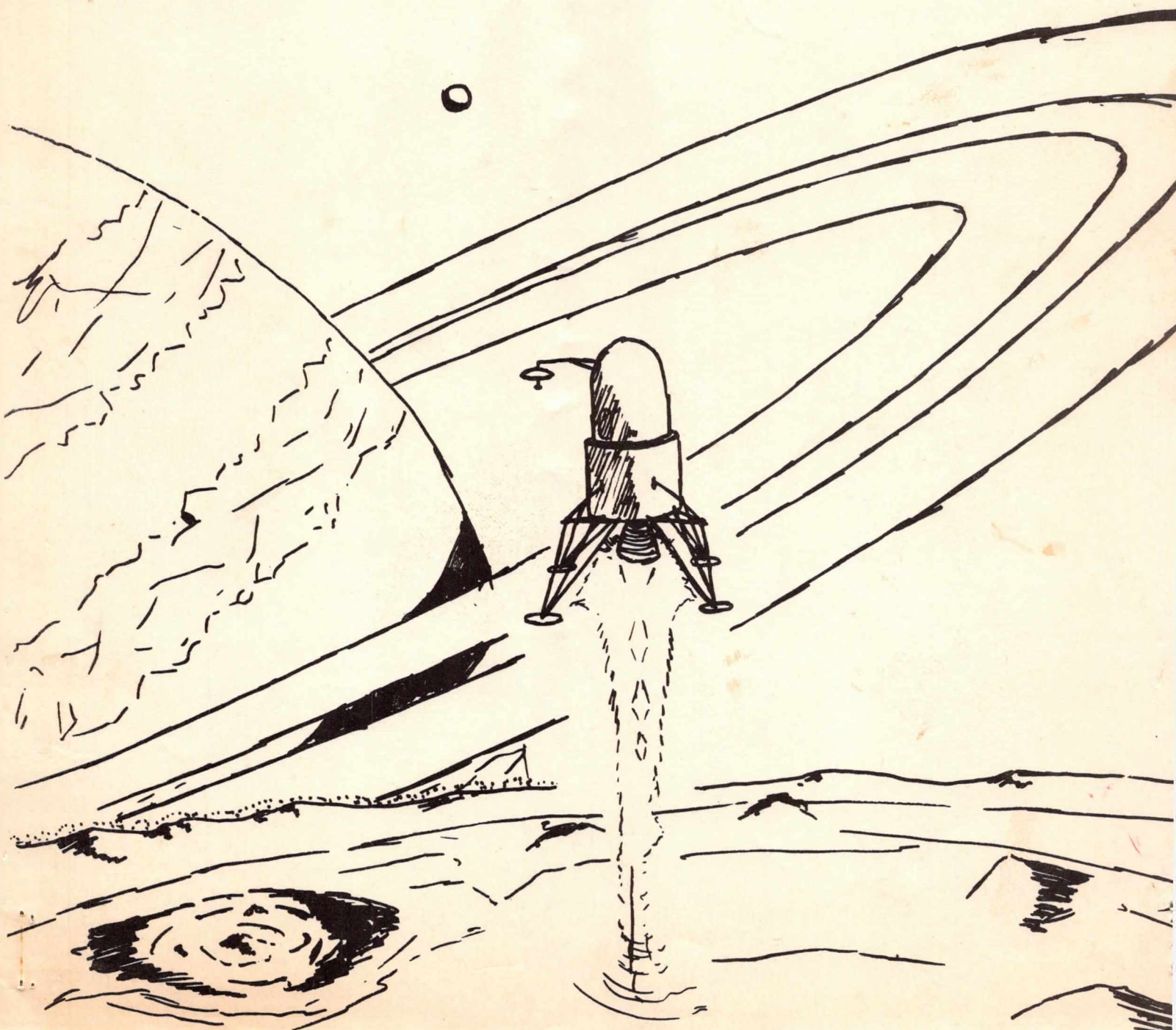


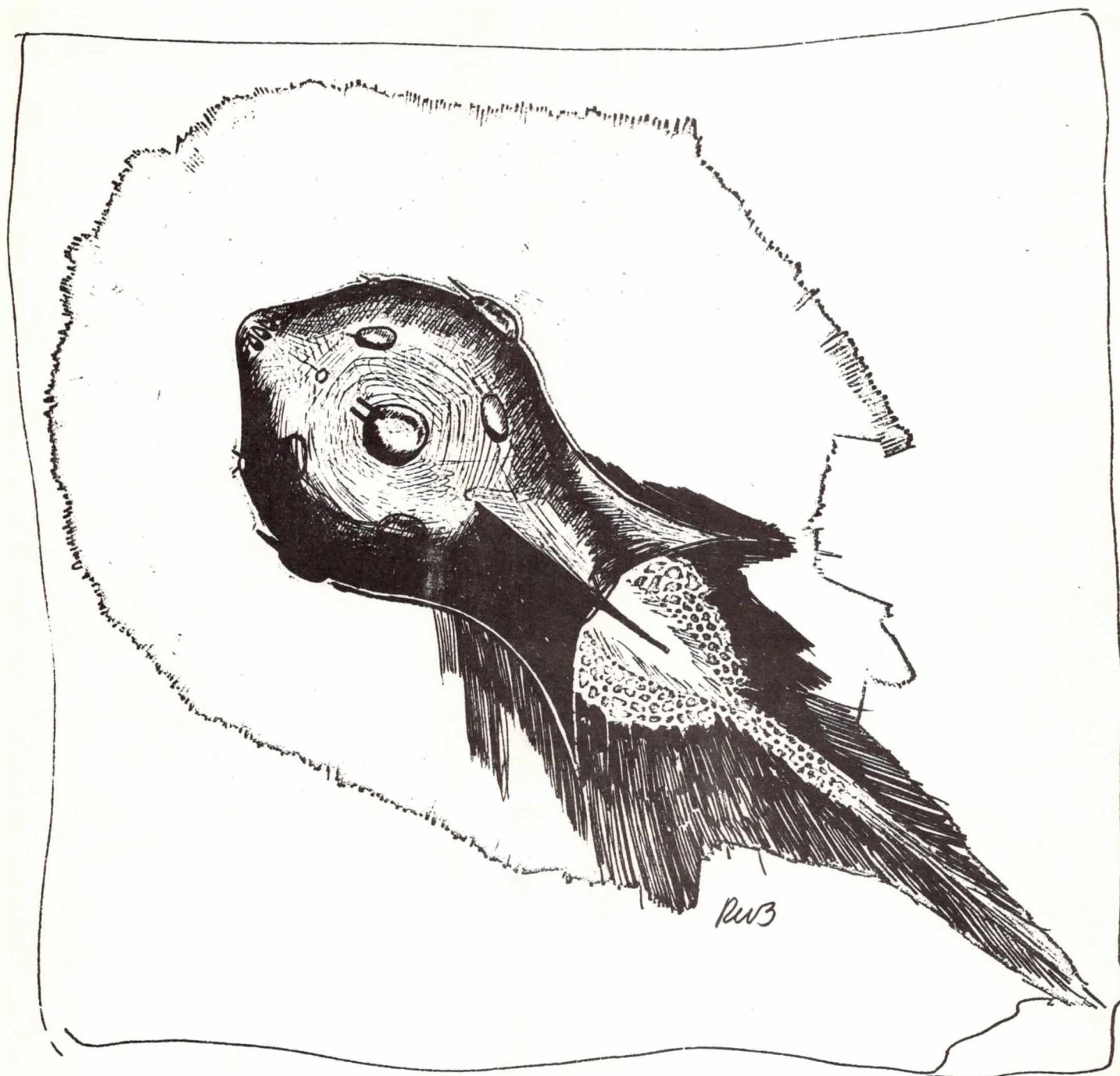
GENOOK ?

AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 1967

VOLUME I, NUMBER 2



WELCOME TO GENOOK 2!



The rain came down and watery beads stuck to my window.
 And a figure - barely perceptible danced happily down a rainy day street.
 The thing was a clown. And the sky was as black as pitch with rain in torrents falling down.
 The clown did not walk nor swim nor drown but moved up to my window pane with rain about it.
 A clown it was - it surely was with rouge lips smiling a painted smile and white face aglow.
 The rain was falling, crashing, stumbling and after a while the paint gave way and slid
 down cheeks and nose.
 It's face did melt and lips pale fade. And still the rain falls down.

The rain became a drizzle. And, after a while, a mist - to nothing.

The thing I'd thought to be a clown was laying, stiff, upon the ground.
 And through the stained glass pane I saw - the thing was not a clown at all. A man it was.

-kunkel's words

GENOOK 2

Genook is published bi-monthly. This issue #2 for August-September 1967. All material was reproduced via photo offset unless otherwise stated.

Edited by Bill Kunkel, 72-41 61st Street, Glendale, New York 11227. Genook is available for 25¢ per single issue, 3 issues for 65¢ and a 6 issue sub is \$1.25. It is also available for contributions and letters of comment. Contributions include art (black ink on white or light paper), reviews, articles (on anything in fandom), con reports, etc. Fiction will probably not be accepted unless it is quite good (which leaves out fiction) as I have enough for a few issues. Poems are welcome (I suppose).

We wish to thank all those people who helped with this issue through contributions, advise, advertising (verbally) and (heh heh) money.
¡Muchos gracias!

It is the policy of this zine to carry all news of new zines, clubs, etc., free. We announce everything that can be squeezed in.

ADRESS CODE: T, trade; S, subscription; SM, sample; C, contribution; R, you have something reviewed within; L, last ish; N, I was asked to send you one; ?, I dunno.
* * * * *



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ART

Doug Lovenstein (pps. 3, 10, 14), Ron Bounds (p. 2), Bobby Taylor (cover), Vito Aiello (p. 6 - The Hairy Man), BK (p. 9 - The Trite Rocket, pps., 11 and 7 - with apologies to Charles Schülz), Charles Rein (p. 6 - top), Jim Keith (p. 12) and Richard Flood (p. 13).

Thanks Folks!

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drivel.....

To begin with, let me thank those who helped me get this issue out. In particular, thanks go to Pat Kelly for distributing the infamous #1 at the disclave.

As you see, this issue is out long before the August 31st date given last issue. This is due to quick response by contributors.

The Emmys were recently given out and, of course, nothing worth a damn won. THE MONKEES was deemed best "comedy," and MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE won as best "show." Neither deserved it.

It goes without saying that STAR TREK got nothing. I mean, who would ever vote for a kiddie sf show when there's mature entertainments like THE MONKEES around. Diana Rigg was the best actress - but she too lost. Also, both Hal Holbrook and Lee. J. Cobb were passed over to award one of Peter Ustinov's lesser efforts (but then THE HALLMARK HALL OF FAME just has to win something every year.). I give up.

I now publicly announce that I'll be glad to take the PONG (or Fan Achievement Award, or whatever) off the hands of anyone who refuses it.

I have no pride.

Now being HUGO time of year, I thought I'd comment on the Nominees for the BEST DRAMATIC ACHEIVEMENT.

Firstly, there's FAHRENHEIT 451, just about the best film I've seen this year, sf or not. Of course, it's not really sf, but then neither are many of the nominees in other catagories. 451 can boast of excellant acting, good direction (Truffaunt) and fair (if not suffering from an overatempt to be arty) screenplay (Truffaunt too).

It also boasts of something lacking in most sf - quality. Very effective.

We then have the 3 STAR TREK nominees and FANTASTIC VOYAGE - about which I'll ramble on in the back of this issue - somewhere. bk

ARTICLE by ROBERT A. TAYLOR

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
????????????????????

In scanning through my completely indexed and crossreferenced computerized auxiliary memory, I found: Stephen H. Dole, RAND, about 600,000,000 planets in our galaxy can, except for dangerous life forms, be lived on as easily as earth. This automatically started my extrapolators and interpolators. They came up with the following:

If only 1/3 of these planets are older than earth (most of them should be older) that leaves 200,000,000. If only 1% of these have intelligent life (intelligence is a survival trait and should naturally be produced by evolution), that leaves 2,000,000. Now, these planets could be up to 2,000,000,000 years older than the earth.

Given this information, what should the galaxy be like today? Well, it shouldn't be what we observe. Some races, at least a few million years ago, should have begun exploring, and even below the speed of light, should have explored and colonized the entire galaxy. And remember, there will be other races out there, exploring and colonizing.

What happened? Are we the first? Is technology abnormal? Is intelligent life even more scarce than we think? Do races just die, kill themselves, get killed by something, advance to a "higher plane"? What? Are we being observed, protected, guided? Do other races just not care about us? Where is everybody?
-Bobby Taylor

POETRY: THOUGHTS ON CRYONICS (off the top of my head) -By Harri Ghee

Freeze a man?
'Twill never work.
To many problems there doth lurk.

Molecules trouble plan,
The freeze will split them,
And leave them in the murk.

Still in life,
Some need the hope.
So at this straw they grope. -HG

ON THE FORMATION OF NEW
SOCIETIES

((Ed. note: With Genook #3, Pat will begin a regular column in which he will deal with Religion, Politics, etc-BK))

The world has now been given a great chance to test the various concepts as to how men should live in relation to one another. Technology has opened a vast new area of the universe where it will be possible to establish new societies in the form of Nation-States which could be the testing grounds for all the various social plans from Christ to Marx.

THE NEW TERRITORY OF WHICH I SPEAK WOULD BE EITHER ON THE SURFACE OF THE MOON OR WOULD REST ON THE OCEAN FLOOR.

It is fair to ask, "How could one establish new countries, for it is probable that the existing Nation-States will not give active aid to new societies whos' values may be quite different from the prevailing "norm'?"

The fact is that colonization of the sea or moon will not take the amount of resources that only a Nation-State can muster. After the R and D have been done, it will be far cheaper to build underwater cities than anyone can now imagine. (It took a U.S. to develop a DC-8, but even Spain can buy one.)

Since it will be within the reach of a small group (200,000 or so) to create their own country, it would be to their advantage to start to work for a new society NOW. I offer a simple step by step plan which, in my opinion, will give a decent chance for success;

- 1) Organize a small group of activists to start and direct the project. They should all agree on what is to be done and, in general, how to do it.
- 2) Construct a "Code of Law" or a "Plan of Life" for this new society so that you will offer something other than pretty speeches.
- 3) Advertise your idea through the mass media in an attempt to gain more followers:
 - (A) Stage publicity stunts
 - (B) Send articulate speakers to the various Radio and TV "talk" programs to explain the idea.
 - (C) Buy commercial time on Radio & TV

(P.K. rambles on through the next page)



- 4) Organize your new followers into an association, etc. Collect money in the form of dues (or whatever you choose to call it) and use it to finance the establishment of your country. Be sure that when you have chosen the location of the nation, it lends itself to economic independence. (If, for example, you could build on an oilfield, your economic problems would be much less than if your country lacked usable natural resources.)
- 5) Once economic independence is a fact, one should declare political independence, if necessary, and put your code of law into operation if you've yet to do so.

In my opinion, the above plan can be put into action by any and all groups who seriously wish to build new and better societies. -Patrick Kelly, Jr.

((Pat would like to know what the fan public thinks of this idea and would welcome any opinions, suggestions, etc. If you wish a response, however, please enclose a SAE. Also, any comments included in regular LoCs will be forwarded to Baltimore. Send all to me. He'll get it- and how he'll get it - and watch for "My Biased Opinion" by Kelly-next ish -BK))



LETTERS



DOUG LOVENSTEIN, 425 Coolville Rdg., Athens, Ohio 45701

Man, you weren't kiddin' when you said there wouldn't be anything to comment on in #1. But....I'll find something to say.

Your main fault was in counting this as your first issue. You should have called it your "pre-publication issue" to get letters and contribs for the actual #1. ((What's in a name? Actually, I feared there might never be a Genook #2 if fan response and money and such happened to fail me. So, in order that I might be able to claim having one publication I titled it number 1. You're right though, Doug. In truth, this is really my #2. BK)). But it wasn't bad - filled an idle ten minutes, somewhat enjoyable and it was nice repro, too. The cover was.....er....um.....oh, never mind ((Gee, thanks. BK)).

I agree with you concerning One Million Years BC. - Too bad Chas. Schneer didn't make it. And your Book Reviews were nice, but didn't really say much.

Well, not much else to talk about. From your editorial, the future looks good. Best of luck.

Best,
Doug

((And thanks for the art, Doug. Hope I'll be seeing more of it. BK))

AL H. MORRISON, 450 East 81st Street, New York, New York 10028

Thanks for Genook #1. Would remark the beauty of offset printing is that if it's in black and whit, anything goes. My guild is found of bits cut out of the NY Times....little remarks by scientists unwittingly in support of astrology. You can even snip parts out of windy articles and paste them up so as not to waste the readers time with crud out of un-related matter which the reporters or scientists deem fine to insert.

I have been a fan since Amazing Stories #3, back in 1926. At one time Gernsback even thought I would write him a long enough script to print but I never found a plot that would carry my impressionism. I had nothing to say, anyhow, being somewhat uneven in my developement of personality. Must say that sf did alter my life much for the better on all scores, and still makes a significant constructive difference.

I now make my living as a professional astrologer and I'm good and am becoming fairly well known where it counts. I am trying to get some research started on the horoscopes of people gifted with psi talents, as our traditional textbooks do not differentiate between these various diverse psychic entities and phenomena at all.

continued next page

L E T T E R S

(continued from preceeding page)

At one time, everything in the general field was simply evil from scratch, and anyone demonstrating any such talent was a witch or worse, fit for burning at the nearest stake.

Since this does sorta look and work like an ad, perhaps, herewith \$2 to help defray printing and the like. ((No need, Al - but THANKS! BK)).

All best regards,
Al

RON BOUNDS, 649 N. Paca Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201

You seem to have made a better start on Genook 2 than most other beginning fanzine editors; having the material all prepared but for illos and loc's is a far cry from the usual situation of illos and olc ((scuse - that's loc's. BK)) but no material.

Having a zine photo offset is usually pretty expensive. Have you considered mimeo, or don't you have one handy or don't you think the repro would be good enough? ((To take those in order, 1) Yes, I have considered mimeo. 2) These was one handy, but it is now inoperable. Meaning I can't run off The Boskone speech - happy Judi? - which, in turn, means I lied to Damon Knight. 3) Mimeo repro is fine, but as long as I can pay for offset - offset it will be. I have this great liking for it. Ron then gave a lengthy explanation of electronic stencil, for which I thank him. BK))

In some ways, Genook seems to be too ambitious an undertaking; I feel you're going to have trouble getting enough of all the different kinds of material you want.

I'm interested in perhaps trying to do some illos for you - the catch is that I can only draw when bored stiff - such as during lectures.....

Hmmm. Work has just arrived. I'll sign off.

Best,
Ron W. Bounds

((Special thanks to Ron for his xlint drawing elsewhere in this issue. BK))

Other letters from Brian Burley, Bill Bradshaw, Harriett Kolchak, Judi Sephton, Bobby Taylor ("I liked your mag, it made good paper airplanes.") Chack Rein, and some other people, whose names escape me. This get's a two page extension next issue - very little to comment on in #1.

* * * * *

d r i v e 1 drags on from p. 4

I would suppose that Star Trek has done as much (and maybe more) for sf than any other dramatic presentation yet seen. It has gone and presented intelligent sf to the mass audience and has succeeded. Of the 3 nominees, my favorite was MENAGERIE.

It would be an error, however, to say that it is superior to Fahrenheit 451. Not even close. So as things come down, if you're voting to pat a show on the back for a great service to TV - vote Star Trek. If, however, you're voting for best dramatic achievement - I feel 451 should draw your vote.

(continued in back)

tv - and sf

by David M.
Shea

An article concerning
science fictions' journey
into the most fearful
of realms.....

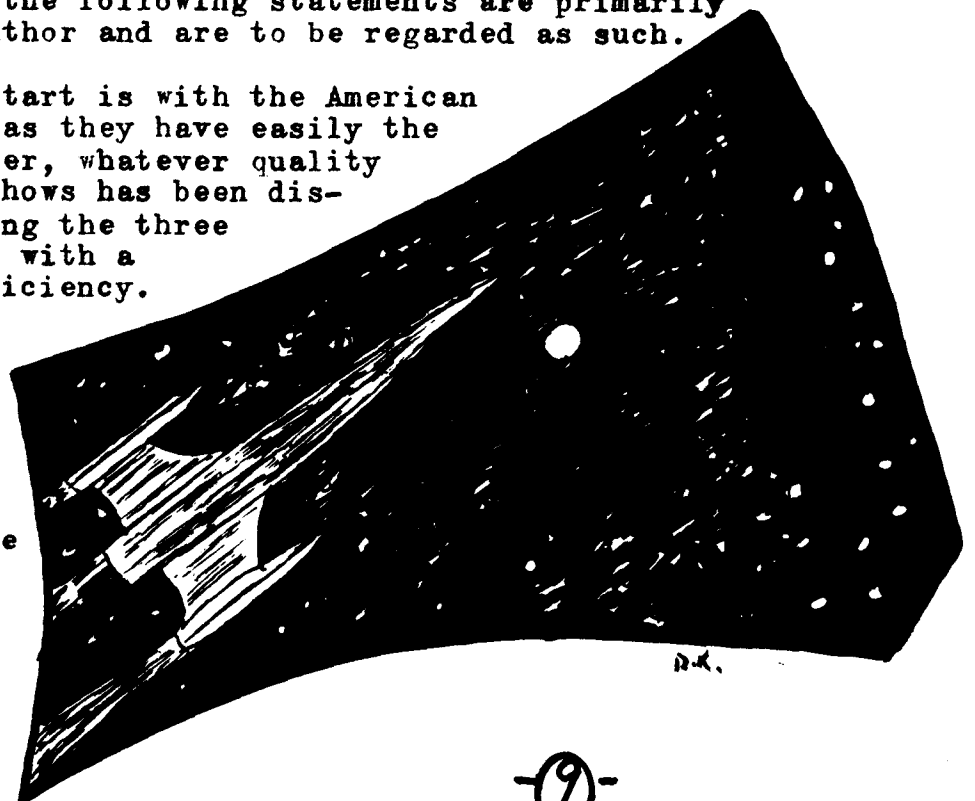
It is well known that, despite some comments to the contrary, the American television industry gives the public what it wants. Thus, it is a reasonable conclusion to make that since there has, in previous years, been very little of what is generally termed "science fiction" on television, the public did not want to see it. A few efforts were seen, notably Rod Serling's Twilight Zone, but few met with any success.

Now, however, the American public is starting to read science fiction in ever-increasing numbers, especially the young, to whom this whole country is now geared. If the public wants SF, then, the TV moguls will give them SF. At long last the networks are reaching into their grab-bags of writing and acting talent ((??)) and devoting some of it to this long-deserted medium.

There are currently no less than five shows of the SF genre running on TV ((well, actually six, if you count THE AVENGERS. Ed)) and significantly all are in the 7:00-11:00 P.M. segment known as prime time. Each of the major networks has at least one. The shows are: ABC — The Time Tunnel, Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea, and The Invaders; CBS — Lost in Space; and NBC — Star Trek. We will give brief evaluations of these shows starting from the bottom (worst) and going up. It is requested that the reader keep in mind that all the following statements are primarily the opinions of the author and are to be regarded as such.

The obvious place to start is with the American Broadcasting Company, as they have easily the most with three. However, whatever quality lies behind ABC's SF shows has been distributed piecemeal among the three shows, not leaving any with a surplus or even a sufficiency.

The nadir is The Time Tunnel; it's a sort of low camp, in that you watch it because it's so bad you feel sorry for it. The whole gimmick is based on the theory of a time machine, which the heroes (whose names we won't mention for fear of embarrassing them) use to go back in time to major disasters and the like. (cont.)



TV and SF (CONTINUES)

Then, being typical all-American do-gooders, they try to convince people of that time of how to avoid the disaster. Needless to say, they have failed to avert any disaster, and of course everyone they encounter thinks they are quite insane. ABC has obviously overlooked the two alternative views of the past/time machine question: (1) either you don't want to change the past for fear of altering the future, i.e., your present (probability future, dig?); or (2), you can't change the past because it is the past. In either case, no change occurs. ABC appears to be working on (2), but somebody really ought to tell their heroes. Then they can quietly scrap the whole show, which will make everyone happy except the sponsor. But then that's his problem.

Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea is the next lowest of ABC's rank trio, and it's also pretty low. Unlike Time Tunnel, which at least is true sf that merely happens to be rotten, Voyage to the Bottom (an appropriate shortening, don't you think?) is a crude bastardization that is scarcely deserving of the name. Crude, in fact, is the one word which most accurately describes it. This is nothing against the stars of the show, Richard Basehart as the unsubtly named "Admiral Nelson" and David Hedison as "Captain Crane"; they are not bad, nor is their TomSwifty sub, Seview. The objectionable facet of this show, and the one which unfortunately provides most of its entertainment, is the weekly subsea battle with some humanoid, finned monster that somehow gatecrashes the ship (that hosts the worst security system in the whole U.S. Navy) and wanders about with hands/fins/paws/take your choice raised making deep roaring noises interspersed with an occasional gargling sound ((Rrrrrrrrrrrrrr-gurgle-rrrrrrrr)). Instead of trying their hopelessly bad judo on the thing, or shooting at it with those strange TV .45's that never seem to kill anything, they ought to treat it for inflammation of the armpits which is obviously causing all the trouble in the first place ((Or how about adding a little intellectuality to this show? They could submit it to the ink blot test and see if it is -in truth- suffering from some sort of sexual sublimation or something. BK)). Maybe then they could make friends with it, and the show could quietly pass on with a "And-then-they-lived-happily-ever-after-with-the-sea-monster" ending.

The last of the three ABC shows, and the best of a bad lot, is The Invaders. The best feature of the show is Roy Thinnes, who stars solo as "architect David Vincent". This is not a particularly good role, one reason being that there is no regular supporting cast to take the strain off the star, and Thinnes does quite well with it, all things considered. In the plot, "Vincent" is one of a handful of people who have seen the alien invaders who are trying to take over the earth, and he must convince a cynical world that he is not crazy, a difficult task for anyone who talks about invading spacemen and that sort of thing. On one level Vincent is sort of reminiscent of Hamlet, trapped in an insoluble problem while hidden enemies plot against him ((True, I remember two of the invaders being named Rosencrantz and Guildenstern -BK)), but on a more apropos vein the show is almost a carbon copy of the network's highly successful series, The Fugitive. ((Both Q-M Productions-BK)). Whenever a network comes up with a big hit, they and their competitors stuff in as many imitations as

(cont.)



TV and SF concludes

possible, with a corresponding loss of quality. This is what happened with the Invaders, which is the same plot as the Fugitive series set in SF. The fact that it is trite, however, does not detract from the fact that it is not really a bad show, and it is the only one of the ABC shows that deserves a renewal ((It got one -BK)).

For some reason CBS seems to be more comedy-orientated than the other networks, and this is reflected in their SF offering. The one show they have in the SF field is Lost in Space, and it is an appealing ((methinks 'appalling'-BK)) mixture of occasional low-level drama with a generous helping of farcical comedy situations. CBS would have you believe that Guy Williams ("Professor John Robinson") is the hero of the series, but it isn't so. The show in fact revolves around three characters: "Dr. Zachary Smith", an abysmal coward and self-centered jerk, played brilliantly by Johnathan Harris; "Will Robinson", Billy Mumy; and Robot B-9, whose true identity is the fondest secret of the director. These three characters wander erratically around the galaxy with the other members of the party in the ship Jupiter II, with the greed and cowardice of "Smith", the insatiable curiosity of "Will", and the general ineptitude of the Robot getting the trio into intentionally unbelievably fantastic plots which they are only rescued from by virtue of great courage, etc., etc., ad nauseam, by "Professor Robinson" and the rest of his unlikely crew. The very premise of the series — an entire family taking to space on an apparently purposeless voyage to Alpha Centauri — is ridiculous, but the complexity of troubles which overtakes them, mostly inspired by the abject and errant "Smith", would be beyond reason. However, if one takes the show in the vein in which it is meant, as a farce and a comedy, it is delightful entertainment.

Of the three networks, NBC is the only one that has caught on to what a serious SF show is all about, and theirs is a damned good one — Star Trek. The series is based on board the starship Enterprise, and features William Shatner as "Captain James Kirk" and Leonard Nimoy as "Mr. Spock", both of whom are very effective. "Spock" in particular is a versatile character, half human and half Vulcan, and the writers have made good use of the innate conflict of the half breed in this character. NBC is obviously out to show the public they are more open-minded than the competition; not just the "token negro" that so many shows use now; this ship has a negro, an Oriental and an alien all starring in the same control room. The writers of Star Trek are not really original by sf standards, but they make their relatively traditional plots believable and interesting. ((This may seem inaccurate to some — who feel sf in general is not very original — like me. BK)) With a suitable leavening of humor, often provided by playing "Spock" off against "Dr. McCoy" (DeForrest Gregg), they balance the show nicely. There are also a sufficient number of attractive girls ((Yea, yea!-BK)) in the crew to hold the interest of male viewers. The one weak spot in the casting is the traditional stereotype of the Scots engineer ((Aye, Captain, I'll be rrrrrright there)), a character that is so old one would have thought it would die out years ago through sheer triteness. Despite this lapse, the characterization is the strong point of the show, and with Shatner and Nimoy leading the way, it works out to make the best use of the conventional plots. As SF shows go now on TV, it is the best one around and I recommend it to any sf fan. —David M. Shea

((The only real difference I have with Dave, is his slight underestimation of Star Trek. I daresay, the plots are usually especially 'original' rather than 'conventional.'" At any rate, thanks Dave. -BK))

* * * * *



NIGHT CREATURES *fiction*

The wind howled around the corners of the streets, plucked at the limbs of a few straggly trees, scattered haphazardly in the back yards, and picked up the odor of dank decay to bear along it's way.

A woman stood within the blanket of darkness that wrapped the alley-way along Green Street. Although the wind had icy little fingers, she did not shiver from the cold, but rather, stood lean and tall.

Her grey eyes, feverishly bright, taking in every passer-by as they wended their way home to the warm fireside. She seemed to be searching for a special person.

At last there came a husky, well dressed, athletic type man with a small mustache and deep set brown eyes in his Anglo-Saxon face.

As he proceeded at an even but unhurried gait toward the spot where she stood, her mind said, "This is he.....This is my man.....He is healthy and full of nice red, rich blood.....I shall take some to my friend and he shall have a feast."

She drew herself up to the fullest extent of her height and as he passed, she reached out with unsuspected strength and drew him in to the alley. Quickly she sank both long, thin, white, hollow fangs into the spot between the ribs where the heart exuded the clearest, purest flow of blood.

Having drunk her fill, she carefully and precisely began to cut small, choice slices of virile flesh. Wrapping them in a clean waxed bag and departing , leaving the badly mangled corpse to add to the stench of decay already prevailant.

This meat will do for my brother wolf, she thought to herself as she flew the short distance to her old and otherwise, unattended, brick and stone house.

"My, but wouldn't people be surprised to learn that we, who are Lord and Lady Kochka in the daytime, are wary, animal-like werewolf and vampire by night."

"How I love it when he attacks his victims, and rends and tears at the bone and flesh, while blood flies about and spatters the ground and walls. Tomorrow I shall have a chance to watch this lovely scene again...."



HARRI GHEE

AT THE

ASHEAP

CON REPORT by HARRIETT
KOLCHAK



Ashes to Ashes and dust to dust,
To get in the ASHEAP then I must.
For all other cons are obsolete,
Without this very special treat.

For this one I take the bus, I'
get to the nearest town, I trust,
And then there's fun and lots to eat,
And for a rest it can't be beat.

Some people misunderstood me when I said I was going to the ASHEAP in New York State. They asked me what good an asheap was? (ash heap) I can give them lots of answers to this. A few that occur to me are ← Ashes nourish the ground, They are loads of help on slippery spots, They help keep things warm with their cover. Some ashes are nice to have around, and that goes double for the Ashe's of which I will speak.

What am I leading up to? A report on the ASHEAP conference, given at the Ashe residence, by invitation only, at least once a year.

I took the bus to Cortland on Friday, June 9th, at noon. It was a very pleasant trip as my seat mate turned out to be a very nice young woman who liked SF and who had much to say that was of interest to me. This made the time fly. The bus was due in at 6 P.M. and ambled into the old Lackawanna R.R. depot, now converted to Greyhound station, at 6:30. This is par for the course.

I called Ann from the station and she said that they'd pick me up immediately. I still don't know if she hung up short, or if we were cut off, but I was in the middle of telling her not to rush, I would wait.

Arriving at the fabulous Ashe residence, I discovered there was loads of wild life about since they had gotten rid of their cats, due to plans to sell and move closer to the city.

I told Ann I'd help her with the work, but she seemed to be making all sorts of excuses to get out of it for the night. We had a nice supper and sat around talking and just redding up some of the junk laying about, while Jim finished going over a project on his short wave radio.

The junk we redd out turned up some nice, useful items that Ann donated to me. There was a lovely lined straw shopping basket, some ball point pens, a set of salt and pepper shakers with cat shapes and faces, a bottle of hair spray, and a nice two-piece suit dress too small for her.

We talked about the new format for S.F. Times and all the wonderful things they have planned for it. We spoke of the latest mags, and fanzines, and we hashed over all the problems of fandom. When we decided it was time for bed, Ann showed me to the only spare bed in the house and made me very comfortable, in spite of the fact that I had taken along a sleeping bag.

The next morning we had breakfast and Jim caught a small rabbit to show to us. Then we did some redding up and cleaning of the place. I saw a whole bunch of tiny woodchucks under the old tool shed. I also saw many strange birds, including finches a cardinal and a blue jay.

The phone then rang and a familiar, but not placeable voice said, "Hi! Harriett?" I inquired as to who it was and the answer came, "Is Ann or Jim there?" At this, Ann poked her head around from the stairs and I turned the phone over to her, still not knowing (cont)

to whom I had spoken. After a while, when she hung up I asked, "Was that G.N. Raybin?"
"No.....but you're in the right vicinity," she retorted.

I then guessed who it was. We went out to pick up Frank Dietz and did some shopping and sightseeing.

She took Frank out to show him around the farm and Jim caught another, though this time extremely tiny, baby rabbit and brought it in so that I might see. They were coming in under the house and nesting in the store room.

Others began arriving around 1 P.M. and we were just talking about how late Frank Prieto was, when he walked in and said he had been on the road for hours because he came straight from a business trip. He again took us shopping for ice and soft drinks, etc.

This, being an informal conference, we sat around and talked and enjoyed munching the goodies provided by the Ashes, the Heaps, and Frank Prieto. Several others also brought or bought items at the shopping centers there to eat. There were games of cards, pictures taken, and other games with all sorts of just-plain-relaxing things.

I stayed over till Sunday and caught the bus home, arriving in Phila. at 8:30 PM instead of 9, as was scheduled. I brought home some catnip plants and some wild, miniature orchids for my garden.

The only bad issue of the trip was that the air-conditioned bus was too cold, and I wound up with neuralgia in my leg and hip. It laid me up for about a week with a bad limp. Bless Bufferin ((No plugs here, Harriett)) for letting me walk around at all. I had planned on going to Cincinnati this coming week-end but I'm afraid the same thing might reoccur on the train trip. I had also planned to make a Lunarians meeting, but got a call from home that dad had had a slight stroke and I therefore had to stand by. This left me holding the cash for the Neo-Fan-Fund and no way to get it to the west or midwestern cons ((heh heh)) except via Frank Prieto. I wrote, asking him how I should get it there. I could take it to Frank Dietz in N.Y. or mail it to Frank Prieto at home or at the con. I got no answer so I still have the money. Claims will have to be made for aid to someone there from the fund, and they will then send me a bill.

Incidentally, the sleeping bag was left at Annes place to be returned by Frank Prieto when he comes this way, or left at Frank Dietz's for me. It was used to cover Danny Plachta when he fell asleep on the sofa after getting rather inebriated. He was going to try and visit the Kyles before flying home. I hope he had a good trip.

- Harriett Kolchak

((Many thanks for the report, Harriett, it was very much appreciated. Con repts. should become a pretty regular feature in GENOOK and are always welcome. Some may be a little old, but no matter, they're fun to read anyway. - Kunkel))

* * * * *

books

I have a number of criteria by which I judge books I read. For the better (or those deemed better) books, there are three ways by which I decide the book's worth to me. There are some books that I read, I realize that the book was well written, the author exhibited a good style and the book had value. I would, however, never touch it again with a 5 foot pole. The second type fits the first 3 characteristics of the above but I enjoy it and will very often re-read it (The Martian Chronicles). Lastly, there is the book I wish I had never read in order that I might once again experience the pleasure and value it emitted. Such a book (for me) was Demolished Man.

The most important new figure, without a doubt, in modern sf (modern meaning 'contemporary') is Roger Zelazny and I sit here now attempting to explain my feelings for his collection of 'four novelets using the above 'scale'.

B O O K S
(continue)

The four novelets I mention are The Furies, The Graveyard Heart, The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth and A Rose For Ecclesiastes and they're in Four for Tomorrow (45¢/Ace Books/R. Zelazny).

And what can I say? After each of the tales, I'd wish I had never read them - and could now commence. And still, I feel the desire to return and reread especially enjoyable passages. Do buy this book. Aside from Zelazny there's a Theodore Sturgeon introduction that sometimes gets a bit sticky with over-praise and essentially says that he's great (he, of course, is Zelazny) but often too obfuse. Who cares obfuscation? Also, Jack Gaughan has a fine cover (from "The Furies") and 4 illos within - all fine work.

Mr. Sturgeon calls RFE his favorite RZ novelet, but nothing I've read by Mr. Zelazny either before or since struck me as well as This Moment of the Storm - though I'm not quite sure why. Oh well, ignore my ramblings and get 4ft, it's certainly worth buying.

Now, getting away from Roger Zelazny (but still using my rating system) we come to a book I'd wish I never read - so I might burn it without suffering though tons of child-like wording and astoundingly bad dialouge. The book (?) is Mission:Impossible (60¢/Pop. Library/by John Tiger) and it is, of course, based on the TV show of the same title.

No need to describe this book - you've seen and read (avoided if lucky) plenty of them, I'm sure. The one distinguishing feature borne by this one is that Mr. Tiger has obviously always had this secret desire (since youth, probably) to write a Doc Savage novel - for the description of the team is pretty similar.

A note hear to advise you that you'd do well to read the AVENGER series by Berkley.

Conan the Uaurper (60¢/Lancer Books/Howard and De Camp) is the 4th volume of the Conan series and I quite enjoyed it. But then I like reading most S&S. Again there is a magnificent Frazetta cover and a DE Camp introduction. I suspect that by the time this series reaches it's conclusion, there will be almost no Robert E. Howard left, as Mr. De Camp is already writing so much of the stuff. S&S fans will, of course, buy this with no prompting from me but it's fun for all.

Let me know, by the way, (I don't know why) if you would rather the reviews were in continuing type, such as this, or is it preferable to break up the reviews with a space for one book, followed by another. I may do a film review column in a future issue (No, no more book reviews for me) and I'd appreciate the info.

For the film fen among us, you might try TV Key Movie Guide (\$1.00/Bantam Books/Edited by S.H.Scheuer). The book is a collection of mimi-reviews for just about every film shown on TV today. Mainstream film reviews are fine, but reviewers are ignorant concerning sf and horror films. You know, they praise the wrong ones, miss the great ones (Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus, "moves too slowly." Good grief). The crummy films are said to be, "pretty good for this type of film. The fans will love it!" How the hell do they know what the fans like? 4 stars go to some real standard Hollywood junk and a few ratings are damn stupid. It's worth the buck, though, for general information.

As promised last issue, reviews now go to the two EC versions of Ray Bradbury, in Autumn People and Tomorrow Midnight. First things first, I'll turn my nearsighted eye to the former, which contains comified (new word) Bradbury from his early "horror" era. I enjoyed this book very much. This, of course, does not mean it is good - matter of fact it's terrible. What these stories are enjoyable successes at - are comic stories, and I've always sort of felt Bradbury was better than comic status. Why are they terrible? Strip RB of his style, intricate language usage and poetic power and what's left? Pretty scimpy story stuff. So here're some comic stories that are pretty scimpy.

The Screaming Woman, The Lake, Small Assasin and The Handler are pretty good, though. Rest of the book is eith very poorly drawn or poorly conveyed. I still enjoyed it.

Tomorrow Midnight picks stories from RB's "Who needs story?" era and it shows it. Not even enjoyable, Bradbury without words is pretty stiff. Especially bad is There Will Come Soft Rains, and I wonder why it was ever chosen.

-BK

Sorry about the items promised last time that didn't make it.

Let me know how you like this format. If it's not successful - I've a number of others I can try.

conclusion of
drive 1/

And lastly, while FANTASTIC VOYAGE was a success, visually, it was a failure, dramatically. A nomination was in order, but a Hugo isn't.

As you may have noticed, this issue has been copyrighted. Offices located in Upper Slabovia and any violation of that copyright will be punished by deportation.

4's the fink/ Those FM people have just broken the camel's back. Their "Best Issue Ever" (as the blurb states) is their new (?) 1968 YEARBOOK. Unfortunately, it is a page for page reprint of their 1962 YEARBOOK (even to the inside frontcover and intro page). Only difference is that the '62 YBK had an extra article and 25 more pages. Curse you Ackermonster!!!!

Additions to Mailing Code department/ G: means that you are great and famous and that's why you're getting it. K: means I have your address here but I don't know why - so you're getting a copy anyway, I guess. N3F: means I got a letter from you concerning NFFF and I thought I'd send you a copy. Number beside code, of course, is the last issue you will receive unless you do something. I: means you'll get it as long as I publish unless you wish to cancel.

Next Issue department/ Next issue features written material by Pat Kelly, Harriett Kolchak, Dave Shea and other people who've promised but whose names I won't mention. I do, however, hope to get their stuff by next issue. Art will be by Flood, Keith, Lovenstein, Taylor and you other talented people who care to contribute. NyCon report next issue (maybe) and a special inside cover drawing by Brian Burley. I'll do something: either a cryonics article or one on Simon & Garfunkel. Should be a little larger than this one with big LoColumn.

Science in Science Fiction is No More department/ Many science fact loving fans have been bemoaning the loss of science in science fiction. They claim sf today has been whittled down to near mainstream with only a slight time/setting alteration to allow it classification as sf. In the forefront concerning science-loss is Isaac Asimov and to make certain everyone knows this, it became the topic for his "guest editorial" in the August GALAXY. Now, I personally like these "current trends" or "new wave" in relation to sf as I'm not a bug for sfact. My personal likes or dislikes, however, are placed secondly, and are not as important as my concern for what is ultimately best for sf.

Each day one can hear two diverse murmurs rising up from the ranks of sf advocates - with the strange thing being that often one fan utters both together. Hardly a fanzine passes through my fingers that does not have words of praise for a show such as STAR TREK. But very often, however, we read the words of a saddened fan who cries for the loss of "true science in contemporary sf".

Basically, we must realize that there are fans who like their sf bare of intricate science but loaded with symbolism, "messages", politics, allegory, etc. Others would like to read their sf with the accent on science and the fiction as a vehicle of communication for that scientific thought. These latter fans made up the tight, esoteric group of the Gernsback era and were certainly a specially limited audience with limited authors.

Now, back to my comments on STAR TREK. When you urge publicity for sf, you are attempting to attract the mainstream reader for a looksee. Now, does sf want these people? If it does, the science must go. The new reader cannot enter sf and be bewildered by scientific jargon and theories. Even a title like EINSTEIN INTERSECTION will frighten him, causing alienation and departure.

So, it all boils down to this: either the old "science" fiction idea must go, or the new "speculative" fiction idea must be destroyed and the hell with everybody. Whatever is chosen, it'll be sf's destiny: shall evolution swallow up sf or shall the mad scientists overpower this movement with double doses of science to ward off the mainstream demons????

Plugs Galore department/ Now I've got some things to mention, so pay attention and if I forgot you, let me know and I'll include you next time around. Here goes: THE NATIONAL HORROR & FANTASY FAN ASSOCIATION (NHFFA) an organization for horror and Lovecraft fans. Write NHFFA c/o Fred Phillips, 1278 Grand Concourse, Bronx NY 10456.... Brian Burley is now creating a Robert A Heinlein fan club that will direct its major efforts toward the publication of a fanzine. Write Brian at 6 Palm St., Dover, NJ 07801.... is obtainable for 20¢ or accepted articles, loc's, etc. no fiction..... Judi Sephton is organizing all neffers in the NYC area (or thereabouts - including parts of NJ). Contact Miss Sephton at 2486 Elm Place, Bronx NY 10458..... Bobby Taylor wants to trade/purchase for ANALOG, April & September '63. Do appease him. Write him at PO Box 638 Gate City, Va 24251....

Cover Poem: The Clown - in Ersatz Pentameter. Next issue out in September. See you then...

Bill

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