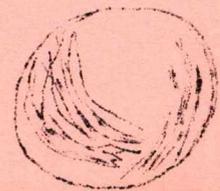
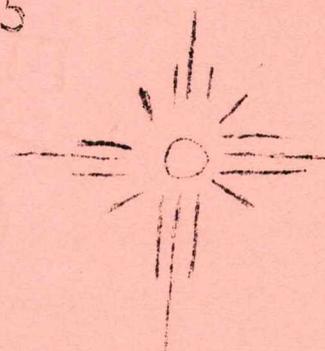
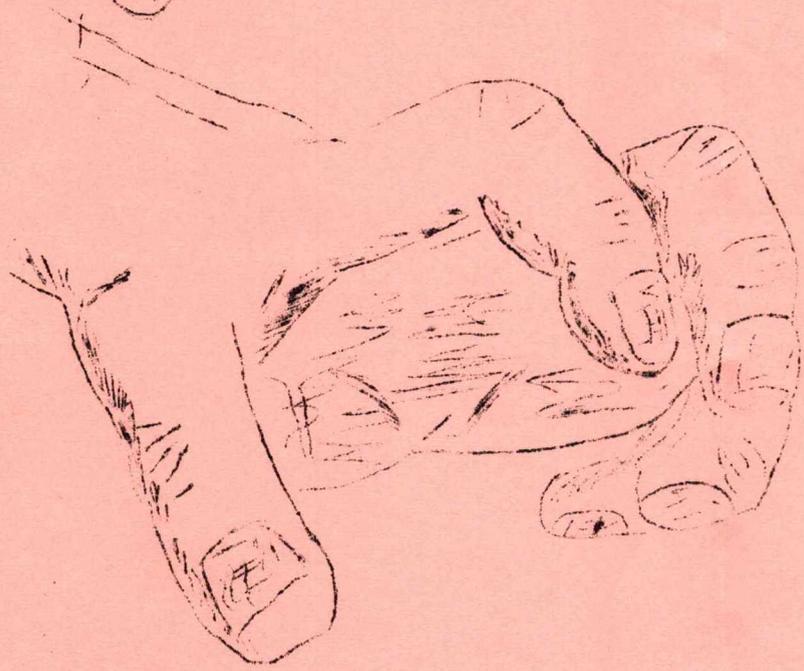


EXCALIBUR

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NEXT ISSUE(the annish,)
 available Mar. 20, 1964

EDITORIAL I

by Len Bailes

Here we are again, with a mimeo yet! Roscoe alone knows how this will turn out, because I'm doing the stencilling and the mimeeing. All flaws in layout and all typos are my fault. About the typos, I've stencilled about half the mag so far, and it abounds with them. Please don't think too harshly of me. These are the first mimeo stencils I've ever typed, and I haven't got a bottle of corflu. You must admit that a few typos are better than a continuous purple blur. This was CURSED, and is presently EXCALIBUR. We hope that the new name with the new method of repro will make this zine more enjoyable to you.

If you become confused when you read Arnie's editorial, EXCALIBUR was going to be run off by him, but he doesn't get free paper, and I do. This is the first ish of our genzine that I've pubbed since #2. It's fun, but it's also a heck of a lot of work. This is being run off on a gestetner which a kindly fan here in Commack has generously allowed me to use. His name is Joe Eirich, and I've conned him into joining the N3F, and with his own mimeo, how long can it be before he decides to join N'APA.

Of late, I've noticed a growing trend toward the revival of Sword and Sorcery. Firstly, there was WITCH OF THE FOUR WINDS, in Fantastic, secondly there is the new Mouser novel in Fantastic, and there is a Mouser novella which is going to be reprinted in Amazing. If you count ~~knitting~~ ^{knitting} as Sword and Sorcery, there is the Carter reprint in Amazing as well as all the ace revivals. I've always enjoyed S&S best of all fantasy and stf in general, and find it a pleasant refresher after plowing through stacks of Analoggish political stuff. There have been a number of other good reprints also this year. I wonder why Amazing and Fantastic changed their logos. I guess their circulation must be really low.

TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY....

Just the other day I was roaming through the toy department at a local department store. My god! The arsenal that place has would be enough to repel a full-scale e-t invasion if it were real. As I stared at the twinkling rows of guns moonbases, and Slave Galleons I bumped into what I took to be an elderly gentleman. When I turned around, I found myself apologizing to a robot five feet in height. Slightly dazed, I walked a distance, leaned against the counter and just missed getting hit by a projectile from the Lionel Electric Missile car. I watched raptly as the missile continued in its arcing trajectory, striking a box-car with a little red target painted on the side. This car immediately fell apart, and as one of the pieces of its debris went flying at another boxcar, a giraffe poked its head out, and brought the piece to a halt. I hastily departed, but not before I was winked at by a monstrosity called Odd Ogg.

With all the fads the toymakers have come up with, I think that they have missed one. What could be more practical and educational than replacing the girl's playhouses and boy's log cabins ~~ix~~ with little Jr. Edition Fall out shelters. Couldn't you just see the Remco tv commercial with the eager young boy and girl ~~singing~~ ^{singing} singing this jingle to the tune of Alouetta:

Radiation, Remco's Radiation
Radiation, the game that's fun to play
Run and lock your shelter door
Use your gun that's what it's for
Dirty Red! Shoot him dead,

Radiation, Radiation

Or, reflecting some of the more recent dramatized ads where the little Sgt. Fury's act out their own "play"

(Scene opens with huge mushroom cloud. Shifts to thousands, riding through the city streets while alarm blares wildly. Band strikes up "Off We go, into the Wild Blue Yonder." and the camera pans to a mean looking 7 yr old kid complete with combat helmet and rifle)

ANNOUNCER: You're in command with your Remco do it yourself fallout shelter.

(wild faced man attempts to burst in, kid raises rifle and shoots him down)

"No one can invade your private sanctuary. Real life rifle fires actual bullets."

(Kid walks toward door and picks up geiger counter. Red light flashes and the clicks start going like crazy)

"They can't fool you. Remco's geiger counter detects radiation and warns you just in the nick of time. Later you can use this counter on your friends, see if Mommy is radioactive.

(Cut to indoor scene. Bewildered mother faces her child. Kid, counter in one hand and rifle in the other slowly takes aim)

Kid: Sorry mommy, but you're over the safe limit. (shoots) bang Gosh, wow ratatatatatatt, click click click, take that take that. Every boy wants a Remco toy

Mother: (rising from ground) and so do girls...
* * * * *

If that's progress, I think I'll support Goldwater next year, Oh, well.

We have decided to go back to a 6 yearly schedule. 8 months a year is just too much. We've got some pretty good stuff lined up for this ish.

To start with, there is Arnie's Discon report combined with a tale of the Quikcon, a sort of instant convention. Just add fans and hot water bags, shake well. Femme Fanne Enid Jacobs contributes a story which is a change of pace from that usually found in fanzines, which I thought very cute. Kent McDaniel makes his second appearance here with a slightly longer yarn than last time, and AK Davids takes a look at a well known emissary of the Corps Diplomatique Terrestrienne. Our man in the deep Southland, Jim Harkness, is on hand to let us know of the strange and nefarious doings of Dixie fandom, and is also present with a little stinger of a vignette. How good are you at remembering useless information. Try my crossword puzzle and see. We have a tale of galactic intrigue and adventure in the old Superscientific tradition by Neil Phillips, entitled the MUDLARK OF SPACE.

This is our biggest issue yet. If you like it, then by all means write! If you don't like it, write anyway. If we pub your letter you can throw darts at our next issue free of charge.

Next issue is our annish! You wouldn't want to miss that. Next ish will mark one whole year since we first perpetrated this blight on fandom. We've got some extra-special stuff in the works. A complete rundown on INFINITY SCIENCE FICTION, a lengthy serious study of Burroughs, and all our regular features. The thing promises to be about 50-60 pages. Sub now! Or contrib, or do something.--LB

EDITORIAL II

Foo Foo, the God of Spirit Duplication, hath deserted me. He hath casted me onto the dung heap of Fafia, where I sit as a latter day Job. In other words, my ditto, the Preverted Ditto, has broken down. It broke during the printing of CURSED #4, which is why some of you received copies with the Book Nook pages poorly done.

At first, I hoped to fix the ditto, but the local ditto fixer laughed in my face. He was really curious about where I latched on to it. He called it an oddball, and I replied, "You're telling me!"

I decided that I want no part of any god who would deal a trufan such a blow, and resolved to buy a mimeo. In N'APA 18, Roy Tackett suggested one to G.M. Carr, I just ordered it. EXCALIBUR 5 will be printed by me. I hope you'll all stick by us while I wrestle with mimeography. Eventually, Ghu willing, EXCALIBUR will someday be a thing of beauty to see. Art, once I get the hang of mimicing, will be presented with a fidelity unavailable on the Spirit Duplicator. In plain English, I'll be able to give you Proctor as he was meant to be seen. Sometimes, when converting Proctor illos to color ditto, mistakes were made. At best, Proctor illos came out maybe half as good as the originals. My stenciling is improving, and mimeo will help greatly. Who knows, I might even try color mimeo one day, but don't bet on it.

We still want art, illos, drawings, you know, the stuff like on covers. We want art by others than Proctor. Proctor art we have, and I do like variety.

Besides the fiction I write as A.K. Davids, and Len's "Neill Phillips" stories, we don't get nearly as much fiction as I'd like. Stories of 3-6 pages are especially wanted

--:--:--

SEEN IN THE SUNDAY NEW YORK NEWS

I opened up the magazine section, and there it was. There, covering a whole page was a picture of a girl and a banner caption. The girl, I know she's a girl because she has long hair, is shown leaning against a tree in an autumn scene.

The headline says, "It's going to be a plaid winter." By god, do you hear that people? It's going to be a plaid winter! White winters were bad enough, now the NEWS, an unimpeachable source, says we're going to have a plaid winter. I can see Christmas 1968. The plaid tee sits on the plaid living room floor. All the presents are wrapped in all manner of different plaids. Outside, plaid snow falls from a varicolored sky. Inside again, plaid children nestle under their plaid blankets waiting to hear Santa coming. At last, when they finally fall asleep, Santa, dressed in a kilt and playing bagpipes comes down the chimney. If we're going To Have A Plaid Winter, I think I'll hibernate.

The News, as you may have guessed, is my favorite humor newspaper. I saw another item I'd like to pass on to the readers. In an article on the Cosa Nostra Hearings, the News said that there were about 100

Big Time Criminals in Newark, New Jersey. The first thing I could think of was,

"Holy Smoke, they found out about ESFA!" But when I attended a meeting in October, I realized that most ESFAans aren't smart enough to be crooks.

-:--:--:--:--:--

No, your eyes haven't deceived you. Our name has changed. CURSED projected the wrong kind of image and it was not indicative of the contents, so, EXCALIBUR it is. CURSED was indeed cursed, so maybe EXCALIBUR will have the luck of Arthur.

THE 'K' CONTRA THE POST OFFICE

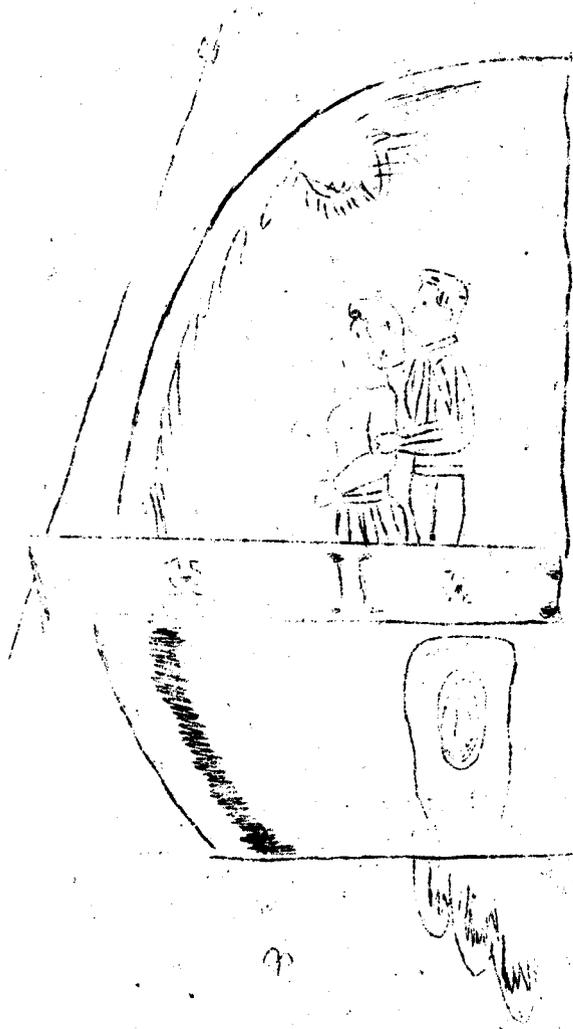
The Post Office and I are having a feud, and I'm not sure what

I did to draw down the wrath of the Post office. After all, I use my zip code on every letter. It started near the end of summer. Things started coming opened and mangled. Then things sent from here started arriving opened. Anaghem's bundle was opened on the way to the OE of N'APA. N'APA 18 came here about a week after Len, who lives as far from Los Angeles as is humanly possible got his mailing.

I'm getting a little bit angry. CURSED #4's bundle arrived at Fred's busted wide open. I had to send him more than twenty extra copies.

Anyone interested in starting a rival mail service?

- Arnold Katz.



ORAL REPORT

by Enid Jacobs

Ronnie leaned forward in his seat, tense, anxious, fighting the rising inward panic. One would think that it was he, not the pretty girl in front of the class, that was giving the oral report.

"My topic," she began, as the male members of her audience gave her their immediate, rapt attention-- a tribute, no doubt, to her oratorical powers, "is telepathy. Mental telepathy, now considered part of--of--" she looked at Ronnie, as if for assistance, then continued, "--of psionic phenomena, or 'psi'. Along with clairvoyance precognition, and second sight, telepathy was once believed--"

Ronnie relaxed. She would be all right now. And if anything went wrong--why, he would help her, that's all. He felt rather pleased with himself in this strange, new role of Resourceful Male, coming to the rescue of a helpless, attractive female---he allowed his mind to wander. "He was," he told himself, "so lucky to have a girl like Mary Anne. She was beautiful--everyone in Brentwood High agreed. True, a few skeptics, like Bob Ditward, hastened to add that she was--well, not all she should be, mentally. Downright stupid, in fact. But Ronnie didn't care. Her physical endowments more than made up for the mental lag. And besides, he would take care of her--."

"Then there was the case in Punxatawney," Mary Anne's clear expressionless voice brought him back to the classroom, "A housewife, Mrs. A. Briller had not seen her mother for years--thirty years. But she had a strange feeling that her mother would die soon. Then, one night, she heard a shriek: 'HELP ME!' Little did she realize that her mother's car--"

"Yes, this report was turning out well," thought Ronnie. Original, and not too deep, that's what old man Brainerd liked. Telepathy had been a good choice. He recalled Bob's sarcastic comment before class, "What'd ya do, man, write it for her?" Well, what if he had? What was wrong with a guy's helping out his girl? People in love, like he and Mary Anne, were supposed to do things to help each other.

"---overturned in flames in San Diego that very moment. The chances that Mrs. Briller could have known this were so--se--" she groped for the word. Ronnie sensed her confusion, and knew he had to help. Foolish of him, using so many polysyllabic words in the report.

"---so infinitesimal!" she pounced on it triumphantly, "so infinitesimal as to be non-existent. Then, teachers in schools for the deaf know that there is a high percentage of telepathy--"

Ronnie sank back. Another crisis overcome. In spite of the tenseness of the situation, he felt oddly exhilarated, happy to be able to serve her, thus. He decided that he would do anything--anything he could--for her. And not expect anything in return--it was enough that she just be. He'd never had a girl like her before--or any girl, really. Indeed, before this year and this new school, he'd had few friends. Outsiders rarely passed through the hills where

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he'd lived with his father. His many relatives, it was true, lived in various places all over the foothills, but they hardly ever saw each other. Of course, they didn't need to.

"--people who are very close, such as twins, family, or--" she smiled, "lovers. The question is: Is telepathy possible between those who do NOT have a close relationship? We do not know." She paused uncertainly-- the pause grew into a complete confused stop. She had forgotten not merely a word, but the whole sub-topic that came next. "Oh God," moaned Ronnie almost audibly.

"Take your time, Miss Collins," Mr. Brainerd was an affable, old chap, especially to female students, "It will ~~xxx~~ come to you."

Ronnie was struggling, sweating with the effort of trying to project a whole concept quickly, in as few words as possible. If only Mary Anne's supragranular layer--the part of the cortex that controls the ability to think and reason--~~was~~ better developed, more carefully exercised! With a skilled, sensitive mind, like Uncle Fred's, Ronnie could project and receive concept after concept, no matter how involved, quickly, easily, with no need of burdensome words. But with Mary Anne, and in so short a time--!

"Parapsychology!" his face was slightly contorted in its concentration, "Duke University! Is parapsychology the science of the future?"

She got it! "Is--is parapsychology the science of the future?" She repeated, tonelessly, "I remember now! Studies in parapsychology at Duke University reveal--" She got through this part, which was the conclusion, without a mistake.--"--We must wait and see. The End." Ronnie collapsed in his seat, exhausted.

"Very nice, my dear," Mr. Brainerd smiled paternally, and marked down a B in his little black book, "Not that I believe a word of it! Sounds like a lot of hocus-pocus--talking to people without words, and calling it science! But I'm glad to hear an original report. You've surely improved over last time."

"Gee, thank you," Mary Anne smiled, prettily.

"Yes," ~~xx~~ the educator went on, "this just shows what you can do, if you concentrate on it!"



THE QUIKCON, THE DISCON, AND BEYOND
A Youngfan's View of the Festivities

by Arnold Katz

On the afternoon of the 28th of August the first Quikcon was held at my house. There were four gallant attendees, Len Bailes, Mike Perlis, Mike Markowitz, and me. We endeavored to pack the riotous excitement of a four day convention into one hour. My room served symbolically as the convention suite. Since we are all tea drinkers, we eschewed the booze, which as everyone knows, is the center around which every real convention revolves. There was no formal program. All events of the convention took place simultaneously in the same room. Mike Markowitz sang a German marching song at the top of his lungs. Mike Perlis sang a song in Spanish, Len Bailes sang the Israeli national anthem. I sang a folk song. Markowitz and Perlis switched to "La Marseillaise", and Len and I switched to an sf quik, which went something like this: Who's the King of New Scotland said I. Len jumped up and yelled as he jumped into the air, "Bruce the Conqueror!" And that's the way it went. We also sang a couple of rounds of that famed classical melody, "Theme from the Mickey Mouse Club." The rest of the hour was spent in similar foolishness. We hope to be able to get together for Quikcon II before the next Lunacon.

THE DISCON

Friday morning arrived, and Len and I set out towards New York City on the first leg of our journey. After a stop at the back-date magazine shops, we went to the Trailways Bus Terminal. At 12:30, we boarded the bus for Washington. 4½ hours later, we hobbled off the bus in the Capital. A short cab ride, and we had made the Scene at the Statler Hilton. We got our room, parked our bags and then went down and registered with the Convention. Since there wasn't a program scheduled for Friday, we decided to find the nefarious hospitality room, where we could meet some fan. We glanced at the bulletin board in the hotel lobby, and went to the room listed on it. The door had a sign which said, "Sorry, the NSF hospitality room has been moved to 902 where we saw a similar sign directing us to still another room." We tramped from room to room for about a half an hour, until I stopped a fellow fan who gave me the real location. It seems that some fan put those damn signs on about 20 rooms. On arrival at the Hospitality room, we set about being hospitable. When we arrived, a rousing game of Interplanetary was just forming. Although I decided not to play, I never the less had xx interesting conversations with the players, among whom were Larry Pinsker, and a nut named Lis Brodsky. I also met such fan as Fred Patten, Wally Weber, Dave Baslick, Dave Locke, and Ed Meskys. I sat down next to Ed, who was talking to a fanne about N'APA. It took me quite a while to realize that the fanne was Judi Sephton. Any of you who saw the pictures of Judi in Radical #1 will remember how blah she looked, well, in person, Judi is a real knock-out. Now I understand how come I missed seeing her at the Lunacon. In case you didn't know, Judi is the one who started me in fandom.

After dinner, a group of us, Lis Brodsky Dave Baslick, Bill Schreffler, Bary Green, who is the VP of the CONY group, Mark Owings, and Jerry Jacks decided to organize a march to the top of the Washington Monument. The first person we recruited was Carl Fredricks, thus assuring us of bagpipe accompaniment. The group then roomed the hotel, looking for fellow marchers. A visit to the First Fan-
~~don party netted us a polite refusal from Don Fair, and the First Fan-~~

dom party netted us a polite refusal from Don Ford, and the pro party got an acceptance from Hal Clement.

We next tried to get Isaac Asimov's room number. Jerry Jacks called up the desk and asked for the room number. The operator switched him over to another operator who switched him to another operator.... Jerry hung up in disgust at that. I suggested that he call up and ask if Asimov was in room 641. Sure enough, it worked. 30 seconds later we were on our way to room #737, Asimov's room. Lis knocked at the door, and a slightly tired Asimov opened it. After saying that his days of such goings on were over, he allowed himself to be talked into going.

Jerry then remembered that he'd promised to meet Dave Ettlin ~~xxx~~ and Enid Jacobs, who were both coming in from Baltimore by bus.

Ignoring the time, 2:00 AM, we walked the 8 Or so blocks to the Trailways Bus Terminal. After waiting for about an hour, all of us returned to the hotel to be greeted by Ettlin, who had come in by Greyhound. We met the Greyhounds too. They were very nice if you like dogs.

The official march was called off at about 3:00AM, when George Nims Raybin reminded us that D.C. had 4 times the number of edgy cops as usual. He said that they might get mad, so the march was called off. An unofficial group did make the trek, but they were prevented from playing the bagpipes at the top. That, however, was Saturday, and I'm getting ahead of myself.

Saturday morning was spent in looking over the Huckster Room, gabbing with various fen, and eating lunch. The formal program started around 12:30. Jim Blish was the first speaker, and he compared the quality and quantity of book reviews on SF in the U.S. and in England. Blish became ill during the speech, but after a short rest was able to continue it.

The second item, a debate on the subject of writing stories around illos almost didn't come off, but Ed Emsh finally showed up. HE informed us that he wasn't late, we were just early. Surprisingly, he was right. The talk was interesting, with Emsh and Silverberg relating some of their experiences concerning writing and drawing.

Ted Cogswell followed, with a less than wonderful poetry reading. I watched the auction, but didn't buy anything.

Rather than see the talk on Comic art, I left and went to the N3F room, I became so engrossed in conversation with Frank Stodolka ~~xxx~~ and Larry Pinsker & Janie Lamb, and others that I missed Willy Ley's talk too.

Before I knew it, it was time to go down to the Costume Ball. The costumes were really something. My personal favorite was BRUCE PELZ as Fafhrd. I think the next best was Bill Osten as Sinestro. Osten really looked as if he just stepped out of Green Lantern. After the Costume Ball, I went around the hotel stopping off at various parties. I went to the SMOF party, but was unable to find out what those initials stood for, because no one was ~~ABLE~~ willing to stand up and tell me. I think it was because no one really knew. I finished up the evening helping Judi&Dick Seighton celebrate their first Wedding anniversary.

Sunday morning the BB's Dum-Dum and the FAPA Throw the Rascals Out meetings were scheduled for 11:00 AM. Since I loathe ERB, I went to see if any Elephants (or OElephants) would be buried. None were, but I think Pelz and They were making funeral arrangements for some poor FAPAen.

As the FAPA meeting ended early, I went to the Dum-Dum, after all. SaM was in the midst of giving one of his slide lectures, and although I believe I've heard it before, it was nevertheless worth attending.

Astro Boy, an unbelievably saccharine cartoon show made in Japan left that uneasy queasy feeling. It was dispelled by Bob Stewart's fine movie, THE YEAR THE UNIVERSE LOST THE PENNANT, composed of film clips edited by Bob, and some hilarious original footage. Did you know Bob can put his foot behind his head? One unusual facet of the film is that Bob appears live at one point. It was very effective, and I hope that it will be shown at the next con so the western fen will be able to grok it. Stewart's film was followed by filmed excerpts of the LASBS under the title Dante's Inferno.

The Muster of the Nuborean Legion was next. I didn't much care about ~~xxxxxxx~~ De Camp's visit to Lord Dunsany's widow, but I stayed anyway.

At 2:00 came the Banquet. It was one of the highlights of the con. Asimov was the Toastmaster, and after moaning through the Hugo presentations, he was the surprised recipient of a Hugo for putting the "science in science fiction." Murray Leinster was the Goli. I sat at the same table as Frank Stodolka, Dave Taslick, and Len Bailés and we discussed the problems of the universe.

The program continued after the banquet with such items as the Editors Panel, and a Panel on "What should a BEM look like." The Editors Panel was particularly interesting. Each editor told about what kinds of stories he/she needs. All agreed that they didn't want stories slanted toward their zines. All editors exhorted fans to submit material to their worthy publications. A.J. Budrys won this round by telling about the M*O*N*E*Y* PLAYBOY would pay.

The business meeting was fairly short, and to no one's surprise the Bay Area won the next WorldCon. The WSFS was reconstituted as an unincorporated society. That caused some hilarity, but passed by a near unanimous vote.

The last program item on Saturday was Juanita Coulson's panel on stencilling. Since I was a ditto faned at the time, I didn't stay to the end, now that I ~~xxxx~~ have a mimeo, I wish I had stayed. Len and I went out to eat and then I visited various parties, including the jampacked SF victory party, which was an all nighter. I wound up at the neffer room, and finally tiredness overcoming me, I shambled off ~~th~~ to the room I shared with Len.

Monday morning I awoke sick with the realization that I was starting the last day at the con. I spent the morning at the Hucker room. Len and I checked out early to avoid paying for an extra day. It was worth carrying my suitcase around to save the money. The best items on Monday was the skit put on by the pros, called the Stf Peddler. It starred such luminaries as Garrett, Merrill, Piper, Beiber, and Katheren MacLean. Unfortunately, a wild group of juvenile delinquents, called a high school fraternity, were meeting next

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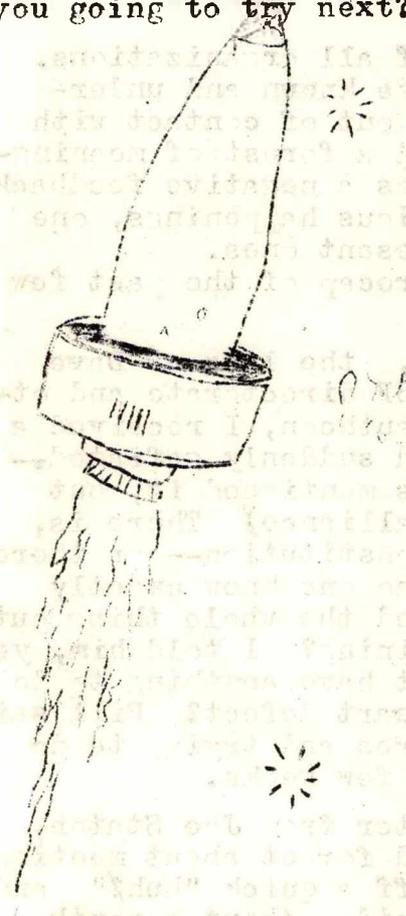
THE MUDLARK OF SPACE

by Neil Phillips (with
apologies to EE Smith)

The innermost office of Bookings Steel corporation was somberly decorated. Mark B. Dukane walked in and slammed the door behind him. Bookings immediately stopped fondling his cat and looked up attentively.

"Now, I don't have to tell you the enormity of the situation we're facing," snarled Dukane, "In fact I wouldn't dream of telling you. After all, you're nothing but a two bit thief.

"Skip the flattery, Dukane, Bookings said. Let's go over the methods we've already attempted to annihilate Rick Stratton. So far we've dropped a safe on him, used chloroform, daggers, poison darts, tnt, voodoo, and a five megaton bomb. All with no results. What are you going to try next? Is it really necessary to eliminate him?



"You stupid fool. You know damn well that he stands in the way of my master plan to become Supreme Maximum Commander of the Universe, and besides, he gives me an inferiority complex." Dukane picked up Bookings' cat, strangled it, and aimlessly began tying its legs in a knot. "This is my latest plan. I will disguise myself as a kindly old nuclear physicist and pretend to be selling portable Cyclotrons. Once I gain admission to his chambers through the 16 3rd level force fields, 10 fourth level energy repellors and fifth level Nucleocondamatronic Flit guns, I will attempt his life with the only weapon that we haven't already used, the broadsword. I will place my Broadsword in a violin case, which I will carry with me to the door. When they see it, Stratton will immediately get out his piccolo, and his wife, Dorothy Veinmin Stratton will no doubt insist on playing several concertos on the spot.

* * *

"Hey, called Rick Stratton, "you'll never guess what that fool Dukane is going to try now.

"I give up, what?" called back Bart Craine, his filthy rich assistant and chief worshipper.

"My intercomelectrovalentaudiovisiograph has just revealed that Dukane is going to pretend that he's a kindly old nuclear physicist and try to assassinate me with a broadsword."

"That's nice," said Bart. "Come into the Mudlark and look at the latest refinement I've just completed. You remember of course that our super disintegrator gun used to only be able to generate enough power to completely transform the entire universe into confetti. By opening up this old radio tube and inserting a piece of cardboard I tore off the top of a cereal box, I've given it the power to transform that confetti into anti-matter.

"I'm afraid I don't quite see the theory behind it," Stratton said, his brow knitted in puzzlement.

"I'll give you a simple superscientific explanation," Bart crowed, looking pleased as hell that for once in his goddam life he knew something that Stratton didn't. "When the anode emits its electrons, enroute to the cathode they must pass through the cardboard, whose strange origin for one reason or another sets them vibrating. By the principle of sympathetic vibration, this sets the ether vibrating, however, the vibrating ether causes a shake up in the 4th order energy field which--"

"Stop, stop, cried Stratton, "don't say it in English, a spy may be listening!"

"--which contrabulates the duocycle rheostat in the frammiss, which of necessity starts the frequency of the subradograph into the modulation of the fundamental function of the third integral derivative of the Cosine Wave."

"Cosine Wave?"

"Yes, that's what gives the ray it's strange powers, it doesn't emit a mere Sine wave--at any rate, a little green beam comes out, and whammy!"

Elated, and holding hands, Stratton and Craine waltzed out of the ship and back to the lab. "Yippee! screamed Stratton, "Bart, you're a Blinding Crash and a Deafening Retott! In his glee, Stratton knocked over a jar of "X" the strange and mysterious metal. Being as the floor was copper coated, the lab building immediately shot up into space. Looking at the stars, Stratton figured out that they were precisely 6.8 lightyears away from Earth. "I suppose, he said restrainedly, "that our best course of action whuld be to try to head for the Green System. I'm sure that our good friend Dunkirk of the planet Oz Gnome has an extra space ship lying around somewhere." Whipping together several weights, Stratton constructed a crude Dean Drive and the ship set off at top speed.

* * * *

"Damn," muttered Dukane cryptically as he walked toward the Site of the erstwhile Stratton laboratory. "the sly devil has anticipated my coming and run off for help. I wonder why he took off in the lab building instead of using his ship. Maybe he was just in such a hurry that he forgot. Dukane drew his portable flame thrower from his side pocket and idly mowed down some pedestrians as he pondered his next move. "I have it!" he exclaimed to himself, "With Stratton gone there is nothing to prevent me from stealing the Mudlark, and using its superior armaments to destroy him."

He took a small control panel from his other pocket and thumbed the switch. Immediately a pale orange beam of energy shot out, and the area surrounding Stratton's domicile became alive with color. Finally, with a muffled poof all activity ceased. Confidently, Dukane strode into the Mudlark and--Row upon row of fantastically complicated controls stood in front of him. There wasn't a square inch of space that didn't contain the trigger to some mechanism or another. Experimentally, Dukane pushed one button. A baby grand piano extended from the paneling. Thinking to trace thexx circuits of the power guage to their source, Dukane entered the hull through the slit made by the extend&d piano. "Migod, he exclaimed, "Stratton loaded so much useless junk in this thing that I'll never find the start button. Since there was no one around to murder, Dukane was about to get out and find one, when Dorothy Veinmin ran into the ship.

"Rick, Rick," she screamed, "Are you all right? I saw the explosion

15 "Ahahahaha," Dukane cried triumphantly as he crawled out of the woodwork, "You are my prisoner."

"You again," cried Dorothy defiantly, "I might have known. Well if you think you're going to get me to become a hostage and pilot the ship for you without my violin, then you're sadly mistaken"

"So get it already," Dukane said drolly as he picked the legs off a spider. "You back, good, then let's go." Her hands flew over the controls and the mighty vessel shot into the sky.

"Dukane, you are a miserable fiend, but now that I'm captured I'll do everything you command and fawn on you as usual."

"Do not worry, said Dukane, "As long as there isn't any particularly good reason for killing you, you will remain unharmed. He sat down on a chaise lounge which had just rolled out of the wall. "I suppose you want to play your damn fiddle now and not give a hard working evil scientist a moment's sleep," he drawled.

"Oh look, Dorothy exclaimed, "What's that?" Dukane rushed to his feet and ran to the viewscreen.

"Looks like some sort of alien space ship. How dare they fly in my sky? I'll teach'em. Fire a ray at-- Oh skip it, where's the furslugginer mind transfer helmet in this ship, oh, there it is." He placed a headset on Dorothy and one on himself and quickly flicked the switch. "Ah, that's better, now I can operate the damn ship." He twisted several knobs. Immediately a light aqua colored ray shot out at the alien ship. Their force screen glowed purple where it hit, and they countered by emitting a charcoal grey beam with pink polka dotted spheres of force.

Dukane pushed buttons with a furious tempo. The sky lit up in a pyrotechnic display which resembled a fashion designers nightmare. Of course neither ship was being damaged in the least, but who cared? Finally Dukane saw but one button left leading to the Deathray radio tube. Just for kicks he pushed it. The light green ray beamed out and whammy, part of the other ship began to dissolve. Sensing defeat, its captain immediately turned around and fled at top speed...

* * * *

"Good God!" exclaimed Craine. ~~xxx~~

"Yes, what is it Bart?" asked Stratton.

"Lookey there," Craine said, "An oxygen based earth type planet. And get a load of that architecture. I'm sure that if we land there technology will be sufficient for them to have an extra space ship."

"Yes," added Stratton, "And if it isn't, we can always impress the inhabitants into slavery to build us one, like we usually do." He adjusted the lab building's Bean Drive and it plummeted planetward. "Lucky thing we made the building airtight to keep out the mice," Stratton muttered.

The building landed with a thud, they opened the door and took in the scenery. The buildings were graced with aerial ramps, and the natives, blue skinned people with gray hair and bulging foreheads were accoutered in a flashy red silken material adorned with lightning bolts running straight down to the cuffs.

"I'm sure they can help us," Stratton remarked. "They look like the highly moralistic, advanced superscientific type. Too bad I didn't bring my piccolo. That always gives the freaks a kick.

One alien detached himself from the growing crowd and walked tow-

ard Stratton and Craine. The thoughts flashed into their minds.

"Greetings, o courageous explorers from the stars. Long have we awaited this moment....."

It went on for a bit. Stratton answered it in standard form,

"O benevolent hosts, we bring thee the good will of the people of the planets of the Green system, of which I am overlord, and also from the planet Earth...." Then, just on the off chance that they might have mastered fifth order mechanics, Stratton interjected, "Hey, you fellas don't happen to have any fifth order teleporting projectors lying around."

"Indeed we do," said the creature, "I will fetch it. To hear is to obey," it fell to its knees and began to kiss Stratton's toes.

"Guess we ought to have them project us back to the Nuclark near where the lab was, huh Bart," Stratton said.

"Well, I really think--"

"You do? That's nice, well, the Nuclark it is."

* * * *

"My, but I'm a clever fellow for pressing that button, Dukane crowed to himself; Maybe in time, I'll even get over my inferiority complex toward Stratton. This time I'll beat him and nothing will stand in my way, Nothing."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that Dukane," A voice mumbled from behind him.

"Stratton!" Dukane's voice dropped and his jaw lowered. "He threw himself on the floor and began to bawl. "No, no, no, goddammit, it just isn't fair. You've got no right to materialize out of thin air. I have a hard enough time without these Deus Ex Machina situations being thrown in. I suppose you got here with a teleport machine or something, but dammit, why are you the one who blunders into all the good luck?" He began to weep hysterically.

"There there," crooned Dorothy, "don't be upset. I'm sure you'll escape soon and before you know it you'll be thinking up more evil schemex than ever." She gently tied him up and then threw herself passionately into Stratton's arms.

"Oh, Hi Dot, Stratton said, "Are you here too. What's been going on?" Quickly she informed him of the course of recent events.

"Hey," called out Bart, "that ship you mentioned, it's back for another try.

"Much as I hate useless slaughter, I guess the only thing we can do is annihilate them," Stratton sighed, "After all, they are aliens, probably.."

He fired the all disintegrating ray. The ship glowed but was not affected.

"Ghaaaa," screamed Stratton, they've harnessed the seventh order. They're reflecting our disintegrator back.....The Nuclark flared up the color scale to ultraviolet and ceased to exist.

"Damn competition," muttered Dick Arbot. "A guy can't make a decent living in the hero business these days." Together, he and his companions, Slade, Corey and Muller wheeled their ship, the Ancient Mariner, around and blasted off into the night. -NP

DISCOVERY

by Jim Harkness

The tarling had been on earth for three of that planet's days, and it looked like it would be there a good while longer. It had come in over a mountain range, and as luck would have it, crashed in the landing attempt. The ship was a hopeless wreck, of course, but it was possible that the radio might be salvaged.

Tirelessly, the tarling had worked toward that one aim. It would have been easier if the ship had cracked up nearer to some— if there were any on this barren planet— civilization, but the mountains did offer privacy, which was to be appreciated. It surveyed the radio, rippling its wings in disgust. There just weren't the tools to make the tools to..... Anyway, the tarling had never claimed to be an electrician.

With an air of defeat, the tarling moved over the wall, and pressed off the lights of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ ^{cabin, strange, they} still worked. That again, though, was to be appreciated. It flew early to the ceiling, enmeshed its feet in the netting hanging there, and relaxed. In a little while, creamy colored membranes closed over its eyes, and the tarling slept.

Morning came quietly, as usual, and the tarling slept far into the day. Not until the noonday sun struck it full in the face through one of the many holes in the metal did it awake. Sluggishly buzzing its wings, it dropped to the deck, scraping its feet together to free them of the glue of the netting. Hopelessly, it went to the workbench and again attacked the problem of the radio. Outside, there was a quick series of thundrous rumbles, as if the whole range of mountains was shifting! The ship rocking and shaking, the tarling broke through the door and— froze in its tracks. The rumbling had stopped, but there directly in front of the airlock stood a native. It was undoubtedly intelligent, for it wore clothes and carried a number of tools.

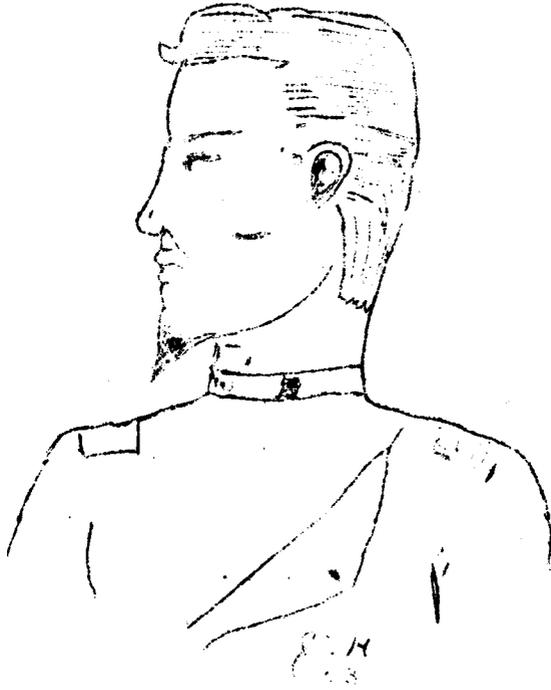
The tarling realized at once what this meant. A whole new series of laws, cultural exchanges and so on, but for the moment one thought obsessed it: aid! The tarling advanced, making gestures of—
WIAP!

"Stinkin' mosquitoes," said the earthman, walking back up his driveway.



JIM RATTEETH AND THE VALIANT QUEST

by A.K. Davids (With apologies to
Keith Laumer)



Jim Ratteeth made no pretense of listening to Nagham, his superior, who was outlining Ratteeth's new assignment. Ratteeth never listened. He already knew everything about everything and was above mere courtesy. As Nagham rambled on and on, Ratteeth thought of his many past adventures. He remembered all the snappy insults, the disobedience and most of all, the violence.

"All right, Ratteeth, I know you don't give a damn anyway, so you might as well get started," said Nagham. Ratteeth swiveled his chair around, and ripped off five shots into the door. He got up and threw the chair he had been sitting on at the door. The chair splintered, but the door was knocked off its hinges, and fell over with a satisfying thump.

"Ratteeth, what the hell was that for?" asked Nagham.

"To keep in practice, stupid," Ratteeth barked as he landed a haymaker on Nagham's jaw. Nagham slid from his chair to the floor. Ratteeth turned and left the office. "Everyone's against me, everyone," he said to himself in a low voice as he stormed from the building.

A little grey haired old lady came waddling down the street toward Ratteeth. He took hold of the front of her coat and hoisted her into the air. "Where is he!" Ratteeth yelled.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sonny. Please put me down." He threw her to the ground and began to kick her ribs in one by one. Then he set fire to her hair, and then he got mean.

"Won't talk, eh?" he said as he shoved her off the sidewalk and stalked off.

Ratteeth then saw someone who was obviously an extraterrestrial agent, one who might have valuable information. Ratteeth drew his gun and in one deft motion show the agent's gun, which was disguised as a lolly-pop, out of his hand.

"You're pretty short for an e.t. agent, aren't you?" Ratteeth demanded as he held the agent by the heels and kicked him repeatedly in the stomach. The agent obligingly vomited his guts out all over the side walk. "Where is he! Where is he!" screamed Ratteeth, pounding the agent's head on the ground for emphasis.

"Daddy, mom-my, a bad man is hurting me! I wan' my mom-my!" said the agent. Two broken arms and a nosebleed later, Ratteeth asked "Will you talk now!? Where is Hymie." The agent could not take any more punishment, so he said, "Oh, you want Hymie. He's in

17
the store across the street." The agent began to cry hysterically. "Shut up," said Ratteeth, as he hit him over the head with his gun butt. "That'll keep you quiet."

Ratteeth ran across the street, clearing a path with his gun. While shielding his eyes from the glass, he kicked in the door at the same time.

"All right, who's Lymie?" he barked.

"Vot you vent boy?" asked a wizened old man.

"Just some information," Ratteeth said as he gouged Lymie in the eyes. "Where are you keeping it, Lymie?"

"Vot you vent boy?" Lymie repeated. Ratteeth slugged him in the stomach and began to throw magazines off the racks which lined one wall of the ~~xxxx~~ store.

"It's here somewhere, and I intend to find it, or wreck this place in the process," said Ratteeth pounding on his chest. In a jiffy Ratteeth had all the magazines spread on the floor. He ripped the racks from the wall and pulled up the floor rug, but his searching went for naught. Ratteeth began to wreck the lunch counter, then on a shelf behind the counter, he found it. Giving Lymie a goodbye punch in the nose, he ran back to Nagham's office.

"I was successful as usual," Ratteeth said, as he sat facing Nagham.

"Then you got it, Ratteeth?" said Nagham becoming excited.

"Yes, right here."

"All right, Ratteeth, let's see what the playmate looks like this month," said Nagham.

* * * * *

AMAZING

by Len Bailes (sung to the Yellow
(Rose of Texas)

You may say you like John Campbell

Or that Pohl is simply great

The writers like them also

'Cause they pay a higher rate

You may speak of Avram Davidson

If you just don't read sci-fi

But for papering walls Amazing is the only Mag to buy

For the joy of letterhacking

Or for criticizing fans

Amazing makes the others

Seem to be just Also rans

You may talk about your Analog

And sing of Galaxy

But Amazing is the only mag I'd rip up cheerfully

Well, Ziff-Davis found the answer

to the cost of office rents

They cut off sixteen pages

And went up to fifty cents

Well the neofans and fuggheads

May pan Worlds of If with glee

While Amazing just continues with its highway robbery

20

JARD

by Kent McDaniel

Jard heard the distant rumble of the crabs, and nervously fingered the hilt of his sword. Yeah, he was going to be sacrificed tonight, but he wouldn't die on his knees, like the others. Tonight the Bel-tans would pay for their sacrifice. Pay with their crabs.

Jard was lucky--- as sacrifices go. He had managed to smuggle a sword onto the sacrificial grounds. That was one thing which had never been done before as far as Jard knew.

It was so simple. Why had no one ever thought of it before? When he had heard, through the grapevine, that he had been chosen for the offering, he had merely cached a sword on the grounds. Jard would that he had a gun, but since the Bel-Tans had confiscated all such weapons, he had to be contented with one of the underground-manufactured swords.

The crabs were closer now; about three miles away, Jard judged. The crabs... Monsters, Standing nearly ten feet off the ground, and nearly half as broad, and covered with a layer of chitin. Jard wasn't sure how thick it was.

Jard knew all this from the fleeting glimpses he and his friends often had taken from tree-tops and other vantage points, of the crabs on their way to the sacrificial grounds. How little thought they had given to the fact that the crabs were off to kill a fellow man.

The crabs were nearer; little over a mile away. Jard's thoughts turned to Bel-Tans. If Earth had concentrated on learning and education, instead of war, long ago, before 2000 Earth wouldn't be cursed with the Bel-Tans today.

The Bel-Tan leaders were hunting for a planet to put a prison colony on. They found one---Earth. Our average IQ was so much lower than theirs that they considered us just dumb animals to be found in the greatest quantity. We were chosen for the sacrifices.

Jard's thoughts drifted back to the crabs; They'd be coming over the hill any time now. He'd die tonight, yes. But not in vain. For generations, men had been sacrificed to Bel-Tan gods. Never had any offered a fight to the crabs. Never had anyone thought of it.

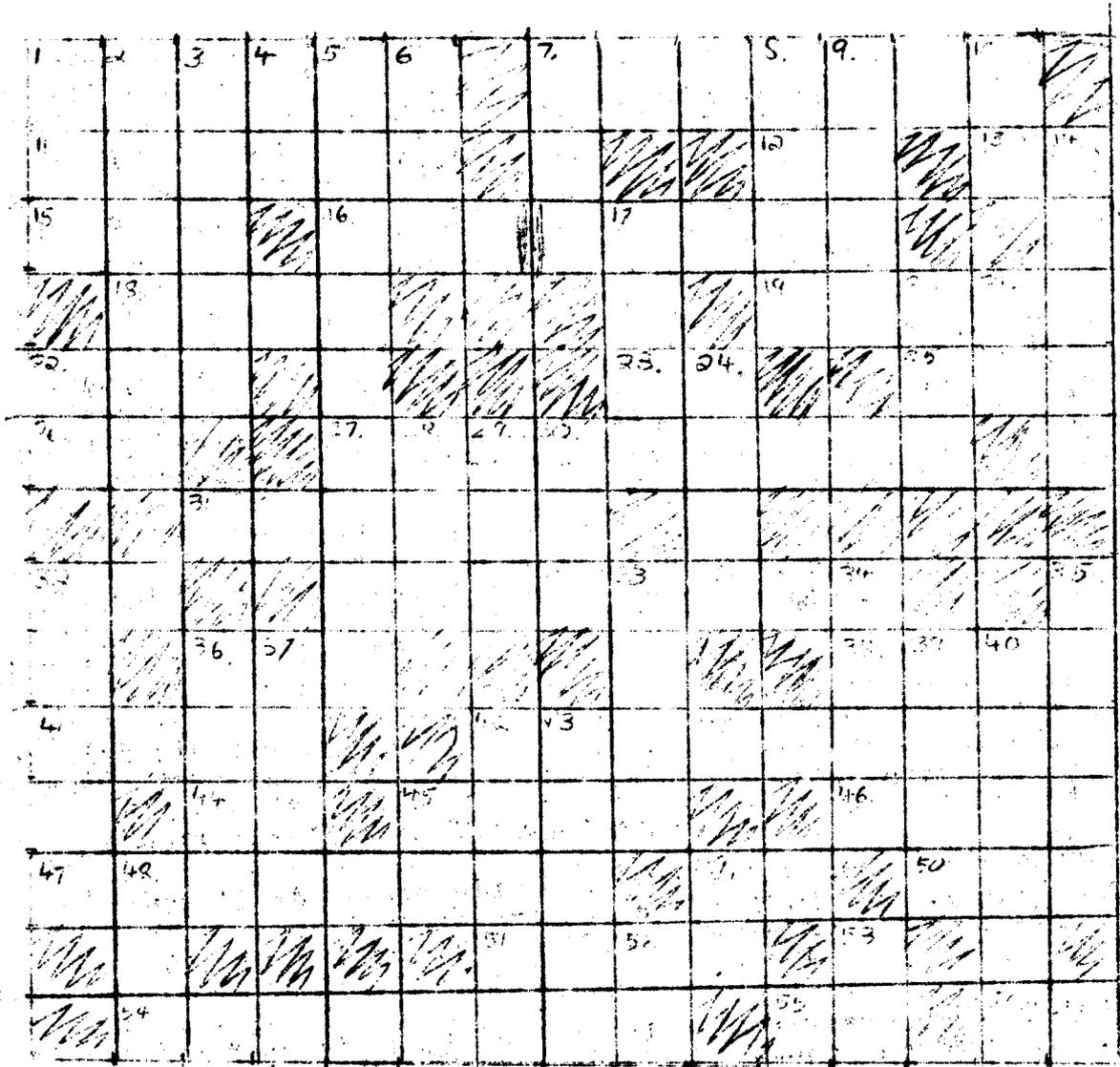
But Jard would fight them. Jard would die, but so would a few crabs. The people would find out; Jard pitied them for the way they would find out, but they would. And, when the people found out, they'd start fighting. If one man couldn't smuggle a sword onto the sacrificial grounds, then a dozen armed men would rush to his aid. Never again would men permit their fellows to die without lifting a hand in their aid...

The first of the crabs was coming over the hill. Jard gripped his sword a little more tightly.

-END-

SCIENCE FICTION CROSSWORD

by Len Bailes



FANZINE REVIEWS

by Arnold Katz

Quite a few really good ones came in this time. I'll review as many as I have room for. I think I'll institute a 1-10 high rating system.

* * *
 LYPHEN #34 September Walt and Madelaine Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Rd. Belfast, 4, North Ireland. 15¢ each, 7/81 24 pp mimeo

Some neofan named Willis sent me this (all right, I sent him money first) and since it did come all the way from North Ireland, the least I can do is review it. I mean, even crudzines like this deserve an occasional review.

Willis seems to think he attended Chicon III, and this issue is devoted to a report of his trip stateside with emphasis on the con itself. The text, only somewhat fabulous, is illustrated by another nee named Arthur Thomson, who affects the cute nickname of ATom. ATom shows promises of some day being a top fanartist.

All in all, this is a pretty woeful first issue. I take it the "34" is just for show, but why don't you bring a little light into the lonely life of a fan across the sea and sub. RATING: 9

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Shangri-L'Affaires #66, LASFS subs to Ellik 1825 Greenfield Ave, LA, Calif. 90024 25¢ a copy 5/81 Free for letters, trade. 30pp mimeo.

This issue of SHAGGY carries the rather shocking news of the resignation, en masse of Shaggy's editorial staff. I hope some LA fan will take over, or else I have the last issue here in front of me. This issue was a good one, too.

The most enjoyed piece was Of Mice and Women by John Berry. Berry, trying to teach his children the Facts of Life, bought a pair of mice. The lesson was a dismal failure, but it left John with a whole family of mice to get rid of. On the way down to the pet shop the mice escaped on a crowded m& bus. Typical Berry.

Bjo⁴ has an article describing a trip to Las Vegas by a group of fan known as the Nap and Ramble Society. Ben Ellik was supposed to win \$27,000, but since I haven't seen anything about it in Starspinkle, I guess he didn't quite make it.

Fritz Leiber has an article discussing science fictional elements in H.P. Lovecraft. It didn't impress me much, mainly because I don't care for LPL's writing. There are also book reviews and a lettercol. RATING: 7

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YANDRO #129- The Coulsens, Rt. #3 Wabash Indiana 46992, 25¢ a copy 12/\$2.50 28 pp. mimeo

How boy! Buck is becoming harder hearted by the minute as a fanzine reviewer. His ratings are the lowest I've ever seen. Buck had better non hold his breath waiting to see a copy of ~~Exc~~ Excalibur until we're a lot better.

Barfly Swings In!, a full page ad for the Ballandchain series of Barfly novels was very funny. WARMONGER OF MANS, hochah!

Dave Jenrette has an article on GLOBY ROAD, which is about the

best critical evaluation of it that I've yet seen. Jenrette (tongue in cheek?) reviews the book as being a satire on adventure stories. Who knows, he may even be right. RATING: 3

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CYGNUS #2 Paul Gilster, 42 Godwin Lane, St. Louis Mo. 63124 free for loc, trade, contrib. 10¢/copy mimeo 19pp

Paul made mistake #1724A. He put a tear out questionnaire in CIG. Fen will just not, by and large, cut up a zine. I can just see Bruce Pelz hacking out the coupon to make sure he gets the next issue.

Actually, CIG isn't too bad, and I believe it will get better. The best parts were the editorial and the article on sea cities, both by Paul himself. The fiction was too short even for my taste, and this is the area in which Cyg is most ~~xxx~~ deficient. RATING:3

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DYNATRON #18 &19 July & Sept. Roy&Chrystal Tackett 915 Green Valley Rd. NW Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107 20pp each 15¢ a copy 2/25¢ mimeo

Why, you ask yourself am I reviewing the last two issues of Tron (by god, I'll abbreviate it any way I damn well please) Simple, they just came out together.

#19 features a Westcon Report by Len Moffett and an excellent column by Gary Labowitz. Gary discovered the lost chord, but after a piano tuning, it was lost again.

Tackett says #19 was the annish, but no one was going to get more than 20pp an issue out of him. Too bad, two 20 page Trons would make one great, big zine. Oh well, at least it's a good small zine.

RATING FOR COMIC BOOK FANATICS: 3

RATING FOR SCIENCE FICTION FANS:6

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CRY #170 Weber & the Bushy's Box 92, 507 Seattle Wash. 98104. 25¢ a copy. 5/61. Free for loc or contrib Bimonthly. 36 pp mimeo

All kinds of good things in this issue. Weber's con-req for one thing. It's really one of the better ones I've seen lately.

John Berry has a very entertaining column called OF NICE AND WOM*EN. It seems that John tried to teach his kids the facts of life by buying them a pair of nice. As I said, a very entertaining column.

Rob Williams has an amusing bit of non sense called A CASE HISTORY OF/CORRESPONDENCE, that fits well with the light hearted tone of this-ish. Yes Virginia, there is a letter-col. RATING:8

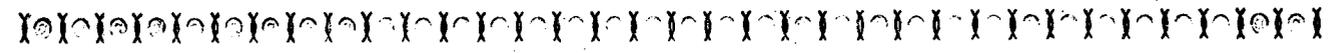
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INTROSPECTION #7 Mike Domina 11044½ Tripp Ave. Oak Lawn, Ill. 60453. 20¢ a copy 3/50¢ free for trade loc or contrib Irregular ditto 30pp.

This isn't really too bad. The repro is generally good, the text fair and the art excellent. Bob Tucker does an article on an Old Time fanzine, SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, that is rather interesting as articles on old fanzines go. Harry Warner has a column about letterhacking, and if he isn't the reigning expert, then no one is.

The lettercol is long for this size zine, and it features a loong letter by Harlan Ellison which might have made a nice column.

RATING:5



THE
BOOK
NOOK



by Len Bailes

SUPERMIND Mark Phillips Pyramid 40¢ 192pp

Many fans seem to feel that the whole Garrett Janifer series is a blight on science fiction. I just can't agree with them. Although the series is not the best literature ever written, it is very funny.

This third and last volume picks up the trail of that knight errant, Kenneth Joseph Malone, at a time when "everything is going to hell in a handbasket." It concerns the trials and tribulations which Malone undergoes in order to track down the source of a strange degeneration in the organization of every American institution, from the Senate to the underworld. Finally, of course, he triumphs, in a way.

This edition of SUPERMIND is radically different from the shorter version in Analog in 1960-61 entitled OCCASION FOR DISASTER. It's not merely that the book was expanded, the basic point of the authors seems to be exactly reversed. In stead of ending on the downswing, with the end of civilization as we know it, this book ends on the upswing, with Malone ready to do his duty in the changed order of things.

The book's chief assets are the wacky style in which it is written, and the excellent characterization of Malone. Cast as a bumbling clod with occasional inspirational flashes of brilliance, Malone, the illegitimate son of Craig Rice's John J. Malone, "ruthlessly tracks the saboteurs to their lair, stopping for a not quite typical romance, and using his psionic powers to bail him out whenever the going gets rough. This is where the book has met severe criticism. Garrett and Janifer have been accused of using the psi powers of Malone as a crutch, and using the "Typewriter in the sky" technique to pull Malone out of jams. This is in part true, but it is not objectionable to me. The book is meant as a farce, not as an adventure story, and the use of this convenient gimmick allows transition from one sequence to the next without the use of boring dialogue or narrative which would spoil the book's effect. In this instance, I don't feel that it is sloppy writing, because the herky jerkiness it creates blends very well into the flavor of the book.

As for the style, they used a "Let's throw everything in including the kitchen sink" format. The adjectives chosen by the writing pair in some cases are new additions to the ~~known~~ ~~known~~ English language. The skill with which they have thrown in so many ingroup references and still manage to make the story readable and humorous from a non-fan's viewpoint is uncanny. I know several non-fans who have read and enjoyed it.

It must be admitted that this book is not as good as the first in the series, but go out and "buy it anyway, and have a happy."

* * * *

24
SKYLARK III Edward E Smith Pyramid 40¢ 207pp

Since I lampooned this book in another part of the magazine, the fair thing, I guess would be to give it a sincere review.

It is volume two of a series of three, which will be expanded to four in a few months, when the all-new SKYLARK DUQUESNE is published in IF. Pyramid will also publish the remaining SKYLARK OF VALERON and has already published the first in the series.

The plot concerns Richard Seaton's attempts to aid his friend Dunark, of the planet Osnome in repelling invaders from a nearby world. In doing this, Seaton becomes ruler of both planets and comes across the space ship of an alien empire, possessed of an enormous technology and with designs to rule the universe. Seaton gallivants around to several advanced, friendly civilizations, finally becoming "A superman of knowlege" to quote from the cover blurb.

Assuming a much smaller role than previously, in this volume, is the villain Duquesne. I don't know why Smith even bothered to include him, except for finanacial reasons. He seems far less menacing than in SKYLARK OF SPACE and winds up getting killed 3/4 of the way through the book. Though I haven't read the third in the series, I assume that he returned to life in one way or another. Old villains never die.....

In view of the fact that it was first published in 1930, the book stands up rather well. If one is willing to overlook the constant references to the ether, there is nothing which will outrage the scientific sensibilities of the lay fan. There are some explanations of fantastic machines that he will find no longer plausible due to refinement in theory, but in general it is easy to suspend disbelief and pretend you never heard of a man named Einstein. One becomes caught up in the drama, and soon travelling at five times the speed of light seems to be the natural thing to do. The beauty of this book is that it causes you to look at the cosmos thru Smith's unjaded and exhuberant heroes. It is the kind of make believe which all stf fans have at one time or another dreamed about.

Written as a new story, Skylark III wouldn't stand up, but as a reprint from the "good old days, it can stir up the goshwowoboyoboy facet of the personality without embarassment.

My chief critiscism of the book is the characterization of the protagonist, and his cohorts. They are paper thin. Duquesne is slightly deeper, but he is so typically mad scientistish.

Of course, the thing to bear in mind is that when Smith was writing this stuff it was brand new. It'll be interesting to see how a new book by him will stand up in todays stf market. Looking at the book from an overall point of view, I'd say that it is definitely wworth reading, if only to find out that the old geezers had something to shäut about after all.

* * * *

THE PUPPET MASTERS Robert A. Heinlein Signet 50¢ 175 pp

This is not a new book, but it has just come out in a new edition, and this is the first time I have read it.

The plot concerns the efforts of three secret agents in a sort of glorified FBI in the future, to repel an invasion of a hoarde of 3lb amoeba like aliens which have the power to fasten themselves to a human being, and take over his mind. The protagonist is known by

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___ Being fool enough to have loc'd

Being a BNF

___ Being a girl

___ Want to trade?

___ You traded

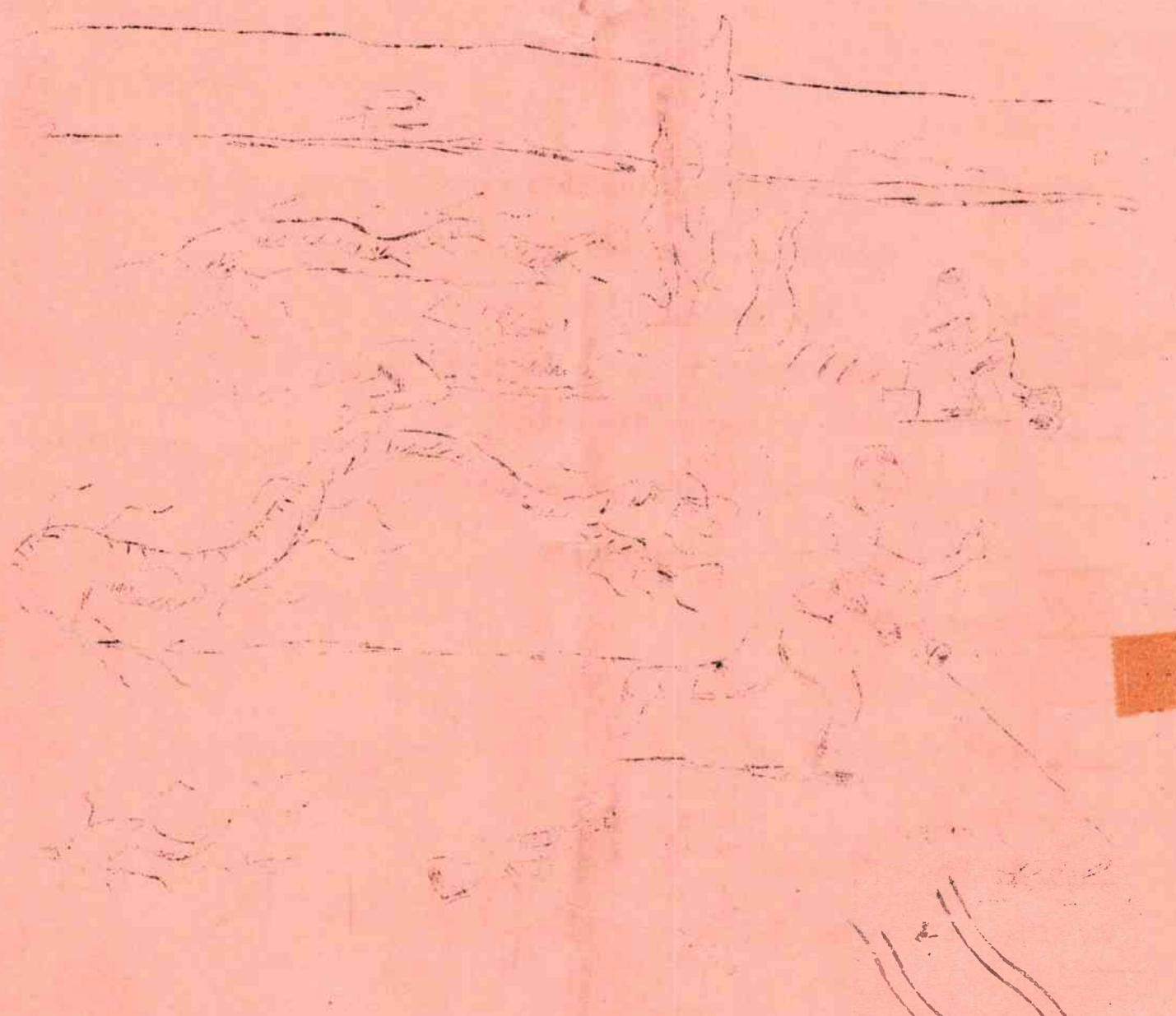
___ You're a N'APAan

___ We like the sound of your name

___ Other

Dear Walt
Sub, pay
or Contrib
to get 1st Annish
LOC would be
all right.

Sincerely
Annie Kay



From L. Bailes
27 Split Rail Pl.
Commack, New York
11725
return requested



To:

Walter Breen
2402 Grove St.
Berkeley, 4, Calif.