

SENTINEL #1 December SFFA

This is Sentinel #1, Coral Edition #2, edited by Dave Locke (see The Southerner for new address) and kindly published by Len Bailes. Sentinel will be my SFPazine until I get around to publishing that Yellowjacket thing I was telling you about. YJ will be a genzine/apazine, but I haven't got the time or money for that sort of thing right now. You'll just have to hold your hand on your ear for a blue moon or two.

On to the mailing comments, and anything of a general nature that I've got to say will be interwoven into the MCs in keeping with the usual half-assed way that Dave Locke does things. I can't break stride now, even with a new zine..

UTGARD #2 Hulan Hi there,
Dave ole
bwah. Nice to know that you're still alive. I hadn't heard from you, or contacted anybody who'd heard from you, for such a long period of time that I figured you'd gaffated. It's nice to know. I hope you keep your promise and write that long personal letter; it seems such a shame to maintain friendship only by contact through the MCs in apazines.

I'm sorry I didn't make it to the Pacificon. I found it advisable to stay here and maintain business, and chuck a little bit into the bank account. I would have had the money to go if this girl hadn't latched onto me and demanded that we

drink,, and bowl, and watch movies,, and go out to eat,, and generally run around and use gas and oil. But don't give up, Hulan, I have the feeling that I'll be heading out your way. Before long. I'd really like to meet you. Nearly four years of close fan friendship and something has always come up to foul up our plans of getting together.. But I do expect to see you in 1965.

Yes, we've gone over religion in personal corro, and "the whole difference of opinion is on the definition of atheism." But to add my bit for public consumption - as long as I'm an atheist I've got the idle feeling that I'm more qualified to define my personal opinions than you are. You no doubt could win the discussion if I allowed you to define my viewpoint, but you won't find me quite that generous....

I agree with you. It's quite legal for an editor to publish his opinions. And if he's carrying on an argument or discussion with someone, and he publishes a genzine and the other publishes an apazine, the difference in circulation isn't quite fair. I said that to Al, but it no longer really bothers me that Al's side of the religious controversy is reaching more fans than my side is. I suppose in Al's position I wouldn't bother to restrict the MOs to the apa, either.

But it's still dirty business and everyone knows that Al Andrews is an underhanded, corrupt, evil, thoroughly disgusting person. But he tries to be nice about it.

I don't know about Al, but at least I've given up discussing religion with him. He'll have to give up if I've given up, I suppose. I'd like to start another argument, slam-bang fashion, but I've had it with religion. I'll discuss it with somebody else, but Al and I are worn out. Well, what else do we disagree on, Al?

Heraldry and Fandom. Heraldry leaves me cold. So does fandom. SFPA is the only fanac I'm working on now, and I'm not quite so interested in it that I think we should give it a shield and a motto. Does anyone? Hulan, you're a nut.

BEL-MARDUK #1 Harkness How can anyone complain about a fanzine called Zaje Zaculo and then start one of their own and call it Bel-Marduk? The answer: Because fans are March Hares..

You are one of these testy young men, and I have Gotten to you and you have bitched at me. But I am not a raunchy young man; I am a cynical and sarcastic young man but I am a calm young man and I will not bitch back at you, young fellow. Dry your angry tears, else you will not be able to see the following lines in which I put you down and pick you apart and all like that.. Uh heh.

I don't think your analog is quite analgous, or whatever. I never said I hadn't eaten asparagus but knew that I didn't like it. As long as we're reaching for parallels, let's say that I've eaten a lot of asparagus and didn't like it and that I'm therefore reluctant to try it in places that I've never eaten in before. And supposing that I found a place that even twice a year served a good dish of asparagus, I don't think it's worth looking for that place much less do I think it's worth eating at that place regularly waiting for the two days that they serve good asparagus. But to get away from asparagus, which is a good vegetable, one that I like, and which you have dragged

quite innocently into this tinkertoy discussion, and to get back to fan-fiction which I generally don't like: I've read a lot of fan-fiction in the near four years that I've been in fandom. I've even found one or two stories that I've liked, but since that's a poor percentage I decided to quit reading fan-fiction. Not altogether, but almost altogether. Now then, I've read some of the things that you've published and I didn't care for them, so when I gave up reading fanzine fiction I also included the fiction that you publish.

This is why I can say that I don't like some of the things that I don't read. I can't say that with 102% certainty, only 101%.

Yes, Jim, you were being a brat.

DY #2 Katz All right, Katzer, all is forgiven. Rise bwab, or you'll scruff your knees. Come to the fold, join us, laugh with us, eat drink and be merry with us, and tomorrow we will all pounce on each other again. Ah, fans are either too sensitive or they just want to provoke people. When I start an argument I try to let everybody know it's just for the halibut. How can anybody get rightously indignant about anything that concerns fandom? Fandom has about as much social significance as tits on a rain-barrel, and I couldn't in the future get upset about anything said in a fanzine if I wanted to. Irritated yes, upset or viscious no.

It's also embarrassing to apologise in a fanzine, and since nobody can be forced to do anything in a fanzine I have a lot of respect for you. As far as I'm concerned, Nemesis is forgotten.

I kind of like your comments to Larry concerning civil rights. I don't think either one of you comes close to sharing my opinions on that, but I go along with at least what you've said here. If I got to be President I'd take Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas, Georgia, and the lower half of New York State and use them as an H-bomb testing area. Not really.

SPORADIC #12 Plott Wonderful cover. Wonderful job of stencilling it, too. It really was wonderful of Dave Locke to stencil you a cover. You really don't deserve it, you know. I did it for your Beautiful Wife, whom I've never met but whom I plan to meet some day. Uh huh.

How come you've suddenly decided to give us decent layouts? Bill Plott doing good layout work - why, that's hard to believe.

I guess I'll have to study the way I wrote that "blast against Katz." Everybody thought highly of it. Even Arnie Katz. If I can extract the secret formula I stumbled upon in that piece I wrote, it would be wonderful to tell everybody in fandom to go to hell and have them think highly of me for doing so. My Ghed, Locke, how did you do it?

Bill Scott is Randy's father. He's a pro writer, and a damn fine amateur artist. Lynn Hickman multi-lithed one of his cover drawings for me a couple of years ago, and if he gets around to sending it to me anytime soon I'll be able to have PHOENIX 10 out in the near future. Prosser put the drawing on master and added a logo as I asked him to, and since 10 will be the lastish I can't publish without the cover and I can't use the cover anywhere but on number 10. Lynn said he had it ready way over a

year ago, but he hasn't sent it yet. Hurry up, Lynn. I'm chomping at the bit..

ZAJE ZACULO #3 Bailes Well yes, I did code my MC on your lastish. I've disposed of my zine collection, even those that I published myself, so I don't have the MC and I can't remember exactly how I coded it. I think de-coded it read "This is a title for a fanzine, Charlie?" I think maybe I wrote it "Uijt jt b ujmf----etc., in which case coding was a simple matter of moving one letter forward in the alphabet, and one backward to de-code. Sometimes I use the muddle system... I was just kidding the title of your zine.

No, I made no effort to disbelieve the reports on smoking. I only told the way I felt about the reports relative to the actions that were being taken as a result of them. If smoking were half as harmful as the reports mislead you to believe, the government would have to crack down. As it is, they've done little but back down - and away, from the findings that they've pushed upon the public. They've bit into written advertising, television advertising, they've done some advertising of their own against smoking, and they've cracked down a little bit on the sale of weeds to those under 18, but that's about it. That's little or nothing compared to what they could do if they held any degree of faith in their belief that smoking can kill.

INVADER #4 Staton Hi. I can't find anything to comment on this time. I can't find anything upon which to comment, either. Actually, I suppose I should bitch at you for the unghodly repro job you gave my last issue of dol-drum, but then you told me it would be a while before you caught the hang of your mimeo, so I can't kick and I thank you for going to all the trouble that you did. When you do catch the hang on your mimeo (and it is hard to get a hang to stand still long enough for you to run it through a mimeograph, after all) let me know. Len wanted some of my pbs and offered to run off an issue in payment, so I've taken him up on it this time. What sucker I can find to run off the next issue remains to be found...

CONGLOMERATION Yeah

WARLOCK #5 Montgomery I don't quite see the sense in indexing your own fanzines (or anybody else's, while we're at it) unless it's just for your own use. Why publish it? I don't see the sense in a cursory review of the first six mailings of SFFA, either. And then to publish a list of the 13 best fanzines of the 9th thru 12th mailings based on your own fanzine ratings..... If that's what you want to do, Larry (for whatever reason, probably to add page count), go to it. But it seems ridiculous to me. I've published some ridiculous things in my time, but...

Well, Larry, I could run artwork in my SFFAZines if I wanted to. I had some stuff on stencil - some I drew and some by others - and I just shipped it off to Bill Plott along with the rest of my backlog of art (again, some mine and some by others). I've quit stencilling art, because it doesn't interest me anymore. I can take fan art or leave it, and as long as I have that attitude there's no reason why I should any longer put art in my own zines. Outside of Nix 10, whenever and if it comes out, you'll see me publish no more art. Fan art doesn't appeal

to me any longer. I glance at it, and that's all. I still like to draw, but that's the extent of my interest. In the future my ingenious mimeoscope will be used only for logos and occasionally for offbeat layouts.

Sorry, Larry, but I can't picture fandom shriveling up and blowing away in a puff of dust if sf and fantasy suddenly disappeared. It would continue much as before, and the sf and fantasy of the past would still be topics much knocked about. And if all the sf and fantasy of the past was confiscated and burned fandom would still go on....

Personally I don't give a damn if the fiction is no longer written. I really wouldn't cry too much if fandom disappeared too, but I might look sad for a couple of seconds. This is what you call being flippant, but it's the way I look at it...

ISCARIOT #13 Andrews/Ambrose

Hi, Al.... How's it going, you despicable prevaricator?

I'm glad you have a greater respect for me after reading dol-drum #4. The way you said that leads me to believe that you didn't have too much respect for me before. Better late than never. It's too bad, though, that in fandom too many people don't "respect" anyone until he says something they can agree with. I don't think many fans know what the word 'respect' really means. I can respect a person even if I wouldn't touch most of his viewpoints with a fork; I've even been so generous as to hold a wee dab of respect for you, but it's so discouraging to think that you never really held any respect for me until I finally said something that you agreed with....

I don't particularly care for the snideness you turned in Joe Staton's direction. The kid was in a foul mood and said a few things he later felt he should apologise for. So he did apologise, and everybody drops the matter except you; "Gorshes, but I wish you had been mean, hateful and churlish to me last time, so you could apologize to me and tell me how sorry you are. I mean, it feels so good to be apologized to, because then I know that the other person has finally realized what a WONDERFUL fellow I really am. And while I know you hope I will go on for page after page extolling my many other MAGNIFICENT qualities and virtues, I will instead comment on INVADER #3. ---- and through this great disappointment you can be mean, hateful and spiteful to me in #4, and then apologize to me in #5. Now, dwell on that, Joe-bhaby." I feel po'd (put off) when I see this sort of thing, especially when I see it from someone supposedly as sweet a guy as you who in the past has frowned on material of a lighter but similar nature turned out by others.

You're getting too cute in your old age, Al.

ENDLESS SHADOW #1 Mitchell

Welcome aboard, David. 14 years old - we pulled you rather young. I enjoyed your zine and I hope you continue with it. I'll be interested in your next set of mailing comments; it's rather hard to do them when you're commenting on zines that are commenting on a mailing you haven't seen. Apas are viscious like that - commentoncommentoncomment, and then some. The last mailing should have been more meaningful to you, and you should be able to write some good MCs.

I hope you move your writing talents along the lines of MCs and informal material for awhile. The fiction isn't bad for what is probably a first effort, but I think you'll get farther in the long run by avoiding fiction right now and getting more acquainted with other fan writing. I'd like to see you write something on sf and fantasy -review, article, or just disciplined rambling about some aspects of the field that interest you.

CLIFFHANGERS #X Norwood Ghod, Norwood, but you're a nut. A real nut, with ears.

My excuse for not writing poetry is that I don't particularly care to write it, or read it, and I'm not very good at composing it anyway. But I do know a little bit about meter, which is to infer that you either don't or you haven't been making use of that knowledge if you have it. I don't think you'd know a pentameter if it stabbed you in the navel.

When did I ever say or show that I "believe too strongly and too blindly in a purely physical universe for it to be just a matter of 'no evidence to the contrary.'"? What I said in the old dol-drums was that I don't know how the universe originated or why it's the way it is, but that I don't think religion provides any satisfactory answers. And I don't have to provide an answer of my own if I reject another. As a college student you must frequently encounter situations where you reject answers in your search to pinpoint the solution to a problem. And perhaps in instances you never do locate the solution, but you have still rejected solutions because you feel they won't solve the problem. Religion is a bigger matter, admittedly, but the same rules apply. I simply can't accept religion and it wouldn't be right to pretend that I do.

ANOTHER KATZzine Hello again. Sorry to hear that you're interested in girls. I had such great hopes for you.

No sweat, Arnie, you'll meet girls like that all the while. And it's rare that you'll meet anybody who's ever gotten anything off of them. They usually neck and pet and such but they cut out when it comes to the Real Thing. Of course, I'm not saying that I'm speaking from experience.....Hi, Doll....

My girl has learned that I do amateur publishing, and not even my fanzines are sacred anymore.

Such is life.

And such is it for my part of Sentinel #1. I apologise to those of you whose zines I've left out. I've got a dozen excuses for not being able to write more, but you won't hear them. ~~They're not good enough to publish.~~ Welcome, Rich Mann and Hank Lutrell - I hope to do you justice in the March mailing if I'm able to make it.

And now to Jim Williams, the fabulous author of DIAGRAMS that Excalibur published in the last mailing, and the dirty minded fiction writer who shall grace the pages of Sentinel. Why do I say fan-fiction is sad and then publish it? Because I'm a March Hare.

Jim would like some "critically bitching but constructive criticism" on his story. Let's all show him how constructive we can be, without showing him the near-critical state our minds are in.

There's no time like the eternity
of a dream world
No place like the infinity
of a long night's wait

WEAPON

Look at the stars, fool
Crystalline imagery reflecting beauty
Look in your own mind, fool
Pathways straight and crooked, doors
open and shut
Clean up the webbing, fool, or
build it till it hides everything

by
Jim Williams

They stripped him of sweaty clothing and left him screaming on the bed.

Everything sunk in his mind until he lost his grip on conscious thought and it drifted away below him somewhere. He pushed harder against the straps that bit into him, strained muscles until tendons dislocated, and pathetically groaned as his conscious mind came into first contact with his subconscious.

"Bitch!" his father had shouted, "keep that brat of yours out of my pipes. What do you do all day that you can't keep him away from my things?"

His mother choked on her words: "The way you talk, you'd think he wasn't your son too."

"Maybe he isn't. I thought I did everything necessary to keep you from having a child."

The tears rolled away from the corners of his eyes and off his cheeks. He let out a sob that threw pain into his dry and aching throat, and then he let himself go limp against the straps.

She tore his hand away from her breast.

"I'm not that kind of a girl. And I didn't think you were that kind of a boy, either."

"Don't fight it, Sharon," he had said. "We've been on four dates now and I've never touched you below the neck or above the knee. I don't feel in my own mind that I'm doing anything wrong and I only want what I feel you want - a little more affection. It'll never go beyond necking."

He had put his hand on her cheek and put his lips on hers. She had tried to wrench her head away when his tongue went past her lips, but he held her still and she was too frightened to bite down. The hand he held on her back went under her blouse and undid her bra strap, and then his left hand dropped its grip on her cheek and went into her blouse and under a bra cup.

He took her that night, his first girl and a decent and innocent one. He forced himself upon her and with difficulty viciously broke her hymen. He had felt spent but tough while she cried, but scared when she got out of the car and left him alone in the night.

She told her parents, and they had come to his house that night, and his parents had seen the blood on his trousers, and...

He screamed and screamed as his mind probed itself and turned over the rotten things, and he re-lived those things. They were much worse the second time.

He never got the pleasanter moments of his life. They had turned his mind into a tool against him and it seeked out the crooked pathways and the shut doors and the things he generally had been able to avoid thinking about. These things were bad enough separately, but to turn them up one by one...

His mind rejected itself. His eyes opened wide. His mouth opened wide. He could not move himself. He did not want to. He didn't want to do anything, and wasn't capable of wanting to do anything, so he just layed there on the bed and existed.

"Forty-one seconds", the being said. "That's not bad, you've cut the time in half again. When you can do this within five seconds let me know and I'll have Krell start work on miniaturizing the equipment so that it can fit into a hand weapon. We might be able to do this work from our ships, but if we can't, and I don't think we can, or it doesn't do the complete job, then we'll have to send in soldiers. How long do you think it will take you?"

The other being looked indifferent. "I hope in a month, but not unless you get me more Terrans to work on. We're running short."

"I expect to get you a dozen within the week. Contact me if you need more." He turned to go out and then looked back at the man on the bed.

"I hope the bastards don't stumble onto this and find a counter-weapon before we get it perfected. It'll mean another peace talk and lead to disarmament again. Damn," he said quietly, "this business of keeping ahead of them is getting me down."

.....

A SHORT-SHORT FILLER-DILLER, by Jim Williams

The Earthmen drove hatred into the eyes of the Martian. Weaponless, outnumbered, he stood his ground and showed great courage as he spoke.

"Are you the beings who disintegrated my property, killed my wife, and raped my daughter?"

"Yeah," spoke one of the Terrans, "we're the ones."

"Well," said the Martian, "stop that shit."

.....