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JPE STATEN







# LOKI NINE

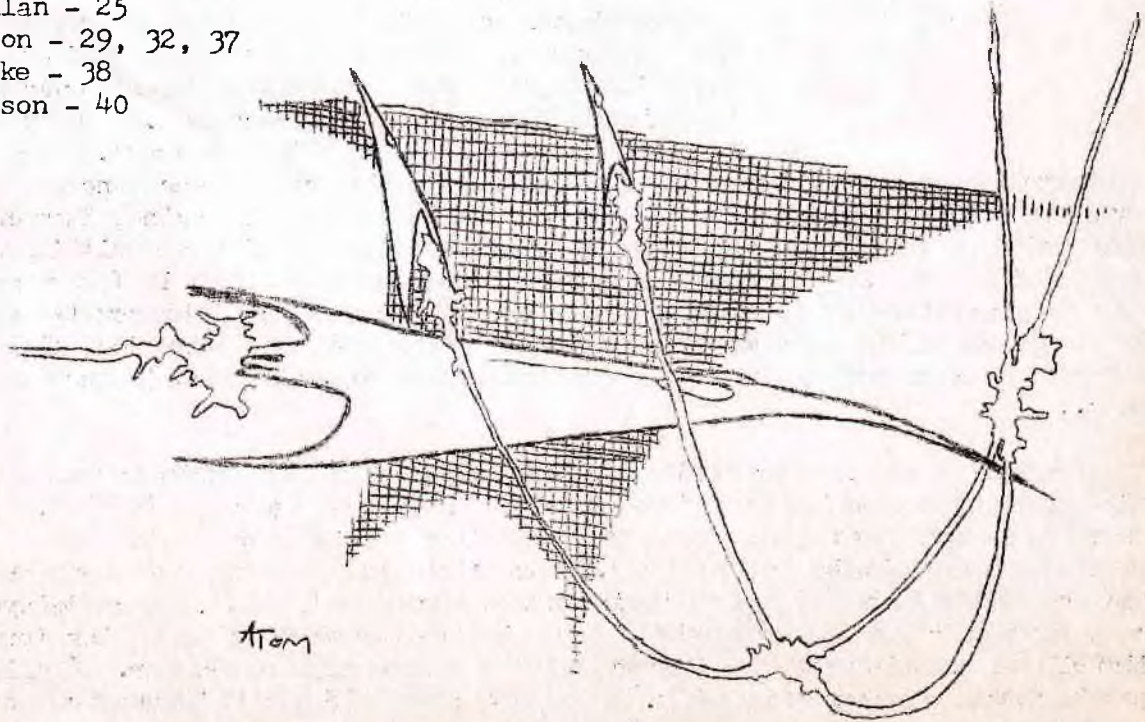
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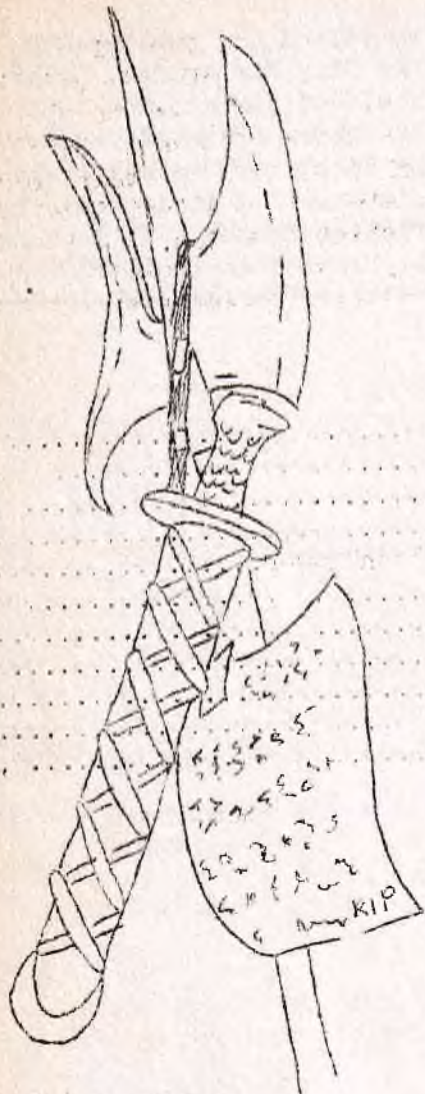
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- Dick Schultz - 4, 10
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- Robert E. Gilbert - 9
- Katya Hulan - 25
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Since I'll be appearing in large quantities elsewhere in this issue of LOKI with my con report, this will be a short editorial instead of my usual ramblings. I did want to announce another change in policy; LOKI is no longer going to pretend to be an apazine. It will still circulate through SAPS and SFPA whenever it appears, because that's the easiest method of distribution to those 50 or so people, but in general it will now be an irregular genzine, available for contributions, comment, and trade. No money. Not because I have any objections to money, but because I feel an obligation to keep reasonably accurate books if I'm accepting subs and it's too much trouble. If you want to start receiving LOKI, let me know and if I have enough copies I'll send you one if I remember to. If I don't, maybe the next one - anyhow, all you'll have wasted is a stamp, so I won't feel sorry for you. I have a very tender heart where money is concerned...

We've finally gotten ourselves a large-enough apartment, at the expense of moving even further from the center of LA fanac. However, it still isn't too far to make it to LAFES and parties, though we are even less likely than before (which we never were very) to just drop in on local fans because we happened to be in the neighborhood. Except for Edco, that is; he's moved out just as far as we did and is about as close to us as he has been - which makes him still by far the closest fan to us. The new place is in the wilds of Northridge, home of San Fernando Valley State College, newly renamed California State College in the San Fernando Valley, fannishly famous as the school where Ron Ellik and Blake Texam are enrolled. Or Ron was; now that he's moving to DC he's withdrawn. Northridge, like

my former address of Van Nuys, is an administrative convenience and not a city. Both are part of the city of Los Angeles, like Hollywood, Encino, Tarzana, and many other districts which have their own post offices but which are within the corporate limits of LA. One of these days when I know more about it I may do an article on the peculiarities of Los Angeles as a political unit; right now there are too many people who'll be reading this that know more about the subject than I do. But there are some strange things about this place...and I don't just mean the fans...

Apologies to all my contributors for being so long in printing their stuff; some of the material herein appearing was written as long ago as July 1963. However, most of it is not too topical, and the topical stuff is only six months or so old, so maybe it hasn't dated too badly. Once the con had gone by without an issue, I thought it would be silly not to include the conrep in LOKI, which delayed things rather further. With luck this will be in the December SFPA mailing for its first distribution, going out to genfandom and SAPS shortly thereafter. (Well, SAPS will get it with the January mailing.) Question: should I put it through Apa-L? If it appears as aprt of an Apa-L distribution you'll know I did...



HEAVILY

-----ed cox  
TWICE

SCIENCE-FICTION-IS- Faithful readers of LOKI may recall that last issue I devoted  
ALL-ABOUT-US DEPT: a certain amount of space (most of it) to discussion of stf  
in one guise or another. This, of course, seems to be the main policy of this Hel-  
Father fanzine. You'd think there'd be lots of discussion of Scandic topics (if  
you go in for chemistry) or Norse mythology. Or even lots of poetry. Fandom's  
first, I believe, LOKI was a poetry and Prose/poem zine that lasted two issues...  
last time I looked.

As I am wont to do here and there, mostly there, so far, I remark on the  
science-fiction available in media other than our old standbys, the magazines and  
books. Oftentimes, stf rears its space-helmet in an area hitherto unsuspected as  
harboring any sympathy for our "literary movement".

I'm sure a lot of LOKI readers have noticed, if not followed breathlessly,  
the adventures of DICK TRACY, All-American Cop. (Here, here, do not fear, the  
word "cop" in this usage is not meant to be inflammatory or to denote derision.)  
Some months ago, as you no doubt recall, vividly...Diet Smith (Health-Weirdo-'Ho-  
Made-Good) unveiled his "Space Coupe", a space vehicle of wondrous new design  
operating on scientific principles not only unknown in science-fiction, but a  
tour-de-force in Keeping-Up-With-The-Space-Age-World as far as Dick Tracy's Creator  
is concerned. Or I would assume.

This was great. WOWee, a Gimmick and like that. But evidently, our idea  
man got ahold of a Science Wonder Stories or a Science and Invention...then SCIENCE  
FICTION really hit the Dick Tracy strip. During one of the Space Coupe's little  
jaunts to the moon, a Stowaway stows away.

A girl. A Moon Maid, that is...and, yet, like. WOMEETE, fellas and gals, is  
she a beaut (obviously 36-24-36) and with little horns daintily protruding from her  
Camay-smooth forehead.

These horns, as any reader could guess from the sly way in which the talk-  
balloons implied it, (but as the obvious idiots in the story were unable to determine  
for quite a while), were the Moon Maid's source of energy for her very existence.

Which made it seem odd, to me, that sweet little Moon Maid acted the way she  
did after she's been here a while and got used to Us. Junior and his young teen-age  
friends try to get her to feel At Home and try on Girls' Dresses and like that.  
They finally succeed and then Gould displays, or mirrors, graphically a basic ethno-  
centricity. Dear little Moon Maid tries to smash off her horns so she Won't Be  
Different! These "horns", the very source of her energy! Her life!

Also with which she loused up every conceivable earthly application of elec-  
tronic and electromechanical contrivance from USA defense radar to the photographers'  
film and television cameras. This caused a hell of a commotion, believe me. But not  
nearly so great as the Moon Maid herself caused in...yes...Junior's Heart!

L\*O\*V\*E came to the Dick Tracy Comic Strip! Unleashed passion, Profound Love,  
Youth's Rebellion Against Authority, the whole bit.

So, as you followers of DT well know, Junior and Moon Maid steal the Space  
Coupe (a cop's kid, too...) and Run Off Together. The Universe is Theirs and did



we ever see some flamboyant impassioned love scenes of True Love right out of the Lee Hawkins Garby school.

Then, staying in that very same ear, we are treated to a Revelation of The Dark Side of the Moon, which isn't. They have a nice hot springs type of Valley there in which the Moon People (and Junior) live happily, warmly, and with air and all that. There was some Scientific Explanation, and Logical, about all this but it escapes me now. It struck me about the same as two or three of these Great Science Fiction Films in which our heroes hit the moon, go into Caves there and find that there is Air and It's-Okay-To-Take-Off-Your\*Spacesuits, Men. This usually makes it easier to hug the Beautiful Girls they will soon find there and to fight the Giant (lean and Vicious, too) Spiders. (See "Queen of Outer Space", soon to be re-run on your television screen, no doubt.)

Of course, comic strips are for kids, so I guess I couldn't really complain about this any more than if the same sort of thing happened in, to name a few, "The Heart of Juliet Jones", Rex Morgan, MD", "Judge Parker", "Mary Worth", "Apartment 3-G", or "Dondi".

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 somebodyoughttotellaletaaboutenovidsomebodyoughttotellaletaaboutenovidsomebodyoughtto  
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MOVIES, SCIENCE FIC- They haven't given up yet. In fact, maybe there is hope that  
 TION THEREIN, DEPT: there'll be a few good, serious efforts among the "sci-fic"  
 thrillers in preparation in the lots of Hollywood's sun-baked  
 chimefa factories. One that ought to be half-decent is up-coming (if you'll pardon  
 that phrase...) from Columbia. H.G. Wells' THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. This could  
 be really good if someone like Pal did it. Pal, of course, did "The 7 Faces of Dr.  
 Lao" which can't be really counted as stf even if it was scripted by Charles Beau-  
 mont. He ~~is~~ ~~also~~ also did "Queen of Outer Space", which, with effort, I suppose  
 can be qualified as stf..!

One that sounds something like the Dr. Lao movie will appear from Paramount before the end of next year. Dunno who is involved but I wonder if I'd want to be involved with "Robinson Crusoe on Mars". Sounding somewhat better, despite its sci-fic thriller sounding title, is one being filmed by Philip Yourdan, "Crack in the World". (Could be based on Conan Doyle's "When the World Screamed"; wouldn't be the first Prof. Challenger movie!)

Of course, "The Last Man on Earth", starring Vincent Price, has hit the screens, and it got a fairly good review here in LA (the Times) comparing it well with the Matheson novel, I AM LEGEND, from which it was made. Along with it is "Blood Feast", which sounds destined as a future Saturday afternoon horror movie which will be re-run and re-run and re-run, over and over and over again. We'll see.

"The Flesh-Eaters" sounds like another better-than-average film, probably on the order of "Cal Tiki". Then there is another Japanese color epic, this titled "Gorath", which ought to be better than "Rodan", and if its technical effects are as good as those in "The H-Man", will have more than color to recommend it, which is about all the two previous epics had. Co-featured, here, is "The Vapor Man", also in color. "Horror at Party Beach" sounds like a latter day "Blob" but is probably better than "Goliath and the Vampires" or "Pyro" or "X - The Man with the X-Ray Eyes". Come to think of it, the last mentioned might just as well be a nudie-movie what with the spate of them these days. //Despite the ridiculous title, the last film mentioned has gotten excellent reviews and won the first International SF Film Festival Award. Sea culpa for being so late publishing the column, written long ago. - dgh//

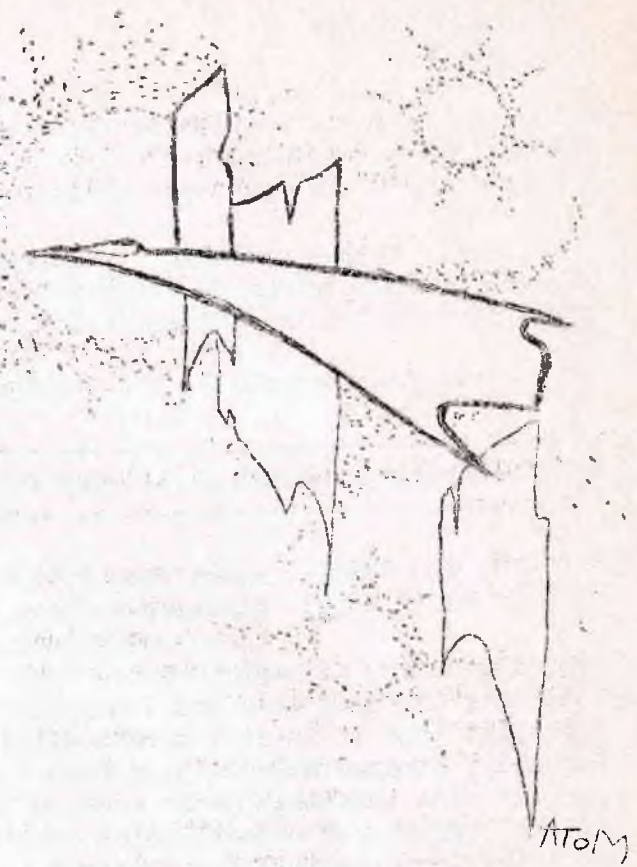


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Looks like the rabid stfan has plenty to keep him occupied if his town has a large selection of movies - and if he has a strong stomach.

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theworldoftomorrowtodaytheworldoftomor  
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DEPT OF OBSCURE I ("we" is discarded til  
JOKES CORN/ER: the next movie session)  
suppose I wouldn't notice  
such things if I weren't basically a stfan  
and prone to rake in all sorts of items,  
such as one I saw recently. Not literally,  
as does Forry. I wonder if he already has  
these "MONSTERS from OUTER SPACE"? Really.  
You can buy all 7 of them for one dollar  
(plus 25¢ postage and handling). They are  
inflatable, "lovable" monsters made from  
one-piece quality latex. They stand from  
1½ to 4 feet tall. And looky what you get!  
"LLELODCAN" is the name of the creepy beetle  
from Mars. And Junior and the Moon Maid  
had better watch out for SCINCUS, the Moon  
Beast. There's a flying space horror, (it  
says so), REBREG, terror of Venus, Bird  
Man from Saturn (which flies), Spider Man  
of Uranus, Brain of Neptune, all with e-  
qually delightful names. All capable of rock 'n' roll, wiggle and bounce, etc.  
Yes, sir, just the thing for every stfan's living room or fan den. And you just  
send a buck and a quarter to HUBBARD HOUSE, Dept. GM-112 (which will confuse them no  
end on orders from other than the LA area!), 176 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.



Be the first on your block to own a set.

...but why locate the firm in Boston, Al? Ron?

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didyoudidjadidjaDejaThoris?didyoudidjadidjaDejaThoris?didjadidja?yousaidyouwouldn't.  
-----

FANS ARE ALL AROUND For many years fans had an ethnocentric (there's that word  
US, DEPARTMENT OF: again!) notion that when somebody or some group, or incident  
occurred in the "mundane world" that was sort of funny in a whacky way, it was con-  
sidered "fannish". Of course, this sort of thing had been going on for years be-  
fore so many people with similar traits in some areas came to gather together as  
science fiction "fandom". However, here's another item which some fans may consider  
"fannish".

The August ESCAPADE, with which we are not completely unfamiliar, was recently  
removed from the stands in San Diego. This issue has a MAD-like bit in it about  
how to incur hallucinations. The formula for which is to dissolve two pages, pick  
any two, of that issue and dissolve them in methyl alcohol, which, while not wooden,  
is also known as "wood alcohol". And you know how often you're not supposed to drink;



that.

Once.

At any rate, as part of the gag, the directions explained that, evidently to further the experiment, the ink in the August issue contained "dithenploroamy-1-2-benzoate". You can look it up. But you won't find it.

Well, it was probably a good gag, but as an indication of the level of intelligence of the average ESCAPADE reader, or the average San Diegan, the distributors down there pulled the thing off the stands.

Have you seen the August issue on the stands in your town?

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NarniasmarniaSheenaisthegirlformeNarniasmarniaSheenaisthegirlformeNarniasmarniaSheena  
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THE UFOS ARE STILL WITH US DEPARTMENT: Since June of 1947 when Kenneth Arnold was startled by what appeared to be a flying saucer near Mt. Rainier, there have been more than 8,000 UFO sightings. These have been in a descending number of reports since that time. It seems logical that this is so. The notoriety has died down and everybody isn't sighting them to gain attention any more. I suspect that it is at a more realistic level of actual sightings of something. Recently, strange objects have been sighted flying around in New Mexico. These reports were investigated at once, of course. You've no doubt noticed the accounts of the "egg-shaped object" which took off when a police officer approached it. And that the investigators found depressions in the earth in the burned areas in the brush in the area from which the object was seen to take off.

There is no doubt that Something was there. After all, a little over 7% of all investigated sightings could not be explained by any aerial of visual occurrences (and a lot were found to be satellites; note that in the early years of the UFOs, there weren't any, of ours, up there!).

So, a calming statement was made to the effect that these things are no threat to our "national security" nor are they acknowledged by our military to be space vehicles from other than our planet. Or words to that effect.

I'm sure they must be something despite the ambiguous statements being made. And if not, then, what are you up to over there in New Mexico, Roy Tackett?

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fantasyworldsnodoubtaboundatcamarillofantasyworldsnodoubtaboundatcamarillofantasyworl  
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DEPT OF VITAL INFORMATION: As a mere hint at the ponderosity and myriad interstitial levels and planes of operation of our government and the tremendous amount of documentation and data-recording and categorizing that goes on, I feel it my duty to inform you that FEDERAL SPECIFICATION N-T-101A is for Tapioca and GG-N-350 lays down the law concerning: Nipper, Ingrown Toenail.

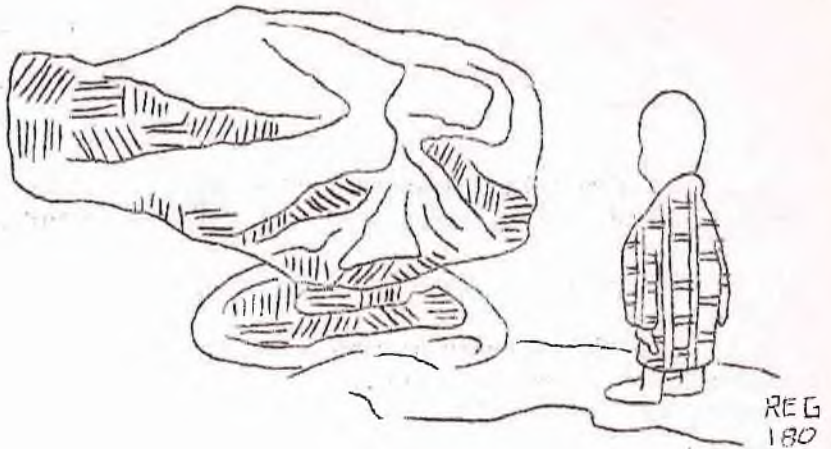
I just thought you'd like to know.

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raywalstonwillbesorrywhentherealmartianslandraywalstonwillbesorrywhentherealmartiansl  
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BOOKS OF OUR CHILD- As you  
HOOD YEARS, DEPT OF: may re-  
call from  
the last exciting installment  
of this here column, we hope  
(Dave and I), there was some  
mention of the Tom Swift, Jr.  
series. I trust you are all  
collecting and enjoying them.  
Let me know when you've com-  
pleted your set of published  
adventures (I'm sure More Are  
Coming).



But it got me to thinking back to  
the original Tom Swift series. Think of it, in those days when electricity  
had just become a source of wonder as well as electric lights. When the world was  
enthralled by the excitement of a new age of burgeoning science and invention. The  
possibilities, the wonderment of a Jules Verne Age of Tomorrow happening Here Today.

No wonder it caused Victor Appleton to be inspired to write a series of  
thrilling novels of science for the fertile young minds which were ripe for Inspira-  
tion in the right direction and that might otherwise be reading, behind the wood-  
pile, a swiped copy of the Police Gazette. Or Harper's or whatever they had in  
those days. Godey's Lady ~~Book~~ Book or something.

Little did he realize just how accurate his predictions would be, that the  
wondrous inventions he had young Tom produce in one thrilling adventure after  
another would come to be household words in the glittering future. Remember TOM  
SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH? Or TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC STOVE? The  
many other fantastic inventions which figured vitally in those fast-paced adven-  
tures: TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC RAZOR; ...AND HIS ELECTRIC DRILL; ...AND  
HIS ELECTRIC MIXER; ...AND HIS ELECTRIC ERASER; ...AND HIS ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER;  
...AND HIS ELECTRIC HAIRDRYER; ...AND HIS ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINE. And remember  
that exciting fight scene in TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRIC KNIFE?

Those were the days. They were but a few of the titles that thrilled and  
inspired the youngsters of a whole generation. But, next time, I'll recall a very  
little known series of TOM SWIFT books that were possibly ignored and probably a  
financial failure due to the even more fantastic nature of their scientific subject  
matter.

In closing for this time, let me hasten to assure you that I indeed did not  
neglect the "obscurity" business in the "DEPT OF OBSCURE JOKES" above. It's just  
that it is that obscure. For the first ten thousand non-local fans who decipher  
it, I will send a coupon good for two-for-the-price-of-one dinner valid til July 31,  
1963, at the "Pink Pussycat".

Say, Dave, that reminds me...

-30-

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The above column was submitted around the first of July, 1964; any obsolescence of  
information contained in it can be attributed to the fact that I was planning on  
pubbing this issue in July and then didn't make it for another 6 months. - dgh

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THE DREAM GARDEN  
by  
Bill Wolfenbarger  
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One day in a far-off and forgotten neverland, there was a king called King Winterproof, and a queen named Queen Flowertuff.

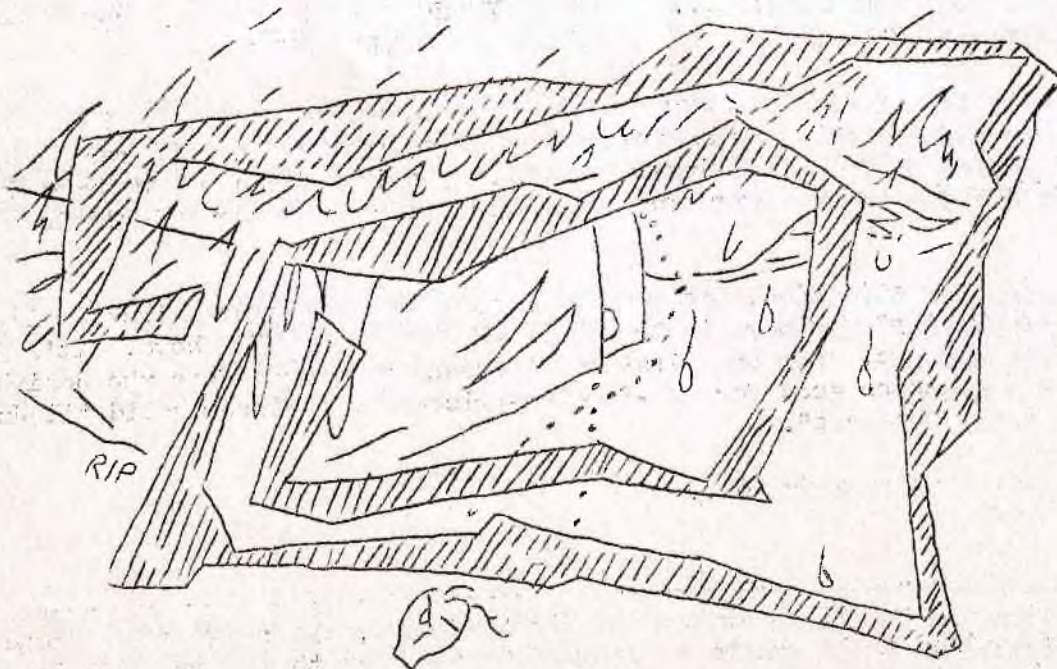
The entire kingdom was quite happy. The land was soft and easy for farming.

On this particular day, one of soft rain, a maiden went tripping her way through the Dream Garden. The pillowlilies beside the virgin moved uneasily. And there, amid the nightmare flowers, her eyes caught to some strange and bewildering face.

To make a long story very short, he said his name was Captain Dreamer. Long ago, he said, he had dreamed up the kingdom, and the King and Queen Winterproof-Flowertuff. And every 50 years of so, he would come visit here, to see that his dream "k;K&Q" were still in fine working order.

The maiden, after hearing this from this fantastic fiend, placed her puppy-like nose upon one of the rainbow-like flowers. And there, (as Captain Dreamer placed a spell upon her) for the rest of her days and nights, she could not see or feel or guess anything of the world she had lived in and loved in; from now to eternity her universe would consist of nothing but knowing the rainbow-like flower-thing stretching its perfect infinity through the alien void, hoping, some day or some night, to reach her pot of gold before the World came to an End.

THE END





# A CONVENTIONAL DINNER

I suppose that the convention fever began to strike the Hulan menage sometime around 7:00 PM, Thursday, 27 August, when we departed our apartment for LASFS. There had been preliminary intimations - Monday night we'd gone down to Ron Ellik's to run off my SFPazine, and while we were there/the Lupoffs had called Ron looking for a place to stay when they got to town; we had immediately volunteered. Then there had been quite a bit of last-minute rushing around getting all of our costume material together - but basically Thursday night marked the beginning of the most totally fannish two weeks of my life so far.

We got down to Silverlake Playground ahead of most of the rest of the members (as is more or less usual; once many people show up my Treasurer's duties compel me to spend most of my time collecting dues, and if I want to do any fangabbing I have to do it before or after the meeting.) and sat around for quite some time awaiting the arrival of ATom, who was supposed to be the Guest of Honor at the meeting. He had gone down to Garden Grove to see Bjo, who was entirely too pregnant to leave home for any reason, and somehow they were delayed and ended up not getting to the meeting until about 8:30 or later.

When they got there Arthur was introduced, and in the traditional LASFS manner the Pun Fund, which had been swollen by contributions and auctions to \$41.65, was turned over to him. After that things got a bit out of hand. First Ron Ellik moved that the meeting be adjourned and let everyone get a chance to talk to Arthur. Someone else suggested that rather than that, it would be nice if he would hold a sort of press-conference, answering questions from the front of the room. This was a rotten idea, but Ted asked Arthur if he would mind and he said he wouldn't, so the farce was run through. A TAFFman isn't a political figure, and there aren't any significant questions that can be asked of him in that sort of atmosphere; this was quickly obvious and the move to adjourn was renewed.

But this time Tom Slate wanted to know if Sam Moskowitz (who was visiting in LA on his way to the Con) had anything to say. This pretty well put Ted on the spot; he couldn't very well not offer Sam a chance, and he knew what was coming. Sam spoke for at least 30 minutes, maybe longer, on the subject of the first publisher of WEIRD TALES, a fellow named Henneberg (or anyhow it sounded like that). It was not an uninteresting talk - as a program at an ordinary LASFS meeting I might have enjoyed it - but everyone was wanting to meet Arthur and Sam spoke on and on... By the time he was finished, it was almost 10:00 and we very shortly had to vacate the meeting hall and move on to Kal's.

More or less coincidentally, we ended up sitting next to Arthur, along with Ron Ellik, Bob Lichtman, and a couple of others whom I forget after this long. He regaled us with the story of his trip out West in Nick Falasca's car; Mike Domina has already told this in INTROSPECTION 9 and Arthur will probably tell it in his TAFF report, so I won't repeat it by hearsay except to say that Arthur's telling of it had us all in stitches.

After Kal's there was the usual Bourree game at the Labyrinth, but I wasn't feeling too hot and I mostly wandered around talking to people instead of playing cards. Finally Katya lost all her money and we left for home.

Friday I had to work, but I spent most of the day tying up loose ends that should be taken care of before I left for two weeks, and I cut out for home around 3:30. We were having a small dinner-party in combined honor of Arthur, as TAFFman, and Dian Pelz, whose birthday was the next day, that



evening, and I had to pick up the watermelon at the grocery. After that I came home and helped with the final touches on decorating for the party, which was going to be out on the patio of our apartment building.

Ron Ellick and Lois Lavender were the early arrivals; having to come all the way from Long Beach meant they had to allow extra time for possible traffic tie-ups (around six PM is not the best time to try to get from one end of LA County to the other very fast), and since the traffic wasn't too bad they got there early. That was OK with me, though; it meant that I could start playing host and sit down and quit helping with the dinner. Bob Bloch got there a few minutes later, followed by Forry Ackerman and Ingrid Fritch (or however she spells it), Ed and Anne Cox, and finally the Pelzes and Arthur. It was a special Southern-style dinner, since Arthur wouldn't be passing through the South to sample Southern cooking in its native habitat - fried chicken, corn on the cob, baked beans (Southern style, not Boston style), butter beans, corn bread, biscuits, and of course watermelon for dessert. Arthur even tried some iced tea, with somewhat neutral reactions ("It's all right, I guess, but it isn't tea!").

It had been pleasantly cool in the late afternoon, and the usual 20-degree temperature drop after sunset in this semi-desert area made it necessary to adjourn indoors after eating. Dian opened her presents, and I revealed my ignorance by making a remark that proved I didn't know what we'd gotten her. I knew it was Corning Ware, but not that it was several pieces instead of one. There was quite a lot of pleasant chitter chatter, including Bloch's complimenting Katya on her sexy toes ("Most people's look like little dead grubs..."). Finally Forry and Ingrid had to go. When they were leaving Bruce kissed Ingrid goodbye, and Katya said "Nobody ever kisses me goodbye!" So when Ron left a few minutes later he kissed her goodbye, and she got a big kick out of it. And when Bruce left he kissed her goodbye, to which she said "You're bushy!" "No," he said, "Fuzzy, maybe, but I'm not Bushy; he kissed you a while back." ("Bushy", to the uninitiated, is a sobriquet of Ron, deriving from the "Squirrel" bit.) Anyhow, it was a pretty successful party all in all, and the windup was a foreshadowing of things to come...

Saturday I spent putting the final touches on the mace for my costume, taking books back to the library, etc. - things that need doing before a two-week departure from town. Katya was finishing up the sewn portions of the costumes, too, though the skull-cap didn't get finished till later.

That night was the open party for Arthur at Ron and Al's. Katya wore her yellow dress, which had created a mild sensation at the Non-Con July 4th at the Turners', the only other time she'd worn it, and this time was no different. Arthur and Bill Rotsler had a cartooning contest on the exposed skin (well, not all of it) so that by the time the evening was over she looked a bit like the Illustrated Woman, but it all washed off and it was fun.

I spent a large part of the evening playing Bouree back in Ron's room with the Pelzes, Ellie Turner, Steve Tolliver, Bill Blackbeard, Elmer Perdue, Naomi something-or-other (Forry's date; some friend or relation of Jimmy Warren's, I gathered), and occasional others who'd drift in and out playing a few hands and dropping. For that reason I don't know all that went on at the party; read other people's reports for that. About 1:00 the Schultheises, John Trimble (who had become a father a few hours earlier and who figured that since they didn't want him hanging around the hospital he might as well come to the party), Al Lewis, Rick Sneary, Fred Patten, and the two of us adjourned to Ell's for something to eat and a discussion of the Institute for Speculative Literature (ISL). The discussion was reasonably productive, although I don't know how much they really needed us along, since the discussion was pretty well carried by those who had been involved from the start several years ago. We had just gotten into it in the past month, although since then we've been about as active as anyone and more so than many.



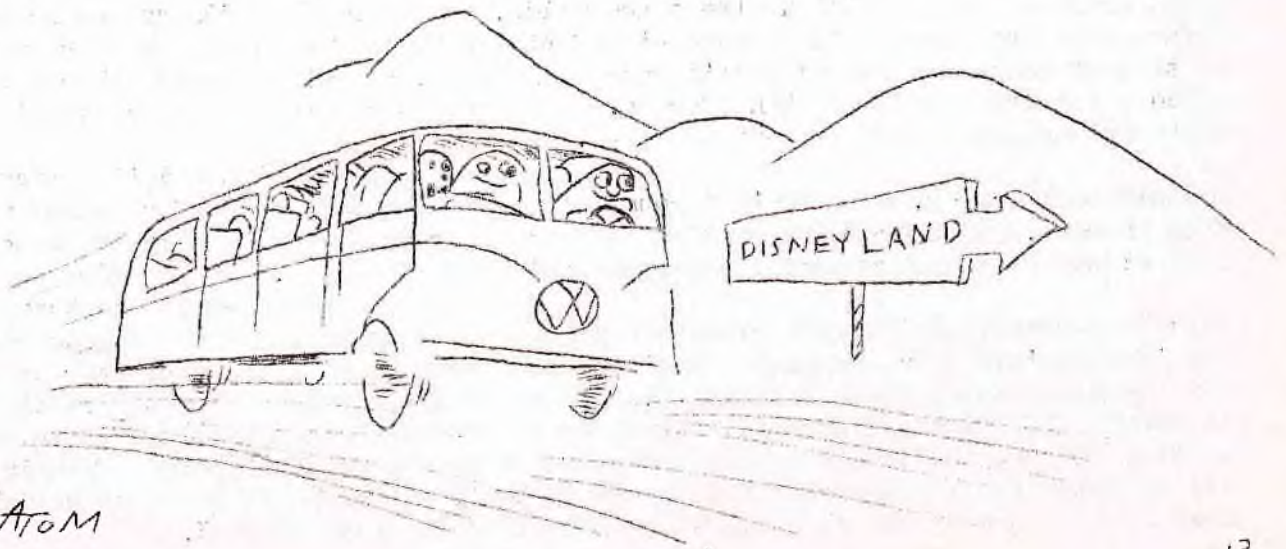
Then we returned to the party, but by that time it was slowing down a good bit and the Lupoffs, who were to stay with us, were pretty well beat (it being 6:00 AM by the time none they had gotten up in the previous morning), so we led them out to our place and fixed them up in a vacant furnished apartment (we have a nice landlady - or had, since we've moved recently) for the night.

We all slept late the next morning (except Roy, who got Katya up long enough to feed him and then played in his crib until a civilized hour), and then had a late breakfast of cinnamon toast and coffee. Dick tried to call Hulbert Burroughs both at home and at ERB, Inc., but to no avail. He showed us the review of TARZAN AND THE MADMAN that had appeared in a newspaper book review the week before in NY; it was rather amusing and perhaps more true than some of us Burroughs buffs would like to admit, although I can't quite see Tarzan as a sex-symbol even if he is semi-naked. I'm an old Burroughs buff from way back, so Dick and I had quite a discussion of Burroughsiana during what was left of the morning. Then we went out driving around Hollywood and Beverly Hills to show them the tourist attractions of LA, and then drove out past ERB, Inc. to see where it was even if we couldn't get in touch with Hully. We stopped at a little taco stand on Ventura Blvd near ERB in Tarzana for lunch, and then we returned to our apartment for another crack at contacting Hully, with negative results.

Then Dick and Pat took advantage of sunny Southern California and our apartment pool to have a quick dip and sunbath, and shortly afterwards the Coxes came over and the lot of us hopped in the microbus and went down to Santa Monica to the beach, where some of us threw rocks in the water and the Lupoffs took off their shoes and got their feet wet in the Pacific. It was the first time the Coxes had been to the beach in years - I don't remember if Anne said since they'd been married or not, but it was quite a long time. I like the ocean, although the Atlantic was the one I knew first and the one I like best. Maybe I haven't seen the right parts of the Pacific, though; I understand that the beach around Santa Monica isn't anywhere near the best.

We returned home then, and the Lupoffs offered to take us out to dinner, an offer which we accepted with alacrity. We went to the Samoa House, a combined Polynesian-Cantonese restaurant, where we all had various forms of South Seas barbecue. It was good, though by no means as good as Tennessee Valley barbecue - but then what is? The Lupoffs are fine people, excellent company, and are welcome to stay with us any time they're out this way.

After we ate we went home and happened to discover that "Rebel Without a Cause" was screening that night on the TV. Dick



ATOM



hadn't seen it and wanted to, and the rest of us were agreeable to seeing it again (it was a good movie), so we sat up and watched it till around midnight sometime. Then, since we were going to Disneyland the next day, we all retired.

Bruce, Dian,

and Arthur drove up from Santa Monica to our place and joined the Lupoffs and us in a Microbus-load to Disneyland. We got there about 10:15 and stayed until it closed down around midnight; I don't want to make this report run on to infinite length, so I'll only hit a few of the high spots.

One of the running jokes was the way Katya would make some sort of verbal pass at Bruce, following which Bruce would assume his most lecherous leer (which can be pretty lecherously leering) and Katya would squeal for help and hide behind me. After this had happened half a dozen times Dian christened Katya a "shy flirt", which fit rather well at that.

The best ride of the lot was the Flying Saucer, especially since we had enough to make an almost exclusively fannish group on the surface - there were only about two non-fans out there with us. Bruce and someone else were complaining that they would have to lose weight - when they tipped the saucer enough to get some sort of lateral speed, they were so heavy the edge touched the ground and they did nothing but spin. Anyhow, it was the most fun of any of them.

The Matterhorn Bobsled was also a gas, although the fact that Katya was squealing on my lap no doubt made it better. Ron Ellik still hasn't quit talking about the time he rode it with Jim Webbert on his lap - "He has the boniest rear end in fandom!" is the way Ron put it. I don't think I'd care for it with Jim on my lap either...though I wouldn't mind his wife, now...

The fireworks were beautiful, even though they did cause us to get split up and delay our getting into the Tiki Room for a couple of turns. But the Tiki Room, again, was well worth the wait. It was a triumph of mechanical animation; the birds, flowers, tiki-gods, and everything else in that room moved, spoke, and sang. And there was this cute little Oriental girl, too...

But I don't want anyone thinking

I'm another Toskey...

Even though I do like to girl-watch...I'm married after all, and to a very watchable girl in her own right.

The Tiki Room was the climax, anyhow, of a very fun-packed but tiring day. One of these days I want to do Disneyland again, preferably with a somewhat smaller group. Maybe half-a-dozen. There were good things about being in a large group (there must have been around 25 or so), like being able to fill up the saucer ride, but there were disadvantages too. We had to spend an undesirable amount of time looking for people who were supposed to meet us somewhere and didn't make it in time, and other times other people were equally wasting time waiting for us. A small enough group to stick together all the time can avoid that sort of waste.

Anyhow, Bruce and Dian hadn't gotten nearly finished packing, we weren't through either, although we were farther along than they were, and since we were wanting to get a reasonably early start the next day (10:00 was the target hour for departure) we headed home.

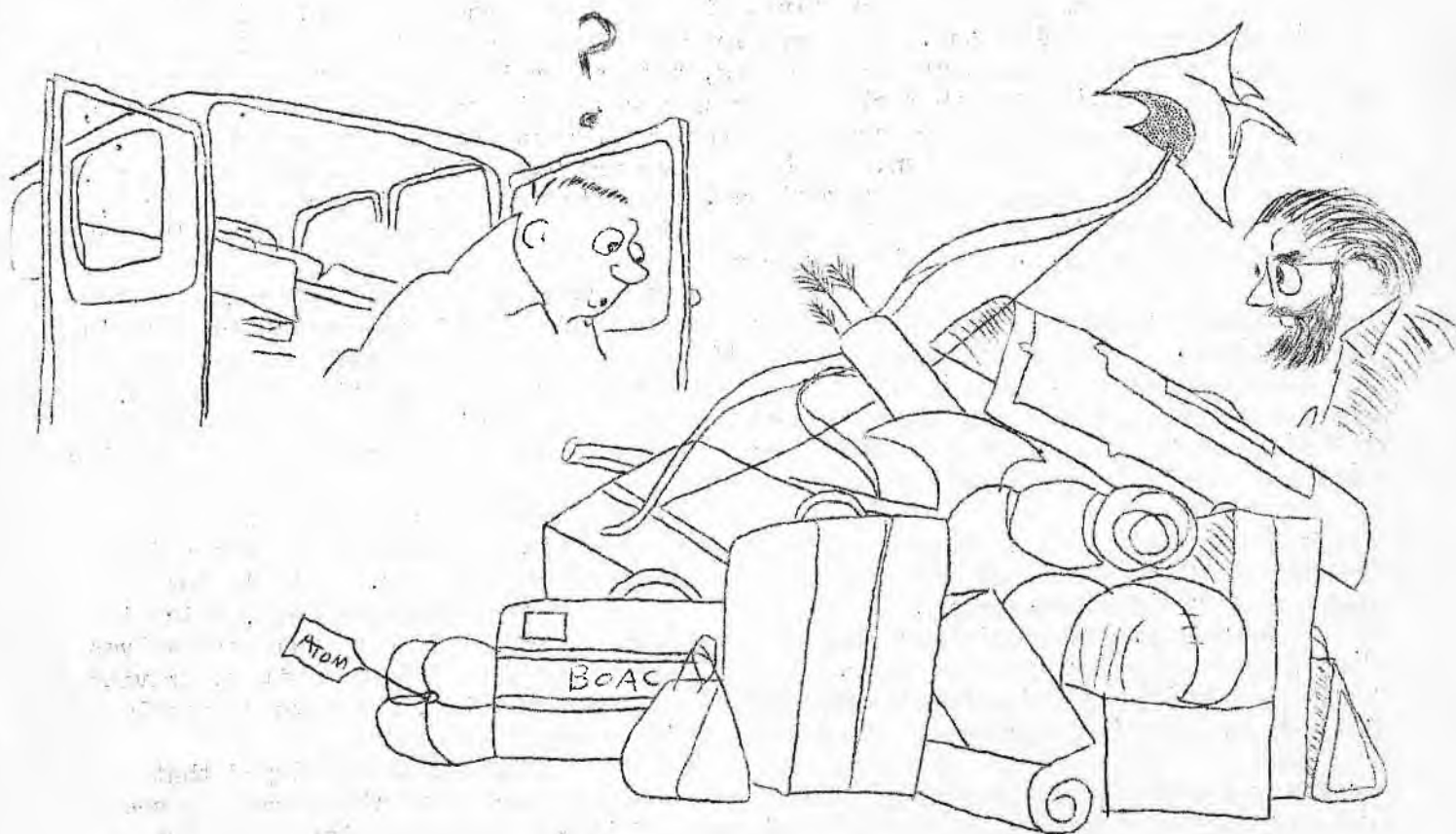
When we got home I got a call from Ron Ellik; Hully Burroughs had called him up that day wanting to know why Dick hadn't called him Sunday. Since Dick had been calling every hour or so all day Sunday up until about 8:00 PM, we were a little startled at this, but the next morning I told Dick and he got in touch with Hully and made arrangements to stop by ERB, Inc. on the way to Santa Barbara where he was to pick up Andy Main as a Native Guide for the trip north along Route 1. I never did learn where Hully had been Sunday; maybe Dick will say if he LoCs this issue of LOKI.



The next morning was a flurry of packing and last-minute getting-together of things, from our own stuff to Roy's toys and medicine, etc. - it takes more to get a baby ready to spend a weekend away from home than it does two adults! I knew we'd forget something, and sure enough we did - my white dress shirts that Katya had carefully ironed and folded right before we packed. Fortunately Ron Ellik had some extra dress shirts and they were near enough my size they didn't look ridiculous under a coat. Ron is a good deal broader across the chest and longer in the arm than I, but his neck isn't much thicker so a short-sleeved shirt fit me reasonably. Aside from that we remembered everything, so from that standpoint we came out well enough.

Along about 11:00 we finished all our packing and began loading the Microbus, in the momentary expectation of the arrival of the Pelzes and Arthur. We finished loading, and still no one. We made sandwiches (well, Katya made them - I helped eat them) and ate lunch, finishing off the milk in the refrigerator. Still no one. Finally the phone rang and it was Bruce; they had just finished loading up and would be on their way as soon as they ate something. Since Santa Monica is a good 20 minute drive from our place, that meant at least 30 minutes more. It came to nearer 45 - which after all isn't too bad under the circumstances.

When they arrived we were faced with the problem of loading their stuff on top of ours. If you don't think that the luggage for five adults and one baby - with a car bed for the baby and the adults mostly having rather bulky costume items to stow, like shields and bows and maces - for a week's trip doesn't take up a lot of room, well... But we made it. A Microbus has a fantastic amount of room in it. The sleeping bags, for instance, went under the middle seat, which clears the floor by about 10 inches. All of the suitcases plus the shield and other oddments went behind the back seat on the luggage





shelf, and certain costume items and dress clothes were hung on hangers on the back seat. Thus we set out - the original seating arrangement being Bruce riding shotgun, Dian and Arthur on the middle seat, and Katya in back with Roy. I drove the whole trip; we never went far enough in one day for me to get tired enough of driving to turn the wheel over to anyone who had never - or hardly ever - driven a 'bus before. They handle very differently from more conventional autos, and I'm nervous enough riding with other people in their own car, much less in mine. Not to slight Bruce or Dian's driving - both are quite competent - but "I'd rather do it myself!"

Our original plan had been to drive through Sequoia National Park on the way north; it added about 50 miles to the trip, but it seemed worth it to see more of the Big Trees than could be seen at Yosemite. But by the time we got to Bakersfield it was pretty obvious that we'd get to the park about in time to see the sun set, so it was agreed that we'd skip that part of the trip. The Pelzes and we thought we'd stop by there on the way home, but by the time we had gotten that far through thick and thin we were ready for home and no unnecessary delays, so I still haven't seen Sequoia. Maybe next year...

We stopped in Bakersfield for refreshments, drinks (soft) and ice cream, and Bruce bought a batch of comics at the little grocery where we stopped. A bit further up the road we saw a fruit stand and Katya insisted on showing Arthur this bit of Californiana, so we stopped there. They bought two sacks of unshelled peanuts, one roasted and one roasted and salted (i.e. soaked in brine before roasting), and those lasted out the whole trip. In fact, the last few were eaten the weekend after the trip by Anne Cox when we took the Coxes down to see the new Trimble baby.

And on we went, through the fruit and vegetable basket of America, the Central Valley of California. I've made the trip a dozen times, and it was as monotonous as it was the first time as far as scenery goes. All the scenic wonder of a table top. On very clear days you can see the High Sierras from Route 99, and that is a sight worth seeing, but so far in all the trips I've made up that highway it's been that clear exactly once. This wasn't the time. However, by this time everyone was wide awake and the fannish chatter was typically punny. Arthur is a fast man with a pun, and the Pelzes are both highly skilled at the art, and even I occasionally get off a good one. Katya's mind doesn't run toward puns, but one good straight man is almost an essential anyhow - although there isn't much straight about Katya...or mannish, either!

About sunset we got into Madera, a small (15,000) town about 20 miles north of Fresno where the California branch of Katya's family lives. There we unloaded Roy and his stuff from the bus and went out and got something to eat; Katya's relatives hadn't been expecting us till much later, since we'd figured on going through Sequoia, and they didn't have any dinner planned for five extra people. Then we came back and spent the rest of the evening visiting with the Wheats (Katya's relatives).

Katya's uncle Booney and cousin Tommy are drag-race gans; in fact, Tommy won his class in the Winternationals at Pomona last December, which is sort of the world championship of drag racing. This is the pure quarter-mile drageracing, and they specialize in the dragster class, which is not a stock car, even modified; they take an engine and build up a frame themselves with just a seat and steering gear. It bears about as much relationship to driving a car as publishing a fannish fanzine does to science fiction, but lots of people get a bash out of it and who am I to say they're nuts?

Anyhow, it developed that Arthur was a bit of a car fancier himself and he went back into the garage to see the car and liked it enough he drew a picture of it - a picture which Tommy has kept sitting out for people to see ever since, or had the last time I was up there. He also did a cartoon of it with Tommy driving, the whole thing being bent almost



double with the acceleration. He gave Tommy, who is studying to be a draftsman (I think), quite a talk on drawing, which Tommy took in quite earnestly.

The rest of us had pulled out my Autoharp and were gathered around singing folk songs from a collection of books we'd brought. Bruce knows a large number of folk songs and can sing well; the rest of us weren't so bad but what we could follow along if we knew the song more or less. I had some beer and the rest of them had orange juice; not  $\frac{1}{4}$  that they're abstainers, just not beer drinkers. I know Bruce and Katya never touch the stuff; Dian drinks it occasionally, but not often. Arthur I never saw drink beer that I can recall, but I don't remember if he doesn't drink it or if he just doesn't like American beer. Anyhow, I couldn't drink during the daytime because I had to drive; at night I usually had one or two to help relax out the tensions in my back and legs from driving all day. It works pretty well, I've found.

Eventually we decided it was late enough and we unrolled our sleeping bags and sought Morpheus. At once one unforeseen factor was revealed - both Arthur and Bruce snore. Loudly. And with a minimum of tunefulness. However, a hard day's driving capped by a beer or two will enable one to escape even the sound of two buzz-saws in the same room, and I went to sleep without any serious difficulty.

We got up reasonably early the next morning and after a breakfast of sweet rolls and coffee we repacked somewhat (getting the car bed and the rest of Roy's stuff out had improved the situation immensely) and prepared to depart. I had quite a time rolling up Katya's sleeping bag, which we had purchased just before the trip and which hadn't learned yet who was boss; Dian sitting around cheering "Yea, sleeping bag! Come on, Sleeping Bag!" didn't help me any. But it was good-humored, and the day was a beautiful one for travelling, clear and pleasantly cool.

We stopped at a stationery store before we left Madera and Dian bought some colored pencils and some blank white paper, and for the rest of the trip she and Arthur had a sort of drawing contest. It wasn't a competition, exactly; they'd collaborate on drawings, more. Katya even got into a few of them.

Then it was on to Yosemite, up a little narrow state highway from Madera. It made me feel right at home; that's the sort of highways that decorate most of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. A good surface, but narrow and hilly. I made pretty good time until we got into the real mountains; 51 horses aren't enough to pull a heavily-loaded bus up steep, long, grades at high speed. In most cases I didn't have to drop lower than 3d gear, though - the exceptions were places so winding that I wouldn't have wanted to go faster if I could. In fact, I took a good many of the downhill grades in a lower gear.

There is something unique about Yosemite and that area as compared to any other place that I have been. I imagine that the fir woods of the Pacific Northwest and the other parts of the Sierras are similar, but the smell of Yosemite is entirely different from the smell of an Eastern woods. The powerful pine scent (which most likely comes from some other kind of tree) is the main part of it; there are also other pleasant components. After a year of the smog of Los Angeles, it was like heaven. I think I could have stayed there for days just to have a chance to smell the air some more.

We stopped once just outside the park proper and took some pictures of green-clad mountains; then we drove in and took in the Wawona Grove of Big Trees. There were lots of pictures taken of all of us climbing about one fallen giant (with dates going back to 1912 or so carved in it - that was the oldest we saw; there may have been older), and of the bus going through the famous tunnel tree. We had our lunch at the Wawona Lodge, a very good meal at quite a reasonable price; I recommend it to other tourists of the park.



One of the most spectacular sights of the trip was the view from Wawona Point. If the view down the Yosemite Valley right after you come out of the tunnel is the most majestic, with the falls, rocky mountains, etc., the view from Wawona Point is much more lush. Everywhere you look it is green - the dark green of the evergreen forests contrasting with the lighter green of the open meadows in the valleys. After the brown hills of Southern California and the flat plains of the Central Valley, it was so much like the green hills of Tennessee as to make me homesick. If anything, it was even greener.

It is a long descent from Wawona Point to the Yosemite Valley, and every mile of it is beautiful. We saw many deer, including one stag with around 12 points - a beautiful head of antlers, one that any hunter would have given his eyeteeth for. Of course, there's no hunting in Yosemite, which is probably how a 12-point buck got that way. But, no matter how hard we looked, we couldn't see a bear. It was a pity - Arthur talked about it all the time, though whether it was because he really wanted to see one or because he delighted in teasing Katya by calling them "ba'ars", after the manner of a pseudo-Southern accent (I've never heard a real Southerner say anything of the sort - those who pronounce it differently from the rest of the US, and there aren't many of them, say something nearer to "bayuh"), I have yet to be sure. Maybe he'll tell us in his TAFF report. Everybody buy it. A worthy cause, and I'm sure my name will be mentioned, I hope favorably...

We got down to Yosemite Village after stops for picture-taking at Tunnel View and Bridal Veil Falls (the only one of the falls with significant water in it - late summer is not a good time for waterfalls), and there encountered the most amazing coincidence of the trip, and one of the most amazing of my life. Because as we walked across from where we were parked toward the snack bar, someone said "Bruce Pelz?!" and Bruce, turning, said "Toskey!" And sure enough, it was Burnett R. Toskey, Ph. D., the man who can't get out of SAPS no matter how hard he tries. He can't even miss a mailing no matter how hard he tries. It must be nice to have friends who want you in an apa badly enough to publish your old letters to keep up your activity... Anyhow, what made the coincidence more amazing was that Tosk wasn't on his way to the con; he and his sister and a girl-friend of hers were just touring at Yosemite and were getting ready to head back to Seattle. They were just getting ready to pull out as we drove up - a minute later on our part and we'd have missed them. I still say it was an amazing coincidence.

We had originally thought we'd spend the night at Yosemite, but it was getting pretty chilly and the sun hadn't even set; we could visualize how it would be about 3 AM and decided to get back down into the lowlands before we stopped, since we were going to sleep outdoors in our sleeping bags. So after a quick side trip to Crystal Lake, which was practically dry, we followed the Merced River down into the Central Valley again, hitting the highway (99) about 40 miles north of Madera. Not much progress in total for the day in terms of distance toward the ultimate goal, but in some ways this diversion was the most worthwhile portion of the whole trip. Yosemite is something which every visitor to California should see if at all possible.

Looking at the map for a place to spend the night, we noted a small state park with camping facilities listed just north of Livingston, called McConnell State Park. So we drove north from Livingston on the main highway looking for a turn-off marked "McConnell State Park". Well, we drove on and on and no sign, so finally we turned around and drove back to Livingston. This was about 11:00 PM, and nothing much was open in a small town like that, besides my natural tendency to prefer to find the way myself rather than ask, so I just headed out to the west on the first promising road I saw. I drove on about 3-4 miles and sure enough there was a sign, "McConnell State Park" to the left. I took a left, drove about 4 miles, and another sign said "McConnell State Park" to the left. So I took another left, and after about 2 miles another sign said "McConnell State Park"





SUNRISE AT McCONNELL STATE PARK.

2044101164

to the left! I shook my head, gritted my teeth, took another left, and drove on for about a mile or so. And there was another sign - "McConnell State Park" - to the left! At about this time I had visions of McConnell State Park existing in some sort of Limbo which was reached by driving in ever-decreasing spirals until you ran up your own exhaust pipe - but fortunately for my peace of mind about a quarter of a mile up the road the road took a right and shortly fetched up to the gates of McConnell State Park. By that time we were too beat to worry about whether we'd gotten there by the road or a space-warp; we found a reasonably soft-looking piece of ground and spread our sleeping bags.

The cold was sufficient to keep me under the cover of the sleeping bag all night; any time I stuck my nose out it got a frozen feeling. I guess it wasn't really that cold, but the LArea had been suffering through a heat wave most of August and temperatures in the 50s seemed pretty darn chilly. The dew was also very heavy; for most of us it was just a damp nuisance, but Katya has naturally curly hair and when we painfully dragged ourselves from the sleeping bags it was kinked up like so many little/springs. It looked sort of cute, but most definitely not stylish, so naturally it was a perfect excuse for her to get her hair done as soon as we got to the hotel. The hairdresser there did an excellent job; it stayed looking very nice right through the con, giving way only Tuesday morning.

We had some coffee and sweet rolls in Modesto, and then headed for Livermore, home of Ed Maskys, the Hungry Truck Cafe, and the Cresta Blanca Winery. Ed had already gone on to Oakland, or so we supposed - anyhow, we'd see him there, so we didn't look him up in Livermore. However, we had some of the Hungry Truck's enormous pancakes (a good 12" in diameter, maybe more) for a late brunch and then went up into the hills to the Cresta Blanca Winery, about three miles from Livermore off the main highway. Prime reason for going was to see if they had any of the Pinot Grand Fenwick label wine left; they didn't, but Bruce talked them out of one of their left-over labels. Now all he has to do is get a bottle of their Pinot Noir and soak the regular label off, and he can have a bottle of Pinot Grand Fenwick - or perhaps he would rather keep the label by itself. His privilege either way.



I forgot to mention that on Wednesday morning before setting out for Yosemite we had stopped at a wine-tasting place run by one of the Madera area vintners near Madera; when we again went to a winery before lunch on Thursday Arthur said he was going to write us up as terrible sots, dashing from one winery to another, not able to even get the day started without a belt of alcohol. It remains to be seen if he does; it isn't true, but it was an amusing coincidence that we should do wine-tasting both mornings of our trip up to Oakland.

The Cresta Blanca wine was much better than the wine from the Madera area, although the prices were essentially the same. Their Riesling was so good that I bought a fifth of it; the Pelzes liked the muscatel (a wine I personally can't stand; it reminds me of rotten raisins in taste) and got a fifth of it. I kept the Riesling for a special occasion and we drank it up as a toast to our new apartment after the moving party -- actually the Pelzes, Ron, and Katya drank most of it, because Edco and I were drinking beer and Anneco was asleep when we decided to break it out. Sic transit gloria vini...

That was our last stop; we proceeded on to Oakland and finally arrived at the Leamington, tired but ready for more fanning. The first thing Katya did after we took the first load of stuff from the bus up to our room was phone the hotel hairdresser and make an appointment for fifteen minutes from then; she of course had to change clothes quickly, so I had to finish our unloading myself. I went downstairs and met the Lupoffs (after taking a quick shower and changing clothes myself), and along with Arthur we went out to get some ice cream. Looking around we ran across a place called the Char-broiler (if I remember aright), and while we only got ice cream that time I noted it as having reasonable prices and good smells; smells which were borne out in tastes in the many future meals I ate there. It was our food headquarters for the rest of the con -- we ate other places several times, but this was where we went if there was no particular reason to eat elsewhere.

Katya was supposed to be in charge of ticket sales for the ISL raffle at the con, so as soon as she got out from under the hairdresser's attentions she was looking around for the raffle tickets. Al said Ron would be bringing them up on the plane; Ron left them at the airport, and Joe Gibson had to drive him back to the airport to get them late that night. We had a lot of nice prizes, mostly artwork but including a set of the Ring books, including THE HOBBIT, and a copy of SILVERLOCK, and the raffle ended up netting \$100 even, enough to permit the ISL to incorporate. Katya was supposed to be in charge of the ticket-selling; somehow she ended up in charge of the whole thing, which meant that she had to stay in the art show room the whole time it was open unless she could get someone to watch the table for her, since all the prizes were spread out on it all the time and anyone could have walked off with them -- as they did with three of the art show entries, including the one I wanted most. Probably just as well for me; I couldn't have afforded it anyhow. This didn't really seem to bother her, but it irritated me; every time I wanted to do something that included her she couldn't because she had to watch the ISL table. It didn't bother me most of the time, but every now and then I got pretty well put out, because that definitely hadn't been part of the understanding when she undertook to handle the tickets. Not that anyone had been designated to watch the table and then had finked out; evidently no one had thought of it one way or the other. Live and learn, I suppose -- never having been to a convention I couldn't foresee things like that this time. Next time, though...

Mostly I intend to avoid volunteering for anything that may have hidden strings, and to try to keep Katya from doing it either.

That night was a party in the Lupoff's room. There I took almost the only pictures I got at the con, the best one being one of Poopsie smoking a cigarette (Bill Mallardi's or Bill Bowers's, I'm not sure which). After that I decided that it was have fun or take pictures, and I couldn't see spending \$200 or more to take pictures, so this con is relatively unrecorded in my photo album.



At this party I met a goodly number of BNFs for the first time - Terry Carr, Avram Davidson, Ted White come to mind instantly, the Ellingtons, probably others I forget right now. Ted White looks like Nikolai Lenin, which seems appropriate enough...

We also met Ardis Waters. She spilled about half a drink on Katya and with some such remark as, "Oh, I spilled my drink," walked off. A rather pretty girl, except for her legs, but decidedly uncivilized. Either that or spiteful; someone suggested she did it because she was jealous of the attention Katya was getting from the male fans. I pass no judgment on that theory, being prejudiced.

The next morning Katya was up bright and early to get the ticket-selling started; I followed somewhat later. When I got down Katya introduced me to the Webberts. She had just sold Jim some chances on the raffle. He said she'd promised that if he didn't win a prize he got her for a consolation - Katya and Doreen quickly stipulated that the promise had only been for a kiss, not total possession.

I understand Elinor Busby once said that a con had been worthwhile if you met one new, interesting person and got a chance to really sit down and talk to him. I'll agree - and the Webberts and the Lupoffs were the two couples that made this con for me. This is not to say that there weren't other people there whom we would have enjoyed being with as much if things had gone that way - I'm sure there were - but Dick and Pat and Jim and Doreen were the new people we saw the most of and liked the best. (Arthur is of course a special case; he became almost like one of the family there for a while.)

More people were coming in all the time now, and I wandered around the place recognizing names from fanzines and correspondence and tying them in with faces. In the NFFF Room I found Don Franson discussing old fanzines with someone that looked like an older Ron Ellik; I was introduced to the Grand Old Man of SAPS, Wrai (the "usquite Kid") Ballard. Wally Weber was there, too; I had met him once before in LA when he was on his way





to replace me as North Alabama Fandom, but that was a passing bit; I saw much more of him at the con. So did Katya - she carried on the fannish tradition of all pretty girls trying to kiss Wally, and somewhere along the line she succeeded. Every time she saw him she'd call out "Wa-a-l-l-eee!" in her most longing, melting Southern tones, and Wally would cringe and stretch out like an earthworm as if trying to gain altitude so as to be unreachable.

I don't remember too much about that day; I think I just rambled around talking to people. I know I didn't attend any of the program.

That evening Ron Elik, Lois Lavender, the Webberts, and Charlie and Marcia Brown rode over with us to Fisherman's Wharf for a seafood dinner and view of one of the classic sights of San

Francisco. The food was good, but the sights were a bit more than we'd bargained for. We got there and found a place to park - by the time we walked back past a place we'd passed minutes before, people were beginning to come out of the lower floor and smoke out of the upper. We sat down and ate, and periodically the waiter would come back and say "It's looking bad!" We were looking out windows facing the opposite direction, and we could see a crowd standing around looking past our place. I suggested that if we could delay long enough they might evacuate our restaurant and we wouldn't have to pay, but we decided not to try that - as it happened, the place was evacuated at one point, according to the paper, but well after we had left. Then we left the roof had fallen in on the restaurant and the ship-chandlers next door was on fire. Eventually they contained the blaze and only those two structures were lost, but damage was estimated upwards of \$1 million. As we told Bill and Alva when we got back to the Leamington, it was a great beginning for the con, but what next?

One thing that was next was the Syracuse-Detroit open party - or was it Cleveland-Detroit? The latter, I think. Anyhow, it was free liquor to all of legal age who could show con badges. Several of the so-called "boycotters" attempted to get in and take advantage of the free goodies, and, forewarned, the Concom had Bob Buechley, the sergeant-at-arms, and a private detective stationed near the entrance to the room where the drinks were.

I might as well make clear here that while I personally feel that the Concom probably had enough evidence to justify their actions in excluding Walter Breen, I don't feel like making a Big Thing out of it. I have a good many friends on both sides of the fence - though oddly enough everyone I don't like is on Walter's side, which might affect my attitude. There were a good many people who felt strongly enough that Walter had been unjustly maligned that they urged boycotting the convention; while respectfully disagreeing with them, I recognize their right to dissent. But it is one thing to boycott a convention out of principle, and another to attempt to sabotage it, or to enjoy the benefits of convention membership without at least paying the three bucks. You can disapprove of the concom's actions and still join out of a feeling that you are not so much supporting an individual committee as you are the worldcon principle, but if you want to go to the con you should join. Otherwise you aren't standing up for a principle; you're trying to avoid paying three bucks.



Anyhow, there was quite a hassle at some point in the evening involving Buechley and Gretchen Schwenn, Redd Boggs, and one or two other "boycotters". I wasn't there, so I'm not going to attempt to give an eyewitness account. If you read Ted White's con report you'll probably find out what didn't happen; I haven't read it, but the odds are that whatever he said didn't happen.

Katya wore her yellow dress again, which created a sensation all over again. Harlan Ellison was heard to remark "If I hear one more time about that broad in the yellow dress I'm gonna go off my nut! She's married already!" And there was a gathering of shutterbugs in our vicinity like flies around honey. As the evening wore along a bunch of us grabbed one of the couches on the mezzanine and had a snogging session; at first, from left to right, were Doreen, me, Lois Lavender, Arthur, and Katya. The cast changed periodically through the evening; Bruce and Dian got in on it for a while; Jim Webbert sat in long enough to leave his mark on Dian ("You, sir, are a ravishing beast!" "Rabbiting beast?" "Ravishing beast!" He bites.); Alex Bratmon, aka Oiving Don't-Know, tried but didn't get too far - probably others were around, but the memory, while pleasant, isn't too distinct.

Later on there were parties at Charlie Brown's and the Benfords' that I went to for longer or shorter times; Katya was with Arthur most of the time down on the mezzanine starting belly-button fadom or something of the sort. No, her yellow dress wasn't cut that low - and there were a lot of people in the group that was discussing it. Don't ask me; I only heard it from Dian and I was too tired and full of beer to really care much by then. We staggered to bed around 3:00 AM.

And again Katya was up at some ridiculously early hour to supervise the ISL drawing and get the ticket-selling organized. Sigh. I slept later this time.

This day I went to the only program item I attended; Tony Boucher's talk on "The Mystery Technique in SF" or something of the sort. Very interesting; he confirmed my opinion that Asimov is really a mystery writer putting his stories in a sfinal background, and a very good mystery writer at that. Oddly enough, the one straight mystery that Asimov did was about his worst - though I still liked it. It was an interesting talk; I hope it is properly recorded in the Proceedings.

That evening was the costume ball, and we had to get started early because our costumes were rather elaborate with a lot of makeup. We went as Malika and Vekyra, the golden people from Jack Williamson's GOLDEN BLOOD, a 1933 WEIRD TALES serial that Lancer had recently brought out. Unfortunately it was so recently over most of the country that very few fans recognized them. Owen Hannifen suggested that I was going as Dick Eney, OA of the Cult, because of my mace; many others thought of a cardinal because of the red robes I wore. Sigh. Next time I'll go as a better-known character.

Anyhow, we did well enough to get called back for the second round of judging, though we didn't win any award. Not too bad for a first try. Next time Katya will expose more skingand we'll take first...

Because just about the ultimate in exposed skin showed up at this con - Jody Lynn, Bill Rotsler's girl friend, came in a pair of panty-hose, a gold belt, two pasties, a scattering of star-dust, and nothing else. That's about as close to the legal limit as can be gotten to; there's nowhere else to go. It stopped the show when she walked in - but she didn't get a prize. I mean, it's great, but what does it have to do with science fiction...?

The concom made its biggest mistake when it engaged the Indian dancers for the costume ball. No doubt everyone has said this, but I'll say it too - people in costume frequently can't sit down, and to have to stand around for 45 minutes before the parade starts is very hard on the nerves. not to mention the feet. Never again - OK, future concons?



Afterwards we scrubbed off the gold makeup, dressed in normal clothes (the yellow dress made its final appearance to date), and went to the big open party, whoever was having it tonight. Syracuse, maybe. I don't remember anything too significant from this party, except that Katya finally learned how to drink and shortly began outdrinking me and never turning a hair.

Sunday was pretty much a repeat of Saturday; that evening was the banquet, and Katya had a lovely Grecian-style evening dress she'd made up for the occasion. We had a SAPS table, seating three of the four married couples in SAPS - the Pelzes, Webberts, and Hulans (missing only the Rapps) - together with Wally Weber, Fred Patten, Karen Anderson, and Alan J. Lewis. We were dead front-center; whoever had picked out the table had done a good job.

The banquet was like most such dinners I've been to; edible but not anywhere near worth what it cost. SaM gave a much too long speech in awarding the First Fandom Award to Hugo Gernsback; it would have been OK if that had been the only speech, but it was only the first of many. Joe Rolfe was commendably brief in giving the Invisible Little Man Award to Fred Pohl, and Forry was reasonably brief in giving the Big Heart Award to Bjo (in absentia, naturally). Maybe because he knew he'd have another chance as Fan Guest of Honor. The Hugos were given out, and then Forry spoke again, this time for a longer but not unduly long span; Leigh Brackett gave a commendably short but otherwise indifferent speech, and Edmond Hamilton rather surprised me by showing an excellent dry wit in his speech. I enjoyed it even though I had been sitting there for several hours and was dying to leave; if it had come earlier it might have been truly memorable.

After the banquet we joined the Webberts and the Pelzes in the Webberts room where we discussed SAPS and other things for a while. Then we went to a party in Dannie Plachta's room, where I shortly began to feel under the weather and left to go to bed. Eventually Katya joined me - and once again she was up ahead of me in the morning.

Monday was rather a dull day; people began to leave, and while I was still having fun the thought that it was all about to come to an end dampened things down considerably. By a strange stroke of fate we won the Tolkien set in the ISL Raffle; dries of "Fix!" rose up all around, but I hope none of them were serious. Anyhow, I rather think Katya deserved something for the many hours she devoted to the raffle.

The party that night where I spent most of my time was in Charlie Brown's room (contrary to all laws of probability, Charlie Brown actually looks like Charlie Brown!), and in some ways it was the best party of the con. It was a small group, and it was one of the few times when I got down to any really serious talking. Charlie and Dian and I had a long discussion of adventure writers, starting with John Dickson Carr and branching out through Burroughs, Sax Rohmer, Harold Lamb, and others of our favorites. We turned out to all three have remarkably similar tastes in literature. Then there was a discussion of weapons with Jim Webbert and Bruce and someone else, Arthur maybe - I still hold out for a rifle with bayonet for the most effective all-purpose weapon yet devised. Even for extremely close-in work a well-aimed rifle butt is deadly. It takes a practiced hand, of course, but then what weapon doesn't?

The next morning was pack-up time. We said goodbye to Arthur as we got ready to leave - it was one of the hardest partings of our lives. We had known him less than two weeks, but in that time we had become better friends than I have with many people I've known for years; I only hope that some day we'll be able to meet again. I've always wanted to go to England; now there's much more reason.

So, with a good deal of sadness we pulled out of the parking lot and headed homewards. First stop would be Madera, to pick up Roy and spend the night in a little rest and recuperation...



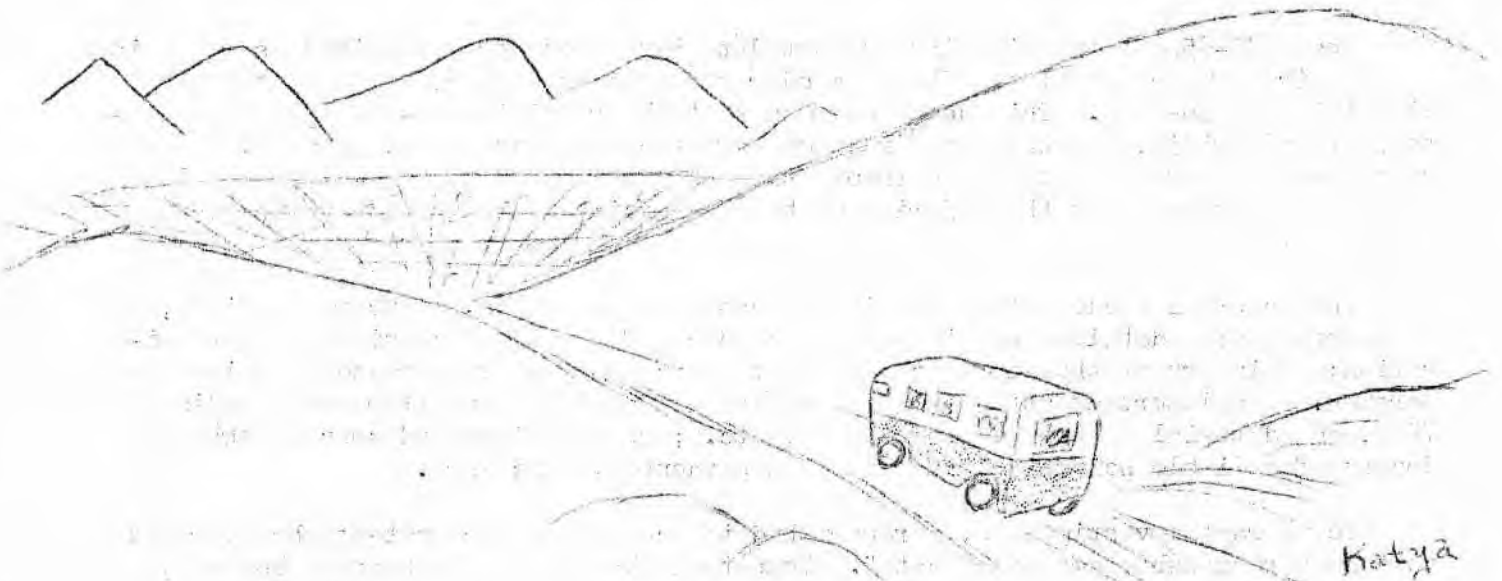
As an indication of the fact that it had been an exhausting con, I drove right past the turnoff that takes you back to Livermore and Highway 99; by the time I came to we were in San Jose, well south of the turnoff. There is another highway that turns off south of San Jose and goes across to Madera through Los Banos; I thought I might as well try it. It could be a good bit slower and still beat backtracking as far as we'd come. It turned out to be a good bit slower, but it is quite scenic; I recommend it sometime for people who aren't in any hurry and would like to try a different route than either 101, 1, or 99.

In Madera we had the house pretty much to ourselves, since Katya's relatives all had parties or meetings to go to that night. So we sat around, Dian sketching a mile a minute and turning out some excellent costume ideas. I'd like to see Katya in a couple of them, tho I doubt if she'll ever get around to making them.

Then Katya and Bruce got into some sort of fight - I think she tried to tickle him or something of the sort, and he retaliated in kind. So Dian said, "I know how to put a stop to that!" and came over and sat in my lap and kissed me. It did. Now, snogging with someone else's wife is fine and I'm all for it - but this began to get ridiculous; snogging is not supposed to be done to the company of running commentary from your wife and her husband. Sigh. Now if Bruce just hadn't had that beard, so that Katya thought he was too fuzzy...

So we slept, and rolled up the sleeping bags, and repacked more compactly so we could get Roy's stuff back into the car, and took off southwards. It was uneventful; the only thing that happened was deciding not to stop at Sequoia and Katya's leaving her sunglasses at the restaurant where we ate. We got back into LA at a reasonably early hour and after unloading the Pelzes stayed around till it cooled off and went on home.

The next night was LASFS, and since I was treasurer I decided I'd better go, despite being almost fanned out. Several of the fans from the con were there, including the Kyles, with whom we had a pleasant chat at Kal's. It was, in a way, a fitting end to the two weeks that included my first worldcon - fannish all the way. Westercon next year, anyone?





# Black



# Light

THE REPORT ON UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS, by Edward J. Ruppelt - Ace G-537, 50¢

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At last, a factual book about flying saucers! This was my reaction upon spying this book, and I have not been disappointed. This book is billed as "based entirely on official Air Force records"; and guess what? It is! Mr., then Col., Ruppelt was head of the Air Force Project Blue Book from early 1951 through late 1953, and has included in this book all important non-classified data gathered by that project before and during that time. For anyone who is interested in knowing all that is really known about the saucers, this is a must.

I think we today tend to forget the extent of saucer phenomena, and the intensity of the interest taken in them during their most prevalent years. Whatever the saucers were, they vanished late in the fifties, and fandom has the veritable marvels of NASA to wonder at now. Also, we find that one way to prove our respectability to mundania is the debunking of flying saucers. The Air Force also found this all too easy at one point, as we shall see. But there is quite adequate evidence that a thing or things as yet unexplained appeared in our skies for approximately ten years. The saucers were real enough; controversy exists only as to exactly what they were. There seem to have been three major opinions as to that: natural phenomena; terrestrial aerial objects (aircraft, balloons, US or Russian secret weapons); or extra-terrestrial aerial objects.

About 80-85% of the sightings reported to Blue Book were explained as belonging to the first two categories. The remainder were not explained, and are still classified as unknown. This does not mean that the remaining 15-20% were of extra-terrestrial origin, but that as far as we know they may have been. And Mr. Ruppelt reports again and again that the theory that the saucers were extra-terrestrial was taken very seriously by the majority of the many scientists and pilots who had seen them.

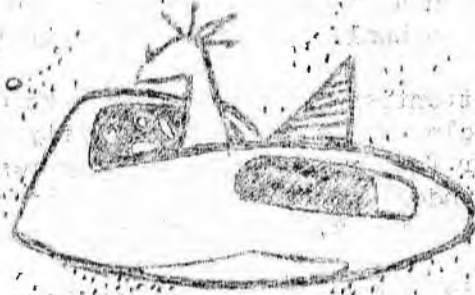
This book is packed with data like a canful of sardines. Saucer sightings, scads of them; a detailed outline of the conduct of an Air Force sighting investigation; a history of the Air Force project; a record of newspaper and magazine reporting, with important attempts at analysis mentioned by name (two articles in TRUE, an editorial in the New York TIMES, etc.); speculations and conclusions of dozens of reliable scientists and aviation personnel. And more.

To warrant investigation, a report had to "come from a competent observer and contain a reasonable amount of data". Competent observers were people who knew, from experience, what was normal in the sky and what wasn't: aircraft pilots, military and civilian; astronomers, meteorologists, and other aerial scientists; radarmen; and the like. "Reasonable" data varied with the data the observer was in a position to gather; pilots, for example, were expected to note their speed, direction, and altitude, and, as accurately as possible, the speed, direction, and altitude of the UFO.



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Reports of this sort, and only such, were investigated as soon as possible. Investigation meant checking the position of every balloon, aircraft, missile, etc.; checking weather conditions; checking astronomical conditions for meteors and the like; checking the backgrounds of the observers for mental illness or eccentricity. If the sighting could be explained by none of these, it was classified as unknown. This is the sort of winnowing that produced 15-20% unexplained reports, when Mr. Ruppelt was head of the Air Force project.



For the Air Force went through three stages with three different names: Project Sign, Project Grudge, and Project Blue Book. Project Sign was established in the summer of 1947, was rather pro-saucer, and tried to investigate all good reports but lacked adequate personnel and research facilities. Project Grudge ran from mid-1949 through mid-1950, was violently anti-saucer, and investigated nothing. Project Blue Book ran from 1951 through 1953, did its level best to be objective, acquired facilities for thorough investigation through liaison with other research projects, and used them.

All this is described at length in this book, along with sighting after sighting after sighting. Style? Journalistic. Pace? Fast. Content? Facts and educated guesses, each carefully distinguished from the other. Impact on the reader? Fascinating!

-Sharon Towle-

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EDITORIAL NOTES

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This column was submitted even earlier than Ed Cox's. At the time Sharon was working in a clipping bureau and offered to do a follow-up article on recent saucer sightings if the readership of LOKI was interested. I don't know if she still has that job or not, since I know her husband got out of the Navy recently and I haven't written her since then. However, if you'd be interested in such an article let me know; I don't promise anything, but if you don't tell me I won't even try to find out.

Second note: the caption on the ATom cartoon in my conrep about the Buechley-Schwenn was mine, not Arthur's, in case anyone takes umbrage. I don't see any particular reason why anyone should, but you never know - anyhow, the cartoon was sent to me uncaptioned, and I captioned it in a way I considered apropos for its location. -dgh-



# DESERT PURSUIT

JOE  
STATION

Carstairs looked through the window of his office and thought to himself that it had been a peaceful day. Beaver City was beginning to quiet down now, he thought, with a bit of justified pride gleaming in his eyes. When he had come to it, Beaver City had been a wide-open frontier town like many others, but he had whipped it and brought it to heel. This was Carstairs' town and he was proud of it.

His attention was suddenly caught by a running figure nearing his office. as it got closer, he recognized pretty nineteen-year-old Peggy Stevens. He knew her and her father, who ran the only restaurant in Beaver City, well. Carstairs left the window and stepped outside to stand on the wooden walk that ran the length of the dusty street. The girl ran up to him.

"What's wrong, Peggy?" he asked.

"We need you at the restaurant, quick!" she gasped, completely out of breath.

Carstairs took her by the shoulders. "What's the trouble?"

"There's a man in there says he'll kill Papa!"

Carstairs headed for the Stevens' restaurant at a run. A crowd had gathered outside, but he plunged through it, knocking aside startled onlookers. Then he stopped abruptly. Inside, a small sharp-featured cowboy in dusty dungarees held a revolver menacingly with the muzzle trained on Stevens.

"Marshal! Do something!" pleaded the paunchy Stevens.

"Sure, Marshal, do something!" mimicked the cowboy. "Now, what'll you do?"

Carstairs limber fingers began to snake toward the Remington revolver slung low at his hip. "I wouldn't if I were you, Marshal," warned the cowboy. "Because if you do, my finger might just accidentally twitch and blow this old goat's guts out!"

"Are you crazy?" growled Carstairs.

"Nope."

"Then why do you want to kill Stevens?"

"He over-charged me."

"You'd kill a man for that?"

"Why not?" The cowboy cocked his revolver.

"What's your name, fella?"

"Important?"

"Yeah."



"Try Otis - Herb Otis."

Without warning, the door burst open. Otis, startled, whirled. The hammer of his weapon, set on a hair-trigger, drove home and a burst of flame spurted from the muzzle. A circle of red appeared on Peggy's green print dress as she staggered through the door and fell at Carstairs' feet, her slim hands clasped over the wound.

"Marshal..." she gasped, looking at him imploringly. Then her eyes glazed over and she died. Carstairs, unmindful of the six-gun trained on him, dropped to his knees beside the girl and touched her brow. A single glance at the ugly wound told him that it had been fatal - a lawman saw too many gunshot wounds on the frontier. He rose to his feet, icy eyes boring into the killer.

"I'm going to kill you, cowboy," he snarled. A flash and a cloak of gray smoke masked the scene as he leapt for Otis. Pain slashed at him and his leap, cut short at its apex, fell short as he fell to the floor with blood flowing from his forehead. Otis stared a moment, then dashed from the building, scattering the watching crowd like so many tenpins. He vaulted onto his horse and raced away, as the crowd rushed to gather around the stricken lawman.

\* \* \*

The haze slowly cleared from Carstairs' brain, and the familiar face of Doctor Sam Fremont swam into focus. "Doc..." he said feebly.

"Easy, Marshal. You'll be all right."

"What...how?"

"The bullet hit at an angle and glanced off your skull. It was a lucky accident - a chance in a million - but it saved your life. All you'll have is a king-sized headache for a day or so, and a nice scar to show your grandchildren."

Carstairs struggled to rise from the cot on which he lay. Doctor Fremont put a restraining hand on him, but he gained his feet. For a moment a dizzy spell held him, his vision almost blacking out, but then it cleared and his balance returned.

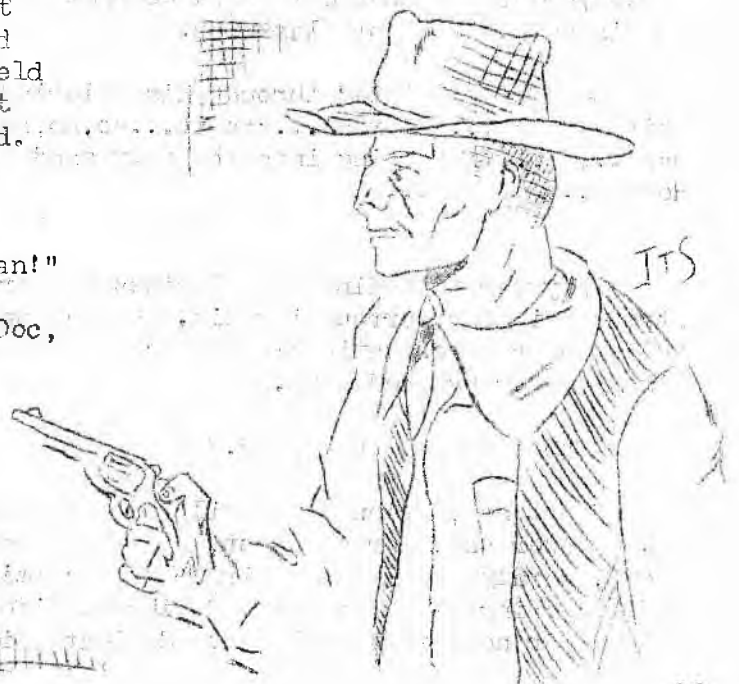
"I've got to go after him, Doc."

"You're in no condition to ride, man!"

"I promised I'd kill that cowboy, Doc, and Bob Carstairs keeps his word. I'm going after him, and you nor anyone else is going to stop me. Which way did he head?"

"North, to the badlands."

"Be hell catching him there, but I'll do it. Bart can handle lawkeeping in Beaver while I'm gone; it's easy now."





In somewhat more than an hour, Carstairs had his gear ready and bound to the back of his horse. Doc Fremont stood watching him sadly as he swung into the saddle. "Don't push yourself too hard, Marshal. Head wounds are no joke - they sneak up on you."

"I'll try to take care of myself, Doc," he said, and spurred his horse. Doc watched him ride off to the north.

"That man hasn't got a chance," he thought glumly. "I just hope Bart can handle being marshal."

\* \* \*

On the third day, Carstairs found Otis' tracks and began following them. They weren't likely to be erased here in the arid Badlands, he reflected. He had made good time by pushing himself and his horse to the limit, but it had taken some searching to find Otis' tracks and the killer must be a day or more ahead of him. On all sides stretched the barren wastes, while overhead the sun was a personal enemy venting all its fury on the lone rider below.

Carstairs' head was bothering him. There had been a constant ache ever since he had left the town, but as the sun beat down it became an intensified, ever-rising crescendo of pain. Doc had been right - the wound had sneaked up on him, and now he was too far committed to turn back. He pushed on, heedless of pain.

On the fifth day his hard-pressed animal could stand it no longer. Despite his efforts to let it rest, it collapsed and shortly expired. Carstairs tied the remaining supplies on his own back and continued doggedly in his pursuit. The only encouraging occurrence was when he found another dead horse a mile or so along the way, with the tracks of a man in cowboy boots moving away from it, ever northward. From the condition of the carcass, Carstairs knew he must be only hours behind Otis.

But by the morning of the seventh day, he had reached the end of his own strength. From time to time the day before he had seen a small black moving dot ahead of him in the distance, and only the knowledge that his quarry was near had kept him going, but finally even that was not enough. He fell to his knees, crawled a few yards, and then collapsed completely. His inert form lay unseeing, the only dot in an infinity of blankness.

Odd forms flitted through his delerium-wracked mind...blond young men in short white tunics...not real...can it...no,no,no...oval door rising from the burning sand...no...an opening into the very sand itself...they speak...gods or men of demons... please...

\* \* \*

They were standing on all sides of Carstairs. The lawman stared vaguely at the strange figures surrounding him. He lay on a low couch covered with what appeared to be a very rich satin cloth which he fingered, feeling its cool texture against his desert-roughened skin.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Rest now, friend. We will answer your question later." Carstairs looked at the speaker and, for a moment, stared at her, entranced by her beauty. She was young, hardly more than a girl, but exceptionally beautiful. Sparkling green eyes under arching black brows gave vibrant life to an oval face framed by flowing raven hair. Her nose was small above delicate lips.

There was a foggy interlude of sleep and half-waking, with the lovely girl always in attendance when he was sufficiently aware of his surroundings to notice. Finally he woke fully, his mind clear and his head no longer aching for the first time in what seemed centuries.

A white-bearded man with thinning hair was standing beside his couch gazing down on him. When he saw Carstairs' eyes open and focus clearly, he said, "How do you feel?"

"Not bad," Carstairs replied. "Who are you?"

"My name is Zymir. And yours?"

"Bob Carstairs, marshal of Beaver City," the town-tamer answered. He raised himself on one elbow and looked about him. The girl of his delerium was still there; also there were three men. Two looked much alike, with light hair, somewhat pugged noses, and expressionless mouths; the third, on the other hand, was dark, with aquiline features and sharp, piercing eyes.

Zymir noted his interest and indicated the four others in turn. "These are Denuj, Liawes," the two blond men "Slyr, and my daughter Zymira." He then motioned to Denuj and Liawes, who moved forward to help Carstairs to his feet.

"Can you stand?" Denuj asked him when they had him erect between them.

"I think so." They released him and he maintained his equilibrium, although his weakness told him that he had been unconscious no short time. For the first time, he devoted his attention to his physical surroundings. He was in the middle of an extremely large room; the ceiling appeared to be an enormous dome, covering an interior in which reposed furnishings entirely unfamiliar to the marshal. The chairs, couches, and tables seemed to be merely a surrealist fragment from an insane dream. And Zymira - a shard of a fantasy, perhaps, but surely not an insane one...

Carstairs turned again to the old man. "The last thing I remember clearly was falling on the desert. This place is certainly not the Badlands, though. Where am I?"

"A thousand feet above that dome, the desert lies bleak under the blazing sun."

"A thousand feet above... Do you mean that we're under the Badlands?"

"Yes." Startled, Carstairs sank back to the couch.

"I - I don't understand..."

"We found you dying in the desert. We brought you here to try to save your life."

Carstairs, though utterly confused, managed to retain coherence. "But, what sort of place is this, a thousand feet below the desert?"

For a moment, Zymir's brows knitted thoughtfully. "Did you ever hear of the continent of Atlantis?"

"No - no, wait a bit! Some fellow named Donelson or Donelly or something like that was in Beaver City a couple of years ago and he was full of talk about a book



he was gathering material for about some flood or other - said it was the basis for the Bible story of the Flood. I didn't pay much attention to him, but it seems like he called the land that was flooded Atlantis, or something of the sort. Is that anything to do with you?"

"Your acquaintance is obviously a learned man. Yes, it is the same Atlantis. Thousands of years ago there was a continent in the mid-Atlantic Ocean, which we who lived on it called Atlantis. An earthquake sank it into the sea, but before the destruction was complete many of us succeeded in reaching ships and sailing away. Relatively few survived the ocean voyage, but those of us who did pressed on into the interior of this continent, seeking a place where we could be free from the attacks of the savage aborigines. We are a peaceful people, hating to kill even in self-defense, so we found this desert and built an underground city where we could dwell in harmony with our surroundings.

"That, of course, was many generations ago. Through the years we have sent some of our number out into the outside world to keep in touch with current developments. For millenia there was little change, until a century or so ago when you whites began to move into this territory. We took pains to learn your language so that if any of you ever stumbled into our domain we could communicate with you. Do you understand?"

"I think I do...at least a little."

Zymira spoke at last. "Why were you out on the desert, Carstairs?"

Carstairs tried to explain to the girl the sense of obligation that had driven him in pursuit of Otis through the torture of the burning sands. She sat near him on the low couch, listening closely to each word. Carstairs was glad of this; for it gave him an excuse to keep this exquisite creature in his sight.

When he had completed his narrative, the girl gazed at him pensively. "You speak lightly of death, Carstairs."

"Do I?"

"Yes, man of the outer world - you make it seem an easy thing to kill."

"It isn't difficult to destroy a man."

Zymira suddenly turned her head away from him. He made a move as if to touch her, then withdrew his hand and turned a questioning face to her father. The bearded man understood the look and spoke softly to him.

"She has been taught since earliest childhood, as all of our people are, that the greatest of sins is to take the life of another human being. A few of us, who have lived outside among you, can understand your violent world, but even we find it hard to approve."

The girl turned again to Carstairs. "You would destroy this Otis?"

"I would. He deserves it."

"Could you destroy me?"

"No."

"Why not? Why could you kill him and not me?"

"I cannot destroy a thing of beauty." Carstairs had not intended to say that.

"Then you think I am beautiful?"

He had said it, and he would have to ride it through now. "You are the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen." Zymira looked not displeased with this compliment, coming as it did from a man who obviously was not in the habit of flattery. But before she could carry the subject any further, Zymir interrupted.

"If we could help you find this Otis, would you promise to take him back to one of your courts of justice, rather than killing him out of hand?"

"Certainly I'll promise, if I can once make him my prisoner. Men like Otis are easier to kill than to capture alive, but of course I would rather he paid his penalty on the scaffold than in a gunfight. He might differ with me, though."

"Can you give us a description of him?"

"Why so?"

"We have reason to believe that he may be in our city even now."

Carstairs leaped to his feet. "Quick! Take me to him!"

"First, my friend, the description," Zymir intoned coolly.

Carstairs rapidly gave the old man a description of Otis' appearance. Excitement showed clearly as the veins on his temples pulsed larger under the taut skin.

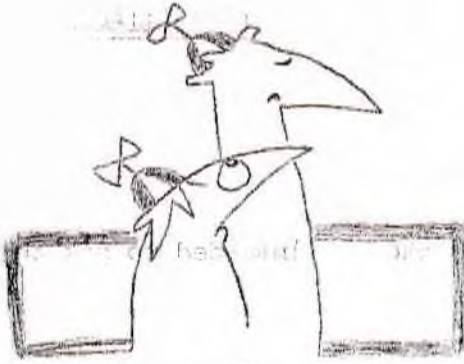
"Yes," said Zymir, "That seems to be the other surface man we found dying on the desert not far from you. Come with me, Carstairs."

The old man turned and walked toward the door, the man-tracker following him closely. As Zymir left the domed room to enter a long, winding corridor, Carstairs became aware for the first time of the enormousness of the underground world. The walls of the corridor were composed of what seemed to Carstairs to be some sort of polished gray granite, as had been the walls of the domed room. For at least a hundred yards, Carstairs and the Atlantean paced the smooth hallway, until they came to a door from which branched another corridor exactly like the first. Occasionally they passed a high door in the wall, and finally they halted before one. Zymir motioned Carstairs to enter with a wave of his gnarly hand. Carstairs stepped into the room. There was Otis, sitting across the room on a low chair which was draped with the same vibrant fabric Carstairs' couch had been. Two sandy-haired young men stood near him, wearing, as all the Atlanteans did, short white tunics. Otis wore the dungarees and plaid shirt he had worn the last time Carstairs had seen him, and Carstairs suddenly realized how conspicuous he, too, must be in his brown shirt and black trousers. He was, however, grateful that his Remington still hung at his hip, the more so when Otis, recognizing his nemesis, slid his hand toward the Colt strapped to his right thigh.



"marshal!"

"Otis!"



Sixteen pages on why  
you like Batman Comics  
is not strictly what I  
had in mind for a  
serious discussion  
on Science fiction

The little killer started to move from his sitting posture to one more convenient for a fast draw on Carstairs. The marshal tensed, prepared for whatever might come in the next few seconds. "Don't try it, cowboy!" he snapped. "That's one of the best damn ways I know to shorten your lifespan!"

Otis eased back to his former position. A relieved breath escaped Carstairs. "You win, marshal," the gunman muttered. And under his breath, "For now."

"You're coming back with me, Otis."

"The hell you say."

"The hell I say, and it's where you'll be when they get through hanging you." Carstairs took a few

steps toward Otis.

"I thought I'd killed you back in Beaver City." Carstairs continued to advance.

"I don't kill easy." Only a few feet separated the lawman from the murderer.

"Easier than I do - hi, Zymira!" he said, looking past Carstairs.

"What - " cried Carstairs, glancing over his shoulder...and realizing too late that he had been tricked. Otis had his gun out and trained on him.

"Don't move, marshal, or I'll have to kill you."

"If you harm any of these people, I'll..." The thought remained unsaid, but the meaning was clear.

"You won't do anything, marshal; you'll be dead!"

Carstairs suddenly shot both of his hands out to clutch the murderer's gun-hand. Otis tried to fire, but Carstairs wrenched his arm and he dropped his weapon, crying out in pain. The criminal drove a fist into the man-tracker's face and Carstairs fell back, releasing him. Otis dived for the gun lying a few feet away. Carstairs' boot ground into his hand; he turned, frenzied, and jerked the lawman's foot, throwing him off balance and toppling him to the floor. Otis lunged again at the Colt and Carstairs, even though the breath was knocked out of him, struggled to pull him away from the weapon. Otis smashed his fist again into Carstairs' face, causing the tracker to loosen his grip on the leg by which he was being dragged back. The outlaw's hand closed on the revolver and he whirled, bringing the butt down on his opponent's head. Carstairs retained enough consciousness to see Otis flee into the hallway, gunning down one of the young men who tried to stop him, but was unable to move for a moment.

Zymir, Slyr, and several others gathered around him and began to bathe his face with cold water. This rapidly brought him back to full consciousness; he shook his head, wincing a little, and stood up.

"You must stop this man, my friend," Zymir said seriously.

"I know that," Carstairs replied, "but what convinced you?"

"In fleeing you, he killed one of us. That must not be permitted."

Carstairs nursed a bruise tenderly with his skinned knuckles. "Can you tell me where he went? I've got to know that before I can do anything." The marshal soothed what was rapidly becoming a black eye.

"Yes, we can tell you - and he could hardly have chosen a worse route of escape."

"How so?"

"He fled into the corridors that lead to the caverns beneath the dity."

"Caverns?"

"Yes, there are large caves under the city. In them there are beasts never seen on the surface of the earth since the dawn of time. We never venture into them ourselves any more."

"Well, take me to them and point me in the direction he took and I'll go after him. I don't suppose any of you would want to go with me, would you?"

At first none of the Atlanteans made any move to join him. He felt surer than ever that the ages of underground living and being taught non-violence had taken the spirit out of these people, if indeed they had ever had any - but then Slyr spoke.

"I'll go with you, Carstairs. Dulyn was a good friend, and Otis killed him."

Carstairs slapped his shoulder. "Good man, Slyr. So there are men among the Atlanteans after all - or at least a man!"

"Perhaps, Carstairs, perhaps."

"Come," said Zymir, and led the two toward the door. Suddenly a man rushed into the room.

"Zymir! Zymir! Your daughter was out in the corridor when the man from the surface ran out and he has kidnaped her!"

Zymir turned to the two men. "We depend on you. Carstairs, you are released from your promise. And - try to bring my daughter back..." the last words were uttered in the tone, not of a leader of men but of a bereft father.

"We'll do our best, Zymir. And there is little that two determined men cannot do."

\* \* \*

The caverns were cold and lonely as Carstairs and Slyr entered them. The only light, save an occasional patch of natural phosphorescence, was a small lantern carried by Slyr, who had armed himself with a sword. Its dancing flame cast weird



and unfamiliar shadows about the duo. They followed an alarmingly narrow ledge to the jagged floor of the ancient caves and from then on carefully wound their way through the limestone outcroppings and stalagmites, sometimes lacerating their skin on the rough stone.

Carstairs heard behind him something like the pad of naked feet; then, before he could do more than register the fact, there was a savage growl and something hurled itself upon him, bearing him to the floor of the cave. Jagged stone tore at his flesh as he was thrown against an outcropping of stone, and he felt furry claws fastening about his neck. He gasped for air and tried to draw his revolver, but he could not reach it. Just as he was about to lose consciousness from the strangling, Slyr grabbed the beast from above and wrenched it off of him. It turned on Slyr in fury and lashed out at him, knocking him against the cave wall. Then, as it gathered itself for a death-blow, Carstairs' Remington spoke twice, the shards of flame illuminating the cave as the creature toppled and fell dead.

"Are you all right, friend?" Slyr asked anxiously.

"Yes, thanks to you. How are you? You took quite a knock yourself."

"No damage other than some bruises. I may be blue in the morning, but I'm fit enough now."

"Give me the lantern, Slyr; I want to see what kind of creature that was." He flashed it over his former assailant. It somewhat resembled pictures Carstairs had seen of African gorillas, but no picture could have conveyed the ferocity that was contained in the face of this creature. "If there was ever any doubt about it, friend, this proves it - you're a man!"

"I would have used my sword on the beast, but I was afraid of harming you. I'm glad you're fast with your gun."

Once again they headed into the gloom of the caverns, seeking Otis. As they mounted a rise in the floor of the caves after about an hour of walking, Slyr sighted shadowy figures moving near a luminous smear of vegetation. He indicated them to Carstairs. As they watched, they were able to descry Otis, and to see that he was dragging the girl roughly behind him. Both man-hunters clenched their teeth; for both had more than friendly feelings for Zymira, and to see her thus maltreated only sharpened their determination to take Otis.

"What do we do now, Carstairs?" Slyr asked. "I'm entirely new at this game."

"We can make a lot better time than he can dragging Zymira," replied Carstairs. "I think that the best thing to do is to circle around him and set an ambush for him a little further along. That way even if he gets one of us the other will probably be in a position to get him."

"That sounds all right."

"Then you get around on the other side of him, and try to get close to the path but where you can stay hidden until he's right on top of you. When he's close enough, I'll fire a shot near him to draw his attention. When he's looking for me, you take him with your sword. Don't try anything fancy; just a quick thrust to his heart."

"You make it sound easy. I hope I can find it in myself to do it as easily."

The two separated and circled around the killer and his captive. Carstairs waited until Slyr was in place and Otis had nearly reached the spot where Slyr was hiding; then he fired a shot calculated to bring a shower of rock down on Otis. The little gunman released Zymira and dropped to his knees behind a stone outcropping, whipping a couple of shots in the direction from which the other shot had come, and sending chips of stone uncomfortably close to Carstairs. Carstairs returned the fire.

Then Slyr erupted from cover and in five quick paces was behind Otis. He drew his sword back for the fatal thrust - and hesitated! That was long enough for a born killer like Otis; Slyr was too close for a shot, but he whipped his gun-barrel around like lightning, striking Slyr on the temple and felling him like a poled ox. Then he turned to Carstairs again.

"Just you and me now, lawman - and before long it'll be just me!"

Carstairs tried to dash from his position of concealment behind one rock to one nearer Otis, but he did not realize that a large patch of vegetation which was lighting the cave was directly behind him, silhouetting him perfectly. Otis snapped a quick shot and a leaden lance of pain drove deep into Carstairs' side, telling him of a punctured lung. He collapsed to the cave floor and lay there, unable to move and barely conscious.

There was a movement behind Otis, and Slyr came groggily to his feet, looking around him for his sword. But it was several feet away, and the first move he made toward it brought Otis wheeling around, gun up. Slyr stopped abruptly, but faced him bravely and unflinchingly.

Otis sneered at him. "You had a better chance than that lawman ever had, and you blew it! Pity you won't have much longer to regret it." But even as his finger tensed on the trigger, something flew out of the darkness and thudded into his chest. He gave a short cry of pain and astonishment, and fell to the ground, dead. Zymira dashed up out of the shadows and threw herself into Slyr's arms.

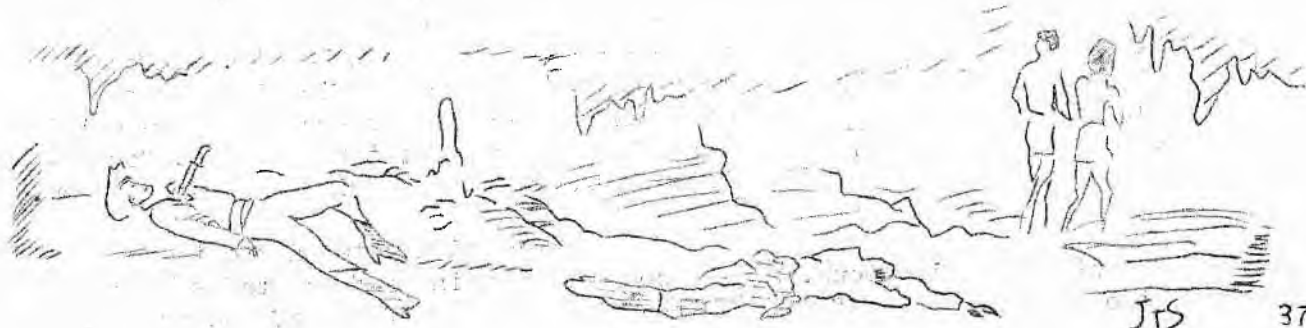
"I tried to get the sword sooner, but he never moved far from it. If only I could have reached it in time to save Carstairs..."

"You killed Otis?"

"Yes. The surface dweller was right - there are times when you must kill or die yourself." They walked over to where Carstairs lay. He tried feebly to raise his head, but the effort was his last. His head fell back and he died.

"Thank you, my friend," Slyr said. "You helped me become a man."

He stood and the two Atlanteans turned toward the exit.





# THE MOLDY FIG

When I die and meet St. Fantasy at the pearly gates, I imagine the greatest sin chalked up against my name will be this brazen fact: I was a fan for almost four years before I ever read a story by the old huckster himself, Bob Tucker.

I finally broke the long loud silence with the novel of the same name, a review of which appeared in this column a few issues back. I have now added another volume of Tuckernese to my credit - TIME: X (originally titled THE SCIENCE FICTION SUB-TREASURY).

This is the Bantam paperback of "ten startling and imaginative stories of the past, the future, and the unpredictable present, by one of the most brilliant new writers of Science Fiction." I dunno what Bantam's definition of a "new writer" is, but two of the stories in this 1955 paperback were published in 1942 and 1943 respectively. If a writer is still "new" after 13 years, it kind of makes you wonder how long the guy must churn out yarns before he is accepted. But that's a trivial point.

One of the most fascinating things about reading a Tucker story is you never know who might turn up in the yarn. As you may recall, I pointed out in my review of THE LONG, LOUD SILENCE that two fans appeared in that novel: Jay Oliver and a chap named Moskowitz who could quite easily be Sam. Well, TIME:X has a generous sampling of fans also. It still comes rather as a jolt to suddenly see a familiar fannish name staring up from the pages of a dirty-old-pro type s-f story.

Of the ten stories in this volume, some are funny and some are serious. Two of them are shaggy-dog stories (one reprinted from a fanzine), and several poke fun at some accepted stfnal institutions. As Tucker says in his excellent 3-page introduction, "very little in science fiction is sacred."

"The Street Walker" is an interesting story that somewhat resembles Ray Bradbury's "The Pedestrian". Both concern a man who walks while the rest of the world rides. The circumstances and situations are different, but the parallel is quite evident up to the ending. Bradbury's story ends on a rather chilling note, while Tucker's ending is lighter in tone. Tucker's hero isn't brainwashed; he is just cheated out of his lifelong goal.



"MCLV" is a typical Tucker laugh-riot. Carey Carew (a pen name for Henry Mason) is a writer. He has turned out an endless stream of exciting spy stories about a James Bond-type character called Dan Devlin. Unfortunately some of the scientific gimmicks that Devlin encounters in his escapades are still classified as Top Secret by the U.S. Government, so the FBI pays a visit to Carew/Mason.

The conversation between the two FBI agents and the author is hilarious. He is constantly using s-f related subjects to identify the two agents. While fingering the silver badge of one of the agents, he

explains, "I once wrote a story in which my protagonist discovered a government agent was an imposter by feeling the badge. A silver badge imparts a certain cool sense to the touch, where another metal will not."

After making sure that they aren't tax men, Carew learns that they are interested in the content rather than the merits of his story, so he shouts, "Thought-police!" From this he leaps to "Crimethink!", much to the concern of the two agents who really don't know what the hell he's talking about.

At any rate, the gov'mint confiscates the encyclopedia set from which he derived the background material for his stories. The encyclopedia bears a 1955 copyright date in the year 1953. No logical explanation can be obtained since the company proclaims that it hasn't published a new edition of that particular reference work since 1948.

Carew had purchased his set from a door-to-door salesman who, of course, is unknown to all. A couple of days after they leave with his books, Carew sits around trying to write a yarn without his trusty companions. It's hopeless. At that moment who should appear but the mustached little door-to-door salesman again with the 1957 edition of the encyclopedia. And the yarn ends on that happy note.

"Home Is Where the Wreck Is" is a delightful satire on the typical s-f hero marooned on a desolate planet with the pure virgin. Captain Arthur Alger is a young man fresh out of school with the brain of a dinosaur. He follows the rocketeers' manual to the letter, and frequently finds that the alphabet has been abbreviated.

In fact, when the pure young virgin turns out to be pregnant, he isn't even aware of it. She grows and grows and he still doesn't realize what has happened and that he is responsible. When he does learn of her condition he does the natural thing. Sweeps her into his arms and declares his undying love? Of course not! "Captain Alger sped by her without a word, throwing sand up in her face. He ran breathlessly to his pack and dipped in it, to haul out the battered old ship's manual. Feverishly he spun the pages.

"Cynthia hurled a chunk of firewood at his head."

Arthur Alger can do nothing right. He is the exact opposite of the typical pulp hero (And Cynthia isn't exactly the stereotype of the typical pulp heroine, either.). Captain Alger bears the surname of ancestors who would be shocked by his inability to exert pluck and pull himself up by his bootstraps. He is me and thee as we really are rather than as the pulp writers told us we were.

"My Brother's Wife" and "Able to Zebra" appeared in F&SF in 1951 and 1953 respectively. Both are very good reading. The latter takes some clever satiric stabs at science fiction, its editors, and its writers and readers. A rather prominent fannish face of the early '50s comes to life in this story. Mahaffey's Rocket Shop (a book store specializing in s-f) "is run by a young lady who formerly edited a science fiction magazine; she made a fortune and retired, to open this book store. That shopkeeper can be none other than Bea Mahaffey, former co-editor with Ray Palmer of OTHER WORLDS. She was also somewhat active in fandom, from what I've heard.

"My Brother's Wife" could very well be the best story in the collection. It concerns three brothers, one of whom marries a girl from somewhere in the Orient. The second of the brothers goes insane and babbles incessantly about his brother's wife changing shape. The third brother is a hoodlum, and although he and his mar-



ried brother see each other frequently, he is never privileged to see Jimmy's wife, who has been vividly described as a real knockout.

Bud, the third brother and narrator of the story, is a real crook and makes no bones about it. He engages in the protection racket among other things. When he is barred from visiting his brother Harley in the asylum he has his cronies do a little arranging to change the situation.

Since this story is available in the February '51 issue of F&SF I won't go into detail. It's a good story and I'd hate to spoil your enjoyment. I'll just say that the wife is indeed not quite like normal women. That should suffice.

"The Wayfaring Strangers" and "The Mountaineer" are the two aforementioned shaggy-dog stories, and by god I'm not going to give play to them! All I'll say about them is that they're good if you like shaggy-dog stories. The latter was originally published in the December '53 issue of Charles Wells's fanzine FIENDETTA under the title "Mountain Justice".



"-----" //Bill forgot to put in the title of this one; he wrote "Exit", which is the title of the next one reviewed, x'ed it out, and didn't put in the right title. I haven't a copy of the book to check and am too lazy to go find a copy at some fan's place or a library. - dgh// is a science fiction mystery story that is handled quite well. It originally appeared in the April 1943 issue of ASTONISHING STORIES, but would have fit quite well in ASTOUNDING in the '50s as it is a story of telepaths. It blends psi in with the mystery and science fiction very well and is quite an enjoyable piece of reading. Rather than giving away the plot of the yarn, I'll make only the observation that it is similar in some aspects to Frank Robinson's excellent novel, THE POWER.

"Exit" is a rather clever catch-ending story about four men in death row. Tucker takes pain to describe each man in detail, building a rather vivid picture of each. The last one he describes is called "professor" by the other inmates.

He has discovered that if a person walks into a wall enough times, he will eventually pass through that wall because the atoms of his body and the atoms of the wall will be arranged in such a way that they will not touch each other. Thus the body is able to pass through the wall. It works and he passes through the back wall of his cell. Unfortunately death row is on the third floor of the prison and a three-story drop doesn't do much for keeping one alive, walker-through-walls or not.

TIME:X (or THE SCIENCE FICTION SUB-TREASURY if you prefer) is an excellent collection. I imagine it would be relatively easy to locate a copy of either the paperback or the hardcover in a second-hand bookstore (try Mahaffey's Rocket Shop). I think you will find it well worth buying and reading.

-Bill Platt-







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And so, dear readers, we take our leave of you in this 9th issue of LOKI, the UNKINGOM Fanzine (even if Unk didn't get much mention in this).

This issue virtually cleaned out my back files; LOKI 7 brought in no response in the line of written material, LOKI 8 got very limited distribution (some of you will be getting it with this) and also got no response. The Rogers poem was something Redd Boggs donated from the SHAGGY files; the rest is either columns or self-written stuff or fiction I hadn't gotten around to running in earlier issues. Both stories have been on hand since before LOKI 7 appeared.

I have a crying need for medium-length (3-7 pages) articles dealing with SF or fantasy; I prefer nostalgic-type articles or reviews

in depth of books that have been around a while (at least 2 years). Articles by authors are also muchly desired. Reviews of current books and films are not wanted, sorry. Fiction is acceptable subject to the stipulation that I can rewrite it as I choose; I won't go out of my way to change things, but I haven't time to make changes I want and then send to the author for approval, so if your prose is sacred to you don't send me fiction. Other material is subject only to correction of spelling and punctuation. Artwork is welcome, but my files are in good shape on that count; LOKI 7 & 8 didn't use art except for covers and ATOM has sent me a goodly quantity of illos since he was here, so I'm fat in the art dept. But send me something in the article line if you want LOKI 10 to appear in the near future!

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