

XENOXOHO



GOOD LORD!
we forgot the
COVER!



Phoenix



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Regular Contributors (when I can find them) Clay Hamlin Jim Williams Floyd Zwickly & Buck Coulson, tho he wouldn't admit it.

Editor-Publisher-Staplerer-Stamp Licker-and Chief Beer Bottle Washer) . . .well, we prefer to ignore him. Maybe he'll go away...

PHILADELPHIA IN '65
 PHILLY IN '63
 WAZOO

this, laughingly, is called an

-EDITORIAL-

BLISSFULLY, this may be the last issue of PHOENIX to be done on my disenchanting spirit duplicator. I'm afraid I can't get any better duplication than this, tho whether that's my fault or the machine's is an ambiguous question. Subconsciously, I suppose, I imagine it's the machine's fault; no matter how hard I kick it the blob of metal refuses to turn out good copies. Sssssss, maybe nextish will be run off Ted White's serial Ghod. The only thing that makes me hesitate on such a decision is the fact that I know nothing about stencils. No doubt I could bull my way thru the typing end, but I don't feel up to stenciling art. Would sum kind soul out there tell me where there is information available on typing and tracing art onto stencils?

I think I have the ability to produce an attractive sine without art, but in the murky, insane depths of my mind (?) that would be a sin and as unthink-

able as producing one without paper. Still, I may dew it. Would you prefer PHOENIX as it is now, or simseed but without art? Let us know.

One thing should be straightened out now, and that's the policy of PHOENIX. The type of material printed will vary from issue to issue, and no consecutive two will be much alike. You can more or less note the 'theme' of thish, one of pure entertainment-value with no pretense of enlightenment. No doubt you'll enjoy these stories; I did; but nextish we move to another section of the galaxy and what we'll pick up there is anybody's guess.

What will not be featured is an entire issue devoted to discussion on sum aspect/aspects of the mundane world at large. That means politics, religion, 'literature,' and the numerous related topics. I have no interest in producing a new trend fanzine, or even just one issue devoted to new trend. This doesn't mean that there won't be occasional articles on politics, religion, etc., but it does mean I'm going to be damn particular in accepting articles on such topics. But yes, they will be featured. Good fan Floyd Zwicky has three excellent short essays on such abstracts as WORLD UNITY, HUMAN RIGHTS, and JUSTICE which you will be reading in the future.

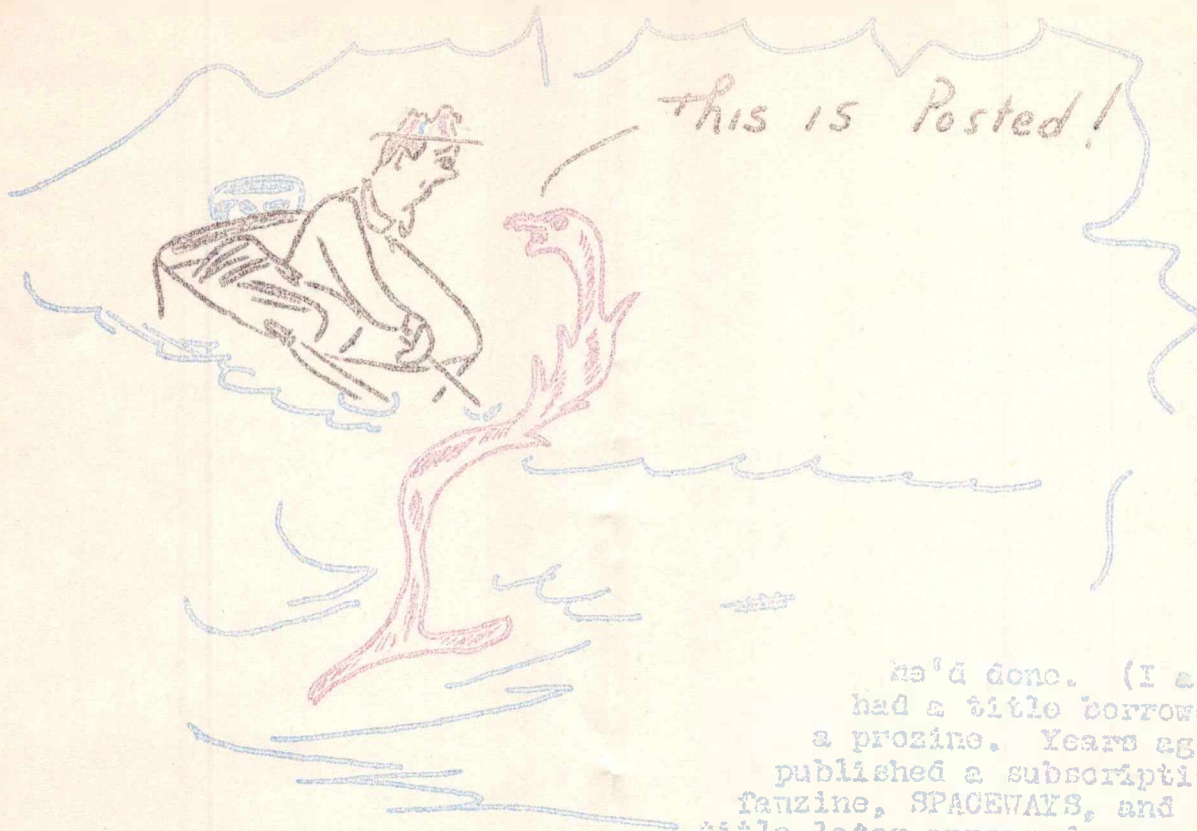
Certain thanks must be given to four people; not that this issue wouldn't exist without them (at least without 3 of them), but I owe them thanks. First, I owe Ed Gorman thanks for helping me get started on the firstish of this sine. Why I didn't thank him in the firstish I can't remember, but anyway he's being thanked here. Actually, I guess, you really wouldn't be reading this now (or are you?) if it hadn't been for EdGor. Come to think of it, he pulled me into fandom (the truth is out... sorry, Ed). Jeff Vanchel, Janey Johnson, and several others had urged me -- some strongly and others not so strongly -- to enter fandom. I didn't. Then Ed just sends me a copy of his rag, and WHAMMO, the LOCKENESS monster enters fandom. Funny. Oh well, thanks, Ed.

Harry Warner has my thanks for ok-ing the title PHOENIX. I think it's a much better title, at least I'm completely satisfied with it. According to Harry: "PHOENIX has definitely been used before as a fanzine title, at least once, possibly twice if my shaky memory is operative." So, thanks, Harry, for giving me the go-ahead on this title.

And then there's.... hmmm, something bugging me. Did you ever have that feeling that you have forgotten something deathly important but whatever it is just won't slide off the tip of your tongue? That's wot's bothering me right now.... hmmm . . . hmmm . . . wot was that.... . . . for crying out tears OH! Yes... How silly of me -- I forgot to quote the rest of Harry's letter.

"I don't have the fanzine indexes where I can get them just now, to tell you exactly who used it when. DUSK is also a previously used title. Neither was a famous fanzine and you have every right to use either title if you feel like it /Ed. note: I used both -- DUSK is presently an apazine title/, both of them having gone into the public domain after appearing on fanzines that were not copyrighted. The only time a real howl goes up is when someone borrows a title that was quite famous or is still being published. Some neofan who had never heard of FAPA published something under the title that I've used in that organization for more than 20 years, HORIZONS, but changed the title immediately without even being asked when someone pointed out to him what





had done. (I also had a title borrowed by a prozine. Years ago I published a subscription fanzine, SPACEWAYS, and the title later appeared as a very

bad prozine without the final s.)"

There, I think that's a little better.

And I want to thank Clay Hamlin, for instant response to my pre-litish plea for material, for various aid through the first three issues, and for friendship. Thanks, Clay.

Onwards. Marion Bradley deserves thanks for sending me an 'X.' I feel a little like leaving you half-crogged again at this point, but that would be too mean and cruel and avial. So, turn back to the cover and gaze wonderingly at the 'X' in PHOENIX. Beautiful, isn't it? Yes... WELL, as I was saying, Marion sent me that 'X.' You see, I wanted sun better lettering thish, and so poured thru one of my fanzine stacks in search of various styles of lettering I could trace so as to use on master. You'll see the lettering has muchly improved. So, I decided to use GILLIES letters for the title on the zino. I drew the first letter myself, then found the 'H,' the 'O,' the 'E,' the 'N,' and the 'I' in various fuzs. But, search as I might, no capital 'X' could be found. I wrote to Marion (no easy job. It took much finesse to word that letter. After all, I couldn't just write: "Dear Marion. Send me an 'X.' Bliss, Dave.") and she promptly sent the 'X.' Thanks, Marion.

Those of U who complained the first time round, about there being no editorial, have been twicely proven to have had taste. Therefore this has been kept fairly short, which makes me very happy. Undoubtably, the long-suffering readership (to borrow a term from Bob Jennings) feels as blissful as I dew. Not that I dislike dewing editorials, I'll have you know, but.....

See you in the lettercol.



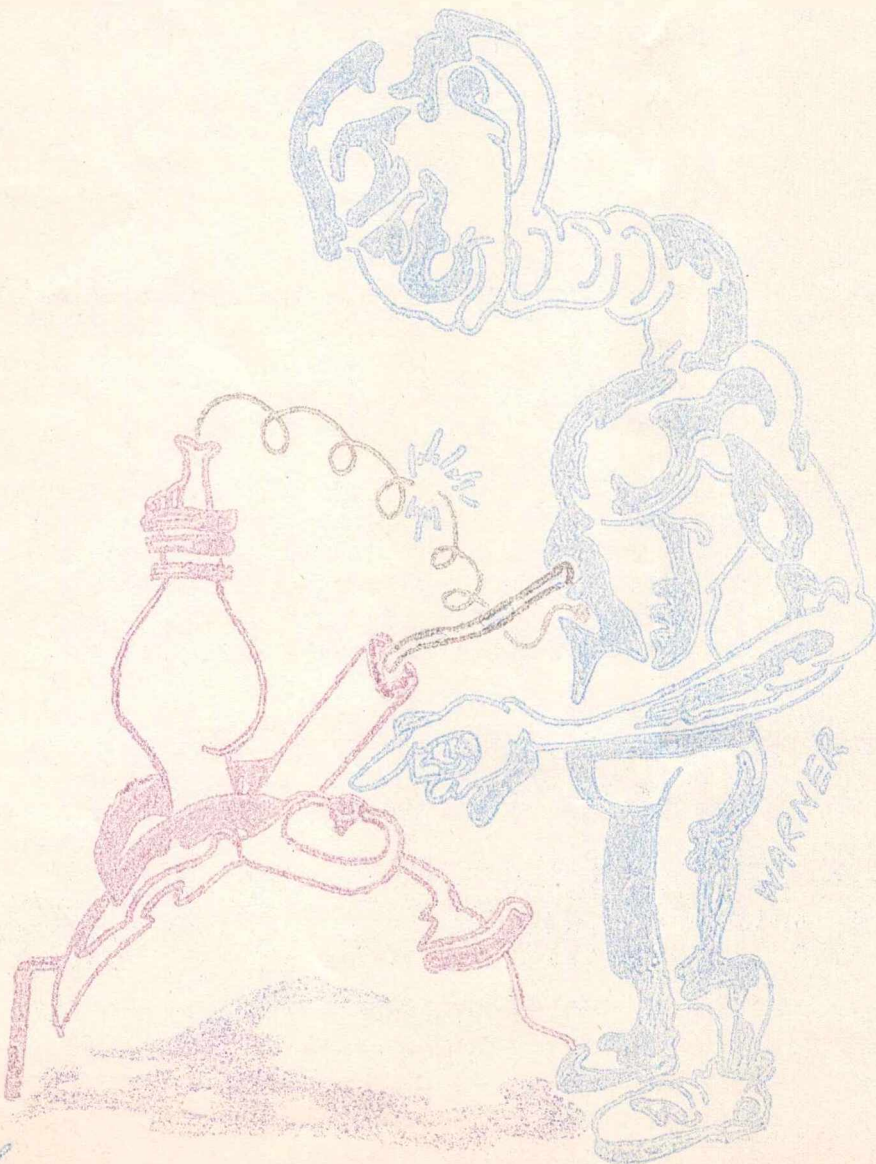
IRISH FANDOM

It is history by now that, as a hairy-faced young neofan, I first stumbled over the potholes of 170 Upper Newtownards Road in 1954.

Seven years and 500 stories later, I find it rather stimulating to look back and see some of the changes which have taken place during the interim.

First of all, take transport.

In 1954, Walt Willis, Bob Shaw and I possessed pedal cycles, in varying degrees of efficiency. One day, when the three of them were propping up the fence at the side of Oblique House, it occurred to me that if a frightfully clever mechanic had the time and inspiration to work on the project, he could have made a really workable bicycle, utilising the most efficient parts of the three of them. Willis and myself had one brake piece, Bob Shaw had the only good saddle (I never had one in those days, figuring that the sharp metal tubing sort of spurred me on) and with a little hammer-tapping I'm sure that two of the six wheels could have been made completely circular. Of course, to complete the job, the mythical mechanic would have to have purchased a bell and a set of mudguards, but even our most avid critic couldn't accuse any of us of being static. We were able to move around, I sometimes felt sorry



R U N D O W N

for Walt Willis. He worked at Stormont, which is a most magnificent building, with a three-quarter mile tree lined avenue leading to it, and in order that the Prime Minister wouldn't feel that his Rolls Royce was being made fun of, Willis had to park his bike in a wood and walk purposely past the Rolls Royce, and I have it on good authority that such was the technique employed by Willis whilst passing the Rolls Royce that most of the officials at Stormont thought it actually belonged to Willis, though I wouldn't agree to the fact that Willis started the rumour that the Prime Minister parked his pedal cycle in the wood.

John

beary

Being sort of proud, I always gave my bicycle a good oiling, and it certainly was egoboo to cycle down the Ormeau Road and see Bob Shaw sitting on the edge of the pavement trying to weave his cycle spokes back into the rim again. Some people have no feeling for inanimate machinery at all.

Bob Shaw then left us, to go to Canada for a couple of years, and Willis and I rose up the social scale in no uncertain manner. Many thousands of words have been slaughtered in attempting to describe my motor-assisted pedal cycle, but no one has previously heard of the trials and tribulations Willis had to undergo with his Vespa.

You all know what a Vespa is . . . I'm sure they are common in America. Willis saw that I had a motor to power my pedal cycle, and he was so jealous that he went one better. I still had to peddle to get my machine started, but once it was in gear I could whizz along at fifteen miles per hour quite happily. Willis obtained a seventh hand Vespa because he didn't want to pedal at all. Just a flick of the gears and away in a cloud of thick green smoke.

Yet, in Irish Fandom, there is a sort of mental block. We are good at some things. Very good at others. Even quite brilliant at one or two. But when it comes to a piston and a sparking plug and a quarter pint of petrol, things go haywire. My machine met its Waterloo one horrible day when the garage attendant, in a sudden fit of delerium, gave me a mixture of 90 per cent oil and ten percent petrol, instead of the other way round.

Willis, however, had other much more perplexing frustrations. My own opinion for what it's worth (and I admit I'm no expert) is that the pipe which lead the petrol to the engine had a short circuit somewhere. . . possibly in the close proximity of a small fan. I don't know whether a fan is a component part of the engine of a Vespa, but I cannot

recall ever having seen such a minute spray of petrol and black stuff when Willis put his machine in gear for the first time. Willis looked like Harry Belafonte in a poker-dot shirt. Willis of course took the machine to a garage, and as far as I know there are still blasting away to get a peep at the engine.

So, in a very short time, Willis and I were back on pedal cycles again, quieter and much wiser.

Then Bob Shaw came back from Canada, and drew up outside Oblique House one night in a grey Triumph Mayflower, which is some car.

This was a most subtle ploy.


George Charter's made the first counterploy by purchasing a brand new pedal cycle, with mudguards, wheels and a bell, as well as front and rear lights, an unheard of innovation in Irish Fandom.

Willis then played a master-stroke.

He obtained a green Morris Minor. It's sheer poetry to be driven about by Willis. When he's driving you about town, you don't have to worry about such trivialities as his driving on the wrong side of the road, or mounting the pavement, or playing tag with omnibuses. Oh, he does all those things, and more, but you don't have to worry about them, as I said. All you've got to do is to sit there with one hand on the handle of the opened door and keep your eyes closed and wait for the muttered 'Bloody Hell.' Then you jump.

Ian McAulay, that rising Southern Ireland fan, who is at present living with us in Northern Ireland also has a nice car, and it is quite inspiring to go to a meeting of Irish Fandom and see the bevy of automobiles parked outside 170. I don't feel I'm letting them down by parking my pedal cycle alongside them. I've got a saddle for it now . . .

Consider sport.

 Way back in '54, '55 and '56, Ghod-kinton was all the rage. Some of you newer neofans might find it a bit of a mystery, but I wrote twenty seven articles about it way back, so I don't want to re-hash it all, save to say that it's kinda like indoor Badminton, except there are no rules, blood must be spilled (unfortunately, it was most always wine), and it's a great way of breaking furniture and bones, in that order.

But now all that brutality has gone, and all is culture.

Have you ever heard of SCRABBLE?

Willis and McAulay play it all the time. It's like three dimensional crossword puzzles, and you have to have a superb intellect and a whacking great dictionary to play it.

It fills me with wonder to listen to these great minds having a SCRABBLE session.

I took notes one night . . . here they are, verbatim:

"Er...SWIFFCO."
"SWIFFCO ??? No such word."
"Like to bet?"
"Course I'd like to bet. Pass me that dictionary."
"Bet you a cigarette there isn't such a word?"
"O.K."
"O.K."
"Here we are...SWIFFCO...a type of back-scratcher used by
Papuan virgins during pre-puberty rites during a monsoon...orig-
inated in 1835 by Bert Perkins, a sailor of fortune who...."
"O.K."
"Your move."
"Klimpa."
"KLIMPA ?"
"Yes. Something to do with parasites which attack beetles
big toes. Studied it once. Absorbing. I recall . . . hey....
there's no such word is ZKFFEX."
"Bet you there is."
"Oh for crying out loud....pass the dictionary....."

It's nice to know that such wonderful intellects are guiding us minor
fannish brains on the proper road to Trufandom.....

I mentioned culture back there somewhere. Suddenly, in Irish
Fandom, we have all become ultra-music conscious.

Willis, Ian McAulay, Bob Shaw and myself all have record players, and
it is the done thing that whenever we meet at each others houses the
strains of some classical recording echo in the background. Last night,
even, Ian McAulay called and at 1 am this morning we were still enthral-
ed with the superb experience of hearing Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The Great Phenomena these days however is the bi-monthly HYPMEN schedule.
Walt Willis always took things easily when he was at the helm, and an
issue or two a year did the trick and kept everyone happy....at least,
although fans obviously would have liked to have seen many more issues,
they knew that with the infrequent issues it hadn't actually folded.

Then bounding, slashing, super-ative Ian McAulay appeared...and his
first triumphant move was to organise this bi-monthly deal...this has
shaken Irish Fandom from it's years of slow and steady farac, and now
all is deadlines and corfla and ATOM illness and egotico files.

With the advent of the Willis and Mata to the Chicon Campaign, 1961-1962,
could easily be the most glorious age of Irish Fandom....

I'll keep you up to date.



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Once I wrote a long convention report about a Mid-western. I was young and innocent and I was sure that all my readers were breathlessly awaiting my worn's-eye view of the doings of the Great Ones. Now I am not particularly young. Juanita laughs in my face when I try to tell people I'm innocent, and I can't see why anyone in his right mind would read a convention report.

Of course, there is the point that people in their right minds don't read con reports; fans do. As long as Locke has the gall to ask for a con report from me, I have the effrontery to write one.

To begin with, Midwestcons are held in a Fancy Expensive Motel in Cincinnati called -- among other things -- the North Plaza. I have paid the exorbitant rates of the North Plaza (and bitched about them) more times than I care to recall. This year I inquired about cheap motels and after getting some advice from Don Ford I settled on the Queen City Motel, a couple of miles up the road. I recommend it; with the money I saved on room rent I was able to buy some of Howard Devore's Fancy Expensive magazines. And after all, unless you plan on giving your own parties, you aren't going to be in your own room more than a couple of hours a night at a con.

Unfortunately for the reporter, Midwestcons consist of conversation. Parties, one crazy business session, and general gabfests. Who can remember all this? Who, even if he could remember, could set it down in cold print a month later and make it interesting? Fans arrived, fans talked, fans folk-sang, fans got drunk, fans lounged around the swimming pool, fans got sunburned, and fans went home.

robert coulson

I did add one milestone to my career this year, though; it's the first time I ever got thrown out of a parking lot. At the rear of the North Plaza there is parking space for both residents' and visitors' cars... a space maybe 50 feet wide, but long. Back of this is a high wire fence and immediately on the other side of this is a row of apartment buildings. Saturday night, a group of fans were



standing around in this parking space, waiting for the Chicago party to begin. As near as I can recall the group consisted of Nick Palasca, Sandy Cutrell, Ted and Sylvia White, Les Garber, Joe Sanders, Leo Tremper, Jim Lavell, Ron Elik, Juanita and myself. We were all talking rather quietly -- in fact, we were all down to the normal volume level of White, Sanders and Lavell, which, as anyone who has met them can testify, is barely perceptible. Joe, Les and I were discussing bargains in records and books, Juanita, Nick and Sandy were commenting on folk music, Elik was coddling a gallon jug of root beer and slyly taking a nip now and then, and the others weren't doing much of anything. Suddenly a strident female voice shrieked at us from the nearby apartment. "What do you people think you're doing out there while honest people are trying to get their sleep? I'll have you know this is a neighborhood! I'm going to call the manager in a minute!" Etc., etc. She had lung power; all by herself she made 10 times the racket that all of us had accomplished.

Since she hadn't specified what kind of a neighborhood it was, I considered asking her, but decided not to. (If Don Ford ever reads this, I want him to know that I realized that this was my golden opportunity to make myself obnoxious and get the con thrown out of that damned motel I've been objecting to, but I nobly refrained.) Anyway, we all slunk out of the parking area and into the Range Room (or whatever they call it) where the Chicago party was just getting a good start.

That party had a good finish, too. The motel manager was evidently appalled at the condition the room was left in; the room was firmly locked all day Sunday.

When Juanita and I left at 3:00 or 4:00 AM to drive back to the Queen City, I slammed the car doors and gunned the motor for all it was worth. I hope I woke the old bitch up, but I don't suppose I did.

Do any of you white-bearded old fans own any of the old Buck Rogers equipment? The toy Rocket Pistol, the Disintegrator Ray Gun, or any of the other paraphernalia that was foisted off on kids in the '30's or thereabout? No, I don't want any -- I'm just tipping you off, out of the kindness of my heart. I was present, slack-jawed with astonishment, when Ray Beam sold a Model 1 Buck Rogers Rocket Pistol, with a broken spring and no finish, to a collector-type fan for \$15. Iunno; a dollar apiece for dog-eared old magazines is a bit odd, when you come right down to it, but it can't compare with \$15 for a broken toy. Fans are the craziest people..... Actually, I guess it goes to prove one thing. If there is anything which is collectable, fans will collect it. Do you get premiums with your breakfast cereal? Save them, keep them carefully, and then in twenty years bring them to a stf convention. Somebody will be willing to pay good money for them.

I guess everybody is a little crazy at conventions. That's what makes them fun.



"Oh, come on now Dave. Bob Coulson didn't REALLY write this... I mean . . . a con report? This is utterly croggling, at best."

//

ROBERT
STOCK

MYSTERY FAN

ed gorman



Some years ago I encountered fandom and the desire to write and to publish. After disastrous attempts with hecto I turned to writing. Yet even this was discouraging for everything I did was rejected. I was at a loss. I needed to be published, to become part of the vast race of neo fans struggling for attention. I needed a market.

It came, mysteriously. One afternoon I spied on my desk a copy of a fansine titled PHANTASY AND FACT. It was a ten paged thing, wearily mimeographed, and hastily stenciled. I read it nonetheless and afterward wrote a one and a half page book review. I mailed the review to Stock c/o Guyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Days later the notice came, and it arrived in the form of a mimeographed column by myself. I was elated. I read another book, wrote another review, and dispatched it. I waited. Magically, it arrived. Published.

I did not like PH & F for it concerned the occult and mystical occurrences. Stock seemed infatuated with such occurrences and constantly read -- and inevitably reported on -- the books in his fansine. And it was so brief that no personality could evolve.

Yet if there had been a fanac poll of any sort I would have voted for it. I appeared inside every issue and the effect this produced was unnerving.

So for the next four or five months -- PH & F was bi-weekly -- the zines continued to lighten my mail box. I read my column, then layed the fansine neatly atop a stack of my published material.

Then I decided to do some fiction and the logical fansine to place it with was Stock's. I wrote, inquiring if he would be interested or not. For the longest time there was no reply.

It was, indeed, the longest time, for I've yet to receive an answer.

In the ensuing space I sent other letters. They seemed to fall down some bottomless mailbox. Nothing came of them. Except one. That was

returned, unopened, without a postal mark on it.

Where is Robert Stock?

Perhaps the subtle scheme of this is too much for you.

Perhaps you cannot see where the purpose or the explanation lies.

Nor could I for awhile.

Vanity publishing. The universal pen name. Robert D. Stock.

Strange, incredible? Perhaps.

But consider this. When my desire was the most rabid I was introduced to "Stock." Stock published abominable pieces but none so bad as mine. He accepted them unexpurgated and published them in the original form. He was true to his bi-weekly schedule. He and I never had direct correspondence. The issues of PH and F were enough to sustain my contributions' longevity. And the letters. The one returned, for instance. No postmark. Not even that of my own city.

Heaxes have come and gone. Carl Brandon. The deaths of Bob Tucker. Yet never one so complete, so consummate as this.

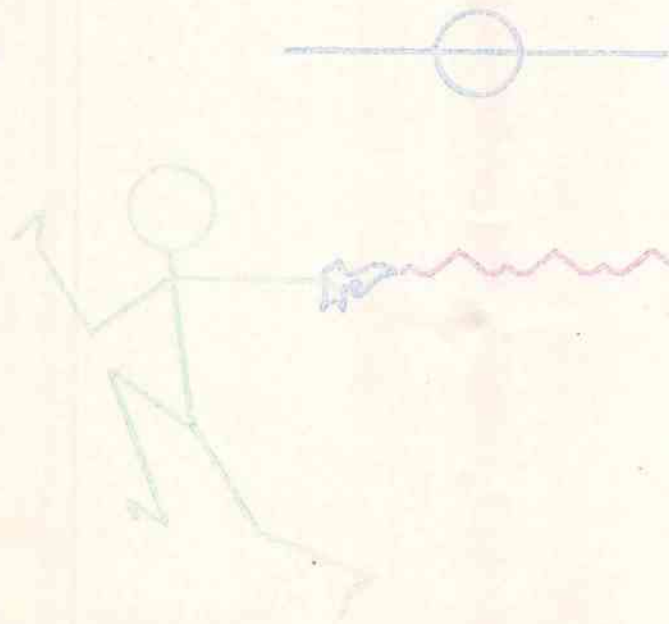
Robert D. Stock. Patron saint of unpublished fans.

So, neofan, take heart. Perhaps you too will receive a copy of the fanzine in the mail. Perhaps you too will write for it. And then, perhaps, you will understand as I do.

Robert D. Stock. The human paradox. The vanity builder. The super ego powering over the id.

"Robert D. Stock."

Myself?



Not were you
expecting, a van Gogh?

Vicious Circle

john koning



The first time I actually met Jacob Edwards was at the Chison. I'd gotten the first issue of SCHISTIMATIC, of course -- Jake sent that to just about everybody -- and he'd written a letter of comment on MASSIF #12, but that was about all I knew of him. He was a tall, gangling kid, about 16, with curly hair and glasses. When I came upon him, in the lobby, he was holding a big stack of what I later found to be SCHISTIMATIC #2, and was making ineffectual attempts at interesting other, brasher neofen in them. I could see that he wasn't having much success, and that he was rapidly becoming disillusioned. For all his pretended aloofness, he looked lonelier than any fan should at a convention.

"Hello, Jake," I said, grasping his free, rather damp hand, "I'm Jim Cade... just got in from New York. See you've got a fanzine there, huh? If you'll come up to my room while I unpack I'll trade you a copy of MASSIF 13 for it, okay?" It was almost pitiful to see his gratitude for the little attention I gave him, and I guess it made me feel real generous to have spoken to him, but after the trade I saw a few friends I wanted to talk to... alone. Jake was sticking to me like a Scientologist following ElRon around, and I thought I'd never be able to duck him politely until Alma Hill dragged him into the NFF room (he was a member then) to print NFFF all over his tag or something. Who says the

NFFF doesn't do a lot for fandom, I thought, as I walked away.

It wasn't until later that I actually looked at his second issue. I remember that I was sitting on a bed in Nirenberg's room, where some of the FOCUS circle were having a private party and waiting for Willis to arrive, skimming the issue when I began to notice whom some of the material was by. After that I just sat back and dug in. My God, it was fabulous! Edwards had written all of his first issue, and while it had showed promise I never expected anything like this. He had almost all the HNFs in the FOCUS crowd (that is, all the HNFs in fandom) represented, either in the lettercolumn or with articles and fiction. His repro was beautiful, masterful mimeo, and while he was a little weak on artwork he stretched it out by using clever layouts, so that the whole thing was easy to read and attractive to look at. Most amazing were his own contributions: a surprisingly mature and hilarious editorial, and a perceptive review column that really criticized. It was fantastic -- no neofan should have done that well. But in print Jake was everything his shyness kept him from being in person: fascinating, engaging, amusing. That was his secret -- he was so damn likeable that you just had to help him.

I leaned over to Ron Castle, the newest HNF in the Toronto group, and shoved SCHISTIPATIC in front of him. While I praised Edwards wildly he leafed through the fansine, and I could see his eyebrows going higher with every page. "Lord!" he breathed, "is this 'Jacob Edwards' for real, or is Koning playing hoax with us again?"

"Oh, he's real alright, Ron. I met him downstairs. Funny guy... not at all like he is in print, real nervous type. You'll have to meet him."

"I don't give a damn if he's 15 years old," Ron shouted, heading for the door over the top of Ellison and his bongos, "I want to meet him now!" Ron was a funny guy in his way too, though as unlike Edwards as could be. He was about 24, and rather handsome if you liked sharply cut faces, but he never seemed concerned about girls. In fact, he never seemed concerned about anything, just jubilant or exuberant occasionally, and his face, which you felt should always exhibit intense concentration or cold calculation, never indicated that he was tense or nervous. In truth, he never seemed to be. That's what made his LXD-DITE so popular in FAPA, and then in general fandom. Its readership had gotten so big that Ron had dropped out of FAPA, and most everyone agreed that, although they could never agree on which the other two were, it was certainly one of the top three fanpubs. Castle himself was probably one of the finest writers in fandom, but his biggest talent was making anything he put out, no matter how well planned, seem entirely spontaneous. It was no secret that he did most of the material for Rashburn's revived A'BAS, especially the derogations, and no one knew just how many of the "new fans" he discovered were his own pennames. Now, though, he seemed genuinely excited, and while I'd thought he was tipsy a minute before he was making his way toward the door in the tradition of fandom's other amiable bulldozer. I hurried after him.

We found Jake still in the N3F room, manning the Welcomittee Table (well, that's what the sign said) and we sort of sauntered up behind him just as he was telling a younger neo how wonderful the NFFF was. Ron glanced at me and wrinkled his nose, but he swung around amazed as Jake, without changing expression, finished with "Yes, the N3F is doing

a worthwhile job making fans out of the colorless grudges they have for members -- though some might say the process was just the opposite." The neofan quickly walked away, looking with distrust at Alma when she tried to pin a badge on him. Jake turned around and said to me, "I'm going to publish a fanzine to advertise the WFFF. I think I'll call it THE NYF TRAITOR." When he noticed that someone was with me he shut up, and when he saw who it was I thought he was going to melt into the wallpaper (a strange design covered with black octopi). I introduced Ron who, seeing how nervous Jake was, asked him quietly if he had an extra copy of his fanzine that Ron could see, and suddenly both of them were smiling and talking like old friends. It seemed somehow, the way things should be.

It went on like that Saturday, with Jake and Ron going everywhere together. I didn't see them too much, because I spent most of that afternoon with a femme from Philadelphia, but that night at the masquerade I found them at the center of a big bunch of fans, with Ron getting Jake's grinning face in his incredibly complex Austrian camera. As at the Detention, we had a jazz combo, and they were pretty good. I noticed that Ron was talking jazz to Jake, and pointing out the players in the combo, so I moved in, and the next two hours were filled with the wonderfully genial conversation that is so rare, except at conventions. Jake did a lot of listening, but every once in a while he would slide in some totally unexpected remark that, upon examination, always revealed more than the surface humor it conveyed. It was easy to see how he had gotten so much good material for his second issue. Later that night, up in our New York group's suite, the conversation continued, with Jake sitting on the floor (partly because of the Nuclear Pizzas he had been drinking, I suspected) at Ron's feet, hanging on every word.

Suddenly Jake pulled out a cigarette, the first I'd seen him smoke, and lit up. Ron watched for a minute, then asked, "Why do you smoke, Jake?" Edwards thought for a while, then replied, "I don't know... it just seems like the thing to do." "It isn't, Jake... it's a dirty habit, one that I wish I could stop. You shouldn't smoke, especially if it doesn't give you any pleasure."

"You know, you're right, Ron," he said, and threw the whole pack out the window. He looked curiously at Ron, as he staggered to his feet. Jake stood there, swaying, then lost his balance and grabbed onto Ron's shoulder to steady himself. As he leaned there, a few inches from Ron's face, he looked slowly into the older fan's eyes and said, "You're right about a lot of things, Ron... I wish I were like you. That would be really fine." Then he blushed, straightened up, and marched out the door with great dignity, warred only when he glanced off the doorframe and staggered down the hall.

While I thought Ron might be a little embarrassed by such frank hero-worship, I hadn't expected him to be affected as he was. For once his keen face did show concentration... and trouble... and a touch of sadness. Then he shook his head, as if to clear it, and, saying good-night to everyone and winking at the couple making out on the couch, he went off to his own room.

About 5 am we threw, or rolled, the last of the parties out of our rooms, and I collapsed into bed. Morning came about noon that Sunday. As I left my room Ron nailed me and I asked him to lead me through the fog to the coffee shop and read the menu to me in soft, soothing tones. I

didn't really feel that bad, of course, or I'd never have had the energy for such banter, and as he 'led me' into the lobby I noticed that he looked even more tired than I felt.

We were in the middle of the lobby when I said, "Look, there's Jake over there; let's get him for breakfast." Ron glanced at Jake and then turned aside as if to avoid him. Then, as Jake spotted us and hurried in our direction, he shrugged and mumbled, "Might as well be now, I guess." Then Jake was with us, smiling and talking with no sign of the hangover he should have had. 'Ah, youth,' I thought, 'and I'm an old man at 22.'

Ron and I ordered big breakfasts, but either Jake had already eaten or, as was more likely, the prices were a little high for him, since he only ordered iced tea. He always seemed to be drinking iced tea, almost like Ted White used to be with Pepsi's, and I kidded him about his icecube fixation.

The conversation flowed, as it always seemed to when we three were together, but I got the impression that it was flowing around Castle rather than he with it. Something was bugging him, I could tell. He kept trying to smile, but only succeeded in looking uncomfortable. Finally, when Jake started a series of puns on something I'd said that were really funny, all in the naive manner which, I had learned, concealed a very sharp mind, Ron gave up trying to be cheerful. He just sat there over his bacon and scowled. If Jake noticed, he didn't show it, but kept on pursuing his fatally funny line. Suddenly Ron said, "You know, Jake, I'm going to write you into the next derogation." Jake beamed, but I felt something bad coming. "You're going to be a neofan who makes fuggheaded statements." Jake started to say something, but Ron kept on, "And you can write a few letters to LYDDITE... neofans lately seem to be pretty civilized, they don't come up with the stupid inanities they used to. I haven't really given anyone an axe job for months." Slowly Jake realized that Ron wasn't joking, as the Big Name went on, turning the talent that had made him famous into a murderous instrument of invective and insult. I wondered how many times he had rewritten this particular bit of 'spontaneousness.' Finally, when he was almost crying, Edwards stood up and quavered, "But Ron, I thought you and me..."

"You and me..." Ron parodied. "You know, Jake, you're a funny guy. I mean that... a funny guy. But suddenly you don't make me laugh anymore, so go play with the other fuggheads!"

"I'll pay for the tea," he snapped, reaching for his wallet, but the neofan fished in his pocket, slapped a quarter down, and literally ran out of the room, not even fighting back the tears.

Ron was a BNF, alright, and he was big physically too, but seeing him castigate a neofan who had done nothing but be genuinely friendly was just too much. "You lousy bastard..." I started. And then I saw his face. I have rarely seen a man cry. I never expected to see Ron Castle, who treated pro and neo alike and laughed at everything but death, cry. Ron wasn't sobbing -- he had too much control for that -- and for an instant his face was completely calm and relaxed, except that his eyes seemed to trickle a thin stream of tears and his pupils dilated. Then he buried his face in his hands, and seemed to shudder and shrink up. "What... Why..." I stuttered.

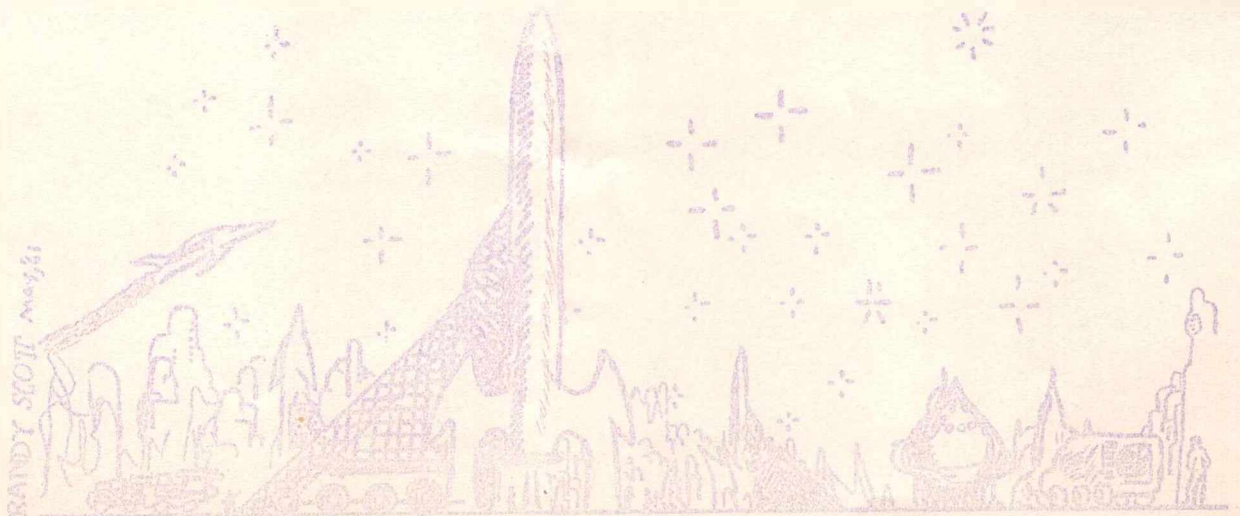
"I had to do it, Jim, I had to. And it hurt. No fan has ever looked at me like Jake did, and no fan has ever made me feel as good as he did. But you heard him last night... you saw that little scene with the cigarette. He thinks I'm god. Having someone like Jake look up to me does strange things, Jim... Jake's the kind of guy I'd like to have my son grow up to be, if I ever had one." (and I remembered that Ron's wife had been hospitalized months before, with an incurable cancer). "But Jake looks up to me, and to you, too much. His next issue, with his conreport in it, would have mentioned my name about 17 times. Pretty soon Ron Castle and Jacob Edwards would be indistinguishable as far as style and opinions go, except that everything Jake did would be an echo of me. And that's not the way it should be... he has too much talent to be a fawning acolyte or a sycophant.

"Remember your first convention, Jim? I do. Every BNF, or every fan I thought was a BNF, looked ten feet tall, and if any of them even spoke to me, I felt ten feet tall too. Maybe someday, soon I hope, Jake will feel tall enough on his own to meet fans, and then maybe he... maybe he won't hate me so." He dropped a bill on the table and left, looking anything but ten feet tall -- and a lot older than 24.

Ron seemed to lose interest in fandom after the Chicon. He folded his own fanzine, and stopped supporting A'FAS (which soon folded too). He stayed on as a passive member of the FOCUS Closed Circle, but other than that he dropped all fanac, and one day Cochran stopped sending him FOCUS too, and he was completely gafia.

Jake bore out the promise that he showed in SCHISTINATIC, but I guess you know that. In fact, it is ironic that many fans refer to him as the 'new Ron Castle,' though he is not the carbon-copy fan Ron thought he might have become. I hear he's going to be at the Berkeley con next month and now that he's a BNF the neos will probably be all around him. I'll be there too, and if he happens to meet his Jacob Edwards, I'll be around to see that he doesn't acquire any worshipful acolytes. Not after Ron Castle left fandom so he could be his own fan. I figure he owes him that much.

But if he doesn't think so, I'll be there to knock his teeth in.



Are you smoking more now
but affording it less?



Giant among Midgets. That's Nick Dolan
Defensive backfield star of the N.Y.
Midgets. Dolan is a Mamel smoker. He
says he's borrowed other brands. But
Mamel is the cigarette he steals for
complete satisfaction.

HAVE A REAL CIGARETTE
- HAVE A MAMEL



Nick Dolan

ENJOYS A MAMEL AFTER A
GAME. You'll enjoy a
Mamel anytime & every
time--if the coach does.
It's catch you!

DRIED GRASS MAKES THE MOST SMOKE



T H O T S

Bob Tucker))) Yes, and I still think of him as Top Fan. So there.

Billy Joe Plott))) 'Twas called to my attention by a friend that you reviewed Jack Cascio's REALM OF FANTASY and worked thoroughly on a story that I had in the issue. Something about sadism and brutality. I would like to offer some comments in defense -- of myself, not the story -- if I may.

The story in question, THE WHIPLASH, was written and illustrated some two years ago. I had discarded it in my files and forgotten about it until a few months back I was cleaning up and came across it. Feeling a need for egoboo I sent it to Cascio and promptly forgot about it. I am the first to admit it was pure crud and extremely low in taste, but perhaps the fault also lieds in the editing as either Jack was desperate for material or else he still adheres to that kind of perversion and trash that appeared in the first issues of his zine when it bore the title INSIGHT. REALM OF FANTASY has developed nicely since those first two issues, but Jack is hampered a great deal by an all too arrogant attitude toward fandom in general.

I offer no excuses for the story, you aren't the first to voice displeasure over it. I don't feel that it was quite as bad as it seems to be, but then I realize that it was pointless and better left unpubbed. But due to the time when it was written -- I was the rankest of neofans at that time -- and the all mad desire to see my name in print I can easily understand why it was written. I think that my writing during the past year or so shows a considerable amount of maturity that has been developed after three exposure to fandom.

I would like to say in summing up that the story is not an example of my current writing and thinking. I'm no Willis or Berry, but I feel that I can contribute something worthwhile when I apply myself. THE WHIPLASH was/is immaturity in its lowest form.

Lt. David G. Hulan))) Got my copy of HEP 3 today and was well-pleased -- one of the best fmz I've seen since my entry into fandom. I hope your duties don't cause #4 to be delayed too long.

The twisted adages were amusing - reminds me of my favorite:

"When in danger or in doubt,
Run in circles, scream, and shout."

I agree 100% on the inadvisability of fmz reviews in prozines -- I think that any possible space devoted to fanzine reviews would be better occupied by letters. What would be the purpose of fanzine reviews? If you're a fan, you undoubtedly get fanzines with enuf reviews to make reviews in prozines unnecessary; if you aren't they would be meaningless and irritating. The only excuse I can see is that they provide egoboo for faneds -- an insufficient raison d'etre. Prozines should pay some attention to fandom, but it should take the form of free publicity for cons & other fannish activities, plus as long a lettercol as possible, including names & addresses. Not fanzine reviews.

I wonder about Ezekiel . . .

Warner's article brings to mind a hypothesis of mine which you might like to kick around--namely, that the more SF is realized, the less popular it gets. That's not a very good way of putting it - let me try again. People read SF for escape - if it looks too much like a preview of next month, they won't read it. That's better. Exhibit A: The fact that down here in the self-styled "Space Capital of the Universe," the top-selling PBs of the past year have been "The Incomplete Enchanter" and "A Swordsman of Mars," neither of which is very scientific SF. And the popularity of all SF books seems to run in inverse proportion to their scientific content. As we're closer to the space program here than most places, it would be felt here earlier than elsewhere, but I venture to predict that the "hard" stf story will wane in popularity greatly in the future, and that there will be a resurgence of weird and fantasy fiction such as FANTASTIC is currently heralding.

Seth Johnson is a good friend of mine, but his article didn't appeal much to me. Perhaps I just don't understand Scientology . . . ~~That's~~ what he was trying to do; make you understand it a little better. I thought he succeeded quite well.

The fanzine reviews were intelligent, informative, and well-written. I can't see Plott writing a sadism & brutality story, either. You never know. I wrote one myself once, long ago. Actually it was the best story I ever wrote -- got a B plus in Fiction Writing for it; no easy job in that course. I might put it in one of my zines someday, though it isn't stf . . .

I didn't get the point of Zwicky's article. Erudite enough, & I can't argue with his facts, but I can't understand what he was trying to prove. Anything?

Jim Williams' Feghoot (the name wasn't mentioned, but by now we all know Our Hero) was about the best I've seen, even in F&SF. One in a great while is enough, but an occasional one is fun. This was.

Have to take some issue with Clay - just because a work is by an author who has produced things recognized as "literature" doesn't make it ipso facto literature itself. Of the ones he mentioned, I doubt if the critics would consider the majority "literature." LOST HORIZON, THE BOTTLE IMP, the three by Benet, and possibly the Lewis trilogy, but the others are considered minor works. And a close inspection will reveal that most of the works he mentions fall into the realm of fantasy and/or utopian stories - few if any into the field of true stf. Fantasy has fallen into

some disrepute in the past half century, but before that it was probably the leading form of Fiction - THE FAIRE QUEENNE, ORLANDO FURIOSO /Dave did this letter in longhand - so if something is spelled wrong, I couldn't read it/, THE DIVINE COMEDY, much of Shakespeare & Marlowe, PARADISE LOSE, PILGRIMS' PROGRESS, NEW ATLANTIS, UTOPIA, GULLIVER'S TRAVELS - I actually have difficulty thinking of a great fictional classic prior to TOM JONES that wasn't a fantasy of sorts. And throughout the XVIII and XIX centuries fantasy still remained quite respectable. But somewhere around WWI the idea arose that to be worthwhile a story had to be an accurate reflection of life, and authors with pretensions to quality quit using their imaginations. Regrettable, but true. I don't honestly believe that much, if any, current sf will endure - but so what? Comparing the mass of mainstream writing to that of sf, and balancing the mainstream classics against its own type of literature, the odds are probably against enough sf having been produced in all history for it to have given birth to a single great classic - especially since the top flight of authors won't try it because of the critics' disdain. Meanwhile, sf has produced a great deal of enjoyable reading, and that is after all the purpose of a fiction form. Fiction is to entertain - so Faulkner and Williams will probably endure no longer than Heinlein and Sturgeon. A dull "literary" story will last no longer than an entertaining bit of competent pulp writing - to last, a work must be entertaining as well as "literary." But I'll save all this for the future. May do a small monograph, Watson.

Caption for your cover: "One of you is going to marry our sister!"

Never having read anything by Shaver, I'm rather curious - Clay seems to think he was good; others curse the thought of him. Wish I could get hold of one of his stories. (Actually I saw one in OTHER WORLDS once, but I didn't get much of an impression as I had only vaguely heard of the man at the time.)

Tell Clay that I am working on a new index to UNKNOW which will make all others obsolete. I also won't do anything silly like attributing FEAR to Heinlein.

I see that Zwicky shares my opinion on languages. After all, the Swiss & Belgians are multilingual and seem to have no difficulty in getting along with their compatriots, while the English and Irish understand each other fine and hate each others' guts. Or the Bolivians & Paraguayans - or the whites & negroes in the US. A common language just wouldn't mean that much.

I personally like to learn other languages "for the fun of it," but admit that anyone who learned TAGALOG - Philippines' official language - other than for fun or because he was going into the Philippine hinterland is weak in the head. Sick, sick, sick.

Reckon that's the bulk of my comment. Again, an excellent zine, and congratulations. /Thank you. My egoboo runneth over/

/Some of you may have wondered what happened to the "blue" editorial comments. Yeg -- that was too much sweat. You'll have to suffer with solid purple/

Frederick Norwood))) Why do you want a world at large to accept s-f? Then we could no longer claim to be the star-begotten, the slans, the elite, we would be just normal people. Already sf stories are concentrating far too much of the affairs of satellites

and WW3, which the common reader can understand, instead of leaving what is behind and moving on beyond our own first feeble efforts. Do you think that wide acceptance would gain us better writers... but no, the best sf writers are the fans, the scientists, the misfits, the nuts, who would find science fiction and write it no matter how deeply hidden it was. Do you want the western hacks to invade our field, and ruin it as they have done their own. The only advantage of popularity would be that our own writers could get paid more, and wouldn't have to hack out stuff for money. But even though we could give our writers more time, we would also limit their plots to what the man in the street could understand... and it wouldn't be worth it. /I think the average non-sf reading person is most certainly intelligent enuf to understand most sf. If I can understand these plots -- 17 year old me -- then most anyone can. Really tho, I think it is rather ridiculous for some sf fen to think that no one else can understand their favorite reading matter, but they themselves. And Lloyd Biggle Jr. will argue with you about the "misfits, the nuts..." who write sf. To quote briefly from sumthing he wrote me: "Pros are people." Relatively few scientists and fans write sf, and are therefore all the rest misfits and nuts? I think you're way off the beam.

I was confused for a long time by page 5-6 being put in backwards. Somehow it lost a lot of the continuity. /Uh, sorry/

I'm sorry to hear about the name change, but if the change of format means that the sick jokes go, especially if the non-sick comments scattered around thisish stay, I suppose it is worth it. I like the cover format, though.

Warner was interesting, but this again is lamenting the plots lost instead of looking ahead at the plots gained. If science fiction would move on into the areas of exploration recently opened up instead of worrying about what has gone before... Besides, those stories Harry mentions are just as much sf as ever, they haven't changed. We must understand the level of technology at which they were written, of course, but no one expects fiction to come true. When sf comes through with an accurate prediction, a thousand inaccurate ones can't counteract its effect, any more than a thousand hacks can make a good writer any less good.

Er, yes...but if we are the Thatans, then on what level do we know it, and if we aren't the Thatans, then they are trying to control us, along with the other aspects of MEST. And scientology is helping them???

The review description of the Billy Joe Plott bit in REALM makes me wonder if maybe Billy was writing because he knew he had a sick editor to write for. Even meek, mild mannered me has sunk to being as bloody as possible, just to see if it is as easy as it looks.

The lettering was nice.

AND THEN THERE WAS LIGHT didn't answer anything at all, and didn't ask very much. In the first place, the book of Genesis is usually taken as poetry, not science, but even neglecting that, Floyd first offers three definitions of light, only one of which is concerned with vision. From this he concludes that "Any way you look at it, light is a phenomenon connected with vision, with eyes." The conclusions he reached from this are incredible in spite of their vagueness. If he is implying an order to Genesis, let him say what that order is, if he is implying something about the Sumerians, let him say what; if he has just written

down some random thots brought about by a random phrase, then why did you print the thing?

While a much more perverted story could be written around the same punch line, I suppose OUTBOARD will have to do until the postal restrictions let down a bit...only why did you have to call the thing a column. That implies that there will be more of the monstrosities. Please? Not all over your clean new format. [See Jim Williams' reply directly following this letter/

London a better seller than Burroughs? NEVER. But otherwise I am surprised only at the volume that Hamlin produces...and he doesn't even mention that virtually all early literature is fantasy. In fact, fantasy is the natural literary form, and all other forms merely consist of restrictions. Restrictions to a given time period, to a given plot format, to a given level of technology. Science fiction and Fantasy take in EVERYTHING else. So naturally any writer who would not let himself be limited had to write stf at one time or another. In fact, I've just realized that this solves the problem of dilution of stf. Get rid of the problem by definition (the best and safest way), simply bring forth the catagories of space stories (stories concerned with the extremely probable developments in space, with little or no originality or imagination, of the MEN IN SPACE series type, and War stories, including unimaginative descriptions of the next one. Then maybe stf will forget about what isn't really a part of it in any case.

The first sentence of Bob Jennings', especially taken alone, is beautiful (if incorrect), Bob is apparently extremely demanding in his artwork. / Oh now really, Bob, Zimmer doesn't object to the sex just because it is sex, and besides, Farmer doesn't usually write about sex, he seems to prefer vulgarity to obscenity. And you know he does concentrate on the former quite a bit, in face with only a few exceptions. Not that I agree with Zimmer, but this one point is not much of a criticism.

Kree! Wells was a bad writer. He was an informed writer, but his plots are in general overly stialized and stereotyped, while his style is almost invariably dull. A lot can be gotten out of his books, but this isn't because of the writing. THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU is, in parts, an exception I am at a loss to explain, but in the first place the critics are not always right, and in the second place even if they were, they admire his social commentary, not his imagination or ideas or writing. Verne, on the other hand, seldom went very deep (though when he really wanted to he could) preferring to keep his characterization on the level of broad national types; still he had a tremendous sense of the dramatic, and in spite of overwhelming scientific detail, managed thru sheer good writing to make his stories fascinating. Burroughs, of course, is the greatest writer of them all, as well as being able to go into considerable depth of plot and character when he wanted to. His writing absolutely sweeps one away... if the reader will let it. Of course, if the reader is a skeptic, or simply will not read for the joy of reading, then he can simply refuse to accept Burroughs visual and emotional images, in which case he will get nothing out of the author at all. And for sheer reprinting power, I have little information on hardbacks though I seldom see either in bookstores, but in paper backs Wells has five reprints, while Verne has the same number. Well's books made him a small fortune. Burroughs books made him a very large fortune, and I don't think Verne did so badly on that line himself.

In fandom, copying isn't really plagerism, since the zine almost never makes a profit. I have stooped to it myself, when I had a space I absolutely had to fill, and when done immaginatively from several sources, it can have something to offer. /I must strongly disagree with you. What dew you mean "the zine almost never makes a profit"? This may sound silly, but fanzines dew make a profit: a lot of egoboo for the editor. You can get a lot of pleasure, satisfaction, and egoboo out of pubbing, and that is the fanzine substitute for 'profit.' Fanneds use plagiarized art for one or both of two reasons: 1) they need art very badly, and/or 2) they feel it will improve the looks of their zines by copying good art. In both cases they are trying to better the product they are sending out into fandom, and are in search of more 'profit.'

Some fan sooner or later would be asking me to define plagiarism, as every kind of art is sum sort of plagiarism. Well, I'm not going to argue where the borderline is between original and copied art, but I dew despise directly copied art -- and this was the type attacked/

Plagiarism (uncredited) writing is another thing again, this can't be done artistically, and besides, the writing is the basic stuff of a zine, not just a filler. If there was writing plagiarized, then I agree...but do more than hint at it. /Perhaps you're right, and I should have exposed it. But that would have been a lot harder and not nearly as easily pointed out to the general readership as a piece of plagiarized art. No entire pieces of material was a direct steal, but numerous sentences and ways of expressing opinions were./

I wish you would print the addresses of LoGers. /I don't think that's really necessary. Fans know where fans live, 99% of the time. If by any chance you don't know a person's address, I'll give it to you unless asked not to by the person himself/

Floyd's letter was a lot pleaser, and more complete, than the article itself, and I wish it had been written and pubbed in the article's place. It would have saved a lot of misunderstanding. /I don't honestly see how you could have misunderstood him the 1st time around. I certainly didn't/

Your comment on TNENOG was hilarious...only, I hope it was meant to be. /Aha! You don't know whether I was serious or not! And I'll never tell you, never never never! You can torture me, kill me ... but forever will you be haunted by that mysterious sentence, always to be frustrated at its trickery! Aha, aha, WHOHAW! OCTG! suffer, damn you, suffer....

The above has been the serious and constructive part of PHOENIX for the present issue./

Mimeo has its problems too... for example, the faint pages are often in the middle of the run, and therefore unnoticed until you start to assemble. /If this goes mimeo, Ted White will dew the duplication. No problems there. U hear out thar, ~~that's it/yeah/~~ (oops . . . wrong image) Ted White? Prepare for business/

For famous lines, I always went for "They caught the kid doing something disgusting out under the bleachers, and sent him..." I forget the exact wording, but it is so wonderfully misleading. /THE DREAMING JEWELS, by Sturgeon/

Most kids haven't learned to class adventure and optimism as corney yet.

unless they have had parents and teachers especially careful to teach them that this was so, and thus can swing through the trees with Tarzan as gleefully now as ever. They don't stop liking something because it is classed as "square" even today until they are at least teenagers.

And so... this wasn't as good as the last one, but it was easier to read, and more clearly printed, and less spoiled by sick jokes, and with a better letter column... so I'm not complaining. /U better not/

Jim Williams))) Received Mr. Norwood's comments re my column in the last issue of your fanzine. I have one question to ask: Whaaaaaat? "...a much more perverted story could be written around the same punch line." Perverted? The PUNch line? It would seem the entire pun was wasted on you. It was like this: there was repeated trouble in getting the alien boy out of the cave with my vacuum cleaner, and so... but never mind. I'm not that proud of it.

I failed at first to grasp any perverted meaning of my pun, until I finally realized what you meant, Mr. Norwood. Yes, yes indeed; if you let your mind wander freely over that PUNch-line and thoroughly explore every possible semantic meaning no doubt you will find something perverted about it. If I wanted to I could loudly complain that poor defenseless children should not be exposed to such filthy, rotten, obscene lines of poetry such as "Mary had a little lamb." But, oddly enough, I won't. I must be mistaken, but I thought such methods of thinking were left behind around the time boys and girls entered high school. Yes, Fred, I'm thoroughly disillusioned . . .

Redd Boggs))) HEPTagon #3 represents a marked improvement over earlier issues, but it's still a rather brash, silly fanzine, it seems to me. I hope that the magazine's new personality will prove more ingratiating. /I'm awaiting your next LoC/

What's your definition of "sick joke," for heavens sake? Of the 14 you print on page 5, at least seven are not "sick" in the sense of morbid or gruesome, and a couple more are doubtful examples. What, for example, is morbid or gruesome about calling a bunch of ducks in a box a "box of quackers"? /U don't think that's sick?? My definition of a sick joke means 'sick' in the way of being morbid, gruesome, ridiculous, or stupid. Quite a number of these alleged "sick jokes" far antedate Lenny Bruce; they antedate any comedian active today, and come from the era when vaudeville comics rolled the hayseeds in the aisles in the opera house in Nopeople, Nevada. I heard the third joke on your list when it ran "Girls are like streetcars; there'll be another one along in a minute," and I have no doubt that it was told when it ran "Girls are like horse-cars." Considering the decline of public transport systems everywhere, the joke doesn't have much punch any more. Ever wait only one minute for the next bus?

It's odd, come to think of it, how jokes like that, in the realm of folklore, continue to be told and passed from generation to generation, probably largely by schoolkids, even when conditions change and remove the whole point. This is especially obvious in the case of the millions of jokes about the increasing brevity of female attire. Even in an era where skirts are getting longer and fuller, as in the days of the "New Look" a dozen or so years ago, the jokes continued in popularity. It's such a wonderful notion that women are wearing less and less and will soon turn up naked as Eisenhower's eranium that the obvious fact that it isn't so doesn't spoil the fun.

Then there's the whole spectrum of scatological jokes -- especially popular among grade school children -- that involve outhouses and animal excreta. Such jokes seem to continue in popularity despite the fact that the teller of the joke or his listeners may never have seen a Chic Sale or a bull.

I wonder if something of the same effect isn't being felt in science fiction? Harry Warner describes how changing conditions have rendered impossible a lot of science fiction, but if the idea contains sufficient kick, there's always a way around the fact that research or discovery has made the thing impossible. Eando Binder's SET YOUR COURSE BY THE STARS is now a museum piece, as Harry says, but it ought to be easy to set the story on another planet, or in another galaxy or dimension, if necessary, if somebody wants to write a story on the same idea. It's this effect that has brought on the torrents of stories that take place far out in the galaxy on purely mythical planets. So much of "traditional" sf is proved mere fantasy or is in danger of becoming so that it's easier and safer to set your story on a planet that exists only in the author's imagination and arrange conditions to suit your story.

My eyes bugged a little over Clay Hamlin's BLUNT INSTRUMENT where he's trying to prove that some sf and fantasy qualifies as "literature" -- and then desperately names Shakespeare (!), Jonathan Swift (!), Daniel Defoe (!), and other towering giants as fantasy writers. And then, even more desperately, brings in Max Brand, Erle Stanley Gardner, Paul Gallico, O. Henry, Philip Wylie, Agatha Christie, and most incredible of all, Mickey Spillane. Sheest. Incidentally, I b'leev it is well established that Spillane did not write that awful potboiler in FANTASTIC at all: Howard Browne did. /There were Defoe stories in F&SF, and they, along with material by Swift and Shakespeare (Shakespeare -- the majority of whose writing was fantasy), were certainly fantasy. There was also literature present in a high percentage of these works. Philip Wylie too wrote sf & fantasy. The others I don't feel qualified to speak on/

LOST HORIZON was probably the first title issued by Pocket Books Inc. -- Thorne Smith's TOPHER was #4 or #5, incidentally; why didn't Clay mention that? -- but surely not the first pocket book, lower case, meaning a small paperbacked book. Penguin in England, to name one publisher, issued such books many years previously, and there were others, going back to the last century at least. Penguin, by the way, issued Stapledon's LAST AND FIRST MEN in pocket book format perhaps a decade before LOST HORIZON came out in pb in the US.

Your comments on Scott Neilsen's PANTASMAGORIQUE taste like sour grapes. /The bitterness of reality.../

I'm surprised to note that you took Paul Zimmer's word for it that he's Marion Z. Bradley's brother, while rejecting hers. Why? /In one of Paul's earlier letters to me I mistook something he said to mean that they were not related, and thus that she wasn't being serious, was making a joke because of the similarity of name, and didn't really mean she was his sister. Ignorance is a fane's best friend. Sorry Mez B., solly Paul, un'erstand Redd??/

Earl Noe))) As far as fmz reviews being impracticable because of esotericisms, I l) think you underestimate the ability of the average reader to pick them up. I entered fandom not a great time ago and picked them up quite rapidly from context; I seemed to have an "ear"

for esoterism. And, be truthful... aren't the esoteric references often most fun when you don't know what they mean?, and 2) think that you overestimate the necessity for invoking the esoteric when reviewing a fuz (for magazine readership). [I also mentioned fan history and fan personalities, among other things, as needing more than a simple review to explain aspects of them to the non-fan readership. They, undoubtedly, are things not as easily picked up.]

To allege that fuz reviews, per se are undesirable, is certainly untrue, since fanzines (like HABAKKUK and NEW FRONTIERS, to cite two diverse, but applicable examples) often cover areas that are not at all overlapped by the prozines, and in an interesting (not merely to the "fan," but by their nature to the intelligent readers, a priori) and often highly professional manner, as well. [Jenne Comprenne Vois]

I will certainly concur, however, that the sort of fuz reviews we are likely to get (an it isn't likely there'll be any) are rather undesirable. To be of use, the criticism would have to be incisive and analytical, not a bland egoboo listing of every bit of flotsam that hit the columnist's desk.

Personally, I'd just as soon see any kind of fuz reviews taking up some of the space AMAZING has been using for its insipid "fact articles," though. [I don't think you'd be much happier.]

I don't know why Clay feels Kingsley Amis perpetrated such a denigration of the literary value of science fiction. At any rate it wasn't Amis that said in no uncertain terms that science fiction was not only a failure (inherently) as social criticism, but a medium of little literary importance, but rather it was sf's own most famous practitioners Robert Heinlein, Cyril Kornbluth, Robert Bloch, and Alfred Bester in their '59 Advent book THE SCIENCE FICTION NOVEL. I fail to see how anyone who has read this book can by comparison find Mr. Amis anything but a staunch friend and great optimist toward science fiction. Possibly Clay has been influenced by SE Cotts' rather blockheaded evaluation of NEW MAPS OF HELL in AMAZING. This reviewer managed a brilliant synthesis of complete innosense, of anything contained in the book. Clay's case succeeds only to the degree that it does by saying Amis made some kind of a charge against "science fiction and fantasy," whereas he said very little about fantasy, but did say very clearly that lumping them together as they have been for so long is inane. So Clay's case is partially valid for fantasy (although the premise that being a well-known author equates literary excellence will chafe many), but doesn't really get off the ground for sf. Kornbluth's contribution to the above volume is about the most effective rebuttal of defenses of this tack I have yet found.

I know I don't care a great deal about Neilsen's "plagiarism" (that's a big, serious word, with the heavy thunder of lawsuits, death and destruction rumbling in the background), but I know that I'm much more apt to be annoyed at your taking up so much space to defend fandom from these heinous crimes than by the "plagiarism" itself. [Would you mind explaining why? I doubt I took up much space (slightly more than half a page in a 32 page fuz), know I was not trying to "defend" fandom (tho Roscoe knows it needs a hell of a lot of defending), and cannot see why, if all the past & present miscues in this people's government are being exposed to ridicule, my attempt at defending my "sour grapes," "annoying," "mean," position of disliking a packie - or, for that matter, any - form of deliberate plagiarism, should be frowned upon by a

few. Those of you who agree with me on this matter must be ashamed of yourselves by now . . . what with penning a poor young neo. Get with it, cats -- go out and find yourself a former high official to axe.

Bah! This is having fun fanning? From now on pippie, a new, fasaanish beachcomber will imerge to edit PHOENIX. And the other, mean cynical grouchy beachcomber, will be locked in his tomb for as long as possible. . . . Humbug. Go stick your head up a rocket tube-//

HEPTagon was a nice zine but too damn faint! // With that I'll frustratingly have to agree. mmmmmh^o be nextish...//

[An odd thing happened the other day when I opened the door to PO Box 207. A heavy, black thing fell out. At first I wondered what a block of carbon was dewing in my box, but closer inspection showed this object to be a postcard. YES, a postcard! The poor thing had been typed to death. But there was just enuf white space allowed on the front for my address to be squeezed in. The address was typed in micro-elite, and the mystery was solved! Immediately I shipped the thing back to Bob Jennings and told him that if he expected me to read his blatherings he'd have to type them on sheets of paper, no matter how many it took. He did, and even tho it'll shoot my budget to Mars, I'll print the LoC (1/5 of it 'twas edited away - honest). But Bob, MIGHOD!//

Bob Jennings))) The horrible truth of the matter, as you kindly point out the Misguided Deckinger, is that the non-fans outnumber the fans by a long long shot. And to non-fans the fmz reviews are so much Greek, they are meaningless to anyone but fans. Oh sure every now and then something comes thru to the non-fan, thru a maze of silvered prisms (didn't Mike himself admit a time back that he originally thought fmz were printed magazines published by dedicated individuals?). Any attempt at compromise is usually doomed to failure, too. Belle Dietz's column is the good example of this. It was dull to fans and dull to non-readers. Now I got interested in fandom from reading the MADGE fmz reviews, but not because the reviews made matters one bit clearer to me. Money and inquiry to various faneditors did not bring me any results either. It took a recruiting letter printed in a pro mag to do the job. The only way fanzine reviews can be made useful to the majority of the readers is to do it thusly. Get a good writer, Bloch is just fine. Have him write a short essay of a non-fannish nature preceeding each instalment of the column, such as he did with MADGE. Make it interesting and stfional. Then use two or three pages in micro-elite to cram in the fanzine reviews. Do not even attempt to compromise. The non-fans and the fans as well will find the informal essay of interest, and the fans will go for the fanzine reviews. Non fans who are interested enough can find their way into fandom thru the reviews. Non fans who are not interested or can't figure the mess out can't gripe as long as interesting essays are printed preceeding each installment of the reviews, because if the column is killed the essays go with the reviews. This sort of policy is one I would personally support, but any other method of reviewing fansines seems to me to be pre-doomed to miserable and absolute failure. //That's sumthing I didn't think of, and seems to be the only way, to have a fmz review, that would have sum chance of success. If anyone thinks this might be worth presenting to Gale Goldsmith, why not bomb her lettercols with the idea? BUTT, with two t's, you admit that there is vely vely little chance of any non-fan coming into fandom thru a fmz review. So, except for cheap egoboo for fans, what good would the review be?//

As for a well known fan reviewing the fanzines...need we even bother with that? Unless the well known fan can produce something to interest the non-fans he is Doomed.

You forgot the most important part of the Hidden Desires Dept.; it will not only benefit sf and fantasy, but it benefits you from the monetary standpoint. Of course, all you wanted to do in the first place was write a bit of Literature, as science fiction of course. As long as you are day dreaming, why not make it logical, like, the world goes mad for two weeks and buys nothing but science fiction. The stands are swamped, new magazines are issued in hords, a Trend is started, and in two weeks every one returns to sanity. A few hundred people would have been converted and we'd have those magazines everyone is griping that we lost. It's about as probable as your Classic Science Fiction Literature.

I suppose you know you have Mentioned My Name, and thereby you have endowed yourself with my Gratitude. (oh come now lad, Rise, you'll skuff your knees like that). No kidding tho, you seem to have had a bad case of "Goshwow, it's Bob Jennings again," which will soon be cleared away. /Nahhhhh... you're my hero/ I resent your implication that I have the ability to kick an article writer in the behind, then gently help him to his feet, then kick him down again. I merely state my opinions the best way I know how. The minor fact that I'm insulting and like to pile up a barrage of opinions and facts in the process is a secondary consideration. The reason I do not give you a few paragraphs of how much I like something or the other is because I am solely against stupid and meaningless adjective comment. Have you ever considered how utterly ridiculous a whole paragraph of ravings about how Great an article sounds? It sounds pretty stupid let me tell you. I've got a hord of short and long letters of comment made up of adjective compliments, and let me tell you I can get pretty damn sick of the stuff pretty soon. I like letters of comment that say something. It only takes one line to say I liked something. It takes several more to say I disagree with an article or a point, because I will have to state why I feel the point is wrong, the opinions I hold and evidence or reasoning to back up my opinions. You do not have to go thru all of this to say that "Article X was just great, more of the same." That's all you need, if you are the type who wants to hear eight or ten lines of how great article X was without anything constructive being said in the process then that is your right. I don't, and I'm not going to fill my letters of comment with it. When I agree with a person I'll say so. If my agreeing goes beyond one line of compliment then you'll know I have something else to say on the subject, something I hope is constructive or destructive or will at least get away from the adjective yammering that make up a sizable portion of any faneditors' letters of comment. /Well, I printed a letter lastish by sumone named Bob Jennings. The second paragraph of that I would not call "adjective yammering." U see, U can dew it if U try/

Editorial was interesting, started off well, dropped. Clean it up next time.

Harry Warner is wrong on a number of counts, tho he says what he says in the manner which seems to vindicate every last one of his statements. In the cold light of reason, on the other hand, his mutterings do not stand up too awfully well. To begin with I'd like to know how many fanzines Harry has noted that have been "filled with laments that science fiction is coming true so fast that there will soon be no more prozines."

This is certainly news to me. At the very most I have heard it mentioned, usually a line or two in an article or editorial, that science is beginning to catch up with science fiction. The key work here is beginning, I have not seen the hords of fanzines Harry claims exists, which are "filled" with claims that the promags are dying off because science is catching up with science fiction. I seriously doubt if Harry can produce this massive number of fanzines either.

I also seriously doubt whether more than a handful of stories have been outdated by the more recent science fiction advancements. If one looks at the question objectively, and remembers that science fiction is little more than fantasy animated within scientific circles, none of it is really outdated. However working on the other accepted premise, that science fiction and science are two interlocking media (which is pretty silly when you give it serious thought) some science fiction has become outdated. However the odds are not as great as Harry imagines.

I used to image all those stories about the cities on the other side of the moon (you know the ones, the lost races, the dying civilization, the alien outpost, the time lapse station set up during the last great "period," etc and etc.) When the photos of the other side of the moon came out it clearly revealed that there were NO cities back there. I felt a trifle let down. However the rationalization occurred to me that the cities were camouflaged in some ingenious way, that the aliens had thrown up some means of protection to save themselves from the prying earthmen.

In other words Harry, if you want to go picking little flaws in stories here and there then NO science fiction story is perfect, and you can knock holes in the whole damn lot of them. So the space ships being built for the first time in WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE scene is inaccurate, does this detract from the story value one bit? In fact our outdated stories will not stand up. An enterprising author can go back over his work, and between scenes can introduce a short history lesson to the effect that in 1957 satellites went up, etc etc. Your reasoning is exactly like the atomic mourners you disprove, you spoke too soon. And while current promags may not feature stories in which the giant human eating ants rush over the planet forcing us to build the first space ships anymore, I would think it was because the plot is so gastly. The same plot can be adapted only slightly, adding the element of spaceships being built along lines of previous models. A few words of injection will set the most of science fiction stories you seem to consider outdated correct. And as I said back there, what difference does it make? Does it matter one bit if space travel is not as Verne and Wells saw it? Does that detract much from their basic stories? So the sands of Mars don't hide hords of alien armies waiting to pounce on the unwary Earthmen, this still doesn't detract from the story values does it? If you accept science fiction for what it is in the first place, a specialized branch of fantasy you can overlook minor defects in the basic plotting and still enjoy the story. Of course if you are one such person who must insist on absolute and complete authenticity in all his reading you will not...you will not, be reading science fiction to begin with.

However it is the duty now that science is advancing on the ranks to clear away the cobwebs and the old plots and step forward to something better. Little inconsistencies caused by a changed future have a nasty way of becoming large inconsistencies as the years go on. While we may still accept many stories as science fiction today, merely because, as in RALPH 124C41 and a hundred others, a lot of the science is pure wasted

effort disapproved by history, a lot more of the material has not seen reality yet and is still in the doubtful category, apparently some people will not. The science fiction writer should begin to project his stories somewhere beyond just off our green earth. In ten or fifteen more years man will be venturing to those planets and he'll know that science fiction was wrong (but then, how many of you really expected aliens to descend on the Earth in angry hordes, or a phantom army to come riding out of the blazed red Martian sand dunes?), and science fiction had best prepare, by moving his stomping ground to another part of the galaxy, or into another set of stories types. Science won't remain static, and if science fiction is to remain science fiction instead of fantasy fiction per se it had best to move with it, or rather, ahead of it.

The scientology article was of interest. It just so happens I'm in complete disagreement with everything Seth said Scientology believed in, except the belief in the complete and total memory. I believe that a human being somewhere in the womb stage develops the apparatus of memory, and that the memory begins clicking then, and barring serious accident of pre-conditioning every event of a person's life is "taped" on the memory. But I do not believe that the Scientologists have found a way to "rerun" the memory track. It takes hypnosis or drugs to get at even consciously forgotten recent memories, and when you attempt to pin point incidents far back in the past, considering the fact that the person consciously or otherwise suppressed this memory (I mean, how would you like to live with the awareness of every second you have thus far lived. It's a condition impossible for the conscious human mind, so the sub-conscious mind takes care of the problem, and keeps memory hidden away until needed) you will need more than drugs or hypnosis, since you will have to locate the knotty point to begin with. Once found the straightening out and unraveling into the separate components would be quite a chore in itself. In other words to do the job right, a scientologist would have to follow the memory track from the pre-natal beginnings, and would have to begin at birth, unraveling the difficulties and problems of the patient. This is an obviously impossible job, just as sorting out the different meanings and dangers an incident may have had on the person's life is. I doubt if memory can be rethreaded this way, and it would take more than a life-time to correct the difficulties not to mention destroying the basic personality of the human being who subjected himself to such probing. I personally will stick to conscious adjustment, hypnosis and a good psychologist should I ever find myself in such difficulties.

Hubbard's sf stories overlap I see. I suppose you read some of the attacks on scientology, the pre-natal conceptions of a before life has been pretty well attacked in other sources (I'd probably have to check the library magazine files now to find the specific articles anyway). The business of two universes does not impress me. Or rather it impresses me as so much nonsense. I may get around to accepting reincarnation as more than a very interesting theory, one of these days, but not this jumble of superstition.

Tucker's fan letter to AMAZING was interesting.

Clearing up a few misconceptions in the review of GHOST, I thought the past issues since the annish have produced good layout, and most of the readers seem to agree with me. Granted before that time layout was a sight, but owing primarily to help from Jerry Borge and self conscious type effort the situation has come up considerably, at least in my humble opinion (I'm only the editor/publisher tho...). As for regular schedule... twice I have come out on schedule in my fanish career, usually I'm three days to a week late in getting the thing off and in the

mails.

Floyd Zwicky said about the longest nothing I've seen in a week now. The previous longest nothing was a three page advertisement for some medicine...ridiculous reading thru and thru. Floyd's little article does not come close to the ad for humor of course, but he more than makes up for it in generalities. I wonder seriously why he bothered to write this? It would take a pages long study to even decypher with any degree of logic and fact what he has concluded and assumed in his article. He leaves out more details and lets thru more, excuse me, light in his opaque like article than any other short nothing article I've seen in three weeks. The previous nothing article devoted two magazine pages to the entire creation of the universe.

I have a suggestion. Why don't you write titles and authors of the columns and articles so that we readers know what you are talking about. It would help matters I think.

I could make a very dirty, very evil little comment pertaining to that pun in Williams' column, however in the interest of Cleaning Up Fanzines, and all that, I won't. I liked the pun, but thought a few places in the story a bit of rewriting and editorializing would have helped.

Clay's column was slightly better this time round, but he is still trying to cram too much of everything into too short a space with not much development. Which is discouraging when you realize that he comes up with good, if misused ideas as basises for articles.

Of all those stories he names I can count only nine that I do not know. The trouble is that Clay assumes no one else reads mundane type literature besides himself, also he presumes that fan are so narrow minded that they will ignore the fact that good fantasy is produced at some time or another from the pen of almost every writer of any merit. He just covered some of the better known stories. However few stories in that group could be called science fiction. It's a painful fact for those of you hate fantasy (do such exist?), but when a mundane writer turns to the fantastic, the writing is generally fantasy, because fantasy is more easy to handle in the literate or pseudo-literate styling the authors are more fond of. They would not think of adapting their original ideas to that stereotyped and hack ridden science fliotion form at all... It's only by stretching the definitions in several cases that mundane pieces of fantasy become science fiction.

Maybe I got a good copy or something, but the blue pages of the issue came out better than anything else in the fanzine. A Gentle Hint.

Your criticism of Scott Neilsen's first issue was damn well deserved. Look at it from a logical stand point. I will agree that his first issue "showed lots of potential." So what the hell? I'm not growling about the plagerized art, if Neilsen wants to find a quick law case then that's his business. The point is that future potential does not compensate for presently produced crud. How many fanzines have you known that "show a lot of potential." Well, you can name every first issue you've ever known for a start. Every zine, until proven otherwise by a successive string of crud shows great potential, this is NOT the point of directed criticism. If zine A shows great potential, but the first issue is still utter and complete crud, then why the hell shouldn't a fanzine review criticize it sharply? Of course kinder reviewers pre-

fer to say a few encouraging words about first issues, or pass over them lightly, which is probably a good thing, as most first issues are sorry sights to behold indeed. But this does not necessarily mean that an iron clad rule, unwritten or specified should be erected which says fanzine reviewers no longer have the right to pan first issues of fanzines. In this case the criticisms directed towards Neilsen's fanzine were mostly well deserved. It was a bad first issue and showed it. Maybe it'll improve, maybe not, but the generalization that it might improve in the near future is no compensation for poor quality in the present. /I'm glad to see someone else shares my opinion. What bugs me about this situation is that no matter how much "amateur, worldly, philosophising fen" axe such things as government, religion, & other fen, it's considered impolite and mean to pan the firstish of a crudzine. --/-- As for the plagiarism, let's drop the whole subject right here, eh people? You know how I feel about it -- I believe I have expressed my opinions fully -- and no matter how hard we try no one is going to really 'change his mind' about the situation, is he? Each of you has sum opinion on this discussion, and I could drag it out over quite a few issues in order to give this lettercol a big 'boost.' But brother, this isn't my type of fanning/

The letter column was very interesting (you printed my letter, it had to be...) but I can find few points of comment this round. Agree with Zwicky completely on his language letter. A pity his article the first time round was so misleading... /Harry Warner, are we the only ones who knew what Floyd was talking about???

Good Ghu to Alan Dodd... If he wants stills and revenocers he should come down to Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama and such senic points along the way. Illegal liquor is big business in South Carolina, but us poor industrialized mountain boys here in Tennessee have made it something less. In fact just the other day I happened to think that the fine old occupation of moonshing had become little more than a penny anti game anymore. Every Saturday in towns smaller than Nashville, Johnson City, Memphis, Knoxville, or about that size, the local county sherriff will take out a few men and cheerfully round up a few bootleggers. It's a jolly game, the bootleggers insist on trying to dynamite the still just as they are about to be caught (which just isn't playing the game), but all in all it's a good job. Stills cost money to make you know, the copper tubing and inside apparatus is the most costly part of it, all total it must run five or six dollars to turn out illegal alcohol provided you can produce your own pot bellied closed base container. (I've seen old oil drums being used for that, but I wouldn't recommend it to any enterprising do it yourselfers. I understand you can never clean out all that gritty oil taste, and also that the insides rust miserably. The other big production is getting sugar, (if you're a cheap brewer) and the grain mash together. Brewing time takes nothing, it's the settling and soring of the mash that causes so much trouble. It has to be just right before the actual distilling process takes place. Oh well, more about Tennessee's state wide sport next time round. /You SEE, Alan Dodd! My fanzine isn't a hick publication... GHOST is! /

To Moffat. I started reading stf books in the fifth grade, and read Heinlein. When I was in the eighth grade I read, or tried to read, Burroughs. What a mess, I couldn't take his Mars novels, they made me sick sick sick. His Tarsan books I did, and still do like, but it's the only Burroughs I can stomach these days I'm afraid. --/-- Onwards. The Leinster story THE RUNAWAY SKYSCRAPER (am glad to know the title of the thing finally) was reprinted from a 1912 story from ALL STORIES I think.

The first two or three issues of AMAZING, when it first appeared were made up of reprints, I suppose you know. --/-- Your line on where Indian Lake is was most amusing. /U don't believe me?/

Your zine is going irregular. I'm sorry then, because it appears that in the near future your zine will probably fold. At least this new trend has overtaken a lot of newer fanzines which decided to go irregular tho "frequent." I hope you're doesn't fold tho, as I enjoy it. /PHOENIX has an irregular appearance, but not necessarily frequent. With the kind of material I'm ~~pleading~~ asking for now I only publish when I feel like it. No pain, no strain, and PHOENIX is reborn every time I get the pub-bug. If you play your corflu right, you can enjoy your pubbing for a long time/

Walter Breen))) Why bother to accept as dogma Sam's edict that "Whenever a work of stf is truly outstanding, it ceases to be stf"? Whether or not a work is reviewed in the mundane press as stf is hardly relevant. So long as one accepts that a book is stf if it uses stfnal techniques, then works like Wolfe's LIMBO, Stewart's EARTH ABIDES, Orwell's 1984, Huxley's BRAVE NEW WORLD and Bradbury's DANIEL WINE qualify, as does Ann Rand's ATLAS SHRUGGED, even though just barely. /I know that, you know that, but the non-stf reading public doesn't/ ---/--- I haven't read the Orton piece on Ezekiel's visitors, but the explanation of their shape (if that is the word) is perhaps just as convincingly ~~stf~~ in Robert Graves' THE WHITE GODDESS.

Warner: Splendid! I suppose others will have perhaps told you, though, that there are diehard fortoans and Kereshians and flat-earthers who insist that the whole space program/Shepard/Gagarin stuff is a lot of elaborate hoaxing. There was a nut in NJ name of EJ Theisen who kept trying to convince me of that precise proposition till I began to throw his letters in the wastebasket unread.

I was dismayed to find an article about Scientology that did not so much as mention its stated (and, so far as I am concerned, thoroughly worthy) aim -- "to make the able more able." There are other goofs--in particular, the "reel" records pleasure and pain, not merely sensory impressions otherwise unevaluated, and the auditing situation is about as unlike hypnosis as the bright sunlight is unlike midnight in an unlit cave. Also, the properties of theta are not quite the same as those of "soul" in the christian sense; the immortality of a thetan follows logically from its not being material, not being subject to the kinds of disintegrative (chemical or biological) factors which account for physical mortality, and is not the result of any theological decision. "Religious aspect of Scn" is therefore a misleading label.

George Spencer is NOT "an unknown"! Granted that he is rarely active outside OMPA, he is a BNF in that circle and one of the finest writers in fandom. I have a superb piece by him in TESSERACTION 3. George was at the Pittcon; and several years before, he edited CURE. His OMPA-zines UNICORN and GRIFFIN have crogglingly good multicolor mamecwork and layouts. /What's a BNF?/

Randy Scott; FYI, the Disclave was--AS ALWAYS--in Washington, DC, hence the name DisClave. Sorry. "Conventioneering Traveling Giant J" exists, but FANAC does not give out the names of its spies. These fin people send in news items with the specific string attached that their names not be used (generally in order not to risk offending someone or other); FANAC has fourteen regular spies and several other irregular or infrequent ones. Their contributions are identified by a particular letter

(e.g. LARSEN spy, "X;" NY spy, "G"), save when I get the item piecemeal from several different sources and it is impossible to distinguish the contributions. / The FANZINE FOUNDATION is in existence, not merely being started; several hundred have already been put into buying the Swisher fmz collection (almost complete from 1935 up to 1946) and several other comprehensive collections. / FANAC 74 was hardly typical; earlier and later issues have had plenty of pro news. I publish what comes in. If you have any trouble understanding anything in FANAC, drop me a postcard with your questions; I'm not deliberately trying to confuse anyone.

Zwicky: The origins of the Genesis stories of creation (there are two of them, not one, in the first four chapters) are well detailed in Graves' THE WHITE GODDESS. Graves' basic thesis--that a Mother Goddess cult was in existence all over the Mediterranean area as well as in many other areas of the earth, and that fiercely monotheistic reformers in Judaism suppressed all explicit evidence of earlier Jewish adherence to the Goddess in their re-editing of the Old Testament books, and that many of the earliest stories were pieced together from ritual icons on which scenes were painted, but these icons were later misinterpreted to tell altogether different stories--seems pretty well established. / As for a high technology in pre-Sumerian times, see my EARTHQUAKES, Dinosaurs & ATLANTIS in UMLICK 3.

You may take ~~Verdiana~~ ~~Verdiana~~ Jim Williams between thumb and forefinger and gently deposit him in the F&SF editorial wastebasket. Please.

Hamlin: Fantasy, technically defined, is not found in Shakespeare, unless one considers as fantasy his plays laid in a Greco-Roman or fairy-land world in which gods appear; but to the Greeks and Romans their gods were no more fantasy (by and large--though there were skeptics then as now) than Jesus Christ is to, say, Alan Boatman. But fantasy, accepted as such, goes back at least to Lucian's TRUE HISTORY. We disagree on the merit of many of the stories you choose to name, but on little else in your article. / As you said earlier about stf: So long as one accepts that a book is fantasy if it uses fantasy-writing techniques, then Shakespeare qualifies. And just because the Greeks and Romans believed their gods real doesn't make PAGAN PASSIONS future history... /

Jennings: "Modern stf...has decided that that old outmoded thing called plot is now unnecessary." As in ROGUE MOON or CANTIGIE FOR LEIBOWITZ? Oh, come on, now... / yes, yes, keep going. / Looks: Send your green masters to Andy Main ben. / Hickman: "PARSECTION is the best new zine to appear in years." Despite HABAKKUK, DISCORD, WARHOON, XERO? Or are you limiting your reading to multilithed zines? / ...Wot? Sniff... sniff... snibble... U won't list phoenix ??? / Zwicky again: The notion that English-speaking people do not need to learn other languages is non-sense. FYI, to get a PhD one HAS to know French and German -- at most universities anyway -- for the specific purpose of reading original source materials not readily available in translations. And in the next fifty years, if we are not bombed out of existence, Russian and written Chinese (and probably Mandarin dialect) will be at least equally important for reasons I leave to your intelligence to figure out. Even if English becomes an international language in that time, there will be plenty of things not automatically translated into it. / Hamm, but how many English-speaking people find it necessary to know French and German "for the specific purpose of reading original source materials not readily available in translations?" Certainly a small percentage. According to a guidance counsellor I once asked, foreign language is playing less and less a part as a required college subject. Which is as it should be, as I see no sense in it being necessary to know one if you

are planning on a business-course -- or, for that matter, most any other course. I've heard the argument that it shows if you can handle a difficult subject, but that's a lot of rot. There are more useful difficult subjects than a foreign language, which is easily forgotten and not really taught long or well enuf to be of much use. And it isn't as easy to brush up on a language as it is on another subject/ Norwood: Randy Scott & Bangs "Scotty" Tapscott both exist. So do I, and fandom is full of equally unlikely characters. Walt sent a huge supply of sick jokes, as did Harry Warner and Phil ben Harrell, despite the fact that lastish I said I wouldn't use them anymore. These guys surprise me sumtimes... don't you agree, Redd?/

Harry Warner, Jr.))) I'm on Floyd Zwicky's side about the choice of an international language. The major flaw today in the proposal to use an artificial tongue like Esperanto or Interlingua lies in the horrible publishing job that would be involved in getting the important literature of the past and present, several hundred thousand volumes at least, translated and published to make the tongue useful for something more than chatting about the weather. Of course, the solution to English's spelling weirdness consists of teaching the language orally, just as you learn it as a two-year-old, and tackling the spelling after acquiring the ability to understand and speak it. I know of no language that is written just as it's spoken, anyway. Marion's wrong: a has a quite different sound in Italian when it appears with another vowel like i, forming a diphthong. Even in that nearly phonetic tongue, a letter can have at least three different sounds -- the g can be hard, soft, or something that is neither hard nor soft but simply an influence on the sound that follows, when it precedes i in certain words.

Alan Dodd))) HEPTagon did arrive just a few days ago - it's a funny thing about that title because the other Saturday when I went up into London to visit Patrick Kearney I saw a book on sale, the cover was made from a rich classical painting of nudes and draperies etc and the title was THE HEPTAMERON. I thought for a moment you were examining a new idea for your fanzine but then I realised the subtle difference in the title. It's actually a collection of tales rather similar to THE DECAMERON - except it's more "HEP" if you see what I mean. What a cover though. I've noticed this same book company - Bestseller Library which is owned by Paul Elek Ltd is currently publishing some four of these classic titles and the covers in each case are made up of the title plus a reproduction of some classical nude painting. Since the paintings are "art" there is no possible way anyone can accuse them of printing obscene covers. THE HEPTAMERON - yes, I must get that...

Your reproduction is still shot to pieces, I reckon it must be the Adirondack air or something, that high rarified atmosphere bubbles off all the printing fluid you use for HEP and all you get is this mass of faint purple lettering which is enough to give anyone the Dreaded Squinty Eye which comes from looking at illegible fanzines. You are an illegible bachelor that's what!

Now that cover - faint, but I get the impression it's a lot of stick aliens all carrying either a trombone to go and play music to the inhabitants of the planet they have landed on - or is it a very large shotgun....

Incidentally that six sided shape you put the illustration in on - ahem - no, it's seven sides, I can't count - I was going to say a six sided doings is called a hexagon, not a heptagon - what is the strange significance

of you picking a geometric figure like that?? [Simple, really: that seven-sided figure is a heptagon. . . . Maybe I should have called the zine SEPTANGLE. A septangle is a seven-sided figure called a hep---oh forget it--/ The figure "5" on the cover is rather good - like a Bat! Reminds me of an old book of ghost stories I've got that has a similar emblem embossed on the cover.

Material this time seems rather undistinguished compared to the previous issue, did you know by the way that L. Ron Hubbard now lives in England? He's got a house in the south which used to belong to the Maharajah of Jaipur or some such character and it cost him some hundred thousand dollars or more to buy. He lives there with his staff of scientists, got his own laboratory etc - so he's not doing too badly although I wish myself he were still writing science fiction - he was a great writer.

CUTBOARD by Jim something - quite rightly you scrawled his name so illegibly we couldn't write and tell him what we thought of his Feghoot story - if at first you don't suck Ceed! Oh dear - that's even worse than the old one of the two skunks searching for their brother Inn - when one of the skunks whose name was Out, found him the other asked him, how he did in fact manage to find his brother - as he said - "Inn-stinked." Hum. Will you give up now??

I've got a volume of stories too which seems to bear out much of what Clay Hamlin says of the well known figures writing science fiction or fantasy - almost every author you can think of has had some attempt at fantasy or science fiction in his career - obviously this branch of imaginative literature must attract a skilled writer - at least once in his career, if only as a challenge.

To the letter column - which I still think should be retitled with a Locke in the title - "Locke-smithing" or "Locke-away-your-letters" or something anyway. Hah. Well, I do know they do most of the moonshining in the Smoky Mountains but if you and I know it - so do the Revenue Men too! Therefore they look in the Smokies - so what more natural than when they are looking in the Smokies that we brew up a mass of licker in the Adirondacks and flog it to your unsuspecting tourists??

Well.....

Lloyd Biggle, Jr.))) ...you've changed the name. . . . Dear Mr. Phoe:
I wish you had a more positive attitude...

Dave Locke
PO Box 207
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TO: Walter Breen
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