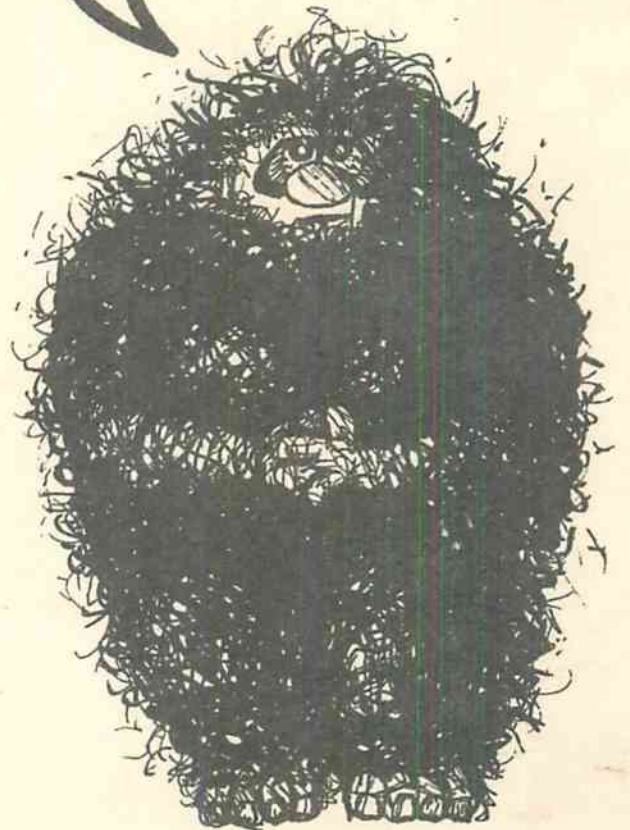
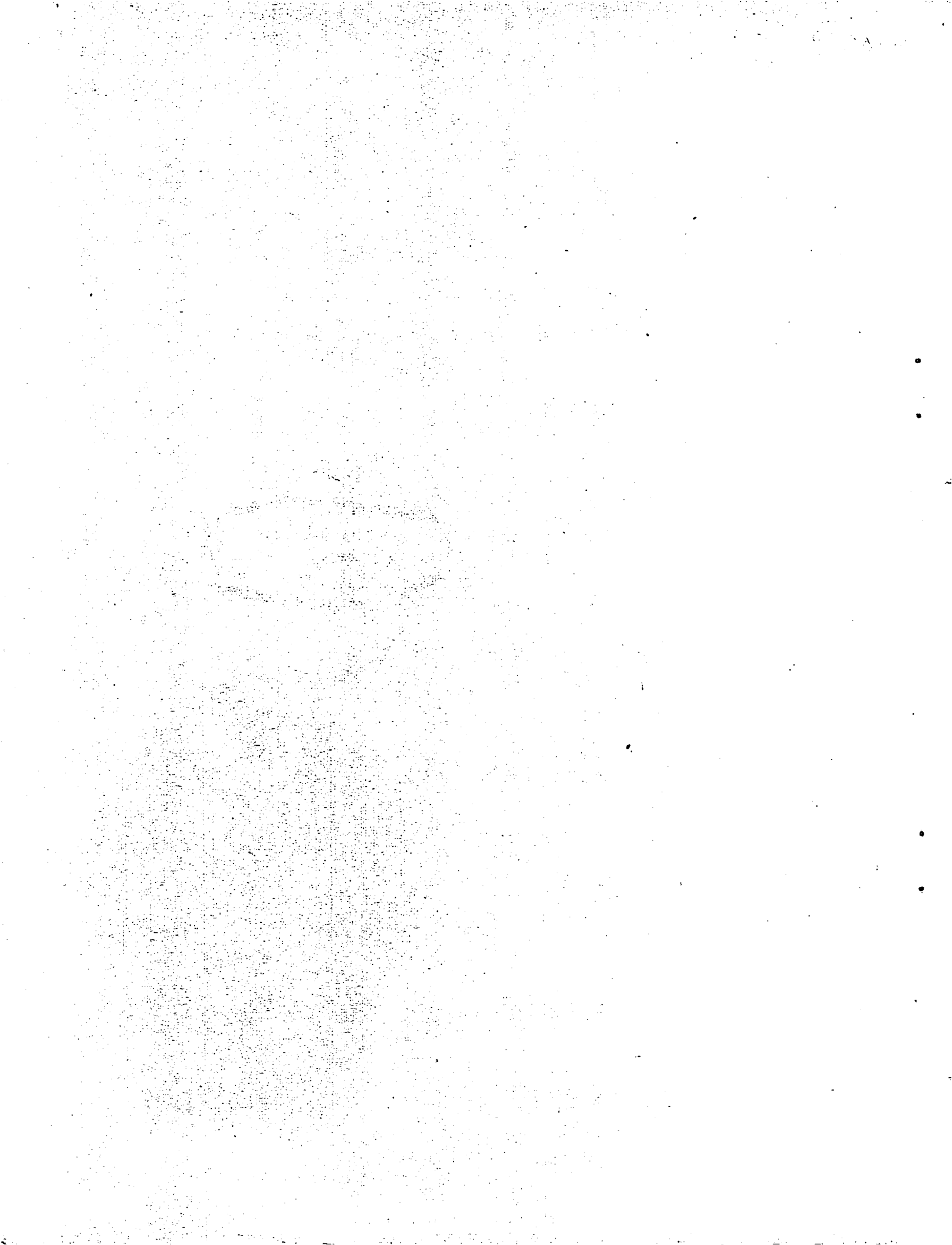


1965 after bapt

what about
us grils ?





WHAT ABOUT US GRILS?

.....being a Bona Fide First Issue of Great Merit....

containing:

BLUE JAUNT, by Joyce Fisher 4
SO MY FANTASY BECOMES REALITY, by Pam Janisch 6
GRINDLE, by Sue Robinson 8

We know it's not fannish to do all this double-spaced
but we have to double-space to fill up the page.

HOW I LOVED THE NEW MADRID FAULT, by Pam 10
CRITICALLY SPEAKING, by Joyce and Sue 14
WHAT A PITY HE HAS HIS FATHER'S EYES, by Pam 17
POTLATCH, by Joyce and Pam 18
FOREST PARK ADDRESS, by Joyce 23

All art in this issue was done by Pam.

WHAT ABOUT US GRILS? #1 is unostentatiously edited by
Joyce Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Mo. 63108
Sue Robinson, 2627 Sims, St. Louis, Mo. 63114
Pam Janisch, 4214-A Chouteau, St. Louis, Mo. 63110

GRILS is available for letters of comment, trades, &
contributions. Tradezines should be sent to both Pam
and Sue; it's not necessary to send them to Joyce.
(It's true...blondes do have more fun!) Oh, yes... I
guess you can get it for money...one time once...40¢.
(Subs for more than 40¢ will be crankily refunded.)
Our publication schedule is purely When & If..and not
even that unless we get a lot of nice response from
this, our *Maiden Effort*.

Bob Shaw could Teach Us A Lot about Duplicating.
Bring Him Over.

Blue Jaunt

Joyce Fisher

I'm not certain what kind of madness it represents that I should be a co-editor of this zine. I suppose it will do to fill up any spare time I might have, after filling my daily-growing duties as co-chairman of St. Louiscon, and after devoting myself to co-editorship of ODD.

Actually, it happened like this: one Saturday afternoon I got to thinking about how nice it might be to have an all femme-edited zine coming out of St. Louis. That evening, after allowing my soon-to-be co-editors to get completely relaxed and off their guard, I asked, "Well, what're you going to write your editorials about?" "Wha..What editorials?" they innocently asked (little knowing what was in store for them.) "Your editorials for the first issue of the zine that we're going to co-edit." Silence fell; each took that moment to study my ceiling...my ceiling has always provided a ready topic when the subject needs to be changed: - I started painting it on the 4th of July in 1966; someday I'm determined to finish it. "It looks like an abstract painting," said Pam. "You can almost imagine that it's an escape hatch leading out into total nothingness," said Sue — revealing more than she planned about her wishes.

But here they are. And I don't feel the least bit guilty about leading them into the vice-like grip of fanzine fandom — they deserve each sticky, messy, inky bit of it. After all: they're both blondes.

I think it says something for Ray Fisher's Strength of Character that he restrained himself until we had been married all of three days before asking if I read science fiction. It probably says something for the high cost of divorce that we stayed together when I said, "Not that I know of. What's science fiction?" Actually, a little communication developed a better understanding...even at that time I had read more than a little sf, but I had never heard it called by that name. Our local public library had no particular section for science fiction; it was mingled in with mainstream fiction (which ought to delight Harlan) — I've often wondered just how many sf readers there must be that don't know they're reading science fiction.

But...I'm not interested in editorializing about sf. I still read it, of course. But, that's not what this fanzine is concerned with: I'll leave discussion of sf to those who are either more qualified to discuss the subject, or those who are more serious and constructive about it than I.

When I was thirteen, Ray asked me to contribute material to ODD. That was the same day — the day we met, in fact — that he tried to convince me of what a sterling honor it would be to me if he would condescend to photograph me in the nude. How's that for an approach to a thirteen-year-old? (He was a dirty old man of 18....but he wasn't superstitious.) I neither agreed to pose for him, nor to contribute to ODD...and, there wasn't another issue of ODD (no doubt because of the anguish my refusal caused him) until 14 years later.

But, now the entrapment he attempted so many years ago is half-completed: I not only contribute to ODD, albeit only poetry, but I actually co-edit it. I not only groove behind fanzine-fandom, but I'm actually attempting to help another St. Louis

zine get through its skinny first issue.

Shortly after ODD was revived, the subject "What're you going to do this weekend?" came up at the office. "We're having a collating party." — Raised eyebrows, and one or two braver souls asked one or two Brash questions. "We used to do it on the bed but this time we're collating on the floor so more people can work on it." Only my number of years of association with the company prevented me from being fired on the spot. I wonder what sort of response I'll get when I announce that my collating movements have become mechanical? But, that is the happy situation. Ray's xmas present to me this year was that object of every fan editor's dreams: a brand new eight-stage collator.

But, the collator isn't the only reason for bringing out this first issue of US GRILS, although I do look forward to giving the new equipment a real test. I've also discovered that you learn a lot about people by co-editing a zine. For example, I can think of no other way that I would have discovered a certain astonishing fact about Pam: Pam could very well be the only femme-fan in existence who crosses out her typographical errors with Dollar Signs. Naturally, I draw no psychological implications from this; no more than I draw concerning Sue's statement made in our discussion of the letter-col we hope to have in the next issue. "Oh, goodie! And, we can Answer the letters, and really tell them What We Think if they say something stupid. Gee, I hope we get some Stupid Letters..." Sweet Sue...our own Gentle Sue! Beneath that soft exterior beats the heart of an Ilse Koch!

The aimless wandering of my editorial (admitted by its title) is definitely not a part of the "editorial policy" of this zine. (God! What a self-important phrase!) This first issue is a very modest issue, and is entirely editorially written; it seemed improper to request contributions for a zine that was not yet in existence. But—be ye warned: the zine is now a solid fact in front of you, and I feel little reticence about pleading for material for future issues. If you feel that you might be interested in contributing, you may wish to know that we do not presently contemplate accepting any fiction...the exception to this would be an occasional piece of faan-fiction. We'll also try very hard to stick to our determined avoidance of Serious Poetry: I know that, if we weaken and print poetry, my determination to try to learn to write prose will also weaken and I'll resort to expressing myself in the media with which I am more familiar. Hopefully, we will not



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...SO MY FANTASY, BECOMES REALITY...

Pamela Janisch

"Hi, I'm Pam. Can you come out an' play?"

Until I was somewhere around ten that's how my average intro was handled. Things were a lot less complex in those days.

My position as co-editor of this fanzine, or any zine, strikes me as slightly incongruous. It is my personal opinion that the powers that be didn't intend for it to be. But it is. I can do nothing but reflect, and marvel at the wonder of it all.

I had been invited to drop by the Fisher's and sit in on the weekly gathering of fans, fondly termed the Saturday People by Joyce. Joyce began almost immediately to make conversational probes into my opinions regarding fanzines & fanzine publishing. Her tactics caught me completely off guard. "What do you think of fanzines?" "When are you (and later, "we",) going to publish a fanzine?" Rallying all of my diplomacy and tact, I parried: "I'd rather not," and thrust with, "You're joking." It was verbal fencing at its most inspiring. The subject was closed, for the time.

I began to have access to better fanzines and was deviously drawn into long conversations about their repro and layout. I did at that time, and still do, work in the graphic arts trade, so Ray and I were on very common ground when it came to repro. Little did I suspect...and little was there to suspect. The fact is, the more fanzines I read, the more I grooved with them. After six or seven months I wanted to publish - not very much - but enough to give the events that were to follow appeal.

One evening Joyce asked quite seriously, "When are you, Sue and I going to publish a fanzine?" There had been one or two veiled remarks in the past about an all fem-edited fanzine soon to manifest itself and originating in the Midwest, St. Louis specifically, but I had passed them off as inconsequential. I wasn't surprised when she asked, just curious. "Are you serious?" "Yes." "Ok. Anytime you want." I had entered into the classic gentleman's word-of-mouth contract, and I didn't even know it.

The next Saturday Sue and I were asked what we had written, and upon finding out that we hadn't at all, we were soundly chastized. After a short discussion it was apparent to all that Joyce was serious and that Sue and I were quite enthusiastic. The contract had been sealed and it now being the morning of the seventh day we rested, content in the knowledge that an all fem-edited zine was underway in St. Louis. Spontaneity was, at that time, the key word - God bless spontaneous enthusiasm.

Spontaneous enthusiasm DOES NOT LAST. After a while it no longer gives one sustenance. After three weeks of consistently sporadic work on our zine the time for

rationalization was at hand. Creativity, or rather, a vent for what amount of it I possess, and personal satisfaction rank number one at present. Egoboo will no doubt come later: I imagine that egoboo plays a part in my reason for publishing. If you don't get egoboo from something, anything, you no longer continue in the activity. But it occupies a secondary role. For me, the motivation is the groovy feeling of having worked to help create something. Something that is pleasurable first to me and then, hopefully, pleasurable to you. Something that will communicate a part of what I feel to you, in an opinion, a premise, or a visual experience. It will also be an excellent chance to meet and groove with people of similar tastes and opinions. (Which is, in part, even more important to me.)

(Personally, I would have never thought the last four sentences could have come from li'l ol' me. Will fanzine publishing never cease to amaze me?)

The first time I met Joyce she was currently president of the Ozark Science Fiction Association. The day before, I had talked to Chris Couch at a painting class we were both taking. During the course of that conversation I learned about "The Great S.F. Underground" (my words), fanzines, and OSFA. The monthly meeting was being held the next day, Sunday, and Chris invited me to attend. While I don't usually place myself in situations that are totally foreign to me, I did attend. "What joyous madness," I thought, as I approached the Public Library, "a whole room full of fans."

I will admit right here that I am not good sercon material. Business meetings drive me right up the wall. The St. Louiscon bidding was going hot and heavy when I dropped into fandom so I had the misfortune of attending one of the necessary business meetings. The attendance of my first OSFA meeting was badly timed. I left giving the club very little consideration as a regular activity.

The people did make a very favorable impression; I just didn't know if I could sit through another business meeting for the pleasure of their company. I had begun to consider gafiation before I even knew the meaning of the word.

Chris had not yet arrived so Joyce was the first person I talked with at the meeting. (I forgive Chris, though. He's a good man and is taking on a great deal of work for St. Louiscon. Good people, that Chris Couch.)

It was instinctive, like a newborn animal adopting the first thing it sees as its'

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GRINDLE

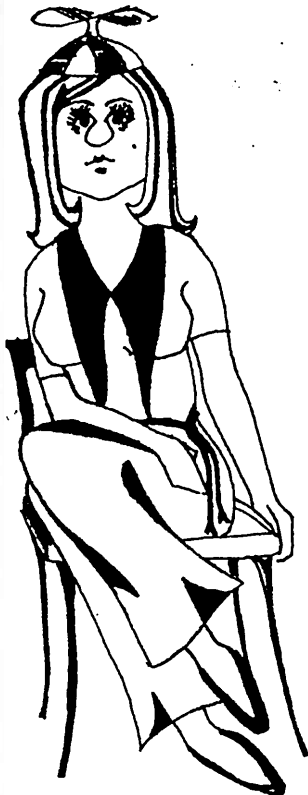
Sue Robinson

I wonder what one writes in an editorial. I've never written one, and my fellow editors said that I could introduce myself to fandom since very few people know me.

So. . .superficially, I'm 5'4", blonde hair, green eyes and weigh--well, as Ron Whittington states, "you're a balding stick."

Being a stranger to fandom, I suppose I had the same reaction as anyone who, prior to introduction to fandom, had not read a lot of science fiction or who had not ever seen or heard of a fanzine. I first heard of science fiction fandom two years ago when I met Bob Schoenfeld. I remember the first time Bob told me about comic fandom and showed me his collection of comic books. I was fascinated at such an unusual hobby, but not as fascinated as the first time I met the Fishers.

When I walked into the apartment for the first time, I noticed that the living room walls were covered with paintings and the record player was drowning out the conversation; yet everyone seemed to communicate without any problem. Ray was sitting on one side of the room explaining a battle between two World War I airplanes; Joyce was sitting in her corner stroking the cat; Chester Malon was describing in minute detail the last horror film he had seen; Ron Whittington was insulting Chester; Bob was talking about rock music, and I was sitting in the corner wondering what was going on. I still sit in the corner and wonder what's going on!



Suddenly there was a noise and everyone got up and moved to another chair. Everyone seemed to be cursing the person who was sitting in the rocking chair. It took me a whole year to figure out that the object was to get that particular chair, whether you wanted it or not, and stay seated for as long as possible. That may sound like an easy task, but after you had gotten the chair and the cursing was stopped, everyone became very nice to you, offering you some sort of salty tidbit and running to get you a soda each time you finished one. It takes less than an hour before the game is started all over again.

The first convention I attended was the Gateway Comic Convention. I was amazed at the exchange of money. One person left the hotel with well over one hundred dollars made from the sales of his comic books.

The last convention I attended was Ozarkon. Norbert

Couch was telling people about the Eagle Scouts, somebody was burning parsley, and Ron Whittington was trying to sit on a chair but couldn't seem to make it. The above trivia was somehow overlooked in a recent con report. All is not lost though, for you can find page after page of the same sort of trivia in the con report.

Joyce Fisher is a most extraordinary person! She has a very unique way of persuading people to undertake absurd ideas. I walked into the Fishers' apartment one evening, and Joyce looked up at me from her corner and said, "Sue, what are you going to write about in your editorial?" I thought she was joking! At first I wanted no part of this insane idea, and for about a month I protested. I finally gave up to the inevitable. Such is the fate of the innocent!

That seems to cover the two years I have known fandom. Now fandom knows how I got into this, who I am, and my connection with fandom. All I need is some idea on what to write about in future issues.

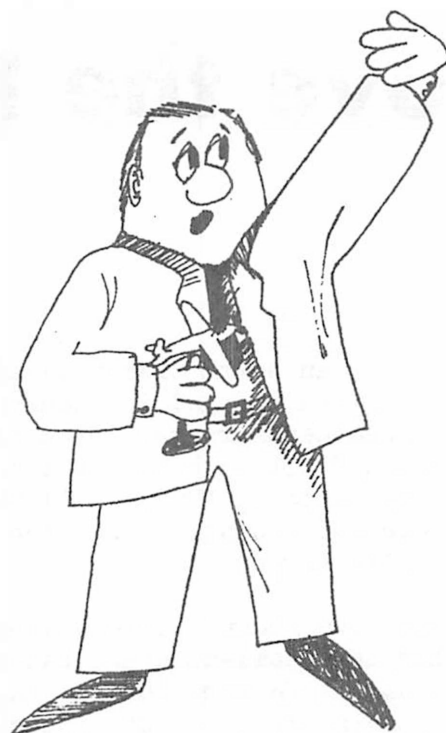
It would have been at this point that I would have ended this editorial. As a matter of fact, I did; but, Joyce said I needed a few paragraphs more. So. . .

The first time I met Arnie Katz, I really didn't know how to react to him. For weeks Joyce had been telling me all kinds of stories about Arnie's Lechery. I didn't know if I wanted to meet him or not. However, when I did meet Arnie, I found that he wasn't as bad as Joyce had said. In fact, while he was staying at the Fisher's, he invited me to spend an afternoon with him, because Joyce and Ray had to work, to play records and talk. I thought that it was rather nice of Arnie since he didn't know me very well, and there were several other people in St. Louis fandom that would have much more to talk to him about than I would. I still wonder why Bob didn't want me to go?

Pam Janisch is a funny and talented person. In other words, she's a nut. Who else would groove over a billboard by a gas company? A billboard, no doubt, is an unusual gift, but I can't imagine what she is going to use it for. Actually, Bob gave the billboard to Joyce and Ray first, but as most people who know the Fisher's and their apartment, know that they have no room for a billboard, so they reluctantly gave it up to Pam.

Perhaps the person I know best is Bob Schoenfeld. That's a false statement. It should read the person I know least, because he never ceases to amaze me. Amaze doesn't give him just credit to his personality, but I can't think of any one word that would describe the unusual habits, talents and personality that lies beneath that Church LeFemme sweatshirt. His talent for layout and printing, his ability in

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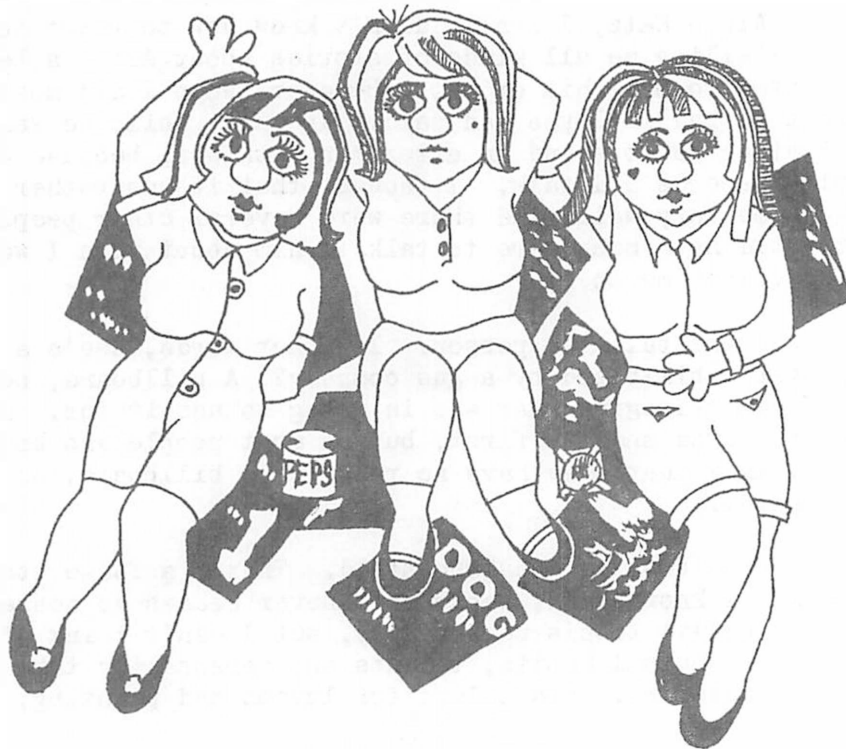


...or, how i learned to love the New Madrid Fault

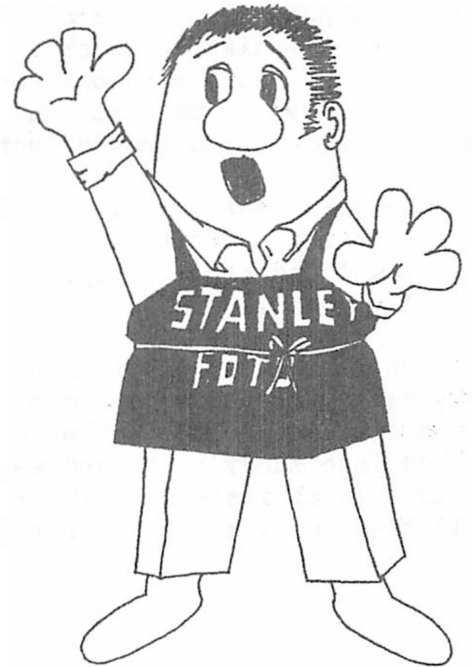
Pamela Janisch

In 1811 an earth tremor measuring 8.6 on the Richter Scale created a lake in Tennessee and changed the course of the Mississippi River. The tremor emanated from the southeastern part of Missouri and the fault was subsequently named the New Madrid Fault in honor of the town that sits squarely on top of its weakest point. On November 9, 1968, at 11:06 am, an earth tremor measuring 5.5 on the Richter Scale and emanating from the same source struck St. Louis and changed the course of five lives.

Take five normal, intelligent girls with the standard assortment of hang-ups; put them in a semi-darkened basement and, earthquake or no earthquake, it gets pretty strange. We work for the Ralston Purina Company, an international cartel that has its main office in St. Louis. We work on the GROUND Floor. That means that, three years ago when things got a little crowded upstairs, the basement (housing the maintenance department and industrial wastes) was converted to the now-established Printing, Photography, Layout and Design Section.



Jeannie, our supervisor, had been sitting on the floor sorting negatives and, having this problem with her back, had decided to lie down. Not wishing to be TOTALLY out of it a typist, Terrie, and I had lain down beside her. We began to contemplate the CENTER OF COSMIC AWARENESS and seek THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS OF THE UNIVERSE (better known in old sf novels as the Secrets of the Cosmos.) These things and *MORE* were readily being revealed to us by the sound-absorbing dot patterns in the false ceiling. (It is a reconverted basement, you recall, fondly termed "The Coal Hole" by those who know and love it.) Mandy was draped over a typist's chair with her hands and feet touching the floor. She was giving a lesson on exercises to firm up the tummy muscles. Margaret Thompson was the only one of the five of us to remain in a vertical position. She was laying down a dissertation on isometric exercises as opposed to overt physical forms of weight reduction. (I love her a lot.)



The solution to the Vietnam conflict and public apathy had just been revealed to us and the National Debt was within our grasp when the good vibrations were shattered. There was a sudden violent movement beneath us: like an elevator that stops too quickly and leaves you out of sync with your lungs. Showing great presence of mind (we thought) the first thing we did was to vault to our feet. There we stood, stricken dead-still with FEAR. You see, we had been making rather blasphemous remarks about starting an ALL NEW GRUDOM and lighting the way for the real TRUTH AND GOOD. It occurred to us simultaneously that the GREAT GRU, over-hearing our irreverence, may have decided to warn us. (Not DESTROY us, as the Old Testament Ghu would have - but in keeping with the NEW GRU image, just warn us.)

The idea that it was GRU HIMSELF, (born out of fear, ego-mania, and free-floating guilt) was instantly dismissed and total, but TOTAL, panic set in. We did the most logical and cool thing to do in those circumstances — we ran. Blindly. In circles. That state quickly subsided and our madness took form and pattern. We still ran, but this time for safety. Three girls for coats, purses, and the door. Two of us for corners in the semi-darkness of the Saturday-abandoned mailroom.

I will state here — publicly — that I do not believe that humanities end will come as a result of a pre-planned, rationally-conceived thermonuclear holocaust. Of course, I have not ruled out the theory that some very-much-by-the-book, \$8,000-a-year Major, assigned to a S.A.C. or D.E.W. base somewhere in the Artic, might in bored ignorance, mess the computer tapefeed sequence all to hell. (I have the utmost faith in man's fallibility.)

Mandy and I dismissed that thought because of the now constant rumbling and reversed course in time to catch up with the other three girls. We stood at the door staring intently into the darkened photo-section.

RUN, RUN LIKE HELL! — OUT OF THE BUILDING!
EARTHQUAKE!

RRRUUUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN.....

Arms waving, the company photographer was running straight for us. Seeing that we had received his warning he stopped abruptly, turned on his heel, and ran back into the DARKNESS AND EVIL heralding his warning. It caught us quite off guard. There was much speculation later as to the motivating force behind his return to the Photo Lab. There were only six of us working in the basement this particular Saturday, the five of us girls and Ken, the photographer. There was no one, but NO ONE, back there. It is an unanswered mystery we must ask the ceiling about...someday.

In the most dazzling display of single-minded purpose, unified effort, and concentrated force known to Western Man we flung open the door and ran up and out into the light and good of day. We expected to see St. Louis lying in rubble around us ...It was not.

We ran to the corner of Eighth and Chouteau Avenues and stood there, shivering. It was thirty-two degrees and misting rain, all in all a ROTTEN day for an earthquake or a slighted Gru. When we were certain that the tremor had subsided completely we piled into Mandy's car and went to lunch. We took quite a long lunch -- a ninety-minute lunch instead of the regular thirty-minute lunch. We were a bit shaken; not all that much, mind you, but it was a GREAT excuse for a ninety-minute lunch.



WE LOVED IT A LOT!

SO MY FANTASY, continued...

mother. I stayed very close to Joyce. Joyce has an aura of worldly wisdom about her that makes one think of her as the perfect confidant, so I kid myself into thinking that it was only natural. Who, me? Uncool? *sigh*

She was wearing a slack outfit, the color of which can only be described as Day-Glo Green. Rings, beads, and moccasins. She made quite an impression, more like an engram. But she looked like someone I could groove with. That slack outfit, by the way, is one of my favorites.

Doc Clark and I grooved for awhile about photography and Gilgamish. Ray Fisher & I talked about fanzines, ODD, and his printing press. We have expanded that topic to include all manner of repro equipment. Repro is his thing. When Ray was in the hospital recently Joyce and I went to the snack bar for supper so Ray could sleep awhile. On the way back to Ray's room I picked up a card for him that I thought he might like. He did. Upon presenting it to him, he studied it momentarily, turned to Joyce, and said in a semi-conscious stupor, "Look, Pooh, it's silk-screen."

I nodded to a great many people at that meeting, Rich Wannan, club treasurer, included. Joyce and I talked about Rich lately and the consensus was that Rich, tall, handsome, dark-eyed and wearing a goatee, could transform himself into the personification of THE legendary vampire to rival the Master Himself. Although I have this special soft spot for my late fellow Hungarian, Bela Lugosi, I do not consider this a traitorous statement. After all, I groove with Barnabus Collins, too. Joyce mentioned this to Ron Whittington a few months ago and he immediately queried, "Why? Because he's tall and handsome, or because he's the club blood-sucker?" Whittington blasphemes. Rich has, though, been promoted from his post of club vampire to St. Louiscon Treasurer. His ledgers are a thing of beauty, a work of art in black and red.

I met Sue and most of the other Saturday People at the Fisher's. The first time I walked into the Fisher living room, Sue was sitting directly across the room from me. I felt a great affinity for her the moment I saw her. She looked as puzzled about the actions of the Saturday People as I was. She wasn't. She had been visiting the Fisher's for about a year and knew what was happening. She just chose to ignore it.

The last time Sue and I talked she confided that she had devised a workable plan for programming the computer in the periodic use of obscenity. It would freak her department out of their collective skulls. She won't, of course. But to go to work, day after day, knowing that it is you who has THE POWER.....

Groovy people congregate at the Fisher's. Bob Schoenfeld is a very frequent visitor; he also publishes GOSH WOW. Good man, that Schoenfeld, not because he publishes an outstanding comiczine but because he went to the trouble of bringing me an entire billboard advertising Laclde Gas, and found a Big Three album that I wanted. Wayne Finch drops around; he's a caver and publishes a caving zine. (What else? All you mud-crawlers take note.) Wayne was recently elected president of OSFA and we all stand, in ragged formation perhaps, behind him.

This editorial has been not an introduction, but a recounting of my introduction to fandom. A glimpse at my reaction to fandom, fanzine publishing, and some of the people that groove with St. Louis fandom, and make St. Louis fandom groove.

— Pam Janisch

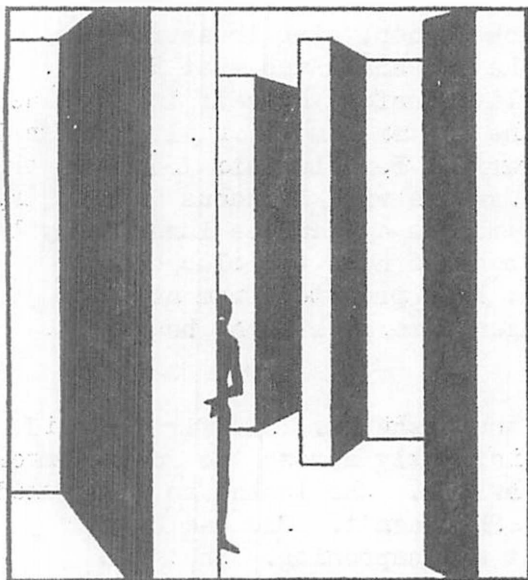
CRITICALLY SPEAKING

BOOK REVIEWS

THE TOMORROW PEOPLE, Judith Merrill — Pyramid, 192 pgs., 60¢

This book, first printed in 1960, has been reissued by Pyramid. Upon first impulse my question would be "Why?" But, more careful consideration grants that it would undoubtedly have virtues to recommend it to those who have started reading since the last printing of THE TOMORROW PEOPLE in 1962.

The novel starts with a brief prologue set in 1976 and presents the information that two men were sent to Mars — too cutely described as a place whose "name was fear, the name of the cruel god, the god of war" — but only one man came back. The plot then moves through a welter of complications involving the survivor of this



first Mars Expedition, Johnny Wendt, who had dissolved into an alcoholic with a phobic dread of space conquest, and only one thing to recommend him to the administrators of the space research committees: his name and fame which continued to carry prestige to an appropriations-conscious congress. Socially, his only recommendation seemed to be his mistress, a dancer named Lisa Trovi, who is just too sweet, beautiful and without-fault to be believable. Presented confusingly is a picture of the research on the moon with the Martian bugs Wendt had brought back for study; Lisa's interest in psi phenomena; the worthlessness of Johnny compared (in boringly repetitive degree) to Lisa's great Nobility of Soul; and the numerous attempts by various friends to save him from his increasing decay, each for his own reason. Through two-thirds of the book Johnny is presented as an extremely unsympathetic protagonist while several men introduced into the over-

crammed plot are built into very attractive possible replacements for his position with Lisa.

Naturally, it all works out in the end, and the bugs, psi-phenomena, and Lisa's pregnancy figure in the solution. Johnny rather abruptly Sees The Light, and the bugs, through the psi-powers they cause, spread Love all around — the same love, by the way, that had caused the death of the other Mars explorer and originally started Johnny into his decline, now (for inadequately explained reason) to be accepted as beneficial to mankind.

The plot is confusing and lacks coherency. The characterizations are particularly difficult to believe; Miss Merrill lists no redeeming virtues present in the Bad Guys and no humanizing faults in the Good Guys. "The Worthless Cad vs The Good Woman" is a theme that clogs the book. In unfortunate detail, Johnny is shown to be a reprobate in the grand old style of the melodrama; Lisa is presented as the most attractive and desirable of Little Nell's — cloyingly so. The miraculous reversal of character Johnny experiences in the conclusion is regrettable to the reader who has been so thoroughly advised why the hero is unlikeable.

Awkwardly written and poorly plotted — yet of interest because of the unusual premise upon which the plot is based, that of Love being a killer. (And, unwise the reviewer who attempts to draw any psychological conclusions from that!)

— Joyce Fisher

STAR WELL, Alexei Panshin — Ace, 157 pgs., 50¢

Alexei Panshin, in RITE OF PASSAGE, wrote a book that was noteworthy due to, among other things, his ability to portray the feelings of a young girl. STAR WELL demonstrates this same remarkable ability he has for giving his characters a veil of sensitivity regardless of their station; in a very different manner than his previous book, he has written another beautiful novel.

In this first of a series of adventure novels, the protagonist, Anthony Villiers, is given a fascinating personality; in bits and pieces the reader gleans the knowledge that Villiers is a well-educated and cultured gentleman, age set at under thirty by the text of the book, but undeterminate by his manner and degree of poise. Although personal information concerning Villiers is given in the most minimal amount throughout the book, the reader is led into a high regard for the man.

The story takes place on (and in) an asteroid way-station in the Rift that offers service to the star-lanes and hotel accommodations for the travelers passing through. (Naturally, in the fashion sf readers have grown accustomed to accept, the hotel is a pleasure-palace — but it apparently limits the pleasures for sale to luxurious accommodations, and gambling tables. This is an interesting difference from the way-stations described in several other sf novels; it does not figure into the plot, and it seems unusual that Panshin would have used the ploy of "pleasure spot" but so severely limited the pleasures available. I found myself hunting for significance to this minor incongruity throughout the story.) The plot is relatively simple: naturally, there is Corruption behind the innocent facade; just as naturally Our Hero becomes involved. The vice is smuggling black-market bodies to be sold for spare-parts; the operation is handled in secret tunnels that honey-comb Star Well beneath the legitimate action that is the asteroid's official business. Villier's sidekick is Torve, a Trog — one of the more cuddly and lovable sidekicks to be introduced in sf adventure for a number of years — described as most resembling a furry six-foot warm-blooded frog who stands upright. Contributing to, even while complicating, Villier's defeat of the smugglers are a couple of teen-aged girls passing through the way-station on their way to Miss Mc Burney's Justly Famous Seminary For Young Ladies. In a completely believable way they manage to get themselves packed in cold-boxes to be shipped away to the spare-parts bank, necessitating Villier's rescue of them...which causes the lid to be blown off the entire affair.

Panshin represents an important talent rising on the sf scene. RITE OF PASSAGE and STAR WELL have demonstrated his ability to thoroughly plan the action so as to leave no irritating "loose ends". However, more significant still, and much more rare, is his ability for characterization: the reader can believe in the personalities that Panshin describes. In STAR WELL, even the villains are handled sympathetically. The worst of the two, Derek Godwin, has an unfortunate predelection for killing people, yet wants so desperately to be a "gentleman" that I half-wished he'd survive. His personal goon is Levi, a sub-moronic hulk who helps to keep Godwin's staff in line, yet carries a children's game with him to play with when he's not roughing up people. The second manager of the smuggling operation is Hisan Bashir Sirabi — an unpleasant greasy sort of fellow who has no grace to recommend him, except that his real groove is growing flowers when he's not stuffing people into boxes.

In this story of courtly gentlemen, fair ladies, and valiant dueling, the style of writing is reminiscent of the romantic French novels of the early Nineteenth Century, but with a delightful sense of humor and irreverence that makes STAR WELL an especially pleasant way to while away an evening. I recommend it, and I'll be looking forward to the next release in the Villier's adventure series.

— Joyce Fisher

STILL MORE BOOK REVIEWS, by Sue Robinson

I have not been connected with Science Fiction for very long, therefore the books I review I know most of you have already read. However, Joyce said to review them anyway because I might have something different to say. . .

STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, by Robert A. Heinlein:

This novel is excellent! A fascinating story of two worlds competing for cultural beliefs, each trying to force his morals upon the other.

One soon feels that the author is making the innocent Martian into a martyr, only to gain control of the most political, influential organization — religion.

Michael's "Christ-like" death, or discorporation, was an over-whelming disappointment, though one almost expected it.

The closing line left all my senses numb:

". . . Mike pushed back his halo and got to work. He could see a lot of changes he wanted to make. . ."

The disappointed feeling left me and I laughed. Oh, such fools are we!!!

FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON, by Daniel Keyes

A novel of the sadness of nature's faults and human shortcomings.

The novel is about a man of 32, Charlie Gordon, with an IQ of 68; how he becomes a genius, and his experience of deterioration.

The story reveals his emotions and his attitudes towards the people he once thought were his friends. He sees man as

he really is, and is appalled by it.

A very emotionally sensitive novel that should be read by all.

The editors of GRILS support St. Louiscon.

That may not surprise you, but it sure helps fill up space.

WHAT A PITY,

HE HAS HIS FATHERS EYES

In my opinion Rosemary's Baby is the best fictional book dealing with modern-day Satanism I have ever read. It is also one of the most disappointing books I have ever read. It was written by Ira Levin and has been made into a fine motion picture.

The author is a master at setting and sustaining a mood. His foreshadowing is subtle and symbolically vague unless the reader has studied witchcraft. Unfortunately the author is not so adept with his characters and is unforgivably inept with his main characters. None of the characters are well defined except Rosemary. Guy, her husband, is as shallow as the rest. It matters little to the plot that the characters have little depth or feeling; the characters are memorable for, if nothing else, their consummate nastiness. It is Rosemary's baby and Rosemary's book. She is the only character given depth, motivation and feeling for the reader to relate to. It is her eventual character reversal that I consider to be the book's unforgivable flaw.

Rosemary's religion and her rejection of it play a very important part in both her character and the story. Her guilt because of leaving the church SHOULD be one of the determining factors in the outcome of the plot but Mr. Levin chose to abandon plot development for script writing.

Mr. Levin could have changed Rosemary's character on page 100 and still had an entertaining book; but apparently he was torn between HIS MESSAGE and the WIDE SCREEN. He continued to develop her character until the reader knows that Rosemary will keep Satan's child and try futilely to influence it toward "good". Yet the character Mr. Levin has built, by its own inner laws, should react in a violent, destructive way.

Mr. Levin, on first glance, seems to have written himself into a corner from which there was no escape except a cliché. I was under this impression but on skimming through it a second time I see a reason that I have far less respect for. In an interview granted to Life Magazine, Mr. Levin stated that he was half-finished with the book and could picture Mia Farrow in the title role, and wrote the rest of the book FOR HER. He keeps the reader guessing what his message is, though. Whatever it was meant to be has become so inmeshed in screenplay as to become unintelligible. I still do not know if it is a black comedy, satire, or social-religious denouncement. I think that Mr. Levin could have had a classic horror story with a message that was as hard-hitting as the story, if he had written the book straight. Instead he tried to keep his original idea and incorporate it into a vehicle that would appeal to a mass theater audience. Mr. Levin has written for the stage and has had his plays filmed so he should have known that what he was trying to do had problems that were nearly unsurmountable. It's a shame that he was not sufficiently frightened into reconsideration.

— Pamela Janisch

GRINDLE, continued...

making money in everything that he undertakes, and his talent in writing are so small when you compare his unusual gift habits. I know I am the only girl this side of the earth that got a life-size picture of the Jolly Green Giant for Christmas. When Bob asked me what I wanted for Christmas, I told him to use his imagination. After two years, I should have known better! I hung all five feet ten inches of it on my bedroom wall to see what reactions I would get from uninvited visitors. My five year old brother came into my room in one of his destroying moods when he saw the giant on the wall. He ran out of the room screaming and crying that the green monster was after him. My dog stood for awhile in front of it barking and then leaped at it. The dumb dog ran right into the wall trying to attack it! I left the giant on my wall because it kept the uninvited visitors out of my room. I decided to take it down, because one night I came in and it startled me. The thing glows in the dark! I wonder what I'll get for Christmas next year?

— Sue Robinson

St. Louis Blue Laws forbid Eating a Pickle on a Public Street on Sunday

BLUE JAUNT, continued...

face the embarrassment of being obliged to regretfully return articles about (1) Star Trek, (2) Movie Monsters, (3) "2001", (4) the cover of the April, 1930 SCIENCE WONDER STORIES, which was painted by Frank R. Paul who was very fond of machines. The truth is, we're just not very Serious and Concerned; besides, most of these subjects are being rather thoroughly covered in other zines.

Our publication schedule is strictly When & If — as frequently as possible, of course, but (in case you hadn't heard) St. Louis fans are pretty busy these days. As for our policy concerning subscriptions: there aren't any. You can, if you absolutely must, order one copy...but, please! no long-term subs. The proper way to get this zine is through written response: a loc, a contribution of material (written or artistic) or by pre-arranged trade. (Trade zines should be sent to both Sue and Pam: it is not, however, really Necessary to send them to me as I expect to read their copies.) (But you can, if you wanna.) Any zines received by any of us are subject to review, unless we're requested not to. And—you may be working under the illusion that femme-fans won't be too hard-hearted about sending free issues to someone who fails to acknowledge this one: you're wrong. Unless you are just damned sure that you are one of our very favorite people, you'd better respond if you want the next issue of GRILS.

The Firm Stance expressed in the above paragraph amazes me. I bet you didn't know I had that Mean Streak in me....but now the truth comes out.

In closing, I would like to dedicate this issue of GRILS to the memory of those Brave Martyrs, both Union and Rebel, who fell in Western Missouri, in the Battle of the Hemp Bales. Sad it is to report that, when the bales that were serving as breastworks were ignited by cannon-fire, many were the Brave Lads that suffered the pangs of smoke-inhalation, thereby causing the battle to be called off, and immortalizing themselves to the Cause of Peace.

— Joyce Fisher

The above has been US GRILS contribution to the Serious Discussions of Fandom.
Go Thou, and Do Likewise.

POTLATCH

Fanzine Reviews...Joyce Fisher

HAVERINGS #35, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, U.K.
\$1 for 6 issues.

The reviewer's review zine. A comprehensive listing of all the fanzines Ethel receives, with descriptive comments.

SCOTTISHE #49, Ethel Lindsey (address above)
\$1 for 4 issues

Ethel's easy-going writing style makes this a pleasant zine. Filled with book reviews, columns and letters, SCOTTISHE gives U.S. fans a good opportunity to become acquainted with oversea's fandom.

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC #29, Rich Brown, 410 61st Street, Apt. D-4, Brooklyn, New York 11220

(Distributed through Fapa and to a limited number of others at the whim of the editor.)

The lead-off article on miniature golfing at Midwestcon was of less interest to me than the convention report. I was unable to follow the news over this Labor Day Weekend; I've therefore been extremely interested in reading the impressions of others, concerning the fiasco in Chicago.

KIPPLE #155 Ted Pauls, 1448 Meridene Dr., Baltimore, Md. 21212
20¢ per issue

For the fan who is seriously interested in Current Events, this is a news-zine that actually concerns the News. Ray follows KIPPLE very closely; I do not. However, the issues I have read thoroughly have always been interesting. His day-by-day reporting on the War is valuable - slanted, of course, but I usually agree with his direction of slant. Rounded out with John Boardman's column, and letters from the readers.

THE FANTASY COLLECTOR #118, C. Cazedessus, Jr., Box 550, Evergreen, Colo. 80430
\$1 per year (monthly)

An ad-zine — a must for the serious collector. Hmm...the last page is an editorial plug for Nixon-Agnew. *Sigh* Oh, well. The zine is of value to collectors, even tho I disagree with Caz' seldom expressed political views.

PSYCHOTIC #27, Dick Geis, Box 3116, Santa Monica, California 90403
50¢, 2 for \$1, etc.

PSY is a difficult zine to review without using the stock phrases that have been repeated in every fanzine's review column. It is a focal point of fandom; it is highly interesting and entertaining; it is a 'must'. However, issue #27 most clearly brings out the fact that PSY is not a friendly fanzine. Each page must be read closely

and carefully because one always feels that he may be the next to come under attack in the "let's you and him fight" atmosphere that seems to abound in this zine. Past issues have produced this feeling to a fair extent; issue #27 is more particularly and heavily permeated with a viciousness I find unpleasant. I hope future issues - which will be offset - will be more friendly in tone, Dick. Dick! — Dick Geis! Quit washing your hands and listen!

DOUBLE BILL #18, Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi, 3271 Shellhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio 44203

50¢ or 5 issues for \$2.

This issue has printed covers by Dave Prosser that are impressive, I suppose, although they leave me cold. I was impressed, though, by some of the interior art and especially by the reproduction: this issue of DB contains some of the best mimeography I've seen in years. The last several issues of DB had shown a certain decline due to, I imagine, a shifting of interest by the two editors. Bower's military duties, certainly, left little time or energy for fanac. However, this resurrection issue, filled with fancy layouts and impeccable art reproduction, may also represent a renaissance in the spirit of fanac that will allow DOUBLE BILL to at last reach maturity as a quality genzine.

SPECULATION #19, Peter Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, U.K.

35¢ or 3 issues for \$1.

This is the zine from England. I found this issue of particular value because of the insight it gave me in the British attitude toward 'New Wave'. New Wave in the United States seems to be primarily a subject for debate with only a fraction of our SF writers doing experimental writing. In Great Britain, by contrast, New Wave seems to be accepted as a Way of Life, and it helped my understanding to view the subject through their eyes. The highlight of this issue was a definative article on Brian W. Aldiss, by Richard Gordon. Intelligently written, I felt much more knowledgeable after reading it.

FMZ #1

Alan Shaw, Box 282, Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11690, and Rich Brown (address above)

\$1 for 8 issues.

A small zine (7 pages) that will probably grow larger. Consisting of chatter by the two editors, FMZ is clearly a Personality Zine. If you like the people, (as I do,) you'll like the zine. If you don't know them, I recommend you faunch for a copy of the next issue so that you may become acquainted with them through their writings.

GRANFALLOON #5 Linda Eyster & Suzanne Tompkins, 1610 Belvedere Blvd., Silver Spring Maryland 20902

50¢ or 3 issues for \$1.

Salutations to the Pittsburgh Girls, from US GRILS. This issue of GRANFALLOON, another all femme-edited zine, was a large part of the inspiration which prompted the birth of GRILS. — Ginjer Buchanan's Baycon report, in the style of 'I Have No Mouth...', is a superb piece of descriptive writing. My compliments to her, and to the editors of the zine, which has consistently improved since it began.

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW #28, Dick Geis, Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403

50¢. \$3 per year (bi-monthly)

This is PSYCHOTIC, under new title, in new format, and beautifully reproduced by offset, 8½ x 5½ size. Happily, a great deal of the vitriol is missing from this issue. Replacing it is a more serious and constructive approach to editing; Geis announces, in his editorial, that SF REVIEW is to become a place for 'serious comment and discussion' of all elements of sf fandom. The most noticeable change in SFR, compared with PSY, is the expanded book review col. — Of particular interest to me, this issue, was Art Cox' discussion of The Punster. I certainly intend to pass this article on to a few fans I know, hoping that they will get the message. — How long Dick can continue to present a 'fannish focal-point' in this more formal format will be interesting to see.

Although the sun is much larger than the earth, it is further away.

textbook, circa 1897.

Fanzine Reviews...Pamela Janisch

CRY #177 Cry has a good cover by Richard Bergeron, good repro (it's offset,) and, with one or two exceptions, average interior art. There is a critical article aimed at Star Trek, or rather the production staff, by Vera Heminger. This issue of CRY leans heavily toward S.T. and if you are a S.T. fan it would be well worth purchasing. The letter col is a bit long for my tastes but it makes for interesting reading.

FROM: Cry, 2852 14th Ave., West Seattle, Wash. 98119. 40¢ per issue.

AMPHIPOXI #8 A very nice zine. Worthy of much note in this issue is a serio-comic article by John Berry. This zine is well put together and well reproduced. The editorial is mostly humorous with only one disquieting note — Mr. Pettit remarks that AMPHIPOXI may fold soon. *sigh* It is a shame; it's a good fanzine.

FROM: Billy H. Pettit, Control Date Ltd., 22a St. James Sq., London S.W.1, England

PELF #5 A west coast zine by Dave Hulan and Dave Locke. The repro is not bad. There is a cartoon cover by Tim Kirk that I'm not sure if I like a lot or just like. (I do look forward to seeing more work by him; it's kinda cool.) It contains an article by Milt Steven worth reading if you have recently discovered any of the secrets of the universe or can remember when you had. The lettercol is edited nicely and the editorials are worth reading.

FROM: 1005 Mt. Olive Drive, #10, Duarte, Calif. 91010

AVERNUS #1 This is a first issue, (though Mr. Dobson has published two issues of a zine called MINDSWAP.) The repro is legible though not good. I imagine he needs time to get used to his equipment so the second issue should be better. Mike needs more material and a larger letter column.

FROM: Michael E. Dobson, 214 Lafayette Street, Decatur, Alabama 35601

IT AIN'T ME BABE #2 I'm not at all sure what Mr. Reed is trying to convey but in my case it didn't come across. There is an interesting article by Frank Lunney about dissenters, political factions, and martyrs. Unfortu-

nately, Mr. Lunney asks questions without supplying valid answers.
The zine is dittoed and comes off well in the repro department.

FROM: Ed Reed, 668 Westover Road, Stanford, Conn. 06902 10¢ per issue.

OOF #10

The repro is better than good (offset) and the material varies. The cover by Mike Symes and Michael Ward (Mike S. supplied the drawing and Mike W. collaged it) is interesting and effective. There is a long, long article that is a transcription of a talk given by Randall Garrett that is quite good. Mr. Ward's editorial is fairly interesting and, like the cover, a collage. One point I would like to bring to Mr. Ward's attention though: parts of the editorial lean heavily on the fact that the zine is costing you a great deal of money to publish in the fashion that you like (offset.) I KNOW that it's costing you; other fanzine publishers KNOW that it's costing you; ANYONE that has knowledge of the printing trades KNOWS that it's costing you. But very few people, myself included, want to hear how OOF is all but sending you to the poorhouse each publication date. In private I'll be more than happy to discuss the matter. I feel that the finished work a customer receives from a commercial printer (in terms of his overhead) is grossly overpriced. But, if offset will give your publication the kind of polish you want and you want it badly, then to hell with the cost. If on the other hand the money is really hanging you up and keeps you from sleeping nights, then go to mimeo and stop sweating it. Sermon aside, this is a very good-looking zine and contains good artwork by Michael Gilbert.

FROM: Michael Ward, Box 45, Mountain View, Calif. 94040. \$1 for 3 issues.

CHEAP THRILLS #2 Mr. Haskell states in his editorial that this is the second and last issue of CHEAP THRILLS. *sigh* The repro is better than good and Fred gets quite good results by doing multi-color ditto work on mimeo paper. I didn't know you could do that. How DID you do that, huh? The written material is mostly fan fiction and poetry. Ken Fletcher has contributed quite a bit of artwork for this issue. There is a three-page cartoon strip by Ken, the plot of which, for me, was rather obscure but it was no less entertaining. There is an informative article telling how to order albums by British rock groups from their British distributors. The names and addresses, and prices, of the leading distributors are given. It's an interesting article and if you're a rock fan it's worth having for reference.

FROM: Fred Haskell, 4370 Brookside Ct., Apt. 206, Edina, Minn. 55436. 50¢ per issue.

Common Sense forbids Pickles eating People on Public Streets in St. Louis on Monday.

SERIOUSLY, special thanks are due from the editors of WHAT ABOUT US GRILS? to many people - we certainly can't attempt to list all who have assisted us with advice, assistance, and encouragement. But, especial gratitude is offered to all of the St. Louis fans who have so graciously endured our enthusiastic burbleings in our planning of this issue; to Ron Whittington for doing service beyond the call of duty in providing transportation to get us together for our 'editorial meetings'; to Bob Schoenfeld for his help with the lay-out and touch-up work. And, most of all, to Ray Fisher, for his wonderful patience in putting up with all the clutter, cold meals, and girlish confusion around the house...and for the hours of work he has devoted to helping us produce the zine. If any one person is most responsible, it is he, for loosing US GRILS on the unsuspecting fan world.



FOREST PARK ADDRESS

Four months, and a few odd days ago, our committee brought forth at Baycon a new con-bid conceived in fannishness and dedicated to the proposition that all fans are created gregarious. Now we are engaged in a great effort, testing whether this committee, or any committee so selected, can long endure. We are living in a great laboring place of that effort. We have come to dedicate a portion of this apartment as the filing place of correspondence we have received concerning St. Louiscon. It is altogether unavoidable that we do so. But in a larger sense we cannot limit to, we cannot restrict to, we cannot occupy only this assigned space. The convention members, faanish and sercon, who've contacted us in correspondence and publications have occupied this space far more quickly than our poor powers to add to or detract from it. Good Housekeeping Magazine would little care nor even understand what we do here, yet Fandom will never forget what we accomplish here. It is for us, the co-chairmen, therefore, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they, who have bought memberships thus far, have so nobly advanced. It is for us, therefore, to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us - that from these honored members we will take increased Sense of Wonder for that coming convention correspondence, to which we shall give the last square foot of our filing space - that we here highly resolve that our living area will not have dwindled in vain - that this convention, under the arch, shall herald a new golden age of faanishness - and that gathering of the fans' correspondence, by the co-chairmen, for the committee, shall not cease, even though my reputation for tidy housekeeping has perished from the earth.

— Joyce Fisher

