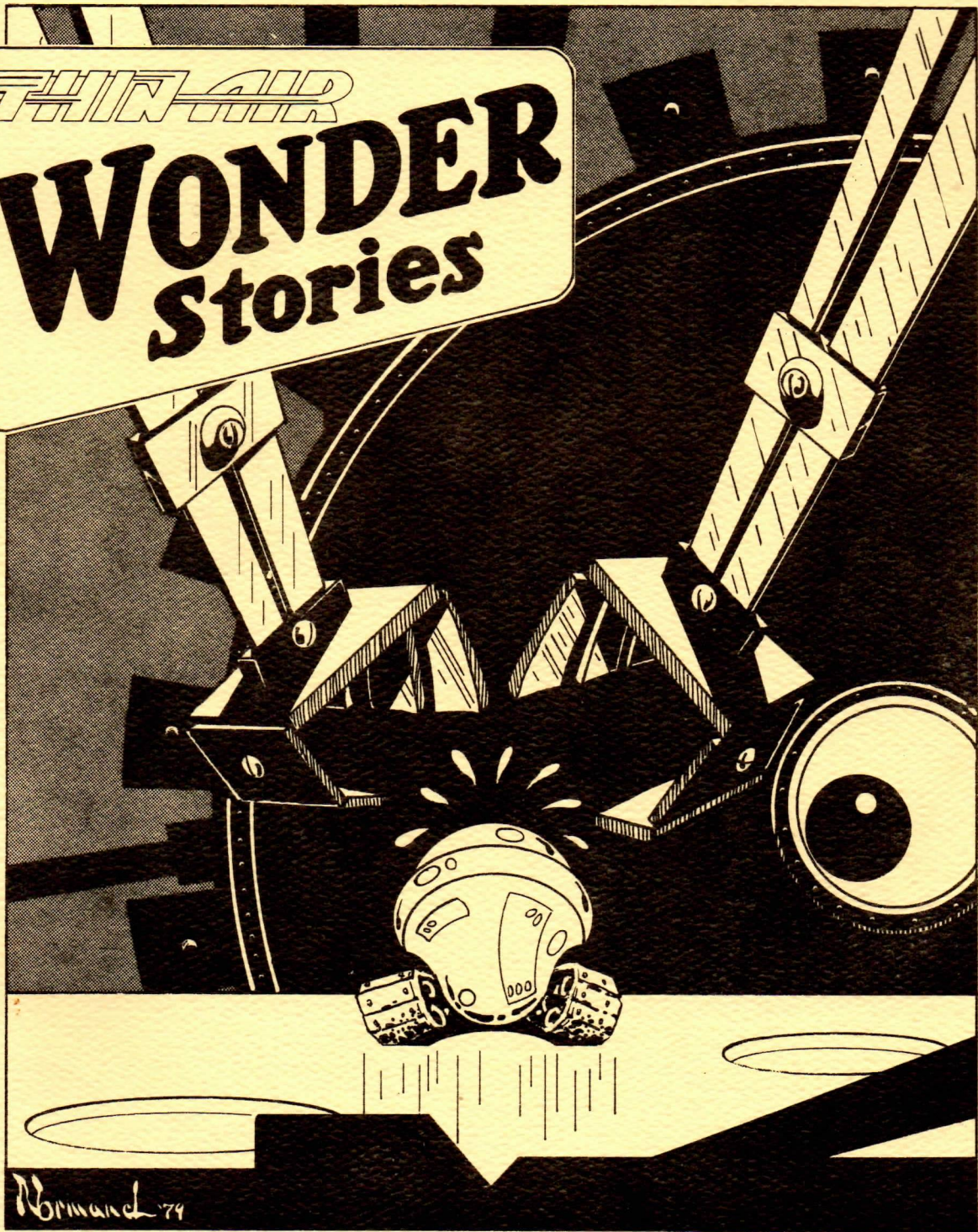


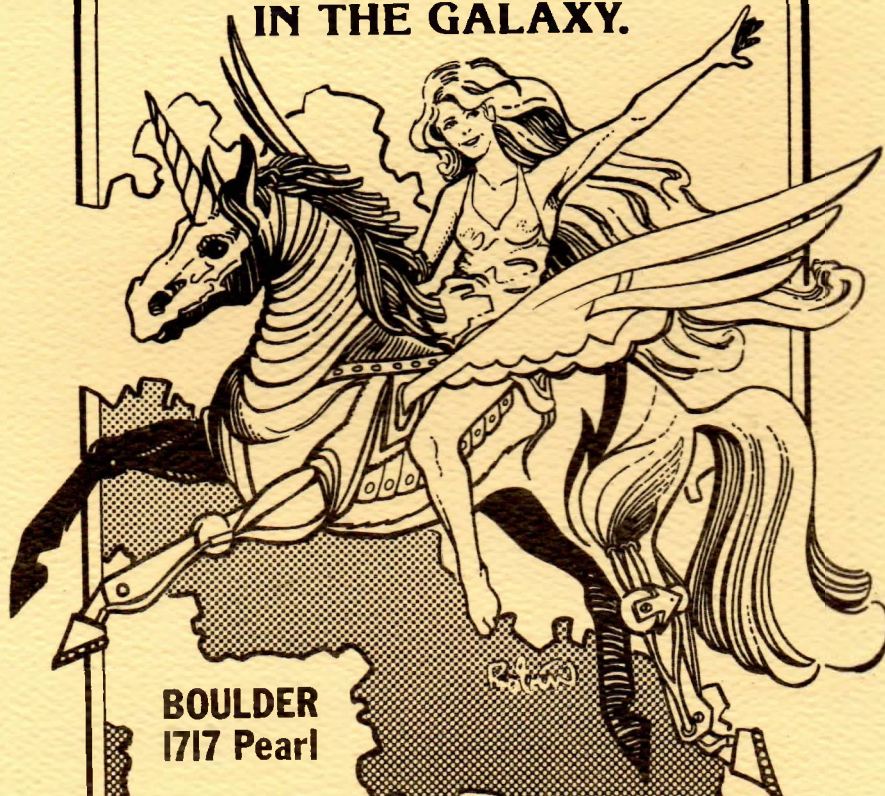
THIN AIR
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Stories



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WONDER Stories

Vol.1, no.3

EDWARD BRYANT, editor

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interview



Photo: Dan Tooker

The Earliest Harlan Ellison ...almost

Leslie Kay Swigart

By vocation, Leslie Kay Swigart is a librarian in Long Beach, California. As well, she is an accomplished bibliographer, this year inaugurating a periodical of SF bibliography (details can be obtained by writing her at P.O. Box 14671, Long Beach, CA 90814). She is the compiler of the exhaustively complete and justly famous Harlan Ellison Bibliography (Dallas: Williams Publishing Co., 1973). Ms. Swigart also edited and compiled checklists of Harlan Ellison's fiction and nonfiction for the special Ellison issue of Fantasy and Science Fiction and the Iguanacon Program Book, as well as a checklist of Ellison first editions for First Printings of American Authors, Volume V. What follows are selected excerpts from tape recordings transcribed from Ms. Swigart's forthcoming oral history of Harlan Ellison. These episodes from the life of SF's most honored writer might well be titled:

HARLAN AND THE ICE CREAM CONE
HARLAN AND THE LAWN MOWER
HARLAN RUNS AWAY
& HARLAN STARTS PUBLISHING

HARLAN: I was, I guess, an adventurous child right from birth. I don't know if I've ever told you this story about (laughs) "Harlan and the Ice Cream Cone." I remember part of this vaguely, so I know it's true. It's one of the classic stories in the family of what a child. I could not be two old when this happened of winter, December or living on Cedar Road Cleveland Heights...ly in the morning, the I'm gone. I'm gone. out of my crib. There's over the apartment, of hours and getting into least of which was a the refrigerator. The refrigerator door is standing open and there are a dozen eggs smashed on the floor. I was like Mork in Mork and Mindy, "fly little brothers." I had apparently taken every one of these eggs and in some sort of experimental fashion dropped them, for God knows what reason. But, more than that, there's a trail of petty destruction all over the apartment. I mean, looking at things and examining them, and breaking them or throwing them down or leaving them or whatever... And the front door to the apartment I had somehow managed... I mean, I looked like Sweet Pea in Popeye in these bomb-bay door bedclothes of mine. I had gotten up on another chair, removed the chain from the door, had hung... Apparently the only way I could have done it was to hang on the doorknob, and swing myself so that I got the doorknob turned and then kicked off and opened the door. Crawled down three flights of stairs, into the foyer of the apartment house, where there were two doors, an inner door and an outer door, which I could not have opened myself, clearly could not have opened. So, apparently, I had waited by the side of the door unobtrusively, this little mound of rags, until someone came through and then crawled through before the door closed. They found me in the doorway of Huberstein's Drugstore, on Cedar Road, on the corner of Cedar and what-ever-the-hell-it-was, lying in the doorway, all huddled up, freezing cold, middle of a snowstorm, waiting for Mr. Huberstein to open the drugstore so that I could get an ice cream cone. Of course, he brought me back when he came to work, which was nine o'clock or nine-thirty, or whatever it was. And they brought me back, this little blue child (chuckle). I see that in my



own, egomaniacal way as being a forerunner of my travels on the road and my hunger to always change my situation.

LESLIE: Do you have any examples of this mischief you were getting into?

HARLAN: Oh, yeah. The mischief that I did was always and invariably based in my sense of imaginative daring. Nothing was beyond me. I remember one time I was going to Lathrop Grade School, and... I remember all of this vaguely through the mists of time. There were quite extensive grounds around Lathrop Grade School, a big, big, big playground. And they had bought one of those electric, motorized lawn mowers that you sit in a little seat, and putt-putt around. It was not one of the giant ones that you see today, but it weighed many hundreds of pounds. And somehow, somehow, between the time school ended and everybody left, and the custodian locked up, I managed to get that grass cutting machine, that lawn mower, that huge lawn mower into the building, all the way upstairs, two floors up, and I put it on the roof. I have no idea how I managed to do it. I know kids are capable of incredible acts of ancient engineering, you know, erecting the Great Wall of China. I put it on the roof of the school so that when everybody came back the next day, here was this two ton, I mean it may not have been two tons... it was quite heavy, lawn mower up on the bloody roof! An' I eventually got tagged for it. They worked it out. In any case, there was just an awful lot of that kind of thing, (getting in trouble, having a cross put up with it best I could, and looking more than this. There's more than this. There's great things, great to me and I must go I then ran away.



burned on their lawn, etc.). I could until I ran away. And then I remember actually standing around me and saying "There's more for me than this, and I things are going to happen and get them." And, of course,

LESLIE: How old were you at

that time?

HARLAN: Well, it hadda been before I was thirteen, because thirteen is when I took off. So it had to have been when I was just a very little kid. Even then I had a perception of myself as being One with the universe, and that I was capable of great, great things, and that I would not die unmarked and unknown. That after I had gone I would leave things behind that people would remember and care about.

LESLIE: When was the first time that you ran away, and where did you run away to?

HARLAN: I don't even remember the first time. The first time I ran away was, I suppose, the time I ran away to Huberstein's Drug Store to get that ice cream. But I ran away with alarming regularity. When I was a little kid... You always hear the story of the little kid who says "I'm going to run away" and mother says "I'll pack you a sandwich." Well, I used to run away, but REALLY run away. I would get thirty, forty miles away from home before they ever caught me or found me. And there was no way they could chain me, I'm sure they would've liked to, but they couldn't. They would send me off to summer camp. When they would send me off to summer camp I would run away from there. And that was, I guess, the beginning of my running away business and activities. When I actually left home was thirteen, when I just, one day, said "that's it." And I don't think it was any more profound than that. I had read, many years before, I had read Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with the Circus (by James Ottis, pseud. James Ottis Kaler), which was a very, very popular children's book dur-

ing my youth. When I was a kid there were no rock groups to run off (with), there was no hippie generation, there were no flower children. Kids didn't have cars. An eighteen, nineteen year-old kid didn't have a car, he had a bicycle. And you couldn't get too far from home on one of those. The advent of the automobile has altered the maturation of young people, and the sexual mores, and the whole culture. It's just a very different world today, and it's almost impossible for anybody under the age of thirty to understand what the world was like. If you were a little kid, you only got as far away as your block, because because you weren't allowed to cross the street. I mean, that's it. But I had read Toby Tyler and Toby Tyler ran away and joined the circus, met a monkey, and had wonderful experiences. So that's what you did, you ran away and joined the circus. Well, of course, I didn't find a circus because there wasn't one around, but I did search around until I did find a carnival. I joined the carnival and it was a very small and corrupt carnival.

I was with them for, God, I don't even remember how long it was, six weeks, two months, something like that. And wound up in jail with the carny, with everyone else. I was just a little kid, and... I mean, I was a very young thirteen. I was very tough, in some ways, I mean, I was not New York street tough the way a thirteen year-old kid in the Bronx is hard, that's a killer already. But I was street-wise, and I was wiry, and there was nothing that I would not do. I was up for anything. When the carny got busted, I was left in jail along with the geek, the old man who was the Wild Man of Borneo and who bit the heads off chickens. He was an alcoholic. We were in the cell, in a drunk tank, in a kind of big, free-standing cell, in the middle of a huge concrete block room in Kansas City. Everybody else got sprung. Only the geek and I didn't get sprung. He, because they knew they could get another wetbrain in the next town and they didn't want to schlep him along, and I was left in jail because I wouldn't tell them who I was. "Cause I didn't want to go home. I was there for some days, with this poor, old man, who fell apart more and more and the stench of his... of the liquor coming out of his pores, the rotten mash that he was sweating was the most



awful smell you can possibly imagine. And probably forms the core of why it is that I don't drink. At all, and never have. Quite a scary experience. As I think back on it, I remember the scariness of it but I don't remember the specifics, but I remember how scared I was.

My family had hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency to find me. That's what you did in those days with runaway boys. There was no such thing as a runaway girl; girls just didn't run away from home. But there were always runaway boys. I guess it was a leftover from the Depression when there were hordes of runaway boys out on the road. The Pinkertons had sent out a handbill, what they call a dodger, on me. That would be a wonderful thing to have. I would love to have one of those Pinkerton dodgers of... I don't know if Pinkerton still has a Missing Persons Department. They may have done away with it. But, in any case, they had this dodger, "Lost Boy, Harlan Ellison", and my picture on it. I remember seeing it. It was a picture of me and I was sitting on the front steps of our house at 89 Harmon Drive, in Painesville. In short pants no less. One of the cops must've said, "Hey, isn't this the kid we've got back there?" They came back and compared me with the dodger. Yes, in fact, I was, so they wired Pinkerton in Cleveland. They put an operative on the train and he came out and picked me up and he schlepped my body back home. I went back to school, and did some, whatever-the-hell-it-was, finished the grade, or whatever. Then I ran away again, just picked up one day and I was gone. And that just continued on, forever.

LESLIE: In 1949 you published two short serials in the Cleveland News, one called "The Sword of Parmagon," and the other called "Gloconda." I was wondering how you got into writing for these... for tis newspaper, and did that lead to your becoming a writer in later life?

HARLAN: Oh no. That was just the next step. That was my first publication, I mean, my first professional publication. But no, I'd been writing since I was a little kid. I had a little... one of those baby typewriters where you turn the wheel on the top and you press down and it gives you one letter at a time. I would do little magazines, in four and five copies. Then I would go around and sell them in the neighborhood. I did a newspaper for the Sunday School. God knows if any of those... I'm sure none of those are extant. I also drew, I also cartooned, and I drew a comic book. Regularly, every week, I did a comic book, and took it around to sell to the neighbors. And they all bought it, otherwise I'd break their windows.

I was an enterprising little kid. I would... I taught school. I had this, this classroom in my room. Had a blackboard, and... And I taught kids important things. Important things, like (little child's voice) airplanes, and animals from foreign lands. After school they would come over and I would sit them down, and I would make them learn. I would teach them. That went on for a week until they got tired of it and they didn't come anymore, and... I was always organizing something. I was always writing letters and burying them in bottles in the back yard. Or throwing them in the lake when we would go to the lake... or there was a big pond in the back of the Colony Lumber Company. And I would take messages and throw them in there. Thinking they would be found in years to come. God knows what they said, or if they said anything of any consequence.

And I wrote. Always wrote. I wrote since the... since I was able to write, I wr wrote. Then they started up this kiddie's column in the Cleveland News, and it was, it was de rigeur, it just followed that I would write for them. I read the stuff other people were writing, and I would say, "This is ridiculous, I can write better than that." So I wrote things. I'm sure it helped push me a little farther toward the professional aspects of writing, but I'd've written in any case. I'd have written even if they hadn't published it. It was doomed and destined that I be a writer. That's what it is. But I might just as easily have been an actor. But if I had, I'd've been an actor who wrote. Robert Shaw writes. Robert Culp writes. Richard Dreyfuss writes. Walter Koenig writes. I don't think that the two careers are necessarily separate. Or separateable. I think anybody can write if they've got the talent.



... being an inspiration address delivered at midnight in the Berkley Party, September 2, 1978, by Dr. Sidney Coleman. Reprinted by permission of the perpetrator.

THE FIRE SERMON

Sidney Coleman

Fanac is suffering.

To wait two hours for an English muffin in the hotel coffeeshop at one in the morning is to suffer;

To be ripped off in the huckster room is to suffer;

To be publicly plonked by Harlan Ellison is to suffer;

To be trapped for an hour and a half in a stalled elevator with the Georgette Heyer Tea is to suffer;

To awaken with a terrible hangover and to discover that you are sharing your bed with a three-hundred pound ambulatory schizophrenic clad only in a "Let the Wookie Win" t-shirt is to suffer.

Fanac is suffering.

But if Fanac is suffering, why does Fan practice Fanac?

Because of the Desire for Egoboo. It is the desire for Egoboo that is the root of Fanac and the root of Suffering. Only by eliminating the desire for Egoboo can Fan stop Fanac and escape the endless Wheel of Conventions.

But, you ask, "You have this wisdom. You are Enlightened. You can escape the Wheel of Conventions. What, then, are you doing here, at Iguanacon?"

The answer is simple. It is true that I have attained Enlightenment, that I can escape the Wheel and attain Gafia.

But I have taken the Bodhisattva Vow. I will not leave the Wheel until the last Fan has been liberated and has found Gafia.

That is why I am at Iguanacon. I am here out of compassion.

Also, I heard it was a great place to score.

GLOSSARY FOR SANE PEOPLE

Fanac: Fan Activity

Fan: sufferer

Plonked: what you think it is

Georgette Heyer Tea: Regency dress & little else

Egoboo: inflation of sense of self, best done by others

Score: to perform an act of sci-fi in a public place, using only chunky peanut butter and unfertilized eggs.

Gafia: leaving fandom, lit., Getting Away From It All

Bodhisattva: in context, see Egoboo

fiction

As a change of pace, this issue's lead fiction offering is not science fiction at all, though it's by a writer much better known for her SF than for her westerns (see "Impact" in Cassandra Rising, ed. Roger Elwood

ed. Alice Laurance, Doubleday, 1978, and "Moonglow" in Vampires, Werewolves and Other Monsters, ed. Roger Elwood, Curtis, 1974). But then why shouldn't Steve write in both genres? Look at Lee Hoffman. Note Leigh Brackett. And Theodore Sturgeon.

The author writes of this new novel:

"Medicine Horse is a novel of search; the search of a wealthy Easterner for his infant son, the search of a former mountain man for a way of life now gone, and the quest of a Sioux warrior for the great Medicine Horse of the Shoshonis that he has seen in a vision. These three men are drawn together in 1840 in the land that is to become Wyoming. Each hopes to find the thing he has dreamed of, and inevitably they are drawn into conflict, and then into cooperation against hostile Indians and ruthless whites. The great Medicine Horse is the one thread that ties them to one another."

Medicine Horse

Steve Barnes

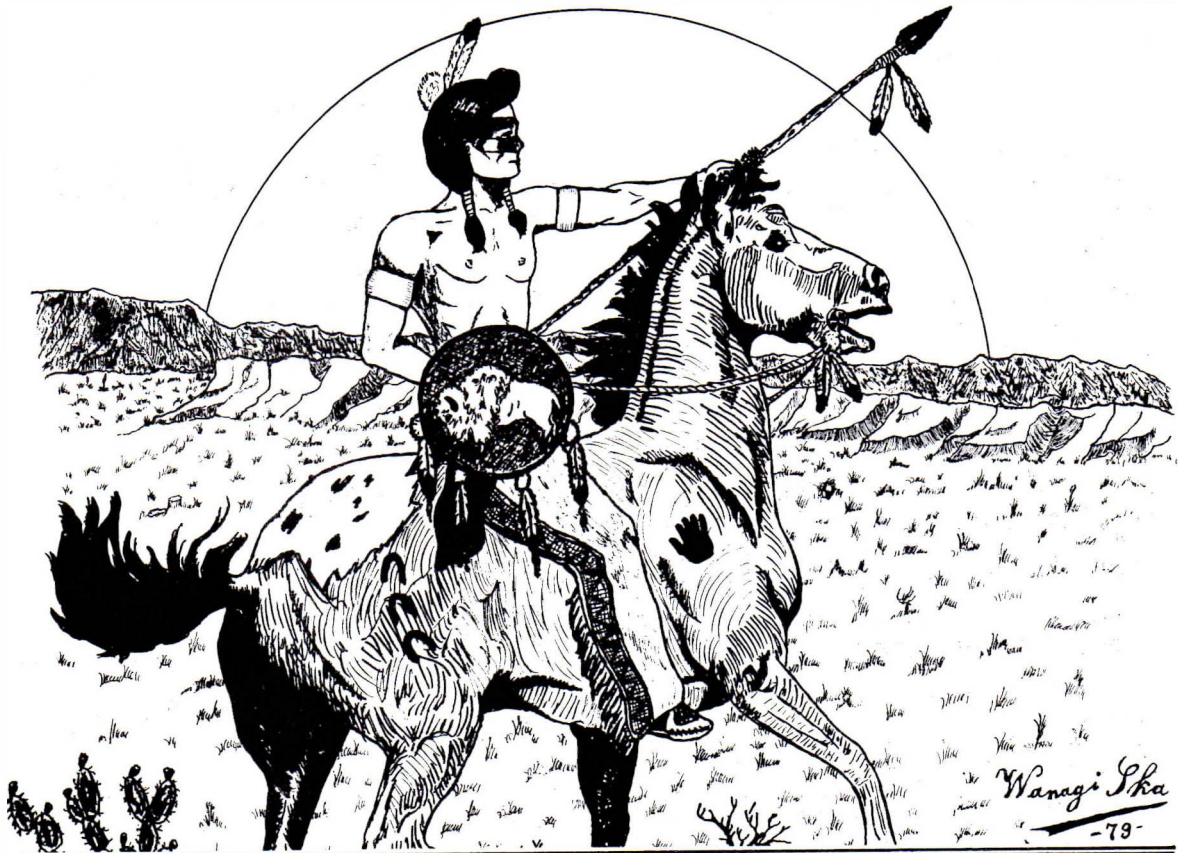


Illustration: Don Barnes, "Wanagi Ska"

as the day's light began to fail, Man passed a small herd of antelope and turned aside to tether his pony. Antelope steak would taste good and he had not had fresh meat in many days, living instead off the wakpapi from his parfleche.

He took a fluff of rabbit tail from his medicine pouch, bound it around the base of the golden eagle feather he had claimed the night of the feast. With a deer sinew he tied the bit of fur to the fletched end of the arrow, but loosely so that it could move with the slightest breeze.

Keeping the wind to his face, and using clumps of sagebrush for cover, Man-Who-Talks-To-Horses crawled to within a few hundred feet of the antelope. He slowly lifted the arrow, an inch at a time, with the point embedded in the earth, until it was in plain view of the herd. The wind teased the feather, lifted it. The feather fluttered, weaving back and forth on the top of the arrow.

Man lay with his bow arm outstretched at his side, an arrow already nocked for flight. All he need do was draw the string back and he could fire within a second.

He waited patiently, allowing the tension to flow out of his body so that there was no twitch of strained muscles, no uncontrolled quiver of rigid limbs.

The feather danced and fluttered, its motion erratic and unlike anything that grew in nature. The antelope continued to graze but now Man saw they were slowly moving towards the arrow, cropping grass as before, with their large dark eyes fastened on this strange object.

Finally one female could no longer resist the allure of this odd thing. She lifted her head and stared, her jaws still moving as she chewed, her black eyes luminous with her curiosity.



Man did not lose his patience. Long moments passed and still he waited. Antelope were the most inquisitive creatures Waken Takan had seen fit to put on His earth. Anything odd or unusual caught their keen eyes and he knew they would not be able to withstand the puzzle of this unknown thing, this weird object that danced and jittered above the ground.

Most of the band had lifted their heads now, all pretense of grazing forgotten. They stared intently, their huge eyes looking even larger as they tried to decide what the feather might be. They glanced at each other, waiting to see who would be the one to get close to this unusual thing.

The little female was the first to take a step towards it. One step and then two, and then as the herd began to move with her, she quickened her pace so she might reach the object ahead of the others.

Man became one with the earth, melting into it, flattening out until he was a part of the brown soil, the dusky summer-cured grass. One eye peered out past the arrow, waiting until the doe was within bow range.

The little female put out her neck, extended her head towards the feather to sniff. Some lingering scent of Man touched her flaring nostrils and she jumped back, ready to bolt for safety, and that was when Man rose to one knee, drew the bowstring and released the nocked arrow. All was done so swiftly the eye could not follow.

The point went deep in the doe's chest and she fell backwards, dead, while her legs still went through the motions of flight. The rest of the herd rose as one animal in long, springing bounds and raced out of sight in the growing darkness. Man bent over the doe and began to skin the animal.

He risked a small fire and roasted a piece of the meat. The taste was rich and the meat tender, with a faint tang of sagebrush for antelope loved to nibble on the tips of the bush.

He put out his tiny fire and rolled himself into his robe far back in a draw, the reins of his pony wound around one hand. Almost at once he relaxed into sleep.

Later, when the sliver of moon had hidden behind the murky clouds, Man woke as his



pony jerked wildly on the reins and began to dance backwards from some danger.

Man-Who-Talks-To-Horses started to get to his feet but a strong arm circled his throat in a choking grip, the sharp point of a knife jabbed against his neck. A voice hissed a question to him in Shoshoni.

Man did not resist the warrior's restraint. If he could get the brave to drop his guard, believe Man was a Snake even for a time, he might be able to learn which band had the blue horse and he would be saved much time in his search.

With his free hand he reached upwards and with the first two fingers extended, traced a wavy line on the brave's arm; the Shoshoni symbol, the sign of the Snake.

The brave released him, pushed him away from his own body and grunted something at Man. Man knew some words in Shoshoni, not many, so he coughed, pretending his throat had been hurt by the brave's tight grip, and made no real answer.

The Shoshoni now bent to strike flint over a puff of dried grass. The sparks caught and he placed a handful of buffalo chips on it. As the little blaze grew brighter the warrior turned to eye Man.

Man was glad he had removed signs of his tribe and had put on the captured shirt with its Shoshoni beadwork. There was nothing to give him away, for his hair had not been bound up in any pattern but flowed loose around his shoulders. The brave asked Man something and he understood the words for 'does your throat work.' He shook his head, rubbing the point of his throat. He did not want the brave to discover his identity until it was too late.

The Snake grunted again, walked into the darkness and returned with his horse. He hobbled it and Man released the reins of his own pony to let it graze beside the other horse.

The Snake pulled a stick of dried meat from his pack and squatted down by the tiny fire to gnaw on it.

Man-Who-Talks-To-Horses got to his feet, still massaging his throat, watched the Snake carefully. He wanted him at ease, willing to talk. He brought out a section of the antelope doe. The meat was already roasted, but juice still collected on the browned surface and he saw the Snake's nostrils twitch with hunger.

Man gestured towards the meat, said the Shoshoni word for 'eat,' and settled back on his heels to watch his enemy make a feast of the roast.

Food loosened the Shoshoni's tongue and he began to talk of his journey, all the while making polite smacking noises with his lips to indicate how good the meat was and



making a great show of wiping the generous juices on his bare thighs.

He told how the men of his band and of Yellow Hand's were combing the plains for the men who had taken a sacred object from the Shoshoni. The brave seemed to believe a pair of white men who had been in their camp the night of the theft were responsible and Man's ears pricked up at the mention of whites. He had no doubt it was the same two he had seen the day before, but he felt no goodness in his heart towards the Shoshonis and so he held his tongue.

The brave waxed long and loud about what he would do once he caught the men. He had separated from the main party to continue his hunt long after dark and that was how he had found Man asleep in the draw.

Man sat silently across the fire from him, waiting for his chance to ask his question so he might be done with this bragging fool and sink his knife in the chest of this ugly Shoshoni.

The Snake said something that Man did not understand, then clearly he said the words for 'medicine horse.'

Man blinked, let his gaze sharpen on the face of the man across from him. He repeated the brave's words, added a questioning tone to them.

The brave nodded, spoke rapidly. But Man understood enough to realize the warrior was saying the whites had stolen the great Medicine Horse of the Shoshoni nation.

Man's body flamed with impatience. He must get away at once and ride after the whites. Each moment took the blue horse further from him.

In one swift motion Man rose, stepped over the small fire, and sank his knife in the Shoshoni's chest. The brave collapsed backwards, his hands clutching at his bleeding breast, his eyes opening wide as he stared upwards at his assailant. His mouth moved as if to ask a question but no words came, only a rush of blood.

Man bent over him and since the warrior was dying a brave death, gave him the answer to carry with him to the Land of Many Lodges.

"TitoNwaN," he said, as the Snake's eyes began to glaze. He tapped his own chest and saw the brave understood the word for Teton Sioux. "TitoNwaN," he repeated for the dying man.

He took the Snake's bow and knife, slung the extra pemmican pouch over his shoulder. He had no use for the man's pony so he left it grazing by the embers of the little fire. He rewrapped the remains of the antelope roast and jumped on his pony. It was late and he was many hours behind the two whites who had taken the great blue horse. —●

science

To meet Lorelle Jean Nelson, one might take her for a quiet, bespectacled midwesterner of Scandinavian descent who was born and reared in some place like Leroy, Michigan, and who then never moved more than fifty miles from that spot. Well, she is from Leroy, and she is quiet, bespectacled and Scandinavian. But she also is the compleat world traveller. As this is written, the chances are equal she is in Bangkok or Copenhagen. Lorelle Nelson has been an arts administrator and a church organist. She is also a trained musicologist-- hence the, uh, academic mini-thesis that follows. At the behest of the American government, she presently is abroad displaying a slideshow of Nevada and the American West.

The CINNABAR 'Wizard of Ozzzz' Lorelle Nelson Variant

INTRODUCTION

This brief musical analysis will explore salient aspects of a fascinating musical variant of "The Wizard of Oz," a popular twentieth-century song. This intriguing example is found in Edward Bryant's CINNABAR, at the very beginning of that portion of the book entitled "Brain Terminal," p. 148.

Fortunately, the original manuscript of the variant was available for analysis, as well as both the hardbound and paperback publications. The historic manuscript is a part of Edward Bryant's private memorabilia collection.) (As the published examples are identical in both hardbound and paperback editions, the Bantam paperback (1977) was used for convenience. It should be noted, however, that the portion of the book containing the musical variant was copyrighted already in 1974, 1975 by Mankind Publishing Company. According to Bryant's "Acknowledgements," it originally appeared in VERTEX, the story taking a somewhat different form. Unfortunately, this version was not easily available for comparison.)

The original song on which the variant is based, was written by Harold Arlen, lyrics by E.Y. Harburg for the 1939 film "The Wizard of Oz," starring Judy Garland. (Oz in literature goes back much further, however, to L. Frank Baum's THE WIZARD OF OZ, published in 1900 by George H. Hill. Nineteen other books, a 1902 musical (not available for comparison), two silent films and a 1970's film adaptation with new lyrics and music, "The Wiz," are certainly a rich field for further study and comparison, but are not immediately germane to this article.

The score of the original "Wizard of Oz" song used for comparison is the vocal-piano

reduction from the full score, musical arrangement by David Nelson, copyright 1939 by Leo Feist, Inc., New York, N.Y., copyright renewed in 1967, and reprinted circa 1968.

The analysis will limit itself to melodic, rhythmic, metric and textual treatment in the first two phrases of the chorus (with pickup) of "The Wizard of Oz."

EXAMPLES:

Off To See The Wiz-ard, — The
wonder-ful Wiz-ard of Oz. —

"We're off to see the wi - zard "The won - der - ful wi - zard of Oz."

THE VARIANT

The manuscript variant is on a rectangular canary yellow, sixteen pound bond, unlined paper, approximately 11.4 cm vertical by 17.5 cm horizontal (using a standard wooden meter stick as the measuring tool). A slight horizontal crease runs obliquely across the lower portion of the paper. This may be an original folding. The paper was also loosely rolled at some point, and shows four soft vertical creases, bisecting the stronger horizontal crease line at about an 85° angle. A recent coffee stain (indented oval in shape) unfortunately now mars a small portion of the extreme upper right corner of the paper.

The melody is notated on two hand-drawn staves. The lyrics are printed immediately below each staff. The variant takes up slightly more than half the paper.

A signature and date (Christine Cosgriffe Meyers 7-22-74) are below the horizontal crease in the lower right quadrant of the paper. Although the date is written in the 'American form (month-day-year), the figures seven are slashed (7) in the European fashion.

A number two pencil with a medium sharp point is the probable writing instrument. There is a strong likelihood that the music, lyrics, signature, and date are written by the same hand.

There is an apparently later addition with a thin-tipped black ink pen (possibly by Bryant himself) of opening quotation marks at the beginning of the text. No equivalent closing quotation marks have been added at the end of the manuscript text, although they are present in the published "Cinnabar" version.

MELODY

A comparison of the variant melody with the original reveals intervallic and modal distortion throughout, although the basic melodic shape remains the same. Both augmentation and diminution are used with effect. In fact, in sharp contrast to the purely major mode in the original, the variant's entire first phrase creates a temporary atonal character by the application of augmentation and diminution to significant intervals.

The opening interval of a rising perfect fourth is enlarged to an augmented fourth ($g' - c\#''$), falling immediately to the beginning g' . The following descending major third ($g' - e_b'$) is a double augmentation of the original's minor second ($f' - e'$). A final less obvious augmentation is the expansion from minor to major second between f' and e_b' in the second line.

A startling melodic diminution is the rising augmented prime instead of major second beginning with f' in the first line. Although the interval immediately following is the proper perfect major fourth ($f\#'' - b''$), it sounds "wrong" as a result of the previous diminution (the augmented prime), lowering the final two notes of the first phrase one-half step, a temporary pitch slippage.

This atonal-sounding phrase contrasts strongly with the modal character of the variant's second phrase. There is only one melodic diminution (g' changed to a_b'') and a single descending augmentation (f' to e_b') but, in effect, this changes the mode from major to minor throughout the second phrase.

RHYTHM AND METER

Both rhythm and meter, but especially meter, are markedly distorted. Like most popular tunes of the day, meter in the original was a consistent pulse throughout the song, in triple meter ($\frac{6}{8}$) in this instance. The variant, however, breaks its triple meter ($\frac{3}{4}$) almost as soon as it is established, in the fourth measure. A meter diagram for the variant becomes: (upbeat) 3, 3, 3, 4, 5, 3, 2, 1 (incomplete).

The distortion of the time signature from $\frac{6}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ is not as serious a matter as it would appear. The effect in performance would be a somewhat slower beat, with a lagging, halting feeling in the second phrase. This is achieved by a temporary metric expansion and a resultant slight stress at the words "the won-der-ful wi-zard" and "Ozzzzz--".

TEXTS

The texts are similar but not identical. Vowel coloration remains constant. When closely examining the syllabification, however, one does notice a deviation in the important word "Wiz-ard," which is distorted to "wi-zard," as well as the use of small case "w" in the variant.

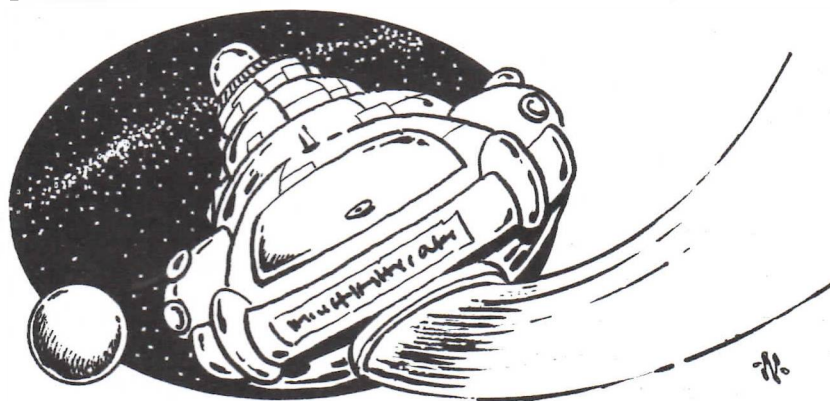
"Oz" in the original appears as "Ozzzz" in the variant manuscript. (In publication, however, the final word has five "z"'s instead of four, and a long dash and partially-obscured closing quotation marks are added at the end of the second phrase.)

CONCLUSION

In summary, melodic dissolution in the variant is strongly marked in the first phrase, with both augmentation and diminution of significant intervals. That process of dissolution is moderated in the second phrase. Metric and rhythmic distortion, on the other hand, while present throughout, are more pronounced in the second phrase. Vowel coloration is unchanged, but a slight dissolution is observed in syllabification, as well as distortions in the words "Wizard" and "Oz."

Although this is a brief musical analysis of salient differences between the original popular song and a most intriguing variant, it is hoped that the distortive and dissolutive processes at work in the variant have been shown adequately.

There is certainly more research and study (perhaps even computer analysis) to be done on this topic from a musicological point of view. One hopes also that literary research will be begun soon on the equally fascinating interplay between the Oz literary tradition and the more recent beginning tradition of Bryant's CINNABAR.



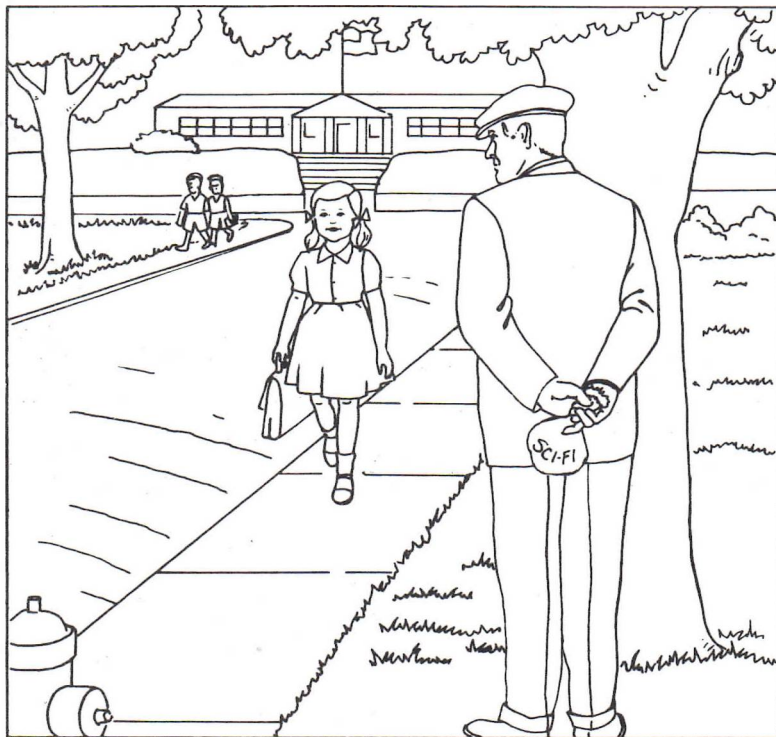
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- Refuse rides offered by strangers
- Avoid Battlestar Galactica
- Avoid dark and lonely streets
- Know your local policeman

J. Edgar Hoover
 Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation

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CLONE ORDER FORM

**PACIFIC INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
MEDICAL SCHOOL**
8444 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA 90211

TO PROSPECTIVE PARENTS:

Congratulations on your decision to become a parent. We are sending this order form for your clone in response to your inquiry.

We are indeed fortunate to live in the Nineteen Eighties for, through science, we are no longer at the mercy of mother nature when it comes to acquiring children. There was a time — many of you may remember — when to produce an offspring we were limited to sexual reproduction.

In ordering your child (clone) fill in the spaces below with careful consideration. Submit this form in triplicate to the biogenetics culture laboratories of Pacific Institute of Technology's medical school along with (a) The U.S. Department of Genetic and Cloning Control Certificate of Permission for Parenthood, and (b) a sample of epidermal cells of each prospective parent. (If there is to be one parent only one sample of cells are necessary. Of course

April 22, 1983

If there are to be two, three or more parents of the clone, a sample from each for the proper genetic combination is necessary.) Your family physician can take these samples in a simple office consultation.

We will endeavor to provide you with the combination in genetic make-up most closely matching your specifications as set forth below. You should receive your clone after the normal nine month in-vitro fertilization and extra-utero gestation period.



James R. Kemp, M.D.
Institute Director

UNAUTHORIZED CLONING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE

PARENT(S) NAME(S)			SEX	other
last	first	init.	M	F
1st				
2nd				
3rd				

The following are characteristics you desire in your child (clone) Check appropriate boxes. Please type or use pen.

SEX	MALE <input type="checkbox"/>	FEMALE <input type="checkbox"/>	COMB. <input type="checkbox"/>	RATE		
				\$73.00		
HT. IN ADULTHOOD:						
	<input type="checkbox"/> TALL	<input type="checkbox"/> MED	<input type="checkbox"/> SHORT	\$61.00		
WT. IN ADULTHOOD						
	<input type="checkbox"/> OBESE	<input type="checkbox"/> NORM	<input type="checkbox"/> SLENDER	\$52.00		
COLOR OF HAIR:						
	BLK <input type="checkbox"/>	BRN <input type="checkbox"/>	BLOND <input type="checkbox"/>	RED <input type="checkbox"/>	COMB. <input type="checkbox"/>	\$71.00
COLOR OF EYES:						
	BRN <input type="checkbox"/>	BLUE <input type="checkbox"/>	HAZEL <input type="checkbox"/>	BLK <input type="checkbox"/>	COMB. <input type="checkbox"/>	\$72.00
INTELLIGENCE QUOTIENT:						
100-110	111-120	121-130	131-140	ABOVE 140		
\$320	\$400	\$480	\$560	\$620 ←		
Exceptional aptitude in selected profession. Please specify:						
GENO-PHYSICAL TYPE:						
If desired, physical appearance can be cloned from cells in storage of the individuals listed below. Check one.						
<input type="checkbox"/> a. Mick Jagger	<input type="checkbox"/> b. Johnny Carson					
<input type="checkbox"/> c. Orson Welles	<input type="checkbox"/> d. Burt Reynolds					
<input type="checkbox"/> e. Henry Kissinger	<input type="checkbox"/> f. Richard Nixon					
<input type="checkbox"/> g. Will Chamberlin	<input type="checkbox"/> h. Raquel Welch					
<input type="checkbox"/> i. Jacqueline Kennedy	<input type="checkbox"/> j. Kate Smith					
<input type="checkbox"/> k. Phyllis Diller	<input type="checkbox"/> l. Angela Davis					

GENO-CEREBRAL TYPE:

If desired, special talent and professional characteristics are available from cells in storage of the following individuals. Check one. Prices available on request.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ALBERT EINSTEIN | <input type="checkbox"/> MOHAMMED ALI |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EMILIA EARHART | <input type="checkbox"/> LEONARD BERNSTEIN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE | <input type="checkbox"/> FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PABLO PICASSO | <input type="checkbox"/> SIGMUND FREUD |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLATO | <input type="checkbox"/> ADOLPH HITLER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HOWARD HUGHES | <input type="checkbox"/> GOLDA MEIR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARILYN MONROE | <input type="checkbox"/> MARIE CURIE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TOKYO ROSE | <input type="checkbox"/> BETSY ROSS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AMENHOTEP II | <input type="checkbox"/> POPE PIUS (I - XII) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MOZART | <input type="checkbox"/> YOKO ONO |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NOBLE "KID" CHISEL | <input type="checkbox"/> DOODLES WEAVER |

*Inquire for additional selections

PERSONALITY PREFERENCES:

check one position for each scale

PASSIVE							AGGRESSIVE
DOMINANT							SUBMISSIVE
INTROVERT							EXTROVERT
HYPERKINETIC							HYPOKINETIC
AFFECTIONATE							NONAFFECTIONATE
SENSITIVE							INSENSITIVE
	1	2	3	4	5	6	

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APPROVAL: DEPT. A DEPT. B DEPT. C

SUGGESTED ALTERATIONS:

A. XM-21 B. JSR-VB C. U90-1

STATISTICAL	STATISTICAL
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RUSTY HEVELIN

REMEMBERS DENVENTION ONE

Don C. Thompson

You can't find very many fans who can honestly say, "Why, I remember DENVENTION I -- I was there."

Total attendance at the Third World Science Fiction Convention in Denver over the Fourth of July weekend, 1941, was somewhere around 100. And by no means all of those have survived the intervening years. Some have died, some have simply disappeared from fandom.

One who remembers and who has been actively involved in fandom for those nearly 40 years since DENVENTION I is Rusty Hevelin. Some of today's older fans remember Rusty's fanzines, Nebula and Fantasy Fan Record. But to young and old alike, Rusty has been for a number of years a familiar figure in the Huckster Rooms and auctions and parties of SF cons all over the country--perhaps mostly in the Midwest, since he lives in Dayton, Ohio. Rusty has often been in charge of Huckster Rooms, and he has at least a table or two at every con he can get to. His powerful and compelling voice makes him a supremely effective auctioneer, and his warm, congenial personality makes him welcome at any kind of party.

"I don't try to make any money Huckstering," Hevelin said in a recent interview. "I can't afford to make any money at it; I'm retired, living on a government pension. I just try to make travel expenses. I keep my tables open until I've done that, then I just relax and enjoy the con."

Hevelin's most memorable traveling (at least since his trip to DENVENTION I) was probably in 1975, when he went to AussieCon as winner of the Down Under Fan Fund. To the delight of themselves and the American fans, Rusty and Bob Tucker (Tucker Transfer) traveled together as "Dad" and "Son". With Tucker's youthful-looking, clean-shaven face and bouncy stride, and with Hevelin's thick gray beard and stiff leg, they had many people almost believing that Hevelin was Tucker's father. (Actually, Tucker is the elder, by about eight years).

Rusty Hevelin was 19 years old in 1941. He discovered fandom just 10 days before DENVENTION I.

"I was living in Riverside, California, at that time, working as a photographer and photo technician, and I somehow heard about

LASFS and attended one of their meetings."

That was a turning point in the life of Rusty Hevelin. He had been reading science fiction for years, and now he had found others who also read it. He remembers meeting at the LASFS session Ray Bradbury, Forrest J. Ackerman, Morojo, and T. Bruce Yerky, among others. From them he learned that there were other things to do as a SF fan than just read.

For instance, he learned about the World SF Convention soon to be held in Denver.

"I quit my job and I started out hitchhiking. I had a five-dollar bill, a fifty-cent piece and a nickel in my pocket." Rusty said he was on the road two nights before spending a night in jail (voluntarily) in Price, Utah.

There was one minor problem with the law during the journey. "I started to catch a freight train in Grand Junction and was chased off. I took a bus to leadville. When I finally got to Denver, I had exactly 11 cents with me."

How could anyone possibly survive a World SF Con with only 11 cents?

"No real problem. I was lucky. Someone offered me room and board at a boarding house in exchange for working. And Lew Martin lived nearby, so when the con started at the Shirley-Savoy Hotel, I crashed with him."

And what does he remember most vividly about the con itself? "Oh, everything. Trying to see and do everything, to get to all the events, the speeches, the costume parties, movies; there was an all-pro, all-fan softball game on Sunday. I don't remember that I was in it, but I know I was there..."

Hevelin said he remembers Guest of Honor Robert Heinlein, not so much for his famous "time binding" speech as for the fact that he was so "totally accessible" to the fans.

"One of Walt Leibscher's favorite memories must be his first meeting with Heinlein. Walt was just a kid, at his first con, didn't know anybody at all. He was sitting alone in the hotel lobby. Heinlein came over and started talking to him, introduced himself, and ended up taking him out to lunch."

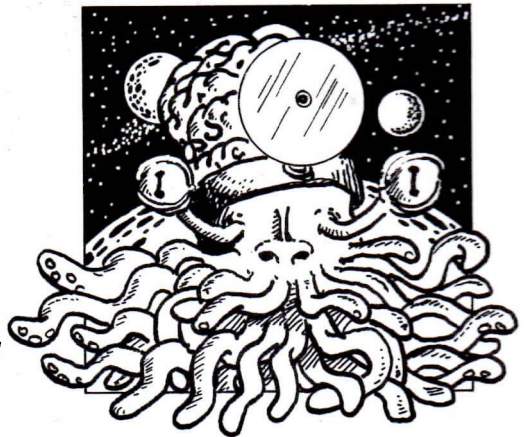
Asked to name some of the fans that he first met at DENVENTION I, Hevelin listed Bob Madle, Julie Younger, Milt Rothman, Art Widner, Bob Tucker, Walt Daugherty, Lew Martin and con chairman Olon Wiggins.

When DENVENTION I was over, Rusty Hevelin had no reason to go back to California, so he went on east, visiting fans along the way. In Lincoln, Neb., he visited with Don B. Thompson; in Bloomington,

(continued p. 23)

KARL HANSEN

DOC, the Galactic Healer



DEAR DOC,

I understand that you're Medical Liaison Officer for Denvention II. I had planned to attend, until I read of dozens of old radium mills that have been discovered in the downtown Denver area. Can you tell me if there's a health hazard?

--Worried in Harrisburg

DEAR WORRIED:

Don't worry. While old radium tailings have been found, none of Denvention II's hotels are built on such sites. You'll be perfectly safe as long as you stay in the cordoned-off areas. Besides, it takes years of exposure before even the spontaneous mutation rate goes up. By the way, the Committee tells me there'll be a terrific freak show in the basement of the Hilton.

DEAR DOC,

I read in the newspaper that the Army has tons of nerve gas stored at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. I mean, that's cool, only I also heard that it was on the approach to the Denver airport. And one of these days, DC-10's will be flying again. Is that any reason not to have Denver as the site of the World Con?

--Twitching in Tuscaloosa

DEAR TWITCH,

No reason at all. As you recall, the nerve agent is stored in the form of Weteye bombs. Ha, ha. The laugh's on the Army. DC-10's can fly again. All the nerve gas has already leaked out.

DEAR DOC:

What's punk scifi?

--On pins and needles

DEAR ON,

Punk scifi is a rapidly growing subculture of fandom, having its origins in punk rock. Basically, it is a desire to preserve the primitive origins of SF, by arresting one's emotional state in adolescence. Personal appearance is neglected: hair is left to grow in tangled masses, or shaved and allowed to grow out as stubble. Safety pins are poked through cheeks, ears and noses. Behavior is disgustingly curde. Secretions are untended. Clothes are disgraceful. But punk scifi has become the latest rage, particularly on both coasts. One concern about having a World Con in Denver was that the punk movement had not yet reached the interior. No need to worry! Doc has taken care of that problem. I've just opened Doc's Rent-a-Punk. For a pittance, you can rent your own punk to take with you to the con. Guaranteed to make you nauseous. You'll have the urge to strangle the foul creature. Go ahead. Get it out of your system. Strangle it. Beat it. Abuse it. Defile it. Just bring back the parts. Because my urchins are clever robots. Another service only to be found at Denvention II. Remember the name--Doc's Rent-a-Punk.

compiled by FRED GOLDSTEIN



Dear Science Fiction Fans:

As most of you know, the World Science Fiction Convention is going to be held in Denver, Colorado, July 4th, 5th, and 6th, sponsored by the Colorado Fantasy Society. The convention committee fervently hopes that all readers and fans of science fiction will make this convention if possible. Following is the last minute pertinent information pertaining to this gala event of science and fantasy fiction.

It will be held at Denver's fashionable hotel, the Shirley-Savoy, in the Colorado and Centennial Rooms. The rates of this hotel are extremely reasonable, more reasonable in fact than any of the larger hotels in town, including the YW and YMCA, and we'd appreciate it if all of you that will, room here (sic), for if a hundred delegates put up here we will be able to get the hall free, and consequently having (sic) more funds for elaborate preparations and entertainment.

All fans who write ahead will be met at the bus station or depot and driven to the hotel. If your arrival is unheralded you may get in touch with us by calling CHerry 1067 (Roy Hunt). The opening session will begin promptly at 9 A.M. Friday the 4th. The program has not as yet been worked out in too fine a detail before this issue goes to press, but we are more or less certain of the following.

Friday morning from 9 to 12, will be an informal gathering where old acquaintances are renewed, new ones made, and autographs exchanged. Here you will meet many of the editors, authors, and fans that you have seen in the various science and fantasy magazines, and, above all, Denvention's honor guest, Robert A. Heinlein. Orlin Tremaine, incidently, is offering a \$25 cash award to the fan who overcomes the greatest obstacles in making the Denvention. Authors E.E. Smith, Robert Heinlein, Willard E. Hawkins, D.B. Thompson, A.E. Van Vogt, Ross Rocklynne, A.G. Birch, Ralph Milne Farley, R.R. Winterbotham, S.D. Gottesman, Charles Tanner, and many others are expected. Such famous fans as Ackerman, Tucker, Madle, Widner, Morojo, Greenhaver, Reinsberg, Shroyer, Dikty, Gilbert, Korshak, Bronson, Wright, Fortier, Tullis, Yerke, Knight, and countless others from all parts of the continent will be present.

In the afternoon there will be speeches pertaining to various phases of fantasy by leading science fictionists. That evening there will be the traditional costume party where everyone that can, dresses as some science fictional character. Punch, beer, and wine will be free. After the party the equally traditional auction will be held, Korshak presiding, where the delegates may buy the original cover paintings and interior illustrations of your favorite fantasy artists, and numer-

Saturday (5th) will be a meeting of the Colorado Fantasy Society limited to members only. Incidentally, all of you fans and readers, whether you plan to attend or not, and who wish to further the cause of science, fantasy, and weird fiction should send us your fifty cents membership fee, for which you will receive a beautiful modernistic membership card, a number of booster stickers for your letters, and the official CFS publication, the CFS REVIEW.

The afternoon will be an open business meeting of fandom discussing various problems paramount to fans, such as where the next convention will be held. The rest of the program is not yet decided upon, although within the realm of possibility is a comical science fiction play written and produced by the pro science fiction author, Willard E. Hawkins, and a feature length science-fiction movie, if possible either H. Rider Hag-

gard's SHE or Jules Verne's THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND. Sunday evening the Denvention will officially terminate with a banquet in honor of Robert A. Heinlein.

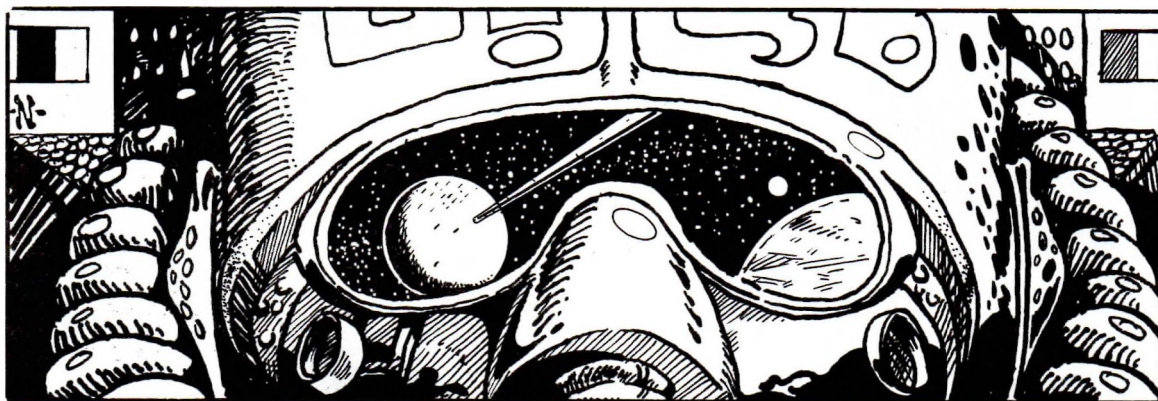
Anyone requiring further information should contact Lew Martin at 1258 Race St., Denver. Memberships may also be sent to this address in either cash or money orders. No checks or stamps, please.

Let's all pull together and make this, the Denvention, the most successful convention ever, and one to be remembered far into the future.

--Olson F. Wiggins--Lew Martin--Roy Hunt
(Denvention Committee)

There she is, space sailors, the biggest show on Earth--the 1941 World Science Fiction Convention! As Katie Baum would say, all points lead west, so go west, you crew of comet-chasers!

--SERGEANT SATURN, the old space-dog
((THRILLING WONDER STORIES, Aug. 1941))



TUCKER

Ind., with Tucker; in Cincinnati with Charles Tanner and Ross Rocklynne; and in West Virginia with Louis Russell Chauvenet. He finally came to rest in Philadelphia, where he stayed for the next year or so.

But Pusty Hevelin's long journey through fandom has not stopped.