

The Best

of

APA

L

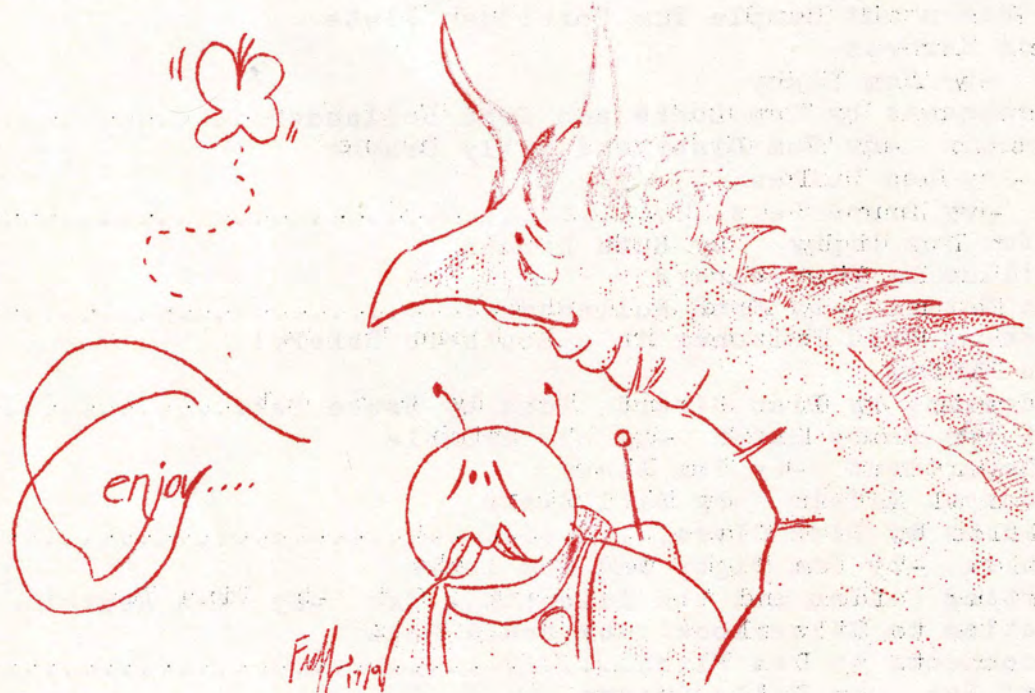


№ 3

1966-1968

The Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS)

THE BEST FROM APA-L VOL. 3



edited and published by Lee Gold August 1972

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Drawing (adapted from Second Annish Cover) -by Bjo Trimble...	Cover
Title Page -by Jeff Cochran	i
Table of Contents	ii
Introduction -by Lee Gold.....	iv
Index to Contributors	v
Talking Lasfs Blues -by Chuck Crayne.....	1
Not a Convention Report (1966) -by Fred Hollander	
with comments by J. G. Newkom and Tom Digby	2
Goonybird Strikes Back -by Dian Girard.....	7
Ad'm 'V' & Pnchm'tait Sample The Forbidden Flute	
by Jack Harness	8
Slow Glass -by Tom Digby	
with comments by Tom Locke and Fred Hollander.....	9
Ceiling Worship -by Tom Digby and Sally Crayne	10
Ramblings -by Len Bailes	11
April Fool -by Bruce Pelz.....	12
A Journey for Tom Digby -by Ruth Berman	
with illos by Dian Girard	13
Yp/Ys Lemon Eating -by Fred Hollander.....	24
Help, I'm Being Held Prisoner in a Southern Bakery!	
by Len Bailes	25
Lasfuss -drawing by Dian Girard, idea by Bruce Pelz.....	26
Costumes at the Booby Hatch -by Bjo Trimble	27
Fone Phun Department -by Tom Digby	28
The Tenth Nazgul Affair -by Bill Glass	
with illos by Dick Glass.....	29
little teenies -by Tom Digby and Tom Locke	45
The Teleporting Maiden and the Telepathic Cat -by Tina Hensel	46
The Combination to Silverlock -by Bruce Pelz	
with comments by Don Fitch.....	47
All Hallows' Eve -by Sally Crayne	50
Halloween Cover -by Don Simpson	51
FFI -by Tom Digby.....	53
Gronk -by Sally Crayne	54
Storm over Puppybiscuit -by Len Bailes	
with comments by Bjo Trimble	55
Fantastic Implications -by Tom Digby.....	56

The Blackguard Pub Crawl -by Bruce Pelz.....	57
Encounter -by Len Bailes	58
Third Annish Bacover -by Art Nelson	59
The Lay of Gil-Galad -by Len Bailes.....	60
Artless Artwork -by Owen Hannifen	61
Institute for Demented Joiners of Incredible Trash II -by Dian Girard and Bruce Pelz, with comments by Bjo Trimble.....	62
Obscure Reference Department -by Tom Digby	63
Poem -by J. G. Newkom	63
Memorandum -by Tom Digby.....	64
Drawing -by Dian Girard	65
Seven Keys -by Dian Girard	66
Drawing -by Dian Girard.....	70
The Flickering Man -by Bill Glass as Howard Thurlow with comments by Tom Digby	71
On-Line Signal Flags for Fandom -by Bruce Pelz and Len Bailes with drawing by Dian Girard.....	72
Fannish Places, an ex-siteing tour -by Fred Patten, updated by Lee Gold, with photos by Tom Digby	74
Rejected Scene (cf. Page 95) [<i>The Arsenal out of Time</i>] -by Ted Johnstone.....	79
H.M.S. Trek a Star -by Felice Rolfe	81
Drawing -by Bjo Trimble	82
Khorliana and related material -by Dave Fox.....	83
I Burn My Castle Castle at Both Ends -by Tom Digby	88
Belated Explanation of "A Journey for Tom Digby" -by Tom Digby.....	88
Harlan at the Hill -by Jim Schumacher	89
Drawing -by Don Simpson	90
It was A Very Good (Fannish) Year -by Dave Hulan.....	91
Drawing -by Don Simpson	92
Doc Smith's Inertialess Drive -discussed by Fred Hollander, Chuck Crayne, and Tom Digby, with cartoons by Jack Harness as suggested by Lee Gold.....	93
Buttons -by Fred Patten	102
C'est Si Mal! -by Dian Girard	103
Drawing -by Jim Schumacher.....	104
Once upon a Quest -by Dian Girard	105
[untitled filler] -by Tom Digby	110
Lavender -by Fred Hollander.....	111
Comments on Hoztry -by Ruth Berman and June Moffatt	113
The Southern Bakery--continued -by Dian Girard as Len Bailes.....	115
underwearman!!! -by Jack Harness	116
Artist's Conception of the New Lasfs Clubhouse--or, The Blivit as an Architectural Design -by Tom Digby, Barry Gold and Don Simpson.....	Bacover

=====
The Best of Apa L #3 © August, 1972 to the LASFS.
Published on the LASFS Rex and Phil Castora's A. B. Dick
Los Angeles, California, United States of America
all rights reserved
=====

INTRODUCTION

BY

Lee

Gold

This is The Best of APA L #3, covering Distributions #87 to #180, from June 16, 1966 to March 28, 1968. This time period stretches from the period covered by the last Best of APA L (published in 1966) to the 1968 Interregnum, when distribution was suspended for several months due to generalized apathetic activity.

APA L is the unofficial apa of the LASFS. It is technically not controlled by the club nor is it an official club activity, but most active club members participate by contributing to or helping to collate the weekly distributions. In turn it provides the club with a medium of communication which allows more forethought than conversation does and quicker feedback than a less frequent apa might.

This collection, like the last two, contains a wide selection of material, mostly fan history, fan (and faan) fiction, poetry, pseudo-science speculation, humor and art.

All of the material included appeared in APA L with two exceptions. Jack Harness's cartoons in the Inertialess Drive discussion were suggested by me. And only the first two chapters of Bill Glass's "The Tenth Nazgul Affair" appeared in APA L (or anywhere else). Bill's summaries of the remaining twelve chapters (and Dick Glass's illos) appear here for the first time in print. Three discussions ("Storm over Puppy-biscuit, "Doc Smith's Inertialess Drive," and "Comments on Hoztry") were sparked by articles which originally appeared in other zines and which were reprinted by their authors in APA L.

Since most of these selections were originally untitled, I had to supply titles for them. In retrospect, one title looks a little obscure. "Rejected Scene, cf. p. 95" is the two pages that were omitted from Dave McDaniel's *The Arsenal out of Time* at Terry Carr's request. To find where they should go, turn to page 95 of your copy of *Arsenal*.

My thanks to the entire Lasfs for moral support and to:

Fred Patten and Bruce Pelz for the inspiration to edit and publish this...and for saving art stencils from the period.

Larry Nielson and Barry Gold for help in selecting material.

Jack Harness and Bjo Trimble for re-drawing their illos.

Thanks go also to:

Lin Johnstone, Fred Patten and Barry Gold for help in typing and proofreading.

Bruce Pelz for lettering.

Phil Castora for the use of his mimeograph.

Ted Johnstone, Craig Miller, Tom Locke, Terry Harris, Phil Castora, Matthew Tepper and Barry Gold for help in mimeographing and slipsheeting.

Terry Harris, Jock Root, Matthew Tepper, Tom Digby, Phil Castora, Dan Goodman, George Senda, Alan Frisbie, Lynn Hilton, Gary Lowenthal, Bob Hollander, Mayam, Larry Nielson and Barry Gold for help in collating and stapling.

And--all the contributors for their material.

Lee Gold

=====
Index to Contributors

Bailes, Len: 11, 25, 55-6, 58, 60, 123. [pseud., cf. Dian Girard]
Berman, Ruth: 12-24, 113-4.
Cochran, Jeff: i
Crayne, Chuck: 1, 96-7, 101, 102.
Crayne, Sally: 10, 50, 54.
Digby, Tom: 6, 8, 9, 10, 28, 45, 53-4, 56, 63, 64, 71, 75-6, 88, 95, 100, 110, Bacover.
Fitch, Don: 49.
Fox, Dave: 83-9.
Girard, Dian: 7, 14, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 62, 65-70, 72, 103, 105-110, writing as Len Bailes 115.
Glass, Bill: 30-44, writing as Howard Thurlow 71.
Glass, Dick: 29, 30, 32, 34, 38, 41.
Gold, Barry: Bacover
Gold, Lee: iv-v, 74, 77-8, 100.
Hannifen, Owen: 61.
Harness, Jack: 8, 95, 100, 116.
Hensel, Tina: 46.
Hollander, Fred: 2-6, 9, 24, 93-5, 97-9, 101-2, 111-2.
Hulan, Dave: 91.
Johnstone, Ted: 79-80.
Locke, Tom: 8, 45.
Moffatt, June: 114-5.
Nelson, Art: 61.
Newkom, J. G.: 5, 63.
Patten, Fred: 74, 77-8, 102.
Pelz, Bruce: 12, 26, 47-9, 57-8, 62, 72-3.
Rolfe, Felice: 81.
Schumacher, Jim: 89-90, 104.
Simpson, Don: 41, 90, 92, Bacover.
Trimble, Bjo: Cover, 27-8, 55-6, 63, 82.

Talking LASTS Blues

CHUCK CRAYNE

(spoken, with a steady guitar beat.)

If you want to join the LASFS let me tell you what to do,
You've got to drop'in on a meeting or two.
Walk right in as if you belong
And if you stick around it won't be so long.
You'll be a member...Get a card...
Death will not release you!

Now it aint that easy, so I better explain
Just why you gotta really use that brain,
Cause if you wait for the BNF's to say you're OK
You'll still be waitin' on the judgement day.
We'll all be buried...Gone to Heaven...
St. Peter'll be the OC then!

Well some won't talk to you a'tall
And others will try to make you feel small,
You look around the room and what do you see
But a hundred fans and they all agree.
You're a NEO...Way out...
Bet you've got a propellor beanie!

Well you may be down, but you aint beaten.
You can write a 'zine and bring it to the meetin'.
Those fans may not listen to what you're trying to tell,
But they'll read what you write in APA L.
You'll get comments...EGOBOO...

Make ya feel almost welcome.
Now boys you've come to the hardest time,
The Ingroups make it hard to cross their line.
Some of their remarks will seem rather rude
And if you answer 'em back you've started a feud.
Unpatriotic...Agitator...
Put his 'zine in the back of the disty!

But out at the Hatch here's what they found
And out at the Manor here's what they found
And out at the LAB here's what they found.
That if you don't let cold stares shake you up
And if you don't let feuds shake you up
And if you don't let GAFIA shake you up
You'll win...What I mean...
Take it easy...but Take It!!!

NOT A CONVENTION

REPORT: 1966

by Fred Hollander

This was the year of the Not a Westercon, held in Not a City, Within the confines of Not a Hotel run by Not a Manager, and organized by Not a Con-Committee, to coin a Digbyism. Actually it was a good deal of fun.

I was going down to the convention with Bruce and Dian and Jock Root in Babe, the Pelz's wagon-bus. We finally found our way to the hotel, after taking a wrong turn inspired by the hotel-supplied map. We were greeted by a small group of San Francisco Fans who informed us that everybody either hadn't arrived yet or had gone out to eat, and that there would be a Party in the New York suite at around ten o'clock. Then Al Lewis drove up with the art show and Luise, and we decided to go look at the Art Show Room to see what it was like.

It was really a very nice Art Show Room. It had large windows on two sides which would let in lots of sun and air and light the place well. It also had six doors and/or windows which could not be locked, and one which could be. "Bjo is going to hit the roof when she sees all those doors" said Bruce Pelz in his most open-and-shut manner. She came later and when we told her about the room she didn't even move a muscle. She was holding a full drink at the time, and her other fannish instincts kept her quiet.

In the meanwhile the local rent-a-cop had come up and was asking us what we wanted. "To get those %&\$#& doors shut," we told him in our most calm and forthright manner. No sooner said than he whips out a little red card saying "Protected by ~~W&Y&Z~~ GEM Patrol" and sticks it in the crack between the door and the jamb, and says a bit of a spell over it to lock the door. I believe the spell went "Fingerprints, fingerprints, fine, alarm, fine, fingerprints, fingerprints, \$250, fingerprints taken by the red card, don't open the door to go 'cross the yard," but I wouldn't swear to it under oath.

Dian and the rest of us immediately uttered a counterspell, so that the unlucky wight who last touched the door wouldn't get scragged. "Open with stroller, open with hips, open with briefcase, or open with grips." Then we put a sign on the door to warn people and left for the party in the New York suite.

In the morning came the first attempt of the hotel management on the Convention. During the night someone had held a party on the green of the 18th hole, tearing large holes in it to camouflage the real one. According to the management they had recognized, at 2 AM in the dark,

that the people who had done it had been fans wearing their convention badges. So the Westercon was being blamed and the hotel was threatening to throw us out.

The logic of their claim was a little specious, however, as they also claimed that said fans had been spotted from the hotel, several hundred yards away, by the guard. It was interesting that the guard had not stopped them. It was even more interesting that the management was not threatening to identify the culprits and/or sue the convention for the damage; all they wanted to do was throw us out, and they stated that any more incidents would do it.

In the evening, of course, was the Costume Ball, and the Battle of the Dinosaurs. All during the day on Saturday I had been handing out my Big Green Dinosaur Cards, Johnny Chambers had been handing out his Little Green Dinosaur Cards, Chuck Crayne had been handing out his Little Red Pterodactyl Cards, Dwain Kaiser had been handing out his Little Red ~~Vandilla~~ Dinosaur Cards and Jack Harness had been making comments on all of them with great glee. Johnny was a little peeved at us. "You will all die horribly," he said, gnashing his beak.

At the costume ball, yes. I came in my true identity as a Big Green Dinosaur, and I was looking around for a Little Green Dinosaur as I was feeling a big hungry. I didn't find one, though, until after the hunger had appeased itself, so I didn't eat Katwen Trimble in her cute costume.

The people in costume were all lined up at one side of the room and marched across the stage to the tune of Digby on the piano doing sound effects for the contestants. "Till Innini sauntered by, skimpy garment clinging/ To her hips and things like that--" Innini was Luise, and the song was accurate. She won a Judge's Choice with that costume, and I think it fair to mention that two of the judges were men.

Even Spiderman was there. No one saw him enter, but he must have swung in somehow, for as the judging started he was sitting above the piano and leapt down, posed for the audience, bowed to the judges and leapt back up to his perch for a better view of the rest of the entries. J. Shepard Mertz won the Most Authentic prize for the wonderful costume.

An arch-villain, Thundermug, then stalked onstage, pursuing his enemy on the side of justice. Antennae blinking, all motors whirring, he advanced and drove his foe from the stage. This costume was a Victor (not Rube) Goldberg device and won the prize for the Most Original.

After I had crossed and was leaning my neck back to see better, Bruce Pelz came on as Herbie Popenecker, the Fat Fury, in Fat Fury costume and lollypops, chased by Ticklepuss, the cavegirl. Bruce was in good form for his costume, as he had a touch of laryngitis, and the Fat Fury's style of speech came natural to him. It was a Most Funny costume.

Enter a grand procession led by that noble knight, Sir Roderick, followed by the Minstrel, the Lady of Roderick's heart, the King himself, the Jester, and the Wizard (Fred Patten, Don Simpson, Lois Lavender, Len Bailes, Tom Gilbert, Jerry Jacks). They stand for a moment facing the audience, ...but what is this?

"Galoop, galoop, galoop, galoop THE KING IS A FINK! galoop, galoop..."

It's the Lone Haranguer on his horse, and he's just been struck a

nasty blow by the King with his sceptre! And now they break out into that old favorite, "F is for the friendship that you show us." All the way through they sing it, then as they suddenly realize what the letters spell out, the King announces it: "Dungeon." Here, indeed, was another Judge's Choice.

Then came the announcement, "Johnny Chambers as a Big Green Dinosaur Killer with broadsword." As he marched across the stage at me I knew my doom was sealed, but I resolved to go down fighting anyway. I backed off, out of the crowd, GRONKING fiercely at him. But it was no use; he batted aside my guard with an unexpected motion and ran me through. I lay dead for a while, with him saying "I get great pleasure from this," while pictures were taken, then stood up and mingled with the party for a while more.

While I had been dying, the first viewing had finished. So I wandered around, being beaten upon and kicked by hobbits, almost stepping on a LGD, watching Innini dance with Spiderman and being bopped over the nose by the King of Id when I gronked out, "The King is a FINK" to his face. Suddenly before me stood a Sorceress from Hyborea. "I charge you by all the powers that be, have you seen Conan? Conan, that foul barbarian, who stole all my tools, all my books of magic."

Suddenly I felt the power of her spell and was humbled. "Why no, I don't think so, ma'am. He's a big brawny person? Carries a sword? No, I haven't seen him, ma'am. His kind always takes out after mine, and sticks 'em. I stays away from that kind, ma'am, that I do." She went on to look elsewhere for Conan, and the feeling passed slowly away. Karen won the prize for Most Beautiful.

Then there was a call for people to pass before the judges again, and Johnny was called. We quickly made arrangements, and when he stepped up on stage I leapt to my feet from the edge of the stage and advanced on him, gronking ferociously. We parried and cut at each other for a short while, then Johnny delivered the death blow and I collapsed with one final gronk of pain. Then he dragged me off the stage to the agonized cries of Jerry Jacks, whose coat I was wearing because I couldn't get to mine....

[The next day] I finally decided to go [to the Banquet] about the last hour, and I'm sorry that I did but it was worth it in that I got to hear the Harlan Ellison Speech afterward. But more of that later. I found the last seat at a table containing Poul, Karen and Astrid Anderson, Ted and Lin Johnstone, Jerry Pournelle and Coral Smith. In such spirited and intellectual company the comments on the food ran to a record high. First the salad was commented upon and some of it even eaten. Then the main course arrived: Yankee Pot Roast with gravy and potatoes and stringbeans....Astrid discovered that the potatoes bounced. Karen tried here to check this startling news and dropped it from a height of about a foot. It did. And Poul remarked, "Karen, for the first time in my life, I have actually heard a dull, sickening thud," which more or less accurately defined the feelings of the rest of us.

The Jerry Pournelle discovered that the almonds in the stringbeans tasted peculiarly bitter. Just then Astrid remarked that she felt a sort of crawling sensation" in her throat, and it was immediately decided that the food was trying to get out again. It didn't manage it, though, but did provoke comment on the order of "Prepared by the Hotel Stardust under the careful supervision of Edgar Allen Poe" and "Yankee Pot Roast a la Lucretia."

Desert was ice cream, I think. There seems to have been some doubt on the matter. It seems that the hotel accidentally put out some of their display glass scoops of plastic and Astrid was almost sued for hotel breakage before we could prove that she at least had actually been served real ice cream. It took some quick thinking, though, to do it.

After dinner Harlan was in rare good form. His speech took on everybody and called for fans to stop asking for stories of yesterday if they really wanted to think of themselves as the prophets and forerunners of tomorrow. Fans have been too long claiming that they are not really kooks who read "crazy Buck Rogers stuff" and yet ignoring the new and innovative literature which is what they claim their genre represents. They have ignored the fact that the world has finally caught up with them and wants to share their fascination with the strange and unusual and imaginative. They still look back to yesterday instead of looking forward as they used to do.

After the smoke cleared away, they showed a movie. Well, actually it was a pilot film. I don't remember the name of the thing but this is probably due to my inherent avoidance of television. The film had breaks in all the appropriate places; as interesting as the plot got at times the obviousness of the breaks for commercials sort of killed it. Like, there we were, sitting on the edges of our seats, waiting for Mad Avenue to drop the other shoe. The male and female leads were fairly well handled, even though she was a bit obvious at times. There was no real element of surprise, though. Well, I can say one thing for it. Lost in Space it ain't. That was the idea, according to Harlan.

--J G Newkom

The rest of the afternoon was spent talking to fans and generally just having a good time. Then the evening came and the two parties right across the hall from one another, advertising LA in '67 and Berkeley in '67. I spent most of the night in the Los Angeles Party and was rewarded with a filksong session under the able guidance of Ted Johnstone. All of the verses to Young Man Mulligan; the Twelve Days of Marxmas; High Fly the Nazgul, Oh, Captain Marvel; Little Teeny Eyes; the Silverlock Songs; and that new hit, made up on the spot in a tremendous burst of fannish fervor, What Shall We Do With the Hotel Manager? And the answers were numerous and imaginative.

Helen tells me the name of the movie was Star Trek. It is about as apt as most titles.

--J G Newkom

The party broke up rather suddenly around two o'clock when someone called and announced that "There's a car of real, live red-light-flashing fuzz out in front and they're about to come up the hall. Cool it." You never saw a party vanish quite so rapidly. The hotel management had finked and said that a customer had complained. This was later found to be untrue through the clerk at the desk, who verified for us that there was no such call. [The next day] there was a small tussle when the hotel tried to charge us regular rates. All were told to check their bills and get their refunds. And to mention the Stardust Hotel in San Diego in as many places as they could.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE HOTEL MANAGER?

"We have proven that it does not take a hotel, a committee or a program to make a Westercon. All it takes is fans." - "It certainly is a wonderful thing."

To be sung to the tune of "What Shall We Do With The Drunken Sailor?"

What shall we do with the Hotel Manager?
What shall we do with the Hotel Manager?
What shall we do with the Hotel Manager,
Earlye in the morning?

Bouree and up she rises,
Bouree and up she rises,
Bouree and up she rises,
Earlye in the morning.

Other verses include:

Paint him all over with bright blue corrrflu.
Make him eat his baked potatoes.
Charge him three bucks for his Yankee Pot Roast.
Send him out to police the golf course,
Put him in a room with Harlan Ellison.
Make him join the N3F.
Write him into an UNCLE novel.
Make him outdrink Don-a-ho.
Make him drink his own burnt coffee.
Make him guard the Art Show Room.
Make him wait for the waitress' service.
Put him on a Con Committee.
Throw him in the pool with chain mail on him.
Auction him off at a Lasfs Meeting.
Wrap him up and run him through the CULT.
Chop him up for APA L.
Wrap him up in a Harness sportshirt.
We should use defenestration.
Drown him in the coffeemaker.
Make him ally with Cartier.
Send him up in an unmanned spaceprobe.
Deal with him summarily.
Give him a pound of antimatter.

PROBABLY SOMETHING - but not, A Contest to Guess How Much Corrrflu It Takes to Paint a Hotel Manager. Which reminds of an additional verse to that song: "Rent all his rooms to drunken sailors."

--Tom Digby

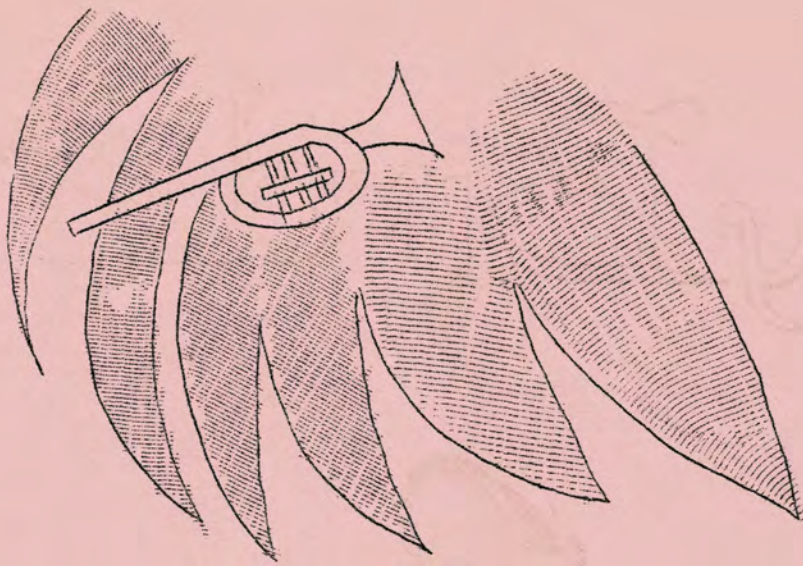
PROBABLY SOMETHING like maybe, A Group of Sadistic Hotel Managers Sitting Around Singing, "What Shall We Do With Our Next Convention"

--Tom Digby

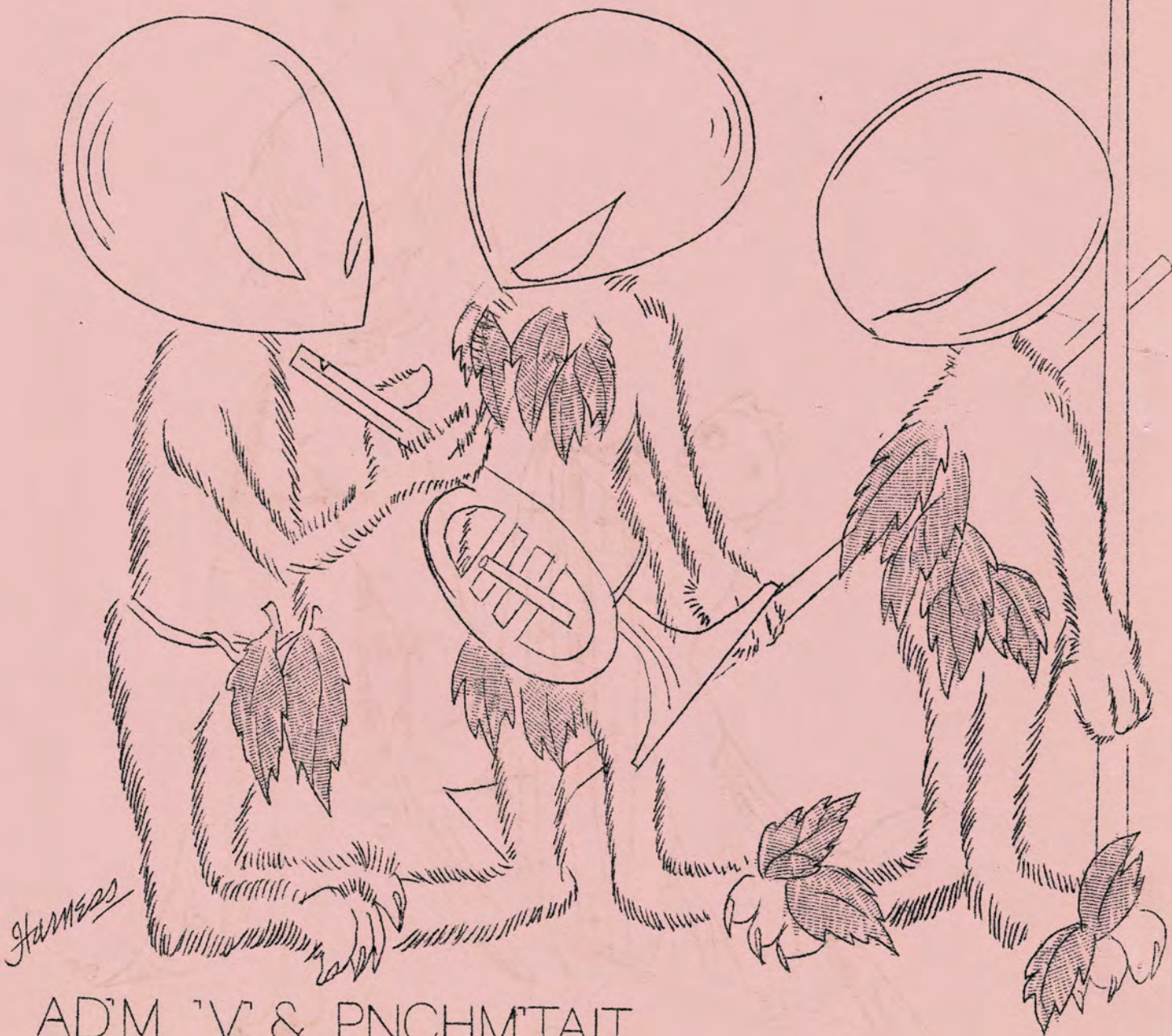
Coony Bird

Strikes
Back





APA L 97



AD'M 'V' & PNCHM'TAIT
SAMPLE THE FORBIDDEN FLUTE

probably something, like maybe

A MIRROR MADE OF 20-YEAR SLOW GLASS THAT ALWAYS TELLS THE OLD
WITCH THAT SHE IS THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL BECAUSE SHE WAS
40 YEARS AGO

SLOW

GLASS

BY

TOM

DIGBY

In the August ANALOG there is a story titled LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS concerning something called "slow glass." This is a transparent substance through which light travels so slowly that it takes several years to get through a window pane made of it. If you look through it you will see whatever the pane was facing some given length of time ago. A piece of the stuff left in bright sunshine for however long it takes to fill with sunlight (perhaps 10 years) will have bright sunlight coming out the other side for years thereafter, regardless where it is taken.

A mirror made of 10 year glass would reflect whatever was in front of it 20 years ago. If a reflector consisting of a large number of very small pieces of randomly different thicknesses were left outdoors, it is statistically almost certain that at any given time some of them are reflecting daylight. This would be quite useful for highway markers, all kinds of signs, and perhaps whole sides of buildings could be covered with the stuff in place of street lights. Jewelry made of slow glass could exhibit beautiful randomly changing patterns of light and dark provided it was not always left stored in a dark place.

Slow glass also stores images. For example, you could set a pane of 10 year glass beside the Grand Canyon for 10 years and then bring it home and hang it up. For 10 years you would have a view of the Grand Canyon, after which you would see the trip home and then whatever was behind the glass 10 years ago. In order to be of further use, it would then have to be taken to some scenic spot somewhere and left for ten years.

This might lead to a trade-in on used glass for newly exposed panes containing another 10 years of scenery. Except for one little problem. It could lead to people getting letters like "We have in our possession the slow glass windows from the hotel you used to stay in whenever you were in such-and-such a city and have been photographing some very interesting things you were doing with various girls. SEND MONEY to..." and to Peeping Tom types stealing hotel and apartment windows or buying them when the building is torn down for "entertainment."

Think of the threat 10-year glass would pose to the television networks. Everybody would be able to watch good shows while the networks broadcast Peyton Place.

--Tom Locke

One thing that bothers me is the energy density inside such a stuff. For instance a ten year thick piece of the stuff (1/4" thick) after being in full sunlight for ten years would have an awful lot of energy in one small space. I don't remember the solar constant at the moment for the neighborhood of Earth, but even a small one would add up to an awful lot of energy after ten years. Of course the release is controlled, but I'd hate to be too close to it if you had kept the thing aimed directly at the sun. It would be just like having the sun in your room, and that would be intolerably bright.

--Fred Hollander

It was mentioned at a discussion at the Lab that regardless of the angle that light enters slow glass, it goes through normal to the surface through which it entered and resumes its original angle when it leaves. This is due to what seems to be an EXTREMELY high index of refraction. This brings up the Slow Glass Pinhole Camera.

If we take a rod of slow glass about 1/50 inch in diameter and 1/4 inch long with the ends parallel to each other, light striking one end will travel the length of the rod and, 10 years later, emerge from the other end in a manner similar to light that has gone through a 1/50 inch pinhole. This gives a pinhole camera that takes pictures of whatever it was pointed at 10 years ago.

If you take a slow glass pinhole that has been filled with brightly lit scenes such as the outdoors on a sunny day and place it a few inches from a screen it should cast an image bright enough for viewing in a dark room. You may be able to see about as much detail as in a TV picture of 1 megacycle bandwidth.

If you consider this as being an information rate of a million bits per second, the rod would contain about 3×10^{17} bits per cubic centimeter. This is a greater storage density than most other storage devices except molecular ones like the genetic code and the chemical substances that some scientists say carry memory information in the brain. The main disadvantage is the 10 year access time which is considered slow in computer work. However, if a time machine is available this problem can be overcome.

CEILING WORSHIP

Assume a number of Ceiling-Worshippers are in a spaceship in space with no artificial gravity. They are all floating in a large cubical compartment. QUESTION: Which of the six faces of the cube do they worship? Is it possible for each person to have a different Ceiling if their heads are pointed in different directions? --Tom Digby

Said Ceiling Worshippers would become pantheists. That is, like Hindus, they would worship their deity in any and/or all of its various manifestations. (In this case there would be six avatars.) Each worshipper could show his devotion to the manifestation of Holy Ceiling most meaningful to him:--e.g. Our Ceiling of the Doorway, Our Ceiling of the Light Fixture. Then theological purifiers could, in time, call for an abandonment of such idolatry and a return to the original devotion to an undifferentiated Spirit. And, if the travellers remained in the posited condition long enough, academicians could view with alarm this religious abstractionism, and cry "Is Ceiling Dead?!"--Sally Crayne

RAMBLINGS

by Len Bailes

If for the course of one year (or longer if you prefer) you could live the life of any character in a science fiction or fantasy novel and acquire all the character traits of that character you deemed desirable (while retaining your own personality) which would be the top five with whom you would choose to identify? Remember that you've got five choices, so that you can encompass quite a broad range.

One choice which immediately was suggested to me was Mentor of Arisia, for the simple reason that he is as omnipotent and omniscient as any character you're going to find in sf/dm. (Wiseacres who mention the Bible as a fantasy novel with the obvious implications therein will be loftily ignored).

Moving onto a slightly lower plane, the next choice I came up with is one I suspect would be on nearly everyone's list; the fabulous wrong-way wizard dear to the hearts of true fans, Sir Harold de Shea. For sheer fun and adventure, I doubt whether any character can equal him. I suppose there will be those who hold out for Conan, or John Carter, seeking to identify with a Hero with a capital H. I admit that this is a tempting prospect, but most superpowerful type heros, even Fafhrd and the Mouser strike me as being slightly square. If you want to define the game in a manner which would endow *you* with the powers of one of these demigod types, I'd settle for Green Lantern's power ring...but this is not really playing it according to the rules. (the ones I'm making up anyway) I suppose others will immediately choose James Bond or, although he isn't a strictly fantasy hero, Hugh Hefner, for obvious reasons. This too, has its appeal, and I might consider expending one place on James Branch Cabell's Jurgen (during his revived antics), even though Cabell hints that situations therein are not quite what the reader naturally assumes.

I'd also like to expend one choice on a sight-seeing tour, and travel into the most beautiful or spectacular fantasy world I can imagine (or that has been imagined by some writer). A tentative choice is Juss of Demonland although I might quickly reconsider if someone can come up with a more breathtaking setting for a fantasy than Eddison's Mercury. You'll notice that I haven't selected any of the characters from *Lord of the Rings*, and with good reason. Though the novel itself is highly enjoyable, most of the characters have a wretched time of it. By the time it might be enjoyable to take a sojourn in middle-earth, the elves and other things which embody its beauty would have passed over the sea. I don't empathize strongly enough with any of Tolkien's characters, nor can I imagine myself acting as they do were I placed in similar situations.

That leaves me with one choice remaining, and I don't think I'm going to use it hastily, as there are still too many contradictory ideas buzzing around in my head. Part of me would dearly love to visit Narnia while another part would like to take the lonely journey from Diaspar. Part of me would like to be Turjan of Miir, searching for Mazirian and staring at the bloated orange sun... ..No, I'm going to keep one voyage in reserve... who knows, the greatest fantasy of all may be yet to be written.

APRIL FOOL

BRUCE PELZ

The past April Fool's Day, I decided it was time to get even with my 3 branch libraries. I catalog all the ~~fake~~ books, pamphlets, journals, etc. for the Physics Library, Chemistry Library, and Geology Library of UCLA, and have been doing so since July 1964. My base of operations is Engineering Library's Catalog Section, since the other 3 are responsible to the head of Engineering Library.

The immediate thing that came to mind was the insertion of some phony catalog cards into their public catalogs--a stunt I had done once before, at the University of Florida, but with much less knowledge of cataloging than I have now. Unless the branch librarians were very lucky (or someone I told about the gag finked) they wouldn't find these phonies for *years!* One set in each of the three libraries should be about right.

I started with Geology, as I had a definite plan for that one. In cataloging the geology books, I had come to the conclusion that 2/3 of the geology books were about mollusks, and the other 1/3 were writings by and about Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a paleontologist and philosopher of science who died in 1955. The number of biographies, memoirs, and reminiscences of Pierre Teilhard de Chardin that have been published in the last 11 years is unbelievable!! Anyway, I did up another one:

QE Teilhard de Chardin, Pierre, 1881-1955.
707 Letters from purgatory. New York, Harper, 1966.
T4A3 pE 205 p. illus. 25cm.
 Translation of: Lettres de purgatoire, 1955-1960.
 I.Title. II.Title: Lettres...

That was a play on the fact that Teilhard de Chardin wrote many books (in French, later translated to English) beginning "Lettres de..." *Lettres du Voyage; Nouvelle Lettres du Voyage;* etc. One would think the dates of the letters would give it away, but so far it hasn't.

Then I did Chemistry:

QD Luthor, Lex
181 Chemical reactions of meteoritic kryptonite.
K6L97cE Translated from the German by J. Olson.
 Washington, Butterworths [1965]
 396 p. illus. 25cm.
 Translation of: Chemische Reaktionen des
 meteoritische Kryptonit.
 1.Kryptonite. 2.Meteors. I.Title. II.Title: Chemische...

As far as I know, this hasn't been discovered, either. I didn't do shelf list cards, so inventories won't show them up as phonies either. I figure next year I may tell the librarians about them--on April 1st. (Physics didn't get done--I ran out of time. Next year, tho....)

A JOURNEY FOR TOM DIGBY*

by

Ruth Berman

Dave Fan Arnam threw down Chapter IV of his current ms, Planetary Genius, a science fiction story in collaboration with Len Bailes. His last novel, Marjoram and Morningstar, a sword-and-sorcery story in collaboration with Mike Klassen, had done well. He was under no financial pressure to finish the new book, even though he had gone out the week before and spent his whole advance on it in a lump for a new car. Time was short, but money was long, and, when he hit a snag that windless, heavy night, he could not go on.

He wandered around his little apartment; poured himself a beer, tripped on a box of stencils, picked one up and considered doing a FIRST DRAFT for Apa-L, dropped it, picked up his collection of poems, So Past My World, and wondered if he dared try to sell it. He suddenly decided that he dared.

"Let's see," Dave said to himself, "where should I try it? Yale Young Poets Series, Kansas City Star Award, Ace Boo--oops! not there." He pulled a Writer's Yearbook off the shelf and went down the list of publishers. "Ugh," he said, after a while. "I think I'll mimeograph it instead and stick it in the back of Reader's Guide to John Carter's Barsoom." But then he remembered Rule Number One for making a sale: make submissions. "Oh, well," he said, "I can't lose anything except postage by trying."

So he put the ms in an envelope and got it ready for mailing. Then he returned to Planetary Genius. The Genius, unfortunately, still refused to find a way out of his current problem.

Eventually Dave gave up and decided to take a long drive. He could mail So Past My World along the way somewhere and relax his mind by doing a little sight-seeing. It was after midnight, but Dave usually stayed up late anyway. "It's past the witching hour, anyway," he said to himself, adding with a smile, "unless, of course, Tom Digby is right in thinking magic goes by natural time instead of clock time."

A few minutes later he was tapping one foot idly in the storage garage, waiting for his car. It was a handsome car, and he was proud of it, although he was still not used to its peculiar appearance.

* see page 88

"Is that all you have left?" he had said to the dealer.

"I'm afraid you've come in the crack between years, sir," the dealer had answered. "The Turret cars are all we have left. We'll be getting in a shipment of next year's cars in a few days, sir. If you'd like to wait...?"

"Well-1-1," said Dave, "I sort of wanted to get a car now. And besides, I've heard that the first cars in a year usually have some bugs that get worked out later."

"Very true, sir," the salesman nodded, "and I can assure you that a Turret is the sweetest car you'll ever handle. In fact," he went on in a confidential tone, "I just can't understand why they don't sell. It's worse than the Edsel. People get them, and then they turn around and return them. Never any reason; they just say they don't like the looks after all."

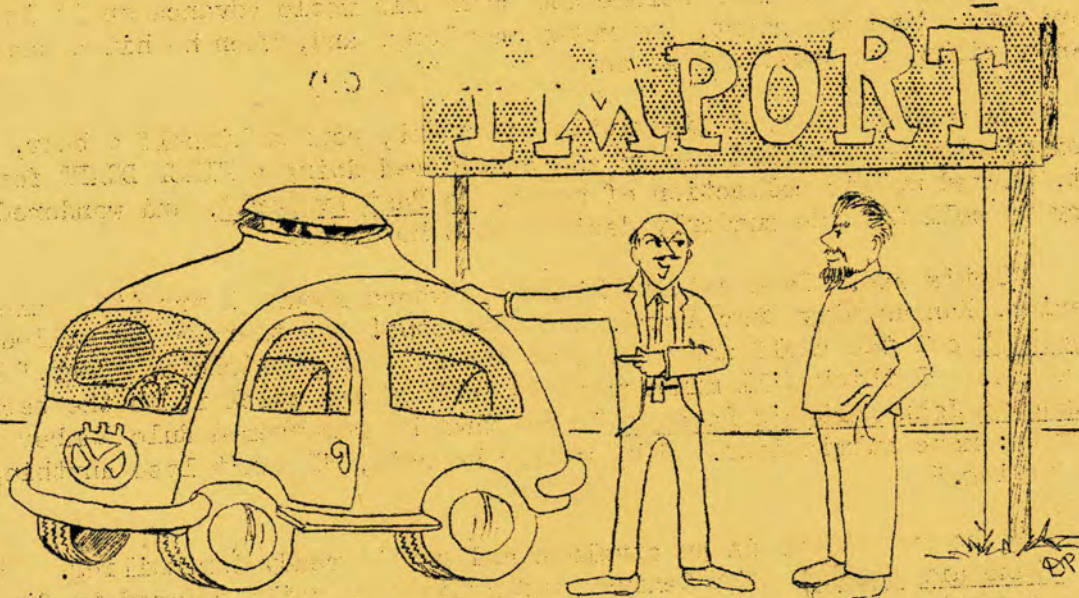
Dave smiled. "Maybe they don't like it when people mistake them for police cars and slow down on the highways in front of them."

The salesman blinked. "Why, yes! Maybe that's it!"

"What are the turrets for, anyway?"

"Nothing, just decoration."

So Dave had tried the car and found that it handled as easily as the salesman had claimed. The starting was easy, the steering wheel almost seemed to turn itself, the brakes were fast, the contract was signed.



When the attendant brought the car, Dave Fan Arnam drove off in no particular direction, turning this way and that, trying to avoid traffic. The attempt was, of course, unsuccessful. Even so late the city streets were crowded with taxis, buses, movie-goers, tourists, and the usual crowd of nameless individuals running small errands. Dave slammed on the brakes as a taxi raced in front of him just after the lights turned. He wondered why he had been such a fool as to buy a car in New York City.

But then he left the city and got on to the Manhattan Bridge. As he crossed over, the deep blue band spread out beneath him, glittering with the city lights. He no longer wondered.

Across the state-line, he sped westward through New Jersey, enjoying the breeze that came through the windows. After half an hour, however, he grew tired of the unchanging pace of the highway and decided to go off on the next ramp.

The next ramp, when he finally came to it, looked rather odd. It was paved with small rectangles of a substance that looked yellow in the street-lights. Dave shrugged and turned off anyway, wondering what the street's name was. He had missed the sign.

To his surprise, he discovered that the street he had turned on to was brightly lit. He could even see the scenery fairly well. He was driving through a pleasant, meadow-country, tinted blue by the night sky. The ground rose gently to a pass through a low mountain range. As he followed it up the pavement became smoother.

"Mountains!" Dave said to himself. "But I can't have reached the Appalachians, yet, can I?" He peered to the right and left, searching for a highway sign. When he came to one, he could not make out the print clearly. For a moment he thought of stopping and backing up to take another look. It couldn't really have said "APALACHIAN TRAIL/ comments by Andy Porter," could it?

"I've got fandom on my mind too much, that's what it is," said Dave, and he turned his thoughts to Planetary Genius.



At the top of the pass, however, the Genius dropped to the bottom of his mind. "That's impossible!" Dave shouted at the vast forest just below to his right. "There aren't any forests left around here!"

The road went straight on down into the impossible valley. Dave Fan Arnam followed it cautiously, for it had become a dirt road. In any case, he wanted to drive slowly to look for a sign. When he finally found one, however, he did not look at it. There, just ahead of him, were two people. One was a tall man. His hair was black, except for one streak of white. He was listening to a song Dave knew well:

second fiddle to a cow.
Here's to Zeus and his hot pants! He learned to pay his debts,
The more he started to explain
The more she jawed him with disdain.
She wouldn't hear; it was in vain
He vowed he just liked pets.

"Yes," he said to the singer, "I like your tune very much."

The singer was Bruce Pelz. Dave gaped and stopped the car. Surely he was mistaken? But he had known Bruce too many years, as student in Florida and as fan in California. That was undeniably Bruce Edward Pelz, officially black-hearted Official Editor of assorted apas.

Dave waved to him timidly, but meanwhile the first man was saying, "The tune I heard went like this: Young Adonis...."

Bruce's attention was stuck firmly to the unfamiliar tune his companion was using for the second verse. He was completely oblivious to Dave's presence in his anxiety to memorize the tune.

Dave drove on. "Well," he thought, "I didn't see the sign, but at least I know what the next one will say: Watling Street."

Only it didn't.

It said Cherry Tree Lane, and it was a very pleasant stretch of street, with houses on one side and a park on the other. There was a man drawing pictures in chalk on the pavement under the street-light. A woman like a painted wooden doll -- bright pink cheeks, bright blue eyes, and a blue coat with silver buttons -- was standing beside him doing three things efficiently. She was admiring the drawings, tossing cherries from a large carpet bag by her side onto the trees and knocking the blossoms off (Dave stopped, fascinated, to watch the tree above her fill up with fruit), and listening to a short man beside her.

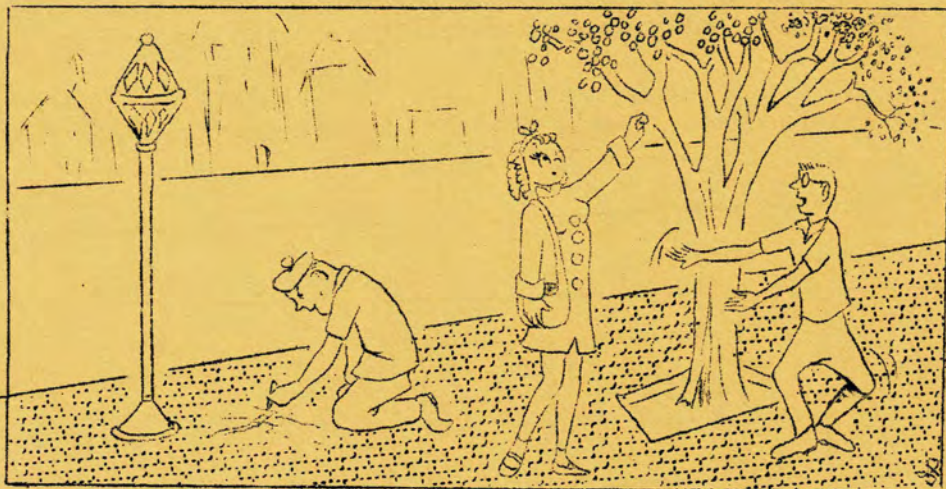
Dave looked again. The short man was Ted Johnstone, enthusiastically describing a movie. Dave could tell it was about a movie by the camera motions he was making with his hands. The woman, efficient as she was at everything she did, seemed to perform the task of listening with distaste.

Dave rolled down the window, wondering what Ted could possibly be saying. A cool night breeze, scented with cherries, rolled in and tickled his nose.

His face began to twitch, and he only had time to hear the woman interrupt Ted with a loud "Julie Andrews, indeed! Humph!" when a sneeze erupted from him. He inadvertently stepped on the gas.

At the end of the block he stopped and considered going back. But he could see in his mirror that the artist had finished his last picture and was escorting the

woman across the street to the smallest house in the lane, where a lamp was lit for her over the door. One tree still had a few blossoms on it, but the couple did not care. They sauntered across, eating the last of the cherries. Ted had wandered into the park and was estimating camera angles on the ornamental pool there.



Eventually the residential area ended, and Dave Fan Aruan found himself going past small shops. One was still open, so he slowed down (and noticed with surprise as he passed the corner that the sign said Co-By Str.) and pulled up in front of the store.

As he did so, the last customer came out of the store with a book in his hands, looking half disappointed and half elated with a touch of fear running over all. The store-owner locked the door behind him and shut off the lights.

Dave was no longer surprised at seeing friends along the road. "Hello, Fred," he called.

"Uh -- hello," answered Fred Patten. "You know, they didn't have this even at Pickwick Books."

"What?"

"You see," Fred went on, "I wanted to visit the Lands of Dream, so I asked him for something I was sure he wouldn't have. When he can't satisfy you he feels obligated to let you out the back door into the Lands of Dream, if you ask. But he'd be offended if you asked right out. But he had it."

"Had what?" asked Dave patiently.

"A copy of the Necronomicon."

Dave whistled.

"Yes, and it cost me a pretty penny," said Fred.

"Ch?"

"An 1895 Victoria head penny I wanted to keep with my Sherlock Holmes books," Fred explained. He sat down on the stoop as if unsure where to go.

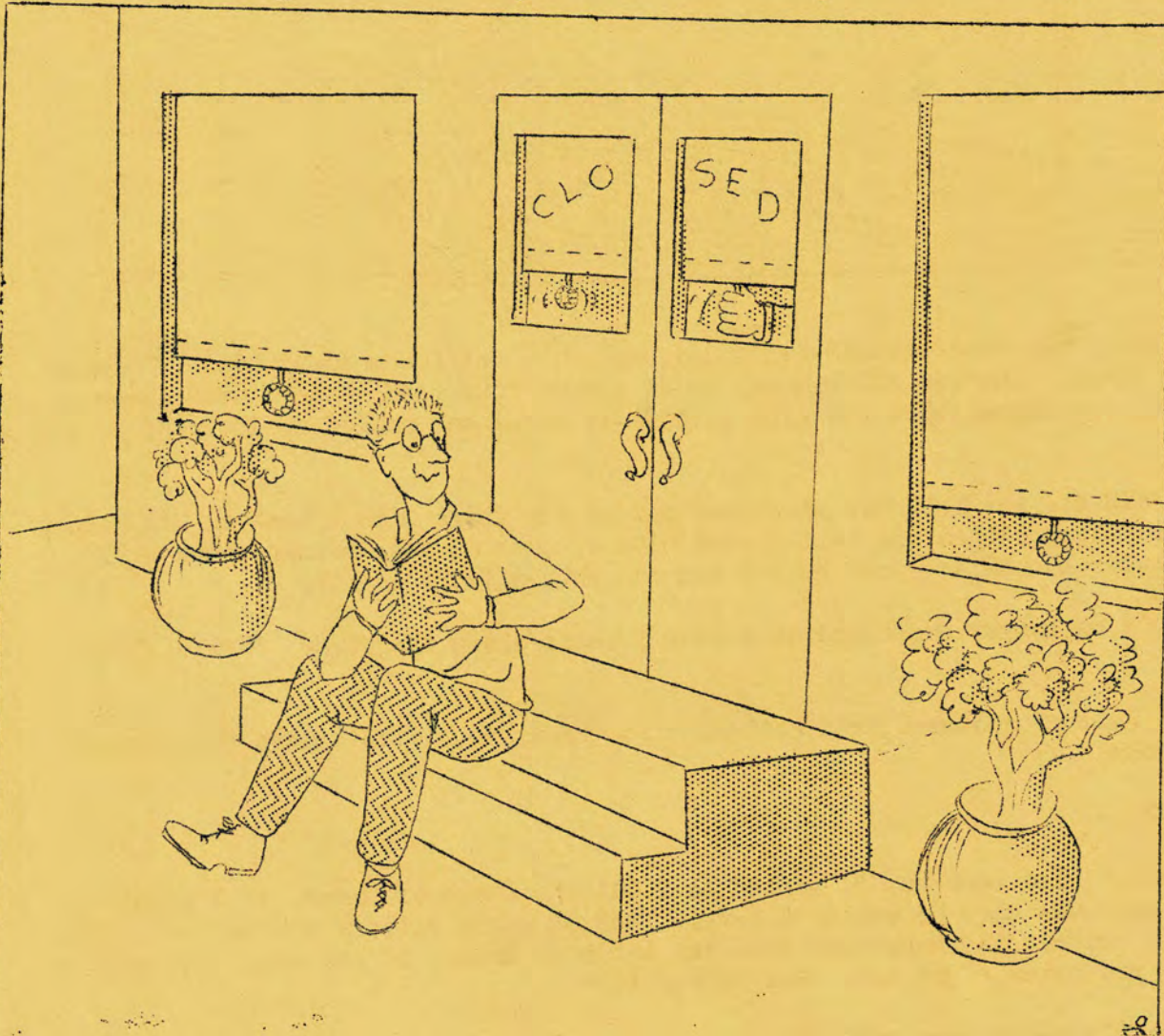
"Can I give you a ride anywhere?" said Dave.

"Uh -- no, thanks. I think I'll wait till tomorrow." Fred smiled craftily. "This time I'll try asking for one of Tom Digby's sulphur-bottomed whales."

"Hmmm," said Dave. "That might just work."

"Even -- uh -- if it doesn't, I'll still have the whale. And I won't get one any other way, because my ban on bulky objects made Digby decide not to put them through Apa-L."

"Yes, I remember," Dave nodded. "Well, see you at the next con."



When the street came to a residential area once again, Dave Fan Arnam noticed that it had changed its name again. He thought it now said "St. Mary Axe", but, on stopping to look more closely, he found that it didn't. It said "Simmery Axe". And there, running out of Number 70, was yet another old friend, Felice Rolfe. She dashed to the road and stood, anxiously looking around.

Dave pulled up in front of her and got out.

"Why, Dave!" she cried. "Were you singing, too?"

"Singing?"

"Well, that's how Len Bailes and I got here," she explained.

"Is Len here?" said Dave. "Good! There are some questions I've got to settle with him about Planetary Genius."

"Never mind that now," exclaimed Felice. "Hurry!"

She grabbed his hand and pulled him up to the door. It had blown shut and locked itself behind her. Felice pulled out a large key-ring filled with a vast number of ivory and ebony keys.

"How many do you have?" asked Dave, as she tried one key after another.

"Eighty-eight," she said absently, trying still another one. It fit.

Dave swung the door open for her, and they hurried into a large hall with elegant rooms opening off it and a staircase curving up at the back.

Dave scarcely noticed the details of the hall, however, for there in the middle of it a gentleman was slowly sinking through the floor. Flames were glistening at the edge of the circle he made in the floor-boards. Len, bracing himself with one foot on either side of the hole, was holding firmly to the man and trying to pull him up.

"This is really very kind of you, young sir," the gentleman was saying, "but I'm afraid it's quite hopeless. I sacrificed myself to Ahriman so many years ago."

"Mr. John Wellington Wells, I presume?" said Dave politely, taking one arm away from Len.

"At your service, sir," said the Sorcerer. "Oh, goodness, watch out for the speculum!" The two of them together heaved him out, nearly falling backward, as he came free, on a great bronze mirror which stood against the wall.

"How do you happen to be here, in 70 Simmery Axe?" said Dave.

"My dear sir, someone had to keep the business running," said Mr. Wells. "I said to Ahriman myself, 'Someone has to replenish the stock, or the family will simply have to drop the Great Art and take up prestidigitation,' and he quite agreed. No one else in the family really understands how to do it." He sighed. "I'm afraid the family genius ended with me. My sister's branch of the family has no feeling for it, although their late mother was a truly accomplished prophetess. So Ahriman lets me come back here one day in the year. The family doesn't entirely like it, of course. It's bad for business. It's all very well to keep ghosts, but to be haunted oneself is not quite respectable. Still, it would be worse for the business if I didn't, so--"

"Look out!" cried Felice, pointing at his feet. They were beginning to sink through the floor again. Len and Dave hauled him up. "Dave, can't you drive him away in your car?"

"My dear young lady," said Mr. Wells, "I fear it would be of no use, unless you could find a white magician -- several white magicians, I should say -- to oppose Ahriman. And where you would find any in this day and age I cannot say. The only magicians I knew were black, like myself, and they have long since gone. Indeed, it was the greatest sorrow of my life that I could not find a teacher to help me enter the Great Art on the white side--"

"I know where to find white magicians," said Dave. He had been thinking over his long drive. "Felice, can I give you and Len a ride?"

"Thanks," she said, "but I think we'd better go out the way we came. We have the key -- and, ch, Len!, wasn't it a good thing we were in time?"

"Yes -- oops!" he said, and pulled Mr. Wells up again.

Dave and the Sorcerer ran out the door and down to the car. They jumped in and Dave executed a u-turn neatly, then roared back up the street, gas pedal down to the floor.

"Fasten your seat-belt," he ordered Mr. Wells. The Sorcerer had sunk rather too deeply into the soft seat, but the seat-belt gave him something to hang onto against sinking further.

Their flight roused Fred Patten briefly from his sleep on the doorstep in Go-By Street, and he waved drowsily as they went by.

Cherry Tree Lane was silent under the first streaks of gold in the east. On and on they went under the growing light until they reached the Yellow Brick Road. The sky behind them was flooded with rose, and their shadows stretched far ahead on the bright pavement when Dave stopped. Ahead of them the road curved back up to the ramp which had led him down on his curious journey.



"Now what do we do?" Dave asked. "We're in Oz, but how can we avoid leaving it?"

"Dear me," said Mr. Wells. "I suppose I might send an oracular voice to your friends, sir, but I am so shaken up I don't know where to begin." He sank into the seat, pulled himself up on the door handle, and tugged the seat-belt tighter.

The car shuddered and suddenly went rolling along the Yellow Brick Road by itself. They went straight through the ramp, which grew pale and disappeared behind them.

"Why, what is this?" said Mr. Wells. "Are you a student of the Great Art yourself, sir?"

"No," said Dave, "I don't know what's going on."

The sun was well up in the sky behind them when a green glow appeared in the sky ahead. Dave took a deep breath and held it, knowing what was coming.

"Ah-h-h!" he said, when the towers of the Emerald City came into view, glinting green in the sunlight. The gates to the city were open, and the car rolled in and straight on down towards the palace.

Animals, people, and odd-shaped cars jumped or rolled out of his way. The cars all had turrets like Dave's car, but the turrets were open, revealing amiable faces. Dave stuck his head out the window and peered over the roof of his own car, on a hunch. He was right. His car's turret had lifted, too, and showed a face.

A great lion sprang out of their way with a mighty "Grraghhh!" It stood trembling long enough to take a deep breath, then sprang forward. In a moment it was pacing easily beside Dave's window, even though the powerful legs twitched and shook with fear between each bound.

"What do you think you're doing, you traffic menace?" the Cowardly Lion demanded.

"We're going to the palace to beg Princess Ozma's help," said Dave. "I'm sorry we're inconveniencing everyone, but it's really pretty urgent."

"Oh, well, in that case..." said the Lion, and went ahead of them, roaring steadily "Clear the way! Clear the way!" like a bass siren. In less than five minutes the car had pulled up in front of the palace and stopped itself. Dave got out, wondering whether wonder, the rough ride, or lack of sleep contributed most to his dizziness. The sight of John Wellington Wells sinking into the ground roused him. He caught the Sorcerer under the arms and held him firmly.

Drawn by the Cowardly Lion's noise, Ozma and the Wizard were standing at the door. Dave recognized them from their pictures and stood gaping at them quietly, even after Ozma said, "What is the matter?"

There was an awkward pause, and the Cowardly Lion volunteered, "He said he wants to beg your help, Ozma."

The Sorcerer said, with embarrassment, "I'm afraid all this trouble is on my behalf, ma'am and sir." He quickly told them the story of the too-effective love potion, how he had sacrificed himself to Ahriman to break the spell, and how the three strangers had tried to help him.

"Well, for temporary relief," the Wizard said, "this umbrella should do." He flipped it open and set it upsidedown on the ground.

The Sorcerer stepped into it and gave a great sigh at finding himself on something solid. "I think I'm breaking the hinges," he said apologetically.

"Oh, it's just an experimental model," said the Wizard briskly, "an idea I got from the Wizard of Umbrella Island in the line of impenetrable substances."

"You're interested in that, too?" cried the Sorcerer. "My dear father used to laugh at me for studying that instead of the traditional Universal Solvent, but I always said to him, 'What would you keep it in, if you found it?'"

"My opinion exactly," beamed the Wizard.

Ozma winked at Dave and the Cowardly Lion. "Now, Wizard," she said, "this isn't the time to talk shop, is it?"

Both men blushed.

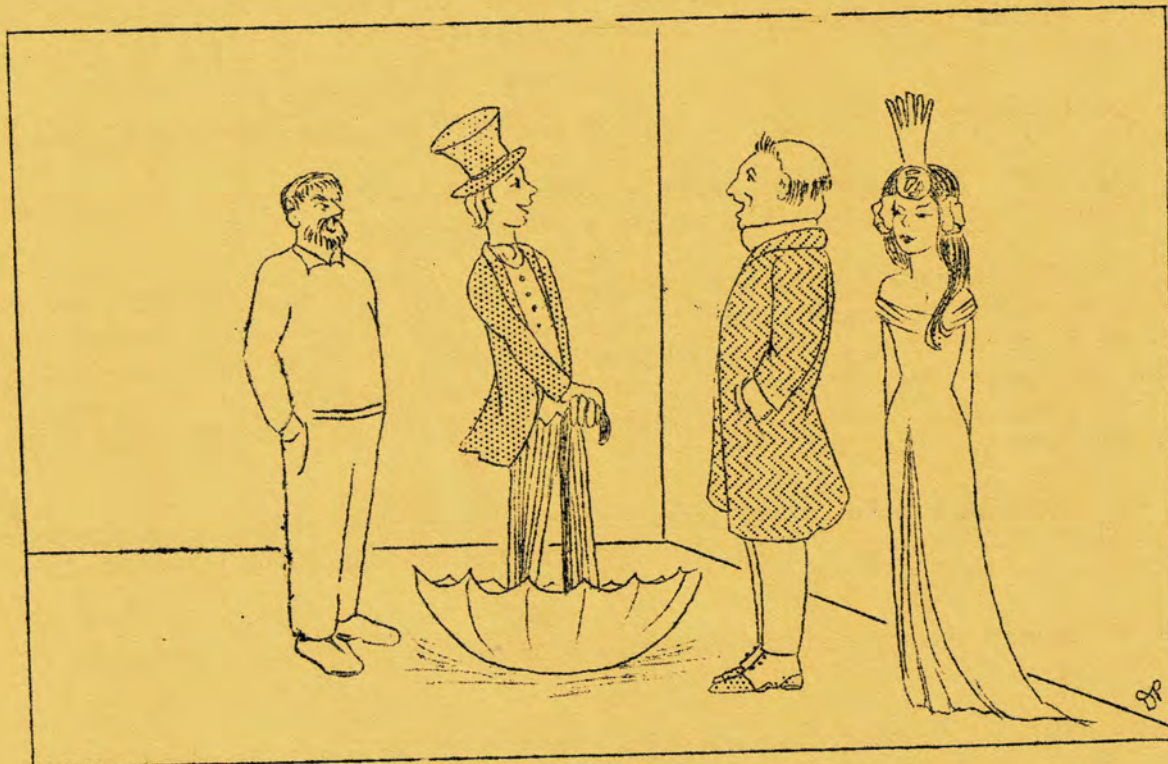
"This is quite a difficult case," she said slowly. "You sacrificed yourself to Ahriman willingly."

"More or less. Rather less than more," said the Sorcerer, "but -- yes, I did."

Dave blinked at the familiar words. "You sound like the characters in Yeoman of the Guards."

The Sorcerer nodded. "Oh, yes, we Gilbertian characters all have a certain spiritual affinity."

The last two words touched off a recollection which had been nagging at the back of Dave's head ever since they left 70 Simmery Axe. "Isaac Asimov!" he shouted.



"I beg your pardon?" his listeners said in unison.

"It's a story by Isaac Asimov, 'The Up-to-Date Sorcerer', in F&SF, July, 1958," said Dave, thanking his voluminous memory, "in which he suggests that the Sorcerer's sacrificing himself to Ahriman was not the way Gilbert had meant to end the story."

"Dear me," murmured the Sorcerer, "you don't mean to say young Mr. Pointdexter would have sacrificed himself? Quite out of the question!"

"No," said Dave, "Asimov's idea was that all the couples would have been married. Then, as your philtre had no effect on married persons, they would have ceased to love and applied for divorces immediately. Then they would have married according to their natural wishes."

"Divorce is not respectable," stated the Sorcerer.

"No. That's why Asimov thought Gilbert changed the ending. But Asimov's ending was more Gilbertian. He derived it by analogy with Ruddigore."

"Hmmm," said the Sorcerer. "Yes, I can see that it would have worked. But, my dear sir, what is the use? That is not how it happened."

"I know," said Dave, "but you must apply the parallel of Ruddigore further. Suicide is a crime, and the bad baronets of Ruddigore, by their own showing, should never

have died. Which meant that the nearest affected, Sir Roderick, particularly ought never to have died. Sir Roderick's ghost exclaimed, 'Then I'm practically alive!', and proved it by embracing his former beloved and, I have no doubt, lived with her happily ever after."

"Do you mean that I am practically unsacrificed?" asked the Sorcerer.

"Yes. For all practical purposes." Dave said firmly.

"Dear me. I'm sure I don't know what my family would say. And I don't know how I could put it to Ahriman when he visited the Firm."

Ozma broke into a laugh. "Then don't put it to him, Mr. Wells. Stay in Oz, and the Wizard will teach you white magic. Won't you, Wiz?"

"I would be honored to have you as a colleague, Mr. Wells," said the Wizard, bowing.

The Sorcerer bowed in return. "You are too kind, sir," he began gratefully.

"Then that's settled," said Ozma. "But, tell me," she asked Dave, "where did you find such an odd-looking Scalawagon?"

"Good heavens!" said the Wizard, staring at it. "That's one of the experimental group. I made some Scalawagons using the same shape as a current mortal model. I liked the streamlined look, you see. I suppose the streamlining made them too frisky, for they all ran away one night." He frowned at Dave's Scalawagon, and the car lowered its turret in shame. "Where did they go -- ah --"

"Dave Fan Arnam is my name."

"Thank you," said the Wizard.

"Well, the dealer where I got mine has a dozen," said Dave. "He says they don't sell."

"No wonder!" said the Wizard. "They probably like to drive more accurately than most humans do and go centering themselves in lanes and things like that. You must be a good driver, Dave."

"Not that good," said Dave. "Maybe my car meant to lure me off and get itself back home."

The Scalawagon clapped its turret in agreement.

"You'll have to make some ordinary cars, Wizard," said Ozma, and switch the runaway Scalawagons with them."

He nodded. "Would you mind coming back to Oz when they're ready, Dave, so I can exchange one for yours?"

"Would I mind!"

"But you're not leaving yet, are you?" said Ozma. "You'll stay to dinner? Besides, you're too tired to go anywhere."

"Yes, thank you," said Dave. Fatigue washed over him, and he never quite remembered how he had gotten there when he woke at dusk in a soft bed with green sheets. But he always remembered the banquet that followed and the friends, human and non-human, that he met there.

At midnight Dave got into his Scalawagon and was transported to New York. His last memory of Oz was of John Wellington Wells singing happily, "The threatened cloud has passed away, and brightly shines the dawning day; What though --" Then he found himself driving in New York a few blocks from his apartment.

He stopped at a mailbox and dropped in the manuscript of So Past My World, returned the Scalawagon to the garage, and walked back to his apartment. There he sat down and took up Chapter IV of Planetary Genius.



LOTUS LEMON EATING

"Lie on your back in the middle of the hall with your feet up against the wall and eat a lemon, and all the truths of the Universe will be revealed to you." - Jay Freeman, while doing so.

"The best defence is a good offence; therefore, the valiant thing to do is run away." - Jay Freeman, more or less in the position above

My roommate, Jay Freeman, has a strange, not to mention weird and perverted, sense of logic. The statements above are typical.

And on the occasion of a student noting that by not owning a car he could save enough in a year to buy two more speakers for his hi-fi, Jay naturally suggested that he not own two cars for a year, so he could afford a new amplifier as well. He then went on to suggest that by not owning the Queen Mary you could save even more, and that not owning the SAC bomber force for a month could probably give you enough money to retire on.

--Fred Hollander

Well, your friendly neighborhood part time LASFan is employed again, but he's come off worse this time than with the magazines last year.

Help, I'm Being Held Prisoner in a Southern Bakery!

BY LEN BAILES

I approached the bakery the first day, somewhat wary, never having done factory work before. As I entered, the first thing I noticed was a twenty degree rise in temperature, and the next was an intricate series of conveyor belts leading to a huge blast furnace (the oven). Millions and millions of loaves of bread were being conveyed from one end of the factory to the other. It was a cross between The Swiss Family Robinson's Treehouse and the machine rooms in *Metropolis*.

One of my coworkers was up to his knees in old loaves of bread. He was calmly picking them up and replacing them on the belt.

"Err," I ventured, "You use these after they've been lying around in the dirt and the #10 shell lubricating oil?" (I did not say #10 Shell lubricating oil, but instead employed a noun I had determined was proper for conversation with my coworkers...it is deleted here)

"Sure," he said, taking two loaves together and rubbing them against each other. I watched some dirt flake off. "These things cost money."

"Oh," I said, making a mental note not to buy any bread from that company. Soon I was busily working away at the conveyor. Then one belt shut down and I had to load part of the bread onto a rack behind me. I was hot and sweaty now and thoughts of the worker's city in *Metropolis* flitted through my mind. The loaves came faster and faster. I saw John Federson in his 50 story office building every time I looked at the foreman. Soon the loaves were coming so fast that some of them fell on the floor. Then most of them, just like in old situation comedies. A loaf with a piece of fungus-like material imbedded in it swam into view. I discarded it.

"Here," said another coworker. "I'll show you what to do with those." He carefully pried the fungus out of the bread with his fingernail and replaced it neatly on the belt. I watched its serene path to the wrapping machine and saw it carted out to the truck.

But now I was laboring at a furious pace...every muscle aching and oceans of sweat surrounding me. Suddenly the things on the belt weren't loaves of bread. They were tiny animals. Tormenters! They shed crumbs all over me! Their faces had satanic leers. Then I saw myself before a huge clock...hands outstretched to keep the hands moving. From somewhere in the dim recess of limbo a buzzer sounded.

The conveyor stopped and I staggered to the coke machine...gulped something down and stumbled blindly down the steps away.

LASFUSS



There's a party Saturday to celebrate the fact that there were no parties scheduled this weekend!

Costumes at the Booby Hatch

by BJO TRIMBLE

Looking back, I realize that the residents of the Booby Hatch had every right to be surprised last Sunday. While I'd announced the costume material sale in Apa L, there was no reason to think that anyone in the house read EXPLETIVE. And I'd asked Don Simpson if he thought anyone would mind, but there certainly was no reason, knowing Don, for me to assume that he'd tell the others.

In fact, unless it occurred to anyone to ask Don a direct question like, "Say, Don, I just happened to think of this idea; is someone going to use the living room this Sunday for a costume material sale?", he would never think to tell them about it. You couldn't just ask Don if someone was going to use the living room; he'd just say "yes"....

At any rate, we arove Sunday morning to find an owlshly blinking Bill Glass wandering around, Mike Klassen just getting out of his sleeping bag on the living room floor, and Steve Salo muttering, "Yeah, we've sure got to clean up this kitchen, alright." None of them knew about the sale, evidently, but seemed sleepily willing to help out. Bill showed a distressing tendency to mutter, "Will somebody tell me what's going on?" constantly, while Mike just mumbled things while getting dressed for work.

We got the living room reamed out fairly well, and started unloading a very full VW bus. Boxes and boxes of material, goodies and assorted etcetera filled the room. Salo wandered off, saying, "Yep, somebody's sure got to clean up this kitchen, alright!" and then wandered back to help sort out costume materials. Ed Baker came downstairs in time to hold the dustpan for Bill's sweeping, and they drowsily went into the dining room area to sweep it up, too. In fact, I was under the impression that everyone was too sleepy and shook up to do more than obey clean-up orders, and that if I played my cards right, we could have the Hatch spotless in...oh, maybe a week or so.

Somewhere along here Simpson showed up, peering solemnly at all the stuff stacked in the living room, and making small noises to himself. He joined Steve in the kitchen, evidently for some breakfast, but was soon discouraged by Steve's louder complaints of "Yessir, someb ody's sure got to clean up this kitchen today!" Ominous sounds coming from the kitchen area could have been Salo or the non-working garbage disposal...or both. "How about turning on the oven, and gassing the bugs?" we heard Steve ask, and this seemed to wake up several people.

The Hulans arrived, and Katya fell on my box of trimmings with cries of joy, where she found several yards of antique tating and laces. Dave wandered around, looking bored and carrying Rachel. He peered once into the kitchen, where Salo was now bellowing, "SOMEbody had better clean out this garbage disposal and *help* clean up this kitchen."

Luise went down to the store, returning with a bag of ice cubes, frozen lemonade and some Fresca. During that day, the promised pot of coffee was foresworn for lemonade, because of the heat. It seemed to go over nicely; I personally drank about a gallon of lemonade.

Jack Harness showed up with a beautifully inscribed scroll (with attached sticks of sealing wax) thanking us for the hospitality of several weeks ago when we went to D'land with the NY crew. I could do no less than accept this in the manner given, and did so.

Hank and Criss Stine showed up, helping to sort materials and talk. Hank spent some time listening to Steve moan about "somebody should *really* get this kitchen cleaned up today." and came away laughing. Gail Thompson, girl cyclist, came in to browse thru materials and talk, and Joyce McDaniel came to find lots of things she wanted. Hilda Hoffman set up her jewelry-making where she could talk to everyone ("Buy some earrings to match your new outfits," she suggested), and we eventually traded some costumes for earrings later in the day. Most of the outfits were things Owen wanted, but he traded off Hilda's work as her agent.

Other people wandered in during the long, long day. Digby showed up to talk, Bill Ellern came in several times but I never did find out why, and Earl Thompson showed up long enough to drape himself dramatically in blue velvet and pose for us. We laughed him out of the room. Ted came in to pick out some things he wanted, and bargain with us. Barry Gold carefully considered, selected, and matched items to go with the beautiful grey material he's got to make up a Gandalf costume.

In all, I think people were pleasantly surprised at the prices, the variety of materials, and the free lemonade. I was out to make some money back off a long-time investment of materials and costumes, but I wasn't out to gouge anyone. I think everyone got his values and then some from the sale. I hope so, anyway; it wasn't for lack of trying.

The sale was so successful that we are going to continue it next Saturday. So come over to the Hatch, help weed, and look at materials! And listen to the near hysteria in Salo's voice as it echoes from the dim reaches of the kitchen: "Someday, we've GOT to get in here and clean up this *kitchen!*"

Fone Phun Department

If you start out to dial H01-9353 (the KHJ request number) and absent-mindedly start off H0, discover your mistake and push the button down momentarily (but not long enough), and then dial H01-9353 correctly, the machinery interprets the whole mess as H01-H01-9353 and you get some lady in Providence, Rhode Island who says she gets lots of wrong numbers wanting California. Whether she knows exactly why is something I don't know. - Tom Digby



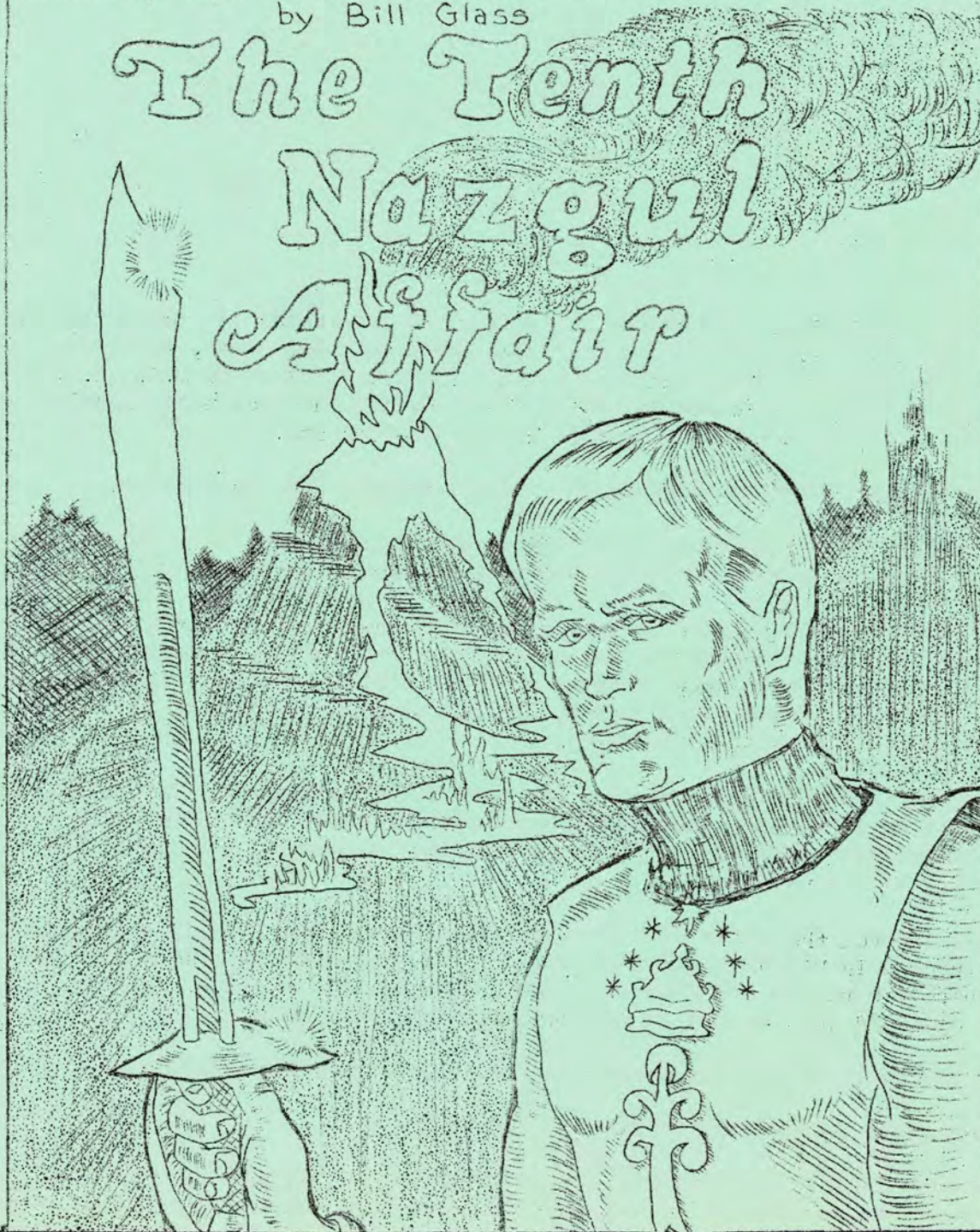
GONDOR

ILLUSTRATED
BY

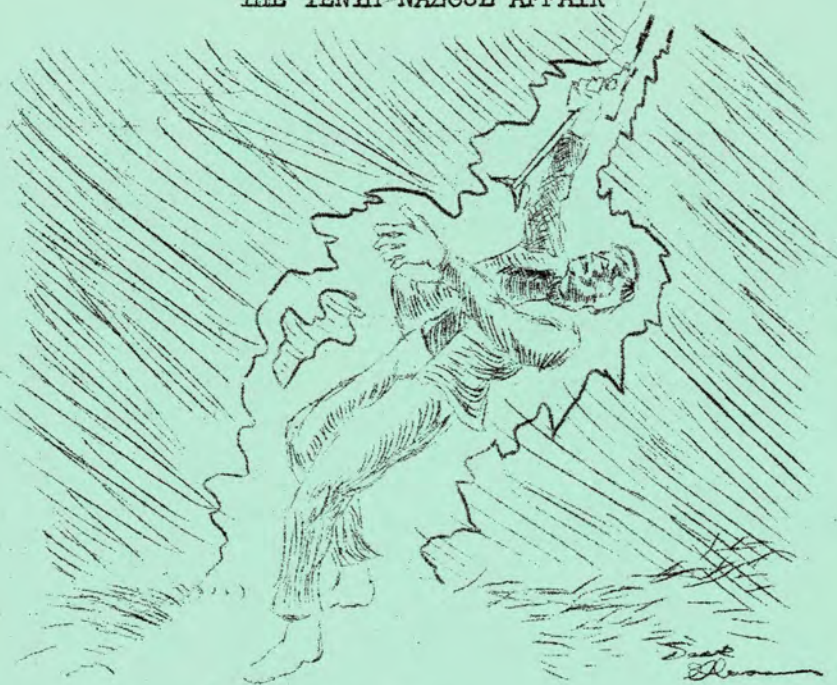
DRG

When a Shadow from the East again threatens Gondor, Illya must invade Mordor in this new novel by Bill Glass

The Tenth Nazgul Affair



THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR



Illya Kuryakin blinked through the darkness hanging over the north English moor and wondered where the THRUSH guard had moved to. This time, when the lightning arced between two of the gathering storm clouds, the Russian U.N.C.L.E. agent's eyes caught and held the afterimage. He fired through the blackness, letting off a dozen shots from his U.N.C.L.E. special in a waist-high arc.

If the bullets had hit anyone, the thunder drowned out his screams.

Illya more sensed than heard the bullet *snap* by his ear. More guards must be moving out from the THRUSH mint over the hill to capture or kill him. Good.

The blond Russian dropped to the ground and wormed away from the spot where he had been standing. THRUSH had the advantage in this night fighting with those infra-red projectors and scopes mounted on their semi-automatics. And the thunder hid that humming/clicking sound made by the infra-red projectors so that Illya could not locate his pursuers by sound.

Another lightning flash revealed two more THRUSH moving over the hill. Knowing their nighttime advantage, the two had carelessly allowed themselves to be spotlighted against the dark sky. Illya squeezed off the rest of his clip. These two would not be that careless again. Ever.

Illya removed the empty clip from his gun and replaced it with a full clip drawn from one pocket in his black leather jacket. It took about five seconds. He started to move back toward the Modified Land Rover supplied by U.N.C.L.E. London. This was his last clip and the ammunition box was under the front seat of the car.

A flash of lightning shattered the clouds into a billion raindrops.

Illya stood up and ran the rest of the way.

The rain should even up the situation somewhat, he thought, moving around to the far side of the Rover before opening the rear door and sliding in. It should render their infra-red projectors ineffective, putting both them and me in the dark.

THE RETURN OF THE THING

He reached under the seat, dragged out the ammunition box, and crammed clips into all of his jacket pockets--he might need them. He rolled the rear windows halfway down. He sat, his U.N.C.L.E. special ready, peering into the darkness, waiting.

So far his diversionary tactics seemed quite successful. He only hoped that Napoleon was doing as well, infiltrating into the mint itself. He remembered what his teammate had asked after briefing in Mr. Waverly's office: "Why is it that I always get stuck with, ah, all the hard work?"

Illya brushed a dripping shock of blond hair out of his eyes and squeezed off another burst. A dreadful waste of ammunition, true; but it did keep the four THRUSH out their on their toes.

All the hard work, indeed. At least Napoleon could see whom he was shooting at. What was taking him so long?

A bullet swanged off the door in front of Illya. A burst of shots pockmarked the rear, bullet-proof window. They were closing in. Illya emptied his gun out the window, changed to a new clip, rolled over into the front seat, and shot up the night on the other side of the Rover.

AT first he thought that lightning had struck close by. But the light on the far side of the hill stayed, grew and billowed upwards. Shouts pushed through the rain. The drops scattered the light from the fire into a red glow through which forms moved. Illya slipped from the car and followed like a dark wraith.

Shots came from ahead. Moving in a fast crouch around the side of the hill, Illya could see the four THRUSH guards. Three crouched, shooting at the man dodging away from the brightly burning building. The fourth man, watching behind for the other U.N.C.L.E. agent he knew to be out in the night, saw Illya and fired.

Illya jumped to the right, firing as he moved. The burst from the THRUSH gun bore past him into the rain.

The guard screamed as he fell, alerting the others. They scrambled up and ran around like cockroaches looking for something to crawl under. Cockroaches with machine guns. But they had no chance in the crossfire from two U.N.C.L.E. specials. In a moment all three were down.

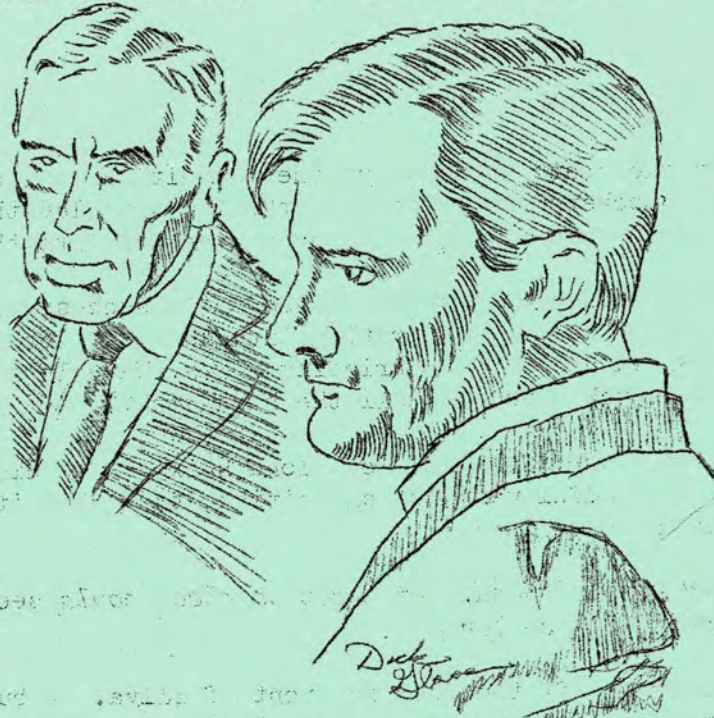
I hope Napoleon was using darts so we could take a prisoner. Just on general principles, Illya thought.

How to move whatever gold Napoleon recovered, he thought.

"Over here, Napoleon," shouted Illya, waving his long barreled U.N.C.L.E. gun above his head.

His world vanished in a timeless sheet of light.

THE RETURN OF THE THING



SECTION I: THE RETURN OF THE THING.

Chapter 1: "The Departure of Illya"

"Nothing, Mr. - uh - Solo?" Mr Waverly asked, looking up from the report. The head of U.N.C.L.E.'s western hemisphere operations looked shocked as he repeated, "nothing?"

"Ah, yes, sir," Napoleon answered. "There were no traces found of Illya's body after the lightning struck. Not even any bone ash or slag from the gun."

Mr. Waverly looked as if he wanted to say something. Instead, he placed a brown attache case on the round table and revolved the table top until the case was before the top agent of section II: U.N.C.L.E.'s Operations and Enforcement or section. The attache case had what looked like a handcuff worked into the handle.

"Right now, Mr. Solo, we have a simple courier assignment for you. This case must be delivered to our Oslo office by this time tomorrow. With the time differential, you should be there if you leave immediately. The office there is compiling some data to return to us here. You may have to stay in Oslo for--uh--a few days."

Good thing, Mr. Waverly thought, watching Napoleon Solo leave, for the lad to have some vacation. He should not be allowed to stay around the New York office and grieve. No sense taking a chance on impairing Mr. Solo's efficiency by letting him become morbid over Mr. Kuryakin's death.

Mr. Waverly started to pull out a standard U.N.C.L.E. next-of-kin notification form. He then crumpled it in disgust and brought out a sheet of his personal stationary. He stared at the blank paper for almost a minute before he realized there was no one to whom he could write. He sat for the next hour alone with his cold pipe and his thoughts.

A Siamese cat walked across the telegram and folder lying on the desk in the

THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR

Victorian-style sitting room. The balding man apologetically brushed the cat aside, picked up the folder, and read the card stapled to the front:

KURYAKIN, ILLYA NICKOVETCH was lettered across the top line. The man's eyes skimmed across the statistics and comments typed on the standard form below the name.

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: Ten Stone HAIR COLOR: Blond EYE COLOR: Blue-green
NATIONALITY: Russian REMARKS: Kuryakin is an adept make-up artist; do not rely upon physical characteristics for identification. (see attached photographs). Kuryakin, possessing an almost eidetic memory, is also an accomplished linguist. He is conversant to varying degrees of fluency in Russian, German, French, English, Hungarian..."

The man passed over the list of languages and dialects, to the comment: "His father, apparently disturbed by certain of Stalin's policies, instilled in young Kuryakin a distrust of the later 'degenerate interpretations of Communism' by more modern party leaders. So, while ideologically a Communist, Kuryakin owes little loyalty to his homeland or its allies."

Opening the folder, he skip-read the covering thumbnail biographical sheet:

"Born 22 Sept., 1933, in Stalingrad, U.S.S.R....in the early part of November 1942, his father, Nickolai Ivanovitch Kuryakin, disappeared, presumed killed in the fighting. Early December 1942, his mother, Maria, died of tuberculosis complicated by malnutrition....Placed into State Orphanage, Stalingrad, February 1946....Served in Siberia with Army of Soviet Socialist Republic 1950-52....Accepted into MVD, June 4, 1953....Sent to Budapest in October 1956. 9 December, contacted U.N.C.L.E. 3 January, 1957, accepted into U.N.C.L.E., smuggled to America. 1957-1960, undergoes U.N.C.L.E. training. (see Report #1794:63 U.N.C.L.E. TRAINING CURRICULAE AND ADVANCEMENT SCHEDULE)...c. June, 1961 received first section II assignment from U.N.C.L.E. 2 July 1961, kills THRUSH agent V. M. Smith in Seattle, Washington, U.S.A....c. February 1962, teamed with Napoleon Solo (see File #II-13039)....for complete list and details of operations, see OPERATIONS: COMPLETE LIST AND DETAILS attached below."

The man riffled through the thick sheaf, frowning when his eyes caught the names of operations involving himself. He apparently took some satisfaction in stamping DECEASED across the cover card and laying the file to one side.

Then he picked up and re-read the telegram:

THRUSH CENTRAL #A-193741-23:: WARD BALDWIN--WESCOSOP--SANFRANCISCO SATRAP
MINT NORTH ENGLAND. TEAMAGENT NAPOLEON SOLO TARGET REMOVAL. COUNCIL ADVISES ALL
SATRAPs: IF CONTACT DURING OPERATION, KILL SOLO. -END.

COUNCIL MEMBER "A" FOR THRUSH

#A-193741: COPIES ALL LEVEL I, II, III SATRAPs

"Irene," Ward Baldwin called to his wife, "would you please put Mr. Kuryakin's dossier in the morgue file for me?"

"It is almost a shame he was killed," she said, taking the file into the adjoining room. "He was quite pleasant during his stay here while working on that D.A.G.G.E.R. business. What about Mr. Solo, dear?"

"The Council thinks it advisable that we kill Mr. Solo next we meet."

THE RETURN OF THE THING

"It should be much easier now," she called back while sliding shut the "K" drawer of the morgue file, "should it not?"



Chapter 2: "Many Meetings"

The wind waved the cold grey veil of mist across Illya's upturned face. His lips pursed. Small shivers rippled along his body. His right hand closed convulsively around the grip of his U.N.C.L.E. special.

Then, with a spasmodic jerk so sudden it hurt, he was standing, gun at ready. His head buzzed. It seemed near dawn. He was surrounded by heavy mist. Where was Napoleon.

He had half turned around when he remembered the lightning. He remembered the cold paralysis he had not had time to feel. He remembered the unbearable light that almost had time to crawl up his optic nerve into his brain. He remembered thinking that death should have more of a feeling of sundering disintegration....

Voices came through the mist: "...someone outside the wall, Bergil."

"Why so uneasy, Gandimir. None will menace Minas Tirith from the north. The destruction of the Dark Lord may not have brought instant peace; but Gondor and Arnor are quiet realms once again, thanks to Aragorn Telcontar, King Elessar."

At any other time, Illya might have dropped to the ground, rolled aside, and quietly waited, ready to warn, injure or kill as the situation developed. But a strange sense of out-of-place wrongness filled him. His instinctive reactions would not be suited for this misty morning's meetings. So he stood, his U.N.C.L.E. special swinging tensely by his right thigh, and watched as two shapes came out through the shadowshape of a gate and solidified through the mist.

They carried swords and wore coats of mail. Over the mail lay green surcoats on which was woven a silver tree surmounted by seven silver stars. Their thighs

THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR

were wrapped in leather. Mist condensed in rivulets along the polished silver gull wings on their helmets.

I hope I am not staring at them as foolishly as they at me, Illya thought.

The shorter of the two began to slide his sword from its scabbard. Illya countered by vaguely allowing the barrel of his U.N.C.L.E. special to point at a spot midway between the two men. The taller soldier placed a restraining hand on his companion's arm. "Wait, Gandimir," Gandimir let the sword slide back, but kept his hand on the hilt. The other turned to Illya.

"Stranger, you approach from the north and resemble the fair-horsemen of Rohan. But you come on foot and in strange clothes, and you look prepared to fight us with that thing. And you look like a man lost and full of questions. But first I have a few questions for you. Who are you, and what is your business here?"

Illya somehow felt it best to be frank and honest.

"I am Illya Kuryakin, an agent of the U.N.C.L.E.: Uncle: The United Network Command for Law--"

Illya realized for the first time that he was not thinking in English, as he had grown accustomed during his decade with U.N.C.L.E.; neither the acronym nor any of its parts fit one another. The language felt different from any of the languages he knew.

"and Enforcement. As to what my business is here, I can not answer not knowing how I came here. Or, even, where I am."

"An introduction as confusing as your appearance, Illya Kuryakin," laughed the taller soldier. "I am Bergil son of Beregon, the Warder of the Ramas Echor, the outwall of Minas Tirith. You are between the eastern end of the White Mountains and wide Anduin who flows south to the sea. North are the green fields of Rohan. East lies the dark land Mordor, whose name is still not spoken too loudly or often in the lands of Middle Earth."

Illya had always been confident in his ability to adjust to any situation; to evaluate it, then equal or master it. But now he felt closer to despair and panic than he had been since that winter in Stalingrad when parents, ideals and childhood had all been taken away from him. Now his whole world and time were gone.

He struggled to keep what friend Napoleon would call his cool. What had and what was happening was obviously impossible. But it was just as obviously happening. Illya stretched to accept it; and gave himself a goal: get back to his own world.

His inner control somewhat restored, Illya turned his attention outward to the two soldiers. Gandimir was stage-whispering, "Trust him or not; at least take that weapon from him and find out what it is."

Illya grinned. "This, gentlemen, is a custom-made weapon issued to Section II agents of the United Network Command. Basically it is an automatic 38 pistol with the following modifications: a wire skeleton stock, a barrel extension with silencer, and a special adaptor on the grip enabling the gun to handle a clip holding twenty rounds--"

and I have a dozen or so more clips still in my pockets, Illya thought, continuing the memorized training lecture hoping to put the soldiers in a similar state of confusion as he had.

"--It fires anesthetic darts and incendiary

THE RETURN OF THE THING

soft-nosed, or armor-piercing bullets. It is now loaded with the last mentioned. As to how it works...."

Illywa was surprised at how fast the swords rasped out of their sheaths.

He looked for a target. The mist had lifted so that it hung as a red-tinged ceiling above their heads. A short distance away a fifteen foot high stone wall curved away to the left and right. His eyes settled on a redish stone surrounded by smaller grey stones. He raised the gun, sighted, squeezed.

Cough!

The rock had a crater in it that Bergil could rest his fist in.

The two soldiers were impressed. Gandimir looked sorry that he had brought up the subject at all and was determined not to say any more, not another word. Bergil stepped forward, doing his best to smile.

"Friend Illyya, I think you would like to see King Elessar to tell him your story. However, to show your good faith, I think it would be best if you relinquish your weapon into my care. The King would be less sympathetic to your cause if you entered his presence armed."

Illyya flicked on the safety and handed over his U.N.C.L.E. special. "Even in my world, Bergil, the wishes of kings are still respected."

Bergil turned to his companion. "Gandimir, you should be able to hold the gate until the Morning Watch arrives. I will take Illyya Kuryakin before King Elessar, and will have need of your horse. I shall turn him over to the Watch to be returned to you when they come. Come with me, Illyya."

Bergil led and Gandimir followed Illyya through the gate. There, Bergil handed the gun to Gandimir and went into the walled shelter to the left of the gate. Gandimir tried firing the gun at the wall as he had seen Illyya do. Nothing happened. He looked at Illyya with more than a touch of fear.

Bergil led two horses, one grey, one burnt sienna, out from the shelter. He gave the reins of the brown to Illyya. "This is Gandimir's horse, Harod. Ride him with skill and confidence and he will bear you well." He himself swung up into the saddle of the grey with an all too casual motion calculated to impress. "This is Felarof, named after the Father of Horses. He is as strong-willed and swift as a *mearas* of Rohan, as a royal horse who will allow himself to be ridden only by kings."

Illyya could see Bergil placed a high value on both the horse and himself. With an exaggerated air of competence, Illyya mounted Harod. He quieted the nervous horse, leaning forward and whispering a few low words in arabic while caressing the horse's neck.

Illyya turned to Bergil who had retrieved the gun from the nervous Gandimir. "You also seem to be a good horseman, Illyya Kuryakin," Bergil said. The two men smiled at one another.

"I am many things, Bergil son of Beregond."

The two cantered side by side along the road from the Wall to the Great Gate.

THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR

The mist was well above them now and thinning to translucency. Green fields and small huts flanked the road. Ahead, still obscured by the mists, rose the dark shapes of the mountains. The dew-embossed grass was beginning to ripple over the roots of the mountains when Illya noticed the low, stark, naked mound of black earth.

Bergil noticed his charge's interest. "These are the Fields of Pelannor. Here, twenty-three years ago was fought the siege of Minas Tirith. There--" he pointed at the dead mound, "the Nazgul King slew Theoden, King of the Mark; and was in turn slain by Theoden's sister-daughter Eowyn and the Halfling Prince who had taken service as Rohan's King's squire.

"And there--" Bergil pointed toward a spot southward, near a turn in the river, "Rohan's new king, Eomer, and Gondor's returned king met in friendship against our foes as Aragorn himself had promised: 'Though all the hosts of Mordor lay between us.' I wager the King will wish he had had a few weapons such as yours at the time he fought here."

Illya rode on in silence wondering what great conflict had brought kings here to fight and die.

The mist was absorbed by the morning sky. The sun cast everything into sharp three dimensional reality. Where there had been dark shapes, now appeared mountains in white silhouette against the cobalt sky. Whiter than the Ered Nimras was the city carved into and built out from those mountains. Seven-leveled and seven-walled, it rose like a mountain pruned by a hard race of men to a place to live. It reminded Illya of medieval fortress towns he had seen in Italy; but harsher, stronger, as if its people had more to fear than warring princes confined to secular greeds.

"Minas Tirith."

On the seventh level stood a defiant tower of silver and pearl. More than a hundred feet it rose clean into the sky. From its battlements flew the flag of tree and stars, with a crown.

"That is the Tower of Ecthelion, our goal. There Aragorn Telcontar holds court."

The Great Gate to Minas Tirith was on the eastern face of the wall surrounding the city proper. An eastern thrusting ridge of stone divided all levels, save the first, into two halves, so the route to the seventh level swung south and north, each time passing through a narrow arched tunnel pushed through the natural barrier.

Finally Bergil led Illya out of the last of the shadows and reined in before the seventh gate. Bergil dismounted to meet the black surcoated guard who stepped forward. While his escort discussed the disposition of the horses, Illya swung off Harod's back and looked through the high arch with its royal visaged keystone. Bergil swept by, caught Illya's arm and led him across the white flagging of the courtyard.

The Russian was fascinated by a small grass park with fountain in the center of the paving stones. By the fountain grew an adolescent tree, silver leaved and green, with a crown of white blossoms ruffled by the morning breeze. The tree seemed odd amid the ancient architecture surrounding it.

Two more black cloaked guards swung open the tower doors. Bergil and Illya brushed through and down a long passageway. Bergil slipped inside the tall polished

THE RETURN OF THE THING

metal door at the passage's end. Interminable minutes passed. Illya and the guard of the door stared at one another. Finally Bergil pulled open the door.

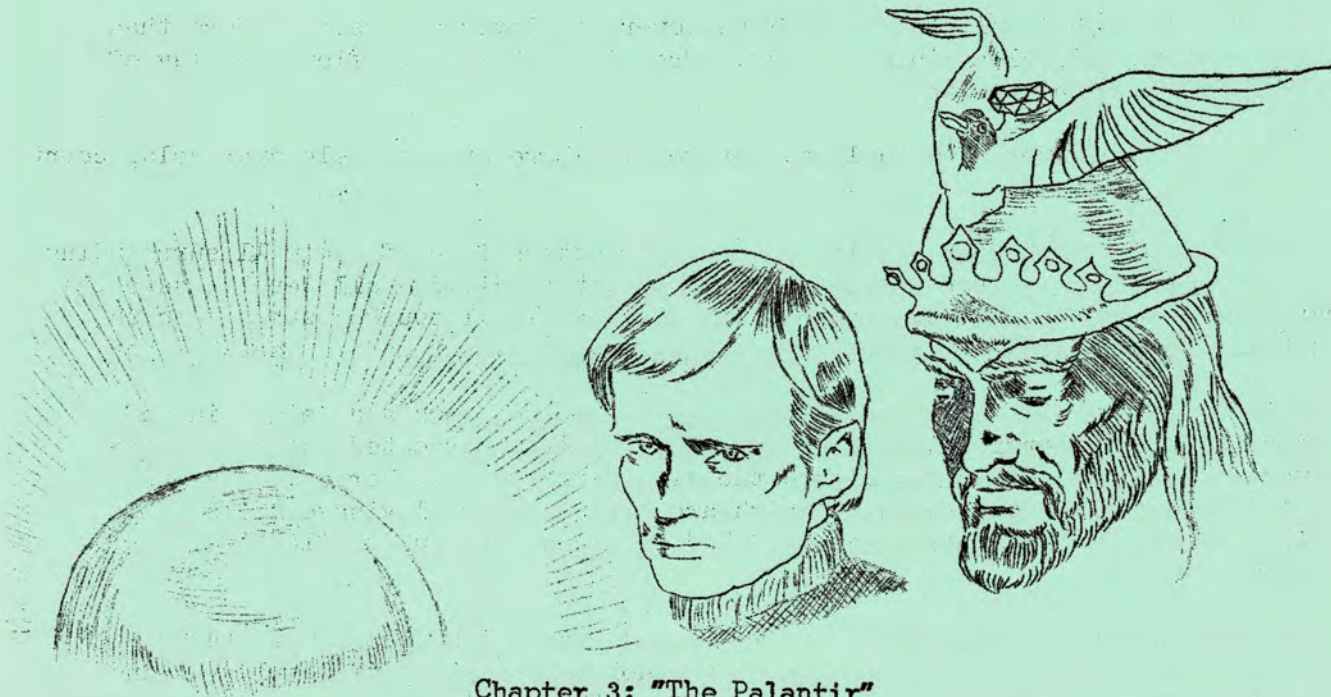
"King Elessar has been awake all this past night looking into the palantir. A threat to the two realms has appeared in the East, and he has been seeking aid through the seeing stone. He thinks you may be that help come to Gondor. Follow me; the King waits."

Light dropped through high windows into the long hall. No wall hangings absorbed the light as it splashed around the tall monolithic pillars of black marble and warmed the somber statues of former kings who watched from between the high columns. Footsteps echoed off the walls to be lost on their way to the dark ceiling.

First Illya noticed the low black stone chair on which sat a middle-aged warrior. Across his knees lay the U.N.C.L.E. special. In his right hand he held a white, golden-knobbed staff. Then Illya looked at the marble canopied dias behind the stone chair. Under the canopy was the high throne. On the throne sat a man.

On the man's weary head was a crown of silver with pearl wings, with seven diamonds set in the circlet, and with one flame-like jewel at its summit. The man's forearms rested on his knees. His hands cradled a dark crystal sphere. He looked deep into the stone at the glow in its elusive heart.

The warrior rose from the stone chair at the foot of the dias and stopped Bergil with the knob of his staff. Illya walked forward, up the step, onto the dias. The King's face turned upward. The eyes of Illya Kuryakin, section II agent for the United Network Command for Law and Enforcement met the eyes of Aragorn Telcontar, King Elessar of Arnor and Gondor.



Chapter 3: "The Palantir"

The face was that of a man in his forties; the eyes of a man twice that age. The eyes examined Illya's clothes, his poise, his face, and seemed to bore into his mind.

Chapter 3: "The Palantir"

Illya is questioned by Aragorn. Asked just what it was he did in his own world, Illya replies with a brief history of THRUSH and the U.N.C.L.E.-THRUSH conflict (for those readers who don't know from U.N.C.L.E.). The explanation is in simplistic terms that Illya feels the King will understand. (see McDaniel's *DAGGER AFFAIR*, pp. 87-91)

It seems a century ago in the great western nation of England, one called The Professor* arose to turn his genius to spreading a net of evil across that nation and the neighboring western lands. The Professor was to turn his attention to the new world across the western seas when one rose to oppose him. Through sheer will power, the other thwarted the Professor's schemes. Finally the two met in mortal combat and, by the narrowest margin, the Professor was thrown down.

But the lieutenants of evil he had created lived on after him. They set up THRUSH to enslave the world. Many conflicts at the turn of the century hid THRUSH's early activities as it quietly grew in strength and extended its power. Only a few men realized that a metanational force threatened the world. They too recruited and worked in secret, planning a great counter-strategy network to preserve law and order. After a second global conflict, these men came into the open as the U.N.C.L.E. Twenty years of secret conflict has served only to create a balance of power. U.N.C.L.E., which had the disadvantage of starting on the defensive, is slowly tipping the scales of history its way. And Illya is a soldier in this behind the scenes war, hidden from the majority of the peoples of the world.

Aragorn understands all too enthusiastically for Illya's taste. Aragorn is sure Illya is the one sent by the Valar (?) to help The Two Kingdoms, to save all that is fair in Middle Earth from falling into unrelieved darkness. Illya, who was looking for help himself, is put off by this. He doesn't know what Aragorn is talking about when he says Illya is like the hobbits were in the War of the Ring. (The parallel being Illya's innocence [in Middle Earth terms], his inner strength, and the fact he is an uncalculated factor in the struggle.

Aragorn hands Illya the palantir:

"The unexpected weight drew Illya's eyes down into the stone. It seemed as if the great hall around him was dissolving into sheets of upward rushing blue. An elusive spark pulled Illya ever deeper into the stone, falling ahead of him through matrices of blue-, indigo-, violet-crystal until it struck bottom, splashing outward in a spray of light, of lines that fell back upon themselves to form a face.

"The face was old and exhausted beyond age and belief. It belonged to a race that could have been gods had it not chosen to accept the responsibility of the agencies of younger races that followed it; the youngest of all, the one blessed by death, that knew itself as men.

"Illya passed through the merging grey-blue eyes with the ease of light slipping into clear water. And something in Illya twisted, became a bubble of Olorin's thought, a bubble on whose surface was played a charade of history; a drama of emotions--of hope and despair--that is usually fettered in dead details."

What follows is a running synopsis of LotR told from Gandalf's point of view. Simultaneously, with flow of information from Gandalf to Illya, some of Illya's memories leak the other way. Interleaved with the Ring synopsis is a story of Illya's childhood. Starting with the repeated cry of AWAKE! FEAR! FIRE! FOES! AWAKE! we cut to July 1941 and a village less than 100 miles from Stalingrad awaiting the Germans. Illya's father goes off to Stalingrad. The Germans come. Winter comes. His mother dies (and Gandalf dies). Illya tries to trek across the Russian

*Professor, with its implication of knowledge of and mastery of natural law, comes across as warlock or male witch.

THE RETURN OF THE THING

winter country in search of his father. The Russians are beginning to break through into Stalingrad. Illya, hungry, wrapped in a greatcoat taken from a dead German, fatigued, faints in the snow. As the eagles--and a peasant family finds the half-dead Illya and tells him the Russians are chasing the Germans away--Illya slumps unconscious to the floor of the great throne hall in Minas Tirith.*

For background, see Alexander Werth's *Russia at War 1914- 1945*. Part five deals with the Battle of Stalingrad. Of particular interest are pages 484-89 of the chapter of "Stalingrad Close-Ups." (Reference to the Avon edition)

*Illya's failure to reach his father was due largely to lack of preparation. The guilt he felt was one of the reasons he became determined to master any situation he might find himself in. It is a memory he keeps to himself.

Chapter 4: "The Council of Aragorn"

Illya wakes in an apartment in the citadel. Bergil, who has been detailed to guard and guide Illya, tells him that the King is holding council, waiting only Illya's presence to start.

Aragorn, Faramir, Eomer, and old Beregond are the chief personages present at the council. Meriadoc Brandbuck, present in Minas Tirith on a visit with the King, is not told of the council. The king does not want the news he is to reveal to get back to the Shire. It might make Sam feel that the entire Quest with Frodo had been meaningless.

Beregond is first to speak. He tells how, not many days before, along the road from Minas Tirith to Osgiliath, rode a warder of Ithilien lashed to his horse. The man was dead from torture and morgul-blade wound. Burnt onto the skin of his beast was a message, a challenge.

Beregond brought the body to Faramir, who sent a messenger to Rohan, to Eorl and King Eomer. Faramir and Beregond brought the body to Minas Tirith. Eomer galloped into the city the following night.

The challenge was to Aragorn. In mocking tones, it recalled the Challenge of the Witch King to Earnur that resulted in that King's death and the start of the rule of the Stewards in the South. This, too, was a challenge to single combat between King Elessar Telcontar and the one who signs himself The Dark Wraith. The combat to take place "by the inland sea" the following March on the anniversary of the supposed downfall of the Dark Lord, Sauron.

Illya sees the note as some kind of scare propaganda but is disturbed by its implications. The King is all for going to the combat. The others advise against it; Faramir having no desire to re-establish the rule of the Stewards. Illya suggests a scouting expedition to discover just what is happening, and to discover the identity of the Dark Wraith.

After much discussion, the idea is approved. Illya and Bergil are to ride off into the East, discover the nature of the threat, and report back to Minas Tirith by January. (It is now early October, the close of Indian summer.) Since it is assumed the threat lies in Mordor, and the sea mentioned is dark Nurnen hid deep within two files of guardian mountains deep within the slaggy guts of Mordor, Bergil and Illya will be, in part, re-tracing the steps of Frodo and Sam's Quest.

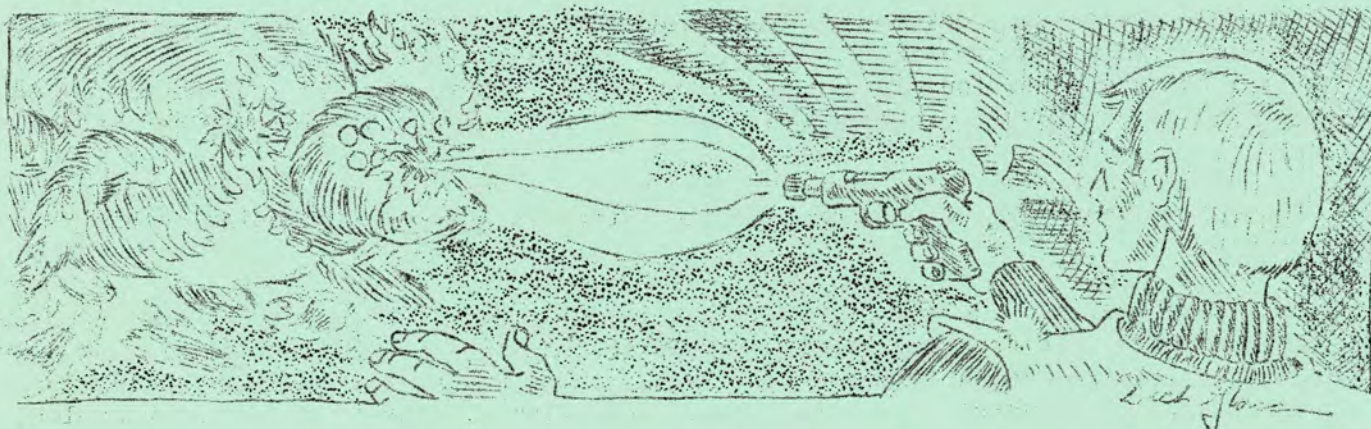
Two mornings later, the two men from Gondor ride northward on the road. As the day grows old and they near Osgiliath, fog begins to cover them. They set up a damp

THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR

gray camp on the island. As they fix dinner, they hear furtive cloppings of a horse whose rider is sneaking close upon their trail. Illya crouches out of sight with his U.N.C.L.E. special, Bergil pretending to be a simple King's messenger.

As the figure on horseback draws near, he hails Illya and Bergil by name. It is Meriadoc, who laughs at the two men's fear of him, remembering back when he frightened Frodo and Sam and Farmer Maggot. He heard about the Quest and wants to see Mordor for himself. He is welcomed into the company.

SECTION II: THE TWO POWERS



Chapter 5: "The Flight to the Fjord"

Meanwhile Napoleon Solo is over the pole on his way to Oslo as an U.N.C.L.E. courier. He has the window seat. Seated next to him is an old man, who has fallen asleep. Napoleon can't sleep; Illya's death is still gnawing at his mind. Besides he has to go the john, but doesn't want to wake up the old man, who showed a remarkable tendency earlier to run off at the mouth with a candor and a monotony Solo does not want to start again. Finally he gives in. The old man wakes and mutters indelicate comments at Solo's back as he goes down the aisle. As the passengers all wake and stare at him, Napoleon tries to keep his cool by thinking to himself: *After all, I am a secret agent. I could be going there to send a secret message that would save the world.*

Making sure that Napoleon has entered the john, the old man seems to fall back asleep. Actually he sends a little electronic signal that discharges the gas pellet he had previously planted in the head. The gas gives Napoleon the symptoms of a stroke. The old man then tells THRUSH Central N.W. Europe that phase one of plan to capture the Oslo courier is complete; to have the ambulance and doctors waiting.

He then requests a few guards, just in case. The plan has netted THRUSH a bonus--and quite a feather for the Oslo satrapy's cap--Napoleon Solo.

Chapter 6: "Shelob's Lair"

The small company sets out early the next day toward Mordor. At the close of the second day, they come to Cirith Ungol and the Mordor end of the Morgul vale. It is a landmark, a sight and perhaps a clue can be found to the new activities of the Dark Wraith. The decision is made to camp in Cirith Ungol for the night.

The tremblings that caused cave-ins throughout the circuitous crypts of Shelob's domain no more killed her than did the near mortal thrust of Sting. She was a

durable evil; she who in ages past escaped the drowning of the elf lands. She dwelt and swelled in darkness across the centuries, feeding on orcs and men brought from nearby Cirith Ungol. But then Mount Doom loosed its fires and the land trembled and the Dark Lord was thrown down at his moment of triumph. And no more food was thrown into Shelob's lair.

Finally, desperate, she who hated the sun and moon ventured forth one overcast moonless night in search of food. She was attracted to the tower where some scattered chaff of Sauron's forces had encamped. Two, the lucky ones, died; others were paralyzed with the spider's venom and kept to assuage later hunger; one fled to the roof where he starved in fearful madness.

For Shelob was weakened by the wound from Sting and from hunger, and was made indolent from fresh feasting. She did not drag her unwilling food back to her lair; but deep into foundations of Cirith Ungol. There she hid from Sun and Moon and fed on any unwary creatures who were foolhardy enough to sleep in her parlor.

This night, the light from the fire had kept her from her repast. But now flames drew back into the embers and the watcher's head fell sleeping on his breast.

Illya wakens. He sees Merry fallen asleep by the fire. And he hears the sound of something soft dragging itself through the night. An orbit of eyes in the doorway reflects the death of the fire. Illya yells, waking the others. Shelob leaps the fire. Merry whirls a glowing branch into flames. Bergil leaps after Shelob, pricking her from the rear to draw her away from Illya. Bergil drops to the side. Shelob jumps at Merry. He throws the burning brand at her eyes. She lands in the embers, scattering them about the hall.

A false dawn starts to grow in the East. Shapes and shadows feint and fade in the half light as Illya grabs up his U.N.C.L.E. special and waits for a clear shot. Finally the moment comes. Armour-piercing bullets tear through her eyes, ripping the bloated sack of her body. This time Shelob is dead.

But as the three companions stagger from the stench of the hall into first glow of true dawn, Bergil spots a high, silent-flying, black-winged shape.

Chapter 7: "The Plateau of Gorgoroth"

Illya, Bergil and Merry press on into Mordor, heading southeast across the plateau of Gorgoroth, past the corpse of Mount Doom. As they trek across the lava flows, the mix-mastered geology of Mordor, they notice the silent high-flying shapes pacing them day by day. It seems too easy, too pat to Illya. Because the last threat came from Mordor, it was assumed that "the inland sea" in the challenge referred to the Sea of Nurnen in Mordor. Yet it could also refer to the Sea of Rhun, northeast of Mordor. The message was intentionally misleading. Once any advance force was sent out, a second, more clearly worded message would draw the King, unguarded, into the Wraith's trap. And Illya's party is being deliberately herded southward, away from their real goal.

Chapter 8: "The Black Gate Closes"

The three walked about face and head north, hoping to leave through the now shattered Black Gate. They find a large force of men and orcs (alerted by the high flyers) waiting for them. Illya's discourteous guerrilla tactics and his U.N.C.L.E. special give the walkers a slight edge. The battle is finished hand-to-hand, and

THE TENTH NAZGUL AFFAIR

the walkers carry the day. They find, about the neck of the leader of the scouting band, a brass collar on which is crudely embossed a circle and the words: *One Ring to rule them all!*

Book Three: "THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE WING"

Chapter 9: "Out of the Frying Pan and into the Fire"

Meanwhile, back in Oslo, Napoleon Solo is having fun eluding the THRUSH people trying to kill him. He is, at the end of the chapter, overcome by superior minds and captured.

Chapter 10: "The Road to Rhun"

Meriadoc is sent back to tell Aragorn what information has been gleaned to this point. Illya and Bergil don the accoutrements of two of the slain Orc soldiers and continue northward to the Sea of Rhun. They meet another band of marauding Orcs, blend themselves in, slay them one-by-one in a long night march, then question the survivor.

Chapter 11: "The Gathering of the Clouds"

Illya and Bergil force the surviving Orc to take them directly to the Wraith's camp. They come out upon the western shore of the Sea of Rhun. They see on the eastern shore high cliffs dropping almost directly to shore. Using his telescopic sight, Illya scans the far shore. At the top of the cliffs are great A-frames from which hang heavy weights. Next to the A-frames are winch structures for winding the weight back up to the top of the cliffs. Leading back from the frames are long, slotted ramps. On the ramps, dragon-like gliders, gravity launched from the cliffs to catch the updrafts from the Sea.

Chapter 12: "A Conspiracy Unmasked"

In trying to get to the gliders, Illya and Bergil are captured. They are taken before the Wraith.

The Wraith's story: As Barad-Dur fell and Mordor shook, one lone orc soldier was separated from his band. For days he wandered, eating plants and what carrion meat he could find. He stumbled across one of the lava flows from Mount Doom. There he found a melted lozenge of gold: THE ONE RING! The Ring whose sole purpose is to protect itself. The Ring, which drained the power from all other rings into itself in an effort to survive, and almost succeeded. Not knowing why, the orc dug out the melted lump and hung it on a chain about his neck.

The Ring forced him to travel out of Mordor into the wooded northeast where the orc could survive. The Ring drew enough power from the life-force of the orc to draw back to itself the weak and impotent shadow of Sauron. For years now, Sauron has grown stronger. He has planned and built. Had the dragons lived, he could have still won The War. Now he is ready to unleash his new secret weapon of Air Power and bring the lands of the West under his dominion.

Book Four: "THE HABIT--or--THERE AND BACK AGAIN"

Chapter 13: "A Shot in the Dark"

Napoleon Solo awakens in a basement storage room with a gun-wielding woman standing over him. She has two large toughs with her. He is very tied up, very weak from both drugs and physical punishment; he is most completely trapped by THRUSH. His witty sayings and masculine charm avail him nothing. There is no way he can be rescued. The woman has him kneel in front of her. The sound of a shot fills the room.

Chapter 14: "The Departure of Sauron"

The imprinting of middle earth history on Illya's mind was more than it seemed. He has been possessed by Gandalf. From out of Illya rises Gandalf, from out of the orc rises Sauron. The two battle pyrotechnically. (As they battle, the gliders are launched.) Gandalf wins, dispersing Sauron. Illya concludes his hand-to-hand-with the orc. Gandalf orders Illya to take the ring; he is innocent in this world and will not be harmed by the short exposure.

Chapter 15: "The Clouds Burst"

Now all Illya has to do is take the one glider Bergil prevented from being launched to keep the Dark Air Force from reaching the West. Some he shoots down, but he is wasting shells. He maneuvers the rest into the rising thunderheads. But he himself flies too close and is trapped within the thunder. Whirled down toward certain death, he passes once more through a blast of white lightning.

Chapter 16: "The Scouring of the Satrap"

Illya awakens behind a crate in the shadows of the basement in Oslo. He reorients himself, listening to the exchange between Solo and THRUSH agents. As the THRUSH agent is about to execute Solo, Illya rises from behind the crate and fires. Solo faints.

Solo awakens, sees Illya's face bending over him. "You were dead, you know," Solo says accusingly. Illya has no answer to this.

"Where the hell have you *been*?"

"There and back again."

Solo digests that for a moment, realizing he will never know more. "Don't make a habit of it," he says, and lapses back into unconsciousness.

-----the end-----

little teenies

by tom digby
& tom locke

Tom Locke:

Maybe the computer was right, but what do you do with sour mouse milk, amputee centipedes, stolen bees, and ant rustlers. I'll just settle for the Little Teeny Eyes, and leave it at that.

Tom Digby:

Clearly amputee centipedes require Little Teeny Wooden Legs while stolen bees and ant rustlers are matters best left to the police. I don't know about sour mouse milk, but I've heard that the drivers of the mouse milk trucks are demanding hazardous duty pay because children often think the Little Teeny Mouse Milk Trucks are toys and pick them up off the street and run home to play with them. Also, normal size housewives can't write notes small enough to fit into empty mouse milk bottles.

PROBABLY SOMETHING, but not: A HERD OF BROWN MICE FOR CHOCOLATE MOUSE MILK presents

LITTLE TEENIES

First, of course, is the Mouse Milk Dairy. Everything about it is Little Teeny, from the hands that milk the mice and the milking machines that may someday take over the job, to the milkmen who get Hazardous Duty Pay....

Q. Why are Little Teeny flying saucers never reported?

A. They're all disguised as Coke bottle caps and whenever anybody tries to report a flying bottle cap he just gets laughed at.

Q. How do you keep from wasting the water from a dripping faucet?

A. Put in a Little Teeny hydroelectric plant.

And you need....

Little Teeny anti-aircraft guns for shooting mosquitoes.
Little Teeny stewardesses for model airplanes.
Little Teeny orange crates for shipping pollen grains.
Little Teeny churches for praying mantises.
Little Teeny protractors for measuring the angle between the hydrogens in a water molecule.
Little Teeny totem poles for ants.
Little Teeny lion tamers for doodlebugs.
and Little Teeny teen-agers if your local high school is overcrowded.

Tom Locke:

And you need: Little Teeny matches for the Little Teeny teenagers to burn their Little Teeny draft cards with. And Little Teeny film for the Little Teeny cameras the Little Teeny FBI men use--and Little Teeny x-ray machines to fog up the Little Teeny photographs. The Little Teeny draft cards are issued by Little Teeny draft boards--and Little Teeny bulldozers to clear away the Little Teeny wreckage when the Little Teeny draft boards get stepped on. And you need Little Teeny highway commisioners to condemn the Little Teeny draft boards that don't get stepped on so that Little Teeny freeway, can be built.

YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY EYES FOR READING LITTLE TEENY PRINT LIKE YOU NEED LITTLE TEENY LICENSE PLATES FOR BEES. WOULD YOU BELIEVE, FLEAS?

Yes, believe it or not, they actually have Little Teeny license plates for FLEAS. It's like this. Scientists studying the behavior of fleas must identify the individual fleas. They do so with Little Teeny license plates--in actuality, the chips from punched IBM cards. The chips are either blank or have a 0, 1 - 8 or 9 on them. They come in several different colors, so quite a few fleas can be studied at one time. They put a little dab of glue on the back of the chip and paste it on the flea. No kidding! "Hey, professor, did you get the number of the flea that bit me?"

The teleporting maiden & the telepathic cat

by Tina Hensel

There was a gifted maiden,
Don't ask me where she's at,
Who decided that she wanted
A telepathic cat.

She asked her current boyfriend
If he would try to find
A pretty Persian kitty,
That could read an abstract mind.

He managed to obtain one,
Don't ask me where or how,
That could scan your mind and know
Just what you're thinking now.

So she thanked her erstwhile lover,
And disappeared from view,
Leaving friend bereft, alone,
With echoes of a mew.

The teleporting maiden
And the telepathic cat
Enjoy themselves pursuing
A psychedelic rat.

THE COMBINATION TO SILVERLOCK

BY BRUCE PELZ

Here, begun six years ago and dropped for lack of time, is the Exegesis to John Myers Myers's Silverlock. Insofar as possible, the references will be quoted directly from reference books. Books used so far include:

1. Benet, William Rose. The Reader's Encyclopedia. 1st ed. Crowell, 1955.
2. Cross, Tom Peete and C.H. Slover. Ancient Irish Tales. Holt, 1936.
3. Encyclopedia Britannica, 11th ed. Cambridge U.P., 1910.
4. Entwhistle, William J. European Balladry. Oxford U.P., 1939.
5. Graves, Robert. The White Goddess. Farrar, Strauss & Cudahy, 1948.
6. Hart, James D. Oxford Companion to American Literature. Oxford University Press, 1956.
7. Harvey, Paul. Oxford Companion to English Literature. Oxford U.P., 1946.
8. Magnus, Leonard. The Tale of the Armament of Igor. Oxford U.P. 1915.
9. Mythologies of All Races. Marshall Jones (Boston) Pub., 1918.
10. Stevenson, Burton. Home Book of Quotations. 8th ed. Dodd, Mead '56.

=====

CHAPTER 1

- Page 11 - Naglfar: "The ship of the Scandinavian giants, in which they will embark on the 'last day' to give battle to the gods. It is made of the nails of the dead...and is piloted by Hrymir." (Benet:755).
- 13-- Great Silkie: "...the Shetland superstition that seals become human and have human children (The great Silkie of Sule Skerry, 113)." (Entwhistle:237)
- 13 - Maelstrom: "Descent into the Maelström, A, story by Poe... . A Norwegian sailor and his brother are trapped in their fishing boat, when a hurricane draws it into the fearful Moskoeström, a whirlpool that periodically forms and subsides. Whirled about the inner verge of the gulf, they face death, and the elder brother becomes insane. The other sees that, of the many objects in the grasp of the whirlpool, small cylindrical ones are least likely to be destroyed, and, lashing himself to a cask, he jumps into the sea. When the Moskoeström subsides he floats to safety, and is rescued by fellow fishermen." (Hart:190)
- 13 - Commonwealth: "The Commonwealth of Letters." Addison, The Spectator, No. 529 (1712). (Stevenson:1157).
- 14 - O. (=Orpheus): "A Thracian poet of Greek legend, son of Apollo and Calliope, who could move even inanimate things by his music. When his wife Eurydice died, he went into the infernal regions, and so charmed Pluto that she was released on the condition that Orphe-

us would not look back until they reached the earth." (Benet:805)

- 14 - Widsith: "A poem of 143 lines in Old English, so named after its opening word. It is included in the 'Exeter Book.' Widsith, a wandering minstrel, belonging to the Myrging tribe, speaks of his travels and the kings he has heard of." (Harvey:849).
- 14 - Amergin: "...the chief bard of the Milesian invaders...of Ireland, in the year of the world 2736 (1268 B.C.)" (Graves:171).
- 14 - Demodocus: "A minstrel who, according to Homer (Odyssey viii), sang the amours of Mars and Venus in the court of Alcinoos while Ulysses was a guest there." (Benet:288).
- 14 - Boyan: "...a bard, endowed, either metaphorically or in popular credence, with the power of transformation so common in Slavonic legend... ." (Magnus:xlvi).
"...the Slovo o pluku Igoreve calls the minstrel Boyan 'the grandson of Veles.'" (Mythology of All Races: III,300).
- 14 - Taliesin: "The earliest and greatest but perhaps legendary Welsh bard... . He is mentioned in the Idylls of the King by Tennyson, and is prominent in The Misfortunes of Elphin, by Thomas Love Peacock." (Benet:1096).
- 14 - Goliath: "GOLIATH, BISHOP. Mythical patron of the Latin student poets of the Middle Ages, celebrated in their gay and often licentious verse for his intemperance and immorality." (Benet:444)
- 15 - Delian: (Apollo) "DELIA, a festival of Apollo held every five years at the great panegyris in Delos." (Britannica: VII, 958).
- 15 - Academy: "The Greek school of philosophy founded by Plato, so called from a garden planted by Academus where Plato taught his followers." (Benet:5)
- 16 - white whale: "Moby Dick is a ferocious white whale, who was known to whalers of the period as Mocha Dick." (Benet:730)
- 18 - Othroerir: "The Aesir...formed the being Kvasir, who was so wise that to every question about anything he could give the right answer. He went everywhere instructing men, until the dwarfs Fjalar and Galarr slew him, and collected his blood in the kettle Odrörir and in the vats Son and Bodn. They blended honey with the blood, and so formed the mead of which whoso drinks becomes a skald. In this tale, and in one of the Havamal passages, the vessel containing the mead is called Odrörir; in the other Havamal passage it is the mead itself that is so called." (Mythology of All Races, II, 53-54).
- 19 - P'eng Lai: "The most delightful abode of the Immortals is, however, 'The Three Isles of the Blest' ...P'eng Lai, Fang-chang and Ying-chou." (Mythology of All Races: VIII,114-115). [From a Chinese myth.]

CHAPTER 1

Page 19 - Emne: "Without grief, without sorrow, without death,
Without any sickness, without debility,
That is the sign of Emne--
Uncommon is an equal marvel." (Cross:589)

19 - river ploughing through ocean: "Alpheus was in love with the nymph
Arethusa; she fled from him to the island
of Ortygia...and he was turned into a
river...pursued her under the sea, and,
rising in Ortygia, he and she became one in
the fountain hereafter called Arethusa."
(Benet: 26)

CHAPTER 2

Page 28 - Circe: "A sorceress in Greek mythology who lived in the island of Aeaea."
Aeaea: (Benet:213)

CHAPTER 3 (and from here on, we wing it. Only the first 2 chapters were thoroughly
researched and published.)

Page 32: footprint on beach: Robinson Crusoe

36: "probably the most marvelous craft that ever floated was a raft, but it
cruised a river." (Huck Finn's raft, which shows up later, doesn't seem
to fit. Any other suggestions?)

37: Deryabar: (Arabian Nights?)

37: Ever After Peninsula (?)

37: Pike County: Pike Co., Penn--center of much of U.S. folklore

37: Boss of Arden: Shakespeare, "As You Like It."

37: Utgard: Norse Giant land

37: Adamastor's Haunt: Cape of Good Hope; (Benet 2nd edition)

38: Ilium: Troy

38: Carlion: Caerleon, Wales (Arthurian cycle)

38: Thebes: in Macedonia, not Egypt

38: Valentia: ?

38: Parouart: Paris (Francois Villon)

38: Argos: Greece, source of Argonauts (Jason and Golden Fleece)

38: Troynovaunt: London

38: Gotham: New York, or the home of the Three Men who were Wondrous Wise

38: Red Branch: Irish myth; hangout of the Fenians

38: Swallow Barn: ? [Don Fitch: For "Swallow Barn" in your *Silverlock* key, try
Hereward the Wake; Swallow was Hereward's horse...a remarkably ugly but
miraculously speedy animal.]

38: Headlong Hall: ? [Don Fitch: *Headlong Hall* is the title of a novel by T.L.
Peacock, but may be derived from an earlier reference--I've not read
the book & so can't place it in the *Silverlock* context.]

38: Watling Street: Old Roman Road of Britain

38: Broceliande Forest: Faerie Queene

38: Warlock Mountains: ?

38: Long River: ?

SALLY CRAYNE:

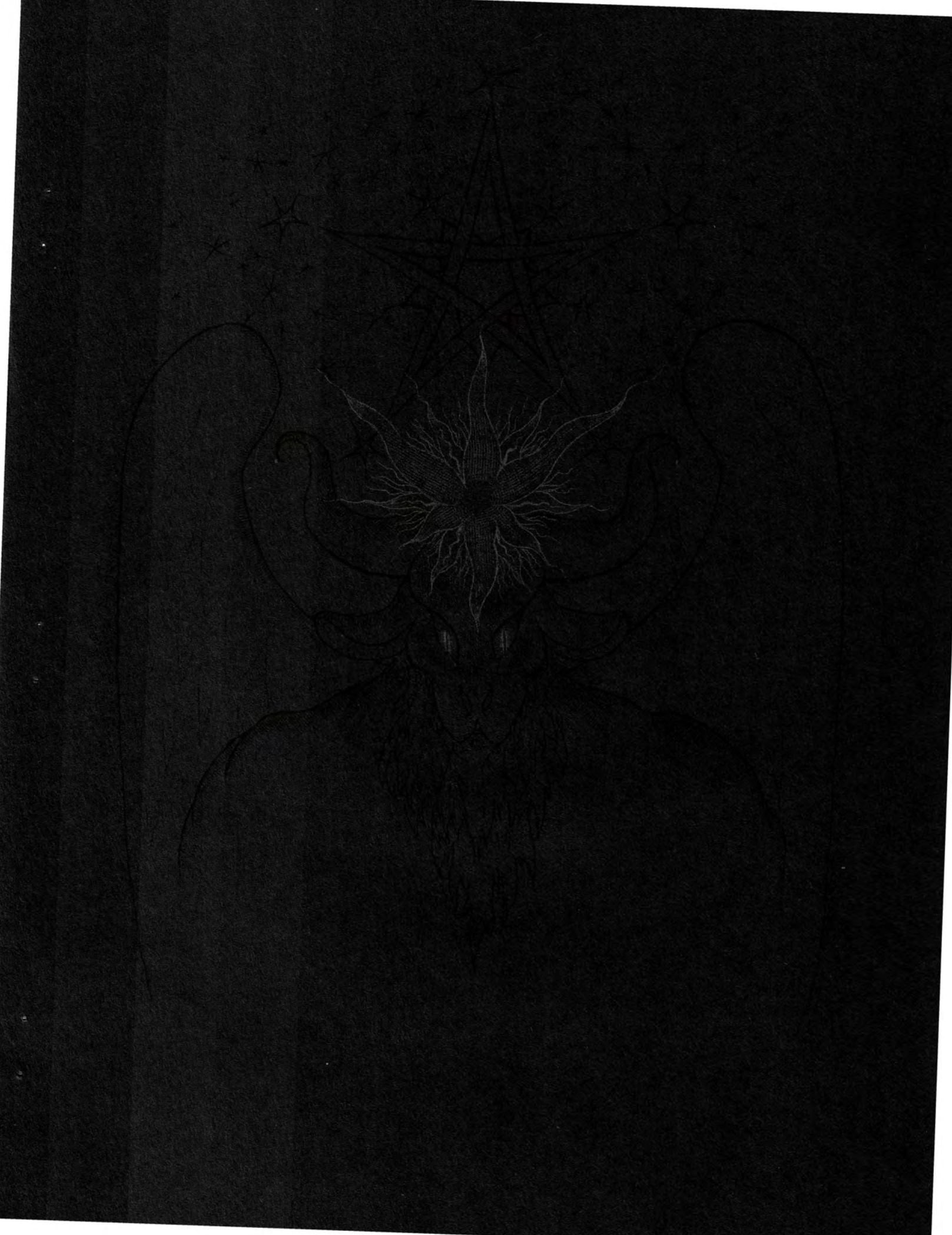
All Hallows' Eve

is upon us, in the strange celebration Americans give it. Next Monday all the urchins in all the suburbs across the land will put on plastic masks and pajama-like "costumes" (witch, pumpkin, princess, all look the same, produced by the same company) to parade from house to house, collecting goodies. All-hallows itself is, as far as I know, not observed at all--or is it still a Church holiday? ?? The evening before it has so far lost its terror for common people that they encourage their children to wander freely through the black, untroubled by wights, warlocks or other forms of Evil. For Halloween, like other sorts of cultural artifacts that have lost purpose for most of us, keeps its toehold in folklore and in childrens' games.

So I am thankful for Fallow-e'en (sic). It provides one of the few chances today's children of our rationalist age have, to believe in Things and Beings mystical, without being suspected as withdrawn maladjusts by the Authorities. Sure, those of us who grew up with fairy tales, (*Green-Blue... Fairy Book? Alice?*) developed our own sense of fantasy; but not everyone can learn to enjoy reading when weaned on a germ-free diet of Dick and Jane...Is there anyone among you who did *not* spend your childhood in a different dimension than your contemporaries, that of imagination? ... And the only other institutionalized exercise of fantasy that most kids encounter, i.e. religion, is yearly becoming more rationalized. Protestantism always did try to reduce the inscrutable to manageable size (all mysticism being centered in God's unknowable will); and now even the God-concept is being abstracted out of existence by most theologians. Result: the churches are as barren of imaginative constructions as the rest of modern American society.

At least once a year, though, we still make a courtesy propitiation of the Powers for wrong that can and do shape our lives (whether we acknowledge them or no); we bribe the small goblins that come to the door, so that they may leave our house in peace. This night some of them can almost believe in real goblins walking among them--"Hey, who's that wearing the pointy green head? Doesn't look like any kid around here!" ## Perhaps it's to the good that we don't believe, nowadays, that evil can be conquered by appeasement, by burnt offerings or temple ceremonial. But, in rejecting the easy solution, we seem to have rejected the problem as well: to borrow a phrase, we refuse to acknowledge the *beingness* of uncontrollable, non-rational evil. From the post-medieval progressive view that man can improve himself as well as his environment, has grown the American hope of conquering all wrong. And for a cutting rebuttal of such millennialism, read Hawthorne's short piece, "Earth's Holocaust."

The ancients were wiser than we credit them, in fearing dark things that swoon, spirits of the dead, covens of witches that flaunted all ethical restraints. They were, in a sense, using the trick of mind called "externalization," though, for these fantasies of evil home inside our minds. In the night of our dreams, we are indeed haunted by unnamed terrors, hag-ridden by dead parents--all the more so because we believe we can talk them away with the incantations of psychiatric jargon. Perhaps Fallow-e'en should, then, be rededicated to the somber admission of these immeasurable darks within each of us; should become a sort of group catharsis by terror. Imagine! See, and believe the fantasy of truth made all too solidly real: **your self's nightmare will fly from within, "where the shadow lies," to hover the earth on All-Hallows.** Enjoy your evening of pumpkin-spiced holiday while you can: It will return.





by Tom Digby

The girl had just seated herself in the bus when the FFI pendant she was wearing on a chain around her neck buzzed. She opened it and held it level, allowing the little needle inside to point directly at the young man sitting across the aisle and a little ahead of her.

"I wonder where I'll meet him," she thought to herself. A month later she had almost forgotten the incident when the man reminded her by moving into the apartment three doors down from hers and introducing himself one day when they happened to meet beside the building's swimming pool.....

He was standing in front of a newsstand looking at the covers of the magazines when he heard the familiar buzz. He pulled the FFI unit out of his pocket and watched the needle track a couple walking past. A few weeks later one of the men in his office quit and was replaced by the man he had seen walking down the street. A week or so after that he and his wife were invited over for dinner and a bridge game.....

The FFI--Future Friend Indicator--was a little gadget that looked something like a dime store compass but did not point North. Instead it would point to any person not then known to the bearer who would in the not too distant future meet him and become friends. No one knew exactly who manufactured them, how they worked, or why the buzz that announced a future friend was near could be heard only by the person carrying the thing and could not be picked up by any kind of microphone. Investigations were started from time to time but got nowhere. Someone took an FFI apart and found only a "compass" with a non-magnetic needle and a false bottom concealing a folded slip of paper covered with meaningless symbols. Duplicates built by researchers would not work although the originals did work and, according to surveys, worked accurately. Letters were written to the editors of science fiction magazines and other publications about "symbolic psi machines" and other esoterica but nobody paid any serious attention to them. Sales (at about 50¢ each) continued and eventually almost everybody had one.....

He was in an elevator when his wrist FFI buzzed and pointed to a pretty secretary who had just gotten on and was in the process of rummaging through her purse. She pulled out an FFI, looked at it and looked at him. They immediately made a lunch date to discuss when they probably would have been destined to meet if the FFI hadn't introduced them prematurely.....

He was sitting at a crowded lunch counter when a large Negro man sat down beside him. Both FFI's buzzed and they were soon discussing how the things seemed to be pointing out many more "future friends" than they used to and it had gotten so that you introduced yourself immediately instead of waiting for when you would have met, and how some people were saying that the things actually made friends by introducing people. They both noted that their respective circles of friends seemed to include more people of varied backgrounds and racial and ethnic groups, and that it may have had something to do with the fact that the last few summers had seen fewer riots and other such troubles than previous years. And they STILL didn't know where the FFI's came from.....

In a deep cavern that had no connections leading to the surface because entrances are liable to be found and you don't need them when you have teleportation, a number of Things clustered around equipment that looked as if it had been sculpture stolen from a far-out art show or something. They stared into the oil slick that spread swirling rainbow patterns over the few inches of water that covered the floor and were pleased. According to the colors around the legs of a large brightly luminous junk sculpture the FFI gadgets they were distributing were working as planned. People had gotten used to letting the devices introduce them to each other until the Future Friend Indicators were functioning more as Friend Makers. The selection criteria had then gradually been adjusted from neutral to somewhat xenophilic and the resulting new acquaintances seemed to be slowly wearing away the xenophobia present in so many humans. According to the latest extrapolations the natives of this planet were considerably less likely to destroy themselves than before, and by the time they developed some form of interstellar conveyance with their weird technology it would be reasonably safe to allow them to spread into the civilized galaxy.....

Gronk

by Sally Crane

I bark at you all from the labyrinthine depths of my miserable HACK! sea of congested phlegm, also known as chest cold. "Muddle through, OHOH!" the beamish conscience replied last night to the stay-at-home-ish will. "Faugh!" the will replied back.

You-alls are thus spared the planned, ahem! , program for the week which was to be a preliminary expedition into ~~Darkest Value-Judgment~~ my personal ethics. Otherwise known as philosophy, the sickly bastard of opinion. (All will now burst into a chorus of "All's for the Best in this Best of All Possible Worlds.") I'd begun a second draft even--but that was yesterday, and yesterday's gone. And today is Thursday, from which not much can be expected under the best of circumstances. After all, how much can be done with a day that's colored brown?

Ah yes. Mondays are maroon, Tuesdays are light blue, Wednesdays are kelly green, Fridays are glossy black (sometimes bordering on cor-flu blue), Saturdays are golden canary yellow, and Sundays, white shading to grey in the evening. The key of A major is red. September is rust brown, October is oyster, November is lead-colored. But a brown day--that's simply unworkable, fit only for getting through and washing out with LASFS-shaded nepenthe as it ends.

STORM OVER PUPPYBISCUIT

BY Len Bailes

"But what has the puppybiscuit got to push against?" I said heatedly to Don Simpson at Kal's after last week's LASFS meeting.

"Huh?" Bjo gasped in surprise, turning around in the next booth and staring perplexedly at our table, all of which was nodding in acknowledgement of my sage remark.

"The universe which we are postulating," I explained, "contains only five elements: chicken fat, puppybiscuits, galvanized roofing nails, Irving and Tuesday."

"They have to be galvanized you know, or the chicken fat would corrode them," Don added helpfully.

"It's sort of feasible," I continued, "if you think of the chicken fat as a medium of dispersion in which the puppy biscuit is suspended. Below the biscuit are the roofing nails, and above, everpresent in a never ending Tuesday is Irving."

"The puppybiscuit would be flat, you know," said John Trimble.

"Yes, and the courageous mariners would bravely sail off the biscuit's edge into a sea of chickenfat, trusting in Irving's wisdom that He would not condemn them to be impaled for eternity on the roofing nails," Don added.

"Hell of a way to spend a Tuesday," said John.

"yes, but that *still* doesn't solve the problem of what the biscuit would push against."

Bjo emitted a nervous giggle and turned around again. She was shivering.

I sent Bjo a copy of this and received the following reply:

"...I have a mental image of what the science of geology would be like on the planet Puppybiscuit...."

"Sir! The Fleahole Project can drill no further into the center of the earth!"

'Whyever not, Frizbee,' the kindly-eyed but brittle-voiced old geologist snapped at his fresh, young assistant.

'Because, sir, we seem to have come upon a core of...of...'

'Well, man! Speak up!'

'A core of...galvanized nails, sir....'

'Wonderful! Wait until Crottle hears of this! Him and his vaunted kibbles theory!' The old man wanders off, chuckling senilely while his beautiful young daughter falls into the waiting arms of the assistant...." --Bjo

And I suppose it's beating a shtick into the ground, but I can just see an epic fantasy world built upon this shimmering miasma of chickenfat which emerged from the fertile (although, I suspect, over-taxed) brain of Don Simpson. Call it "Slaves of Irving" or something like that. A daring swordsman from a parallel timetrack (where it's always Thursday) slides in on a cloud of schmaltz and courageously battles his way through the biscuit to impale a savage race of black warriors on the roofing nails.

Fantastic Implications

In folklore, there are people and other creatures with the supernatural property that they can go out during daylight but that they will not cast a shadow in sunlight. They do not normally appear transparent but I wonder what a person would see if he looked in the direction of the sun with his eyes in the space where the shadow would be if one were cast. Since other observers would see his face as being in full sunlight, I wonder if he would see the sun shining through the shadowless person, or if there would be one of those occasions where the supernatural causes observers to differ. Perhaps the person trying it would feel sunlight on his face but would not see the sun. The question then comes up as to whether the sunlight actually passes through or whether there is a shadow but nobody can see it, or maybe the being is actually transparent to all light and his visibility is an illusion. This would cause such a being to be not photographable, as sometimes happens in stories. If it is a supernatural illusion, and a person in the 'shadow' does not see the sun, he could get a retinal burn by looking at what appears to be shading his eyes. Has anyone ever heard of this happening?

If the being has the supernatural property that light that has been generated by a star (including the sun) will pass through it without change but light which has undergone one or more reflections will not, and you are on good terms with one of these beings, you might be able to see the stars in daytime by having him cover your eyes, thus causing the sun and stars to appear free of scattered light. If you were entering a strange solar system you could perhaps find planets by seeing which "stars" will not shine through. On second thought, maybe he won't cast a shadow in moonlight, either, which means that he rejects only light that has suffered reflection within the atmosphere.

--Tom Digby

The Blackguard Pub Crawl

by

Bruce Delz

The idea was to begin with a bar--or any reasonable facsimile that served various kinds of alcoholic drinks--whose name began with "A" and to drink in that bar as many different drinks beginning with "A" as we could think of (and stomach).

Around 7pm we set off, all 14 of us, in various conveyances. Dian and I took the Craynes in the Ox, the Scribe rode with Dave and Betty Pollard in their car, J.G. and Helen went in the Beast, Kali took Owen, Hilda, and Joyce in Shadowfax, and Tedron rode alone on Sir Rodney. (The Ox is a big blue Econoline van, in case you don't know it, and its full name is Babe the Blue Ox. You can ask the others about the names of their cars and motorcycle.) We met at the first bar, Audrey's Hideaway, and the Crawl was on.

The waitress at Audrey's was very pleasant, and was quite delighted with the idea of a Double-Alphabetical Pub Crawl. She dutifully took down the orders, carried the drink book we'd brought with us over to the bar so the bartender could see how some of the weird drinks were supposed to be made, and enjoyed the whole proceedings. We managed only six different drinks beginning with "A" but they were good, and cost only 85¢ each.

When we started for "B" we hit some snags. The Blue Angel West was our first choice, and it was quite uncooperative--turned out later, on checking one of Owen's reference books, that it's a gay bar. The Back Stage was closed. At this point the Pollards gave up and went home, driving the Scribe back to the Fan Square Mile on their way. We were down to a slightly more manageable 11 people. About 2 blocks from The Back Stage we found The Blarney Stone, and struck paydirt again. This time we sat around the bar, taking up all but two or three of the seats--the bar is attached to a restaurant, which was doing a fairly good business. The bartender used our book again, and this time we came up with 9 out of 10 drinks different (Hilda abstained). The bartender clued us in on our "C" bar, which was a couple blocks away! The Canyon Room, where we managed 7 different drinks out of 10. (Owen sat this round out; Joyce had coffee, and I dunno whether that should count.) After that--and after watching and listening to a new juke box that shows a film presentation of each record (I invested my two bits in "Quando?" by a pair of twin sisters from Germany who were on "Continental Showcase" all the time last summer; name escapes me.)--we went back to the car to consult the phone book.

Our fourth entry in the Crawl was the Door o'Gold, and it met with mixed reactions. It was one of the tight-packed neighborhood bars with a piano bar playing mawkish numbers (and singing in a whiskey-tenor) and a couple fairly obvious operating B-girls. They wouldn't make any complicated drinks--or any uncomplicated ones, if the bartender didn't know them already. So we settled for three different drinks, the quality of which is disputed by various participants--i.e., I don't like Daquiris that taste like straight lime juice, and Dian does.

The fifth attempt was The Embers, where, after a *lot* of wheedling, Dian talked them into making us some El Presidentes. They were terrible. This was the only place where we had ID problems: Hilda got stopped, had no over-21 ID, and couldn't stay. The waitress then asked the other femmes for ID; Sally chortled gleefully. Surprisingly, Kali[at 19] had no trouble whatsoever, probably because of the suitcoat and sport shirt he'd worn. I suspect Hilda might have got by in clothes less far out than she was wearing. Anyway, only seven of us had the El Presidentes, as Owen, Joyce and Helen also abstained.

We tried for F next. The first attempt, the Flames (I think; my notes run out about here) was a Co-Go joint, and we decided it wasn't worth trying. We were sure the bartender wasn't going to be interested in wasting his time with us in that kind of place. So we headed for another F, several miles away. When we got there, it was right across the street from a 24-hour market, and we decided we were hungry, so we called time out for a past-midnight snack. Several members of the group called it quits and headed for home about this time, and the remainder finally staggered (not too noticeably, since it was a long night for five drinks) to the F bar (name forgotten). The waitress refused to fix anything weird when we asked, so we left. I admit Dian may be right in saying we should have ordered our drinks without asking if they mix weird ones, but it was too late, by that time. (The waitress *had* agreed to get Dian a half-gin, half-vermouth drink, without caring that it was a Fifty-Fifty). At that point we realized that it was after 1:00 in the morning, and the bars would all be closing in another hour. So we decided to quit right there for the night. We would take up the crawl again some other time and in some other place--beginning, not with F, but with the E that was so unsatisfactory.

Encounter

by Len Bailes

The laziest fan in LA slept on the couch.

There was a knock at Fred Patten's door.

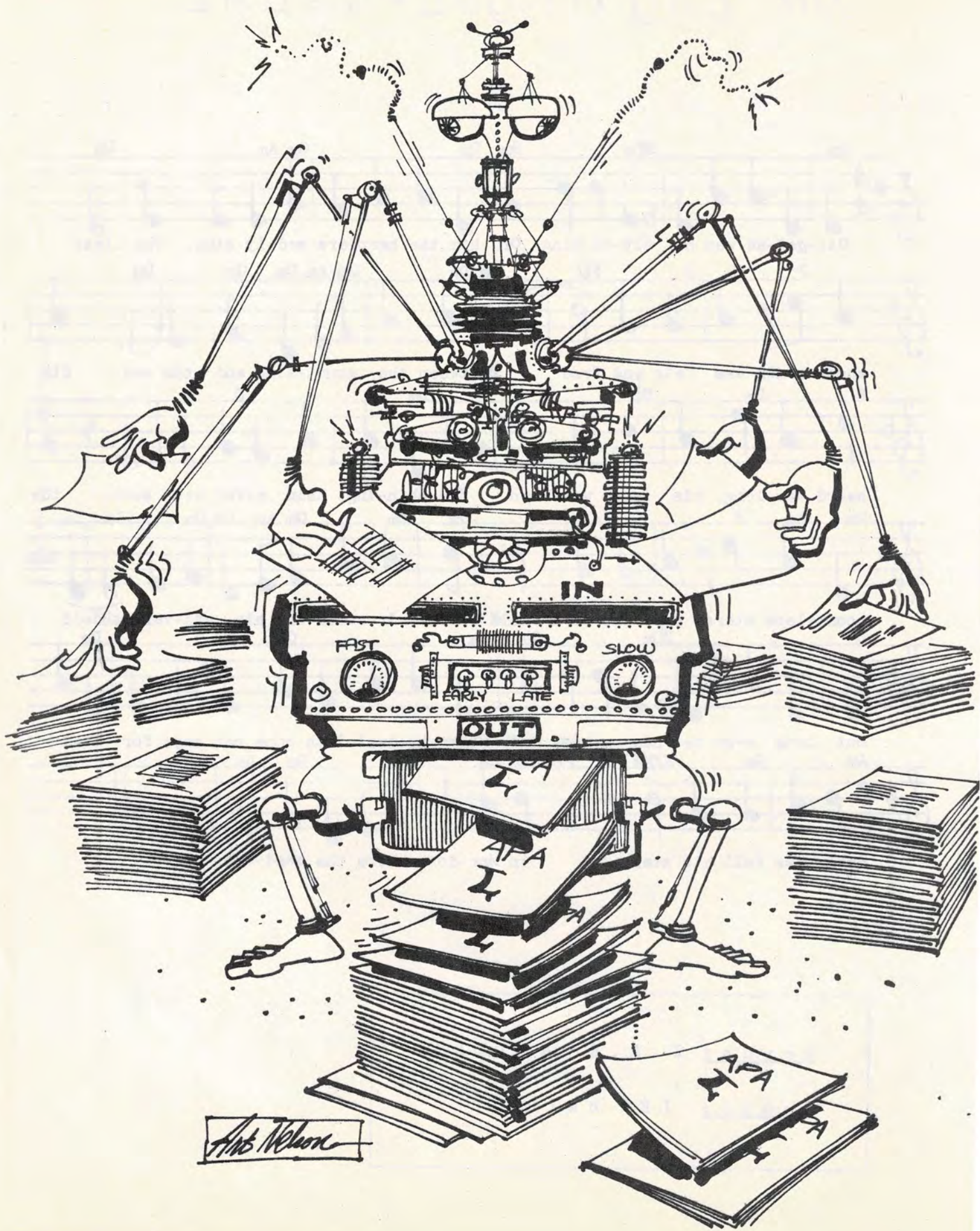
I stumbled into some clothes and opened the thing. A sweet, little old lady was standing on the porch. Before she said a word, I knew what was coming by the telltale magazine in her hand. I pride myself on being able to get rid of Jehovah's Witnesses in less than five minutes time, and wondered what approach to use this time.

Since I was still sleepy, what I actually did was reach into my pocket, fork over a dime and smile sweetly. "I'm aware of the many wonderful things your organization does, ma'am. Now do you think you could get your goddam foot out of the door and let me sleep?" I said politely.

"You *do* believe in God?"

"Yes, ma'am. I see him in my dreams every night." I softly closed the door after accepting the magazines.

As I folded The Watchtower into a paper airplane, I decided that next time I'm going to have a little fun. Now it's silly to argue with them or to be overly rude, but it might be fun to throw a religious pitch at them before they get a chance to start their delivery. So the next time a Jehovah's Witness knocks on my door, I'm going to smile sweetly and tell him all about Scientology.



Art Nelson

THE LAY OF GIL-GALAD

Gil-gal-ad was an elv-en king. Of him the harp-ers sad-ly sing. The last
whose realm was fair and free Be-tween the mount-ains and the sea His
sword was long, his lance was keen His shin-ing helm a-far was seen; the
count-less stars of heav-en's field were mir-rored in his sil-ver shield
But long a-go he rode a-way, and where he dwel-leth none can say; for in-to
dark-ness fell his star in Mor-dor where the shad-ows are.

Words: J. R. R. TOLKIEN

Music: LEN BAILES

ARTLESS ARTWORK

BY

OWENMHANNIFEN

Up here in this corner is
BRUCE PELZ, the director of
the LASFS who is running
his political machine against
Dwain Kaiser, and he is saying

"Will no one rid me of this troublesome Marshmallow?"

And here...

and here...

and here...

and here...

and here are members running towards the door with toasting forks.

INSTITUTE FOR DEMENTED

JOINERS OF INCREDIBLE

TRASH

Part 2

CONGRATULATIONS!

YOUR BEING THROWN OVER
BY _____

ADMITS YOU TO MEMBERSHIP
IN THE BURGEONING
Society of Old Has-Beens

Congratulations! _____

Your name has been added to

THE CHART

as a Single } connection
 Double }
 Multiple }

CONGRATULATIONS!

YOUR TOTAL LACK OF SUCCESS
WITH _____

ADMITS YOU AS A MEMBER OF
*The Association of Old
Never-Weres*

MEMBERSHIP IN THE WILD
AND FUN-FILLED

KAISER KICKER

KLUB HAS BEEN CONFERRED
ON _____ BY

BRUCE PELZ, *founder*
BJO TRIMBLE, *inspiration*

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

IS A GENUINE

GALACTIC OBSERVER,

FIRST CLASS
 UNATTACHED

DON FITCH, CMNDR.

DATE

This card attests that

is registered with

Fanzine Collectors Uninc. as a

COLLECTOR
 ACCUMULATOR
 COMPLETIST
 SUCKER

BRUCE PELZ, CHMN

I sort of wish you'd explained about those membership cards, especially to Dwain. On looking at them, it seems as if I was the instigator for the "Kicking Kaiser" card, when in fact I wasn't at all. I was the inspiration, I guess, in that I once said that fans were such joiners of groups that if someone issued a Turd-Kickers membership card, everyone would join. But that is my entire connection with the whole thing. I think it's about time Dwain was retired as family buffoon; why not give him a chance to be more than that.

Obscure References Department

by Tom Digby

In an essay on dreams he had had over the years, Mark Twain tells of a love letter from a dream sweetheart, in dream language. It reads, "Rax oha tal," and translates as "When you receive this, it will remind you that I long to see your face and touch your hand, for the comfort of it and the peace." Very little other information on this language is given except that it is much more compact, at least when writing love-letters, than English. I wonder if the phrase "Rax oha tal" might be appropriate for some greeting cards, closings of letters, buttons, etc. Mark Twain stated that there were other examples in his notes, but they were not included in his essay.

Poem

by J G Newkom

for what time is better spent
than that time used in silent reconstruction
of the thoughts of others?
what could be more interesting
than the fiendish occupation
of fathoming the true intent
of useless statements; artifices
used by fans to mask their real intentions?
and there will always be a use for understanding--
for to speak reality
seems somehow libelous;
sometimes scandalous;
and usually
unimaginative.

MEMORANDUM

[by Tom Digby]

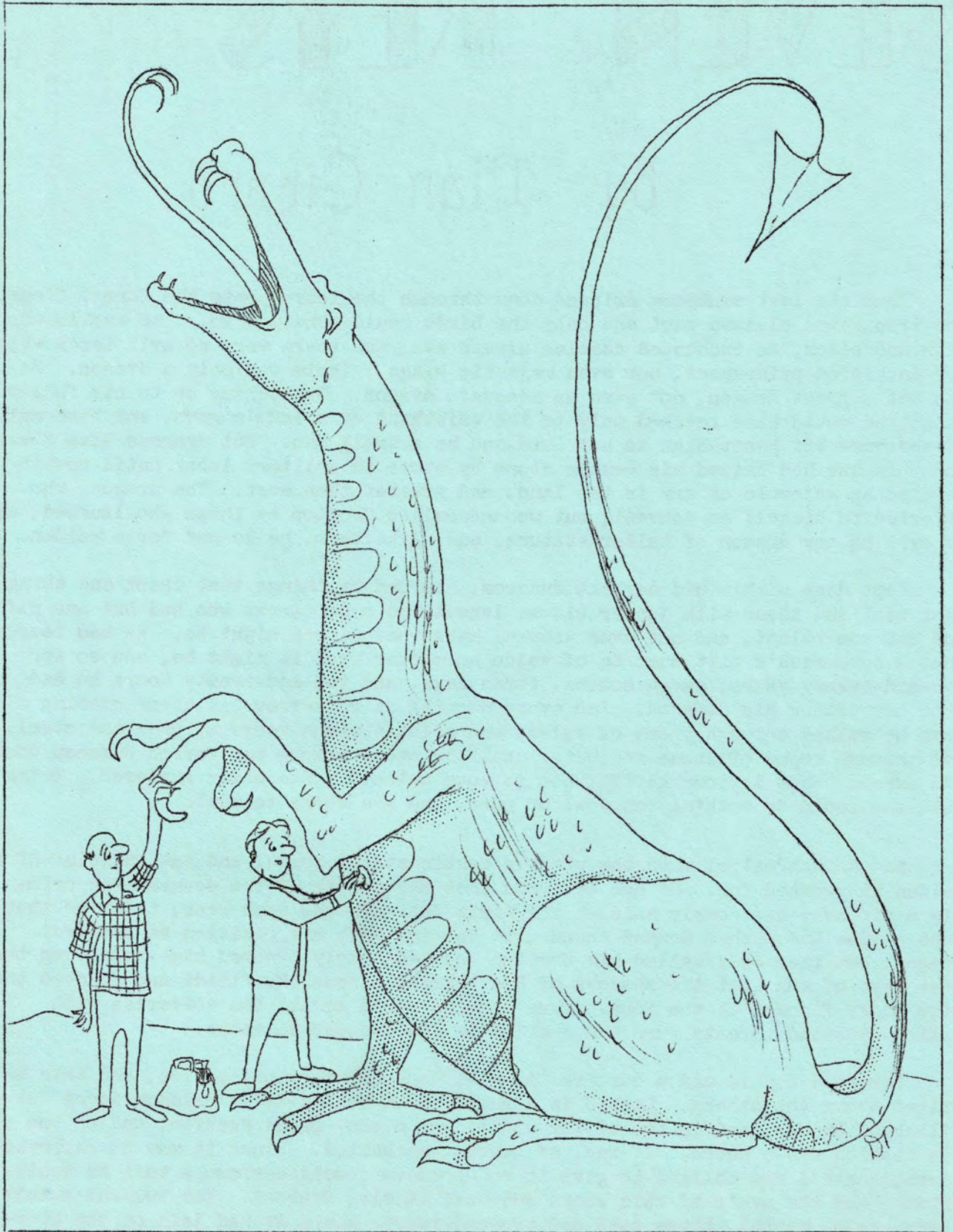
TO:
All Employees

SUBJECT:
Elevator Usage

FROM:
Building Management

It has been brought to our attention that many employees are in the habit of taking an elevator when going up one or two floors but using the stairway when going down a similar distance, thus generating more "up" elevator trips than "down" elevator trips. This has led to the accumulation of large numbers of surplus elevators on the roof while depleting the stock of elevators stored in the basement to a dangerously low level. On occasion this has required maintenance personnel to walk up to the top floor and ride elevators down in order to avoid the possibility of running out of elevators. In addition, emergency purchases of elevators for immediate delivery to the ground floor have been necessary in extreme cases while at the same time surplus elevators on the roof were being sold to passing helicopters at scrap prices to make room for elevators arriving from lower floors. Needless to say, this is a wasteful and uneconomical situation.

Employees are therefore asked to avoid one-way elevator trips as much as possible and to balance their "up" travel with an approximately equal amount of "down" travel.



SEVEN KEYS

by Dian Girard

When the last sunbeams dripped down through the leaves onto the forest floor, the iron gates clanged shut and only the birds could come and go. The castle was high and black, as enchanted castles always are, but there were no evil lords within, nor enchanted princesses, nor even majestic kings. There was only a dragon. He was not a great dragon, not even an adequate dragon. Stretching up to his fullest height he would have reached only to the waistband of a lady's gown, and then only if she were but heart-high to her lord and he a small man. But dragons live forever, and this one had raised his castle stone by stone in solitary labor until now it towered as majestic as any in the land, and greater than most. The dragon, who referred to himself as Ashveal, but who was called Croptop by those who laughed, was as evil as any dragon of taller stature, and, like them, he longed for a maiden.

Kept deep within his darkest dungeon, guarded by things that crept and things that wept and those with jasper claws, languished a sorceress who had but one gift and but one talent, and not even Ashveal knew what either might be. He had reasoned that a sorceress's gift must be of value no matter what it might be, and so for two-and-twenty years, seven months, three days, and two-and-twenty hours he had kept her within his dungeon. And every morning at cock-crow and every evening at dusk he walked through rooms of velvet and gold, through rooms of onyx and steel, and through rooms of stone and water until he stood before her barred dungeon door and asked, "What is your gift? What is your talent?" She never answered. Being a cat, she could do nothing but yowl or purr, and she chose to purr.

And so Ashveal climbed the winding castle stairs again, and sat thinking of the maiden he yearned for. He had demanded that the people of the countryside bring him a virtuous and comely maid at the first fall of snow each year, thinking that such a time and such a demand sounded in keeping with his position as resident dragon, but they only called him Croptop and laughingly ignored him--save when the last rays of sun sent the shadows of his turrets across the fields and pointed them like angry fingers at the town. Then someone would recall the sorceress with yellow eyes and throaty purr who dwelled in the deepest dungeons.

Beside a castle and a captive, Ashveal had one other possession, and this he prized above the others. Locked in a purple room behind seven crimson doors was a pillar of bronze, and on top of the pillar was a gray-green cushion, and on top of the cushion was a sword. It was, of course, enchanted. Since it was an enchanted sword, Ashveal was obliged to give it to whosoever could perform a task he designated. And the magic of this sword was that it slew dragons. For two-and-twenty years, seven months, three days and two-and-twenty hours it had lain on the gray-green cushion, for it belonged to the sorceress with the yellow eyes. "Some day," Ashveal thought every day punctually at high noon, "someone is going to win the sword, and then he'll slay me, because that is the way such things always go." He was obligated; he owned a magic sword.

It was ten minutes past six in the evening when a proud and lovely woman strode into the tavern on the town square and requested lodging. "I am Stelora," she said in a throaty voice, "and these are my servants. Their names are Gnurl, Gnarl and Gnaw." The first had long fingers and jet-black nails, the second had hands and arms like the branches of trees, and the third had teeth. Stelora licked her lips and purred. She had yellow eyes. "I am from the seventh island beyond the daybreak, and I am looking for a man who will perform an impossible task." At this a young man with black hair and sea-green eyes stepped forward. He was a prince in disguise, of course, as all such handsome young men are. He had been looking for a beautiful young princess to wrest from deadly danger and marry. He had been vastly disappointed in his search. Even the dragon on the hill had only a sorceress and an enchanted sword. "What can I do for you, Milady?" he inquired, bowing low in his tattered doublet and ragged hose. (Disguised princes are always in poor repair.)

"You can win the enchanted sword from the dragon in the black tower and give it to me so that I may kill him and release the sorceress he imprisoned two-and-twenty years, seven months, three days and two-and-twenty hours ago."

"And if I cannot succeed," the threadbare prince asked. The lady fingered her necklace of gold and ivory, flesh and skin, then lifted her brows and smiled. Her three servants scowled and gazed at him through cloudy emeralds. Prince Tirol bowed low again. "I must have a magical servant to aid me," he said, "for that is one of the rules."

"You shall have one," said Stelora, "who is young as the moon, fair as a web, and soft as molten steel." She pointed up towards the black turrets of Ashveal's castle. "The sixth hour is now nearly cut in two. Go to the castle and ask for your task. Here is your servant." She shook one end of her long yellow sash and tumbled out a tiny woman with skin like alabaster. The molten steel poured from the woman's eyes as she wept. "Don't mind her tears," said Stelora, "she cries because her mother drowned in a brine-barrel, and her stallion has jasper eyes." The girl wept bitterly, and the rays of the dying sun shone through her body like light through a spider's gossamer. "Her name is Go-Hence, and is no use whatsoever. Nor is she. In the hill of yellow, where the valley is white and the tracks of your feet are like the odor of falling clouds, you will find whatever you are sent to get." She turned her back and brooded into the fire.

Tirol walked up to the gates of iron that shut off the castle from the outside world, and called out to the dragon. Go-Hence wept, and her tears fell into the moat like shot from a tower. The dragon appeared on the battlement and snorted fire into the wind. "Bring me seven keys to five locks that do not open," he said, "and you shall have my sword. Fail, and the mouse with the syrinx will have you in thrall." Without waiting for any answer, the dragon turned and swept in minuscule grandeur back into the castle.

"Now what do you suppose that meant," Tirol asked the girl. She only bowed her head and wept. Then a voice slid out of the air like drops of rain down a window-pane. "Who knows what a dragon means," it said. "I was a dragon once, and I never knew what I meant."

"And just who are you," asked Tirol, glancing about. "Oh," said the sliding voice, "I am the sorceress with the yellow eyes. I have but one talent and one gift, and I decline to reveal either."

Tirol sat down cross-legged on the ground, crossed his fingers and his arms and chewed his nether lip. "I thought you were imprisoned in the lowest castle dungeon."

"That's right," came the voice, "and so I shall be until someone wins the enchanted sword and slays the evil dragon. But," the voice grew sad, "the only one who ever comes to see me is the dragon, and he but twice a day, so I got tired of

standing about waiting for someone to come around. I answer to the call of the evil dragon at cock-crow and dusk, for I am his lawful prisoner, held in durance vile."

"I also thought," went on the prince, "that you were a cat and could only yowl and purr."

"So I am a cat," the slippery voice replied, "when the dragon comes around. I have a fearful affliction. When confronted by a dragon I turn into a cat; when around a cat, I become a dragon."

"That must be rather inconvenient," said Tirol, still chewing on his lip and now running his fingers through his ebony hair. "And when you're not a dragon and not a cat, what are you," he asked.

With a sparkle and a twinkle, and the sound of moths' wings, a girl with yellow eyes and saucy lips stepped out of the hedges. Tirol brightened considerably. "You are almost as good as a captive princess," he said, his heart singing. "Will you marry me, be my wife, the sweetheart of my youth and age, the comfort of my declining years, the rest my eyes receive from the troubles of the world?" The sorceress with the yellow eyes smiled.

"First we must find seven keys to five locks that do not open, or the mouse with the syrinx will have you in thrall."

Tirol shrugged. "The woman who came to the tavern said that whatever I wanted I should find in..."

"...the hill of yellow, where the valley is white and the tracks of your feet are like the odor of falling clouds," she finished for him. "That is my sister Stelora, and she is just trying to complicate things."

"But" protested Tirol, "her servants scowled at me through emeralds, and one smiled too widely at me. I think we had better look for the hill of yellow."

"Oh, all right," the sorceress snapped, "but you'll get us in trouble, just you wait and see." She turned and led the way toward the castle wall. "It stands to reason that the best place for a dragon to send someone would be where they would be sure to fail their quest, and the best place to put the object of a quest would be under lock and key--so here in the dragon's castle is the best place to look."

They trudged around the castle wall, walked through a hole made of moonbeams, and crossed a dank and icy courtyard where twelve ivory dogs looked at Go-Hence and didn't care. They walked up a curving staircase where a silver stallion with golden hooves stamped and reared on every step, and they walked into a ballroom where whispers spoke to one another from the corners. "Shouldn't the dragon have some sort of magic servants too," inquired Tirol, with his mind on the ethics of the quest.

"He does," said the sorceress with the yellow eyes. "He has the mouse with the syrinx, and he has the things that weep and the things that creep and the things with jasper claws. And he has Hither and Yon, who fetch and carry and do all his evil deeds for him. Hither stands as tall as the wind with a voice like salamanders under a rock, and Yon lives on crayfish he catches with his pointed tail." Tirol shuddered, and Go-Hence's tears sizzled on his boots.

After searching the castle with heart and hand, with fear and hope, they came to a hall that was painted white as snow, white as milk. In the center of the hall was a yellow hill of rings of gold, plates of gold, and gold that lay silent in anonymity. The sorceress with the yellow eyes smiled at Tirol. They worked until nearly dusk digging in the hill, but not a key nor lock did they find, and finally the sorceress with the yellow eyes went back to her dungeon to purr as Ashveal questioned

her. They worked again until nearly cock-crow, and the sorceress with the yellow eyes went back again to her dungeon. At last they had moved the great golden hill, and Go-Hence sat in it and wept. The sorceress slid her voice up and against and over and around the problem. "The only thing that is in the hill now is Go-Hence; there is nothing else. If Go-Hence is the only thing there, then she must be what we are looking for."

"But Stelora said she was of no use," protested Tirol.

"Seven keys to five locks that do not open are of no use, and they are supposed to be here. Since the only thing here is Go-Hence, she must be what we are looking for," insisted the sorceress with the yellow eyes.

"But there are supposed to be seven keys," retorted Tirol, "and there is only one of Go-Hence."

"Oh, all right," sighed the sorceress tiredly. "She is a woman and holds the key to men's hearts; she has a brain and holds the key to knowledge; she cries and holds the key to sorrow; she is worth nothing and is the key to futility; she cares about nothing and is the key to peace; she obeys no one and is the key to freedom; she sees nothing and is the key to disaster. You see," she finished brightly, "it all works out right enough if you try hard enough." And she wondered in her heart if Tirol saw the flaw in such a perfect plan.

"But what about the five locks," Tirol insisted.

"All you were sent to get was seven keys," answered the sorceress. "Let the dragon find his own locks if he wants them. Somewhere, beyond the wind and before the tides there are five locks that do not open that these seven keys fit--I've seen them--but we haven't the time now."

"You're quite right you haven't the time," sniffed an irate little voice. The sorceress yowled and Tirol looked at the dragon.

"I," said the dragon, "don't care about your silly solution. I am going to give you to the mouse anyway!"

"That's not fair!" said Tirol angrily. "Everyone knows that you have got to abide by the rules or the whole point is lost."

"What point?" snickered the dragon, and he stood aside for a tiny figure in orange snake skin to walk forward. The mouse twitched his whiskers and crouched low over his syrinx that called and whined and echoed the sighs of the dying day and the moans of banished night. Tirol closed his eyes and felt as cold as the frost on the hills of Rapture. Then there was a spring and a leap, and a yowl and a cry, and the music stopped. The sorceress with the yellow eyes flicked her tail and licked her whiskers.

"So much for your mouse," said Tirol. "And here is your solution, whether you want it or not. I am going to get my sword." He pushed Go-Hence toward Ashveal and walked stiffly upstairs, while the sorceress considered the dragon. On the top of the stairs he paused and looked back at Ashveal. "I made a bargain to give the sword to someone else, so slaying you is not my problem." He shrugged his shoulders. "I've fulfilled a quest and succored a fair damsel, and anything else will have to be worked out without me." He went on out of sight.

Ashveal considered the sorceress and then he considered Go-Hence. Then he flicked his tail sadly and lowered his head. The tears from his eyes bounced across the floor and sizzled into the molten pools of Go-Hence's sorrow.



The Flickering Man

BY

BILL GLASS

AS HOWARD THURLOW

I had an idea for a character for a Philip K. Dick story. I called him The Flickering Man. There is this man who hates paradoxes. He also has a time machine. So he goes back to find himself as a youngster. He shoots his younger self through the head. Nothing happens. So he hops back into his time machine and goes home. Then he becomes slightly perturbed, because his friends can almost see through him.

Now, if he shoots his younger self, his older self cannot exist. If his older self does not exist, he could not shoot his younger self. If he did not kill his younger self, his younger self grew up to build the time machine so he could be killed. Our hero cannot exist. He also does exist. A paradox.

He flickers. For one finite interval, he does not exist. This sets up a time strain so that he does exist. Which in turn sets up a strain, so...So he flickers. He looks more solid than the spokes of a spinning wheel, and feels just as solid, but light goes dimly through him.

The metal in his time machine also flickers. He uses it as super-fast switches in a circuit in his office. Normally the strobe effect is so that the light is on when he is on, and he is perfectly normal. But, if threatened, he flicks a switch so the lights are on when he is off. He disappears. He is in the dark but invisible.

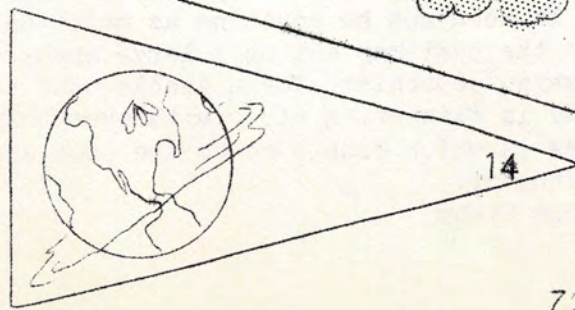
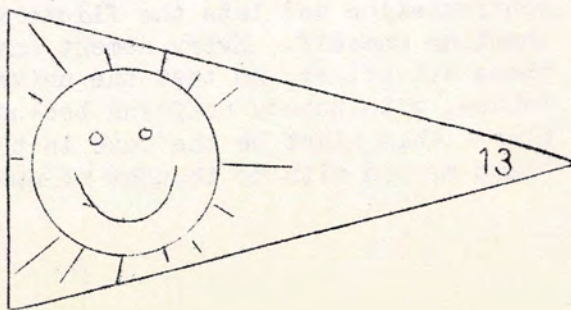
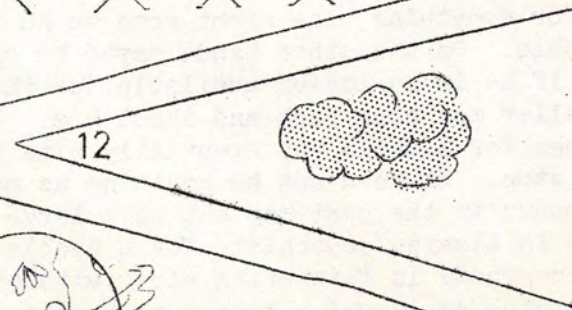
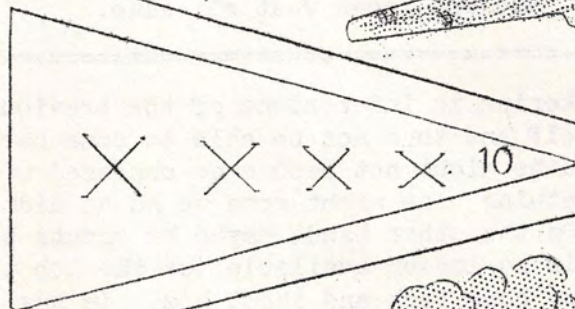
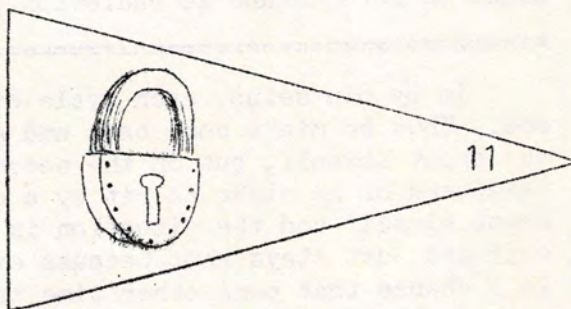
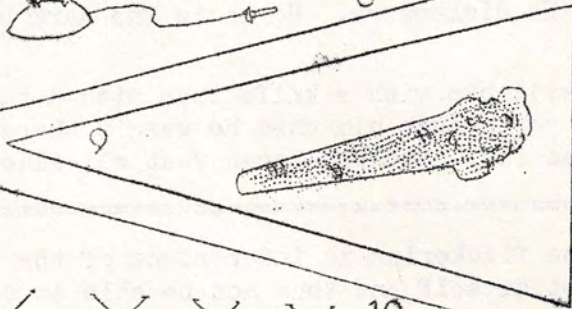
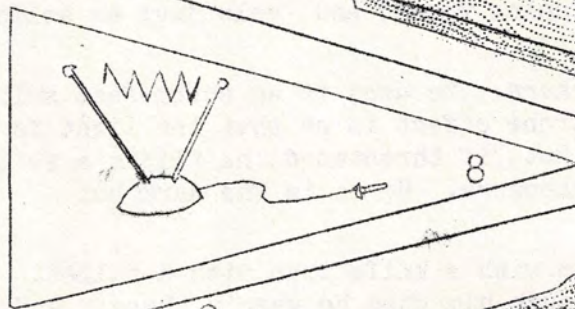
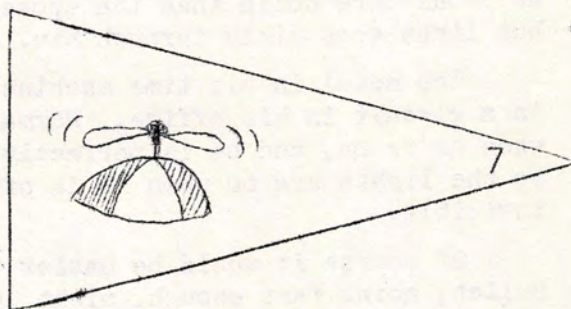
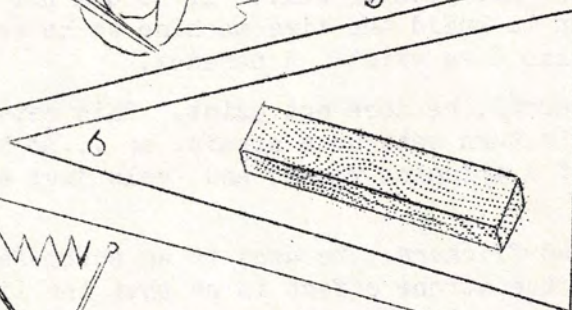
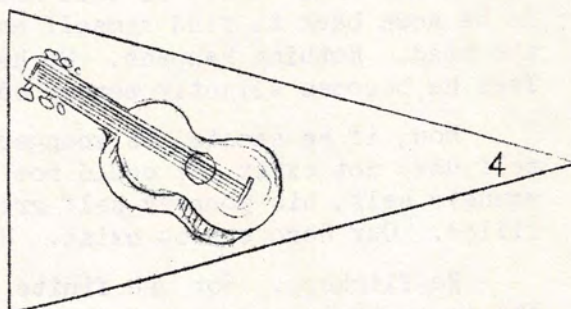
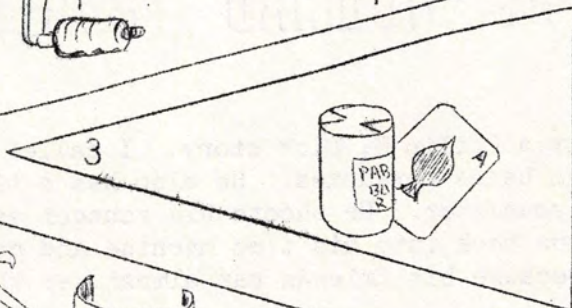
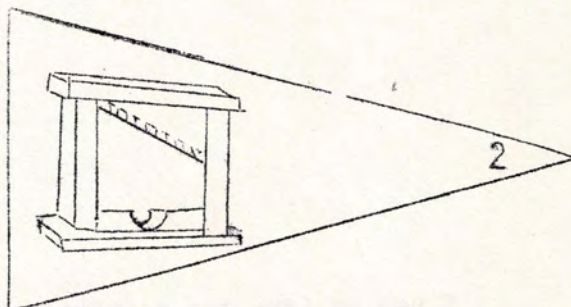
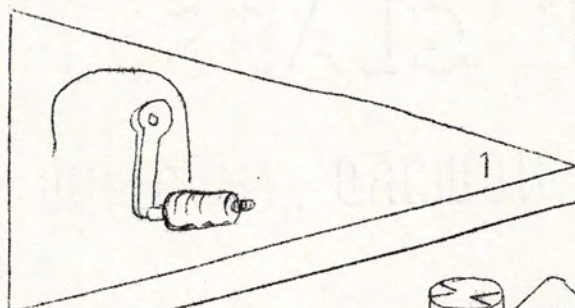
Of course it would be easier to kill him with a knife than with a bullet. A bullet, going fast enough, might just go through him when he wasn't there. And he might be more immune to radiation poisoning. And who knows what all else.

=====

In my own setup, each cycle of the flickering is independent of the previous one: Thus he might come back and shoot himself and thus not be able to come back and shoot himself, but on the second go-round he might not become so obsessed with paradoxes or he might be hit by a car or something else might come up so he didn't shoot himself and the situation is stable. On the other hand, maybe he shoots himself and just stays shot because even if he is no longer available for the job there is a chance that some other time traveller may come back and shoot him. In any case a paradox sets up a flickering that goes for a while but eventually hits a stable configuration and lets the flickering stop. It need not be anything as major as shooting oneself. Every moment one spends in the past may set up a large number of these situations, so that the universe is always "searching" for a stable past and future, with nobody noticing because everybody is flickering along with everything else. This might be the case in those stories in which people go to the past and tramp around with no thought of upsetting anything.

--Tom Digby

ON-LINE SIGNAL FLAGS FOR FANDOM



On-Line Signal Flags for Fandom

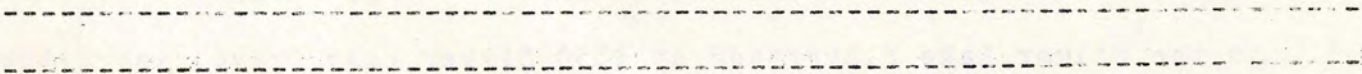
by Bruce Pelz and Len Bailes

There are many times when it would be useful to be able to let fans know what is going on at a fan center without their having to ring the bell and be told in person. For this purpose, we have designed a set of signal flags such as are used on ships, but with fannish meanings. These can be flown from a small standard attached near a window or door of a fannish residence, and can be used in combinations so that many different situations can be indicated. The fourteen flags shown are the basic set, but more can be added as the need for them becomes apparent.

To begin with, we will not immediately explain the 14 flags. They are simple in design and reasonable straightforward in meaning. We invite you to interpret them yourselves. We also invite you to interpret the following combinations of flags, if flown at the same times:

- A. Flags 1 and 2
- B. Flags 1 and 3
- C. Flags 8, 14, and 6
- D. Flags 3 and 11
- E. Flags 3 and 12
- F. Flags 14 and 2
- G. Flags 3,5,1,10,11,7 and 6

Key to flags and answers to questions at bottom of page.



1. (Duper crank): Publishing
 2. (Gullotine): Deadline -- Go away!
 3. (Beer can & Card): Party
 4. (Guitar): Filksing
 5. (Sword & Mask): Costume Party
 6. (Plank): I'm bored
 7. (Beanie prop): Neos
 8. (Rabbit ears): TV Party
 9. (Knobkerry): Club Function
 10. (4X): Sexac
 11. (Lock): Closed party (or whatever)
 12. (Cloud): Foul mood
 13. (Sun): Good mood
 14. (Globe): Mundanes/Mundae

Flags 1 and 2: Publishing deadline (i.e. for an APA)
 Flags 1 and 3: One-shot session
 Flags 8, 14 and 6: "Relatives over watching TV - H*E*L*P!!"
 Flags 3 and 11: Closed party
 Flags 3 and 12: I'm losing at poker
 Flags 14 and 2: Mundane deadline--Income Tax report, homework, housecleaning...
 Flags 3,5,1,10,11,7 and 6: a neo invitational orgy and one-shot costume party I shouldn't have gone to.

SIGNAL FLAGS Well they go like so:

FANNISH PLACES

(AN EX-SITEING TOUR)

by FRED PATTEN

[as updated by Lee Gold]

The twelve buildings shown on the following pages have all featured prominently in the social life of LASFS, at one time or another. Some have been Freehafer Halls: places where the LASFS has held its Meetings. Others were known as social centers of fandom over various periods of history--the private homes of some of our members where the weekend parties were usually held or where fans tended to congregate outside of the LASFS Meetings themselves. One way or another, each of these buildings has some claim to fannish fame.

Front Cover -- Fandom Present
1966

Back Cover -- Fandom Past

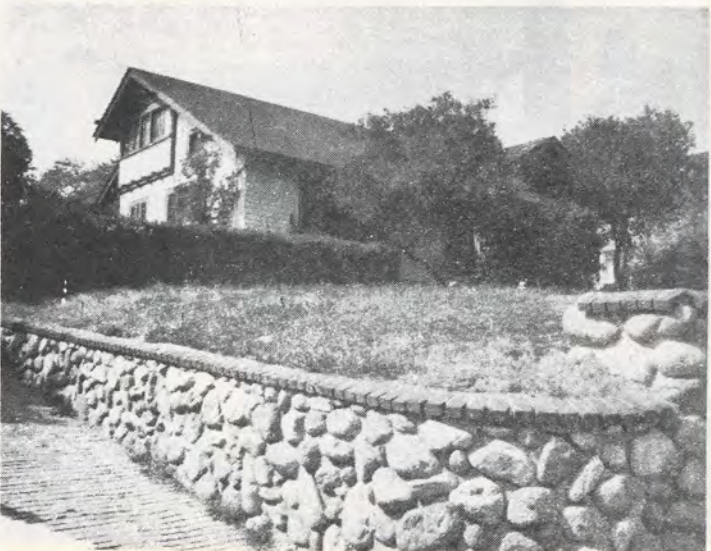
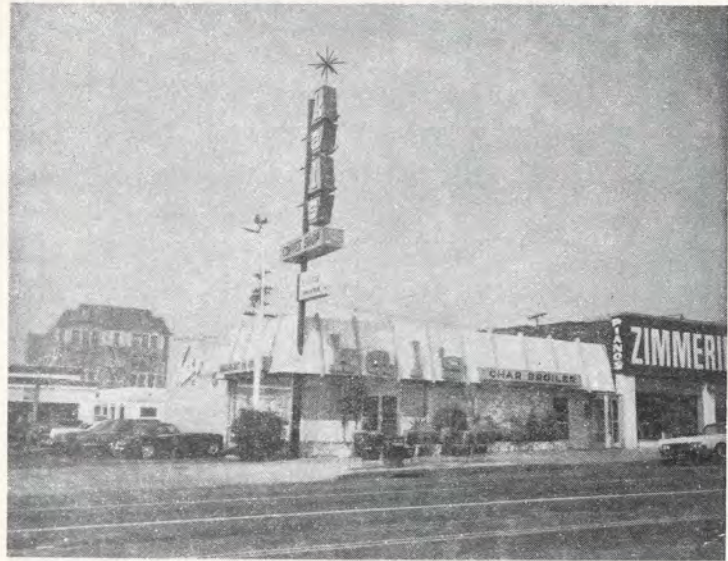
1	2	7	8
3	4	9	10
5	6	11	12

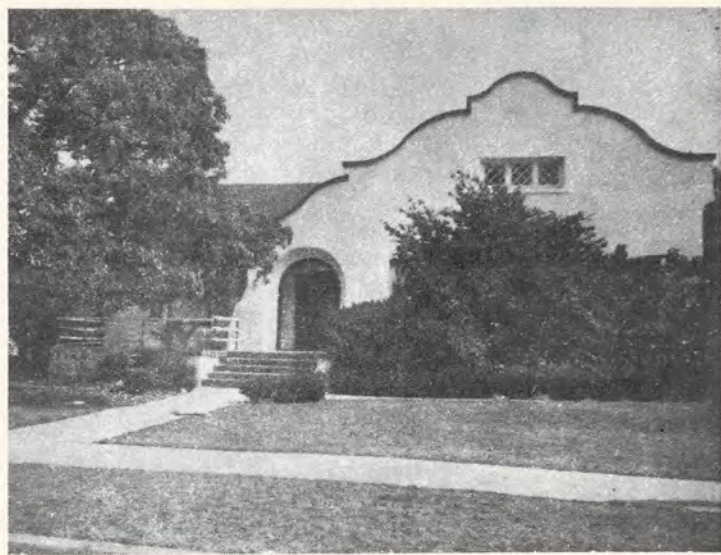
1. is the Silver Lake Playground at 1850 Silver Lake Drive, where the Lasfs met weekly (with a few exceptions) from April 19, 1962 until fall of 1967. This was just a temporary meeting place when we moved in, a way station until we found another fan whose home we could turn into LASFS HQ. Virginia Hill found the Playground for us, after we had been forced out of Mathom House by legal action and were enduring a wretched makeshift existence in the "concrete bunker" that was the Alpine Playground; we shall always credit this in Virginia's favor.

2. is Kal's Coffee Shop at 3rd and Vermont, the site of the after meeting when LASFS met at Silver Lake Playground or at Lab DuQuesne. The club originally frequented Kal's from the beginning of 1959 through October 1960, when the club was meeting at Zeke Leppin's home. One of the best features of Kal's was that waitress par excellence, Phyllis Elzey. Come back to us, Phyllis, wherever you are.

3. is the current--and last--of the Labyrinths, the Labyrinth DuQuesne. This is the fourth in the series of slan shacks started by Jack Harness and Owen Hannifen; the address is 330 South Berendo, and it's the upstairs right apartment. Jack and Owen took residence in July, 1965 and the after-Meeting card parties immediately moved there. After the Meeting, you could go over to the Lab and play cards, make out, and/or just fangab until daybreak Friday if not later. And I won't try to count all the weekend fan parties that were held at the Lab. After the original founders moved out, Tom Digby moved in and held his Fourth Saturday Parties there until the building was cleared so it could be torn down in 1971.

4. is the Booby Hatch or Galt's Gulch or other names of Ayn-Randian significance. This slan shack at 3177 West 5th Street came into





existence in June 1965 when Don Simpson, Phil Castora, Ed Baker and Hank Stine all got together to rent it. The Booby Hatch twice served as a Freehafer Hall. Our Halloween Costume Ball was there in 1965, and you can still see the bullet holes where we came under fire from evicted party-crashers. Within walking distance of both Kal's and the Lab DuQuesne, it helps make what is known as the "Fan Square Mile."

5. is Margrave Manor the residence of Bill and Jayne Ellern at 975 North Oakland in Pasadena. The weekend parties that weren't held at the Lab were held at the Manor.

6. is the Trimblehaus, at 12002 Lorna in Garden Grove. It was a little far from the regular fannish scene, but there are always fans wherever the Trimbles are. When the New York fans came out here for the Wester Con, they stayed at the Trimbles, and Tom Schluck, our German TAFF representative, was their house guest for several days.

7. brings us into Fandom Past, and this is the Half World, Zeke Leppin's old home at 2548 West 12th Street. The LASFS met here regularly from the beginning of 1958 after we lost our lease at the Prince Rupert Arms at the end of 1957 till October 27, 1960 when the club moved into the Fan Hilton. Every Thursday evening, the LASFS took over the bottom floor of Zeke's: the upstairs living quarters were sometimes rented out to fans, including then-Bjo Wells. I think Zeke's lime punch and his budgerigar were prime influences on our decision to leave.

8. is Mathom House (222 South Gramercy Place) where John and Bjo Trimble, Ernie Wheatley, Jack Harness and the LASFS moved after a callous landlord tore down the Fan Hillton to erect a laundromat. We moved in at the beginning of October 1961 but the LASFS last met there on Feb. 15, 1962, due to police enforcement of a city law prohibiting meetings of public organizations in residentially-zoned areas. Mathom House continued to serve as our After-Meeting gathering place and LA fan center (the residents could legally invite as many house guests as they wanted provided we didn't hold formal, dues-collecting Meetings there) until the end of June.

9. is the Empire (more mundanely, the Tudor Apts., 738 South Mariposa Ave). Bruce Pelz and Jane then-Gallion moved there when the Fan Hillton was torn down in October, 1961. Jack Harness joined them when Mathom House broke up; and Owen Hannifen was invited into the party when he moved to Los Angeles in April 1963. Four fan-inhabited apartments in the same building, and fans kept crossing in and out of the rooms like a sequence in an Abbott & Costello comedy. The LASFS held at least one Meeting in Bruce's apartment. By September 1963 Bruce and Jane had gotten married (not to each other) and moved to larger quarters elsewhere, and Jack and Owen decided to become roommates in a bigger flat.

10. The Labyrinth at 3056 1/2 Leeward Avenue (upstairs right apartment). Jack and Owen lived here between September 1963 and August 1964, and the Lab became the closest thing to a fan center we'd had since Mathom House broke up. Fans wandered in & out at all hours of the day and night, playing cards, publishing fanzines and performing similar fannish actions. Floor space and sleeping bags were available to any out-of-town fans visiting the L A area, and the LASFS held at least one Meeting there. The long drawn-out nature of the apartment, with its narrow hall, gave it its name of "the Labyrinth." A satellite meeting place was Gail Knuth's apartment a few doors away, where we sometimes met for smaller card parties. After a year, Jack & Owen discovered another apartment of the same size for less rent and moved to:

11. Labyrinth Three. "We're going to call our new slan shack the Labyrinth, too" said Owen. "Labyrinth Three."// "What happened to the second Labyrinth?" everybody asked.// "No, no; Labyrinth of Space, and then Labyrinth *Three*, and the next one will be the Labyrinth of Valeron.... (The first Lab thus retroactively became the "Labyrinth of Space.") Jack & Owen hadn't been in Labyrinth Three (2843 Sunset Place downstairs right) for more than a week, though, when they found out why the rent was cheaper. They moved in in August 1964; by October they had been almost literally thrown out by cockroaches. Labyrinth Three was never actually a fannish social center, due to its too-brief existence.

12. The next Labyrinth had to be the Labyrinth of Valeron, of course. Lab Val was at 619 South Hobart Street #3--the upstairs right again. Jack and Owen were still the main tenants, but Don Simpson lived there too, off and on. (Who knew *what* was in the broom closets?) The Lab became a regular after-Meeting gathering place and a regular Meeting or two was even held there. Lab Val came into existence in October 1964. By June 1965 the landlord's refusal to attend to needed repairs caused Jack & Owen to move to the Labyrinth Duquesne. (Doc Smith got that last book written just in time.)

At the time Lab Val was established, Jack & Owen began a campaign to get other fans to move into the three other apartments in the quadruplex, so that fans could take over the whole building. The only ones to take them up on it were Ted and Lin Johnstone, who moved Tara Hall into Apt. 4 (downstairs right) where they resided until 1969. Ted's home has never been a big social center (though the LASFS did meet there once) but as long as it's in the picture I might as well get mileage out of it. In fact, that's Worsel, Ted's green Cadillac ambulance, parked out in front. (Ted bought Worsel from Frank Coe under whose administration it was known as "Doctor Destrukto's Getaway Car.") Who but a fan would conduct his social life under a pen name, write fiction under his real name and drink a green ambulance?

I'd like to thank Tom Digby for his time and expense in driving around with me, taking these pictures.

PROBABLY SOMETHING, *like maybe:*

A BOWLING ALLEY WITH PAYING CUSTOMERS AT BOTH ENDS

This one is partly my idea, partly that of some others at the Lab party. Imagine an interstellar trade city with people from several systems, including ours, in it. One group or subculture has a game in which they set up 10 bowling pins at their end of a bowling alley and then roll a ball down a channel to the Earthman working at the other end, who then rolls it back to them on the flat part in an attempt to knock down the pins. The aliens have meanwhile made bets on various aspects of the number of pins to be knocked down and the pattern of those (if any) left standing). It's partly a game of chance and partly a game of skill in that those who are familiar with the abilities of the various knockdowners (as the Earthmen who roll the balls to knock down the pins are called) may have some advantage in knowing the best way to bet.

--Tom Digby

Rejected Scene

(cf. page 95)

by
Ted Johnstone

First a brief note of explanation. Some long time ago I sent a book to Ace called THE WEAPONS OF XXX. It was just barely rejected, but on the strength of it I was invited to try an U.N.C.L.E. novel. The rest of *that* is history. After the U.N.C.L.E. books started selling well, they thought there might've been something they missed about WEAPONS and asked to see it again. This time they just barely accepted it, with a few changes--like the addition of 20,000 words of expansion, and the deletion of one particular scene. I liked this scene; tho it didn't do much to advance the plot. I thought it was kind of fun. But the editor said either you can take it out and heal the breach as best you can, or you can leave it in and I'll take it out. So I clipped it. But I still like it. And I would like to see it gets some kind of audience, so here it is.

The situation is as follows:

Ginger is a Terran girl who has fallen in with our heroes en route to a planet where the natives are generally unfriendly to Terrans. Tho of Terrestrial stock themselves. a severe cultural break several hundred years in the past has left the planet at a comparatively primitive level and they have blamed Terra for it. The plot thus far doesn't especially matter; just that Ginger has had a morning to kill in the main city before they leave for another part of the planet.

Ginger wandered from shop to shop, checking her time once in a while, and working in the general direction of the restaurant where she was supposed to meet Lance and Alexander for lunch. Then it was almost noon, and she looked around. Her landmark, the tower of the central government building, was not in sight. She stepped into the next shop, a dressmaker's, and asked, "Pardon me, could you tell me the way to the Countryman Restaurant?"

The proprietor ignored her, and she repeated the question. Then he looked up angrily. "We're closed for lunch. Flutter out."

"Don't be rude, you ape. All I want is a point in the right direction, and I'll be glad to take my business elsewhere."

"Get out of here, Terran. You'll stink up my shop."

"Any scent I could add to this foul-smelling place would be an improvement. You stench-mouthed barbarian, I'm trying to ask politely for a simple direction. The least you could do is pretend to a minimum of intelligence and tell me where to go."

He told her, shortly and succinctly, and added a suggestion as to what she could do when she got there.

Ginger yelped in shock and anger. "You sub-human inter-bred throwback! Your mother mated with a mule! Anybody who used language like that to a lady should have his tail tied in a knot and his ears clipped. and if there aren't any gentlemen on this planet to protect me I'll blasting well do it myself!"

The proprietor started back, disconcerted, as a slender brown-haired fury advanced menacingly, green fire shooting from her eyes and blue flames from her tongue. "I tried being polite to you, you moldy spawn of a dungheap, and if you don't understand it when a lady addresses you, I'll try to communicate on your level. Where in the noun is the adjective Countryman Restaurant, you sniveling evolutionary accident?"

In general, Ginger considered it bad policy to shout. But her temper got the better of her usual good nature, and her voice did rise a little. The proprietor lost his nerve about this point, and in sudden panic he reached for a weapon. The first thing his hand touched was the arm of a clothing display dummy, and he seized it by the round end.

"Now look, lady," he said, holding the bare wooden arm defensively before him, "I'm a peaceful man. If you'll just go quietly on your way I'll forget those things you said. Otherwise I'll have to call for the police."

"You adjective adjective coward," Ginger spat. "Call the police because I stopped and politely asked directions? Is there a law in this adjective city against getting lost? Tell -- me -- how -- to -- get -- to -- the -- Countryman -- Restaurant -- and I will leave here immediately and pray I never see your sinful bloated face again!"

She took another step forward, and the man, finding himself backed to the wall, thrust out defensively with the arm he held. Ginger grabbed it, and found herself in a wooden handshake at twice arm's length from her opponent. "Attack me, will you!" she flared, and poked him in the stomach with the shoulder end.

He yelped, caught his breath, and started to shout, "Police! Help!"

Ginger shoved the wooden arm at the man again, and he grabbed it as she let go. She pulled the scarf from her hair, and started screaming as she tore the sleeve of her blouse and dove for the floor. "Police!" she screamed. "Police!"

Two burly men burst in the door of the shop and before the proprietor could speak she wailed, "This man is a sex maniac! I just stopped to ask directions, and he attacked me! Look, he tore my blouse!" And she burst into hysterical tears.

The policemen scowled at her, and looked at the little man who stood, opening and closing his mouth helplessly, with a wooden arm clutched in his hand like a club. "Willy, what the fout came over you? You're a happily married man -- and she's a Terran! Didn't you recognize her as one?"

"But I...I didn't do anything...."

"He's insane," sobbed Ginger. "I thought he was going to...to...And you came in and saved me," she finished, looking up at the slightly senior of the two officers. He softened just a little, against his will, and knelt beside her.

"Look, lady. We don't especially like Terrans here, but we have to protect them too. Now, this looks kind of funny, so let's not let it go any farther. Willy, give the Terran a couple shells for the damage to her blouse, and that'll be the end of it. And lady, I suggest you stay out of trouble in the future. Some of the boys aren't as easy-going as me."

Ginger looked up at him with big, wet, grey eyes full of pain and frightened innocence. "Yes, sir," she said. "And could...could you help me get to the Countryman Restaurant? I'm supposed to meet my brother there."

"Countryman? Why, that's only a couple of streets away from here. We can drop you off there. Come on."

Will counted off two small bills and watched her depart thankfully. Now he knew why he'd always been afraid of Terrans.

The police car stopped beside the Countryman, and Ginger stepped out. "By the way, lady, we'd appreciate it if you didn't start an incident about this. If you've got to tell your brother, keep it kind of quiet."

"Oh, I will, officer. And thank you so much. With police like you protecting me, I'll always feel safe in this city."

He frowned slightly. "Please don't, lady. You won't be." And the car pulled away. Ginger waved after it, then permitted herself a secret and terribly smug smile as she turned and went into the restaurant.

-30-

That's the scene. Understand, Ginger isn't usually that bad; she was just sort of edgy under the circumstances. And incidentally, it is not true that I got the idea for this from the method of fighting used by a femme-fan of similar disposition; it was purely coincidental.

H.M.S. TREK A STAR

by

FELICE ROLFE

We had a party yesterday for Clint Bigglestone, who has been drafted in spite of a slipped disc. One of the Anachronists, Dorothy Jones, came down with Poul and Karen Anderson. This girl is absolutely gone on Star Trek....During the party Astrid called for some Gilbert and Sullivan--and as soon as Dorothy heard the opening bars of "I Am the Captain of the Pinafore," we were off and running on a G&S Star Trek! Dorothy, Karen and Astrid are talented lyricists, though I think we would all have liked having Len Bailes present.

The best of some fine lines are from the song above. What used to be "So give three cheers and three cheers more/ For the doughty Captain of the Pinafore!" is now "So let's give three point one four cheers/ For the Science Office with pointed ears!" Poul and a couple of others practiced giving .14 cheer. Joe refrained, saying that giving pi cheers was irrational and Mr. Spock wouldn't like it.

The hero of this somewhat appalling effort is Jake Jackstraw. He looks very much like Cousin It from "The Addams Family," which is to say a walking haystack with sunglasses, until he's clipped. Afterwards, he's supposed to look like Rock Hudson, but will probably turn out to be Jerry Jacks if this thing is ever performed. Of course Jerry doesn't look like a tenor, possibly because he's a baritone, but he was the only male at the party who could carry a tune at all.

Karen wants to do Spock. She claims that with enough Jack Daniels inside her she can sing bass. (Dorothy has learned that Nimoy's "range is very low.") Spock takes most of the Pinafore Captain's songs¹ while Sir Joseph's go to Kirk, though there's nothing arbitrary about it. The G&S piercing soprano plays Yeoman Rand. So far we've only one song for Uhura, and that's Buttercup's waltz. What the originals are going to think of this, I shudder to speculate.

The drift of the plot is that Kirk is trying to marry Rand off, to avoid temptation, I suppose. He suggests that Spock marry her; Spock is appalled. (From observation of the program we've finally learned that one emotion Spock *is* permitted is being appalled.) Kirk finally decided on the ET, Jackstraw, for whom Rand has had a soft spot all along: "I'd laugh my race to scorn in such a hurry/ Were he more neatly shorn, or I more furry...."

(Ever try typing to the rhythm of G&S going through your head?)

1. "...And he never, never looks at girls./ What, never?/ No, never./ Not even on Tau Ceti Three?/ Well, hardly ever."



KHORLIANA

and Related Material

by Dave Fox

The FENACHRONE you see in APA L is the American reprint edition of the fifty-page bi-weekly slick-paper fan mag published by the members of the Lambengard Science Fiction Society. I had become acquainted with it some years ago when my friend, Newton Ross, who I'd met at Lockheed started giving me copies and had volunteered to teach me to read Khorlian. This was easy, since Khorlian basically is English with a few differences in vocabulary and I soon got so familiar with it that I could read it as well as if I'd invented it myself.

About a year and a half ago Newt asked me if I'd like to take on the job of putting out a mimeo'd zine, composed of translations of items in the Khorlian FENACHRONE, plus anything I'd like to write up related to science fiction, fantasy or fandom. Newton, whose job with Toleman-Lockheed brings him over from Khorlia once a week on the average, would see to it that I got all the issues of FENACHRONE to select from and I would be given a small but adequate allowance to cover the cost of paper, stencils and ink. I had recently bought a small second-hand mimeo, so reproduction would be no problem. In addition I would be given full powers of selection and editing, plus help from Newt Ross, who had started FENACHRONE back in 1936 and was still active in fandom.

Well, I took the bait and on November 18, 1965, the first issue (or "outpour" as my Khorlian friends call it) appeared in APA L #57. It included a rather poorly transcribed chapter of Newton Ross's autobiography, a poem by me, and some of the poorest mimeography I've ever seen! This last was improved in a few issues by a new roller and some research in special inking.

The Demon Swan

KHORLIANA: FAUNA. *Cygnus Daemonis Haughtonia*, the "Demon Swan," a bird with the body, wings, legs, and snowy plumage of a swan, but with the throat, cape, head, fangs and disposition of a king cobra.

First studied by the eighteenth century naturalist Ronald Haughton who observed it in its native haunts, the lakes and streams of the Woods of Torozar, and succeeded in capturing a pair. In his paper, written in 1753 and sent to the Royal Society, he described their breeding habits, commented on their tendency to become enraged at the slightest provocation, and makes the significant observation "The river folk all claim that there were none of these birds in or about the Tharn River a century ago."

Haughton attached little or no importance to this, but modern biologists tend to connect the appearance of this deadly bird with the known capabilities and inclination of The Thing In the Forest (*Proteus Maximus Polymorph*) to produce and release various freaks and mutations, some of which breed true. This was the case with Dr. Haughton's captured pair, who produced a family of downy cygnets, each with the scaly throat, extendable hood, serpentine head, poison fangs, and vile temper of their parents.

He leaves us a grisly account of their reaction to a rabbit placed in their cage--"When the beast was plac'd in the pen with the swans it seem'd frozen with fear. At first the birds affected to ignore their prey, then, when the rabbit leap'd, the male chas'd it, wings flapping, and sank his dread fangs in the rabbit's back. It gave a single cry and expired, upon which the female and their young crowded forward to tear at poor bunny."

During the 19th and early 20th centuries there was little interest in this unusual bird, and many authorities declared it extinct, but in 1952 Dr. John Cannon, a professor of biology at Newton College, Odivad and one of the four or five men in this century who have met The Thing in the Forest and returned from the experience alive and sane, spent three months in the Woods of Torozar, tracking down and studying this remarkable bird. Not only did he bring back a sheaf of photographs of the birds in their natural habitat, courting, brooding, fighting, hunting, and twenty magnificent stop-action pictures of them in flight, clearly showing how the cobra-like hood is used as a stabilizer, but he returned with five females and three males which, after intensive study in the laboratory at Newton College, Odivad, were presented to the Lake Elizabeth Playground Zoo for exhibition and breeding.

Dissection of one of the swans which died of old age revealed that the structure and function of many parts of the throat and head, while snake-like in outward appearance, are far different from those in a real snake and that the creatures are true birds--warm blooded, aerial, nest-building. However, the great fangs do secrete a highly effective poison, the "swan" has no bill, and a full set of teeth besides the poison fangs, and there are peculiarities of the feet and legs and of the internal organs possessed by no other bird.

As has been indicated, *Cyanus Daemonis* can be a killer, and undoubtedly a sizeable number of humans have lost their lives while interfering with some activities of the bird. When Dr. Cannon observed the birds, he also noted that the rather primitive folk of the area were trying to exterminate them. When he returned to Odivad the Wild Life League was informed of this danger to a unique life-form, and in 1960 the area in which Dr. Cannon had observed the "demon swans" was declared a biological reservation under the direct protection of the Desk and implemented by the Aum Die.

Khorlian Fauna, John Cannon, Lambengard, 1952 Odivad Press

Habits and Nature of the Demon Swan, Ronald Haughton, Orroz, Kawicka Brothers, 1774

Sensation Paperbacks, Lambengard, 1962, *Zorroman Meets the Devil-Birds*

Lilliput

Several of our readers, including the American fan, June Moffat, have expressed doubt about the possibility of the Lilliputians developing internal combustion engines, aircraft, armotracs, and other twentieth century devices by the time of the first Khorlian Contact, and in a way they are right. Certainly a people with their population decimated and their governmental and cultural institutions overthrown as was the case with the Lilliputians and Blefuscans after the raids described in *Mistress Masham's Repose* could hardly have made the tremendous strides seemingly indicated in the report of the First Lilliputian Expedition.

To explain this apparent impossibility we need to skim over Lilliputian history from around 1700 to the mid twentieth century. To this end we have made a condensation of the second part of *A Concise History of the Lilliputian People*, by John Athearn, published by Odivad University Press in 1955. This condensed version originally appeared in the Khorlian edition of *FENACHRON* in the late fifties and is used again by the kind permission of the publishers.

In the years after the "Man-Mountain Invasion," simple survival was the major concern of both of the islands. By a stroke of good fortune, almost all of the royalty and nobility of both of the island kingdoms had been carried off or killed by the raiders, leaving the way open for the birth of a semi-democratic government with power over both islands. Feeble at first, the new government grew in authority as the population came back to its former strength. Meanwhile, fearing with good reason another disastrous intrusion by the "man-mountains," the islanders started a program of quite literally "going underground," digging vast warrens in which the people could safely hide if another ship was sighted, and establishing grazing areas surrounded by great boulders and thornbushes where no human-sized person could get to. Also, as the population came back to normal, schools were re-established and primitive scientific research was undertaken, especially research which would help realize the bitter ambition of every Lilliputian to be able to defend the islands against any and all future trespass. An early triumph of the Lilliputian scientists was the discovery of how to make gunpowder, which not only made guns possible, but greatly aided the engineers in their underground digging. By 1800 Lilliputian technology was about on a level with that of Europe in the early 1700's. Meanwhile, something was about to occur which would boost their knowledge and knowhow a good century!

In the summer of 1863 a three-masted schooner, originally called Bristol Belle and re-christened Salvation, sailed from Harwich, bound for the south island of New Zealand. Its skipper was the Reverend Dr. Thomas Schliefer, a well-to-do Church of England clergyman, a good amateur boatsman, a better than average navigator, and a would-be missionary. The ship was manned by a crew of young seminary graduates who, like the good doctor, yearned to convert the heathen. For passengers there were Dr. Schliefer's loving wife and his three children.

It was a pleasant, uneventful voyage, marked only by the mishaps one might expect with such a green crew. Then, having traversed the Mediterranean as far as Nice for a shake-down cruise, the little company sailed back out thru the Gates of Hercules and down the west coast of Africa. The Cape of Good Hope was passed with no great difficulty, and then Dr. Schiefer made his fatal mistake. Hungry for fresh food and news of home, he turned his craft northward for a visit to Madagascar. Tulear, near the southern tip, may have been just one more sleepy tropical colonial town, but for the crew of Salvation it was a death-trap! The trim white schooner tarried only a few days, but that was enough! Three days out, five of the crew fell sick, and a week later they died. By that time most of the crew and Dr. Schiefer's family were seriously ill, and eight days later, Dr. Schiefer was alone on his ship and sick himself.

In his final, heart-breaking entry in his Journal, he grieved for his family and the young ministers who had come with him, and records his determination to throw himself into the sea before he dies to "save our lovely white bird from pollution." This he apparently did, and sometime later, the good ship Salvation, sans crew, Captain & passengers, but loaded with a priceless cargo, sailed into the largest inlet on Blefescu and grounded gently on the sandy shore.

That the arrival of this (to them) enormous vessel alarmed the natives is putting it mildly. The alarm was spread all thru Blefescu, and over onto Lilliput by the swiftest boat, and the Two Island Defense Force, consisting of six little frigates armed with crude cannon and four passenger craft each loaded with two hundred and fifty troopers left Lilliput and sailed into the shallow bay where the Salvation lay grounded. For three days the tiny fleet cruised around the stranded schooner,

lookouts alert for the slightest movement, while the troops, who had been put ashore when the tiny fleet arrived, prepared for battle to the death.

On the night of the third day, Kelkas Rodmo, a young officer in the Seaforce, swam from the frigate Lostrab and climbed up the to him mountainous side of the Salvation. Two hours later he clambered aboard his home ship with an amazing report --a great ship without a crew but with many signs of recent occupation, cabins and hold stuffed full of marvelous things, all theirs for the taking! The ship might easily have been merely looted and burned had not the premier, accompanied by a committee of kensters and engineers, arrived the next morning.

After surveying the huge vessel from a safe distance, the premier and his group of kensters, guided by Rodmo, climbed aboard the Salvation. They marveled at the great size of everything--bunks, clothing, cutlery, navigation instruments--and the kensters fairly gloated over the instruments in Dr. Schiefer's cabin! The good doctor had been an amateur scientist as well as a minister, and the equipment in his roomy compartment included a compound microscope, a small refractor telescope, a full set of dissecting instruments, and a small but choice library of kenstery, including a large, thoroughly illustrated encyclopedia.

All this might have been of little use, for the Lilliputians had long since forgotten any English learned a century and a half ago, but Dr. Schliefer's reason for going to New Zealand had been to teach the natives English that they might learn of Christ and be converted. Packed in the hold were a hundred English primers, ranging from the simplest on up, and it was the discovery of these, when the kensters were despairing of ever unlocking the treasures spread about them, that opened up new worlds of knowledge to the Lilliputian people.

The ship was emptied of all its treasures, including, besides the books, a portable forge, navigation charts, seeds of various useful plants, four hunting rifles with bullets, bullet molds, lead and fifty pounds of black powder, carpenter's tools, in fact everything a gentleman of the mid-nineteenth century might consider useful in setting up a small colony.

Then the ship itself was studied and sketched, inside and out, after which it was carefully dismantled, with each part being sketched and numbered. Dismantling was thought necessary because, besides the possibility of the craft being blown away by the winds beyond the power of the Lilliputians to hold her, the ship, now riding high in the water, might be seen by other "man mountains" and they might be attracted to land on the islands. Incidentally, among the books in the ship's library which aroused great interest when translated was a copy of Swift's biography of Lemuel Gulliver.

In the nearly forty years which passed between accidental arrival and the next visitor from the outside world, the Lilliputian kensters and engineers assimilated the knowledge contained in the Salvation and built on that foundation a considerable body of knowledge of their own getting. Also they greatly extended their underground quarters: so that most of the people lived in habitual concealment, pulled down the ruins still remaining from pre-catastrophic times, and in all ways did their best to make the two islands look as desert-like as possible.

Meanwhile, and at first completely unknown to the authorities, a new project was developing! A small, secret band of Seaforce personnel, led by that same Kelkas Rodmo who had so daringly boarded the Salvation, were working on an idea which, if it failed, might easily reveal the existence of the Lilliputians to the whole world. From a study of Dr. Schiefer's maps and navigating charts, comparing these with the map of the two islands in his biography by Swift, they had decided that the island of Ceylon was close enough to allow one of their frigates to reach it if the ship was heavily loaded with food and water.

Very secretive contacts were made with certain kensters in the fields of natural history and engineering, the frigate Lostrab was fitted and provisioned for a long voyage, and special equipment was loaded aboard, including a pocket compass and charts from the Salvation, a carefully made model of Dr. Schiefer's sextant, and much light rope and curiously painted canvas. On the night of November 24, 1864, loaded to the gunnels, all lights covered, the Frigate Lostrab sailed from Lilliput into the clear spring night.

I cannot, in this short space, detail the dire peril and high adventure encountered on this epic voyage. For those who wish to read a detailed account, I recommend *A Voyage to the Land of the Man-Mountains*, by Segnol Apistru, first published in New Nildendo Beneath the Hill in 1872 and now available in a Vixen-Oakenshaw edition, translated into Khorlian and illustrated with numerous drawings from the Lilliputian edition.

On March 9, 1868, a ship was sighted by the Coast Watch off the coast of Blefescu and quickly identified as the Lostrab, and the news was relayed to New Nildendo by semaphore and the experimental telegraph line set up according to the information in one of Dr. Shiefer's books. When the travel-worn ship sailed into the harbor she'd left so secretly over three years ago, her commander expected to be imprisoned or even executed for taking the Lostrab, and most of his crew expected similar treatment. Imagine their surprise at being given a hero's welcome! Dire had been the punishments vowed by the government when Kelkas Rodmo's theft of one of the still-small Sea Force's precious frigates had been discovered, but in the meantime a new party had risen to power, named (in the closest translation) "the Let's Go Look and See" party, whose policy was that if the man-mountains were dangerous, that was all the more reason to keep a watch on them.

When Kelkas was about to leave, he had left a letter with the leader of the then infant party, outlining his objectives "to observe their comings and goings, to invade their schools and work-places and learn their practices, to float close to their ships of war and observe their weapons." Suffice it to say the little force of Lilliputians had done all of these things, and more! Working mostly at night, they had crept into homes and schools and workshops, spending their days noting down everything they saw from their vantage-points in the walls. A mission school, where the young Ceylonese were taught English speech and writing was particularly rewarding.

After the celebration in their honor, Rodmo laid before the Premier and his Committee of Kensters the voluminous notes and reports written by him and his followers, plus the instruments and devices they had managed to steal. These latter ranged from immediately useful items such as packets of needles to such things as a math text in English which went clear thru the calculus, which was pounced on by the Lilliputian kensters and engineers with cries of delight.

While the success of the voyage had depended on the ability and devotion of the whole company, crewmen and kensters alike, it would have been impossible without the courage and ingenuity of Kelkas Rodmo. It was his idea which started the expedition, and his urging and planning which got it going. When members of his little group feared detection, he designed the canopy which, draped over the ship, effectively disguised it as floating wreckage. It was he who kept the group going in the dark hour when seven of their number had been killed by a marauding dog when it caught them crossing an open area. And it was he who, when all agreed that they had done all they could to learn about the man-mountains, brought them safely back to Lilliput.

Of Kelkas Rodmo, who led two more expeditions to Ceylon, only one thing more-- on his deathbed, sinking fast, but still rational, someone asked the old man what more he would like to do to learn from the man-mountains. "Talk with ~~them~~, ask them questions," he replied quickly. "We can watch ~~them~~ and listen to them, but there is always something we miss, something they could tell us in an instant if we could but ask them!"

I Burn My Candle ~~Castle~~ at Both Ends

by Tom Digby

There was a candlecastle at the party and the question came up of how to burn a straight (not bent) candle at both ends without dripping. I may have a way.

First, make a candle in the form of a LARGE sphere with the wick forming a diameter and sticking out at both sides. Be sure the sphere of wax is big enough (several Earth-masses) to hold an atmosphere of its own like a planet. (If you plan on putting it in orbit around Jupiter, you might be able to synthesize the wax from the methane, etc. in Jupiter's atmosphere.) (On second thought, maybe it should be in closer to the sun so the oxygen in its atmosphere will stay gaseous.)

After you build the candle, you give it an atmosphere that will support combustion. Then you wait for calm weather at both of the places where the wick comes to the surface and then light both ends.

It shouldn't drip, mainly because there's no place it can drip to. It may blow itself out if a strong wind comes up, and the wind may blow molten wax out of the little pool that always forms around the wick of a candle, but since that is a disturbance due to the Sun I don't think it counts as "dripping" in the usual sense. And you don't need a candlestick. (And you could build two wax houses, one over each end of the wick, to protect it from the wind.)

And what happens when an alien from another system lands on it and tries to figure out how and/or why it got there??? And imagine landing on it, driving hundreds of miles over a flat, featureless wax plain, and finally arriving at a wax building which is empty except for a lighted candle wick in the wax floor. (The building is big enough not to be melted by the flame.)

*Belated Explanation of "A Journey for Tom Digby"
see pages 13-24*

Tom Digby: in Distribution #87 commenting on Sally Crayne's drawing of a line of Lasfsians "in an eldritch mood...humming "Wizard of Oz" with the Emerald City in the background."

Somehow you seem to have suggested the idea of a fannish Oz story beginning with the finding of a Yellow Brick Freeway Off-ramp, but I'm not Ozzy enough to write it. Who wants to try it?

Very secretive contacts were made with certain kensters in the fields of natural history and engineering, the frigate Lostrab was fitted and provisioned for a long voyage, and special equipment was loaded aboard, including a pocket compass and charts from the Salvation, a carefully made model of Dr. Schiefer's sextant, and much light rope and curiously painted canvas. On the night of November 24, 1864, loaded to the gunnels, all lights covered, the Frigate Lostrab sailed from Lilliput into the clear spring night.

I cannot, in this short space, detail the dire peril and high adventure encountered on this epic voyage. For those who wish to read a detailed account, I recommend *A Voyage to the Land of the Man-Mountains*, by Segnol Apistru, first published in New Nildendo Beneath the Hill in 1872 and now available in a Vixen-Oakenshaw edition, translated into Khorlian and illustrated with numerous drawings from the Lilliputian edition.

On March 9, 1868, a ship was sighted by the Coast Watch off the coast of Blefescu and quickly identified as the Lostrab, and the news was relayed to New Nildendo by semaphore and the experimental telegraph line set up according to the information in one of Dr. Schiefer's books. When the travel-worn ship sailed into the harbor she'd left so secretly over three years ago, her commander expected to be imprisoned or even executed for taking the Lostrab, and most of his crew expected similar treatment. Imagine their surprise at being given a hero's welcome! Dire had been the punishments vowed by the government when Kelkas Rodmo's theft of one of the still-small Sea Force's precious frigates had been discovered, but in the meantime a new party had risen to power, named (in the closest translation) "The Let's Go Look and See" party, whose policy was that if the man-mountains were dangerous, that was all the more reason to keep a watch on them.

When Kelkas was about to leave, he had left a letter with the leader of the then infant party, outlining his objectives "to observe their comings and goings, to invade their schools and work-places and learn their practices, to float close to their ships of war and observe their weapons." Suffice it to say the little force of Lilliputians had done all of these things, and more! Working mostly at night, they had crept into homes and schools and workshops, spending their days noting down everything they saw from their vantage-points in the walls. A mission school, where the young Ceylonese were taught English speech and writing was particularly rewarding.

After the celebration in their honor, Rodmo laid before the Premier and his Committee of Kensters the voluminous notes and reports written by him and his followers, plus the instruments and devices they had managed to steal. These latter ranged from immediately useful items such as packets of needles to such things as a math text in English which went clear thru the calculus, which was pounced on by the Lilliputian kensters and engineers with cries of delight.

While the success of the voyage had depended on the ability and devotion of the whole company, crewmen and kensters alike, it would have been impossible without the courage and ingenuity of Kelkas Rodmo. It was his idea which started the expedition, and his urging and planning which got it going. When members of his little group feared detection, he designed the canopy which, draped over the ship, effectively disguised it as floating wreckage. It was he who kept the group going in the dark hour when seven of their number had been killed by a marauding dog when it caught them crossing an open area. And it was he who, when all agreed that they had done all they could to learn about the man-mountains, brought them safely back to Lilliput.

Of Kelkas Rodmo, who led two more expeditions to Ceylon, only one thing more-- on his deathbed, sinking fast, but still rational, someone asked the old man what more he would like to do to learn from the man-mountains. "Talk with ~~them~~, ask them questions," he replied quickly. "We can watch ~~them~~ and listen to them, but there is always something we miss, something they could tell us in an instant if we could but ask them!"

I Burn My Candle ~~Castle~~ at Both Ends

by Tom Digby

There was a candlecastle at the party and the question came up of how to burn a straight (not bent) candle at both ends without dripping. I may have a way.

First, make a candle in the form of a LARGE sphere with the wick forming a diameter and sticking out at both sides. Be sure the sphere of wax is big enough (several Earth-masses) to hold an atmosphere of its own like a planet. (If you plan on putting it in orbit around Jupiter, you might be able to synthesize the wax from the methane, etc. in Jupiter's atmosphere.) (On second thought, maybe it should be in closer to the sun so the oxygen in its atmosphere will stay gaseous.)

After you build the candle, you give it an atmosphere that will support combustion. Then you wait for calm weather at both of the places where the wick comes to the surface and then light both ends.

It shouldn't drip, mainly because there's no place it can drip to. It may blow itself out if a strong wind comes up, and the wind may blow molten wax out of the little pool that always forms around the wick of a candle, but since that is a disturbance due to the Sun I don't think it counts as "dripping" in the usual sense. And you don't need a candlestick. (And you could build two wax houses, one over each end of the wick, to protect it from the wind.)

And what happens when an alien from another system lands on it and tries to figure out how and/or why it got there??? And imagine landing on it, driving hundreds of miles over a flat, featureless wax plain, and finally arriving at a wax building which is empty except for a lighted candle wick in the wax floor. (The building is big enough not to be melted by the flame.)

Belated Explanation of "A Journey for Tom Digby"
see pages 13-24

Tom Digby: in Distribution #87 commenting on Sally Crayne's drawing of a line of Lasfsians "in an eldritch mood...humming "Wizard of Oz" with the Emerald City in the background."

Somehow you seem to have suggested the idea of a fannish Oz story beginning with the finding of a Yellow Brick Freeway Off-ramp, but I'm not Ozzy enough to write it. Who wants to try it?

HARLAN at THE HILL

by Jim Schumacher

Luckily, Harlan called ahead of time to warn us so we were all only moderately shocked when he actually did show up on Sunday night. He was accompanied by Norman Spinrad and a girl (of course) whose name I didn't catch. We suspected ulterior motives, but had no conceivable idea of what they might be. Harlan's excuse was that he "only wanted to see the place." Case the joint, as it were.

For a while everyone stood around in the front hall and listened to Harlan describe his participation in the Westercon XX tournament to the girl he had brought along. He brought the house down when he described the battle in which he lost to Richard the Short. Afterward Owen commented with shaking head that Harlan was the only person he knew who could brag about a defeat and make it sound like a victory.

Eventually, someone called his bluff and asked Harlan if he'd like to see the rest of the house. He did. And so *he* began leading *us* on a guided tour of the Hill, stopping at such scenic spots as the Butler's Pantry, the air conditioner, Earl and Sally snogging on the couch, the kitchen sink full of dirty dishes, the back bathroom and Phil's ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~bedroom~~ bedroom. I saw they were headed in the direction of the card room, where a few diehards were holed up from the general ruckus and playing a nice, friendly game of hearts. Anticipating what was to come, I detached myself from the seething mass around Harlan and went around the other way, arriving in the card room before them.

A cry of agony and pain akin to that of a wounded Water Buffalo went up from the card-players as Harlan swept loudly into the room, followed by Spinrad and the girl and the entire entourage of assembled fen. They all jammed into the small card room and Harlan went into his spiel:

"And here, folks, we have the wax museum. Note the life-like atmosphere. The wax figures are frozen in natural positions of card players..."

(pointing to Chuck Crayne)... "This gentleman here, for instance, is obviously..." (looking up at Bruce Pelz) "Oh, hi, fuzz-face!" (Turning to Len Bailes) "I have no idea who you are, sir, but you have a bug in your hair. I kid you not! You have a bug in your hair!" (Proceeding to slap Len on the head, pick the bug out of his hair and place it in front of him). "See?"

"And he's only just started to bug you, Bailes!" snarled Bruce.

"If you hang around here long enough, you'll hear every pun in the book," grumped Harlan.

"Yes, but who'll explain them to you, Harlan," inquired Bruce gleefully.

At this point things became too much, and Phil performed his trick, breaking out into uncontrollable laughter and collapsing hysterically on the floor. Harlan turned and stepped over Phil's twitching body out of the room. Joyce and two others lifted the helpless Phil by his arms and legs and carried him to a nearby couch. The rest filed out of the card room behind them.



IT WAS A VERY GOOD (FANNISH) YEAR

by DAVE HULAN

When I was seventeen
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for N'APA zines
Done the neofannish way,
And a letter a day;
I read my first zine
When I was seventeen.

When I was twenty-one
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for Cultish zines'
For putting people on
From the dusk until the dawn --
Ah, fandom was fun
When I was twenty-one.

When I was twenty-eight
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for general zines
With circulation wide;
Frivolity aside,
I played it quite straight
When I was twenty-eight.

When I was thirty-five
It was a very good year;
It was a very good year for FAPAZines
And friends of many years
Convening over beers.
It all was still alive
When I was thirty-five.

And now the days grow short;
I feel the shadows coming near,
And I think of the fandom I have known:
Of paper, words, and ink,
And many a well-forged link
To friends far and near --
It was a very good year....

APA-L

#165



Doc Smith's Inertialess Drive

discussed by

CHUCK CRAYNE
TOM DIGBY
FRED HOLLANDER

FRED HOLLANDER: [Parts of the following were reprinted in APA L from THE FREELOADING FRELUNCH #2. New material is indicated by //]

One thing that has fascinated me for some time is the physical universe that "Doc" Smith puts his stories into. Most of the reason for this interest is that the concept of inertialessness intrigues me. [With] the removal of inertia...all resistance to acceleration is removed from the body that has been made inertialess, gone "free" in the terms of the books. This means that the least little force will send the ship off in the direction of the force until the friction of the surrounding medium builds up to match the driving force.

This causes certain problems. From a passage in GALACTIC PATROL where the graduation ceremony from the academy is described, we know that inertialess objects are affected by gravity, as the graduating class arrows downward on stepping into the well, then stops without a jar as it hits the ground.

But this means that in the neighborhood of a sun or planet that either you will tend to crash into the sun or planet and be held there until you direct enough force to let you lift off, or you have to direct this force automatically as you are passing through a planetary system in order to keep this sort of thing from happening.

//I just noticed something, and that is that the effect of gravity on a free ship or other object is not at all well defined. The above example that I gave says that a free object is affected by gravity, but I notice that when the super-ship is tried out in TRIPLANETARY they use thrusts of only a couple of thousand kilogram-force (=a force of Earth's gravitational field on one inert kilogram) on the way back and that this is said to be "more than we used on the way out." Which means that they used force on the order of only a few thousand Newtons to lift a free ship weighing a good many thousand metric tons against the gravitational field of earth. Further, in other books there is no mention at any time of a ship having shut off its blasts, but not its Bergenholsms being drawn to a nearby planet, and there are several instances in GALACTIC PATROL and the other books where the hero hides behind a planet while free in order to escape detection.

//In general it would appear that an object which is 100% free is not subject to gravity, but that the possibility of being subject to gravity exists if inertia is not neutralized to the full 100%, as might have been the case in the graduation ceremony. 99% of inertia removed would be enough so that the object was still subject to gravitational attraction, but would behave more like a free body than

an inert one. (We know that partial neutralization of inertia is possible, as the Nevians had such a thing. The reason that the super-ship was able to catch up with the Nevian Cruiser so easily was the fact that the Tellurians had achieved 100% neutralization.

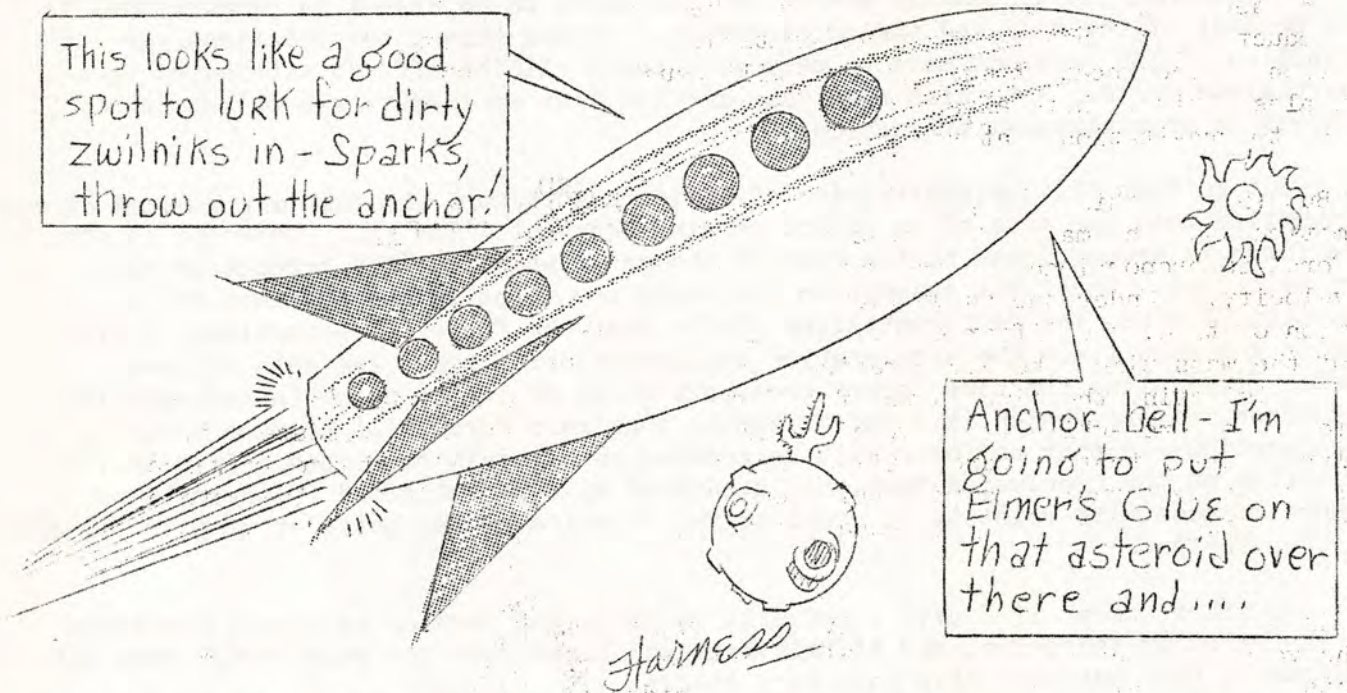
So gravity will not affect a completely free ship. But there are other things that ought to be taken into account in the way of forces. (Ignoring, for the moment at any rate, such forces as are artificial, such as enemy tractor beams, friendly tractor beams, driving blasts, etc.) First there is such a thing as light pressure from radiating sources throughout the universe: i.e. stars. Luckily for the peace of mind of those driving such ships this force will amount to only a fraction of a dyne in most cases, which is not enough force to give much velocity within a planetary system. (Though Smith tells of the use of forces of dyne magnitude in TRIPLANETARY, they are used only to achieve velocities a good deal less than the speed of light; when one is travelling at far more than the speed of light such velocities become less important than the figure of 200 miles per second for instance might suggest, or even 100,000 miles per second. Consider also the fact that light pressure cannot possibly accelerate a free ship to more than one light-speed even in the thinnest vacuum, because that is the speed to which the pushing corpuscles are limited.

The next class of forces is as small in general as the effects of light pressure are, but have the potential to be much more dangerous in some circumstances. Most of the ships of the Patrol as well as most of those of Boskonian are ferrous in composition and so are subject to all sorts of anomalous effects due to magnetic fields. In addition to the danger of an enemy ship clamping on with magnets, which is often done, there is also the fact that there exist magnetic fields throughout interstellar and cis-solar space. While these are in general quite small and of little importance, there are two things to consider, and that is that the electrons that make up the ship are moving at speeds of parsecs per hour and so the forces from magnetic effects are going to be proportionally stronger than the ones we would normally expect to result from such an interaction, and secondly that there are regions in space where the magnetic fields are highly concentrated, to such an extent that they form natural pinch tubes. A free ship hitting one of these regions would probably go flipping off of its course at some rather remarkable velocity and direction. Since some mention is made of bumpy ether in the books, it is assumed that some of these regions have been encountered and charted so that people can steer clear of them. (Note: the term "bumpy ether" is also used to describe variations in the density of interstellar gas, so there is no assurance that this is really true.)

Of course, there is another alternative to this, and that is that at speeds much greater than that of light, the electrons do not interact with the magnetic fields around them, in the same manner as they do at speeds lower than light. If this is true, though there is no real evidence for it, there is not any problem from the magnetic interactions and they can be ignored. [*Since magnetic fields are propagated at the speed of light, this problem would not occur--Barry Gold, ed*]

I now want to turn to the problem of what actually would happen if a ship were to go free in any of several situations with her driving blasts off, assuming of course negligible magnetic and light-pressure effects. Going free in the atmosphere is not done very often but when it is done I think that the end effect will be such that it is effectively held to the planet, whatever "it" is. The air molecules around the ship will bombard it from all sides, and with nearly the same velocity so that it will be like a neutrally dense ball in a fluid, it will move with the fluid. As a result any wind that happens to be passing by will carry off the ship like a feather if there are no blasts operational, but very small corrective forces would be required to balance the wind unless you happened to land on Trencor.

Tom Digby: Due to atmospheric pressure gradients, the external air pressure on the bottom of a spaceship in a planet's atmosphere will be slightly greater than the pressure on the top. (This is what make balloons go up.) Thus if a ship is floating around unaffected by gravity it might well tend to make its way to the top of the planet's atmosphere.



Hmm, I thought of the bouyancy problem and then blew the whole bit. You're right and the effect of the bouyancy would be pretty big, since this is an essentially weightless object of a rather large volume, for something like a speedster, the smallest thing that the Patrol fleet had, would still probably be the size of the Goodyear Blimp in volume, and a bit of gas that is a good deal heavier than nothing holds up the various numbers of tons that that weighs. The problem of buoyancy is never mentioned in the books at all, and I rather think that Doc Smith neglected it in much the same manner that I did, since it is usually so small that you don't think of it in terms of a ship that has an inert mass of several hundred metric tons.

Out in interplanetary space the situation would be much the same though the density of the interplanetary gas is much less than the density of planetary atmospheres. It still is, however, on the order of one atom per cubic centimeter and when one considers the number of square centimeters of surface a ship has, that is plenty of molecules to keep a ship motionless, when only one molecule is enough to stop the ship in full flight. A big advantage to free over inert flight inside the planetary systems is that no meteorite, no matter how big or how fast can harm the ship. The ship will ride before it effortlessly until it slides to one side. (Although the ship is inertialess and thus offers no resistance to motion, per se, there will be enough resistance from interplanetary gas so that unless the meteor hits straight on the ship will slide to one side and let it pass.) Of course with the wall shields as strong as they are, there is little danger from small meteorites at any rate.

CHUCK CRAYNE: Allow me to introduce to you "Crayne's theory of the electro-magnetic nature of inertia." Since the mathematical notation is a bit difficult to reproduce on stencil, allow me the use of verbal description. You can reconstruct the equations and follow along if you wish.

First, let me point out that inertia is usually thought of as a basic property of matter, the quantitative measure of which is mass. Check your physics text on that, if you want--mass is the measure of inertia. Thus Newton's second law is appropriate, and as I will demonstrate, sufficient.

The second law is usually stated as "The force on an object is proportional to the product of the mass and the acceleration." Under this interpretation, the reduction of the apparent mass to zero will cause all the effects attributed to the inertialess drive. Note also that this implies that an inertialess object is not subject to gravitational attraction.

But in fact this interpretation of Newton's work is a simplification based on the assumption that the mass of an object remains constant. The full statement is that the force is proportional to the rate of change of momentum (the product of mass and velocity). Under the assumption that both the velocity and the mass are a function of time, the differentiation yields that the force is proportional to the sum of the mass times the acceleration and the velocity times the rate of change of mass. Eliminating the time factor from both sides of the equation (after equating the force to zero--which is a way of saying that zero force will produce a finite acceleration--or that no force will be created as a result of a change in velocity) we arrive at the conclusion that this condition will be satisfied if the rate of change of mass with velocity is equal to the negative of the ratio of mass to velocity at that instant.

In other words, if I have a universe in which the mass of an object decreases as the velocity increases, and if this decrease is at just the right rate, then all objects in this universe will have zero inertia.

Now if there were no physical evidence to support the change of mass with velocity, all of the above would be pure speculation. But in fact the theory of relativity, backed by experimental evidence, indicates that mass does in fact change with velocity. Since this change is positive and since it is negligible at speeds much under the speed of light, the conventional theory of inertia being a constant holds under normal conditions.

Since we must admit that a change of mass with velocity is possible, we must ask ourselves why it is exactly the value which it is. More work needs to be done on this point, but it is my theory that in our region of space there are weak fields which set the physical constants for our universe, such as the speed of light. In the same fashion that the speed of all electro-magnetic radiation is limited to an arbitrary value, so the rate of change of mass with velocity is also limited and controlled. I believe that with the proper research it will be possible to generate fields inside which these physical constants will have different values. Thus it will be possible to vary the inertia of physical objects.

Note that the ratio of change of mass to change of velocity which was developed above as the key to zero inertia is not at a limiting value. Therefore negative values of inertia are also possible. In this case an object would require less than zero force to accelerate. In other words, it would transform its mass into the energy required to accelerate it without going through any intermediate propulsion mechanisms. This gives a theoretical basis for matter annihilation drives. The deceleration at the other end would restore all of the mass except for that which was used to overcome the energy lost in overcoming the friction of the medium in which it traveled.

Finally, note that the above is a consequence of, and does not violate, the law of conservation of momentum. Neither does it violate the conservation of mass-energy.

Fred Hollander

I talked this over with you last Thursday night in some detail, and I have been doing some thinking about it since. I agree with your statements as to the simplification of Newton's Law, and your derivation of your equations is flawless. I do not see the need to go as far as your constant, since it is the constancy of mass that makes the equation $d(mv)/dy = 0$ imply constant velocity. But if mass varies inversely with velocity, than this merely implies that $(mv) = 0$, without limiting v , even with no force applied. What I am still a bit vague about is the fact that you state that negative inertias are possible and I don't see that, and also I am worried about the derivation with applied forces.

Dan Alderson pointed out something that shows that your system of inertialessness is not used in the Lensmen series. When you cut the Bergenholms you resume the velocity that you had at the moment when you cut in the Bergenholms. If you leave the earth and flit free for three months in other parts of the Galaxy and then come back to the earth and poise above it on the Daylight side and go inert for landing you will find yourself heading for the earth, directly out from the sun [sic] at a speed which is equal to the orbital velocity of the earth. Your system of inertialessness has no room in it as far as I can see for the concept of an intrinsic velocity.

The "intrinsic" of a ship is determined by its inert maneuvers only, not any maneuvers that it makes while free. This is one of the prime characteristics of the inertialess drive and is used on various occasions as a weapon. (For instance, take planets with directly opposed intrinsics, "free" them with super-Bergenholms, just as the Medonians freed their planet. Maneuver them while free so that they bracket a planet, the three are in syzygy. Then let the planets go inert again. What happens? Squelsch!!! To put it mildly. For a fuller description, see GRAY LENSMAN, last chapter.)

-- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- -- --
[In the Doc Smith universe] when the ship goes free, all of the objects within the ship also go free. Obviously nothing happens in the way of ships falling apart or even seriously weakening, so there is no serious effect of the fact of going free and going inert. Also no physical damage is observed, though there is a very strange feeling of acceleration in an odd direction that happens when one goes free. It is not avoidable but apparently can be gotten used to fairly easily. This could be explained as a sensing of the change in wavelength of the component parts of the subject's body, but since all the parts change in synchrony there is no effect on the running of the human animal or of mechanical apparatus.

Actually, except for ordinarily massive objects being inertialess, the environment inside the field of the Bergenholm is fairly ordinary. All electrical magnetic devices appear to work properly as do chemical processes. Please do not ask me why this is so; it is an observed fact, and I cannot say why sub-atomic particles behave as if they have mass and macroscopic particles do not.

Next I am going to discuss the properties and problems of ships in free flight.

In the stories, Smith has at first two kinds of ships as to shape: the Patrol has cigar-shaped ships and occasional spherical ones. The cigar-shaped ships are built generally for speed, and the spherical ones are built for power. (It is much easier to brace a sphere to take large strains than it is to brace any other shape. The super-ship, the first inertialess drive vessel, was spherical and the maulers

maulers that were developed much later were of a similar shape. But he then had Boskone develop teardrop-shaped ships which supposedly combined both streamlining and a fairly easily braced shape so that they could have power and legs too. Here I think that he made a grave error. It is true that in conventional aerodynamics, the teardrop shape is *the* shape for a ship to be in for speed, but inertialess flight through interstellar gases does not follow the rules of conventional aerodynamics.

The main thing that is wrong with the teardrop shape in free flight is that it has a blunt prow. In free flight, the thing that limits the speed of the craft is how easily one can accelerate the atomic particles out of the way of the ship, and since the particles are not free but have their own inertias, they are limited to lightspeed or destruction, whichever comes first. This would mean that for a free ship which would be wanting to drive at many times the speed of light (and indeed the regular rates of speed for free ships in interstellar space were on the order of a parsec per *hour* which is a factor of from 30,000 to well over one million) the best shape would be cigar-like with as narrow a point angle as possible. This shape is lousy for bracing, of course, but it is the only shape possible if you want to travel much over c in the not too hard vacuum of interstellar space.

The next problem is immediately obvious. And that is, if the atoms in interstellar space remain inert, velocities above $10c$ are not very feasible, since even if one can accelerate the atoms to .99 times the speed of light (and recall this is not the easiest thing to do since outside the Bergenholm field, Smith's universe appears to be essentially Einsteinian, hence mass increase with velocity is the rule) achieving a velocity of $10c$ implies a nosecone angle of about $5\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ (this is the half angle of the cone). This is feasible barely. But to go any faster requires a smaller and smaller angle at the nose cone. To go $100c$ implies a nose cone angle of about $.05^\circ$, which is clearly not feasible. Yet Smith has his ship flitting around and out of Civilized space at speeds in excess of 10^9c .

[I think the solution is that they] let the field of their Bergenholms extend far beyond the skin of the ship, many hundreds of yards beyond. As a result, any particle of gas that comes near enough to the ship to potentially impede its progress was made inertialess, and so offered no resistance to the ship's progress through the interstellar medium.

The immediate problem that this raises is: why don't the ships go infinitely fast, since they have no resistance from interstellar gases because the gas has gone inertialess before hitting the ship, and we have already allowed that all other forces are so small as to be ignorable?

The answer is really quite simple. The process of going inertialess takes *time*. The time is admittedly very, very short, but so in general is the extension of the Bergenholm field with respect to the speed that the ship is travelling through the interstellar gases. (For evidence that going inertialess takes time, see THE VORTEX BLASTER, Chapter two or three. For the fact that times are very short when considering the extension of the field, consider an impossibly big extension, such as a mile. At the speed of light, this distance would be covered in $1/186,000$ of a second. Recall, please, that Doc Smith is treating speeds of hundreds of thousands of light speeds. This puts even such a big extension under the nanosecond range.)

So now we will assume that when an object enters a Bergenholm field it takes a certain, very short but finite time to go free and that it goes free continuously, that is that as soon as it enters the field it starts losing inertia and completes the process at some later time....Now suppose a ship starts out with a very low blast so that at the speed it starts out at gas molecules entering the field go completely free before they strike the ship. Thus if any blast at all is applied, the ship will start to try to move forward at speed without limit.

It runs into a problem. As soon as its speed picks up, the Bergenholm field starts moving through the medium faster and the distance between the boundary of the field and the ship becomes equivalent to less and less time. Eventually, it will become equivalent to the amount of time it takes to go free, and the leading edge of the ship will start encountering particles that are only partially inertialess. Now frictional forces will start making themselves felt, as the partially free particles must be accelerated out of the way by the application of force of a finite rather than an infinitesimal nature.

This week we will take up the question that arose some time ago in this discussion of the inertialess drive, and that is the matter of how the ships are pushed through space, since any driver mounted on the ship would be inertialess, and a rocket blowing out inertialess gases doesn't do any pushing.

This is certainly true, and Smith realized it, because he got around the problem. The only trouble is that in getting around the problem he may have created himself a bigger one.

Smith's method for driving the ships was to form a cavity with the ship surrounding it; the wall shield which strengthens the walls of the ship to an extent not reachable by mere physical matter lines the cavity, and the edge of the Bergenholm field, instead of being some distance out from the wall and shield, is pulled in so that it is congruent with the wall shield when it is in the cavity. The cavity, therefore, can harbor inert particles, even though it is surrounded, except for the opening at the rear, by the free ship. Then energy (in what form it is not stated) is beamed into the cavity, and particles are created, inert, which act as the usual sort of rocket engine, and generate force to drive the ship.

This kind of drive is fine as long as you consider the engine as producing a certain amount of thrust, since then the more thrust that is developed the faster you will go. (The thrust can be easily regulated by controlling the amount of energy beamed into the cavity.)

But if one looks at the reason for thrust in the normal rocket engine and tries to apply it to this situation, a problem is instantly encountered: the particles in the tube are inert and thus cannot move faster than the speed of light. Thus, no matter how much energy you pump into the blast tube, you cannot move the ship any faster than the speed of light using this method. You see the reason that a rocket engine works is that the force or momentum transfer of collisions of atoms with the forward end of the tube are not matched by collisions of particles with the rear end of the tube, and so there is a net transfer of momentum in the forward direction. In this case, when a particle hits the wall shield it will move the ship along as fast as it is moving, which is dependent on the energy. But no matter what its energy it cannot move faster than the speed of light, and so neither can the ship.

Even if the tube is made partially inertialess to take advantage of the fact that a partially free particle can move faster than the speed of light, there is still a limit to the speed that is nowhere near the speeds reached in the books. Any possible solutions?

This is the first really big mistake that I have found in Smith's treatment of the inertialess drive in the Lens books.

Tom Digby:

Question: when the ship is free and going faster than light, does light from sources inside the ship appear to behave strangely? If not, can light within a free region exert radiation pressure? If it does and if light can go out from a free to an inert region without causing reaction forces on the field, than maybe a searchlight within the free region would work. Light from the source, moving at the speed of light [with respect to the field], hits the reflector and exerts radiation pressure on it. Reflected light, and light going towards the lens end of the searchlight to start with simply goes on out without exerting any force. Result should be a net thrust regardless of ship's velocity. (What happens to light leaving a free region I don't know unless it resumes the usual speed of c.)

And on Doc Smith again--are all small objects such as eating utensils, etc. tied down? Or what if a ship goes free during a turning maneuver and later goes inert while facing in some other direction? And does an object that was free and goes partly inert regain part of its intrinsic? If so, could problems of relative motion of objects in the ship be helped by cutting the field slowly to produce a milder force over a longer time?

And assume some crewman has a guitar. It won't sound right while free (if it plays at all, and if sound waves carry at all). If it was being played at the instant of going free and then put aside, then when the ship goes inert, the strings may resume vibrating depending on where they were in the cycle, thus producing strange reactions from people not used to having guitars sound with nobody touching them. And by using the field on spinning flywheels and such like, you have a way of storing energy with perhaps less loss than from friction.

That's the last time we go free and then inert at noon sharp - the cuckoo's doing 24 CUCKOOS!



Chuck Crayne:

I do not see any great difficulty in getting Doc Smith out of the fix you put him in with your explanation of rocket engines. Unfortunately, however, while I was considering the answer to that objection, I thought up a few of my own which I think will be harder to answer. But first to your objection.

You picture the thrust being developed only as the particles rebound off of the shields. This is not necessary. Many current rockets have no "fronts" to their rocket tubes. The fuel lines being of the same diameter as the tubes. In this case, it is the pressure built up by the fuel pumps which the burning gases push against. In a similar fashion, the beaming of energy into the cavity requires power. As the energy becomes matter, outside the influence of the Bergenholm field, a change in momentum takes place. This is sufficient to create thrust. The difference now is that the change in momentum is now confused by the energy to matter conversion.

It was thinking about the energy flow which brought up some other problems. The maximum propagation speed for all forms of electromagnetic energy is that of light. Yet light, electricity and related phenomena seem to work inside the ship. Two questions arise. How does the Bergenholm field affect electromagnetic propagation within the field? And how does the field affect propagation across the boundaries of the field? It seems to me that these questions are more difficult to answer than are the corresponding questions for the behavior of matter, which you have been dealing with up to now.

I have not had any time as yet to consider the answers to the above questions. Here are a few random thoughts, however. We would certainly be aware, in the stories, if light did not operate normally in the ships. Therefore our theories must explain the reasons. I do not recall any specific information as to whether or not the drive fields act as shields to light. That is, can one look out of a port-hole at greater than light speeds and see lights of other ships, stars, etc.?

Fred Hollander to Tom Digby:

I'm afraid that I don't know whether light from within the field seems to behave strangely when seen from outside the field. There is no mention of looking at light from a ship other than the flare, which is the energy being given off by the plasma that is supposedly being ejected by the ship to give it its thrust, and that starts outside the field.

Given your hypotheses, the searchlight method of propulsion would work, I think, but I am not sure that light does have the ability to carry momentum within the Bergenholm field....Remember that if it did, then a Tensor light would take off by jet action and could in addition be used like a fire hose to knock a person down.

However, even if light does not carry momentum in a free region, as I suspect it does not, there is no reason to think that it cannot do its other jobs, such as making photocells work and eyes and human beings. These reactions are caused, not by the transfer of momentum by the photon but rather by the absorption of the photon in question, and transfer of energy, which is not the same thing. The difference is between the photon hitting something and bouncing off, and the

photon being absorbed by the shifting of an electron from one orbit to another.

Light leaving a free region *must* resume its normal speed of c with respect to the rest of the universe of observers. That is a fundamental law of nature which was not violated by the discovery of the Bergenholm field.

Fred Hollander to Chuck Crayne:

Electromagnetic propagation within the field seems to be roughly the same as outside the field. There is no mention in any of the stories of how light travels across the field, if it does. The visiplates are synched to ultrawave transmission, which is subetheric and which crosses the field edge with impunity. But subetheric waves are essentially non-electromagnetic in character, so this gives no information one way or the other about light. The Bergenholm field does not stop any of the weapon type beams; other shields which are not Bergenholm operated are required for that. I know they are not Berg operated, because they will work around a ship that is inert as well as one that is free. So beams and ultrawave can cross the Bergenholm field boundary with no effect on themselves. I just can't tell about light.

I don't see that the creation of matter from energy necessarily involves a change in momentum. Change in momentum from what to what? The momentum of what is being changed? And I don't see that even if the momentum of the particles changes that this makes it possible for the ship to go faster than c . Unless you mean that the energy beamed into the cavity and hence becoming particles is somehow also momentum and so drives the ship forward.

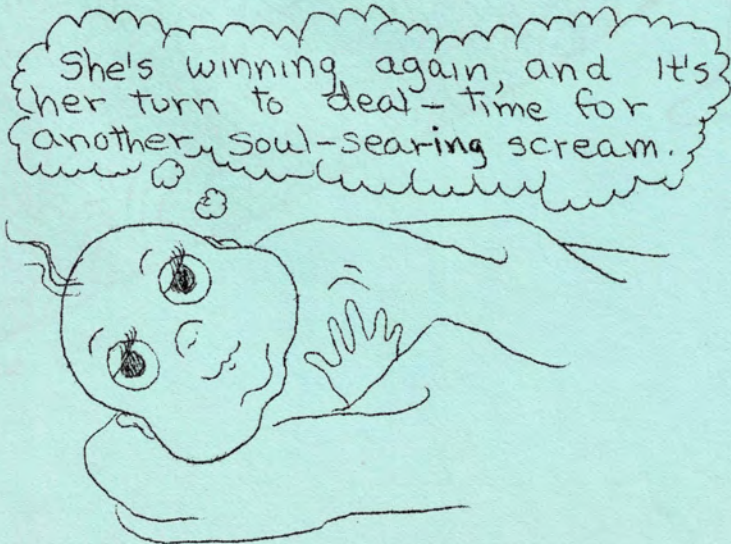
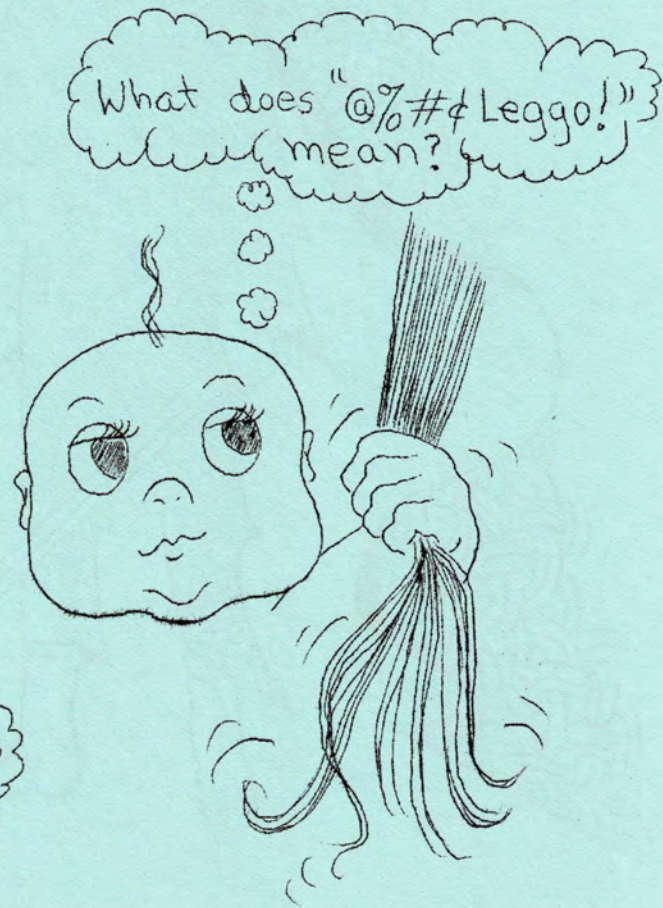
Whoops--just thought of something. Apply center-of-mass considerations, as one might do in a normal rocket problem. Ignoring outside forces, the center of mass remains at rest or travels with a constant velocity in a straight line, right? Now if you create matter outside the ship from energy that was originally inside the ship, and this matter is moving in one direction (more or less) the ship moves in the other direction with a speed proportional to the ratio of the masses of exhaust to the ship and to the speed with which the matter in the exhaust was ejected relative to the center of mass.

But the ship masses zero, so the ratio is infinite, so the ship shoots off in the other direction at infinite speed. Or tries to, and outside forces come into play. But this means that the drive works if you look at it from that point of view. Hmm. Now I wonder which line of reasoning has the flaw in it.

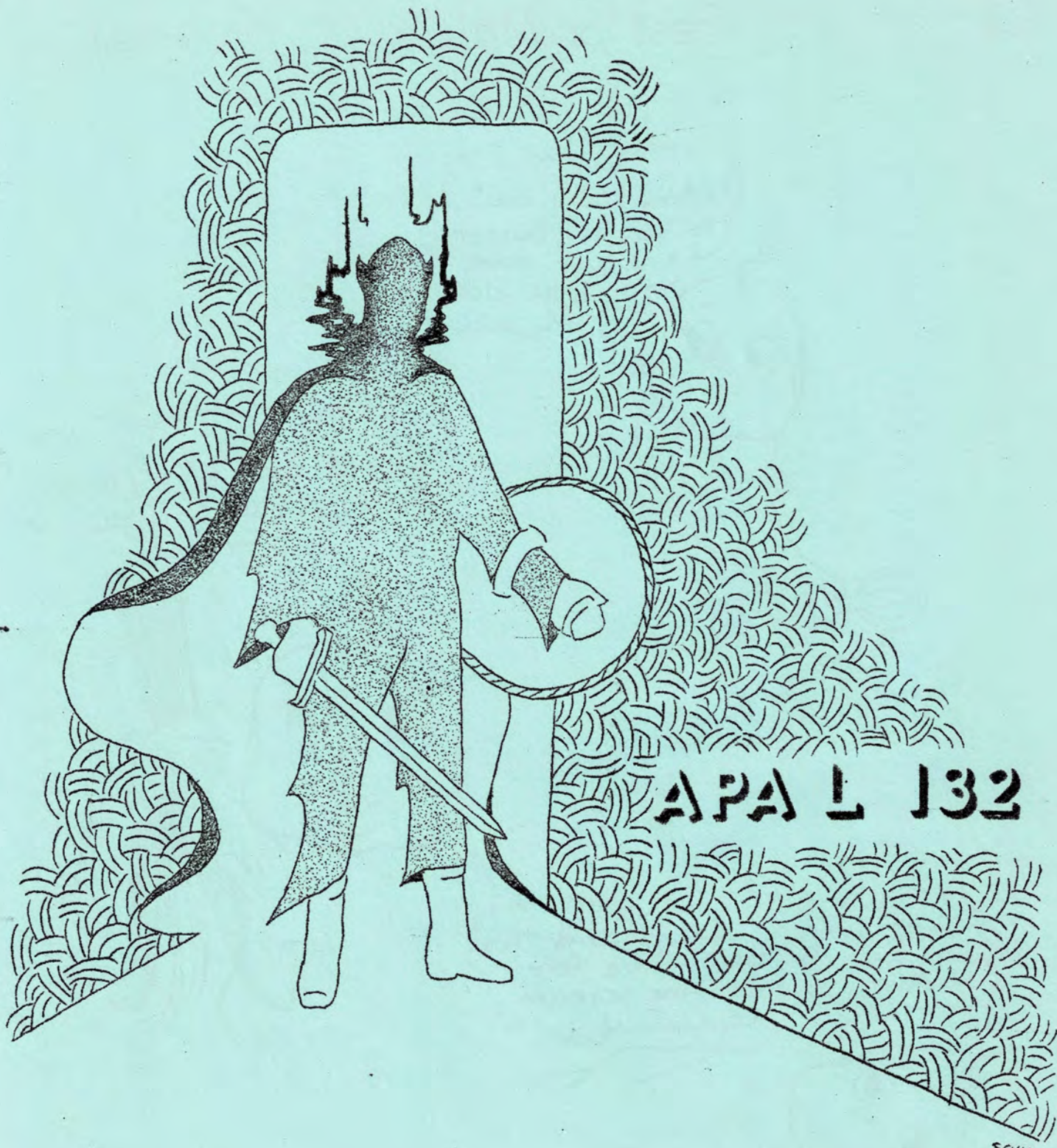
Buttons

Is anybody else around here interested in buttons that say "Frodo Lives" in English or Tengwar, or "Go, Go Gandalf!" in Angerthas. I wonder how many s-f catchphrases there are that're suitable for buttons. "Tanstaaf!" "F.--I.W." "Dirac Angestun Gesept" "The Gostak Distins the Doshes" (or vice versa, depending on which way you feel about it) "Four Legs Good--Two Legs Bad" The interlocked "HI" of Happiness, Inc. in John D. MacDonald's "Trojan Horse Laugh." Hey, how many lapel buttons are there described in s-f stories that could be copied.

--Fred Patten



DP



APA L 132

SCHU

Once Upon a Quest

by

Dian Girard

Word went flying around the palace like a bunch of flamingoes, its ugly long neck stuck out ready for the axe. "Today is the day!" The word went flying from the stables, where the green-clad urchins groomed the dapples and gilded their cloven hooves. Word went flying from the kitchens, where the white-robed chefs prodded their scullions with hobnailed boots encasing stout feet, and sniffed gingerly at unnamed concoctions in huge simmering kettles. Word went flying to the Grand Chamber, where the Lady in Puce strummed idly on her seventeen-stringed guitar and mocked the lad with the yellow vest who had to use the metronome. "Today is the day!" she said archly. Word went flying into the throne room and preened its sunset-coloured feathers in front of His Majesty.

His Majesty, better known to Her Majesty as Leodorick, rested his bearded chin in his left palm, tied knots in his beard's twelve points with his other hand, and looked pleased. Then he switched his chin to his other palm and scratched his ample chartreuse-clad paunch. He still looked pleased. "Today," he said, looking over at Her Majesty, "is definitely the day!" Her Majesty, better known as Dimples, or Lurena the Befuddled, looked up from a piece of ineptly done embroidery, lowered the lashes on her huge blue eyes once, twice, thrice, and puckered her cupid's-bow mouth at His Majesty. She was not queen because of her brains. Leodorick kissed her loudly and brusquely on the lips, and slapped her thigh with a resounding *thwack*, roaring with kingly laughter. "Today," he guffawed, his eyes streaming with happy tears, "is most certainly, absolutely, decidedly and without any doubt--any possible, probable shadow of doubt--*the day!*"

His kingly merriment leaped and gurgled and danced out of the room, dashed up the stairwell, down the corridor and under the door that led to the highest room in the tallest tower in the palace. It fell defeated at the foot of the stairs, which led upwards for 300 steps, turned a corner, doubled about, and then resignedly chugged upwards for another 482. At the top of the stairs was a bolted door, and behind the bolted door was a princess. "Today is absolutely *not* the day!" said the princess. The toad, who was patting himself with her lavender talcum powder, having bathed in the morning coffee, shrugged his shoulders. "Lookit, kid, that's the way it always goes: you're born a princess, you grow up, and pretty soon someone decides to marry you off to someone else. That's life." He sat down on the edge of the marmalade pot and studied the mutinous pout on her lips. "Now, if I were an enchanted prince, we could find a way to have me unenchanted by going through all sorts of terrible ordeals"--here he mimed drowning in the salt dish--"facing terrible foes, and declaring our undying love." He whipped a serviette off of the table to use as a cloak, and, bowing low, humbly offered to throw the butter knife at her feet. The princess sighed and gazed out of the window. "Unfortunately," the toad went on, "I ain't no enchanted prince. I'm a toad. T as in tipsy, O as in oblivious, A as in asinine, and D as in dedicatedly delirious. Sorry." He shrugged, sat down on the leftover piece of toast, and began to tug on his crimson boots of leather. "But," said the princess, turning

around to look at him. The toad held up an admonishing finger. "I know just what you are going to say. You are going to ask why you can't go off and sit beautifully and forlornly in some enchanted forest until some gallant manages to win through the impossible odds just alluded to and secures you for his loving bride. Well..." He paused for breath, and then began to hold out his foreclaws, one by one. "First of all, enchanted forests are hard to come by these days. Secondly, who is going to see to your shelter, food, and clothing during this lengthy sojourn? Thirdly, who is going to guarantee that the staunch rescuer doesn't turn out to be vicious, stupid, ugly, and with nothing to recommend him but a build like a bull ox and a head too hard for anyone to crack? Fourthly..." here the toad sank to a gentle chiding tone "what is to prevent you from getting old, my poppet? No one wants to rescue an overage princess." He laughed suddenly, flung his yellow velvet cape off of the handle of the water pitcher, and executed a brilliant veronica. "Cheer up, my Clerette, your husband-to-be may not be bad at all. Today is the day, he arrives with his retinue at six-fifteen sharp, and we'll get a good look at him."

Clerette buried her face in her hands and wept softly. The toad, his ugly wide-mouthed face suddenly very soft, hopped down beside her as she sank into a large gilt armchair. His tiny claws made little scratching sounds on her sleeve as he attempted to pat her consolingly. "In all of the stories, the princess runs away, meets a handsome, brilliant, dashing brave lad with whom she shares all sorts of wonderful adventures, and then finds out at the end that he is the prince she was betrothed to all along. He wasn't any more eager for the wedding than she was. Don't cry, Clerette, please don't cry."

The princess lifted her head and smiled at him out of tear-reddened amber eyes. "I don't care about the handsome prince, Castigore, really I don't. It's just that I don't want to get married at all. Other princesses are supposed to complain about being forced to marry someone they don't love and all that, but it's all one to me. I just don't want to get married at all. I want to laugh and play and see the red swans tuck their heads under their wings in the glistening twilight. I want to feed the ebony peacocks that stride at the Gates of Wisdom, and I want to know what it's like to be alone. All of my life there have been people. People, people, people. All of my life belongs to other people, and if I get married it will just go on being that way, don't you see?" She looked up at him anxiously. "First there would be the husband to look after and pet, and do things for. Then there would be children to hang on my skirts and demand to know about things I can't begin to describe to them. Then there would be grandchildren, and I would never be alone until they close my lids at the very end. I've almost been grateful for being locked up here in the tower, because I'm finally alone." Castigore bit his lip and looked somberly at the white gazelles that grazed in the magenta rug. Finally he said softly, "I would have left long ago if I had realized you felt that way. I've never been one to intrude on anyone's privacy."

"Oh, my dear friend! Not you, certainly! I feel so very *safely* alone with you. I wouldn't have you leave me for all the pearls in the sea." She reached out an ivory forefinger and gently stroked the top of his head. Then she took the gold and ruby ring off of her finger and set it on his warty brown head. "See," she said, "here is your crown. You are my prince, and I will keep you by my side always." Then she got to her feet and strode back and forth across the chamber. "I suppose I've got to marry sooner or later, but oh! I don't want to--I don't want to, Castigore!" She stopped suddenly in front of the chair and looked down at him. "Let's run away. Let's run away just like they do in all the stories about unhappy princesses. Let's go and make our way in the world and forget all about all of this. Please?" Castigore looked doubtful, but shrugged his shoulders and nodded. "Whatever you want--I guess. But you'll have to go the whole route and disguise yourself as a boy, or I won't have any part of it. It's whole hog or none at all." Clerette grinned at him delightedly. "Now aren't you glad I've always been a bit of a tomboy?" She turned to survey herself in the large mirror that hung on the wall. The purple and orange striped pants fit her to a charming T, and the slashed-sleeve tunic of gold, with red serpents, was

loose enough that it sufficiently disguised the fact that she was seventeen-going-on-eighteen and molded accordingly.

She ran her fingers through her auburn hair and then let the waist-long strands fall forward over her shoulders. "It will have to go, Castigore, sorry." The toad, who had often admired her silky locks, shrugged and grinned. "Maybe someday you'll let it grow out again," he said laughingly. The princess wrinkled her nose at him as she picked up a pair of shears.

Fifteen minutes later, her head covered by an elfin tangle of short curls and a grey hat with an ostrich plume, Clerette climbed out of the window via the traditionally tied-together sheets, and with Castigore riding in a leather bag slung across her shoulder, dropped to the ground with a sickening *thud*. "Oof!" said the princess, rubbing the portion of her anatomy which had met the earth with such a disconcerting impact. "I certainly hope I learn to do that better before I have to do it again!"

"So do I," came a voice from the bag, as Castigore tried to disentangle himself from the peanutbutter sandwiches, kite string, nails and other miscellany that Clerette had deemed necessary for their trip. "Now what? Where do we go from here?" "Welllll...." said the princess, gazing about uncertainly, "I've never really been out of the palace before except to go visit Aunt Mathilde of the Western Kingdom, or Uncle Gregar who rules the Iron Mountain--and then we always took the hippogryf."

"What it boils down to is you don't know where we are or what we're going to do, or where we're going to go. Right?" The princess nodded miserably. Castigore rolled his eyes heavenward, then hopped out of the satchel and started toward the castle wall. "You sit down on that mossy log over there, and make friends with someone. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Clerette seated herself gingerly on the indicated log and stared down at a stag beetle who was rolling a bit of turf along the grassy ground. He was too busy to be friendly. A large grey wolf sauntered by with his tongue hanging out and his eyes gleaming wickedly, but Clerette was not disposed to be friendly, so he headed toward the stable where a dalmatian made her home. Clerette was totally absorbed in listening to the marital troubles of an irate bluejay when she heard the sound of a falling object, and looked around to see a nose, which had been buried in a book, solidly buried in a patch of bog. The owner of the nose lifted himself on two mire-enveloped crimson-clad arms and looked up at her out of two confused blue eyes. Then he got to his feet and dusted vaguely at the mud that covered him. "Hummm, killing time before my appointment, y'know. Right? Hummm? Hummm?" He polished a pair of wire-rimmed glasses and then peered at her through them. "Right?" he inquired again.

"Well, I guess so," said Clerette. "You aren't, by any vague, impossible chance, supposed to meet your prospective bride this evening, are you?" The stranger brightened visibly, as if she had wiped away all of his difficulties at once. "That's it exactly! Not terribly eager, y'know." He looked somewhat downcast for a minute, and then went on. "Got here early, y'know. Bad form to be early for an appointment. Almost as bad as being late, don't you think?" He looked at her anxiously.

"Oh, yes, very bad form indeed," responded the princess. "But don't worry about it too much, because the princess will be late, too. In fact, the princess won't show up at all." "You must be the princess," said the stranger, holding out his hand. Clerette took the proffered hand awkwardly, shook it gingerly, and then crossed her legs and sat down on the grass. The stranger crossed his legs and sat down in the bog. He looked rather astounded, but was disinclined to move.

"You say the princess won't show up. You are very definite about it. Only the princess or her most intimate confidant would know that, and since it would be much

more of a startling coincidence for you to be Clerette herself, I assume you are indeed the princess, y'know. Oh, and you needn't feel embarrassed about not wanting to marry me--no one does, y'know. Pop has tried twelve times, and they all back out at the last minute. I'm used to it. Do you feel just the least little bit embarrassed about maybe having hurt my feelings?" He looked at her hopefully.

Clerette shook her head regretfully. "My desire to please people has just lost a battle with my normally truthful nature." "Well," said the prince, for such he was, "at least I won't have to sit through a long tiresome banquet tonight if you're not going to be there." He looked almost cheerful as he added, "I can get to sleep early tonight and be up in plenty of time for the goose calling contest. I do hate sitting through those marriage banquets, y'know. They always go wrong, and they serve everything I don't like, and I get heartburn because I have to eat it to be polite. I upset the soup tureen frequently. And the princesses and their fathers always get mad at me. I'd much rather read, or fish, or call geese, or something. Anything, as a matter of fact." He looked at Clerette with his brow wrinkled into little mountain ranges. "If you're not going to marry me, what are you going to do this evening?"

"I'm running away," said Clerette determinedly. "Oh, wonderful!" said the prince, pulling himself up out of the bog and pushing his thatch of black hair out of his eyes. "Let me come with you!" "Wha...wha...what?" stammered the princess, with her eyes wide in surprise.

"Well," said the prince, "if you run away with me, and I run away with you, there won't be anyone for them to marry either of us to, and we can both get a little peace out of life." The princess looked dubious. "I guess it would be all right, but I'll have to see what Castigore says."

"Who's Castigore?" asked the prince, more because the question ought to be asked than from any real desire for the information. "Castigore is a toad," the princess said proudly. "Well, that's not a very nice thing to say about someone who is supposed to be a friend of yours, y'know," said the prince, his faith in the princess's gentility and upbringing somewhat undermined. "No, no," said Clerette impatiently, "Castigore is a real toad. You know, little and brown and warty and lives under rocks. Only he doesn't. He sleeps in an empty #12 tomato juice can in my closet." "And I thought my friends were odd," said the prince, somewhat aghast. "They at least sleep in napkin boxes!"

"Well, let me tell you, Mr. High-and-Horrid..." began the princess in an irate tone. Just then Castigore hopped up to the two of them, with his tiny sword in his claw. "Is this fellow bothering you, Princess?" Castigore was always careful to be properly respectful to his lady when anyone else was around. Clerette lowered her slim brows and tapped her foot ominously, but finally answered, "No, he's the fellow--what's-his-name--who is supposed to be marrying me. He wants to run away with us."

"Prince Farvarian, at your service," said the prince, bowing low and falling face forward into the bog again. "One numbskull," muttered Castigore, "I can take care of--but two? Is there no rest for the ungodly? Gesturing wearily to the two to follow him, he led the way towards the edge of the forest. Behind him, Clerette and Farvarian took up the threads of what threatened to become an unending dispute.

Some hours later, Castigore called a halt and turned to survey his tired, sweaty charges. "I think it's time we paid a call on the local witch of the neighborhood." "Who's that?" asked Farvarian. "Who knows, who cares?" shrugged Castigore. "Every neighborhood has a resident witch, and we are just about far enough along in the plot that we are supposed to consult the local witch and find out what we are supposed to be doing. She is supposed to live up to her part of this narrative by supplying us with

a riddle to work, a magic potion to use for something, or some sort of magic gifts to aid us on our Quest."

"But we don't have a Quest," protested Clerette. "Then have Faith," snapped Castigore. "It's much better in the long run anyway." Somewhat subdued, the two royal personages walked quietly along after the toad, as he made his way through the seemingly impenetrable forest, stopping now and then to ask directions. Several hours later they came to a clearing where a small stone building sat in the middle of velvet-soft orange grass. A huge wooden door with a silver knocker took up almost all of one side of the building, which looked to Clerette about the size of one of the wardrobes in her room at home. After hesitating for some moments, Farvarian finally lifted the knocker and banged it heavily on the door three times. There was the sound of footsteps, and then the door opened to reveal a footman about three feet tall holding a yard-high candelabra which flickered and flipped its flames at their faces. The footman, who had huge green eyes and a searching forked tongue, politely inquired as to their business; and upon learning they wished to see the witch, stood aside and motioned them inside. To their astonishment they were at the entrance to a vast hall, and could see staircases and corridors leading off like openings of mazes in every direction. Castigore, unable to believe his eyes, looked outside again before the door closed, to verify the size of the tiny, and immense, witch's hut. They followed the footman to a reception desk where a large sign said "The Witch is IN," and an ugly snaggle-toothed receptionist took their names and inquired as to where the bill was to be sent. "I thought," said Castigore, slightly taken aback, "that this was usually a free service for residents." "For residents, yes," cackled the receptionist. "You're from the next county, so we have to charge non-resident fees. That's so your own resident Witch can't claim we're stealing her business. Why didn't you go to her, incidentally?"

"Well, err, ah, you were recommended," butted in Clerette, anxious to get the matter over and done with. The receptionist looked gratified. "Our witch *is* one of the best. Especially in her specialty field." She handed them a red form, a yellow form, and three green forms with carbon paper between them. "Fill out all these papers, and then hand them to the Familiar in waiting room number five." She then abruptly turned her back and went back to reading a cheap paperback novel with a lurid cover.

Four corridors, three vestibules, and four staircases later they found waiting room number five, handed their completed papers to the Familiar--a mauve snake with five legs--and sat down to wait. The waiting room was icy cold--which they soon discovered was due to the presence of a Yeti with persecution complexes. Seven weeks later, having made numerous stealthy visits back to the castle for food and changes of clothing, they were finally called into the Witch's office. The Witch was a charming young girl with green hair, silver skin, and a soothing cauldron-side manner. "What can I do for you?"

"Well..." began all three of them at once. "Just a moment, just a moment," smiled the Witch, waving her hand. "You," she said, pointing at Castigore, "are obviously an enchanted prince. She must be the princess you are hopelessly in love with, and he is either your best friend, her brother, or both. Right?" She smiled smugly.

"Well, no," said Castigore. "He is an inept prince, she is his unwilling bride-to-be, and I am a toad. I am happy." "I am willing to grant the other two premises," said the Witch, "but no one, absolutely no one, could be happy being a toad. You must have a neurosis." She shimmied her way over to a cabinet, took a vial of noxious-looking liquid, and, grabbing Castigore suddenly, poured the contents of it down his throat. Castigore stood stock still for a moment, and then sat down dazedly on the floor with lavender fumes rising out of his nostrils. The Witch seemed vastly disappointed that he was still a toad.

Turning to the other two, who were now hugging one another in mutual fright, she held out two capsules on the palm of her hand. "Swallow these!" she demanded.

"I..I..I can't swallow anything without a glass of water," said Clerette. Farvarion nodded his agreement dumbly. "Oh, all right," said the Witch, turning towards the hand basin. Just then Castigore staggered to his feet. Setting down the two capsules along with a paper cup of water, the Witch grabbed him up and poured the contents of another vial down his throat. Castigore gurgled, blinked, and turned into a large brown cow. "Moooooo?" he lowed miserably.

"Oh!" Clerette broke away from Farvarion and walked over to shake her finger furiously in the Witch's face. "Now just see what you've done! You disenchant him right away! He was perfectly happy being a toad!" She stamped her foot angrily. Castigore lowed imploringly. The Witch crossed her arms and took refuge in professional aloofness. "Look upon it," she said, "as therapy. Besides, no one can be happy being a toad!"

"Farvarion, *do* something," wailed the princess, her arms flung around Castigore's neck. Farvarion drew himself up to his full ineffectual height and tried his best to loom at the Witch. "If you don't take care of him, I'll...I'll...I'll report you to the Witches and Wizards Local for malpractice!"

The Witch sniffed haughtily. "I will not be responsible for turning something--any thing--into a toad. That is a matter for an apprentice Witch, not a practicing professional." "If you're still practicing..." began Clerette, but a warning look in Castigore's big brown eyes silenced her. The Witch went on. "I'll be happy to turn him into anything with an overall dimension of not less than 70 inches--that's union rules. Take it or leave *him*--to spend the rest of his life as a cow. At that," she went on, looking scathingly at Castigore, "I should think anything would be better than being a toad."

"Oh, oh, oh," sobbed Clerette, "Do anything!" The Witch, suddenly all smiles at being given her head, busied herself with mixing sundry vials, pots, and bags of concoctions. Finally finishing, she tilted back Castigore's head and poured an ample measure of a purplish fluid down it. The cow lowed miserably, flicked its tail, stuck out its tongue, and finally turned into a young man. He was slightly stooped, but somewhere around 70 inches tall; he had a wide mouth, and brown hair. When he turned toward Clerette, it was a gay little hop in his stride. "I thought you weren't an enchanted prince," said Clerette, her eyes wide. "He wasn't," said the Witch smugly. "There is no reason why a toad--bleh!--can't be enchanted into something as well as a person can be. I cast a spell over him and turned him into a prince."

Castigore lifted his fingers and placed them under Clerette's chin, tilting her face to meet his lips. "Now that I am a man," he said, "we can truly share life. Come walk with through scented gardens, share my happiness, be my wife."

"Now that you are a man..." began Clerette. "I still want to be alone! Curmon, Farvarion, we've got a Quest to find!" And, pulling the startled prince after her, she ran out into the corridor.

Castigore shrugged, grinned somewhat wryly, and patted the witch on the arm. "Thanks anyway, kid," he said. He sighed softly. "Well, those two nincompoops will still need someone to look after them." He saluted the Witch gravely, and then turned and strode out into the corridor after his charges.

-----finis-----

Then there's the agricultural region that once had an annual fertility rite consisting of a "marriage" between the earth and one of the young men of the village. According to the ritual, a ditch was dug in one of the fields and the man led to its edge where a marriage ceremony was performed. Afterwards came a wild celebration, starting with the traditional order to ring all the bells in town, "Ding dong, the ditch is wed!"

--Tom Diqby

Lavender

by

Fred Hollander

LAVENDER, BEAUTIFUL AND EVIL!!!

You thought that the hippies took up flower power as a slogan because they thought that flowers were innocent and signified loving? You were wrong. The hippies have taken up the symbol of the flower because it is the symbol of evil, beautiful, yet perverted. And they are using this idea to introduce your children to the evils of

LAVENDER!!! // Bold, ugly caps//

Once they have started your son or daughter on lavender they begin the promotion for the higher ups, the hard flowers. First comes the lavender, then the youth who enjoys the mild and comparatively harmless sensation that the lavender gives him is asked if he would like to "try something better." Your son is introduced to Morning Glory. From there it is but a short step to the poppy. After that, the needle and*

DEATH!!! // Bolder, uglier caps//

** The Facts: the use of lavender gives the user a feeling of euphoria and good will and laziness. It is reported to be similar to a "high" gotten from marijuana but more insidious and possessing a greater hold over the user after one or two times. It is the first step on the road to sin and death.*

I saw it when I visited the Free Press Bookstore in Pasadena. At first I thought that this was some sort of a put on, but when I asked the salesperson behind the counter what it was, he said that someone had come in and asked if he could post it, then done so and left. I looked for some name or address on the poster but there was nothing to identify who had done it. I asked some of the people around there if they had used lavender and what it was like if they had, but all the ones I talked to professed ignorance of the use of it.

But the other day I was visiting Tina, and I noticed that she had some lavender that she had picked up at the L. A. County Fair at one of the booths. Now I have always liked to sniff lavender anyway, because it has such a good smell to it, so Tina and I started smelling this lavender that she had. We were doing this while we were talking, passing it back and forth as we conversed and all of a sudden we found that we were feeling much too good to be accounted for by the amount of beer we had had with dinner.

We were going to do a little put-on for the LASFS about sniffing it for the effect, and when Tina's brother arrived a little bit later we told him about it. He started in on a fake crusade against lavender. And all of a sudden the bulletin that I had seen clicked back into my mind, and I began to wonder if it was perhaps real, what the poster talked about.

Anyway I told Tina and her brother about the poster and suddenly we got this wild urge to put it in a cigarette and smoke it. After all, this is what marijuana users do to get high on it, so it is obvious by the principle of induction that this is what should be done to lavender to get full enjoyment out of it. So we emptied out one of Tina's cigarettes and filled it with some of the lavender. Then we let Tina's brother be the first guinea pig, because he had suggested the idea of smoking it in the first place. He lit the cigarette and took a puff, and we awaited the results anxiously.

"Gah," he said, "it burns the back of the throat when it goes down. But it does leave a very nice taste in your mouth after you exhale. Try it."

So Tina tried it, and then I tried it. I didn't really feel all that comfortable about taking the smoke into my lungs, but he was right about the fact that it left a good taste in the mouth. It tasted about like you would expect a real faint lavender perfume to taste if it tasted like it smelled. It was sort of a clean taste and fresh. It was sort of nice.

We passed the cigarette around again just to make sure that we hadn't missed anything about it that might be important. It smelled really bad when you smelled the smoke outside, by the way. Then I noticed that I had a sort of feeling of detachment similar to the feeling I get when I am extremely tired and am reading something that I would rather not be reading. It didn't last long, and it went away after about five minutes, but both Tina and her brother felt it too.

A little bit later, Roger filled another cigarette with lavender and smoked it all himself. He soon got very giggly and started making noises and actions like he was drunk, which he wasn't. He had had a couple of beers but nothing more, and I had had more than that and had no effect at all. (Though we did notice at the time that the first cigarette went around that I got the quickest "high" out of it followed by Tina and then Roger. At the time that was also the order of who had had the most beer. It would seem that perhaps the beer is a helping factor.) Anyway he was saying things like, "This cigarette tastes good, like lavender should," and similar euphemisms. In other words, he got high.

Today [October, 1967] Tina will be bringing some lavender, and I will try it again. Anyone who wishes to join us can ask Tina. (P.S. you might bring some floral incense; we were also burning that at the time we smoked the lavender, and we don't really know yet what the synergetic combination was that got Roger high. For all we know it may have to be taken after one has drunk a beer, or perhaps two. I'm sure four wouldn't hurt.

Still it is very interesting to come upon something like this and suddenly find out that what you thought was a put-on is the real McCoy. I can't help thinking that if this is the real McCoy, then perhaps so are the dangers the poster enumerated. I don't think so, but I do think that I will use all reasonable caution in dealing with this stuff. The bananadine was a hoax; this doesn't seem to be. But if I wake up one morning and feel myself really *want* a lavender cigarette, I will go cold turkey right then and there.

COMMENTS ON HOZTRY BY RUTH BERMAN JUNE MOFFATT

Ruth Berman:

One of the subjects studied in that illustrious, multi-colored country of Oz, is the history of Oz. But, what exactly is this hoztry?

Oz, as revealed in the Oz books, has a rather peculiar civilization. There are only three good agricultural areas. They are around the Emerald City and in the Munchkin and Winkie countries. The Gillikin country also has a great many farms but they seem to be more for the needs of family-groups rather than for those living in the cities or in non-fertile areas. Oz farms must be very fertile (in *The Emerald City of Oz* we learn there is even a surplus) because their culture seems to be almost entirely urban. The large majority live in cities such as Regalia, Illumi-nation, etc. In all the cities the inhabitants are either ordinary "meat" people, or of one kind of odd and extraordinary people, but almost never do both live in the same city.

Many of the latter probably date from the period after Lurline made Oz a fairy-land. Yet the main trend seems to be one of many little city-states, much like ancient Greece or perhaps the feudal manors.

But with all the city-states - why are they Ozites? If they were to follow the pattern of the city-states of ancient Green, they would be in constant warfare, and would speak of themselves as Regalians or as Horners, not as Ozites. And yet, except in the border countries, they are all Ozites, and they all paid at least lip-service to the old kings of Oz, until Nombi temporarily destroyed the line. Perhaps, since Oz is hemmed in by the desert, it is natural that they consider themselves Ozites - but why acknowledge a king who was not even half as powerful as the local rulers? Even in the early days of America, Washington had a great deal of trouble governing, because of the rivalries between the former colonies. And they were not only hemmed between the mountains and the sea, they had just come through a war which, by its very nature, would have brought forth a great deal of patriotism.

The inevitable conclusion is that the kings of Oz were once very powerful. It also seems quite possible that the dynasty was founded by someone from outside Oz. One reason, of course, is that an outsider would have a better chance of being accepted by all the people in Oz than someone from one of the color-countries. A better reason is the language. Everyone in Oz speaks English. Since Oz is cut off from the rest of the world by its desert, this implies that there was, at one time, communication of some sort with the outside world. More, all parts of Oz--even parts cut off from the rest, such as Mount Munch or Jinxland--speak English.

This certainly suggests that the language was forced on the people, since people rarely, if ever, unanimously accept a new language without outside pressure. (In *Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz*, Ozma says the word "Oz" means great and good in "our language." Whose language is "our" language? Surely not, as Ozana spoke

English. [sic] The ancient kings of Oz? Pozzibly, but how much more likely for Ozma to ~~mean~~ the ancient language of the Ozites. (And how many conquering rulers dare to overrule to the extent of re-naming the country?)

Very well then. At one time in the history of Oz a person, or a group of persons, who spoke English came to Oz and became the ruler(s)--how? Ordinary out-and-out conquering, whether by violence or some less noticeable way, would have left such border kingdoms as Mount Munch or Oogaboo quite untouched by the new regime. If the conquering was not ordinary, then it must have been extra-ordinary --that is to say, magic. Magic, in pre-Lurline Oz would have been an unthinkable invincible weapon, conquering all, even the out of the way corners.

But it would seem that the magical ability and magical implements were lost. Little by little, Oz drifted back to its former status, that of little city-states till the coming of Lurline. There was, however, one important difference. The powerful, centralized government had existed for a time, and left its mark. The ruling line did last, probably as a sort of United Nations Arbitrator and handy scapegoat for all unpleasant laws. Thus lip-service was paid to a government that was centralized geographically, though not really, until Mombi temporarily dethroned the old King and his fairy daughter.

It may be that not all the magical implements of the first old kings were lost. In the above discussion, it may be observed that one of the prime requirements of such a kingdom would be something enabling the ruler to see what was happening in any part of the country. Just such an instrument appears in the Oz books: the Magic Picture. It first appeared in *Ozma of Oz* without a word of explanation, and none of the Royal Historians gave an explanation later. Was it melodramatically hidden in a hollow tree or left hanging innocently upon a wall? This cannot be answered with the information we have at present.

June Moffatt:

Your disquisition on Hoztry is built on what I think to be a basic error--namely that the history of a magical country can be judged on the same basis as that of an ordinary (or mundane) one.

Let us take up the problem of the universal language. It could very well have been part of the original enchantment that made Oz into a fairyland, that all the country should speak the same language--even including those countries outside of Oz, across the Deadly Desert and on to the Nonestic Ocean. In other words, the same language for all the peoples of that vast Imagi-Nation.

Besides how do we know that Ozish *is* English? Perhaps the enchantment includes the comprehension of the language by anyone within its sphere of influence --be he visitor or inhabitant. Our problem is that all the visitors that we know of have been English-speaking. What we need is to find a visitor who has some other native tongue and inquire into his or her difficulty (or the lack of it) in making himself understood. After all, even the visiting animals can speak Ozish.

As far as Ozma saying that the word "Oz" means "great and good, in our language," well, Ozma was once one of Lurline's band of fairies, which may well have had a language of their own--perhaps an ancient and even ritual language, but a separate one, nonetheless. (I am aware that she was also King Pastoria's daughter, but you can consider the "changeling" theory, the "beneficent possession" theory or even simple adoption.)

The agricultural problem comes to mind next. Oz is far from overpopulated--there are vast stretches of wilderness in any one of the four countries. (Wilderness seems to be kept to a minimum around the Emerald City.) I tend to think of the Gilliken country as having the most wilderness, perhaps due to its many mountains.

But, once again, it is a magical country. The Munchkin country has the Traveler's Tree (planted by the wizard Wam), and breakfast bushes abound in profusion, so much so that at least once Dorothy goes wandering off to find one, obviously with the expectation of there being at least one in the immediate vicinity. The mere existence of a breakfast bush, which would argue the existence of various crops, industries and even importers in a mundane country, makes trying to figure out the agricultural economy of Oz by the number of farms (and bushels per acre) an exercise in futility. This peculiarity extends to those countries outside of Oz, as evidenced by the Lunch Box and Dinner Pail trees which grow in the Land of Ev.

There are many "facts" of Hoztry which tend to contradict each other--such as the large unpopulated areas vs. the sending out of Captain Salt, to find additional land for settlers from overpopulated areas, but even this may be found to be logical in a way, if we assume that it is Ozma's wish to keep the wilderness areas of Oz unspoiled--then the population pressure would become apparent at a much lower level than in our own country, for instance.

THE SOUTHERN BAKERY - continued
by Dian Girard (Ipzik! 94 for APA L 94) (see p. 25)
writing as Len Bailes--to keep up his unbroken string
of zines for APA L. Bruce wrote an accompanying note that Len's
"stencil tore en route" to explain the change in typeface. Len later
approved of the incident.

Well, I'm still being held prisoner in that Southern ~~big~~ ~~big~~ bakery. Of course, I work with the bread, trying hard to remind myself at lunch time that *my* sandwich is not made from *their* bread. The company also makes cakes. I wandered over to the cake section on my morning break today. I guess the one consolation is that the customers can't see beneath all of that frosting. I saw one white cake fall on the floor, get picked up, put back on the conveyor and then iced without even being brushed off.

I also saw the way it was frosted. A gray-haired woman about 50 was one of the icers. When she finished with one cake part of its icing had some sort of gash in it. She calmly licked her finger and plastered over the sore. I made a mental note not to buy any cake from that company, along with the bread I'm not going to buy. ...

You may very well ask yourselves, "Why is hyperfannish Len Bailes slaving in a furnace of a building with substandard working conditions and contaminated merchandise?" It pays better than anything else I was able to find, that's why. Now I know what it is like to work in a bakery. Now I know why I'll never work in a bakery again. I think I'd rather try to sell Saturday Evening Post to a Mennonite than come back here again. ...

I understand the cake department makes something called *spice cake*. It is made up of all of the lopsided, overdone and underdone cakes. All of them. They are all thrown together into a big tub of batter, covered over with tons of spices and re-baked. Honest.

underwearman!!!!

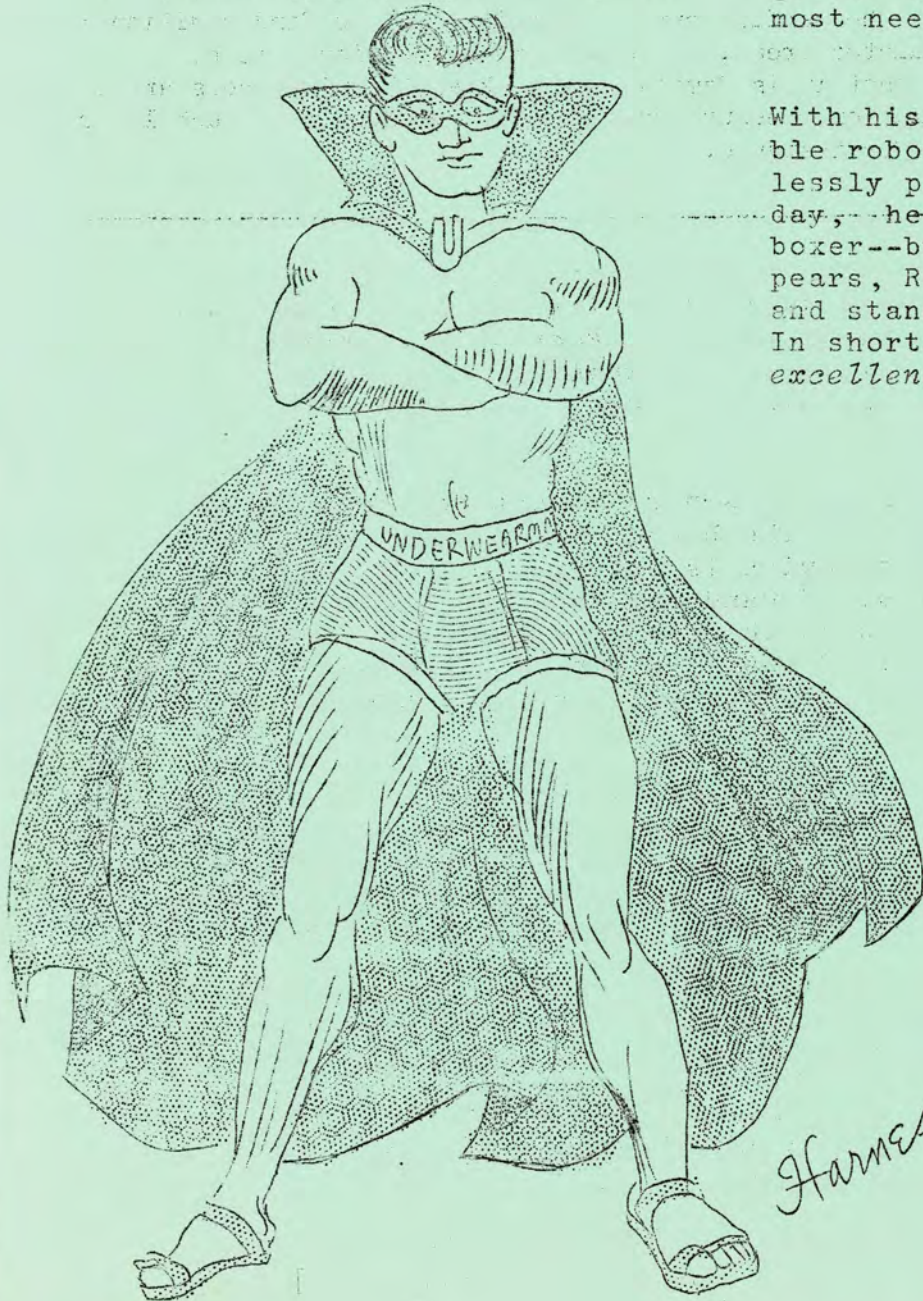
by Jack Harness

UNDERWEARMAN is the symbol of adventure of our times, just as Long John Silver was to a former age. In brief, UNDERWEARMAN takes his place with the other costumed heroes of comic-book fame, paying scant heed to our overworked police departments and overworked police dogs; UNDERWEARMAN gives support to our society where most needed, where most valuable.

With his magic lasso and his invisible robot plane, UNDERWEARMAN ceaselessly patrols a city by night. By day, he is known as Mr. Reis, a boxer--but when danger or crime appears, Reis sheds his outer garments and stands revealed as UNDERWEARMAN. In short, he is a costumed hero *par excellence*.

UNDERWEARMAN's distinctively different costume of beige and vomit-green strikes terror into the heart of criminals and colorists alike. UNDERWEARMAN is actually eighty years old, but years ago in the Orient he acquired the fabulous Geritol ring that powers his body.

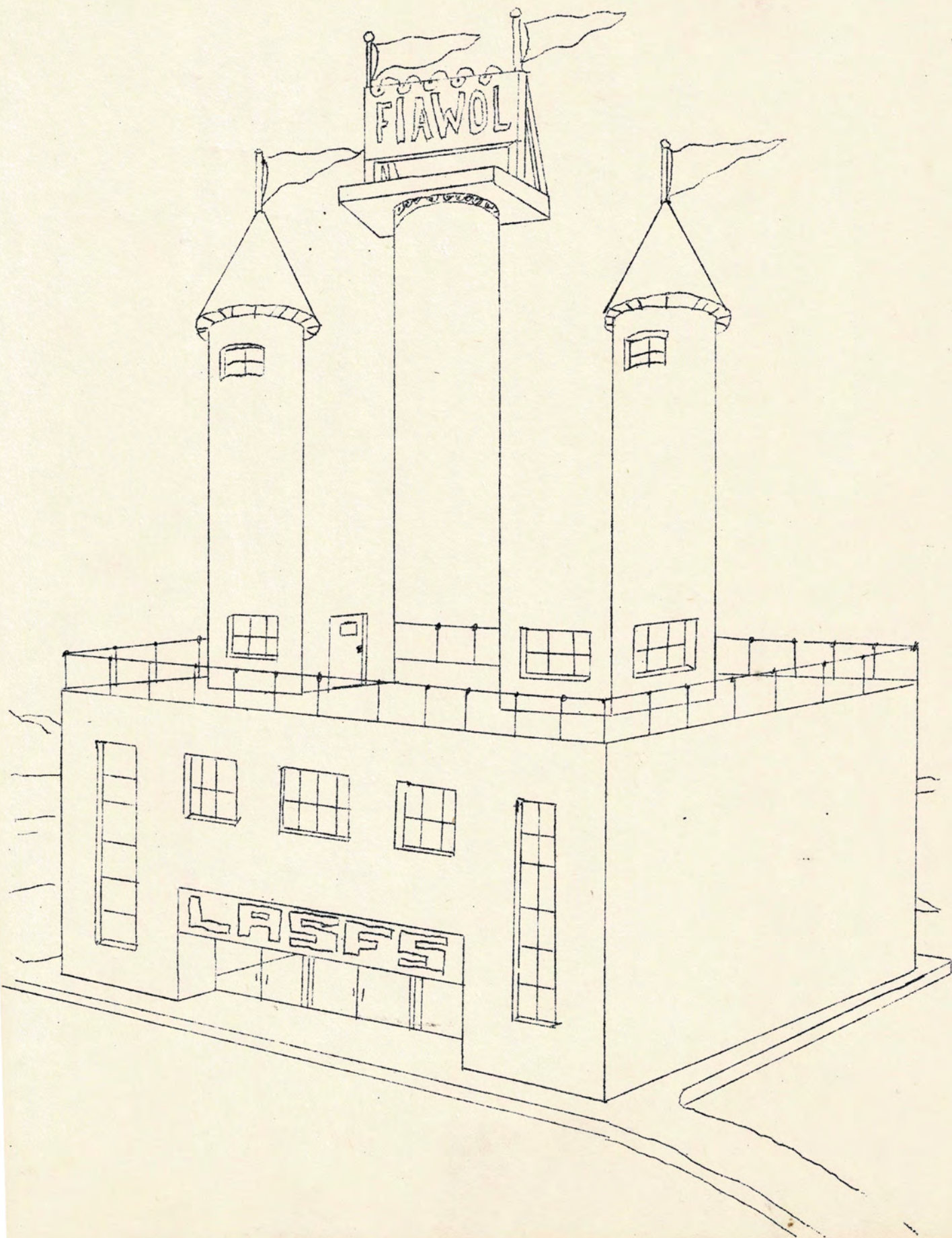
Look for the first issue of UNDERWEARMAN COMICS, featuring the Creeping Menace (Attila-Witchdoctor Conspiracy) today to see this ~~unifor~~ uniformed hero in action!



0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0



FIAWOL

LASFS