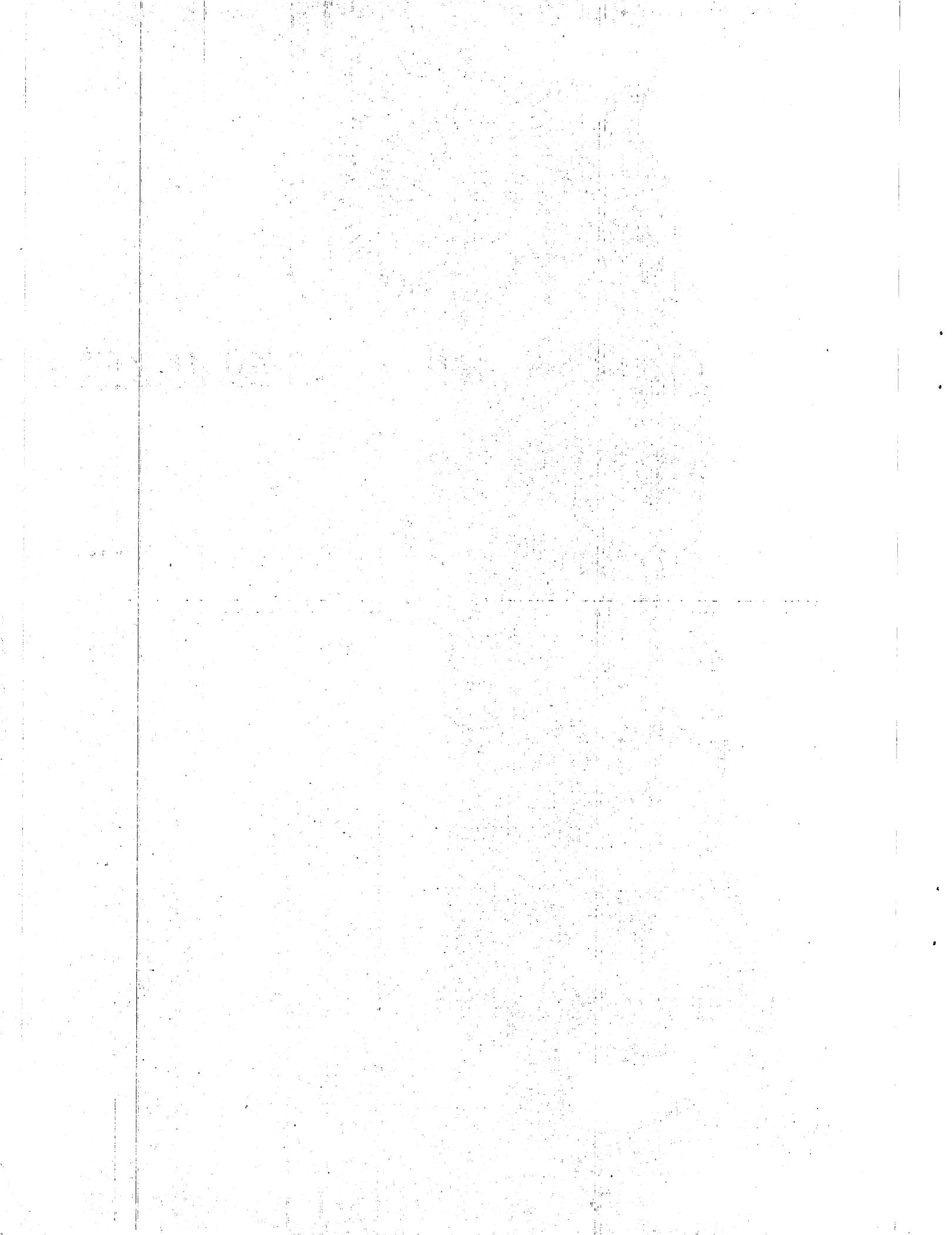
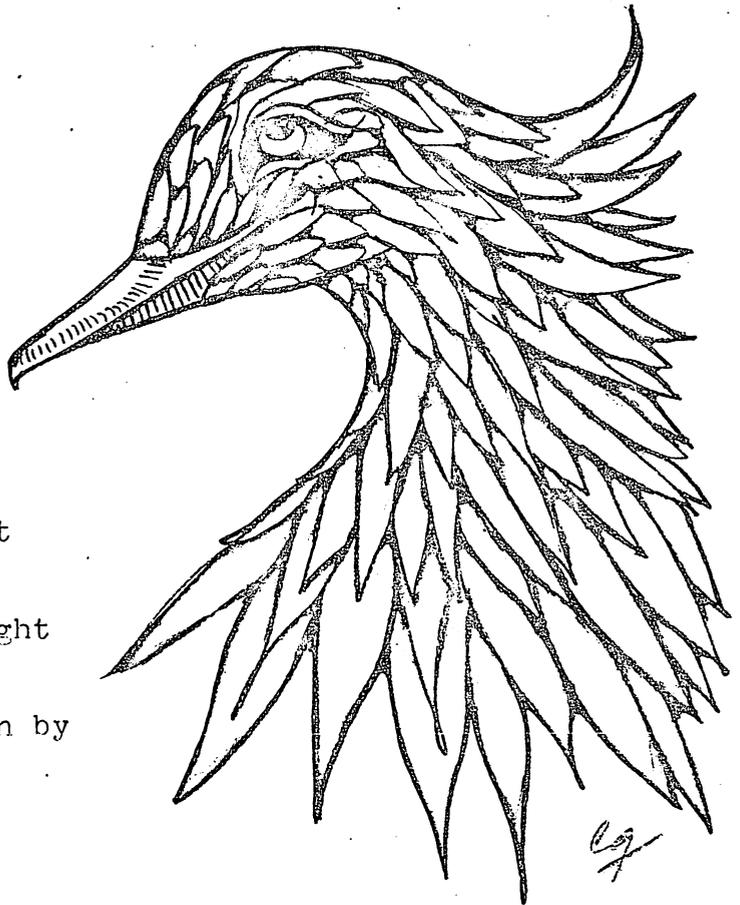




DIASPAR 13



DIASPAR 13



Produced November 1970 for
FAPA and likeable strangers
by Terry Carr, 35 Pierrepont
St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

Cover and drawing to the right
by Cynthia Goldstone.

Drawings in After the Heicon by
Arthur Thomson.

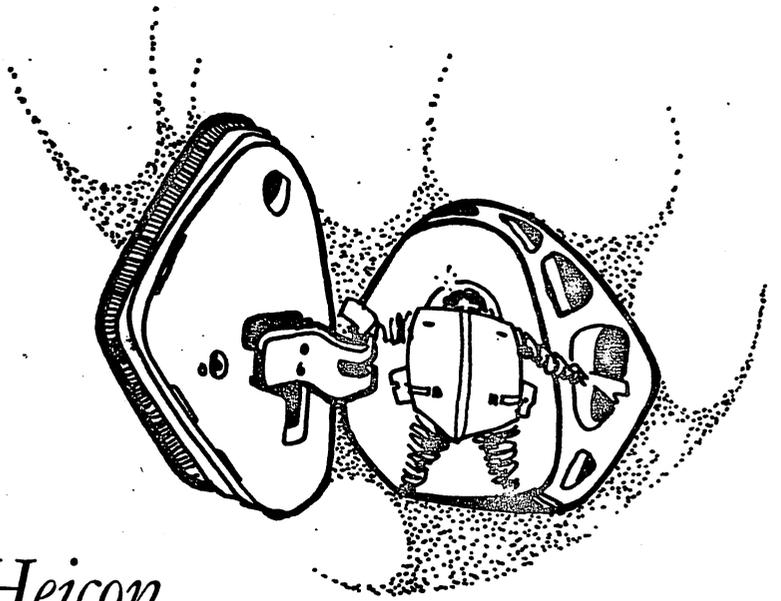
Back cover by Van Splawn.

Fansprach

People in the habit of reading colophons first may have done a doubletake at seeing the name Van Splawn, and those with both an eye for style and a long memory will recognize that the drawing on the back cover is by the very same Van Splawn who was an active fanpublisher twenty years ago and a FAPAn from 1951 to 1955. Don't ask where I got the drawing; my art file dates back to the early 50s itself in terms of acquisition, and there are many strange things in it. Several older faneds passed on art files to me when they gave up publishing, and this Splawn drawing is by no means the oldest in the bag: there's a drawing by an "R. Nelson" dated 1941 which isn't by Ray Nelson but I don't know who it is by. Maybe I'll run it sometime soon too; meanwhile, if anyone knows the current address of Van Splawn, let me know and I'll send a copy of this to him.

The cartoons in William Rotsler meets Harlan Ellison were done at the Funcon, 1968's substitute for a Westercon. Rotsler would draw a situation and hand it to Harlan to caption; you ought to be able to tell who did what by the relative thicknesses of their lines, since Harlan used a much heavier felt-tip pen than Bill did.

-- Terry Carr



After the Heicon

Monday August 24 wasn't "after the Heicon," really, since the convention was still going on. The program for the day was an excursion up the Neckar River, but we decided that if we were going to go sightseeing that day we'd do it as part of our vacation trip, so we headed south to the Black Forest, the Schwartzwalder.

"We" means Carol and me and Sid Coleman, our friendly native guide. Not that Sid was born and raised in Europe, but sometimes it seems he lives there. He gets sent off to all these physics conferences in Europe, and summers he usually spends doing physics type things in Geneva. This has been going on for years, with the result that Sid can now speak abominably in more languages than anyone else I know.

Sid had lucked out so much that he'd actually been sent to Heidelberg itself two weeks before the convention. This morning our first order of business after picking up Sid at his hotel was to drive across the Neckar and up the quaint, beautiful, and mainly steep hillside to the home of a colleague of his from whom he'd borrowed a typewriter. The address was on the Philosophersweg, Philosopher's Walk, which I'd envisioned from the descriptions in tourist brochures as a narrow, winding lane suitable for students to stroll on but certainly not for cars. In actual fact, this was just what it was like. I put the Opel Kadett in first gear and kept it there as we tentatively wound our way up the cobblestoned street. Suddenly a Volkswagen came roaring around a turn down the hill at us, and I swerved hard right, if you can say "swerved" when we were going five miles an hour. The VW didn't pause; he found room to zip around us and was gone down the hill, the sound of his motor seeming even louder than it had, until I realized I'd killed the Opel's motor.

As I started the car again and grimly proceeded upward, Sid said, "Hah, that guy sure didn't drive like a philosopher."

"Sure he did," I said. "Haven't you heard of nihilism?"

We found the address, Sid went in with the typewriter while I managed to turn the car around, and then Sid came back and we were off down the hill to the free delights of a vacation trip in Europe. In my exhilaration I put the Opel in second as we went down the street.

We got out of Heidelberg and onto the autobahn for Baden Baden, with Sid consulting voluminous maps that covered the back seat. Sid did the navigating all the time he was with us, and I did the driving. As Carol describes it, "Sid would say 'We go there,' and Terry would drive us there, and then I'd look."

Let me say a few words about driving on the autobahns, and for that matter the Italian autostrada and French autoroutes. These are smooth, high-speed highways, two lanes each way. The right lane is for driving in, the left lane is only for passing. What this means is that if you want to go faster than the traffic in the right lane you just stay in the left lane but keep your left-turn blinker on. And you keep glancing in the rear-view mirror, because at any time you might see a big Mercedes roaring up at you from behind, and then you'd better get over, because they think nothing of tailgating at 140 kph. The speed at which most traffic on these roads goes depends on what kind of car each person is driving, since everyone seems to keep his gas pedal floorboarded. VWs and Fiats stay in the right lane, Mercedes own the left lane, and in-between cars like the Opel dodge back and forth.

We got to Baden Baden in about an hour and turned off the autobahn for the road that wound up into the hills of the Black Forest High Road. Half a mile outside town it immediately turned beautiful and quaint: pine and fir trees overhung and shaded the road, which began to wind as we climbed. Then fog was drifting across the road, and it became more frequent and dense the higher we got; I turned on the windshield wipers. The Black Forest wasn't black at all, it was green from trees and grasses, and golden and pink and blue from flowers on the side of the road.

We came to a lay-by where cars were parked, so I pulled off to see the view. There was a small church there, new, nestled among slabs of flat rock and the architecture designed to blend with the angles of the rock. It was closed just now, but we saw a stained-glass window that looked mighty like a sheet of plastic. Hmph, we said, and strolled down to the forest's edge. The trees here formed a wall of branches; behind them the Black Forest was indeed dark, and we could hear drops of water, mist that had condensed on branches and leaves, falling onto the shadowed forest carpet.

"Here's a trail or something," I said. "Let's go in and look."

But Carol and Sid were cold, so I said I'd just go in for a few minutes myself. I stepped into the forest, ducked under low branches, walking on soggy fallen leaves. I stepped over rain-softened fallen logs, brushed aside cobwebs, and went far enough in to see that this was no trail. Coming back out I picked up a rusty beer can and a cardboard milk carton. "Here," I said to Sid and Carol when I came back. "Authentic souvenirs from the depths of the Black Forest."

We got back in the car and drove on. Early in the afternoon we began to get hungry, so when we came to a restaurant I pulled into the parking spaces in front. There was a small lake there, and quite a few German tourists had stopped to look, or eat, and a couple of them even rented rowboats to go out on the lake even though the mist was here too and was getting cold at these heights. As we walked to the restaurant I stopped to look at the lake. Its sides were lined with cement all the way around, and the corner where the boats were docked was squared off. The Germans even make their scenery efficient, I thought.

We had something unmemorable for lunch, which must mean it was better than average German cooking. Sid had warned us in advance, "Germany is a culinary disaster area," and he was right. We took advantage of the stop to visit the men's and ladies' rooms, and Carol had her first Adventure with Language. The Germans and others in Europe have discovered, or maybe invented, the thing of charging a dime or a mark or something to use a public toilet. The lady attendant asked her to pay, in German, and there was Carol without having brought her bag, no money, and she didn't know German to explain that. But she learned some Yiddish when she was growing up, and she's good with accents, so she broadened the vowels and said, "Ich hab nicht," which was probably awful German but was understood. The lady rattled something back at her that was a question and had the word "herr" in it, so Carol nodded vigorously and said "Ya," and came back out to our table to ask me for money. (To fully understand the sort of achievement this was, Carol and I both took four years of French in high school yet when we'd spent several days in Paris a few years before neither of us had ventured a word in anything but English.)

The plan for the day called for us to leave the mountains and cross the French border to Strasbourg by late afternoon, so Sid directed us onto a side road that was a shortcut into the valley. This isn't the kind of shortcut story you may be expecting, though, because it was delightful. The trees closed around us as we went down around hairpin turns and cutbacks, the only sound in the forest that of our own car. After awhile we saw a cutoff for a medieval monastery Sid had noticed on the map, and since it was only a kilometer away we took it. The monastery didn't look very interesting as we drove by it to find a place to park, but we saw some sort of monument up on a hillside nearby and we walked out a small trail that led there. The monument turned out to be unlabeled and unselfexplanatory, just a heavily muscled Germanic statue of the seated, naked figure of a man, with a circular line of joined arches around it but leaving it open to the sky. We said Hm and That sure is a statue all right, and went back to the car. On the way we stopped to look up the hill where a faint trail led off ours to disappear over the first rise, behind which was another further up, and further and further grassy pastures beyond, leading up into the mountains. It was the first time I'd ever seen a vista open up above me.

"How's that for quaint Alpine type scenery?" Sid said. "Shall we wait for Heidi to come by?"

We left, and soon were in the valley approaching the Rhine. Grape vineyards began to line the road, the first of many vineyards

to come in the next two weeks. We crossed the river, crossed the French border (two uniformed guards glanced at us and waved us through) and very soon were entering Strasbourg. Carol and I kept pointing at signs in French in sheer delight at being able to read them, after four days in Heidelberg and points south. Sid directed us to the Cathedral of Strasbourg ("Never mind, just keep heading for the center of the city; these big famous cathedrals are always in the middle of town.") and despite some nervousness on my part at finding myself driving in evening rush-hour traffic in a French city we got there a little before six. Went into the cathedral and were impressed by its size and age and general cathedralness, and then there was a general movement of all the tourist crowds toward one corner of the church, so we followed them.



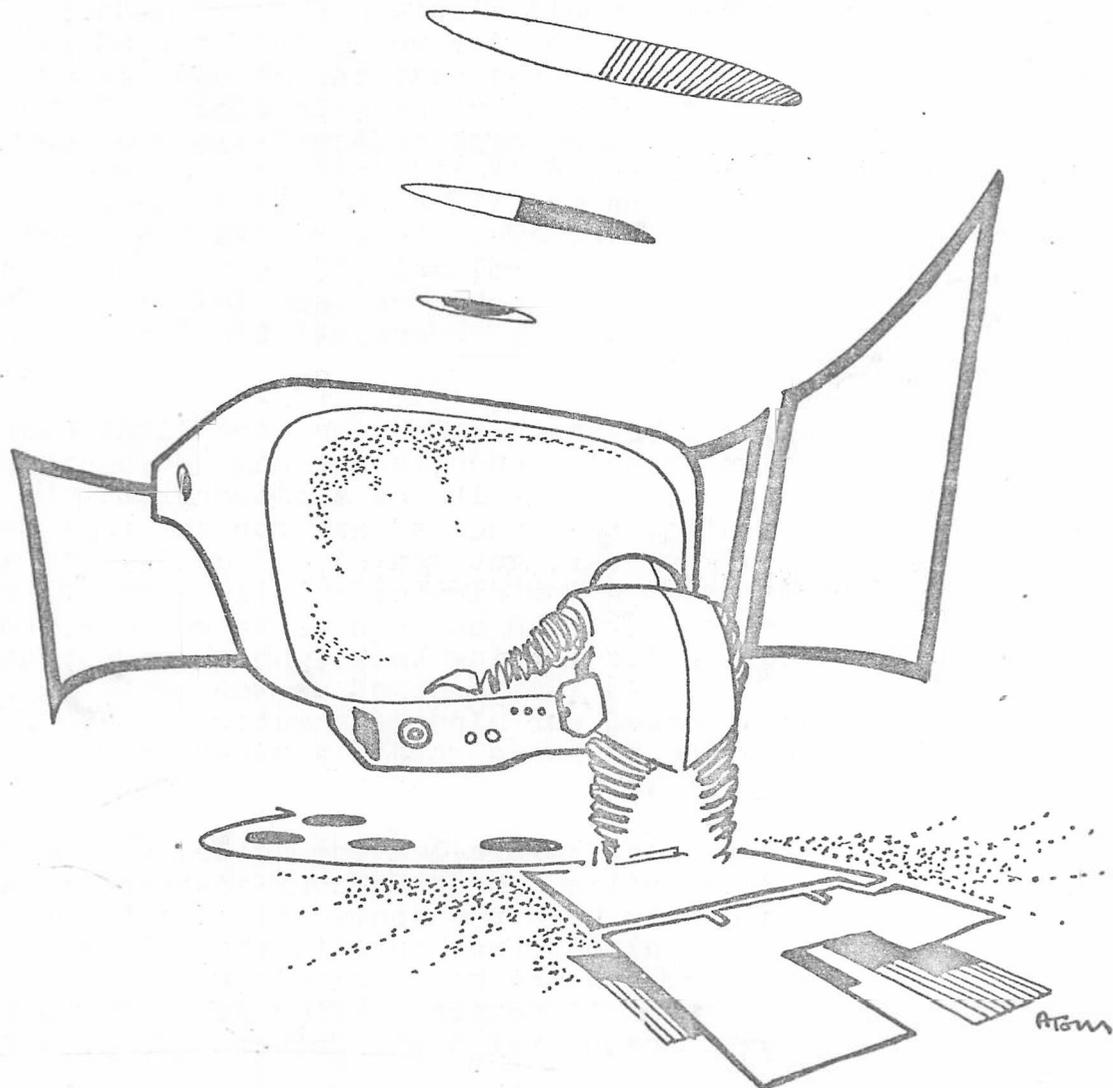
There was a huge old clock there, its face elaborately ornamented, and there was a small platform where a different saint's figurine for each hour of the day would come out of the wall to remain till it was time for the next one an hour later: the whole works was of course regulated by the main clock. On the floor at the base of the clock was a large medieval globe of the heavens. "Oh, it's an astronomic clock!" Sid said, and he and I fell to examining the markings on the globe, Sid with understanding and me with curiosity and a bit of awe. It sure did look medieval all right, I decided, and then Carol said, "You missed seeing the changing of the saints." I looked up, and indeed the big clock said six straight up, and a different saint's figurine now stood on the platform.

And just then it began to rain. We were right near a large exit door which was standing open, so we saw and heard it right away. Besides, it was loud -- it was a cloudburst. We stood in the doorway for awhile, then made a dash for the next doorway down in the direction of our car, got soaked and decided to wait a bit before going on. After a few minutes a lull seemed to come, so we dashed out for the car, and as soon as we got far enough that it wouldn't be worthwhile turning back, whoosh and splat down came the cloudburst again. As the three of us were getting into the car mild thoughts crossed our minds (as water descended on our heads) that it was too bad we'd gotten a two-door instead of a four-door.

Sid had called ahead before leaving Heidelberg to reserve rooms for us in Ribeauville, about an hour south of Strasbourg, and the hotel would only hold the rooms till eight. But that hour's trip got to be almost two hours in the rain and darkness that was now settling, and the hotel wasn't actually in Ribeauville but rather six or seven kilometers outside it. The route on the map took us through a beautiful small French town on a hillside,

the street getting narrower and older the higher up the hill we went, till it became clear that we'd missed a turn somewhere, because this street was coming to a dead end. I stopped the car to turn around, and the motor died. I pulled on the parking brake -- we were on a steep hill -- and then tried to start the car. No dice; the starter worked but the motor wouldn't catch. I got worried: we were stuck in this mazelike foreign town in a rain-storm, in a car I wasn't too comfortable driving yet anyway (we'd hardly driven at all in Heidelberg, so this was effectively my first day in the car, and I hadn't driven a hand-shift car in several years, and oh my). But then my vast fund of driver's lore came to the rescue, for I reasoned, The starter works fine, so it's something to do with the gas. Didn't I hear once that sometimes if you're on a steep hill and the tank is low on gas -- yes, it's low on gas -- then what gas there is will be at the back of the tank, downhill, and not reaching up to the point where it gets fed to the motor? And lo! I backed the car downhill and got it turned left, sideways on the street, and tried the starter again and vroom up she started.

My anxiety replaced by a small glow of self-admiration, I tooled us down the hill and Sid found where we'd missed the turn and we drove on through the pouring night-rain worrying only about whether we'd be able to spot the hotel on a night like that and whether they'd have kept our rooms for us even though it was past 8:30. But we



did find the hotel easily and they had kept our rooms and the hotel was absolutely delightful. It was small and the woman who owned it worked the desk and showed us to our rooms. Carol and I had a lovely big bathroom, with bath, and a nice country-clean room. The double bed for which we'd asked was a peculiar ersatz kind that we found everywhere we stayed in Europe: two twin beds shoved together with one blanket over the top. It made cuddling impossible unless you dig falling between beds, and I sure wish the Europeans would change that custom.

Sid was such a good planner that before we'd left Heidelberg not only had he reserved our rooms for that night, he'd also made dinner reservations for 9:00 at a three-star restaurant in Ribeauville called Auberge de L'Isle. (The Isle was a small river that flowed through town, no doubt on its way to feed into the Rhine.) Sid not only picked out the route for everything after the Black Forest during the two weeks he was with us, but made advance reservations too. Carol and I felt a little guilty at first for leaving him to do all this work, but when we brought it up he said he enjoyed all the calculating and planning, and as days went by it became clear that he really was enjoying it. His Bible was the red Michelin guide, which he liked to call "the Little Red Book" or "Quotations from Chairman Michelin," and during the day he consulted the green Michelin guidebook for interesting routes, plus detailed maps of each country. He was a marvelous guide and navigator.

Auberge de L'Isle was Our First Three-Star Restaurant for Carol and me, and it was everything we could have expected. It was situated on the banks of the Isle (I keep thinking that must be wrong, it must be the Ile, but Carol's notes say Isle), with glass walls facing the river and floodlights outside on the gardens and water, weeping willows along the river banks. The service was the sort where if you pick up the wine bottle to refill a glass or two, immediately a waiter's hand gently takes charge of the bottle and does the pouring for you; the waiters also blandly ignored my wavering French accent when I ordered. The meal was beautiful. I was most knocked over by an appetizer made of truffles stuffed into something and cooked so that all the flavor went into the something -- but everything I had was an adventure and a treat. Carol had pate de foix gras, which she'd never had before, and it was a specialty of the house, so she started at the top; she's still exclaiming about how creamy it was. And the salmon souffle she had -- ! And by the time we'd finished the meal the rain had stopped for good, so we took our coffees out to a table on the edge of the river, and breathed rain-freshened country night air and watched the ducks and swan on the water while we talked a bit tipsily till midnight. Gee that was nice.

When we got back to the hotel Sid stopped in our room for a nightcap and some talk of next day's itinerary. Sid hadn't been able to get a room with bath for himself, so he asked if he could use ours next morning: yes, sure. For lack of anything else, we drank tap water for our nightcaps, but it must have worked, because soon Sid went off to bed and Carol and I were soon dead asleep.

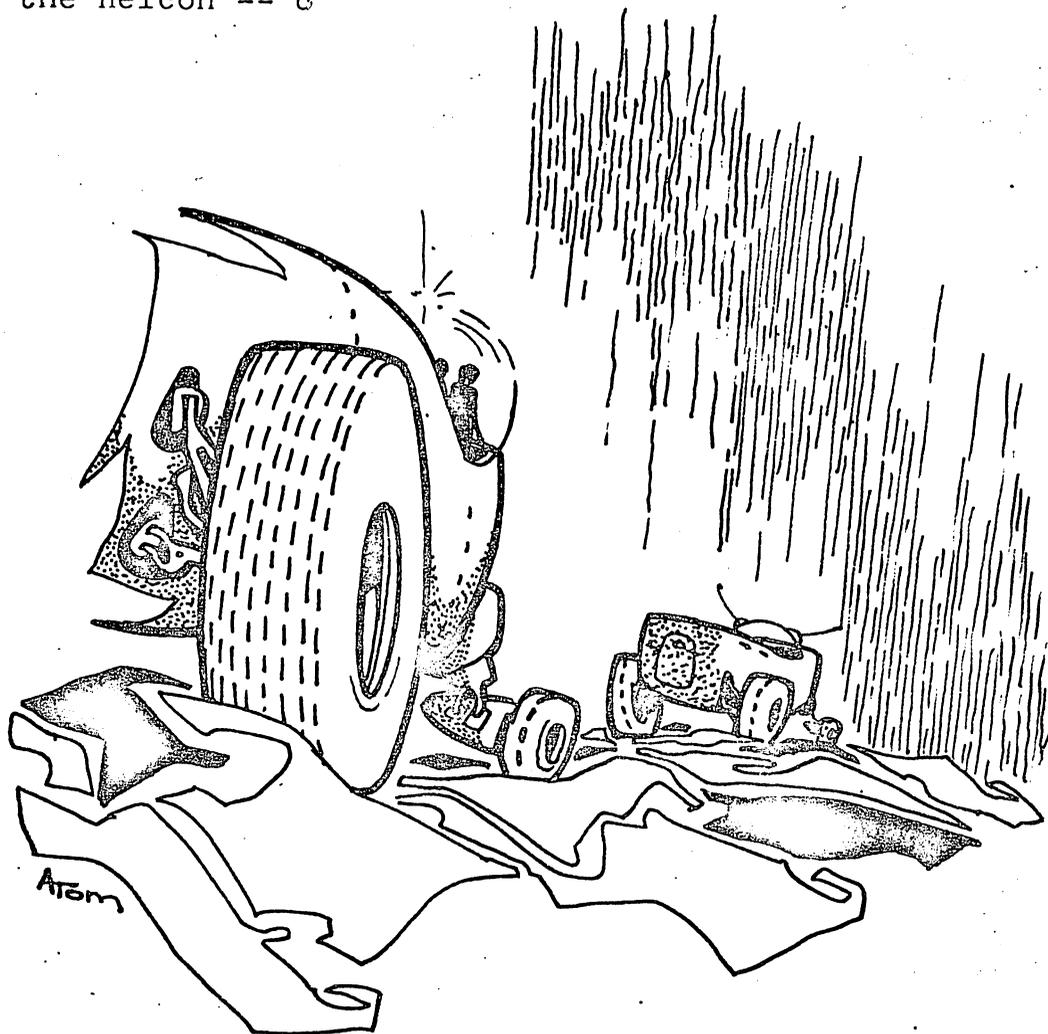
We were a little late getting out the next morning, since we slept late. Sid took his bath while we got dressed and repacked our bags. Sid had paid the bill by the time we got downstairs to check out; he did that all the time, too, and kept a list of who

owed what to whom in which currency. ("Well, you people owe me 20 deutschmarks for gas, and 192 francs for the restaurant, but I owe you 12 Swiss francs and 13,500 lire, so you're not too bad off.")

At Heidelberg, Karen and Poul Anderson had recommended a well preserved medieval French town called Riquewihr that they'd visited on the way to the con, and the fact that it was only a few kilometers from a three-star restaurant had led Sid to picking last night's stopping place. This morning we drove through many vineyards (Alsacian wines, white) till we came to Riquewihr. We drove through the more recent part of town to an impromptu parking area just outside the old town. There were quite a few other cars there already: Riquewihr is a tourist town. Ah, but who cared? -- it was fascinating and gassy, with just enough tourists to make us feel unselfconscious gawking our way along cobblestoned streets and peering into people's yards.

Riquewihr is an old town, but all the houses are still lived in. Wooden stairways with dents worn in them were side by side with motor bicycles; on the signposted "route pittoresque" we had to step to the side of the street to let a man drive a truckload of lumber out of his yard and away, and as noon approached we began to smell meals cooking in houses with family names faintly painted over their doors in 15th Century script. We came to a small courtyard with a two-story building and a sign for an "ancient torture chamber" on the second floor, admission and guided tour only a few francs. The entrance to the second floor was by steep, worn stairs and then a ladder, so Carol was hesitant. Sid went in anyway. Carol and I petted some of the local cats while we waited for him, and a little boy chased one of them, picked it up and squeezed it, crying, "Purr, purr!" The cat was in no mood for it, struggled and got away, and as he scuttled off the little boy said with a proud smile, "Il a peur," and we realized that he hadn't really been saying "purr" at all to the cat, but had been trying to scare it.

Sid came back down the stairs and said they'd let him go in for two francs and they'd let him out again for just twenty-five. "No, really, it's interesting. There's only one torture implement and the guide speaks only French, but he acts out the use of the thing for you." So we went up the steps, and at the top found ourselves in a narrow stone passageway leading to the left; the guide, a young man, spoke to us inquiringly in French, and we explained by word and gesture that we didn't speak French much but would like to be shown the chamber. We paid him and he led us along the passageway to a small chamber, also all of stone, with a circular hole in the center of the floor and a block-and-tackle sort of thing hanging over it. The guide hummed and shuffled and finally decided we'd paid our money and deserved the spiel, so he launched into his whole explanation in French, smiling frequently at us in hopes that we understood at least a little of what he was saying, which we did. He pointed to the block-and-tackle and hitched his arms up behind him, wrists together, as though being hung by the wrists that way, and he asked us if we understood and we said Ah, oui! He pointed down at the hole through the floor, and we saw that the bottom story of the building was empty, just someplace to lower a prisoner and let him hang in darkness. He indicated some old prints of torture methods on the walls, and turned gratefully when a group



of French tourists came in. He collected their money and began his spiel to them; we looked at the prints, and looked around the chamber, and left.

Sid met us at the bottom of the steps and said to Carol, "You're white as a sheet; what did they do to you in there?"

"Nothing," Carol murmured, pulling herself together. "It's just that I'm afraid of walking down steep stairways."

We bought a couple bottles of local white wines from a street-side stall, and then soon found we were hungry. It was a bit past noon. We found a restaurant, but it was already crowded and the best we could do was get seated at a table where a lone Frenchman was eating. We sat gingerly in our chairs feeling like interlopers while he scowled at his newspaper; either he didn't speak English or he didn't feel friendly to us. Sid interpreted the things we didn't understand on the menu, and when he ordered and the waitress couldn't understand his pronunciation I repeated the words for her properly. "You're more at home with style than with content," I remembered Bill Donaho telling me, and smiled.

We spent the afternoon driving south to Basel, which is in Switzerland near the point where France, Germany and Switzerland all meet. We saw more vineyards on the way, and I was getting used to driving the Opel, and we saw the town of Colmar being ringed with ugly modern boxlike suburban apartment buildings. "It's

happening all over Europe," Sid said: "try to ignore it." At the border two guards looked at us and waved us through. We drove into Basel, which is a full-fledged city where the predominant language is German; once again I had trouble reading signs. Sid managed to get us directed to the Tourist Office, though even he was floundering a little. It was on a busy street in the heart of the city, so I couldn't park. Sid got out and said, "Drive around the block a couple of times till I come out, and I'll see about a hotel for tonight."

So I drove up to the corner, where I had to turn left. This took me across a bridge, and I thought, Aha, Terry Carr, be smart, you can't keep going around the block once you've crossed a bridge, so instead you should go around the block to the right and get back onto the bridge back the way you came, and make a right turn and there you'll be.

Do you have to ask what happened? I turned right, and I was in a narrow alley that went on for blocks with no turnoffs. Finally I found a right turn and took it: one block and another right turn onto a street parallel to the river. Aha, I chortled silently, now I'm heading back toward the bridge. Then we were driving under something, and it came to me as in an irresistible revelation that it was the bridge we were going under. Oh terrific. I made another right, and somewhere another and another, and I got back onto the bridge. But I couldn't make a right turn on the other side, it was a one-way street (Einbahnstrasse), so I had to keep going and turn right later, and try to double back to an address I hadn't bothered to make note of when I was just planning to drive around the block. Within minutes I was completely lost. It was, of course, evening rush hour, and we were in the

heart of a shopping district. We passed the same ladies' clothing store three times. Carol, who had been tactfully silent, asked me, "Terry, are we lost?" I grimaced. "The river's on our left," I said; "I still have a good sense of direction and I'm not turned around. But it's these god damned fucking son of a bitchin' bastard Einbahnstrassen -- !"

Suddenly a turn loomed ahead, and it looked familiar. I had a fantastically strong sense of *deja vu*; I remembered turning here and half a block later finding Sid standing on the curb. I don't believe in *deja vu*; or rather, I don't understand *deja vu*. But at that moment it was as good as anything I had to go on, so I made the turn, and half a block later there was Sid, at the curb. It was exactly as I'd seen it in that flash of pseudo-remembrance. But I still don't believe in *deja vu*; or rather, I don't understand it.

We drove to the hotel Sid had booked us into; it was modern and very American and obviously expensive, and we didn't care. Our room was just like one in a good convention hotel in the U.S., except for that ersatz double-bed arrangement again. We dumped our things

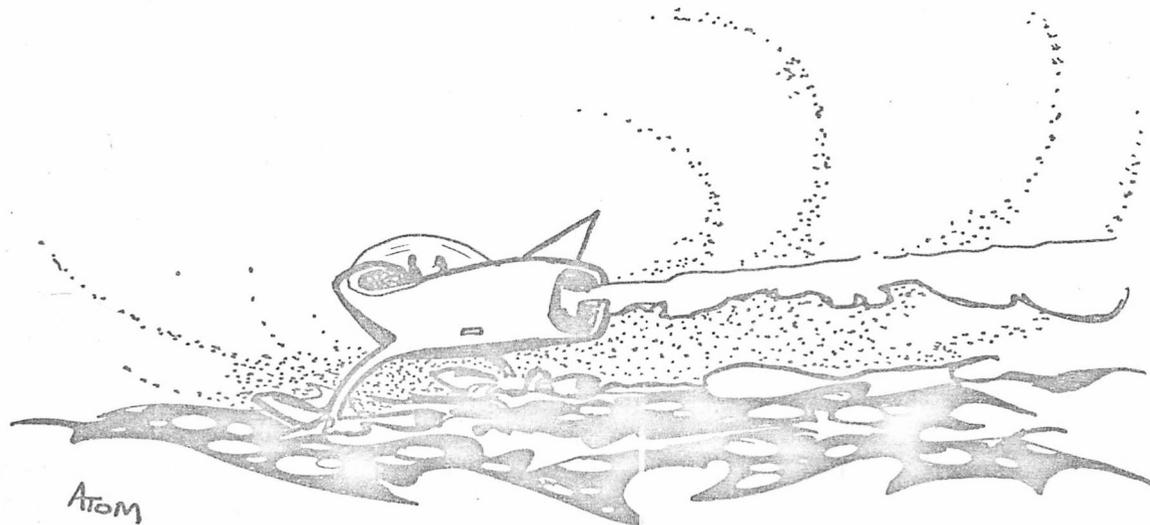


and washed up and went out to see the sights while it was still light.

In New York, two days before Carol and I had left for the convention in Heidelberg, I'd had a business lunch with Elaine Geiger, who edits the Science Fiction Book Club. She'd just come back from a European vacation, and she told me, "If you go to Basel, be sure to go to the zoo there, it's just terrific. Besides, when I was there two weeks ago, it seemed like every female animal in the zoo must have just given birth, because there were baby alligators and polar bear cubs and baby antelope and monkeys and even baby flamingoes. They have signs posted telling you which cages have babies in them."

So we went to the zoo in Basel. Before we'd started on the trip all we'd talked about, it seemed, had been visiting art museums and cathedrals, and it struck me as quaintly ironic that we were spending our second evening going to the zoo. But that zoo turned out to be marvelous. The monkey house was just inside the entrance, and we almost didn't get any further. There was a baby gorilla who was an absolute gas: he carried around a burlap bag like a security blanket, and he'd put it over his head and swing contentedly from a branch in the gorilla cage. But his mother didn't dig the bag on his head; she snatched it away and scuttled through a door into the next cage over, and then the one after that. The gorilla tad followed her, made several grabs for his burlap bag and finally got it -- away he scampered. His mother cast a weary look after him and settled down with one hand over her eyes. Meanwhile the youngster went back to the cage where his huge brute of a father gorilla was lazing about on the floor, and he threw the bag over pop's head and backed away chattering gleefully. Pop sat up, considered his limited vision, snatched the sack off himself and threw it away. He lay back down again; junior picked up the sack and scuttled over to him with it, and when he was within reach his dad swatted him one and he landed several feet away. Gee, I think if I were a baby gorilla I wouldn't mess with my pop: that fellow was big. The youngster must have thought so too, because he went off to play somewhere else.

There had been 45 minutes remaining till closing time when we'd come in the entrance to the zoo, and already we'd used half the time in the monkey house. We hurried outside and began to make the tour. With very few exceptions such as the monkey house, the animal



quarters were all open: fields with room for the yak and deer and zebras to roam, and the bears and cats had about as much room but were separated from the spectators by a sort of moat rather than fences, if you imagine a moat without water in it. And coming around a corner we were a little startled but mostly just gassed to find a peacock strolling along. Hey, they really are beautiful birds, aren't they?

Too soon it was time for the zoo to close, so back to the hotel we went. We ate dinner in the restaurant of another big-expensive-hotel across the street; it was a good meal but not one of the fantastic ones of the trip. Then back to our room for a bath and then a planning session for Wednesday's travel. Sid had spotted the fact that our bathtub was one of the Big and Deep European variety, with one of those modrin movable-shower attachments for washing your hair, so nothing would do but that he should shower again this night, with much singing in the tub and talking to himself for our benefit. Sidney Coleman is a bath freak. I don't just mean he's cleanly (though of course he is) -- Sid Coleman is a man who enjoys a bath as an aesthetic experience. A bath freak.

Then he came out, clad in his blue terrycloth robe that cunningly showed his legs, and from the pockets he drew maps and guidebooks and notebooks and tourist brochures which he flung onto the bed and then jumped into the middle and bounced up and down on the bed showering maps over his head like Scrooge McDuck bathing in money. "And now for the tomorrow game!" he cried, and we pressed forward eagerly.

(The previous is a fantasy which I throw in for lagniappe; what actually happened was) Sid drew from the pockets maps and guidebooks and notebooks and tourist brochures, sat calmly on the bed and conferred with us about our route next day. This was a turning point in our trip; from here we could either go straight south through Switzerland and cross northern Italy to Venice or we could angle eastward through Switzerland and see some mountains before we abandoned ourselves to the picturesque and cultured cities of Italy. We decided to spend a little while in Switzerland, going south to Lucerne and then eastward through the scenery, and We'll See What Happens, as Carol and I like to say.

Then Sid went back to his room and, my curiosity piqued, I tried out the bathtub. Wow, it was Deep and Big and there was this attachment to wash your hair, and I said "Ah" and "Ah" and "Ah." Bath freaks have a legitimate message for the world.

TO BE CONTINUED

Next issue read about:
(McLuhanesque trailer:)

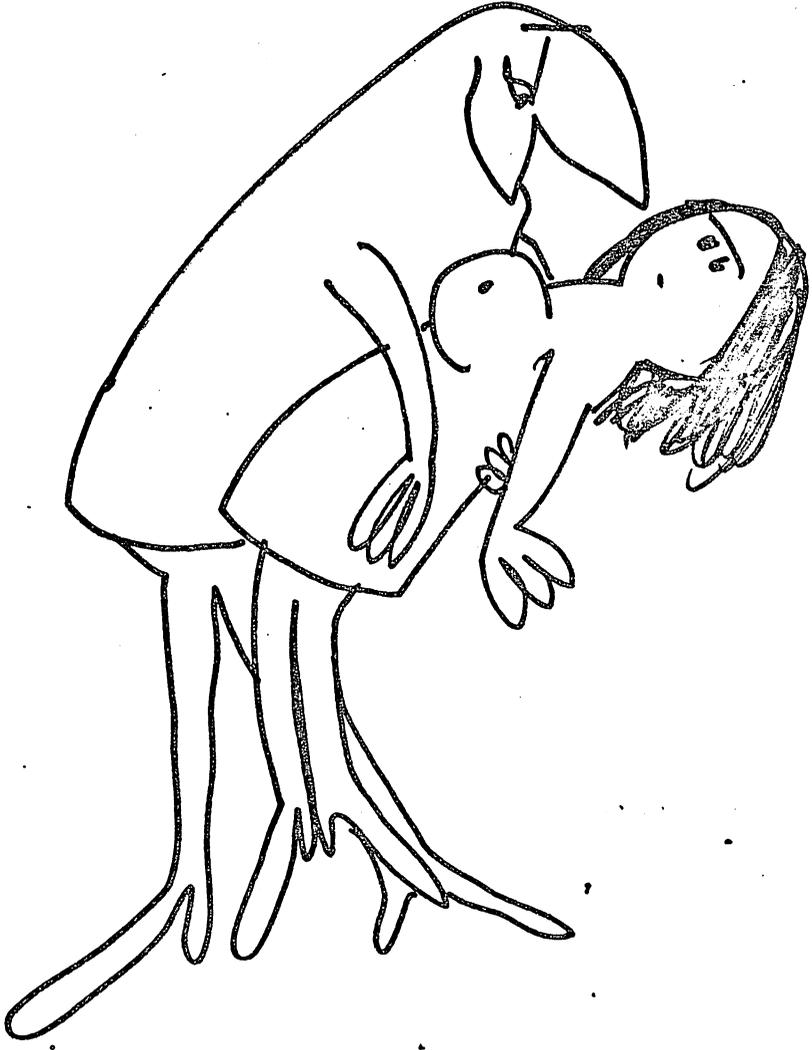
absolutely beautiful beneath us, a thousand feet down. We looked around, into the distance, at the peaks of the Alps, and every one of them was beneath where we hung. Carol said, "What am I doing here? Me, who's afraid to ride in airplanes, why did I say I'd come here?"

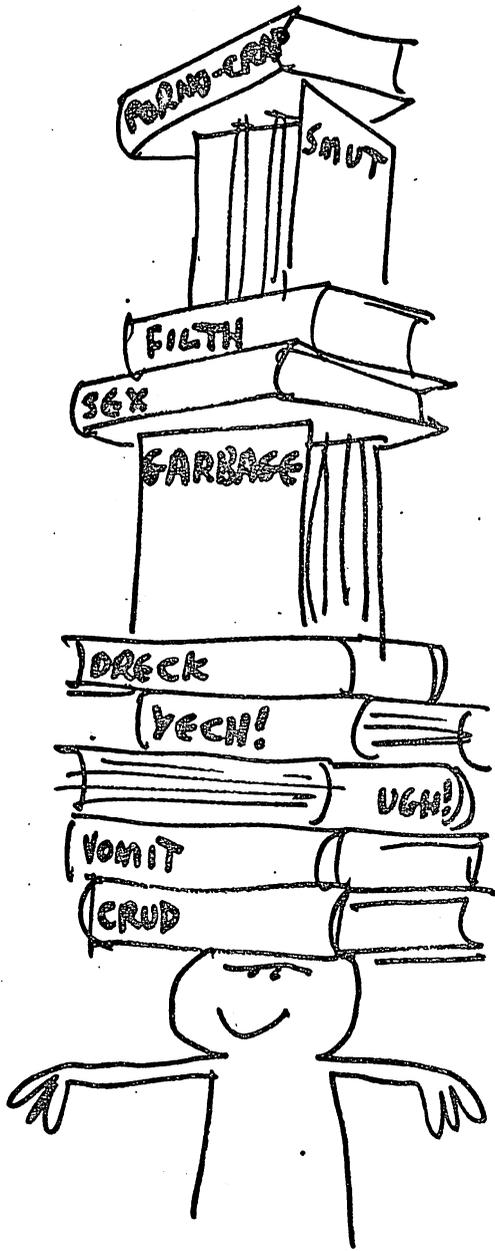
"But Sid will be embarrassed!" Carol cried, huddling behind the curtain. I said, "Well, how about people behind

William Rotsler meets Harlan Ellison



MY NAME IS
LARRY NIVEN...
I'M A DEEPLY
PERCEPTIVE SF
AUTHOR!





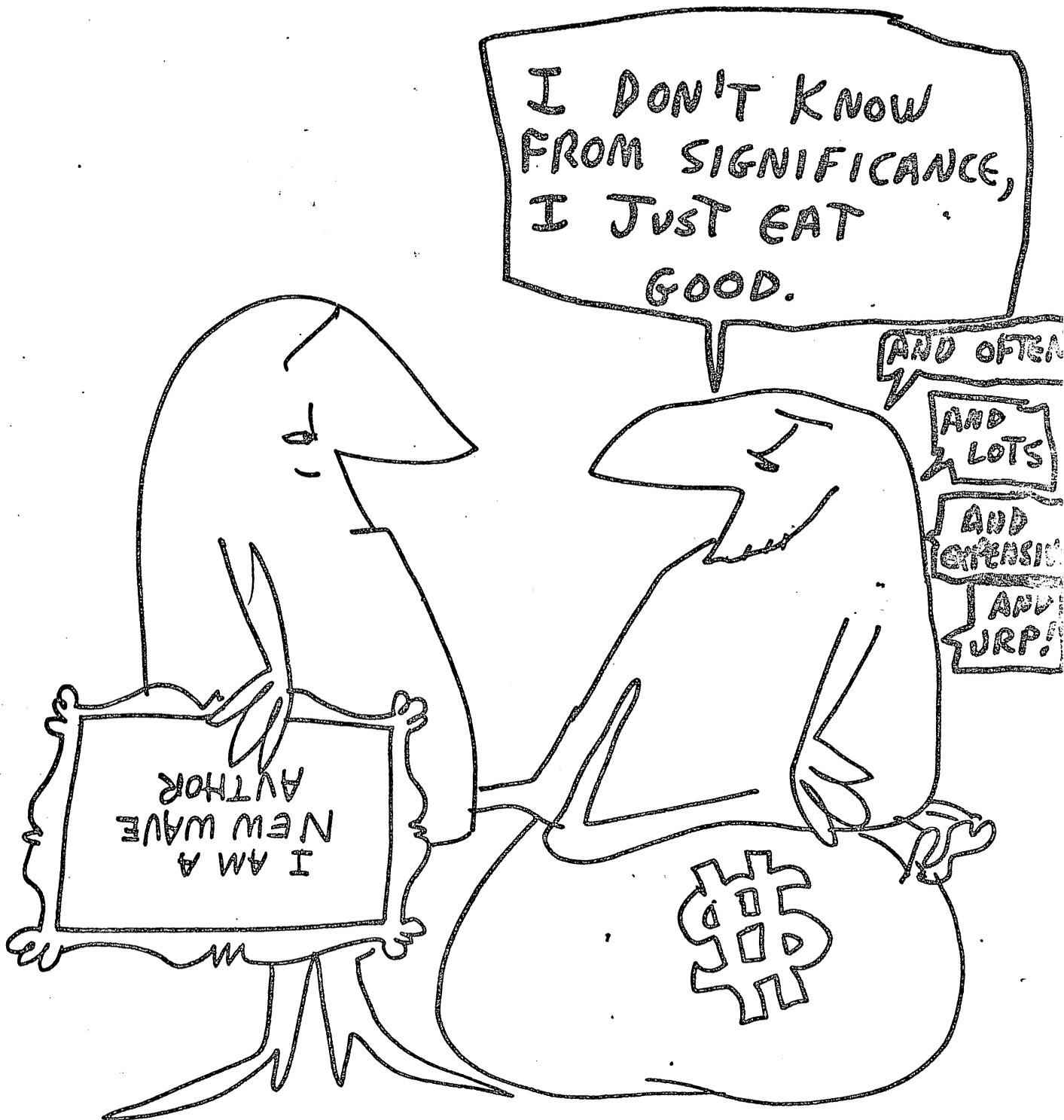
HEY, HERE'S THE
LATEST SF
SHIPMENT —
FARMER,
ALDISS,
HARRISON,
BLOCH,
ELLISON,
YECHHH...

AND WHO IS THE
GREATEST S-F
EDITOR OF THEM
ALL?

HARLAN
ELLISON



DAMMIT, MIRROR'S
BUSTED AGAIN!



I DON'T KNOW
FROM SIGNIFICANCE,
I JUST EAT
GOOD.

AND OFTEN

AND
LOTS

AND
EXPENSIVE

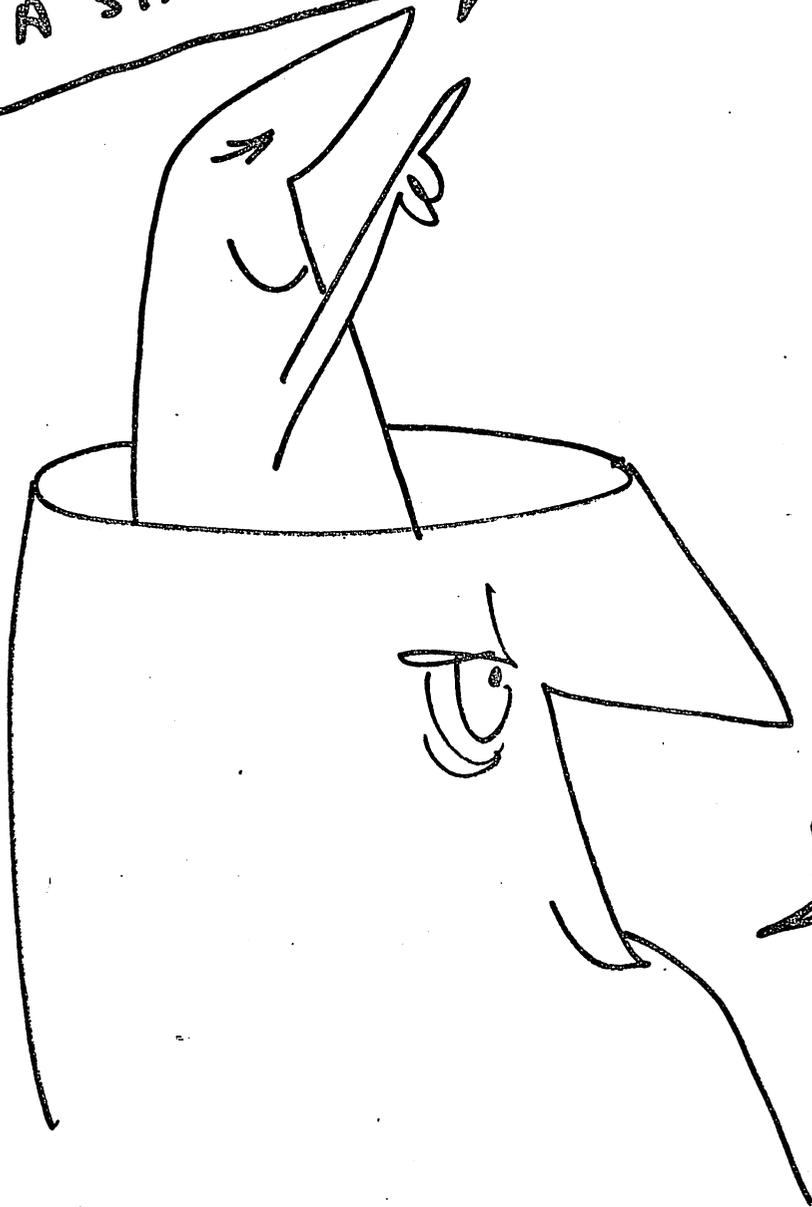
AND
TURP!

I AM A
NEW WAVE
AUTHOR

\$



WHEN SOL COHEN DIES,
DADDY, WILL HE BECOME
A STAR, TOO?

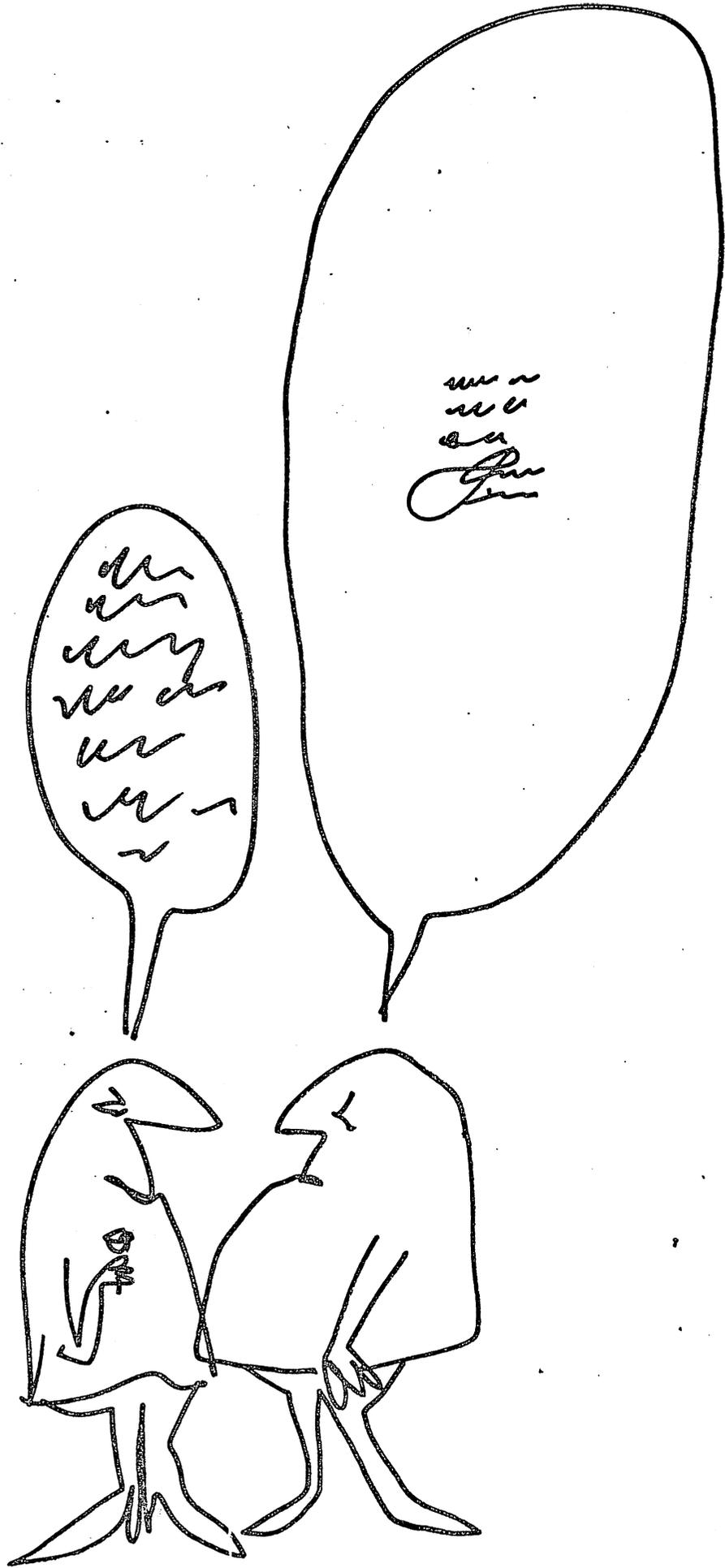


UNLIKELY.

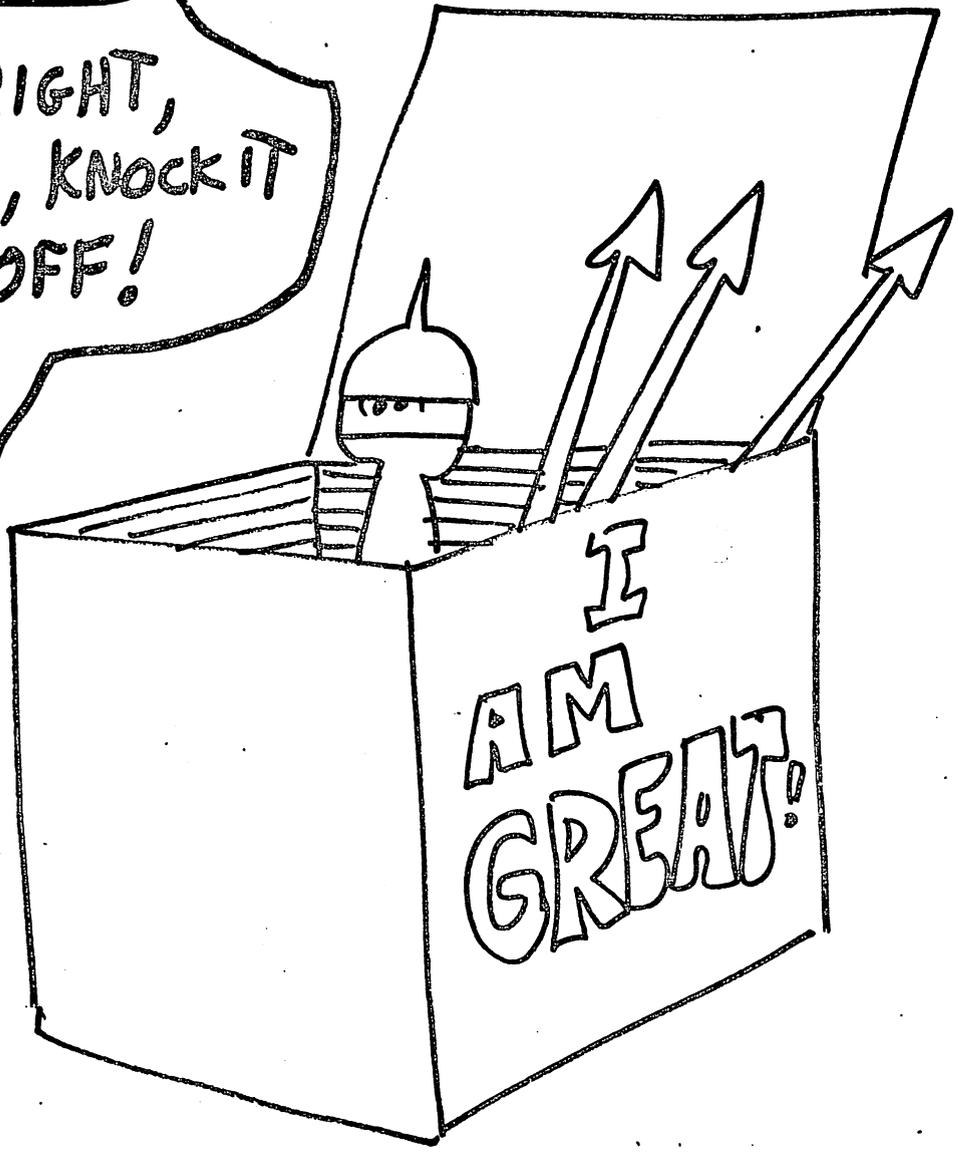
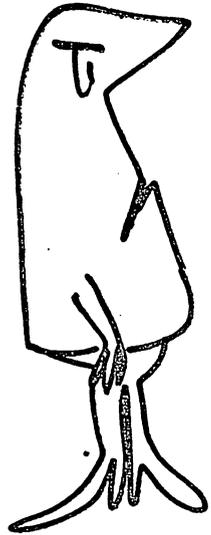
FAN^DDOM
IS HEAVEN

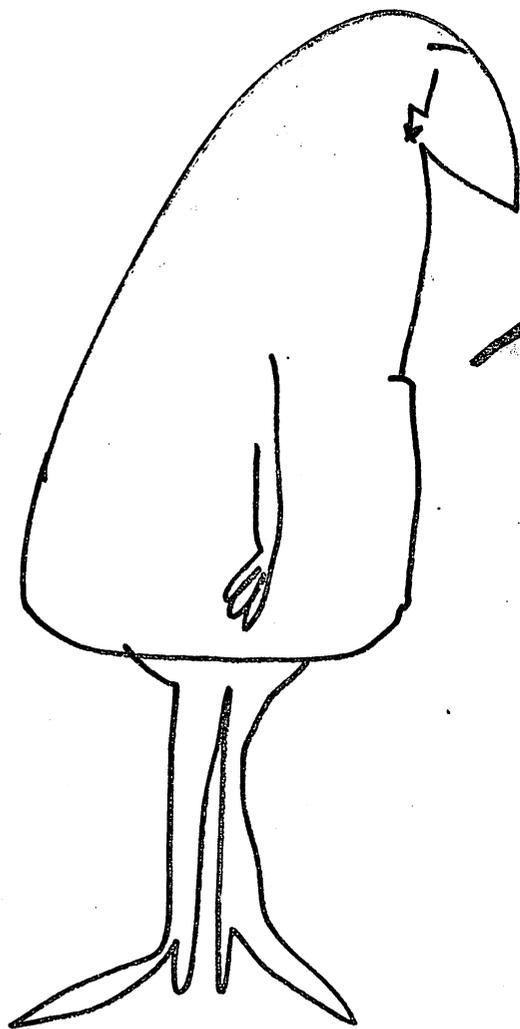


IT'S OUR
CREDIBILITY
GAP IMAGE
DOLL.



ALL RIGHT,
WHITE, KNOCK IT
OFF!

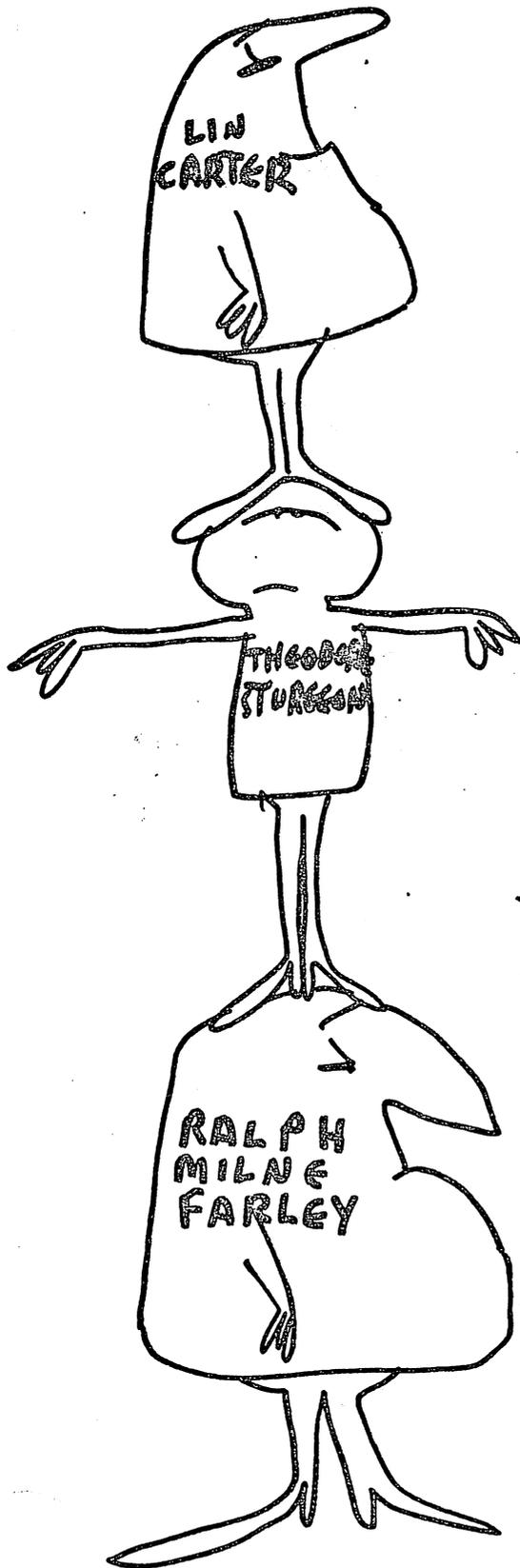




AGNES, PLEASE
COME OUT —

MY NAME IS
SIDNEY.





THE
FIELD IS
BUILDING
ON ITS
FINE HERITAGE
TO PRODUCE
IMPORTANT
WRITERS!

