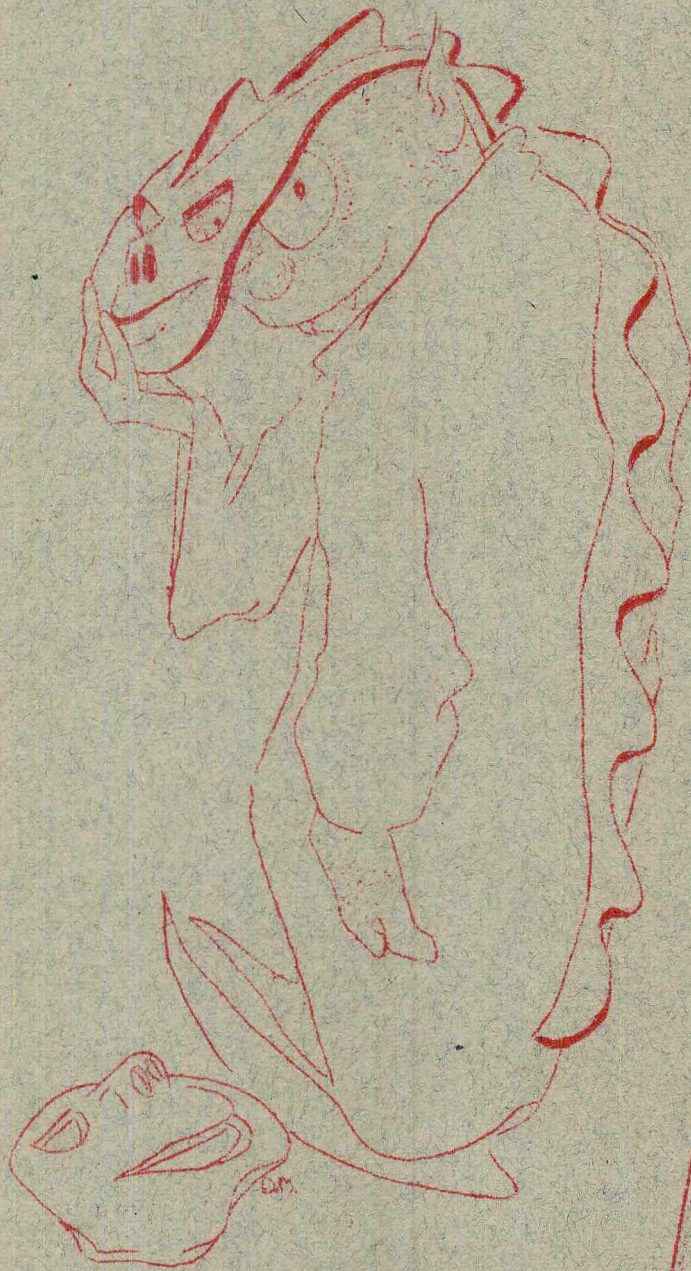


NUMBER  
5



PUBLICATION  
OF THE  
GOLDEN GATE  
FUTURIAN SOCIETY

VULCAN



COVER

TYPIALETTE

The editorial

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

Face Critturs

SURPRISE!

Illustrated by Frank McElroy

THE 69th MAN

The Rikolumn

DESTINY

Illustrated by Maurice Lemus

WATKINS WRITES

Watkinstuff

WHAT THE POSTMAN DRAGGED IN

Boobs by Boob

GGES CONFIDENTIAL

What's with the sponsor

JOE TOURIST SEES THE UNIVERSE

The contest wanders on

BACOVER

Interlineations: Beale, Joseph, King Aroo, Carr, Gra-

ham, Stewart, and Thompson.

Denness Morton 1

yed 2

Terry Carr 3

Mike Rossman 12

David Rike 14

W. Paul Ganley 17

Russell K. Watkins 18

Boob Stewart 20

28

Ray Capella 29

EDITOR: Terry Carr  
 ASSISTANT EDITORS:  
 Peter Graham & Boob  
 Stewart

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 copy, 50¢ for four issues. Ad rates: \$1.00  
 full page, 60¢ half-page, 35¢ quarter-page.



There'll be some changes made around here. Up until now VULCAN has been just another generalzine, a fanzine that prints any type of material so long as it's good. That phrase sounds nice and for that reason it tempts a lot of neo-editors. Besides, when you're new in fandom you like just about any kind of material, and when you sit down to plan your fanzine you say to yourself, "Well now, I like just about every kind of material, to one degree or another ... I think I'll print all kinds of it in my mag." Unfortunately, this editorial policy is not only lacking in individuality and imagination, but it is also one that tends to rush every way at once and get nowhere fast. Accordingly, VULCAN will change its policy, effective with next issue. You're not likely to find the run-of-the-mill types of material printed heretofore in V; instead, I intend to lean more toward the off-trail or humorous side of things. My main likes are Lewis Carrollian items, David Englishian types, and Willisian humor. Artwork will still be featured, and largely by the same artists; however, there will be new ones presented as time goes by and good ones appear. As for the columns, there will be changes there too. For one thing, more emphasis will be placed on the letter column; instead of serving as a source of egoboo for letter-writers, I hope to make it a source of entertainment for the general reader. Simple comments on the material in the previous issue will probably not see blight of print, although interesting or humorous ones stand a good chance. Watkins' column is defunct as of next issue: there have been too many comments against it to satisfy me. Beginning with this issue we have a new column by Boob Stewart, venerable bard of Arlington Street and current chairman of the Golden Gate Futurian Society, which will concern itself with the doings of the sponsoring club of VULCAN. I don't know right now who will replace Watkins as columnist; possibly there won't be a replacement.

That, then, is what I have in store for VULCAN. The plan is a direct outgrowth of the letters that I received after the fourth issue which reviewed V in tones that were other than satisfied. It is not too obvious from the letter column that the readers were displeased with the issue, but a look at the ratings should serve to explain the whys and wherefores of the change.

Because of the overhauling of VULCAN's policy, I've had to reject a great deal of material that I had scheduled for publication herein. Therefore, if you don't see some particular item that I previewed last issue, think nothing of it. It's been put into the Fanzine Material Pool and will possibly show up in some other fanzine.

Another result of the change in policy was that I currently find myself rather low on material. Therefore, if any of you who are bothering to read the editorial would like to see your name firmly ensconced 'tween the justified margins of V, I would suggest that you send some material my way. Don't bother with artwork, as I have tons of it; cartoons are much the same way, though David Englishian types would be appreciated a lot. I'll still print fiction, but, as mentioned above, it will have to be different in some

(continued on page 16)



TERRY CARR'S

# FACE CRITTURS

CINEMATIC PRODUCTIONS

NOW PLAYING

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

①



EGAD! LOOK! A  
BIG METEOR FALLING  
FROM THE SKY!

②



MIGHTY FUNNY  
LOOKING METEOR  
...SEEMS LIKE IT  
KNOWS WHERE  
IT'S GOING...

③



JOHN! DO YOU  
MEAN —?

etc



RIGHT! THAT'S  
NO METEOR!  
IT'S SUPERMAN!



LOOK!

LOOK, JOHN!

LOOK!

LOOK!



IT CRASHED!



HMMM, GUESS IT  
WASN'T SUPERMAN  
AFTER ALL!



WE'VE GOT TO GO  
SEE WHAT IT IS,  
JOHN! MAYBE IT'S  
A SPACE SHIP FROM  
OUTER SPACE!



NAH, IT'S JUST A  
WEATHER BALLOON  
...FORGET IT!

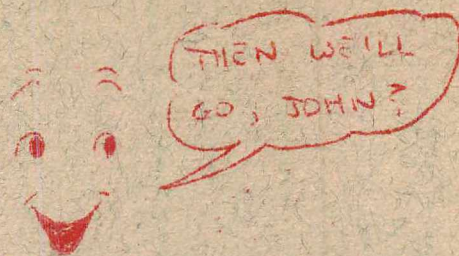


— BUT JOHN! YOU'RE A  
SCIENTIST! THINK OF  
ALL THE DEEDLE THAT  
WILL BE GOING TO SEE IT!  
YOU SHOULD HELP THEM!  
TELL THEM WHAT METEORS  
ARE, AND —



HMMM, YES ... A  
GUIDED TOUR AROUND  
THE SITE — A  
SLIGHT FEE, OF  
COURSE — THE  
POPLOIN CON-  
SESSION ...





THEN WE'LL  
GO, JOHN?

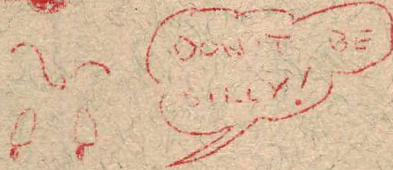


YES — MY UNENDING  
QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE  
(and money)  
COMPELS ME!

SCENE TWO



IT'S DOWN THERE, JOHN!  
IT — IT FRIGHTENS ME!  
DON'T GO DOWN THERE!  
PLEASE?



DON'T BE  
SILLY!



OH, JOHN — IT'S EVIL!  
DON'T GO DOWN!

DON'T BE  
SILLY!  
YOU THINK  
I'M CRAZY?



OF COURSE  
I'M NOT GOING  
DOWN THERE!  
BILL SET UP  
MY POPCORN!  
STAND RIGHT  
HERE!



JOHN! KEEP AWAY!  
KEEP AWAY FROM  
THE EDGE OF THE  
CRATER! KEEP —

DON'T  
WORRY,  
I'M  
JUST —



OOPS!



HE FELL!

JOHN, DON'T SPILL  
THE POPCORN!



## SCENE THREE



THERE IT IS, OVER  
THERE, PRACTICALLY  
BURIED ...



THERE'S A — CREATURE —  
COMING OUT — AS EARTH'S  
FIRST REPRESENTATIVE  
I MUST RISE TO THE  
OCCASION ...



THE — THE CREATURE  
IS COMING OUT —  
I CAN SEE IT —



... NO MOUTH ...  
IT CAN'T EAT  
POPCORN!



ALL RIGHT, I'VE  
HAD ENOUGH OF  
THIS! I KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE!



THAT SPACESHIP THERE  
IS REALLY JUST A  
HOT DOG STAND, BUT  
YOU'VE HYPNOTISED ME  
INTO THINKING IT'S A  
SPACESHIP!



THERE'S A — A SIGN  
ON THE DOOR!



A DOOR IS  
OPENING — IT IS  
A SPACESHIP,  
AFTER ALL!



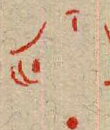
PEANUTS!

POPCORN!

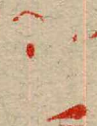
CANDY!



IT'S — IT'S —  
HORRIBLE



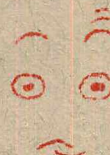
THAT — THAT  
BIG EYE —  
HYPNOTISING ME!



YOU'RE JUST  
HANDRAKE THE  
MAGICIAN, GES-  
TURING HYPNOTICALLY



YOU —  
OH OH! THE  
DOOR'S CLOSING!



"CLOSED  
FOR  
REPAIRS"



# SCENE

# FOUR

LOOK, MISTER —  
I'M A REPORTER...  
ALL I WANT IS THE  
FACTS, NOT YOUR  
THEORIES!

I TOLD YOU —  
MANDRAKE THE  
MAGICIAN HAS  
A HOTDOG!  
STAND DOWN  
THERE!

...AND YOU CLAIM  
HE'S HYPNOTISED US  
ALL INTO THINKING  
IT'S A SPACESHIP, EH?

THAT'S  
RIGHT!

MISTER, YOU'RE  
NUTS!

# SCENE

# FIVE

OH, JOHN — YOU  
WERE RIGHT!  
THE SHERIFF  
SAYS SO!

OF COURSE  
I WAS  
RIGHT!

BY THE WAY,  
WHAT MADE HIM  
REALIZE IT?

OH, THERE WERE  
SIGNS...

LIKE  
WHAT?



WELL, THERE WAS  
ONE DOWN BY  
JONES'S FARM...

OH...

YEAH... IT SAID,  
"HANDRAKE'S HOT  
DOG STAND, ONE  
MILE"

Scene

Six

OH, JOHN —  
OH, JOHN —  
OH, OH, OH...

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

JOHN — THEY'VE  
ORGANIZED A  
POSSE TO GET  
RID OF HANDRAKE'S  
HOT DOG STAND!

OH, I THOUGHT  
IT WAS SOMETHING  
DREADEFUL.

BUT JOHN — THIS IS  
DREADEFUL — THEY MAY  
KILL HIM JUST TO  
GET RID OF HIS  
HOT DOG STAND!

SERVE  
HIM  
RIGHT!

JOHN! HOW CAN  
YOU SAY THAT?

WELL, HE WAS  
CUTTING IN ON  
MY TERRITORY...  
I HAD MY DORKEN  
STAND SET UP  
BEFORE HIS!



## Scene Seven

ALL RIGHT, MEN,  
WE'RE GOING DOWN  
THERE AND RUNNING  
THAT GUY OUT OF TOWN!

SURE, SHERIFF...  
BUT JUST HOW ARE  
WE GOING TO GO  
ABOUT THIS?

WELL, I GUESS WE'LL  
JUST TELL HIM TO  
GET OUT....

AND IF HE  
WON'T, SHERIFF?

I HADN'T THOUGHT  
OF THAT!

WELL, WHAT WILL  
WE DO IN THAT  
CASE, SHERIFF?

WHAT?

YOU HEARD ME!  
NOW LET'S GO...

## Scene Eight

PSSST... HEY, JOE,  
WHAT'D THE SHERIFF  
SAY WE'D DO IF  
HANDRAKE WON'T  
LEAVE?

NOTHING



YOU MEAN WE'RE GOING  
TO DO NOTHING AT ALL?

GUESS SO...  
THAT'S WHAT HE  
SAID...  
NOTHING, I MEAN...

## SCENE NINE

WELL, HERE WE  
ARE, MEN...

PLACE SEEMS TO  
BE CLOSED,  
SHERIFF...

JUST A TRICK!  
THIS HANDRAKE PROBABLY  
HAS A LOT OF TRICKS  
UP HIS SLEEVE!

WHY DO YOU  
SAY THAT,  
SHERIFF?

BECAUSE HE'S A  
MAGICIAN!  
HAHAHAHOHO!  
HOOWAW!

REALLY, SHERIFF,  
THIS IS NO TIME  
FOR JOKING!  
WHAT DO WE DO  
NOW?

WE BREAK  
IN!

## SCENE TEN

ALL RIGHT, MEN  
GET THE AXE  
AND BREAK DOWN  
THE DOOR!

STOP IT...



THAT'S IT ... KEEP  
CHOPPING, IT'S  
GIVING ...

SHUT UP!  
GO AHEAD,  
WE'RE ALMOST  
THROUGH ...

AH, THERE ... THE  
DOOR'S DOWN!  
NOW, WHAT DID  
YOU WANT?

BUT SHERIFF ...

BUT SHERIFF ...

I JUST WANTED  
TO SAY THAT  
THE DOOR WAS  
UNLOCKED ...

## SCENE ELEVEN

ALL RIGHT, MANDRAKE,  
ARE YOU GOING TO  
LEAVE, OR DO WE  
GET TOUGH?

IF YOU DON'T LEAVE  
WE'LL USE RUBBER  
HOSES ON YOU! ...

THEN WE'LL TAR  
AND FEATHER YOU ...

... AND RIDE YOU OUT  
OF TOWN ON A RAIL!

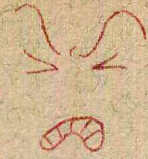
I'M NOT  
LEAVING

I'M NOT  
LEAVING

I'M NOT  
LEAVING

I'M NOT  
LEAVING





THEN WE'LL HAVE  
TO LYNCH YOU!



GOODY, WE HAVEN'T  
HAD A LYNCHING  
IN WEEKS!



DAMNIT, IS THAT  
THE FULL EXTENT  
OF YOUR VOCABULARY?

WHY AREN'T YOU LEAVING?



IS THAT ALL? IF  
I GIVE YOU THE GAS,  
WILL YOU LEAVE?



WELL, LUCKILY I JUST  
HAPPENED TO BRING  
FIFTEEN GALLONS WITH ME...



BUT LISTEN, MANDRAKE,  
I'M GIVING YOU SOME  
ADVICE FOR YOUR OWN  
GOOD ---



NEXT TIME GO  
FARTHER WITH  
SIGNAL GAS!

I'M NOT  
LEAVING

I'M NOT  
LEAVING

I'M OUT  
OF GAS...

YOWSOH!

LUCKILY IS  
RIGHT - THIS  
IS THE LAST  
PAGE WE'VE  
GOT TO FINISH  
THIS STORY ON!

WHAT'S  
THAT?



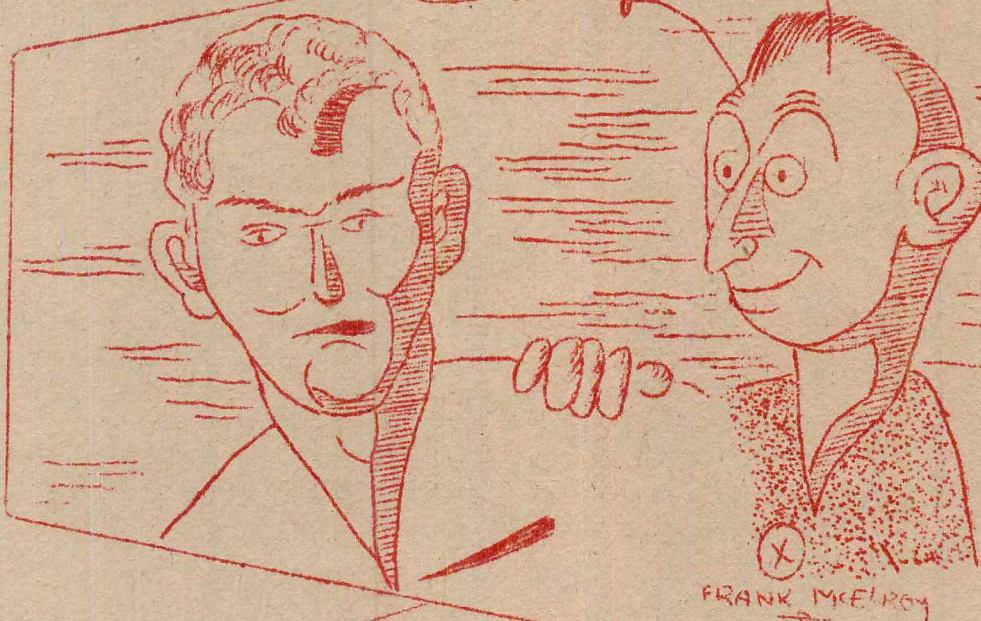
FINIS





# SURPRISE!

Mike Rossman



Robert Jones was in a quandary. He had, on the advice of a well-meaning spacegoing friend of his, purchased at no little expense a "galf" from the third planet of Alpha Centauri, with the notion that it would provide him with many hours of pleasure...or so he thought.

As everyone knows, a galf has many interesting properties, among them being the facts that it is virtually indestructable (at least by anything short of an A-bomb), that it looks rather like a short Terran, and that its mission in life seems to be in answering questions. When it finds someone who will ask it questions, it sticks closer than a mustard plaster to him. There are other things, too, but more of that later.

Anyway, after about three weeks of having the galf stick within arm's length of him, he got tired of explaining to his friends all the time just what it was. It was rather embarrassing at times, too, and his wife was understandably annoyed. So, he decided to do something about it. For a solid week he pondered, selecting and rejecting ideas, until one day he hit it. He called the galf over to him (which wasn't very hard--he



was only a few feet away) and said:

"Have you the strength to break out of a safe?"

"No," said the galf, "ask me another."

"NO!" roared Robert.

He locked the galf in the coal-bin, and in the few moments' grace allowed him before it broke out, he picked up the phone and made arrangements for the delivery of a large safe and a cheap truck.

Late that night, as per arrangements, the truck arrived, carrying the safe. Jones walked out to it, and when the galf was looking the other way, he popped him into the safe, swinging the door shut as he did so. Then he got into the cab and drove toward the bay. Arriving about ten minutes later, he drove the truck to the edge of a cliff, dumped a rock on the accelerator, and jumped for his life. The truck went hurtling over the brink, bearing his troubles with it. He laughed maliciously.



Everything was quiet. He was just passing the mouth of the dark alley by his house, when a short stranger stepped out. Robert was feeling rather well, having had a few on the way home, and he laughed.

"What do you know about galfs?" he gaily asked the stranger.

"Something you don't," was the reply, as the stranger edged up closer.

"That's that?"

"They teleport. Ask me another question."

-----  
Qui a vu'd le bateau de Courteney?  
-----



"To be or not to be, to be or not to be..."



# THE 6<sup>th</sup> DRAGON

DAVID RIFE

The SFCon/Westercon, to be held in San Francisco Sept. 3-6, will be held in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel. This chateau is situated

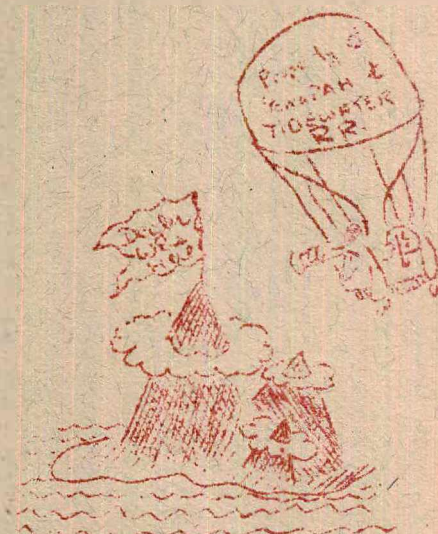


on Union Square, which is a monster underground parking lot with a park on top (where pigeons, drunks, and all sorts of odd personages lay around soaking in the sunshine). If a conventioneer finds himself unable to get accommodations at the Drake, he will find several other places all about with equally high prices. Guestarranging for the SFCon will be John W. Campbell, Jr.; Jack Williamson will do the honours for the Westercon. Near the hotel is Chinatown, where all sorts of esoteric goings-on occur; or, for colour, one might venture down 4th St. to Rue de la Howard and shack up with all of the other odd sorts that inhabit that portion of town. The

San Francisco isn't overrun with "rat packs" like Los Angeles, there is one especially tough section of town out on Mission St. between Richland and Silver Avenues. This is the section that has spawned such public enemies as Peter Graham, Boob Stewart, Keith Joseph, and Terry Carr. Why, most decent folks don't dare walk alone at night out that way, what with all of the goings-on there are. However, notwithstanding these and other things, I think the con this year will be a satisfying affair and enjoyed by all who go.



My ol' journalism teacher, a Mrs. Ardis Burton, is doing a series of books for the Globe Publishing Co., "Readable Classics" ...books simplified for high school use. The reason I mention this is that the first book she did is Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea". Quite a job that; in my copy of the "Jules Verne Omnibus" the novel occupies 293 packed pages while a mimeographed copy of the simplified, made for use in one of Burton's English classes, consists of 113  $8\frac{1}{2}$  x 11 pages with double-space typing. As you can readily see, there was quite a bit deleted. There is, however, a remark in the introduction which proves to be false: "For more than 80 years, boys have read with delight the adventures of Captain Nemo in Jules Verne's book, '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea'. This book, published in 1870, was the first science fiction book." Even disregarding the works of numerous authors dating back to Ancient Greece, one would find error in that statement, since Verne wrote a couple of books previous to "20,000 Leagues...", such as "A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth" (1864) and "From the Earth to the Moon" (1865), both of which could still be considered STF today while "20,000 Leagues..." has more or less become fact rather than speculation. Verne, methinks, probably fathered one of the more abominable species in STF, that of the engineer who whips together a spacedrive out of a toilet seat and an empty beer can, while the Arcturians are sweeping down on their ship and opening up their tractorays and big projectors for the final kill, and shoots them off to Andromeda or some far-off point to safety. I'm referring especially to "Mysterious Island" (1870-1875), a three-part novel in which the heroes come upon a desert island in the middle of the Pacific with nothing but their trusted dog and a beat-out balloon and then proceed to "...develop the resources of the island and derive the conveniences of modern invention. Harding ((an engineer who, it develops, seems to have read and remembered every word of sundry encyclopedias and scientific treatises)) makes steel from coal and ores found in the island, and nitroglycerine from carbonate of potash, vegetable cinders, and saltpeter. They drain a lake to make their home in a granite cavern, build an elevator operated by a water wheel, and set up telegraphic communication between their farm and their citadel." ((Quoted from Bailey's "Pilgrims Thru Space & Time")) In the end they find Captain Nemo (the same captain of the sub) dying, and make off in his boat just as a volcano erupts and makes a bloody mess of the island.





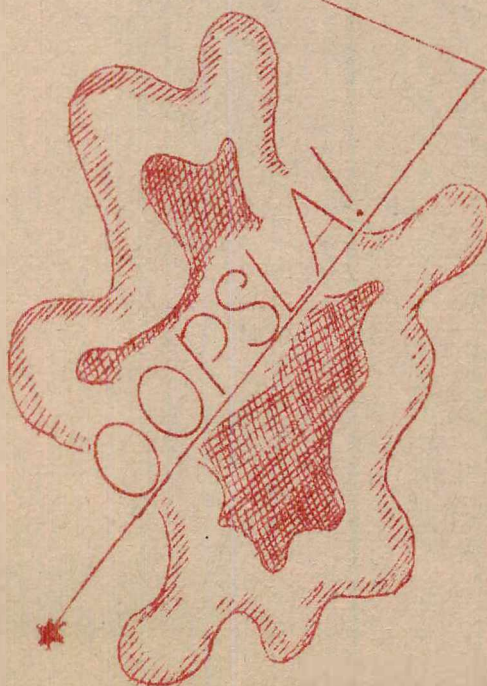
# TYRIKETTE (continued)

way. Shortness would be desired, too. Poetry? Certainly, as long as it has a point ... a good point, and well-put. Since poetry has not proven to be very popular with the readers, I'm going to have to reject a lot more of it than I have heretofore. Articles? Definitely!...fannish or otherwise. Don't get too serious and constructive, though. Strive for interest above all and the devil with being funny or highly intellectual if you can't be interesting at the same time.

And now, the ratings on the previous issue, as per usual. The ratings are on this basis: (1) terrific...(2) excellent...(3) very good...(4) good....(5) fair...(6) not so good....(7) poor...(8) bad...(9) very bad. Since there weren't enough votes on the interior art---and because it's also too much trouble---don't bother to vote on it this time unless you want to. But please rate the material!



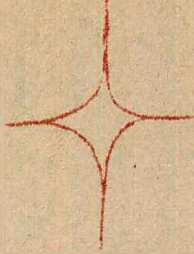
BACOVER .....	Frank McElroy	2.50
COVER .....	Jerry Hopkins	3.09
JOE TOURIST .....		3.10
FADEOUT .....	J. T. Oliver	3.29
WHAT THE POSTMAN DRAGGED IN .....	you	3.30
THE ANCIENT ONES .....	Stan Gerxner	3.69
PIONEER .....	Helen Louise Soucy	3.71
LAVA FROM THE VULCANO .....	me	3.75
WRITINGS .....	David Rike	3.92
DESTINY .....	Michael Rossman	4.12
THE SKARP .....	Don Cantin	4.53
WATKINS WRITES .....	Russell K. Watkins	4.55

I'd feel kind of lonesome, being someone else.




You want to know where QUANDRY went when it died? Well, so do we. But on one score, we're pretty sure where part of it went. Walt Willis' HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE is currently appearing in OOPSLA! along with regular features by Robert Bloch, Vernon L. McCain, Shelby Vick and Terry Carr. Sure and maybe we're not the old QUANDRY, even for all of that, but you won't think twice about subscribing to OOPSLA! after you've seen a copy. You can get that sample by sending 15¢ to editor Gregg Calkins at 2817 - 11th St., Santa Monica, California....and you fanzine editors, if we're not already trading, be sure and send me your trade copies....because OOPS is written by fans, for fans and about fans.



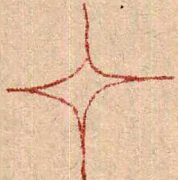


## DESTINY

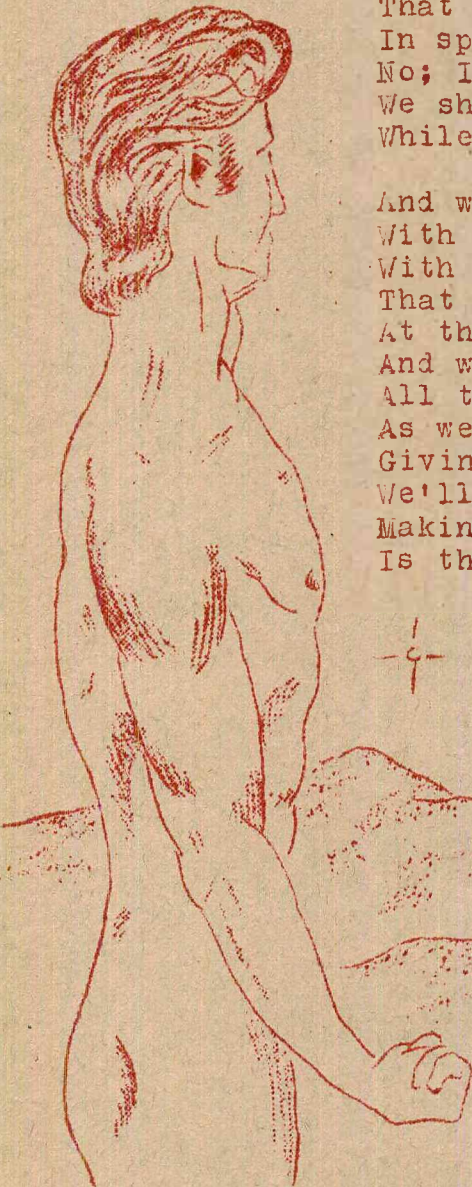
by W. Paul Ganley



There are some who say  
That Man is a freak,  
A chance that should not have come through;  
And of course we may,  
When we fly out to seek  
Other worlds, find that this is all true;  
But a chance event  
That means not a thing?--  
In spite of what Mankind can do?  
No; I think it was meant  
We should have our fling  
While we are the chosen few!



And when we're prepared  
With knowledge and light,  
With galaxies as our pawn,  
That time when we stared  
At the stars at night  
And wondered about the dawn--  
All that will be clear,  
As we're doing our work,  
Giving life to inanimate clods;  
We'll know, then, that here,  
Making minds from the murk,  
Is the task that was set for us gods.



Lemus



# WATKINS WRITES....

*Russell K. Watkins*

MOVIES: Paramount's decision to film Conquest of Space in 3-D was influenced by the successful use of the illusion process on a Popeye cartoon, Ace of Space, made by the company's cartoon department in New York. Conquest of Space, which is adapted from the science-fact book of the same title by Bonestell and Ley, went into production last November. Loren L. Ryder, the studio's director of scientific research and engineering, promises that 3-D will have an entirely new look as applied to Conquest of Space. In the old 3-D technique the audience has viewed the objects on the screen through a frame, but the new technique brings the objects out into the theatre so that the audience can see them--rather than having the objects thrown in their faces. This new technique can be traced right back to Popeye's adventure out in space.

-----

MONSTERS OF HERALDY: Perhaps the most useful function of heraldry today is the preservation of those horrible monsters which were dreamed up by ancient nobles to frighten their enemies, and which were displayed on their coat of arms in battle. It seems that psychological warfare in those days consisted of trying to convince your enemies that your destiny was watched over by an animal more fierce and deadly than theirs -- an early example of the "my brother can lick your brother" theme. These animals can still be seen on the coats of arms of European nobility, and have been gnashing their fangs and spitting fire all over the place in London during the coronation--if only on banners, silverware, and stationery. Here is how some of them can be recognized:

Griffin: Head and wings of an eagle and body of a lion.

Wyvern: Head, wings, and forelegs of a dragon; body of a giant adder or snake.

Harpy: A vulture's body and legs with a virgin's face and bust. This foul creature was guaranteed to snatch away a dead man's soul and keep him from getting to heaven.

Sphinx: Body of a lion, wings of an eagle, and bust of a woman.

Chimera: A maiden's face, lion's mane and legs, goat's body, and dragon's tail. Some experts claim the face is that of a lion, although it is hard to understand how the two could be confused. Maybe it was dark when the animal went by. Anyway it spits flames.



Cockatrice: Head, comb, wings, and legs of a cock, with the tail of a snake. It was said to have been a reptile that hatched from a cock's egg, and a mere glance from this beast was reputed to be fatal, at least. Fortunately cocks no longer lay eggs.

Basilisk: Like a cockatrice except that at the end of its tail it had the head of a dragon, the breath of which was exceedingly fatal. The basilisk, obviously, could get you whether it was coming or going. This awesome name ~~had~~ been given to a real, live lizard.

Enfield: Head of a fox, chest of an elephant, mane of a horse, legs of an eagle, body and hind legs of a greyhound, and tail of a lion. Presumably anyone passed out cold merely from looking at him.

Sea-Lion and Sea-Horse: The tail of a fish and the head and forelegs of a lion and horse, respectively.

Very few nobles thought enough of the pegasus (horse with wings) or centaur (half man, half horse) to bother with them. Competition was certainly heavy.

-----  
I had one grunch but...MY GHOD, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EGGPLANT?  
-----



HERE COMES POOR FENTON;  
HE'S BEEN HITTING THE  
BOTTLE AGAIN.



# WHAT THE POSTMAN DRAGGED IN

ROBERT BLOCH, Box 362, WEYAWEGA, WISCONSIN



THIS IS AN OPEN LETTER.

IT HAS TO BE, OTHERWISE HOW  
COULD YOU BE READING IT?



AS YOU KNOW, I AM, MYSELF, VERY  
OPEN MINDED. AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME WHEN THEY GAVE ME MY  
PRE-FRONTAL LOBOTOMY.

THIS WAS WAY BACK IN THE PRE-FRONTAL DAYS, OF COURSE, BEFORE  
ELLISON WAS INVENTED. (OR WAS IT EDISON? I GET THE TWO MIXED UP,  
BUT NO MATTER. SOMEBODY INVENTED SOMETHING, AND THE OTHER GUY WAS  
DEAF, OR DUMB.)

ANYHOW, TO GET BACK TO THE POINT (THIS IS A NEAT TRICK, BE-  
CAUSE I HAVEN'T EVEN COME TO IT YET), I HAVE BEEN INFORMED BY ONE OF  
MY NETWORK OF SPIES THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO ENGAGE IN SUBVERSIVE AC-  
TIVITIES.

THE WHOLE UPPER WEST COAST SEEMS TO BE BOILING AND SEETHING  
WITH PROJECTS. I EXPECT THAT EVEN THE PORTLAND GROUP WILL SWING INTO  
ACTION, ANY DAY NOW.

I VIEW THIS THROUGH A HOLE IN THE HEAD, DARKLY.

TO ME, IT IS MERELY A DISGUISED, PRELIMINARY SYMPTOM OF CON-  
VENTIONITIS.

NOW DON'T TRY AND PRETEND YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THERE'S TO BE A  
CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1954. EVEN I HEARD ABOUT IT. IT'S  
MORE THAN A CRAZY RUMOR. IT'S A CRAZY FACT.



DON'T GET ME WRONG, NOW. I'VE NOTHING AGAINST MASOCHISTS.... SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE BLACK-AND-BLUE. (I AM A GREAT FRIEND-BEATER, AND WILL EVEN HIT A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE FOR FIVE BUCKS OR SO.) BUT WHEN I THINK OF THE AMOUNT OF MASOCHISTS NECESSARY TO PLAN A SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION IN COLD BLOOD, I AM APPALLED. EVEN TO PLAN A SCIENCE-FICTION CONVENTION IN WARM BLOOD IS DIFFICULT ENOUGH.

PRIOR TO THE RECENT OUTBREAK AT PHILADELPHIA, I PERFORMED WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVICE BY SITTING DOWN AND WRITING TWO LENGTHY WARNINGS TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. ONE OF THESE APPEARED IN A FANZINE WHICH NEVER REACHED ME, AND THE OTHER CAME OUT IN SPACEWARP OR SOME SUCH PUBLICATION. IMAGINE MY HORROR WHEN I DISCOVERED THAT THE LATTER ARTICLE WAS SO ILLUSTRATED AS TO INDICATE THAT I WAS TRYING TO BE HUMOROUS!

BUT IMAGINE THE HORROR OF ATTENDEES WHEN THEY DISCOVERED THAT MY APPARENTLY FACETIOUS REMARKS AND WARNINGS WERE NOTHING MORE OR LESS THAN THE NAKED TRUTH!

OF COURSE, NOBODY LIKES THE NAKED TRUTH, EXCEPT VOYEURS.

NEVERTHELESS, IT WOULD BE A PLOT ON MY SNOW-WHITE CONSCIENCE (IT TURNED SNOW-WHITE OVERNIGHT BECAUSE OF THE THINGS I'VE DONE) IF I PROVED DERELICT IN MY DUTY AND FAILED TO GIVE YOU SAN FRANCISCO FAIR WARNINGS.

FIRST OF ALL, YOU'VE GOT THIS HOTEL--THE SIR FRANCIS DRECK, I BELIEVE. ARE YOU SURE IT'S GOING TO PROVE ADEQUATE FOR SUCH A PROJECT? I MEAN, IS IT FIREPROOF, SOUNDPROOF, WATERGUNPROOF, LIQUOR-STAINPROOF? DOES IT HAVE UNBREAKABLE FURNITURE? (ASK LES AND ES COLE WHAT I MEAN.)

SECONDLY, NOW THAT I'VE MENTIONED THE NAME, THERE'S THE MATTER OF LES AND ES THEMSELVES.

THEY ARE GOOD PEOPLE, I HAVE NOTHING AGAINST THEM, REALLY, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THEY'RE JUST A WEE BIT...SHALL WE SAY...WELL...FRIVOLOUS?

AS I REMEMBER THE COLES, THEY SEEM TO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE INSTIGATORS OF A LOT OF PARTIES...FOND OF EATING AND DRINKING...EMPTY CONVERSATION AND FULL BOTTLES.

NOW THIS IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT IS IT INDICATIVE OF A TRUE FANNISH SPIRIT? IF THEY PARTICIPATE IN THIS CONVENTION, ISN'T IT LIKELY TO DEGENERATE INTO ONE OF THOSE AFFAIRS WHERE EVERYBODY JUST HAS A LOT OF FUN?

SURELY, AS WE ALL KNOW, THE PURPOSE OF A CONVENTION IS TO BRING TO LIGHT THE HIGH PRINCIPLES OF SCIENCE. ACCORDING TO WHAT I HAVE READ SO FREQUENTLY, THAT IS THE FUNCTION OF US OLD PROS AND DIRTY HUCKSTERS. THE FUN DEPARTMENT IS HANDLED BY 14-YEAR-OLDS WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO SQUIRT US WITH WATER PISTOLS.

BUT THE COLES HAVE ALWAYS HAD A TENDENCY TO UPSET THIS WITH THEIR INSIDIOUS HOSPITALITY, THEIR DISARMING POLITENESS, THEIR SNEAK-



ILY OPEN CHARM.

THIS MAN FINIGAN IS ANOTHER OF THE SAME BREED. I HAVE SEEN HIM AT SEVERAL OF THESE AFFAIRS IN THE PAST AND HE NEVER, NOT EVEN ONCE, ASKED GEORGE O. SMITH TO AUTOGRAPH A COPY OF THE HANDBOOK OF ELECTRONICS AND NUCLEAR PHYSICS.

YOU ALSO HAVE AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION OUT THERE RELATIVE TO THE AFOREMENTIONED DIRTY HUCKSTERS. TWO OF THEM, NAME OF BOUCHER AND MCCOMAS, ACTUALLY PUBLISH SOME SORT OF SEMI-PRO MAGAZINE ON THE WEST COAST, PRINTING THE FILTH SPEWED FORTH BY SUCH MEN AS FREDRIC BROWN AND WILSON TUCKER.

NATURALLY, ANY DECENT CONVENTION WOULD IGNORE THEM....BUT I FEAR LOCAL PRESSURE WILL BE SUCH THAT THEY MIGHT CONCEIVABLY BE PERMITTED TO ATTEND. I KNOW THIS MAN BOUCHER WAS PRESENT IN CHICAGO; SIGNIFICANTLY ENOUGH, IN THE LITTLE MEN'S SUITE. AND IN NEW ORLEANS, ALTHOUGH HE DID NOT ATTEND, HE SAW FIT TO CORRUPT THE OCCASION AT LONG RANGE, BY SENDING ALONG A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH WH-SKY AND A LONG, SCURRILOUS POEM.

IS THIS SERIOUS? IS THIS CONSTRUCTIVE? I ASK YOU!

NO, IT JUST WON'T DO AT ALL. NELSON, RUSCH AND THE OTHERS WILL PROBABLY HAVE A HAND IN IT TOO ... AND I CAN SEE THE ENTIRE CONVENTION LAPSING INTO GAIETY.

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE, YOU KNOW. YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF. ISSUE A STATEMENT FIRST, THEN:

BURN DOWN THE FRANCIS DRUNK HOTEL. BURN DOWN FINIGAN, IF NECESSARY. THROW THE COLES ON THE FIRE.

START ALL OVER FROM SCRATCH AND PLAN A SENSIBLE CONVENTION FOR SENSIBLE PEOPLE. GET A NEW SITE. MAYBE ALCATRAZ.

IF YOU DON'T YOU'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE. I KNOW SOME PEOPLE WILL JUST LAUGH AT ME AND SAY I'M PULLING YOUR LEG. BUT I'M NOT-- I'VE NEVER FOUND ANY FUN IN PULLING LEGS. MALE LEGS, ANYHOW.

AND IF YOU IGNORE THIS FRIENDLY ADVICE, MARK MY WORDS--YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE AWFUL BRAWLS THAT HAVE SO BESMIRCHED THE FAIR NAME OF THE BARBARY COAST.

HAVE I CONVINCED YOU? OR IS IT ALL FOR NOTHING?

-----  
Skren, hell. I can't even varish.  
-----

BOB M. STEWART, RT. 4, KIRBYVILLE, TEXAS



I THINK THE LETTER COLUMN WOULD LOOK LOTS NEATER IF IT WAS COMPLETELY DONE IN THAT ALL-CAPITAL TYPE. BUT IF YOU CONTINUE TO PUT YOUR COMMENTS IN REGULAR TYPE, IS THERE ANY





REASON WHY YOU HAVE TO SET THEM OFF IN BRACKETTS? (IN OTHER WORDS, LEIGH BRACKETTS ASIDE) No particular reason but that I like to set my comments off in bracketts.

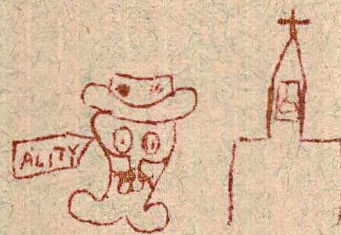
I TAKE IT THAT THIS FIRST INSTALLMENT OF THE CONTEST IS WRITTEN AS NEAR AS POSSIBLE IN THE STYLE OF THE FAN WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GUESS. Yep. I'LL TAKE ONE GUESS AN ISSUE. IT'S REDD BOGGS.....? Nope.

I'm gonna stomp your head in, one by one.

DON WEGARS, 2444 VALLEY ST., BERKELEY 2, CALIF.



OT VULCAN 4 AND A FEW WEEKS LATER YOUR LETTER ... AND THAT POEM, TOO. LIKED VULCAN...



#4 WAS BETTER THAN #3, AND AS YOU'LL SEE IN THE REVIEW OF IT IN FOG 4, I HAVE A BONE TO PICK. NOT A BIG BONE, BUT A BONE NEVERTHELESS. I KINDA LIKE V, BUT ACTUALLY I CAN'T MAKE UP MY MIND.

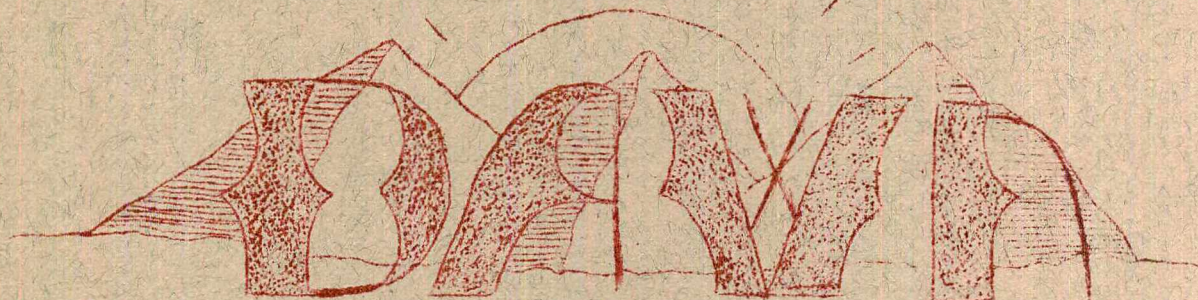
THE SCARF BY CANTIN WAS EASILY THE BEST THING IN THE ISSUE. I LIKED IT SO MUCH I'M TEMPTED TO WRITE SOMETHING LIKE IT SOON. BUT, ALAS, IT WILL BE DOOMED TO FAILURE...I CAN'T WRITE...

RIKE'S SEMI-COLUMN COMES NEXT ... BUT LET ME STOP THIS RATING BUSINESS. YOU'LL FIND THE RUNDOWN BY POINTS AT THE END OF THE LETTER. MY GRIPE IS THIS: THERE'S NO REAL PERSONALITY IN IT. FAR BE IT FROM ME TO TRY TO TELL YOU ANYTHING, BUT IT SEEMS TO ME THAT'S

Let's both contemplate your navel so we can give it a good scrutiny.

GET

104



"Fandom's Rising Publication"

RUSSELL K. WATKINS

110 Brady St.

Savannah, Georgia



WHAT'S MISSING. I SUPPOSE THAT YOU PLANNED IT THAT WAY, BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN PUBLISHING V SINCE...WHEN, 1951? [No, 1952]

BUT THAT'S MY MAIN GRIPE...

[There have been various reasons for the lack of personality in VULCAN. The first one was a hesitancy on my part to include anything by me in the mag, a hesitancy arising from the catcalls that followed the first two issues, which were Carr-dominated. Later on, due to the fact that I had a large backlog of material and a slow publication schedule (which situation still exists, to a slightly smaller degree), I often felt it imprudent to take up space in V with my own material when that space could be used for material which I had already accepted by other fen. Still later, to top the whole thing off, people began to complain about the "strictly local" flavor of the SanTranzines, and I tried to combat this by steering clear of local chatter and cetera. This issue, however, marks the direct antithesis of the above hesitancy, for not only is there the over-long batch of face critturs, but we've already put more accent on local doings, via Boob's column. In the long run, though, I think it's for the best. Hope you will too.]

-----  
Let's find a mirage and sneak up on it.  
-----

BLOCH AGAIN, RESIDING IN THE VERY SAME BOX



CANNOT IMAGINE WHAT IMPULSE PROMPTED YOU TO BESTOW VULCAN #4 UPON ME, BUT I ASSURE YOU I FOUND IT MOST INTRIGUING. ABOUT THE ONLY THING IN THE ISSUE WHICH CAUSED ME TO LIFT MY



EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY WAS THE SKARF, BY DON CANTIN. I'VE READ A NUMBER OF DON'S EFFORTS IN THE PAST AND ENJOYED THEM. THEREFORE I FIND IT A BIT PUZZLING TO SEE HIM SUDDENLY COME OUT WITH A STORY LIKE THIS. TO BEGIN WITH, THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH PLOT ... AS NEAR AS I CAN FIGURE OUT, HE'S WRITING ABOUT SOME KIND OF MURDERER, ONLY IT'S HARD TO FOLLOW JUST WHAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPENING. AND HE'S GOT SO MUCH SEX MIXED UP IN IT, TOO! I CONFESS IT SURPRISES ME TO SEE A SERIOUS CONSTRUCTIVE FAN LIKE CANTIN STOOP TO SEX. BUT THEN, MAYBE HE'S QUITE TALL... BESIDES, WHILE READING THE SKARF, I WAS CONSTANTLY BEWILDERED BY A VAGUE SENSE OF FAMILIARITY...ALMOST AS THOUGH I COULD FAINTLY REMEMBER READING SOMETHING SIMILAR BEFORE, AT GREATER LENGTH. NOT THAT I'D THINK CANTIN CAPABLE OF PLAGIARISM, UNDERSTAND: BUT IT MAY BE THAT HE UNCONSCIOUSLY PARAPHRASED A BIT OF WRITING HE HAD SEEN. MAYBE IT WAS A STORY HE HAD STUDIED IN SCHOOL, BY ONE OF THE GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE. HARD TO TELL. BUT IN A WAY, HIS EFFORT SEEMS TO RESEMBLE A SORT OF TABLOID VERSION OF A CLASSIC OF DEATHLESS PROSE. PERHAPS YOU OR SOME OF THE OTHER FEN CAN CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY FOR ME. [I had the same feeling that you did, Bob, when I read it. It seems to me the original story had a title like LES MISERABLES or something ... anyway, it had something to do with miserable. Maybe it was just miserable itself, I can't recall.]

-----  
They should put wheels on this ball so we could roll it.  
-----



REDD BOGGS, 2215 BENJAMIN ST. N.E., MINNEAPOLIS 18, MINNESOTA



VULCAN #4 IS, I THINK, THE BEST FANZINE YOU'VE PUBLISHED SO FAR. THE FORMAT IS QUITE GOOD, THE ARTWORK IS EXCELLENT IN PLACES, AND YOUR EDITORIAL PERSONALITY IS PLEASING.



/Lookee there, Wegars.../ BUT NONE OF THE MATERIAL SEEMED EITHER GOOD OR PARTICULARLY DISTINCTIVE. IT WAS READABLE, BUT DIDN'T CONTAIN ANYTHING MUCH TO TALK ABOUT OR COMPLAIN ABOUT. ON PAGE 16, I WASN'T EXPECTING PIKE'S COLUMN BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW HE WROTE ONE BUT I WAS EXPECTING PAGE 15, WHICH I THOUGHT SHOULD COME AFTER PAGE 14. /There, you see? You try to inject a little originality into a mag and you get snide remarks! I tell you, sometimes it doesn't pay to crawl out of your collection in the morning!7

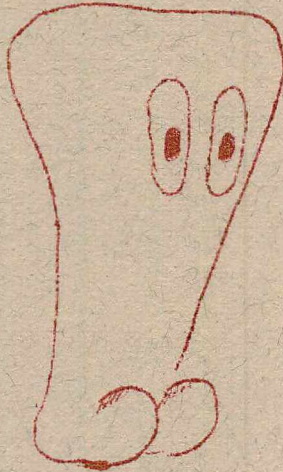
YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF GOOD MATERIAL FOR NEXT ISSUE. THAT IS HARD TO BELIEVE. IF IT'S THAT GOOD, WHY DIDN'T YOU SQUEEZE IT INTO THIS ISSUE? I LIKE ARTWORK AND I LIKE POETRY (WHICH IS WHY I SHUDDER AT MOST FANNISH ARTWORK AND FANNISH POETRY), BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYBODY USING FULLPAGE PIX AND TWO FULLPAGE POEMS /Three.7 IF THEY HAVE A GOOD COLUMN OR ARTICLE TO PRINT. /The trouble with #4 was that I didn't have a good article---or any article at all---to print, so I had to fill out the issue with poetry. Since I stencil the bulk of the issue way before publication date to guard against hurried, last-minute stencilling, the articles didn't come in until just before I wrote the editorial, which is always last.7

...I THINK THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO DO IS TO PLAN AHEAD--TO KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO PRINT AND HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PRINT IT. HAVE SOME IDEA OF WHAT SORT OF MATERIAL YOU WANT AND GO AFTER IT, DON'T WAIT FOR IT TO BE SUBMITTED, BUT MORE IMPORTANT MAKE UP A SCHEDULE OF PAGES--WHICH PAGES YOU ARE GOING TO DEVOTE TO ARTICLES, WHICH TO COLUMNS, AND SO ON. IT SEEMS TO ME A FANZINE SHOULD BE THOUGHT OF AS A DELICATELY ADJUSTED MACHINE, WHEREAS YOUR PHILOSOPHY SEEMS TO BE IT IS A SHAPELESS SACK INTO WHICH ONE TOSSES ANYTHING AT HAND. YOU COULDN'T WRITE A SYMPHONY OR PAINT A MASTERPIECE WITHOUT ATTENTION TO PATTERN, AND THE SAME GOES FOR PUBLISHING A FANZINE. /You're absolutely right in principle, Redd, but I think you've carried the "delicately adjusted machine" analogy a bit too far. Your suggestion of making out a schedule of pages verges too close on mechanicalness of makeup to suit me. Certainly, I agree that a fanzine should have good balance, but I feel that you're approaching the problem from the wrong end. The following is my solution, and though it is far from perfect it impresses me as being closer to it than is your suggested approach: I have a general length for the regular features, and I subtract the total of these features (usually 15 or 16 pages) from 24 ---the average number of pages for which I aim. The remaining pages are devoted to whatever other items will fit and give the issue a good balance, and the regular features can be cut or lengthened to adjust to the needs as dictated by the articles, poetry, etc. The balance was off last issue, admittedly, but because I lacked the material to give it a good balance, not because my system of makeup was faulty.7



# G.G.F.S.

## CONFIDENTIAL



## BOOB STEWART

We started a chant. "Beer, beer, beer, beer, beer, beer,"--the din rose to a deafening crescendo -- "beer, beer, beer," we chanted. Knapheide typed on obliviously. Then Frank started another one, "Sex, sex, sex, sex, sex..."

"Whoopee!" Knapheide shouted, rising. "Sex! Sex! Sex! Sex! Sex!"

And so we made the usual pilgrimage to the liquor store down a few blocks from Helen's place, picked up about a case among us and I got two new church keys for my collection. I had a bit of trouble, and ...when I asked for two openers the salesman looked at me stupidly and said, "What the hell you need two for?"

I blinked and put on the most innocent face I could. "Oh, I collect can openers," I said and the man shook his head sadly, handing a shiny key over the counter to me. He mumbled something unintelligible as we left and I suppose it was a curse or something, though it sounded like, "I'm going to lock up next Saturday night."

We returned and found Frank and Ross telling jokes; Frank was on his feet with an imaginary cat thrown over his shoulder, a bucket of imaginary dung on his belt, a platonic--how he wished it wasn't--bottle of beer in one hand and Ross was looking at him attentively. (Now, Burbee, there's one for your watermelon joke! Ask Frank about the dead cat joke sometime.) At the sight of the big red Lucky Lager label on the case he cast all his invisible paraphernalia aside and threw his church key. I thought he would shoot us, the way he drew it from his belt and aimed at the case -- I wish Jack Palance could have seen it; it was priceless.

Some time passed and soon we found ourselves high. Helen brought out

The last meeting of the Golden Gate Futurian Society was held on July 24 1954 at 261 Blythdale Ave. Attending members: Bob Ross, Terry Carr, Frank McElroy, Bill Knapheide, Helen Vasquez and family, Boob Stewart. Since there wasn't a quorum we shelved all business until next week, except for one motion to elect a special committee of the active club members to go all out to build up the club. This committee was to meet on off-meetings nites and plan for programs, new members, etc.

It was 8:30 then. Everyone got up and milled about, waiting for Knapheide to finish writing his sex story for Mike so he could drive us down to get the beer. He typed till 9:00 and the eager, thirsty fans became impatient.

Even Terry, with his complete control over his emotions, began to whimper when he saw that Knapheide wasn't going to budge for hours. We milled about some more, seeking some way to move the stubborn Bill.



a little pup she had picked up somewhere and we decided to let him in on our ecstasy. He made short work of two saucers of beer and from there on out was nonexistent.

Soon the fancy struck us to give him some fannish name. Knapheide suggested "ghu," but in SanTran that name is spelled with small letters. Besides, it was too neofannish. Our vocabulary at the time was comprised of only two words: "More" and "Beer". "More" would never do because it rhymed with "ppur," and Lord knows we do enough of that. "Beer" fitted the dog exactly, so we dug him out from under Helen's collection (a fannish place to pass out) and sprinkled his nose with beer, telling him his new name.

He looked up rat er bleary-eyed and seemed in pretty bad shape to accept the baptism properly. He had to be wide awake during the ceremony, so we got a bowl and diluted a big batch of beer and dunked his head in it. The poor fellow by this time was really bad off and after receiving his name he staggered awkwardly to the couch and rolled over under it.

The conversation died for awhile, and we look'd about for new things to amuse ourselves with. Knapheide had just heard the call of biological nature and was making a pilgrimage to the throne. Gene, one of Helen's kids, grabbed up his bottle of Hamm's and filled it halfway up with water. Knapheide came back down and took a long, savoring draught on his bottle. Frank fought back a chuckle and said, "Doesn't that Hamm's taste like water? How can you stand such lousy beer?"

Knapheide took another sip and, fugged as usual, didn't even notice the difference. He got back down to where it was when we diluted it and somehow Gene wrenched the bottle from his hand and poured it down the sink. It was a pain to see someone suffer so with that pseudo-beer, even if he didn't realize he was suffering.

I'll admit that I can't remember a damn thing of what happened after that. I do recall, however, falling into bed sometime that morning and waking up later on with a bad taste in my mouth.

-----  
Actually, it's very good, if you can stand it.  
-----

MUCH ADD ABOUT ZERO

① "STFOTOS??"

"WHY SHORE, BUDDY--YOU HAVEN'T LIVED TILL YOU'VE SEEN STFOTOS --THE MINIATURE STF-SCENE PHOTOS. WHERE CAN YOU GET THEM? WHY, ZERO CARRIES AT LEAST A PAGE OF THEM EVERY ISSUE!"

"SAY! ZERO'S THAT ZINE THAT IS QUARTERLY, WITH 20 PAGES FOR 20¢, ISN'T IT?"

② "SURE THING! AND FOR 75¢, YOU CAN GET A WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION, AND ADD 2 PAGES OF MATERIAL OF YOUR OWN CHOICE!"

"I STILL DONNO..."

"WELL THEN, JUST SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY."

"SAY ... I GUESS I HAD BETTER DO THAT!" ZERO, c/o JAMES CHAMLEE, 208 N. 9TH, GATESVILLE, TEXAS.



THIS IS THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF A CONTEST. BELOW IS A DRAWING BY MAURICE LEMUS AND AN IMAGINARY LETTER FROM JOE TOURIST TO HIS FRIEND, FRED. NOW, JOE IS ACTUALLY SUPPOSED TO BE A CERTAIN WELL-KNOWN FAN, AND HIS IDENTITY WILL SLOWLY BE MADE OBVIOUS AS THIS SERIES GOES ALONG. WHAT YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO DO IS TELL ME WHO THE FAN IS. IF YOU'RE THE FIRST TO GET THE RIGHT ANSWER, YOU'LL GET A FREE FOUR ISSUES OF VULCAN, PLUS THE ORIGINAL ART-WORK FOR THE SERIES.

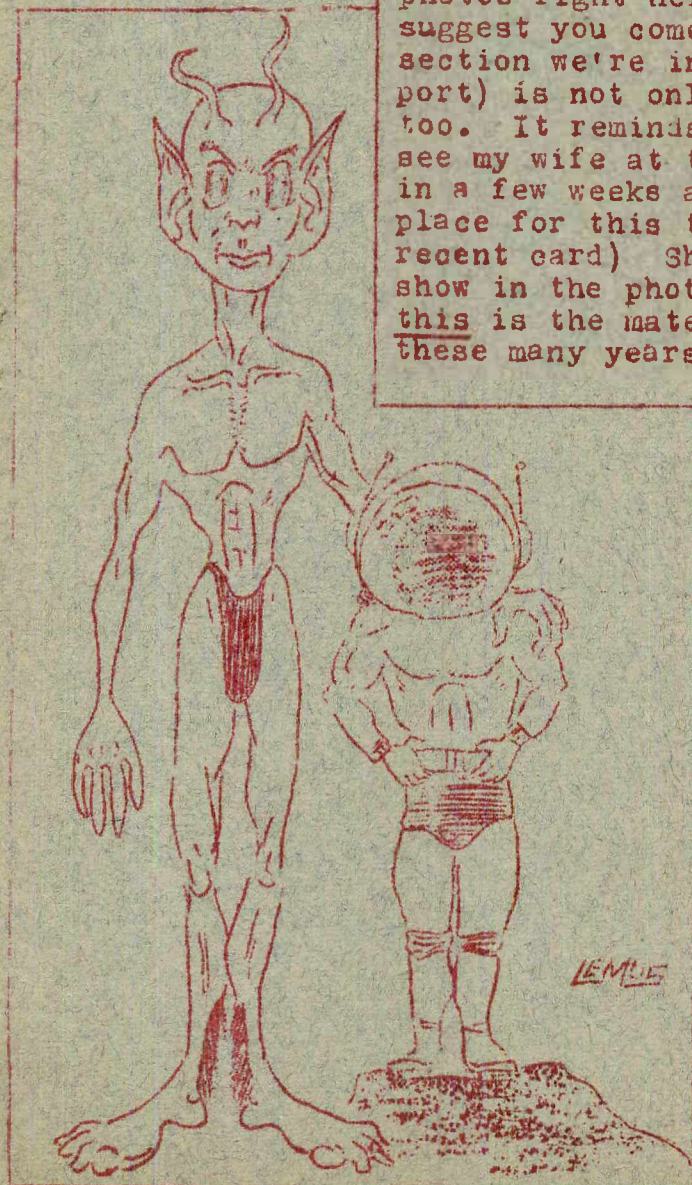
Dear Fred: Enclosed is another photo of yours truly, this time in the presence of a Martian named Jekryl, a really nice person once you get to know him. You'll notice that my face again failed to show up in the photo. I took my camera to a photo-supply shop here on Mars and showed them the negative and asked about the blurry face. They said it had ~~something~~ something to do with the special glass of the helmet. I suppose they're right, but I can't very well take off my helmet to pose for photos right here on Mars! Speaking of Mars, I suggest you come here on your next vacation. The section we're in (Denelora, just south of Jonesport) is not only interesting, but has nice scenery too. It reminds me at times of Oklahoma. Went to see my wife at the hospital today. She'll be out in a few weeks and we'll be moving on. What a place for this to happen! (I presume you got my recent card) She says she thinks my face won't show in the photos because it's too ugly. And this is the mate who's been my inspiration lo, these many years?

Sincerely,

JOE TOURIST

SEES THE

UNIVERSE







Capella