

EXCALIBUR



EXCALIBUR #7

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FICTION

SHEAR IDIOCY
John Boardman.....9

ARTICLES

DIAGRAMS
Jim Williams.....13
HYMIE THE INCREDIBLE
Arnold Katz.....22
SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX TO BARSOOM
Len Bailes.....24

FEATURES

EDITORIAL I
Arnold Katz.....3
EDITORIAL II
Len Bailes.....6
CHEERS AND CURSES(lettercol)
The readers(both of them).....16
FANZINE REVIEWS
Arnold Katz.....29
THE BOOK NOOK
Len Bailes.....33

ART CREDITS

Pian Pelz, Cover(stencilled by the artist)
Joe Staton, 8, 14, 17, 30,
BEG, 4, 6, 10, 36,
RIF, 7
BAC, 12(top), 34,
Proctor, 31
J. Williams, 15
Batz, 12(bottom), 32
Bjo- bacover(stencilled by the artist)
Locke-16

This here fanzine is EXCALIBUR #7, published by those two dirty minacers, Len Bailes and Arnold Katz. It is published four times a year for the Neffer's Amateur Press Alliance and Genfandom, this issue stencilled by Len and run off by Arnie on the Tower of Power. Fugghead Publication #8. It is available for 25¢ a copy or 5/\$1 Also for trade, Faneds are encouraged nay, begged to send copies of their zines to both editors who are notorious for responding to almost all fanzines which reach them, trade or not. If you're mean and black hearted and will send your zine to only one editor, write to either of us and we'll tell you who to send them to.

LOC- All fen whose LoC's are used will get that issue of EX. Also fen who write about a half page single spaced regularly probably. This is to discourage fen who think they can get EX for a two sentence letter, while not placing you at the mercy of the lettercol ed.(who is notoriously unmerciful)

CONTRIBS- anybody who sends us an acceptable contrib will get Ex until we print it.

Cash and LoC's to:
Arnold Katz
98 Patton Blvd. New Hyde
Park, New York, 11043

please send your stuff to the right ad.

EDITORIAL

EXCALIBUR DEPT.

I have some fabulous news for all you out there in reader land. This issue, if things go as planned, Len will not tell you that this issue is well repro'd. I realize that those jolly paragraphs have become one of the best loved parts of the zine and that each of -S- you eagerly turns to them, if they happen to be some of the legible parts, as soon as you get EX in the mails, but Len seems to be running out of ideas. After all, how many ways can one think up to apologize for the last issue and tell how beautifully repro'd the current issue is? Not only that, but I will eschew my usual plea for contribs. While the traditional plea for contribs, especially art and articles, is beloved by both of our readers, I feel that if you haven't gotten the message yet, you just haven't been paying attention.

In this issue we have some interesting things. Burroughs Bibliophiles and other misguided persons will find Len's Glossary helpful. We have coaxed Jim Williams out of retirement, and he has revenged himself upon us by sending along an article. There doesn't seem to be an awful lot by me in this issue, but I'm sure that you will be able to bear up under this blow.

FUN AND GAMES DEPT.

Are you looking for a pleasant little game to give to a younger brother or sister? The Ideal Toy Co. has a great new game for little boys and girls. It's called The Mystic Skull Game. Each player spins the mystic skull and does what it commands. One by one they pick up pins which are stuck in a voodoo doll that symbolizes your opponent.

A player wins when he fills up the voodoo doll. Jean Shepherd informs that there are a set of ghastly commercials forthcoming, so watch for them on your TV.

-8-

DOLL DEPT.

Sorry to disappoint you, Wally Weber, but when I say dolls, I mean dolls, toy variety, not G*I*R*L*S* so you can come out from under that bed. Maybe I'll talk about girls later, so stick around.

There have been dolls that walk and dolls that can cry, but now these wonders of mechanical science have been rendered obsolete by the Cathy Curse doll. And no, it's not a doll that curses.

In one of the big toy stores there is a movie extolling the virtues of this doll. A little girl is shown holding the doll. Suddenly she exclaims, "Why Cathy Curse, I do believe you're staining! I'll fix you up with one of your tiny tampons." You have to admit that is certainly a breakthrough. I envision this doll as the vanguard of a new dimension in doll making. I figure there just has to be a little doll called Willy Whacker Real Soon Now.



GARY LABOWITZ DEPT.

EX, besides its other functions such as getting egoboo for the editors, endeavors to be of genuine interest to its readers. Thus, when an item seems to go with a particular fan, I'll name the dept. after him (or her) Now as I hear it, Gary is a fanatical pianist. Music history was made in Sweden recently at a piano recital by a Mr. Wellen. Wellen is an action pianist and his original composition was performed.



The first movement began when Wellen climbed up on the piano and began to beat on it with a hammer and chisel. The movement ended as he threw down the hammer and chisel and took out a stick of dynamite. The second movement consisted of lighting the dynamite, tossing it into the piano and running for cover. The fantastic movement ended when after miscellaneous bangings, the keyboard fell off and bounced into the audience. The fourth movement consisted of attacking the piano with an electric saw. For his grand climactic movement, Wellen took a sledge and reduced the piano to sawdust. The crowd liked the performance enough to demand an encore, and this proved to be Wellen's undoing. As he attempted to carve up the piano stool with the saw, it slipped and cut his leg. Wellen was rushed to the hospital. Aw, don't cry, Gary, I'm sure Wellen wasn't too badly hurt and will be out performing again Real Soon Now. Oh, you say that's why you're crying?

BARBERS CONTRE BEATTLES

The barbers of Britain have struck a blow against boys who go without haircuts. They have met in conclave and decided that anyone going without a haircut for four weeks will be charged double.

There would seem to be a problem here. How are they going to know when someone has waited more than 4 weeks. Suppose that about 2 weeks after a trim, Ringo decides that he's sick of the Beatle business and wants to get a haircut. Will he be able to find a barber who will believe that he recently sat in a barber's chair. There is, I think, an answer to this problem which if neglected, could rock the British Empire to its foundations. I suggest that lie detectors be installed in every barbershop in the fair land of Britain. The lie detector test would allow customers to prove they have in fact followed the dictum of the barbers and done their duty as subjects of Her Majesty the Queen.

CONTEST DEPT.

A few hearty souls might remember that I, in the past, have mentioned a contest sponsored by the Viet Cong. As you may remember, I called it a breakthrough. Well, there is another contest now running in southeast Asia. It is sponsored by Indonesia and is called "The Crush Malaysia Poetry Contest." How about it EE Evers, are you going to enter?

ROLE REVERSAL DEPT.

Has anyone taken a look around them and noted the growing trend of role reversal in American life? What I mean is, men are becoming more effeminate and women more masculine. Examples of this trend are everywhere. Here come a bunch I've run into lately.

There is a shoe called the Pedwin All-Star. It is a shoe for men. It is also a shoe with 3" high heels. I understand they're quite popular, too.

In my school last week, two girls were suspended. All week long they were calling each other names and pushing each other around. Finally one Monday morning, they had a kicking screaming fist fight and were then suspended. Why were they fighting. Well, I'll tell you, fen, they were fighting over a boy. The boy, by the way, was very coy about the whole thing and dismissed the incident with a shrug and the statement, "Oh, they're just girls."

If role reversal operates in the Senior High, it is working overtime in the Jr. High School. A boy and a girl, both of normal size had a fist fight. Not one of those girl-boy things, but a real slugging match. It saddens me to report that the girl won. The boy ran away crying. On that note, maybe I'd better drop the subject before one of our Femme readers starts to pick on me.

LOVE WILL OUT DEPT.

The Union of South Africa has, as everyone knows, more than its share of problems. Now, there is yet another weighty matter pressing the officials of Johannesburg. It seems that Lovers are using the graveyards as courting places. As one official put it, "After the gates are closed, the young people are faced with climbing a 10 foot high fence or staying the night." Ah exuberant youth.

* * * *

A related item is that here in America, the cemeteries are trying to attract kids. Forest Lawn has gone so far as to put out a coloring book for little kiddies. The cover shows a little boy and girl walking hand in hand through the big iron gates. Just the thing to make your tot cemetary conscious.

CONVENTION NEWS

In line with the trend to Bid Early for conventions, I am glad to announce that New York will definitely bid on the convention for 2001. The Slogan is New York is Fun in 2001. Now would anyone like to bid on 2002?

See all of you people next issue. (I hope)

- Arnie

Sorry, I can't find anything to fit in this space
Fill in whatever fannish slogan appeals to you.-LB

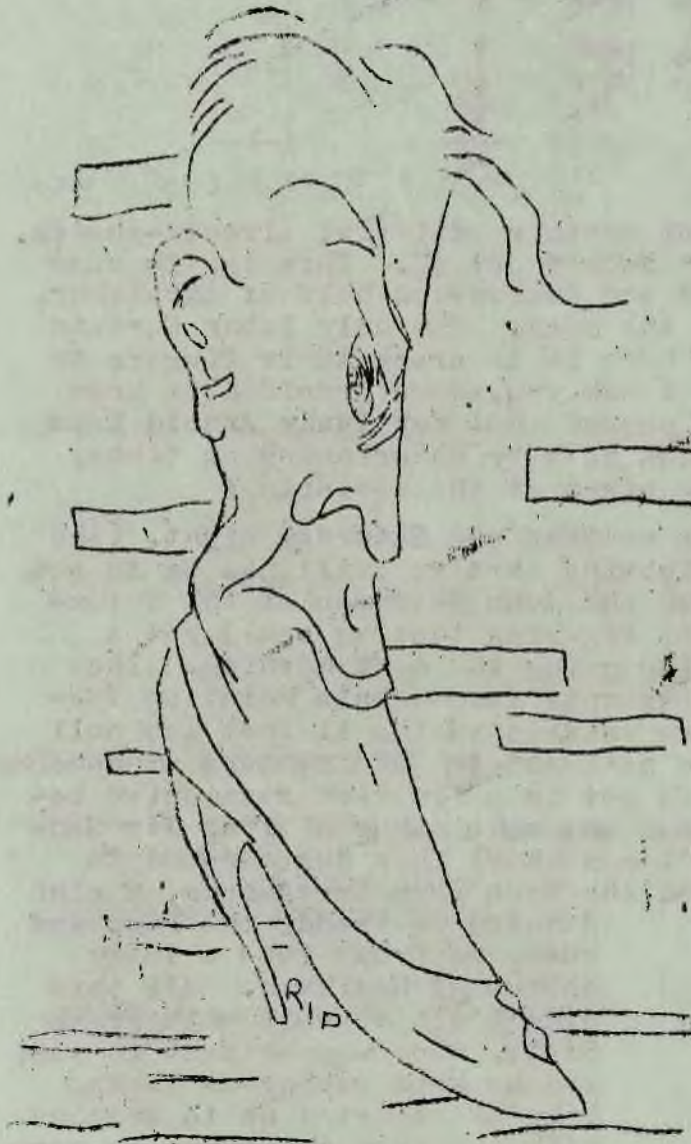
EDITORIAL

So here it is time to grind out another editorial already-sheesh. Seems like only last week since we hacked out #6. This is, in case you have any doubts, the bedraggled and overworked half of Excalibur, Len Bailes. Some people have all the luck. The only labor Certain Co-editors have to perform around here is to crank their fingers to the bone mimeoing and collating. I ask you, does Arnold Katz know the sheer agony of stencilling 38 pages? No! for lucky Arnold Katz does not know how to type. This can be very chagrinning at times, like last issue when... but let me start at the beginning:

Arnie and I went to a Lunarian meeting one Saturday night. (the last Saturday I was in New York) Knowing that we still had Ex to get done we bid fairwell to Fred Lerner and John Boardman at the Columbus Circle subway station at 12:15, figuring that we could get a good night's sleep and get the thing going the next morning. The meeting had consisted of reading excerpts from John's Pointing Vector #19 and coming up with wiseacre entries in the 11 foot fan poll in between addressing envelopes to mail out to ESFA members announcing the open meeting. We did manage to get in a limerick session (we being me, Arnie, EE Evers, Fred Lerner and some other NY fen, Jim Sanders and someone whose name I can't remember) This degenerated to the extent that Lerner and I formed the Bean Farm Irregulars, a club devoted to Freddy the Pig, and once, we broke into a lusty chorus of Hatikvah. All this didn't sit to well with Frank Dietz, whose apartment it was, and he kept giving us looks, like he expected us to abscond with the postage stamps we were pasting.



Anyway, we arrived at our bus connection, certainly no later than . We then proceeded to wait.... and wait. About an hour later I suggested that we go back into the subway and wait, as it was 10° out. We tramped back in and were promptly accosted by a drunk, who started talking about fighters. After several unsuccessful attempts to pick up a dime he had dropped, he turned to me and said, "Hey pop, you ever seen any good fights?" Arnie by this time had almost succeeded in wedging himself flat against the turnstile in an effort to remain unnoticed. The intriguing conversation which



might have ensued will never be recorded, alas, for a cop came and ushered the drunk out. Arnie promptly walked upstairs again and no amount of coaxing on my part could get him back into the subway station. He just leaned against a brick wall outside and began to freeze up stiff. By this time I figured the bus wasn't coming and decided to go back to where it was warm until the next bus showed but Arnie kept up an almost religious belief that the bus was just around the corner and would arrive any minute. After two more fun filled hours like this a bus finally pulled up. The previous bus, it was surmised had collapsed somewhere on the icy streets. We staggered through Arnie's door at 4:30. When I mentioned to Arnie that there were at least 20 stencils left to do, he overruled my suggestion to just fall down then and there and never get up with some common sense and mathematics which showed that at my typing rate I'd never get done if I waited till daytime.

"I told you we shouldn't have gone," was all he could manage to croak out. With more of his damn logic (you're just too logical at times, Arnie) he reasoned that he couldn't accomplish anything by staying awake since he couldn't type, so guess who sat up from 5AM on typing stencils.

The real clincher is that I still didn't finish. Next day, sure enough, there I was back in Commack as the movers started loading our furniture on the truck, hacking away with my typewriter on a cartom. I don't know how I ever got the blasted thing finished. Anyway, it's all Arnie's fault for taking General Business in the eighth grade instead of Personal use typing.

Hope this hasn't bored you but I cling very fiercely to my last few fannish memories. Charlotte is a nice town and all that, but it's over 300 miles away from the nearest fannish basis. Since I've been going to school down here only a few interesting things have happened. Two kids had a fight in the main office and put each other in the hospital and I almost was suspended because I argued against censorship in an English class. This is of course, good God-fearing country, man. A selection from the Bible is read every morning in HomeRoom with the Lord's Prayer. I guess nobody told them about the Supreme Court yet, down here. One thing which struck my funny bone was a comment in a letter from RE Gilbert (thax for all the art Bob- while I remem-

ber to mention it) He said that he had driven through Charlotte once but all he could remember was passing some weird modernistic school that looked like a flying saucer. Guess what school I go to. I never thought of it as a flying saucer though, Bob. To me it looks more like a series of concave cartons with twelve foot long french fried potato cutters for a roof. Now that you mention it however...

Arnie, in his editorial, talks about Britain's barber rebellion, I wonder what they'd charge Walter Breen for a haircut.

NOSTALGIA DEPT.

This issue of Excalibur is almost like a second annish to us. Lastish marked the end of our first year of pubbing, but this ish, as far as I'm concerned, marks an even greater occasion, namely one full cycle of the Neffer Amateur Press Alliance in which we have participated. Not that the appearance of CURSED was a great milestone for N'APANS, but that receiving my first apa mailing was certainly a great milestone to me. Arnie and I would like to dedicate this issue of EX to that Fearless and overworked OE, Fred Patten. When we first joined half the membership was thinking of disbanding the apa as a bad experiment, but under Fred's OEs ship, the quality of the mailings has become so good that we have a 10 man waitinglist. I like to think that in our own small way, Arnie and I have also played a part in the upsurge. (It's probably not true, but I like to think so, so humor me.) Come to think of it, maybe I'd better get off this subject before Lawrence Welk breaks in with Auld Lang Syne.

By the way, Buck Coulson and EE Evers, don't you dare put down my Barsoomian Glossary as a waste of effort. Somewhere there have to be fans who appreciate the idea of finally having a sequel to the first one. And believe me, it IS complete. The thing took more sweat than putting together the rest of the issue: I did it as a Service to Fandom, even. Somebody say they like it, Please?

MISTERIOUS APPEARANCES DEPT.

You can imagine my surprise, when one otherwise uneventful day, my eyes happened to locate upon the comic rack of an old supermarket, a copy of ERIE TALES. (or at least you comicfen can) Upon closer inspection I noticed him...the Purple Claw! Yes, that good old beloved crimefighter was actually glaring out at me from under a few old potato sacks. At first I thought it was a revival, but then I noticed that I had the same issue at home. Only I bought mine in 1952. Several days later I was in there again and located The Blue Beetle. I know these things haven't been just lying there for 10 years because the publishing date said 1964. Those were the only copies I saw and there have been none since. Have any Tales from the Crypt or Vault of Horror comix popped up in your neighborhood. I can't figure out what's coming off, unless they're merely re-releases like Dell has done with the John Carter ones.

Along the same lines, I have just found a mysterious book by Edith Nesbit (Bland) Has anyone ever heard of the Book of Dragons? There is no copyright date in the book and I've never seen it listed with her other works.

Charlotte is beginning to give me the creeps. I keep getting the feeling that I've slipped into an alternate world line where everything is just the tiniest bit different. Keep hoping, people, any minute

SUMMER

ADDICED

by JOHN BOARDMAN

"You'd better swear off for the rest of the evening," I said in disbelief.

"No, I'm serious," Bob insisted. "I've been fooling around with the design of the circuit for several months. I built the thing in electronics lab last Monday, and I've been testing it and working the bugs out of it all week." He waved with his glass in the general direction of the huge radio receiver, to which much new equipment had been added since my last visit to his apartment.

"Yes," he said, pouring himself another glass of Mogen David, "that thing will pick up not only AM, FM, short wave, long wave, police calls, garbled transatlantic telephone calls, amateurs, Radio Moscow, and housewives on the other side of town plugging in their vacuum cleaners, but it will also pick up broadcasts from other continua."

"And what, pray tell, is a continua?"

"Continuum," he corrected me. "The singular is continuum, the plural continua."

Bob and I were the only people at the party in his apartment who were still interested in carrying on a conversation, or sober enough to do so. The other students present had long since fallen into the arms of Bacchus, Venus, Morpheus, or all three. Bob's roommate was asleep in the room's only armchair, unaware that someone had put a wastebasket over his head. Jeff Morrison was seated in the corner trying to play "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" on a guitar, using a beer-can opener instead of a guitar pick; he was hampered by a freshman girl, already half an hour late at her dorm, who was asleep in his lap. Justus King had been attempting to put a record of "The Dixie University Fight Song" on Bob's stereo record-player for the past thirty-five minutes. Suzie Belle Harris and Bill Kurtz had gone to get married.

I surveyed the alcoholic remnants of this latest of Bob's famous parties. "Continuum, then," I said. "What is it?"

He refilled my glass, then emptied his and refilled it. "As you know, there have been many decisive moments in history—moments when the decision of one man or the outcome of one battle changes the entire course of the future."

"Outside of sounding like a political speech, you're still making sense," I said.

"It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened had matters turned out differently," Bob went on. "Suppose Caesar had not

crossed the Rubicon, to give one example. Suppose Columbus had become disheartened at his failures to get support and had gone back home to Genoa and opened a laundry. I maintain that alternative universes, or continua, exist in which events did turn out otherwise. Just as certainly as our history is a consequence of, say Wellington's victory at Waterloo, there is another continuum in which Wellington was defeated and Napoleon re-established his empire."

"Let's see, now," I said. "Do you mean that if you were to go to this alternate universe, you'd find France ruled by Napoleon VII?"

"Theoretically, yes. Think how the consequences of a change in only one event in history would spread out in later years. However, the energy expenditure in such a trip to another continuum would be to great. And that's where this new receiver comes in."

"What does it do?"

"I've got a special antenna attached to it. It has a shear stress into another dimension, so it can receive broadcasts from other continua. I can vary the amount of shear and pick up any number of continua."

"What have you been drinking, and how much?"

"I'm no worse than you are," Bob replied. He began to refill his glass, than changed his mind, emptied the bottle directly and opened a new one.

"Turn on your shear antenna and show me," I challenged him. The notion of a pun filtered slowly through my rather clouded brain. "Shear Idiocy, I call it."

"Okay, wise guy, listen." Bob wove his way to the radio, flipped a few switches, and began to adjust a dial. The instrument whirred and responded.

"...concludes the 10:55 summary of late scores over station WWL, New Orleans. Listen again at..."

"That's this continuum," said Bob. "Now listen." He adjusted a dial on the new section of the radio.

"The Polar-Cola Bottling Company of Birmingham, Alabama, brings you Edward R. Murrow with the eleven o'clock news."

"So?" I said.

"So there's another Edward R. Murrow in this other continuum," Bob retorted. "But did you ever hear of Polar-Cola?"

Murrow's familiar resonant voice came out of the other continuum. "This is the news. Sir



REC
541

Harold Byrd has been appointed Governor-General of the Dominion of North America. This appointment was announced today by Her Majesty's Secretary of..."

"Wha-wha-what?" I gasped.

"I'd say that we're listening to a broadcast from a continuum in which the American Revolution was a failure, or never took place," Bob calmly replied.

"Sir Harold is the first native of the Dominion of North America to be appointed Governor-General," Murrow continued. "He succeeds the late Earl of Delaware, who died last March..."

Bob turned the dial again. This time we were greeted by a vague approximation to music. The raucous tones which were beating their way through a cacophony of guitar notes were unmistakably those of Elvis Presley.

"You ain't nothin' but a pole-cat!!!" the radio screeched.

"I thought it was 'hound-dog, not 'pole-cat'," I said.

"Well, it's not much of a change for all that work," Bob replied.

"That was 'Pole-Cat', sung by Elvis Presley," said a very sleepy disk jockey. "And now, for another selection by the Republic of Texas' gift to American womanhood, we present Elvis singing 'I used to Work in El Paso!'"

"Hmmm." said Bob. "There ought to be something better on." He reached for the wine-bottle again, then changed his mind and got out a bottle of Bourbon. "This calls for a lil' celebration. Have Some?"

"No thanks. I've had about enough."

"Suit yourself." He rinsed out a glass with ginger ale and filled it with bourbon. "Let's see what else we can get on this shear antenna." He turned the dial and began drinking the whiskey.

"...delayed rebroadcast for presentation at this time," the radio blared. "It is now our high privilege to present the President of the Presidium of the North American Soviet Republic, Marshall Farrell Dobbs."

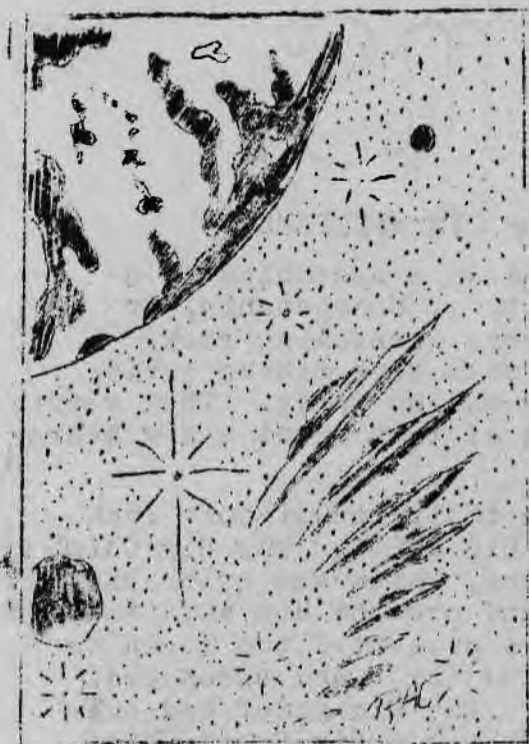
A thundering voice began a wild oration. After relating the glorious history of the American Soviet Revolution- which I gathered to have taken place in the early 1920's- Marshall Dobbs issued a strong warning to Tsar Peter IV and the Imperial Russian Government that further instigation of counter-revolutionary activities would not be tolerated. After some fifteen minutes in this vein, Dobbs concluded by accusing the Tsar of warmongering, and a band began to play the "Internationale".

"Well, what was that one?" I asked.

Bob poured himself another drink. "You figure it out."

I tried other settings of the dial. In succession I picked up three more disk jockey shows of uncertain origin, a voice speaking in French, a debate between two women on whether a woman should be limited to four husbands, and a speech by William F. Knowland, who was apparently campaigning for the presidency of something called the North Atlantic Federal Republic. Bob continued to celebrate the success of his invention.

"Lessee what else I can get on this rig," he said, lurching tow-



ards the radio. I moved aside, and he spun the dial randomly.

"...fate of two nations hung in the balance after the battle of Manassas Junction," a scholarly voice was saying.

"Thish should be intereshting," said Bob. "Leesher on hishtory."

"General Beauregard had but to follow up his surprise victory over the green Union troops, and Washington would be in his hands. Already the capital was in a panic at the news of this sudden disaster. A quick march of twenty miles, and the war could be ended before it had scarcely started."

"Are you sure you haven't turned this back to our continentum?" I asked. "This sounds rather familiar."

"Many explanations have been offered in an attempt to determine why Beauregard did not press his advantage. None are entirely satisfactory. Whatever the cause, the great opportunity had been forever lost. Their hopes for a quick strike at the vitals dashed, the Southerners were forced to wait until the inexorable industrial power of the North rolled into action and crushed them."

"Thash enough outa you, you damyankee!" snarled Bob, rolling out of his chair. Before I could stop him, he hit the radio with his bourbon bottle. Four tubes popped, and a coil unrolled, scattering loops of fine copper wire all over the apparatus. Bob slumped in front of the wreckage, muttering, "Damn foolishness. Damn foolishness."

I looked ruefully at the broken tubes, and hoped that Bob would be able to repair the radio when he sobered up. A device like this, which would pick up broadcasts from universes with all sorts of fantastic alternate histories, would make Bob the greatest inventor in the history of the Confederate States of America.

-oOo-



DIAGRAMS

by JIM WILLIAMS

Once upon a time there were a few thousand apes assembled in a somewhat large clearing in the general vicinity of Mesopotamia, or whatever they called it at that time. They were scratching rock, with rock. Making words. At least, some of them were making words, but none of them knew that some of them were making words. They were all just scratching rock with rocks, and most of them spent a few hours at it.

When they finished, all of them presented their rocks (their rock tablets, not their rock-instruments), to the Big Chief. The Big Chief sat in a Big Tree in the middle of the clearing, which was quite big, and told his ten aides to look at the rocks and present him with the ten best. Several days passed, and soon the aides presented ten rocks to the Big Chief, and of the ten rocks he selected three and announced that these he would use to decorate his home. The Big Chief had selected three rocks which spelled out words. He was a Big Smart Chief. His ten aides weren't stupid either, because they selected only rocks which spelled out words. But the Big Chief was smarter (which is why he was the Big Chief in the first place), because he knew which of the ten were the best.

One of the great multitude of apes, whose particular rock had not even been in the top ten, stepped forward and asked the Big Chief what he was to do with his rock.

"Throw it away," said the Big Chief. "And tell your friends to do likewise."

Worried by this command, the seven losers whose rocks had been in the top ten got together and talked the situation over. Then one of them approached the Big Chief and asked if they too were to throw their rocks away.

"You can if you want to," the Big Chief told them, "But I suppose you could submit them to fanzines."

Let's take a look at television. Why should we start with television? Well, we've got to start someplace. I suppose.

Change is always so unpleasant, but television might be benefited by a few changes. I could care less if it got washed away by a drop of clear water, but I'm not so much of a radical that I wouldn't be satisfied with just a few minor rearrangements. For instance, one of these weeks I want to see Marshal Dillon get shot in the knee at the opening of the show. I've no doubt that he's a good shot, but the other guy is faster and it just doesn't seem natural that he should miss all the while. Of course, I don't want to see Dillon killed. Just wounded. And I'd like to see Chester get a leg operation so that he could walk like everybody else. Chester is, admittedly, comic-relief, but since I want to see Dillon get shot in the knee we won't be doing away with cripples altogether. What's more, we could have Kitty throw her hip out of joint while dodging a bottom-pinching cowboy, and then there'd be twice as many laughs.

Anybody want to see that giant come out of the washer and grab that broad? And maybe pull her in with him? Or how would you like to see that goop with the white horse actually spear somebody with that lance? Me, I want to see the housewife scream when that big booming voice comes out of nowhere and demands to know why her kid didn't brush his teeth.

Getting away from commercials for a minute, I'd like to see Jack Paar look into a camera and say: "World, I hate you." While we're at it, I'd like to see Johnny Carson break down and cry the very next time an actress tells him that he has such a cute face. I'd like to see Vincent Edwards get caught offguard with a smile and have his face frozen in that position for all eternity. And Chamberlain smile at Massey and say: "You know you remind me of my father."



Just a few minor changes, that's all I want. And maybe we could liven up the dialog a little bit, too.

"Paw!"

"What is it, Hoss?"

"Indians, Paw, Indians! There must be hundreds of 'em. I never seen so many of 'em in all my life. They just come a whoopin' and a hollerin' and charged right down at us. Adam and I got away from 'em, but they got Little Joe and we gotta save him, Paw! We gotta!"

"Where's Adam now, Hoss?"

"Roundin' up the men, Paw. Let's go!"

"Wait a minute, Hoss. Where were you when the Indians came?"

"At the south fence, Paw. We was fixin' the fence. Come on, Paw, we can't waste no time!"

"Wait a minute, Hoss. You say you were fuxubg the south fence?"

"That's right, Paw. But what's it matter? We gotta ride!"

"Don't bother the men, Hoss. Tell them to go back to work."

"But, Paw!"

"Do what I say, Hoss!"

"Paw, just us gonna ride to save Little Joe? Maybe you're right. We might have more chance if there wasn't too many of us. Good thinkin' Paw! I'll go tell Adam!"

"Wait a minute, Hoss."

"What is it, Paw? We're wastin' time!"

"We're not going after Little Joe, Hoss."

"Paw! You gone plumb loco? That's Little Joe out there, Paw, Little Joe!"

"I know, Hoss. But we're not going to save Little Joe. It's a hard thing for me to do, but...he must die...."

"Paw!"

"Yes, Hoss. He must die!"

"But why, Paw? Why?"

"To teach you and Adam a lesson."

"What lesson?"

"For years now, Hoss, the only work around here that you and Adam and Little Joe have done is to fix the south fence. You're always fixing the south fence. All you do is fix the south fence. If you'd fixed it right three or four years ago you wouldn't have had to be out there today and Little Joe wouldn't have been captured by those Indians. It serves you right! So let this be a lesson to you. You and Adam had better take care of that south fence once and for all. The ranch is going to pot. Fix that damned fence and let's see some work done around here!"

* * * * *

All things considered, television is a bad influence on today's children. Now, I'm not a prude by any standards, but you entertain a child's mind with violence, fear, death, bloodshed, and destruction, and that mind is bound to be affected by it all. I'm not saying that it will always be affected adversely, or always to such a degree that it will be affected even mildly, but it's known that the child's mind can be slanted and warped by all the horrible things which he or she may see on television. This violence, fear, death, bloodshed, and destruction does not always do damage to children, but it does do varying degrees among a varying number of children and I think the matter of correcting this situation is strictly up to the adults of this country. One person, a handful of people, or even a community, can't stop the wrong that television is doing, but if adults all over the country wake up to what's going on they can make television sit up and obey their demands. And their demands should be simply, that a taboo be placed on television violence, fear, death, bloodshed, and destruction. Or at least, those programs which are the worst vehicles for these things. Therefore I propose that the public put this ultimatum to television: "For the safety of our children, television from this day on must stop the broadcast of all news programs

* * * * * Fin (but not too fine)



CHEERS AND CURSES

LETTERCOL

Drunks don't bother Harry

HARRY WARNER 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

The sixth Excalibur is read and it confirms my impression that Terry Carr was under the influence of indigestion when he wrote that review of a previous issue. Your reproduction isn't uniformly excellent yet, the illustrations suffer from stencilling problems, but I see nothing particularly wrong with this issue and I'm sure that the material and atmosphere would be received with unsurprised enthusiasm if they came from Wabash or Seattle, rather than from New Hyde Park and Charlotte. In other words, don't get discouraged when a fan has been in the field so long that he forgets the mistakes that he made while learning, and criticizes others for doing the same thing.

...Your story shows that you've acquired quite a few of the tricks of writing adventure fiction. You've gained enough technique to make it easy to spot the matters that you haven't mastered yet, compared with the helpless feeling I get when I try to criticize specifically a story by someone who does everything wrong. Your main problem right now, I think, consists of your failure to describe action without stopping to explain this or that. For instance, you stop in the first episode describing the fight between the man and the bird to reveal the fact that the sword has a round end, in the final battle, you give information about the nature of the shadow man that should have been made clear to the reader in advance. Structurally, the main defect is the failure for the wooing and winning of Calca to involve any real conflict or suspense. Boy meets girl and boy wins girl without really trying, something that is all right in certain kinds of mainstream fiction but not in this type of action story. You could have used the girl's skill with the bow to be the gimmick in some kind of half-serious argument between the two ending with her pinioning him to the wall with an arrow that seals his devotion, or the father could be depicted as pretending to praise a non-existent rival for Muron's affections to cause him to act fast. Your writing is pretty good as far as moving along with the story, although many sentences need revision. "Beating its huge red wings furiously, talons extended to grab his flesh" is not only bad grammar but causes the reader to hesitate unconsciously, wondering what "its" refers to and trying to picture winged talons. "Oger the Warlock would, he thought to himself, cure the wound when he, Muron, arrived at Baronai" is a clumsy way to put it. "When he arrived at Baronai, Muron thought, Oger the Warlock would cure the wound" would convey the same sense in fewer words without confusion between antecedents. Understand, I'm not criticizing just to show how little you do correctly, but rather to point out fundamental fiction techniques that you should master to go along with those you already seem comfortable around. ☞ As long as it's open

season, I might as well stick my two cents worth in. Arnie, I think you put too much of your identity into Muron. The reason that Muron handled the villains with such ease and won the girl so effortlessly, I suspect, is that if you were there, as a twentieth century fan, you would want everything to come easy. Your style is very promising tho-excuse me Harry, go ahead-LB}}

I liked the casual and relaxed tone of the editorials, and the letter column was worth reading. The only comment for which space remains is that there have been sodacons as an unofficial spinoff from several previous worldcons, I understand. But I didn't

have any problem about my non-drinking at the Discon. I simply stayed away from the people who were noisily or emotionally drunk, and got along quite well with the others who could remain human while imbibing. I have no desire to stop others from drinking and I find less discomfort around drinkers than I do around smokers: the odor of alcohol doesn't bother me as much as too much stale smoke in a small and unventilated room.

Yrs., &c.,
Harry

HARRY, I THINK YOU MADE ABOUT FIVE ENEMIES IN WABASH AND SEATTLE, BUT TWO VERY GOOD FRIENDS IN CHARLOTTE AND NEW HYDE PARK. THE MURON STORY WAS THE FIRST ADVENTURE FANTASY I EVER WROTE, SO I'M SURE SURPRISED THAT I PICKED UP THE TRICKS ON THE FIRST TRY. THANKS FOR YOUR ADVICE- Arnie

* * * *

EEEVERS strikes again!

EE EVERS Apt. 4-C, 268 E 4th St., New York, NY, 10009

This is a LOC on EXCALIBUR #6. Which ought to strike you as a little strange since you never sent a copy. But you did send one to Mike McInerney, perhaps without even realizing he's my roommate, and thusly you can't escape the far reaching wrath of the Evers LOC, so you might as well give up and put me on your mailing list.

You shouldn't be afraid of me though, not if your zine continues like #6. I found it quite enjoyable and a better than average fanzine. You've managed to achieve a pretty good balance of material and a balance of pretty good material.

I liked your fiction, Arnold. It's by far the best piece in the issue and ranks with the better fan-fiction I've seen this year. I'll bet not too many readers are going to agree with me, but being a fanwriter myself and a Tolkien buff to boot, I think I understand what you attempted, and offer you all possible encouragement.



Fiction of this type depends to a great extent on its names. I think that's one of your major faults- Muren and Tregom just don't have the same effect on the reader that Sauron and Aragorn have. Your dialog also detracts- partly because a lot of it is stilted and even more, strangely enough, because it's realistic. If you'll look closely you'll see that Tolkien uses deliberately formal, high sounding speech in most of his characters' mouths. Still, I like the general effect.

Clay Hamlin's article is quite useful to the neo-faned, of whom I am one, except for one minor detail. Why aren't the writers' addresses included? It's going to be pretty hard to get all of them if you look for material, and in fact takes away all the value of the article. Oh yes, and I think his reviews or whatever you call them of the individual's talent are pretty prejudiced. He praises a bunch of writers I've read but can't even remember reading, and pans John Boardman, one of the better near-pros around ((John is a pro, he has had at least one story published in FANTASTIC UNIVERSE, I think-LB)) Hell, Clay, John Boardman writes for AMRA, no mean feat, for a lot of the top fmz like FANDRO, and has even had verse (song lyrics) published in BROADSIDE, a folk music semi-prozine. His political views may be a trifle fuggheaded, but I don't like to see him called a second rate fan writer. I hope you print this just to let your readers see the other side of the coin.

"Hacking Through Barsoom" is a pretty good summation of all that's good/bad about Burroughs. I personally don't like him a bit, but I notice that those who do enjoy his stories readily admit the technical flaws and like him for some intangible quality. Well and good, I feel that way about a lot of material others pan, and it beats trying to justify what is purely subjective anyway by saying, "Well, Burroughs wasn't really such a bad writer after all..." Yes, I'm sorry to say, he was a pretty miserable writer, but if you like him, read him. Just don't expect me to. ((Hold it EEE! I wouldn't say ERB was a miserable writer. Tarzan of the Apes is even considered to be somewhat of a classic, ~~even if they probably hated it~~. And he compares favorably with alot of today's mainstream crud. He just wasn't a particularly good writer is all. S'funny, Burroughsophobes are usually just as vehement about how rotten ERB is as the Bibliophiles are about what a genius he was-what's all the fuss about fellas?-LB))

And on to your editorial, Arnold Katz. (You realize don't you that by pronouncing your True Name I have a sorcerous power over you and hereby command you to print my letter) ((Don't you know Katz is a hoax?-LB)) What's this bit about the Viet-Cong faction that worships Victor Hugo? I haven't heard that story before and it sounds fannish as all Hell whether written in earnest or jest. Let's hear more if you can dig more up.

Faanishly,
Earl

THERE WERE ADDRESSES IN THE HAMLIN ARTICLE, BUT LEN LOST 'EM ON A LONELY ROAD AFTER THE CAR HE WAS RIDING IN BROKE DOWN. THE ARTICLE WAS PREJUDICED AND ARE NOT MY OPINIONS AT ALL. THE CAL DI IS A REAL GROUP. THEY HAVE, BY THE WAY, COME OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT SIDE. SEE, YOUR SORCEROUS POWER WORKED.-Arnie

Joe takes the editors for a ride

JOE STATON 469 Ennis Street, Milan, Tenn. 38358

Well, you certainly improved the thing this time. I see that you taught Len how to stencil artwork and that you have at least somewhat mastered your mimeo. Don't you know that you can get put in the pen for sending obscene matter like that pornographic cover through the mails? You should mail such things in an envelope or folded so the PO boys won't get suspicious and carry you off some dark night in a black automobile to Ghod Knows Where.

As to your Editorial, I agree that YANDRO should win the Hugo. Even without any other qualifications, Juanita's art stencilling should be worth that. I won't fight with Len over his evaluation of the Mars books, since, as I have stated a couple of times, I think they are the silliest thing Burroughs ever wrote. Most of his books are pretty good and a lot of them are even excellent, but not Barsoom. I like your fanzine and book reviews, though some of your conclusions are debatable, if I was in the mood, which I'm not.

LEN LEARNED TO STENCIL ON HIS LONESOME. YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THAT COVER. THE SEX FIEND WHO DREW IT OUGHT TO BE LOCKED UP-Arnica

* * * * *

Buck likes Rockets

BUCK COULSON Route 3, Wabash, Ind., 46992

A few scattered comments on EXCALIBUR. First, congratulations on the letter column. It was much better than last issue's. ((I liked the crossword puzzle better too-LB))

....I liked both the article on Burroughs and the review of "Prince of Peril", since both reflect more or less my own attitudes. (I don't like Burroughs, but there are plenty of other bad writers that I do like--such as Kline, for example) Kline does tend to overdo the casual approach in "Prince of Peril". I particularly liked the situation near the beginning of the book. Our hero lands on Venus, sits up is attacked by two villains, polishes off both of them, then: "Having ascertained beyond doubt that both of my would-be assassins were dead, I carefully cleaned my blade, sheathed it, and set out to explore my surroundings." I don't know how it strikes anyone else, but that passage always sets me to laughing hysterically.

Your fiction, unfortunately, gives the impression that your mother was frightened by a copy of PLANET STORIES. It's not bad, for fan fiction, but it's so much a typically overdone PLANET-type story that I was more amused than enthralled, which isn't good. There's nothing definite that I can point out as being wrong; it's just that the background is a little too much. (I used to write like that, myself incidentally; I still have the first few pages of a "novel" that a friend and I started when we were in high school. We never finished it, which is a blessing; it can't come back to haunt me. It wasn't, I might add, as good as your story.)

Good editorials-- both of them. You don't really need to drive us out of our minds by awarding us a Hugo-- Terry Carr's article in the April F&SF has already done that (approximately 30 requests so far). But it's a kind thought. (I'd rather have a Hugo than a review in F&SF, if we have to receive boosts.)

OF COURSE THE LETTER-COL WAS BETTER, WE HAD A LOC FROM YOU. MAMA NEVER READ PLANET, AND COME TO THINK OF IT, NEITHER HAVE I. ##SEE MCINERNEY, BUCK WANTS THE HUGO-Arnica

Dave laughs at Muron

DAVE LOCKE Indian Lake, New York

You wish I'd write longer LoCs? Look, if you want long LoC's send your zine to Bob Jennings... You complain about short letters and my correspondents complain because I write 8,9, or 10 page missives every once in a while. You can't win. No how.

...Well, I liked this issue. Yes. The reproduction isn't even bad, overall, but most of the stencilled art is poor. ... When I first got your rag I skipped over the Burroughs' article and the fiction, because I don't particularly like ERB and I have a Thing about amateur fiction. But I'm glad I went back and read the two pieces. Bailes makes Burroughs' sound readable. In fact, he made the series sound exciting. If I hadn't already read some of the Mars stories I probably would have gone looking for one and read it. And then I'd have been mad at Bailes... But since I am familiar with the series I enjoyed his article even though I don't like the stuff. Follow me? No? Well, the article was poorly constructed in a couple of places, but it was still entertaining and I enjoyed it. And I'm glad I read the fiction. It was hilarious. Or wasn't it meant to be? I laughed right out loud at it two or three times, which is something I almost never do over any written material. The lines that I laughed at aren't particularly funny in themselves, but the lines preceding them and the changes in story structure and mood made them a riot. First you've got this big hero fighting to the finish with this deadly Zorthang bird. After a short but bloody battle the hero manages to stick his sword between the bird's eyes (Later you say he stuck it in the bird's forehead, but no matter), and the tension begins to fall away as the bird's grip on his shoulder weakens. He then puts his other hand on the sword hilt and twists the blade in the already fatal wound. Then, bingo, you start another paragraph with: "Kree! Kree!" cried the bird as it flapped its wings." Somehow it struck me funny. About like that movie I saw the other day on an Early Show, where this gigantic bird with an anti-matter shield is raising hell. A Colonel, the hero, and the girl, are listening to radio reports of a battle with the bird. The radio is linked with the head plane leading the battle. The bird gobbles up all the other planes, and the pilot is reporting their progress something like this:

"My God! Nothing can stop it! Bullets, bombs, missiles; we've tried everything! Nothing can stop it! Oh no! Now it's coming after me!"

Sound in the background: "Awk"

"No!" screams the pilot.

"Awk!"

One of the other lines that I found funny—mainly because I've got a dirty mind—is the one that the hero spoke to his bride immediately after they were pronounced married: "Calea, he said, 'Now you shall begin to realize what it means to be my wife.'" That would really make a great bedtime line.... In fact, it would be even greater if your bride gives you a straight-line like "Darling, it's hard to believe that we're really married!" You shouldn't be printing stuff like that in a family fanzine.

...Don't contradict Buck Coulson. If he says you had a lousy letter-col, just nod your head and promise you'll try to do better in the future. When I was a neo, Marion Bradley beat me on the back for something she'd probably read in some other fanzine. Needless to say, I wrote and asked her what the hell she was talking about. I've never

heard from her since. You spelled the word right the first time. It's 'trooper' not 'trouper' Or am I missing something here(~~Yes-AK~~) There's no such word as 'trouper' in my dictionary(the one I published last year in my giant annish...) I should know how to spell the word-I write it frequently. Several of the local ~~copy~~ troopers aren't good typists, and are worse writers. It seems the main station is fussy about the correctness and neatness of the reports it receives, so several of the guys from the Indian Lake station bring their longhand reports over to me for editing and typing. It's illegal, of course, but it's worth the risk. I learn the juiciest things about the people of Indian Lake....

I don't know about this business of setting up parties at the conventions for non-drinkers. If you lived in Indian Lake you'd know better than to call me a non-drinker, but I've only had one drink at each of the last two cons. But I agree with you- it would be a good thing. Some fans can drink, but others can't and you see them holding up walls all over the party rooms. They're good people, some of them, but you can't mix drunken and half lit fans with sober fans and have any sort of an affair enjoyable to all. It isn't necessary to have an enormous room to hold a party(fans should know this...) any room that sleeps two is big enough to hold a dozen fans or so in relative comfort. You hold a no-drinking get-together (and turn the rummies away at the door), and a dozen or so fans is probably all you'll get. If I can make it to the next convention I'll do what I did at DC-- share the cost of a larger room with someone. This larger room I shall go forth and hold a no-drinking get-together in. Free sassa-parilla for all and let the good times roll with every body sober enough to remember whether it was enjoyable or not... Yes. I will do that if I can make it to the coast. What do you think of the idea(Well it was probably your idea, but at least I'm planning to do something about it...)?...

SNIFF, THE STORY WASN'T MEANT TO BE FUNNY DAVE. EX IS A FAMILY FANZINE, BUT THEN, I'VE SEEN SOME PRETTY STRANGE FAMILIES-Arnio

* * *

Rich Benyo wants to form a secret apa---Calling APEX

RICH BENYO 118 South Street, Jim Thorpe, Penn. 18229

The tendency toward straight fantasy and s-f thrills me in the extreme, as I always envisioned my own fanzine as about the only one in fandom that stuck to pure f& sf, without going off into pure fannish interests other than those on the beaten track. It's good to see that I've got partners in the crime of bringing f&sf into fandom on a large scale. Maybe we can form a secret organization to usurp other forms of discussion and presentation for the run-of-the-mill- fanzines, especially in regards to those who do not know how to handle it. I don't mind it in Yandro, or Enclave, or Loki, but it is really a bore when presented by someone who doesn't know anything about it in the first place.

.... I enjoyed Len Bailes' article on the Mars novels of ERB to no end. I had been taking the opinion that I was the only one who could see all of the satire in ERB's works, but now I see that I haven't been living in an environment of the unusual--Len is there with me. I don't agree with Len's inferred downtrodding of ERB as a writer in many cases, although there are points in his argument that I'll back fully...In my opinion ERB was a shrewd businessman, more than an extremely good author....

In retart(~~?-LB~~) of Len's editorial statement of his opinion of (to page 8)

H Y M I E

OR, THAT OLD CANDY STORE BACK HOME (or HYMIE IS INCREDIBLE)

by ARNOLD KATZ

Fans always seem to enjoy nostalgia. They can sit for hours and talk and talk about the trivia of life gone by. Fans seem to have good memories, too, and one fan's recollections usually touch off other memories in other fans. Now that I'm on the downhill side of seventeen, I think it would be interesting, well for me anyway, to write some memoirs. This may well be the first in a series, but then again, it may not, so cheer up.

* * * *

Just about every neighborhood has a candy store. I don't mean one of those nice neat, well-lighted emporiums of stationery, newspapers, and magazines. I mean the dirty hole-in-the-wall manned by a guy that all the kids hate. You know the kind I mean. Hymie's was that kind of candy store. No one knew where Hymie came from, though I suppose he was a German Jew. Hymie's seems to have always been there; it came with the original land I suppose. Physically it resembled nothing so much as a long thin telephone booth, or perhaps a freight car without wheels. It was situated next to one of the main roads, and was alone except for a liquor store which took up the other half of the building that was Hymie's, and a diner called the Silver Moon Diner. We, however, called it the Greasy Spoon Diner because it served food that could only be called slop. Recently this charming establishment, no doubt at the behest of the public health service, changed owners, which signals the end of an era, I guess.

Getting back to Hymie's (ugh), not an inch of that store was wasted space. One wall, the one on the left as you walked in the door, had built in wooden shelves. On the right as one entered, was a table with another large display rack. Then came a counter for a soda fountain which had, perhaps 10 stools. There was probably something on the 2 foot wide wall that was opposite the door, but no kid ever went back there for anything. Stuff was hung up on the walls behind the right hand magazine rack, but I never saw anyone buy anything off the wall. I see, on reading back, that I skipped the candy counter which was set up on the table. ((Arnie, I'm surprised at you; the wall was where Hymie stashed last month's science fiction magazines, the current ones being on the shelves-LB))

That candy counter was incredible. There was stuff there that no one had bought since World War two, but Hymie was a frugal guy (frugal, he was a miser), and never threw anything out. Once I bought a candy bar that was so old that it crumbled. Needless to say, those in the know never bought candy from Hymie. The Soda Fountain was a riot. Very few people had the strong constitution to actually eat something in a place where the dirt was an inch thick on the shelves and where dust from the wooden floor got into everything. Hymie was, lest I paint a one-sided picture, known as the last bastion of the 6¢ coke. It's true that they were a little on the warm side, but, by God they were six cents. For visiting nobility, there was also a ten cent coke, which as far as Len and I were able to determine, was a six cent coke with about 2" more water. Understandably, it was rather watery, and one was more likely to order two six cent cokes than one

of the large size.

That stuff was just frills; the business came in magazines, newspapers and cigars (sold to Len's father, as likely as not). Hymie's was at the terminus of a very important bus line, and Hymie did a land office business. One peculiar feature of Hymie's was that it never seemed to close. Day in and day out, it stayed open raking in the cash. The only time it ever closed was on Yom Kippur, and then only in the last few years. The lengths to which Hymie went to keep his rat's nest open were simply unbelievable. Due to difficulties in road construction traceable to the corrupt New York City government, Union Turnpike, the road Hymie's fronted, never drained correctly. After even the slightest rain, a little artificial lake would form that covered the whole road. One day, after about 40 hours of rain, Len's father decided that he wanted to go out to get cigars. Len and I, looking for a ride to the stores to check on the latest shipment of magazines, tagged along. Around and around the neighborhood we rode with Mr. Bailes, looking for a store that was open and accessible to a car. As I remember it, we got the cigars, but Len prevailed on his father to take us to Hymie's to look at the latest shipment of magazines and comics. As we made the turn into Union Turnpike, we beheld the scene that has been used on New York City TV news programs more than any other. There was a river where the road should have been. The waves beat against the sandbag dikes, and here and there there was a mud bank. Suddenly into this scene of chaos stepped Hymie. He recognized us from afar, his eyes were amazingly sharp when sighting a prospect, and called, "Is all right bhoys. Ve're open!" Such was the hold Hymie had on us that we came through all the muck and went into his store. Afterwards, we told jokes about what Hymie would do in case of a real flood. We decided he'd float the store and paddle it down the street if he could sell one comic.

Coin collectors loved Hymie's because it was there and only there that one could get liberty nickels and barber quarters in circulation. It seems that Hymie would take anything that even looked like it might be money. Thus, when anyone had a coin he wasn't too sure of, the natural impulse was to run down to Hymie's and spend it.

Hymie was quite a character. The second someone entered his hovel the teutonic voice, old and cracked, would bark, "Vot you vant, bhoys?" The regular customer simply ignored this and fell prostrate on the floor so that the comic books, which were on the bottom two lefthand shelves, could be examined. The unusual position the perspective customer had to assume lead to some interesting incidents. One that I recall was that once Len bent down to look at the comic books, and Hymie's wife (always called "wife") sunk up behind him and gave him a gigantic kick in the rear. Ah, yes, there were all sorts of dangers when shopping at Hymie's.... Money / however / was a language which Hymie understood. If you didn't see something that you particularly wanted, you asked Hymie, and Hymie, as sure as the sun rises, would say, "Come back tomorrow. Ve haf it tomorrow." This allowed the gullible customer to leave with hopes held high that the next day he would get his heart's desire. Of course; Hymie once told me that Capt. Torture Comics vos coming in tomorrow, but you can't have everything.

Hymie, if the truth may be told at this date, had a weird sort of mystic power that separated every kid I know from his allowance for almost a decade. I know it was something, because when Hymie sold out to another old couple, the place went broke in less than 3 months. The magic of old Hymie, the man(?) who wouldn't let anyone leave his store until a sale was made, kept that store open. Bailes and I must have given Hymie everything but our souls over the years, and sometimes I wonder..... -AK

A GLOSSARY OF BARSOOMIAN NAMES AND TERMS

By LEN BAILES

This glossary is meant as a supplement to the one on the first four Martian Series books by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Any name or term mentioned therein is not mentioned here. The names of the principal characters in books 5-10 are capitalized. Any name or term mentioned twice or more in books 5-10 is included. Skeleton Men of Jupiter and John Carter and the Giant of Mars ARE included, tho any entry from JC and the Giant of Mars is asterisked (*) mainly because I don't think ERB wrote it. The original index can be found in the Ace and I think Ballentine editions of MASTERMIND OF MARS or in the AC McClurg Hardbound THUVIA OF MARS. Any name or term which is used in its Barsoomian sense in the definitions was defined in the original Glossary or is defined separately herein. Guess that about covers it.

* * *

- A-Kor- the son of O-Tar, who was jeddak of Manator
- Amhor- city of Barsoom
- Anatok- Birdman who was Jed of Gooli
- Artolian Hills- Mountain range separating Toonol and Duhor
- Arbok*- Reptilian Tree-lizard found in forests outside Helium
- Avenue of Quays- street in Ancient Herz
- Avenue of Warriors- street in Zodanga
- Aymad- Third in the council of the Seven Jeds of Morbus-later Jeddak
- Bal Tab- Green Martian held captive in Amhor
- Bal-Zak- Officer in the Toonolian Space Navy
- Bandolian- Jeddak of Eurobus (Sassom)
- Bantoom- Country of the Kaldanes
- Ban-Tor- Overconfident Black Pirate swordsman
- Corphal- the ghost of a dead martian, believed to have magic powers
- Cluros- Martian name for Phobos, the further of the two Martian moons
- Dar- a unit of troops, subordinate to a Utan
- Dar Tarus- Phundahlia warrior whose body was stolen by a nobleman
- Domnia- country on Thuria, the lesser martian moon
- Dokus- Jeddak of the First Born of Kamtol
- Duhor- Martian city, home of Valla Dia
- Dur Ajmad- Noble of Amhor
- Dur-dan- hormad servant of Ras Thavas
- Eighth Barsoomian Ray- according to ERB there are two extra colors in the spectrum. The eighth is repelled by anything it touches. The martians use this ray as the propulsive medium for their aircraft.
- E-Med- Dwar of the Tower of Jetan
- En-Tar- Officer in the space navy of Panar
- E-That- Major dome of the Hall of Chiefs in Manator
- Eurobus- the name given to Jupiter by its inhabitants
- Equilibromotor- Martian flying device strapped to the back

Fal Sivas- Scientist of Zodanga who invented the first interplanetary Barseomian space ship

Floran- Warrior of Gathol

Fo-Nur- Panthan from Jahar

GAHAN OF GATHOL- Jed of Gathol who falls in love with Tara of Helium and wins her.

Gan-Had- Warrior of Toonol

Gan-Ho- warrior of Panar

Gan-Hor- Officer in Gatholian space Navy

Gantun Gur- Assassin of Amhor, later the body of Tun-Gan

Gar Nal- rival inventor to Fal Sivas, invented 2nd interplanetary ship

Garobus- Name given to Mars by the inhabitants of Jupiter

Gate of Enemies- entrance to Manator

Ghasta- valley kingdom where the spidermen dwell

Ghek- A kaldane who befriended Gahan and Tara

Ghron- Jed of Ghasta

Gor-don- Padwar in Panarian space navy

Gorgum- Skeleton Man with a high position in Eurobus

Gor Hajus- The Assassin of Toonol

Gooli- An island in the Toonolian Marsh where dwell a race of birdmen.

HADRON OF HASTOR- Helium officer who mistakenly believes himself to be in love with a petty Helium noblewoman. Finally he marries Tavia, a princess of Tjanath.

Had Urtur- father of Hadron

Haglioni- Skeleton man who commanded the ship which transported John Carter to Jupiter

Haja- A princess of Gathol

Haj Alt- son of Haj Osis and prince of Tjanath

Haj Osis- Jed of Tjanath, who drove out Tavia's family

Hamas- Chief slave of Fal Sivas

Hall of Chiefs- in Manator, a stuffed museum exhibit consisting of all Manator's past Jeddaks.

Han Du- Savatorian warrior on Sasoom

Hohr- Valley in which lies the kingdom of Ghasta

Hin Abtol- Jeddak of Panar

Ho Ran Kim- Jeddak of Ancient Horz

Hor Kai Lan- Jed of Ancient Horz

Horomad- a synthetic man created out of culture tissue. Invented by Ras Thavas

I-Gos- Aged embalmer of Manator

Il-dur-den- hormad servant of Ras Thavas

Invak- Barseomian country of invisible men

I-Zav- Manatorian warrior

Jad-Han- noble of Amhor, brother of Janai

Jahar- city of Barseom

Jal-Had- cruel Jed of Amhor

Janai- Princess of Amhor, lover of Vor-Daj

Jason Gridley- Earth inventor of Tarzana, Calif. Besides his exploits in Pellucidar, his Gridley Wave radio enabled Hadron and Vor Daj to relay their stories to Earth

Jasoom- Barseomian name for Earth

Jat-Or Padwar in Helium space navy, lover of Zanda

Jeddara- the wife of a Jeddak

Jedwar- military rank between Odwar and Jed

Jetan- a Martian game resembling chess. The rules for play may be found in CHESSMEN OF MARS

Jhama- 1. camp of Phor Tak, 2. the name of the ship invented by Phor Tak

Joog*- Synthetic giant over two hundred feet tall, invented by Pew Mogel.

Kaldane- A Barsoomian creature consisting solely of a head. The kaldane's move about either on spindly chelae or by taking over one of the headless bodies that grow in Bantoom
Kal Tavan- Father of Tavia
Kam Han Tor- Prince of Ancient Orovars
Kamtol- Capital city of the above ground kingdom of the First Born, or Black Pirates of Barsoom
Kandus- Warrior of Invak
Kobol- A city captured by Panar
Kor-an- a Gatholian warrior
Kor-San- Jeddak of Duhor
Korvas*- Deserted City which Pew Mogel made into a laboratory
Ladan- Name that the inhabitants of Thuria(Deimos) give to their moon.
Lan-O- Gatholian slave who was Tara's serving woman
Lan Sohn Wehr- officer in modern orovlar city of Horz
Lee Um Lo- see Lum Tar O
LLANA OF GATHOL- Granddaughter of John Carter, lover of Pan Dan Chee
Lum Tar O- Embalmer and sorcerer of Horz. I believe that Burroughs meant Lum Tar O to be the same person as Lee Um Lo, as he speaks of the latter once as the Embalmer and Sorcerer of Horz.
Luud- King of the Kaldanes
Malagor- A Martian Pterydactyl
Manataj- City of Manator
Manator- City of Jetan, where Gahan and Tara were captured
Manatos- Outlying region of Manator
Masena- lionman of Thuria
Morbus- Country of Hormads, located in Toonolian Marsh
Morgors- The Skeleton Men of Jupiter
Motus- Cruel Nobleman of Invak
Multis Par- Renegade Prince of Zor
Mu-Tel- Prince of Toonol
Myrlo- Scientist among the First Born
Nastom- Dator of Kamtol
Ninth Barsoomian Ray- The ninth color of the spectrum, claims EEB has certain properties which allow it to be converted to oxygen. This, he claims as the basis for the existence of life on Barsoom
Nolat- Dator of Kamtol whom John Carter defeated in the Arena
Nur An- Warrior of Jahar
O Ala- Wife of Han Du
Olvia Marthis- Helium noblewoman, wife of Djor Kantos
O-Mai the Cruel- Ancient Jeddak of Manator, whom legend said still haunted the palace
Ombra- Country on Thuria
Ompt- Island in Toonolian Marsh
Onvak- rival invisible city of Invak
Orm-O- Slave boy in Amhor
Orovars- The white race inhabiting Modern Horz
O-Tar- Jeddak of Manator at the time of Gahan's arrival
O-Zar- Jed of Manataj
Ozara- Temporary Jeddara of Tarids, Princess of Domnia
Pan Dan Chee- Orovlar who loved Llana of Gathol
Pandar- Warrior of Phundahl
Pankor- City in Panarian Empire
Panar- Empire of cities at the North Pole of Barsoom
Pew Mogel*- synthetic Man created by Ras Thavas who later threatened the safety of Helium with his army of Great white Apes
Phao- Nur An's girlfriend

Phor San- Odwar in Panarian Space Navy
 Phor Tak- Martian scientist who invented the invisibility paint
 Phundahl- City of Mars neighboring Teonol
 Phystal- Slave in the house of Fal Sivas
 Pnoxus- Prince of Invak
 Pelodona- The Martian Equator
 Pevak- Member of the Assassin's guild who was killed in a fight with John Carter
 Ptang- Black Pirate of Kamtol
 Ptantus- Jeddak of Invak
 Rab-Zov- Strongest man in Pankor
 Rapas the Ulsio- "punk" assassin employed by Fal Sivas
 Ras Thavas- The Mastermind of Mars, inventor of the process by which a brain could be transplanted from one body to another and creator of the synthetic man.
 Rojas- Woman of Invak
 Rykor- a headless human body which is bred specially by the kaldanes as a riding animal
 Sag Or- Phundahlilian noble who forced Dar Tarus to trade bodies with him.
 Sanoma Tora- Noblewoman of Helium who was stolen by the Jeddak of Jahar.
 Sasoom- Barsoomian name for Jupiter
 Savators- The race of blue humans on Sasoom which was subjugated by the Skeleton Men.
 Sil Vagis- Teedwar of the 91st Umak of Helium's Space Navy
 Syl- A river which runs through the valley Hohr
 Sytor- Renegade redman serving in the army of Morbus
 TARA OF HELIUM- Daughter of John Carter. She is whisked away by a hurricane and rescued by Gahan of Gathol
 Tarids- Race of invisible people on Thuria
 Tasor- Gatholian noble held captive in Manator (also known as A-Sor)
 TAVIA- apparent slave girl who falls in love with Hadron of Hastor. Eventually they fall in love and it is discovered that Tavia is a Princess
 Teeayton-ov- Hornad in Morbus
 Teedwar- Military rank between Dwar and Padwar
 Throxus- Mightiest of the five ancient Barsoomian oceans
 Tjanath- A Martian city, home of Tavia
 Teonol- Martian city
 Teonolian Marshlands- A 100 mile swamp which adjoins Teonol and Phundahl
 Tor-dur-bar- name assumed by Vor-Daj when he took a hornad's body
 Tor Hatan- Father of Sanoma Tora; Odwar of the 91st Helium Umak
 Tower of Diamonds- Prison on Thuria
 Tower of Jetan- Prison in Manator
 Tul Axtar- Jeddak of Jahar
 Tun Gan- Name chosen by the original Tor-dur-bar after he was transplanted into his new body
 Tur- God worshipped by Phundahlilian
 Turan- Alias taken by Gahan of Gathol
 Turgan- Phundahlilian bible
 Turquoise Tower- Prison on Thuria
 U-Dan- Padwar in Zor Space Navy
 U-Dor- Dwar of the 8th Utan of Manator
 U-Gor- Land of cannibals
 Ulah- Slave of Ozara
 Uldak- Member of Assassin's guild killed in fight with John Carter
 U-Kal- An alias of Gahan of Gathol
 Ulsio- Species of three legged Martian rat
 Ul-to- Warrior of Panar
 Ul-Vas- Jeddak of the Tarids

FANZINE REVIEWS

- Arnold Katz

EPILOGUE #2, April, by George Hrehorovich, 52 Adrian Ave., NY, NY10463, 50¢. Offset. 42 pages.

If one reads the names of the editorial staff, this fanzine could sound like it was published on another planet rather than in New York. I notice that in the letters column Harry Warner expresses the same sentiments about the first issue, which was called Viewpoint. Since then there have been more names added; names like Betti Marchesani and Jola Rajewska. Among the other people charged with this crime are George T. Zebrowski, Igor Hrehorovich, Shepherd Rifkin, and Franklin V. Spellman. I suspected Spellman of being a hoax, but I met him and most of the others at ESFA.

Epilogue endeavors to publish serious critiques on the literature of science fiction. This it does in some measure with articles on the Foundation Trilogy (by Zebrowski), the Wanderer (EEEVERS) and articles on SF topics such as one called "Science Puts a rein on Fiction" by Boris Lyapunov. The fact that it also has articles extolling The Outer Limits in goshwow terms and the movies of Vincent Price detracts from the image that they seem to be trying to put across. It isn't an out and out crudzine, but it isn't anything to write home about either. It may develop, but it's hard to tell what direction it is heading toward.

RATING: 3

* * * * *

DOUBLE BILL #8 - subs and contribs to Bill Bowers, 3271 Shelhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio. Trades and letters to Bill Mallardi, 214 Mackinaw Ave., Akron, Ohio. Quarterly. 25¢ a copy or 5/\$1. Available for trade, contrib or printed LoC. Mimeo. 76pp

The Bills said that they were going to get back to a regular sized issue, but they didn't make it. I hope the combination of big issues and the possibility that Bowers will be drafted won't fold this zine which has come so far so fast.

The prosymposium continues with names like Ellison, Pohl, Sturgeon, and Leiber discoursing upon the field of Science Fiction. It is coming along nicely, and the third and concluding part will appear in D-B #9. There are no extras of this issue, and if you miss it, there is little chance that you'll be able to own the symposium unless plans for printing it under one cover come off. On looking over the contents page, I notice that there really isn't much in this issue apart from the Symposium and the lettercol. There is an interesting jazz column and the usual serving of Coulson fanzine reviews. It even has a letter by me (but don't let that stop you)

RATING: 8

* * * * *

PHOENIX #8 - Dave Locke, Box 335, Indian Lake, New York. No nothing listed. I suppose it's available every once and a while for any old thing. (you might try a quarter). 20pp mimeo.

This is the first issue of "Dave Locke's Flaky Literary Journal" that I've received. I like it: Probably because I like the way Dave and his cohorts write. You can't go too far wrong with guys like Coulson, Hulan, Noe, Dodd, and Platt.

The best item in the issue, at least it's the one that interested me the most, was Coulson's article on illustrations in the prezines. It brought back a lot of memories. Unfortunately, they were memories

of sitting on my backside for hours while Sam talked about art and Chris flashed the appropriate slides on the screen. Apart from that, I thought it was a fine article, and Buck seems to know his stuff. I can't help wondering why it wasn't Juanita who did the article. The second best piece is the article on the unsung writers of UNKNOWN, written by Dave Hulan.

NIX seems to be a good zine, but somehow the serious nature of much of its contents doesn't seem to go with the essentially light hearted spirit of the editor. It is fun though, in its own way.

RATING: 6

* * * *

SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES #68. Jan-Feb. Redd Boggs, 270 South Bonnie Brae, LA, Calif. 90057. Bi-monthly. Available for 25¢, 5/\$1, LoC, Trade, or Contrib. Mimeo, 39 pp.

The second Boggs issue is noticeably more interesting to me. There are things that I don't like, such as having a fillo on the cover, but on the whole, I enjoy SHAGGY.

The feature in this issue is the article by Ron Elik on the publishing history of the LASES and Al Lewis's accompanying checklist of publications. I really dig bits of fan history, and those who share my interest will find this fascinating. There are a number of other items of interest, but the one that really got me was the piece of Rotslerania.

RATING: 7

* * * *

MINAC #13- Gerber and Ted White, 339 49th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11220. Frequent, but rather irregular. Available for LoC, trade, 3 4¢ stamps or \$1 a copy. Legallength stencils also accepted. 14pp.

MINAC is an interesting zine, primarily because I find the editors to be fascinating people. This issue is much less Breenish than the infamous MINAC #12. I like it better; Both Les and TEW are more entertaining when they aren't plugging a cause.

White talks about books, principally the STAR KING, and other things, Gerber tells about his trip to the Coulson Picnic, Harry Warner has a column of excerpts from his letters, Stiles does a report on the ESFA Open meeting, and Terry Carr reviews fanzines. All this was interesting, and Gerber's report was the best of the lot and quite a bit above the usual run of con reports. I'm glad to find someone who enjoyed the ESFA since no one else except Steve thought it was worth a damn. I'd hate to think that no one liked it.

Terry Carr, expressing reluctance all the while, manages to tear EX #5 limb from limb and spit on the corpse. Gee, it's a good thing that Terry wasn't in a bad mood or he might have sent us a bomb.

RATING: 6



BAYING AT THE MOON #2- Mike McInerny Apt 268, E. 4th St., NY, NY. For LoC or trade. Issued every two or three weeks. 6pp

This isn't really yet another imitator of MINAC from the FAN-OCCLAST bunch, it just looks that way. I wonder why all the people putting out little zines don't get together and put out an O-O for the FANOCCLASTS a la SHAGGI. The talent is certainly there; there is plenty of dupering equipment, there is a unity of interest, and the need for half a dozen little zines all doing the same thing is lost on me. Not that I don't enjoy getting all the cheery little things from the Fanoclasts, I do.

Mike has the gall to blast the repro of EX in a zine that has at least one big blank patch on every page. I'm fairly new at this mimeo business, but what is his excuse?

He also takes great pains to call EX a neozine. A neozine is defined as one where the editors show extensive enthusiasm. I don't see anything wrong with enthusiasm, except when it really runs wild, as it did in our first four issues.

This zine, besides reviewing zines, has a sometimes letter column. This time Mike uses it to be rather rude to Dick Mey, and to totally confuse the whole Breen situation by saying that Dick is out to get TEW. It seems to be becoming increasingly harder to take a stand one way or the other without having some fan call you seven kinds of traitor. If Mike watches his repro, this should be an interesting zine.

RATING: 5

* * * *

SPECTRUM #5- Lin Carter, 100-15 195th St., Hollis, Queens, 23, NY quarterly, winter 1964. 40¢ per copy 4/\$1.50 mimeoed, 36 pp

This is the journal of book reviews. If you are the type who likes to read literate opinions of current books, then this one is for you, even though the price is steep. The reviews are much better than the run of the mill variety found in most fanzines. This is probably due to the specialization which allows the editor to concentrate on just that aspect of writing. He doesn't even have to worry about the mechanics of fan publishing which are capably handled by Dave Van Arnam.

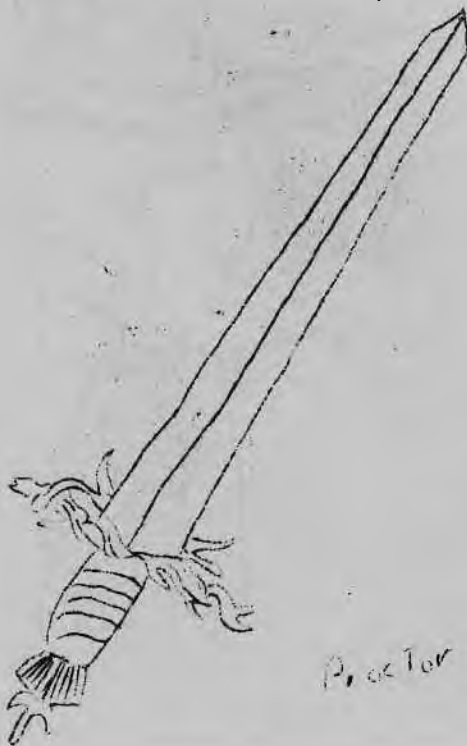
Besides the reviews there is a list of books that are coming out (and have come out) this winter and spring, a brief description of reprints, the SPECTRUM awards, and a profile of a pro author. The author this time will, I know, delight her ever growing legion of readers (including EX's esteemed co-editor). Yes kiddies, Andre Norton is the subject of the profile. It isn't too bad.

RATING: 6

* * * *

KNOWABLE #7- John and Perdita Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, NY, 11218. Bimonthly. Mimeoed with offset cover. 25¢/copy 5/\$1. Available for LoC, trade, or contrib, 30pp.

I'm afraid that this isn't too good an issue of KNOWABLE. There really isn't anything of more than passing interest, except The Story, which I flaked out on



a few issues ago. It isn't bad, just not up my alley. One thing which really upset me, though. My Bhuddy John is plugging the upstart Burroughs Bibliophobes. As every Trufan knows, I founded the BB's at the Discon. Now, I don't know what it is about the Baltimore bunch that makes them so imitative(read plaigèristic), but I am getting tired of having that bunch of juveniles steal all my stuff. This sort of thing can only go on for so long, and then there will have to be action. I strongly urge all of the loyal readers of this fanzine, (both of you) to write an angry letter to a Baltimore fan. It doesn't matter which one, as long as the letter is angry.

Baltimore's heaven in '67? Gee, it don't smell like heaven!

Now, what all the preceeding has to do with this fanzine escapes me, but you can't always have good fanzine reviews.

RATING: 5

* * * *

zEEh #2- EEEvers, Apt. 4-C, 268 E. 4th St., NY, NY. 10009. Monthly. Free(I think he means for trade, LoC, or contrib, but you could probably get a free sample) Mimeo. 26 pp

This is probably the worst repro'd zine of recent vintage, most definitely including EX #5. The main trouble is a tendency to over ink and a penchant for running off the bottom of the page. Since I know that this was hand-fed into the mimeo, the problem was in his timing. I am tempted to further speculation along this line, but EE is a friend. The material is, however, rather interesting. There are voluminous fanzine reviews, a column by Rich Brown(if he wants small letters, I'm inclined to tell him to hand correct each copy), letters and such fannish things. I think EE has great taste in fanzines; he rates EX#6 equal to YANDRO and better than CRY. Oh well.

RATING: 4

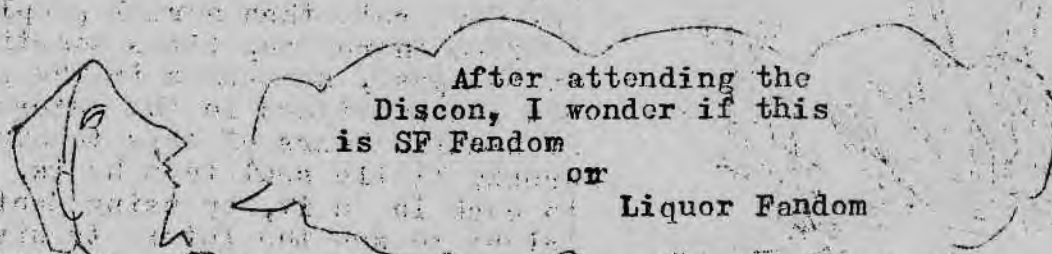
* * * *

WARHOON #19- Richard Bergeron, 333 East 69th St. NY, 21, NY. Quarterly, 20¢ each or 5/\$1. Available for LoC, trade or contrib. 44 pp.

Warhoon has had a long, long time between issues, and unless I'm mistaken, it has not had an issue since I entered fandom, over a year ago. I was very anxious to see a copy, if only to see what all the foofaraw(Hi, Fred) was about. Now that I have seen, I can say that I like it. It has a very nice balance of sercon; for example, Robert Lowndres' article on truth, and lighter material, here represented by Walt Willis' report of his visit to Robert Bloch. The only things I don't like about the zine are the lack of artwork and the rather formal atmosphere. I'm sure there are those of you out there who gasp at the thought that I would dare critiscize WARHOON, but I don't care. I suggest that you each send Dick a quarter and get one of today's finest fanzines. It isn't YANDRO, in my opinion, but then what is?

RATING: 8

-AK



After attending the
Discon, I wonder if this
is SF Fandom
or
Liquor Fandom

'THE BOOK NOOK

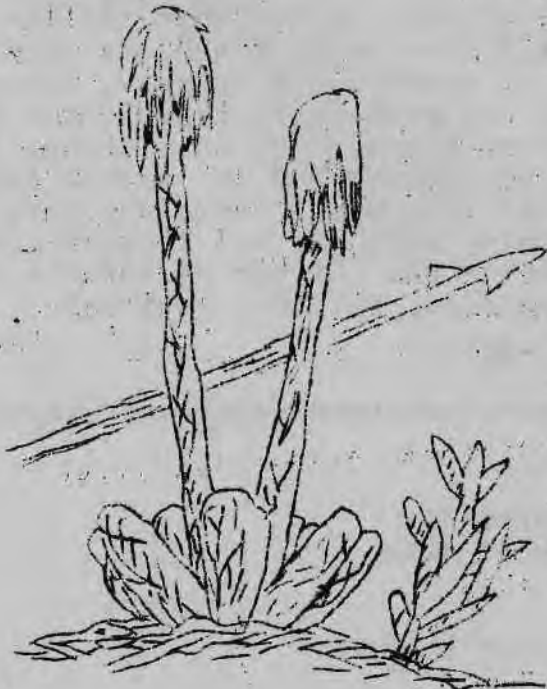
-Len Bailes

MARTIAN TIME-SLIP by Phillip K. Dick, Ballentine, 50¢

This is the expanded version of a serial which appeared in *Worlds of Tomorrows* August, October, and December 1963, under the title *ALL WE MARSMEN*. It is a fairly engrossing story but not up to par with mainstream fiction as to style.

Briefly, it deals with a colony which has been set up on Mars. This may sound like an old, old, plot, but Dick concentrates on the socio-political and psychological aspects of the colonists rather than on the physical colony per se. Dick is fast developing a talent for exceptional characterizations. The protagonist, I suppose would be an electronics jockey by the name of Jack Bohlen, but the narrative is actually told through the viewpoints of three principal characters, Bohlen, Arnie Kott, a plumbing czar, and an autistic boy called Manfred Steiner.

Kott, whose name sounds remarkably like that of certain co-editors, is cast as a power hungry tycoon who is quick on the uptake where something fiscal is involved, and not adverse to acting outside the law when necessary. He is rather a weaslish type. Bohlen is a former schizophrenic whose marriage is slowly going on the rocks. The whole show is stolen, however, by Manfred. Through him, Dick advances a unique (or at least unique to me) theory on the causes of schizophrenia. The essence of this theory is that Schizoids are merely living at a different time rate than normal people. Manfred therefore, lives sometimes in the past, sometimes in the present and sometimes in the future. Kott eventually hears of this theory and grubby little soul that he is, tries to cash in on it, by using Manfred's talent to see the future to his own advantage. In order to facilitate



communication with the child he hires Bohlen to construct a machine capable of slowing down and speeding up sound. Manfred has problems of his own. He is driven into a frenzy by a recurring vision of himself in an Asylum to be constructed at some later date. Kott's efforts fail and Manfred finally learns to control his powers through the agency of the Bleekmen, native Martian inhabitants, whose philosophy bears some relationship to that of Heinlein's Martians in *Stranger in a Strange Land*. Dick introduces a sort of semi-paradox in time which is finally straightened out, giving the book its title.

This brings me to my major criticism of the novel. Dick does a poor job of handling the many transitions between his objective narrative and Manfred's stream of consciousness. One is plunged from the future to the present to the might-have-been in a haphazard manner which bears a resemblance to the path of a subway during rush hour. In short, Dick fails in maintaining continuity. He does this to the point that several segments of the book are almost incomprehensible. Of course, this may be an intentional effect to produce an atmosphere of instability, but if it is, it is a pretty lousy gimmick (aka unentertaining and non-contributing)

The author gets in some social commentary in his study of Bohlen's wife and in the evolution of the character of Jack Bohlen out of its schizophrenic shell. As I said, it's the characterizations which make the book. As entertainment, I'd say read it, but if sloppy writing irks you, better not.

ESCAPE ON VENUS by Edgar Rice Burroughs, Ace, 40¢

I don't know whether it's some quirk in me or in the writing of the novel, but I got quite a bit of enjoyment out of this last Venus book. The reason is that I thought it was as funny as hell. I've heard of writers unintentionally satirizing themselves before, but as far as I'm concerned, this tops everything. In fact, it is too good. Some of the humor must be intentional. Reading this has altered my opinion of Burroughs somewhat. More than before, I get the impression that he was extremely shrewd and that he knew all too well what he was doing when he adapted his crude Victorian writing style. It's almost like ESCAPE was saying, "All right, fellas, I've made my dough, and now I'm gonna have a little fun with you."

The plot, incase you don't breathlessly follow my quarterly Venus book reviews consists of the wanderings of one Carson Napier, Earthman transplanted to Venus, via a rocket ship which was headed for Mars, but went off course. In this, the final published chronical of Amtor,



Congratulations you lucky lucky fan, you get thisish because:

- you're a subscriber, sub expires with #___
- You paid cash for this issue, lazy! - - - - -
- You LoC'd
- You contributed
- You're a girl
- YOU'RE A BNF(GOSHWOW)
- You're a N'APAn, SAPSite or Cultist
- Would you contribute ___Art? ___An article? ___Fiction?
- Want to LoC?
- Want to Sub?
- Would you trade for your _____
- We traded
- This is a sample copy
- We like the sound of your name
- We don't like the sound of your name
- This is your last issue till you do something
- Other

YANDRO FOR THE HUGO

EX#8 for Sept. '64



Excalibur 9