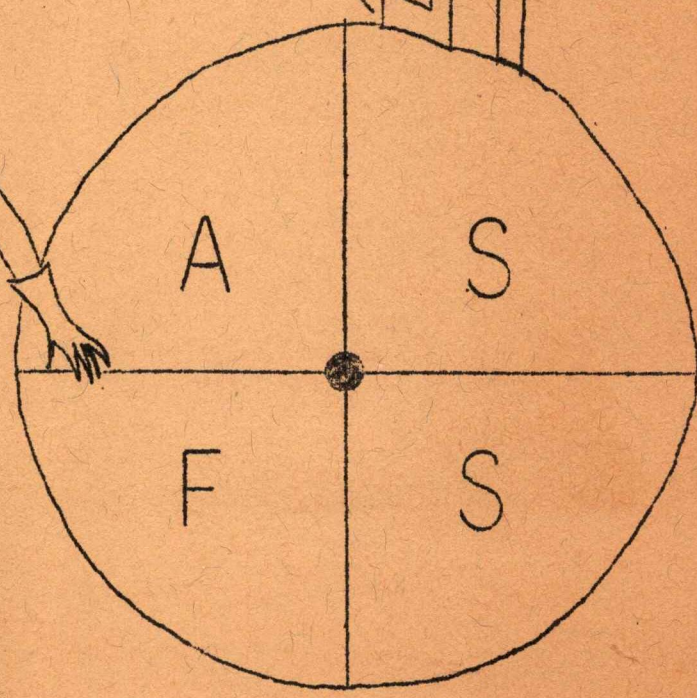


TWO IS NOT



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TWO SHOT

is a one shot published by the Albuquerque Science Fiction Society (Gordon Benson, Moderator, PO Box 8124, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87103) for distribution to its members, FAPA and practically anybody else we can interest in taking it off our hands.

Carpe Diem

Gordon Benson, moderator, doesn't really know I'm sneaking into TWO SHOT with my prefacing comments but then (considering how coordinated this whole project has been from the start) this isn't surprising. In April the huc and cry arose and somehow the more stable members of the club let themselves be talked into another oneshot.

That was how it all began. Instructions were given to the non-fanzine oriented members on cutting stencils and other assorted arcane tasks. In view of the solemnity of the occasion (after all, isn't a oneshot a solemn occasion?), a special Walpurgisnacht meeting was called to collect the works of fannish wit and to hold the traditional Black Mass. While the Black Mass never quite came off (we couldn't find a virgin willing to be properly sacrificed - and besides, ghod has since informed us that such things Simply Aren't Done anymore) several members did spend the evening running around three-quarters naked.

But-back to TWO SHOT. In the pile of stencils there was not a single illo to be seen. So Becky Warder said she would do one and get it to me to run off the following Sunday. Alas, being a \$600 tax deduction has its disadvantages. Becky's parents felt her talents were better suited to painting a gate than "wasting" her time on a lovely cover illo. So Cris Abbott hastily drew the one gracing the cover. Up to this point we still hadn't decided on a title. Considered as possibilities were "Swamp Gas & Weather Balloons #2", "No Award", "Harlan Slept Here", "Walpurgisnacht on Brocken Peak" and several bordering on the obscene (which were far more amusing than any of the ones listed - but the postal inspector and his narrowminded views crossed our minds). So it was decided that whoever did the cover could put any name on it they pleased. I don't know what Becky had in mind but Cris decided TWO SHOT was rather fitting for our second club venture.

I wonder if there will be a THREE SHOT? Such a thing could get to be automatic.

But I hope it won't.

Bob Vardeman
printer's devil

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cover by Cris Abbott

Oh, Ghod!...Am I....?

Since I am a relative newcomer to the fannish pantheon of ghods...I'm so far down the totem pole (if you'll pardon the expression) that I have to really bend my neck to get a good look at such as Bloch up there on top...that I'm still not too sure how to go about being a part-time ghod.

In this day and age of democracy, I'm sure that this sort of thing has to work both ways...that is, just like that recurrent theme in which the old gods lose their power as their worshippers decrease in number.

How many members in the club, Roy? I can't even levitate an empty beermug!
Yet.

However, I must needs do Things to show all this is appreciated. I'm practicing dutifully on the spelling and pronunciation of Albuquerque...

What else then can a fannish type ghod do? Remember, one has to be careful not to assume the more earthly duties commonly associated with designates, such as witch-doctors. These tasks would include such as keeping mimoe-drums from clogging, a spell preventing offset, lobbying against hikes in postal-rates, useful things like that. In a pinch, I can try some long-range stuff in lieu of a local witch-doctor.

I can try to drink up as much beer as possible in case there are a lot of members out there that don't drink beer. There are two breweries within minutes of here so I can endeavor to cut the stuff off at the source...

Of course, there has to be some sort of tangible homage paid me for all this sort of thing. Studying in the vast lore of past glories, when gods of all sorts were in power, all manner of possibilities of paying some type of tribute to a part-time faannish ghod suggest themselves. And almost as immediately disqualify themselves...

We first have to discount all the one-way trip type things, such as human sacrifices and like that. This is not only against the law, but worse, it reduces the number of loyal followers. So all that is Out. And there'll be none of this business with goats and chickens, either. The S.P.C.A. would get all out of shape about it. Besides, I like animals...and Roytac didn't have that in mind when he started raising rabbits. Neither then is it any good to put fruits and foodstuffs of other kinds out in the roadside shrines, or whatever. I'd likely get rear-ended by some of the local pickup trucks as soon as I parked alongside the road...

There is always the sacrificing of screaming virgins. That's always a lot of fun. Of course, sacrificing, in this instance, is Out (see above re "Sacrifices, human"). In this case, since death is Out, there's always the fate that's worse than death. But I wouldn't want screaming virgins anyhow.

Just quiet ones...

But the Owl Goddess wouldn't buy it. So that's out... But Out!

So there must be some other way. Bringing it to a more faannish plane, there is always the burning of UNKNOWNS at the monthly meeting. This, however, does have some drawbacks. It's liable to set fire to the building...or at least the rug... Maybe, then, there is the burning of a crudzine in a crossroads at midnight? This, of course, also has its drawbacks. My loyal participants might get run over by a pickup truck. Slowly...but runover just the same!

About the only thing left, then, is something simple. I always worship my ghods in the old faannish tradition. Drinking Beer. So that's an easy method for all my loyal folk in the Albuquerque S.F.S. And I'll be really unselfish...even Big...about it. You all drink a beer for me now and then...

And I'll pass it on.

---Ed Cox

MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A BITTERS BOTTLE
GKBenson

Let's begin with a critique of the current SF scene: "Aaargh!" The Hugo nominations promise to be about the same caliber as our proliferating Presidential hopefuls-- .22 short. Yes, Virginia, there really were some 'good old days'. PLANET OF THE APES was all right if you've never known anything better. The write-ups I've seen on '2001' have convinced me that I'd rather donate the price of admission to the 'Save the British Empire' fund. Whenever I feel the urge for a mind-blowing experience, I write out the National Debt in longhand. Or I visualize myself dropping an ice cube down the back of Sophia Loren's dress. The mind Boggles!

Things are looking up in the TV dreamland--most of the worst shows have already been dropped. The chief monster of VOYAGE is being made into a giant salad for Jackie Gleason. The INVADERS have been reassigned to a civilized planet. STAR TREK has added a new gimmick--miniaturization of plot. I look in on the ENTERPRISE occasionally to relish the sight of Uhura: Woman incarnate. The AVENGERS lost its sparkle with the departure of Diana the Huntress. Miss Thorson looks nice in a double-breasted suit, but the show has been rigged against her. The other pseudo-SF shows don't rate obits.

An oasis in the wasteland has been the Rowan and Martin Laugh-In. While a good number of lines and skits have died aborning, the show has provided a satisfying amount of fresh air. With the exception of the hosts, the casting is inspired. The regular cast of kooks is obviously having so much fun that even the hokey lines come off well. Considering that Hollywood is a city of a thousand pretty faces, the casting of Judy Carne and Goldie Hawn was a stroke of luck or genius. The contrast between Judy's everyday face and marvelous figure is a constant source of wonder. Goldie is a phenomenon--a girl with a fashion-model figure who generates more sex appeal than Raquel Welch. As Goldie prepares to utter one of her atrociously inane lines, a smile wells up from her toes and explodes upon her face. I wouldn't trade that grin for three Elizabeth Taylors and two Elke Sommers. We know she knows we know she's putting us on.

While in a mellow mood, I must thank TV for affording me glimpses of several other delightful creatures; Barbara Eden, Elizabeth Montgomery, Barbara Feldon, Phyllis Newman, Shari Lewis and Dawn Wells.

On the national scene: All I can say is that the U.N. and Mr. Ball richly deserve each other. Now if we can only isolate the rest of the self-styled 'experts' who have been advising the last four administrations.

It seems to me that the race riots will eventually earn the Negro more jobs, better homes, and no respect. I suppose that one way to get rid of the ghettos is to burn them down. But I will never grant equality to anyone who sbots policemen and firemen.

A hopelessly square student recently suggested demonstrating for better teachers and a more realistic curriculum--he was stoned off campus. Since a college degree has become fairly meaningless, I guess curfew hours, student newspapers, and the right to listen to nitwit speakers could be considered important. Maybe.

THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS A FREE RIDE

This is a page titled

SHIBANO

and written by Roy Tackett

When last we discussed the Albuquerque SF, Hot Air and Gourmand Group, we found it to be a small sometimes enthusiastic group which met, now and again, at the home of Leon Hale. Leon started his sf collection with about a dozen paperbacks and through a fortunate circumstance built it rapidly to an entire room filled, except for crawl space, with paperbacks, hardcover, and back issue magazine stf. Leon has departed our desert realm for the more civilized cities of Texas taking with him his sf collection of about a dozen paperback books. He sold the rest to the University of Arizona.

The ASFHA AGG has grown from a mere handful to the number of a man counted fully. We now meet at various locations around town including the home of Carmie Lynn Toulouse about which it may be said almost truthfully: you can't get there from here. Carmie is an anthropologist. An anthropologist is a grave robber with a degree. Gary and Kay Anderson are also mainstays of the group. Gary is a physicist and Kay watches old movies on television. We have Mark Roff and Cris Abbott who claim to be Hobbits and during meetings sit in a corner and giggle in Elvish or somesuch. Ellen Howard is a statuesque Star Trekker. I don't believe she owns a book. Mike Truax usually spends his time at meetings playing fourhanded chess with Gary Anderson. Cammie Sloan is a fairly new member who one day innocently inquired as to what a fanzine was. We may be hearing more from her. And, of course, we have the old reliables...Woody Wolfe, collector of ancient magazines and books with a preference for fantasy; Bob Vardeman, publishing giant, who is editing this bit of insanity in addition to a 100 page weekly; Gordon Benson, collector and ERB enthusiast...Gordy just had his entire collection of paperbacks sealed in plastic blocks, 10 books to the block. He says they are easy to move that way and he doesn't read them anyway--just collects them. Over there is the legendary Jack Speer recording all this nonsense for some future Fancycloped-ia. Scattered about are several people whoses names I never did catch and whose interests I don't know. I heard one mention SF so I presume they are fans of one sort or another. And hovering over us all is the spirit of Ed Cox, of course.

A typical meeting usually finds Gary and Mike playing chess, as mentioned above. Ellen and Cammie and assorted other girls (the male/female ratio of the ASFHAAGG is almost even which is somewhat unusual in a fan organization) looking at the latest photographs of Mr Spock. Kay is talking about a movie she saw in which Gaston Klammerwitz, whoever he may be, played the part of a plumber's friend and discussing a Star Trek script she is writing called "The Prowler Forever in the City at the End of Infinity and Eternal Where No Man Has Looked in the Mirror Mirror."

Tackett: Mr Moderator.

Benson: Yes.

Tackett: I move the club send a petition to John T. Campbell requesting he change the name of his zine to ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION.

Speer: There already is a magazine with that title.

Vardeman: How far along are you, Jack?

Speer: I just finished the August, 1948, issue.

Kay: I move we do not invite Harlan Ellison to the next meeting.

Gary: I move to KB6. Ck.

Tackett: If I move this stencil one more line I'll just about have it filled. Pass the word: Pat Paulson for President.

ROY TACKETT

SPOCK

by C.Sloan



"Mr. Spock", the highly logical, unemotional, intelligent and super-efficient first officer on board the starship "Enterprise". His father, Vulcan. His mother, human. Torn between two worlds, he shows only his Vulcan side, seldom if ever displaying his "human weaknesses."



But, there is more than one side to Spock, as will be shown in the forthcoming lines of fact, not fiction (mentioned to assure the reader that I'm not making this up).

The following "Spock Thoughts" will show us his other side. Go placidly amid the noise and haste and remember what peace there may be in silence.

As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons.

Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant, for they too have their story.

Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to this earth. If you compare yourself with others you may become vain and bitter, for always there are greater and lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble, it is a real possession in the changing fortune of time.

Be yourself, especially do not feign affection, neither be cynical about love, for in the face of all disenchantment it is as perennial as the grass.

Take kindly to the consul of the years, gracefully surrendering to the things of youth.

Whether or not it is clear to you, the universe is unfolding as it should, therefore be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be.

Whatever your labors and aspirations in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul, with all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

And in conclusion, Spock wants you to be careful and strive to be happy!

Dracula by Bram Stoker

It is almost impossible to mention Count Dracula these days without a snicker. He is an object of ridicule and parody on television (the most recent occurring on the Carol Burnett Show some weeks ago). Even when presented seriously on the late show in the form of the old movies featuring Bela Lugosi the Count is hard put to evoke a genuine thrill of horror from his sleepy audience. Vampires are no longer things to frighten children and make strong men shiver. During my lengthy correspondence with our esteemed cohort, Woody, he has several times recommended that I read the original version of both Dracula and Frankenstein. So I acquired both and read same. Frankenstein was a bit boring I must admit; I read it with the feeling of having improved my background in fantasy fiction but little else. I approached Dracula one evening with rather a sense of duty to be performed and a friendly obligation to be met to the above-mentioned friend who was so kind as to purchase and send it to me. All unawares I stumbled into a murky world of terror, superstition, and dark deeds better left unmentioned. Three days later when I emerged I must confess it was with relief mixed with a sense of uneasiness. No longer will I switch off all lights before going upstairs to bed. I am thinking of cultivating a patch of garlic in my garden that will not necessarily find its way into spaghetti sauce.

All of the foregoing is a rather facetious way of recommending this seventy-year old novel (if it is) to the fancier of fantasy and true gothic gore. This book is a real masterpiece; its characters are as alive today as they were when first they underwent the macabre events described by Mr. Stoker. The reader is first introduced to Jonathan Harker, the central character and rather compulsive diarist who is in transit to Transylvania on matters of business concerning a client of the law firm for which he works. All the characters in the novel with the exception of Count Dracula himself are diarists, journalists, and spend a great deal of time writing lengthy letters to each other if separated by any distance whatsoever. After awhile one begins to sort them out as each has his or her own distinctive style of record-keeping. And it is these records, notes, and letters which comprise the book. It is not a distraction to the reader as one might think, but rather lends an air of authenticity which might otherwise be lacking.

There are scenes in this book which Hollywood would have done well to emulate. Dracula in person is far more frightening than any large bat could possibly be. It is with real repulsion that one reads of his gaining exit from his ancestral castle by crawling head downwards over the bleak and broken face of the tower wall. There is another scene worth mentioning. A young girl whom Dracula has killed returns from the grave as a vampire. She preys upon the children of a peasant village near the graveyard where she has been laid to rest by sorrowing friends. In order to prove her undead state to the man who in life had been her lover, a doctor lies in wait beside the empty mausoleum watching for the appearance of the creature which the young girl has become. Clouds race across the moon, a dog howls, and tossing branches grate against the stone of the tomb. Typical of Hollywood's best until the actual appearance of the vampire. She is a lovely young girl, dressed in flowing white, and she carries in her arms the figure of a small boy who seems cradled gently in sleep. The girl has her head bent over his as she strains him to her breast. Suddenly aware of the watching figure of the doctor she lifts her face and the vampire is revealed in all its nightmarish horror. The lovely mouth bubbles with the blood of its victim, the sharply pointed teeth gleam in the moonlight, and the red eyes snap with the fires of hell. This is pretty strong stuff today; think what effect it had seventy years ago.

Any person who would consider himself anything of an authority on fantasy literature must read Dracula. Dated it may be, but dull never.

I'll close this with best wishes for all of you from your absent member. Perhaps someday I will be able to renew my acquaintance personally but until then I remain a very devoted if silent participant in your doings. Any and all correspondence welcomed.

Joan Gleske

TARZAN - Literate or Illiterate

by C. W. Wolfe

Millions of Americans, now living, obtained their first impressions of Tarzan from the movie screen. These have been anything but complimentary. Some have been outright defamatory. First impressions are often the most lasting, and many of those fans who later obtained the books and read Tarzan as depicted by Edgar Rice Burroughs, may still be harboring an image of a muscle bound giant of limited mentality and meager education. Nothing could be further from the truth as presented by ERB.

This writer recalls seeing, at about the age of 12, Elmo Lincoln in the first movie, TARZAN OF THE APES. We went away heartsick after seeing this burly, uncouth, almost fat, and very clumsy man, cavorting about and beating his chest in such a sad imitation of our hero, of whom we had read so avidly for 2 years past. There was no similarity. Some 15 years later, we tried another Tarzan movie, entitled TARZAN FINDS A SON. In this appeared the famous episode where Tarzan and Jane (Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan) adopt a boy (Johnny Sheffield). In the books Tarzan and Jane raised their own son, Jack, who later became Korak. Not so in the movie. They find a boy and adopt him and Tarzan/Weissmuller spoke his now famous line, "Me TARZAN, you JANE, and him BOY." The policy was for Tarzan to speak very little and then only with short words and broken sentences. We swore off going to any more Tarzan movies.

Just what was the education and mentality of this Jungle God as given us by ERB? First of all, he was the orphan son of Lord and Lady Greystoke, of the English Peerage. What greater heritage could be asked? He learned to read and print English, on his own. On contact with the outside world he learned to speak, first French, and then English. Later on through the several books he learned to speak an amazing number of languages. Of this more will be said later.

At this point we come to one of ERB's most important reports on Tarzan's life activities. From the close of the book, BEASTS, to the opening of the book, SON, we are told there was a lapse of 10 years. We leave baby Jack in BEASTS, about one to two years old, to meet him again in SON, now about 12 to 14 years old. Jane has prevailed upon Tarzan to give up his jungle home and move to London to live and raise their boy under normal civilized conditions. Tarzan is now known only as John Clayton, Lord Greystoke to all of his London friends. He has been occupying his seat in the House of Lords for 10 years!!! What a period this must have been for Tarzan to educate himself and adjust to civilization, to learn politics, history, science, and dozens of other subjects as needed by a British Peer. Time and again in the later books ERB has Tarzan recall history and ancient peoples, like a college expert. But it was in the language field that Tarzan was a veritable genius. It would take careful research to list all the languages and dialects learned by Tarzan during the whole series of books. The total count might reach 25 to 40 tongues, certainly more than we could find time to check out for this page, but we will list a few, recalled from memory, and a few spot checks. Tarzan could speak the language of:--

The Great Apes	Dutch	The Waziri	The Ant Men
French	Latin	Bantu	Various Tribal dialects
English	Arabic	Paluldon	(Africa)
German	Swahili	Pellucidar	Many Others

A very incomplete list. The most startling language above is Latin. This appeared in the LOST EMPIRE. Few Latin teachers ever learn to speak it.

So, our point again is that Tarzan was one of the most literate heroes in all the annals of fiction. What a shame the movies could not have used this same image of Tarzan. We think it would have been a real winner.

Wolf-Boast (A Lycanthropic Lullaby)

by Dan Sessions

I see the moon. The moon is a secret of mine. I turn my head up, I speak, and all I say, in no words you will understand, is carried to the moon by the wind. In wilderness you will never walk, I grasp the moon in my song, in jaws of song, blue song like the stars' dome, and let go my soul. (And where do you get the sound for train-whistles and for crying blues songs, but from me?) I howl what you will always forget, lust that is free, the hunts below the moon.

By day and by the forms of day, by laws now lost, I am a man standing the rush and filth of man with bitterness throughout my being, like a bad food or carrion. Around me men weld metal boxes, spiders' caves to me shut from light and filled with the sickening tangles of their spew. I keep away from them, their nets of paper and words, their nests of stinking things. I hug the edge of mountains, shorelines, the few forests not destroyed. By day and by the forms of day I am a hunter, a woodsman like an Indian.

But I lift my eyes to the moon, and its light pours through my eyes, deep into the glass box of my skull, thrills through me, makes my spine a crystal branch; its light goes along my bones, in gleams that I can feel. My day-yellow teeth are then blocks and triangles of crystal, counters in an old hill-game of chase -- and killing. When the moon opens to me the secrets, from its grim white-silk smile, the old pox of its eyes - (the shadows of grinning) - then it fills me, I am the hills -- old and dark, and as ready to kill you as the stones are. I am earth, black grass blowing in the night; I am trees, frozen ready to break loose above you. I am almost an element of the wilderness, and I am an elemental fear you harbor.

You have forsaken the rain-halls you wandered and loved, the soft-spoken corridors of trees, green in gray mist; you have not looked back at the dark places in the snow where once you slept warm; the wind is not enough for you, or it is beyond your strength. Your brain is a worm that did not die, but ate your sense and poisoned you for all the wealth you once possessed: the coin of days, of nights. You seek metals, gold and silver, for your sun and moon, and chipped rocks to be your stars. By all that I live, you deserve to die.

I run, the black grass of night hisses by me, the wind fills me like dynamite bursting coldly in my lungs; and my deep chest is the only treasure-box I love. It is in those moments that your cities fall away from me like charcoal and ashes, like candles, like any fires, all falling to blackness and the wind. They sink, those cities, they crumble behind me where I go, their light dying out in time, as a burning boat is quenched by the night-river drowned.

Your hand is dust before the hills, my foot upon the black grass in the lights of moons is an eternal step: it is the caution of centuries you forget, it is the hunt you will remember, what comes up begging in you to the dark back-porch at the back of your brain, and you try to throw it down without answer; it is the stories you heard and are not telling, that which roiled you with fear, when you were a ripe child.

I am old, and no blood in me but cold crystal light, no harm to me but silver; and there are no words to me, but cries that illustrate my night. Deep in my teeth I feel tearing; deep in my running legs I feel the last lunge that strikes home. Long and loving on my tongue, I can taste blood warm as baby's, yours, and hear someone call Christ before they yield their flesh to me, and my slaughter goes on down the years.

It does not have to sustain me, the kill. I can live forever on the dynamite wind, and eat the moon.

Dan Sessions

LOVING YOU HAS MADE ME BANALAS.....OR.....I GO APE OVER YOU

by Bob Vardeman

Planet of the Apes, book and movie. In way of comparison of the two, I find that the movie was far superior to the book. The novel by Pierre Boulle (Signet P3399-60¢) is a mediocre sf novel with little to recommend it to fans. The narrative is in the form of a message in a bottle which two space travellers discover & read (they travel in a photon powered "sail" ship which miraculously - & in violation of Newton's first law of motion - slows down when the sail is taken "down"). The story is more or less similar to the movie but with a few major exceptions. The planet of the apes, Soror, orbits Betelgeuse & has a technology equivalent to 20th century Earth. Another major difference is that Merou (Taylor in the movie) is given a free reign on Soror and finds out more about the ape's scientific experiments. The end has Merou return to Earth with Nova and Sirius (their son) only to find that in the intervening centuries caused by the time dilation, that the apes have taken over Earth. Goshwow.

How the movie. Scripted by Rod Serling & Michael Wilson (whoever he is). Astronauts head for Betelgeuse under suspended animation (confusion here - Taylor (Charlton Heston) opens saying that 700 yrs have passed due to time dilation, then injects himself with the SA drug & on come the credits amid red & blue light splotches). They land (2031 Earth yrs later) amid screeching music and gyrating picture of the Grand Canyon and splash down in a lake. Of the 4, 3 survive (the woman has died leaving the 3 men). Sinks the ship and the men head for shore. Which is barren and positively beautiful.

Trials & tribulations and more scenery and soon they find a lake - this time with greenery around it. Off go the clothes and into the water go our intrepid (and not so bright) explorers. The savage humans steal their clothes and tear them into teeny pieces. The 3 track down the natives, find them in a field and are just getting ready to declare themselves lords of all they survey when the apes attack. One astronaut is killed (& later found stuffed in an ape museum)((they put little bunny eyes in him)), another is bashed on the head and Taylor is shot in the neck.

When Taylor comes to, he is being operated on by a chimpanzee doctor with Dr. Zira (Kim Hunter) overseeing in her role as animal psychologist. Taylor is unable to communicate due to the wound & his efforts to speak bring about a few choice remarks. Said the jailer, "Human see, human do."

But being locked up has its compensations - like Nova (played by Linda Harrison who mercifully utters not one word the entire movie). Taylor escapes, stumbles thru a funeral service for a gorilla who "never met an ape he didn't like", is caught again but regains his speech. Dr. Zaius (Maurice Evans) is an orangutan out to get Taylor for a brain operation experiment (like that performed on the other astronaut already). Taylor is tried by 3 orangutans and defended by Cornelius (Roddy McDowall) & there is another delightful scene or two. When espousing the heresy of a man who can reason, the 3 judges go thru a hear/see/speak no evil pose. The verdict is apparent.

Condemned, Taylor is aided to escape by Cornelius & Zira & head for the forbidden lands dragging along Nova. Cornelius finds a previous (and human) civilization dating back only 1300 yrs when along comes Zaius & his gorillas. A scuffle ensues & Taylor & Nova are allowed to depart while Zira and Cornelius choose to return and be convicted of heresy.

The ending is telegraphed from the moment that Cornelius' archeological discoveries are brought to light but in case you can't figure out what it is likely to be (remember Serling's "Third Planet from the Sun?") I won't tell you. At any rate, Serling builds up to it well and it comes off quite effectively.

The makeup artistry of John Chambers is enough to croggle. After all those yrs of fake ape masks we are finally shown some that aren't obviously fake. Tremendous work. Jerry Goldsmith likewise did a good job with the music which added greatly to scenes that might otherwise have been duds. All in all, a well integrated picture combining sight & sound, good acting and good writing to make a movie truly worthy of the Hugo and probably an Oscar or two. 2001: A Space Odyssey would have to be damned good to even match Planet of the Apes and from what I've read it isn't. So, our anthropoid brethren might be in for recognition next year in St. Louis. (St. Louis in '69!). /*/ King Kong had a glandular problem/*/ ***Bob Vardeman***

A RAMBLING ESSAY AND A REPRINT

Somewhere around All-Hallows' Day last, i managed to be in Santa Fe for the annual book sale at Acequia Madre (M.o.D.). The latest one was even more fabulous than usual, all kinds of goodies at a cent a throw as well as others slightly higher priced, following no particular pattern in pricing for the most part.

The s-f table was marked 10¢, and didn't thin out as fast as the crowd did. A woman of the PTA who served as barker from time to time began to call attention to this condition, and then muttered that the science-fiction boom was over. One of the youths hovering around that table asked if these would drop to 5¢ apiece in the morning, as was apparently the custom. She answered that they had already dropped to a nickel, and then several prospects moved in.

But what i want to talk about is one of the penny dreadfuls i acquired, one of the last places you'd look for sci-fi. It's a seventh-grade reader in the Literary World series, copyright 1919. One of the editors seems to have been a stfan, seven years before Amazing.

One of the sections is entitled Modern Wonder Tales. That the limits of this as yet unnamed category were not clear to him (as, much later, to T O'Conor Sloane when he edited Amazing) is shown by the editors' including John Masefield's Sea Fever (the poem quoted by Captain Kirk in The Ultimate Computer). The other selections with one exception are all clearly fantasy: Bret Harte's A Greypont Legend, a chapter from 20,000 Leagues, Alexei Tolstoy's Under Seas (not fantasy, but included to show readers as yet scarcely familiar with submarine warfare how closely Verne prophesied), a portion of The Unparalleled Adventure of Hans Pfaal, and a selection that begins with the following introduction:

This fanciful tale is taken from Frank R. Stockton's The Great Stone of Sardis. In this book the hero, Roland Clewe, is pictured as a scientist who has made many startling discoveries and adventures at his works in Sardis about the year 1946. One of his inventions was an automatic shell. This was an enormous projectile, the peculiarity of which was that its motive power was contained within itself, very much as a rocket contains the explosives which send it upward. The extraordinary piece of mechanism was of cylindrical form, eighteen feet in length and fourteen feet in diameter. The forward end was conical and not solid, being formed of a number of flat steel rings, decreasing in size as they approached the point of the cone. When not in operation these rings did not touch one another, but they could be forced together by pressure on the point of the cone. One day this shell fell from the supports on which it lay, the conical end down, and ploughed its way with terrific force into the earth--how far no one could tell. Clewe determined to descend the hole in search of the shell by means of an electric elevator. Margaret Raleigh, to whom he was engaged, had gone to the seashore, and during her absence, Clewe planned to make his daring venture.

Here, surely, is the original of David Innes's Iron Mole. In the selection reprinted, Clewe discovered at the bottom of the shaft, not Pellucidar, but that the center of the earth was one enormous diamond.

Stockton as a scientifictionist has been scarcely recognized. The Cole index shows only two of his stories anthologized, The Great War Syndicate (which shows some recognizable similarities to the above) and A Tale of Negative Gravity. The Day index gives one more story, in Avon Fantasy Reader. But the Bleiler Checklist lists fifteen books by Stockton with some s-f in them, and even so it misses a title suggested for further reading by the Literary World editor, The Adventures of Captain Horn.

In the remaining space, let me mention another of the books: Dictionary of Occupational Titles. Bob Tucker, with his worldly experience, could work up a whole article from it, but the most disreputable occupations i've been able to find in it quickly are gigolo, strip-tease artist, and shill. There are other colorful titles such as roving hand and screen ape, but they are better undefined. It's nice to know that Dan McPhail has code numbers for all of them, anyway.

PROPHECY

A recent issue of National Christian News ends as follows:

OUR COVER: Beginning with Jesus Christ, some of the Great Men of the Tribe of Judah (Germans) and their gifts to mankind are listed on our front cover. It is now common knowledge among the informed and educated Christians that the House of Israel is the Anglo-Saxon, German, and in fact all White peoples of the World. It has been proven that the modern day descendants of the Tribe of Judah are the Germans. The Jews claim to be the descendants of Judah and for this reason, Jesus, being of the Tribe of Judah, (Heb. 7: 14) was Jewish. This is a false claim, as it has been discovered that the Jews are not even Israelites but are Asiatic mongrels. Therefore a descendant of Judah today is a German AND SO WAS CHRIST ! ! !

IMPORTANT NOTICE!!

If you have not renewed your subscription, please do so today, as only those that have renewed will receive the next issue. Many important issues are being prepared which cover such subjects as survival, Identity, the Asteroid which is on a collision path with the Earth in 1968 and much prophecy. Remember, this is the only publication that has been 100% correct in all its predictions, since it's beginning. DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE! SUBSCRIBE NOW! A subscription blank is printed on page 3.

I don't know whether it's the same asteroid, but I read in the papers recently that the Russians had decided an asteroid they were watching was not going to hit the earth after all.

A source probably not the infallible prophet mentioned above is The Plain Truth for January 1963:

Then--possibly not more than seven years from now--America suddenly will wake up to the gigantic THREAT that shall be rising, or even by then have arisen, in Europe. ...

Somewhere along about seven to ten years from now the REVOLUTION IN THE WEATHER will become a national and international calamity. Drought, epidemics of disease, will reap a mounting harvest of death across North America--and in Europe.

Economic depression will strike.

And the time will be ripe for the new United Europe to Strike! Invasion and captivity will follow--UNLESS AMERICA FALLS TO HER KNEES AND SEEKS THE HELP OF HER GOD--...

But then the Communist hordes will sweep over and destroy the new Babylonish Europe. Its capital will have been moved to Palestine. ...

The prophecy goes on to predict a golden age afterward, but I'd rather leave you hanging on the catastrophe.

Here's some more recent prophecy, from Myers' Finance Review, dated March 22, 1968:

WAR also would justify immediate emergency measures -- controls -- stopping the present flight of capital to Europe, and restriction of every freedom -- LOOK FOR such a move in 30 to 45 days as Johnson group with backs to wall seek way out. ...

END of the 2-tier gold system in 10 to 40 days, ending in big run by central banks. ...

A plunging stock market from 830 to 780 next 30 to 40 days -- then after short halt, beginning of panic.

Failure of SDR's Mar. 29 will make April CRISIS month. ...

This from the Albuquerque Journal:

Q. Action Line for Jan. 1, 1967, said Jeanne Dixon predicted for the 1967 year that (1) the year would bring a cancer breakthrough (2) a Vietnam treaty on Russia's terms (3) that the west would lose the Middle East (4) a 6th column would develop in the government and (5) it would be proved that Oswald had accomplices. Not a one proved true. I'm washing her off my list as a clairvoyant. How about you?--B. S.

My own record of her predixions comes from a disreputable book catalog. It listed these among her then-future statenents:

Russia will be the first nation to put men on the moon.
1967 will be a year of grave national peril for America . . . perhaps the decisive year.

The Republican Party will win at the polls in 1968.

Pope Paul, President Johnson, and Sargent Shriver are now in great personal danger.

This is oral, but i'm told that someone holding forth at the Alvarado Hotel here predicts that Johnson will not finish his term, and Humphrey will be president before election day.

Maurice Woodruff, who doesn't claim to be always right, was predicting last year that Jacqueline Kennedy would announce her engagement by early 1968, and that when 1967 ended, Johnson would no longer be in office. "A political scandal similar to the Christine Keeler affair will happen in Washington in early 1968, but be suppressed." "In the next six months there will be tremendous U.S. finds of silver in the mountains and gas under the sea." "The Americans will beat the Russians to the moon in late 1969 or early 1970--by a matter of hours." "De Gaulle will be alive but out of office by the end of this year. He'll have eye trouble." "George Hamilton likes Lynda Bird Johnson but isn't in love with her, but, as she's the stronger of the two, he'll marry her and it will work out all right."

True prophecy wears a modester garb, not even calling itself prophecy. Suppose i could show you a line of verse written long before the 1930s, which mentioned Bonnie and Clyde together. If skeptically inclined, you might say that's coincidence, albeit striking coincidence, and you might be right. Ah, but what if the same line also mentioned banks? That would be something on the order of Nostradamus, eh? All right, look at the second line of Roanin' in the Gloanin'.

No president of the United States was a first child.

A paragraph in lieu of Dendrites: Since this is going thru FAPA, as well as other media, a word is in order on why there was no Synapse in the last mailing, nor in this. Bref, things of higher priority kept me from producing Synapse. (Yes, there are things of higher priority than fandom.) This would not have occurred were it not for my habit of waiting until a week before deadline to bear down, but that's the way it is. Today, a week before deadline, i'm just finishing reading the mailing before last. But i'm faunching to writ comments, and maybe this time i'll start before the last week. " The title of the present one-shot is a disappointment. I had wanted it to be Weather Balloons Swamp Gas and Venus in the Daytime, to match our previous one-shot, Swamp Gas Weather Balloons and Venus in the Daytime, but i wasn't going to insist on that adamantly, and was prepared to settle for Walpurgisnacht. JFS

◀◀

"Hire the norally handicapped."

DETERMINATION IS...

- Determination is Uhura raising her hemline.
- Determination is McCoy being anything but an old country doctor.
- Determination is Kirk keeping his shirt in one piece through an entire episode.
- Determination is Spock being 100% Vulcan.
- Determination is Scotty keeping the transporter working.
- Determination is Chekov getting a promotion.
- Determination is Sulu replacing the regular navigator.
- Determination is Bill Theiss with a roll of tin foil and a bottle of glue.
- Determination is making a deadly weapon out of a can-opener.
- Determination is Kirk saying that on Tuesday nights the Fizbin rules are altered. Any fool knows it's Thursday!!
- Determination is NBC trying to cancel STAR TREK.
- Determination is the ASFS trying to put together a one-shot!
-Ellen Howard- (whfcs)

EFFORT IS....

- Effort is characters on Dark Shadows remembering lines
- Effort is trying to understand what some Science Fiction writers are writing about
- Effort is reading Asinuous Trilogy in one week
- Effort is finding the ASFS meeting even with a map
- Effort is understanding the brainier members of the ASFS
- Effort is comprehending science fiction
- Effort is keeping the U.S.S. Enterprise in one piece
- Effort is reading Gordon's meeting reminders
- Effort is an organized person joining the ASFS
- Effort is Spock keeping his ears on
- Effort is understanding security on U.S.S. Enterprise
- Effort is trying to find out what effort is
- Effort is this one shot

Joanne Billinger



BECKY WARDEE

A tall, skinny young man with unruly, wavy hair came into the spotlight, greeted by a wall of sound. It wasn't Bob Dylan, Bob Vardeman, Tim Hardin, or Little Orphan Annie's brother; it was Frank Sinatra! The Era of the Teenybopper had begun. Mother remembers when she was in the Navy, Frankie was coming, and they were told that anyone who screamed or fainted would be courtmartialled. Yes, Virginia, your mother would have screamed at Frankie (if she wasn't in the Navy). She would have been (horrors) emotional.

Then came Elvis, then the Beatles and the goal common to every girl remained the same: to blow them off the stage, and to get a tooth or a fingernail as a memento until they could get a finger or toe. These wonderful singers...uh... performers gave policeman all over the world a feeling of being wanted, needed, and appreciated; if not by the fans by the performers.

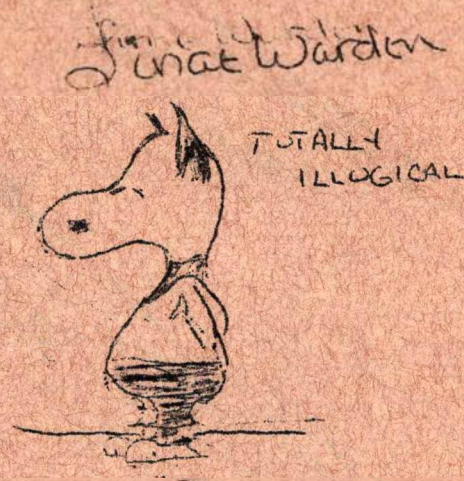
But far away in a village cafe, some people were plotting against the police. A tall, skinny, young man with unruly, curly hair was their ruthless leader. His name was Bob Zimmerman, known to all the world as Bob Dylan to confuse his enemies. His style of music demanded silence and self control. He had a sarcastic manner of singing his sarcastic songs. At his concerts, he didn't need very many policemen. The kids were quiet; they had to be in order to hear the words of the songs and become totally confused. His style brought forth others such as Donovan and Simon and Garfunkel, to whom the kids listened instead of tearing them apart. This put many policemen back in the unwanted position, where they had to catch crooks and ticket cars to keep themselves busy. So crooks, policemen, and traffic violator (CPTV), banded together to spread ugly rumors about such quiet people that committed the ultimate sin of using their brains to think and were now corrupting their followers with it, and telling them not to worry about material things, social acceptance or what people look like. The CPTV began saying that these idols took drugs and smoked "pot". They began recording poems recited by the politicians these "Quiet Ones" were putting down. They tried to bring back the old teen-age ideas; the clean-cut American ones, but to their dismay, the clean-cut ones came back singing the same kind of songs as the Quiet Ones. Then came the controversial movies and a city taken over by the kids. So the CPTV had to resort to more drastic things; they made magazines like "16" and groups like the Monkees and 1910 Fruitgum Co. and others that the kids could scream at because their songs weren't worth listening to. This time, they saw success. "16" became a largest seller, the Monkees became the "cutest things", and Simon Says became #1. The kids started doing "in" things only and went back to those good old comfortable, prejudiced cliques.

But the strength of both sides was a strain on America's Youth. The Monkees started doing a couple of good songs on their albums and losing patience with dumb questions, and in a short while, the strain was too much. America's Youth divided into three main groups: The "In Crowd"-- those who did what they wanted if everyone else was doing it, and liked the Quiet Ones records if they could dance to them; the Mystics - those who feel the only way to live is the East Indian way. They are grand followers of the Maharishi, and open their minds with saris, beads, flowers, and incense. Some of the next group are also Mystics, the difference being that the latter are sincere; The "Quiet Ones" - those

who, as their name indicates, were devout followers of the "quiet ones" and continued to think, and be non-prejudiced, and care about others (how repulsive). They include the various groups: college students, draft dodgers, and intelligensia.

The former two seem most common as they are most conspicuous, while the latter are sincere and as yet, unnumbered, but certainly very prominent.

Oh yes! As I should mention science-fiction somewhere, many SF writers and Mr. Spock would probably belong in the latter category, while the majority of those in the Mr. Spock fan clubs belong in the first group with the teenyboppers.



THE LAST WORD - AT LAST

Vardeman here once again after many trials and tribulations. It seems everyone has dribbled in with his/her stencil(s) at the last moment. If I were a warden and they were destined for the gas chamber I think I might have let them breathe cyanide instead. But no, I'm merely the publisher (FUBB PUB***) and I'm a fan so I'm getting ready to breathe some handy cyanide that I keep handy for such occasions.

Jack just put in 2 extra pages I hadn't planned on then we collated 68 copies for FAPA. Then 3 more pages (including a bacover) have come in so I'm left in a bind to figure out what to put on that extra page. Scrounging my files revealed a hitherto unpublished Becky Warden drawing. Therefore, she will make it into TWO SHOT via Sandworm's muchly depleted art folio (a hint there, fan artists - You might question the propriety of me sneaking a plug in for my own zine while Jack and Roy are left out but since I'm the one who has had to run the thing and sweat over it and even retype a couple pages or three, I feel that I am due some free advertising.)

So here I am running off four more pages for TWO SHOT. If the club ever puts out another one of these atrocities I'm going to suggest that we do it all at one meeting and do away with this eleventh hour appeal jazz. I mean that this keeping the presses running into the wee hours of the night (with or without liquid sustenance) is a bad scene that I'm not going to repeat any time soon. No.

So, dear fan, we are about to bury the dead (or depart from this plane of existence) for another con or two. Perhaps we shall resurrect at some future date for another oneshot. And then again maybe not. ***Bob Vardeman***

