

A CLEAR MIDNIGHT (cover) Foem by Whitman

Foem by Whitman from Leaves of Grass - Illo by DEA

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UNDERTAKINGS

is edited and published by

Samuel J. Johnson formerly of

1517 Penny Dr.-Edgewood Elizabeth City

North Carolina and presently of 1843 Embassy

Drive, South Jacksonville, Florida. It is presently being mimeographed and mailed by George

Wetzel of 5 Flayfield St., Dundalk 22, Md. It is issued at approximately quarterly intervals, and is sold at 15¢ persinglecopy for samplers. It's free to you if you spend 3¢ on a stamped letter of comment - Stateside and otherwise. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or the readers unless otherwise indicated --- and even then changes can be made because of the type of opinions expressed. Advertisement goes at 35¢ per ½ page; 50¢ per ½ page; and ½1 per full page. Space for space trade is solicited. Subscriptions upon request only.

This column will deal primarily with books or such other items which contribute to the world of fantastique or supernaturale -- the esoteric. Occasional -ly an item which does not belong to the World will turn up, but in such case a reason will be presented along with the review.

All books are worth reading -- some moreso than others. I won't advise you which to read and which not to read. We all have different tastes. I think the best way for a reviewer to operate is to simply give the reader a sampling of the book so that he might decide whether it is worth his time or not.

With that in mind:

TO WALK THE NIGHT -- William Sloane -- Dell Book 856 -- 25d

I'm not quite sure of my reaction to this book. It is complete, and yet I am left with a definite feeling of incompleteness...emptiness and yet seething emotion. I detect rather, a complicated undercurrent running throughout the entire story which does not resolve itself into any material shape.

It was first published back in 1937. I read the introduction carefully as it was written by Basil Davenport, apparent -ly a one-time fan. He mentions that the book was reviewed by the New York Herald Tribune, and the Saturday Review as a detective story, however unusual it might be in the way of scientific flibblegoop. The New York Times did not even think of it as detective story material, but rather as an unorthodox ghost story. I can see how the conclusion was reached in each case, since it has a tinge of the ghost story in the brilliantly wierd aspect, but it al -so is very much of a detective story-in this latter respect it reminds me of Rocket To The Morgue...

Mr. Davemort seems to have the impression that it should be classed as science-fiction since it does deal with the science of mathematics and hints a bit at the parallel-time theory. I amal so tempted to classify it -- only as a science-fantasy, since the somewhat supernatural aspect is brought out heavily.

JAMES NORWELL

Lair of the Mhite Morm

to lend an air of mystery to the plot.

It reads like a detective story about scientists.

HE REASON I say this is on the basis of Devenport's statement (which I discovered immantly true): "Though there are, of course, exceptions, the detective story is almost bound to treat violent death as a purely intellectual problem, or else as a mere source of excitement, sometimes farcical excitement; and since it must keep us out of the murderer's mind, it must keep us out of the minds of most of the major characters." In the book the deaths of two men are treated rather lightly; the by-play comes in with the results or implications of the deaths; even though it is written about as well as possible, the characters always seem a bit unreal, since you are never let in on what they are thinking -- like a narrative written by someone who wishes to remain out of the story.

To continue: "Science fiction, though it contains plenty of chess problems, farce, and even space operas, can and often does show people in real emotional situations." As I mentioned undercurrents of emotions, this above sentence came to me quickly. The story is strange in that no real emotion is displayed or acknowledged, but underneath, like a swift-running stream, is the emotional story of several people. It's not presented or hinted at -- it has to be sensed rather than be known for a fact.

NE FAULT I think should be pointed out is that in writing the story, Sloane was line mited in that he either did not or could not let the reader enter into the vehicle. The reader is merely incidental, and an observer. The "story within a story" layout is poor, even though back in the thirties is was popular. The idea of having two people talking, and one of them telling a story to the other is fine for the writer. In such case he does not have to worry about verb or pronoun tense or really deep characterization. However, for the reader it is often difficult to become involved, to live the story. It takes on the qualities of a newspaper report -- which is frowned upon by most critics and writers of these times. The quality of reality suffers badly.

I must say that the writing is very good. Sloane opens up with pictures when he per mits the story scene to shift to a desert out in Nevada (or at least that general locale). He shows a spurt of interest with his narrator in one section, and builds the character up until it seems as though it might be possible to think him living. I do believe that a better job could have been done with the situation, as it presents excellent possibilities, but the job here before me is good reading so I won't knock it.

Altogether I would say that the book, while appearing to be light reading, is most definitely food for thought. If you like to review, as I do, you find yourself picking out tidbits for future reference. It is fine reading for your twenty-five coppers, but not nearly an outstanding book.

One humerous sidelight struck me as Davenport talked about the upgrowth of science fiction. He said: "To Walk the Night was similarly born before its time in 1937, before the jinn was let out of the bottle at Hiroshima." I wonder whether Basil was talking a -bout djinns, or just plain old hootch...

TORTURE GARDEN -- Octave Mirbeau -- Berkley Books 111 -- 25%

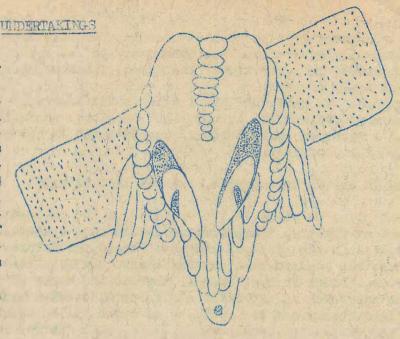
Unless you have a very strong stomach, and are sadistic by nature, you will not enjoy this book.

I read it through, but the sheer perversity of it revolted me. It is, in a word, sickening. But it is also magnificent for all its bravado!

This was first published in the United States in 1931, and was translated from a pre-vious French edition. I daresay that I am very glad I could not read the French, as all translations loose some measure of the original inspiration -- this book is enough in its translated form. I doubt seriously I could have read it unless it had been so

weakened.

It concerns in detail all the per -versness and disgusting lust of man. It shows the human being up for that which it is underneath. It shows man for the animal ... the base fungus in his society and life. It displays for those who can take it the raw image of torture, horror, murder, and lust of a dozen different natures. I had thought I read most of the writings which shew man as his base self is -- this is perhaps the foulestwritten of them all for it displays hate and cringing terror and blood dripped torture mechanisms. It is a superb allegory of mankind.



T IS DEDICATED AS:

to
Priests, Soldiers
Judges - to men
who reer, lead
or govern men
I dedicate
these pages of
murder and blood.

And he does too. It runs from the beginning as:

OLD ON," the scientist replied; "simply that we are all more or less assassins. I like to believe that, intellectually, we have all experienced analogous sensations to a lesser degree. We restrain the innate need of murder and attenuate phy sical violence by giving it a legalized outlet; industry, colonial trade, war, the hunt, or anti-semitism, because it is dangerous to abandon oneself to it immoderately and outside the law, and since after all the moral satisfaction we derive from it is not worth exposing ourselves to the ordinary consequences of the act -- imprisonment, testimony before judges (always tiring and scientifically uninteresting) and finally, the guillotine..."

To the absurdly rediculous in:

-fered on many occasions. And his superiority may be attributed to the fact that instead of concealing his speculations, he boasted of them with the utmost revolt ing cynacism.

"I've stolen! I've stolen!" he proclaimed in his professions of faith, his bill-posters and confidential circulars. And in cabarets his agents, perched upon casks, spattered with wine and bloated with alcohol, reiterated and bellowed those magic words:

"'He's stolen! He's stolen!'"

"The working classes in the cities, dazzled no less than the sturdy countryman, acclaimed this bold man with a frenzy which swelled in direct proportion to the frenzy of his confessions."

And as well in this section as:

"'Well?" she said, in a malicious voice, "you're not joking? You've actually eaten human fl sh?'

5

"'Yes, certainly!' he replied proudly, and in a tone which established his indisputable superiority over us. 'We simply had to ... you eat what you can get.'

"'What does it taste like?' she asked, slightly disgusted. He thought a moment. Then

making a vague gesture:

"'My God!' he said, 'how can I explain it? Imagine, adorable lady -- imagine pork ...

pork pickled slightly in nutmeg oil.' Careless and resigned, he added:

"'It's not very good. Besides you don't eat it out of gluttony. I prefer a leg of mutton, of a beefsteak.""

ND IN the Torture Garden, for the last exerpt:

"From place to place in the recesses of the palisade which conceiled verdant halls and beds of flowers, there were wooden benches equipped with chains and bronze collars, iron tables in the shape of crosses, blocks, gridirons, gibbets, automatic quartering machines, bed studded with cutting blades and bristling with iron spikes, stationary pillories, wooden horses, wheels, kettles and tanks suspended over extinguished fires—all the apparatus of sacrifice and torture, covered with blood, here dried and blacken—ed, there sticky and red. Puddles of blood filled the hollow parts; long gobs of blood hung from disjointed machinery... Blood still starred the whiteness of the jasmine, mar—bled the pink coral of the honeysuckle and the muave passion—flowers and bits of human flesh which had flown under the whips and leather thongs, were stuck here and there to the edges of petals and leaves."

"best". If you think that last is repulsive, be advised that there are ninety or more pages of such, not to mention about an equal number dealing with things like the other exerpts. I had to take exerpts to show just what sort of thing it is. It defies my powers of description.

I think that Mirbeau is an extreme cynic -- Swift tore society apart, but this fellow shreds it and then feeds it to vultures. It is a magnificent book, but I think it will not receive any great acclaim because of the very forcefulness with which it crems itself down your throat and then pulls filth and stink behind it.

It is not a pretty portrait of humanity, but then again, very little about mankind ever will be pretty. If you still choose to read it, don't blame me if you feel an urge to commit suicide.

SA MATTER OF FACT, considering suicide -- I have always felt that there is only one good reason abounding for a person to use as an excuse to commit suicide. It is to simply realize that you are a member of the human race -- an excellent excuse I think...

THE EVIL OF TIME -- Evelyn Berckman -- Dell Book 841 -- 25d

Aha: Off we go, galumphing over hill and dale and the remnants of war-torn Germany! Over toward the extreme south-east corner is a dark, dank, dreaded castle. If you ask of its name from one of the villagers who live some five miles away, he will shudder and pronounce the fateful name of "DRACHENSGRAB!" And then he'll run like hell back to his home and take a bath in Holy Water while crossing himself and reading aloud from the Bible.

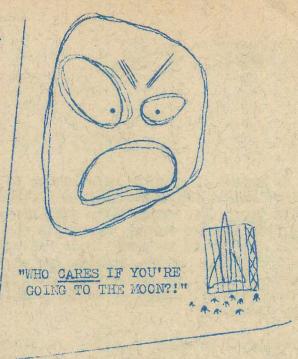
Ah, so we are introduced to the miserable place which resides on the edge of an extensive swamp. Here and there gnarled trees moan eeriely. Grass rustles ominously. The castle stands oppresive and silent while a grisly half-moon stares down like a half-opened eye. There is no wind and so the air rests dankly over everything. Droplets of moisture form on its ancient stone walls and slither off to the sod like a sweat derived from an extreme fear.

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I really should not even being reviewing this book, since it is neither science-fantasy, nor (strictly speaking) fantasy. However, as I sometimes find time to read something extra after I finish reading all the magazines, etc of a given month (I belong to the fast-vanishing type of fan - the kind who reads everything, in hopes of finding something worthwhile) I sometimes come across a good mystery novel which promises to be good reading until Astounding comes out on the nineteenth. This is a mystery story, and a very good one at that.

The plot revolves about a missing treasure of stolen museam articles which once were Hitler's favorites. It seems that after Hitler was cremated in the flaming petrol (I wonder if his end might not have been symbolic) a soldier, who had been talked into believing he was Hitler's protector or at least the guardian of his remains,

stole the remains, and the private collection and made off with them to the castle in southern Germany. There they were hidden.



GIRL FROM the Reclamations Department of the Allied Occupation Forces goes in to try to locate the missing articles. From that point on, there follows some attempts on the girl's life, several mysterious strangers, some very nasty-mannered Nazi fanatics, and a couple of suitors thrown in for good measure.

There are some hints at Neo-Nazi groups in Germany which interested me more than about anything else, since, like the editor, I'm inclined to be interested in politics and such. I have noted some very vague hints about such new groups lately. It seems as if a rumor is being circulated about new groups of Nazis, but as yet I have neither heard nor seen anything factual presented. It right seem that some people wish to start stirring into the ashes of German rubble to see what dirt and ill-will they can find. It would seem that we're having enough trouble with people stirring into seum without having others joining into the game.

with the aura of suspense and the feel of tension throughout. I'd better qualify my statement about the writing being "quite good". It is good in comparison, that is, to other mystery novels. I'd better be careful with judgements of writing quality. You see, I do not like to compare one genre of book with another. If a book is a mystery novel I try to compare it with other mystery novels. Fantasy, and science-fiction and others also get this treatment. It is, I feel, the only really fair way to do things. In some cases the descriptions of Drachensgrab (dragon's cave), the castle, is very vivid and interesting. You can almost feel the clammy stone under your hands, and smell the mustiness of the place. If nothing else, the book will tell you very much about seventeenth and eighteenth century architecture.

Educational as well as interesting.

Since I have written to some great extent on these three novels I feel a little bit like Noah McLeod with his tremendous reviews -- even though I probably don't dissect them in the manner he does. Not at all the way he does. Sam may dissect me, though, for writing such a lengthy thing. Before I depart to my dank dwelling of a dungeon, however, I want to ask Bob Rolfe's forgiveness. Then again, he's reviewing the stf and I'm doing the fantasy...neat.

Illustrated by: DEA; S. Johnson/

/Author: James Norwell

HOWEVER,

I Disagree

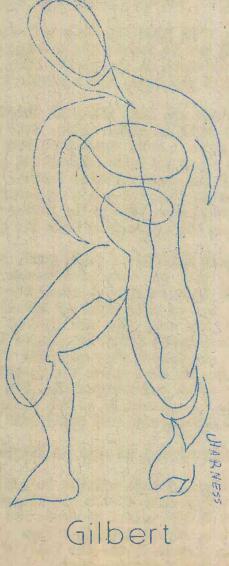
Actually, you know, the average person who denounces religion, orthodox or evangalistic, is usually somewhat misguided and unhappy, and uses religion as a scapegoat. Such, however, is not the case with Mr. Athey. He is obviously an intelligent person who has/thinks he has some very honest gripes with organized religion. This

type of person is usually much harder to convince, because he can put up a logical and intelligent argument against whatever you say, and usually you are at a complete loss to prove them wrong (it's much harder to prove a person wrong than it is to convince them they're wrong). We people who make it our task in life to defend religion usually don't have to worry about the unintelligent objector, since he is a rather noisy individual, whose thoughts can easily be disproved by almost envone, and anyhow, he rarely ever makes such a break with religion as that advocated by Mr. Athey; i.e., the complete abolishment of religion and marriage and the leaving of sexual mores up to the individual.

However, I intended to agree and disagree with Mr. Athey, so the only way I can do that is to get his letter, and attack/praise it thought by thought --- at least those thoughts worth attacking/praising.

1.) "As I see it, almost all propoganda leveled on the the heads of the gullible populace is a cover for the have..."

Mr. Athey! What you've just said! Actually, however your statement sounds something like a "have-not" diatrib against the "haves", without your thinking whether it's true or not. Certainly, there are those "haves" that have an insatible desire to acquire more and more wealth an interesting San Fransisco case comes to mind now. There is, in SanFran, a dentist, who shall go nameless, who is one of those "assembly-line" dentists. They do a tremendous business by being very very fast and appealing to the lower-income brackets by having a time-payment plan. Need -less to say, this dentist X is a very wealthy man. Well, it was recently brought out that he was acting as a fence for stolen goods on the side in a \$200,000 robbery in San -Fran. The question comes to mind: why? He had money, he had a good business, and he had no real reason to "enter into a life of crime." Still, he did. Why? Mainly because he was a "have" who wanted more and more and more. However, there are those "haves" who lose lots of money through their own free will, with nobody forcing them to do so. Another case comes to mind, one of the Bay Area bu -siness men. As you'll read in RHEA #3, when you get it, near the end of this month /July/, there is in SanFran a classical music radio station --- a station that devotes itself to classical music all day long. It is an eternal pleasure to those few of us who like such music. Well, the station, KEAR, has been running about \$90,000 into the red each year, and it has been broadcasting for three or four years now. Who puts up the money? Mr. Steven Cisler, the owner of the station. He is obviously a well-heeled gent, 'else he couldn't have continued losing \$90,000 perannum. Now, Mr. Cisler is quite frank in saying that he will never get back the money that he has lost ---- obviously,



Menicucci

UNDEPTALINGS

then, he lost something like 1/3 of a million dollars for no other reason than a liking of classical music. He is simply a perfect exemple of a "have" who's trying to get richer don't you think?

However, the Mr. Cisler and the Dentist K are both isolated cases, and, on the whole, Athey is basically right, although he tries to simplify things too, too much.

He is perfectly correct in saying that organizations may try and get the label "Co munist" attached to their enemies, no matter who they are. It's gotten to the point where a person has to have nerves of steel and little care for his reputation to walk into a library and get, oh, say a book by Lenin of Marx, or even an author with a foreign-sounding name. He must be prepared for a "...you wouldn't expect him to be a Dirty Red!" look or a "...ah, a fellow believer in the Truth!!!" look.

Being perfectly honest about the anti-trust laws, I think they stink. In certain things they're strict; in others they are too weak. For instance, athey brings out the fact that some of the larger companies are trying to set up retail outfits for themselves --- I, personally, see nothing wrong in this. It would be a boon to both the mas -ses and the elite, saving both of them money. However, in the breaking up of monopolies, the laws are too weak, tying the Justice Department's hands. (And I sometimes wonder whether or not the Justice Department would like to be set free...)

And now we come to that old bug-a-boo, religion. It's so easy to condemn religion as never having accomplished anything materially. (One can only argue its spiritual advan -ces with a person that believes in some religion, which leaves Mr. Athey, who seems to be an Atheist or Agnostic, out.) However, has it ever really been given a chance, Mr. Athey? No, it has not. Certainly it's had a control of various countries, and even a whole continent once-upon-a-when. However, it has always been thwarted by that ol' bug-a-boo (even older than the religion bug-a-boo) sex-urge. Actually, there are other things, but that has always been the major anti of the average person against religion. Also, it seems that when religion obtains temporal power above a certain small degree, it becomes corrupt. After all, a priest, bishop, or even a pope, are all only men, as you and I are men, and they are just as liable to become currupt. Let me offer my fervant hope that Catholicism never, never again attains such temporal power as it once had. It would be disastrous for both the Church and the people under its sway. As for a modern-day example of a church being currupt by power, look at the Archbishop of Can -terbury and the Church of England. The Archbishop's part in de-throning Edward VIII will be remembered for a long, long time. The basic un-Christian attitude of the then Archbishop was so shocking that even the people, who are amazingly unkind and un-Christ -ian themselves, reacted violently, so that he was forced to back down.

Mr. Athey also tells us that he has "progressed greatly in throwing off the shackles of orthodox thinking and preconceived ideas." I say this without a bit of sarcasm: he very well has. However, has it occured to Mr. Athey that he may have thrown away some very valuable bits of wisdom in his search for a clearer and more sophisticated view-point on life? So valuable, in fact, that he can find them nowhere save in those "ortho-dox" ways of thinking. You know, orthodox thinking has been attacked and kicked around for the past thirty-five hundred years, and, although it has been filled with many and sundru wrong ideas and opinions, which the Church will also attack, it has many very valuable bits of information. However, I fear that Mr. Athey has passed the stage wherein he can be taught anything, and has advanced to that rather well-populated area that can be identified by the words, "I have advanced greatly." It seems that all people have "advanced greatly" who dwell in this area, and, somehow, they can never accept the idea that someone else may have advanced in another direction, but who have also "advanced greatly".

Abstract, that's what I am. Like a ten-ton truck.



And, bringing in Sam's answer to G.H. Carr, evangalism has never had any appeal to me an individuel, and I have never hidden from the opportunity of seving so. I have nothing against it, but heartily recommend it, since it is an important factor in the existence of a religion --- making converts sometimes is the main drive in a religion. However, religion is a personal thing; some -thing that is discovered by the individual, and no amount of yelling and Holy Rollerism can bring it to a man who doesn't already have it. My own Church takes a somewhat "We-feel-sorry-for-them"attitude towards the Billy Graham type of evangalist, and towards the "Fire-and-Brimstone" sermon. You cannot now, nor ever could you, FORCE people to adopt your beliefs; you can tell your beliefs to them, and argue logically, but it (evangalism) ceases to be Religion and becomes totalitarianism when it tries to force an individual to adopt a certain set of ideas. I, as a Catholic, can still argue with both you and Chas. Athey about your opinions, because I respect you as individuals and respect your respective religions (or lack of religion, as the case may be), because you respect them. is even though I sincerely feel them to be so much hot air. (Which, I remind you, I don't necessarily say I do.)

Public cwnership of communication is a fine thing. We've tried it in SanFran, but that doesn't mean it can't work. Why not public ownership of transportation to that statement too?

(Just now noticed that Athey has ownership of utilities, which I imagine would include transportation too. He brings out the difficulties well.)

Well, Mr. Athey, what have we here? Ah, yes, a point on which we disagree! Tell me, why shouldn't a man have the right to bestow upon his issue the fruits of his labors? As anyone can clearly see, (I naven't the time to get involved with proving every statement) no one has the right to the ownership of anything, nomatter what it is, since he hesn't made anything. Blackstone, founder of the English Common Law, knew and realized this fact, and thus he suggested that people shouldn't worry so much about claim to such and such an area, for. if they went back far enough, they could only arrive at the conclusion that all things must, by a divine decree, belong in common, since no individual man had crested any of the land that he claim ed to be his own; his only claim could be on the besis of right-of-possession. ("Possession is nine points of the law.") However, since it would be the right to "own" property, I cannot see why it would do any good to abridge that right in order

that property cannot be given to a particular individual after death. However, there seems to be a very tenuous realization that a man does NOT have the ultimate right to property, and, for the good of the whole, his right must be abridged to a certain degree. A man has complete use of his property, so long as he does not harm Man as a whole, or as an individual!

As for an individual being entitled to a certain subsistance level, Athey is certain -ly right there. Yet, he cannot expect it to be handed to the person without the person working for it. The only real necessity then, is insuring that a man has the right and the ability to work, and that this right is NOT taken away from him. It is the duty of the government to insure this. Also, it is the duty of the government to insure that a man, when, after having accomplished his given task and has his pay check, has enough to live on. Thus the minimum-wage laws. Thus also, they should be higher. (41.25 an hour seems to be about the right base.)

And here is where Mr. Athey and I come to an unrepairable break in our viewpoints. Mr. "they's one paragraph is worthy of re-reading by everyone; by those who agree with him for the sake of seeing their names in print, and for those who violently disagree with him - people such as myself. There is really no neint in my talking about the mat -ter, since it is somewhat like speaking with a totally different and alien mind. There is absolutely no common ground upon which I can attack Mr. they's contention that pop -ulation control, whether it be voluntary or otherwise, is desirable. Luckily for all concerned, Mr. Athey, your rather abnormal ideas are kept at a relative minimum, insofar as their spread among the populus is concerned. Voluntary birth control, which is bad enough in itself, can be over-looked, but when one sterts recomending inforced ste -rilization of the dissenting elements in our culture, then I can only say that someone has reached a point wherein he no longer considers people as people, and has achie -ved that none-too-rare state of sophisticated detachment that has been held by many unbalanced people in the past. (Yes, Sam, we know that it is the old smear treatment to call people names, and it ranks with organizations trying to get their enemies branded as Communists.) You said it, not I - ed/ I suggest, Mr. Athey, that you begin to realize that you have no damn right whatsoever to tell any particular mass of people how many children they may or may not have, and then, even more idiotic, trying to force them to accept your decision. Lunecy! I hate to speak of God-given rights, Mr. Athey, especially to you, but of all the obvious ones, the right to have children is the plain -est. Still, Mr. Athey, if your dreams ever do come true, and such enforced borth control is carried out, would you mind letting me migrate to the U.S.S.R. or any other country? This one would no longer be free.

And as for public ownership of natural resources: it sounds like a good idea. It would have to be looked into more closely before I could make my mind up on it, however. It seems to violate some set concepts of our Society, somehow. Those same concepts allow a man to inherit property. The right of ownership, etc., however, is still one idea that would have to be decided upon - such as whether the right of ownership extended to mineral resources which would seem to be equally the property of every Man.

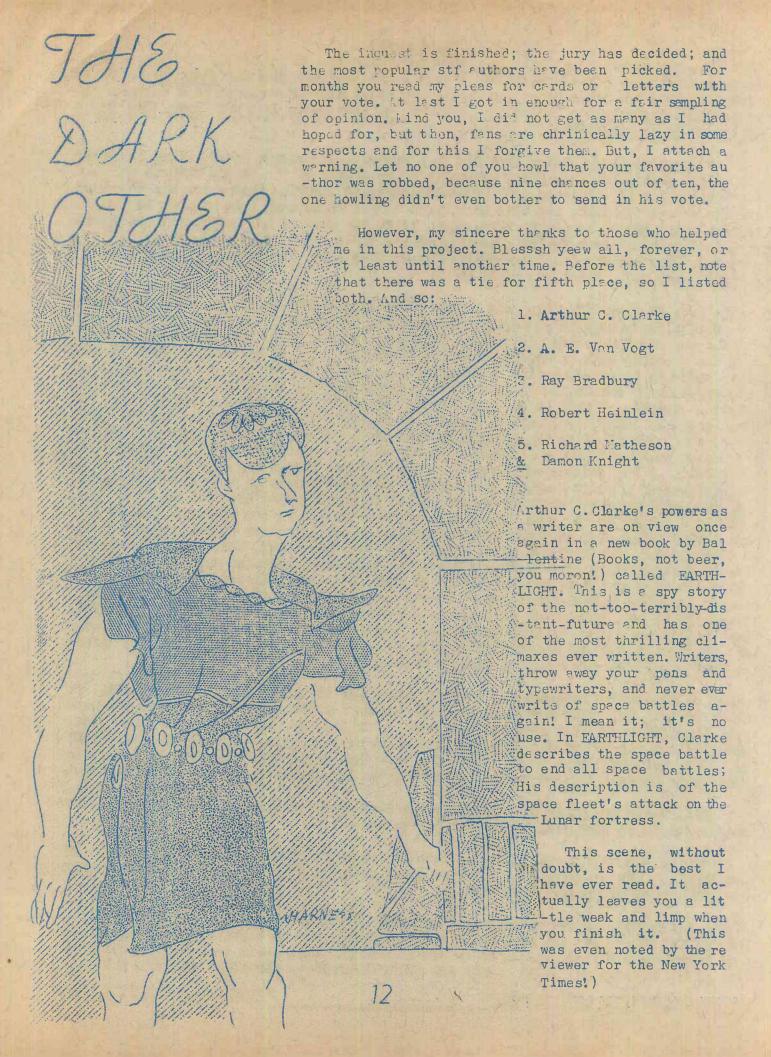
I shall leave Mr. Athey now. I cannot but feel sorry that one who is so obviously intelligent is so perverted in some of his beliefs.

As to Mr. Maxwell: I only disagree with him on psychiatry. It is the beginnings of a science --- why not give it a bit more time? Also, it's my personal contention that that Philosophy is greater than science.

And, in regards to the Church-State argument: I don't think that the attempted link -ing of the Church and the Government is intensional, but it certainly is apparent in some individuals already - even in my own household. There seems to be a semi-deification of the government. KEEP CHURCH AND STATE SEPARATE --- NONATTER WHAT THE CHURCH:

Illustrations: Jack Harness; DEA /

Author: Gilbert Menicucci



F CLARKE can produce such a scene as this, he well deserves the number one post on anybody's list of favorites!

Ace Double Books has another good pair out, too. One side is Leigh Brackett's space -operatic THE BIG JUMP. This novel, with a sort of Micky Spillanish hero, tells of the second interstellar flight and sustains action all the way through. This may not be the thought provoking stuff preferred by so many fans these days, but it's damn good enter-tainment.

The other part of the book is Philip K. Dick's SOLAR LOTTERY. This book is built on one of the most fascinating concepts to have been used in years; that of a civilization run by the laws of chance and games. To explain it here would take too much space, but read the book, if only to absorb the basic idea. The characterization in the book is poor, but, here again, the action is well sustained. I think all will be happy with it. There is also a part in the book which deals with a search for a tenth planet, a fanatical society, and the manhunt of manhunts. Complicated, eh whot?

ROFF CONKLIN'S NEW collection - CCIENCE FICTION TERROR TALES, is a must for the reader who likes horror and suspense in large doses. Best stories? "Arena", by Frederick Brown; "Punishment Without Crime", by Ray Bredbury; and "The Leech", by Robert Sheckley. All in all, very good.

Reprinted for the newer generation of stf reders is John W. Campbell, Jr.'s WHO GOES THERE? with several other stories to round out the book. The story certainly meeds no introduction to most of you, but if you have never read this gruesome epic, do so, by all means.

Also reprinted is a book of stories only a few of which are even remotely stf or fantasy, but I'll mention it anyway. This colume is the 'von reprint of Abrose Bierce's old, old story, THE MCNK AND THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER. To those who are not familiar with Bierce's work, let them be warned forthwith. For grim description, he makes Poe look like a piker. (I'm not saying that he's better than Foe, only gooier; get the idea?)

HE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK CLUE'S bi-monthly percel found itself to my doorstep recently, and I opened it to find one of the most grimly realistic and gripping things I have seen in a long time. This book is called THE FITTEST and is the product of the fertile mind of J.T. McIntosh.

I can't recommend this enough. Oh, there are flaws in it here and there, but I deliberately overlooked them, as the story is so absorbing and well done that errors are completely forgotten. This is the story of Don Pagget, who's father caused a fearsome catastrophe by advancing the intelligence of animals - rats, cats, dogs, and horses in particular. These experimental animals escape (save for the horses) and multiply, causing, or trying to cause the extinction of man. The opening seven pages are enough to hold the interest of this poor reviewer, and I think that will sell the rest of you on THE FITTEST. Only a warning. Don't read this just before dinner. Or in the presence of the family dog or cat.

Movie and TV notes: The new stf movie, THIS ISLAND EARTH, based on Raymond F. Jones' book, is really packing them in all over. I haven't been to see it yet, but I hope to very soon.

And the Gore Vidal story - VISITOR TO A SMALL PLANET, the fentasy that won praise from TV reviewers everywhere - may be filmed in the near future.

WHAM-TV, Channel 5, Rochester, N.Y., performed a service for area fans on July 10,

by showing fifteen minutes of clips from the 1926 movie (silent) of the Arthur Conan Doyle stf classic THE LOST WORLD. (I reviewed the reprint edition of the book this movie was made from in UNL.) Considering its age, it must have been a truly wonderful thing at the time. Oddly enough, it's still entertaining, despite crudities.

The first stf-western - BEAST OF HOLLOW MOUNTAIN - with Guy Madison, will be out soon. 'Tain't the rustlers, Paw, it's a tyrannasaurus. Honest:

And, you remember about two issues ago when I was bemoaning the lack of good stf programs? I specifically disliked having "Dimension X" gone. Well, my tears now are tears of joy. "Dimension X" is not lost. Every Thursday evening, at 9:05, Street and Smith, publishers of Astounding Science Fiction, presents "X MINUS ONE". It comes in over the NBC radio network. I found it by chence about three weeks ago. The first program I hear was "Dr. Grimshaw's Sanitarium". Next came "Nightmare", a story based on Stephen Vincent Benet's poem "Revolt of the Machines". Last week the story was called "Embassy". The first two would be familiar to you, but "Embassy" was based on a story published this year, I believe. 'Twas about a secret Martian Embassy in New York City.

And, before I forget it, on this new CBS program, "Windows", one story they presented was "The World Out There". This was done by Ray Bradbury. This was not stf, but Ray certainly did not lack that Bradburian mood when he wrote it. An excellent story in the best of his style. I also remember reading that Ray is/was working on a script for another CBS program, "Climax". This one will be stf. I'm looking forward to seeing it, knowing both what Ray can do, and what the people who produce "Climax" like to use.

You'R have Scien -mall

YOU'RE LOOKING ABOUT for some excellent fiction, look no more. I have the answer here before me and it's called IF Worlds of Science Fiction. Especially the October issue. Any issue would nor-mally do, but with THE AIMOST MEN by Irving Cox, Jr., PRISONERS OF EARTH by Bob Young, and LAST RITES by Charles Beaumont, this is -sue is something special. Even the rest of the stories are fine reading. Which should tell you something of the quality...

The only thing that worries me is that IF is bi-monthly since last issue, and for a magazine of this calibre to have to cut publication, something most be terribly wrong with the buyers of stf. I get copies of IF in trade for this magazine, but I usually buy a regular copy and leave it with a friend to read. If I think this much of a magazine, surely you could at least buy an issue for yourself.



Correspondence concerned with this magazine Trade copies of other magazines Anything which is to be sent to Sam Johnson

Author: Bob Rolfe

The editor of this magazine asks you all to take note: his address is being changed to -

1843 Embassy Dr.

So. Jacksonville, Florida

This is a temporary change. Another street address will be in use some-time after this magazine/ issue comes out. You will be notified. Until such further notice is sent to you, address all correspondence, magazines, circulars - everything to the above address. Further information will be at the back of the letter column. -ed

THE REAL PROBLEM As this is written, the Tenth Birthday of the United Nations

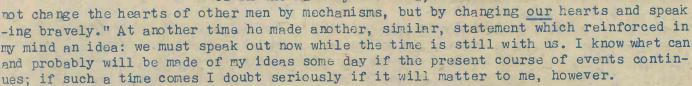
IS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

As this is written, the Tenth
Birthday of the United Nations
is being celebrated; only a few
weeks before we were in mourning.
Ferhaps Albert Einstein is most fa

mous for his work concerning relativity and his evolvement of the now well -known formula E equals M times C squared; he energy contained within matter is equal to

the energy contained within matter is equal to the mass of the substance times the velocity of

light squared. It perhaps means to yourself only that we can manufacture atom-bombs, but to many others it signifies a link between energy and matter and its reality establishes that they are one and the same. But perhaps one of the many things Dr. Einstein believed in is the real strength of his greatness. This has not been publicised as widely as much of his other ideas have been -- it is not entirely favorable for the actions of our own government or for that matter, the actions of society in general. People do not. like for their gods to criticise them. I cannot hesitate at saying that I thought him a god - a superhuman - but not for his mathematics; rather, his thoughts gave me a measure of support. This more than even my closest friends know. Without knowing that many of my ideas had been conceived of by him or others before him, I could not have done much of what I have in recent times. These discussions of the United Nations, Communism, Democracy, and Socialism have been sparked in the main by one idea, one statement he made: "We will



I wonder why the cost of freedom and security always turns out to be slavery ...

At any rate, Dr. Einstein is dead. His memory lives on brightly by his ideas and words. This is but a portion of a vast philosophy which might prove more enlightening than his mathematics if studied carefully. He believed in the United Nations as an expression of desire for peace and freedom. The next few pages is from an interview with Micheal Amrine for the New York Times Magazine. This is simply a tribute to the inner greatness of a man who never quite understood why people made such a fuss over him.

In Memorium: Albert Einstein --- as a tribute to the United Nations on its Tenth

Birthday, June 26, 1955.

THE REAL PROBLEM: IS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN

"Many persons have inquired concerning a recent message of mine that 'a new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive and move to higher levels'.

"Often in evolutionary processes a species must adapt to new conditions in order to survive. Today the atomic bomb has altered profoundly the nature of the world as we knew it, and the human race consequently finds itself in a new habitat to which it must

adapt its thinking.

"In the light of new knowledge, a world authority and an eventual world state are not just desirable in the name of brotherhood, they are necessary for survival. In pre-vious ages a nation's life and culture could be protected to some extent by the growth of armies in national competition. Today we must abandon competition and secure cooperation. This must be the central fact in all our considerations of international affairs; otherwise we face certain disaster. Fast thinking and methods did not prevent

world wars. Future thinking must prevent wars.

ODERN WAR, the bomb, and other discoveries or inventions, present us with revolutionary circumstances. Never before was it possible for one nation to make war on another without sending armies across the borders. Now with rockets and atomic bombs no center of population on the earth's surface is secure from surprise detruction in a single attack.

"America has a temporary superiority in armement, but it is certain that we have no lasting secret. What nature tells one group of men, she will tell in time to any other group interested and patient enough in asking the questions. But our temporary superiority gives this nation the tremendous responsibility of leading mankind's effort to

surmount the crisis.

"Being an ingenious people, Americans find it hard to believe there is no foreseeable defense against atomic bombs. But this is a basic fact. Scientists do not even know of any field which promises us any hope of adequate defense. The military-minded cling to old methods of thinking and one Army department has been surveying possibilities of go-ing underground, and in war-time placing factories in places like Mammoth Cave. Others speak of dispersing our population centers into 'linear' or 'ribbon' cities.

RASONABLE MEN with these few facts to consider refuse to contemplate a future in which our culture would attempt to survive in ribbons or in underground tombs. Neither is there reassurance in proposals to keep a hundred thousand men alert a -long the coasts scanning the sky with radar. There is no radar defense against the V-2 and should a 'defense' be developed after years of research, it is not humanly possible for any defense to be perfect. Should one rocket with atomic warhead strike Minneapolis, that city would look almost exactly like Nagasaki. Rifle bullets kill men, but atomic bombs kill cities. A tank is a defense against a bullet but there is no defense in science against the weapon which can destroy civilization. /underscore mine - ed/

"Our defense is not in armaments, nor in science, nor in going underground. Our de-

fense is in law and order.

"Henceforth, every nation's foreign policy must be judged at every point by one con-sideration: does it lead us to a world of law and order or does it lead us back toward anarchy and death? I do not believe that we can prepare for war and at the same time prepare for a world community. When humanity holds in its hand the weapon with which it can commit suicide, I believe that to put more power into the gun is to increase the probability of disaster. /underscore mine - ed/

REMEMBERING THAT our main consideration is to avoid this disaster, let us briefly consider international relations in the world today, and start with America. The war which began with Germany using weapons of unprecedented frightfulness against women and children ended with the United States using a supreme weapon killing thou-

sands at one blow.

'Many persons in other countries now look on America with great suspicion, not only for the bomb but because they fear she will become imperialistic. Before the recent

turn in our policy I was sometimes not quite free from such fears myself.

"Others might not fear Americans if they knew us as we know one another, honest and sober and neighbors. But in other countries they know that a sober nation can become drunk with victory. If Germany had not won a victory in 1870, what tragedy for the human race might have been averted:

"We are still making bombs and the bombs are making hate and suspicion. We are keep ing secrets and secrets breed distrust. I do not say we should now turn the secret of the bomb loose in the world, but are we ardently seeking a world in which there will be no need for bombs or secrets, a world in which science and men will be free?

"While we distrust Russia's secrecy and she distrusts ours we walk together to cer-

tain doom.

HE BASIC PRINCIPLES of the Acheson-Lilienthal Report are scientifically sound and technically ingenious, but as Mr. Baruch wisely said, it is a problem not of phy sics but of ethics. There has been too much emphasis on legalisms and procedure; it is easier to denature plutonium than it is to denature the evil spirit of man.

"The United Nations is the only instrument we have to work with in our struggle to

acheive something better. But we have used U.N. and U.N. form and procedure to outvote the Russians on some occasions when the Russians were right. Yes, I do not think it is possible for any nation to be right all the time or wrong all the time. In all negotia -tions, whether over Spain, Argentina, Palestine, food or atomic energy, so long as we rely on procedure and keep the threat of military power, we are attempting to use old methods in a world which is changed forever. /underscore mine - ed/

O ONE GAINSAYS that the United Nations Organization at times gives great evidence of eventually justifying the desperate hope that millions have in it. But time is not given to us in solving the problems science and war have brought. forces in the political world are moving swiftly toward crisis. When we look back to the end of the war it does not seem (ten years) - it seems (ten decades) ago! Many leaders express well the need for world authority and an eventual world government, but ac

-tual planning and action to this end have been appalingly slow.

"Private organizations anticipate the future, but government agencies seem to live in the past. In working away from nationalism toward a supranationalism, for example, it is obvious that the national spirit will survive longer in armies than anywhere else. This might be tempered in the United Nations military forces by mixing the various units together, but certainly not by keeping a Russian unit intact side by side with an intact American unit, with the usual interunit competition added to the national spirit of the soldiers in this world enforcement army. But if the military staffs of the U.N. are working out concrete proposals along these lines, for a true internationally minded force, I have yet to read of it.

"Similarly, we are plagued in the present world councils over the question of repre -sentation. It does not seem fair to some, for example, that each small Latin-American nation should have a vote while much larger nations are also limited to one vote. the other hand, representation on a population basis may seem unfair to the highly developed states, because surely great masses of ignorant, backward peoples should not carry as much voice in the complicated technology of our world as those with greater ex

-perience.

REMONT RIDER in an excellent book The Great Dilemma of World Organizations, discus -ses the idea of representation on the basis of education and literacy - number of teachers, physicians, and so on. Backward nations looking forward to greater power in the councils of men would be told, "To get mote votes you must earn them."

"These and a hundred other questions concerning the desirable evolution of the world seem to be getting very little attention. Leanwhile, men high in government propose de -fense or wax measures which would not only compel us to live in a universal atmosphere



of fear, but would cost billions of destroy our dollars and ultimately free way of life - even before a war.

"To retain even a temporary total security in an age of total war, government will have to secure total con -trol. Restrictive measures will be re -quired by the necessities of the situation, not through the conspiracy of willful men. Starting with the fantas -tic guardianship now imposed on inno -cent physics professors, outmoded thinkers will insidiously change men's lives more completely than did Hitler, for the forces behind them more compelling.

"Before the raid on Hiroshima, lead -ing physicists urged the War Depart ment not to use the bomb against de fenseless women and children. The wa could have been won without it. The de -cision was made in consideration of

possible future loss of American lives - and now we have to consider possible loss in future atomic bombings of millions of lives. The /merican decision may have been a fa -tal error, for men accustom themselves to thinking a weapon which was used once can

he used again.

"Had we shown other nations the test explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico, we could have used it as an education for new ideas. It would have been an impressive and favorable moment to make considered proposals for world order to end war. Our renunciation of this weapon as too terrible to use would have carried great weight in negotiations and made convincing our sincerity in asking other nations for a binding partner—ship to develope these newly unleashed powers for good.

HE OLD TYPE of thinking can raise a thousand objections of "realism" against this simplicity. But such thought ignores the psychological realities. All men fear atomic war. All men hope for benefits from these new powers. Between the realities of man's true desires and the realities of man's danger, what are the obsolete "re

-alities" of protocol and military protection. /underscore mine - ed/

"During the war many persons fell out of the habit of doing their own thinking, for many had to do simply what they were told to do. Today lack of interest would be a

great error, for there is much the average man can do about this danger.

"This nation held a great debate concerning the menace of the Axis, and again today we need a great chain reaction of awareness and communication. Current proposals should be discussed in the light of the basic facts, in every newspaper, in schools, churches, in town meetings, in private conversations, and neighbor to neighbor. Merely reading about the bomb promotes knowledge in the mind, but only talk between men promotes feeling in the heart.

"Not even scientists completely understand atomic energy, for each man's knowledge is incomplete. Few men have ever seen the bomb. But all men if told a few facts can understand that this bomb and the danger of war is a very real thing, and not something far away. It directly concerns every person in the civilized world. We cannot leave it to generals, senators, and diplomats to work out a solution over a period of generations. Perhaps five years from now several nations will have made the bombs and it will be too late to avoid disaster. / since June 23, 1946 - ed/

GNORING THE REALITIES of faith, good will and hinesty in seeking a solution, we place too much faith in legalisms, treaties, and mechanisms. We must begin through the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission to work for binding agreement, but America's decision will not be made over a table in the United Nations. Our representatives in New York, in Paris, or in Moscow depend ultimately on decisions made in the

village square.

"To the village square we must carry the facts of atomic energy. From there must come America's voice.

"This belief of physicists promoted our formation of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, with headquarters in Princeton, N.J. to make possible a great nation—al campaign for education on these issues, through the National Comittee on Atomic In—formation. Detailed planning for world security will be easier when negotiators are assured of public understanding of our dilemmas.

"Then our American proposals will not be merely documents about machinery, the dull, dry statements of a government to other governments, but the embodiment of a message

to humanity from a nation of human beings.

"Science has brought for this danger, but the real problem is in the minds and hearts of men. We will not change the hearts of other men by mechanisms, but by changing our hearts and speaking bravely.

"We must be generous in giving to the world the knowledge we have of the forces of

nature after establishing safeguards against abuse.

"We must be not merely willing but actively eager to submit ourselves to binding authority necessary for world security.

"We must reali we cannot simultaneously plan for war and peace. /nscre mine - ed/
"When we are clear in heart and mind - only then shall we find courage to surmount

the fear which haunts the world.

Illustration: DEA /

/Authors: Albert Einstein Samuel Johnson



by

Harlan Ellison

Allow me to initially state my position as regards fanzines, their content, their approach, their attitudes and their purposes.

I'm old-fashioned, see. I sort of believe in my heart of hearts that there ought
to be a direction to everything: if something is worth doing, it's worth doing
right. Now I grant you that the only "right"
with wich I can accurately deal in these
reviews is my own personal one. But, for the
sake of let's-not-fight-out-here-in-the-open, we'll suppose for a while that my own
"right" is the average reader's impression
of right.

In other words, if a fanzine is illegible, drivelous, scandelous, libelous, pornographic, puerile or printed on rolls, it gets panned. Hard. There's no room for diddlers in a high-powered field of competitors. Weed out the boys, get them out of the paths being blazed by the men, and if they have the guts, let them start again. If they haven't, well, c'est ça.

If the fan editor seems to know what he's doing, but wants to learn from the ground up, if he shows even a glimmer of ta -lent, if he is going at it wrong but looks as though time might do the trick, well, hell, we'll ride along with him. But if it continues to be a WHISPERING SPACE or a STAR ROCKETS, uh-uh. No dice. Encourage -ment gladly given. Sanctuary for the incom -petants is three doors down the hall.

This is neither a lari Wolfe column nor a Rog Philips column. If anything it closely resembles a Larion Z. Bradley or a David Ish column. Figure that if you can, and while you ponder, we'll see what we have in the way of fanzines.

Ratings and comments are strictly catch-as-catch-can.

COUP

(bi-monthly, 25¢, 14 Jones Street, New York, N.Y., edited by David Pason, Dan Curran, Dick Ellington and Art Saha)

As main-streem material, COUP is a loser. As a bombshell in fandom, it should under no circumstances be passed over. The thoughts juggled precariously herein are those spouted for the past hundred years by left-wingers on the Left Bank.

As an official speakpiece for the omnipresent Fanarchists (whose motives are as much

a mystery to them as you or me), CCUP has politics it hasn't even used yet. As a fan -zine is is a charming little thing, delightful to behold. The editors will, I'm sure, descend en masse for the use of "charming" and "delightful" in regard to COUP, for

"Coup has politics it

hasn't even used yet."

they try bitterness and outraged indignity as if they were a suit of clothes. Their attempts are sometimes reminiscent of the little boy beating futilely at the gates of the palace which have closed on his baseball.

The level of comment is exceptionally high. There is no fuggheadedness here. /A bloomin' shaim it is too, guv'ner/ The reproduction vacillates but holds a reasonably readable median. The cover --- woodcut in blue and red --- is a masterpiece, both of art and anti-censorship. God bless their radicle little souls for that cover.

Tastefully reproduced, thought-provoking throughout, meturely delineated, COUP takes some sort of prize as the best new fanzine in years, and another sort of prize as the most unclassifiable.

Which is what the editors precisely desire.

As far as ratings go, and for what it's worth, ... HIGH B.

PFON

(irregular, 20¢, PO Box 611, New London, Conn., edited by Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA,

It would seem superflous to even review FEON. Anyone who has been in the ranks of of the fan long enough to differentiate between Bloch and Tucker knows It is good.

The current issue sports a lively 7th Anniversary cover by Emsh, a reprinted Rog Phillips autobiography, three variegated columns by T.E. Watkins, Terry Carr and Jim Harmon, with Har -mon coming off top-dog, a bit of Blochirping, a reprint article by Erik Fennel (he of Doughnut Jockey, and what the deuce did happen to Fennel?), and assorted other with fiction pre-eminent. (Or does that smack of egotism?)

Lee Riddle's perceptiveness in choosing material is a rare thing in these days of miserable submissions and quick accep-HIGH A.

tances of same.

INSIDE

(bi-monthly, 25¢, 611 West 114th, Apt. #3D-310, New York 25, N.V., edited by Ron Smith with a priceless assist from Cindy)

In case anyone had let it pass, I'm up a small creek. The reason is quick to be grasped if you note that this reviewer and his column emanate from 611 West 114th St., 'pt. #3D-309, New York 25, N.Y. - and that the Smiths seem to be surreptitiously ensconsed in the room next door. If I pan them, Cindy won't bake me no more chocolate cupcakes, and if I praise them, everyone thinks I'm brown-nesing. (That brown on the nose, wise guy, it merely icing!)

Howaver, if anyone has seen a copy of the latest INSIDE, with its forward- striding policy and magnificent layout --- most probably the best in the field --- they would recognize the honesty of my calling it near the top in any and all rankings.



"...and leaves room for reply."

Smith looks at science fiction and fandom with a mature (though painfully humorless) attitude, and it is reflected beautifully inside INSIDE. Whether he is putting together a magazine whose central theme is censorship and its effects, or assembling some of the most gorgeous anateur illustrations in print around a blank verse "Story of the Future", Smith is an editor. And as an editor, he presents

more than one side to a question, and leaves room for reply.

With a current lineup of Mark Clifton, Jon Hartt, Harlan Ellison, and a brilliant someone named William L. Freeman (who appears to be a running-mate for Atheling and Van Dall), INSIDE

is the safest bet for a quarter or a buck I can imagine. HIGH A.

If you don't receive it, it is sadly your loss.



PERSPECTIVE

(bi-monthly, 10%, 2105 Walton Ave., New York 53, N.Y., edited by Harvey Segal)

This is one of those fance-hangers. Should I man it and lose sleep

possible teeth, or ram it through and worry if it will improve?

"...which I will

blissfully ignore ... "

Segal is a kid. It's obvious. All the way from an hilarious Dedication Page ("To Doctor Lubowe, the general science teacher that introduced me to Science fiction years ago ... to Maurice Lubin who features my column in his fanzine ... and to .braham Palin, a fan I introduced to fandom ... ") suggests a vicious-circle more deadly th n Invasion From Mars could ever be, to a pointless and vapid listing of cur

-rent pocket-size books, this ranks lower than any current production with the possi -ble exception of TYPO #2, which I will blissfully ignore reviewing.

But there is talent there somewhere. The spark burns. Fitfully, to be sure, but it burns nontheless. If Segal stops diddling and begins to mine his material, use his potential and in any other way utilize what he's got, PERS ECTIVE may match up. E.

A BAS

(irregular?, 25¢, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada, edited by Boyd Raeburn) When they're not busy derelicti-derogating some poor unfortunate, who usually turns out to be either Norm Borwne, Petey Vorzimer or myself, these are the sharpest boys in fandom.

Praise rolls off their collective back as well as panning, and the chance you take even writing them a thank-you card may offset the consumate pleasures to be derived from A BAS's beautifully reproduced pages.

The cover is a four-color reproduction of something that has a suspiciously familiar Museam of Modern Art look to it, and the contents range the line indiscriminate -ly and always surprisingly.

With a grave disregard for serconism, the Boyd Runch issue something no Compleat Practical Joker should be without. Oh hell, it's worth the two bits. Take a chance. But, if you are seeking serious articles of serious comport, with serious allegorical nuances, the Kenyon Review is two doors down.

There are more, but it just isn't worth reviewing them. They either fall thumpily /see bottom next page/

uranium-hunting
on
rigel XVII

ronald voigt

pearl-diving spacemen

clad in sleek oxygen tubes,

perform wierd underwater rites,

worshiping hot fire spawned from heavy metal,
and cold fire spawned from a light brain.

United Exploits borrows tongues
to place in their own skulls while
whispering among themselves concerning grey gold,
and natives cheer, shoving fat hot pins in small dolls
and polish gleaming shrunk skulls about loin-clothed waists.

fish sometimes bite the fishermen.

THE stapled HERD

into categories too easily, or they are consistent good-producers and everyone gets them anyhow, so what's the point? If you want a review, and we don't happen to trade already, may I suggest 611 West 114th Street, Apartment #3D-309, New York 25, New York as the proper place for a copy to be directed, and we will guarantee at least a mention. Oblations will insure a rave review. We may be stupid, but we sure as hell aren't ignorant.

Illustrations by: DEA; S. Johnson

Author: Harlan Ellison

Most of yo' will be subprised to find Bre'r Ellison reviewing the fmz this time, so to explain: I axed him for "material", and he complied with this column. Now, if yo' prefer Bre'r Watkins to review, I'd sho' like to know yo' do, 'cause if yo' does -not care, Bre'r Ellison is li'ble to be around heah fo' a while. All right?

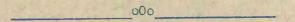
Yo'ah sho' gon' let me know, now ain't yo'?



Of the recent extraordinary hysteria and upsurgance of pagan rites among the Indians in the Yucatan peninsula, much nonsonse has been written in the Mexican newspapers; in the foremost is the erronious impression that it presaged possibly another insurrection of the Indiands - particularly those in the Quintena Roo Territory who have risen in protest against the cruelty of their Spanish everlords. The cause of this hysteria was unknown to timorous journalists who gethered the rumors of the outbreak from the safety of their offices. The initial incident was never printed. I was personally acquainted with the matter at its inception, being a member of the Chi-chen Itza expedition. The man concerned was likewise a member.

This man, Richard Griscome, and two companions were detached from the main body for the purpose of making a surveyal of the controversial radial causeway system centering at age-crumbled Coba. This ruin is roughly seventy-five miles over trails and a portion of the Yaxuna-Coba causeway from Chi-chen Itza. Therefore the minor investigation party proceeded to there in about two days of easy, unhurried travel. It reached Coba about the last of September. In Griscome's field journal, which he carried in his later flight from Coba, the record of their stay was methodically chronicled; the record of their first few weeks of work was uneventful. However, after the amazing discovery by one of the members of that team, there appeared the first preternatural overtones that slowly colored Griscome's record until a crescendo of sheer terror was reached in his verbal account of that nightmarish journey away from Coba. A few days after his return Griscome vanished under sinister circumstances which ignited the mass hysteria. Indians in the surrounding country.

Those portions of his journal which deal with his last days in Coba are appended as follows:



OCTOBER 17

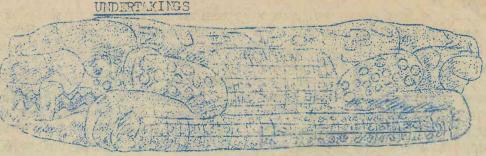
The three of us are not the sole inhabitants of this centuried city after all. Renoir was indulging today in his extracurricular research of studying the Maya's engineering knowledge by examination of the city's still standing vault arches and buildings. Upon entering one temple he was surprised to see copal incense still burning in the altar. (It gives me a funny feeling to know some unseen is about.) Above the altar was a repulsive Mayan sculpture. Renoir, knowing my interest in such, returned sooner than he intended for the purpose of telling me of it. The fact that we have a visitor disturbs him not; he joked at my taking my revolver with me. What could a solitary Indian do to harm three men (who could easily overpower him) except to invoke upon us his impotent gods, laughed Renoir. He has only a sketchy cognizance of the past history of the bellicose Quintana Roo Indians and does not, therefore, understand the latent possibilities of his find.

The temple he led us to was in the Nohoch Mul area of Coba where several couseways meet in an octagonal plaza. A massive ceiba tree was rooted atop the temple, its roots having clawed into every crevice available. The edifice was a mass of the other custom -ary growths: liana vines tentacled the surfaces, looking curiously like a web. But I was really astounded by the incredible condition of the temple's masonry; it had crumbled away to a mere shell held together only by the arboreal and weedy growths.

The interior was deepest gloom; the feeble beam of Renoir's light barely brightened the night which crowded into the corners of the ceiling. Sight of the idol startled me, notwithstending Renoir's preparation. The eyes were enscrolled designs with a reptilean obtic that chilled my flesh as it stared at me. The nose was a fantastic curving proboscis - the mouth a grimacing, fanged maw. The result was a surrealistic masterpiece of repugnance personified. Carved prominently on the rectangular brow - as if a crest-was the cauac gypl, indicating some obscure connection of the idol with water.

Weaker resemblent faces to it leer harshly from the mask panels of some of the Puuc

region ruins and at Chichen Itza in places. Bevond that it has no coun -terparts in the Mayan area; only in certain sub -terranean frescos at Mit -la of the Zapotecs does there exist comparable hellishness.



"It's a god-mask", observed Seward. Renoir wanted to know of what god. Neither Seward or I could tell him, for a profusion of gods carved in Layan ruins and on codices remain unidentified by keso-american specialists. We were only surveyors with collater

-al knowledge of archeology.

I did explain to Renoir my own speculations as to why the god-mask figures in Mesoamerican religion - that it originally represented a totem animal of the god and that the human faces that gaze serenly from within the jaws of such were meant to be the gods themselves wearing the totem mask. The human face was but the Mayan craftman's naive supposition of what his god's true features were, though hidden behind the mask. The cloaking of a god by the skin of a flayed victim, walking the earth, was a hidious variant of this as practiced by the Kipe Totec and other such cults. Renoir considered my hypothesis somewhat pedantic; this did not disconcert me as I have gotten used to his findness for terse unassailable facts.

A barely noticable pulsation, which I had been aware of subconsciously first entered the temple, was suddenly pounding through my body. Seward too was afflic -ted, for I could see a febrile pulse beat strongly at his temples. I took it for a

warning of malarial fever.

Renoir listened to sorething - which I momentarily thought to be the pulse throbbing in my head - but he put his ear to the side wall for an interval, then turned toward Seward and I and opined that an underground stream splashed along beneath the temple's mound. I did not care to conjecture with him as I felt we should hasten back to camp for quinine. Oddly enough when we left the temple some distance back, the fever pulse abated. Odder still was the non-appearance of chills which invariably succeed the other symptoms.

OCTOBER 18

It is curious, this illness which has attacked Seward and myself; it does not follow the usual pattern of malarial fever. Only the faintest sign of it showed in Renoir. He is inclined to think it a dysentry infection.

Seward intuitively likened it to the physiological effects of rhabdomancy he once read of in Baring Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages". I feel his analogy

strangely apt.

The survey of the causeways continues without too many problems save for the antici -pated hard work with machettes in clearing the bush and small trees from them. Our sur -vey of causeway #14 corroborates the guesses of its length based on aerial reconnaisance photos. During this operation we perceived the remnants of several ancient canals the Mayan engineers cut under this causeway. They are all bone-dry now, however. Seward made the cryptic reflection that the dryness was due to their source being diverted un -derground by a geological fault, although he did not contest the proof that some under -ground streams still emptied into the lakes.

We stumbled onto several subterranean chultunes, missed entirely by former investi -gators who briefly explored this site. Have charted some of them and been down into four. I wished the causeway project were done so that I could take some time to examine them minutely. They are of the usual roughly bottle shape. The stone plugs lay about them, and one was sealed. Another reservoir contained a small amount of fresh water de -posited there by a recent rain. The others were parched and possessed but pottery frag

-ments, spiderwebs, insect casts and similar trivia.

COTOBER 19

Moved our tents today to higher ground to reduce the trouble of mosquitoes which I think must be the cause of this curious rhabdomentic fever we have. The mosquitoes infest the swampy end of Lake Coba and Lake Macanxoc from which, every evening, a cloud of them arose into the air and descended upon us.

The rhabdomantic phenomena nearly disabled me at times today. Seward seems cursed more with it than I; he shuns the lakes, getting his water from the chultune into which the rain had deposited about a foot a week ago. Now that the dry season is starting Seward's supply will not last long. Sooner or later he will be forced to get his supply from the lakes. When I pointed this out to him, he stared but said nothing. When I ask -ed him why he avoided the lakes he ignored my question and instead spoke of the Indian's superstition that cenotes and underground streams are watery passages down to Mitnal, the Mayan Hell. The strange fever has unbalanced him, I fear.

...I have been speculating with Renoir over the reason for these sacbe, or cause-ways, of the ancient Maya. With his scientific temperment Renoir affirmed they were con-structed for economic and military purposes. He entirely disavowed any religious motive. He blindly overlooked the traditions collected by ethnologists. The present natives have a dim memory of the pilgrimages made to Coba from all over the Yucatan peninsula in the Old Empire days - over a thousand years ago. Indiscrete informants of the ethnologists have revealed that those mysterious pilgrimages still go on, being made by the h-mens or native priests, the caciques (chiefs) and wandering hunters. Chicle gatherers have even admitted in Valladolid bars to likewise having been there and also of having seen the h-mens invoking Coba's name in ceremonial prayers. I brought up the incident of the copal insence he found burning as evidence of a laya coming here for religious reasons.

Renoir scoffed at all my attempted explanations, asserting that the present Mayas are decadent and superstition-ridden and have forgotten their race's past glories. He

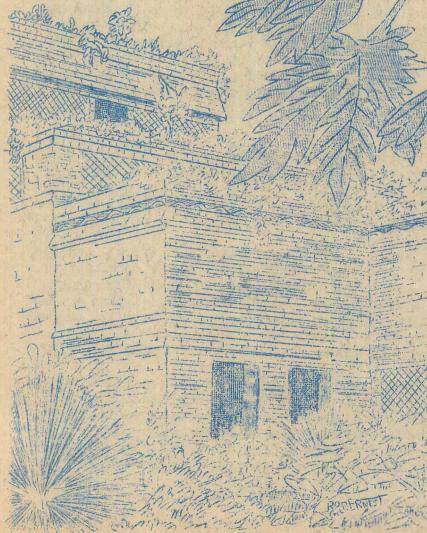
was very opinionated and in cynical humor termed my arguments as tending to mysticism.

However, he cannot account for the peculiar significance Coba had and still has as a ceremoni-

OCTOBER 20

A staggering thing has happen -ed. Seward is dead. He had left over an hour ago to get water at his chultune; when he did not return, we hurried apprehansively over the trail, looking for him. Renoir first glimosed the sealed mouth of the chultune. When we pried up the stone plug our fears were realized. Seward's body lay in a contorted posture at the bot-tom, dead from suffocation.

Around the dirt-encrusted circular stone pavement encircling
the chultune I detected wierd
marks which lead away in two
trails into the bush toward Lake
Coba. I mused a bit on Seward's
bizarre comments anent it and ce
notes. Though he had sown a seed
of half-formed suspicion in my
thoughts, I submerged it under a



UNDERTY LINES

blanket of rationalizations... Undoubtedly the lurking pilgrim entombed Seward. But for all that, they are odd prints for a human; they reminded me, by some blurred association, that many queer stories about Coba are believed in by the natives --- they speak of a terrible thing, euphemistically called Hacmatz, that devours men...

I cannot convince Renoir that Seward may have been murdered by a skulking Indian. He insists it was an accident, that Seward was careless in placing the stone plug, and that due to tectonic strain and gravity, the plug, being but a part of the mouth, slip -ped back. The worshipper, he added, unquestionably had fled the day Renoir had approa -ched the temple where the copal was burning.

Shaking my head, I related how the Spinden-Mason expedition on the coast of Quintana Roo in 1927, had sought to go into the ruins of Ichmul but were solemnly warned to stay out or suffer death. We may have been incautiously trespassing a ruined city forbidden to white men. He half smiled, but seeing my uneasiness, he did agree to our mak-ing this temple mound our camp until morning. Then we shall break camp and return to Vallodolid to report Seward's death. No one can creep upon us unseen here, as the ground surrounding this mound is nearly brushless. The mound's sides are steep. It is a perfect fortress.

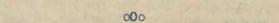
That damnable hrabdomantic fever has been pounding through my body most of the day. It puzzles me eternally. I had an attack of it last night during sleep; it gave me the worse nightmares imaginable. That with Seward's death, which has unnerved me, and an in-definite premonition of evil, plus this phenomenal pulse, another day here is about all I think I can take. There is an atmosphere of tenseness about me which even Renoir is beginning to sense.

OCTOBER 21

I fear something awful has befallen Renoir. He left this morning to fill our canteens at the lake while I packed up the gear. The thought of going near that body of water to search for him appalls me. I had half started out when the rhabdomantic sickness overwhelmed me. I wondered about Seward's inference that it was due to a quaint affinity with underground streams.

Whether or not a supernormal or supernatural force is behind all these uncanny experiences of the last few days or not, I still have not totally dismissed the possibility of a human agency and have barricaded myself within our temple-fortress until dark when I will attempt to escape...

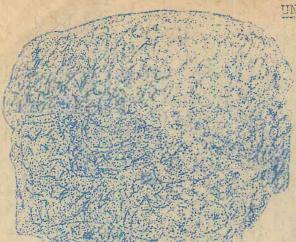
...At dusk I saw a figure emerge silently from the darkness at the base of the near mound; I walked out upon the debris-cluttered top of my mound to better see it. It word -lessly motioned to me to come down and over. It wore the clothes of Renoir and his skin, but it was not he. I raced back for my gun, but when I returned outside it was gone.



The foregoing is the extent of Griscome's written account in his journal; the remain -ing pages are blank, for when he fled from the city of Coba, he spent no more time re-cording what happened to him. When he was brought into the expedition's camp at Chichen Itza, I took from him his journal and supplemented what I read therein by getting him to recount for me what transpired after his last journal entry.

He told me that after seeing the figure by the mound, he was reluctant to leave the comparitive safety of his fortress position atop the temple mound, yet knew he must do so in spite of his fears. His plan was to trek along the Yaxuna-Coba causeway until it crossed the native village of Dzibil. The inhabitants there were the more friendly Yucatecs. He could get a mule and supplies from them and then take the trail on into Val-ladolid.

Under cover of intense darkness he slipped away without meeting the psuedo-Renoir, through the suburban ruins of Chac Ne. Two miles further he came to the Oxkindzonot



ruins. Durning thirst compelled him to descend to its cenote. He had nearly drank his fill when the nether waters of the cenote stirred turbulent -ly, filling him with trepedation. He quitted the rlace quickly and continued on his way despite weariness, evincing no desire to rest there because of the disturbed waters in the cenote and the simultaneous return of the rhabdomantic phenomena.

After a time of two hours walking on the cause -way, he saw the ghostly white reflection of moon -light on the limestone ruins of Haydzonot. He left the causeway, detouring them, because he knew that an ancient cenote was located there by the Mayan road. The hitherto dim rhabdomantic

pulse beat alarmingly stronger as he skirted the ruins. ightmarish fancies crowded in upon his mind, and the oblique remerks of Seward dominated them.

Even when Griscome spoke half rationaly, half babbling of this transient mental haze, I could see that deliberate lacunce occured as if he wanted to erase such memories by refusing to tell of them. The shock of Seward's demise and Reneir's ominous fate had been tremendous, and had been aggravated by the curious rhabdomantic fever he spoke of so often, as well as his privations of water and rest. The result was that he was left tottering on the verge of mindlessness. The darksome adumbrations of Seward were the worse trail to him as his mind dwelt on them the most. A nameless sentience followed him, crawling through subterranean water passages; a sentience that untold time in the pest had some from Mitnal through the watery gate to our world. They had profened a sa -cred city of the Mayas and its nemesis pursued. In between these phantasms was a shadowy thing wearing that grotesque god-mask found by renoir; then the vision would resolve into a horror cloaked in Renoir's flayed skin.

Surcease came in irregular intervals when a blundering into some obstruction of stone or tree on the causeway would jar him out of these tormented phantasms; during one of these moments of sanity he saw ahead of him one of the inscribed road markers of the Mayas. He knew by its glyphs that the depopulated settlement of Mutul was hardly a mile away. Despite his aversion to cenotes, he knew he had to drink of its cenote since his throat was a rasping, raw thing from lack of water.

A scent of smoke hung on the still air. He thought dully of the Yucatan hunters it in -dicated that were in the neighborhood, but the need for water drove him to seek the ce -note first. The unwanted rhabdomancy led him straight to the cenote through a maze of rain forest trees and undergrowth. Moonlight mirrored its black waters and showed the descending steps carved there by long dead Mayans.

He prostrated himself to drink and the shadow he cast made a hole in the mirrored sur -face, allowing him to see down into the hazy depths illumed by filtered moonlight. When Griscome got to this part of his story, he faltered, then with difficulty in choos -ing his words, went on. The rhabdomantic pulse was like a drum hammering in his arter -ies suddenly; there was a movement down in that bottomless void and something drifted -or swam - up from the depths that reached toward Mitnal. First the in-

distinct outline of a face, then the familiar repulsive features - enscrolled eyes, the elongated nose, a fanged, sneering maw. It was the god-mask from the temple in every detail. In the center of the eyes were twin apartures through which diamond-shaped, contracted pupils studied him in cold, impassionate gaze.

Griscome again stopped his story, but this time it appeared that he

was groping for a clear memory of what transpired. His statements grew vague and many times he did not complete an expressed thought as a sort of mental blindness came over him. Idvager, I was able to piece together this most fantastic of his whole experience. Whatever the entity was, it splashed to the surface, cwahening him from his stupor. Griscome still had his gun, and though fear-stricken to his core, emptied at this abomination. Another mental oblivion set in then and he has only a misty idea that next he had gotten out of the cenote fast. Two Yucatan hunters, who were camped close by, heard the shots and came to frantically drag him away from the well.



They brought him into Valladolid where the authorities had him brought to us at Chichen Itza. Norphine was given him to stop his feverish ravings, but not before some of the native laborers heard him and vacated the camp that very night. When he recovered sufficiently, we questioned him about the absence of berard and Renoir. It was then that he told us his astounding story, marred by the lapses spoken os here. The official conclusion was that his companions dies at the hands of one or two unfriendly Indians who probably were from the quintana Roo area; and the interpretation of his wild chronicle was that it was due to temporary insanity as a result of the combined malarial fevers, privations, and shock.

However, a shivery aftermath came when on October 26 he vanished from our camp. In the morning we found unearthly tracks or marks between his tent and the cenote of Chichen Itza. The generally accepted theory was that he committed suicide by drowning in the cenote. But the body has never been found. It is a baffling mystery.

When the Indians got wind of the tracks at the cenote, a wave of hysteria spread One later evening we caught a small group of them attempting secretly to propitate an a -nonymous yuntzil of the cenote. Murderous rites were reported of the natives from the cillages close to Chem Kom and Tixcacalcupul. The panic spread everywhere, even to distant X-cacal. The Mexican government mistook it for a religious revival of the old faith combined with warlike asperations. Upon recalling the militant cult of the Cross of the Indians, I can understand their interpretation. Punitive measures were taken and natives imprisoned when caight at these rites, but for months afterwards there still were secret ceremonies taking place at cenotes in the rain forests and jungles - locations where the authorities had never penetrated.

An armed party went to Coba to retrieve Seward's corpse, but Renoir's body was never found. After that the Mexican government permitted no archeologist to visit Coba, giving as the official reason that it was a breeding spot for a possible malarial epidemic I have certain ideas of what Griscome stirred from sleep there, however, and will soon visit that city of nightmares.

Illustrated by: Robert E. Gilbert

Author: George Wetzel

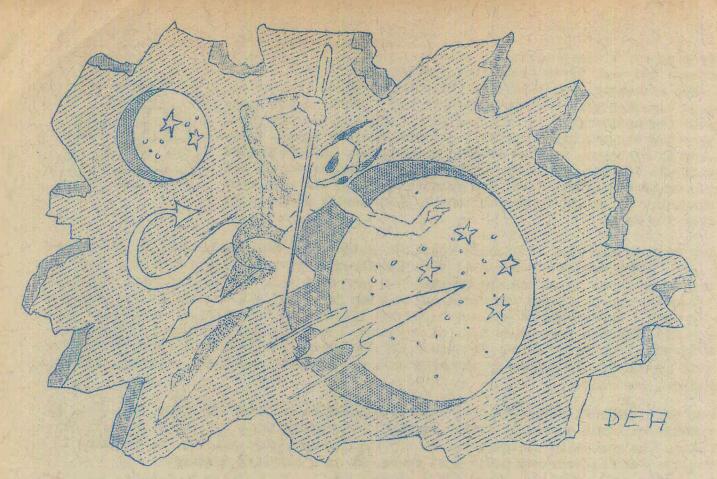
LAST GO 'ROUND

This is the last page to be typed, although not the last in this issue. George's sto -ry was the last item to clamber wearily across my desk and whisper "Boo!" in well-modu -lated pear-shaped tones.

I'm leaving Eliz. City earlier than expected, and so had to hurry this along. If an unduly large number of typos occur, don't scream at me about them. I'll notice them myself when I see the mimeod results - and grimace an espacially horrible grimace just be -cause you seem to enjoy that sort of thing.

Please remember my address is changed, but also that it is not a permanent change. I will send out postacards (I've an Italian typer-repairman) or something when it changes again.

Sam Johnson



UNDERTAKER AT WORK

Well, Ray Thompson said that this column is like unto a Gregg Calkins-melange of letters, comments, reviews, etc. I suppose he has put the tag on it. I certainly won't deny it. Anyone who wants to compare anything I do with what Calkins can do is free to do so. I consider it a compliment. Thankee kidly, sirre.

It seems that most of the people who got my last issue enjoyed it, and even took time to make comment on it, so:

LYNN HICKMAN -- 200 N. Huron, Albion, Mich. -- note the change of address.

A very fine job, Sam. I'd class it as one of the best, if not the best, zines I've received this year. The illoes were all of top quality, the mag was beautifully laid out and mimeod, and the material was of top quality. Hard to ask for more than that. /Well, I'm still trying to do better. I'm something of a perfectionist. Yuk.

I'm afraid, however, that I certainly cannot agree with H. Maxwell in his attempted disembowelment of Wylie. Especially where he states, "In effect, Mr. Wylie has made so bold as to predict the future course of human history...". I was under the impression that most stf was more or less of the same vein. Look at Heinlien's future history. This was even outlined in his "Revolt In 2100". HE is so bold as to even make an outline of it. And how about Ike's Foundation series? Could it be that Wylie is such a fine writer that the fiction he writes stirs Maxwell to believe and be afraid instead of just just to read and enjoy? Gosh, if all stf, and you know Wlie's IS stf, affected him that way I'd hate to think what would happen when he reads Ed Hamilton's and Doc Smith's predictions.

-I.vnn-

/Oh, I say, Max, what do you say now? /Ah, such comments please mine ears muchly, especially considering the source. How

-ever, at least one bored voice managed to sneak past the Postal Authorities. In the guise of:

REDD By ...oops: heh-heh-heh ... "BOGGS is the name, suh!" "Yessir, yessir! - Sorry."

I've been wondering whether Grue-blue ink on grey paper (such as I used for Skyhook #19, #20, and #21) would have sufficient "snap" to nerit use as a regular thing. Now I don't have to experiment: your Undertakings annish showed me that grey paper is still drab despite the ink. So I'll cross that notion off my mind. The format was pret-ty neat, some of the artwork rather good, but the whole magazine was rather dull --- and not alone, I suspect, because of the grey paper. Ckay, ckay, what're you trying to hint at here? Let's have none of this subersive talk again!

I believe this issue of UNdertakings is the first fanzine from your press (sic) that I've seen in several years. I remember one with a rather odd format and appearance --- don't remember the title. Ha! Ingrate that you are! I send you a masterpiece and this is what I get for it! Fie, fie on thee, kneve! I read it almost cover to cover before I realized that it was not a British fanzine at all. You've learned some things since then, but, I'm afraid, still don't interest me enough to compell me

to thumb through your mag corefully. Tsk.7

Brief three-dotted comments on the items I did read: First four lines of Larry Stark's cover poem are pretty good, but I'm sorry to see the poem turn into a praise of hope. /Praise of hope? You're sure you reed the cover poem? On my cover? The legand of Pandora's box is a better work of art on that theme. Praise for "the exploding universe" is an interesting idea, though, whether handled ironically or no. ... Glanced through Maxwell's article, which seemed nicely written but not of much interest to anybody who got in late on the argument. ... Terry Carr makes good use of antithesis in his poem, and achieves a unity of time through the opening and closing lines, but unfortunately states rather than implies things. Now just why does he have to imply things in his poetry rather than state them? I've never heard of any such ruling. / Did not read "Gothic Horror." ... "Dream" was awful except for the last line which at least excused the rest of it. ... Bob Rolfe is hardly my idea of a critic. ... Didn't read the Hal Annas yern. ... Watkins' fanzine reviews were okay, but left me with nothing to say, except that John Rurdock of VAGabond edited another fanzine before VAGabond. ... No comment on the poem "Birth of Chaos". Nice illo. ... Didn't read "Vanishment at Sea". ... Natch I didn't read all those long letters in "Undertaker at Work" (my god, what lugubrious department titles you've got). Laybe all those comments were of interest to people who saw the previous issue, but I've got a notion that even to them they were more exhausting than exhaustive, though they must've been that too. ... Re G.M. Cerr's letter: "Our Constitution is full of references to God." Oh, is it? I can't find even one reference to God in it, and if G.M. finds any, she'd better write the sponsors of a Constitutional Amendment designed to state "'merica's allegiance to God, now unmentioned in the Constitution."

Back page is falling off. Why not shoot a couple staples in back-to-front? Why do that? Apparently you won't read enough of it to matter anyway ... I'm sorry you didn't think all those things worth reading, but I'd like to point out an obvious flaw in your "logic" of skipping them: if you didn't read them, how did you know that they were not worth reading?

-Redd-

Well, at least Redd's ideas are unusual, and quite singular, methinks. Being he says thus, why not also listen to:

HARLAN ELLISON -- I found specks of something brown in this letter. Icing?

Before me is the current issue of UNDERTAKINGS, most prettily mimeographed and worth more comment than I'm afraid I'll be able to show it. Things are moving pretty fast for me, but I wanted to take a moment just to let you know I think UNDERTAKINGS has signs of real promise. Oddly enough, the impetus for that statement is the inter-

esting bit of poetry on your front cover. It is excellent in spots, and considerably better than some of the material inside. Larry Stark continues as one of fandom's unsung and consistently noteworthy producers.

Your layout, if I may offer a comment, is rather cluttered; the artwork is markedly uninspiring and all misplaced. That isn't anything really to worry about. All ---without exception --- fan editors do the same thing when they commence publishing. The urge to cram as much as possible is a common failing, and, I might add, one to which I am no less susceptible than yourself. Time and a keen eye to professional layouts as used in Atlantic, Esquire, Playboy, Collier's, IF, Theatre Arts, American Artist, Gentry, Inside and if you feel so inclined, Dimensions will soon rectify the over-application of cramming. Even Quandry, in its higher times, was remarkable for the amount of blank space and conservative layout.

And Quandry was anything but conservative. Subtle, definitely, but conservative?



Never: /I don't know about you, but your last two sentences just don't make much sense when taken together. You feel like retracting one of them?/

Maxwell's article, was, for the most part, co-gent and perceptive. The typographical erroring was distracting in spots (as all through the book). REQUIEM excellent in spots, and the layout was quite nice.

I wish to hell all faneds would put a solid wall of rejection of artwork up for Jack Harness and DEA, so that those two would be forced to stop grinding out massive quantities of low-calibre art and would concentrat on tightening up their styles, which are both basically interesting. Jack and Margaret have found it so easy to place their work that they are stunting themselves by not respecting their own talents and by spewing prodigiously but with little lasting merit. I think it's a horrendous waste, and the only way they will try to modify and broaden themselves is to stop cold accepting their stuff. One thing you've got to take into consideration is that the more time they put into their work, the less repayment they get for it in proportion. I'm lucky enough to know something of drawing techniques, and can even shake a fair hand myself when the spirit moves me. I do a better job with their work than most other faneds. Other eds, however, usually don't know a thing of art. They can, and often do, ruin beautiful illos. I've seen illos from DEA in the original only quite recently. They are about twice as good as what I've seen of her's in other fanzines. I think they'd agree with me that they'd do as good as they could if only someone could give them a fair shake in repro. I'm seeing about some Stenofax, but nothing of it yet. You'll see better illos when better reproduction is produced./

Stuff like the scrawling on pages 19, 21, 28, 31, and 45 should never have been allowed into print, and Maggie ought to be ashamed to offer such to as pleasant a periodical as yours. Or, for that matter, to even the most abysmal crudzine in the country. There is no substitute for quality, but then de gustibus non est disputandum, I suppose. Ah...yes...I think...that is.7

I fail to get the point of Russ Watkins' comment about the F.B.I. investigating Ray Thompson as making Ray enother Harlan Ellison. Am I to suppose that I have been investigated? Or is there just a hidden joke there? I'd appreciate it if you'd clear me on this, as to my knowledge I've never had any truck with Federal Investigators of any sort. But then, it's only my life.

Your own poem, and I must be blunt, was abominable. He goes on to mention the first line of "Oh God!, My God!", I out in terror cried...", stating that the comma after the exclamation mark was wrong, and that the sentence structure was twisted all out of kilter. Incorrect, that is. The comma was stupidity, but the sentence (as I explained to him) was passable.

Both Wetzel pieces were quite interesting. For Wetzel.

UNDERTAIGINGS

Most of you, I know, are pretty well-versed in this matter of politics and religion, but for myself, the argument never looses it's imperitiveness. I anticipate going into the matters on hand, and perhaps running some article on a touchy religious subject: atheism. I want to point out, even before making any moves toward that side, that I do not wish to have people consider me either an Atheist, or a Theist. I am going to remain neutral in discussion, but reserve the right to make choice comments against or for either school-of-thought. Consider me neutral. In fact, don't even consider me at all. I'm merely an agency for presenting to you the various thoughts.

I wanted to mention this, since some people have expressed opinions to the effect that this is getting to be tiresome. So, you'll notice that I've branched out consider - bly with literary criticisms. I'm trying to get articles of completely no import to

satisfy the lust you and I have for idiocy. And fiction.

To put it one way, I'm going to try to ride off in all directions at one time. If you get a picture of complete confusion, don't laugh...it may well be that way. I'm trying my level best to present a top-notch magazine, but if you think not, I honestly desire that you should let me know what I do wrong.

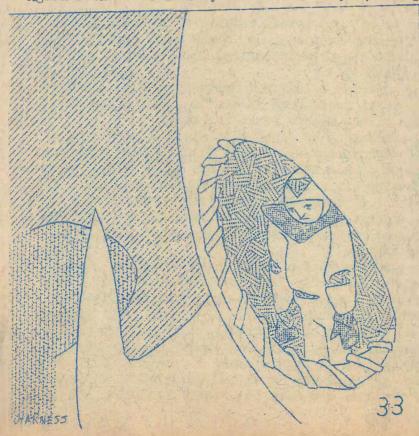
Let's quit this yap and listen to:

BOB ROLFE -- so, at last we come across him again -- what now, brown cow?

I read with interest the current UN and felt that I might as well comment. This was by far the best ish you've done, and just about the finest fanzine I've seen in a long time. Tou embarrass me. I can feel the cold blood rushing to my face. Your poem --- Birth of Chaos --- I particularly enjoyed. The one by Terry Carr and the one on the cover were fine too. The George Wetzel article showed his customary research and I liked it a lot. I was very interested in his modification of Fort's viewpoint by saying that many of the strange phenomena discussed were not really so strange after all. (Personally I think Fort was a refugee from the booby hatch, but Wetzel is another matter. He works hard, believes in what he does and for this I respect anybody

with particular emphasis on George.) Watkins column has improved greatly, and I will now say that he is the best fmz-reviewer abounding in mags today. (You will remember that I was still a bit skeptical a few issues back --- however, I still think that the Condor was the all-time great.)

Again back to Wetzel. My hat is off to you, George, you share the honor with Edgar



Allen Poe of being the only writer ever to give me nightmares! The only other story so to affect me was The Fall of the House of Usher, about six years ago, but your Gothic Horror did it again. Mind you, I think that the story was a wee bit long-winded, but to affect me that much --- and I'm a very blase person most of the time --- you deserve a medal. Sam, more of the old-time horror stories, please. I like it, I LIKE IT.

The artwork and reproduction in UN is now the finest I've ever seen in a fanzine. I especially liked the ship pictures by Bob Gilbert which accompanied the article by Wetzel. However, the DEA work I didn't like --- save for the hawk-beaked female(?) that graced my revs. /See the DEA work this issue? Especially the fullpage work. Good, non?/

When I came to the letter column, and saw the name "G.M. Carr", I gulped and thought

--- "O Ghod, this damn-fool mess will start off all over again."

I'm sick of angry voices and ocoole shouting vile insults at each other. I think that half the tea-pot tempests in fanzines are revolting displays by people who should know better, but don't, and who just like to get their names in print by belaboring others. As for the other half, I generally ignore them altogether.

However, when I read Carr's letter, and your replies, I sighed with relief, for you were discussing, not shouting. Both of you! Calm discussion goes a lot farther than blood curdling epithets. THAT's the way to spell it, Bob, although "epitaph" does seem to sound right too ... T I think that everybody is entitled to his own view-point as long as he isn't trying to ram-rod it down someone else's throat. But when people holler and yell and get everybody stirred up, I get disgusted (after the first heat of battle wears off, that is). I think that Carr was much more reasonable, and so were you. I think that your answer has settled the question now and always, and I list the game as being won by Sam. J. Johnson, Esq. in three overtime periods. Now let it drop, pleeeez!

As to Charles Athey and his letter: I was very impressed. I am in complete agreement with his religious opinions (as well as yours) and I agree with your comment that Atheists can be as good citizens as devout followers of Allah or anybody or anything

Maxwell has left me at a loss for words. I think that a good three-quarters of his bit was pure and unadulterated hogwash. (Whoops, what did I say about raising voices?) Howeverm he said one thing to which I take violent exception.

Him say, "There are no uncommon men, and there never will be."

Me say, "Hell!"

I firmly believe that some people, a very few it is true, but some, do possess powers of reasoning and judgement superior to the common man's meagre supply. I think that, for better or for worse, some men are born better (or, lest someone assissinate me for so saying, let us rephrase) born different from other men.

To deny this is to deny the Theory of Evolution and everything about man's descent. /That's done quite often too, y'know. / If some primitive ape had not been born better

...er...different from his fellow tail-hangers, where would we be today?

And why should this process stop today?

Hmmm. Maxwell?

/From the May Progressive World: Man is not so closely related to the monkeys on the evolutionary family tree as the scientists supposed, Dr. Sherwood L. Washburn of the University of Chicago informed the American Anthropological Society in an address at Detroit. Congratulations --- to the monkeys:/

One of my favorite pieces concerning superior beings was written by Edgar Allen Poe in his "Marginalia" and was reprinted several years back in the Mag. of Fantasy and

Science Fiction under the title "Hunting of the Slan". In it Poe said:

"I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of any individual gifted, or rather cured, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course, he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make him -self enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would differ from those of all mankind - that he would be considered a madman, is evident. How horribly painful such a condition. Hell could invent no greater torture than that of abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

"In like manner, nothing can be clearer than that a very generous spirit - truly feeling what all may merely profess - must inevitably find itself misconceived in every direction - its motives misinterpreted. Just as extreme-ness of intelligence would be though fatuity, so excess of chivelry could not fail of being looked upon as meanness in its last degree -- and so on with the other virtues. This subject is a painful one indeed. That individuals have so soared above the plane of their race is scarcely to be questioned; but, in looking back through history for traces of their existence, we should pass over all biographies of the "good and the great", while we search carefully the slight records of wretches who died in prison, in Bedlam, or upon the gallows."

I think Poe said a mouthful there.

I will also ask Maxwell whether he rather bemoan the inevibility of wars and catastrophes or would he at



least try to do something to stop it? Rtaher than belabor those who try to predict, let Maxwell rather thank Wylie for trying to make people aware of what could happen. I suspect that if A-Bombs were to start raining on the country-side, he would cry louder than anybody else about, "Why weren't we prepared? Where was the Civil Defense we paid for?" and so on, and on, and on----.

They still, thank Ghod, give artificial respiration to a man who has been in the water for an hour, the same as to one who has been in it for only five minutes. Get

the idea? Hmmm?

-Bob-

Concerning Maxwell: Ray Schaffer had the following opinion - "What did he say? Actually, how can one rebate such a bit? I consider this to be pure and simple beating around the bush and avoiding the main issues. Reminds me of the poetry-hater; he gener -ally disregards the poets message and concentrates upon finding fault with the poet's presentation and attack. Disgusting: I rather imagine Maxwell put considerable time into the article, but I think I'd prefer having a look at his first draft that he mentions. This second draft is sorta lousy. How can one argue with him when he really did not say much?"

I'm still not going to give my own opinions either way, but I did ask Ray for a rebate article, in order to make sure his first impression was not just a superficial examination. If I get it (which I haven't as yet), you will have found it in this is-

sue.

Oh yes, there is one thing I want to say for Maxwell: I'm envious of the way he can use words. That guy is a triple-decker marvel when it comes to writing anything. I hope to have more by him in the future. I wonder what will happen if he ever turns to serious writing. Somehow I'm a bit frightened by the possibilities he presents. 7

DES EMERY -- let me think now ... the name is familiar somehow ... friend or floe?

Still no DV. However, I think I'd better send in a sub next time.

Numbered pages, nice clear easy-on-the-eyes-type, not so many illos clogging up the pages, and even the back page stayed on until I started reading it. Take heed! There soon may be nothing more to gripe about. But, if everybody's happy about UN, I shall initiate a campaign to eradicate typos in UN's fair pages. Maybe even going to the ex -treme of buying you a dictionery.

You had a lot for me to bite into this issue, though, so on to the races. And since Wylie is nothing to me, but nothing, I shall ignore him and his castigator except to point out to Maxwell that he contradicted himself in his first Gremlin. "Truth in the last analysis is relative to point of view. You can't get right answers with a wrong theory." If truth is relative to the point of view (which I deny), then that statement is opposite to the following, since you could start with any theory and come to any an -swer, depending on where you start. Truth is absolute. Completely Aristotelian. If you start with the wrong theory and follow it logically, you come to the wrong answer. Start correctly and you'll end correctly. (Note: I'm not thinking about reality or aspects of reality, which is maybe what Max is talking about.) /Truth? Falsehood? Both

UNDERDALINGS

are but abstract situations. Can you make any statement and say, "This is true." Or if you want, "This is false." ???/

Buried Comments -- Yyuggh. Feriod. End of Comment.

Birth of Chaos -- by you. What did you expect God to do, reach down with a heavenly hand and rescue you, you fool? Them as makes their beds lies in them.

Now the good part -- letters. /I think maybe I ought to be insulted, but danged if I know why. / Charles Athey shows muchly sense in parts of his letter, and not too much -ly in others. Empathy can be of various kinds and degrees, and it sure is a seldom seen thing. One who possesses it is quite likely to be like Charles or myself (I note we think somewhat similars - nb that somewhat) and I know that I'm empathetic. Of course, there's the faculty of not wisely but too well inherent in the sense, and over applying it or applying it in wrong places can do as much damage as not having it at all.

It's a great pity that there really isn't an entity that goes by the name of Man. I know I fall into the same pitfalls that Athey does in calling upon this mythical creature ever so often. F'rinstance - "...he knows that he is weak and afraid, his instinct is to run and hide ... " etc. Does he now? (With eyebrows touching my hairline.) He might if he were a collective mind, but does he actually? Acting collectively, the actions of the race of man can be plotted to some extent, but not too well. I personal -ly don't think we're a collective inferiority complex. Inferior to what? I also persomelly don't think that MAN (the entity) runs to God to hide from reality. He goes be -cause he isn't complete without God, since individually he isn't made to be alone. Even hermits who live in caves do so to be nearer to something which we call God. May -hap it would be better to label that as opinion rather than fact, Des. A Religious Re -cluse perhaps does go off to be nearer God. However, others (of which I may end up being one) go off because they can't stand people, or are just tired of living under the high pressure of modern society. But, you can't even be a hermit properly in these times. The "Authorities" (Authorities on what? Idiocy?) would eventually pop up and drag you off to a luny-house for wanting to be alone. --- I wonder if the Canadian back-woods are as nice to live in as I suspect? Zech day they grow more beautiful ... 7 I'm not making myself clear (even to me), but maybe if you keep up this discussion I'll be able to clear away the slush and mush some.

Religions (some, not all) teach men how to die, yes. But in doing that, they try to teach them to live in such a way as to die correctly (not a good word that).

It has been said that death is the greatest adventure of all, and I think it's true. /It must be interesting, at least... So interesting that people don't went to come back. I've never heard of a person doing it yet. But for that very reason, we should conjecture and ponder on its meaning. Surely, if there is a life after death (being a stfan, you'll surely grant me that "if") then this life should be but a preamble to that life, a preparation. /Have all the "if"s you want, Des. Almost everything I read or do or believe is based on an "if". You too. If there is not life after death, what is the matter with living as if there were. Insurance, my good man, insurance. / In short, you're saying that because a man is afraid of death, he should turn to religion. Because he is afraid of the consequences of an afterlife, he should turn to a religious way of living (thereby implying belief in God)? That is what Athey said up there in the other long paragraph, isn't it? "...he knows he is weak and afraid, his instinct is to run and hide..."

How can you train children in the art of gracious living when you're living in what amount to a pigpen? When people are preoccupied with the mere desire to live, they are not going to worry a hell of a lot about how they're going to live graciously - candle -light and wine.

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UNDERPOOL INGS

Well, has Christianity improved the lot of the world? At the time of Christ the city of Rome ruled the world in bodily corruption and vice of every kind, not to speak of political corruption. Slavery was not only acceptable, but was a mark of wealth on the part of the owners. It was fine to be noble, but I would imagine that Hell would have nothing on the lives the slaves led. Have we progressed as far idealistically in the two thousand years since, as we have materialistically? Herdly - I'll be the first to admit. But, we've made a dent in the pattern, and who can we blame but ourselves anyway? A religion is neither good nor bad, except as it's used. If people used Christianity for their own personal ends, can you blame Christianity for having the ca -pabilities in it to be so used? To expect an abstract like religion to change the world is little short of naivity. Of all the people you know, how many could actually be called Christian? And, to those few people who are truly practising Christians goes the ersponsibility of changing the world overnight. Dun be silleh! Don't rail at religion for the shortcomings of men. You are putting yourself in the place of those who claim Communism is ruining the world, instead of Communists; who claim Capatelism is ruining the world instead of Capatalists. That's putting the powder in front of the slug, the exhaust in front of the rocket.

All those wars he doesn't mention may have been Holy Wars, Crusades, etc., but men are good at shielding their greed and intolerance and fear behind a variety of masks (as Charles himself pointed out earlier) of which the most acceptable is religion.

I said at the beginning that he showed much sense in some things and now he comes to them. Public Ownerships. Actually, those who favour big business can have absolutely no argument against public ownership, since, after all, what is bigger or more busi -ness-like in a country than its government? Not the political party in power, but the small men behind its government, like the letter carriers, and roadmen, and others. Those who say that big is good can be demolished in a blow. /The Demolished Men? / And putting communications and public utilities under public ownership is not Communism, or even Socialism. /Socialism, by definition, means "public ownership"; do not confuse this word with the more publicised definition that makes it look like Communism. There are a great number of Socielist businesses operating now. One of the more popular Socialist activities is a church ... what could be more invested with the word? Here in Ontario (this should be a shock to some of you true-blue Yanks who think that God's Country stops at the 49th) we have the lowest rate for electricity in the world: I can not quote the rates off-hand, but I know it for a fact. And public utilities here are publicly owned. Our nationally owned railroad, the CNR, isn't, however, doing so well, but also for a good reason. Because it is publicly owned, many people won't use it. And because the present government is not inclined to public ownership, they don't give a damn if it runs or not anyway. In Saskatchewan, the only Socialist province in Canada, car insurance is at one-third that of other provinces. Health insurance is covered completely at something like \$30.00 per year. Personal rights aren't infringed upon, unless you count the rights of an insurance company to soak you and soak you good for incomplete protection.

But, whereas Charles suggests population control, I'd have control of production and let the population take care of consumption. But, I guess Charles likes to have his cake and eat it too, since he also suggests promiscuity. His reasoning is specious to say the nicest thing. Obviously, you have to eat to live, and you have to excrete waste to avoid various types of poisoning, etc., not to mention constipation. But, I've never heard of anyone dying for lack of copulation or having clogged testicles.

I'd like to dispute your statement re the state and religion. Religion does not advocate that the populace follow the government no matter how stupid, bigoted, etc., it may be. It is a law of the Catholic Church, at least, that Catholics obey all those in authority - as long as that authority is not abused. And I certainly know of the abuses in the Catholic Church in the past. But again, it was not altogether the Church,

since at that time, the heirarchy was mostly from the nobility of the land. In this case, it was the government which used religion for it's own purposes, even to the extent of warring against other Catholic countries.

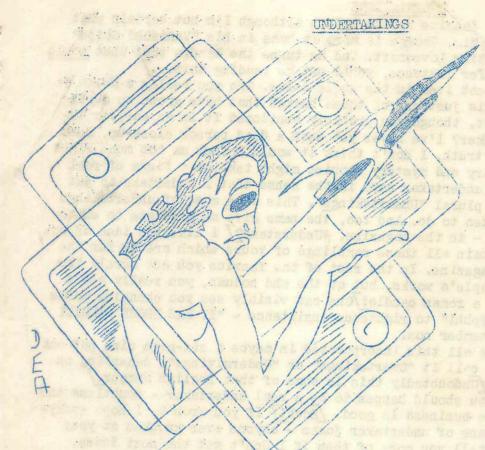
That's two plus pages, and I've had enough, so I know how you must feel.

-Des-

Des, you misread what I said in that last section concerning religion and government. I did not say that the Church could be is at the foot of this attempted linkage of Church and State. Rather, I pointed out that this is being done by people in order to link State and Church - BECAUSE, if this is done, 1) the Church would be able to forward its beliefs, and make others conform to its beliefs, and, 2) the State would benefit by having the people support it whole-heartedly. The net result would be a con -trol of what we should read, write, think, believe, do, and the thing about this is that the force behind it would be religion. What could be stronger than a Theistic Government? People would not dare critisize the government for fear of losing their Immortal Souls to Hell-Everlasting. Likewise, who would dare say blasphemy against the Church, since the Government would either slap you in jail or worse. The Communist countries would certainly be no worse off than we - perhaps better, since religion and superstition are first cousins (and I didn't say that religion is superstition, mind you now). Shall I point again to Church/States such as were established in the Puritanist Colonies? Shall I remind you of the Spanish Catholics and their "cute" methods of obtaining converts and confessions? Shall I also point to modern communities in which the church holds sway over the people so that they will not object to affrontments against what we consider basic rights? Yes, and just today I read a story of a man sentenced (get this now ...) to going to church for one year. Not only does such a sentence border on the absurdly rediculous, but it also shows just how much interferance the religionists already have with the law. I can imagine just about how much a chance an Atheist would have in a town like that if he broke into a store, as opposed a local Believer in the Truth.

No, religion as such is not threatening. No more than Communism as such is a threat. No. more than Capitalism as such is a threat. The atomic bomb is harmless until some fool trips the trigger. The trouble, indeed, is with men. Religion could, indeed, be a marvellous thing if it were used in the way that, say, a Christ or Buddha, or Mohammed had intended. But, such things are misused, misinterpreted, more often than not it is purposely done to gain some other end. As you said, and as Charles said, men are good at disguising their greed, hate, intolerance, beligerance, and all the other things which all people agree is bad. And when I speak of a Religion, or a Church, or a Credo, I do not mean, necessarily, that such a thing is bad or is good in itself. The men who use it do the damage or the good. "...it is in living that we show the worth of any credo." What I see of "Christian People" is not good by any stretch of the imagination. Take Carr, for instance (just because her name happens to be handy, no malice intended): can you imagine what sort of laws and ways of doing things she would set down if she were at the head of a government? It's not at all a desirable picture, I assure you. Just how long do you suppose I could keep publishing this magazine? Knowing some of her answers to my letters (long letters, answered by postacards...), I wonder just how long would I do anything? I don't dislike her, especially, but I do admire her faith. She would probably do those things in a sincere belief that she was doing right. The trouble is not with religion, but with men. Men are faulty, at best. Thereby, anything that he believes, says, does, or intends to do has faults. Religion, any religion, is chock full of holes and inconsistancies, since they are formulated, or copied, or found by men. Governments likewise.

No, I have nothing against religion - just a great many of the people who support it. I realize that fact, of course, the same as I realize that not all men are crooks, Fanatics (religious or otherwise), do-gooders, Theists, Atheists, or Agnostics. But, I fully intend to present everybit of material I can get my hands on, so that you can decide for yourself. I say that if Church and State are connected, we seal the downfall of our society. I don't dislike society that much.



. My thanks for that letter. Des. It's the sort of thing I want most from the people who read this magazine, Intelligent comment. I know it's a lot to ask of meny, but I'm going to make an offer: persons who receive this magazine have only to drop me an occasional letter to assure that they continue receiving UN. I've done this as long as I've published a magazine, but have not publicised it yet. It goes for those here in the States as well as to the many people who live in the many other countries who get this magazine.

Specifically, I want to hear from people in other countries. The following peo-ple have not written from those countries: Paul Enever of England; White and Ashford of England; Julian Paar

of Germany; Derek Pickles of England; W. Struyck of Holland; Anne Steul of Germany; Teun van Ingen of Holland; Cato Lindberg of Norway; Richard Ertl of Argentina; Tetsu Yano of Japan; John Gregor of Australia; A. Fabig of South Africa; James Cameron of New Zealand; Domingo Setka of the Republic of Panama; William Busche, Jr. of Hawaii; and Ian Crozier of Australia. These people please drop me a line if you wish to continue receiving UN.

And, speaking of people from other countries:

ALAN DODD from jollie olde England ...

Very many thanks for the Annish of "Undertakings". 52 pages! Phew! You must still be recovering from typing and collating that lot, particularly if you had to do it single-handedly. Anyone who can get as far as 52 pages deserves all the credit he can get. /Friend Wetzel did the mimeoing. Without his help I doubt seriously if I could even recover from that issue. Stenciling is the easy thing. The mimeo work is what takes time and patience. -- And incidentally, I went to apologise to George for misspelling his name in the logo over "Vanishment at Sea". I had it "Wetzal". 'Tain't no such crittur. "Wetzel" is the correct spelling.

I must admit I found some of the material very heavy going, particularly that long discourse on Philip Wylie's "Tomorrow" and George Wetzel's "Gothic Horror". It would help to relieve the somewhat sombre effect if you could interspace the longer, serious articles with an occasional humerous one-page item. That way it would help it to batance a little more.

Artwork is really top-rate. Do you personally cut the stencils for the artwork of Robert Gilbert? Whoever uses those shading plates and wheel pens certainly knows his job. Those sailing ship illos have all the rich quality of fine engravings or old prints. Oh, come now ... let's not overplay this. Thenks anyway for the compliment, and yes, I do cut all the stencils used. Just have to have patience. DEA shows to advantage very well though it is the vista-like artwork of R.E.G., illustrating, say, your poem, that really becomes most effective.

Russ Watkins ably handles the fanzine review column although I'm not certain what he'll think of DEA's portrait of him. George is more at home in his "Vanished Ships" type of article than he is imitating Lovecraft. 'nd he turns the handle too! What would

you do without him? /Right now, for instance, you'd not be reading this ... /

"Undertaker 4t Work" is the best item in the whole issue. Are you really a North Carolina undertaker, Sam? Or is this just one of those hoaxes that have grown up during the years. I never have found out, though you probably mentioned it in an earlier issue of UN. /Lordy! Me an undertaker? I've never yet seen a dead person close-up, much less inside of him. To tell the truth, I don't think it would bother me too much right then, but some of my horror poetry and mystery stories might take on a tinge of real horror. Nay, sirre, I am not an undertaker save in the sense that I undertake to put cut this magazine. And note the plural "Undertakings". This is a mass of undertakings which other people have undertaken to do. And too, the name give me a chance to establish a unity - a sort of psyche - in the magazine. #Understand? I like the idea of you putting out a small zine to contain all these remblings of yours which are by far the most entertaining part of the magazine. In the rest of the fanzine you are merely the character who stencils other people's works, but at the end column, you really get a chance to sparkle. /Wheeee! I'm a roman candle: 70 ne can visibly see you changing moods from snorting indignation - "Humphh!" to righteous insistance - "IT WAS BROWN DAMMIT! BROWN: BROWN: BROWN: " Remember now.

I, for one, would like to see all this incorporated in maybe a six-page zine put out between issues of UN. You could call it "Overtakings" or "Undergivings", depending on what mood you happen to be in. /Undoubtedly this is some of that English Humour./

If, by some quirk of fate, you should happen to be a real undertaker - doubtless the only one in fandom - than I hope business is good. /Ecch! 7 If you aren't, I hope everyone is feeling fine. I know dozens of undertaker jokes - anyone ever knocked at your door asking for empty boxes? - tell you more of them if I don't get the next issue. Somehow this ranks of blackmail ... The rest are worse than that. By the way, you put trade? - or does your typer have a ? on the . key and you just pressed the wrong one down. I hope for the future issues of your zine and remember, Sam, only two things in life are certain - Death and Taxes. The U.S. Government has one - I wonder, do you have the other? -Alan-

/I reckon that'd better be all of the letters, although I've received a few other let-

ters and notes after Alan's. Behind Bob Rolfe's column (how's that new title?) was a notice the last time I took a peek, stating that the address - the editorial office(s) - would change to a newer one: 1843 Embassy Dr., So. Jacksonville, Florida. It's strictly temporary. I'll get over to my own home leter when the family moves. Until then, please use that address. Most of you already know it if you write to me - others please take note of it. The reason is that I'm going to start to college there. As such, UN may be delayed for a month - two months - perhaps more. I really can't say. On the other hand, it may come out on the regular bi-monthly quarterly schedule like it does normally in its own irre -gular publishing schedule. That's up to the time I have to work on it. I expect to go right ahead, blundering on into the black distance, but things happen. So, if you do not find UN waiting your breathless perusial on time, spare the tears.

And, by George, if I don't get some replies from the people on who's address sticker is typed: (Comment!) - well, you won't have to worry about getting UN at all. You just won't. I suppose that's clear enough for anybody to understand. The reason is simply that UN goes out mainly for one of two reasons - trade or complimentary. Trains I don't worry about in spite of the fact that many fmz have almost gone yearly. It's to the people of the "complimentary" bracket that I appeal. You receive UN because I think maybe you'll enjoy reading it. I've got to know you enjoy reading it if you want to get future issue. That's only fair. This costs me at least 20% per copy. It would

seem you wouldn't be too put out for a measly three-cent stamp.

Samuel J. Johnson Fimis!