the third issue, and I must say I have never seen such an improvement in a fanzine in such a short period of time. The cover has a picture of an eye that was cut from the cover of a British prozine and I'm wondering if all the copies had this. The inside cover is printed in gold ink, and it is beautiful. This was the Christmas issue, and I believe that they won't be outdone by anyone in fandom for a long, long time, and maybe then, only by themselves.

As many fans as there are in America, it is strange indeed that British fandom only does their best efforts.

All the pages in this number are of different colours - that is the key to the contents page.

Actually, I haven't been able to read through all of it yet, but I wanted to review

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it so that some of you will hear about it in time to get a copy if there are any left.

I just said that I don't read fan fiction, but there is one story in this fanz that, I believe, is a jewel. REQUIEM is not the normal fan-fiction type of story. It is by a Charles Grey, and relates the story of an old man who has been a fan in previous life, but left it for riches; it tells of how lonely he is without fandom. Extremely well done, and with beautiful prose.

What other items I've read in this magazine are equally well done and equally rewarding. I highly recommend this number to all fandom. If you don't like it, you're dead.

My hearty congratulations to Stu, Ted, and Vinze for a superb job wonderfully done. When I think of all the work that must have gone into this job, it makes me tired. All of it is grandly gestetnered.

Sub: not listed, but easily worth a dollar; Rating: ***** (that's right, six...)

THE CULT

I would like to mention here the CULT. This is a small apa with 13 members. Among them are some of the popular fans of this day. Each fan puts out a zine called THE FAN-TASY ROTATOR which he titles to suit himself. Some of the titles have been: GHASTLY, by Sam Johnson; THIRTEEN O'CLOCK, by Ted White; HUH, by Denis Moreen; SLOB, by Don Weigers; and CUFF LINK, by Stuart K. Nock. (I can't get over this kid's middle initial et how it goes with his last name. His parents must've been in a humorous mood when he came along.)

All of the zines have been neatly done, and nothing has been spared to give the best in reproduction and material. Ted White has put out the largest so far, being fifty (5 followed by an oh) pages in length. I understand that the next one will have over seventy pages, however. [Had over seventy pages...] With the printing of only 18 copies, there are also five on the official waiting list who get the mag, everyone can do his best.

If you are interested in THE CULT and wish to get on the waiting list, contact the editor of this magazine. You don't know what you're missing. This CULT is one of the most personal aspects of fandom I've seen in years. Photos et al are included in most of the mags. No dues. Only sincere efforts required.

BIBBILTY Ray Thompson, 410 S. 4th St., Norfolk, Nebraska

BIBBILTY is nothing like Ray's old ECLIPSE. But, maybe it isn't supposed to be. However, with Ray's experience with EEK, one would think that he would put out a more polished job. Bibbilty (the fourth) isn't too much.

I sorta enjoy Ray's babblings about ham radio, hi-fi, etc for the same reasons stated above. Ray only issues BIB for trade and friends. He doesn't want to charge, so maybe he has every right to issue any sort of periodical he wants to. He doesn't have to set a standard if he doesn't want to, and, of course, his readers don't have to read it if they don't care to. I really admire an editor who has that attitude. Usually they can put out a zine that pleases everyone.

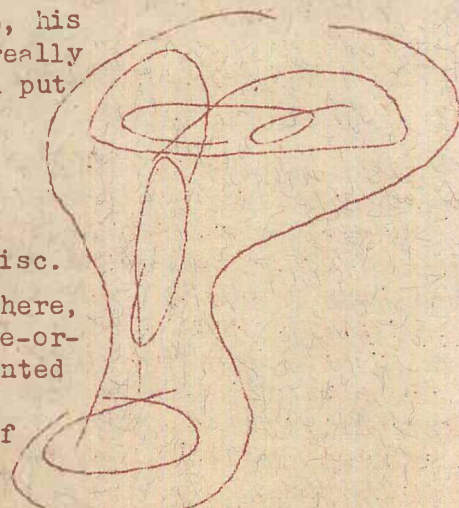
I just think that Ray hurries a bit too much.

Sub: no price; Rating: ***

WAD Curtis D. Janke, 1612 S. 7th St. Sheboygan, Wisc.

This is a one-shot that I haven't seen reviewed elsewhere, so I thought I'd give it a twirl. This is supposedly more-or-less a humour zine, but I think one has to have a demented sense of humour to enjoy it. The repro is fine.

Just who is this Janke fellow anyhow? I never heard of the fellow myself, though I think he is a friend of Dean Grennell's. (I might have read that in either GRUE or WAD as I can't remember which.) [Twas WAD, m'boy] Some of

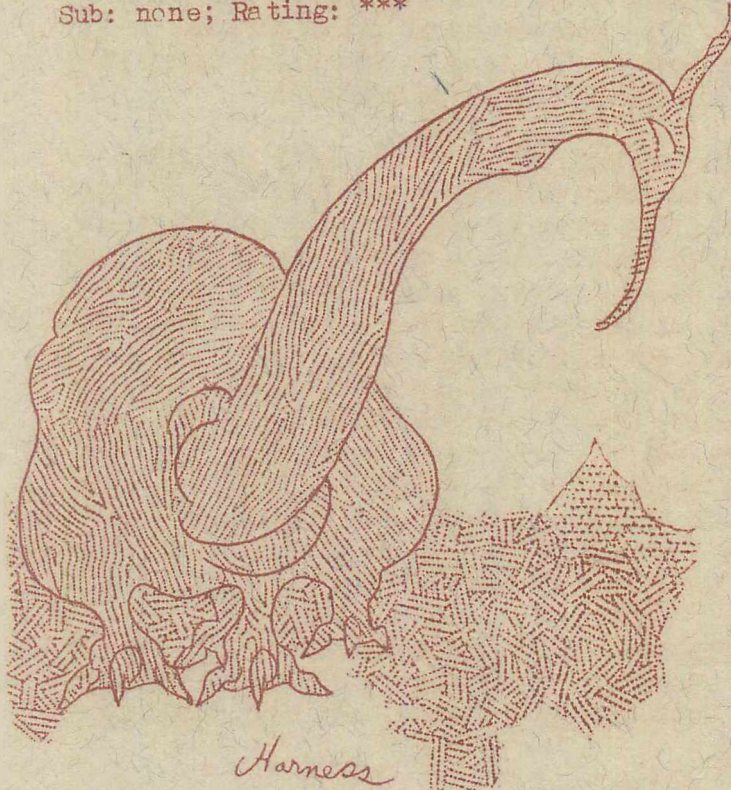


... "Why does everyone hate
No man G. Browne?"

UNDERTAKINGS

the pages are practically filled with interlineations. Mr. Janke is a jazz fan too, et a couple or three pages are taken up with reviewing a Brubeck concert and a Sauter-Fin-nigan show. Curtis plays some instrument besides the piano, I gather. Then there's a discussion of hi-fi that sounds as if Janke knows what he is mumbling about. There's a bit of fiction, something with sex (write for it, quick!), and a few other misc. items which might consist of anything whatsoever. Glad this is only a one-shot. I don't think I could stand anymore.

Sub: none; Rating: ***



I wish to rectify two grave errors I made in shoveling off last planting time. It seems that I said that PSYCHOTIC couldn't improve. Rich made a liar of me immediately thereafter by going litho. I said also that Verzimer was going to change his title to 'Abstract. He didn't. He went li the too. Couldn't let Rich beat him.

I gaeze I should wraith out of here a-bout now. I satyr think the fmz situation is a fast chengeling one.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM

Illos by: DEA

Harness
Johnson

Author: Russell
K.
Watkins

APOLOGIES are in order FOR BOB SILVERBERG

In our last issue, we published an article by John Voorheis, which was titled THE CRITICAL CRYPT-KEEPER (ASF abinitio)... Shortly after the mag went out, I received a letter from Bob stating that the article we printed belonged to him, and that Voorheis had committed plagiarism.

Naturally I could not believe this until I had seen proof, being a copy of a magazine in which the article had appeared earlier. Bob replied by sending me his copy of SPACE MAGAZINE, which reprinted the article from an even earlier printing in Sship 15 which had come out in Dec. of 1951.

Voorheis had denied the charge of plagiarism.

Anyway, after some rather foolish words on my part for which I feel rather ashamed and rightfully so, Bob agreed that a public apology would be necessary. Thus this.

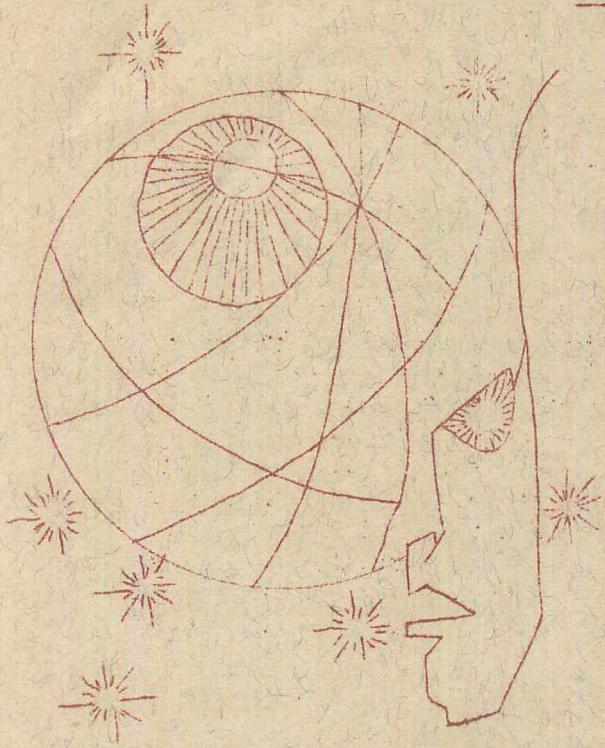
I questioned Voorheis' action in a letter, and what it boiled down to was that he had thought that his slight rewrite could be called his own material. I'm quite sure that he now knows full-well the meaning of plagiarism, and he also agreed that the right thing would be a public apology.

Thus the matter is cleared up save for this, and everyone feels better about it. I think that perhaps it did more good than harm, but then that's another story for private conversation only.

Credit is due Bob Silverberg for his article, as printed in Sship #15, Space Magazine, and elsewhere; that being last issue's installment of Crypt-Keeper.

Sorry, Bob. I'm sure it won't happen again with my knowledge.

UNDERTAKINGS



A monstrous wave rears up from a calm sea, almost overwhelming an ocean liner; a mirage cloaks a mountain and an airplane crashes into it; lightning strikes from a cloudless, tranquil sky and kills a man in the street. The underlying oneness of such manifestations occur - like newstories of sentient fire balls - that tend to the idea we are being toyed with and our reactions being studied.

(Balto. Sun, Supplement: April 23, 1885) - The steamship Germania, not long out of Liverpool: The captain was standing on the bridge, looking ahead. Like a watery, evil geni, a solid block of water suddenly confronts the vessel. It smashes the iron craft, knocks a hole in the superstructure through which the seas pour in an inimical effort to drown the passengers. Gear is wrecked, the bridge carried away, and the iron guards curled up like they were paper. But its furious hate is stopped, and it only carries off one unfortunate seaman. "It wasn't like an ordinary wave", says the Captain, "but more like a block of stone."

(Balto. Sun, Supplement: April 5, 1887) - The steamship Herbinger on the inner edge of the Gulf Stream - no sea, and very light wind.

FIST

OF

WATER

George Wetzel

A mighty upheaval in the sea and the ship is struck with such force that she trembles violently. Again a ship was nearly swallowed up by the wave that, after striking, swept over it. Violent agitation of the seas for some two

hours afterwards - unusually heavy fall of rain - the wind raised. Tidal waves as the cause not mentioned, so rule them out.

(Balto. News: April 2 & 4, 1923). Two watery fists arose simultaneously from the depths 600 miles off Sable Island in the Atlantic and smote the liner Pittsburgh. The black "somethings" towered up to the 70 foot crow's nest before they thundered down in angry foam. The superstructure splintered - men tumbled roughly about.

They were mysterious, those waves, for the ship had been ploughing along in a moderate sea.

(Balto. American: March 5, 1925). The sea gods wrought their anger again at the disturber, man. The ship Olympic was leaving the English Channel. Out of nowhere appeared a huge wave which broke over the bows and the bridge which were 70 feet above the water line. Glass was smashed - two funnels bent.

(Balto. American: March 9, 1925). A dead man put on the liner Pittsburgh (not the same ship as in the April, 1923 datum) at a European port. On the way across the Atlantic, on March 2, an unaccountable sea arose - one huge sea crashed into the ship's side directly on the cabin containing the coffin. Old Salts in the crew called it "the vengeance of the sea", a violated taboo.

(Balto. American: July 18, 1925). People on Brighton Beach, Coney Island, enjoying

UNDERTOWS

themselves. An immense wave mysteriously arose in the surf and people swept out by the resulting undertow. Luckily all were rescued.

(Balto. American: July 21, 1925). Commander Rude of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey explained this Coney Island wave and recent ones like it in the Great Lakes at Chicago and Near Buffalo as due to a sudden shift in barometric pressure. It is like tilting a basin of water, he said. When you tip up a basin on one side, the water runs over to the other side.

A conflict of experts is coming - and it will show that none of them can be trusted very far. Otherwise, why can they not agree on the forces behind such phenomena. But another datum that follows the chronology is given first -

(Balto. American: Nov. 21, 1925). A wave, 35 feet high, rolled in from the Pacific and submerged the little port of Zihuatanejos for two hours. Conjectured it was a tidal wave caused by a volcanic disturbance out in the ocean, but the theory could not be confirmed, which is the same as stating that no shock had been registered on whatever seismographs that were checked. Phantom earthquakes - those that occur, that are heard and felt but not marked on a seismograph - I have compiled before.

(Balto. American: Jan 10, 1926). Southwest Harbour, Maine - Two fishermen heard a deep rumbling sound as did the inhabitants on the shore. The water was sucked away from beneath their boat - the whole harbour slowly emptied of its water. The boat's keel touched the empty bottom and in fear, they leaped out and ran for shore, dodging the ice cakes that had tumbled down from the upper part of the harbour.

Some seconds passed, then what was called a tidal wave came smashing up on the flats. To wreck boats that were left, two more waves crashed in.

The depth at this spot on the island had been 10 feet deep.

Prof. Mather, dean of the observatory at Harvard University had it all figured out. Since the phenomena was entirely local, restricted to that one place, it must have had as its cause - so he figured - by the breaking of a dam of ice at the mouth of the town's harbour. He discredited the tidal wave theory - my guess is that his seismograph showed no record of earthquake.

In warm weather it is a sudden barometric shift that causes tidal waves; in winter, they are not true tidal waves, but only the outcome of the breaking of an ice dam across a harbour or such.

Of the monstrous waves that arose from moderate seas in the ocean I have found no explanation from the authorities. The summation of many average waves can cause a total, big-sized wave - this I know from using an oscilloscope. But the agitation needed to create such a monster, as smote at the ships given, would be seen and would not come from the moderate seas from whence they struck.

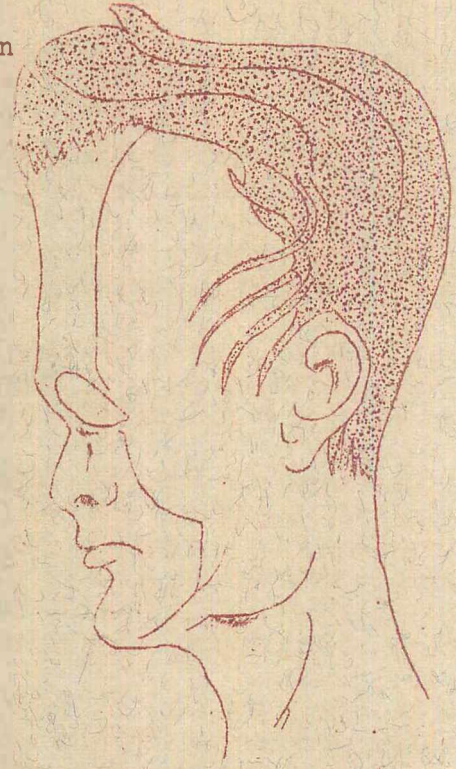
My personal guess is - a watery poltergeist. Such a similar force has squirted an invisible hose on the land areas - why not a similar force that flexes an aqueous fist and punches at iron ships, the shores, and at people.

Fort gives ample data for a belief in poltergeistic forces on a cosmic scale. So that I am likewise inclined to consider.

Waterspouts - another sort of watery fist - have acted at times in curious sentient fashion, or if they were beings somewhere high up and unseen in our atmosphere.

UNDERTAKINGS

Tlaloc - the ancient Aztec god of rain - may have been invoked to drive out the desecrators of Anahuac; or then again, the phenomena might have been the prank of a poltergeist, but not due - assuredly - to any teleortative current occurring in nature - at least not in this instance. (Balto. Sun. Supplement: Sept. 12, 1897) - What was described as a waterspout had been frequently coming on a railroad construction gang in Mexico. The deluge descended only in a circle a few miles in diameter each time, and only where there were piled on flat cars great quantities of steel rails. A poltergeist on a large scale.



I have any number of notes on waterspouts, but will attempt to select and record only the most outstanding -ly unusual and inexplicable by dogma.

(Balto. American: Oct. 4, 1875). Tall, dark columns of water and dust came out of the hills and dropped upon Los Cruces, New Mexico, flooding the streets five feet deep in water. Time was 5:30 PM. Two hours later rain torrents fell. The scientific explanation, perhaps the waterspout arose from the nearby Rio Grande; or, a waterspout was torn out of the subsequent rain storm and proceeded it.

Day or so later; 4:00 PM, another waterspout appeared from the same spot as its predecessor, and emptied itself over the town; the flood it caused lasted three hours.

That both waterspouts came from the same direction at nearly the same time might argue against chance and instead argue for unknown natural law or - sentient design.

An entity that hates railroads. It funnels down waterspouts on one in Mexico. It bursts a waterspout over the railroad at Gray's Creek, Col. (Balto. American: Aug 22, 1881). It drops a waterspout on the track of the Kansas Pacific R.R. near Kit Carson, Missouri; at Caddo, Okla., it causes a flood (Balto. American: Aug. 30, 1875) that wrecks a railroad bridge and is succeeded two hours later by torrential rains.

(Balto. American: March 9, 1923) Havana, Cuba - A waterspout arose out of the sea, ten meters in height; moved out into the harbour where it tore up a tree, crushed a house, and wrecked automobiles. Official explanation of Prof. Millas of the Havana Weather Station: caused by the clash of two currents of water. This is a new theory to me.

(Balto. News: Feb 20, 1923). The liner America sighted a big waterspout in Mid Atlantic Ocean. Its disappearance followed by electrical storm and cloudburst. This preceeding of storms by waterspouts seems in itself significant; and always it seems such storms are termed cloudbursts or torrential rains.

(Balto. News: Aug 19, 1923). A spectacle similar to the A-Bomb test at Bikini was seen off Brighton, Australia. A giant waterspout, 100 feet wide and 800 feet high rose out of the sea. Millions of tons of water cast roaring up into the clouds, the den of the suspended cascade heard for miles. Before the phenomena, a slight earth tremour occurred. I am wondering if the mysterious hugh waves that smashed at ships in the data given could have been but an upheaval following an underseas quake. But, in such cases no tremours were reported preceeding the hugh waves.

Drowning from waterspouts have happened. (Balto. Sun: May 26, 1886). Lynchburg, Va. Waterspouts struck a farm and drowned live stock and one person. (Balto. Sun: July 8, 1887). Hurricane and waterspout destroyed the town of Nagy Karolyi, Hungary; the site

UNDERTAKINGS

converted into a vast lake; many lives were lost. (Balto. Sun: May 28, 1885). Near Indianola, Neb., a waterspout burst, drowning nine persons. (Balto. Sun: June 9, 1887) - Flood in Hooverville, Pa., caused by a waterspout - this little village on the line of a railroad which is significant in itself. (Balto. Sun: June 10, 1885). What is called a fearful waterspout burst at Pueblo Cuaronito, Mexico, and in a few minutes there was a flood of water on the earth 25 feet deep; over two hundred lives were lost.

(Balto. Sun: May 14, 1886) Xenia, Ohio - terrible clouds gathered, terrific lightning and peals of thunder. This lasted two hours, after which an extraordinary clap of thunder seemed to rive open the sky and rain fell in torrents. With it descended a waterspout. Now I am curious that in all such past cases that such phenomena were not referred to as cloudbursts but rather as waterspouts. This is interesting as it means that a whirling column of water was seen.

In this present datum, there is a bit of jest because it was on Water street in Xenia that the spout vented its fury. Two minutes after it fell, there was a flood there of three feet. Again, noteworthy is the fact that the tracks of the Miami Railroad near-by were swept away. The sympathetic magic in the street name; the attraction of the hated train tracks.

(Balto. Sun: Feb. 10, 1886) Vegas, Cuba - waterspout accompanied by a shower of egg-sized hailstones.

(Balto. Sun, Supplement: Feb 2, 1887). The bark Templar in Mid. Atlantic Ocean discovered a waterspout which a black cloud nearly enveloped.

(Balto. Sun: July 29, 1886) Onancock, Va. - Fishermen on Burton's Bay turned to see a watery column spiral up to the overhanging clouds, and standing out so clearly against the blue sky that it was seen twenty miles away. The whirling column, thirty yards in diameter, swept up the bay so that the fishermen had to row to get out of its way. Then it broke and fell back into its element.

(Balto. Sun, Supplement: Nov. 14, 1885). The bark Albemarle in the No. Atlantic - heavy clouds, rain, and flashes of lightning. Waterspout discovered tearing through the water with terrible force. Its angle to the horizon was 16 degrees. The thing's angle is amazing and suggests a gyroscopic ability. This observed feature and the other datum of the black cloud enveloping the waterspout provoke ideas as if not the phenomena was something other than a waterspout. I have a datum of a whirlwind in whose black centre burned an eldritch fire and which acted with sentience. Some of my waterspout data seems pregnant with similar hints of a controlling agency - some of my waterspout data seems to indicate phenomena not that of normal meteorology.

Many of my notes on what are called cloudbursts have a kinship to waterspouts, that is if both phenomena are really almost the same. A cloudburst might be but a waterspout that bursts while hidden in cloud banks. A study of cloudburst data would tend to indicate this. However, as to the incidents referred to as "cloudbursts", I wonder if not some teleportative - if not poltergeist - force is behind such.

(Balto. Sun: Aug. 7, 1886). Near Fort Keogh, Mont. the phenomena was described as a "cloud exploded" and came pouring down in a solid wall twenty feet and drowning 800 head of sheep, whose bodies were strewn along the river for a distance of 16 miles! After this, the upper Yellowstone Valley was visited with what was called "a cloud-hail burst", that fell for half an hour in drifts over a foot deep. Little rain accompanied it - simply one solid sheet of hail; almost, I imagined, as if someone in the sky had tipped over a cyclopean basketful of the frozen pellets.

(Balto. Sun: June 10, 1887). The Wyoming Valley, Penn. was visited by a terrible rain-storm and at Nantocoke occurred a "cloudburst" which sent the people to the tops of their houses to escape the flood of its waters. Here again is an incident of destruction of a railroad track that hints at some unseen entity's rancor toward railroads.

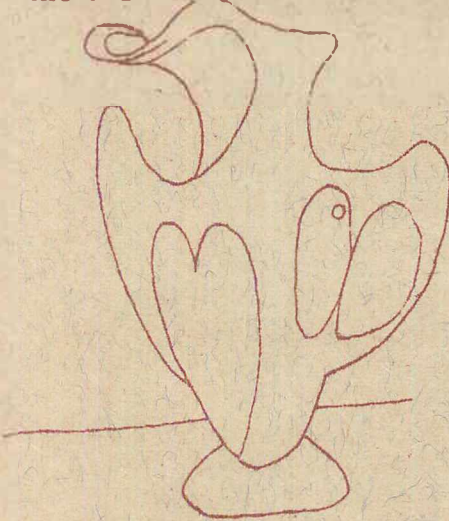
UNDERTAKINGS

(Balto. American: May 23, 1923). Western Oklahoma inundated by a series of cloudbursts in one night.

(Balto. American: June 26, 1896). Piney Mountain, W. Va. - cloudburst immediately over one man's farm (this sounds the same as a bursting waterspout); the resulting flood nearly wiped out the entire community.

All such disasters have resemblant features like the poltergeistic disturbances of stones thrown in a "haunted" house and objects prankishly moved about therein. My personal opinion is that the poltergeistic force in a house is the same as that which possesses greater strength, smashed watery fists from the ocean depths at ships and emptied funnels of water - cloudbursts & waterspouts - upon human habitation. The spirit of harmful prank pervades both the poltergeistic happenings in houses and the watery fists from the ocean and the sky.

(Balto. American: March 21, 1923). The Captain of the steamer "West Arrow" could tell of such a strange manifestation when his ship rode an Atlantic storm. Without warning there came a wave much greater in size than any previously encountered, and it was traveling incredibly fast. The steamer rode up the size of this fifty-foot wall of water - there was no chance - apparently - for a blow to be struck. As if to this lucky escape, the wave receded quickly leaving the steamship literally! forty feet in the air before it smacked down into the trough.



If any persons doubt the poltergeistic character of watery fists from the ocean and the sky, let them reconsider the series of waterspouts that followed the railroad construction in Mexico, that haunted the rails and fell only upon them while the surrounding desert remained untouched. Sentience showed in this datum and cannot be explained as normal. There is a definite linkage between the "diminutive" poltergeist within a building and his "big brother" who showers from the heavens fish, and stones, and waterspouts. Such teleportation (from the heavens) are remarkable if "wild talents" as the diminutive poltergeistic occurrences are reputed to be. Considering the large scale of the sky teleportations, a "wild talent" explanation does not seem quite fitting with the magnitude of the occurrences. Unless all such are done by scientific means - but then, by what scientists or by

what engineers? Teleportative currents above the earth might be the answer except for the curious sentience possessed by the mysterious walls of water that inexplicably arose from the sea's depths to strike at passing ships and such waterspouts as that haunted a railroad construction gang in Mexico. However, one fact is for certain: that in such incidents, no explanation was given by meteorology, and therefore are due to forces unknown to present-day science.

Illustrated by JACK HARNESS

Author: GEORGE T. WETZEL

NEW WORLDS

NOVA PUBLICATIONS, LTD.
2 Arundel Street
Strand, London, W.C.2

I'm amazed upon receiving the last three issues of this fine English prozine. I can not understand why they sent them to me, but I'm glad they did. Otherwise I'd not be able to tell you people to get this one. #They run a very good grade fiction, as well as the standard book reviews, editorial, and letter dept. Some American fiction, and more English fiction makes for a startling contrast in styles. If not for anything else you might find it interesting from this point. #Costs "one shilling and ninepence", but darned if I know what that is in the U.S. #Anyone know? Let me in on it too.

UNDERTAKINGS



THE tree stood in the center of the room, shimmering and majestic with its colourful decorations and green branches. It was a truly beautiful Christmas tree and Jennings could be rightly proud of it. True, it was a terrible strain on his already over-loaded generator, but he thought it was worth it.

The Christmas Tree

For the hundredth time he crossed the room and walked around the tree, surveying it from all angles. The average person in the old days had never appreciated a thing like a tree, he decided. Never really appreciated it. They hadn't had to drag one nearly twenty miles through snow and rubble, hadn't had to be constantly on guard lest some---

No! Enough of that. Don't think about it, he sternly told himself. Just remember that tomorrow's Christmas and enjoy the sight of your tree.

Christmas Eve. Santa Claus should be coming soon in his white sleigh with all the reindeer. Jennings broke into gales of involuntary laughter. He threw back his head and howled.

Dear old Santa Claus would be dead within ten minutes if he landed in Saint Louis, on Christmas Eve, 1958. He'd be either shot, stabbed, or die of radiation poisoning or lineliness, depending on where he landed.

The hysterical laughter abruptly stopped. Hold on to yourself, Bert, Jennings reminded himself. You can crack up that way too. Keep busy. Don't think, and above all, don't remember. Just keep yourself preoccupied.

He adjusted a few decorations, and then went into the next room for his daily check of his weapons.

One wall of the room was completely obscured by gun racks. Nearly ninety guns were stored - loaded - ready. Shotguns, rifles -- for hunting, for protection -- anything he needed a gun for, he had one. The proper weapon to kill a squirrel or a wolf or a hawk or a man -- whichever presented itself and needed killing. He had run a sporting goods store, before, and, therefore, was much better equipped than most. Yes, much better off than most -- he was alive.

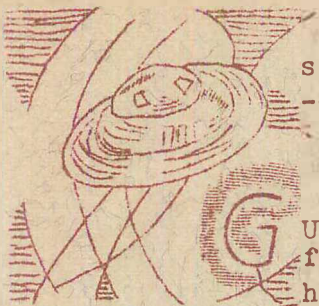
Most Americans couldn't say that -- couldn't say anything, in fact, but Bert Jennings was still alive and well after a year of hell. His family was gone - his wife, his son, but he was lucky. He and a few others. Very few.

In the distance, he heard gunfire. Probably Queely's gang over on the south side, he thought. There were ten of them, all as tough as they came. Queely had been a pool-room bum before the bombs fell, he had heard. Strange, the type of persons saved, while the good and useful, like his wife-- "Damn you, enough", he said aloud.

Bert had talked to Queely about a month ago. Still wanted him to join the gang. ("Me or my guns", he mused. "If I let him near those, I'd be done for in a minute.") Bert had again refused. You were better off alone.

The guns were all right, so he stepped into the kitchen and selected a can from a store of canned goods he had picked from ruined stores.

His meal finished, Jennings went back into the room where the tree reigned supreme. He sat down and picked up a book. He glanced through several pages, then tossed it a-



UNDERTAKINGS

side. He stared listlessly at his tree. His. Nobody else's. He needed company. Female company. Bad.

He stared at the tree and brooded.

UNFIRE again. Closer. In fact, right on the block where his well-fortified house stood. He grabbed a gun and looked through a peephole in the metal-plated shutters.

A girl!

He rubbed his eyes and looked again.

A girl! Running down the street with several goons firing at her. But not aiming at vital spots. They didn't want her -- dead.

Jennings raced to the door and whistled. She saw him and turned, ran toward him as he opened fire on her pursuers. One fell, groaning, to the snow-covered streets. The others broke for cover, leaving their companion to freeze, or bleed to death, or live as best he could.

Jennings and the girl were alone.

It had been so long ---.

It was late, very late, when Jennings was awakened by a slight movement. He sat up and reached for his gun, and then remembered the girl. He glanced at her, smiled, and went back to sleep.

He never knew what hit him as she rammed the knife into his sleeping body. Once. Twice. Three times.

Then she hurried downstairs and opened the door. She whistled loudly and from the ruined house across the street a group of men appeared, in answer to her summons.

They all carried guns and marched triumphantly into the house, talking loudly, reeking of stale liquor. They headed toward the precious gun supply. All but one.

"My God", said Queely, as he let go of his girl and looked about him, "even a Christ-mas tree. My God."

Letter Illumination: ROBERT GILBERT

Author: ROBERT N. ROLFE

IN TIMES TO COME -

Well, off-hand, I can say for sure that we'll have a long article, about a 5,500 word giant, by Maxwell. Then there will be the regular features being CORONER'S CORNER, BURIED COMMENTS, UNDERTAKER AT WORK, and, of course, another article by Wetzel. I hope Voorheis will see about getting in his column, in spite of the recent difficulty. With luck, I'll have another of Hal Annas' stories to present. I'm pretty certain that there will be some poetry for those who, like me, enjoy it. I must confess that I have an idea for a new column, which might be both enjoyable and unique in fanzines. If all goes well, the Vol. 2, No. 1 issue of UNDERTAKINGS will come out in the month of May, probably late in it, but there, nonetheless. There will be art-work by DEA, Jack Harness, Bob Gilbert (whom I hope will do a cover), and others. It promises to be a well-balanced issue, so gaze longingly for it.

-Sam

LOCKSLEY HALL

(A PROPHECY)

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could
see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Saw the heavens fill with shouting and there
rained a ghastly dew,
From the Nation's airy navies grappling in the
central blue;

For along the world-wide whisper of the south wind
rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through
the thunderstorm;

Til the war drum throbbed no longer, and the
battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the
World.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lepped in
universal law.

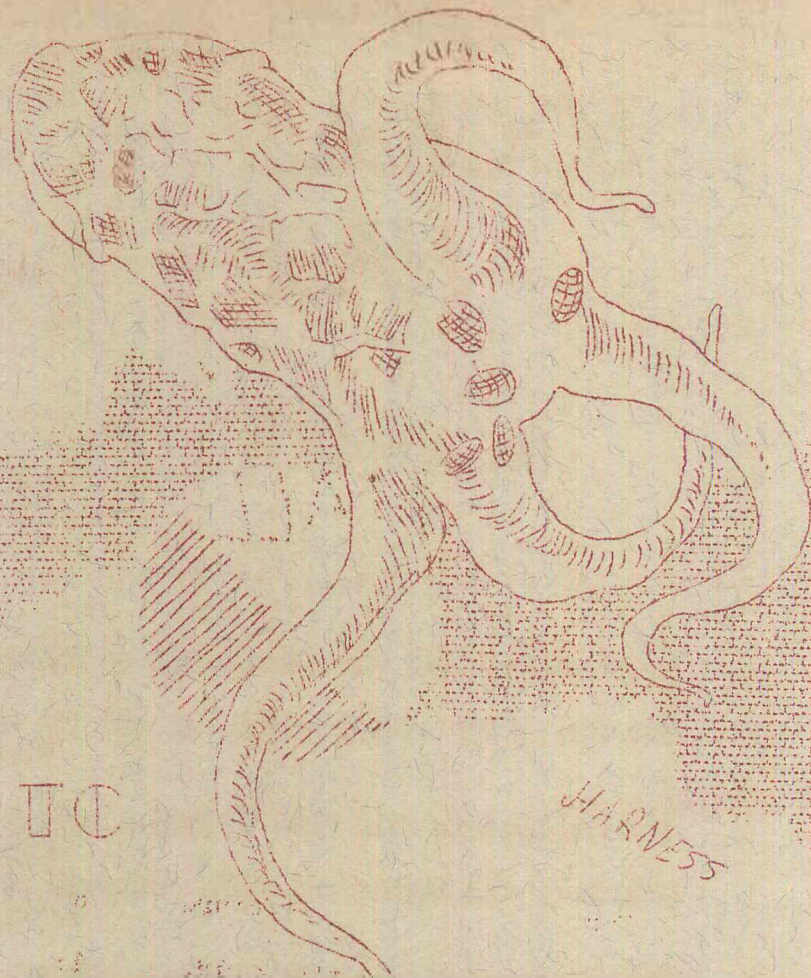
Alfred
Tennyson



UNDERTAKER

AT
WORK.

EDITORIAL, ETC



HA! Bet I caught you off-guard again, didn't I? Yuk. Weel, in spite of some rather unpleasant wishes to the contrary by some equally unpleasant people, I leap into your arms again. I think that perhaps some slight changes will have been made in the magazine when you get it, but if they are for the better, I'd like to know it. If you are still of the opinion that I should go to H---, I hope you enjoy the issue... you've little choice in the matter really. I've got your name on my mailing list, and there's blessed little you can do about it.

TED WHITE FALLS CHURCH, VI..

UNDERTAKINGS came today. Frankly, I didn't like it, and I'll tell you why. ((obliging sort anyway...)) It has a cramped, thrown-together look, and is hard to read. The format is atrocious. ((I DID NOT!)) I say this as a friend, and not to tear it down. The material I haven't read yet--only skimmed. But several things add to the general confusion. 1) No page numbers. This way you've got to say 'continued after so-and-so', rather than '...after page ____'. 2) The way POLTERGEIST PUZZLE was continued in front of itself, and I-G-I/ finished at the bottom of the page. Should have put the page with the continuations on it where LAMENT OF A 21st CENTURY WRITER was. 4) I would appreciate knowing whose letter appeared after DEA's on the blue page. It's signed DES, which means nothing to me. ((better not let DES know about that...he might take it as an insult)) I suspect I'm missing a page, but I wouldn't know, as they aren't numbered or anything. 5) It is a little hard to tell that BURIED COMMENTS starts where it does. You should have lettered Russ's name at the top or something.

((The mistake in paging you mentioned was not found in all of the copies. It seems that somewhere in the process of assembling I got mixed, or something (love that). Now everybody listen with yo' earbones to this - If the page opposite Loomis' letter starts with (foop!) Geis' letter, then take that page, and the next, and turn each over so that the page with the picture of the "lamp lighter" is first, then "Ghod". Then the next page should be turned so that Carr's (I luv McCarthy) letter begins while facing the front of the mag. #If you're still confused, let it go...it's not worth it.))

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I notice you credit DEW with the entire cover of U, including my symbol. For shame! However, you did reproduce it well. I haven't heard from Moreen yet--his official letter and all, but I wonder if we aren't jumping the gun; stealing the wind from his sails, or sumptin... He had me stencil the emblem and send it to him. I did that over a month ago, so I'm surprised that he has done nothing. ((Sorry about my oversight, Ted. However, this will serve to let everybody know that you drew that emblem, and not the great ole DEW. I thought that it worked in so well with the cover layout and the general cover theme, that I was a bit over-enthusiastic. Sorry. #Whatever Moreen decides to do, let me know. I'm still gonna use the symbol, as I know you will.))

TED-

BOB BLOCH WEAUWEGA, WISC.

UNDERTAKINGS taken, and I see that the Wylie excerpt has stirred up the usual controversy...which must be expected, after twenty-five years of disorganized fandom. I send thanks for your suggestion: I will try to find the Barth book the next time I'm in Milwaukee. Suppose it's my previous connection with that city which leads you to characterize me as a sloppy beer-drinker, though I am not. ((yeah?)) Actually, I have been known to drink other things, including beer, but I am a sloppy scotch-drinker by preference. ((I think I might go to the AGACON just to see you sop up booze...))

Nice to see another Wetzel contribution--this article would probably interest Marie-Louise Share, who recently wrote of poltergeists in her C'PRICE. Is she on your sub list? ((I send copies to Denville, Bob, but I don't get anything in trade. I can't say for sure whether she gets it or not. If she sees this note, she'd better drop a card, or I drop her name from my list forthwith.))

Liked the illos very much; seems to me that there are more and better fanartists around than at any other given period. Hope you get a lot of pleased comments on the zine to which I'd like to add mine. ((hmm...))

BOB-

"It was at this stage that my colleague and I became interested in the structure of the sun..."

RANDY BROWN DALLAS, TEXAS

Thank for the copy of UNDERTAKINGS #3. The mimeoing was good (I wish I could do so good) ((and I thought I had heard everything...)). The format was fair, but the typing was nigh onto perfect. I wish I could see more of you in the mag. There wasn't enough. ((Haven't you heard about too much of a good thing...?))

The letter page rivals Grennell's FFW. Print the addresses, though, I didn't see a one of them. I dunno, Dick Geis is a genius to me sometime and at others he galls hell out of me.

From the reviews, I hear U was very good. ((is that correct grammar???) In fact, I reviewed U3 in my WAPAZINE, and Ellik reviewed U1 in HARK. ((how about letting me see the fabulous issue, Ron...)) Both of us gave it good reviews, and I've seen others elsewhere, equally as good. ((WHERE!))

That UNDERTAKINGS up-side-down was a stroke of genius to say the least. ((the idea the up-side-down lines so original? I didn't think so. Anyway, Maxwell gave me
That letter by DEW was the first I've ever seen commenting on a zine. Voigt's bit was revolting.

I find myself all the way with you in the spot (and elsewhere too). You think before you leap. ((You're one of the few people who realize that. Thanks.))

The fanzine review section, although well done, wasn't liked much by me. The review work seemed much too long and in places it seems that Watson just rambles to be rambling. A fmz review column should be to the point.

I found the book review section boring to say the least. Also, the opinions of the reviewer were (evidently) unfounded and seemingly biased. ((All reviews of any literature are biased in the extent that the reviewer tells you just what his opinions of the subject are. No more biased in reality than your own fmz reviews.))

Wetzel's bit was delightful. Wetzel can do up things that most people would never

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think existed. Very well written. You can add one more to the growing score of Wetzel fans.

The best thing in the issue with the exception of the letter column was Voorheis' writings. The way it was presented was very good, and the dividing up of ASF's history into eras was very well planned and executed.

The cover was fine; art wonderful, and general appearance good. Keep it up. ((This should be 'keep it going'...)) You have a fine mag, and contrary to that ad in Kaymar, U should be in the top ten very soon. ((Hah!))

RANDY-

"...it is clear that the composition of the sun is very different from that of the planet's..."

DES EMERY the scourge of Ontario, Canada...

Another Undertakings! Gad man, but you produce. If I continue my asinine practice of paying for all these zines I shall be broke. ((else I shall have oodles of Canadian money...)) But perhaps by the time my abilities have improved to the point where my reviews pay for the zine, I shall be able to dispense with this small bit of bribery.

Ach, but the next review for U shall be not so nice. But wait till you see it. ((I stand here quaking in fear.))

Suggestion: slipsheet your covers if they're going to be on hard surfaced paper. My inside cover was blotchy. And you spelt entrails rong.

And, as usual, you got your pages put in backwards. ((I allus wuz a backards chile-critter)) And the STAPLES are STILL dropping the back pages all over my Tea and Toast! It is almost impossible to read a mag which has been dropped in a teacup, especially one which was full of coffee. Not only that, but the coffee tastes horrible after all that mired ink dissolves in it.

Enjoyed Voorheis again. Most of us know a little bit about the promags, but it allus helps to be reminded.

Again, I dissagree with Rolfe. ((Persistent cuss aren't you?)) Bradbury's Golden Apples of the Sun was his usual type; if you can hear what he's saying, fine; if you cannot, just sit back and enjoy the scenery. And those illos aren't half bad. However, I am afraid Bob'll get very little response from his request. Now if he sent all the fen a card, with various authors listed for the choice, he might get enough to make a presentable showing. And you stinker, Sam, I listed some of my authors in my last letter to you. ((Then why didn't I find them?))

Russ goes overboard a bit in his reviews, I think, but then so do I, I suppose.

For the rest of the low-down ((at least you're honest about that...)) on U, read my review.

DES-

((I say, old chap! Just how shall I read the review? The last I heard about McKinney's Deviant was that it/she had folded "for business reasons". Won't this be a bit awkward?

Good Ghod! A neo!

Say, if that typing looks a bit splotchy..))

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article is true; that he was with Allison one time when Allison was caught shop-lifting (one minus for slander not me Allison). Allison got very excited recently when I wrote him that Multog was an alias of mine. On the other hand John Brennan of Multo sent Allison a sub letter. So Allison returns Brennan's sub money to me and tells me to stop writing him letters underphony names. What a contradiction he is; definitely he is bug-house.

Concerning the pleasant letters about my work: Mittlebuscher put his finger right on the heart of the matter - I have turned out my best possible for years, and have rarely - IF EVER - received a compliment. This I can show and prove by showing you copies of the succeeding fmzs wherein not a word was said about my work, but some crud tripe by Joe Blow Fan was analyzed as if it were a dissertation for a PhD. Bob Bloch also puts his finger ((only one...? Probably what he gets for stirring scotch-on-the-rocks with his hands.)) on the other part of the matter. That is, I do research on my mss. This is true of my articles, fiction, and even humorous stuff I slaved over so as to make it as fresh and original as possible. Yet even my scholarship has been attacked as pe lantic and dry and stody. This is very discouraging, but since I've gotten my own mimeo and typer, I do not mind such attacks and cold-shouldering. I now print for myself, as well as write for my own amusement. ((One of the things that I think might cause such would be the inadequacy most fans feel (subconsciously) when they realize the amount of work you put into your writing. This could be manifested in such things as attacks on your ability, or just plain ignoring your work. The fan is notorious for his quest for ego-boo, so when he gets a blow such as reading something you've put a lot of work into, his subconscious reacts as a defense mechanism.))

The thing is that nomatter what a person does, someone will turn up who will hate his guts for it. My Poltergeist Puzzle was average, and I think the articles you now have are better. Still, it contained some new and original points like the cases of people being burned up while their clothes remained unharmed, with just the hint of that Voodoo doll being thrown into a fire.

Personally, I am beginning to think that such cases might be atomic explosions in the body. This would use the organic compounds in the body as fuel. Before you laugh at this, let me recall for you that there are now being used controlled atomic reations on a very minute scale in the treatment of some diseases such as cancer (if I remember correctly), and thus such a possibility has some basis in fact. If such medical chain reactions run

wild and consume and kill the patients, we would never see it in the newspapers. The A.M.A. controlls such adverse publicity with dictatorial power. This has been proven, this power of the A.M.A.

George-

Utopia is just a Greek word for "nowhere"...

MIKE MAY...who hails from Dallas, Texas with a Vega-like fmz...

Received Undertakings #3 the other day, and I must say that I enjoyed same. Your mag could be improved from a layout and neatness standpoint, but other than that, all seems well. #H. Maxwell's writings have never appealed to me. ((Perhaps you didn't listen closely enough...)) His poetry I go for, but his writings just don't seem to have the old - well, the old... ((Old Crow? Whoops! That's a typo that'll live for years to come! Ghad...I've arrived!)) #George Wetzel is another one of those --- Your letter page was the best feature in the mag, except somewhere, in my copy any-

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way, the text got all turned around. Started with Des Emery's letter. ((That's Des for you... always starting something)) #Watkins' fmz reviews are fairly bad, I'm afraid. Why he goes into and over each little detail in each fmz puzzles me. He would do best to just comment on the top features in each mag.

((I wanted a fairly detailed review, since so many other fanzines barely mention the various reviewed zines. However, I think we've struck a median insofar as length goes on these things. #Watkins, re what George said?))

"...sex...sex...sex...sex...sex...sex..."

BOB ROLFE...the terror of Bath, New Yawk...

Just received #3 of UN. ((Ghads, does everyone just "just receive" UN? I should think that at least one blast of trumpets should announce it.)) Very good, though the #2 ish is your best so far, and infact, one of the best I've ever seen. I've not made too many comments on ye mag of late, so permit me a long ramble through the subject and beyond. ((An appendectomy, no doubt.))

All mags have a personality, some a distinct one, some subtle, but all have a personality. UN has a very distinct personality - your personality and that's what makes it so outstanding. ((Oh garwsh...!)) To me, at least, one of the most entertaining features of the mag is your answers to letters, and comments as well. Fans are noted for saying what they think, but you are outspoken more than most. And this I like. Velly muchee. Also, you stand by your contributors when they are assailed by various fans of questionable judgement. Some of your cracks to unhappy readers are classics, but your frigid reply to Dick Geis ((Who's that?)) in #3 was "it", absolutely. Never have I seen such a nasty letter receive such a complete squelch in the same tone as it was written. Beware, though, Sam, and remember that others have the right to disagree with you (though for friend Geis we might make an exception). ((I know that well but let's put it this way. I imagine you refer to Carr's letter. If she had not chosen to act so belligerent, or at least a little less so, it would not have bothered me. However, when someone gets vindictive, nomatter whether they're right or wrong, I will receive and answer in the same tone. Carr has - as long as I've known anything about her - always been pretty much "Holier-than-Thou". I'll dare her now to deny it. I give no quarter - well, almost none - to people like that. #I don't give a tinker's dam whether anyone hates me intensely or not - just so long as they tell it to me in a reasonable tone of voice. But, after the slash, comes the parry... #Aside of this, in my comments to letters, I may sound a little mean, but it's done in fun - and to provide you people something to perhaps laugh at.))

Feeling as I do, about enjoying your answers to letters, I'll forgive you for having so much space devoted to them/those that need comments. But if you were to editorialize a little more, I would be happier. In a special column perhaps.

Now a comment on covers:

I have never liked DEA covers, especially those on Kaymer-Trader, but these last two DEAs on UN are something else again. This is the best work of DEA's I've ever seen. Maybe I've misjudged the artist. Those are of pro-quality, though it pains me greivously to admit it. ((Bet you've never seen an original DEA, have you? You'd be surprised what some faneds do to them. - I know a little art myself, and have seen a lot of fanartists, but she's right up there with the tops. I just wish people'd take more care with her work.))

"...bheer...bheer...bheer...bheer..."

As to my fellow contributors -- Voorheis has really got something there. I wasn't too impressed by the article on van Vogt, but the history of Astounding was excellent for sure. More work of this sort and John will have made a major contribution to fandom. ((More on this later...))

By the way, who was the upstart who heaped such abuse on the "Condor"? I didn't even trouble myself to look up his name. Paul Mittlebuscher did a great job with the column - one of the, no - the best fanmag rev I've ever seen. And Russ Watkins pro-

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mises to be nearly as good. ((Russ, what say about "nearly"?)) I hope, but I wait and see.

By the way, the Maxwell bit in the current UN, while a wee bit corny, still made me laugh right out loud. More such delightful nonsense in the future...

While I've had no luck getting you to take my fictional bits recently, I shall see about sending you one again soon. This story, called the CHRISTMAS TREE, was read in all Senior High School English classes at Haverling High, here in Bath, by my English teacher. She said it was the best thing she had ever gotten from one of her students. (Really, I'm not that egotistical ... thass what she told them! ((THEM!!!)) Really.) ((I feel a bit foolish. You see, I rejected a very good mss a while ago on account of the "untimely" way it was set up. It centered around Christmas also. If I had gotten it earlier, I would have taken it on the spot. However, this short, poignant (I think it merets that adjective...) story struck me as good enough to even disregard its untimeliness. I'd like to know whether I was right or not, people.))

'Tis a grim and gloomy epic, but ---.

Bob-

"...more sex...more sex...more sex...more sex..."

BILL BERGER...writes from someplace or other called Cleveland, Ohio...

UNDERTAKINGS with Ode to Space Hallucination is the issue I want to comment on. I don't know why you don't bother to list price; it or anything else. ((Carelessness, just plain carelessness))

The HIGH PSI DRIVE by Linas was fine. Glad you wont ((to appos- traphe, or not to apostrophe)) let the Anti-fan-fiction attitude influence you.

Rather irritated that you reprint a section from such an easily available novel as Tomorrow! - even the public library has it.

You should be congratulated on printing John Voorheis' evolution of van Vogt. Brings back memories of good old ASF.

((I got this letter too late for the last issue, so use it now. You don't know it yet, Bill, but you're going to do me a writeup of the Clevecon, right? Yuk.))

-Bill

"I also find a letter from the Cleveland Con Committee that has been sitting in the bottom of the drawer..." - Calkins: Oops!16



DAVE NORMAN...hails from Greenwich, R.I. it says here...

Thanks for Undertakings. Only have a short time to say a few words. Only reason I'm writing is that I'd like to keep up correspondence with you, and vice versa. ((who's he? None of my brothers go by that name here. Maybe a friend?)) That blurb under my letter stated that you would only correspond to those sending letters requesting such. Well...? ((heh-heh))

Undertakings didn't seem so good thish as last one. Maxwell's bit laid a bomb. (A stink bomb at that.) However, Wetzel's work was pretty good. I can't see how he gets the time to look all that info up just for a fmz. ((George?))

Mimeo was good to excellent; I liked the different coloured paper you used. The rest of the mag - letters, and fmz rev - were all acceptable. The only objectionable part was Maxwell's.

Well, hope to hear from you sometime... ((patience, friend, patience))

-Dave

and

thus

we

go

Wipe away those tears, and put down the soggy hanky. I imagine we'll get back again sometime in the next two months or so.

OH?!!?

You're crying 'cause we'll come back?!!??

-Samuel Johnson