

THE BEST
OF APA L



LOS ANGELES SCIENCE FANTASY
SOCIETY — 1966

BEST

THE



FROM

APA L

1966

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY FRED PATTEN

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Full page art by: Lynn Pederson (7), Dian Pelz (15, 128, 130), Bjo Trimble (58, 91, 111), Don Simpson (66), William Rotsler & Ray Nelson (105-106), Collaborations (Bjo Trimble, Don Simpson, Luise Petti, William Rotsler -- p. 16, 57, 65, 92, 129)



INTRODUCTION

This second annual collection of the best material published in Apa L covers the period from June 1, 1965, to May 31, 1966; from the Thirty-Third to the Eighty-Fourth Distributions. As before, it includes material on many subjects: fiction, political opinion, humor, artwork, and poetry, mostly.

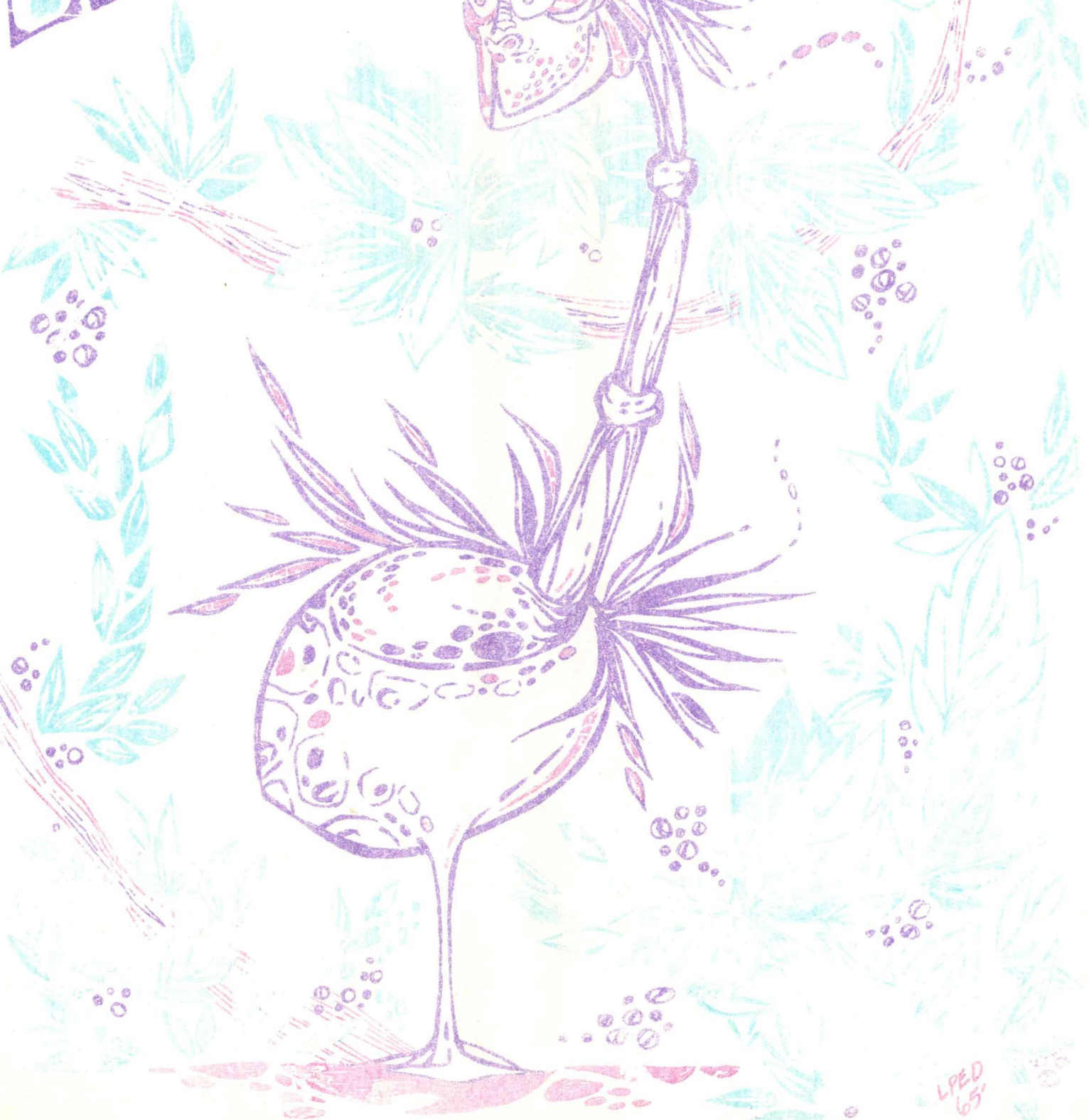
The year since the appearance of The Best from APA L: 1965 has seen several changes in the weekly ranks of Apa L. The "membership" has evolved into a hard core of contributors who publish issues of their Apa L fanzines on an average of 3 weeks out of every 4, plus others who appear usually around once a month. This hard core includes most -- about 80% -- of the regularly-attending LASFS membership at present; in fact, the club has gained several members within the last year primarily due to the attraction of Apa L. The copy count of Apa L has risen to 50 to supply all of the contributors and LASFS attendees who request copies; on some weeks, it still is not enough.

Apa L continues to serve primarily as a means of rapid intra-club communication. As such, it has succeeded beyond all expectations. Several of the club's quieter members, who had been content for years to sit silently at the back of the room, never joining in any general conversation or activity, have begun participating in Apa L, and the club as a whole is coming to really know them for the first time. On the whole, the communication in Apa L has continued on a friendly, reasonably intellectual level, although it cannot be denied that on a few, fortunately rare, occasions, differences of opinion have descended from the abstract to the personal level. These occasions have always been very brief, though, because the majority of Apa L is always quick to point out that feuding and fan politics are not welcome here.

Some fans are beginning to wonder, as we approach our 100th Dist'n and our Second Anniversary, for how much longer Apa L can continue to produce 60 to 80 pages a week, from 25 to 35 contributors? All that can be said is that, the end is not yet in sight. The activity turnover in Apa L is very slight, and new contributors appear to replace old ones on an almost mechanical schedule. For most of us, Apa L is as enjoyable as it was when it was founded, back in October, 1964. We may not last until 2064 -- but there is no sign at present why we shouldn't still be around in 1974.

Fred Patten

Official Collator



LPED
65

apa l: THE FIRST YEAR

by DON FITCH

A creditable year of existence has just passed for Apa L; some of the individual issues exceeded a hundred pages, and the year's accumulation takes up something like two feet of shelf space (I'll leave it to the bibliography-minded types to present the precise statistics, as they almost certainly will), and the over-all quality and value is surprisingly high for such a bulky accretion of informal and ephemeral publications. Looking at the Stack (which is too formidable to attempt to read through for really specific commentary), my mind begins to churn. There is no good reason why the Natural Cycle of 52 weeks should have anything to do with this Institution of Apa L, but the passage of that period of time is sure to bring about reflections and retrospections.

Bruce Pelz started it, as far as Los Angeles fandom is concerned, by bringing New York's Apa F to the attention of the club, suggesting that it was about time we copied New York, for a change. Apa F was a simple outgrowth of the custom of passing out recently-published genzines and apazines to the other fans at Fanoclast/FSTFA meetings; since so many N.Y. fans were then publishing so much, this became organized to the extent that the zines were piled along a table and people filed by picking up one of each. From this it was but a short step (on the part of a few of the more active and/or creative members) to publishing a small zine (often only one or two pages) of original material -- often humorous or comments on things or ideas which had appeared in the previous week's distribution. With the addition of a Table of Contents page, these became genuine apa mailings.

From its inception, Apa L was quite different, probably partly because no one here seems to have known precisely how the New Yorkers went about the mechanics of handling a weekly apa. (In fact, I'm not entirely certain that my description in the above paragraph is absolutely correct. It's close enough for folk music, though.) Long experience with Shaggy publishing sessions had accustomed us to collating and stapling things together, and long experience with the intractable, milling-herd quality of L.A. fans dictated that one or a few people perform this chore, so we had an Official Collator, and ended up with a Distribution (so-called because none were mailed out except to the out-of-town contributors, who were exceptions to the general run of recipients) that looked like a thick fanzine. Perhaps more important, it never seems to have become customary to put genzines or other apazines through Apa L -- possibly because so many of the other active members belonged to the apas already, and possibly because so many of the other LASFen seemed to be thoroughly uninterested in apazines... or maybe we're just Too Cheap to run off that many extra copies.

Another major difference from Apa F -- one which has, I think, been of significance in maintaining the quality and the membership-interest of the apa -- has been the participation, from the beginning, of people who do not live in the LArea. I can (and do) claim some credit for this. Partly because I felt that L.A. fandom was all too prone to engage in stultifying intellectual incest, and partly in order to see the expression on Bruce Pelz' face, I sent out letters to half a dozen people whose writings I enjoyed and whom I thought likely to be interested, suggesting that they join the LASFS by mail (thus increasing the Building Fund) and take part in the New Weekly Apa. I offered to

act as Agent -- to deliver their zines (to be sent to me either run off or on suitable stencil) and to pick up and mail copies of the Distribution. Several took me up on this, and the quality of their material (and personalities) -- as well as the effect on Bruce when he was handed all those zines from all those new LASFS members -- was well worth the trouble.

The tribulations of the Outsiders Situation have been complex; when I moved to Pasadena for a few months and had no sure delivery of mail, Tom Gilbert took over the Agenting position, and as the word of a new apa with immediate entry spread he was swamped -- as was the apa itself, very nearly; the Official Collator finally had to call a halt to any additional outside memberships (though a couple have managed to sneak in since then, somehow). Problems of logistics dictate that the total number of copies be kept below 50, and since a Policy has (wisely) been established that people who attend LASFS meetings should get a copy on request, the copies available sometimes just barely cover the contributors presently active and the club members who are interested enough to ~~demand~~ request one.

It would seem that Apa L was much more popular than Bruce had anticipated -- I suspect that he was visualizing a small group with a high index of Communication -- or perhaps he was primarily interested in Starting Something. At any rate, he gave the position of Official Collator to Dian, and after a while she, in turn, relinquished it to Fred Patten, who has done an excellent job of keeping things running as smoothly as possible. It involves a considerable sacrifice on Fred's part, since it involves missing, in essence, the entire Meeting; I presume that he's aware that he's making an important contribution to the LASFS, but this is as good a place as any to let him know that other members recognize and appreciate this.

Apa L takes quite a lot of time -- almost an evening per week, if one is to be reasonably active -- and it is not impossible that this drain will have an adverse effect (though perhaps rather slight) on fanzine-fandom-in-general. With most of us, time is in very short supply. We would not give so freely of this precious commodity unless we thought we were getting something equally valuable in return. Such a thought is certainly selfish, but one of the benefits of the discussion of Objectivism in Apa L during the past year has been the consideration of the idea that most of our actions do have a basic element of selfishness behind them.

Most of us, after all, are in fandom for Fun, and it's perfectly appropriate that we act with hedonistic (and Objectivistic) self-interest. It would, perhaps, be more altruistic to Share the Wealth -- to devote our Admirable Talents and energy to writing for (or publishing) genzines of much wider distribution. But this is not an era of genzines in fandom; there has been such a general turning-inward that the apas have become the Focal Point of fandom. It's almost impossible to assess accurately the reasons for this, but whatever they are -- a greater desire for individualness, a wish for direct communication-response, a feeling that fandom is getting to be Too Large and Impersonal, that it's better to attempt to relate with a comparatively limited number of people, or whatever -- it would appear that Apa L has these qualities in sufficient degree to have become its own little focal point. Certainly it will be an important chapter in the history of Los Angeles fandom; almost half the people who are currently active in the LASFS have made more than a token appearance in Apa L; there even seem to be a number of cases (mostly newcomers) wherein the apa is the primary attraction.

That Apa L has served to attract these people is an almost-unmixed blessing (actually, I consider all of them to be welcome additions to the group, but then I'm not very Particular); whether they will remain for long, and whether they will go on to take a significant part in the wider arena of publishing fandom are things which can't be predicted with much accuracy because the situation is a new one; my guess is that very few of them will enter the mainstream of fandom.

The really important thing which Apa L has accomplished is somewhat more subtle; outsiders familiar only with small, closely-knit fan clubs, might be hard-put to under-

stand it. The LASFS is so large, and so diverse in membership interests, that it breaks up into a number of small sub-groups; while most members belong to several of these, it is quite possible to be an active LASFSian for years and still hardly know some of the other active members at all. Apa L hasn't completely remedied that situation (if, indeed, it's something that ought to be remedied) but it has served to render more Real a number of shadowy persons with whom one formerly merely exchanged sociable greetings on Thursday evenings and at parties.

The old days of hundred-page Distributions seem to be gone forever, as anything like a regular practice; in a way this is a Good Thing, because most of us haven't the time to do anything approaching adequate comments on such a bulky publication. Most of us don't even have time to do adequate comments on the ca.50-page Distrib's which are presently common. It would take a full week's free time to deal merely with the interesting ideas and topics brought up in one issue, and none of us is likely to be that fascinated. There are those who say that the decreasing page-count is a sign of impending demise, as it seems to have been for Apa F, but I don't think it will work out that way. The fad aspect has passed, and the heated enthusiasm phase; we have left a few completist collectors and compulsive publishers, and over a dozen people who see a solid value in the sort of interchange they can get in Apa L -- such a core will probably keep the group active for many years, provided that it's possible to retain an Official Collator to act as the necessary ignition system, and it's not so much of a chore that the office would remain vacant if/when the present O.C. decides that he'd rather do something else with his time.

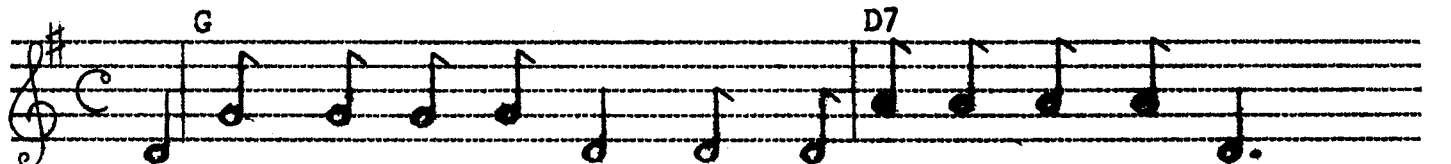
I usually look upon my activities in terms of Fun and Profit, and this year of Apa L has been rewarding in both aspects. By the somewhat sneaky trick of supplying the hectograph for the Contents page and pulling the copies off, I've managed to acquire all of the Distributions (except one) while contributing rather few pages of writing. There is little probability that the main reason for this -- simple lack of time -- will be removed in the near future, but hopefully I'll be hitting more of the Distributions with more pages of comments during the coming year.



DEFENESTRATION

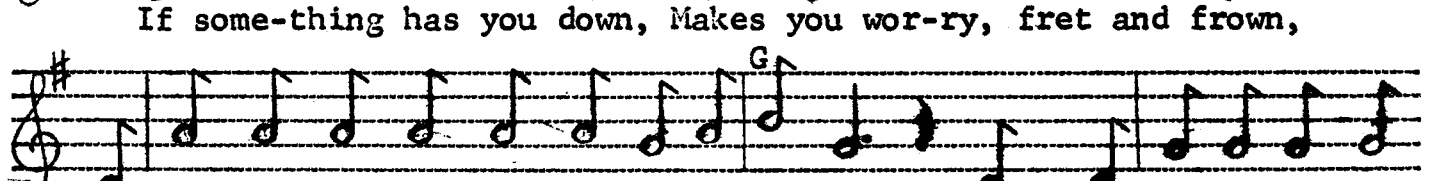
BY TOM DIGBY

G D7



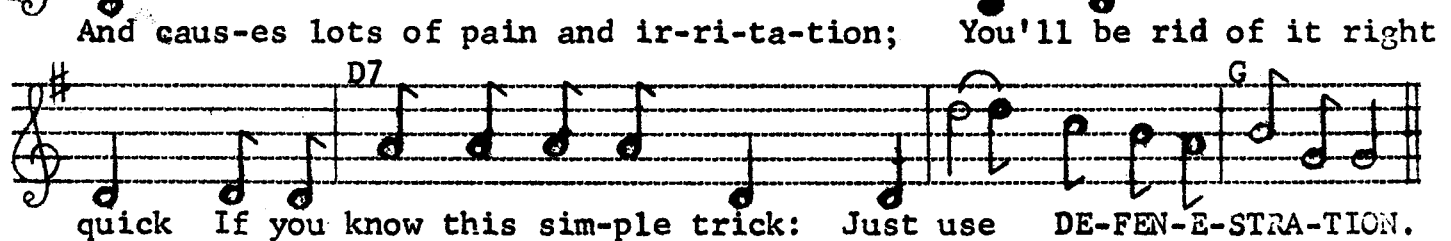
If some-thing has you down, Makes you wor-ry, fret and frown,

G



And caus-es lots of pain and ir-ri-ta-tion; You'll be rid of it right

D7 G



quick If you know this sim-ple trick: Just use DE-FEN-E-STRA-TION.

2. If a friend's electric shaver
Ruins your radio's behavior
With static so you cannot hear the station,
Just tell him that you're feared
He will have to grow a beard,
And use DEFENESTRATION.
3. If the TV-watching crowd
Keeps the volume way up loud
And blaring without pause or hesitation;
Just tell them, "That is all,"
Pull the plug out of the wall,
And use DEFENESTRATION.
4. If your in-laws all drop in
Time and time again
For a month or two or three of visitation,
They will bother you no more
If you're on an upper floor
When you use DEFENESTRATION.



BLACKOUT!

by TED
WHITE

At 5:27 pm, November 9, my lights dimmed perceptably, growing almost dark. I stared up in surprise from my easy chair where I was reading the latest NEWSWEEK. But immediately the light brightened, and I thought no more of it. A few moments later I drove to my neighborhood A&P and bought some stuff for dinner. I noticed nothing unusual, and no one behaved in any way out of normal.

Nearly an hour later, my phone rang. I was listening to a new record (THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL). I turned it down, and picked up the phone.

It was Robin, who I'd dropped off at her parents' place a few hours earlier. "I just had a phone call from my mother, in the Bronx. The power is off there — it's off all over New York City. Just part of Brooklyn and Staten Island have power. I'm listening to the radio. Only New Jersey is broadcasting."

"Gee, I wonder if the tv stations are off," I said.

"Why don't you check? I'll hold on."

I checked. All channels were dead; the screens were bright, but blank.

"The subways are out, too," Robin said. "Mother says she won't be home tonight."

After we'd hung up, I switched over from the record to radio. I was tuned in to WABC, and that station was broadcasting, by phone to its New Jersey transmitter, which was on emergency power.

I was startled to hear almost immediately that this was a power failure which had blacked out almost all of northeastern United States, and into Canada at least 75 miles north of Toronto.

All wire services, all communications networks, were dead. The entire state of Massachusetts was without power.

I felt as I had not felt since the assassination of President Kennedy. I was stunned. What could this mean? A power blackout which affected such a fantastically large and populous part of the country — were we under attack? Could this be an act of sabotage? My mind raced with story ideas for a stfish-Bondish plot — well-placed bombs at Niagra, the Grand Coulee Dam, Boulder Dam, could paralyze the greatest part of the country.

At the same time, I knew that Con Edison had many local power stations; why were such large areas blacked out?

The radio supplied the answers as quickly as they could be learned. It was a failure in Buffalo, apparently, which triggered a chain reaction as local power companies tried to borrow from each other and created independent failures from over-taxed lines.

The Defense Dept. announced that we were in no danger of outside attack. President Johnson pledged all Federal help. Con Ed announced that it hoped to restore NYC services within the hour, by bringing into use all equipment possible, including obsolete stations currently retired from service. WABC exhibited a sense of immediateness as operators cut into their broadcast phone line, while news reporters grappled with reports read by candlelight.

It is nearly two hours now, since my lights dimmed. There are reports of looting in Rochester, but locally power is starting to be restored. It is hoped that within the hour all power will be restored to NYC. People are thronging the sidewalks heading uptown, walking home.

Andy Porter just called. "I looked out my window and saw all of Madison Avenue go dark -- the Newsweek Building and everything." He was surprised that I still had power. "My lights started dimming and I turned them up, and then they went out," he said. "It took a couple of minutes."

It has just been announced on the radio that the power failure was traced. "It was not sabotage; it was a simple mechanical failure." The police department has announced that there has been no panicking in NYC; the citizenry has taken the situation well here.

The latest report is that a tower fell, causing the original power failure. The failure is estimated to have covered 150,000 square miles. A fallen tower does not sound like a "simple mechanical failure" to me, but communications are still rudimentary. Presumably by the time you read this, all questions will be answered.

For myself, my reactions are still a stunned sort of shock, combined with a sense of wonder. And also a passive sense of relief that I was not personally caught up in this failure, that I can sit here, at an electric typer, and record this event. I have the feeling as I did at the death of the President that I am present as history is occurring.

"I was just starting to read my new APA L mailing, too," Andy Porter said...

-- oOo --

-- oOo --

-- oOo --

It's now the following Monday, and I find rereading the above interesting in light of followup events. The questions are not yet answered; indeed, several of the answers have proven false. Apparently a tower did not fall -- no one knows now how the failure was started. And it was only 80,000 square miles which were affected. I suppose that's a Good Thing.

On the other hand, it has also been reported that if some relays had been delayed in opening by only 30 seconds, most of the entire country would've gone black.

As I understand it, the failure was magnified by the snowball effect: from a single failure, interlocking power companies felt an unusual drain, and either were themselves drained to the stalling point, or cut themselves out to forestall such an event, leaving a larger vacuum and power drain on surrounding companies. This snowballed until it included much of upstate New York, and a power-drain which even Con Ed could not meet. Con Ed cut itself out of the grid, but had already lost so much power that its own machinery had lost the necessary momentum for continuing. A spokesman for Con Ed stated that if they had not voluntarily cut themselves out, the damage to their machinery would require up to two weeks to repair -- two dark weeks.

The City behaved well during the blackout, with isolated exceptions. These included for the most part people who tried to take a monetary advantage of the situation, but there was little or no looting, and no general rise in crime. People were warm and kind to each other, in general. I think we can be proud of our city for the way it responded to this emergency not of its own making.



"The sullen door swung wide apace and framed in unnamed radiance dim
A grisly, horned inhuman face with yellow eyes gazed out at him."

-- Robert E. Howard, "Destination"

ANYONE HERE
SEEN FAFNER?



*
Luvle
& Bjo



TWO GOOD MEN HONOR DEAD MAN'S JEST...

by BILL BLACKBEARD

Ever since T. S. Eliot wrote "The Wasteland" and sparked literary interest in songs of the sea ("Shantey, Shantey, Shantey," the poem concluded gaily), amateur and professional folklorists have been compiling the lyrics and music of such ballads wherever they could be found and authenticated.

Singers and other interested parties buy and read the books of shanties assembled by these people — but sometimes they do so with a sense of loss, of something having been left out. For a grand old shantey echoes, often unconsciously, in the back of their minds — the shantey many of us think of as the classic piratical ballad of the bounding main: "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest..."

Yet this song is to be found nowhere in the researched, authenticated volumes of nautical folksongs.

A few frustrated and annoyed readers may go beyond their puzzled dismay and try to find out why. They may attempt research on their own, hauling up dusty old tomes of shanteys from library stacks, scanning the pages of Marryat, Hackluyt, and Segar, turning even to such esoteric and scarcely applicable works as Allen R. Joiner's "Yog-Sothoth and a Bottle of Rum," in their fruitless delvings.

One or two may even return to the one true source of most of our memories of the song, Treasure Island, and read what Stevenson actually wrote about it.

Early on in the novel -- page one in most editions -- the ballad is introduced along with a certain William Bones:

"I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a handbarrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea song that he sang so often afterward:

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'

in the high, old, tottering voice that seemed to have been tuned and broken at the capstan bars. Then he rapped on the door with a bit of stick like a handspike that he carried, and when my father appeared, called roughly for a glass of rum."

Later...

"There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head would carry; and then he would sometimes sit and sing his wicked, old, wild sea songs, minding nobody; but sometimes he would call for

glasses round and force all the trembling company to listen to his stories or bear a chorus to his singing. Often I have heard the house shaking with 'Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum,' all the neighbors joining in for dear life, with the fear of death upon them, and each singing louder than the other to avoid remark..."

Still later, when Dr. Livesay enters the Admiral Benbow Inn one evening:

"I followed him in, and I remember observing the contrast the neat, bright doctor, with his powder as white as snow, and his bright, black eyes and pleasant manners, made with the coltish countryfolk, and above all, with that filthy, heavy, bleared scarecrow of a pirate of ours, sitting far gone in rum with his arms on the table. Suddenly he -- the captain, that is -- began to pipe up his eternal song:

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'

At first I had supposed the 'dead man's chest' to be that identical big box of his upstairs in the front room, and the thought had been mingled in my nightmares with that of the one-legged seafaring man. But by this time we had all long ceased to pay any particular notice to the song; it was new, that night, to nobody but Dr. Livesay, and on him I observed it did not produce an agreeable effect, for he looked up for a moment quite angrily before he went on with his talk to old Taylor, the gardener, on a new cure for the rheumatics..."

Once again the shantey is quoted. In chapter ten, on board the Hispaniola...

"'Now, Barbecue, tip us a stave,' cried one voice [of the crew].

'The old one,' cried another.

'Aye, aye, mates,' said Long John, who was standing by, with his crutch under his arm, and at once broke out in the air and words I knew so well:

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.'

And then the whole crew bore chorus:

'Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'

And at the third 'ho!' drove the bars before them with a will."

Further, in chapter 23, Jim Hawkins is crouched in his coracle in the dark, hid in the shadow of the Hispaniola, holding to the anchor hawser as he looks toward the island:

"On shore I could see the glow of the great campfire burning warmly through the shoreside trees. Someone was singing a dull, old, droning sailor's song, with a droop and a quaver at the end of every verse, and seemingly no end to it at all but the patience of the singer. I had heard it on the voyage more than once, and I remembered these words:

'But one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.'

And I thought it was a ditty rather too dolefully appropriate for a company which had met such cruel losses in the morning. But, indeed, from

what I saw, all these buccaneers were as callous as the sea they sailed on.

* * * * *

The endless ballad had come to an end at last, and the whole diminished company about the campfire had broken into the chorus I had heard so often:"

[The full four lines are repeated]

Twice more the shantey is heard in the book. In chapter 32, when the captured Jim and Silver's crew are seeking the treasure in the island woods...

'All of a sudden, out of the middle of the trees in front of us, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known air and words:

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!'

I have never seen men more dreadfully affected than the pirates. The color went from their six faces like enchantment; some leaped to their feet, some clawed hold of others; Morgan groveled on the ground.

'It's Flint, by -- !' cried Merry."

It wasn't, of course; it was Ben Gunn, as we know. Stevenson's last recitation of the shantey occurs near the close of the book's final chapter:

"Well, to make a long story short, we got a few hands on board, made a good cruise home, and the Hispaniola reached Bristol just as Mr. Blandly was beginning to think of fitting out her consort. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her. 'Drink and the devil had done for the rest' with a vengeance; although, to be sure, we were not quite in so bad a case as that other ship they sang about:

'With one man of her crew alive,
What put to sea with seventy-five.'"

The two lines of ballad and the four lines of chorus, as seems clear now, were written by Stevenson himself. Young readers, unused to the guile of authors in such things, understandably tend to accept the author's offhand references to the age of the shantey and its wide use among pirates as fact. RLS handled it well: there are only two apparent flaws in the presentation of the ballad. One is minor: we note that Stevenson did not indent the second line of the chorus until its second quotation in the text -- an oversight retained in all editions. The other is more important, in that it has led to bewilderment on the part of five generations of readers, and will probably (barring the incorporation of an explanatory footnote into the text of future editions) continue to do so. This is the apparently absurd "dead man's chest" reference. It seems possible (see opposite page, line 21 et seq) that Stevenson meant to explain the reference -- and either forgot or thought better of it. The term itself is, in fact, the proper name of one of the Virgin Islands, noted by RLS in consulting a number of old maps in preparation for the novel. But his artistry in writing the name in lower-case letters at the start (to reflect Jim Hawkins' notion of the reference) became a conscious or unconscious joke on the reader when retained without any explanation to the end of the book. Certainly Stevenson made no secret of the Virgin Island reference in his correspondence, and it is mentioned in some articles on RLS's work by sundry hands in The Atlantic Monthly between May and November, 1900. It just never became generally known. And most of us, I think, in the absence of any extant songbook text, sing the line as "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest." In fact, I typed it that way all through this article up to now to see if anyone would notice the error; it is correctly written "...the dead man's chest," the name of the Virgin Island in question being The Dead Man's Chest.

So much for the harmless confusion left by a novelist's oversight -- or jest. What of Stevenson's contemporaries who knew the shantey was his creation, relished it, and lamented its brevity? At least two personal friends of the author, one English and one American, felt more should be done with it, and tried their hands at it. The Englishman, Arthur Dean Howden-Smith, added only six lines of ballad to the two RLS wrote, but incorporated them into the chorus in partial imitation of the sophisticated ballad structure invented by the other interested friend for his additions, but without acknowledgement or much competence. Howden-Smith's lines appeared in a novel called Porto Bello Gold, published in 1925. It purports to tell what transpired between Silver, Flint, Pew, and the other pirates prior to Treasure Island, and does a fair job of it. His lines were:

(Chapter Ten) "The Frenchman took Moon's knife in the throat --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
But all they found was a rusty groat --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

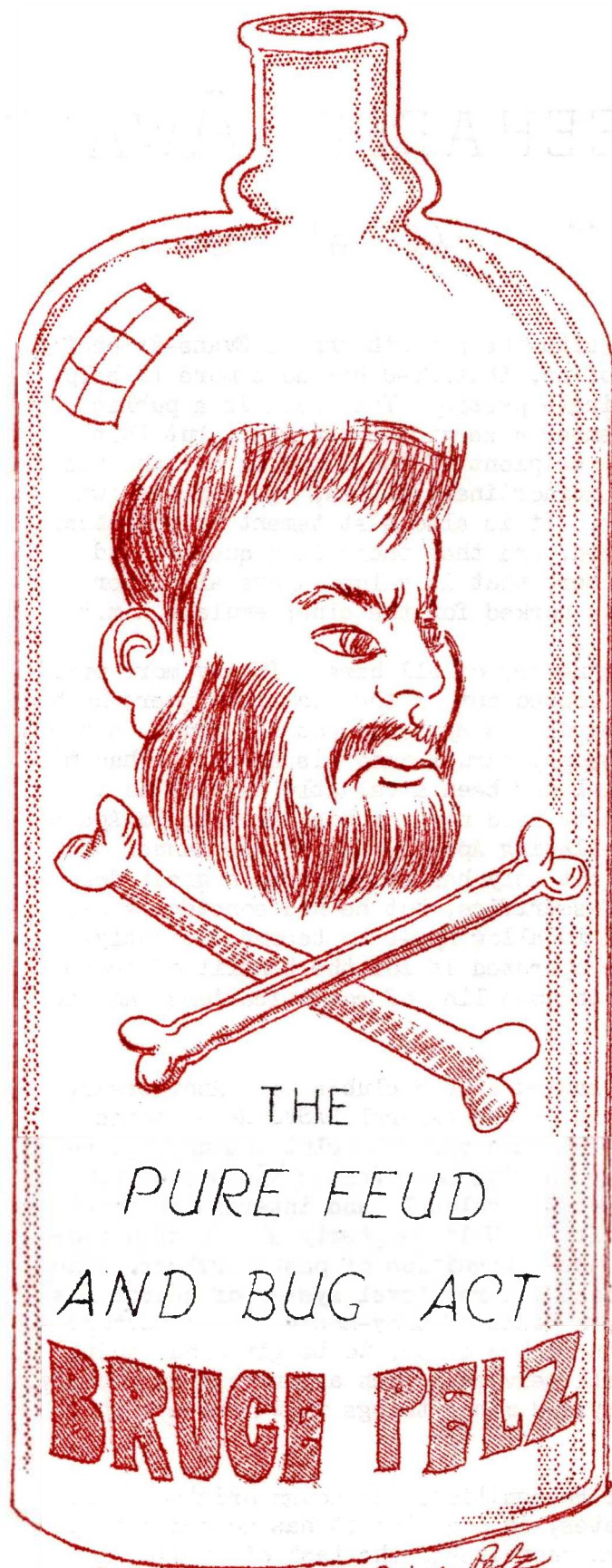
(Chapter 21) "Tom Avery died of a cutlass slash --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Mounseer Tessin felt the galleys' lash --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

(Chapter 22) "Bellamy's hangin' all dried and brown --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
A-rattlin' his chains by Kingston town --
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

But it was a now-unknown Louisville newspaper editor named Young E. Allison who wrote what must be accepted as the classic extension of RLS's six lines into the full-bodied, splendidly bloody sea shantey most of us dreamed the ballad would be if we could ever hear it all. This is the version sung with stunning and harrowing effect by the Roger Wagner Chorale on their Sea Chanties disc. The album does not, unfortunately, print the lyrics or music, nor does it credit Allison as the composer. It was only after digging through volumes of the old Golden Book Magazine in search of a remembered glimpse of the lines that I finally found them in a 1935 issue; they are not, so far as I can determine, available in any folksong or poetry collection now in print. Allison's lyrics and music appeared nine years after Treasure Island was published, and three years before RLS's burial as Tasitula on Samoa. Stevenson, we know, saw the lyrics and liked them. This is why:

Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest --
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest --
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike;
The bos'n brained with a marlin spike;
And Cookey's throat was marked belike:
It had been gripped
By fingers ten;
And there they lay,
All good dead men,
Like break o' day in a boozin'-ken --
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list --
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and bedamned and the rest gone whist!
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
The skipper lay with his nob in gore,
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had
shore,
And the scullion he was stabbed four
times four:
And there they lay --
Aye, damn my eyes! --
All lookouts clapped
On Paradise --
All souls bound just contrariwise --
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!



Jack Harness and Dean Pelz

By now, most of you are familiar with the Scientological Tone Scale of emotion. After all, Jack Harness and others have written it up for the past umpty-ump years. But there is another Tone Scale which is hardly ever mentioned, and I think it is at least as useful, if not more useful, in fandom. This is the Firr-O'Hay Scale of Mental Antagonism. Viewed from the standpoint of the person attacking, rather than from that of the victim, it gives the onlookers a chance to evaluate the degree of antagonism and comment on it. The attacker and the victim can then evaluate their own reactions in terms of what the sideliners felt. If the sideline reaction averaged out an attack of 7, and the attacker was meaning an attack of 4, he evidently went too far. Or, if the sideliners average 5 and the victim felt an attack of 8, he is evidently overreacting. It is true that this dependency on finding out what the uninvolved bystanders think has resulted in the scale becoming known as the Faraway Scale (a result of the slurring of Firr-O'Hay, originally), but its effectiveness is not the less for that.

The Firr-O'Hay Scale, in brief, runs as follows:

- 0.5 To josh - a very lighthearted attack, obviously non-serious, with the victim also in a lighthearted frame of mind.
- 0.8 To rib
- 1.0 To kid
- 2.0 To twit
- 2.5 To rag
- 3.0 To needle
- 4.0 To bait
- 5.0 To bug - the half-way point. Beginning here, the attacks are of a nature designed to insure getting a reaction (adverse and of counterattack nature, of course).
- 6.0 To razz
- 7.0 To heckle
- 8.0 To annoy
- 9.0 To provoke
- 10.0 To anger - this upper limit is seldom reached with a first attack, but is built up to with continued efforts.

L. A. S. F. S. HISTORY:

THE EVANS-FREEHAFFER AWARD

by al lewis

When Paul Turner presented Fred Patten with the seventh annual Evans-Freehafer Award, he was recognizing on behalf of all of us, that Fred has done more to help this club in the past year than any other single person. The award is a public "thank you," a statement that we cannot remember a service every week, but that service is noted and not forgotten, and the recipient of the award is one who has unselfishly given of time and energy to an extraordinary degree, not for his own personal glory, but for the good of the club. It is also a statement to the other members of the club that service is recognized, and that there is a quality and type of member, the selfless and devoted member, that is valued above all other sorts. It says to the club, "this member has worked for the club; emulate him."

Fred Patten's services are fresh in the memory of all here. If any more proof were needed, I think it was given when Fred popped out of the back room where he had been collating Apa-L to find out what the thunderous applause was all about, and was greeted by having the 1965 Evans-Freehafer trophy thrust into his hands: he had missed out on his own presentation speech! Apa-L has been a valuable adjunct to the club this past year, but the award was given to Fred not for his devotion to Apa-L, but for his devotion to the club; not for collating Apa-L, but for his manner of collating it. It was given to Fred because not only has he expended a great deal of energy and time, and no small amount of self-sacrifice, but he had constantly kept the good of the club in mind; he has refused to allow Apa-L to become a tightly-defined in-group, has kept it loose, and has operated it for the benefit of those who attend the meetings. He has kept it as an open line of communications, and he has thereby served the club well.

The first Evans-Freehafer Award was presented at the club's 25th Anniversary meeting. The genesis of the awards was a part of the general LASFS Renaissance that Bjo and the Solacon had sparked-off in 1958 and 59. The club had made peace with its past; had reconciled itself to accepting its most famous and bitter feud as a part of its history, and had rediscovered the valuable and interesting facets of both Charles Burbee and Walt Daugherty. It was Walt Daugherty who first proposed that the club establish a set of awards for the recognition of past services. The proposal was discussed and debated, and at last a three-level system of awards was put into effect. The first was the Egobuck, a piece of play-money with a picture of Jules Verne on one side and Forry Ackerman on the other, to be given out quite liberally to all those who had performed small services, such as organizing a party, cleaning the clubroom, or any of the other myriad minor things that make a club function well.

The second award was the Certificate of Recognition. Although originally no specifications were set up for the Certificates, in practice it has worked out that the Evans-Freehafer Award Committee has taken upon itself the task of handing out these additional awards to those who have served the club in significant ways.

The third award is the Evans-Freehafer Award, given each year at the club's Anniversary meeting to that person judged to have contributed most to the club in the past

year. Originally, the award was made by the LASFS Executive Committee in consultation with such people as Forry and Walt; the second year I presented the award after consulting the most active people whom I felt were not candidates that year. Each year thereafter it has been awarded by a meeting of the previous winners. In practice, this has meant Rick Sneary, John Trimble, and I, and this year Paul Turner, since Virginia Mill and Lee Sapiro, the club's other two winners, ceased being active in club affairs almost as soon as they had won their trophies. With the two most recent recipients both active in the club, I hope that this year both Rick and I can retire from the awards committee, and that the awards committee will become what it ought to be: the three most recent winners.

There are some very logical reasons for having a self-perpetuating group of awards winners. Somebody must choose the winners. This means either the LASFS Executive Committee, or a committee appointed by the Executive Committee, or a standing committee. The present system automatically provides for a self-renewing awarding body. It also avoids the awkward situation which might occur if a member of the awards committee or the LASFS Exec Committee were forced to consider one of their own number. Since the Director, if he is reasonably competent, will be one of those under consideration for the award more often than not, this is important. It also insures that the award will not go to the same individual two years in a row--something that can happen if a reputation is built on past rather than current works. So far the situation has not arisen where the same individual has even come close to qualifying a second year, but it could--and I think that person will not be without due meed of glory in awarding it to his successor. This also has the interesting effect of establishing no criterion other than effective service; there has been no setting up of a standard stereotyped of what that service must be.

The physical award is selected and donated by Walt Daugherty each year; the club purchased the plaque that will one day hang in our clubroom upon which each winner's name is engraved, and Walt Daugherty's name is there, too, as donor. There are seven engraved plates on the plaque, now, and five blank ones. I think before those five blanks are filled in, the plaque will reach its proper destined place in a meeting hall of our own.

The Evans-Freehafer Award is named in honor of two of the most-loved LASFS club members. Paul Freehafer, in the early forties, was the first club member to die. He was a Caltech student, a Director of the club, a publishing fan, and one who found himself not merely tolerated but welcomed among both the LASFS regulars, and the splinter group of the feud of that day, the Knaves. He suffered from rheumatic heart, and though he knew that his life would be short, he never let it affect his cheer. In 1942 he resigned his Directorship to return to his home in Idaho. He never came back. He was dead in his early twenties.

E. Everett Evans arrived in LA right after World War II. He had been a member of the original Slanshack crew, had been long-time president of the N3F, had been a leading light of the Galactic Roamers and was the No. 1 E. E. Smith fan in the country or out of it. He became a valued and dynamic member of the LASFS, and with Forry and Daugherty formed the center of the LASFS party in the great Insurgent blow-up of 1947. In 1948 he organized the first Westercon, and it was in his honor that the first Fanquet was given in 1949. Ev and his wife Thelma used to host the weekly poker parties that formed the major post-meeting attraction of LASFS in the early and mid-Fifties. Ev's death by a heart attack late in 1958 was a blow that saddened us all.

In memory of Paul Freehafer and E. Everett Evans, Walt Daugherty initiated the Evans-Freehafer Award. I was the recipient at the 25th Anniversary meeting, held for that special occasion at the Commodore Hotel, a hotel which had served as home to two Westercons. Some 160 were in attendance that night as Bernie Cook called the meeting to order. Bob Bloch gave as fine a speech that night as he gave on our most recent anniversary, and then they called me up, quite flabbergasted, to receive the award. I was surprised to get it, but I quite immodestly think I well deserved it. That was the year I had done most of the labor (though not the inspi-

ration) on reviving SHAGGY: I wrote about half of Issue 39 myself, and with Bjo edited the magazine for the next year; I organized the Fanquet, as Senior Committeeman wrote most of the Constitution that is still in effect (a record for LASFS Constitutions), hosted a couple of Halloween parties, and generally was dynamic as hell. I deserved the award that year; I would not have deserved it any year before or since.

The second winner was Rick Sneary. Rick had taken over the Treasury in the palace revolution that ousted Barney Barnard from his job of five years' standing, and he was a better Treasurer than any I have seen either before or since. He began a set of records that included such things as a roster of how many meetings each member had attended, and also served as representative to the Gestetner Association, in the period when the LASFS Gestetner was turning out nearly every publication being produced in the LA area. He served a full year; he did a fantastic job, and all the financial records LASFS keeps today are there because Rick set them up.

John Trimble won the third award, and if Rick was the best Treasurer I remember since I have been in the club, John was the best Director, with the possible exception of Ed Clinton. With that difficult mixture of humour and firmness, he guided a fine set of meetings—and ended them promptly if people had nothing useful to say. He edited SHAGGY for two solid years, and pubbed each and every issue right on schedule. John was also landlord of Fan Hillton and Mathom House when the club was meeting there, and it is typical of John's conscientious attitude toward the club that when Fan Hillton was torn down to make way for an office building, he made it a point that the next fan home would have space for LASFS. This attitude of selflessness toward the club is the attitude that in each case has marked the winners of the Evans-Freehafer Award.

Virginia Mill won the award on its fourth presentation in 1962. Virginia was never a very popular member; she dragged a terror of a child with her to all the meetings, and had an infallibly bad sense of timing; she would come out with a recipe for haggis or a long and earnest ban-the-bomb plea after everyone else had been sitting still for two hours and was faunching to end the meeting. But it was Virginia who scouted the city and found us our present home at Silverlake Playground. This was after we had been forced from Mathom House by the zoning regulations and spent one perfectly horrid month in a little concrete locker room ("the bunker") at Alpine Playground. Virginia also took over the job of Program Director, and came up with some fine items. She returned the club a great measure of good for some years of a fairly explicit cold shoulder. Almost immediately after winning the award personal affairs forced her to become inactive. In 1964 she was involved in an auto accident from which she never thereafter recovered. This past June she died of a brain tumor.

Leland Sapiro is the fan who once flew all the way to Ohio to punch a fellow in the nose. He succeeded Virginia as Program Director, and gave the club an extensive series of very interesting meetings. Leland is a serious science fiction fan (currently editor of RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY) and provided a welcome antidote to the purposeful unbearability of the comic book fans which had marred the earlier part of the year. Lee dropped activity when he acquired a night-teaching job at USC; he is currently with the math department in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

Paul Turner built the Building Fund, \$2300 so far in the past two years; of all the contributions of the Evans-Freehafer winners, his will probably be remembered longest. He also served two terms as Director, and competantly, has been Treasurer—and I think his services are not yet over. Paul had to fight a total disbelief: I was among the skeptics and am delighted to admit my error—I'd rather have a clubhouse than be able to say "I told you so," thanks! Even were the project to somehow fail, Paul has come closer than would have been believed possible. I don't think he will fail. He will see to it.

And when we have that clubhouse, the LASFS meeting hall will be called Freehafer Hall, just as this meeting hall is and all meeting halls of the LASFS are, wherever they may be. And that brings us full circle.

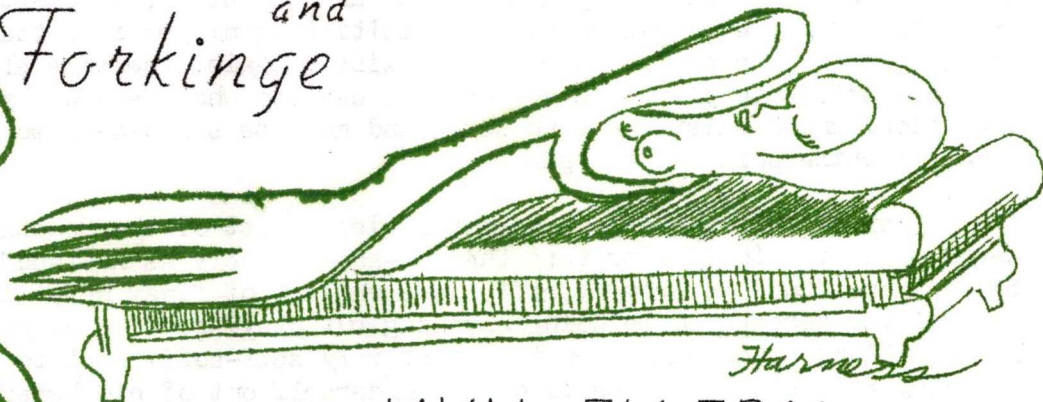
THE SCIENCE-FICTION TRIVIA QUIZ

by gil lamont

- IDENTIFY:
1. The two-headed mutant in Heinlein's "Universe"/"CommonSense" -- Orphans of the Sky.
 2. The two non-sf Pohl-Kornbluth novels.
 3. Any five Retief titles.
 4. The author and title of the novel that ends: "And humbly, he joined their company."
 5. Henry Kuttner's first story.
 6. The glaring error in Miriam Allen deFord's introduction to Space, Time & Crime (Paperback Library, 1964).
 7. The ship on which Bill, the Galactic Hero, served.
 8. The titles of the three parts of More Than Human.
 9. The novel that begins: "His mother's hand felt cold, clutching his."
 10. Five pivotal characters in Cordwainer Smith's "Instrumentality" stories.
 11. The "autobiographical" chapter in the Lensman series.
 12. The hero of Gravy Planet.
 13. The managing editor of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS.
 14. Heinlein's "Future History" series (book titles in order).
 15. The two sf novels of Anthony Burgess.
 16. Murray Leinster's first story.
 17. The GALAXY story under a pseudonym that had the author's real name in the final byline.
 18. Frederik Pohl's first solo novel.
 19. The original title of Sin in Space.
 20. Ray Bradbury's only ASTOUNDING story, and when it appeared.
 21. Avram Davidson's first solo novel (both titles).
 22. The novel in which "ice-nine" appears.
 23. The Sir Kenneth Malone series (in order, with the original titles).
 24. The total number of issues of STAR SCIENCE FICTION magazine.
 25. Sturgeon's Latin pun that closed his first VENTURE book review.
 26. The content of the message in The Sirens of Titan.
 27. Avon's pre-pub announced title of Piper's The Other Human Race.
 28. The star of the movie in Clarke's "History Lesson".
 29. The hero of Bloch's series which included "Stuporman", etc.
 30. Both titles of the novel that began in the first issue of WORLDS OF TOMORROW.
 31. The titles of the television and movie versions of "Seventh Victim".
 32. The lead novelette in BEYOND FANTASY FICTION, July 1953 (Vol. 1, No. 1).
 33. The title of the stage version of Simak's "How-2".
 34. Roger Zelazny's first story.
 35. The most dangerous animal known, in Tunnel In the Sky.
 36. The Hugo winner that ends: "In the privacy of his cabin McNaught commenced to eat his nails. Every now and again he went a little cross-eyed as he examined them for nearness to the flesh."
 37. The point of similarity regarding the pseudonyms Darrel T. Langart and Grendel Briarton.

[Answers
on
page 64]

The Yonge Layde's Guide
to Spooninge
and
Forkinge



by JAYN ELLERN

This Booke has been designed to fill a need. Up to this time, there have been many books written to guide the young in the battle between the sexes. However, we feel that they are based on a faulty premise -- namely, that there should be a Battle between the sexes. We feel that instead of viewing social intercourse between men and women as a battle, it should be looked on as more in the nature of a board game such as "Monopoly" or "Careers", and treated as such by the players. Accordingly, the interplay between the players, and the skill with which each game is played will be the important part of the games, and the winning or losing thus becomes secondary. Indeed, in most of the games, there is no winning or losing. Properly played, the games should become so fascinating to the players that no one gives a damme whether the game is won or not. The players may want to carry the game on till one or both are carried to the undertaking parlor at the age of 97. With devoted players of the Spooninge and Forkinge games, this is entirely possible.

This booke is designated as being written for Yonge Laydes, on the assumption that the sooner one gets proficient in playing the games, the longer one has to play them; but one is never too old to begin. So if you are a tottery dame of 35 or even a grandmother, read on; even if you happen to be a Manne, recognition of the games will allow you to cooperate to such an extent that life can become a flowery Meade wherein rich delights will be yours forever.

--- Mother Jayn

There is only one rule common to the Spooninge and Forkinge Games. This is: No game may ever be used as a weapon. It is possible to use all these games as weapons. However, used in this way, one is no longer playing the game properly, and has descended to the level of "Sex and the Single Girl", or "Games People Play", and when the Spooninge and Forkinge Games are put on a Woomanship basis, the "Battle of the Sexes" in which one plays to win or lose is paramount. Therefore, Observe ye rules. Learn ye games, and above all, Cooperate!

"Coax Me" is a basic in the games of Spooning and Forking. When "Coax Me" is mastered, the other games may be played. Without it, understanding of the other games is next to impossible. Actually, one can play "Coax Me" for an entire lifetime and never go on to the variations and fine points of the rest, for "Coax Me" is in itself so varied that a player may decide to stay there.

In learning the game of "Coax Me", the element of time is important. Both players must be careful neither to stop too soon, nor carry the game on to the point that the other player becomes anxious. In the former case, the initiating player misses out on the rewards of the well played game, and in the latter, the partner player may get angry or hurt, and may even decide that the initiating player is a tease and refuse to play again. In both cases, neither partner wins. Again, the time element is very important. In "Coax Me", both players must learn to develop what is usually referred to as Woman's Intuition, which exists in both sexes and must be sharpened, so as to be able to recognize a turning point in the game.

"Coax Me" has numberless possibilities. Most of the Spooning and Forking games begin with it. To illustrate: the sub-game "Lonely As A Cloud", which properly belongs to the game "Save Me From Myself", is a variant of "Coax Me". In this game, the initiating player appears to be doing anything but playing. The player who is using the "Lonely As A Cloud" game will seem to be entirely self-sufficient to the extent that the partner player reacts by trying to draw him/herself out of him/herself. In doing so, the partner may properly use any of the available games as his or her inducement. All the games in the "Save Me From Myself" class are a passive form of "Coax Me". This also applies to the game "Heartless Deceiver", which does not look passive, but is.

"Coax Me" never becomes outdated, even when one reaches the game "Just Us Two". In this stage, even though the players generally are playing on a more sophisticated level, simple "Coax Me" games are considered good practice. Reversion to the basic level is an integral part of the sub-game "Switchback", which is part of "Just Us Two". Following are some cases illustrating the use of the simplest forms of "Coax Me".

Case #1. Player A, the initiating player, has invited Player B, the partner player, over to her house for dinner. She is using a tried and true routine as inducement -- "The Home-Cooked Meal". After she has served him the filet mignon (not a casserole, as this is a routine belonging to the game "Down The Aisle", where she is attempting to show that she is wife-material), she suggests to Player B that she has a truly magnificent recording of the Baroque Beatles Book that perhaps he would like to listen to. He agrees, and they adjourn to the living room to listen. After the first side of the record has played, Player A lingers awhile before turning the record over, and then she says with a sigh, "I suppose I really should clear the table, at least." Now Player B, if he knows nothing of the signals, may jump up quickly and offer to help her. (This is valid if he is playing "Down The Aisle", but we will assume that this is the second or third date.) In this case, he will have flunked, and Player A is justified in letting him help her with the dishes and then showing him out into the cold and storm. The proper response to this simple version of "Coax Me" is to casually take her hand, apply significant pressure, and murmur in her ear, "Forget the table. Let's listen to the rest of the record." Then he gets up, turns the record over, and entertains her while the music plays. By the time the record is over, a nice, companionable evening should be under way. Of course, he could carry on a game of his own by asking if she has any more Beatle records, pretending to be wildly interested in hearing all seven of the ones she has, thereby causing her to have to coax him. But that could be fun, too.

Case #2. This form of "Coax Me" can only be played if the initiating player has been using the game "Save Me From Myself", sub-game "Unawakened Innocence". In this game, the initiating player is out dancing with the partner player. After they have made the rounds of several night clubs, they stop in the car for awhile and neck. Several moments later, Player A (male) says, "We really don't know each other very well. Maybe we should stop this and go home. Or am I being silly?" To this, the

proper response is, "You're being silly!", and Player B then cuddles up to Player A. Or, if Player B declines to use the sub-game "To Hell In A Handbasket" (to which this response belongs), she may say innocently, "Stop what?", and cuddle up to Player A. However, when both players are using "Unawakened Innocence", the result is not likely to be very rewarding, unless one of them shifts their ground. If Player A is aware that she is playing "Unawakened Innocence", he can subtly change over to "It's Bigger Than Both Of Us". The result, again, will be a delightful evening.

These cases will show some fairly simple versions of "Coax Me". Unless a player is unusually versatile, it helps to stick to one sub-game in the beginning. To specialize in an image is always best for beginners. When "Coax Me" is mastered, a player begins to apply the technique in one of the sub-games of "Save Me From Myself". "To Hell In A Handbasket", mentioned above, is one of these. In this sub-game, the player has created for himself a persona of "Don't Give A Damn Anymore; I've Been Battin' Around So Long".

This may be done in one of two ways. In the first, the player, if a woman, will give the impression that she is completely jaded. Men are old hat. She appears to be looking for someone with whom she may settle down and live a fairly normal life. She is a little careless in dress and makeup, and may even dispense with makeup altogether, on the theory that men never look at her anyway except below the waist. If she happens to meet a player who is playing "Big Brother", she has it made. With any luck, she can gradually allow him to build up her self image. One has to know when to quit this game, though, or he may begin to think she is a gold digger. If the player is a man, he allows the partner player to inspire him to shave occasionally, quit lushing/smoking pot, and wear clean clothes. In this case, the partner player will be playing "Big Sister". When the partners tire of playing "To Hell In A Handbasket", they may switch over to "Just Us Two". In case they have found that they don't really like each other that much, or the "Big Brother/Sister" likes that game too much to give it up, the player of "To Hell In A Handbasket" may want to change to "I've Been Hurt".

The second form of "To Hell In A Handbasket" involves a sub-routine known as "Lily White Hands On The Coverlet". In this routine, the player continues to dress well, bathe regularly, and live as usual, except that she (or he) gives the impression that her health has been ruined by her endless search for love. This is a ticklish one. If you don't specify just what it is that is wrong with you, someone is likely to think that you have contracted a social disease. A misapprehension such as this is likely to scotch any chance you ever had to get a partner player. Also, if you make it clear that you don't have a social disease, but still press your luck by saying that you are dead from the waist down, or have something serious such as arthritis, you will attract platonic relationships and nothing else. After all, most players of these games want to exchange pleasures, and are not interested in doing so in a hospital bed. A player who is willing to continue under these circumstances has more than a little sadism in his makeup, anyhow, and as such is not a valid S. and F. player. When one plays "Lily White Hands On The Coverlet", it is best to stick to anemia or ulcers as a device. Such infirmities are not contagious, and after all, who can tell if you are lying or not?

"I've Been Hurt" is a valuable game for use during the transition stage between other games. This game involves a hangdog expression, solitary drinking (occasionally), and a certain reluctance to get involved. Do not confuse reluctance with total abstinence. The player must at all times have the appearance of reluctance, but an air of incipient willingness to get involved if she found the right person. The person may appear in the form of someone who is playing "Big Brother/Sister", or a "Prodigal Virgin". Someone who is willing, nay, eager to lose his/her virginity can nearly always interest an "I've Been Hurt" player. Provided, of course, that the "I've Been Hurt" player is not using his game to avoid having to play any other.

The game "Lonely As A Cloud" may be played in one of two ways. In the first, the initiating player gives the appearance of being entirely self-contained. This is the man (to use that sex as an example) who lives by himself in a house or apartment, with as little or as much vulgar ostentation as he feels is necessary to achieve his effect. It helps to have money to play this game. When a girl is invited up to his place for a drink, she enters the inner sanctum of his pad and is astonished that it is clean, well furnished, the drinks adequately mixed, and his clothes nauseatingly tidy. A few original paintings help, though they must not be the sort of thing one can buy for ten bucks in any flea market. The initiating player must, in this game, make it perfectly clear that he has everything he needs, and a wife (or husband, if Player A is a girl) would simply clutter up the place. He is only interested in her as a decoration. Maybe a little footsy, too, but he is much too interested in Examining The World to tie himself down. Generally, the partner player, after first being pleasantly surprised by tasteful surroundings, begins to wonder if they guy is for real? His appearance of self-containment is too good to be true. And, of course, it is. No man in his right mind, or girl either, wants to spend his life collecting etchings when he could be doing such more interesting things. So the partner player will usually come around again to find out just what it is that this paragon is lacking. Who knows, it might be her?

The second form of "Lonely As A Cloud" involves an image exactly opposite to the first. In this form, the initiating player lives in as scruffy a dump as he can manage. His laundry is piled up in the bathroom, there are dirty dishes in the sink, and so far as the partner player can determine, the bed has never been made in the entire time that Player A has lived there. One thing the initiating player must do, however, is to change the sheets. In a rumpled bed, the difference is not appreciable, but on closer examination, Player B may decline to consider anything but the sofa, which is usually too narrow for anything but sitting on to watch "The Man from U.N.C.L.E." Therefore, clean sheets are a necessity.

I might say that this form of "Lonely As A Cloud" is better used by men than by women, because if a Layde uses it, except when dealing with a "Big Brother", she may never be invited to play "Down The Aisle", on the assumption that she is an incredibly bad housekeeper. Of course, in the first form of this game, partner players might get the idea that the initiating player has tastes far too expensive for her blood. As with all the games, a little sense of proportion helps.

This second form of the game calls for the initiating player to be at all times slightly apologetic about the way he lives. But there isn't much he can do about it, as: A. His wife always did the housework before she ran off with the Helms Man; B. His girlfriend took the broom, the mop, and the DASH along when she deserted him for the rock-and-roll guitarist who used to live next door; C. This is his first apartment and his mother used to do all the cleaning before she married that 17-year-old poet and went to live in a pad in Venice. At all times, Player A must give the impression that he is bravely trying to carry on alone, because he doesn't dare trust the world not to damage his psyche again. This form of the game is similar to "I've Been Hurt", in that former traumatic experiences are what have caused him to be so cautious. It differs, however, in that the "Lonely As A Cloud" player has been hurt Long Ago -- at least a month. "I've Been Hurt" is played by a player who has just now been deserted by his date/steady. A little "Coax Me" on the part of Player B, and there we are.

"Common Interests" starts on a strictly platonic level, as when Player A announces at a party that she has noticed Player B's collection of Baroque Ouija Board Planchettes, and wonders if he has seen the fine example of Middle Baroque Ouija Board Planchettes that is now residing in a private collection in South Pasadena, the owner of which just happens to be a friend of hers? Both players then retire to a secluded corner of the house to discuss chip-carving as a surface decoration of Baroque Ouija Board Planchettes, which calls for a glass of wine as a throat moistener. If Player A has managed her game properly, Baroque Ouija Board Planchettes soon become significantly less interesting to Player B than she is.

FROM
A novel IN PROGRESS...

by GREG SHAW

and into the empty tube.

"Am I to understand, Professor, that this device can actually do as you claim?"

"Heh, heh. Naturally it can, young man. Naturally. And if you don't follow all my instructions precisely, the next time you see it in action, that bushel of chard there will have been replaced by your lady friend Miss Cavendish, who at this very moment is being held incommunicado in my tower. Do you understand?"

I understood; and I knew what I would have to do.

- oOo -

- oOo -

- oOo -

The next day as I was being chased by a tall dark stranger over the rooftops of the city, I had occasion to think further on my problem. After one particularly spectacular jump, I had lost my pursuer. Permanently. Now I climbed into a nearby window which led to an apartment inhabited by a strikingly beautiful nude. An hour later, as we lay in bed together recovering, I brought up the subject.

"Yes, I am," I admitted modestly, "and not only that, but I am certainly the most remarkable person you'll ever meet. Take my job, for instance. The United States government employs me to pose as an agent for Yugoslavia which employs me to pose as an agent for France, which employs me to pose as an agent for England, in which capacity I am supposed to pose as an agent for the United States. And as if that wasn't enough, in each job I have several agents under me, who are probably agents for several other countries themselves. And yesterday, I was accosted and tied in a chair by some crazy professor who thinks that all the abovementioned governments are merely front groups for another professor he used to know whom he is convinced is also trying to take over the entire world, and I was told that I had 24 hours to destroy all these nations or my girlfriend would be fiendishly and ingeniously mutilated by a machine of his invention which he demonstrated for me on a bushel of chard. Then this morning as I was on my way to do his bidding, I found myself being followed by a mysterious stranger and here I am, and now if you'll excuse me I have a bit of work to do. Nice meeting you."

It was really a shame I had to be leaving, since she was beginning to be very impressed. But time was undeniably moving on and I knew that I should be, too.

Leaving my card on the night table, I sprung from her third floor window into a passing produce truck, which by my calculations should take me to my destination at precisely the correct time. But our plans cannot always work out as we'd like, and even the best of us sometimes miscalculates. As Velsornk was fond of saying, "A sorry heart is better than a long foot."

As I lifted a nearby pomegranite, my hand froze halfway to my mouth. The space on which the pomegranite had rested contained a single immense eye, with a thick, battle-scarred brow, staring balefully up at me. As I scrambled to the other side of the truck, I noticed nine terribly large men arising from beneath the produce and

COMMON SENSE ABOUT VIET NAM!

by DAVE VAN ARNAM

The bombings of North Viet Nam have been resumed, to what one can suppose with no difficulty will be an ever-rising chorus of moans and groans from our home-grown activist pacifists, who have not that the matter past War Is Hell But Revolution Is Swell.

There are of course several reasons for opposing any or all of our policy in Viet Nam; you are not going to catch me saying, "All Vietniks are Commies" or "All Vietniks are Traitors" -- or even "All Vietniks are Fools." On the other hand, I doubt if anyone can deny that there are some representatives of each of these categories among the movers and shakers of the Vietniks. There are times when bearing this fact in mind is of some relevance -- for instance, in judging the recent pilgrimage of Prof. Lynd to North Viet Nam, it is well to ponder over the presence on that journey with Lynd of Comrade Aptheker, a leading American Communist theologian. Cui bono? Who benefitted more from this trip, the U.S. or the communists? A question to keep tucked away somewhere there not too far back in the mind...

There are far more important questions to be considered, however.

One is, just what the hell more can the U.S. do honorably for peace in Viet Nam? There are only three ways peace can be achieved.

Win. (As we did in Greece, in Malaya, in the Philippines...)

Negotiate. (As we did in Korea and in Laos...)

Surrender. (As we wd do if we acceded to the Communist preconditions to negotiation, namely to recognize the Viet Cong, the so-called "National Liberation Front," as the scle representative of South Viet Nam, and to withdraw our troops from the country before the talks begin...)

I sure hope someone will tell me (not to mention Uncle Cornpone and Uncle Ho) if there is any other way to end a conflict than by the three alternatives underlined above? (We can get into whether my parenthetical remarks are just definitions in a moment.)

The trouble with the Viet situation is that it is almost impossible to get people to agree on the facts of the matter. Thus it is that such people as the very sadly confused Walter Lippman can prate endlessly about how it is "impossible for us to win a jungle guerrilla war," in the face of the plain evidence that we've done it before, more than once. (The Vietniks never never talk about Greece, Malaya, the Philippines, hell, even the Congo, where Gbenye and Soumialot's murdering savages have been almost completely eradicated, no particular thanks to the U.S.)

So, First Point: we could win the war against the so-called "National Liberation Front". Let us not multiply confusion by pretending that for some reason a plain military fact is for some inexplicable and unprecedented reason an Orwellian unifact.

Perhaps the most confused thinking is found when analyzing the Vietnik attitude toward Negotiation. For some reason the Vietniks seem to think the Viet Cong & North Vietnamese are willing to negotiate, while the United States refuses to. However, tho there is certainly some precedent for setting preconditions of a mild and technical nature before negotiations begin, certainly it is easy to recognize when a side is sincerely interested in negotiating with the other side, and when a side's preconditions do not recognize the simple realities of the situation. One is at liberty, I suppose, to consider that they are in fact not at all interested in negotiating, but merely interested in scoring propagandistic points on the lackwitted bystanders.

How realistic is it, then, to set as a precondition the requirement that the main subject of the dispute be regarded as settled in favor of the one side before the negotiations can begin?

Make no mistake, this is the meaning of the Communist requirement that the Viet Cong be regarded as the sole representative of South Viet Nam ("in accordance with the programs of the National Liberation Front," as their phrase goes).

As if that were not enough, the Communists also cite as a prerequisite to negotiations, that all U.S. troops withdraw from Viet Nam before the talks can begin. (Yes, I know that's redundant; but it's quite clear, not so?) This is precisely the same as a union-busting Management insisting that the striking unionists go back to work before negotiations can begin on a new contract — or a union's insistence that Management fire all its scabs and shut down completely before negotiations.

Now, there is no doubt but that in labor-management conflicts such forced deals have worked. But not in the affairs of great nations, great ideologies in conflict. What the Communists are saying is, "You leave, and let us take over completely. Then you and us can sit down and discuss whether we'll back down and you can come back." Sure.

Thus, the Second Point: The Viet Cong/NLF/North Viets/Communists cannot intelligently be described as being the least bit interested in negotiating anything at this time. (I shd think that if they were willing to drop the insistence on our withdrawal and on NLF takeover, we cd in turn stand to drop our refusal to sit at the negotiating table with the Viet Cong qua Viet Cong — you will recall that at present we are insisting that we will only sit with them qua the military arm of North Viet Nam, which in itself is a rather unrealistic way of looking at things, tho hardly as preposterous as the Communists' current mythic daydreaming.)

Of course, we could let the Viet Cong take over, and withdraw all our troops. And when, around June or July, Thailand asks us for more aid against the Pekin-invented Thai National Liberation Front, do we go in? And do we then go thru the same charade as before, finally to leave Thailand to the Communists? And Burma? and Malaya? and the Philippines? And Indonesia? And Australia? And New Zealand? And Hawaii? Where do we draw the line? Or rather, where do you think they will draw the line, and stop pushing? Eh?

Secession in Astropolis, by Eugène Jolas. Paris: the Black Sun Press, 1929. 84 p.

This book begins as follows: "And twilight dreamrooms rosily over the world. Soon night will unleash its thousand monsters, mysteries will flash through the hours, the wonderful will be resurrected by sacerdotal hands. I walk alone into the hallucinated walls. My fever seeks Eden in the tumbletime of the houses. Where is the messenger of the miraculous spaces?"

I couldn't care less where the messenger is. Anybody who expects me to wade thru the other 83 1/2 pages of this has rocks in his head.

... Fred Patten

3rd BEAU GESTE:

A BEAUTIFUL GESTURE?

by RICHARD PAULSSON

Philip K. Scheuer, in his article "Studio Gambling on 3rd 'Beau' Try" appearing in the January 18th L. A. Times, tells how Universal's producer Walter Seltzer has changed Beau Geste from a suspenseful drama to a psychological adventure "...to attract the young audience..."

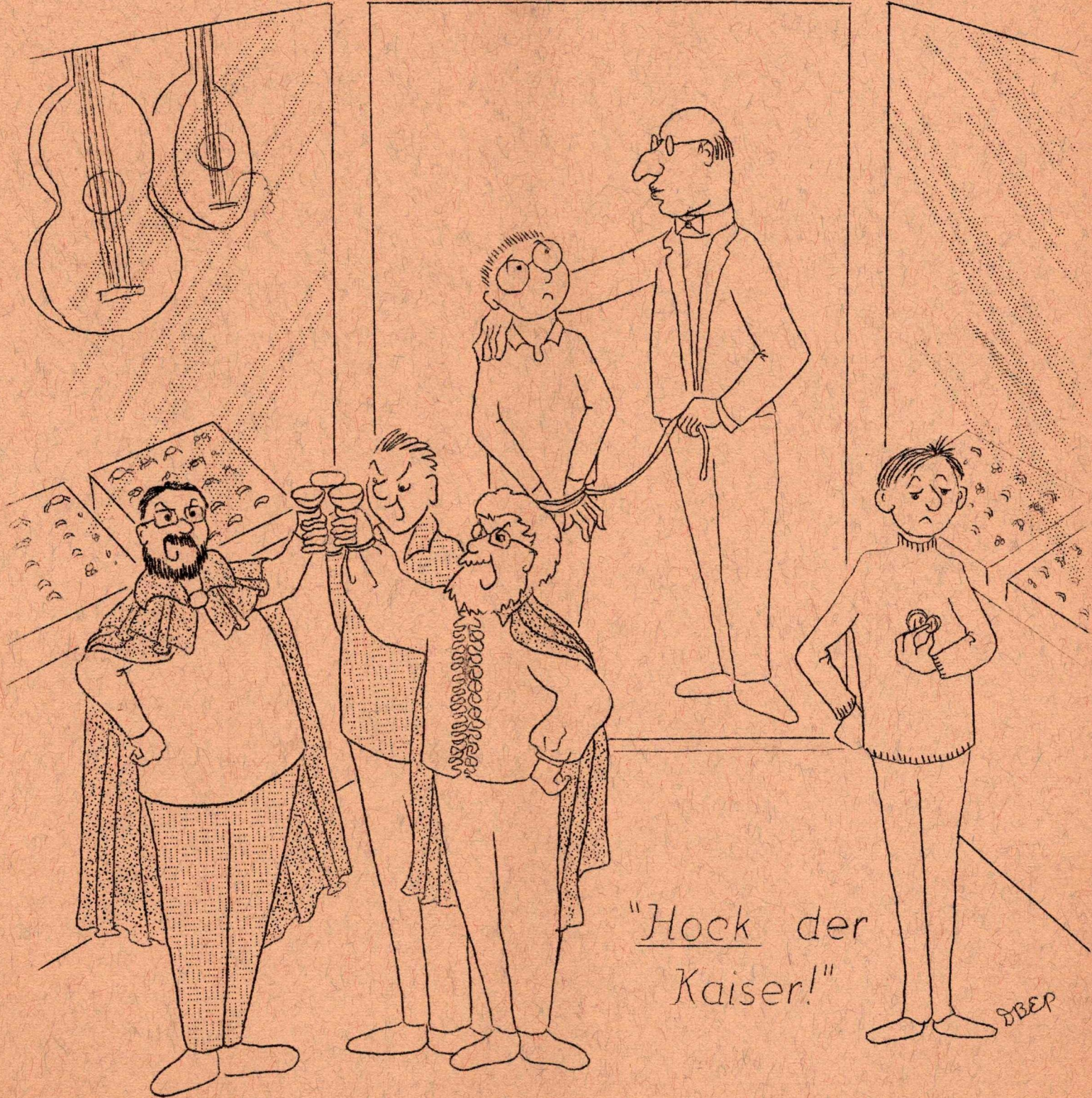
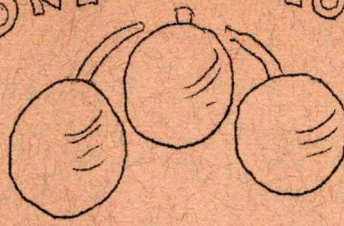
I have seen the 1938 version of the picture several times on the Late Show and found it very satisfying, if not one of the best-done films I've seen, despite the fact that I was the age of "the young audience" of today. Because Donlevy's heavy-handling of his one big line—"I promise you"—and Naish's tendency to break into hysterical laughter defined the villains so well, and the reputations of Cooper, Preston, and Milland made Beau, Digby, and John so believable, the film's good/evil conflict was very clear. Every action in the film was logically accountable to the characters developed and a necessary foreshadowing to the following actions. The film presents a complete, action-packed, circular story which is a compact unit. From those who have read the book, I hear that the film paralleled Percival Christopher Wren's story very closely. In the 1938 version, Paramount and director William Wellman indeed made a "beautiful gesture" in their literal translation from the book.

What has happened to this great story of brothers' loyalty to each other, of a vow for a Viking funeral, and of the Foreign Legion out-numbered and without hope? The three brothers are now two, played by Guy Stockwell (Beau) and Doug McClure (John). They are no longer English, but American. The entire flashback explaining the Viking funeral and supplying the "beautiful gesture" are gone, as is the girl John goes home to. Beau and John join the Legion for "simpler" motivations "...more in keeping with the basic honesty of the screen today." Digby, who is present, bites the dust without even a chance to blow his bugle. Fort Zinderneuf has a survivor and the movie has an "ironic footnote" in which the Fort is abandoned by the High Command, represented by Leslie Nielsen (the Fort's Commandant). Even the evil Sergeant-Major has had his name changed from Lejeune to Dagainneau, and, instead of being a simple mean bastard, he too is deeply motivated for all to see. From the article, the only three things which the new Beau has in common with its predecessors are its title, the opening sequence, and the exterior shot in the dunes near Yuma. The only good things about the film are that it is in color and the Sergeant-Major is played by Telly Savalas, not by someone like Vince Edwards to really sew up the "young audience". A well-known title, youthful stars, and the adventure of the desert make up Universal's bid for nothing but box office. Freely translated, "beau geste" comes out as "devil-may-care", and the movie comes out as a "Beach" epic without water or bikinis.

Perhaps I'm prejudiced after seeing It Happened One Night butchered in its musical remake, but I feel that such films as Beau Geste and Stagecoach (which I also hear is in production) that are recognized screen classics should be left alone or remade with more thought to accuracy in both story and casting, "...keeping with the honesty of the screen today...", rather than being remade as box office for the "young audience". As a staunch admirer of the 1938 version of Beau Geste, I wish its metamorphosized "remake" all the success it deserves.

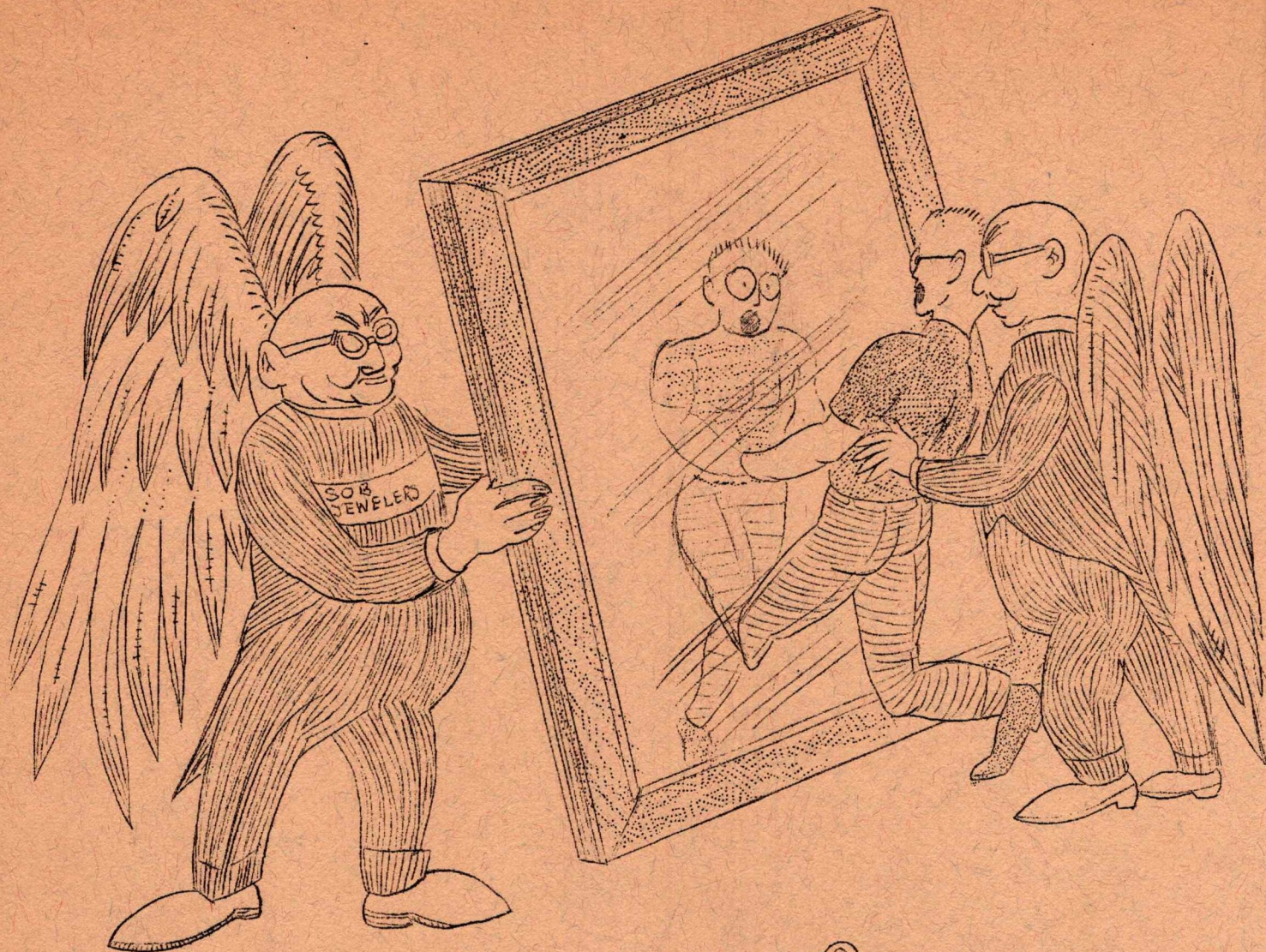
What To Do
When Dwain Kaiser
Arrives

MONEY TO LOAN



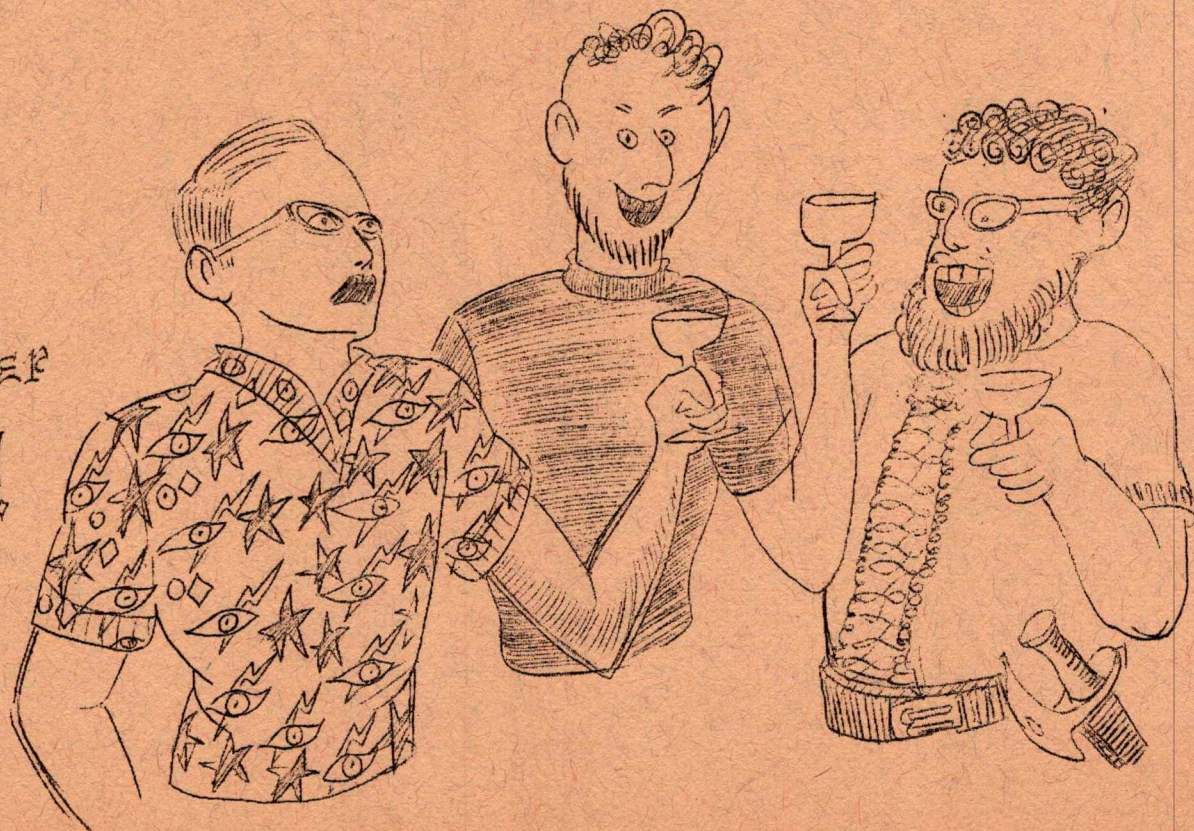
"Hock der
Kaiser!"

SBEP



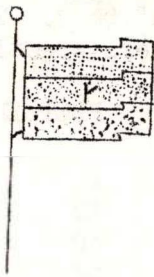
Hoag der
Kaiser!

Jackson
Moloch



Some Notes on

KHORLIA



by DAVE FOX

Since a number of our American readers have expressed curiosity about Khorlian history, money, geography, etc., we have decided to devote all or part of an occasional issue to this. To the reader who objects that all we can say can easily be found in any good library, we can only say, patience, some of our clients are very young and not yet broken to the discipline of atlas and encyclopedia.

First, from the World, and the Information Please Almanacs:

KHORLIA (Limited Democracy)

Federated Kingdoms of Khorlia

Area: 157,000 square miles

Population: (1962) 92,300,000

Density per square mile: 575.46

Dynast: Stedman Xof (born 1920, seated 1938)

Principal cities: (census 1962): Lambengard, 4,350,000 (capital); Xofheim, 2,204,000 (leading industrial center); Claudesport, 1,960,000 (largest seaport); Agrille, 1,100,000 (arts & lit.); Aquatinum, 846,000 (seaport, tourism); Ahndore, 710,000 (lumber, magic); Dondaris, 600,000 (fishing, tourism, archaeology); Mara, 596,000 (fishing, crafts, tourism).

Monetary unit: Rikesbuk (U.S. \$1.50)

Religions: Wesleyan; Presbyterian; Anglican; Roman Catholic; Jewish; Mohammedan; Shinto; Animist (Brother Fox).

Flag: three horizontal bars, red-green-blue; black tailless "K" in center.

Descriptive: Khorlia is located on the western Mediterranean, just west of Italy, east of France, and south of Germany. Its French and German borders are located in the Khorlian Alps, which include some of the highest peaks in Europe. Among them are the Todenhorn (16,300 feet), scene of the death of the young Duke Frederick of Hapsburg in 1874; the Dreitochtern (15,823 feet); and La Mere de Neige (15,139 feet). Some of the towns on the Dondarisian Peninsula are of Grecian origin, while the seaport city of Aquatinum dates back to Roman times and boasts a nearly intact Roman stadium. The Amccat mountains in Upper Lambenya have no high peaks, but their heavily wooded slopes and many lakes offer keen sport for the hunter or fisherman, with a special thrill for the camera sportsman in the chance to meet and "shoot" Khorlia's famed "Sabertooth", recently proved to be a survival of the Sabertooth Tiger, till now thought to be extinct. A trip up the Fox River, Khorlia's main waterway, is a pilgrimage from one historical shrine to another, from storied Claudesport, a modern port with one face ever turned to its legendary past, to ancient Odivad, center of a nation's learning, and on to Lambengard, city with a violent history, and on to Xofheim, a strictly Khorlian mixture of modern science and ancient architecture and customs.

Many of our readers, travel minded, have asked for more information about the Federated Kingdoms, particularly our customs service and our money, so here is a

general rundown on these topics, plus anything else we can think of to throw in.

Don't forget that, while most currency is decimal, Khorlia's is duodecimal, based on multiples of 12. Our basic unit is the RIKESBUK, worth at present about \$1.50. Its symbol is R , made from the Khorlian letters "rig" (R) and "beeda" (B). The smallest unit is the PLOTNEY. The following chart should clarify matters greatly.

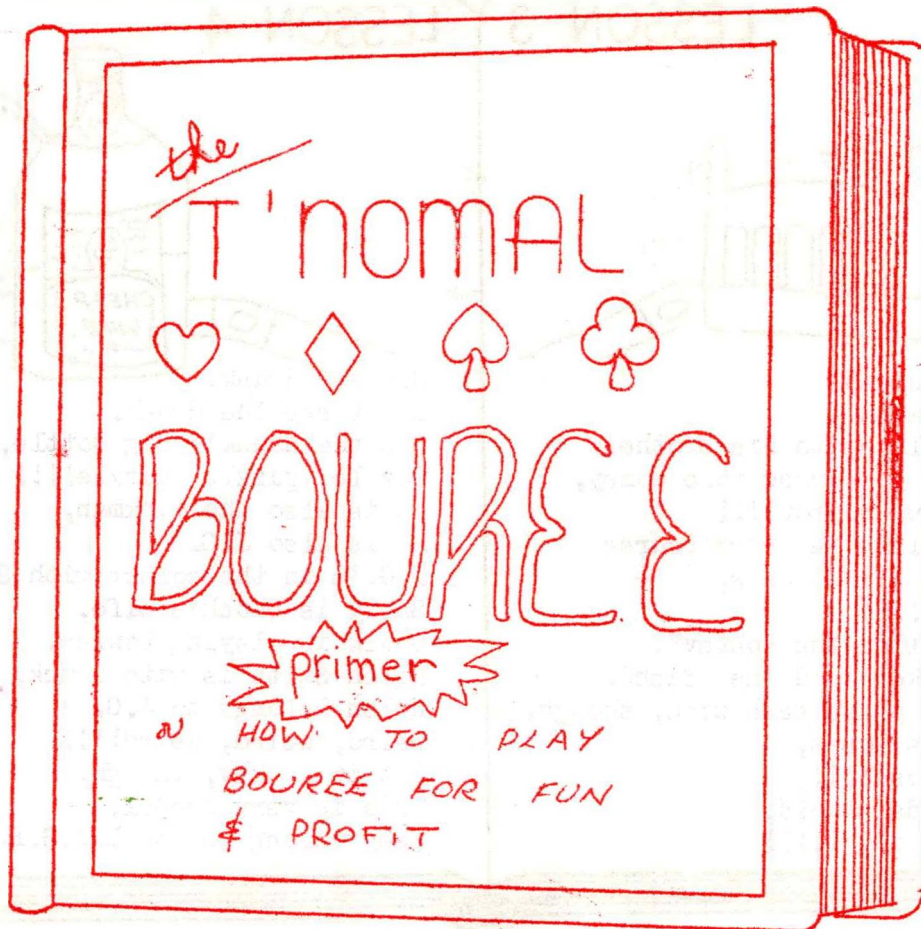
UNIT	FORM	METAL	RIKESBUKEN	PLOTNEM
PLOTNEY	round	bronze	1/144	1
STEELEY	12-sided	stainless steel	1/12	12
KREPAK	8-sided	bronze	1/8	18
TORCH	3-sided	brass	1/6	24
FALCON	oval	silver	1/4	36
STONE	round	silver	1/2	72
RIKESBUK	round	silver (also paper)	1	144
6 Rikesbuken		paper only	6	
CLAUDE	round	gold	12	
24 Rikesbuken		paper only	24	
48 Rikesbuken		paper only	48	
GROSBUK	square	gold	144	
OVERGROSS		paper only	1728	
20,736 Rikesbuken		paper only	20,736	
248,832 Rikesbuken		paper only	248,832	

The monetary units with names are the ones we have had for centuries, while the unnamed (paper) units have been added since the War of Liberation (1916-1918). Amounts of money are written like decimal currency---Rikesbuken, dot, plotnem. The Plotney also has a symbol (P), used as you use the ¢ sign for Cents. Experienced travelers will be happy to learn that Khorlian paper money is all one size---no trying to stuff bills the size of typing paper into your wallet!

Khorlia welcomes tourists! Whether it be for fishing in the Gulf of Aquatinum, climbing in the Khorlian Alps, visiting our historical cities, enjoying the rich cuisine of Agrille, Vonoir, or the smaller towns of the Gallic Directorate, or simply soaking in the sun along the Khorlian Riviera, we try to make your stay a memorable one! (Above copied from a travel-folder.) Entering the Federated Kingdoms is easy, and you don't even have to pay five dollars to leave, like you do in Hot Shot Charlie's little country next door. Both Claudesport Harbor and Lambengard Airport are free ports, so that you can load up on goodies before you leave. For more information, write to the Khorlian Tourist Office, 214 Victory Square, Lambengard, or contact the Khorlian consulate in your city.


Historical notes: When Geoffrey Lamben fled the Norman Conquest and sailed to Khorlia, he brought not only his fighting men and their families, but the noble lady who was his wife. The Lady Jorymar was something of a rara avis in her day, a noblewoman who cared more for her native tongue than for Latin and who let her preference be known far and wide. As the Lamben fortunes prospered, Middle English became a popular item among the nobility, and as the word spread of the Lady's kindness to the peasant folk, the common people took Lady Jorymar and her language to their hearts. When Duke Geoffrey was killed at the Battle of Ranville, his sons carried on his conquest ably, and his widow toured the growing duchy, teaching the English tongue to any who would listen, with such success that by 1099, when Henry Lamben was crowned the first king of Middle Khorlia (or Lambenya, as it soon became), much to the distress of the clergy the ceremony was performed in English.

From this beginning, English spread over all Khorlia, replacing the barbaric Xofic spoken in the Northeast, the bastard Franco-Khorlian of the west, and the myriad languages and dialects used in the smaller states. This despite the furious resistance of the Xof family, who regarded the Lambens as upstart newcomers, and their language as an affront to all things Khorlian. However, written English was ignored ...



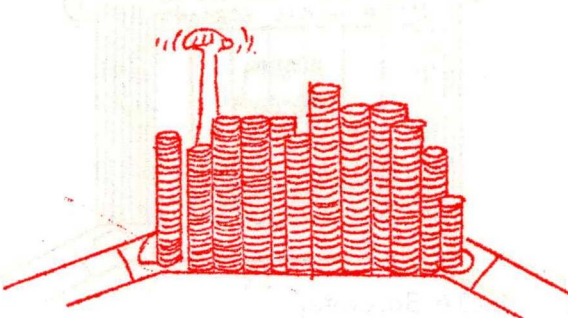
by
Brandon Lamont

LESSON 1



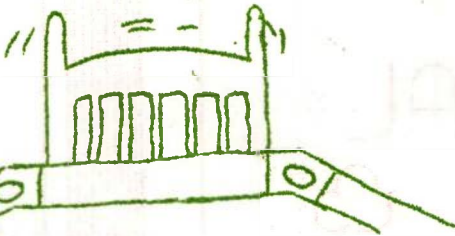
See the elephant,
You can't help but see him,
Bruce gets mad when things go wrong,
Bitch, bitch, bitch!!!
Bruce likes to bitch,
Bruce will bitch at anything,
Bitch, bitch, bitch!!!
Bruce sometimes wins at bouree,
But he will bitch anyway,
Bitch, bitch, bitch!!!
Bruce likes to pick on ValSFA,
Pick, pick, pick!!!!!!!

LESSON 2



See Gail Thompson,
Don't see Gail,
See all the chips in front of her,
Gail always wins,
Win, win, win!!!!
Gail acts like she is losing,
But she never loses.
Fake, fake, fake!!!!
Gail will try to start a game anywhere,
Just as long as the Scribe won't play.
Gail is smart,
Smart, smart, smart!!!!

LESSON 3



See Brandon Lamont,
 Don't see Brandon.
 Brandon is talking to his brother,
 Brandon needs to borrow more money,
 Borrow, borrow, borrow!!!!
 Brandon must like the word Bouree,
 'Cause that's all he does,
 Boo, boo, boo!!!!
 Brandon is called the *patsy*,
 Also the *sucker* and the *fish*.
 Brandon still plays each week, though.
 Brandon always loses,
 Lose, lose, lose!!!!
 Brandon's kinda stupid,
 Idiot, idiot, idiot!!!!

LESSON 4



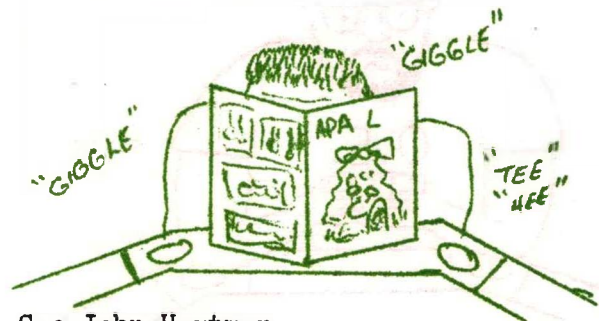
See the drunk,
 Don't see the drunk.
 See the drunk's big bottle,
 Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle!!!!
 He is also the Junkman,
 He is also J.G.
 J.G.'s in the corner with Sally Crayne,
 Sally is Chuck's wife,
 Chuck is playing bouree,
 Helen Smith is with Chuck,
 Helen belongs to J.G.
 Weird, weird, weird!!!!
 But it's okay, though,
 This is very normal.
 They belong to the L.A.S.F.S.!!!!

LESSON 5



See Uncle Scrooge,
 Jack Harness is also the Scribe.
 Jack doesn't always play,
 Chicken, chicken, chicken!!!!
 We play bouree at the Lab,
 Jack lives there,
 Mess, mess, mess!!!!
 Jack wears quiet shirts,
 Like pink flowers on a green background.
 Loud, loud, loud!!!!
 Jack likes to paint,
 His paintings match his shirts,
 Loud, loud, loud!!!!

LESSON 6



See John Hartman,
 Don't see Hartman.
 Hear him giggle at APA L,
 Giggle, giggle, giggle!!!!
 John plays Diplomacy.
 He reads about its progress in APA L.
 Why does he giggle at Diplomacy?
 President Johnson doesn't laugh at it.
 He plays Diplomacy just like Johnson,
 Blind, blind, blind!!!!
 It must be good practice for Hartman,
 He will soon become an expert giggler.
 Giggle, giggle, giggle!!!!

THE SPIDER OF SCIENCE



SIX LEGS?



by andy porter

The Hayden Planetarium will be of interest to science fiction fans. While Los Angeles and Chicago have their own planetariums, and other cities and many colleges also have their own planetarii, the Hayden Planetarium is linked with the American Museum of Natural History, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the world.

The American Museum's extensive collection of spiders is second to none in the world. As I was walking in the Hall of Mammals several years ago, a curious black shape with six legs crossed my path. Beating a hasty retreat, and also two little old ladies in my way, I insisted to the guards that there was a dastardly spider loose in the works. "Nonsense," choked one of the guards, his face blotched with purple, as he lay gasping on the floor. He didn't say much else; it's hard to talk when you're covered by spiderwebs.

And with a single backward glance, I ran from the building into the silent night, the usual soft murmur of the insects stilled, and a waiting silence descending on the wilds of the park. Quickly grasping my Browning to my chest, I stumbled into the undergrowth, determined to find out just what was going on. I knew that I had to get back to the base camp by midnight; the afternoon plane back to Ankor Wat was taking off then, and I had a load of seven tons of dried peach fuzz that I had to ship back to my mother in Peoria.

And yet when it happened, I wasn't even aware of the sinister shape that had leaped up in front of me. Towering 30 feet off the ground, its six great legs reflecting the sickly light of twilight, I saw the great Zeiss Projector sense me and turn around. With a great roar of electrical power, it opened its main projector, and lunged at me. Quickly I set my Browning on automatic and climbed into the cockpit, warming up the motor. "Rowrbazzle!" the great device roared at the night, its outline like a great Fred Patton tank. "Gosh a nickel, mickle dickle!" I yelled at it. And then with a great roar of steam driven pistons the beast was upon me. First it flashed a bold picture of Orion the Hunter at me full face, flowing out in violet passion its message of hate and disease. Then it was followed in quick succession by scenes of New York, several dozen different clips from "Destination Moon", a quick change into the skies as they were in the time of Jesus, and topped off with a face front Sergeant Fury shot of the Deepest view possible of the Sun, geysers spouting and corona careening. I fell back, stunned.

And yet that wasn't it; before the Browning could take off and emerge the machine in Elmer's Glue-All, the thing, sensing its sudden peril, backed off a few feet. This was what I had been waiting for. Quickly I turned the Browning on full and aimed it at the drained Zeiss Projector. With all the fury of a peanut butter sandwich in an Andy Warhol picture the Browning projected a picture of the end of the universe, the mighty figure of Ray Bradbury gathering all the seeds of Man's mind and hurling them at the wall of matter beyond which thought itself does not dare to venture. The flash of power turned the Browning a deep orange, the very picture of Hell unleashed.

The Zeiss staggered; its great legs started to flake with rust.

Sensing that it had finally met its master, the machine hunched down, the great hydraulic veins standing out, the coolant pumps whirling, and prepared to accept its fate.

I met the last reserves of the Browning, and gave the Zeiss a face front idealized picture of a humanity evolved into God's defeating the entropy of matter, willing the universe to stay alive. The face was reminiscent of James Blish's John Amalfi, and I showed the machine that the God/Man was creating new matter with the sheer power of his Scientologist-trained brain. He looked like a Jack of all Harnessed Power.

With a last faint sigh of drained power, the Zeiss lit all its projectors at once, besieging the sky with a mighty vista of planets and suns of a billion years of time, and slowly, shutting each one off, settling down into the ground. The rust etched feelers into the power supply box, and the lights dimmed finally into a dull amber glow that faded to nothing within a minute.

Slowly, softly, the night voices resumed. They had been waiting, it seemed, and I found myself welcoming them back into voice.

Silently the ivy started to grow around the fallen hulk.

... Wardron Tovallon, translator, The Book of Madnesses

 TWO GOOD MEN HONOR DEAD MAN'S
 JEST... (concluded)

Fifteen men of 'em good and true --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew!
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 There was chest on chest of Spanish gold,
 With a ton of plate in the middle hold,
 And the cabins a riot of stuff untold --
 And they lay there,
 That had took the plum,
 With sightless stare,
 And their mouths struck dumb --
 While we shared all by the rule of thumb --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

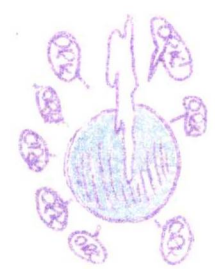
More was seen through the sternlight screw --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 Charting no doubt where a woman had been --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
 With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot,
 And the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot --
 And was she wench,
 Or some shudd'ring maid?
 That dared the knife --
 And took the blade!
 By God! She was stuff for a plucky jade!
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on The Dead Man's Chest --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 Drink and the devil had done for the
 rest --
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
 We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,
 With twice ten turns of a hawser's
 bight,
 And we heaved 'em over and out of
 sight --
 With a yo heave ho!
 And a fare-you-well!
 And a sullen plunge
 In the sullen swell,
 Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!
 Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

WHAT HAVES YOU
 THINK THAT
 US DINOSAURS
 ARE GONNA
 LET YOU
 GET OUT OF
 HAND?



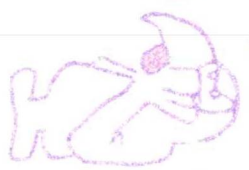
"OF COURSE WE'LL
 ALLOW SOME OF
 YOU TO REMAIN
 — IN A SLIGHTLY
 LESS ADVANTAGEOUS
 POSITION ..."



IT'S TRUE THAT
 I'M THE ONLY DINO-
 SAUR ON
 EARTH, BUT
 VENUS IS
 FILTHY WITH
 US!



"BUT THEN,
 WHO'S TO SAY
 FANS AREN'T
 LATENT
 DINOSAURS?"



Handwritten signature

"WELL, I FINALLY
GOT MY FIRST APPA
L MEGA GEE -
ONLY 40¢
POSTAGE
DUE!"



"FIRST, OF COURSE,
I PULLED OUT
THE STAPLES TO
EXAMINE EACH
PAGE CARE -
FULLY!"

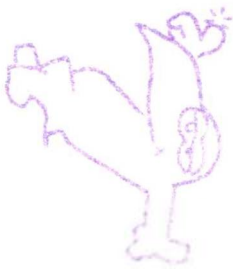


"I NOTICED SOME
PEOPLE VOICING
THEIR CANDIDACY
FOR ULTIMATE
DICTATOR OF THE
UNIVERSE!"



"HOW DROLL!"

"SNAP!"





Friday evening, June 18, 1965

The plane is enclosed in cloud. Somewhere below are the Rocky Mountains. We have been in the air about three hours. Over eastern Utah we entered a high cloudbank and the trip has been featureless for the last half hour. The plane is flying through an empty world of gray. The clouds have no texture.

There is sun! We are coming out the top of the cloudbank and puffy balls are beginning to show up below. We should be coming out somewhere over the Great Plains. There is a bit of turbulence here, though we are around 31,000 feet.

Now the clouds are ending below and the cross-patch pattern of Middle Western farmlands to the northwest is visible. The clouds are taking on an orangish tint of approaching sunset. Not here. We are still too high.

The trip started nicely. We left the airport about 4:30, about half an hour behind schedule, but rather ahead of the delay which I am told customarily attends charter. The plane is a Douglas DC-8F jet, seating 180. The airlines is Capitol Airways, a purely charter outfit operating out of Wilmington, Delaware as home airport. This airline was started several years ago by a group of former American Airlines pilots; it now has a fleet of about a dozen planes, including one jet, our plane, among them.

It is under charter at the moment to a California Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) Group. I sent in my reservation last August. As a result, I was number 5, and, since seating priority was given in order of reservation, I was able to get what is probably the best seat on the plane; all the way forward on the left side by the door: since that is an aisle, it's the only bank of seats on the airplane with decent legroom.

And a good window seat, of course -- the better to take aerial photos from. I have flown a number of times, on assorted aircraft, and have had astonishingly good luck with shots from planes. I hope today's shots come out as well as they looked when I shot them: this has been the most excellent takeoff from Los Angeles I have yet had. The plane roared up and over the water, reversed itself, and headed inland. For a wonder the day was clear, and I could see all sorts of familiar landmarks. There was the interchange of the Santa Monica and Harbor Freeways, and a moment later City Hall came into view. How dramatically the Civic Center buildings stand out! Compared to all the flat roofs around them, they alone appear three-dimensional. Civic Center gave way to hills, and then I found myself looking down into the maw of the Rose Bowl. Then came Pasadena, hills, and right below the unmistakable silver domes of Mt. Wilson.

The mountains passed; the arid Mojave moved into range, and after only a little while, the green thread of the Colorado River appeared. I have seen the Colorado River from the air before -- but this time we had crossed it at the right place. To the north was the great green basin of Lake Mead, but Hoover Dam was obscured by the hills.

It was but a few moments before the river had narrowed to a gorge, the Arizona buttes appeared, and in a few seconds we were directly over the Grand Canyon.

Guess where I ran out of film.

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Sunday evening, June 20

I dropped off to sleep shortly after writing the last several lines [omitted], waking quite by accident just in time to see New York passing below. We flew directly over the southern tip of Manhattan, and all of New York looked just as though it had been laid out on a map. I could make out the great dark oblong of Central Park, the two bright bands that marked the banks of the East River, and most distinctive of all, the roller coasters and ferris wheels and swirling light patterns of Coney Island!

I woke again as the red thread of dawn rimmed the horizon all too soon, dozed, and when I fully awoke to Saturday, gazed down at a world-spanning rug of clouds that masked the North Atlantic.

The hours that followed were the longest of the trip. The clouds held up hour after hour, and when they broke, only whitecaps showed through the holes below. A sort of breakfast was served which consisted of a couple of sandwiches and a bit of fruit. A few moments later the clouds broke and the Irish Coast was in view.

Home! Such a sudden strange welling of the soul!

"It is the auld sod itself!" I thought, and with a joke tried to mask the welling up in my throat. A century ago a couple of my ancestors had upped stakes and come to America; for a thousand years before that their forbears had farmed and worked and wrested a living from this land.

I am as much Scotch as I am Irish; I am twice as much English and Welsh as I am either. Why should Ireland pull me more than the larger isle? Perhaps because the Irish had come more recently? The rest of the family had been west of the water well before 1700. Perhaps, a rapport with the moody and melancholy Celt? Certainly the strain is strong in me. Or merely the conditioning of St. Patrick's Day sentimentality?

"We are stopping at Shannon to refuel" the pilot had said, and as we swooped lower details became clearer. There was the muddy Shannon River; next an airfield that appeared small, but jet planes were taxiing below. Then beside the river came the ruins of a genuine castle, bailey, crenellated keep and all.

Then we touched down, rolled to a stop, and I stepped down onto the soil of the Old World.

Shannon is quite literally the edge of a world. There is no city here, only an airport, and beyond the airport there are only farms down to the beaches of the gray Atlantic. As transit passengers we were not allowed to go into the general terminal which would have meant passing through customs into the outside world. We were instead ushered into a well-appointed store where good merchandise may be had for ridiculous prices: Shannon is a duty-free port and Cutty Sark scotch, for instance, sells for \$2.35 a bottle. There were some nice Irish linens, and a tablecloth would have made an elegant wedding present for my sister, but this was only the start of my trip, and the whole continent of Europe lay before me. I did however, take the opportunity to cash a traveler's check into English pounds at the international bank there.

After a stop of forty minutes the plane became airborne, the farms of Ireland passed below and gave way to the Irish Sea, and at almost the same instant that Ireland passed into the haze behind, the coast of Wales came into view ahead. About forty feet

inland from the Welsh beaches the cloud cover began, and as it continued I began to worry that I would see nothing of England from the air. However it soon broke and the contrasts with Ireland became immediately apparent -- the fields were smaller -- and there were towns.

This was England! There were manor houses and there were sheep in the field. And there soon was Gatwick Airport and the plane was down! Then it was taxiing up to the terminal. Parked at the side of the field were all sorts of unfamiliar types of aircraft. Then came the the fueling points -- a familiar red-and-white Mobil, a familiar yellow symbol with an unfamiliar hyphen: Shell-Max; B-P (British Petroleum) and Esso. Esso, I was later to learn, was having enormous success with an advertising slogan lately introduced to Britain: "Put a Tiger in your tank."

Gatwick Terminal appears to be undergoing rapid expansion. As we walked down the long corridor from the plane to the main waiting rooms, there was much carpentry work visibly in progress. At last we were asked to climb a flight of stairs into a waiting room and fill out a customs declaration. It was 1:05 pm London Time, a little over 12 hours since I had left Los Angeles.

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I was to stay in England with Arthur Thomson. He had had to work Saturday morning and could not meet me. "Take the train to the station in London" he had written, "and call me. By that time I should be free to come get you."

I gazed up at the board above the station entrance. "Take the train to the station in London..." There were a dozen stations in London whose names were listed on the board! I pulled Arthur's letter from my pocket. "Streatham Hill Station" he had said, "ask for directions."



Only what he had actually said was, "All you have to do is say in Pidgen English '...me White Man same yourself...me want Streatham Hill...savvy Streatham, Brixton..?' and whoever you're asking should say 'Ri' oh, Guv', tike a nummer forty free bus...' or some such words."

I resisted a momentary urge to try Arthur's idea and asked the ticket-taker in simple English how to get to Streatham Hill Station.

"Ri' oh, Guv'," he said; "Tike the train to East Croydon..."

I regretted not having tried the Pidgen after all. Having enquired more detailed directions, and bought a ticket (solving my first money problem by the expedient of shoving a £1 note into the window and waiting for change), I found myself on the railway platform. The train was standing waiting and I hustled aboard. I had seen exactly this sort of train in the Beatles' movie. Two women and a young boy came into the compartment and sat across from me. They started rattling German at each other and I felt a glow of pleasure. I was in Europe!

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June 23, 1965

It has been a pretty eventful three days. I have been staying with ATom and his family, wife Olive and seven-year-old daughter Heather. They are all very nice people

-- I knew about Arthur, of course, since we hit it off quite well when he was over here last year and my delight in this man has only intensified on closer acquaintance. Olive is a quiet but personable blonde a few years younger than Arthur -- still a bit shy, I think, at having a house-guest from America. But a more willing hostess one could not ask for.

Saturday afternoon I got a tour of the local suburb but I am afraid I didn't appreciate it properly. Aside from the numbing wonder of actually being in England, Arthur Thomson drives like a madman. Down the street comes a car and we whizz madly toward it AND GO AROUND IT ON THE LEFT!!! I am sure I know now why the British Empire spread all around the World. These Englishmen drive on the wrong side of the street all the time! When one has lived constantly, incessantly, in paralysed fear as cars come whizzing by on the wrong side of the street, mere tigers and alligators and cannibals can hold but small terror for these intrepid islanders.

Saturday night Olive, Arthur and I went over to Ella Parker's. "You've met Ella?" said Arthur; "then I won't have to explain her."

"You may apologize for me," said Ella when he repeated the remark to her, "but I will not have my friends trying to explain me!"

The gathering was small but the conversation was excellent. In addition to the Thomsons and myself, there was Ella and her brother Fred, Peter Mabey, Jimmy Groves, and Ted Forsythe of London fandom, and Waldemar Cumming of Munich.

"There," said Arthur as we entered, "is the very bed where Ella was sleeping when Harlan Ellison called!" And then of course Ella told how Harlan had called her and I told how we'd all sat around 1825 Greenfield laughing hysterically, and how we all hoped Harlan would be in London and how the best part of the whole thing was how typically Harlan it had been.

From there we went on to discuss other Fans We Have Known, and Ella complained that she was getting more mail than she could possibly answer now that she was working until 8 most every night, and in fact she'd gotten two letters that week inquiring what had happened to the OMPA mailings. "Why should they ask me about OMPA?" said Ella. "I haven't even had time to publish this year!"

"It's because you're responsible for everything that happens in British fandom," I replied.

"Who says so?" she said.

"Why you run British fandom," I said. "Everyone in America knows that."

Ella muttered something impolite. "He's taking the Mickey out of you." ATom said, and when I looked blank he explained that this was English slang for making her the butt of a joke, and then we were off on an etymological quest and so the conversation went on.

Sunday afternoon (which was Summer this year) the Thomsons, Ted Forsythe, Peter Mabey, and I went out to Hampton Court. This was Henry VIII's favorite palace, was later added to by William and Mary, and is maintained in an excellent state of repair. It is located on the Thames east of London and is backed by a huge park which runs for miles along the river. Admission for the grounds is free, but admission to the building costs 1/6 -- about 21¢. A tip for visitors is to buy a season ticket for 10/- which will admit you to all the monuments (and England has an awful lot of them) for an entire year; you can buy it at most of the monuments. Rooms and rooms and rooms and courtyards and -- wait until you see my pictures.

There is also a maze. The Thomsons and I decided to get ourselves as lost as possible while Ted Forsythe insisted on walking straight through since he knew the way

already. It was with secret satisfaction that we passed Ted and Peter halfway through the maze on a direct course for the deadend from which we had just come. And do you know the favorite flower in all the royal flowerbeds? Geraniums!

July 5, 1965 (mailed)

Squirrel is in! His boat docked yesterday about 7 pm at Bristol where he was met by Archie Mercer. He got into Ella's about an hour ago. We will meet tomorrow evening and catch the ferry to Hook of Holland together. Setting up Hook of Holland as our rendezvous point was planned originally because Ron was to have been in England and gone before I got here. This change of plans makes much better sense now.

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The days are long in northern latitudes. Twilight the previous evening had lasted until 10:30. Now the dawn broke by 5. First class passage on a ship entitles you to roam a different portion of the ship; no more. Having told the travel agent in the States to simply book me, I discovered on arrival at the dock that while I had a ticket that said "First Class", I had neither cabin nor reservation.

"I paid for a reservation." I said.

"Do you believe in fairies?" said the booking agent.

At any rate Ron and I were aboard the ferry, sans cabin. Which, as it turned out, was no bad thing -- the cabins aboard the S.S. Arnham were small and stuffy. We sacked out with many other passengers on deep soft couches in the lounge where the steward delivered pillows and blankets as a matter of routine.

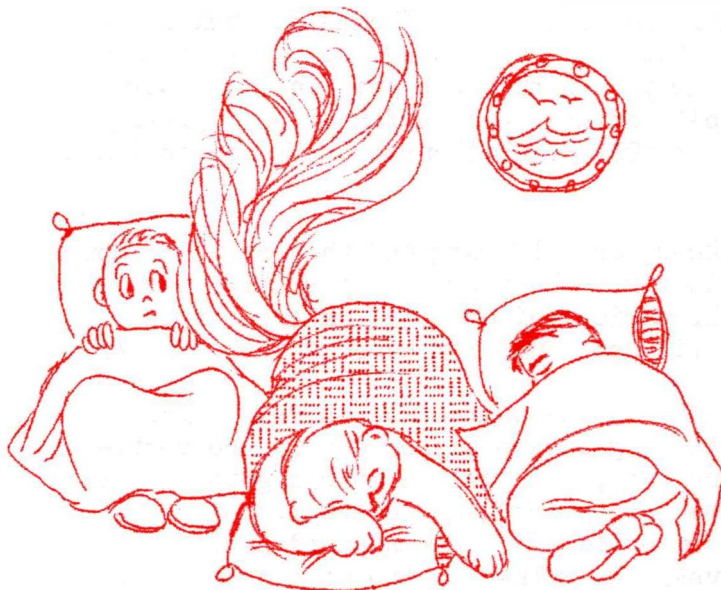
At five o'clock the sun came through the open port and I bounced up on deck to see what I could see.

A cold breeze was blowing and to all sides were the choppy whitecapped waves of the North Sea. And ships! Ships on all sides! All of them sailing on their various errands here near the mouth of the world's busiest river. As I watched, a faint smudge of brown began to take shape on the horizon. A cloud bank or land? As the minutes wore on it began to articulate itself; smokestacks and the silhouette of distant buildings began to harden the outline.

By five thirty we were entering the mouth of the Rhine. A pair of buoys; low flat tongues of land on either hand, then houses and here was the dock looming up ahead. Ropes were tossed and made fast, and the ship was pulled to the wharf. Doors were opened, the gangplank tossed aboard; Dutch customs officials entered to confer with the captain and then it was time to leave.

We had no time for Holland now -- it was the fast express to Hannover and the connecting train to Wolfsburg we were interested in. There was the train -- there was a second-class car, the very first one behind the baggage -- and then we were aboard an almost empty coach and speeding our way through Holland.

The conductor came to check tickets. "Not here!" he said, distressed, and after a moment of panic we found that we were on the right train well enough but the wrong car -- our car was bound for Hamburg once the train was split in Germany. We hefted our bags and commenced our march through narrow corridors the length of the train.



We glanced from the windows. Flat, flat land. As flat as Nebraska. Here and there a canal ran by above the level of the surrounding land. Blocks of modern buildings faced out upon the tracks. Their clean modern lines and spacious windows contrasted sharply with the rows of 19th century brick structures I had been accustomed to see in England.

Finally we debarked in the Hannover station. The next task was to look up Thomas Schlück. We found lockers in which to store the baggage after a time. They were crowded; the competition was keen, and it was very much a "grab and to Hell with the next guy" situation. I beat out a pretty redhead twice running for lockers being vacated and felt a bit of a heel, but she had her boyfriend with her and I was getting awfully tired of that heavy suitcase!

Ron's German was five years old and rusty. We had, however, the maps Thomas had sent, and it proved but a short walk to the Dresden Bank where Thomas worked.

I discovered at once something that was to impress me again and again in the days to come: for all that the people here spoke a foreign language, the general atmosphere of Germany was far more American than that of England had been. The streets were broader and roomier; there was a greater hustle on the part of the people; there seemed to be a much greater looking ahead. In view of Germany's more recent past this is perhaps understandable; still, the country seems dynamic and moving.

We located the Dresden Bank and in a few moments Thomas Schlück came out. He proved to be a tall, handsome, soft-spoken fellow (a full head taller than Ron, who stands an even six feet). We exchanged greetings and then Tom went to ask for the afternoon off so he could show his American visitors around.

We retrieved the luggage, grabbed a taxi, and went off to Thomas Schlück's flat. It is a ground floor apartment in a tall brick building that would look quite at home in New York or Chicago. Thomas' parents were away on a business trip in South Germany. He had the flat to himself. Tom greeted the pile of mail with a fan's usual glee. I glanced at the return address on the top letter: "915 S. Sherbourne". Fandom is indeed an international society!

Thursday morning we bought our train tickets for Wolfsburg and then spent an hour looking at the stores while we waited for train-time. Leather is remarkably cheap in Germany; the stainless steel ware is beautiful. Prices of other goods are noticeably lower than in the U.S. -- I wish I could have figured a use for some of these things!

We climbed aboard our train -- fresh and modern and packed to the vestibules. All of the seats were taken and people were standing in the aisles and in the vestibules. The train was 3 minutes late in getting away, and just as it was getting ready to go, a crowd of some hundred additional passengers poured up the steps, onto the platform, and into the train. This train was bound for East Germany and Berlin -- here were people on their way to visit relatives. We talked to one poor punch-drunk Berliner who had been standing in various trains since leaving Rome two days before. He had had no sleep at all. The first stop was Wolfsburg, six miles from the border. We debarked -- and the train sped on for Communist-controlled territory.

A bus was waiting to take us to the Volkswagen plant. At the gate to the VW works a company official made a more thorough perusal of Ron's purchase orders than the guard at the German border had made of our passports and we were then driven to the entrance to the plant and ushered into a huge, plush waiting room where we would await the processing of the cars.

In the afternoon we stopped for a tour of the plant, and I encountered probably the most incredible fact of the day. All of the coal used in the VW factory and used to generate power for both the factory and the town of Wolfsburg, and all of the sheet steel used in the automobiles, is imported from the U.S.! There is a labor shortage

in Germany; this shortage is what keeps VW from expanding its production, and it is also what makes U.S. coal and steel cheaper than that produced in Germany!

The factory -- all 137 acres of it -- is impressive. Our tour wandered through assembly lines and stamping mills and I discovered another difference between Europe and America. In the U.S. such a tour could not have taken place because the tourists could not have been trusted not to keep their hands out of the machinery and then promptly sue the company for damages!

Papers, insurance, registration -- a car -- and then we were out of the Wolfsburg plant and driving for the first time on European roads. We drove back to Hannover on the Autobahn, navigating by map to pick Thomas up at work. We had planned to visit the Schutzenfest, the shooter's festival, that night, and Thomas had talked a couple of girls into going along, who wanted to meet a couple of Americans. The first meeting was one of mutual consternation -- they had thought we could speak German, and we had thought they could speak English!

Ron made capital of the evening; the girls could speak some English and he spoke some German, and he got along swimmingly. I did not fare so well, for it is one thing to have a basis to start with, and quite another to have no basis at all. Besides, they were both taller than I was, and that always fazes me. Tom, however, did not seem in the least displeased to step into the breech, and with Horst Evermann and Wolfgang Thadewald, two more Hannover fans, the seven of us headed for the Schutzenfest.

The Schutzenfest could have been any travelling carnival in the States. There were shooting galleries and roller coasters (portable, small, and therefore disappointing) and "hotdog" stands and even a fun house and an aura of fun and gaiety. I wandered around, content to absorb the carnival atmosphere, but because I was not obviously enjoying myself by plunging into everything with extroverted abandon, my hosts were worried, and that worried me, and the evening was less successful than it might have been. Besides, Rosa was too close to my idea of an extremely pretty girl for me not to feel very frustrated at being the only member of the group who was not even partially bilingual.

We said good-bye to the girls, and to Horst and Thadewald, and staunchly resisting Maggie's plea to Ron to stay another night, determined to venture forth on the morrow.

July 7, 1965

We turned off the Autobahn, passed over the Amsterdam-Rhine canal, and entered the outskirts of Utrecht. We slipped under the railroad bridge, and, map in hand, entered the first traffic circle.

It might be mentioned that Europeans seem to have a fascination for these traffic-control atrocities. There are half a dozen in every major city. Instead of cloverleaves the Dutch use traffic circles at their interchanges on the Autobahns. They are less hazardous than traffic circles I have driven in the U.S. solely because of less traffic volume.

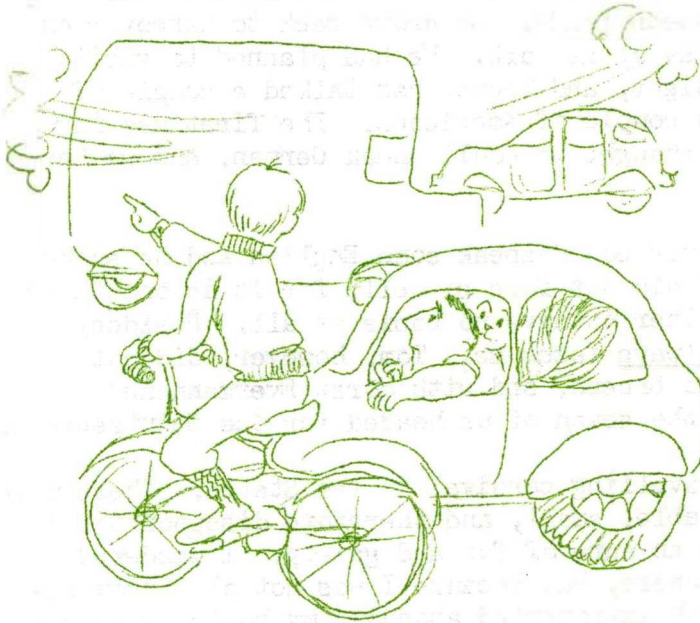
"Hey, you looking for someplace?" called a voice, and we glanced up at a blond youngster of about 12 who pulled parallel with us on his bicycle.

"The V.V.V." said Ron, referring to the Dutch tourist organization whose full name is Vereniging Voor Vreemdelingenverkeer -- a mouthful which no one, not even the Dutch, like to pronounce more often than they can help. "Near the central station" he added, as we glanced down at our map.

"Follow me," said the boy, and angled sharply across two lanes of traffic, while we, in our blue Volkswagen, followed obediently -- no doubt to the discomfort of some native drivers.

Around, down, three blocks -- and then, sighting the railroad station, we pulled into a parking space. "V.V.V. this way," said the boy, and took off with two Americans in tow. After the first block, I went back to lock the car, and when I looked up Ron and our native guide were out of sight. I sat down to wait expectantly with a growing sense of anticipation of what Ron would report.

In a few minutes he came bouncing back to the car. "That little grifter!" he said. "Do you know where he took me? Right back to the other side of that traffic circle! And you know what he wanted? He wanted a guilder for it! I only had 65¢ (Dutch cents)", he said with satisfaction, "but I figured he was a pretty shrewd businessman, so I gave it to him."



Then we drove back to the V.V.V. where we found that a room had been procured for us in a private home for FL 15 -- a night including breakfast, which would be about \$2.10 apiece, in real money.

The room proved to be a small but quite adequate and extremely clean place -- twin beds, wardrobe and basin, while we shared the separated toilet with the family. They could speak nothing but Dutch; we could speak no Dutch at all -- and Ron's Pidgen-German had broken down completely when the couple called for their interpreter -- a very lovely brown-haired daughter -- a tall daughter, too, dammit. Though Ron didn't seem to mind in the least.

After scouting the town for a late dinner where I got enough good milk in a restaurant for the first time since leaving the States, we explored a bit and settled down for a bit of reading before hitting the sack.

Breakfast was coffee for Ron and tea for me, with a big quilt triangle to keep the teapot warm, cheese, sliced salami, bread, jelly, and an egg served in an eggcup that was something closer to hard-boiled than soft. We also met the third houseguest, a crawly character from Pittsburgh who leered confidentially as he related how he had encountered (but not sampled) the wares of Amsterdam's red-light district. We left a bit sooner than we might have otherwise and set off to see the town.

Tuesday was to be our day in Utrecht. Utrecht is one of the oldest cities in the Netherlands, having been settled since Norman times. Nothing visible remains of its earliest works; the bulk of historical architecture of Utrecht dates from its period of glory as one of the greatest religious centers of the Middle Ages.

The Domkirk is the greatest church of the town. Construction was begun in the 1100's and stopped in 1517 at the outbreak of the Reformation. A great amount of restoration work has begun and is continuing -- it is mostly finish work that remains to be done.

A medieval cathedral is big -- all of the reading does not prepare one for just how big or how impressive -- or how beautiful. Truly the soul of a people went into these. The Domkirk of Utrecht was my first cathedral: Westminster Abbey doesn't count; time and history have made it a different sort of institution altogether.

The Utrecht cathedral is huge and quiet; great massive walls reach up a hundred feet. Above that a great detached tower soars toward the sky. Flying buttresses reach toward the ground. And inside! Once in a long while there comes a moment of emotion

so pure that there is room for nothing else -- a moment when the universe catches hold and transposes one for a moment into a single bell ringing clearly in tune with some great natural work. The Utrecht cathedral gave us two such moments. Walking into the little cloister garden where all of the great outside for a moment vanished and I was strolling at peace with the monks of ages past, and listening to the pure tones of an organ playing -- lifted for a space into timelessness that was caught in the fabric of time itself.

Then, to walk unprepared into the interior of the cathedral itself. Up, and up, and up in a great arch unbelievably far above -- and arches and arches stretching out in all directions. I sat for a very long time simply soaking up the magnificence and simplicity that represented the love of generations.

Dark ages indeed! Will we of the 20th century leave anything behind to hold the soul in thrall of beauty? If we do I think it shall be in a machine. The 19th century found its ultimate expression in the great white sails and lithe-lined wood of the China clippers. Maybe ours is to come in steel cylinders to sail beyond the moon -- but it is not here, not yet.

Back to reality. One walks around the cathedral and it becomes manageable, something made by the hand of man, albeit a machineless man whose goals were other than ours. But music! The organ -- an instrument so flat and out-of-place in the small services of America's village churches. But build the pipes four times the height of a man and place them in the middle of a wall ten times as high and give them the great man-made cavern as sounding chamber, and they do belong magnificently. I have never cared for the organ, but in the time and place that suits -- in a European cathedral -- it is wonderful.

Circling back that evening, as we entered the traffic circle, a brown-haired youngster of 12 or so bicycled up beside us. "Hey! You looking for someplace?"

"It's a racket!" shouted Ron. "They look for our round license plates and they know we're tourists!" We declined his offer and went on -- junior achievement was functioning effectively.

We checked out right after breakfast, while Ron made points all over the place, when the matron of our family came in and in broken Dutch and pantomime explained that her daughter's motor bike would not work and she would be late for the school where she taught, and she was crying. "Say no more!" said Ron, gallantly leaping to his feet, and Galahad To The Rescue went off to avert disaster.

He was back half an hour later. "She shook hands with me!" he said. However we were both consoled with the gift of a ball point pen from the lady of the house, inscribed with her husband's firm name, and we set out pleased with ourselves and the town.

July 14, 1965

It is hard to describe the Rhine. It is picturesque, certainly, and one can drive but a few feet above the water for much of the way. There are castles on the cliffs and little villages with quaint one-way streets that are narrow and winding -- which doesn't greatly restrict the speed of the traffic, you understand! A great many of the buildings are of the half-timbered style that we characterize as "Elizabethan", though "Renaissance European" would be more accurate, I suppose.

At Frankfurt we phoned George O. Smith who invited us to his apartment on the top floor of an otherwise office building, poured us a drink, introduced us to his wife Dona (whom Ron had already met) and proved to be an exceedingly enjoyable raconteur. As the afternoon progressed we were joined by George Scithers, Burkhard Blüm, Dona's daughter Leslin, and by Herbert Ahrents and his wife and daughter. We spent a fine afternoon of conversation and went out to an excellent dinner.

George Scithers had bed space for both Ron and I, and on Sunday we 3 were joined by another Frankfurt American-in-residence, Dave Williams. George was bursting to talk fan, and particularly fan politics -- from which subject I had hoped to be on vacation -- but when we could get off onto the subject of naval warfare, Greek and Roman history, etc., it was a most pleasant weekend. George has not adopted to life in Germany. He lives in the BOQ, eats at the PX, and has learned less German in two years than Ron has in two weeks. He is well adjusted to the Army, though.

From Frankfurt we went to Heidelberg, which must be considered the happiest combination of picturesque town and liveable city we had encountered. From the schloss, the great ruined palace of the Electors Palatine, we hiked up the mountain to Konigs-tühl, seven kilometers of damp green forest. Flowers were out in huge purple fields where the trees had been lumbered out, and at the top we took an elevator to the top of the radio tower where an incredible panorama is presented of the forested mountain, the town of Heidelberg at its foot, the Necher River winding westward through to the valley of the Rhine, marked by a distant line of smog short of the horizon.

July 18

At Munich we met Gary Klöpfels, and Waldemar Kunning, the latter of whom I had met in London at Ella Parker's, the night I arrived in England -- and we also saw the most extraordinary lightning storm I have ever experienced. We saw the first flashes about five in the afternoon; it was still going with diminished intensity after midnight. Imagine bolts going 180° across the zenith!

At this point we were behind schedule, so we decided to forego Vienna for a direct trip across the Alps to Trieste. We had lunch in Innsbruck, where we also had the VW lubed, and then across the Brenner Pass in a pouring rain that got worse as we wound down into Italy, cleared temporarily just after midnight, and finally climaxed in a remarkable hailstorm at 6 a.m. just outside Trieste, and put a quick end to our first sleeping-bag experiment of the trip!

At Trieste we arrived for the last day of the S-F Film Festival, caught a re-run of 1,000,000 B.C., a film remarkable for the extraordinary internationalism of its dialog, saw the presentation of the awards -- a really beautiful group of trophies -- caught a French cartoon, and ditched The Alligator Men to go to dinner with Forry Ackerman, Wendy, a French director, Boris Grabnar of Yugoslavia, a pair of Italian fans, a Frenchwoman and a Swiss -- and one of the most delightful evenings I have ever spent.

July 22

The pace, or the food, or both, finally caught up with us. After a night of nausea and the runs and a day of not eating, I was just about back to normal. Ron, who didn't get as sick, is feeling worse. We stayed an extra day, just lying around recuperating.

Sunday morning, the 18th, Ron, 4E, Wendy, Boris Grabnar, and I headed for Yugoslavia. The two Milanese, Luigi Cozziari and Paul Strimpel, accompanied us as far as the border. Getting underway was a bit of a project. First Ron had had too much wine the preceeding night and was slow, and then when we arrived to pick up 4E and Wendy, Wendy was not packed, and then 4E had to go back to leave a forwarding address for a package he was expecting, and then, when we finally got off, we discovered that the road to the border was closed because it was being used as a raceway for miniature racing cars! It was thus shortly after noon instead of mid-morning that we at last crossed over into Yugoslavia.

Behind Trieste, the land rises abruptly to a plateau, and almost the moment one has ceased to climb, there is the border. We crossed without difficulty. (Where is the fearsome customs inspector of legend? Guarding the U.S. of A., land of freedom, by last report.)

We arrived in Ljubljana about dinner time and met Boris' bride of a month and a half -- a very petite and charming blonde who served us the best meal that we had in Yugoslavia. Maybe it was the slivovka that we started off with -- at any rate it was a delicious menage of salad, bread, and cold cuts. An observation on food here -- judging by our meals south of the Alps, cooked vegetables are very rare to nonexistent. Vegetables are taken in almost entirely in the form of salads. And a "mixed" salad consists more often of a bowl with discreet piles of lettuce, tomato, cucumber, shredded cabbage, and possibly stringbeans, covered with a light, almost flavorless dressing. But cooked fruit, in the form of a "compote", is the commonest form of dessert. Ice cream, or "sladoled" in Yugoslavia, is dispensed from street stands, invariably by pretty teen-age girls. Ron has consumed an enormous amount of ice cream. Italian ice cream deserves all the accolades that have been bestowed upon it. Yugoslav ice cream is undistinguished. Cones, in both countries, are floury.

- oOo -

- oOo -

- oOo -

July 28

Some days are like that.

First off, there was no water. "Go back to sleep," I said to Ron; "there is no water." "Grmph!" he said.

Sarajevo is an incredibly colorful little town, but one of the penalties of being picturesque and primitive is that some times all of the mechanical gadgets don't work properly. The previous evening water had been off in our section of town for a couple of hours. It had been restored in time for the other inhabitants of our floor to hook up their new washing machine before bedtime, so we rolled over, and, true to our expectations, when next we surfaced, there was water in the pipes; we shaved, and while Ron finished his packing, I went down to shoot a few more pictures in the wild and wonderful little bazaar section nearby. But first to put my suitcase in the car...

As I stepped around the corner into the sidestreet where it was parked, a couple of excited kids rushed up, jabbering away in Yugoslav (which dialect do they speak in Bosnia, now...?). It became immediately apparent what the trouble was -- the window had been smashed quite thoroughly and the interior of the car was littered with glass.

I opened the car; the telephoto lens was under the seat; my jacket and sleeping bag still in back, the camera bags under the hood; nothing seemed missing...

All the while I was calmly taking inventory, a crowd was piling up. Kids from five to fifteen; their mothers; a policeman who tried to say something officially useful. When the mob had grown to about 30, a fellow appeared who could speak German. This was only potentially better.

"I go for my friend," I said, waving my arms. (Waving one's arms is the way to communicate in all non-English speaking countries. Of course, everyone to his own technique; Ron, now, simply shouts back.)

"Ron," I said, "somebody broke into the car, and..."

"My jewel, my precious, my Volkswagen!" screamed Ron, leaping long flights of stairs in a single bound and rushing to the scene.



Ron repeated the inspection and through our interpreter managed to convey the idea that nothing had been stolen. There was a general stir of satisfaction -- I think the whole population had been keeping an eye on our car since the broken window had been discovered, and the officer assigned a boy of about 15 to show us the way to the police station to file a report.

At the station sat the most incredibly bored-looking desk sergeant you can imagine: long, thin face, bagging slightly under the eyes, a small precise moustache, and an air that for some reason a broken window with nothing missing was just not worth getting excited about.

We were ushered down the hall to where a fellow with "cop" written all over him -- stocky, grizzled hair, and Peter Lorre eyes -- heard the story from our boy and sent us to another fellow who gave up and sent for an interpreter whose German was about as good as Ron's.

We went through everything again, and then they asked to fingerprint us -- they had dusted the car for prints rather thoroughly -- and brought in their fingerprint man. Ron decided to have some fun, giving no cooperation at all, so he smudged the first print. The fellow looked at the smear, grunted, and went on to the next finger. Ron smudged it again. Again the fellow shrugged and went on to the next. In the end he ended up with one good print out of ten. But he didn't bother to re-do any of them. Me? It never occurs to me to play games. I just don't think of being devious. I assisted as best I could and gave him a clean set. The only sink in the building to wash hands was a small one mounted outside on the back wall. Modernity goes only so deep. Ruthlessly efficient Communist police state, my ear!

Next stop was a search for the insurance agent, who, again speaking only poor German, assured us that either (a) this was not a collision and we were therefore not covered, or (b) we were not covered for collision.

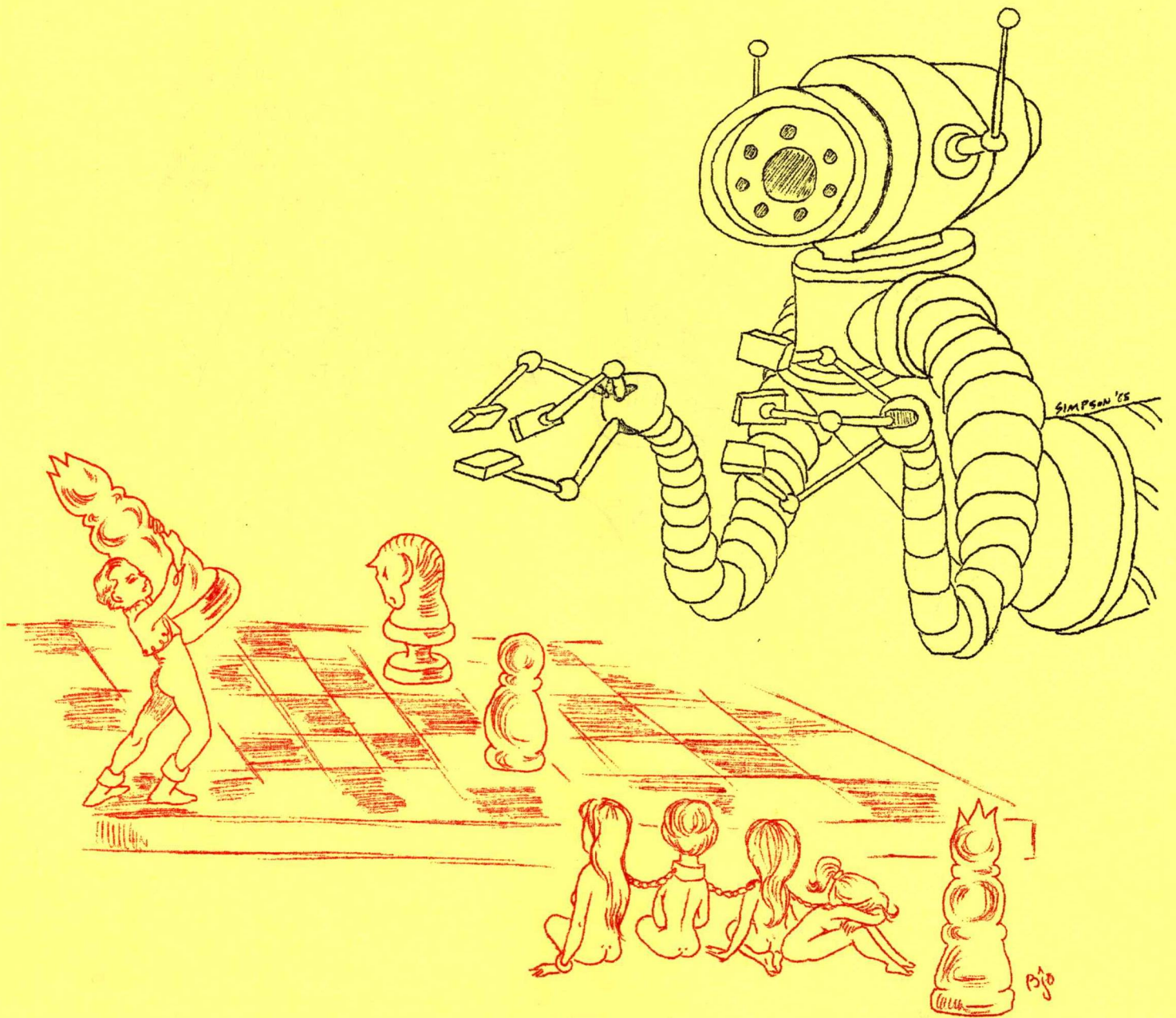
After half an hour of getting nowhere, we went to look for the Volkswagen agency. The girl at the Turist Biro (sic.) gave explicit directions -- but not to the VW agent. After another hour we finally found him. No, he couldn't do it; he didn't have the parts. Go to Belgrade.

We loaded our gear, ate lunch, snapped one last photo, and headed for Belgrade.

[The preceding trip report is heavily excerpted from letters written during the course of the trip by Al, sent to the Trimble's, and published in Apa L over several weeks' time. We regret the lack of space that forces us to cut the report short at this point; we also regret any errors-by-inference that may be given by this condensed version through the omission of whole pages of material, which may therefore give the impression that Al & Ron saw much less, and did much less, than is actually the case.]

john trimble:

The rain is both a lonely thing, and a cause for joy. It brings out colors in houses and cars, it slicks the streets and thereby multiplies the colors a hundred-fold. Each person and each thing is more solitary in the rain, but at the same time, people tend to huddle closer to one another than when it is dry. And even in the midst of its destructive bent, the rain is renewing life; water tables are rising, and the greenery which will result from the rain may guarantee a lack of burn-off in the Southern California hills next year. I dig the rain. Even with the dangers involved, I enjoy my job and the driving involved more in the rain than when it's dry.





MERRY CHRISTMAS!

\$10,000

...MORE OR LESS

by FRED PATTEN

Maybe some of you read an article in the Los Angeles Times a couple of weeks ago (or in your respective local papers; it was carried nationally) about how Len Brown and Malcolm Willits of the Collectors Book Store (1717 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood) discovered \$10,000 worth of rare old comic books in an old trunk they'd bought at an auction for \$4.16. According to the story, by a Times staff writer, they were told by a customer of someone who used to live in Burbank who had a lot of the rare old issues. Checking the story, they found that the fellow had supposedly moved to Harrisburg, Pa., long ago. They then wrote to everybody in Harrisburg with that surname, and finally got a reply from the man's uncle, who didn't know where the man was, but did know that his comics were still in a trunk in storage in Burbank. So Len and Mal went out to Burbank, arriving just as the trunk was being put up for auction to pay an overdue storage bill. They bought every trunk at the auction until they hit the right one (fortunately, they got it on the third try), and ended up with a collector's bonanza -- the first thirty issues of BATMAN alone were quoted at being worth \$1,000.

I was out at the Collectors Book Store last week to look through their new stock of Arkham House books, and I got to talking to Len & Mal about the article. "Oh, man, was that a put-on!!" Len said. "The facts about how we got the comics are straight enough, but they're only worth about a quarter of what it said in the article. We had this guy in from the paper to interview us, and we tried to play it straight, but we could see that he wasn't very interested, because we weren't waving any of the old comics that're supposed to be worth \$100 apiece around. So I said, well, some of these comics are worth more than the prices I just told you, and he looked a little more interested, so then I said, we'll probably get a grand for the set of BATMAN alone, and he took his notebook and pencil outta his pocket, so I got up and pointed dramatically and said, "This...is Americana!", and I could see he was just eating it up."

"We figure we must've gotten \$50,000 worth of publicity out of that story," Mal put in. "You should see the mail we've been getting from all over the country since the story appeared. Unfortunately, it's more sell offers than customers wanting to buy, but we're getting some really great stuff in -- that article's getting people to go up and look in their old trunks for stuff they'd just forgotten about for the last 20 years. In fact, it's getting a little embarrassing, because we've got most of our capital tied up in our stock right now, and people keep writing in and coming in with beautiful stuff at such low prices that we'd be fools to let another store beat us to it -- but we just don't have any more money to afford it right now."

Mal showed me the file of clippings of the article about them that they've been assembling from papers all over the country. The article in the Times may've been slightly exaggerated as to prices, but it was a sterling example of impartial reporting compared to some of the other articles, which had a field day with these funny people who go around spending lots of money for comic books. One of the stories even wrote up the event as though it were an episode on the "Batman" show. It began, more-or-less: "Our story opens as Leonard Brown and Malcolm Willits, intrepid proprietors of the great metropolitan Collectors Book Store in Los Angeles, heard about a fabulous fortune in

rare old comic books locked away in a trunk somewhere. "Holy treasure chests!" exclaimed dashing, muscular Leonard, jumping up and down with excitement; "we've just got to locate that trunk, Malcolm!" ... Len and Mal generally laughed it all off, though. "Right now, we're at the stage where we don't care what they say about us as long as they spell our names right -- and get the name and address of the Store in the article. Frankly, we couldn't really expect much more than this; we're happy that the story got as wide a coverage as it did." One of the drawbacks to the exaggerated set of prices, though, is that occasionally someone will come in with a nice copy of one of the rare old comics mentioned in this (or another) newspaper article, and say, "Hey, I see that this is worth \$100. I just got it outta an old box where it was sittin' for years, an' I'll sell it to ya for just \$50." Then Len or Mal has to try to explain to the fellow that the newspaper article was exaggerated, that the comic isn't really worth more than \$50 actually, and that they can't give him more than \$20 or so for it. He's likely to feel that they're trying to cheat him -- the papers wouldn't say it was worth \$100 if it wasn't worth \$100, would they?

Happily, the news article has stirred up more than just old comics, because several people have come in to inquire if old pulpzines are worth money, too, and the Store is in the process of buying a couple of fair-sized lots of old science-fiction, detective, air-adventure, etc., pulps in beautiful condition. Due to their location in Hollywood, and the current boom in ComiCollecting, their biggest sales have been in old motion picture posters and stills, and comic books. Mal's an s-f fan himself, though -- he's got several original Paul and Morey covers from AMAZING framed on the walls of the Store -- and he's glad to be able to build up the Store's stock of rare s-f magazines for the collectors. Their new supply of Arkham House books -- everything Derleth still has in print, at 10% off cover price -- and British trade s-f books (the only lines of hard-cover books the Store carries; the rest of their trade is in ephemera only) is a part of Mal's policy to make the Collectors Book Store the store for the science-fiction collector on the West Coast. So possibly even though most s-f fans aren't interested in old comic books, Len & Mal's recent find -- and the publicity resulting therefrom -- may prove to be a most fortunate event in providing the key to unlock still more treasure troves of rare old s-f pulps for our own collections. And not at \$100 per copy, either.

 CONSIDER: A cubic mile of grape jello in a 24-hour orbit over Quito, Ecuador.



A MEETING WITH

by dave

GRIDLEY WAVE FANDOM

van arnam

Last week Dick Lupoff called me up from Poughkeepsie — as he does several times a week, since IBM has a trunk line into NYC and it doesn't cost any more than a local call. "Hey, Dave Van Arnam, guess what!" said Dick. "No," I said. "I've been invited onto a radio show, to talk about EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS: MASTER OF ADVENTURE." "Tremendous," I said; "What show?" "The Amazing Randi, on WOR. Midnight to 2:30. And that's more or less what I called you about. Want to be on it?" "How come me?"

It turns out that the Amazing Randi has a panel arrangement, and Dick was requested to whip up a group of three others with some knowledge of the subject, and who were intelligent and reasonably articulate. Needless to say I was gassed out of my F mind by this, and accepted instanted. Then at the Phillycon last week, Dick came over to me and mentioned that there'd been a slight change concerning the show. I cd see it coming --- the panel was being dropped. *sigh*

No, instead of our being on for 2 1/2 hours, we were going to be on the entire length of the show -- five hours, starting at midnight (but with a half-hour break for food and coffee after 2 1/2 hours).

Five hours (or actually 4 1/2, subtracting the break) seemed like an awfully long time to sit around talking about one subject, Burroughs, but Dick assured me that there wd be no problem.

Monday Lin Carter called me at work and I told him to be sure to listen to the show on his radio Wednesday night. "That's impossible, I'm afraid," said Lin. "Why? (you rotten swine)," I answered. "Well, it turns out I'm going to be on the show too ...Wollheim can't make it."

So at 11:30 pm, Wednesday, Nov. 17, we foregathered for the program at WOR studios just south of Times Square. Three fans (Dick, Lin, and I), plus Jack Tannen, who, as half of Biblo & Tannen, booksellers and owners of Canaveral Press, was the co-publisher of Dick's ERB:MOA, and the fifth member of the group, Don Boltson, who is a friend of Dick's at IBM and who as a speed-reader has read the entire works of ERB in the past 1 1/2 months, for the first time.

Randi was late, and showed up only about 10 minutes before the start of the show, which barely gave him time to give us a run-down on the techniques of the program. One point stuck in my mind; when Lin asked him, facetiously, whether "dirty words" were permissible, Randi answered quite seriously that they were, providing they were relevant.

And then we were On. Fascinating experience, being on radio. Unfortunately for me, Lin Carter is one of the world's great conversationalists, Dick is always fascinating even when rehashing things I've heard many times, and Jack Tannen turned out to be a very forceful talker himself. For the first 2 1/2 hours I hardly got to say very much of my own; I doubt if I got to put more than 2 sentences together before

being interrupted, mostly by Jack Tannen. Tannen, of course, was quite happy that Wollheim couldn't make it, and he managed to get more plugs in for the hard-cover ERB editions than I wd have thought possible; by the end of the show I was mildly nettled at the way he wd swing the conversation back to them at just about the time I was starting to say something in comment to Lin or Dick. Owell.

Randi himself is an amazingly quick-witted man, never at a loss for a comment, the sort of talker that can fill an unexpected extra minute of announcing time easier than a trufan can fill six blank lines at the bottom of a stencil.

And he knows all the tricks. After about 45 minutes or so, while Dick and Lin were engaged in discussing some aspect of the Tarzan movies, Randi got up, walked out of the studio, and didn't come back for half an hour! Finally he came back, tossed in a commercial, introduced us to the audience again (as he did every half-hour, to keep the newly-tuned-in listenership on who we were), tossed in a sentence or two to get us started — and walked out for another half hour!

At the half-hour break he explained, "That's the single greatest discovery I've made on this show -- walk away and let the people talk. It takes the pressure off them, surprisingly enough. Maybe you don't realize it, but you people are sitting there and looking over at me, trying to tell if I approve of what you're saying." I thought a moment and realized that I had -- at one point I had been momentarily dismayed to realize that while I had thought he was leafing thru the next batch of commercials or something, he had been reading the new PLAYBOY!

During the show he got telegrams from people listening -- which was a hell of a kick since it was graphic proof that there were at least a few people out there actually listening to a bunch of science fiction fans enthusing about sf and sword-and-sorcery and ERB.

In fact, as Randi mentioned before the show, his program is heard in 39 states by upwards of four and one half million people... Sheesh! He also said that any mail -- and there wd probably be quite a bit -- wd be forwarded on to the panelists, which struck me as a pretty decent gesture on WOR's part.

Randi's audience is incredible. He mentioned that there was one little old lady who, after each show, sits down and writes him eight single-spaced pages of comment. And at the end of the show he boggled us by showing us a completely incoherent telegram that had just come in, must have been a hundred or so words long, from some truck driver who'd just put in a 17-hour stint and, apparently, wanted to come straight on to the studio and get on the show... What it is, it occurs to me, is another ghoddam fandom again!

And I caught myself tuning in WOR last night at midnight, too. Gee, I hope it's not catching!

THAT OLDEST-TIME RELIGION

by *jack*

M is for the Mysteries of Isis,
O is for the Orgies the Nymphs share;
T is for those quaint Tantric devices,
H is for the Hag's dear scraggly Hair;
E is for that Eldritch Open Bodice,
R is for Rapport the Matron gives:

harness

Put them all together, they spell Goddess,
 The Old Religion that today still lives.

NOT A bus

by tom digby

At several locations in downtown Los Angeles, usually near street corners, there are little signs that bear the cryptic message, "NOT A BUS STOP". A few weeks ago, the hour of 2 a.m. found me waiting at one of these locations, as per instructions in a note someone I do not care to name had given me. I was half expecting nothing to happen and I was standing there feeling a little silly and waiting for it to be late enough to know that I was on a wild goose chase, when a Thing came down the street and pulled to a stop in front of me. I'm afraid it cannot be described except to say that it had seats in/on it and a sign across the front: "NOT A BUS". I could find no reason to disagree with the sign. I showed the (driver?) the note, and he/it said, "That is not bus fare. Welcome aboard." I climbed in/on the Thing That Was Not A Bus and it pulled away from the Place That Was Not A Bus Stop, heading south on Broadway.

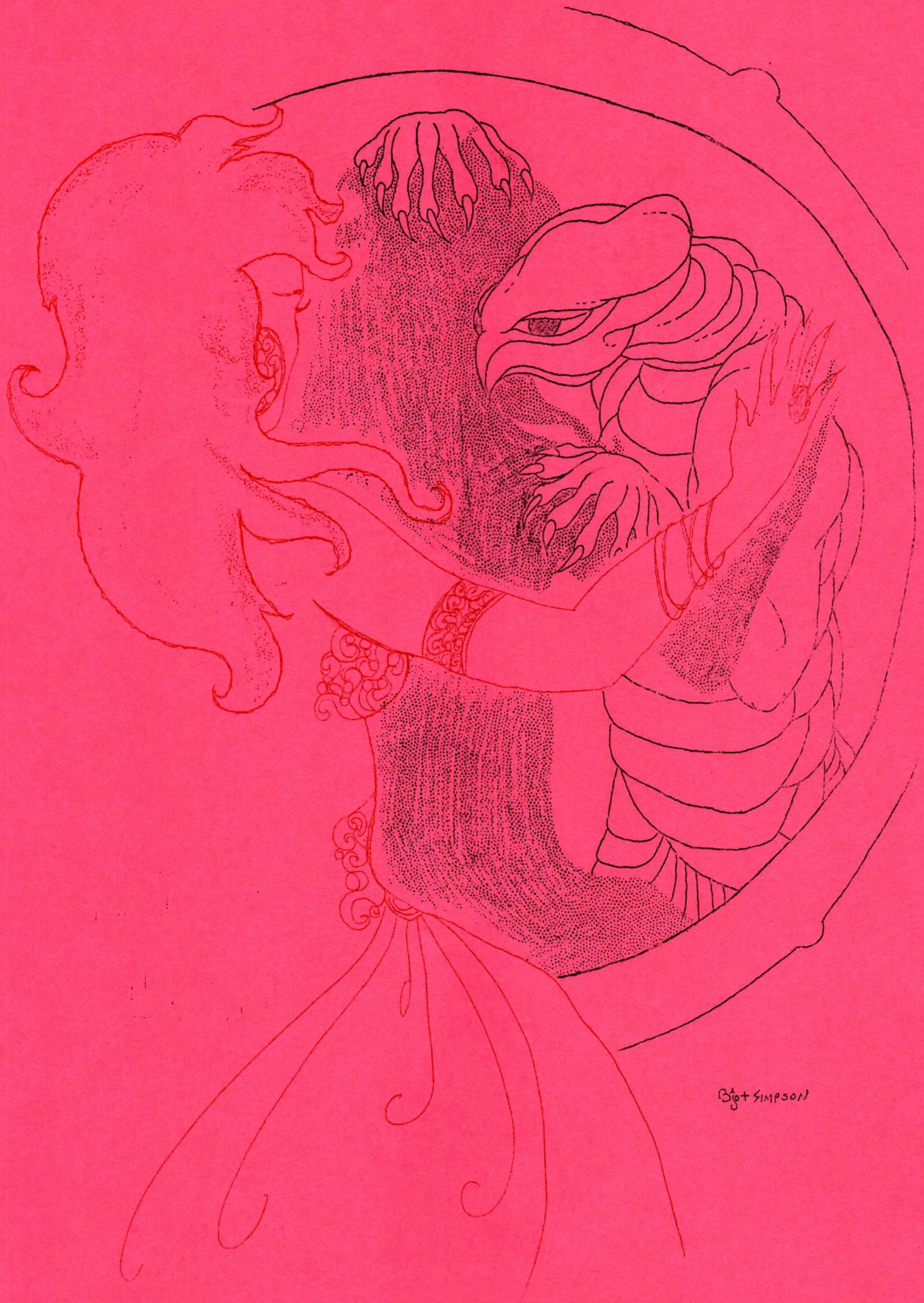
I spent a minute or so glancing around the Thing, wondering about its origins, the nature of what seemed to be the driver, and the destinations of the two or three other passengers that were riding with me. By this time we should have been about at Venice or Washington Blvd., but when I glanced out at the passing scene it didn't look right for that neighborhood. A look at the street signs revealed further strangities. The street we were on was still Broadway, but the cross streets were Zagmuk, Ynglinger, Xnumayo, Wagogo, and on down the alphabet to Diana, Cinyras, Bagba, and Abbas the Great. I'm usually not too good at remembering things like that, but my memories of this trip are unnaturally clear for some reason. After these 26 streets was a fairly large, partly wooded park with a lake glimmering in the moonlight. Signs at several locations identified it as "Nemi". The Thing pulled to a stop just beyond the park at a place labeled "Brick Court".

The note said that I was to go a few blocks beyond Brick Court, so I continued on foot down Broadway. The first cross street I came to, the Street of Unthought Thoughts, appeared to be filled with fog to the extent that only a couple of hundred feet of it could be seen, followed by a row of globs of light that were the street lamps. A sign on the corner, a directional arrow pointing the way to the Library of the Unwritten just one block down this street, caused me to make a detour in that direction. After I had gone a hundred yards or so along the Street of Unthought Thoughts, I noticed that, although the fog was so thick that nothing of my surroundings, including the sidewalk I was on, was visible and the street light was only a vague glow overhead, I could see my feet clearly. I then looked the way I had come. Broadway with its lights and traffic was clearly visible, as was the first hundred or so feet of the street I was on, which faded into misty closeness from the clear distance. By the time I got back to Broadway, I was running. The next street was blocked by a plywood wall with a door bearing a sign: "WARNING---This street may be hazardous to your sanity. DO NOT ENTER unless your Eldritchness Quotient is 2.718 or above." Not knowing my E.Q., I gave that street, which was identified only by an illegible sign, a wide berth. Midway down the next block was the surprisingly ordinary-looking building that was my destination.

(And then? And then?)

ANSWERS TO THE SCIENCE-FICTION TRIVIA QUIZ

1. Joe-Jim.
2. Presidential Year, and A Town Is Drowning.
3. "Aide Memoire", "The Castle of Light", "The City That Grew In the Sea", "Cultural Exchange", "Dam Nuisance", "The Desert and the Stars", "The Frozen Planet", "The Governor of Glave", "Gambler's World", "Mightest Qorn", "Retief's War", etc.
4. Theodore Sturgeon, More Than Human.
5. "The Graveyard Rats", WEIRD TALES, March 1936.
6. "...Caves of Steel, by Frederik Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth, ..."
7. The Christine Keeler. (The Moll Flanders, in the British edition.)
8. "The Fabulous Idiot", "Baby is Three", "Morality".
9. Slan, by A. E. Van Vogt.
10. Lord Jestocost, C'mell, Rod McBan, D'joan, Casher O'Neill, etc.
11. "1941", in Triplanetary.
12. Mitchell Courtenay. (Book title was The Space Merchants, of course.)
13. Sam Moskowitz.
14. The Man Who Sold the Moon (Shasta, 1950); The Green Hills of Earth (1951); Revolt in 2100 (1953), Methuselah's Children (Gnome, 1958). The two stories that were to be expanded into the next volume were published together without any additional material as Orphans Of the Sky (Putnam, 1963), not as a "Future History" volume.
15. A Clockwork Orange, and The Wanting Seed.
16. "The Runaway Skyscraper", ARGOSY, Feb. 22, 1919.
17. "Time Waits for Winthrop", by William Tenn (Philip Klass), GALAXY, Aug. 1957.
18. Slave Ship, Ballantine, 1957.
19. Mars Child (by Cyril Judd), in GALAXY, May-July 1951. Outpost Mars was the hard-bound book (Abelard, 1952) and first paperback printing (Dell) title.
20. "Doodad", Sept. 1943. (For some reason, no one counts his "Probability Zero" entries.)
21. Valentine's Planet, in WORLDS OF TOMORROW, August 1964; Mutiny in Space (Pyramid).
22. Cat's Cradle, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
23. Brain Twister (Pyramid) - That Sweet Little Old Lady (ANALOG); The Impossibles - Out Like a Light; Supermind - Occasion for Disaster.
24. One. The other six were paperback/hardbound anthologies.
25. "Caviar Emptat: The Sturgeon Is All Gone."
26. "Greetings."
27. Fuzzy Sapiens (which was Piper's own preferred title).
28. Donald Duck. ("A Walt Disney Production" ... "the little biped ... with its characteristic expression of arrogant bad temper.")
29. Lefty Feep.
30. People of the Sea, by Arthur C. Clarke. The juvenile hardbound title was Dolphin Island (Holt-Rinehart-Winston).
31. "Ninth Victim" (television), and "The 10th Victim" (movie).
32. "...And My Fear Is Great", by Theodore Sturgeon.
33. "How To Make a Man".
34. "Passion Play", AMAZING, Aug. 1962.
35. Man (according to "Deacon" Matson. The "stobor" were mythical boogey-beasts designed to keep the trainees alert, though the name was later given to the "dopy joes".)
36. "Allamagoosa", by Eric Frank Russell. ("Best Short Story", 1955.)
37. Both are anagrams of the author's real name -- respectively, Randall Garrett and Reginald Bretnor.



Big + Simpson



SIMPSON '65

MY FAVORITE BLASTOFF

by BILL GLASS

The scar on my neck is one of the indicators you can use to differentiate between my Brother Richard and myself. It was partially a gift of stupidity and partially a gift of my friend Ron Frank, back on April 25, 1963.

That afternoon I had finished my trig homework when Ron came by and asked me if I wanted to go and help him launch his homemade rocket. Sure, said I. So we walked up to the end of the street, then over the hill (now a housing development) to the deserted old Platt Ranch (now also a housing development) and the abandoned house where Ron stored his chemicals, his CO₂ cartridge, and his launcher. The launcher was a box made of 1/2-inch wood with open ends. I helped him grind up the charcoal and mix it with the confectionary sugar and some -ate or -ite or whatever it was. He poured the stuff into the cartridge and tamped it down. He jabbed a fuse up the nozzle and put it in the launcher on the front porch, aimed away from the house.

For safety, Ron crouched behind the door. I, half-way remembering a diagram in the Rocket Manual for Amateurs on Where To Stand When Your Rocket Blows Up If You Want To Describe It Later, stood at the far window on the right, craning my neck to get a better view.

It took about thirty seconds for the fuse to hiss its way to the powder. I was impatient, waiting for something to happen— BROOMFPT!! I felt something like a shock wave hit my neck. It wasn't until I turned around that I felt the stickiness dribbling down the inside of my shirt and realized that a piece of the rocket was in my throat.

Either Ron or my frantic subconscious shouted, "You're gonna die! You're gonna die!" I reached up and felt a piece of the metal sticking out. I pulled and the metal slid out of my neck. We were outside and Ron was trying to get me to lay down while he went for help. I was pulling off my sweat shirt. Then off came the tee-shirt to be pressed against my throat. Direct pressure, my subconscious held up a sign from my first aid training of years past.

No, I answered Ron, I wasn't going to sit here and bleed to death. My hands clutched the crumpled-up tee-shirt to my neck as I walked around the hill to where men were grading the land for another housing development. By now Ron had unpanicked enough to make me promise to say that I had fallen and cut myself because he might get arrested for fooling with illegal explosives or something. Then he ran on ahead to tell the men I had had an accident. A man put Ron and me into a truck cab and drove us over to my house.

Ron jumped out, ran over to the door, and told my mother that "Bill has had an accident." Mom came out to look at me. She became a little disoriented and told the driver to take us to a hospital and she named the hospital on Roscoe rather than the one she meant closer to home. When the driver finally found the one on Roscoe, he discovered that it did not take emergency cases, and was sent on to one that did.

Several blocks from this hospital, the driver ran out of gas. Only a minor annoyance, as he had a spare can in the back of the truck. By this time I was sure of what I knew ever since starting the direct pressure; I was going to live. I was even to the point of enjoying little ironies in the situation. Ron kept repeating that I shouldn't worry, that I would be all right.

As we arrived at the hospital's emergency entrance, Ron Stormcrow was off again to tell the news, this time to the orderlies inside. A stretcher was wheeled out, and I was told to carefully get out of the cab and onto the stretcher. (Try it sometime holding your hands to your throat.) They laid me down, raised the bed's sides, and pushed me in.

I watched the corridor roof slide back until they stuck me in a room where an ultraviolet lamp and I stared at each other until the nurse came to pry away the tee-shirt and sponge down my rust-colored chest. By then the bleeding had stopped.

In came the doctor and the intern who bent over me; the doctor on my left, the intern on my right. The doctor smiled, "Hold back that skin flap, please." The two almost touched heads above me as the doctor pointed out the places of interest with a metal probe. "You see that vein just staring at you? Down there you can see the top of the thyroid. There, sticking out from behind the windpipe, you can see..."

The piece had been about an inch long with a little "tail" sticking out on the left. It had hit with the curved side so it would curve out, not in. It stopped just before the jagged "tail" sliced something really vital, and so the tail could be grabbed and the piece could be pulled easily from my neck.

Not much happened after that. I was sown up inside and out. I was left out of Physical Education class for two weeks. I got a scar under my chin that nobody notices. I went back, but never could find the man who drove me to the hospital to thank him.

But, I did go back and find the shard. All I had to do was find the biggest bloodstain and prowled around in the rubble until I found it. I carry it in plastic as a good luck charm now.

There is luck that somehow transcends luck. I now have this uncomfortable feeling of being saved for something. As if I have to live up to something or do something extra special to pay off an obligation. Or am I just born to hang?

 maybe they should try artificial mushrooms

Joe has been telling me about this small town in Pennsylvania. Seems its main industry is growing mushrooms. Now as every good farmer knows (and I know because Joe told me), the best medium for growing mushrooms is horse manure. (I am never forget the day I picked up a Popular Science article with title something like "Growing Mushrooms for Fun and Profit". Thinking I was well on my way to the profit part of that, since the blurb claimed that all I'd need was a nice dark basement, I avidly began to read. I got as far as the end of the first sentence. It said, "Make a pile of manure 4'x4'x3'." But I digress.)

Pennsylvania, it seems, has become too civilized -- too automated -- to have a sufficiently large supply of horse manure to support the town's industry. Therefore some enterprising gentleman has built a factory to make artificial horse manure. Now Joe claims that hay goes in one end of this factory, and the desired product comes out of the other end. And I claim that any device which operates in that manner is a horse.

Whichever of us is right, I'm glad we don't live in that town in Pennsylvania.



LOOK, MA - NO HANDS!

by
TED WHITE

"Remember, you fly with pressure," Max told me, "pressure against the control surfaces."

The Cessna 172 was taxiing down a short side strip. I pushed in the throttle, gunning the engine a little, and we sped up. Then I gave it right rudder, and we were taxiing around the corner, and up towards Strip #1.

"Now, when we get up there, you just follow the white line, right?" Max is a grizzled, gruff-speaking man in his early fifties. "You focus on the end of the strip, the far end — pick out a tree or something and take a heading on it. Then you just push in the throttle, nice and easy, and keep on that white line."

As we approached the near end of #1, a plane approached for landing. I raised my feet on the rudder pedals, and toed the brakes. Then it was in, and down the field, taxiing off to the side. I gunned the engine, and pulled us around, and onto the strip, dead on the white line.

"Okay," Max said.

I opened the throttle, and we started down the strip.

"Just keep your eyes fixed on that heading," Max said. "Okay, now start easing back on your wheel."

I had been gently correcting with the rudder, to keep our course straight; there was some cross wind. Then I applied back pressure on the wheel, and, without my ever being aware of the transition, we were airborne.

"Now, keep your eyes on the horizon, and keep it flat across," Max said. "See how much land shows above the nose? Keep just that much." We were climbing, up to around 2,000 feet. "Okay, level off." I stole a glance at the climb-bank-indicator. "Keep your eyes on the horizon. Don't worry about the instruments. Okay, now, left bank and left rudder. Remember, once you go into a bank and a turn, return your controls to neutral, until you're ready to come out — then apply the correction."

The horizon suddenly angled over. I held it until Max told me to straighten out.

"Now, don't clutch the controls so firmly. You can't feel anything that way," he said. "It's all pressure, that's what you're working with. Look — let go of your controls. Hands off, feet off. Right? The plane flies itself. What you want to do is, you want to apply pressure, when you change course."

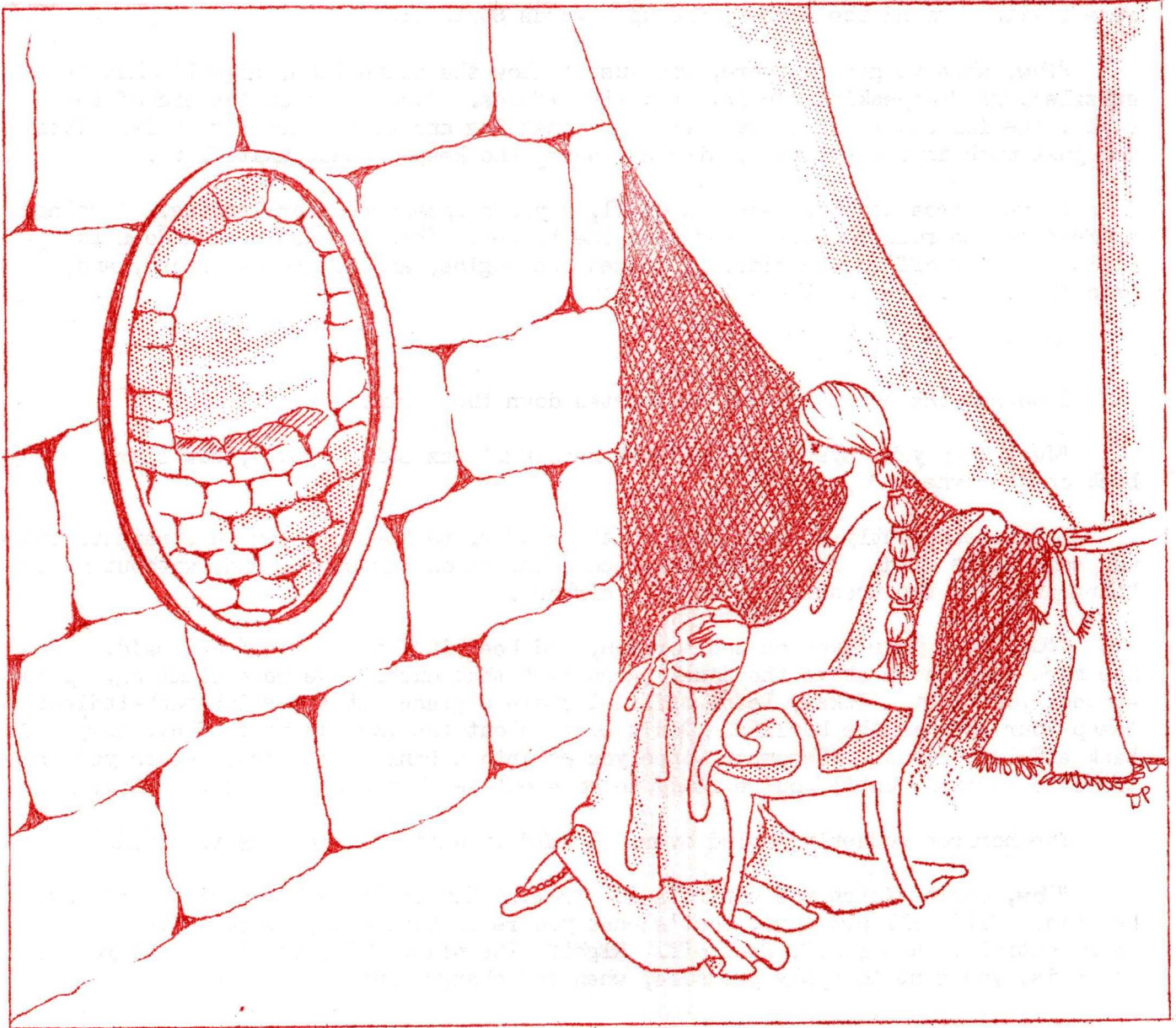
We were flying the pattern. I banked to the left again, and we began the glide path back towards Strip #1.

"Keep your nose down," Max told me. "Keep it down until you're eight or ten feet above the strip, then ease back, and let it fly level, and it'll settle right in." I zeroed in on the white line, and in moments our wheels were on the ground, our speed still fifty or sixty mph. I toed the brakes gingerly. The end of the strip was coming up awfully fast. But we slowed, then made a turn and taxied onto the grass.

"Just take her on up," Max said, and I taxied back on the grass towards the administration offices.

We were in Fredricksberg, Maryland. I unfastened my seat belt, and climbed out. My mother climbed from the seat in back, and I took her place, next to Robin. Then she climbed into the pilot's seat, strapped in, and we took off again, to return to Leesburg, Virginia.

It was one of the nicest Christmas presents I've ever had.



Harley Street
London, 1 April 1898

My dear Smith,

I was delighted to hear from you again, and I regret the press of business that has prevented me from replying to your letter sooner.

Early last year I was able to purchase a well-established practice for a very reasonable amount, and since then I have been kept quite busy with my professional duties. The practice, I regret to say, had been allowed to deteriorate quite badly, and it has taken some hard work to bring it up to its previous high position of integrity. But from the unceasing flow of patients to my door, I think I can say with all modesty that I have succeeded fairly well. I am now able to command a very handsome income, and to attract to my doors the better classes of people who once before called here for medical advice. Of course, I still do my fair share of charity work in the wards; it is expected. But I confess I take a proper pride indeed in having members of the peerage among my patients.

The former resident was a brilliant physician who built the practice up almost from scratch, but in later years he appears to have treated his professional duties with shameful disinterest. His patients were forced to schedule their consultations to fit his strange hours in residence — hours which became gradually less frequent as time wore on, until at last he was hardly available for more than two hours a week.

As I am sure you will realize, this is a very unprofessional attitude for a physician. To make matters worse, the while he was away from his duties he was running up the close and down the stair with — of all people — a detective! He could be seen in almost any part of England — and occasionally on the Continent — in this strange company. The only place he could not be seen was in his consulting rooms! Eventually, of course, his patients began to consult other physicians, and, as I remarked, the practice deteriorated until it must perforce be sold or abandoned entirely. At this stage I happened on the scene, and after my purchase of the practice a few of the former patients began to return.

I fear I am rather incensed at my predecessor's neglect of his duties. The Hippocratic Oath and what is to me — though you may laugh — an innate sense of what is right and decent both dictate that a doctor of human ills should stick to his calling and not go hareing about consorting with the police and common criminals! He should leave the "adventuring" to the soldiers of fortune and others with few responsibilities to humanity.

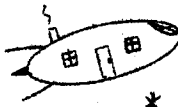
I suppose I am being too harsh on my predecessor. It may be that he found, ultimately, that medicine was not his true calling. Indeed, I believe I saw, just the other day, at the book shop, that he has written a volume or two about his experiences with the detective; perhaps he will find his true calling in writing.

In any case, I expect his former patients will soon forget the inconvenience — and, in some cases, hardships — he caused them, under my ministrations. His name has almost faded out on the door — luckily, "Watson" being six letters long, our names were the same length, and the gilt letters almost cover the old spaces exactly.

But enough of my rather humdrum existence — though I would not seek to change it. I should, however, be glad to hear of your exploits in the Orient when you can find time to write.

Sincerely,

Petrie

*  *

* * * * *

Through **TIME** and **SPACE**
with **ALOYSIUS**
APPLEPADDER BY
GIL LAMONT

* * * * *

It was in 2016 that the mad scientist, Abdull Alvarez, in his epic tome, the Necromancicon, postulated the physics necessary for the creation of his Umplic-D3P. This machine was developed into an operable form in 2040, and finally legalized in 2096, when the chaos it created was resolved.

The Umplic-D3P was, simply, a device for creating real, three-dimensional people from two-dimensional settings, such as comic strips and movies, and from the printed word (books, etc.). Mad Abdull had been assassinated in a government-sponsored plot in 2046, and only fifty years later, all the Frankenstein monsters, all the Supermen and Goldfingers and Christs and Noddys and Holden Caulfields and Babbitts and James Bonds and Candy Christians and Alexanders and Herculeses and Tarzans and Rebeccas of Sunnybrook Farm and so on were destroyed.

And so there began the task of patching up, for each new character had brought with him his attendant world, and there really was no room for a thousand African jungles, or, for that matter, a thousand happy little farmhouses. The work was indeed perilous. In 2090, in England, 50,000 workers had perished, overrun by stampeding teddy bears. France discovered that it could not propagandize an army of tramps into believing that Godot had come, for they said That is not Godot, and found that improvised combat actually induced some initiative; many went on to greater glory fighting for France in the disastrous Common Market incident.

And, in the closing months of 2098, Aloysius Applepadder himself requested the use of an Umplic-D3P. He was familiar with the dangers, for although serving in no great way, he had done enough in the past few years to satisfy his superiors and to provide much material for lies of valor and courage.

Requesting the use of an Umplic-D3P is not an easy task. First, a multitude of forms must be filled out in quintuplicate. Second, the applicant himself undergoes nearly every test imaginable. Third, until the machine is returned to the government, the user is watched 24 hours a day by U.N.C.L.E. agents.

Naturally, Applepadder got away with doing none of this. He had been requested, he said, by the inhabitants of Yossarian, the only planet of a small star somewhere past Andromeda, to get some space explorers or the foundation for such a family, for their technology is about 150 years behind Terra's.

Applepadder reached the end of his sad story. "...And that's the way it is."

"I see," said the government man, who didn't. "Now let me repeat, in more concise form, what you just told me. For the Yossarians, you umplicked Harris' The Outward Urge, some sort of pseudo-scientific romance, apparently."

"Yes," prompted Applepadder, "I discovered that the Troon family was ideally suited for their purposes."

"So then you fell in love, with a distant cousin of George Montgomery 'Ticker' Troon. But now you want both your marriage and your current wife, this Troon girl, annulled. Why?"


"Because she is perfectly suited for married life aboard a space station — more interested in work than love, and inclined to be domineering. I couldn't stand it."

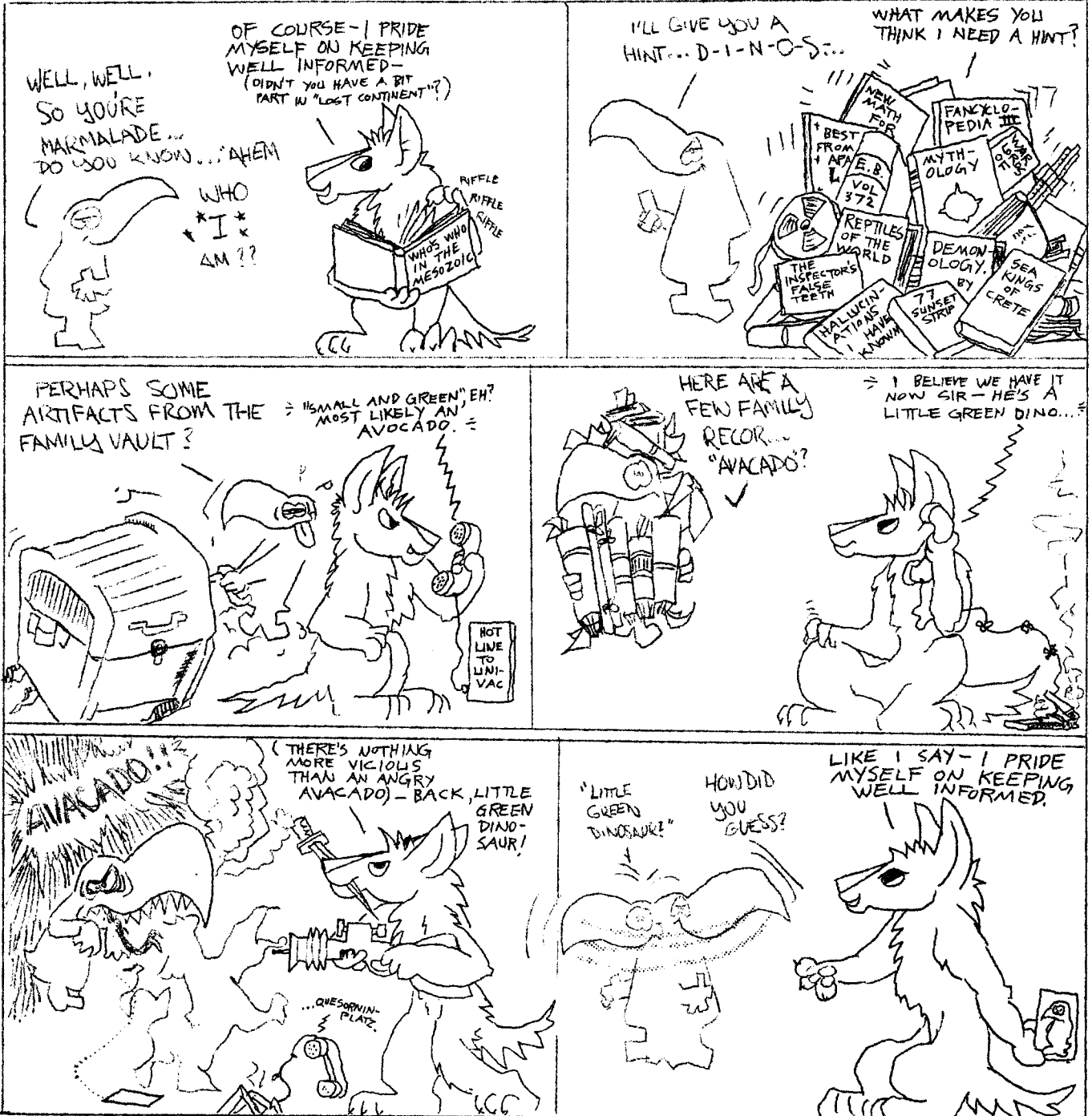
"Didn't she display these 'qualities' during the courtship?"

"No, sir, not really," said Applepadder. "She wanted a husband quickly, and remained on good behavior, for a while. But, the Troon Miss: a harsh Mrs.!"

CONSIDER: Whistler's Mother in a bathing suit.

THE LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR MEETS THE ORANGE MARMALADE

 + SIMPSON



for the year January 1-December 31, 1965 or other taxable year beginning

1965, ending 1965 US Treasury Department—Internal Revenue Service

First name and initial (If joint return, use first names and middle initials of both) Last name Your social security number (if joint return)

M Home address (Number & street) Well, Faust, I'm Mephistopheles from the Bureau of Infernal Revenue and I've come to collect.

A City, town or post office, State and ZIP code Will you please explain this deduction for "Coventranian taxes"?

N Enter name and reason for changing Filing Status Will you please explain this deduction for "Coventranian taxes"?

Y 1a Single 1b Married 1c Married filing a return with a security net I'm sorry, but contributions to THRUSH are not deductible.

1d Unmarried 1e Surviving What do you mean, "Will you take payment in fanzines?"

Income 5 If joint return, include all income of both husband and wife 6 Now let's go over this again. You say your employer is in the 25th century and he's been sending your salary back to the present by time machine and you want to know whether to pay taxes in it now or wait 500 years???

Y 10 Dear Sir,

Tax Computation 11 Your check drawn on the First National Bank of Barsoom was returned to us

R 11 I'm afraid that the First Church of Donald Duck, Scientist is not on our list of recognized churches.

E 11 Tax Credits 12 Payments 13 You can't take extra exemptions for pseudonyms!!!

U 14 If either you or your wife worked for more than one employer see page 10 of instructions 15 I admit I've never heard of any rule against doing your return in the duodecimal system, but

Tax Due or Refund 16 17 Now then, Mr. Kent, what's this item under Business Expenses of "Clothing Abandoned In Phone Booths"???

S Sign here If joint return, BOTH HUSBAND AND WIFE MUST SIGN even if only one had income.

Signature of preparer other than taxpayer. Address Date

present employer

if joint return

present employer

number imptions ad red with

r l, line 3)

O M

D A G B Y

believe it is true,

Attach Copy B of Form W-2 here

Please print or type

Attach Check or Money Order here

Competition for Harry Warner...



by
BJO
TRIMBLE



Ron Ellik, world traveller and bon vivant, is soon going to be a citizen of Garden Grove; by next weekend, if all the paperwork goes through. I don't know about this, though; having good ol' sweet innocent A&W root beer drinking Ron Ellik would have been a good idea for a neighbor, but having a brand new wine snob and imbibier nearby....I dunno. Why, Ron now adds rum to his root beer, so you can see he's well on his way down the primrose path! I think he will be a bad influence on John, for one thing. John used to drink his root beer straight, but now....I hate to admit it, but John simply loves to succumb to temptation of any kind!

So the other night, Ron came over for dinner, and brought some Bordeaux wine. So, naturally, we drank it. And just as naturally, we didn't stop there. So we opened a bottle of Danish raspberry wine, and they started in on that, but it was too sweet for me, so I switched to coffee.

During the conversations, which went on into the night, I tried to write down some of the more witty things that were said, but when I asked Ron to repeat something, he told me, "I don't remember a goddam thing I said! If I was appreciated in my own time, you'd have written it all down!" And when I pointed out that I was recording all this for history, Ron pointed out that, "One does not always think of history when one is laughing one's ass off at 4 in the morning."

Since we were speaking of history, though, Ron announced he was going to write his own history of fandom. He asked me to take notes, and remind him when he was in a better mood for creative writing, so I wrote down his ideas for chapter headings. "It will be in seven sections," says Ron, with another glass of wine in his hand, "starting with Part I, the outline. No, wait; I think I'll start with the Index; that's the disciplinarian method of writing a book!" I sat with poised pen, and he outlined:

- I. Outline.
- II. Chapter 1. Title: 1929 Was a Long Time Ago.
- III. Chapter 2. Title: Sex & Charles Burbee: A Flashback to 1927.
(Subtitle:) A Prehistory of the Microscopic World Surrounding Science Fiction.
- IV. Chapter 3. Title: Sam Moskowitz & The Pre-Raphealite Movement in Science Fiction Illustration.
(Alternately:) The Frozen Jodhpur Industry.
- V. Chapter 4. Title: Captain Future, Sergeant Saturn, & The Golden Years of Astounding.
(Or:) How Sergeant Joe Gibson Won World War II In a Jock Strap & a Jeep.
- VI. Chapter 5. Title: Headlong & Overthwart to the Present Day; The Author's Own Account of the Years From 1952 & His Own Adventures & Failures in Coming of Age in Our Little World Surrounded By Our Little Minds.
- VII. Index.

"Is that all?" I said. "No," answered Ron, "put down that there will be an Introduction by Ed Martin..." "But you said you were going to write the entire history on five 3 x 5 index cards..." "He'll handwrite the Introduction in the margins; I expect to leave wide margins."

"Any illos?" I asked. "Oh, sure!" says Ron, emptying the wine bottle. "There will be illustrations by Racy Higgs, who has been more of a long-term influence on SF illos than anyone except Earle K. Bergey, and by this I do not mean to imply any qualitative comparison." Here he drank the rest of the raspberry wine, and looked woefully at John. "The illos will be done on the backs of the cards..." "You are only going to write on one side," I asked in awe, "the whole history of fandom?" "Oh, yes, we'll have five pictures and a frontispiece, showing GM Carr mating with Jules Verne in his tomb in...wherever it is...where is it?...illustrating the spirit of Science Fiction!"

By now, John had foraged into the "wine cellar" (one side of the huge old buffet sideboard) and brought out some Danish fruit wine miniatures, which he and Ron proceeded to open and drink. Ron peered at the small label on one bottle and observed, "It's got little teeny print and I can't read it....maybe because I've got big ole eyes..."

Sober ole Bjo wanted to know what that had to do with reading the teeny print. "Oh well," says Ron, in his best "scientific" voice, "you need li'l teeny eyes to read li'l teeny print; just like you need li'l teeny hands to milk mice..."

It seemed like a good time to bring the party to a halt.

MISSOURI WEATHER

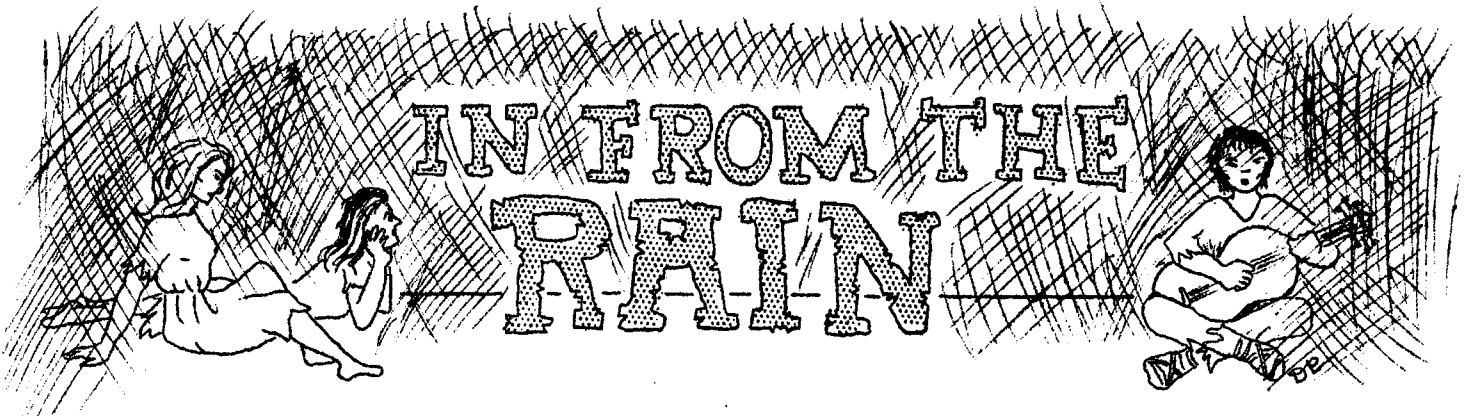
by creath thorne

Missouri weather is inscrutable. Located in the gut of the country with crosswinds constantly assailing it, the weather of the state is almost impossible to predict—or withstand. Last week we escaped (by less than twenty miles) the tremendous storm that swept the country, but terribly cold winds came swooping down covering the entire midwestern region. The temperatures stayed below zero for five days or more, while even the oil lines in our furnace froze.

Then yesterday calm east winds drifted across, and the temperature moved into the fifties and sixties. I was reminded of a calm cool day in spring. Luckily, there had been no snow, and so the ground was dry and firm. There's nothing I hate so much as mushy warm days at any time of the year. Last evening late at night I walked out into the yard for a minute in shirt-sleeves. The sky was perfectly clear; a full, white hunter's moon shone down, turning the brown grass white. The gravel road shone white all the way down to the mail-box. Walnut-paneling of the hall of the house gleamed faintly under a yellow electric bulb.

And now, once again, the colder winds have begun to sweep across. As I write, storm clouds gather in the north-east, while bare branches and few remaining leaves tremble in awareness of what is to come. Soon driving, splitting, cold rain will wash the landscape in the universal color of mud-brown. The inhabitants then will cautiously pick their way to their destinations; the longing for spring will move back into the unconscious—and I will turn again to the pages of my textbooks, happy and secure at the time, but waiting for the finer time.

FELICE ROLFE



They had found an isolated summer cabin, not too badly dilapidated, and had shored it up against the rains and cold. It was away from all of the roads — at least, any that could be detected after so many years — built on an elbow of earth-covered ledge above the stream bed. The stream would run full, of course, during the winter. Even now there was a nearly vertical drop of twenty or twenty-five feet to its floor. So the approach from two sides of the cabin was pretty well protected. The Coast Ranges were beginning to restock themselves, and there seemed to be game enough; horses and other escaped domestic animals as well as deer — even some of the sheep had managed to survive. It promised to be the most comfortable winter they had spent since the Bombing.

Marty was crooning to herself the way she always did. "...tallow candles or lamps," she murmured, "and if we get a sheep I can try making yarn, and maybe in the spring we can catch a cow and have milk and maybe figure out how to make cheese..." She was completely withdrawn into her dreams of permanence, most of the time. She was the one who came up with ideas for comfort, though; that time they'd found the flour, she'd remembered how to culture wild yeast, and while it lasted they probably ate better than anyone else left in California.

Eric came in, his lined, cautious face lighting briefly with a smile as he took in the room dancing with firelight, the cooking odors, the quiet movements of the women. He was more or less in charge, although it had never been formally talked about. All but one of the men were with him. Their hide cloaks began to steam in the warmth; the first cold rain of winter was falling.

"Nice and homelike," Don said. "Can't see a spark from outside, either. You'd better give me enough chow for Jerry too. We've got the first watch." He took what was handed him and left.

They all settled down on the floor — there was no furniture left, of course — eating in silence. They'd been trained to silence in these years of wandering. But the snugness, the comfort of being dry and full, the walls enclosing them from the rain, gradually relaxed them. They began talking in low tones about what had been done and what was yet to do. Dour Eric leaned against a wall at last and said, "Jacky-boy, give us a song."

Jack stumbled on his own feet fetching his battered guitar, he was so surprised. He was the baby of the group. He'd been a music student before the Bombing, and he'd hung onto that guitar as if it were worth more than his neck — as Eric often said it was, and neither of them much help. "Talk and music, music and talk," he'd say. "One or t'other is going to be heard some day, and then we'll have had it." He'd go on and on about how noise was their worst enemy after carelessness, and gradually work himself up to the point where one of the others, thoroughly scared, would point out that he was making more noise than any three of them.

The boy sang for a long time. Sometimes songs they all knew, sometimes things he'd dredged up from the music he remembered; sometimes he just played. His thin face glowed with more than firelight. When he began a new tune, just humming it, one of the women asked, "What's that one, Jack? I don't know it."

Absently he replied, "That's the Fourth Caucasian Dance, the Sardar's Processional. I can only play the first part of it on this thing."

Surprisingly, Marty came out of her fantasies for a moment. "Poor Jack," she said. "I think you lost more than anybody. All that music gone."

Jack looked up. "It's not gone," he said. "None of it's gone." He picked out the opening bars of the third movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. "It's just got to be done over, that's all."

THE ULTIMATE WEAPON

by Jack Harness

"Now pay attention, Agent Double-Wheet Seven. Your arse-nal this time will consist..."

But Agent Double-Wheet Seven was thinking of other weapons he had used. One time it had been an E-meter with a three hour fuse; another time, it had been a silver Rolls with a four hour fuse; the time before that, it had been a Beatle record with a ten-second fuse: what a bomb that had been!

"...will consist entirely of this innocent-looking yellow pencil."

Jxtn's eyes bulged. "Isn't that a little, you know, small?"

"Thanks to miniaturization, yes," said Universario deThré, the Head of Weapons. "Now, pay attention. This pencil is perfectly safe to handle -- in the right hand. In the hands of a left-handed person, gravitic imbalance will make it release a colorless, odorless gas."

"Ahhh," said Jxtn, on familiar territory once again. "And what does it do?"

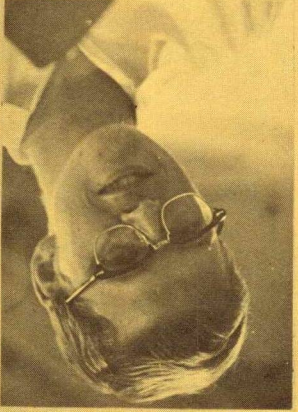
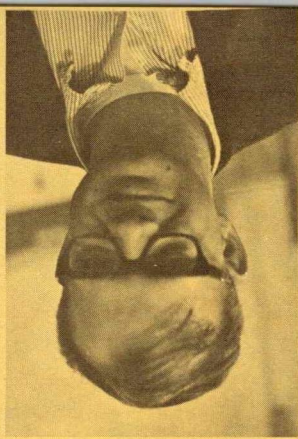
"Nothing whatever. It's nitrogen. But think of the consternation when they find it's releasing a colorless, odorless gas! Now, the pencil lead in front makes marks like graphite, but it's highly inflammable; it's a carbon allotrope similar to diamond. It's coal, to be exact. Pull the 'lead' all the way out and inside the shaft for the 'lead' is a tightly rolled item of universally recognized currency. A BankAmericard. You can buy your way out of a tight spot with that.

"The eraser will expand into a full-sized rubber liferaft, complete with shark repellent, if you twist the metal band to the right. Twist it to the left and the eraser explodes into a sepia-colored knockout gas. Compressed smog, actually. And the wood of the pencil unrolls into a thirty-foot ladder, while the metal band is actually a Galton whistle. The Smaco-ites are second dynamic and eschew anything Galtic, which is first dynamic. Agent Double-Wheet Seven, why are you sniggering?"

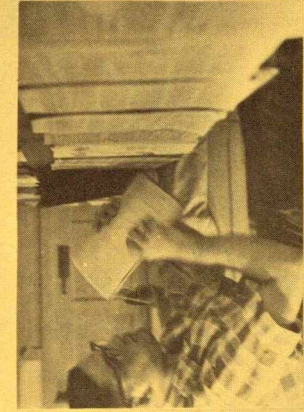
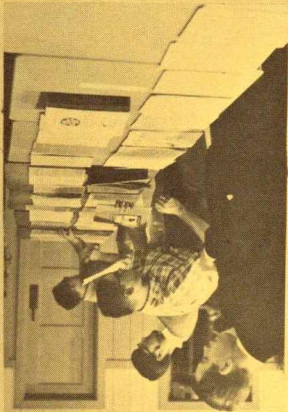
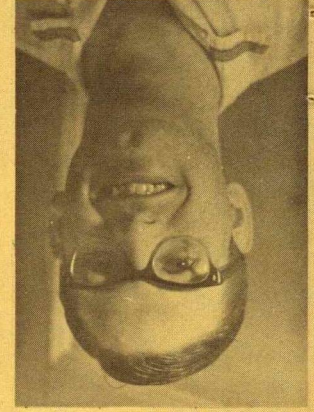
"Just thinking of Gravy Planet. Do go on."

"Now, the yellow paint is actually Oriental makeup, useful for a quick disguise, if necessary. Do pay attention! We'd like to have you bring this weapon back to us alive, you know! Now, the gold leaf lettering on this pencil is actually..."

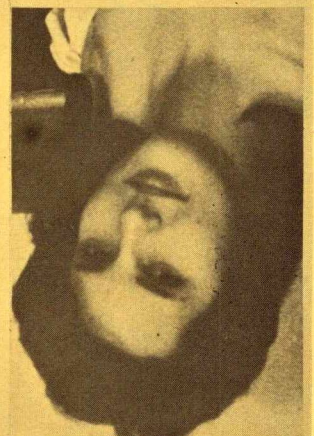
But Jxtn was thinking of his adventure-to-be.



FIRST ANNIVERSARY



APA - L 53rd DISTRIBUTION



KEY TO PHOTOCOVERS

by FRED PATTEN

	1				2
	G1	G2	G3		
FRONT	C1	C2	C3	C4	COVER
	3				4
	5	6	7	8	9

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
| 1. Dian Pelz | 4. Tom Gilbert | 7. Dave Hulan |
| 2. Bruce Pelz | 5. Len Bailes | 8. Bjo Trimble |
| 3. Fred Patten | 6. Jack Harness | 9. Milt Stevens |

Collation Photos

C1 & C3: Fred Patten. C4: Milt Stevens, Fred Patten, Mike Klassen, Bill Glass.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	
	7	8	9	10	11	12	
BACK	13	14	15	16	17	18	COVER
	19	20	21	22	23	24	
	25	26	27	28	29	30	

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|-----------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Dan Alderson | 2. Luise Petti | 3. Ed Baker | 4. Hank Stine | 5. John Trimble |
| | 6. Bill Blackbeard | | | |
| 7. Mike Klassen | 8. Don Simpson | 9. Ellie Turner | 10. Fred Hollander | |
| | 11. Hilda Hoffman | 12. Durk Pearson | | |
| 13. Katya Hulan | 14. Phil Salin | 15. Phil Castora | 16. * | 17. Ed Cox |
| | 18. Fred Whitlege | | | |
| 19. Al Lewis | 20. Owen Hannifen | 21. Jayn Ellern | 22. Katwen Trimble | |
| | 23. Ted Johnstone | 24. Betty Knight | | |
| 25. Barbara May | 26. Bill Rotsler | 27. Lyn Stier | 28. Cthulhu | 29. Barry Gold |
| | 30. Don Fitch | | | |

* Reserved for all those Apa L contributors whose photos we could not get.

Group and Collation Photos taken at LASFS Meeting no. 1469, on October 7, 1965. The Distribution being assembled is no. 51.

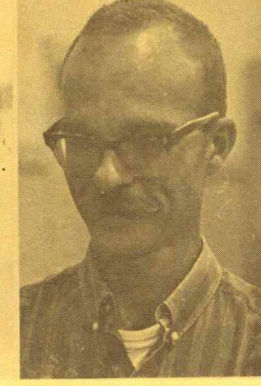
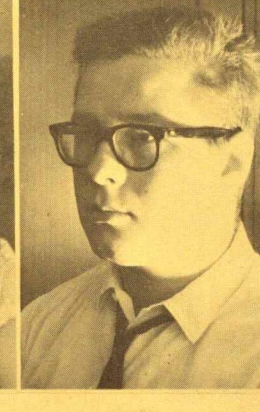
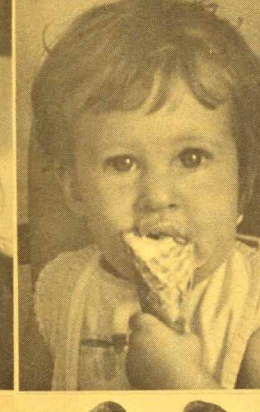
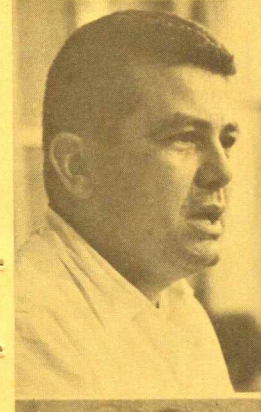
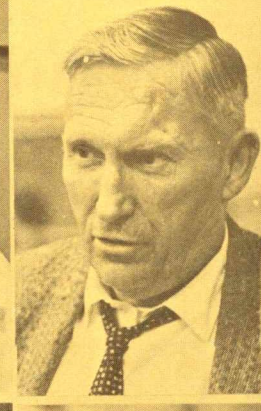
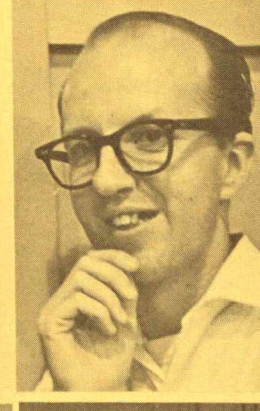
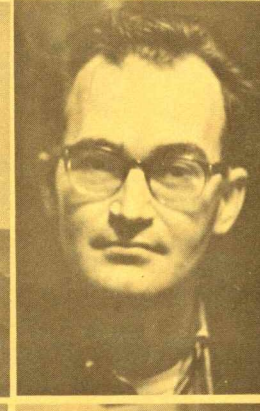
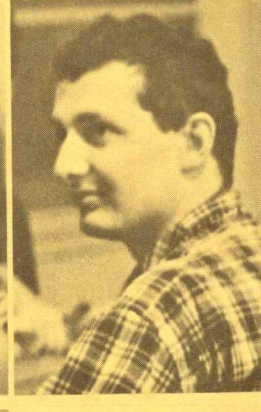
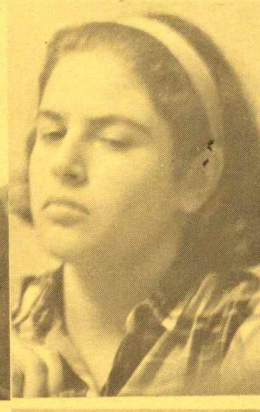
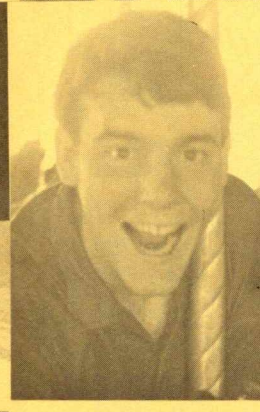
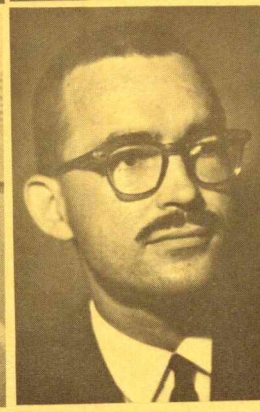
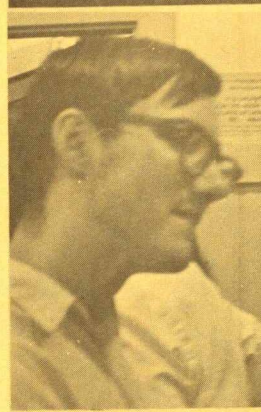
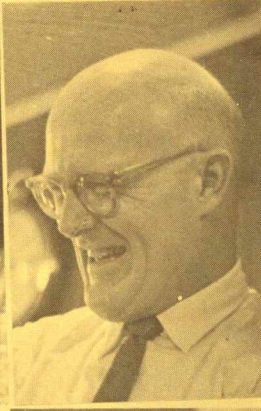
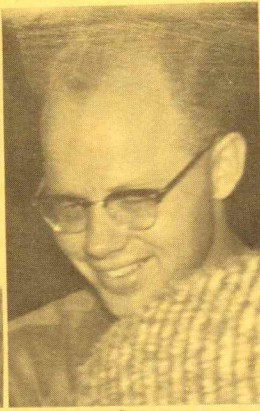
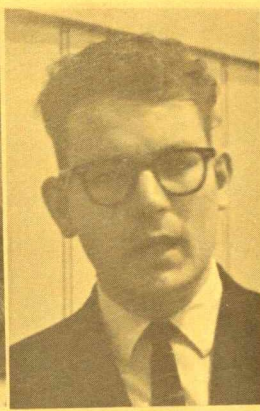
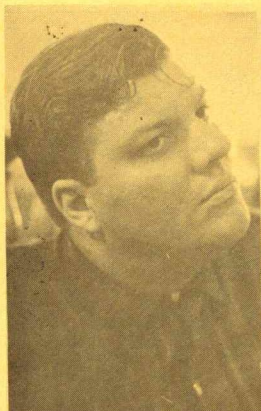
The front and back photocovers for this First Anniversary Distribution of Apa L were prepared by Ted Johnstone, who took the photos, developed them, and laid out the format; and by Fred Whitlege, who had the cover printed. Many thanks!

OWEN HANNIFEN

snide captions

JACK HARNNESS

1. Dian Pelz -- "Release the hyenas."
 2. Bruce Pelz -- "You're fired!"
 3. Fred Patten -- "Remember, gang, 75 copies required for next week's Dist'n!"
 4. Tom Gilbert -- "And with justified right-hand margins."
 5. Len Bailes -- "BLA BLA BLA FANDOM...BLA BLA BLA FANZINES...BLA BLA BLA COMICS..."
 6. Jack Harness -- "Let's see, how about THE CANDY*STRIPED, TANGERINE FLAKE COATED SPORT SHIRT as a title for this fanzine?"
 7. Dave Hulan -- "Three aces? Well, ah got two more in mah hand..."
 9. Milt Stevens -- "How droll."
-
1. Dan Alderson -- "Let's see, if I require all the SuperDiplomacy players to submit their moves on IBM punchcards..."
 2. Luise Petti -- "Why, Napoleon...."
 3. Ed Baker -- "No, no, no! The Virgin Mary is NOT an avatar of the Mother Goddess!"
 4. Hank Stine -- "You simple s**t." (Censored for Miz' Katya.)
 6. Bill Blackbeard -- "See? Rid of dirt and grime and grease in just a minute!"
 7. Mike Klassen -- "Yes, I'm sleepy...sleepy...sleepier...slee...."
 8. Don Simpson -- "Hmmm, my indestructible red and blue uniform seems to be fading."
 9. Ellie Turner -- "Now, Michael, now!"
 10. Fred Hollander -- "You WILL?!"
 11. Hilda Hoffman -- "The Martingale Four does so follow the conservation of energy."
 12. Durk Pearson -- "The name's Durk, buddy, not 'Dawk'."
 13. Katya Hulan -- "Boo!"
 14. Phil Salin -- "This is all just too childish."
 15. Phil Castora -- "They laugh at my theories now, but someday the world will know that ALL-STAR #28 was actually drawn by..."
 16. -- "Oh, well, I'll get something in the next Dist'n."
 17. Ed Cox -- "Stobcler, stobcler... Now what can we do with a word like that?"
 18. Fred Whitlege -- "Dr. Kildare, would you step into my office, please?"
 19. Al Lewis -- "As Parliamentarian, I declare you out of order!"
 20. Owen Hannifen -- "Pregnant, huh? You goofed. You blew the bit, baby."
 21. Jayn Ellern -- "What walks on four legs in the morning...?"
 22. Katwen Trimble -- "Poltergeists make up the principal type of spontaneous material manifestation."
 23. Ted Johnstone -- "I...I got an "A" on the paper and a suspension for obscenity."
 24. Betty Knight -- "Hmmpmph...and Hefner calls himself an authority on Bunnies!"
 25. Barbara May -- "Or then again, maybe I won't!"
 26. Bill Rotsler -- "Gee, I'm scrry, Roscoe -- when I said I was shooting beaver shots, I didn't mean..."
 27. Lyn Stier -- "Oh, Clark, would you hand me the kryptonite from that lead-lined box?"
 28. Cthulhu -- "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Me R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn."
 29. Barry Gold -- "We'll build it there...on that hill...and name it Gan Dafna!"
 30. Don Fitch -- "Ah, ssoooo, but you make one sright mistake..."



THE ALL UNIVERSITY STUDENT POLL SERVICE

by
RICH
MANN

Last year in college, Sunday afternoons were always rough going; there was never anything to do but study, and after a whole weekend, no one wants to hit the books. I generally slept till lunch time, and struggled out of bed and down to the shower about noon. Michigan State has a regulation that for the Sunday dinner, all men must come in coat and tie, looking nice and just like they all just got home from Sunday School. While this did tend to tone up the general appearance of the men of the University, it was something of a nuisance to us. After getting up from a sound sleep, showering, dressing up, and eating in pained formality, the afternoon doesn't often seem to be a too wonderful time, and it takes a lot of energy to get going on anything at all.

One particular Sunday afternoon, my roommate and I were sitting around the room looking for something to do. George remarked that there was a euchre tournament going on over in the dormitory complex's main building, and we could go over and heckle them, but I declined on the grounds that I'd never even heard of euchre, and doubted that there were more than 5 or 7 people out of the 3,000 in the complex that could be there.

And then I got curious. I began to wonder just how many people did like to play euchre, if any, and wondered about some way to find out. An idea was born.

We decided to call around to various of the dormitories, disguised with an official-sounding voice and name, taking a survey of what people's favorite card games were. The necessary front organization was dubbed the All University Student Poll Service, or the AUSPS.

In order to sound convincing, we took turns calling and typing on this typer, which makes a dreadful sort of clatter, in order to make it sound as if we were calling from a busy office. We may have convinced someone, but I kind of doubt it, since the occurrence of non-believers with the typer in the background was no less than without it. We worked up a reasonable sounding spiel, which, delivered with a flair, went like this: "Hello, this is the All University Student Poll Service calling to take a survey this afternoon to determine what the favorite card games of Michigan State University students are. We'd like to know which card game you prefer." If we got disbelief, we went on, "There's a tournament going on over in Erody Hall this afternoon to determine who is the complex's best Euchre player. We don't believe that there is enough interest in such a thing to justify the trouble of holding this tournament, so we're taking a survey to prove that theory." We convinced quite a few of the impressionable with that line, but a few remained adamant, and would not believe we existed.

The average response was a startled "What?", but nearly all the girls gave us a good serious answer after we'd repeated ourselves or assured them that we were on the level. We did call girls primarily, because there's more *kicks* in calling girls than cloddy old college men. Yes.

However, there were times that tried our serconnish old patience with their frivolity. We had made a habit of calling up and down the corridors of a dormitory, and in

one case, the girls caught on to the pattern, and went running down the halls warning their friends that the AUSPS was going to call. This led to some rather startling answers but it was fun. It seemed that once, the third room in that particular hall, the phone was picked up after the first ring, and before I could even say hello, I heard the girl blurt out, "My favorite card game is blackjack." As we went down the hallway, the answers got a bit wilder and wilder, and we ended up with girls who purportedly favored such games as strip poker (we tried to arrange a date with this particular girl, but nothing came of it...), strip euchre, and even strip solitaire, which is the most intriguing answer we got all day long.

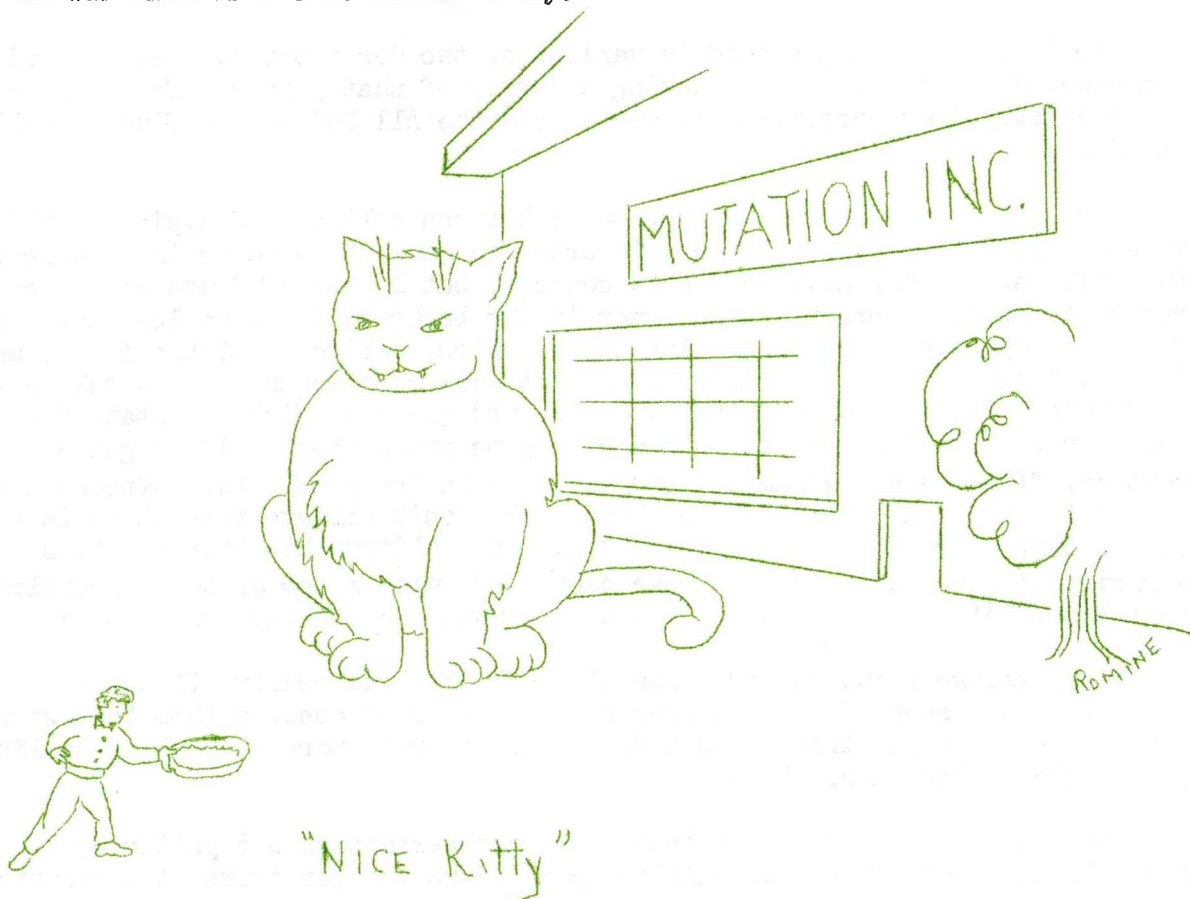
There were others that seemed quite serious about their card games and I found that there are college girls that seem to seriously favor Fish, War, and Old Maid, though I suspect that they were Putting Us On. I have yet to find out how you go about playing Wistel Bit, even if it does sound interesting. And no, Dave Hulan, none of the 250 girls we called liked to play Bourree.

The results were about as expected. Out of the 250, 3 liked to play euchre. Other games in order of popularity were:

Bridge
Canasta
Pinochle
Poker (!)
Gin Rummy

The whole purpose of this experiment was (I kept telling myself) for an article on this very subject, much like what you are now reading, for the next issue of the Bryan Brews, the dormitory newspaper I just happened to be the editor of at that time. Unfortunately, the next issue of the Brews never did appear, and I was stuck with an unwritten article that I couldn't publish.

Perhaps it was all for the better that way.



FOR HE IS A

FANZINE fan

White: Would that you could render this sublimation unnecessary by accompanying me back to the real world.

Van Arnam: No, Ted, it cannot be. I don't think much of our obsession, but contrasted with mundane adjustment it's almost healthy....!

Oh better far to live and drink
Under a cloud of mim'yo ink,
Than play a hypocritical part
With a faaanish head and a faaanish heart!

Away to the mundane world you've flown,
Where Slant and Void are names unknown;
But Paper Worlds are the ones I'll span,
And live and die a fanzine fan!
For I am a fanzine fan!

Chorus:
(Fanoclasts)

You are! Hurrah for our fanzine fan!

Van A:

And it takes a starbegotten slan
To be a fanzine fan!

Chor:

Hurrah, hurrah for our fanzine fan!

Van A:

Well, I spend more time and cash, it's true
On Quandrys, Opslas, A Bas and Grue,
But mainstream crud is naught beside
Humor done by Willis in his stride!

Yes, any admirer of avant-garde
Who puts down stf with a base canard
Must manage somehow to plow through
More dreary prose than ever I do.
Though I am a fanzine fan!

Chor:

You are! Hurrah for our fanzine fan!

Van A:

And it takes a starbegotten slan
To be a fanzine fan!

Chor:

It does! Hurrah for the fanzine fan!

(With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert, King Richard, and all the pirates of Penzance.)

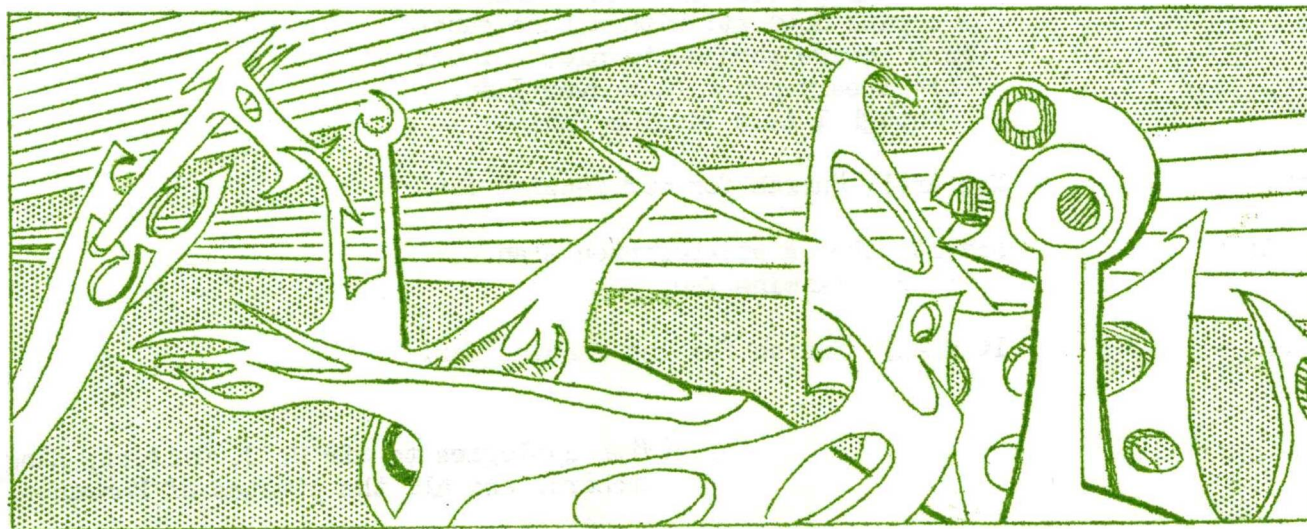
by
len
bailes

HOW TO READ A LOT OF BOOKS

by dick lupoff

1. Read short books. You can go through Farmer Giles of Ham (79 pages) a lot faster than The Wandering Jew (1357 pages). Of course it's not quite that simple...there's the matter of type size, page size, etc. And quite aside from that some authors' works flow right along while others are a real chore to read. And besides this besides, you should care more about content than length. This is a facetious rule.
2. Don't reread. Don't back up and reread passages in the book you're reading, and certainly don't read entire books more than once. But aren't there any books worth reading more than once? Of course there are. Trouble is, life is short and there are vast amounts of literature around, and you'll never get to read all that there is worth reading once. If you read anything twice you can just subtract that much reading from the total amount you'll do in your lifetime.
3. You can do two things at once. Despite the popular aphorism to the contrary you can, for instance, read at the same time that you eat, at the same time that you travel, etc. You can hardly read at the same time that you play football, maybe, but you can make your time doubly productive. Of course there are some books that deserve your undivided attention in non-distracting surroundings. But you can read many light humorous or adventurous novels while you do other things.
4. Cut back on other kinds of reading. Harking back to Rule 2, every evening you spend poring over The Official American Hockey League Rules and Player Guide is an evening that you don't give to Tolkien. Every paragraph you struggle through in The Proceedings of the American Council on Paranumismatic Studies is a paragraph you miss in Poe. Every page you devote yourself to in this fanzine is a page you miss in the uncollected works of Vargo Statten.

And I'm not saying that you ought to do all these things. Only that if you want to get a lot of books read, this technique will get it done.



ANOTHER FANDOM

REPORTING IN

by fred patten

The Second Annual West Coast Oz Convention began last Saturday morning -- June 26 -- with the first good weather we've had in several weeks, out in Claremont, at the home of L. Frank Baum's son's widow. This is located in a rather old residential area around the college, more like the small-town residential areas of the East -- large, wooden houses on shady, tree-lined streets -- than the typical Southern California neighborhood. Mrs. Baum's home itself was a perfect setting for a series of books associated with a period before the First World War, being a large old house with parlors and pantries, rich wooden panelling, lush drapes and carpets, large old plush sofas and chairs, a fair amount of Victorian bric-a-brac, and so on. I'm afraid that I automatically fall in love with any house with a large chandelier, and if it has a grandfather clock as well... And I thought that colored servants had gone out with Scarlett O'Hara!

The attendees consisted to a large extent of two different groups of people. On one side were the Baum-Oz fans, most of whom were also at last year's convention, and there was a lot of the usual "glad-to-see-you-again" small talk between us. On the other was a large turnout of Baum's descendants (Baum spent his later life in the Los Angeles area, and many of his descendants still live around Southern California). These latter were for the most part not at last year's convention, and seemed to be present today more for a family gathering and to see their illustrious ancestor honored than out of any devotion to Baum's literary endeavours: There were frequent remarks overheard along the lines of, "Well, I suppose I shouldn't admit it, being his grand-nephew and all, but I've never had any real interest in the books myself." Many seem to have never read more than one or two of the books, and those only out of a sense of family loyalty. Mrs. Baum herself, a very lively little old lady (a gentlewoman, in the real sense of the word), was one of this latter group; even though she seems to have inherited most of the family's literary estate (various family papers, the collection of first & foreign editions, etc.), she made no secret of the fact that she had never really studied the Oz mythos as one of its fans. However, she was as pleased as punch at the opportunity of playing hostess to a large social gathering, and I doubt that anyone else there enjoyed themselves as much as she did.

There wasn't as large a display of Baumiana this year as there was last year, and of what material there was on exhibit, there was a fair amount of duplication with the first year's showing -- the first editions of the non-Oz books, the pencil stub with which Baum wrote the manuscript of The Emerald City of Oz (or rather the stub of the pencil that remained after he was through writing), and so on. However, nearly all of the new exhibits were unusually interesting. There were many colorful foreign editions of the Oz books around, including a beautiful Russian "adaptation" by Aleksandr Volkov (with anti-American propaganda added). Dick Martin, the current official illustrator of the Oz books (who flew in from Chicago for the convention again this year), brought a complete colorful process-breakdown of one of his new Oz dust-jackets, from the original sketches through the printing color breakdowns, and so on, to the finished product. One lady who also works with ceramics brought some of her chinaware bearing precise reproductions of John R. Neill's color plates from the early books of the series

-- beautifully done -- and she offered to take orders for tableware bearing any illustration from any Oz book that you would want.

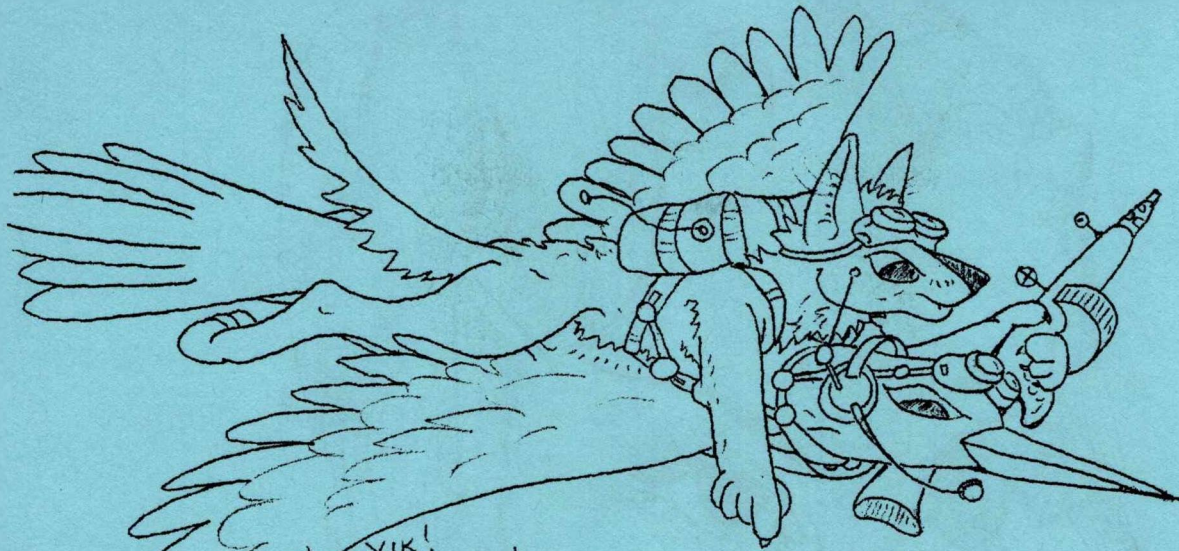
The display that really attracted my attention, though, was a series of all the Oz flags, precisely reproduced from the descriptions in the books, with the appropriate descriptive passages reprinted next to each flag. Baum was a sloppy worker when it came to exact consistency as to all the minor details of the world he created, and his descriptions of Ozian flags sometimes differed wildly from book to book -- not to mention that most of his successors (both the authors and the illustrators) created new designs of their own whenever they felt like describing a flag, without checking to see if this conflicted with anything already established. The convention attendees were asked to vote on which of the variant designs they liked best for Ozma's personal banner, the banner of the City of Oz, and the Royal Flag of the Land of Oz. The winners were then proclaimed the "official" designs of these flags, and Dick Martin promised to feature these official designs in all future illustrations he does for the series. I asked Dick how the first new Oz book in the last decade (Merry-Go-Round in Oz, by Eloise Jarvis McGraw and Lauren McGraw Wagner) was selling; he replied that it was doing well enough, though not so well as to prompt the publisher to commission another new volume at any time within the foreseeable future.

A highly welcome unexpected exhibit arrived about noon, as one of the Baum family appeared with a large painting of a scene from The Wizard of Oz (in which the Wizard is unmasked) by the Walt Disney Studios. This was an entirely unofficial painting, its owner explained, privately created years ago by a Disney staff artist who was a friend of the family, as a gift for L. Frank Baum's widow. But even though unofficial, it's a 100% Disney article, and if Disney ever does get around to doing anything with all those Oz books to which he holds the film rights, the characters will probably come out looking very much like this. The characters in the painting are drawn in a stock Disney cartoon style (with the more rounded features typical of Disney cartoons in the mid- and late-'40's), not at all like either Denslow's or Neill's artwork, but the result is not at all displeasing -- especially when compared with the poor original artwork appearing in most of today's many reprint editions. (Even if the Scarecrow does look suspiciously like Sterling Holloway.)

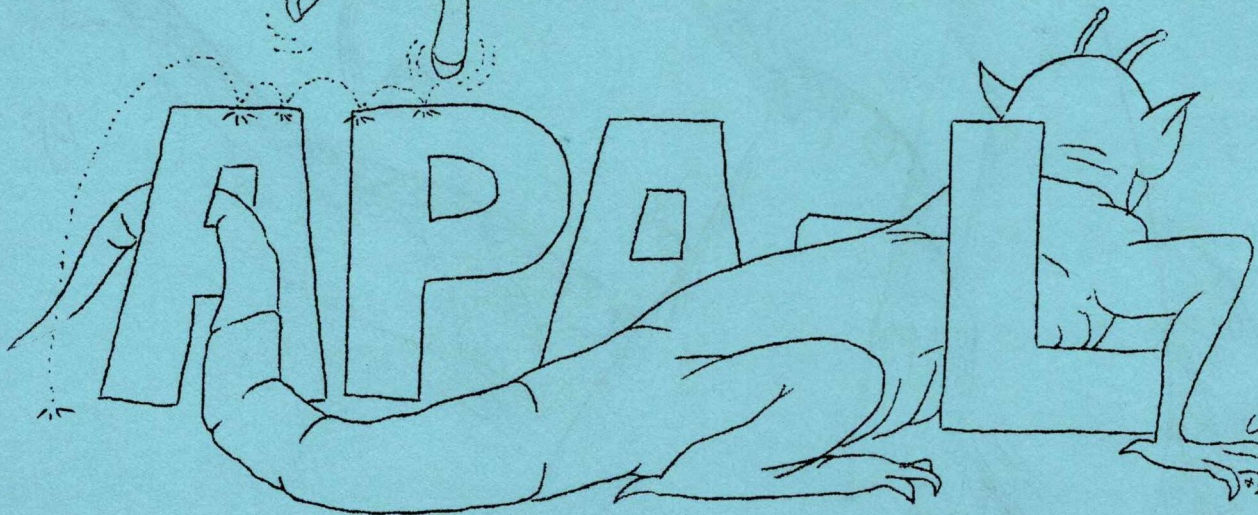
After everyone finished admiring the painting, a large buffet luncheon was served. Dick Martin then set up his projector and showed as much of Baum's original 1914 film, "The Patchwork Girl of Oz", as has been rediscovered to date -- the first reel and most of the second, out of what was probably a total of four. The partial second reel was only rediscovered last year, and Dick expressed an optimistic wish that maybe the third reel will turn up for next year's convention. The copy of the second reel that had been found was the original master print, filmed on highly inflammable nitrate stock; after having it reprinted onto safety film, Dick destroyed the original by cutting it up into strips of three frames each, and assembling the strips to form sets containing the entire plot of the reel in condensed form. He had 100 of the sets, at \$4.00 each; naturally, I bought one.

Next, Baum's niece gave a short talk on Baum's early life as a storekeeper in the gold-rush town of Aberdeen, South Dakota, while cartoons were shown in the garage for the younger children; I joined the younger children. This was followed by an Oz quiz, in which, to my surprise, I lasted long enough to win one of the minor prizes. At this point, the Trimbles arrived, and Katwen promptly stole the whole show. (She was particularly fascinated with the crystal chandelier, to Mrs. Baum's delight.) Then, following a short business meeting in which the rough plans for next year's convention were agreed upon, Dick showed Baum's other extant film, the (complete) 1914 "His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz", which I muchly prefer to "The Patchwork Girl". A swap-&-sell session was supposed to close up the con, but everybody had come prepared to buy and nobody had anything to swap or sell; so, as it was already after 5:00 p.m., the convention came to an end and people began to drift homeward. The convention had been well worth the trip to Claremont, and was a good follow-up to the first convention; if they keep up like this, they may grow in size over the years to be almost another WesterCon.





HELP! YIK!
EEK! YEEK! YOW! VIK!
HELP! SCREAM! HELP!
HOOF! YOW! EEK!
WOWF!

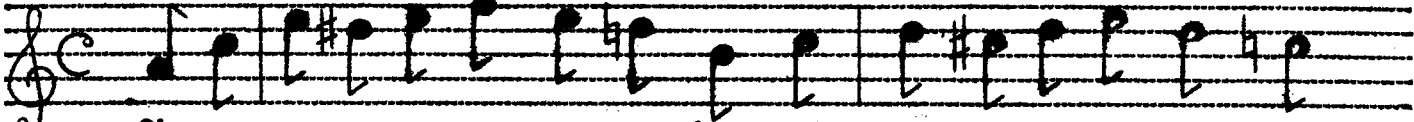


UR
#3jo
#SIMPSON

LITTLE TEENY EYES

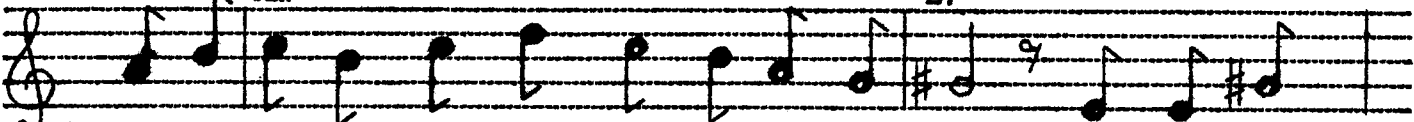
by TOM DIGBY

Am Dm




Oh, we got a new com-put-er, but it's quite a dis-ap-point-ment,

Am E7



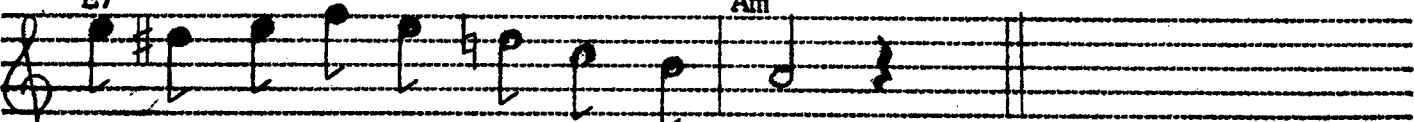
'Cause it al-ways gave this same in-sane ad-vice: "OH, YOU NEED

Am Dm



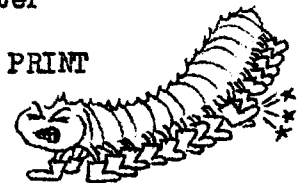
LIT-TLE TEEN-Y EYES FOR READ-ING LIT-TLE TEEN-Y PRINT LIKE YOU NEED

E7 Am



LIT-TLE TEEN-Y HANDS FOR MILK-ING MICE."

2. So we re-read the instruction book that came with the computer
But it kept on printing crazy stuff that reads
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY SHOES FOR CENTIPEDES."



3. So we got an expert genius and he rewrote all the programs
But we always got results that looked like these:
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY LICENSE PLATES FOR BEES."



4. Then we tested each resistor, every diode and transistor,
But our electronic brain just raves and rants:
"OH YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE BRANDING IRONS FOR BRANDING ANTS."



5. Now we're looking for a buyer for a crazy mad computer
That will only give out crazy mad advice
Like: "YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT
LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY HANDS FOR MILKING MICE."



xXXx

I got the idea for this from a quote Bjo made back in Disty #66 and made up most of the verses on the way home from work, 1-27-66. (A good 2 1/2 mile walk does seem to stimulate things like this sometimes.)

Silverlake's

BY ARN

among the Stold!

|
E

KATZ

TCFF. Rich brown mentioned this in TAPS, and he challenged Tom Gilbert to tell him what it meant. Tom said it was 20th Century Fandom, which even I knew was wrong. It stands for Trans-Continental Fan Fund. I will be the first to admit that TCFF does not have a long, illustrious history. Unlike TAFF it was a plonking failure. In the first TCFF election, whose purpose it was to select a worthy young fan to win a free cross-country trip, Bill Meyers was selected to make the Trip of His Dreams. Unfortunately, only 5¢ was collected to finance the trip. Needless to say it was called off. Bill got back his nickel, and TCFF went into a state of dormancy.

But the idea did not die. A new election was held this year, and I was unanimously chosen as the 2nd TCFF delegate. I would like to thank the upstanding young man who cast the only vote. Unlike the previous "winner" I am actually making the trip. Be nice, or I'll expose you to the world in my TCFF report. By the way, I hope you'll all buy my TCFF report when it comes out in time for my first mailing as a FAPAn. It will cost only \$1.25, and the proceeds will go to sending me on another TCFF trip. It ought to run in the neighborhood of 175 hecto pages, and will have full color photo offset covers on my copy. Your copies will have crud sheets left over from old EXCALIBURS instead.

Kidding aside, some of you might actually care why a bunch of Fanoclasts would suddenly decide to come West. Well.....

We were all sitting around at Ted White's pad.

"Have any good robberies lately, Mike?" said Fat Dave.

"Not really, Dave. Of course, there's nothin' left to steal." Rich brown nodded gravely.

"Bruce has it all already. Him and that damn chartered plane." Andy Porter, alias Phone Phan looked around the room at the others. Was this the place for a pun or a surrealistic remark? Probably not, he decided.

"Why don't you rent a boat and sail to California by way of the Panama Canal?" said Andy. Sometimes Andy gets positively Sercon.

"((censored for Katya Hulan))" said Dave. Dave always says things like that. Last year it was weekly apas. This year it was the Chicon II. Dave went to the Chicon II, you know. Willis was there, too.

"Say, gang," said rich, "maybe we could all go across country by car and steal all the stuff back from the OElephant. We would even steal some extra stuff, to sort of even things up."

"That's a marvelous idea," I said. I had to say it rather loudly, as I was still in Buffalo at the time. "What do you suggest we steal of his?"

"How about stealing Dian?" said Andy Porter. Rich began to moan.

"Naw, we'd have to feed her and all like that," said Ross Chamberlain. I think bouncing along on the motorcycle must affect Ross' brain to make him say something like that. Shows that he doesn't have Broad Mental Horizons.

"Not necessarily, Ross," said rich brown. Ted gave rich a look of disapproval.

"OK, gang, now here's what we are going to do. We are going to go out to the West Coast via the Ted White Charter Catch-A-Ride Transportation Service and steal back all the typers and record players. Then, when no one is looking, we will pull the pièce de résistance."

"Oh tell us, master, what is it that we are going to do?" the rest of the Fano-clasts said in unison.

"We are going to steal the Silverlake Playground." He sat back in his chair and dug Mingus as we all stared open mouthed at the genius in our midst. Only Dave managed to say anything.

"((censored for Katya Hulan))" he said and then returned to silence.

"One thing, Ted," said Mike. "I think you've got a good idea there, but I don't see how we're gonna hide it once we take it." Ted scratched his head. He didn't really want to insult Mike, because he knew that not everyone had a lightning-like brain such as his own.

"For crying out loud, Mike, I don't see why you have so much trouble figuring out the details by yourself." He paused, and I took the opportunity to voice some of my own doubts.

"How are you going to hide it, Ted, much less carry it across the country?" Seeing that he was in the midst of uniform mediocrity, Ted sighed once and said;

"Look, gang, it's simple. When we steal the Silverlake Playground, I'll fold it up, and slip it under my coat."

"Are you sure no one will notice the bulge?" rich asked.

"No. Definitely not. Terry and Pete did the same thing a few years back with Berkeley. Then they got chicken and took it back." We all nodded our agreement, since we were going to do whatever Ted said anyway.

So you'd better nail down the Playground, gang, or you may be looking for new quarters sooner than you figured. I'm making this confession in order to obtain clemency for myself and to embarrass the *heck* out of the rest of my unscrupulous comrades.

SPECIALTY OF WHOSE HOUSE?

by june m. konigsberg

Company cookbooks can be awful
 From this view I will not budge!
 Recipes that should be unlawful;
 As bad, or worse, than "Filboid Studge"!

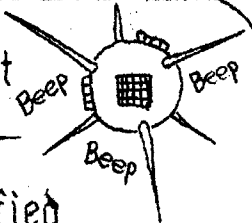
INSTITUTE FOR DEMENTED JOINERS OF INCREDIBLE TRASH


This Is to Certify That

Holds the Position of the
**RESIDENT
BITCH**
Of _____

This is to Attest That

Has Been Duly Certified
as a
SATELLITE
of the undersigned



 This Is to Attest That

has been confirmed as an
ACOLYTE
of the undersigned

WE THE UNDERSIGNED
AFFIRM THAT

QUALIFIES FOR THE RANK OF
EXPERT SNOGGER
1 _____ 2 _____
3 _____ 4 _____
WIVES & "STEADIES" NOT VALID

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE **BEARD** WORN BY

HAS PASSED INSPECTION BY THE
**BEARD APPROVAL
BOARD**

Wm ROTSLER, PRES. DATE _____

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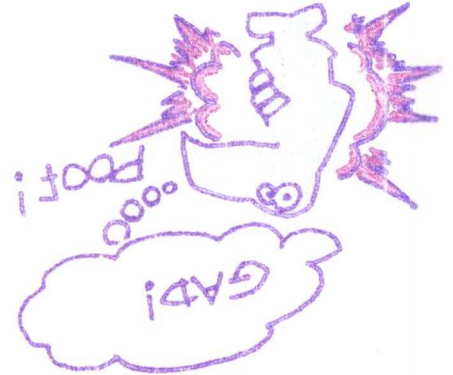
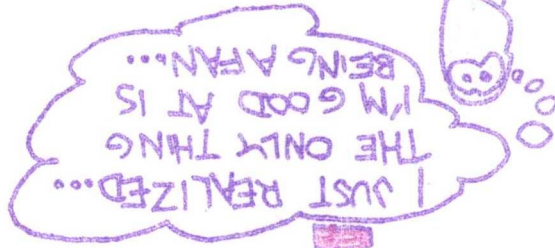
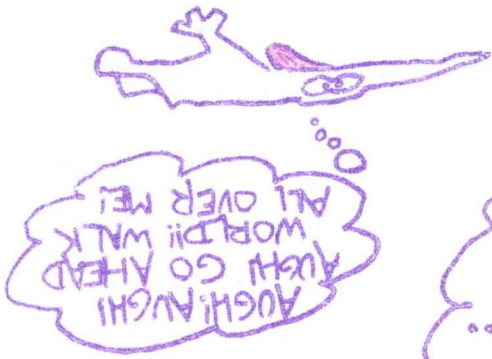
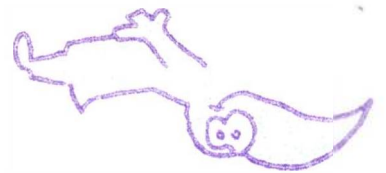
IS REGISTERED WITH THE
**FAN DRUNKARDS
BUREAU**
AS A _____ DRUNK
SIGNED _____
(Bruce E. Paly or Dan Paly Chmn.)

[Handwritten signature]

GEE... I FEEL
SO SECURE...



BUT THEN WHAT'S
WRONG WITH BEING
A FAN?



...BROADWAY?
HOLLYWOOD? ...NEVER!
TOO TRITE...
POLITICS...
COMPOSING?...



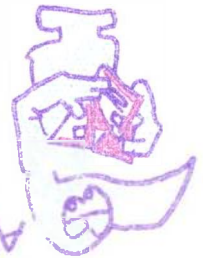
HMM... COULD
IT BE THAT
I'M WASTING
MY TALENTS?



"...CURRENTLY
ABOUT TO BEGIN...
BEST FROM APAL...
COLLECTION OF BEST
MATERIAL... WE'D
LIKE THE FIRST
PAGE OF ANDYARI
#5... ESPECIALLY
HUMOROUS..."



...BILL, BILL,
...MILL WAKEE...
AD... ROGOSKY
CATALOG... HMM,
WHAT'S THIS?
A POST CARD
FROM FRED
PATEN...



GOOD INTENTIONS SHOULD COUNT FOR SOMETHING..

by bjo trimble

Some years ago, when most of us were young and unmarried (more or less), we took a trip to Berkeley with the fabled Barbara Gratz. Forry Ackerman, Sylvia Hirahara, Miriam Dyches (now Knight), someone else I forget, and I. I had laryngitis, but it wasn't contagious, so I wrote notes most of the way up, and the medicine hit about Fresno, and I could talk by the time we cut over to Tracy. Barbara had assured us earlier that her rickety old car had just had a whole complete overhaul, but as it rattled its way up the Ridge Route, we began to question Barbara closely on the details of this "overhaul", especially when the car began to overheat on the floorboards! Well, it turned out that she'd really only had it "tuned up".

All of us had jobs to get back to on Monday, but Barbara managed to foul us up there by telling Miriam she could stay with her boy friend, who took her walking on the large campus, and we couldn't find them until after 1 pm on Sunday! So when we got the car loaded again, Barbara drove around Berkeley, up one street and down another, while I tried to tell her that the freeway was That Way. Finally, she admitted she knew where the freeway was. "Then...then why aren't we on our way?" I inquired in a mildly hysterical voice. "I'm trying to use up all the gas in the car so I can get some more." says Barbara. There was a stunned silence until Forry timidly asked why for on that, so Barbara patiently explained that she didn't want to mix the regular gas she planned to buy with the ethyl gas which was now in the tank, so she was using the ethyl all up first. "You see," said Barbara, who had been studying this all morning, and had figured out the car's problems, "the ethyl is too thick." "Too thick?" gurgled Forry. "Yes, and that makes it clog up the spark plugs, so that the car overheats, you see?"

Well, we finally got her on the way down the freeway, and just past Bradley, the car broke down completely and refused to budge. Barbara admitted that the "tune up" hadn't happened, either; she'd intended to take the car into the garage, and that should count for something! Miriam and I carefully broke the single aspirin in the car in half, and with great ceremony, swallowed our respective shares of said pill.

A tall, very dark Negro soldier stopped in the wilderness (look on the road map; we were between the Army base and Bradley: Nowhere USA!), and looked doubtfully under the hood. He didn't know what was wrong, but took us back to the Bradley garage, where a man was delighted with the idea of taking a coupla new suckers. He drove out, and peered into the depths of the motor. "Oh yeah, yer framistan is all geewowzalled up with the parkometer; it'll cost about \$40.00 to fix it." The Negro, who had stuck around, then leaned his tall self over the garage mechanic and said, "Say, man, how about this li'l wire here; don't it go on somethin'?" There was a pause, and the serviceman said, "Oh, yeah, so it does..." and attached it back, and the motor started!

The now-surly garageman charged us about \$1.75, and tried to hint that the 5 mile trip out should be paid for, but the Negro just stood there, looking down at him, and he left. "I thought you didn't know anything about motors!" I said.

The Negro smiled and shook his head. "I don't, but I just happened to notice the wire hanging loose." Then he laughed, "Sometimes it pays to be big and black and mean-looking!"

We tried to give him something for all his time, but he'd take nothing, even tho he'd saved us a \$40 (or more!) scalping. Then he offered to take us to a fine restaurant in San Luis Obispo, down the road, if we wished. We did, and I got in his car for the trip, for I was about to strangle Barbara, and needed a respite of some kind. None of us thought about it, but the soldier led us to a Negro cafe, where we Caucasians were definitely in the minority! The staff seemed sort of shook up for a minute or two, and then things settled down to standard restaurant action. The dinner was good, cheap, and fun.

We got home with only a few more incidents, during which I lamented using up the aspirin so soon. So later, I had a very nice fan approach me with a fatherly attitude, asking me if I needed help. He was so circumspect about it all, I really didn't know what he was talking about until he grew exasperated and blurted out that he'd found I was taking dope! Well, when we got it all straightened out, it seems that Barbara, with the best intentions in the world, had told several fans about my abnormal craving for drugs, and even my "withdrawal symptoms" on the trip, when I'd used them up; and worse yet, I'd started poor Miriam on them! Well, it took a long time for that story to die!

Of course, those of you who know of the fudge-covered cabbage incident will recognize the name of Barbara Gratz.

DAVE VAN ARNAM, GOTHICK NOVELIST:

The Ted White Fiction Factory, Uninc., has slowly ground me into another millstone, or smething, and at present I have a 26-page albatross around my neck in the form of the first two chapters of a Gothick Novel. Last night at the Informal Writers' Group I read all but the last three pages (which I just finished before putting this stencil in the IBM) to the Group (Ted, rich brown, Cindy Fuzzy Heap, Mike McInerney, and Dirty Pro Lee Hoffman).

"Well, Dave," said Ted when I had finished reading what I hated to think of as prose of mine, "I can see you've found your metier as a writer at last -- you've got a great career ahead of you writing Gothick novels!"

Since Gothicks mean *money*, I was not entirely displeased by this remark. But I shd not like to think that such paragraphs as the following excerpts from the first page are typical of the best prose I shall ever produce. I dunno tho. Maybe I have found my metier...

At the edge of the low cliff, near an old oak long since blasted by lightning, stood a small wooden bath house, its white paint eroded by the salt spray.

Rosalie Marchant stood on the slate flagging in front of the bath house, errant strands of her long black hair dancing in the wind.

Deep in her thoughts, she scarcely felt the damp cold wind.

"How Annette used to love to play here at this time of the year," she thought, and wondered that she did not feel a pang of regret.

Carefully, absently, placing her feet in the center of each flag stone, she walked slowly to the verge of the low cliff.

...But I can go no farther. "How Annette used to love to play here," indeed. If this be metier, I suppose I'll have to make the most of it, but...

THE PROBLEM OF B A R S O O M

by DAVE FOX

In the scientific world it is customary, if a theory and new facts conflict, to re-examine the new data, and if it still is valid, to throw out or drastically alter the theory. In the field of planetary astronomy there has recently arisen such a dilemma. When I use the term "recently" I realize that the gathering of information leading to this impasse has been going on since the last quarter of the nineteenth century, but it is only now, with the acquisition of new and startling knowledge, that theory and fact have reached the breaking point.

Briefly, here is the situation. Since the beginning of the twentieth century we have known, thru the untiring efforts of Mr. Edgar Burroughs, the celebrated American historian, that the planet Mars, or as its inhabitants call it, Barsoom, is not only habitable, but inhabited by a flourishing fauna and flora. This includes, besides the usual birds-and-bees grass-and-trees type of life, an oviparous humanoid species of considerable variety (color-wise at least), and an intelligent species of semi-human form, but with four upper limbs, equal in intelligence with the human types. Also, frequently in Mr. Burroughs' fascinating accounts of things Barsoomian, we come across references to two bright moons, crossing the night sky and illuminating the landscape with their brilliant light. Here then is one set of facts: 1. Mars (or Barsoom) is inhabited, and therefore must possess an atmosphere capable of supporting life; 2. Barsoom (or Mars) has two moons large enough to cast a light comparable with our moon; and 3. From the absence of any mention of them, Mars-Barsoom does not have any craters.

Anyone who has been following the efforts of scientists all over the world, beginning in the 1870's, to learn more about Mars, will soon realize that the two sets of facts do not jibe. If Mr. Carter, Mr. Burroughs' friend and mentor, had been transported onto the surface of the red planet we see in the heavens, he would have lasted about long enough to cough his lungs out into the near-vacuum around him. Furthermore, if by some miracle he had survived, when the two tiny (to the point of invisibility) moons which circle the fourth planet from the sun in our system came over, he would have been hard put to even find them, let alone admire their brilliance. Finally, when he journeyed across the face of Barsoom, even on foot but especially by flier, he would certainly have noticed the many craters which we now, thanks to the American Mars-probe, know cover Mars.

These conflicting bodies of fact lead me to but one conclusion. Barsoom is not Mars, and furthermore is probably not in our solar system or even in our space! All this is in no way meant to imply deceit on the part of Mr. Carter, Mr. Burroughs, or Mr. Paxton. Mr. Burroughs is a historian and biographer, not a scientist, while Carter and Paxton are military men. The only interpretation of the known facts I can accept is that Barsoom is a planet with an Earth-type atmosphere, but having a much weaker gravitational pull than Earth (see Mr. Carter's evidence on this point), with a smooth, crater-free surface, circled by two moons, each smaller than Luna but large enough to reflect a respectable amount of light. This world is not Mars! Nor is it, I hasten to add, Venus or any other known planet in our system. Nor is it,

unless the Gridley waves travel faster than light, a world revolving around some other sun in our universe. There remains but one probability. Barsoom must be located in a sun-system close to us in the multi-dimensional super-continuum, but separated from us by a small distance in hyper-space. This would fit with the "method" employed (involuntarily) by Mr. Carter on his journeys to Barsoom (he unwittingly simply used Mars as a focal point for his autokinetic push). This also explains the prophecy that in the future a spaceship, trying to reach Barsoom-Mars and in frequent communication by Gridley wave with Mr. Carter, will go astray and completely miss its assumed target. This would also account for the existence of an inhabited world, too large by far to "hide" in our solar system, yet close enough for easy radio contact.

Naturally this is not the only possible explanation. A colleague of mine has suggested that Barsoom might be the worldlet which orbits the sun which lights Pelucidar. He has not seen fit to answer my earnest queries as to how the Barsoomian moons fit into such a speculation, or where one might obtain an intelligent, humanoid, but microscopically small race to fit on such a miniature globe. Another has suggested that it might be one of the larger asteroids. The size difficulty pops up again, but more important is the fact that we have fairly good proof that the year on Barsoom closely matches Mars' in length (Mr. Carter's experience when his wife was trapped at the Barsoomian south pole), and this could hardly be the case if Barsoom's orbit was as far out as the asteroid belt. All of this simply means that Mars is Mars and Barsoom, no matter where or what she may be, is still Barsoom!

 CONSIDER: A time traveler getting killed in the past before he was born and being reincarnated as himself.

TED WHITE ON COMIC BOOKS:

THUNDER AGENTS #2 is out now. I called up Larry Ivie the other day and asked him for the full story behind the first and second issues of this comic. Boiled down, it came to this. Wally Wood had asked him for ideas for submission to the Tower company. Of all the ideas Wood and his associates came up with, Ivie's was the one accepted: THUNDER AGENTS. Ivie conceived of this as an ALL-STAR Comics set-up, with each of the interlocking stories drawn by a different artist who would, if possible, write his own story. Alas, Wood wanted the characters to be together more, ala THE FANTASTIC FOUR. Differences of opinion between Ivie and Wood and Ivie and the editors caused Larry to buy back the character he would've drawn himself, and bow out. However, he wrote the original script for the entire first issue with the exception of "Menthor", which was the replacement for his own character. He also wrote the two-page text. "I didn't bother to read it when it came out," he said. "I knew Woody was making a lot of changes."

The first issue showed promise; the second denies all promise. Wood has pretty well taken things over, lock, stock and barrel. The result is much poorer scripting. The "NoMan" story, while pencilled by Reed Crandall, was inked by Wood's assistants (who ink all of Wood's own comic book work these days) and most of Crandall's superb style was obliterated. Indeed, the story, as originally written by Crandall, was brutally cut and changed by Wood, in order to put "more action" in. Crandall will not be in the third issue; "NoMan" will be pencilled by Gil Kane.

In the meantime, what of the ideas rejected by Tower? It appears that Harvey bought most, if not all, of them, and we can expect a new superhero boom from that company shortly as well. I have no idea if they will be any better than THUNDER AGENTS is becoming, but we may hope that in art, if nothing else, they will be superior to the Archie-Radio-Mighty Comics Group (publisher of FLYMAN, THE SHADOW and THE MIGHTY CRUSADERS). A new Deluge seems about to be upon us, and I can see some hope in the fact that at last new publishers are entering the lists and at last the attrition of comics publishers seems to have not only been halted, but reversed.



THE FIRST SOLSTICE

by
FELICE ROLFE

The boy looked up and asked, "Why do we light the candles on this night?"

The Singer took up his instrument, but did not sing; rather, he plucked an accompaniment for his tale. "Because it is First Solstice, child. Hear now the story."

"Martha, wife to Eric who was not yet called The Wise, one day asked what date it was. One among them had kept the days, that they might know when to expect drought and when rain; and also because he wished to know such things. This one answered that it was such-and-such a day.

'It is early enough,' said Martha. 'This year we will keep Christmas.'

The Singer's audience rustled. They had heard the word before in the telling of the story, but its meaning was not clear. This Singer, however, was more learned than most.

"Christmas," he said, striking a low, ominous minor chord, "was a great festival of men before the Bombing. It was the birthday of a gentle, unselfish man, who died a painful death for love of his people. But that was long before the Bombing, and like the good in the life of any man, had been forgotten in all but word. Many were the wrongs done in his name, and his day had become a feast of selfishness. Still, there were some who loved to give and see bright faces; these had kept warm memories of the day, and Martha was one of them.

"Not everyone in the Settlement shared Martha's feeling. There was much discussion about whether or not to keep Christmas, and even those who felt the need for such a time of joy did not want to use the name. You must remember that they had not forgotten the life before the Bombing; not in the Ten Years' Wandering, nor even when the cabin home had become almost a village. And as with a man's life, they remembered the bad in Christmas rather than the good. So they were of a mind to discard much of the festival, and especially the meaning it had had. 'What,' they said, 'Shall we celebrate the birth of him in whose name our world was murdered?'

"But Martha said, 'I care not what we call it, nor how we keep it, but it must be kept.' Martha had much wisdom of her own; she was a strangely quiet woman, speaking only when she had finished thinking, and all her thought was for the Settlement, as they well knew.

"That one in whose care was the numbering of days, and who watched the sun's wandering, said, "Let us call it Winter Solstice. For Christmas was held at that time, and we have much cause for rejoicing then. The rain and cold are halfway over; the sun has come to his shortest stay and will honor us longer each day; and this year at least we shall not starve ere spring.'

"Then Eric spoke: 'These are good reasons, and ones which each year will give to us anew; so that those who keep the feast in years to come may be glad for present

good, more than for that which is past.' It was agreed, and the day was called Winter or (as we say now) First Solstice; though celebration of Summer, or Second, Solstice was not begun for many years.

"Of old most of them had kept the holiday with a tree of many lights; but they did not want to cut a tree, for one said, 'We were a multitude, and our cutting of trees desolated the mountains; what if we should become so many again?' Then their Singer Jack told how, because of a warrior's valor, his people had made an array of candles to brighten their homes at this time. He thought they might build a tree of fallen branches and light it in this way. 'It will be a great waste of candles,' he said shyly, 'but it is not the same as wasting trees, for in cutting a tree you have lessened its beauty; but a candle's loveliness is in its light.' And all agreed.

"Then these people, who had never since the Bombing had time for anything that was not needful, vied with each other in building pleasure for the eyes of all. And each secretly made gifts for the others, especially for the children. There was feasting and laughter, much giving, and many bright faces. It was the first time after the Bombing that our fathers forgave the past, accepted the present, and looked to the future with joy. That is why we light the candles on this night, and tell this story, and delight in giving the work of our hands to one another."

So saying, the Singer gave the boy fire with which to light the Solstice candles.

Some months ago I remarked at how the first novel of the new Shadow series (Return of the Shadow, by Walter Gibson) had been so disappointing. After much delay I've finally got around to reading the second in the revived series (The Shadow Strikes, by "Maxwell Grant"), and I must say that it is considerably better than its predecessor. Great, it's not. In fact, it's not even good. But it is readable.

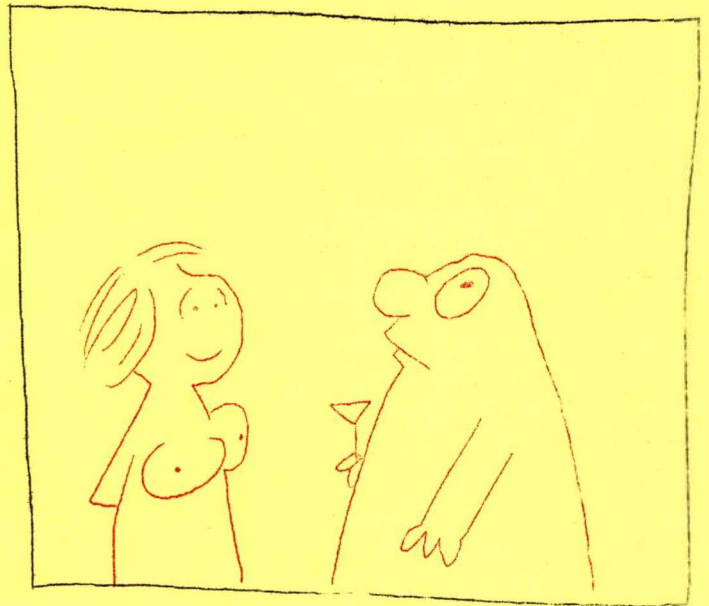
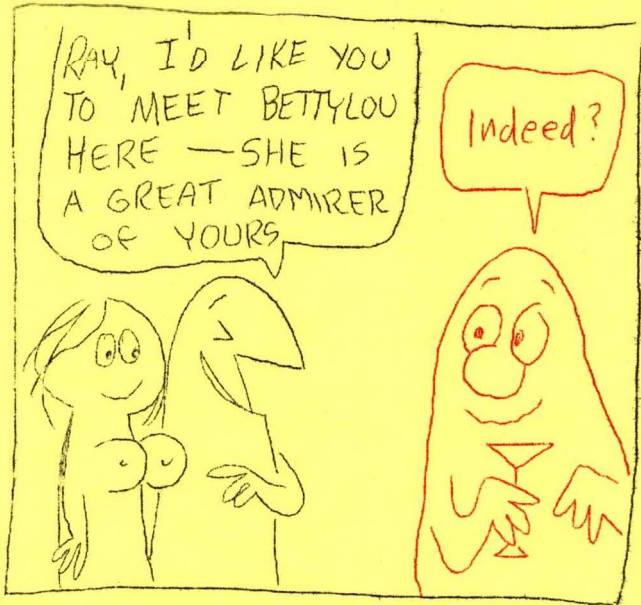
The Man of Darkness has been updated this time, into an 007 type, and the pseudonymous "Grant" follows the Fleming formula so slavishly that a silly refrain kept running through my mind as I read it: To have gourmet scene, THAT is the law; to have sadism scene, THAT is the law; to have sex scene, THAT is the law; for are we not BOND?

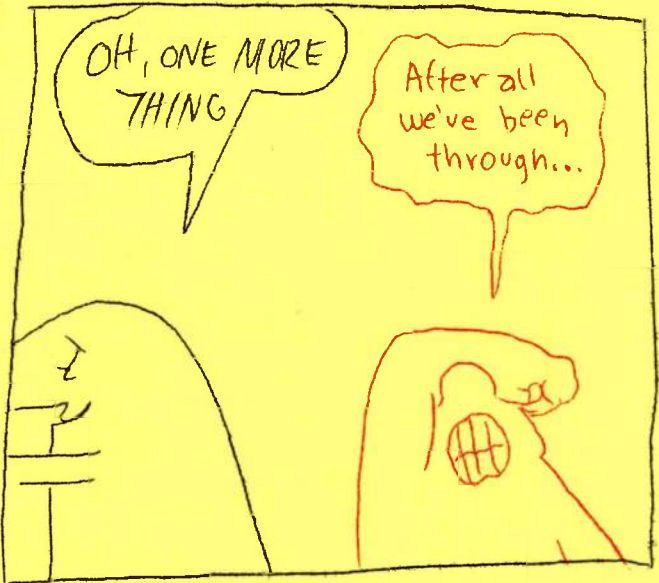
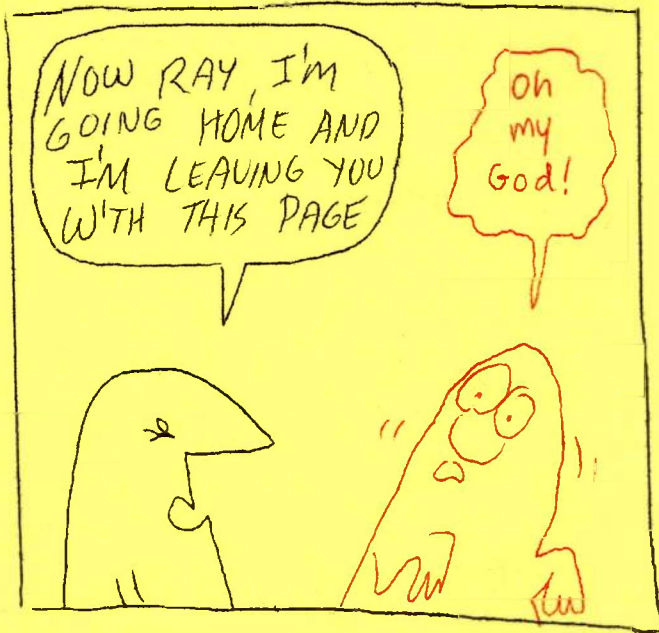
It's still all pretty pedestrian, but if they keep improving this way they should be pretty good in another few volumes.

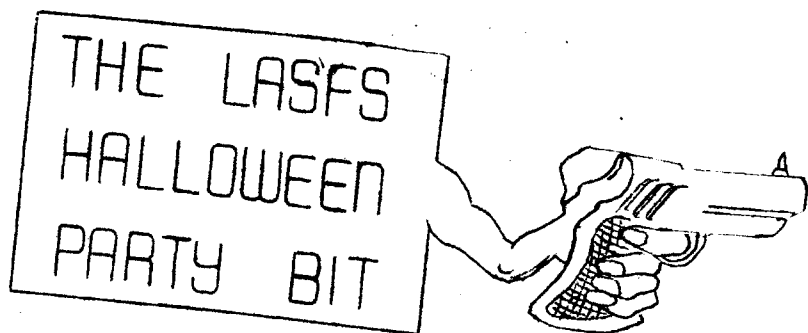
... Dick Lupoff



PORTER







THE SHOOTUP OF GALT'S GULCH

FRED HOLLANDER:

I'd bribed Barry Gold into driving me out to Scripps College to pick up Merrily, my date, and so we arrived at the Halloween Party at the Booby Hatch, or Galt's Gulch, at about ten of eight. There were quite a few people there already and so I started introducing everybody in sight to Merrily whom she hadn't met already, which included a majority of the party-goers. I also started looking at the costumes because I was to be one of the judges. The first thing that caught my eye was an Objectivist Mutated Mouse Musician, with a six-foot M'tah Horn. Hiding inside this costume was Dian Pelz, making mouse-like noises, and there were comments about what would happen if an Objectivist Mutated Cat should come along. Then Dr. Fell entered from the back room. I did not recognize him at first, since I am not up on mystery stories, and I did not immediately recognize who was behind the costume. It was Bruce, but with subtle make-up on, and no beard, and wearing an enormous box-shaped cape and a green vest and smoking a huge stogie and topping off the picture with a large black shovel-brim hat. Larry Niven was the next person I noticed. He had a cape over one side and a sweat-shirt underneath it showing only on one side. He had one horn on his head and one foot was an enormous paw. His costume was a "Devil in Disguise", but the spell quit half way.

Next I noticed Bill and Jayn Ellern decked out as the Duke and Duchess of New Mongolia, wearing some of Owen's cutlery and matching costumes of red and black heavy cloth. Jayn was wearing a fox in addition and it set her off quite nicely. They were from some book that I have not read, but which sounds sort of interesting. The costumes were coming thick and fast at this point so the recollections of them may be a little hazy, but I believe that the next people I saw were Owen Hannifen and Diana Wiggen. Owen was dressed as Al-Pharazon the Golden, the usurper and the last King of Numenor. He looked very well in the part, and had a dagger in his belt which had the head of an eagle on it and fitted very well with the rest of his costume, which included another of his swords. Diana was dressed as Firiell, a wandering minstrel. She was very much in character, for she plays well on the guitar and knows many folk songs which she sang then and later to our great pleasure.

Next a group of super-heroes and villains caught my eye. The first was Sylvia Dees as "Captain Capitalist, the Robbin' Hood of Modern Capitalism". Normally a Wall Street blackie (bootblack), she has only to utter the word "Mazuma" to become Captain Capitalist, who, by the way, robs from the poor and gives to the rich. Next were Steve Salo as "Captain Infinity", and Victor Goldberg as "Thundermug, Arch Fiend", presumably from the same source. They were wearing red costumes and Thundermug was having a little trouble seeing out of his helmet, which gave his mechanical motions a little more randomness than might have been the case otherwise. Then we had a real baddie. William Rotsler and a companion from Delta Scorpio as "The Black Lensman", complete with Delameter Mark IV. And on a more local scale of villainy, we had Durk Pearson as Kim Keldur, a paranoid scientist who wants to destroy all life on Earth, from Ted Johnstone's new U.N.C.L.E. novel, The Dagger Affair. "Excluding Brigitte

Bardot?" said someone. "No, everything living must die." "Well, that proves he's crazy," said I.

And then there were a pair of vampires. One was Bruce Roberts, dressed in the traditional manner and occasionally taking out his false fangs to rest them. It was a hard night for vampires. The other vampire was Len Moffatt with a very white face, two long and vicious-looking fangs and a victim handy, with the puncture holes still showing. The victim was June Konigsberg.

Then several humorous and non-costumes showed up. Ted Johnstone, decked out with something more than his usual array of cameras and equipment, came as The Lensman, and Lyn came as E. E. Smith. (Emma Elizabeth; first victim of Jack the Ripper.) Gil Lamont came as Smedly Dooright, Dudley's brother, in a very neat costume. Non-costumes were Hilda Hoffman as herself, a field geologist just back from the location of her field work; Tom Digby as "Official Galactic Observer, Fannish Disguise"; and Bill Glass as "Phil Glass", or "A Costume for Bjo".

Then Mitch Evans showed up as "The Lone Stranger" and his faithful cohort Tonto (Frank Coe). The Lone Stranger was more properly called "The Lone Faggot", because Mitch played as swishy a cowboy as he could. In the meantime, I had skipped over Lois Lavender as "A Princess of Amtor", Alex Bratmon in a "Tux from 2100", and Ruth Berman, down from San Francisco, as Maid Marian. Another was Mike Klassen as Harold Shea, from the DeCamp-Pratt series. Still another, who was there from the first, was Barbara May, making the most of her assets as Floriel, from Jack Vance's The Dying Earth.

Then Jack Harness arrived and there were two Objectivist Mutated Mice on the scene; in fact, two different conceptions of Objectivist Mutated Mice, which was to make the judging hard. Jack had an Objectivist Mutated Cross with him and he was heard to remark, "Just call me the Mousesigneur."

About then we decided that it was time for the judging to start, so we went through the crowd looking at people's costumes and making notes on them and trying to decide what categories they might fit into. We found some more costumes that I had missed on my first scrutiny: Frances Tobol as Goldilocks; Nathan Tobol as a man from Falcons; Linda Linsey as Podkayne of Mars; Sandy Lee Pickens as Persephone, Queen of Hades; and Ellie Turner in a nice outfit with cape and tights as "Ellie Turner".

We retired to the back room to figure out who the semifinalists should be. It was no easy job. There were so many costumes and so many good ones that it was hard to limit the number at all, much less to a reasonable number of semifinalists. And then the late-comers started arriving. Ed Baker came as an Aggressor officer, from the U.S. Army military games. Then Bjo showed up as a "Bitching Witch", in black and green sparkles with a tall hat. Luise Petti came as Tanya, from "From Russia, With Love", and Paul Stanbery accompanied her as one of the gypsies from the movie, along with an 007 exploding briefcase -- his costume name was Dardko Karin. Betty Knight showed up as another witch. And Paula Salo, Steve's mother, decked herself out in a sheet as a "Ghost Writer".

Then we retired again and considered these and the semifinalists, whom we had seen again, and tried to make our limited number of categories fit around the best costumes. It wasn't easy. Some were obvious, such as Most Authentic for Bruce's "Dr. Fell", and Most Unusual for "The Lone Stranger and Tonto". But for Most Beautiful, which was finally given to Bjo; Most Humorous, which was finally given to the Johnstones; and Judges' Choice, which was given to Dian, there was a good deal of argument. Finally we decided all of them, including the Honorable Mentions, and came out to announce them to the eagerly awaiting throng. First, however, Earl Thompson made an announcement of Hank Stine's engagement. John said, "Let's shower him." And I heard a faint trumpet of "Suckerrrr", from somewhere behind me. Then Earl read off the winners and runners-up. All during this phase of the party there were flashbulbs going off and pictures being taken like mad.

MILT STEVENS, & DIVERS HANDS:

The party continued as parties do, and some people left and others arrived and a card game was started. Around 10 or 11 p.m., three party crashers wandered in -- two males and one female. Everyone was feeling pretty good, so no one objected particularly to these three people walking in and making themselves at home. One of the males ended up playing bongo drums in the living room with Paul Stanbery and Bernie Zuber and the other male wandered around and talked to people. The female left early and I don't think anyone saw her more than once. The second male kept asking, "But do you people really believe in science fiction?" As I recall, no one was able to give him a satisfactory answer -- possibly because he was looking more for an argument than for information.

The trouble started soon after midnight, when the male who had been playing bongo drums tried to snatch the kris from Owen Hannifen's costume, without Owen's consent. Owen tried to stop him, and in the scuffle got his hand spectacularly, though not dangerously, blooded. The commotion in the vestibule attracted everyone in the house, and Owen ordered the two crashers to leave, with the backing of the entire party. The first male, who was obviously quite drunk, tried to put up an argument with both us and his friend, who kept telling him, "Come on, man, it's a bad scene, it'll just be trouble, we can find more fun somewhere else." Finally Bruce phoned the Police Department and was reporting them as party crashers, in their presence. That convinced them to leave, and the desk sergeant said to phone again if they came back. The incident seemed to be at an end, and we accepted it as a moment of relatively harmless excitement -- Owen's wound wasn't bad, and he seemed to accept it as the next best thing to a duelling scar.

FRED PATTEN:

I was sitting in the green easy chair in the corner of the living room at about 2:25 a.m., reading a Nero Wolfe paperback while the party slowly wound down around me, when I heard the first explosion, followed immediately by a great shattering of glass. Cries rang out of, "What was that?" "A shot! Someone's shooting at us!" "Are you sure?" "Don't be silly; it's probably kids with firecrackers." "Hit the floor!" "Who'd be shooting at us?" At this point, another shot crashed through the house, Durk Pearson bellowed, "EVERYBODY DOWN ON THE FLOOR!", jabbing the light switch off as he dropped, and ten seconds later we were all stretched flat on the floor, in pitch dark and a dead silence. Durk made his way to the phone and called the police. Then Dian Pelz said, "I'm all right, Bruce, but I've been hit." This set everyone's nerves much more ajar than the shooting itself had done, and -- as it had now been over a minute since the last shot -- Bruce took the chance of turning the lights back on and scurried over to Dian. Fortunately, she had only been cut by flying splinters and not the bullet itself. In only a couple of minutes, the police arrived -- they must've had a car cruising the neighborhood to get there so quickly -- and the rest of the evening was confusion, with the house filled with uniformed officers and plainclothesmen, and everybody trying to recall something that would identify the party crashers who'd been ejected earlier, as we could think of no one else with any reason to shoot up our party.

As an example of witness' stories conflicting, while about half of us only heard the two shots I did, the other half of us were sure that there were three shots. Also, almost everybody seems agreed that the shot followed by the breaking glass was the last of the shots, but as I remember it, it was the first I heard. As of when I left the party, a couple of hours later, only two bullets had been found, and everyone had decided to wait until daylight to check the outside of the house for signs of the third bullet. What had apparently happened was that the shots were fired at random into the house from a moving car, which came down Westmoreland, firing the first shot into the living room, turned the corner onto 5th, and drove on past the house, firing a last

shot into the kitchen. (When & where the second shot was fired, nobody was sure.) The first shot came through the outside living room wall, passing right between Dian and Bill Rotsler, who were sitting facing each other, talking; spraying Dian with splinters. It then plowed through the living room-hall wall, grooved the top of the hall staircase bannister, and disappeared into the dining room wall — something that gave my nerves a twinge when I learned it; I'd been slower than most present in hitting the floor because I'd realized that I wasn't in a direct line with any of the windows, and figured that I was in a safe corner. But the bullet had come through the wall, so I hadn't been any safer, after all. The last bullet had been fired through a kitchen window, lodging in the kitchen-pantry doorhead. I heard talk afterward that since the shots had only been fired blindly instead of having been aimed, and since they were apparently only .22 shots (and "you have to be hit directly in the head or heart with a .22 shot to be killed"), that none of us had really been in any danger after all. Even if true, which I tend to doubt after having seen all the walls that first bullet went through, I wouldn't consider being seriously or even mildly wounded to be a desirable climax to a party. The fact remains that at least two and possibly three bullets were fired into two rooms in which a total of 20-plus people were milling around, and I think it was a minor miracle that nobody was hit by more than splinters.

The police, all of whom were very courteous and efficient, tried to get as complete a description of the suspects as possible. Most of us tried to be as helpful as we could, though Dale Hart persisted in using terms like "microcephalic" which were clearly over the head of the officer interviewing us, and refusing to define them with anything other than a loftily-delivered, "Surely everyone knows what microcephalic means." The fact remained, though, that the party crashers were strangers to us all, and none of us had gotten anything more in the way of a name than "Mike" for one of them. I could barely have described either of them five minutes after they'd gone. Along about 4 a.m., I got so sleepy that I was literally beginning to stumble about, so I went to sleep in the back of Al Lewis' bus until he was ready to leave, a couple of hours later. That was the end of the Halloween Party for me.

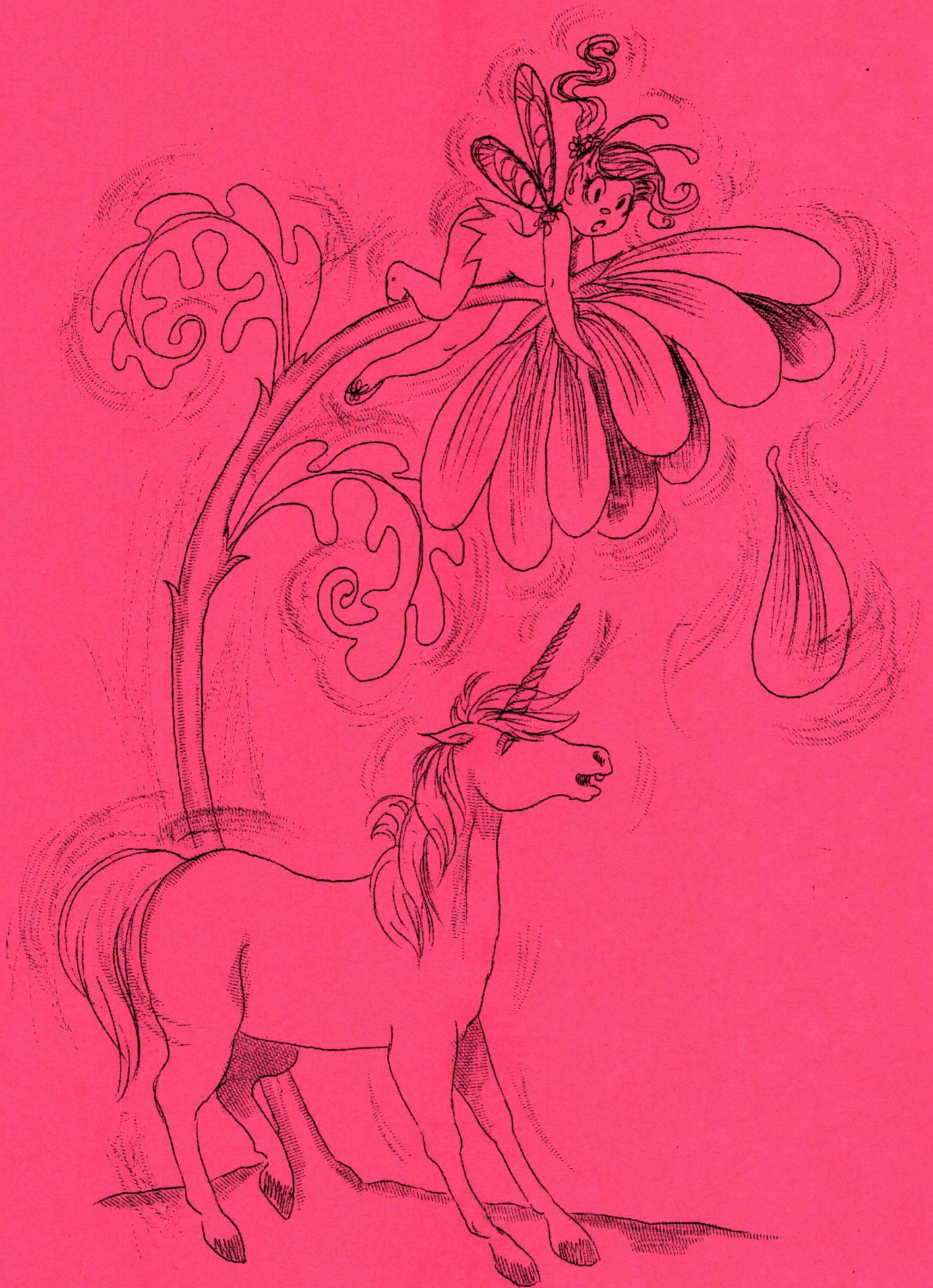
jack harness:


When the fuzz arrived, I had the presence of mind to ask if the two fraternity-crashers had touched anything and left prints. So the fuzz took a beer bottle that looked like a treasure trove of incrimination. After all, it's quite likely that the fraterniteers did the shooting. Ten hours later, Stine spotted the girl that had been with them, at the Shatto Lanes Bowling Alley, confirmed the identification with Hannifen, and called die Polizei in to question her. She lied and claimed she wasn't at the party at all, then later, when confronted with the prospect of 20 people identifying her, claimed she didn't know who the boys were. But Elmer Perdue consulted the City Records and gave me the name and address of the registered owner of the car she was sitting in and which she said belonged to her father. It's possible that a group of public-spirited ~~targets~~ Lasfs-citizen types will pay her parents a visit and request that she cooperate with the police. After all, she is an accessory before the fact, and possibly, if the boys bragged about the incident, an accessory after the fact as well. But this is all a matter for the fuzz to sort out.

It's too bad Bjo wasn't around at the time of the fraterniteers' ejection; with her usual thoroughness she'd have made them be photographed, fingerprinted, and produce ID before they could leave the party at all.

Memorial services for the interrupted Bourrée game will be held at the Lab sometime soon, or possibly at the Ellerns' Margrave Manor.

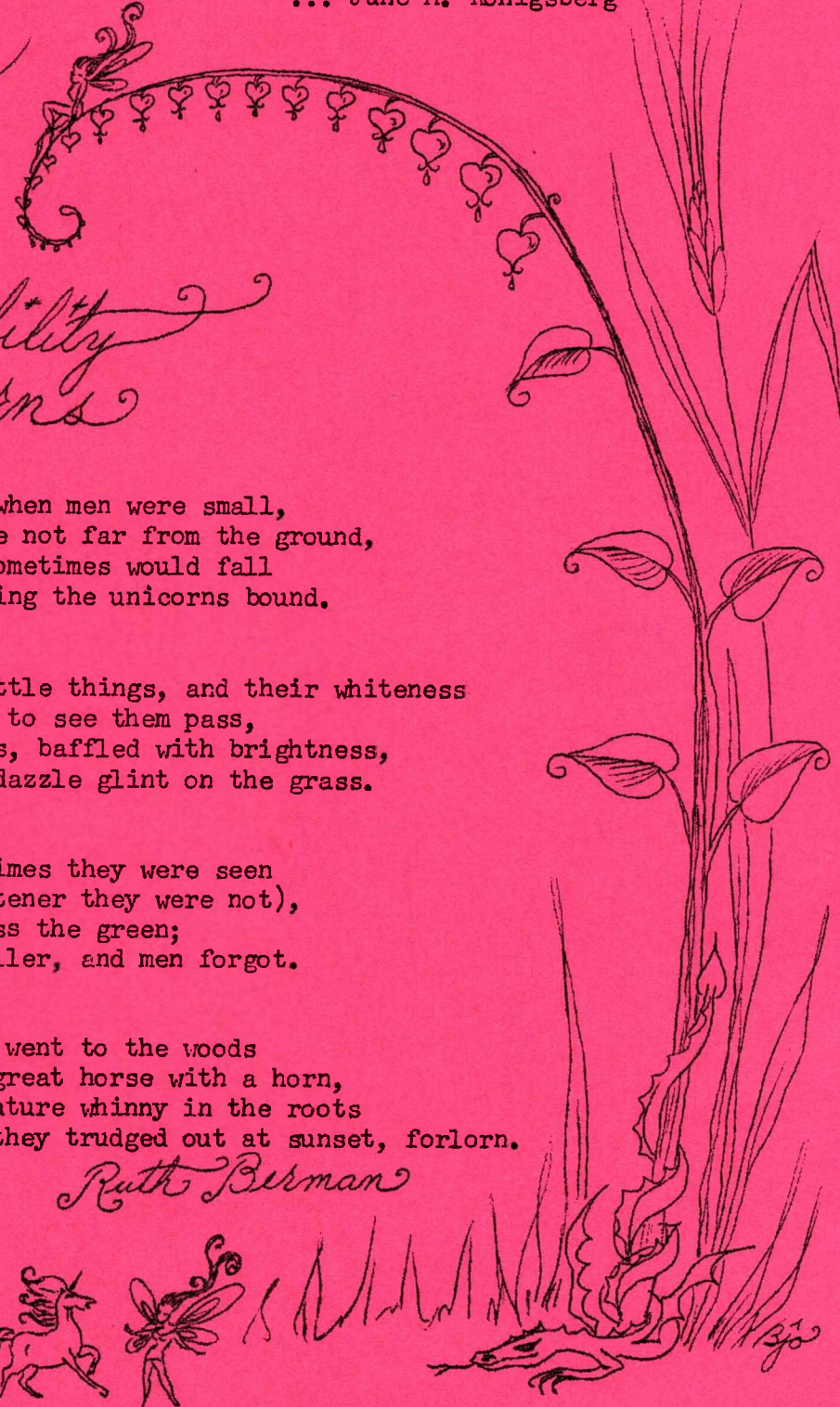
[The party crashers were never traced; nothing further was ever learned about the shooting. As long as the raiders don't come back, we aren't worrying any longer about it.]





What a perfectly lovely cover! If the flower is proportioned to the Real World, then it's no wonder we see so few unicorns—they are only a few inches high! I shall have to reset my sights—I have been looking for standard horse-sized ones.

... June M. Konigsberg



The Invisibility of Unicorns

In the days when men were small,
And eyes were not far from the ground,
The chance sometimes would fall
To a man of seeing the unicorns bound.

They were little things, and their whiteness
Made it hard to see them pass,
For dull eyes, baffled with brightness,
Saw only a sun-dazzle glint on the grass.

Still, sometimes they were seen
(Although oftener they were not),
Leaping across the green;
But men grew taller, and men forgot.

Tall hunters went to the woods
To seek the great horse with a horn,
And the miniature whinny in the roots
Was unheard as they trudged out at sunset, forlorn.

Ruth Berman



FEBRUARY 24, 1966

A biweekly news-and-chatter fakesine from Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle, Garden Grove, Calif. 92640. 5¢ per issue (\$50 to members of N3F).

TRICON TROUBLE: Due to the sudden change in the wording of the draft call (now "every able-bodied man and woman between the ages of 6 & 60 for immediate active duty in SE Asia, the only deferments going to Cassius Clay and Pat Nugent"), TRICON may well be the most sparsely attended convention in stf history. With the last-minute calculations, arrived at after all the cancellations made by fen just before they started their 2-year ~~stretch~~ term as ~~canon/fodder~~ patriots, the current expected attendance is 17.

APAc: The first mailing of the new N'APA, reorganized by Art Hayes and Seth Johnson, arrived today. It contains some 52 pages, consisting of 2 BULLZINES, a GUANO, a THRU THE HAZE, and the new Hayes-published TNFF. 75 copies of your fanzine are required, 70 of which go to the Fanzine Clearing House. OE Hayes noted that 121 of the 130 members of N3F during 1966 have not paid their dues. Also noted is the fact that the N3F now has a Treasury of \$729, while N'APA is \$3 in the red. Director Meskys proposed that \$5 be subsidized to N'APA, but Directors Chalker and Hamlin vetoed this on the grounds that it might establish a bad precedent.

FLASH: Due to the same causes that may put Tricon into financial trouble, the LASFS announced that, as of February 24th, it is no longer a part of the United States of America.

As dozens of LASFS members were given 1-A classifications, no one saw any need for panic (except those classified). However, when Katwen Trimble was classified 1-A, it became apparent that It Was Just A Matter Of Time, and Fandom would Cease To Be.

Immediately after declaring independence, Interim Dictator Bruce Pelz applied for foreign aid from the U.S. Government, hoping to get enough to pay for a ten-story LASFS Clubhouse/Fan Retreat. Along with the \$5 so far received, the LASFSville Government also received 120 CARE packages. All diplomatic ties with the U.S. were cut off when it was discovered that the packages contained nonessentials like food and tools, rather than Gestetners.

PRESIDENT HONORS TV WRITER: President Johnson today gave television writer Irwin Allen (creator of "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea" and "Lost In Space") a special citation for service Above and Beyond the Call of Duty. In the words of the President himself, "I know of no factor that would make people want to go to Southeast Asia more than Mr. Allen's programs." Congrats, Irwin.

MORE NEWS FROM THE FRONT: Hostility continued between the officials of the newly-independent LASFSville and the imperialistic Americans. The United States proposed the first of a possible series of laws which appear to be trying to break down the resistance of the valiant LASFen. They have declared their right to hold up all incoming mail for LASFSville for a maximum of 6 months. Interim Dictator Bruce Pelz replied, "That'll be quicker than the mail is normally delivered!"

In a speech before a meeting of the APA L Compulsives' Black Hand Society, Fred Patten called for a country that will stretch from the outskirts of Disneyland to the comics section of the Collectors' Book Store. However, this conservative plan did not get the required 2/3 majority.

THE MAN FROM H.A.S.S. N^o 1

THE AWESOME ENGRAM AFFAIR

by LEN BAILES

CHAPTER 1:

the dynamic descent

"Clunk-whirr," went the dish-washing machine. The squat be-spectacled teenager stood before it, dish in hand. Meditatively he waved the dish in the air. Then he looked at the machine and frowned. Casting his eyes at the ceiling he made as if to smash the dish on the floor, but paused to gaze furtively over his shoulder. Shrugging, he sighed and fed the dish to the gaping maw of the machine in front of him. He looked at his watch.

7:30, quitting time. Hurriedly he dashed from the kitchens of the UCLA dormitories and ran toward the recreation room. He burst through the door, and muttering to himself, he clopped down his briefcase to save places for other fans for the night's movie. Several books spilled out of the briefcase and hit the floor. He stooped to pick them up, and his fountain pen slipped from his shirt pocket, spilling ink on his fingers, and sending a drop down to mar the cover of the latest issue of SPIDERMAN.

"Sigh," sighed the student philosophically, as he sat down. It was at that moment that he noticed the three hooded figures who had advanced out of the shadows toward his chair. Slowly he stood up and moved to the right... they followed suit. He backed up. They advanced. The foremost figure removed his hood to reveal a cold pair of eyes and scraggly red beard. The other two waited toward the rear. Red-beard unsheathed a dagger. The other UCLA students were seemingly oblivious to the occurrence, as across the room a girl commenced a strip-tease.

Slowly, clumsily, the student pivoted and then suddenly leapt toward the door. Foot catching on the books he had left strewn on the floor he pitched forward.

"Glass," he said to himself before he hit ground, "you've done it again."

- oOo -

- oOo -

- oOo -

"Wheet-WHEET! Wheet-WHEET!"

"Jack, Jack," cried Barry Gold as he gestured dramatically, "it's the signal. They're calling us... quickly, quickly..."

"With you in a minute," said the Scribe as he adjusted his bow-tie. Was a yellow bow tie, green and purple silk shirt, and crimson sports jacket a mite too conservative? He frowned and walked to the window. Outside in the street, a dog looked up, met his gaze, and began to howl.

"Oh, well. Ghengis Khan wore a yellow bow tie," he mumbled to himself as he walked toward the portrait of Hawkman which dominated the entrance to Labyrinth Duquesne.

"No, let me," cried Barry Gold as he brushed by. Rushing up to the portrait, he tweaked its beak, raised his hand and reverently spoke the countersign. "Matter, Energy, Space, Time!" Hawkman slid back with a queer buzzing noise to reveal a dimly lit corridor.

"Here," Harness said as he fiddled with his tie and cufflinks. "I'll get us some light." His jacket began to glow in the dark, and the purple silk of his shirt was reflected on either cufflink as he held his hands out. He focussed the beam as it refracted off the tie and flooded the corridor with illumination.

"Hah!" said Barry Gold. "Little does LA fandom suspect that beyond the walls of this grime-encrusted slanshack lies the secret entrance to H.A.S.I., the guardians of right and clear thinking throughout the Universe."

"And on all levels of existence too!" exclaimed Harness dynamically. Together they stepped past the numerous HASI protection devices. Nimbly they avoided the electrified catwalk and the alligator pit. Barry put his hand over his eyes as they passed six issues of PLAYBOY strewn along the path. He knew that the centerfolds were coated with contact poison.

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR--" Harness deftly kicked aside the phonograph, and the insane bellowing ceased to echo through the passageway.

"Hmmm," he said. "Al's perverted to about Tone 2.0, wouldn't you say?"

"Protective devices can be developed to too great an extreme," observed Barry, cautiously taking his fingers out of his ears.

Wheet-WHEET....wheet-WHEET!

"Oh, all right," said Barry as he flipped open the communicator channel. "This is Barry Gold, Jr. Apprentice Hubbard Scientologist First Class to unknown operators. Calling unknown operators... Come in, Thetans, wherever you are." Harness put his hand to his head and sat down, muttering.

"Long distance calling from England," blared the speaker. "Coming in from the 8th dynamic. Prepare to heterodyne down to your level."

Barry hovered tensely over the dials. "7...6...5...4...3...2... Uh oh, he's passing through the Rand barrier... 1... contact... Communication on level of Self achieved. Mighu, Jack, it's the chief, it's... it's... Jack! Get up off the floor."

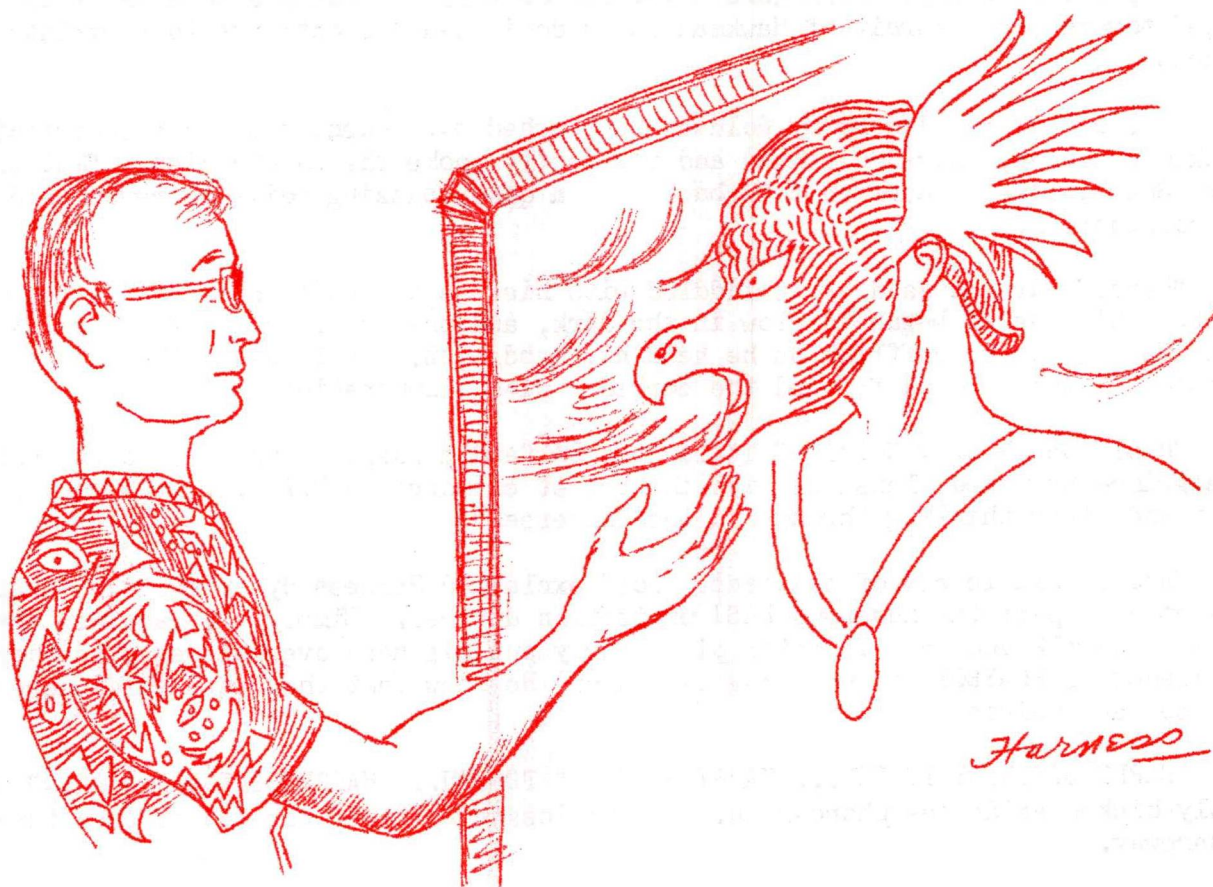
"Stand by for instructions," said Lafayette Ronald Hubbard.

"Yes, sir!" Harness snapped to attention, hand across his heart.

"Mr. uhhh, oh yes, Mr. Harness. According to our files here at HASI Central, you've been intimately associated with some sort of nut cult throughout your processing with us. Something to do with science fiction, isn't it?"

"But Mr. Hubbard, sir," Gold interrupted. "You used to write the stuff yourself, don't you re-- Ouch!" That last as Harness unobtrusively kicked him in the shins.

"It's forbidden to discuss that, you lunkhead!" Harness hissed savagely.



"Err, at any rate," Hubbard continued, "it seems one of you science fiction people in Los Angeles has managed to get himself kidnapped. Mind you, I wouldn't normally attach much significance to the matter -- you fans move around quite a bit -- but this chap in particular is in possession of knowledge which might prove highly useful to our enemies."

"You... you mean...?"

"Yes, it would seem that the Nasty Enemies of Scientological Thought are about to hatch another of their fiendishly cunning schemes... a N.E.S.T. egg, as it were."

"Bill Glass in the hands of N.E.S.T.!!?" cried Barry painfully. "We must rescue him at once! Jack and I will-- we'll... Jack, hey, why are you looking at me that way?"

"Who informed you, Mr. Gold, of the name of the victim in this abduction plot?" Hubbard asked, his voice becoming steely and ungrammatical.

Harness walked up beside Barry and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Come on, Kali," he said. "I think we'd better investigate this. Call you back later, Ron."

"Don't get too familiar, you morass of reactive memory banks!" snarled Hubbard. It was clear that he was sore at being scooped in revealing the dramatic role played by the opening portion of this chapter. The communication screen went blank.

"Wha-what are you going to do?" Barry asked as Harness escorted him into a nearby chamber. "What's in here...? you never told me about this room."

"There, there," soothed the Scribe, "we're only going to do a little auditing on you, although I admit that the technique in this case may turn out to be a little drastic." Harness quickly darted out of the room and sealed the door after him.

Gold looked around nervously. The lights began to dim and he started feeling the wall, hoping to find a way out. A whirring noise came from somewhere on the other end of the room. Gold started clawing at the door.

"Want to hear a joke?" drawled a voice. Slowly a panel slid open.

A ululating scream rent the air, as Barry Gold's eyes popped open in shocked horror.

CHAPTER 2: trapped in the torture pit

Barry Gold whimpered and clutched vainly at the wall as the apparition stepped toward him out of the darkness.

"I know lots and lots of jokes," it said. "Like if a fan ran off a dittoed publication with an alcoholic beverage, you know what he'd have?"

"What?" asked Barry weakly, eyes glazed.

"A GINzine!" exclaimed the thing, stroking its beard. Gold clutched at his throat and it continued.

"You know," it said helpfully, "like if you happened to have six deadlines on the same day and then you died of APaplexy."

"Urgle, Urg--Jack, open the door! I'll talk!! I'll tell you everything I--" The door swung open and Harness ducked his head into the room.

"Someone left a bunch of N'APazines outside in the gutter," he said. "Can you imagine that?"

"Oh!?" said the thing. It turned and ambled off to the panel from which it had emerged. In an instant it was gone.

"Oh, ghod!" Barry gasped. "Thank you."

"It was nothing," said the Scribe, gazing reverently at the ceiling. "But now," ice entered his tone (perverting it to ten below zero), "what do you know about Bill Glass?"

"I didn't think they were going through with it. They promised they wouldn't. We even shared water out of an authgraphed thermos bottle... even Heinlein isn't sacred to the fiends!"

"But why did they take him? What could mild-mannered ~~Bill~~ Bill Glass know that would be useful to N.E.S.T.?"

"I don't know," Barry quavered. "I-I was lured into their organization. I couldn't help myself. You don't know what conversion is like. If it had happened to you you would've done the--"

"Never!" exclaimed the Scribe, whipping out a copy of The Science of Survival. "Here, calm your nerves and let us pray together."

"Our founder who art in England," Barry began, "Hollow.."

"Hallowed, you nitwit... Hallowed be thy Brain. Give us this day, E-Meters read, by--"

"Stop!" cried Barry haltingly. "I remember something... one of them said something about it being useful to have a spy in the enemy camp, which was why they wanted to kidnap Glass... but that doesn't make sense... Glass isn't in our organization. Does N.E. S.T. have other enemies?"

"Hmmm," said Harness. "...doesn't make sense.. you're right! It's completely ridiculous. Therefore, I think the only thing we can do is turn it over to our Objective ethics board. They specialize in things that don't make sense." He walked back to the Communications room and Gold followed. Harness pointed to an exit and Barry hastily grasped the doorknob, but Jack yanked him back.

"Not that door," he hissed, "This door!" He pointed to a rusty slab of metal which looked as though it had fallen into disuse. Gold's muscles strained as he heaved it open. It led to another long corridor, and at the far end he heard the sound of machines pounding. As they walked, their footsteps echoed on the grime-encrusted metal. Barry saw what was making the noise at the far end. Three people were crouched around a large metal pot. As one of them stirred, the others threw all sorts of ingredients into the cauldron. As they drew nearer, the voices of the three scientists became audible.

"...Now if you multiply the effect on the circuit of this condenser and dot it with William Buckley's IQ, you'll see that our atomic tinkertoys will produce enough radiation to send every left winger in Los Angeles to..."

"But wait. You're not thinking of the concept we should be considering. If you don't consider not thinking of burning out the copper wire it will cause a shortage of current, which is the same as a shortage of currency. We must avoid this by considering the ramifications of... of... err... can anyone tell me what I was saying?"

"...No, and it isn't really important anyway. Moderately important when you consider that you show no understanding of the epistemological basis of economics, but-- Hey gang... hold up a minute... it's the Clear thinkers from upstairs."

"Dr. Pearson," said Harness to the first of the group. "We seem to have come across a problem which is incomprehensible. So naturally I thought of bringing it to you. Do you remember the Nasty Enemies of Scientological Thought? They've kidnapped Bill Glass and we can't figure out why."

"All we know," added Barry, "is that one of the NESTers said something about placing a spy in the enemy camp."

"Wait a minute," said Pearson. He threw three copies of Atlas Shrugged into the cauldron, took the spoon and tasted the mixture. "I have it!" he cried. "Enemy camp... place him in the enemy, camp... descriptive adjective. In other words, N.E.S.T. wants a spy in its campiest enemy, the LASFS."

"Say," said Barry, "the stuff in this cauldron tastes like a soft drink. And how did drinking it give you the answer to the riddle?"

"It's simple," said Stine as he tossed a copy of The Fountainhead into the cauldron. Slowly the pages began to dissolve. Stine continued, "Everyone knows that the mind is stimulated by taking certain drugs..."

"Yes," finished Baker, pouring some more softdrink into the cauldron. "We're all sitting here getting high on this stuff, and it turns us into objective geniuses."

"Dare I ask what you call it?" said the Scribe.

"Coke-Ayn," the three chorused in unison.

"Ugh! Take me back to the torture chamber!" gasped Barry Gold.

"No," said the Scribe. "I'm afraid you don't get off that easy, Barry. You heard what Ethics told us. We're going to the next LASFS meeting!" He pivoted dramatically.

"Good luck," called the three Objectivists as the H.A.S.I. agents strode back through the corridor. "You'll need it."

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"Now," Harness instructed as the two of them stood outside Silverlake Playground, "when we go in, pretend that you're still working for them. I'll drift around and pick up whatever gossip I can."

Gold stared irresolutely at the door. "Courage," Harness whispered. "Fight those reactive memory banks!"

Gold threw open the door and the two of them cringed at the noise and light from within. Apparently the meeting was underway. Some idiot stood in the center of the room with three paperbacks in his hand, yammering. The Director and the Treasurer were engaged in a battle to prop open their sagging eyelids. Gold hastily stepped across into one of the twin backrooms. Harness entered the other. It had been several months since either had made an appearance at the club. Gold acknowledged the greetings in an offhand manner and subtly began to direct the conversation to his own ends.

"Say," he shouted at the top of his lungs, "has anyone seen Bill Glass tonight?" Most of the fans continued to talk among themselves, but one marshmallow figure wandered over to him.

"Hibarrygold!" it said. "NoIhaven'tseenBillGlassrecentlybutbythewaythenewwinterapamailingisoutitonlycostssixdollarsdoyouwantone." It paused for breath. "Sinceyouhaven'tbeenhereinawhileyouprobablyhaven'theardaboutallthegreatnewfanzinesI'mputtingoutandspeakingoffanzineshowaboutsellingmeyourapaldistiessolcanchargemynewfawningacolytesdoublepricesforthem."

Barry walked to the other side of the room, but the fan followed him. In vain, he tried to listen to the coterie in the corner... perhaps they knew something about the kidnapping.

"...fannishfan...bestfromfandom...fannishthingtodo...pederson...auction...heybarrygoldwhyareyouhidingunderthecollatingtable?"

It was no use. The noise drowned out everything in the room. Barry tried to fight off the drowsiness which was slowly overcoming him. In the next room he saw Harness and hoped his comrade would have better luck.

Harness heard familiar shuffling footsteps approaching from the meeting room and panicked. He looked about fearfully. His eyes searched the bare room for a place to hide, but none manifested itself. His agile brain raced madly. Was there no way out? Too late! He was trapped. The footsteps grew nearer. The door opened and eager hands thrust a stylus and bunch of stencils at him.

"Well...uhhh, it's good to see you at a meeting for a change!" came the booming voice of Fred Patten. He motioned and six burly neofen entered the room and encircled the Scribe.

"Now, uhh, while you're here, I'm sure you won't mind doing a little artwork. Uhhh...will he, boys?"

"Oh, I'm sure he won't," said one, cracking his knuckles. The group hunched menacingly over Harness.

"Fool!" he cursed himself. He had been out of practice, and in the months since his last visit to LASFS had become careless. He had allowed himself to be trapped easily. Resignedly he picked up the stylus and set to work.

Before long he was distracted by the sound of a guitar in the next room, and more footsteps. "On guard," Harness said to himself. "It's She Who Must Be Reported to They Who Will Not Be Named."

"Guard the door!" cried Patten protectively, clutching his APA L distribution to his chest. The door swung open and a svelt figure in a black and scarlet cape started to trample the neofen who had gallantly blocked the door at their Collator's command. The guitar music grew louder still as a bearded neofan followed the caped figure into the room.

"These boots are made for walkin' ..." He broke off singing. "Don't be alarmed," he called to Patten, who had been somewhat distressed at the plight of the valiant doorwarders. "They like it!"

"Shame!" cried Harness, pulling himself up to his full 5'3". "What would Harlan Ellison say if he saw those boots?" He lowered his voice. "And besides... what's the big idea of kidnapping Bill Glass?" he hissed. For the girl in front of him was nothing less than the sinister ~~and~~ figurehead who commanded N.E.S.T.

"You're off your gourd, Jack Harness!" she replied in a loud voice. "I don't know what you're talking about." She gestured to her companion, who began again to strum the guitar, and they stalked into the next room.

"He knows," said the teenager tensely. "What'll we do?"

"Shhh," said the commander of N.E.S.T. "You never know who may be listening. There are still people here who haven't heard us talking for the past two months, so exercise caution."

"Do you think you'll have to tell the--"

"Silence!" she said, gazing furtively about the room. "You anticipate me. Yes, I am afraid we must inform The Leader." She glanced meaningfully back into the collating room.

But the direction of her gaze was followed by another pair of eyes. Under the collating table, Barry Gold had regained consciousness, and saw where that gaze terminated. He blinked incredulously as he too focussed on the chipper little man who was busily operating the hectograph in the next room.

"Good lord!" he gasped. "She can't mean Don Fitch!"

Chapter 3:

THE HUBBARD ASSOCIATION OF... WHAT?

Bill Glass emitted a feeble groan and opened his eyes. He was seated in an armchair in a softly lighted living room. How had he gotten here? ...Oh yes, the fat one with the red beard... the sinister figures in the background. Gradually it was coming back to him. He swam up slowly to consciousness and tried to rise from the chair.

"You needn't bother, you know!" came a smug oily voice. "You're tied in quite securely." Glass looked across the room. There was the kidnapper who had startled him by his sudden appearance at UCLA. He watched as the portly figure drew a dagger from his belt and idly flicked it at the air.

"Are you going to co-operate without a fuss?" he asked politely, "or," he frowned as he stroked his beard, "are we going to have to be unpleasant about it?"

"Uh, I assure you that I'd be glad to tell you anything if you'd just put that thing away," Glass laughed nervously. "Would you like to hear the plots of the three Gothic novels I'm writing, or how about a complete synopsis of the last two movies I've seen, or..." his face brightened, "I'll tell you all about the agonies of my unfulfilled love life, my struggles with the draft board, my--"

"Oh, shut up!" snarled red-beard. "We're not interested in all that. You seem to be the most innocuous neofan who still goes to LASFS. You may be very useful to us in our next fiendishly clever DNQ plot against Hubbard Association of Scientologists, International!"

"The Hubbard Association for what?" exclaimed Glass transparently.

"Never mind," said the other. "Shall I give you one of their basic two-week orientation courses?" No, he thought to himself, we want you to retain your mind at least until after we're through with you. "Instead let me tell you about us." He waved his hand expansively at the drapes, and several figures stepped into view. One was short and sported a goatee and pince-nez glasses. Another was female -- or it looked female in the dim light. Glass couldn't really be sure. The others were still shielded by darkness.

"N.E.S.T. is an old and traditional organization," Red-beard began, "although it has not always existed under that name. Actually, our origins can be traced back to the Mariposan Empire. The founders of N.E.S.T. were the disciples of the Emperor, survivors of an unnamed organization which had been built entirely from nothing by one of the most brilliant men the world has ever known. The Emperor was a genius in two slightly related fields, science and diplomacy. In the year 1225 (C.R.) he began to construct a web of power which covered all the world. In 2109 (C.R.) he perished in a War with the Antarcticans."

"In 1961 (your time) several men who had held high positions under the Emperor met in the Fan Hillton. Out of that meeting was born the CIAWOT society. Unfortunately, pressures from outside caused the demise of this organization circa 1963, and the key figures therein went underground for several years. Several purges took place in secret, and the remaining idiots, in alliance with He Who Will Not Be Named by They Who Have Withdrawn From This Continuum formed the Institute for Temporal Research. H.A.S.I. managed to defeat us then, but the shadow has been quietly gathering strength in ~~Wiz~~ Pasadena and we are again ready to move out into the open."

"I see," said Bill Glass, "but how do I fit into all this?"

"Thus far you serve to further the plot development of the story. I have not yet been given instructions from She concerning the exact nature of your role in--"

He was interrupted by the sound of clashing guitar chords, as the tramping of boots became audible. The door flew open and She swished into the room, pirouetting and dramatically drawing her cape over her eyes.

"...I will follow her... follow her wherever She may gooo!" Her ~~faithful~~ acolyte continued to sing as he followed her into the living room.

"Mike!" exclaimed Bill Glass, recognizing a familiar face. "Have they lured you into this unspeakable snake pit of evil? Come to your senses, man! There's still time for you to--"

"Cool it," said Klassen, lighting a cigarette, and carefully assuming an expression of nonchalance. It was a calculated carefully rehearsed pose.

"Wait," said She. "Owen, please put that ridiculous dagger away. That is not the proper way to gain the co-operation of our guest." She slid to his side, untied the ropes which had bound him to the chair and paused, as if she were going to sit in his lap. Changing her mind, she gestured to two husky figures on the sidelines. She sat down on a nearby divan, and the two picked up Glass and deposited him on her lap. "There now," She said as she stroked his forehead. "Don't you feel like helping us against those nasty Scientologists?"

"I-I do feel something at that," Glass quavered. He reached around with his arm and fished a notebook out of his pocket, bowed his head and began to scribble. "How do you spell 'sensual'?" he asked, looking up for a moment.

"Forget it!" She exclaimed quickly, standing up. Glass bounced to the floor, his attention never wavering from his notebook as he continued writing. "We're in trouble, gang," She continued. "The Scn Schnooks suspect our activities."

"Uh oh," said Hannifen. "Did you tell--"

"Yes," She said. "He's given me a plan of action, but wishes to express his annoyance at the information leak." She paused as She observed the quiet fear which had begun to spread over the company.

"Well," said Klassen, "what are we going to do about it?"

"That," She replied, "is where our guest comes in. As you know, the LASFS is going to have a Fanquet shortly. This is perhaps the only occasion when we will be able to get all of the LA factions under one roof. Dr. Fitch," they winced at the mention of their cohort's name, "has bred a most curious flower amidst his garden of maneating plants," She continued. "It emits an odor which causes extreme susceptibility to any ideas which one may hear while under its effect. Since two of our number will be speaking that night, we may enslave their brains with the proper propaganda.

"Of course, HASI agents will be guarding the entrance, and will search us very carefully with their electronic devices, but they will not suspect him." She glanced contemptuously at the floor, where Glass was still busily scribbling. "He will carry the plant into the Fanquet. He will be the instrument of our triumph." Her voice rose to a feverish pitch as the sound of evil laughter filled the room.

No one noticed the figure which quietly crept away from the porch adjoining the house and removed a transceiver from its coat pocket... the figure which had dutifully trailed the NESTers from the LASFS meeting.

"Open channel D," whispered Barry Gold into the mike. "Get me H.A.S.I. Central. This is an emergency!" With one eye focussed nervously on the screen door, Gold gabbled hysterically into the microphone.

"...and they plan to sneak their mind-deadener into the Fanquet hall by using Glass as a plant," he continued. "...no, I mean Glass will carry the plant. No, of course Fitch didn't grow Glass in his-- Sheesh, all right. We aren't all communications releases, you know!" He replaced the radio-device in his pocket defiantly and once again crept onto the porch to observe the proceedings within.

"You seem to have overlooked something," said Bill Glass matter-of-factly. "I have no intention of helping you. Unless you have some way to force my body to walk into that Fanquet room without my conscious volition, you're out of luck."

"Aww, to heck with it!" came a female voice from the shadows. "Let's have an orgy and sacrifice him to the Goddess."

She turned very white, but Bill thought it was the whiteness that comes over some people's faces not when they are afraid, but when they are angry. For a moment She fixed her eyes on Glass and there was murder in them. Then She seemed to change her mind.

"You come here!" She gestured to the girl who had previously stood by Hannifen's side in the shadows. NEST's co-ordinator cleared space in the center of the living room while the other girl brought a brightly colored mass of paper forward and deposited it on the floor. Glass gasped as they started tossing lighted matches at the pseudo-campfire. It quickly ignited and the smell of burning paper was wafted to his nose. He looked up unbelievably and Her eyes met his in acknowledgement.

"You-you unutterable fiends!" Glass cried. "You're burning my Marvel Comic Collection. Oh LASFS, if you but knew!" The other girl began to approach him now, and he was too stunned to resist. He noted with displeasure that she had a large nose, but he couldn't concentrate; the odor of the burning magazines was driving him into a frenzy.

She gestured to Her acolyte, who began to strum his guitar again rhythmically and discordantly. "LASFS," She said. "I have heard you utter that name many times in your ravings. You are very sick. There is no LASFS."

"And few return to West LA," Klassen added. The sound of the guitar grew louder and began to penetrate into Glass's blood. The girl with the large nose was stroking his forehead, making curious hissing noises.

"But there is a LASFS, Ma'am," Glass replied. "I've talked to lots of people there and been to scores of meetings."

"Indeed!" said She. "And can you remember what you talked about at even one of them?"

Thrum thrum thrum... Glass couldn't think. Half his mind was numb...the guitar and the girl and every whiff of his rapidly disappearing comic book collection paralyzed his brain.

"There never was a LASFS," said She. "There is nothing but NEST." Glass winced and jerked involuntarily.

"And few return to--ouch!" exclaimed Klassen as he clutched his ankle. The last assertion had filled Glass with so much horror that he had tossed the girl aside and kicked wildly, catching Klassen's leg. The instrument dropped from the acolyte's hands, and Glass felt the spell lifting, but Large-Nose was moving toward him.

From his vantage point outside, Barry Gold later decided that it must have been the atmosphere which caused him to see what he did. The girl's arms appeared to be fastened to her sides. Her legs were intertwined with each other, and her feet had disappeared. The train of her skirt thickened and grew solid. It seemed to be all one piece with the writhing pillar of her interlocked legs, and that writhing pillar was curving and swaying as if it had no joints, or else were all joints. Her eyes were now huge and flaming without brows or lashes. The change was complete, and the great serpent which the girl had become had flung two or three coils of its loathsome body around Bill Glass's legs.

"Drat!" said Owen Hannifen. "This is the third time this week!"

"I yield...call it off!" screamed Glass, who was shattered. She stared wordlessly at the snake...this had not been expected.

Barry Gold shuddered. There was nothing he could do to help. He hastily crept away from the old house and made for H.A.S.I. headquarters.

CHAPTER 4: FANQUET AT BELBURY

It was with some reluctance that Bill Glass found himself being escorted through the door which led to the hall wherein the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society would hold its yearly fanquet. It had been several days since his nightmarish encounter with the darker elements in the club, and he still wasn't sure what he had imagined and what had actually taken place. He knew, however, that he had escaped unscathed from Pasadena and that little real damage had been done.

He clutched his briefcase convulsively. In it were the last 200 pages of his genzine, 300 pages of correspondence with his brother, a selection of dubious artwork, and a complete run of SPIDERMAN. He was exceedingly proud of the latter... he opened the briefcase to take another reassuring look at it.

"Odd," he mused to himself upon discovering that the comic books were gone. "I don't remember filing them... but I guess I did it when I stuck this vegetable-thing in to show to Don." Don Simpson's interest in things eldritch was well known, but Glass couldn't understand exactly what had possessed him to take the plant to the Fanquet with him. Such was the effectiveness of NEST's conditioning that he remembered nothing of the gruesome plot which has thus far been unfolded.

He got a seat with Barry Gold on his right and a rather conspicuous newcomer on his left. The newcomer was hooded and outfitted in a stfnal costume. Glass knew of the obsession with masquerade garb which dominated so many Los Angeles fans, but wearing a costume to the Fanquet was a bit much. The others, habituated to the zaniness of some of the members, ignored the intruder, figuring that he might be part of the program. Bruce Pelz, who was selling tickets at the door (along with fanzines, artwork, and souvenir pieces of the drapery) was only too happy to admit another paying attendee.

For the first few minutes, anyone glancing down the long tables would have seen what we always see on such occasions. There were the placid faces of elderly clubfen, whom stfnal conversation had placed in a contentment which no amount of speeches could violate. There were the patient faces of the responsible members of the Executive Committee, who had long since learned how to pursue their own thoughts while over-stuffed egos drank in the adulation of the neofen.

As the speaker discoursed on the life and times of Ralph Milne Farley and acknowledged his tremendous debt to Stanley Weinbaum (for if truth be told, he had copied his Fanquet-winning story almost exactly from a long-forgotten plot in THRILLING WONDER STORIES), Owen Hannifen looked smugly at Ted Johnstone, who winked and nodded to She, who sat toward the rear clutching a bottle of wine. It would not be long before everyone was half asleep. It was then that Glass would feel the compulsion to take the plant out of his briefcase and they would begin to spew propaganda. Before long, every fan in Los Angeles would be running to his local astrologer, and NEST would set up a slanshack which would front for its devious suppressive activities. Hannifen fixed his attention on the speaker and frowned slightly.

To different members of the audience, the change came differently. To Johnstone, it began the moment he heard the speaker end a sentence with the words, "An individual

has to postulate into existence his own aberration, his own flinch, his own stupidity, and his own bad luck."

"Horsepuckie!" thought Johnstone almost aloud. Why couldn't the fool mind what he was saying. Perhaps- but hullo! What was this? Had his hearing gone wrong? For the speaker seemed to be saying that the randomness of parareality must be occluded if auditing had not processed the release of an emotional charge.

"He's drunk!" thought Johnstone. Then, crystal clear in articulation beyond all possibility of mistake came, "The ruddigore of the reflexive cause point must be de-oscillated!"

Hannifen was slower to notice what was happening. He had never expected the speech to make sense, but he began to think the speaker was going too far. What the deuce did he mean by "Thetan affinity"?

Suddenly someone screamed. The aphasia which had gripped the speaker seemed to be spreading to everyone in the room. There was a concerted rush for the exits, all the time while people shouted, "Cusp point? ...assimilate your own dynamic!" and other equally meaningless things at each other.

She had known before the speech began that She was three parts drunk. She had expected and intended it to be so. The tumult of gibberish did not alarm her; she found it exciting. It was almost like the words of a Bob Dylan song, and she sensed the ebb and flow of the crowd to have the same rhythm as a Beatle record.



The enigmatic hooded fan who had been sitting next to Bill Glass suddenly snatched Glass's briefcase from under the table and tossed it to Barry Gold, who ran off in the direction of the Men's Room. The stranger threw back his hood and gestured wildly as he cried:

"Qui Verbum Hubbard contempserunt, eis auferetur etiam verbum famus!"¹

"Jack Harness!" screamed She Whose Name Will Not Be Mentioned, fear flowing through her veins. Panicstricken, she ran toward the doorway, but there a peculiar sight met her eyes. The wine was really hitting bottom now, for She saw not men struggling there at the entrance, but animals. Now one was breaking away. It was a huge elephant, heading straight toward her! ...People all around and nowhere to duck. She screamed and knew no more as the ponderous bulk ran over her and surged toward the center of the room.

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Hannifen was not among those who were trapped in the Fanquet room. Of course, he had figured all the angles, and had slipped away during the confusion. "Apparently, the Scientologists got wise to our plans," he thought. "Although I don't see how." The knowledge did not shake him. If this was the end of NEST, he must get back to HASI headquarters and work up the position he had prepared for himself as an auditor. No one, to his knowledge, was aware of his connection with the defeated plotters.

As he walked up the stairs to the Labyrinth DuQuesne, he saw another figure at the portrait of Hawkman, reaching for the beak. It was short, had a goatee and pince-nez spectacles.

"Ah," said Ted Johnstone, "I see I wasn't the only one to escape." Hannifen grinned at him. Oh, how clever they were! A pity the others would never know. The portrait of Hawkman slid back to reveal--

"Nooo, gentlemen. Dooo not be alarmed," rasped the voice of Don Fitch. "Yoou are thinking that one of yoou will jump me while the other sets off the alarm. Tch, most unwise." His hand crept ever so slowly out of his pocket. In it was a dagger. "Soo," a note of irritation crept into his voice, "yoou think to betray yoour former comrades so easily, eh? We will see." He chuckled.

Ted and Owen exchanged nervous glances. What was Fitch going to do?

"Innn here, pleez." Fitch commanded, waving them toward the Communications room. "Have soo pleasant surprise waiting."

Hannifen darted into the room and Johnstone followed, slamming the door. "You're the one in for a surprise," he jeered, throwing a lever on the wall. In the anteroom, a panel slid open and Fitch's eyes grew wide with terror.

The thing discarded its N'APA mailing. Here was someone who hadn't heard its jokes. "Why is a neofan like a lightbulb with a faulty filament?" It asked.

"Because both of them are instant turn-off," gasped Fitch as he fell on his dagger.

Hannifen and Johnstone walked down the long corridors of H.A.S.I.'s Los Angeles headquarters. "Wonder what the old bird was going to do to us?" said Hannifen.

"I dunno. Do you smell something funny, by the way?"

1. Roughly, this translates, "They who have despised the Word of Hubbard, from them shall the word of fan also be taken away." The author is fully aware that his Latin is lousy.

"Look!" cried Hannifen. In front of them was a large flower pot containing an unusual-looking vegetable denizen. Already he felt his mind going soft, his thinking getting murky.

"A is A," muttered a husky voice behind them.

"Ah!" said Ed Baker. "They've sent us down some new ~~fl~~ students."

"Cheer up!" said Stine, "soon you'll be just like us....." The hideous thing was that Hannifen knew they were right... he felt his mind die.

Ted Johnstone screamed.

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"The meter says your tone is lower, Barry. You go do the dishes." Jack Harness announced smugly.

"Oh, hell," said Barry. "You get a higher reading every time."

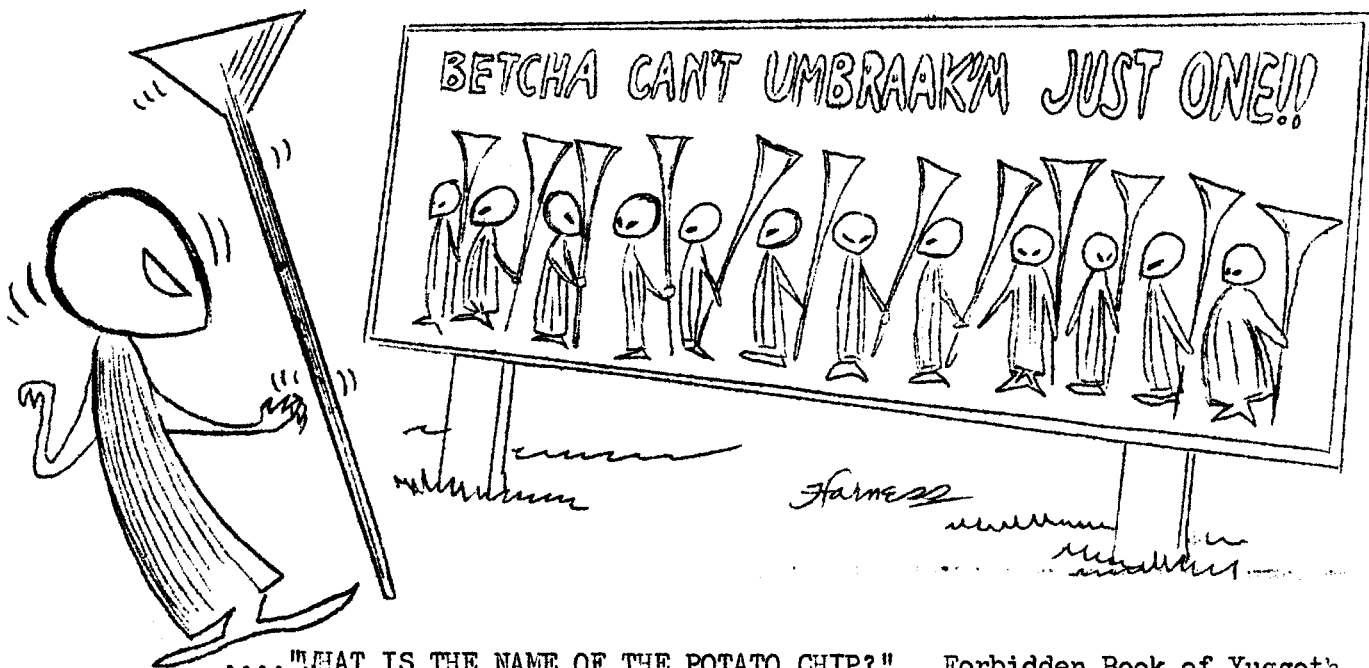
"If it makes you feel any better," said the Scribe, gazing toward Hawkman, "I have to clean up the mess downstairs."

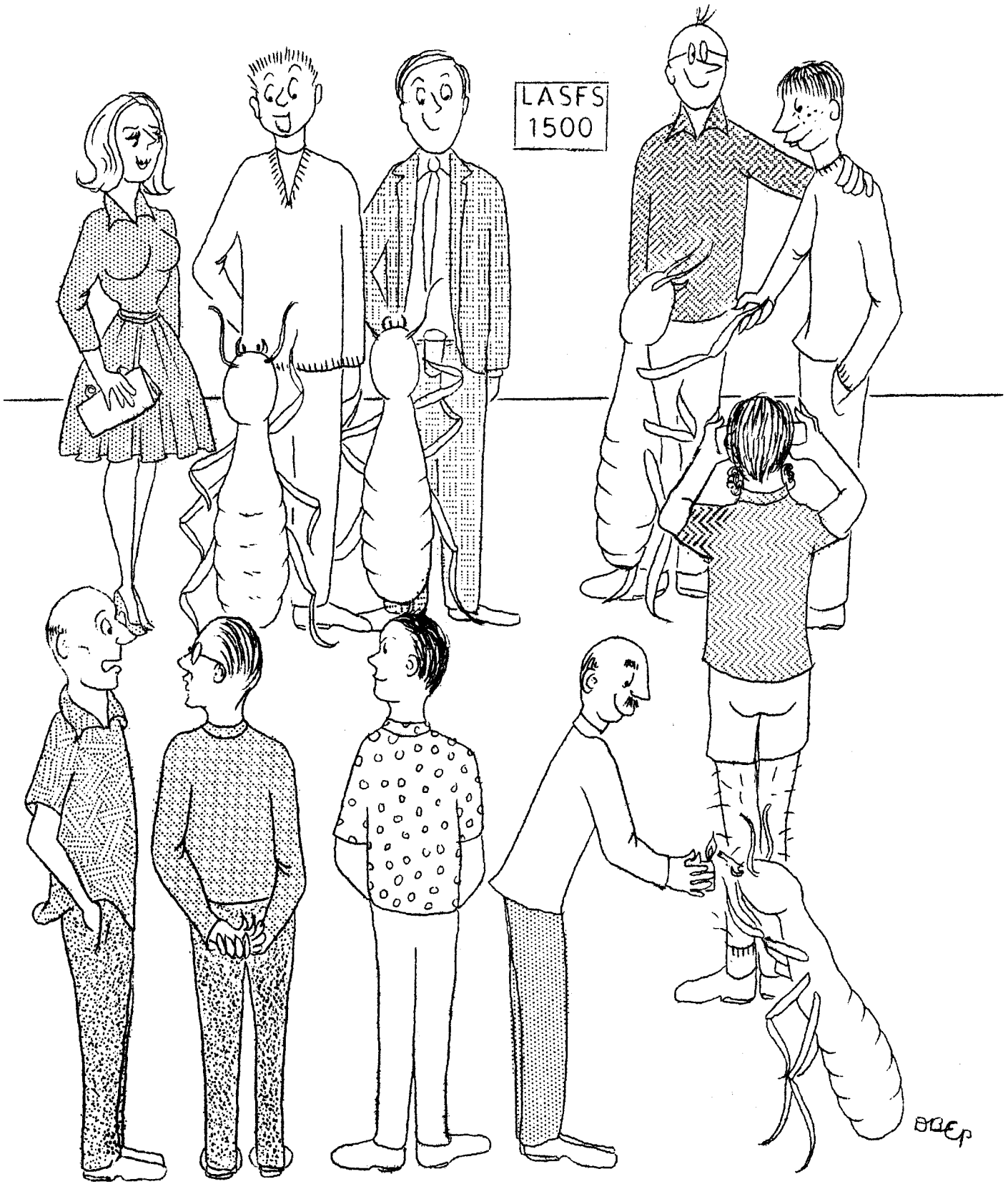
"Aw, your auditor sells galvanometers to suppressives," muttered Gold dourly.

"Cheer up, Barry; maybe you'll get to be the Deus Ex Machina in our next case." Harness smiled and stashed his hood in the closet.

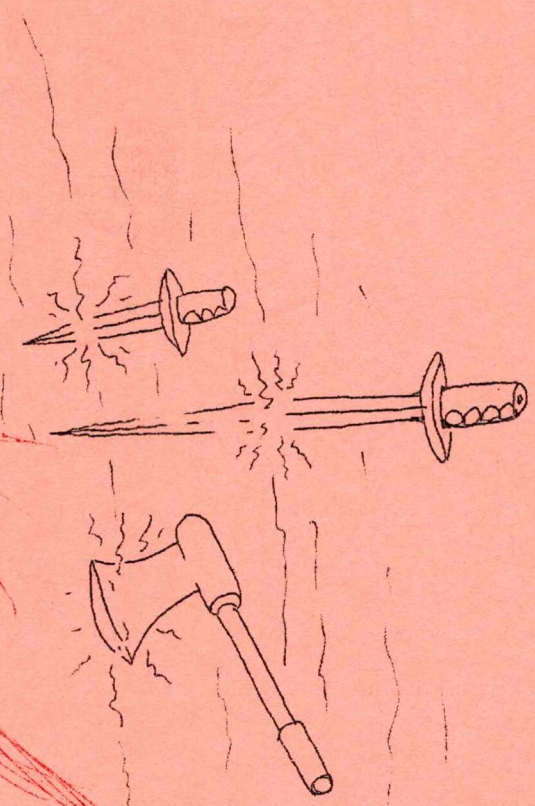
— FIN —

(The author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to C. S. Lewis, who wrote a good deal of Chapters Three and Four.)

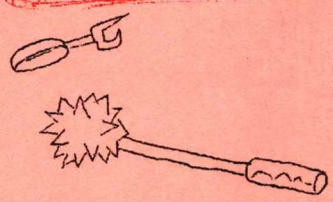




"THE OLD-TIME MEMBERS ALWAYS COME OUT OF THE WOODWORK FOR THESE SPECIAL MEETINGS!"

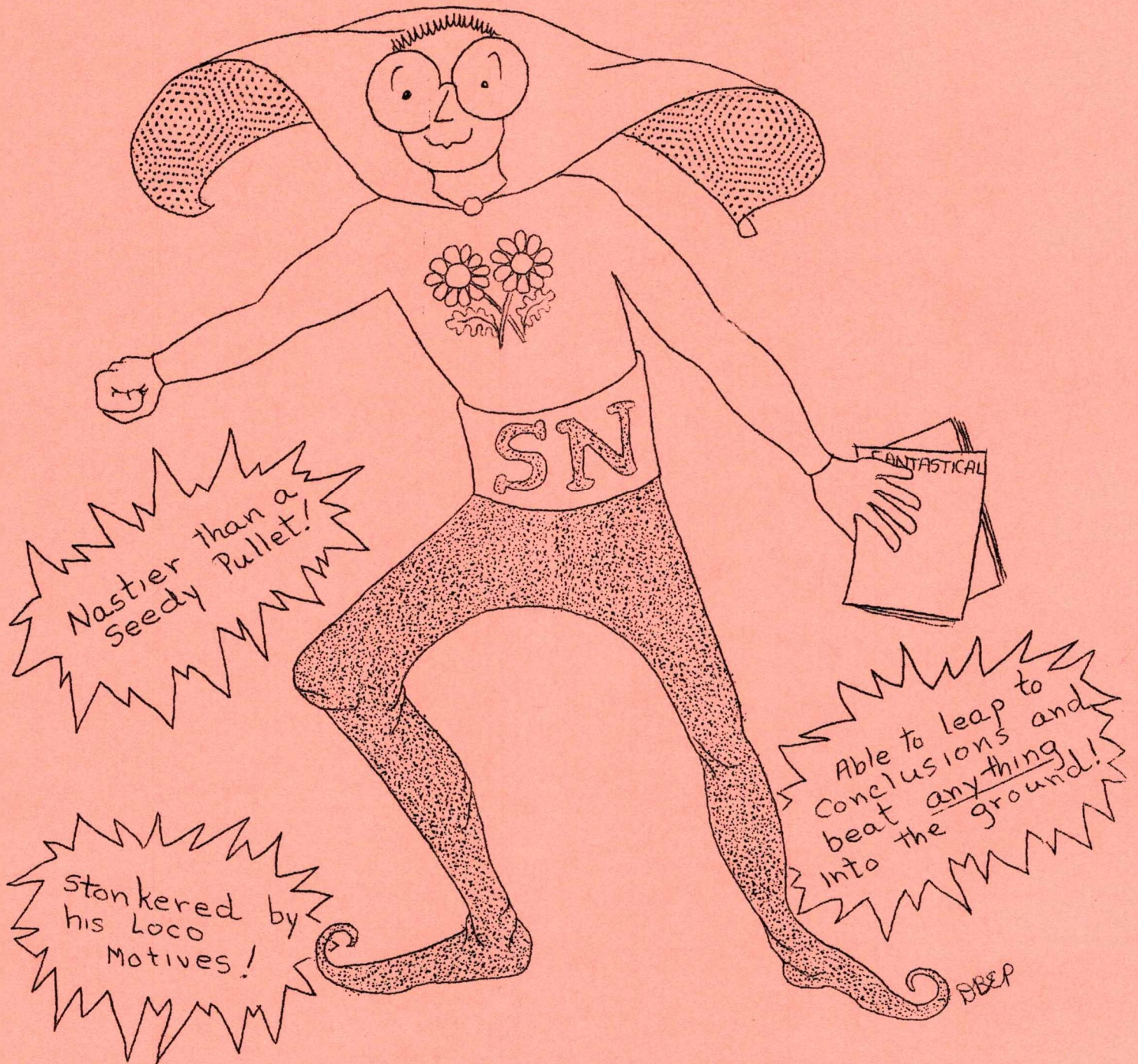


SIMPSON '05



80

Super Nebbish



COMING SOON!
(maybe)

