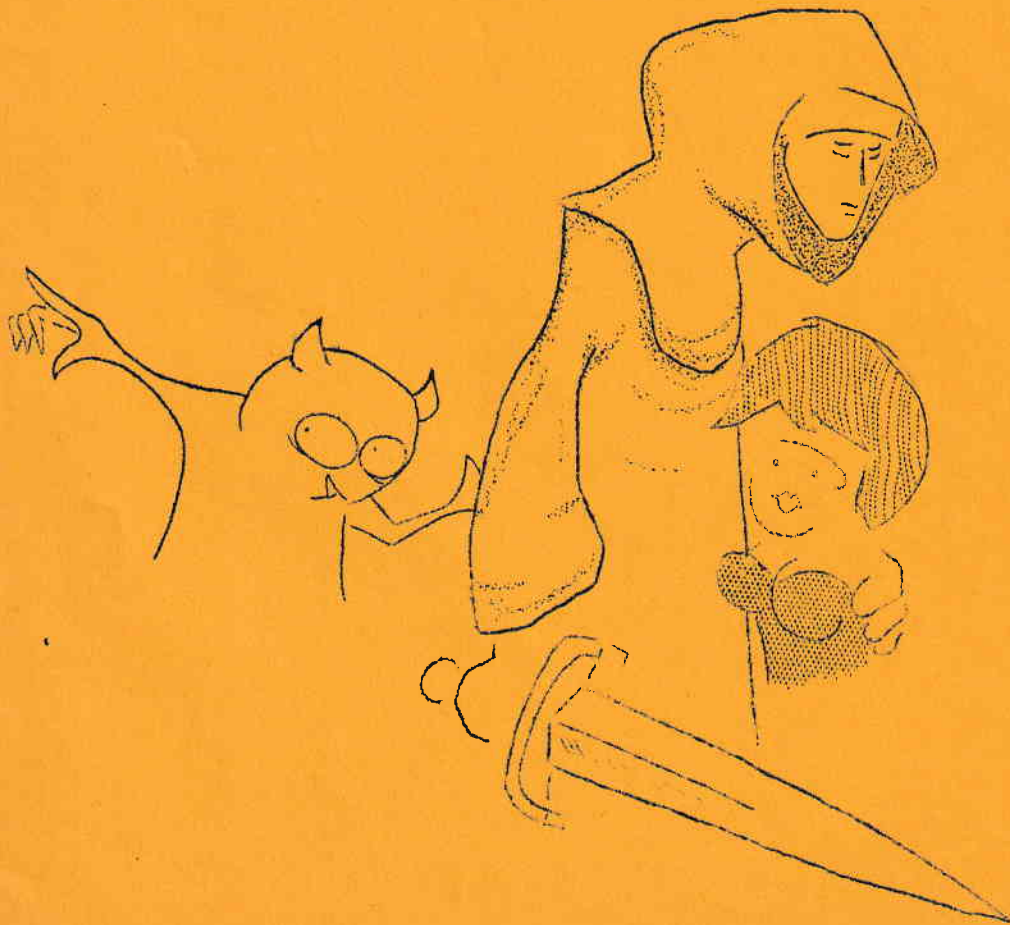
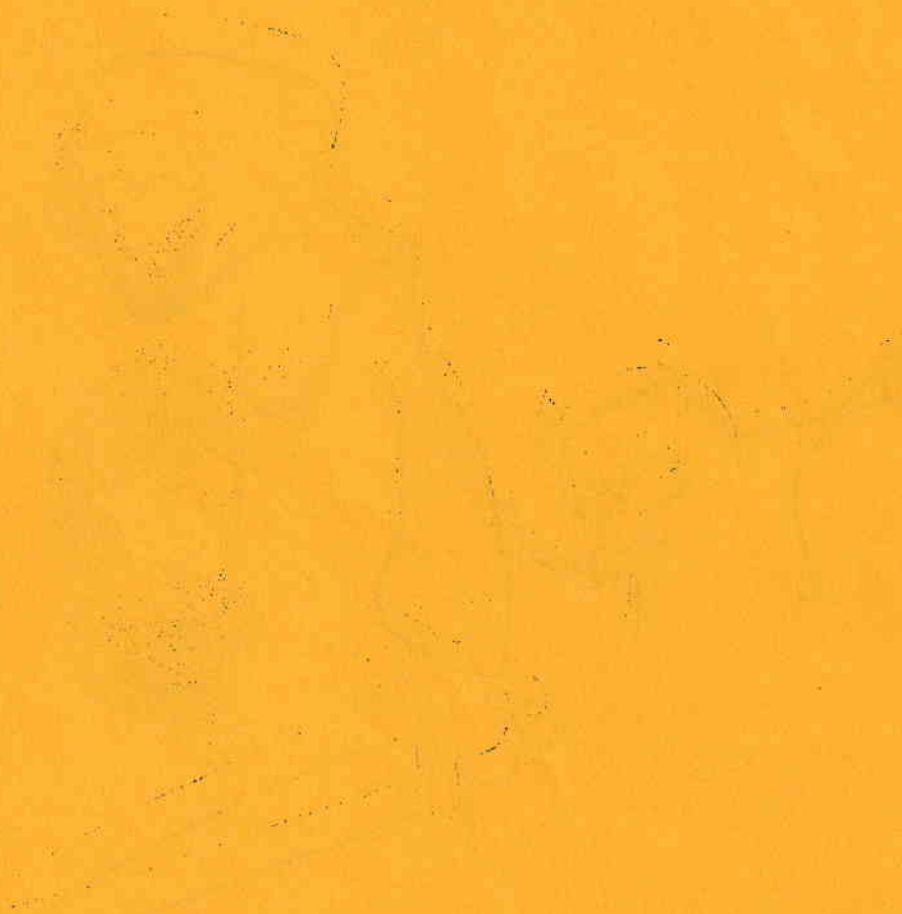


# CLIFF- HANGERS AND OTHERS



bill  
gibson  
1964

Example 1





F. G. H. N.'S CLEAR IF:

TIME BECOMES MORE FULL,  
A BIT FAT, EVEN, WHERE ONCE 'T WAS  
LEAN AND SPARE. YET I WOULD BE  
LOST INDEED, DID I NOT KEEP A  
MORSEL OF PANAC SET ASIDE FOR A  
MIDNIGHT SNACK OF THOTS AND CORELU  
(OR SOME TIMES CORELU STRAIGHT)  
AND SO, 'TIL GRADUATION, THAT ULTIMATE  
REGURGITATION, CLIFF HANGERS MUST BE  
CONTENT TO TIME BIND, LIKE A TIGHTROPE,  
OR A FISHING LINE WITH A BUILT IN  
NIBBLE.

- BE THANKFUL THAT NOT ALL  
IS STRING, A THIN JOY, BUT  
THAT THE PACKAGE IS TIED WITH  
SOME BRIGHT RIBBON, BILL  
GIBSON WROUGHT, ALWAYS  
GLORY.

F. G. H. N.

# THE CREGFLISH FAN

H  
E

///WARLOCK uses a free, easy format which takes even average artwork a CheArful decoration.///In The Long Loud Silence, outstanding writing RetRieves a tired and true plot, so that what would have been one of the EndLess stream of s-f disaster stories, dripping with such gore and GloOm that most editors will not even consider publishing one, is a FasCinating yarn. As a matter of fact, one s-f editor had the bad Luck to reject "Silence" without reading it, simply because it fell Into an overwritten category.///My own favorite "Bomb" story would, I Suppose, be Alfred Bester's recent F&SF novelette, simply because it Had a new insight into one of the very oldest of all story situations. ///It really rubs my nerves the wrong way every time someone blatantly Forces on a reader the information that "This story is symbolic." If A story is half good, the reader will know whether it is symbolic or Not. It is almost an insult to the reader to spell it out for him. ///"The Diner" was at least half good, but why will not fan writers realise that plotting is at least half of writing and work on this aspect of their stories accordingly.///Since you have announced that the "Meadow" is "Symbolic", let's worry it a while, in hopes that if we drag it around long enough, some new side will turn up. From the technical standpoint, it is not quite as skillfully written as the previous story, but it is nevertheless more interesting to read. On an objective level we have three beings happily killing flowers that to them represent men. The names of the beings might mean something if I looked them up in the dictionary, but it is enough to note that they sound vaguely Biblical. The obvious interpretation is that these beings represent gods, cruel and arbitrary. Too obvious. Searching for another level, the sentence, "Who would have ever guessed heaven would be like this." gives us a clue. Maybe these aren't gods at all but rather humans, who, dead, have reached their own warped paradise. In this case, the story could be a rebutal to the Ray Bradbury story of similar plot. Bradbury's grim, responsible Reaper replaced by a trio of irresponsible sadists. And yet again, on second thought we are reminded that too many reviewers have been finding parallels, often forced, between completely independent works. Discard the old theory and try again. What it is, is that the only important thing is the flowers, which is to say the people, beautiful and yet doomed with no apparent cause or order. Terry Ange is simply telling us that our fear of death forces us to place it, in our dreams and stories, as a force apart, instead of as the natural and inseperable part of all life that it is. Or is he?///How is it that fans can complain about the ineptitude of book blurbs on one hand, and write blurbs for reviews with the other?///When you pan a zine you sure don't pull any punches. "Outre" may not have been any hugo contender, for ~~one thing~~ I don't see anything wrong with an apa zine being entirely made up of mailing comments, once in a while. Sometimes I get the feeling that I'm trading with a bunch of genzines.///Giving a numbered rating to a fanzine is a doubtful practice at best. Your ratings seem to place far too great an emphasis on length, for example. Ratings are just a way of saying whether you liked something or not, and reviewers should at least try to back their oppinions up. Besides which, few writers can get away with substituting mere short reviews for A meaty mess of mailing comments.///The ibbling, bibbling Sklop of Scar humped along the way, meeting with the mushy mass of mumbling meal that was the regurgetated breakfast cereal of the elder god, GluO the Ghastly. "An awful lore is not yet dead," you say. Well, diabolic pseudo-Lovecraft is usually pretty awful lore... isn't it, WARLOCK

THE INVADER [#1] sure is replete with artwork, Joe Staton, and while I hate to see page after page of unbroken type as much as the next fanned, enough is enough. None of the art was so outstanding it could not be cut. ///Invader #2 strikes a better balance, but just to confuse everybody, it is poorly mimeographed, while the first issue was dittoed, but very neatly. If this goes on, the third issue will be printed but illegible. ///Very poetic, that Mideldigrix bit, and most appealing. It reads like a poem that has been translated from another language into English, so that despite the absence of rhyme and meter the poetic quality stands out. It even reads well aloud, once the reader discovers that it is "MIDel DI grix" rather than "midel DIG rix. I'd like to see some more of Janice's poems. ///No, that "Book Review" wasn't a "Review", was it. Still, it was a reasonably entertaining bit of nonsense, unlike many articles about Burroughs to which the authors have given as little thought as you did this one. Your notes on ERB's treatment of the Negroes are especially ill timed, coming as they do simultaneously with a spate of articles showing that Burroughs was actually years ahead of his time in giving sympathetic treatment to the black race. Also, while you have a perfect right to your opinion that Krenkel is a terrible artist, the fact that he won a hugo would at least make it advisable to back that opinion up. ///The idea of two OEs [we are over next door in Invader #2 now] conjures up some fascinating pictures of the confusion that would probably result, but while the snafu would be fun, the SFPA is too young to die. ///Quotes from writing handbooks don't prove anything. Murry Leinster once said that one sure way to write stories was to buy a handbook and go down the line breaking the rules in it. But then, quotes from Leinster don't prove anything either. ///It's too bad it didn't get back, Poe thing. ///You have an easy style of writing most of the time, Joe, but there was a little too much self-conscious rambling in these Invaders.

I t ' s a d n d n r s  
 Y o u n e y o u r s  
 z i n o n  
 I guess everyone runs into the clogs in the teaching system.  
 I know I almost snarl when I call to mind the time when I ...  
 But enough. Injustice becomes more bearable soon as you see  
 what great story material it is: endeavor to grok' Len Bailes.

o l d o n c o m m e n t  
 N E M I S I S  
 K a t z  
 m y  
 T H E I N V A D E R  
 NEMISIS ZAJE ZACULO THE INVADER



STRANGER THAN FACT: I think maybe I have some inkling of how much Trouble gathering material for this issue must have been for you. Regretably, as much as I admire your effort, I seem to find myself Attacking it with a doubtful attitude. Just by looks it gives a Nasty, sercon impression, with the vital SFPA slanted contents Given only a page and a half. The other genzines in the apa have Enough apa material to give them an ingroup flavor, while Stranger, Running second largest in the mailing, bearily beats out lactivity. ///Yes, if you were nice to a mathematician he might very well Tell you that  $5 \times 10^{-25} = .0000000000000000000000001$ . If, on the other Hand, you were mean to him, he might get mad enough to give an Accurate answer, namely  $.0000000000000000000000005$ , which, being Naturally classified information, he had no business reveiling. ///You make a nice, clear statement on smoking, but then in the last Few paragraphs you muddy it up and almost loose what ground you've Already gained by equivocating all over the place. If you hold a Certain oppinion, [and I happen to know you hold several], just Tell it, don't appologise for it two or three times at the end. ///In expecting fans to rally against smoking, you forget that a number of fans are even against the anti-dope laws. Fans and government just don't mix, and the only fannish reaction to the smoking situation that I can see is that some fans who didn't smoke formerly will take up the habit.///Dr. Rhine's article was an interesting history of ESP, for those who like history. When Dr. Rhine was here at Southwestern to speak, he drew almost five times the expected crowd, but again he concentrated on past results. Even science fiction has seldom extrepolated what is in store when psi moves out of the experimental stage, an event which will almost certainly be accompanied by a wide scale breakthrough. Only a few authors, such as Dick, Bester and E.E. Smith have even skirted this subject. And turning a few thousand more Rhine cards isn't going to achieve any breakthrough.///Er, nope, I'm afraid that "not-A and not-A" isn't quite right either. You just can't write mathematics without parentheses...or, rather, you can by a very clever little trick, but that is strictly for math fans. What you want for an expression of the law of contradiction is, therefore, "not [ A and not-A ]" or "-[ A & -A ]" or, in plain English, "A statement and its contradiction are never both true."///How many fans can sell a story any time they take the time to polish it? Pitiful few. One of the reasons is that most fan's just don't know what it takes to make a story. In C.L. Morris's "The Dreamer", for example, the writing is almost over-polished, but the story is just a slight variation on a major stf theme, Readers may want escape, or excitement, or ideas, or emotional catharsis, but whatever they want, they expect competant writing, they don't admire it. A way with words may be the ten per cent inspiration, but in fan fiction the ninety per cent presperation is completely lacking more often than not.///It isn't exactly very nice to announce to fandom at large that you have rejected someone's artwork. After all, is that anyone's business except yours and the artists?///Elephant jokes are out. Vegetable jokes are in. Do you know what a Jewish breakfast is? It's a cantaloup for Leibowitz. To refresh your memory of grape jokes, you've heard what is purple and A ruler in Macedonia, and what is purple, weighs more thar a ton and swims, but what is purple and measured in Amperes? saupino. ///Attn. Wm. Plott. I second Jim's motion for a revote. Cut of sixteen members, one vote isn't quite a quorum.///Now I'm on A spot. I went in with misgivings, and fears of a sercon epidemic and find a nice letter col and mc's that are STRANGER THAN FACT

DOL DRUM has a layout happy editor, too. So, I guess you got your own kick going.///First draft chitter chatter is fun to read. The Like cannot, sadly, be said of first draft theological arguments.///I suppose I should chastise you for reading so little s-f, but Dammit, my heart just wouldn't be in it. Sometimes keeping up with Reading all the prozines is a chore where it should be a joy. But, Until it is always a chore, and never a joy, read I shall. You Might never have discovered Phil Dick under your system, nicht wahr?///To continue my age old, world shattering vers libre battle with Dave [Dr. Sivana] Locke:

There are many different kinds of poetry and as many  
different reasons for writing it. Some,  
for example, write for cash,  
Like Ogden Nash.

Others will invoke the muse  
In telling us their worldly views.  
It is a trick they often use  
In hopes they may at last bemuse  
Our jaded minds and thus infuse  
Us with whichever theme they choose

While some will feel that they would be degraded  
to crawl into the tensil shell of rhyme,  
and so with fearsly spattered skeletal words  
attack all artiface

and

usually wind up w

in  
verbage hto b sey ←-- h  
and t  
i o all g i  
n b over n r  
c on t ↑ the  
e ↑ page  
n  
t  
!

There are a few, who shyly dare  
With more audacity than skill  
The field of art to plow,  
And while some well, some illy fare  
The things already growing there  
Are green, not wilted, now.

And so you see poetry and possibly even unpoetry can  
really be put to some use.  
What's your excuse.

///Did you read the Dick story in Galactic Outpost? If not, go to and get a copy. If the story weren't unmistakably in Phil Dick's style, I'd accuse you of sending it to the poor, nieve GO people with his name signed to it.///You believe too strongly and too blindly in a purely physical universe for it to be just a matter of "no evidence to the contrary." It might be interesting if you examined your own reasons for belief, and put them into DOL DRUM



ISCARIOT as a stf slanted zine should be something to see. Usually you See a zine going from stfzine to genzine rather than the other way around. Can it be a new trend is starting back to that good old Buck Rogers stuff? All to the good, if so.///However, I hope Bill Plott's article is not Really typical of the kind of stf slanted material you want. Why worry If a story you will probably never encounter again is good or bad. If Only he had just listed the contents and then indulged in some more Typically Plott-like ramblings, instead of going into such detail.///Good show, Al, for not succumbing to the dwindling mailing comment plague. Now if only you could fight back the creeping "h" blight.///Had trouble finding the titles of zines in my mailing comments last time, did you. Well, this round I've plastered the titles all over the place, so you shouldn't have any trouble finding them. I'll try to do something about those serials, but once I've started in on them I feel sort of obligated to keep them up. I hope they will become more palatable after you are more familiar with the characters. As for the fact that the chapters may appear a year apart, and only one page long even then, I think I've explained before that each chapter is complete in itself [unless you have a neurotic desire to know how the hero is going to get down off that cliff, in which case you are all of you welcome to write him down yourselves.] Which would you rather read, a story in which the author has set himself the impossible task of developing a complete characterization and plot in a page or two, or a fragment in which you at least might find a little characterization or description or plot worth reading? I know which I'd rather write.///The thought of a meeting between Allen Quartermain and Lord Graystoke such as Dale Walker describes is intriguing, but I doubt if they would have gotten along at all. Quartermain, for the weaker character of the two, would have looked down upon this British Lord "gone native," while Tarzan's reaction to a professional hunter, who constantly slaughtered animals not only when there was no need for the meat, but even where there was no real sport involved, could have only been silent contempt. Of course the main reason that the two could never encounter each other would be that they lived in two completely different versions of Africa. Also the world views of the two authors are so distinct that to call them contemporaries is to take advantage of a coincidence of dates. In all that matters, Burroughs is of a separate literary environment. Readers who are dismayed by ERB's discursiveness would probably be unable to plow through one chapter of Haggard's under-plotted, detailed prose, while Haggard followers could never willingly suspend their disbelief long enough to read a page of Burroughs.///I will be looking forward to the other articles in this series.///I didn't even realize that Oceania had a mythology of its own, until I read your article, Dick. It is easy to see why the separation of the islands would result in many conflicting versions of the old legends, but then, aren't all such tales handed down in different forms, until some great artist takes the stories and weaves them into a whole. [This is not, of course, to say that the unknown originator of these myths was not an outstanding artist in his own right].///In distinguishing letters from your comments thereon, you might, taking a hint from my own primitive efforts, cleverly arrange your letters so that reading across I would find the writer's comments, while I could read down the columns, crosswordpuzzlewise, to uncover the comments you had made.///It has always been my ambition to write a novel of epic proportions such that, if it were read backwards letter by letter a completely new novel, preferably pornographic, would suddenly appear in its entirety. Perhaps I am becoming lost in words as words, while I should concentrate on their meanings, but there certainly can be no doubt that they are fascinating little devils, especially in ISCARIOT



the sands of time  
fall thick and fast  
and so it is  
we find at last  
    "composed on stencil."

the day is short  
the hours are few  
the mailing deadline's  
long past due  
    "composed on stencil."

sure, Spore deserves  
a better break  
but I've had all  
that I can take  
of margins to be  
justified...  
at least you must  
admit I tried.  
    "composed on stencil."

"Cleopatra"  
needs a cut  
where Antony  
is in a rut  
but instead  
they were so mean  
they cut out Ceaser's  
finest sceen  
    [composed on stencil]

and this is all  
I find to say  
and so I bid  
you all "good day"  
and finish up  
repeating three  
words I know  
you hate to see:  
    "composed on stencil"

This has been Cliffhangers and Others #5...or is it #6...ah well...  
Forced upon the Southern Fandom Press Alliance [funny, I always  
thought the "A" stood for "Association"] by Frederick Norwood [Rick  
to his friends, Rat Fink to his enemies] who picks up his mail at  
lll Upperline; Franklin, Louisiana [at least once a week], and is  
attending summer school at Tulane [a Mighty University] but who  
sometimes [like when mailings are due] wishes that he wasn't.

