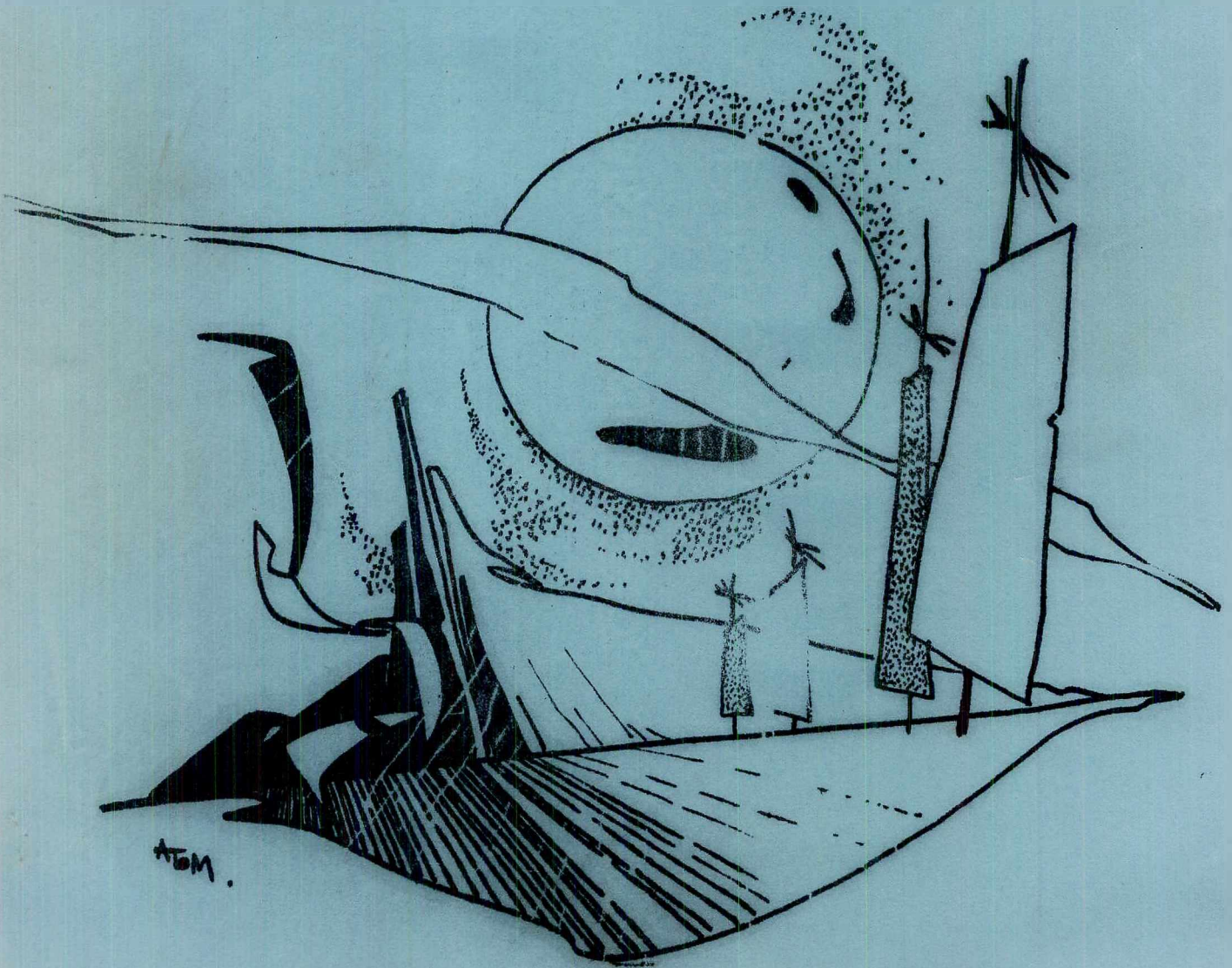


HKLPLOD

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HKLPLOD 4 SUMMER 1963

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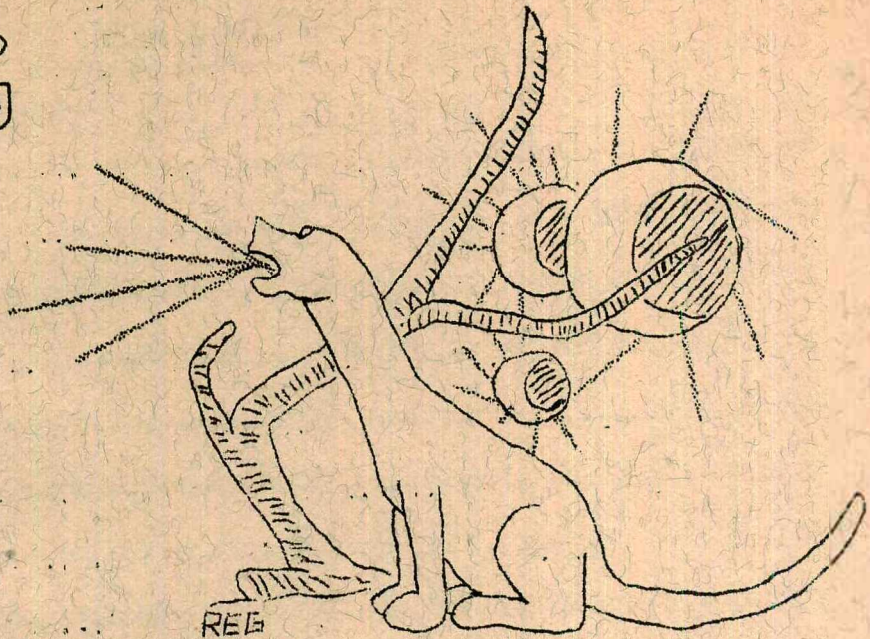
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HKLPLOD (the fanzine that is subtitled GNOME so that you may speak freely of it) is published on an IRREGULAR but constant basis by Michael J. Mc Inerney, 81 Ivy Drive, Meriden, Conn. Price for this issue is 30¢ and if Bob Jennings doesn't like the price tuff. He can trade zines, or send contributions, or letters of comment. This may be mailed if I can afford it or I may take it to the Discon. Extra copies of #2 and 3 are available at 25¢. Look for the next ish in DEC or JAN but don't be too suprised if I'm late again.

/

BAYING AT THE MOON



REG
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BY MICHAEL MC INERNEY

WE'RE A BIT LATE FOLK'S...but we do have some excuses. Namely the fact that this issue has taken an awful lot of time and money. To produce this one single issue of HKLPLOD, I traveled close to 450 miles. This issue took approximately 75 hours of typing, mimeographing, and editing. Add to this \$38 cost before adding in postage and you just might have some idea of why there was such a long space between issue #3 and this issue. So I do hope more of you readers will take 20 minutes to write a letter of comment. After all, if I don't get your letters I'll never know what you want done to improve this zine.

AS FOR THE FUTURE OF THIS ZINE...I'm not sure if I'll be able to keep up the expense in both time and money necessary to produce a worthwhile zine. There will definitely be at least one more issue though, and I'll put in that plans for future issues. So write now since the next issue might be the last chance for you to get your letters printed. I want to keep publishing a thick interesting zine, but I just might not be able to afford it much longer. Oh well, there will be a HKLPLOD #5 and you can look for it in Dec. or Jan. But don't forget that I said this issue would be out las Dec or Jan!

I would like to appoligize to the artists who had their work cut on electronic stencil, Atom and especially Steve Stiles. This was the first time I had ever worked with electronic stencil and I wondered what would result from trying to run it off on a regular mimeo. So the results were nowhere near the high quality of the original drawings. Appoligizes to the other artists too for the poor stenciling of their illos. I can't draw a straight line or trace one either it seems. All the layouts are my creation by the way. I've been stealing ideas whenever I could and thinking up others too. Hope you like them.

IN THIS ISSUE you will find many things. It is difficult for an editor to pick any one favorite when he has to choose between such excellent material as Clifford Simak's story, "A Pipeline To Destiny" and Steve Stile's con report cum illustrations. Finally I decided that since they are of two different types of writing it was impossible to pick one as being better than the other. The Chicon was directly responsible for both of these by the way since I picked up the Simak story at the auction. The other contents of this zine had diverse origins. My "Talking Blues" and Mike Deckinger's column were originally set for my SAPSzine, but due to the fact that I missed the deadline because my mimeo broke I'm no longer in SAPS. I thought both were good enough to print here even tho the sf content of each may be under some question. The speeches on Kuttner were given at the ESFA Annual Meeting of March 2, 1958. There was also a speech by Thomas Gardner by the task of transcribing it was beyond my skills. The Shaw speech was longer than the version presented here but the tape ran out at the present stopping point and so there is no record of the rest of the speech,

One unusual column/story/fable this time is Les "Lemon Ade" Gerber's "The Neo Fan Who Wanted To Be a ENF." This is written as the famous humorist George Ade might have written one of his stories if he had been a fan. I hope Les will continue this with another in a similar vein next time. How 'bout it Les?

I've been very lax in my letter writing in the last 6 months. I don't think I've commented on a single zine, or answered a single letter. This will have to be remedied in the future. I'm now going to do a silly thing and make a promise in print. I promise to try to comment on every zine that arrives here and answer every letter within a few days of its arrival. Well now I suppose I'll be swamped with 50 zines in a one week period...

I appeared to have skipped at least one zine in my zine reviews...and that zine is the one I should most hate to forget because it has been the most consistent in its appearance even in the face of my repeated lack of response. The zine is DYNATRON published by Roy and Crystal Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd., NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico. Their zine is among the most enjoyed of any that arrive here. I hope they keep publishing it for a long time to come. They feature all sorts of material...from Japan to the US, but almost all having a firm connection with sf. Send them a letter and enclose 20¢ or so and ask for it. You should like it as much as I do.

Copies of HKLPLOD 2 and 3 are available at 25¢ each. If you should have gotten one of these and didn't just write and let me know, I'll see that you get it. Otherwise I will have to ask for the money or an extra trade copy of your zine.

This I found tucked away in the bottom of an almost forgotten drawer. I cannot recall the time or circumstances under which it was written, but it must be close to twenty five years old. The story was never finished, perhaps because I decided it was not worth finishing. And it will not be finished now, at least by me, since some of the basic concepts of it have been incorporated into other work I've done. #

Edford P. Simak

#editor's note: Mr Simak underestimates this story. It is of itself a complete story which is finished. Possibly it is meant to be only an incident in a long novel, but it is a complete incident that stands by itself very well indeed. Read it and judge for yourself. +++++



A PIPELINE

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The room was hushed and one had the sense of centuries looking down from the murkiness of the rafters hidden deep in shadow. Subdued sunlight filtered through the leaded windows and gave sinister life to the black robes the judges wore.

"You are a whitherer?" the prosecutor asked.

"That," said Mitchell Cornwall, "is my profession."

"Please explain to the court exactly what you do."

"The question," declared Cornwall, "hardly seems necessary. The court, by now, should know. There have been plenty of expert witnesses."

The chief justice leaned slightly forward, looking down at Cornwall.

"The defendant," he said, "shall answer. The court does agree that by now it should be acquainted with the subject, but the defendant's views upon his own profession may have a bearing on the case and its consideration."

He settled back into a mound of black robes from which his white face and bald head projected like an enthroned egg.

"Proceed," he said sonorously.

"Withering," said Cornwall, "is the science of predicting future events and trends. The trade of measuring the future by the yardstick of the past. Under certain sets of conditions and circumstances, one can say with some accuracy what is likely to occur. It is accepted that definite factors control and create definite happenings. Thus..."

The prosecutor interrupted. "Would you say, Mr. Cornwall, that the profession of withering had its origin in the ancient art of fortune telling and necromancy?"

The chief justice leaned forward again.

"The prosecutor will withdraw that question," he snapped. "It is clearly intended to trap the witness into admitting his profession had some remote connection with a practice of centuries ago which too often was tainted with charlatanism. The profession of withering is not on trial before the court, but only certain uses of it by the defendant. Few professions can claim an origin from pure science. Medicine had its birth in mystic mumblings and ritualistic practices designed to cover up actual ignorance and impress the patient. Nor can law point with any pride to its beginnings. The evils arising from the archaic jury system, which relied upon human sentiment rather than sound interpretation of the law, is one example of the fumbling development of the courts of justice."

"Yes, sir," said the prosecutor, meekly.

"Proceed," the judge commanded.

"Will you tell the court what background or preparation you have for withering?" asked the prosecutor.

"The usual thing," said Cornwall. "History, with special emphasis upon political and economic situations existing as factors to bring about certain conditions. Psychology, with emphasis upon mass reactions to governmental and economic pressures..."

"Merely the usual university training?"

"That's correct. Plus 10 years of experience in practice."

"You're sure that's all?"

"That's all," said Cornwall.

The prosecutor tried a new tact. "At one time you were retained by a certain Jonathon Adams?"

"That is correct."

"What commission did Mr. Adams give you?"

"It was rather an unusual one," Cornwall explained. "He wanted a long range survey of the future of the state. He wanted the trends in hundred year intervals."

"What was so unusual about it?" demanded the prosecutor.

Cornwall grinned. "Businessmen, as a rule, are not concerned with trends centuries from now. Furthermore, it is not particularly politic to inquire too closely into the trend of government."

"Will you explain that?" snapped the prosecutor.

"It requires no explanation," Cornwall snapped back. "I said it is not politic to inquire into governmental trend. I'll state it merely as an opinion if that would suit you better."

"And you made the survey for him?"

"I did. I carried it into the fifteenth century from now, but by that time the variable and random factors had become so large in numbers, offered so many divergent possibilities that it was useless to go on."

"Briefly, what were your findings?"

"The court," declared Cornwall, "is well acquainted with those findings. The survey has been offered in evidence and I have admitted authorship."

The chief justice did not lean forward this time. His mouth opened and closed like a trap.

"The defendant will state, briefly, in his own words, his findings in the Adam's survey."

"I found the present so-called scientific government, based as it is upon technological advancement and submitting the entire world economy to scientific logic, will result in degeneration of civilization through the stifling of all cultural ambitions and expressions."

"Do you mean that present governmental trends will destroy civilization?"

"You are twisting my words," charged Cornwall. "I did not say that at all. I said degeneration. Civilization will continue, but a different civilization than the human race first set out to achieve. It will become a cold and colorless affair with all human ambition and effort measured and recorded in charts. If it destroys anything, it will destroy the soul of man. It will grind his dreams into so much dust. He will find no beauty and no thrill in life."

"These things you mention," said the prosecutor, "these dreams and beauty and thrills...do you consider them necessary to human life?"

"Not necessary," said Cornwall, "but highly desirable. Man still will be born, will breath, and live, sicken and die, just the same as ever. But he will not enjoy life."

"You failed to take into account the advantages of a scientific government?" asked the prosecutor.

"I know what you're driving at," said Cornwall. "The fact that the life span has been more than doubled in the last century. That virtually all disease has been wiped out. That war has been made virtually impossible. That hunger has been conquered. I am well aware of all these advantages of the present economic and political system, but as factors they did not enter into my survey. I had no quarrel, still have no quarrel, with the government. My commission merely was to show what will happen in the future, not to carry on a crusade."

"At the time you made this survey, did you have any knowledge of the use to which it would be put?"

"None at all," said Cornwall. "I did not inquire."

"And to what use was it put?"

Cornwall grimaced. "It was made the basis of widespread propaganda attacks upon the government."

"By an organized group?"

"By an organized group," admitted Cornwall.

"And when you saw what use was being made of it, did you step forth and repudiate it?"

"I did not," snapped Cornwall. "It stood as my considered opinion, as the findings I made in my best judgement. It still stands."

"Even when it led to open rebellion?"

"Even so," said Cornwall.

"You knew that it would lead to rebellion?"

"I must contradict you on that," said Cornwall. "My survey showed that rebellion was possible, not only at this point in history, but at many other points. I also showed that in each case rebellion would fail."

"The rebelling group," said the prosecutor, "apparently did not take you seriously."

"Apparently they didn't," said Cornwall. "Once my survey was completed it was immaterial to me what they did concerning it."

"Perhaps," suggested the prosecutor, "you furnished them with private advice on how they might overcome those factors which in your survey made it certain an uprising would be squelched."

"I deny that," Cornwall said. "I accepted a commission and completed it. I had no further dealings with Mr. Adams or any other members of his group. They sought no further dealings with me."

The prosecutor dropped the matter, went on to another line of questioning.

"Did other whitherers agree with your findings?"

"They did not," said Cornwall.

"And yet, even in the face of their disagreement, you still stand on your promises. You still insist that your findings are correct?"

"I do," said Cornwall.

"You are considered one of the greatest whitherers of the system," said the prosecutor. Perhaps that is the reason you still hold to your opinions."

Cornwall was silent.

"The witness need not answer that," said the chief justice. "The prosecutor, whom I have constantly had to reprimand throughout this trial, is showing too much zeal. This court is well aware and accepts the fact that the defendant is among the greatest whitherers of today. There is no need to embarrass him by calling attention to this fact and asking him to cooperate it."

"Yes, sir," said the prosecutor.

"Proceed," rumbled the judge.

The prosecutor turned back to Cornwall. "It has been claimed at one time or another that you have what amounts to a pipeline to destiny. Is that so?"

"I have never claimed that," Cornwall told him.

"It has been said of you?" insisted the prosecutor.

"I believe it has," Cornwall agreed.

The prosecutor turned to the row of silent judges.

"I rest," he said.

"Has the defendant any statement to make in his own behalf?" asked the chief justice.

"No statement," said Cornwall. "The prosecutor has covered the ground so thoroughly I can think of nothing else to say."

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The jailor shoved the bottle across the table.

"Take another hooker," he invited. "It helps you to keep steady while you're waiting."

Cornwall protested, "But I'm drinking all your liquor."

The jailor's eye drooped slyly at him. "Don't cost me a cent, young man, not a blessed cent."

Cornwall lifted the bottle, wiped its mouth against his coat sleeve and tilted to his mouth. It gurgled happily.

The jailor regarded him with admiration. "You'll take it all right, whatever they give you," he declared. "Never saw a man could hold liquor quite so well."

"I don't think there's anything to fear," said Cornwall. "They're certain to acquit me. After all, all I did was in the line of regular business. Like any other businessman. I was asked to perform a service and I was paid for it. Certainly there can be no crime in that."

The jailor shook his head dubiously. "Funny thing, sometimes, the way decisions turn out. Never can be too sure about them. Lawmen don't think like no other human beings."

"If you've got work to do, don't feel you have to hang around," said Cornwall. "I'll get along all right."

"Nope," declared the jailor, "couldn't think of it. Kind of a hobby with me. Sitting around with the prisoners that are waiting for verdicts. Figure maybe I can cheer them up some, keep their mind off what might happen to them. Nothing like cheering some one up, I always say."

"You do a noble job of it," Cornwall observed.

The old man shook his head. "They're staying out too long," he declared. "Never good when they stay out too long."

"If you were to decide my case," asked Cornwall, "what would you do?"

The jailor assumed a judicious look. "Would depend on one thing. And that is all this silly talk about you having a pipeline to destiny. I don't like that somehow. Sounds sort of ominous. If I knew you got your dope straight and orthodox, I'd free you slick and clean. But if you really had a pipeline to this place called destiny, I might throw the book at you."

"You don't like this destiny business, eh?"

The old man shook his head.

"It poses a nice academic point," said Cornwall. "One I have often pondered over. There have been men who have believed that they have been guided by destiny. Most of them, perhaps, used the term as a figure of speech and nothing more. Yet, we can never be sure. Some of them, without a doubt, meant it literally. How many of them, we can never know. Under great stress and great emergencies, men have said that they've had guidance. The religious among them called it religious guidance...the others just called it...well, just called it guidance. To them it seemed a force or an intelligence greater than themselves stepped in and took a hand, showed them the right things to do. No memory, mind you, of logically thinking out any course of action on their own. They were in a tight spot, they acted and it came out all right."

He stabbed a finger at the jailor, "Maybe you've felt it yourself at times."

The jailor blinked. "No sir, I never have. But I've heard of them that have."

"Let us say, then, for the sake of argument, that destiny is an actual thing, a real operative force. It might be a force or an influence from somewhere outside the solar system or even outside the galaxy. Or it might be an innate something, an unrecognized power within the mind of man himself. The old voodoo cults of the African races believed an actual affinity might be established between a man on Earth and a being outside the Earth, on some other planet, some other galaxy. Although the Africans, at the time they practiced voodoo widely, knew nothing of other galaxies, even of other planets. But the idea was there, a definite belief of the possibility of a mental alliance with some other entity."

The jailor stirred uneasily. "I don't hold with them old superstitions," he declared.

"There is some question they were wholly superstition," Cornwall told him.

The jailor shoved the bottle toward him, suddenly alert, not entirely understanding.

"You don't mean to tell me that you believe that stuff about destiny," he asked?

Cornwall laughed a bit thinly. "I was merely posing it as a hypothetical question," he declared.

The jailor guffawed, greatly relieved. For a minute it had sounded as if Cornwall might believe it.

And Cornwall, watching him, was thinking:

I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have talked that way. When

they turn me loose, he may run and blab and they'll have me in again.

And it would never do, he knew, to let them know about it. For it would be something they wouldn't understand, something that science once upon a time might have regarded sympathetically, might even have investigated, but not any more. Not in this fiercely utilitarian scientific world which measured each new concept in the scales of economic worth and either kept or discarded it upon the showing it made.

He could not tell them how, at times, when he was utterly alone, it seemed there was someone with him...a tangible someone who somehow imparted insight. Nothing of course that he could ever touch, no one he could put his finger on. It was almost as if a thought stood in one corner of the room and let him know its secrets, as if there were suddenly an auxiliary brain somewhere from which he could draw an additional fund of knowledge, a marginal knowledge and insight he was sure he did not have before.

He frowned a little, as he had often frowned before, trying to figure it out. Once he'd tried to talk to whatever had been with him, but that hadn't worked. The sound of his voice had swept the room and left it cold and empty. But if he sat quietly and marshalled his problems clearly in his mind the answers came, clear, logical answers that he knew he never could have reached unaided. For oftentimes they took into account certain premises which he alone was unqualified to use, linked up two unrelated facts that he, unaided, never would have thought of linking.

As if two minds had reached across space and joined their thoughts, so that what had once belonged to one alone now belonged to both. A baffling understanding that would not admit of words, sometimes saying even more than words alone would say. Like the laying of hands, like the touch of lover's fingers, like the things that eyes can say when tongue is silent.

Someone or something in his own brain...or something from beyond? He did not know... there was no way of knowing. He only knew it was no figment of imagination...that it represented an asset he could not ignore. For that additional margin of insight had yet to be proved wrong. When the charts and graphs and surveys of other whitherers failed, his stood up... and stood up in those very particulars in which they would have differed had it not been for those factors which were not his alone.

A pipeline to destiny? Perhaps. But that was an awkward way to say it. There should be a better way. After all, pipeline to destiny was no more than three words that sounded well together, a catch phrase, a catch idea that did no more than suggest something, skipped all explanation.

A bell tolled softly.

"There she goes," the jailor told him. "The court has just come out."

The jailor held out a hand. "Good luck to you. I hope they set you loose."

But his face said they wouldn't.

The chief justice shuffled papers and the rustle seemed to echo in the shadowed room. Cornwall stood stiffly and waited.

Finally the chief justice looked up and his face softened just a little in the light that filtered through the windows.

"Is there anything you wish to say?" he asked.

Cornwall hesitated for a long moment, thoughts hammering in his skull, then slowly shook his head. "Nothing," he said.

The justice started to read, slowly, concisely, each word like the tolling of a distant bell.

"The court finds the defendant guilty, as charged, of treason to the state. But the court, full well knowing the gravity of its decision and being aware that despite its vigilance its considerations may have contained certain unconscious factors of prejudice, has adjudged itself unqualified to pronounce the penalty. This case differs from the others tried in connection in which obvious matters of fact clearly indicated treacherous motive and action beyond a shadow of doubt. The obvious acts of treason are absent in the case of this defendant and while the court feels that the motive of treason undoubtedly was present, it cannot assess motive as positively as fact.

"Conscious of its duty to protect the state, conscious likewise of its duty to protect the individual, the court, while finding the defendant guilty, has deemed it best to refer the case for review to a court in which the prejudice of today will not be evident.

"Therefore, it is ordered that within the space of the next ten days the prisoner shall be placed in the state of suspended animation, and will continue in that state for the period of one century, at which time he shall be awakened to a normal life and appear before this court or a similar court for review of the evidence and the judgement of this court."

Cornwall stood frozen, unable to move, unwilling to believe what he had heard. The judges sat behind their benches and looked at him, a dozen white heads protruding from black robes.

Slowly, haltingly, Cornwall's lips formed words.

"You have condemned me," he said, "to a living death. You have taken from me all my friends and the world I know, ordering that I shall awaken in a world in which I shall be worse than the most forlorn stranger ... a world a century ahead of me, a world in which, given freedom, I shall be a misfit, virtually an alien."

"The court's action is legal," the chief justice told him, "and has precedent. It is in your interest that we have taken it. Should you be accorded your freedom by the court of review, you need not worry about being a misfit in the world in which you find yourself. Ample provision will be made to orient you to the conditions of that world and to restore you to an economic and social status at least equal to that which you hold today."

"It likewise," said Cornwall, "is a swell way of getting me out of your hair for a hundred years."

The judges did not answer. They were getting up to leave.

Cornwall turned slowly around. The jailor was there and his face had all the characteristics of a forsaken bloodhound.

"I told you," he chirped, "that it was bad when they stayed out too long."

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The Hall of Justice still was unchanged a hundred years later. It still was a place of shadows with the filtered sunlight lancing through the leaded windows. The judges still were white heads sticking out of black robes and the words they said seemed an echo of those spoken on that very spot a century before.

"... this court finds that it cannot conscientiously review the case with absolute assurance of no bias. The fact that the defendant's survey predicted almost without a flaw the first hundred years of the future makes it evident to us he has resorted to some abstract practices which cannot be tolerated in a civilization such as ours. Therefore, within the next ten days he shall be returned...."

The jailor told him: "It's lucky, mister, that this court is just reviewing the case. If they'd had you in the first place, they'd have given you the works just for thinking wrong. You can't even think the way you want to any more."

Five hundred years later the hall had changed. It was filled with a deeper dusk and the leaded windows now bore gold insignia that Cornwall gathered were religious symbols. The judges looked the same at first, the same white heads protruding from black robes, but their faces were not the faces of the other judges. They were imprinted with a sanctimonious viciousness that struck cold apprehension into Cornwall's heart.

Their words were different too.

"Do you repent?" they asked and when he seemed confused they screamed it at him in what seemed righteous anger.

"I have nothing to repent," said Cornwall. "I came here seeking justice. I see I will not get it."

So they took him back again, giving him a month to rest and repair some of the physical ravages 500 years of suspended animation, despite all the safeguards taken, had inflicted on him.

He was glad, he told himself, that he did not win his freedom in this particular sector of civilization. Shivering slightly as he thought about it, he realized that once again his survey had been vindicated. In that first hundred years the utilitarian principles of the social order had tightened to an extent that even abstract, unproductive thinking had been banned. And here was the puritanical religious phrase which was wiping out the last of the dissident elements hanging over from a rebellion that would be only one of the many waged in an attempt to throw off the throttling hand of practical science.

Five hundred years later the gold insignia still were on the windows, but the gold was tarnished and the judges were more kindly men. Undoubtedly the puritan resurgence had served its purpose, been forgotten.

But there was something wrong. The chief justice was very concerned about it, almost sympathetic.

"There seems to be some confusion about your case. The records have been mislaid. I am afraid..."

"Sure," said Cornwall, "go ahead. Take your time about it. Sock me back to sleep for another thousand years or so."

The justice warned him: "I could fine you for contempt."

"Somehow," said Cornwall, wearily, "I seem to be losing my respect for courts."

The next time he awakened in a different place ... a huge building that was almost a monument, ornate with marble and gleaming stones and plastics that were things of wondrous beauty. A building that housed thousands of men and women like him.

"Are they all awaiting review of legal cases?" he asked.

And the man who was in charge of him explained in an idiom that was hard to understand.

They were not, the man explained. Some of them were political exiles, others were inflicted with presently incurable maladies, sleeping against the day when a cure for their illness might be found. And the rest ... oh, the rest of them were there because they wanted to be there ... the ones who had nothing more to live for and yet were reluctant to end their lives, a few adventurous souls looking forward to awakening in a more exciting future.

"The decay is setting in," said Cornwall, and the man asked him what he said, but Cornwall did not explain. It was too late to explain. When men deliberately chose to sleep away the years rather than live them, it was much too late. Man had stifled ambition and beauty until life had become a bore, a stint of days to bear with until death came with release. Spiritual values had been lost.

Staring up at the Palace of Sleepers, Cornwall knew that here finally was beauty, a sign that the planners had realized the danger, were trying to revive the old human values squeezed out by centuries of ruthless efficiency.

And standing there he suddenly knew that the beauty was belated, that the minds and souls of men had been warped and twisted and would never respond again.

In the new Hall of Justice, he found that he was charged with a heinous offense that involved not only murder, but other terrible acts ... inhuman acts that would not even have been thought of a thousand years before.

Apparently his record not only had been mislaid, but had been mixed up with someone else's. It took a week of bickering before the court decided

to send him back to the Palace of Sleepers in the hope that in another thousand years or so they might find his record and get things straightened out.

When he awakened again, no one understood his language. Apparently didn't even understand why he was there. Didn't even care why he was there. The Palace of Sleepers was falling into ruin. Only a few of the rooms were occupied. But the equipment was better, involving, Cornwall came to understand and entirely new principles than had been used before.

The only men he saw were sullen-faced technicians, who paid no attention to him, went slow-footed about their work, attended by dogs that ran errands and carried equipment and looked more intelligent and enthusiastic than their masters.

Finally the men and dogs came for Cornwall and took him to another room where they had installed one of the newer suspended animation units. Jabbering at him, the men made signs for him to get into the unit.

"But where is the court?" yelled Cornwall? "Where are the judges? I want to see someone I can talk to. Where is everybody?"

They frowned and jabbered in a higher key and pushed him toward the unit.

"What are you doing with me?" shouted Cornwall. "What did you wake me up for? What are you ..."

And even as he shrieked at them, the answer came, full-blown, into his mind, as if someone had spoken to him in a calm and patient voice, as a mother might speak to her bewildered child.

They only waked you to transfer you to a newer unit.

"You again!" Cornwall whispered. "I thought that I had lost you. I've come thousands of years and you are still here."

And his brain knew this: I shall never leave you. I can never leave you. The two of us go on together, even to the end of time, if need be.

"You are destiny?" asked Cornwall's mind.

Yes, I am destiny.

Then it was gone and Cornwall felt the chill of here and now close down about him.

Without even glancing at the men and dogs in front of him, he hoisted himself into the suspended animation unit.

THE END

SHORT SHOTS

XERO #10: (Pat & Dick Lupoff & Bob Stewart, 210 E. 73rd Street, New York 21, New York.) This is in my opinion the best zine I've ever received, and I get just about every zine being published. This should win the Hugo. Since this is the last issue you won't be able to get it if you don't already have it. But you are welcome to stop by at my house at any time to read my complete set.

VORPAL GLASS #5: (Karen Anderson, 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California) I just can't help but be impressed by Karen's illustrations. They consist of such simple lines that blend together perfectly. VORPAL is also a good place to look to find such professionals as Fritz Leiber, Poul Anderson, and even John Myers Myers! This issue is quite worth the 25 cents that is charged for it. Get it soon.

INSIDE #2: (Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, New York.) 25¢ or 4 for \$1. This is a rarity among fanzines. A printed zine. There are 55 pages of excellent material including fiction by S. Fowler Wright, a poem by Clark Ashton Smith, movie reviews by Mike Deckinger, and a rebuttal to Bloch's The Seven Stages of Fandom by George O Smith entitled "The Seven Stages of Authordom." All this plus more. Fine layout and artwork.

AMRA V.II No 25: (George Scithers, Box 9286, Rosslyn, Arlington, Va.) 30¢ or 8 for \$2. AMRA is devoted to the Sword & Sorcery type of story. It is justly famous for its artwork which is a joy to see. This zine is multilithed and is worth getting even if you don't like the subject matter. You will like its presentation.

DOUBLE-BILL # 5: (Subs to Bill Bowers, 3271 Shellhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio; Trades & Locs to Bill Malardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron 13, Ohio.) 20¢ or 6 for \$1. This zine, wonder of wonders, actually comes out on schedule, bi-monthly! Possibly the most enjoyable part of this zine is the letter-column. It's a lively zine for lively fans. I just don't know how anybody can be as active as these two are. By the way, that title is great.

HYPHEN #33: (Walt & Madeline Willis, 170 Upper N'Ards Road, Belfast 4, N. Ireland.) 15¢ or 7 for \$1. HYPHEN combines the best of England & Ireland with occasional intrusions by the USA. This is all nicely illoed by Atom. About the only thing that could improve HYPHEN would be to have Walt Willis do some more of the writing therein. He only has two pages worth of himself in the present issue. Oh well, Hyphen is Hyphen and aren't you ashamed you don't have your copy?

COMIC ART #4: (Don & Maggie Thompson, 29 College Place, Oberlin, Ohio) 50¢ each or 3 for \$1. There have been many jokes and comments about Comic Fandom recently. Let the commenters read Comic Art and they will perhaps change their tune. If you have ever in your youth read a comic book, if you ever even glance at the Sunday comics page of your newspaper, then you will see something of interest in Comic Art. I urge you to try an issue and judge for yourself.

ANDURIL #1: (Marion Zimmer Bradley, Box 158, Rochester, Texas) 25¢
Even though I received this quite some time ago I did want to be certain that it would be prominently mentioned here. This fanzine is concerned with Sword & Sorcery, and Fantasy of the Lost Worlds and Fantastic universes type. This particular issue devoted particularly to Tolkien. This zine like most is published on an irregular schedule. When the right combination of money, time and material present themselves an issue will come out. Since Marion is very busy the time element has been lacking for some time now and so I'm still waiting for #2. I hope it comes soon.

SPECTRUM #1: (Lin Carter, Apartment 4-C, 2028 Davidson Avenue, New York City 53, New York.) \$1 for a year's subscription. Spectrum deserves to be reviewed here even though I'm sure there have been more issues than #1. I did not at the time it first arrived have the \$1, but I hope to have my money in the mail to Mr Carter soon and I urge anyone interested in the sf or fantasy book field to do likewise. This is something really needed in the field, a bi-monthly review of the books published during that period. Carter has always struck me as being one of the greats of the sf fan world. Hearing his story of a meeting with the Theosophists, which he told at the Disclave, was magnificent. His book reviews in XERO were one of the high-points of that zine. And now he's publishing his own reviews. Get them.

AXE: (Larry & Noreen Shaw, 1235 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.) \$2.00 a year or 20¢ . AXE used to be a newszine appearing every two weeks without fail. Now it comes out monthly and not always on time. It has changed its scope partly because there wasn't much in the line of news happenings, and partly because it is a lot of work to try to keep a publishing schedule of every two weeks. It has many good things however including Walt Willis trip report on the Chicago Convention, and Bob Stewart on films. Well worth having.

THE PROCEEDINGS; CHICON III: Advent Publishers. This booklet is available only to members of the 20th World Science Fiction Convention. It costs \$3.50 and is worth it. It contains transcripts of every speech of the convention plus many many pictures of the fans and pros. It is the perfect way to remember a convention and is helpful for cases when there are two or more events occurring at once and it is impossible to attend both. If this were to become a consistent practice tho, people might think twice before volunteering for panels. After all, up to now a person could make a fool of himself on a panel at a worldcon and in two months nobody would remember. Now it will be put into print!

ENCLAVE #2: (Joe Pilati, 111 S. Highland Ave., Pearl River, New York) 25¢. Enclave starts off with a cover showing a Negro hanging a sign across the gateway to the University of Mississippi. The sign reads "All hope abandon ye who enter here." Enclave has an article by Ted Pauls on "The Liberal and Foreign Policy." Enclave has 30 pages of well written political, sfnal, comics, humor type material. In short something for everybody. Also in short much material many people won't care for. I like it tho, how about you?

LOKI #4: (Dave Hulan, 228-D, Niblo Drive, Redstone Arsenal, Ala.) 20¢ 5 for \$1. So I'm late reviewing thish? So what. I just wanted them to know that I loved D, Bruce Beery's cover. That guy can draw regardless of his other falts. Artwork and material were superb.

I've only got space for a listing of the rest of the zines. I enjoyed them all, and I'm sorry I have to use this method of acknowledging them:

WITHIN 3: (Paul Williams, 163 Brighton St., Belmont, Mass)

THE BUG EYE 11: (Helmut Klemm, 16 Uhland St., 413 Rheincamp-Utfort/Eick, Krs. Moers, West Germany)

SATHANAS 4: (Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit 34, Michigan)

SCRIBBLE 11: (Colin Freeman, 41, Mornington Crescent, HARROGATE, Yorkshire, England)

ETWAS 7: (Peggy Rae McKnight, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont)

Shangri-L'Affaires 64: (Dos Angelas Science Fantasy Society. 1825 Greenfield Ave, LA 25, California)

SPELEOBEM 18: (Bruce Pelz, 738 S. Mariposa, #107, Los Angeles 5, Calif.)

LYDDITE : (Gary Deindorfer, 121 Boudinot St., Trenton 8, N.J.)

INTROSPECTION 6: (Mike Domina, 11044 South Tripp Ave., Oak Lawn, Illinois)

STAR DUST 1 : (Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Village of Norton, Barberton Ohio)

WRAITH 19: (Wrai Ballard, Blanchard, North Dakota)

ENGRAM 2: (ESSFSCCCUNY, 1263 Webster Ave, Bronx 56,

NORTH LIGHT 14: (Alan Burns, Goldspink House, Goldspink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, England.)

MAELSTROM : (Bill Plott, PO Box 5598, University of Alabama)

KOTA 3: (Tom Armistead, Quarters 3202, Carswell AFB, Ft. Worth, Texas.)

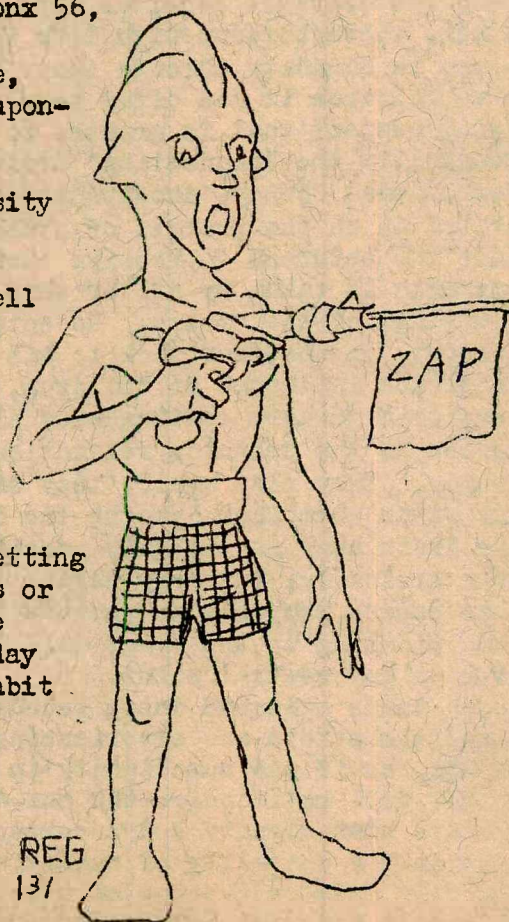
ISCARIOT 4, 5, 6, 7: (Richard Ambrose, Box 368, Anniston, Alabama.)

There are more, but I don't have the space. I'm very sorry to have to resort to this method of letting you know that your zines arrived, but it was this or nothing. Anyway, keep sending your zines because they are read and enjoyed immensely. Maybe someday I'll get caught up enough to go back to my old habit of writing locs on each one.

—Mike McInerney—

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THE CONNECTION —

THE CONNECTION is a very unusual, very convincing, and extremely depressing film, which most of you who are reading this will never get the chance to see. When it was made a little over a year ago, the producer, Shirley Clarke, foresaw the difficulties a picture like this would undergo in the U.S., and nonetheless did not shrink from her determination to transfer Jack Gelber's off-Broadway hit play into a film, despite the obstacles that were bound to arise.

Basically, THE CONNECTION depicts a day in the life of a roomful of drug addicts, irretrievably hooked by the habit, unmotivated by any desires to free themselves from the virtual bondage that their dependence on narcotics has placed them in. Into the midst comes an amateur film-maker, intent on filming a documentary on their life and habits, and manages to secure their permission to record on film all that occurs, while they restlessly await the arrival of the "connection."

The addicts, both white and colored, are a varied, soulless, unsympathetic brood. There is Leach, a fawning homosexual; Solly, the misplaced intellectual; Sam, the steppinfetchit negro stereotype; and a group of musicians who grind out jazz as the waiting increases.

The mood of the film is static, torpid, almost lethargic. No activity brightens the decrepit room, no hope enters into the doomed lives of the condemned men, whose boredom with life is expertly conveyed to the audience. The camera-man is humanity through their fogged, misty visions of society and all the repulsive features it can offer them. They treat him not unkindly, but with the begrudging respect that is granted to unwanted authority.

Eventually the "connection" arrives, in the form of a tall, strikingly handsome negro named Cowboy, accompanied by an elderly Salvation Army woman whom he has invited up on the pretext of a nice cup of tea. One by one the addicts file into the bathroom to receive their fix, moving in an effortless shuffle. The cameraman is taken by all of this and finally agrees to accept a fix himself, at the urgings of the others. He enters the bathroom, receives the narcotic, stumbles out, and becomes sick to his stomach.

Under the influence of the drug, the individuals at first react in a care-free, euphoric manner, casting away all societal-imposed inhibitions in an effort to languish in the soothing relaxation provided by the drug coursing through their veins. They play music, they sing hymns with the Salvation Army woman (who solemnly warns them that "you're too high for me"), they relax and let the frustrations drain away in the only possible method they have at their disposal.

Then gradually, lethargy begins to set in. The cameraman becomes unable to focus his camera properly on what is taking place. He becomes captivated with a small bug climbing up the dingy wall. The camera swings across the room, unable to center on any central point.

Leach takes a second dose, because of a failure in the first to give him the sensations the others are experiencing, and collapses. Cowboy contemptuously watches him, as if the sum dignity in the room is represented by the absurdly white clad, well built negro who has delivered the narcotics. Every action of his is performed with dignity and coherence, unlike the others who find themselves wallowing in the unreality of narcotics, unable and unwilling to escape it.

The film ends on a point of utter dejection and gloominess. The assembled addicts slowly file out. The cameraman sits on the end of the bed, moodily staring into space, not yet aware of what's happened to him. Leach is stretched prostrate on a filthy cot. There is absolutely nothing to relieve the intense

DARTON

pessimism and depressedness that has gripped the picture from the beginning. In this way, and this way alone, the watching audience is made to feel the terrible loneliness and solitude the addict goes through, from the temporary escape of his narcotic, to his ultimate return to the normalcy of another unending wait for the drug and the commencement of the cycle.

Throughout this film a certain four letter word is used, and this word, having never before been spoken on screen (in English) is what caused the New York film review board to yank it out of the D.W. Griffith theatre where it first opened, and it is also causing numerous management shunnings in other locations. Despite the fact that at a recent foreign film festival, THE CONNECTION received notable commendations, the censors have been unrelenting in their determination that the public does not view this film. Irrespective of any merits of the film alone, it is inexcusable to suppress a complete motion picture, on the basis of one four letter word, which possibly everyone over the age of six has heard sometimes in their lives.

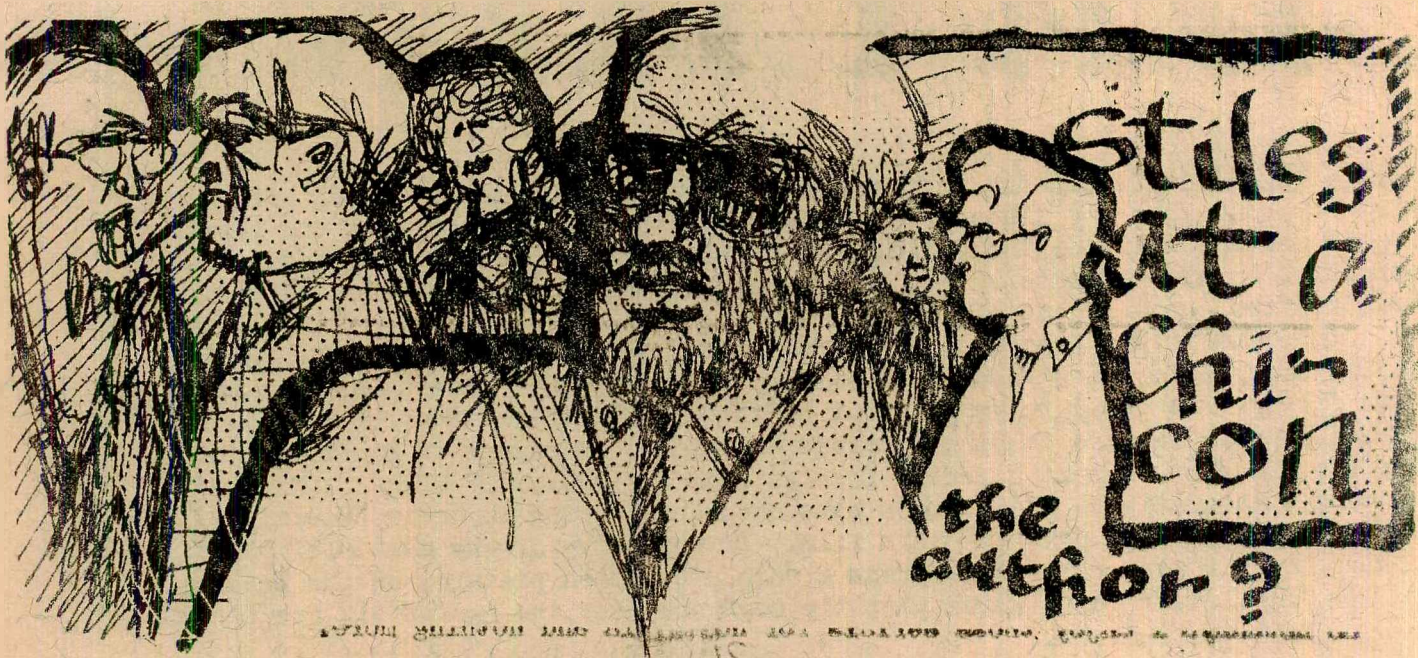
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There have been several of the Buster Crabbe serials-condensed-into-films on tv lately, and I've deliberately sat through them all, even though I preferred the serial versions better with those cliffhanging ends. Crabbe also made one Buck Rogers serial, which was later turned into a film (titled PLANET OUTLAWS, I think). In it, a villain named Killer Kane gained control of a device to rob people of any mental reasoning. He outfitted an army of these robots all wearing helmets with the gadget resting over the wearer's forehead. At the end Buck won out of course.

In fact, I can remember a regular tv show devoted to resurrecting the old serials that were made in the forties, shelved, and pulled from their hiding places when the time came. TIM TYLER'S LUCK ran for about 14 episodes, with Frankie Thomas chashing through the jungle in an amphibious tank, in constant conflict with a villain bearing the name of Spider Webb. ACE DRUMMOND was another top feature, which had about a dozen episodes, and concerned the exploits of a flying Ace against some oriental bad guy whose name escapes me at the moment. There were two DON WINSLOW of the Navy series; in both of them he was pitted against The Scorpion, who like Ming the Merciless, had a different hair style in each film. Even Buster Crabbe appeared in a non-stefnal serial called RED BARRY in which he was cast as a red headed detective assigned to recover some stolen bonds which were taken by a nasty batch of oriental villains.

And finally, there was a police series, titled RADIO PATROL, with Grant Withers, which was undistinguished except for one unintentional blunder that more or less destroyed any craving I had for serials. In one sequence our hero is in a warehouse and racing along a catwalk. Below him is a huge vat filled with molten metal. The villain tosses something at him and the hero goes tumbling into the vat below. End of Chapter.

I waited in a state of nervous exhaustion for the following day's episode. I just had to see how the ever crafty hero managed to elude imminent death. The show opened with a recap of the previous episode. Again the hero chased the villain. Again the villain grabbed something up and tossed it at the hero. But the hero ducked. So help me he ducked, the object, whatever it was went over the railing, and the hero resumed his chase.



As so many, many of my contributions (quotation marks?) to fandom, this Chicon report is being written through a variety of selfish reasons, the main one being that the Chicon III was a damn good convention, and I want to revive and record as many of my personal remembrances as I can. Such being the case, this might not be the most comprehensive convention report dredged up. But, we shall see...

Wednesday night, August 29 was devoted to a preconvention party with TAFF winner Ethel Lindsay and Walt and Madeleine Willis as guests of honor. There was a tremendous turnout of just about every Fanoclast in New York, plus outside fans like Ron Elik, Peggy Rae McKnight--who still wasn't sure who I was--and Ted White. Groups swirled around Ethel, who I had earlier witnessed assembling copies of XERO with Don Wollheim and his wife (it was quite a feeling watching the editor of ACE assembling a fanzine, but then Don is almost as much a fan as Gary Deindorfer, or Avram Davidson). I found Ethel to be an engaging person, with a warm personality, and obviously deserving as a TAFF winner; my impressions of Walt and Spouse was much the same. All three of them are wonderful people, and one instinctively realizes that their warm personalities are no mere fascades, erected out of politeness, but real and natural.

Besides the guests, there was one other striking point of interest which held the attention of many of the assembled fans. This was D. Bruce Berry's "A Trip To Hell"; here and there fans stole furtive glances, or downright intense study of this publication which consisted of a series of charges against Earl Kemp, Chicon chairman --a publication suspiciously well-or-ill timed. Surprisingly enough, little was mentioned of the zine at the Chicon. Noreen Shaw presented me with a copy for scanning, and asked "You don't actually believe this, do you?" Actually, I couldn't say; not knowing either Kemp or Berry I'm unqualified to make any definite conclusions. Besides, I'm chicken. But, Robert Jennings had better keep his door locked at night.

After finishing two gin screw-drivers and innumerable cigarettes and cokes I decided to head home while I was still sober, and still able to get up in the morning. Besides, Les Gerber was doing Harlan Ellison imitations.

Thursday found me sitting on the steps in front of Ted White's new place. After a few moments of fumbling noises within, a bleary-eyed White confronted me, a pepsi clutched in one hand. "Come in, Steve Stiles", Ted said. I went in. After a half hours wait, while Ted explained that he hadn't left the party until 2:30 am, Larry Ivie, pro/fan artist showed up, lugging a duffel bag of indeterminant age and paintings for the Fan Art Show. After some struggling we finally finished loading a rented U-Haul truck with Larry McCombs' belongings which were going to Chicago. With a clashing of gears we were off.

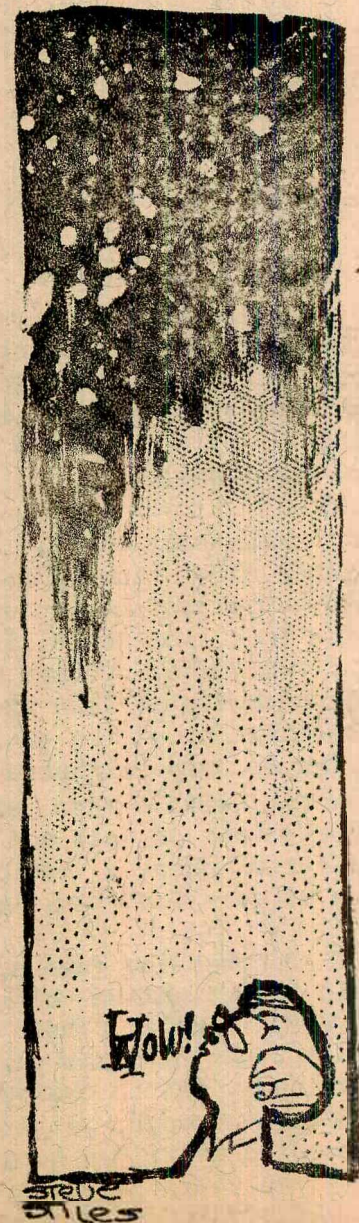
The trip up is a story in itself. Ted's Weiss Rak gave a remarkable performance, but hardly an enjoyable one. The load we were carrying was quite a drag, literally and figuratively, and through New Jersey the car overheated constantly, necessitating stops at rest stations, and refilling the radiator with water. Once we were stopped by a highway policeman because the trailer lights weren't functioning, but this cop, unnaturally suspicious like all his fellows, also checked a gallon bottle of water Ted was carrying. It was only to fill the constantly overheating car radiator, but our guardian of the law insisted on sniffing the contents, no doubt suspecting vodka, gin, or pure alcohol. Can't say as I blame him though; we were quite a trio: beatniklike White, emaciated Ivie, and a bleary-eyed scowling Stiles with his ever-present smoke dangling at peculiar angles from his lip.

Our trip wore on, and on, And on. I began to suspect that there really wasn't a comfortable position I could put myself in in relation to the car. As night began, Ted began to tire, and, in order to avoid getting us all killed and the car smashed up, he took some pilks called dexamil which are designed to fill you full of Vim and Vigor, as the saying goes. These didn't. Instead Ted had to pull up to the side of the road and grab some shuteye. I amused myself with wandering around on the grass, and trying to set fire to dandelions. Every time I wandered too close to the car with a Smoke, Larry would sort of squirm and wave his arms in my general direction. All this while asleep.

Back on the road I was pleased to dig the rapidly deepening sky; stars began to blink on and being a Manhattanite I was entranced; we in Manhattan are lucky if we see the Moon.

One of my jobs was to talk to Ted to make sure that he wouldn't fall asleep, and I had just about talked myself out while not really saying anything, when it was decided that another pill would be tried.

This one worked. It was amazing; I have



never seen Ted so vocal, so emphatic, so clear minded. I was afraid he was High or something. He talked about just about everything of interest to a fan until the car began to develop funny noises at five a.m. We were forced to pull in for repairs, and take up residence in a hick hotel until 7:30. Ugh, that was awful; just enough sleep to tantalize, not enough to satisfy you.

Finally we reached the outskirts of Chicago, and I was given the job of reading a huge roadmap. I have never read a roadmap before, and I tried to convey this impression by grimacing, sighing, peering perplexedly at the damned thing and muttering "I can't read roadmaps". It turned out that I couldn't. All I could see were a bunch of little squiggles arranged in meaningless patterns and labeled in microscopic lettering; my Mistake came when I said "left" instead of right: we had passed a rather confusing jumble of cars, and I didn't know exactly where we were. I thought we were approaching a landmark I had set up in my mind (a university), when actually we had passed it. "You can't read roadmaps!" shouted Ted White, who calmly lost his temper.

But I guess he was right, and to this day I regard this whole bit as My Secret Shame.

Well, anyway, we finally got to Chicago, and we finally got to Larry McCombs' We were all so pooped (or inconsiderate?) that poor McCombs had to do most of the transference of heavy equipment himself. I had a heavy struggle with my conscience, lasting about five seconds, and then I reclined back on the sofa and watched Larry stagger back and forth. I also read a convention report by Dian Girard, and entertained myself by counting the number of times she had received propositions; I ran out of fingers, however. At this time tragedy struck; Ivie discovered that he had left some twenty dollars at the Hick Hotel. I really bled for the boy; as a starving young artist-type twenty dollars ain't hay, besides, the loss of the money would have been enough to mess up his good time at the convention. It was also obvious that Larry, while affecting his quiet cheerfulness, was rather upset and worried. About that time Andy Main bem showed up. His reaction to the Catastrophe was a cheerful "Ivie, you fool!" I'm sure this helped Larry immensely. Fortunately the money was found in his shaving kit.

After checking in the Pick Congress we hit the sack fairly early, and I woke up soon enough Saturday morning to get introduced at the Opening of the Program...very suprising, (especially since the Lupoffs and White weren't mentioned—and they're certainly more noteworthy fans than I am.)—, but gratifying as hell.

At 1:30 I stayed on to hear a talk on U.S. space efforts by a representative of NASA. I had expected this to be a boring speech, and was wondering how to sneak out in an inconspicuous manner, but I stayed on to hear a rather entertaining speech which gave me some lost optimism in our space program... Now if only the money mad union capitalists would stop striking we might really go places.

At this point I might as well try to describe the hotel, The Pick Congress. It is a good sized hotel, as hotels go, thirteen stories high, and split into two wings. Unfortunately there was only one elevator in operation in one wing, which was a considerable drag; many times fans were forced to walk rather than bear the exasperating wait. The size of the hotel was also a problem; if no one bothered to tell you where a party was, as happened to me one night, you could wander through the lonely corridors and up and down the stairs, and never guess where fans were. A very sorrowful experience. Kind of spooky too.

Later on, at 2:30 there was a little gathering (a mob scene), thrown in honor of the Willis' and Ethel Lindsay. There I met a number of fans I had wanted to meet; the Coulsons, Boyd Raeburn, the Thompsons, Fred Patten, Dick

Eney, etc, etc, etc. Eney I had especially wanted to meet. I had seen him at the Filicon, and I had seen him at the Wednesday night party, but on both occasions I had not been able to say hello. Actually I was chicken to; Eney is a large tall man, and quite imposing looking. In any case, Dick first broke the ice by greeting me as he was talking to Boyd Raeburn, and I took the opportunity to congratulate him on "A Sense Of FAPA". I got quite goshwow too. Later I was immensely pleased when Eney slipped me an invite to a private viewing of the Bullwinkle show; the first private thing I've been in on since the Void boys discovered Ester Davis. And I dearly love Bullwinkle.

I next found myself in the Fan Art Show Room where I could collar luckless fans and display my overwhelmingly superior knowledge of art. However I didn't. I was rather suprised and pleased with the art show, expecting it to be an amateurish sort of tging. It was somewhat uneven, but there was quite a lot of good stuff, and most everything was very imaginative. I'll have to try to get something in next year.

Moving back into the registration-huckster room I was delighted to spot one of my non-fan good buddies Bob Krolak, neatly burnt to a crisp by his ride from New York. When Bjo beheld Bob it was obvious that her warm personality was no mere image erected by the west coast, for she burst forth with

Fan art show.
color stiles green
"for ehvy!



sincere sympathy for the guy, even though he was a complete stranger and non-fan, supplying him with advice, home remedies, and so forth.

At eight there was a fan panel entitled "A Sense Of Wonder". Nobody knew what it was, so I took off, returning in time for the costume ball, which was a real gas. Again I was guilty of underestimating a convention function: the costumes were well done, and it was fun to see friends parade around in outlandish getups; for example, Pat & Dick Lupoff wearing green robes, sandals, and blonde flowing wigs, and Larry Ivie and Les Gerber as Batman and Robin. Others were dressed as DC comic book characters, Flash Gordon & Friends & Enemies, a multi-flashing-eyed monster, and Karen Anderson as a moth woman or something like that. It was fascinating fun to see her cram her wingspread into a crowded elevator. It was also fascinating to see Avram Davidson handle a rather obnoxious drunk.

Afterwards, Ted White was nice enough to introduce me to Ed Emsh, and we engaged in a long conversation, mostly about me--can't help myself--and opportunities in the art field. Gregg Trend-(popularly known as "Gugg" in the pages of XERO joined us, and we kept on talking until I suddenly noticed the Avenue West Room was entirely deserted and devoid of fans I knew. This was quite a kick in the head, and I spent a good part of the remainder of the evening looking for people who knew where the parties were. Just as I was getting lonely, Bob Krolak and a friend of his who had driven him to Chicago reappeared (they had left after the masquerade) and we all adjourned to the YMCA where we engaged in a lot of reminiscing over old fantasy movies. Bob's friend, a comic strip illustrator, seemed hugely impressed by the creativeness in fandom, and was mulling over the idea of putting out a fanzine himself...unfortunately, he had some mad idea of making a little money by subscription and outside distribution.

The little YMCA meeting gives me an idea; next year I'm going to bring some vodka to the DC convention, and if it happens that I wind up All Alone, wailing in the outer darkness, and unaware as to where the "open" parties are, I'll corner three or four fans and we will retire to my room, and we will hold forth with great conversations, and get a bit stewed. I think that might be fun.

SUNDAY: Overslept. Missed practically the entire morning's program. Oh well. The first item on the program that I did get to see was "Science Fiction and the Men's Magazines" by Frank Robinson. Mr. Robinson was unusually frank, and at times urged us to sell to the competitor-Playboy. Unfortunately, Robinson seemed addicted to recounting old science fiction stories of the "clever" and not so good variety, and I kind of sat there and fidgeted. At the end of his talk free copies of Rogue were distributed, and I must say, I have never seen a more obvious display of base greed and lust in my life. Fans fell over each other in order to get copies, but I sat in my seat with a quiet dignity, contemptuous of the mad rush. I already had that issue.

A WORD ABOUT LUST: Lust was kind of hard to come by at this convention. Oh, I don't mean to insult the Femme fannes (or the male fans, depending on your point of view). Let me explain in the typically confused way I usually explain things. In a rush of optimism that is familiar to one of my personalities I had sort of entertained little day dreams, which went something like this:

ME: "Well, everybody, here I am in Chicago. My name is STEVE STILES."

BEAUTIFUL GORGEOUS FEMME FAN: "STEVE STILES!!!! Oh Boy!..etc..etc..."

But as it turned out every beautiful femme fan was surrounded by huge crowds

of people more personable than myself. There was also a hell of a lot of beautiful girls attending a religious convention, but they were all being supplied with little tracts, bearing the following propoganda: "I will THINK before I DRINK", "I will be READY before I go STEADY", "I will dress for PROTECTION, not for PROVOCATION"; with such unhealthy brainwashing these Vestal Virgins were definitely off-limits.

Lastly in Chicago, particularly around the Pick-Congress, there were quite a lot of burlesque houses. These things do not exist in New York, and I was quite curious about them, but Chicago has a 21 year age limit. Mike Deckinger was trying to get a gang of us together to pay of these places a visit, but I don't know if he was successful. I do know that Krolak did see two burlesque shows a week after the convention, but he was unimpressed. ("It was nothing Steve; they wore these little stars...")

At 3:00 PM there was a talk on sex in science fiction. There was quite a bit of shuffling around as to who would speak first (I had the impression that Martha Beck was slightly embarrassed), but the panel finally got started, and proceeded to draw the following conclusion: that insomuch as science fiction, especially in its current state of being socially oriented, deals with human beings, thus anything important to human makeup should not be ignored. The works of Theodore Sturgeon and Phil Farmer were mentioned. However sex for the sole sake of titilation in s.f. should be left alone, as it is merely a selling device, and inevitably leads to a backsliding of quality and sales in a good magazine. Two nuns stood at the back and listened to the talk. Mike Deckinger laughed at that.

The auction was interesting. The auctioneers, Martin Moore and Al Lewis, had a lot on the ball, and it was fascinating to watch their pitches. Between them they managed to wrangle a tidy sum for the convention. I was a little crogled to see thirteen year old neofans bidding 20-30 dollars for items which I would have loved to have. I wonder where they got all that money? Rich parents, maybe? There was also a lot of inferior illustration selling (not much EMSH, Freas, or Cartier), things which I wouldn't hang in my bathroom, but which were selling simply because they had appeared in some big name mag, or because they were old. The prices the art brought made me appreciate even more my two page Wood original which I had "stolen" at the Lunacon II for fifty cents. The auctioneer had taken pity on me, no doubt. There were also some Adkins originals which were going for a few bucks. Danny gives me his originals. Ahhahaha.

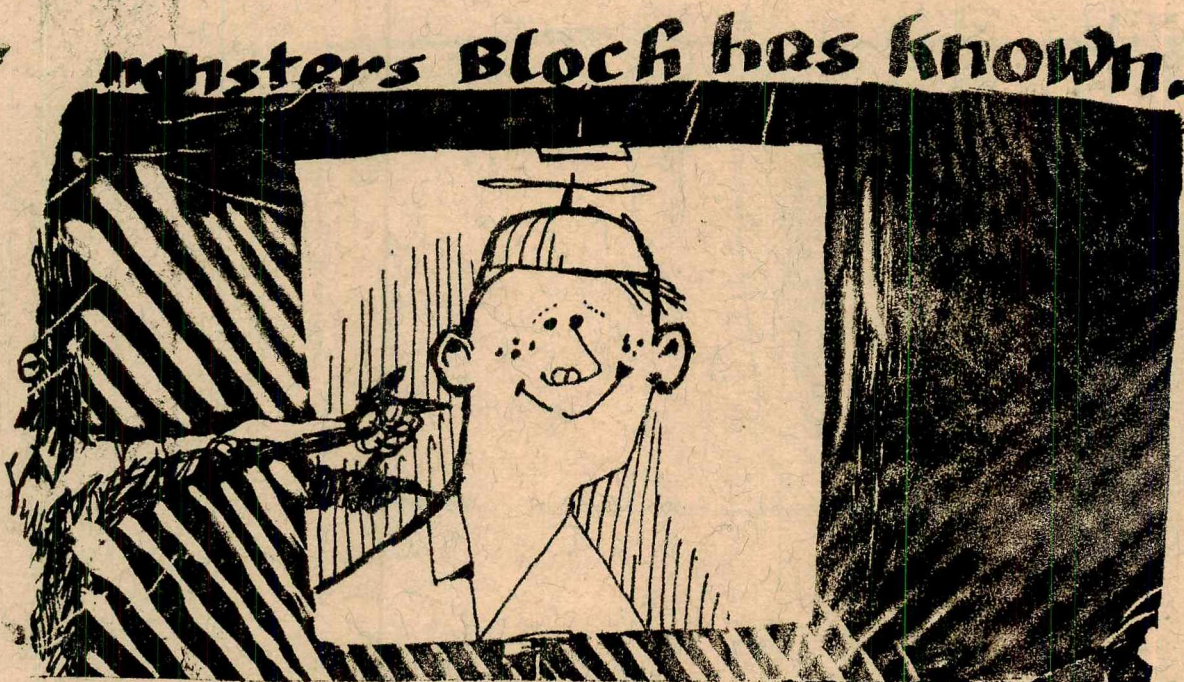
The hit of the convention was the Hugo Awards Banquet. Bloch and Tucker were both superb, as might be expected. Sturgeon really shined, relating his experiences and impressions of pros, s.f. readers and fans. He told of the time he was financially in trouble and unable to write, and how Bob Heinlein sent 26 story ideas and a check for a hundred dollars. He expressed his admiration for science fiction readers, expressing his opinion that, on the whole,



they were much more Aware than readers of other specialized fiction. He expressed wonder at fans who write and draw for the sheer enjoyment of creativity, and regretted that he had never been able to produce a fanzine in his younger days. It was a very heartwarming talk.

The Hugo winners were Stranger In A Strange Land, Brian Aldiss' "Hothouse series", Twilight Zone, Ed Emsch, Analog(phooey!), and Wahhoon. The Fan Art Show winners were also announced, and I was pleased to note that Larry Ivie won a very handsome trophy as second prize, and several Honorable Mentions. Larry is a nice guy. Door prizes were drawn, and I found myself holding my breath. Twice the drawings came within two places from my number. Sturgeon's daughter won a mimeograph. Now, maybe, Ted can put out that fanzine.

Back in the Florentine Room Fritz Leiber gave us a talk on the Grey Mouser series. Really got me interested in the Grey Mouser. I'll have to read the series.



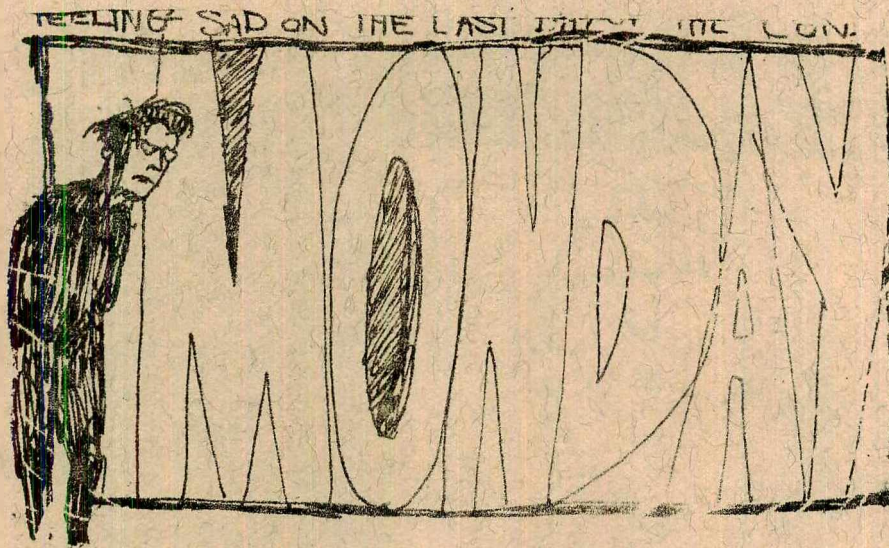
Bloch stepped up to the platform, stripping coat and tie as he went, and was greeted with boos and hisses. Jutting his cigarette defiantly, he announced that he would give a talk on "Monsters I Have Known" (Tucker, Ellison, nekkid girls, Hitchcock, and actual monsters). I haven't had such a good laugh in months. I guess Bloch really is superb.

Speaking of superb, Emsch showed several experimental films. Emsch is as good an abstractionist and photographer as he is an illustrator. Ed is the kind of artist I want to be some day; not tied down in a rut in just one aspect of the art field, but excelling in other aspects as well. The program

ended with some amateur films, greatly varying in quality. (some were swipes from comic book plots, others were surrealistic, still others had messages of Social Significance); 50% of these films were miserable, particularly in comparison with Emshwiller's.

Later on I headed over to the Lupoff-Shaw party to which I had been invited. As I strode down the hall in my blue canvas sneakers I did sort of a double take as I noticed Ted White returning from the party suite with the information that he hadn't been able to get in. This made me a little apprehensive as I wondered if I would be able to gain admittance. But Larry let me in (I do cartoons for those long skinny panel borders in AXE). There was nothing alcoholic that I enjoyed drinking, so I abstained completely (as I did throughout the whole convention), but the party was enjoyable, so I really didn't mind. I met several new people. Those who stand out in my mind are Don & Maggie Thompson. We spent the entire evening talking about Comic Art.

Monday morning Ted decided that we should check out, so we hastily gathered our belongings, stuffing Hugos, art awards, and piles of pro and fan mags into assorted luggages and headed to Ted's car parked near McComb's place. This took most of the morning and some of the afternoon, and I missed most of the last program. The convention hotel had something of a deserted look, as many fans had checked out, and I got to feeling a little depressed. Kind of the way children feel the day after Christmas.



Just what I did the rest of that day remains unknown, probably because of the uneventuality of it all. I do recall some neofan swiping my program (complete with Valuable Information) while I was talking to some friends. He did it so openly and so casually--while whistling--that for once in my life I was stunned into complete silence while the cute maladjusted tyke disappeared into the elevator. Oh well.

Night fell, I found myself in the Heinlein suite again, and vaguely wondering where I'd spend the night. As with most dilemmas which fly into my life I ignored this Vital Question, and lost myself in conversation, chiefly with Jack Harness, who struck me as still another fan I'd like to see more

of. As Jack and I discussed and exchanged cartoons, a mysterious stranger brushed past us, opened Heinlein's bedroom door halfway, gave a little "oh", and fled off again into the night. Immediately thereafter Bob Heinlein popped into view and gave us a little lecture on why we should not open doors in other people's suites. Jack and I just stood there gazing abstractly into space, probably just a little bit embarrassed and irritated.

During the evening Mike McInerney heard about my roomless situation and graciously offered to share his room; an offer which was pounced upon, and I am doing this report in Gratitude. I must say that Mike has considerable more party endurance than I have; it was almost 6am before he showed any signs of wearing down, while I had pooped out around five. However, as a last splurge I duelled with swivel sticks with Leslie Gerber, played catch with a pack of New ports with L. Stephen Gerber, and ran up the down escalator—and vice versa—with Les Gerber (who wants to be mentioned in at least one Chicon report).

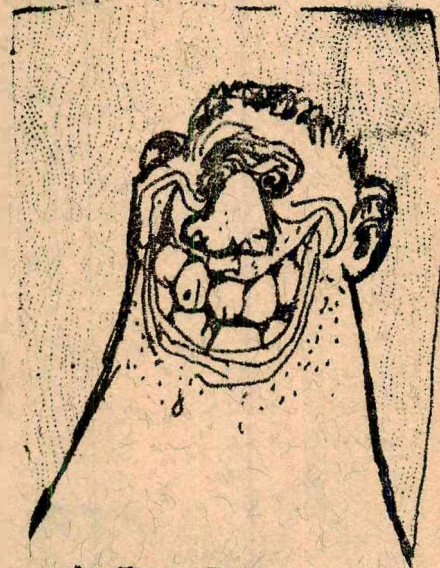
In Mike's room I showed Mike a clever trick by demonstrating that most hotel beds consisted of two mattresses, and that one could be placed on the floor while one remained in the bed, thus providing a maximum of comfort for those who have to share a room (particularly since I toss and turn a lot): you'd think that the hotel would've wised up to such an obvious benefit to freeloaders.

The following morning I got up and rode back to New York with Ted White. I had some very nice milkshakes on the way.

---END---

Things I want to do for next year's convention:

- 1) Bring more money.
- 2) Bring a movie camera, photographic equipment, and sketching material.
- 3) Grow a beard.
- 4) Get a room of my own.
- 5) Bring a bottle of screwdriver.
- and 6) Bring more money!

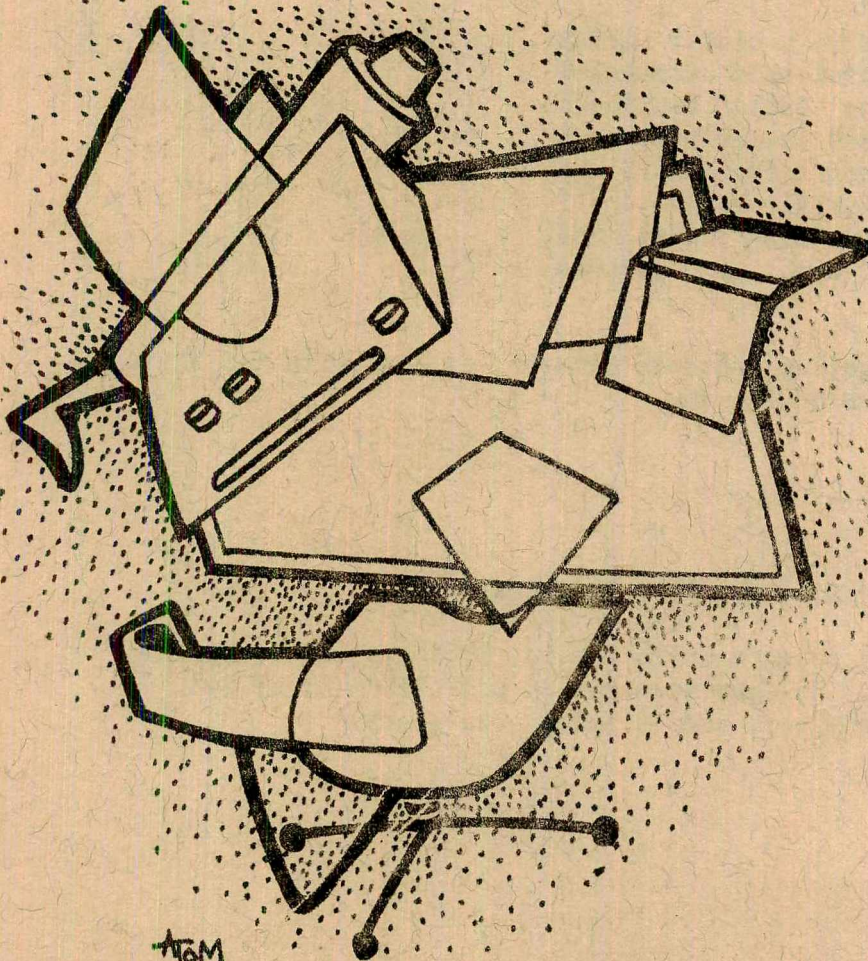


A DIRTY
OLE PRO

THE NEOFAN WHO WANTED TO BE A BNF

"A Fable in Fanspeak"

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ATGM

Once upon a time there was a Young Man who decided to become a Fan. He had read Science Fiction for some time and had heard about those Crazy People who were always Publishing and Talking and Having Fun.

He sent away for a few Fanzines and read the FANCYCLOPEDIA II and learned about Egoboo. This was just what the Young Fan had always Searched For. He read further and found that the Greatest Egoboo always came to a ENF. So the Young Fan set his Sights on becoming a ENF.

He read up on Egoboo and came to the conclusion that it was Any Mention in a Fanzine in Any Way. Desiring to find out who got the most Egoboo, he sent Money for many Fanzines and when he got them he went through Every One, counting the number of times each Name appeared. Of course, this made it Impossible for him to actually Read the Fanzines and Enjoy them, but this didn't matter to the Young Fan. He wasn't in Fandom for Enjoyment, anyway; what he wanted was Egoboo.

In one of the Fanzines, the Young Fan discovered the name of another Fan who lived in the same City. He went to visit the Fan and introduced himself. The Fan, with natural Fannish Hospitality, invited him in. The Young Fan learned Much about Fannish Affairs from the older Fan, who was quite active and well-known in Fandom. The Young Fan borrowed most of the recent Fanzines the Well-Known Fan had in his house and went home.

After he had Gone Through the other Fanzines and had tabulated his results, the New Fan discovered that the Name most often mentioned was G.M. Carr. He went back to the Well-Known Fan's house and borrowed some old FAPA mailings. He read through all the copies of GEMZINE and all the mailing comments on it, and he decided that G.M.'s Popularity resulted from her Denunciations. The Young Fan returned the FAPA mailings and Thanked the Well-Known Fan profusely, and then went home and Got to Work on his Fanzine.

He wrote an Editorial and Three Articles. The Editorial proudly introduced Readers to his Fanzine. The first Article was a vicious Attack on the Well-Known Fan who had Befriended him. The second was a Denunciation of FAPA as a Waste of Time. The third Article stated that Fandom was Getting Nowhere and must be Reorganized and Formalized for Greater Efficiency.

In order to avoid Criticism, the Young Fan wrote his articles and then gave them to his English Teacher to be Corrected. He then had them typed on Stencil by a professional Secretary and had the stencils Mimeographed professionally.

After it was all Finished, he Assembled and Stapled the Fanzine. Then he placed all the copies in Sealed Envelopes, typed the addresses on Address Labels, and sent them off by First Class Mail. Then he sat back and waited for Response and Egoboo.

The Response came fast. Every letter he got was Unfavorable. Approximately Two Thirds of the Letters advised him to Quit Fandom before he was Thrown Out. The average Rating given the Fanzine, despite the fine Reproduction was 1. F.M. Busby lost his Temper. Even G.M. Carr, to whom the issue had been Dedicated, launched such a furious Attack on the Young Fan that she almost got back in Fandom's Good Graces.

Disheartened by his Reception in Fandom, the Young Fan decided that Making Out was more Fun anyway and he Gafiated.

Moral: Don't count your Egoboo before it Hatches.

--Les Gerber--

TALKING POLISH HAM BLUES!

If you want to sell Polish Hams,
Why all you got to do,
Is get all the people in the U.S. with you.
'Cause if we don't get together and do it
Well, one of these days, there'll be
No more Hams to sell.
Have to go hungry.
Forget about the bacon.
America will be an underprivileged nation.

The Radical Right, they're not so strong.
You know, they should be called the Radical Wrong.
For if Slave Labor profits from the sale of Ham,
Don't buy the product of the old flim-flam.
The slaves will be beaten,
Or starved or killed,
But they're only Communist slaves!

The moral of my story I'm trying to say,
Is : the Ham Sandwich is here to stay.
But it can't be sold or eaten too,
Unless we get some action from you.
Have an Eat-In Protest!
Gonna eat Ham three times a day,
That'll fix 'em!

Well, down in Detroit, here's what they found;
And, down in Houston here's what they found;
And, down in New York here's what they found;
And here in Storrs, here's what they found;
That if you can't beat 'em,
Eat 'em!
('Cause that's the fastest way to get rid of those Polish Hams!)

S P E E C H E S

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N

K U T T N E R

Annual ESFA Meeting : March 2, 1958

1 SAM MOSKOWITZ

Henry Kuttner wrote under quite a few pen names which we will probably never know. He is an extremely difficult author to make a literary dissection of. And the reason for that is that he is not just one person. He married C. L. Moore who is a very prominent author in her own right, and it is very difficult to distinguish since that time just what stories under the names of Lawrence O'Donnell, Lewis Padgett, and even Henry Kuttner or C.L. Moore were written predominately by one or the other or in collaboration. In his own right he exhibited many facets. As Alan Howard has said he was initially influenced by H.P. Lovecraft. He was one of the Lovecraft Circle and corresponded voluminously with H.P. Lovecraft. His first published story, "The Graveyard Rats," would have been something that Lovecraft would not have been ashamed to have published under his own name. (Incidentally, I understand that story will be reprinted shortly in The Graveyard Reader, edited by Groff Conklin, to be published by Ballantine Books as a thirtyfive cent paperback.) He also attempted to imitate Robert E. Howard, and he had at least one novelette published in which he created a character similar to Conan. But in his earliest days he was noted as a humorist. He attempted to inject humor into sf. Even his fan writings were of a humorous or parodying nature. Now you probably remember the Pete Manx stories by Kelvin

Kent in Thrilling Wonder Stories. That of course was Henry Kuttner. He wrote a series of stories with Arthur K. Barnes, the Gerry Carlile stories, in Thrilling Wonder Stories which were a sort of Hollywood on the moon thing, and exploration for strange animals on other planets, which actually had a sort of tongue in cheek humorous vein.

His first appearance with C.L. Moore was a collaboration in which he helped to bring together her two famous characters, Northwest Smith and Jirel of Jory in a single story. Now Henry Kuttner after his initial introduction with his imitations of H.P. Lovecraft and Robert E. Howard, was known primarily as a third rate hack. The material that he wrote was space opera of a distinctly second rate nature. There was scarcely any merit to it at all, either in the style of writing or the subject matter. Henry Kuttner will be remembered for his attempt to write sexy-science-fiction stories for Marvel Stories. He wrote two short novels for that magazine in which he has space opera in which he attempted to introduce the so called pseudo-pornographic element. He did not succeed, the stories were a dismal failure. He was then very prominent and remained very prominent until the 1950's as an imitator of A. Merritt in stories for Thrilling Wonder and Startling Stories. These were stories in which he had a blend of science fiction and fantasy in the style of A. Merritt. They were very popular with the readers. Practically none of these short novels are memorable today.

He made his greatest success by not being Henry Kuttner. And this is a period in which we do not know how much influence C.L. Moore had on him because during the war when men like Robert A. Heinlein were shuffled off to the army and there weren't many authors around to fill the pages of Astounding Science Fiction, Campbell began to "discover" new authors of merit. One of these new authors was Lewis Padgett, another was Lawrence O'Donnell. Lewis Padgett primarily wrote stories of a humorous nature, but these were extremely well done. They were stories about robots, Gallagher, The Proud Robot, and there was an entire series of stories along this trend that were collected into a book entitled Robots Have No Tails, published by Gnome. And of their type these stories were outstanding and were certainly well done. Lawrence O'Donnell wrote a rather fantastic adventure type of story which was rather removed, advanced in quality over what Kuttner was writing for Thrilling Wonder. Novels such as Fury. However, we began to see stories of exceptional quality appearing under the name of Lawrence O'Donnell. These probably represent the epitome of Kuttner-Moore's writing. These were stories like Vintage Season, an outstanding example of science fiction by anybody's standards. It was certainly a mature story and the writing and plotting were above average. And there were stories like The Children's Hour, which has been greatly imitated and unfortunately not often reprinted, or not reprinted at all if memory serves me right. We began to find that Henry Kuttner had appeared occasionally in Unknown with a somewhat humorous story. Now in the last 4-5 years, Kuttner and Moore went to school. They jointly took a course in English at UCLA in California, and there was a lapse of 4 years in which they did little writing. The tragic part about this from the reader's and perhaps their own standpoint, was that they went to school during the period when by promoting his own writing Kuttner might have profited the most. Instead he dropped somewhat from the ranks of the most well known authors in that period. Recently he began to appear again, as a team they appeared in the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction several times, a collection was published under the title of No Boundaries by Ballantine, and we understand they were working on other things. Kuttner died just a few weeks ago at the age of 43. We don't know if there was a long illness before his death. However a novel did appear entirely under the name of C.L. Moore several months ago published by Doubleday. We don't know if this means Henry was sick and

she was doing all the writing at this time. I would just like to conclude my own statement before going on to the rest of the panel, and my own statements are introductory, by saying that Kuttner probably had as important an influence on Moore as Moore had on Kuttner. While C.L. Moore was highly regarded, and was rated as being up there with H.P. Lovecraft and R.E. Howard by the fans, in retrospect we realize that she was entirely too wordy, too engrossed in the magic of her own verbiage. And if you read a novel like Judgement Night, 70% is only a mass of words, and only 30% is the story. Unfortunately this is only too true of many of her Northwest Smith stories and her Jirel of Jory stories. However in her later stories, even under her own name, we see much less of this. There is a strengthening of plot, and much less preoccupation with style, to her benefit I believe, and I can only surmise that this influence was due to Henry Kuttner.

2 L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP

Hank Kuttner was a little man about 5'4" or 5'5" with a dark swarthy complexion and a little black mustache. He was of medium build, an extremely quiet, shy, withdrawn, mousey man. And that personality explains some of his history. I never knew Hank well enough to do a psychoanalysis of him, but I knew him some and had some idea of what made him tick. He was, as I say, exceptionally timid. The world bothered him, lots of people bothered him. When he went out West for a while he'd come back to visit New York, and the sight of all the cars and taxis and things rushing around would get him into such a state that he just couldn't go out of his hotel room. He'd head out into the wide-open spaces as soon as he could. I remember back about 20 years ago when Hank was living around New York. This was before he married Catherine Moore and he and I and John Campbell, John Clarke, Mort Weisinger and 4 or 5 other people, mostly in the sf field, used to get together for little parties now and then. It was mostly just sitting around drinking a little beer and talking. There wasn't a club or anything, but we did meet on a number of occasions.

Mort Weisinger was the usual instigator of these. Campbell did it some times and we played a little game which was a childhood game in my family and I introduced it to the group. We called it Hesichiah Plantagenant. We ran it this way; Hesichiah was a hero. He was a Flash Gordon type hero, a tall, handsome, flawless, brave, rather stupid person. And that is a characteristic of heroes outside of detective stories. Somebody there would start telling a story about Hesichiah Plantagenant and he would get Hesichiah into as awful a predicament as he could, you know, somebody would tie him to a post and then shoot him with a machine gun. Then he would give it to the next person to get him out of it and into a worse one. And I think the worst we did with Hesichiah once was we had his feet encased in a tub of concrete and we pushed him off the back end of a yacht into the Arctic Ocean. And the way we got him out of that one was the next person postulated a sea of radioactive mercury underneath the surface of the ocean and the concrete floated on the mercury. Hesichiah's head floated above the surface and the radiation kept him warm. Well, Hank Kuttner's contribution to that was a sinister oriental villain named Dr. Snatacha who played a very forceful role. And I think someone finally placed Hesichiah in such a position, nobody could think of a way

out. Hesichiah was encased in a double sphere of glass, one inside the other, and the sphere was floating in concentrated sulfuric acid and the space between the two spheres was filled with metallic sodium. Hesichiah was given a sledge hammer and if he wanted to try to break out he could go ahead and see what happens. At that point the game came to an end.

Hank was writing at that time and he was just sort of feeling his way around. Later on he married Catherine Moore, he moved away and then he moved back to New York. I saw him a few times during the war, and I haven't seen him since because he's been out in California. He carried this withdrawn characteristic to an extreme, which is to say that if he was on a job he wouldn't see anybody. Someone could come from the other side of the world and be his closest friend, Hank wouldn't see him, if he had a job he was going to work on. Well, that's his way of doing things, not quite the way I'd do things, but Hank was Hank and he was strictly an individualist with a capital I and nobody was going to change him any. And he was also a man with a tremendously versatile and forceful and fertile mind combined with this rather frail body and withdrawn personality. And the result was I think that Hank lived most of the time in a world of his own imagining. The fictional world for Hank was probably a good deal more real and attractive than the real one. He paid very little attention to the real one. He was ambitious, and one of the reasons for his great versatility was that he was doing what most professional writers do. That is they all think they ought to make more money. It's crass materialism of them, but it seems to be the case. Therefore we keep trying something new every now and then. We find we can do pretty well in one line and make a living but we like to do a little better than that so if we've been writing fiction we try non-fiction and so on but we keep experimenting. Well, Hank kept experimenting, but it was in the field of fiction that he kept trying an amazing number of varieties.

Not going in for any sort of social life, I can't imagine that he ever went in for sports or athletics of any kind despite the fact he had a weak heart that killed him finally. He just wasn't that sort. He didn't go around with the boys much. In fact he didn't do anything much except stay home and think and write. He kept trying all these varieties of stories and he was successful in an extraordinary number of them. He was a very serious man in his private life. I remarked in my S-F Handbook once that at that particular time there were two people in the business trying to make a living out of being funny in sf, those were Kuttner and myself. Curiously enough we were both rather serious or even solemn persons in private life, whereas Isaac Asimov for example, who was the world's outstanding clown in private life tends to write rather tense serious stories. So Hank tried all these varieties and succeeded in many of them and he started out at an early stage to divide himself into many writing personalities. Instead of many facets, Hank had many tentacles if you understand what I mean. And he tried to give a different pseudonym to each different variety. In fact, the number got up to 16 eventually. But about 10 years ago when I was corresponding with him he told me he was going to give it up. It was impractical to use pseudonyms except when the editors compelled you to because they didn't want to use two of three stories under the same name. Editors had a taboo against that though I've known some to violate it and their heads did not fall. So that was what he was trying to do. He'd probably have done much better for his name and fame (and most writers also like fame, I might say) if he had sold most of his stories under one name. And I don't think he would have had much trouble because he was a writer of funny stories selling serious stories under the same name or vice-versa. And that is about all I have to say about Hank. I'm sorry that he's gone. I think that in his day he wrote some of the best, and more good, not better, but good stuff over a period of about 15 years than any other one science fiction author.

3 CYRIL KORNBLUTH

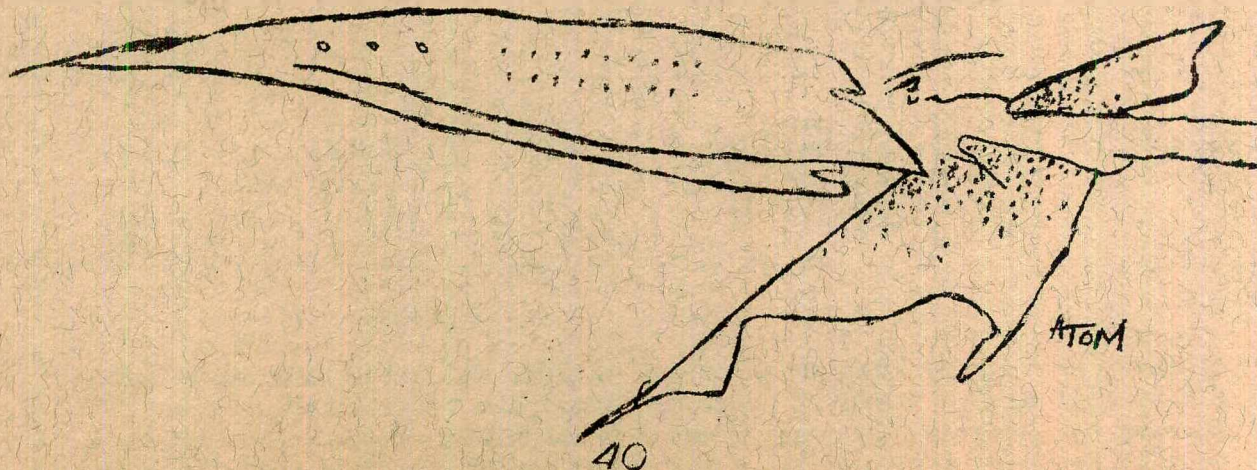
I didn't know Henry Kuttner though I think we're of the same writing generation. There isn't much difference between 34 and 43. And it was a shock to me when he died. I was moved to some unhappy reflection on his career. One group of Kuttner stories which has not been mentioned (and if anybody has facts to the contrary I would like to be corrected) seems to have been stories written under some unknown pseudonym or pseudonyms for the sex-horror pulps of the thirties, such as Horror Stories, Terror Tales, and other unsavory items. Kuttner also wrote the Pete Manx stories which glorified a sort of sly stupid way to win through. And he wrote the Gallagher stories which tell us not as beautifully as the way Omar Kahyan does that the way to solve difficult problems is to get good and drunk. And those of the stories of which I am fondest such as the Lawrence O'Donnell group I have no doubt at all were mostly the work of his wife. There are characteristic images and themes which could not be written by a normal man. And as for the Baldy stories, they struck me as no great contribution to the world and its work. They were in the atomic doom vein of Astounding. I have heard that his story The Fairy Chessmen was a variation on a theme proposed by John W. Campbell, and that another variation was written by Mr. Heinlein as Waldo. The theme suggested was variable truth. And Kuttner like a good technician put together a good fast intricate EMPTY story replete with shicking images to grab the reader and hold him for a moment, then action to rush him along to the next shocking image. I don't suppose any of us who read that story will forget the doorknob that opened a blue eye and winked. Now what does this add up to? The man is gone, relatively young. During his early writing youth he probably did a great deal of psychological damage to the readers of the horror stories. I AM SERIOUS ABOUT THIS. Art has its effect on the person who consumes the art and the message of those magazines was a very evil one which I think we are reaping to some extent as we look at the headlines of juvenile delinquency. And since that apprenticeship, he did little or nothing to persuade his readers that effort is good, that thought is good, that courage is good. Now he has had his chance and he is gone, and I think that this is something upon which the writers among us should reflect.

4 LARRY SHAW

I never knew Henry Kuttner in person either, and it's going to be something that I'll always regret. We've mentioned his versatility. We haven't gotten very far towards discovering any one underlying theme to his writing, one overall characteristic, but I think I can safely say that Kuttner is the kind of writer the editor admires most and respects most. And he is also the

kind of writer that frustrates the editors a great deal, as witness just when he had reached a peak he stopped writing to any great extent and went back to school. Apparently what he went back to school for was to see if he could learn to be a better writer than he was. That's pretty rare and I think that that may be the key. Henry Kuttner apparently never stopped learning. He went on developing, meeting new challenges, and as far as I can tell he enjoyed meeting these challenges and succeeding. It's quite possible to pin the label of hack on Kuttner as it is on so many other writers in the sf field. A hack can be one of two things however. It can be a writer who reaches a minimum degree of skill which is acceptable and who can turn out lots and lots of wordage and can meet a deadline if necessary. That makes a man a hack, but there are lots of writers around particularly in the science fiction field right now, since most of the other pulp fields have disappeared. There are other writers who can do all those things and can also go on improving, learning new ways of doing things in a story and really accomplishing things every time he sits down to a typewriter. I think Kuttner was that type of writer.

The business of pseudonyms has its amusing aspects, and there is one that no one has mentioned. That is C.H. Liddell. It appeared in Planet Stories and Starbuck a few years ago. The fans had already acquired the habit of accusing every new writer as he came along of being Henry Kuttner and being wrong as often as not. Kuttner very quietly invented a pseudonym, wrote a couple of stories, I'm not sure how many, a very first rate kind of space opera and sent them off to editors. The editor of Planet Stories apparently was completely fooled into think this was a new writer and a real find. The story appeared under the name of C.H. Liddell with a very enthusiastic blurb introducing this new writer. To the best of my knowledge, none of the fans accused C.H. Liddell of being Henry Kuttner and finally when the truth did come out, everybody was embarrassed by the whole thing. With the exception no doubt of Kuttner himself who must have enjoyed the joke immensely. I can't think of any other reason why he would have done it since at that time the name of Kuttner was becoming valuable. Probably he could have commanded a slightly higher rate if he had used his own name, but it was a good joke on everybody concerned, and it was another one of those challenges that Kuttner met. He knew of course already that he could write good space opera, but he went just a notch further and wrote even better space opera.





Yes indeed friends this is another edition of SPLAT, A Friendly Letter Column where we gleefully cut and hack away at your letters until they fit our space and editorial demands. My comments which should appear at the end of each letter will be set off by the symbols . This is The Cry of The Readers!

HARRY WARNER: The long delay in these comments on your third issue is not to be construed as a reflection on either the fanzine's quality or my laziness. It arrived while I was in the hospital trying to get over the results of a fall. I wasn't able to get out of bed, and this made it difficult for me to read it much less write a letter of comment. Every time I asked someone to hand me my Hkplod, I couldn't seem to make myself understood clearly and usually got a sedative instead. After I got home at the end of February, I was forced to adopt the only catching up method that works for me: this consists of attending to new matters as soon as they come up, meanwhile attacking the backlog in whatever time remains. This sounds unfair and cruel to the backlog. But bitter experience has taught me that when I try to attend to things in their order of arrival, I keep falling farther back because the new stuff piles up faster than the old stuff is eliminated.

Ron Haydock's article was pleasantly nostalgic, although that is hardly the precise word that I want for an emotion which is communicated but not shared. I didn't encounter the Black Commando but these recollections make me feel as if I had had some personal experience with it. Ron also brings to mind, with his remarks on the secret code, one of the stranger moments of my youngest years. Little Orphan Annie was then a daily radio serial and each episode ended with the announcer dictating a coded message which gave a preview of what would happen the following day. A coin and piece of aluminum foil from the top of an Ovaltine can brought you the little decoder that enabled you to get the advance information. Everyone in the neighborhood, like me, was frantically drinking Ovaltine so a new can would be needed to provide the maidenhead and beginning a coin-getting drive. One afternoon I idly copied down the meaningless letters, studied them a while, and broke the code. I felt as if I'd just shot the president. I never told anyone of the shameful act of treachery that I'd committed against the Annie security measures until nostalgic articles about old radio programs began to appear in fanzines.

I don't know exactly what I'll do with the Kuttner anthology index, but I

was interested enough to read through it. It stirred up lots of story memories. Kuttner's titles are much more evocative for me than those of most professional writers. They aren't particularly brilliant titles, but they somehow cause the reader to remember the stories to which they belong.

I'll sit out this jazz debate, except to wonder about the jazz enthusiasts who keep bragging about how jazz is the one unique American art form or the medium by which the soul of the nation is expressed to the world, and things of that sort. Almost without exception, these jazz lovers are the sort of people who pounce instantly upon any other form of jingoism and nationalism: it's bourgeois, square and provincial to brag about the nation's baseball or its melting pot of races or its soft drinks, but it's all right to be quite starry-eyed about it as the birthplace of jazz.

Mrs. Carr's record of always being wrong about everything remains intact, because the fan achievement poll has become reality. The poll did not require "organization, advertising, persistent soliciting and money" to any great extent: only an informal committee as far as organization is concerned, advertising only in the form of a few mentions in the newszines, I don't know what "persistent soliciting may mean but I don't think we did it, and the only expenses involved stencils, paper, and postage which we informal committeemen supplied ourselves.

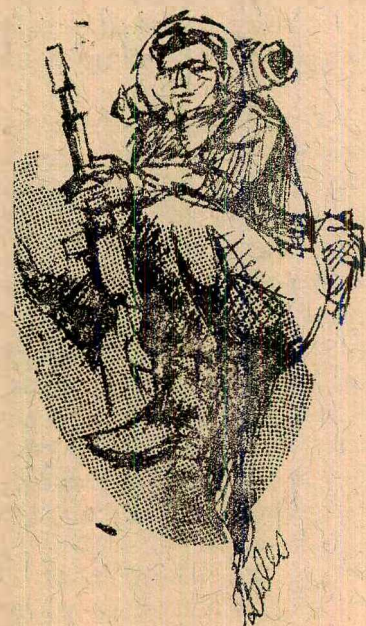
(423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland.)

✓ Don't ever worry about sending in a late letter of comment. This zine is published irregularly as the contents pages states, and so your letter is here in the next issue which is later than your letter. Seriously I do keep a pretty liberal policy towards commenters...If somebody can't write a loc on any particular issue he shouldn't worry about it. If I don't hear from him after 2 issues it would depend on the person as to whether I would keep sending copies. Your status is about the best of any of the people who receive Hkplod. Thanks for writing such good locs and don't worry about when they arrive here. ✓

ANTHONY BOUCHER: HKLPLD as a sort of permanent floating Kuttner memorial, is a noble project and I wish it all luck. I fully agree that Kuttner was one of the all-time major names in s f.

To be precise, he was several of the major names, as well as some minor ones, and this brings up my one complaint:


Your anthology story index is a fine useful contribution; but in a case like Kuttner's, it's absolutely essential, for an adequate bibliography, to indicate (by symbols or initials) the name the author appears under in each instance. As far as your index shows, all these stories and books appeared as by Henry Kuttner. If the reader tries to find, for instance, a copy of MUTANT by H Kuttner, he's in for difficulties.



Further suggestion: If (and I hope when) you do further bibliographies, wouldn't it be wiser to make them Kuttner-Moore lists rather than restricting them to (what you think is) straight Kuttner? As is pointed out somewhere in HkLPLoD, nobody knows where the line is to be drawn—including Catherine herself of the ghost of Hank.

Anyway, it's good to see such an old-school fanzine, which is actually concerned with the reading of s f.

Cordially,



Anthony Boucher
(2643 Dana Street, Berkeley 4, California)

∟ You make some good points which I will try to correct. Next issue I'll correct the anthology list by publishing the name under which each story in it appeared. I've also got about 5 or 6 new additions for the list which I've dug up since publishing it. As for including Moore in such a bibliography I will if I can get the necessary information. # Gee I'd wish you'd write some more sf. Book reviews are fine, but they're a little weak on plot. /

JAMES BLISH : Thank you for HkLplod/Gnome nos 2 and 3. Harry Warner is dead right about the 'quality of Kuttner's personal letters. Back in 1948, a fan wrote to me under the impression, that I was a pen-name of Kuttner's ← not an unreasonable assumption, not only because Kuttner had many pen-names, but also because I was trying very hard to write as he did. I sent him the letter and from then on until his death we had a flourishing correspondence. (Unhappily, I never met him.)

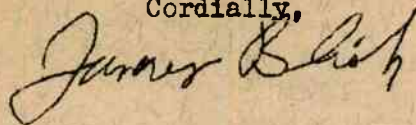
In my opinion, anyone who'd surrender Kuttner letters to anybody but C. L. Moore would be out of his mind, precisely because of their merits. I am one of the many writers Bloch mentions who are indebted to Hank for professional help. Those letters were and are a gold mine of technical advice, to which I still refer often when I'm hung up on a story. One of his many facets that isn't often commented upon is that Hank was an absolute master of plotting. He could run a story forwards, backwards, upside down, on the bias or in a circle with equal skill and apparent (only apparent) ease, and furthermore, he did it consciously, so that he could teach it to others — and did. He even mastered the technique of making the reader sit still for a 2000-word lecture without stopping the story cold. Add to all this that he was also the soul of graciousness and wildly witty, and you will understand why I wouldn't let those letters out of the house except on direct request of Kat.

One of his asides may explain at least one small aspect of the famous Kuttner/Moore collaboration; he said "I can't handle color; Kat can't do crisp dialogue." Yet of course both are present in abundance in such stories as "Fury."

I acknowledged my debt to Hank by dedicating my first hardcover novel ("Jask of Eagles") to him, but it's a pleasure to be able to do it again.

He was indeed the master of us all.

Cordially,



James Blish
(217 Mott Street, New York 12, N.Y.)

GLEN LORD: I must say that if you ever compile a complete Kuttner biblio you will have accomplished something! Robert E. Briney has an incomplete Kuttner biblio he adds to as new information comes in; he would be a good source for a lot of information index-wise. I have a copy of SPICY ADVENTURE with a Kuttner story for instance, and he must have contributed to a large number of detective pulps around the late 1930s and early 1940s.
(PO Box 775, Pasadena, Texas)

∟ I did mention something about a few years wait before I could possibly compile any complete index didn't I? ∟

HARRIETT KOLCHAK: I especially enjoyed the Kuttner anthology story index. Of course this type of thing always appeals to me as it gives me a chance to recheck anything of value that I may have missed out on and enables me to add those still available to my library. The group of fen that meets at my home on the third Sunday of the month, called the Mercurians is going to put out a zine in the near future and welcomes any material along the lines that can be printed in a news column, a pet column, art, stories, or poems. We are going to charge for profitmaking ads at the rate of 1 cent a line and non-profit ads will be free. Subs will run 25¢ each or 6 for a dollar. It's bi-monthly. All material, requests, etc. should be addressed to "Jelerang" Pub., c/o Harriett Kolchak, 2104 Brandywine St., Phila. 30, Pa. We will accept trades of a pub for a pub.
(2104 Brandywine St., Phil. 30, Pa.)

∟ About this zine...what is a non-profit ad? Give me an example. About all I can think of is if someone were offering to give something away. Also, what does a pet column have to do with sf? ∟

TERRY JEEVES: Many thanks for the copy of HKLPL0D which arrived here a day or so ago. Naturally I was pleased to see my pics so soon, and even my letter in the letter column.

I was amused by the Black Commando whose exploits, while fascinating, had nothing on the film serials of my younger days. In the mid 30's, we were regaled by none other than Harry Houdini versus a robot, Gene Autry and the Phantom Empire (with more robots) and of course, good old Flash Gordon -- halycon days.

The letter column I enjoyed very much and was heartened to hear of your flexible deadline. This sort of thing is a must for we overseas fen. For instance, on Feb 1st I received a fanzine and a voting form from the states. The deadline and closing date for the poll was--Feb 1st!
(30 Thompson Rd., Sheffield 11, ENGLAND)

∟ My flexible deadline this time seems to have consisted of waiting so long to pub the zine that the material stands a great chance of becoming dated. Actually "flexible deadline" to me means that I will not commit myself to pub anything by a certain date. Instead I say that when enough good material to

warrant another issue is collected, and time and money permit a decent job being done, another issue will be published. If after the issue is published, more material comes in in article, story or letter form, this material will be saved for the next issue. Is this clear? Therefore comments are always welcome on HKLPLD even a year or two after you receive the issue.✓

GORDON EKLUND: Your Kuttner story anthology index was interesting, though I'm afraid somewhat incomplete. I'm not sure of the worth of an incomplete index, but perhaps others, more learned than I in this field will supply you with enough additions to make a complete index possible in the near future. I've been recently surprised at the apparent return of the story index to a high place in the listings of acceptable fanzine material. I have a feeling yours was more a labor of love than anything, but I was still a bit surprised to see such an index in print. I've never been too much of a Kuttner fan, though I have read many of his stories with more than superficial enjoyment—particularly those under the byline of Lewis Padgett. I'm afraid that for a writer to be as prolific as Kuttner was, it was somewhat necessary for him to turn out a bad story every once in a while. Unfortunately I've come across far too many potboilers from his pen for me to have a real high estimation of the man as a writer.

Avram Davidson's poem is the best damn thing in the issue. Second best is Steve Stiles' accompanying illustration.

Calvin W. Demmon, like Commodore Vanderbilt, does indeed have the Power, Dick Schultz. Calvin's Power is, of course, to force others into writing Just Like Him, after finishing reading something by Cal. The only other fan writer I can think of right now who has this effect on me is F. M. Busby. Because of this, I always try to read something else, fast, after reading a bit of Demon or Busby prose so as to wash away their influence from me. I mean they're good writers, yes, but I'm not when infected with their respective styles.

(14612-18th S.W., Seattle 66, Washington)

✓About the only value of any index complete or incomplete is that it enables a person who wants to check to see if he has everything he wants that is listed. Unless there were some listings somewhere it would be impossible to ever know with any certainty if your collection is missing anything. So an index is useful for collectors but probably won't interest other types of fans.✓

BILL PLOTT: Thanks for HKLPLD 3 which was on my desk when I went home for a short break between semesters. I like the cover by Dave Locke very much. Actually it had to "grow" on me so to speak, -- it didn't impress me at first, but now I like it more and more. Ron Haydock's article on the old Black Commando serials was of primary interest to me because it is one of the few that I can actually remember with any detail at all.

The David R. Bunch story didn't strike me as being exactly a work of art. I enjoyed the first of his Mederan stories that I read in FANTASTIC. Since then none of the others have really appealed to me at all. There is much "sameness" about them. I seem to recall an S-F story of several years ago which touched briefly (in a slightly different way) upon the subject of lovers having a stack of "tricks" to maintain each other's interest.

(PO Box 5598, University Alabama)

∟ I'm sorry you didn't like the Bunch story. Yes there is a sameness about the stories, but I tend to think of each as being but one brief incident in what may someday be connected into a novel. I'd like to see a Bunch novel of Mederan for sale. By the way, that story was published in the Nov 1962 IF as "The Reluctant Immortals." ∟

ROBERT E. GILBERT: I wonder where you got that drawing of mine in #2. It must be fairly old since I don't remember it. I have an awful lot of long lost drawings somewhere. They just vanish when fanzines fold. up. Only a small number of all I've sent out have been published.

(509 West Main St, Jonesboro, Tennessee.)

∟ I got it from Rich Brown. Don't know where he got it. I guess loss of artwork or manuscripts is a common complaint of fan writers and artists. I hope more of your long lost sketches turn up. I'll be glad to use them. ∟

ROBERT JENNINGS: In reading over the fine print on the contents page (which I usually do. Realizing this is a weird habit, I should explain that editors have an unusual habit of throwing in pertinent information thru the fine print on contents pages. Why they do this I have no earthly idea, I mean after all, who reads the fine print on the contents pages...) I happened to notice your fanzine was selling for the price of 25¢ a copy. Yea and verily (or something equally appropriate), this is the era of the overpriced fanzine. I count 25 pages, 26 if you count the cover. This works out to a cent a page. (I figure you lose at least a full page by the double spacing and the extra wide margins on some pages) which for a science fiction fanzine is overpricing the issue a bit. Why, (the Old Fan cackled) I remember when fanzines ran 70 pages and were given away free. Now every fanzine sells for money. (of course I am using the devious fallacy of Exclusion, by not mentioning you have other ways of allowing your readers to obtain their HKLPLODs...how did I get into this mumbling paragraph anyway?)

The Bunch story. Usually I enjoy David Bunch's stories quite a bit (I may be one of the few in fandom to admit to that proposition), but this one struck me as being a Blah sort of thing. The Witty Social Criticisms weren't there, the story planning was about gone, and the entire incident looked like something left over from last night's writing fest.

SPLAT, is certainly an ingenious name for a letter column. I am disappointed, by the way, that there is nothing in this issue of HKLPLOD, or whatever you call it, by its own fine editor except these few cryptic lines scrawled thruout the letter column. This is a Cardinal Sin, or should be anyway. Woe unto the faneditor who doesn't print something by himself. No personality emerges into the zine, the shapeless shadow wanders aimlessly thru the twisted masses of the letter column, to pass eventually, along with the once presentable quality of his fanzine, into a neverland from which he never emerges. Like, let's dump a few Mike McInerney writings on the readership. They can't all be as bad as your absense would imply.

Er, if I were you I would not bother trying to collect old back issues of GREEN LANTERN, or comics carrying Green Lantern adventures. That is, unless you have a large and well stocked bank account. Old issues of GREEN LANTERN snare prices from two bucks a comic, upward. The same for comics carrying

Green Lantern adventures, but not devoted entirely to him. To attempt to run down the stories from 1945-1945 would be to pour forth a never-ending stream of loot. And I doubt that it would be worth it to you. Better instead that you devoted your energies to breaking the Kuttner Code (that is, discovering his four thousand different pen names), and then spend your money buying up back issues of stf mags which carried his work.

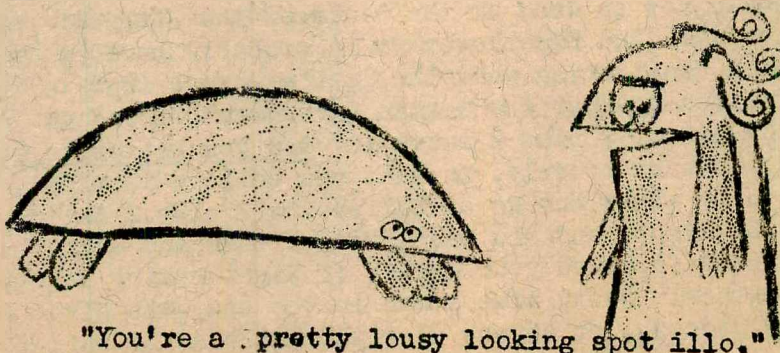
(3819 Chambers Drive, Nashville 11, Tenn.)

∟ You seem to feel that 25¢ is too high for a 27 page fanzine. Well, my answer is that I hope so. If people consider 25¢ too high to pay for the zine they will be forced to contribute something other than money. Only about 4 people paid for the last issue and you weren't one of them. I think they will get their money's worth anyway since I feel that the number of pages does not necessarily determine the quality of any magazine. Last issue was well worth the quarter. I didn't keep any records of the cost of the last issue, but this issue cost \$35 before postage. Add about \$20 for postage and you will have my costs. Subtract \$1.25 in subscriptions and you will see just how greedy I am! By the way, I don't remember when 70 page fanzines were given away free, but I do remember when they were given for locs, trades, or contributions. HKLPLOD is also given for locs trades and contributions. Money is accepted only as a last resort. # I'll admit that I like Bunch. # This issue has my editorial, my fanzine reviews, a talking blues written by me, and these comments in the letter column all written by me. I don't like to hog my own zine, because I feel that I'd like this to be more than just another personality zine. I'd like it to be enjoyed by people who aren't the least bit interested in my personality. An editorial is important tho, that is one good point you make. # As for the comic books, I don't need Ca\$h, I've got 350 old comic books to trade for the issues I want. Got them on the newsstands 10-12 years ago and never threw them out. I've even got 5 ALL-STARS, but these won't leave my hands. ∟

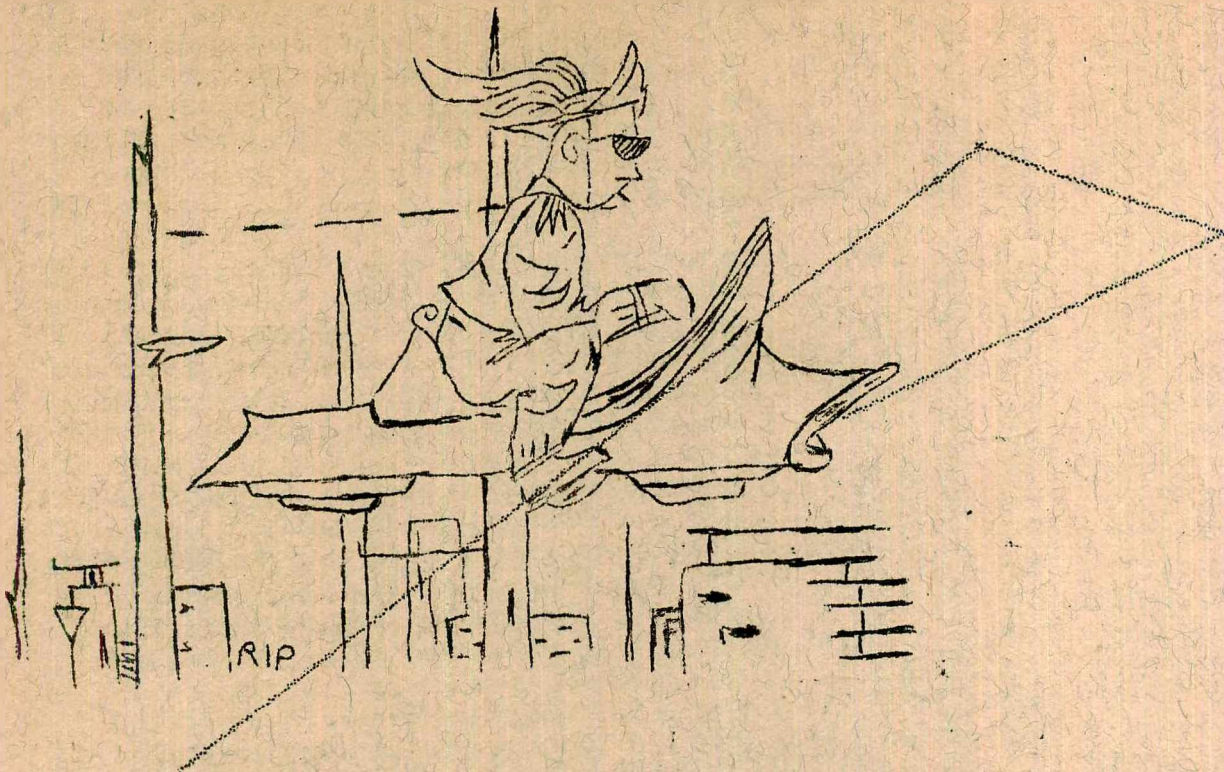
GARY DEINDORFER: Avram Davidson's poem critique on "What is Jazz" was muchly appreciated. This "jazz is the heart and soul of a sweating America, the cry of a three legged dog" can get to be a bit too much.

So Having written this long, long letter of comment I will draw a cartoon on the remaining space.

(121 Boudinot St, Trenton 8, N.J.)



"You're a pretty lousy looking spot illo."



RICH BROWN: I don't think Henry Kuttner was under-rated as a science fiction writer. A fantastically small portion of what he wrote, considering that he wrote so much, was poor. He was an extremely competent hack -- like Shakespeare if you wish, or like Poul Anderson today -- who dutifully turned out a tremendous amount of wordage for the science fiction/detective fields, and in the process turned out generally good and usually quite excellent pieces; and on more than one occasion, things that are now considered classically good examples of the best in the field at that time.

You say that might doesn't make right. Well, that's what the intellectuals have been trying to tell the Big Dumb Strong Guy for ages -- and the Big Dumb Strong Guy refuses to believe it. But I'll agree with you -- might doesn't make right. You can say that 2 and 2 is 4, and that Big Dumb Strong Guy can say that 2 and 2 is 167 -- and when you get in an argument with him, and try to use logic, he's just liable to start punching. Might makes right and wrong invalid. Or, as I think Heinlein put it, upsetting the checker-board may not prove one to be a better checker-player than the other, but it sure as hell ends the checker game. I repeat what I said: if Germany had won the war, Wichman would not be dead at the hands of the Israeli people today -- am I right or wrong? And Eisenhower would probably be dead or serving a prison sentence (and considering what the Nazi's were I tend to think he would be dead) for crimes against the German government.-- and am I right or an I wrong? Given the might, 2 plus 2 makes 167 and you better believe it. or you die. If you die, however bravely, in what you believe is right, it makes no difference to them; they can go on believeing 2 plus 2 is 167, believing themselves to be Right, and you can't bother them any more. As to your statement, "If everyone followed your thesis of Might making right, we wouldn't have any army either. Every time a man in the army was given a gun he would shoot jewelers, grocers, or anyone else who had what he wanted." But

ahahaha!, my friend, you are wrong. You see, the man could indeed do that if there were nothing mightier than a man with a gun -- but that is not so. The law of the land says that he may not take things from these jewelers and grocers by force -- and if he goes ahead and does it, he has the might of the government turned against him, to enforce these laws; he is faced with penalties from prison terms to personal extinction (depending on the extent of his crime) -- and the government will exercise its might to enforce what it says is right. Another example: in most cities it is against the law to go against a red-stop-light. Sometime, when there is no traffic, only a law-enforcement officer, you might try going against the light. You may be harming no one, and more right than wrong in crossing the street (you're in a hurry, there's no traffic, why should a little metal box tell you to stand on the curb when it is not logical to do so?) but the might of the government (that law enforcement officer, remember) is liable to take you down to the police station, where you will probably be fined for the Great Moral Wrong. I said, Mike, that we will live in a feudal world because Might makes Right -- but I did not say (as you seem to infer) that I approved of such. As a matter of fact, I don't in most instances. But there is enough Might against me (and anyone who holds these views), to enforce the wrongness (as I grok it) that there is little hope of progress being made in this direction.

(Box 1761, Hq 36th CSG, APO 132, NY NY)

∟ Well, so much of what you say is self evident that I really can't argue with you. All I can say is that I'd be more apt to want to die bravely for whatever cause I happen to espouse. If my enemies respect only power perhaps if I die a brave death they will stop and think for awhile about me and my ideas. And perhaps they will change some of their beliefs. Anyway there isn't much else I can do if I believe that use of Might to enforce your position is Wrong. Thanks for writing/

I also got postcards, money, artwork, etc from the following :

Jon White, 90 Riverside Drive, New York 24, NY who says "HKLPLOD was truly excellent. My god! Bunch, Davidson! Even the damned lettercol, and the nostalgia bit were swell. And, of course Stiles' illo."

Steve Stiles who wonders where his con report is...

Marion Zimmer Bradley who sent money, a letter and a zine! Why doesn't everyone do the same? Thanks.

Atom who sent more artwork!

Don Studebaker who wants to do another Kuttner article. Go ahead Don.

Andy Silverberg who also called!

Vic Ryan who DNQ'd his postcard. The mailman could read it, but the readers ain't allowed that privilege(sp?)

Michael Oliver who sent money and is getting this in return.

ditto for Paul Lewis. It was a long wait, was it worth it?

Special Collections UCLA Library

Seth Johnson wrote a short note. Wish you'd write longer locs.

Ronald Matthies who wonders how to get HKLPLOD. Just ask.

ENOUGH!

Write please, I like to get mail.

