

First Issue



GYRE

Zanzone

month July

LATE -
PER USUAL

Have you noticed all the ERB books that have been published within the last few months. (Who wouldn't?) They are literally flooding the market. ~~I first noticed~~ I first noticed them in a book review in Galaxy and decided to go down to the nearest newsstand (which happened to be a pool hall) and have a look for myself. When I looked through some of them I realized that I had some of the very same stories at home: a collection of three ERB novels put out some time ago by Dover Publications. And to think that Floyd Gale was so happy that Ace Books were initiating the revival of ERBdom! HA! (Incidentally, the three novels are available in an illustrated and paperbound edition from Dover Publications for \$1.75. Full size, not a pocket book! Floyd Gale did eventually review this book and praised the inclusion of much of the original artwork by J. Allen St. John but he did it a half a year later). Ronald Coulart did a satire of ERB in the July issue of AMAZING that was in rather poor taste. In fact, the whole issue was rather poor. The serial-novel by Jack Sharkey turned out to be rather disappointing, and Neal Barrett's story seemed rather trite among other things.

Jan Dodd, in the Christmas issue of MACH-ONE laments the fact that the books of Rider Haggard are no longer available in great amounts. A collection of some of his novels are available in the U. S. from Dover Publications at \$2 ea. Buy them. They're worth it.

What happened to H. L. Gold after Freddy-boy took over his job in GALAXY. Some fringe-fan asked me this question and I didn't know the answer so I decided to ask the question in CYRE, so please write me if you know the answer. Nuff sed. I s'pose you want to get on into the sine. Well. . . . Turn the page and get it over with.

- Charles Peterson -



[First on the agenda is a short story by me]

STIFF TALE DEPT.

"The death of a Bug"

prelude

It was late afternoon and the boy was hurrying home from the toy store where he had spent most of the day. He spied a small brown book in the gutter; and upon examining it closer he found it to be a diary. He sat down and began reading....

part one

April 2

A woke up with a splitting headache. Light coming in the window above where I lay made my eyes throb even worse. I squeezed my eyes shut in hopes that the pain would go away -- it didn't. A long time later -- I'm not sure just how long -- I attempted to sit up but I fell back down again when my head exploded into a pin-cushion of pain. I could draw no conclusions from what I could see while lying on my back, at least I couldn't while my head was still throbbing. The irregularly shaped room was barren except for some sort of sphere on a stand in the center of the room. The walls were dark and featureless except for numerous windows without sills or frames of any sort. I closed my eyes again and was eventually able to get into a fitful slumber.

At several times during my sleep -- I can't say whether I was having nightmares or whether it was real -- I only dimly recall that sphere in the center of the room glowing brightly and illuminating the entire room. At other times, I fancied that I heard thunderous rumblings that shook the entire house. And believe me, I was anything but calm and composed during those times.

When I awoke a second time I was able to walk around the room with great effort. This didn't do much good, because at the moment it was pitch black. I sat down and began to wonder where I was, but I sure the hell didn't know. I didn't think too long before I realized that there were lights on outside. I went over to one of the windows and looked out. What I saw shocked the hell out of me. There was a street light on a telephone pole just outside. I ungraciously crawled through the window, it being the only way out, and found myself in what appeared to be a small town residential section. Behind the building I had been in was a railroad track which may account for the rumbling I had had heard a short time ago.

After walking around for a short while, I was startled to hear a voice behind me. I whirled around to find myself confronted by a policeman about six and a half feet tall. What scared me was the fact that he looked very much like one of those Bizarro men that I once saw in my kids' Superman comic books. He was probably as startled as I was, because when I turned around, he looked as if he were about to say something but had stopped dead in his tracks.

He brought me to the mayor's house, which was quite a large mansion, because the town doesn't have a jail. In fact, the man in blue was the town's only cop. I'm waiting to see the Mayor right now.

interlude

It was getting dark and the boy couldn't read the words any more. He suddenly realized with a shudder that his parents would probably beat him for staying out so late after dark. He carefully hid the book under his shirt and started to run home. Had he read further, he would have become very interested....

part two

April 5

This town is a veritable paradise, a miniature utopia. Life here is peaceful and the people are content and happy. The people aren't bored to death either, as
(contd.)

one would tend to think. There all kinds of contests and other types of entertainment to keep the people happy. But life isn't all play. The people have to work too, and when they work, they work hard; but, they are happy all the same.

My interview with the mayor turned out to be not much more than an informal chat. (He to turned out to be a Bizarro.) I told him that there wasn't much I could do about being here as I hadn't the slightest idea concerning my whereabouts. He was as puzzled as I was, or at least he acted that way. I couldn't say for sure. He said as long as I was here to stay, he would give me an orientation briefing.

The days are divided into two parts: one part the day (or light) period and the night (or dark) period; but the people, for some backward reason, wake up and live and eat throughout the night. And when the light comes they return to their house lest they bring the wrath of their god upon them (or so the mayor said). I likewise was forbidden to go out during the day hours. I was told to stay in the shell of a house I had found myself in. There is no crime in the town of Mill Junction as the place is called. The main reason for the policeman is because there was need of a job that a citizen could fill.

After the interview, I was free to roam anywhere I wanted during that night and all of the rest. I went downtown and soon attracted a crowd of curious onlookers. I guess it was because I was the only new thing they had seen in an age. I noticed that they were all Bizarros and they all looked so wierd and ugly standing there and gaping at me. I probably wasn't very pretty to them either.

April 6

The daylight hours are no brighter than twilight and I have never seen the sun, or the stars or the moon for that matter! It 's all so maddening. During the day there are nightmarish periods of intense brightness in which the trains and cars and trucks all begin to move of their own accord. It is horrifying to look out the window through the shimmering brightness and watch a car go scoting by without any driver. I wish I could know what it is all about. As far as I can tell, the irregular periods of intense brightness never happen during the night, just during the day hours. This is probably why noone goes out during the day.

April 17

Mill Junction is quite a railroad center. There ar two major railway lines and a "mainstreet trolley" that go through the town. And of course, there are those trolley rides out to a picnic in the woods nearby. I went on one such picnic last week, which goes to show I am accepted by the local folk around here.

April 20

The world is flat! I found that out when I hiked out in the country and suddenly found myself at the edge of the world. I crawled to the edge and peered out into the darkness. Nothing! Just emptyness! I crawled back a short way and then ran the rest. I didn't tell anyone where I had been.



(Contd. pg. ten)

Autopsy Dept.

Book and Fansine Reviews

[Most fansines are concerned with reviews of science-fiction books but when I asked George Hendricks to do this review for me, he sent me a review of this war story. He apparently didn't misunderstand me but he probably felt that some reading other than science-fiction wouldn't harm any of the fans. Anyway, this issue was pitifully short as it was and refusing his article would have nearly shrunk my fan to a glorified form letter. Well, for better or worse, here it is....PCP]

AWAY ALL BOATS (book)

The author of AWAY ALL BOATS, Kenneth Dodson, was quite experienced in seaman-ship from the time he was a boy. When he was seventeen, he boarded a ship as an ordinary seaman, and while in the navy for six years, he earned nine battle stars, which is really quite a record. All of this experience gave him the tremendous background needed for the writing of all his novels of the high seas.

AWAY ALL BOATS, his first novel, was conceived during his wartime service on the navy attack transport, U. S. S. Pierce. Mr. Dodson wanted to make the occur-ances and actions of the ship seem true to the veterans of the pacific war, and yet he wanted to have a story which would allow him to present the personalities of the various characters in depth.

This book does not have a plot in the generally accepted form of the word. It is more of an experiment in what may be termed as an essay of emotion. It has plenty of action but is biographic in nature, taking on the form of a log book.

The author follows the actions and adventures of an attack transport through the eyes of different men aboard the ship. He takes sections of the different sailors' lives and writes them in a first person viewpoint. By doing this, the author can show the personal lives of many different men by digging into their mem-ories and thoughts.

The main character of the book (if he can be termed as thus) [what else could he be termed as? — PCP] is the executive officer of the ship. I refer to him as the "main character" because the author uses his thoughts and actions more than any other person. For this reason, the executive officer is used as a tool to pry in- to the lives of the captains of the ship. By having the captains confide in their executive officer, their outer and inner selves can be presented at the same time. This is really quite an ingenious device.

This method of writing is one of Dodson's strongpoints. The possibilities of philosophy are almost endless as is illustrated by the book's five hundred-and-some odd pages. Unfortunately, with this style, that is all that is endless. A plot, with Dodson's unique technique, would be very hard, if not impossible, to write; and this is why, as I have stated previously, AWAY ALL BOATS has no plot to speak of. (even if it did, I would never condense the plot of a novel in a review — I don't believe reviews are for that sort of thing.) I have not read any of Dodson's other novels, nor have I found any significant amount of material about him to find out if he uses this particular type of style all the time. Paradoxically, this method of writing is his main weak point as well as being one of his strong points. It is needless to say that if he constantly uses this method of writing, he will soon run out of things to write about.

I cannot say much about the author's actual writing style other than it was ver- y readable, because almost immediately after I started reading it, I lost all awareness of printed words. The book had enough action, and even humor, in to keep me interested to the very end. I don't think that I was ever bored. On the contrary,
(contd.)

some people thought the book was interesting enough to make a movie out of it. I had heard of the movie long before I had read the book it was derived from.

All in all, it was a very good book for a war story, and I would recommend it to war enthusiasts and science fiction fans alike, even if it was a bit long.

- FIN -

- George Hendricks -



MACHOKE (fanzine)

[In regards to this fanzine, MACH-ONE isn't a mock one -- it's original as far as fanzines go. shahahahaha umm, yes. That wasn't funny was it Cal? Seriously speaking, though, (which is quite hard for me) MACH-1 is really a good zine. Small time with a personal and "humorous" touch added. For more info:

Kris Carey
1016 Second St.
Wasco, Calif. 93026587724927436755902846528466 (zip) 00

(In case you are wondering why the free plug, I'm the SALES MGR.) (?).....PCP]

Hey! Here's one for you to think about. You have to try to figure out how that one statement can be true in all three aspects. I got a charge out of that last one.

LOVE IS LIFE: SPIRITUALLY, MENTALLY, PHYSICALLY

think about it

Here are a couple of nursery rhymes to teach your kiddies:

A wonderful bird is the pelican.
His mouth can hold more than his belican
He can store in his beak
Enough food for a week
But I don't know how the helican.

There was a young couple named Kelly
That went around belly to belly
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly:

So uv a betchya thought I was going to say something bad!

(?)

Here are some visual impressions that I got as I read the book, AGAINST the Fall of Night, by Arthur C. CLARK. I'm not going to review it because I feel that most of you have read the book. If you haven't, then you should read it. This is what may be termed as a pictorial review. Let me know whether you like this type or not. I will possibly do a review like this to a more extensive degree...]

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OF GRAVE CONCERN DEPT.

Column by Alan Moore

[Here is a column on a very touchy subject: Flying Saucers. Some fans are for and some are against the idea of the reality of UFO's here on earth. I myself believe in them and I became interested in them when I ran across an old FANTASTIC UNIVERSE issue dedicated to the subject with several stiff - hacks giving their opinions as to their existence. This column, to me, seems like Alan is trying to convince nonbelievers rather than give interesting info. Oh well on with the show....PCF]

"The 'Incredulous' UFO"

I'm going to give my little ditty here on "alien intelligence controlled unidentified flying objects"; and to the illiterate, flying saucers. This is a very touchy subject to talk about. I myself believe in the POSSIBILITY of objects controlled by alien intelligence. If you are a non-believer, you perhaps want proof of their existence. Well, is it enough proof when a ground radar detects a UFO, sends out a jet to intercept it, the jet pilot sees it, and locks it in his radar only to have it dart away at fantastic speeds? Are the thousands of ground sightings by citizens, which the Air Force term as "unknown", enough proof of the existence of flying saucers? If you scoff at such things, could you explain away the wierd sightings a specially trained group of experts couldn't?

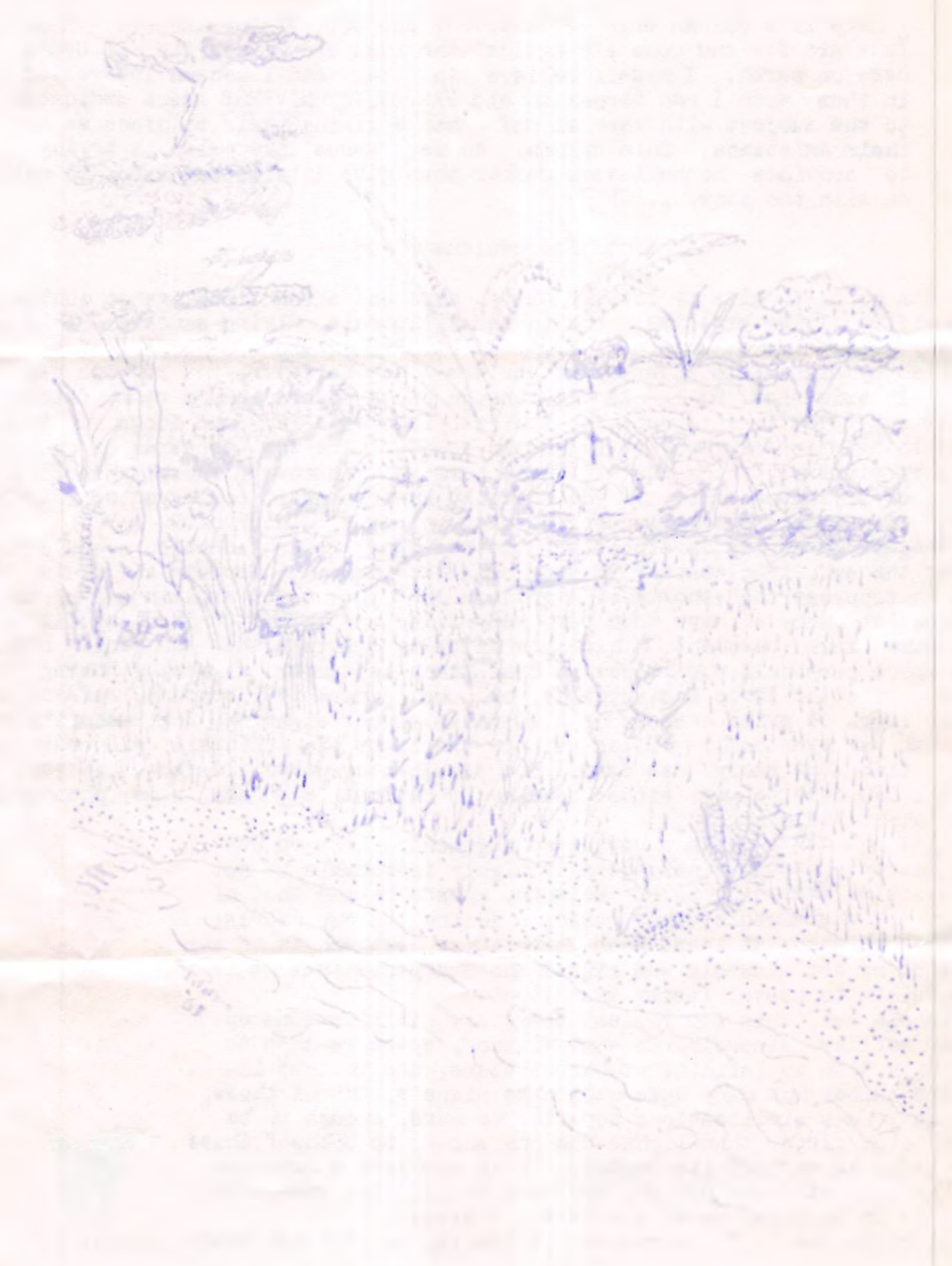
The Air Force has carefully scrutinized every report and used every explanation under the sun, from weather to mass hallucinations, to explain the UFO's. They try to suppress the reports of sightings that they can't explain and classify them top secret, only to have them purposely filed and forgotten in dusty filing cabinets in some dark basement. There are actually courtmartial and sanity hearings of Air Force personell who refuse to deny their testimony regarding having seen any UFO's. The Air Force has actually, on one documented account, refused the press their right to print a story of a civilian saucer sighting, for "security reasons." The ban was eventually lifted after the story was officially discredited; but by that time the story was dead. The Air Force reports did show, however, only 90% of all UFO reports were either hoaxes, or natural and man made phenomena. But what about the other 10%?

I'M not one to give a one sided argument. Life on our two nearest planetary neighbors is highly improbable if not impossible. According to our science, speeds beyond that of light are unattainable; thus making a journey to our nearest stellar neighbor at least four years long. But who is to say whether or not Einstein was right? Who can prove that it is impossible to travel faster than light?

People ask, "how can you say there are civilizations on other worlds?" According to what we know, space reaches to infinity with an infinite number of stars, and in that infinite number how many have habitable planets. Out of those, how many have civilizations superior to ours, enough to be able to go faster than light? The one answer to both of these questions is an infinite number. It is now just a question of how many of these planets are near to us. The answer to this is up to the laws of chance and averages.

Although the U. S. government is keeping an official stand against publically

(Contd. pg. ten)



"The Death of a Bug" (Contd. fr pg 4)

April 20

How do the trucks and trains move without drivers? How can the world be flat? I was' go out during one of those very bright periods and try to find out, even at the risk of death. It's driving me nuts -- it's like being in a bad dream. That's all, it is all just a dream! I can't get killed if I am in a dream. O God! help me; somebody, help me! I'm going insane. I can't stand it here any longer.

April 21

What has happened? It's a bright period in the middle of the night. This has never happened before! I can see the people that were caught just outside my window -- They are frozen in mid stride.

I must go outside now. I can't lose either way: if I am dreaming, I can't be killed, and if I am alive ... I can't think of a worse hell to live in.

I'm going over to the edge of the world, and if I don't return, perhaps somebody will find this diary.....

postlude

As the boy was walking up to his house he looked through the garage window and saw that some of the lights were on in his model railroad. He ran around to the door, unlocked it, flicked on the lights and ran inside as fast as he could..... nothing was moving; everything was in its proper place and turned off. He noticed what appeared to be a bug crawling towards the edge of the table. Squashing it, he hesitantly turned and went into the house to face the wrath of his parents.

- FIN -

- Charles Peterson a

"The Incredible UFO" (Contd. fr pg 8)

admitting the existence of UFO's, they are at the same time, maintaining radio stations beamed to outer space in hopes of contacting alien intelligence there. The venus probe was to determine whether or not life is possible on that planet. Scores of scientists have examined countless meteorites for clues of life in outer space. In other words the U. S. is interested in life on other worlds but not alien life on this world! Odd isn't it. It sort of makes me wonder if we earthlings still control the government.

- FIN -

- Alan Moore -

Alan Moore told me he once got ten dollars a word for a short story. I came to find out that he had fibbed to a judge.

(?)

I later asked him if I should put some fire into my editorials.

"NO" he answered, "Vice versa."



OBITUARY DEPT.

A Few Last Words by Pete

You're probably wondering just who the hell I am. (I have a hard enough time figuring that out myself.) I'm fairly new to fandom -- having been active in it about two years -- but I have been seriously interested in stf for about nine or ten years. I particularly like Tolkien and I hope to join The Fellowship of the Ring one of these years. I have been in a previous fanzine venture (no offense, Sandy) with a partner which didn't pan out because of distance. I was becoming stagnated and galled, so I decided to attempt a bit of literature on my own. I am proud to say that I put out this issue single handed, and I mean that literally too. The day before I started typing this page I broke my right wrist in playing football. Try typing up a magazine without your right hand, especially, if you are right-handed. I may have to abridge the rest of this issue.

Larry Wolcott is as far back as I can trace my family tree. Whether he knows it or not, he started me into the fanzine world through his sister Jane, from whom I got my name. A short friend of mine, taught the literary leg. I'm, in turn, interested in her by sending me his magazine, ASILIN.

So may wonder what happened to page nine. I had the carbon copy all prepared and sitting in one of my file folders for more than two months before I printed it. I will never do that again, believe me!

So may remember that I will a comment in my editorial about all the puns that would be in this ish. Well, they are nothing compared to all the type's types that I have seen. I reveal some of the pages and I nearly laughed (or cried, as the case may be) myself to tears. If worse comes to worse, you can wright me for a free and complete translation.

It seems that science-fiction fans are making themselves known to the various worlds of television. The appearance of OUTER LIMITS and MY FAVORITE SCIENCE has been a great boon to fans. On the other hand, it seems, unfortunately, that the TWILIGHT ZONE has disappeared into its namesake. OUTER LIMITS is giving the reputation of TWILIGHT ZONE a good shaking up in quality and special effects. In addition to this, the OUTER LIMITS deals more in straight s-f than did Rod Serling and includes morals showing the shortcomings of the human race. The OUTER LIMITS puts back in the Alfred Hitchcock horror-story class. For those of you that haven't been watching TV lately, I would suggest tuning it to ABC at about 7:38 (a delay for the intro and ads) on Monday evenings.

With the coming of mister ZIP, Fresno has been reformed and now the correct address is

FRESNO 26, CALIF.
(zip) 93726

Fresno 3 is incorrect, but I would probably get it anyway (not without some loud grumbling from the general direction of the post office.)

I just recently found a new source of science fiction. I think many of you will be shocked similarly to the way I was shocked when I ran across it. I don't know how many of you have ever read USSR, a magazine put out by Russia, but I found that occasionally they have a contemporary Russian science fiction story in the back of the magazine. It is completely translated into English and the ones that I happened to read were of excellent QUALITY. I would recommend getting the magazine if it has a story. I find it interesting to leaf through the other propaganda and try to see glorious Russia from the communists' viewpoint. Politically, I am a conservative, but I am open-minded to look at another person's point of view; especially, when it comes to science fiction.

FORTUNA ROTA VOLVITUR

Ah, yes. And so the time rolls around to the time to be winding up my affairs on this last page. I am considering summarizing (I hate the word, review) the fan's that I receive in trade for this one in a regular column starting with the next ish. I will not give ratings and I will try to hold personal opinions to a minimum (I'll leave that to FANGS). If I have comments, they'll be in the editorial section. It might sorta resemble a gensine spa in a way — well, none the less, I hope that it doesn't stop you from sending me a tradesine.

GIRE will probably be published twice during this coming fiscal year as a full sized magazine. Several single-paged leaflets will be mailed at irregular intervals to satisfy the impatience of the proles, and also to keep up with the monthly and bi-monthly mailings of various fansines.

I've got your names on a list (from undisclosed sources) and if you want to particularly want to stop getting this fansine, you are going to have to write me and let me know about it. I really don't mind it at all, because I have precious leaves of green when I don't have to shell out for so much paper and postage. But remember, I'm sending GIRE to you so I can get fansines in return and my address is as follows:

P. CHARLES PETERSON
2245 E. Ashlan Ave.
Fresno 25, Cal 93725

Auf Deutsch: P. CHARLES PETERSON
2245 Ost Ashlan Strasse
Fresno 25, Kalifornien
Vereinigta Staaten

GIRE will also be available for the usual (although I cannot understand why anyone would want to get it): LoG (the definition of which does not necessarily have to be "low out" in all cases but invariably is in most), material, and artwork. And if you haven't the time or the talent for the above, you may send a dime. Seriously though, I am in dire need of any material you can send.

WAHP's (and I haven't the slightest idea as to its meaning.)

Special thanks to:

- Mike (Rat) Haggerty, for making me want to do something without his help.
- Kris Carey, for incentive and encouragement to break existing ties.
- Jinx McCombs, for the idea for a name.
- Ray Trevino, for being the only other Fresno fan.
- George Hendricks, for being a mundane fandidividualist.
- Johnson and Johnson's Bandaidis.
- Mifty Staple Removers.
- Tetanus Shots.

After the obituary comes the burial (in the "post-orific") ...

- P. Charles Peterson -

