

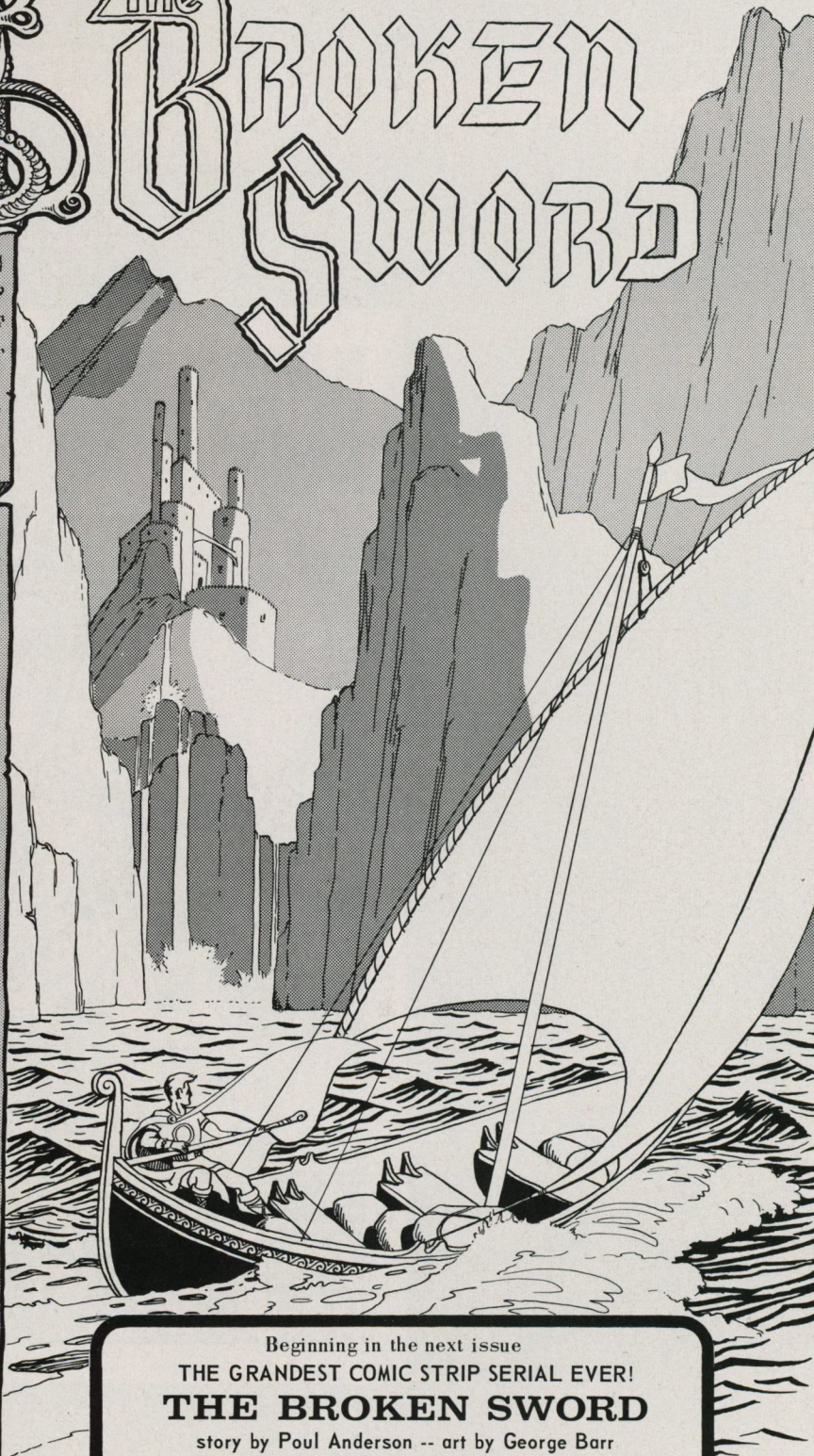
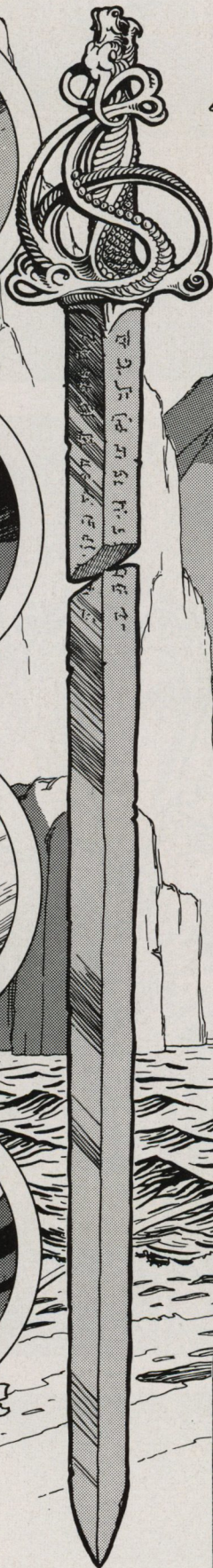
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THE STUFF

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GEORGE BARR



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SALVARZAN

of the apes

by GREG GABBARD

Salvarzan of the Apes lounged at his ease on the veranda of his split-level bungalow which stretched over two and a half acres of the primal veldt of Central Africa. Even in the shade, his Hawaiian sports shirt and Bond Street trousers were damp with sweat; as protection against the soaring heat, he sipped delicately at a cherry phosphate—for the ape-man, having the in-born wisdom of all wild things which is so conspicuously lacking in you and I and all other civilized men, does not poison his magnificent physique

with such noxious substances as alcohol and hexachlorophene. Thus he retains the wild beast's keenness of all senses which is so necessary to survival in the jungle. Sniffing the air with keen nostrils, he knew that Movirus, chief of the Wazinazis who served him so loyally, was on his way, long before the gigantic warrior trotted into sight.

"What are you doing here in the middle of the day?" demanded Salvarzan in the haughty manner which proclaimed him unmistakably not only a child of the Dark Continent but also John Fayton,

Lord Breastroke, scion of the very best white Anglo-Saxon Protestant blood in England.

"Big Bwana!" blurted Movirus, "We have caught a trespasser on your estates!"

"My estate amounts to two-thirds of the Congo," said Salvarzan, speaking Wazinazi with languid fluency. "There are trespassers all over it. Movie companies, LIFE photographers, Peace Corpsmen..."

Quickly, Movirus fell to his knees and groveled. "Yes, Bwana. I would not have troubled you with so small a matter, but that the man told me a strange story..."

"What?" asked Salvarzan, yawning with the unaffected gape of a hippopotamus. "Of a lost gold mine in the Mungibungi Mountains? Of a hidden valley full of dinosaurs and lost races? Arabs raiding the native villages for slaves? Or has somebody stolen the jewels of Opar again? Nothing new ever happens around here."

"No, Bwana," Movirus said dutifully. "But this white man told me he was of the A.S.P.C.A."

"Are they after me again for killing lions with a knife?"

"No, Bwana. He said he had followed two evil white men into this country but had lost their trail. He said they had guns and traps and had come after your people, Bwana."

"My people, Movirus? Do you mean your people, the Wazinazis?"

"No, Bwana. The great apes."

Salvarzan leaped to his feet. "What did you do with this man?" he demanded angrily.

"Urp," said Movirus simply.

"Go to your people," said the apeman grimly, "and tell them to prepare for battle. Two light machine guns and a mortar. Twenty-five rounds of ammunition per man. Follow me as best you can. We will find these evil white men who would bring the vices and degeneracies of civilization into the unspoiled jungle, and kill them. Then you may eat them."

Movirus groveled in acknowledgement and backed from the Presence on hands and knees. Salvarzan retired to his dressing room to change into his jungle outfit.

"This has got to stop," he muttered. "Outside agitators coming where they're not wanted, stirring up trouble, destroying our way of life. Next thing, they'll be trying to get my boys to join the Nairobi Association for the Advancement of Great Apes. Never!"

Salvarzan went across the veldt to the forest and took to the trees. From tree to tree he went, leaping from one branch to another, swinging across clearings on the sturdy jungle vines. Then, his workout for the day done, he hopped into his jeep and set off on the trail of the white hunters.

The ape-man spoke to little Nkomo the monkey on the way, using the primal language of all created things which he had learned while growing up among the great apes. He learned that the evil-faced tarmangani—which is the great apes' word for white men—had passed by the week before, riding on Tantor the elephant, with a carload of strong steel cages.

The next day Usha the wind was with him, and he followed his quarry by scent. One of the white men, he sensed, used Aqua-Velva after-

shave lotion, and the other needed a man's deoderant. "Tally-ho!" said the ape-man.

The day after that Usha shifted again. Salvarzan met Sheeta the panther, who told him, in the primal language of all created things, that the hunters had ridden by a scant four days previously. The ape-man thanked him with a ferocious growl and drove on.

At length Salvarzan encountered Dunga the pile of elephant manure, who also speaks the primal language of all created things, and asked how recently Tantor and his riders had passed. But Dunga refused to stool on a pal. Salvarzan dismounted from his jeep and carefully tested the texture of Dunga with a finger, smelled him, tasted. "Three days," he said. Then he kicked Dunga apart and stomped on him, for Salvarzan knows who his friends are in the jungle and if you are not for him you are against him.

The next day Salvarzan ran over a scaly ant-eater and blew two tires. Thereafter he traveled through the trees.

At the hunters' camp, the one who needed a man's deoderant started and said: "Listen! What was that scream?"

The other, who was older, slightly less fat, and slightly more vicious-looking, said, "Nothing but an ape, just like these beauties here." He waved a grimy hand at the row of steel cages, each containing a huge gray ape.

The fatter white man sneered. "An ape, huh? Did you ever hear an ape with an Oxford accent?"

"No, and neither did you. Now—hey! what was that?"

A series of crashes approached through the trees, followed by a dull thud, and before them appeared an almost naked white man picking himself up off the ground with a slightly dazed look.

"Fell out of a tree," surmised the fat man.

"That's silly," said the other. "He must be some kind of a magician, appearing out of thin air...My gosh, Billy Jo—look at him! Do you know who that is?"

Salvarzan drew himself up to his full seven feet of height, a secretive smile playing round his lips. Indeed, he was an impressive sight—naked but for a beaverskin loincloth, hunting knife, bow and quiver of arrows, boarspear slung across his back, coil of grass rope, blowgun and bag of darts, hatchet, blanket-roll, tent-pack and Boy Scout Manual.

The fat man started. "Gee Whiz," he breathed. "Why, it's—it's Charles Atlas!"

The ape-man's smile vanished. He said coldly: "I am Salvarzan of the Apes. What have you done with my friend Tantor?"

"The elephant?" said Billy Jo. "Say, is that his real name? I thought he gave us an alias. Well, we let him go a couple of days back. It was too hard to stay on him, always slidin' back and forth. He was a rocky fellow, sort of."

The older man stepped forward. "To tell the truth, sir, he threw us off and ran away. I am inclined to think that our smell finally got too strong for him. But if you really are the famous Salvarzan of the Apes, welcome to our camp. We've wanted to meet you ever since we heard about you. Allow me to introduce myself—Robert Welsher of Boston, Mass."

At this moment a great grizzled ape, an old enemy of Salvarzan's named Kerchook, shouted from his cage: "Kreegah, Salvarzan! Tarmangani bundolo mangani oleo bundolo et carthago delenda est!" which in the primal language of all created things means, roughly, "You can't get at me now that I'm in this cage. Up yours!" Like a flash, Salvarzan's teak-hard fist flew through the bars and struck Kerchook squarely between his little, close-set eyes.

"Scit Gamolfeax!" said Kerchook, which in the primal language of all created things means "Ouch!"

Billy Jo stared dumbfounded. "That blow would have killed an ordinary man! That ape's skull must be six inches thick."

Salvarzan raised his fist menacingly. "You are quite ordinary men, by your looks. Therefore you had better release my apes from those cages at once."

"But it would look strange if we shipped them back to the States any other way," the older man

explained. "Anyhow, we have their permission to confine them for the duration of the trip back. See, here are the papers."

Salvarzan looked at the releases, each signed with a clumsy X, in bewilderment.

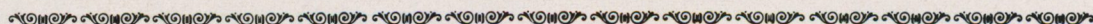
"We decided, Bob and I, that this was a perfect place for our recruiting," explained Billy Jo. "And we were right! This is just the sort of material we need."

"But what are you recruiting for?" asked Salvarzan.

"Why, we thought you knew," said Welsher. "We are from the John Birch Society."

"My friends!" said Salvarzan, shaking both their hands at once. "I've heard of your good work, even here in Africa. Feel free to take all my people you need—I'm sure they'll be happy with you." He looked at the caged apes fondly, noting especially Kerchook's beetling brow and magnificent fangs. "May I make a suggestion? Send this lot to Alabama—I hear they're short of state troopers."

REPRINTED FROM THE TEXAS RANGER



emphasis, *emphasis*

Stephen Barr

You can't read *anything* any more, at least anything *serious*, without much of the article being slanted. I don't mean *biased*; Heaven forbid. I mean *tilted*. With *italics*.

In case you haven't *noticed*, or in case you haven't noticed, *italics* are the *in* thing in writing these days. The trend probably started in *Harper's*. (No special stress intended on that last word, though it is quite important, but *Websters Third New International* says that names of magazines *usually* are italicized (emphasis mine), and, besides most *literate* people have come to expect it, so it *might* have been more confusing had I left it the regular way, which is called *roman*.)

Where the trend began, however, is unimportant (except maybe that *Trumpet* has started it all over again in *fandom*). What matters is that it is distressing to some writers, I'd even say most writers, who, as every publisher knows, are not expert typists. How frustrating to spoil a *whole* page by striking over the key phrase with *sixes* in trying to underscore it. Or by *crossing it out* with dashes. And that simply to be *avant garde* (no emphasis intended; cf *Websters*, op. cit. p. 29a) in the writing world.

Back in grammar school we used to rely on parenthetical exclamation points (third grade, I be-

lieve) to stress the important words. For example, "Boy have they got bugs(!) in this lousy (!) camp!" Now, I realize that method was immature but, after all, it *did* get the point across, and isn't that the purpose of writing? Furthermore, if the italicization trend *continues*, I dare say it won't be long before that *seemingly* puerile manner of emphasis gains the respect of *recognized* writers. For how will the writers of the future, even the unpretentious ones (like *Trumpet*), apply unmistakable stress to a word that is *really* important? I mean *really* (!!) important?

Another thing. All these italicized words nowadays are frustrating not only to writers, but to readers. Now even silent reading requires inflection. Mentally we must go up and down, a process completely overlooked in speed-reading courses. It just won't do.

And what if earlier writers had thought to use italics?

"Frankly, Scarlet, I don't give a damn."

"Dr. Livingston, I presume."

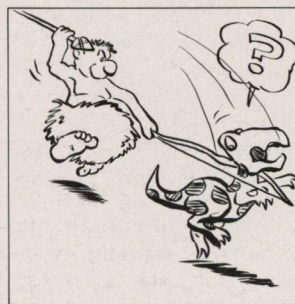
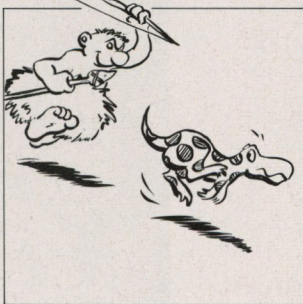
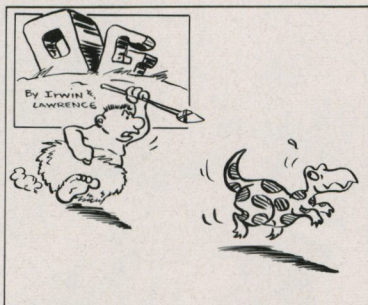
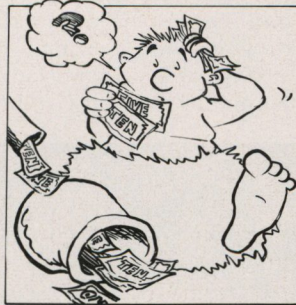
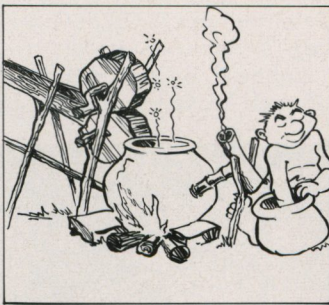
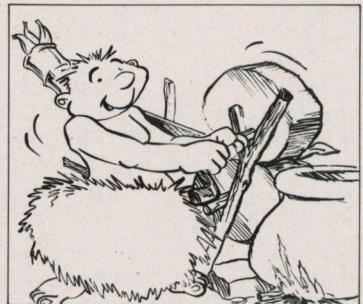
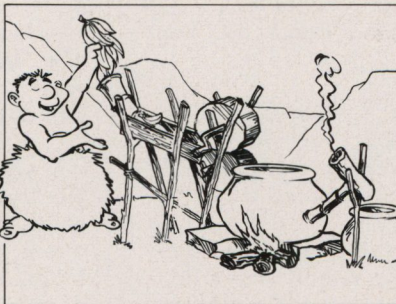
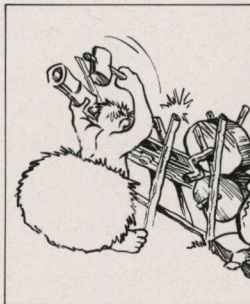
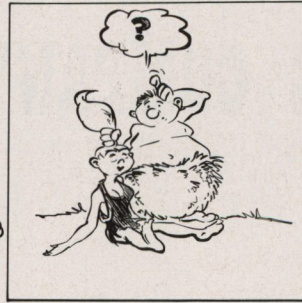
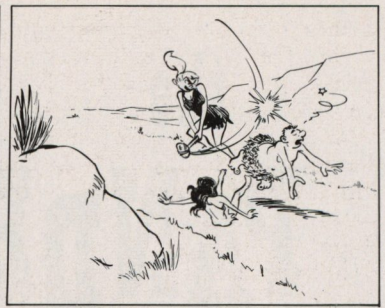
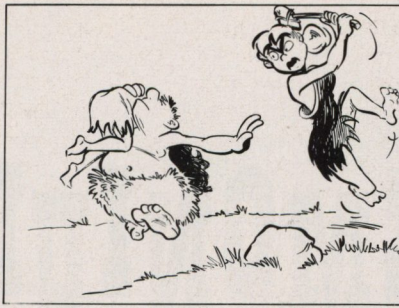
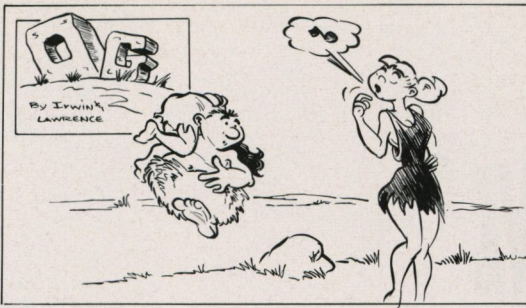
"What is so rare as a day in June?"

"With malice toward none..."

"Twas the night before Christmas..."

"A mighty fortress is our God."

See?



the PANDEMONIUM THEATRE COMPANY arrives

by RAY BRADBURY

But why does it have to arrive at all?
I mean, how far off-Broadway can you get?

So many of my friends ask.
And it seems I must answer.

The Pandemonium Theatre Co. Inc arrived at the Coronet Theatre in early October because...

Because, at the age of 8 I collected Buck Rogers comic strips.

Because at the age of 10 Blackstone the Magician gave me my first incredible rabbit and I decided to be a boy-magician and stun and make incredulous whole audiences of American Legionnaires, Odd-fellows, honorable members of the Elks and Moose and hosts of disreputable dogs and their accompanying boys who rambled in and out of my back yard.

Because at the age of 13 my boy-soprano voice cracked and changed thus putting me "at liberty" from grade-school light-operas and Christmas festivals.

Because at 19, finding amateur theatricals almost as cruel as professional, I packed up and moved over into fulltime writing for good.

Because I have loved the theatre all these years later, I still love the theatre and find a good way to love it without the old pain is to sneak back in through the side door with my play-manuscripts to enjoy most of the fun and far less of the sado-masochist agony that seems to be acting.

And because, above all, very late in the day, very late in the game, I find I have grown up to be after all (what a great surprise) the boy-magician grown old into man-magician. I do indeed play tricks with words, float fabulous women in mid-air and make men invisible with my myths, legends, fantastic parables and scientific tales. Quite suddenly I see I am still kin to Blackstone, while being nephew to Jules Verne and grandson of Willa Cather and Robert Frost. I acknowledge that Edgar Rice Burroughs may have been my father, Tom Wolfe was certainly my brother, and

a faintly eccentric, charming and well-educated cousin who often came to tea was Aldous Huxley.

Put all these together, grow them up in an age when rockets were ridiculous and suddenly were not ridiculous at all and you have an elderly Child of Our Time.

This Aging Boy Mechanic now looks round at the world and says, where do we live, how do we live, why do we live this way? In the middle of the Space Age, what sore besets us, what trials do we give ourselves with our machines? How do we make and how do we build as well as destroy with our mechanical Medusas with our Gods reshaped in plastic, aluminum and raw electricity moving among, over, and upon us?

So one night I am stopped by the police for walking in the city. The police suspect me for be-



Harold Gould produces objects both
real and imaginary from the past

Harold Gould and Dennis Patrick in
a scene from *TO THE CHICAGO ABYSS*



ing the only person in ten miles of concrete sidewalk who is putting one foot in front of the other. No use explaining to the Law that any real criminal would drive up, burgle a house, and drive away, logically, in the automobile of our time. Logically, why would a catfoot criminal call attention to himself, and drive the neighborhood dogs into hysteria by walking?

But logic gets us nowhere. The police still glower. And, mildly outraged, still speaking to the patrolman, I take out and stuff in my mouth, some soda-crackers saved over from a bowl of soup eaten in a restaurant an hour before. And as I explain, I spray a fine confetti of soda-cracker crumbs upon the vestments of the Law.

Not knowing whether I am being hostile or not, the Law contents itself at last with brushing off the crumbs, reprimanding me and going away.

I then go home and write a story and then a play called *THE PEDESTRIAN*, set it in the future, and dramatizing the next steps in a civilization that finds Walking Not The Thing To Do.

Another time, I try word-association about a possible wall-to-wall television room in the years ahead. And quickly a story, and then a play, spring forth about a Nursery that with its magical three dimensional t-v walls usurps parental authority and becomes the wild and dramatic center of two children's lives.

And finally I bring an old man on stage in my typewriter and let him talk out of the future about our time and all the "fabulous junk" and "scintillating trash" which becomes, remembered after being long lost, most needed and lovable. The old man cannot remember poetry, or fine words, but he can remember the color of a candy-wrapper or how coffee smelled when you hissed open the vacuum tin, or how the dashboard of a Kissel Kar looked in 1923. This poet-of-the-mediocre-ordinary speaks somehow for us all, in the vastness of a Big and somehow incomprehensible time.

The plays then, and the stories, had to be written. Because I grew up in this age, they were in my blood waiting to be called out for a Game. And now the Game is given to Actors to play upon a stage. Whether the Games are good and worth playing will now be in the hands of audiences and critics.

The important thing is I have said them out. I have let them run, I have enjoyed the great playfulness that comes from writing on top of one's wits and emotions in the fair weather that fun surrounds you with.

Why did the Pandemonium Theatre Co. have to arrive?

Because, I arrived first. I looked at the Space Age. I made it come along with me. ●

The war goes on in Viet Nam, and at home the recipients of public bounty continue to protest. They, of course, not the government which created those institutions of learning and pay most of their tuition, are better qualified to determine public policy. Not only will they not participate; no, by Jingo, nobody will.

But in Asia, it still goes on. Every village elected councilman is marked, as is his family. Assassination, murder and blackmail are normal tactics for the "liberators"; but let the US or her Allies contravene one article of the Hague and Geneva Conventions; no, rather, let individual soldiers contravene one article; and the hue and cry goes up. We must, it seems, deal fairly with the enemy, even if he chooses to act as a modern day Attila. Our sins cannot be forgiven. The enemy cannot commit any.

I have a fencing coach here in Los Angeles, who is a man with some claim to distinction. He was the coach of the Hungarian team in the Olympics one year, and he and most of his boys chose to stay. He has only one comment for our student Leftists: that they should take a trip for a year to Hungary or Russia. But not with tourist visas, American money, American passports. Not as people to whom something is to be sold. No, just be there as others are for a year. But he is an old reactionary anyway. Anybody with two PhD degrees from European Universities, who chooses to earn a living as a fencing coach in the US rather than as a Professor of Law in EudaPesth, must be. And he obviously knows less than American undergraduates anyway.

Besides. It's so square and cornball to admit that Universities are by definition places for people who are still learning. It's more so to give the Establishment the tiniest benefit of the doubt. And students shouldn't study—that interferes with their real job, which is running the country.

Well, I've been sarcastic enough for the moment. But for the ones who might read this, for the ones who might actually be listening for a second, I have a word of advice. Like all advice it is worth about what you pay for it: use the time you have as students for the purpose you went to the University for. It's the last leisure time most of you will ever have in this life. I was an activist in college. Some of you might be surprised just how active I was, and for whom. And I was robbed! I was robbed of the chance to read some great books, instead of perpetually reading about them. I was robbed of time for becoming a genuinely educated man, of times for reflection, of the only time in my life when my only responsibilities were to myself. The undergraduate years end a lot quicker than you might think, and when they are done, comes marriage; earning a living; being a teaching assistant, or getting a job; babies and crab grass, or the dissertation, or that sales meeting, or PTA, or the City Council meeting; being a District Leader for a political party, or writing material for a news columnist, or trying to save enough money to pay the rent, make the car payment, and still attend the Con. Those few years as an undergraduate are unique.

The BOHEMIAN Tory jerry pournelle

If you have some sense of civic responsibility, if you think you have a duty to the Public or The People or Mankind now, you will find that after graduation, you will have REAL duties. And you may find yourself, as I did, not very well prepared for them.

It is my considered opinion that if the government of these United States should be turned over to young people, I should far rather trust in the judgement of young people who went to work as millhands, salesmen, and ditch diggers than those who were sheltered in the institutions of higher learning. They, at least, know something of REAL responsibilities. Public education is a good investment, because hopefully, the student body will learn more quickly what citizenship means than did his counterpart who did not attend. But students are still only apprentice citizens.

End of lecture. It was intended for only a few. I am sure that all too many undergraduates are caught up in the ecstasy of forcing things to HAPPEN. In the euphoria of discovering that they have power. But any fool with a can of gasoline has power too. And the upshot of it all may be quite different from what you think. The upshot may be total collapse of the education system, bad as it is. The upshot may be the end of subsidized institutions of higher learning. Don't underestimate the reluctance of the squares to pay for education. And don't forget that eventually, it is the Establishment that decides what taxes it will pay.

The University of California system obviously can't do the job it was intended to do. Query: can any institution manage to give education in a democracy? Most attendees don't want education, of course. They want training. And unfortunately, we are stuck with an equalitarian ethic which does not allow us to educate those who are capable of receiving it, and train the rest. Education is a marketable commodity. Those who get a true education rise faster, are paid more, and get power quicker. Therefore, it is manifestly unfair for a public institution to decide who should have this valuable commodity and who should not. And since it can't be given to everyone, the obvious answer is to give it to none.

get
~~KEEP~~ THE USA
 OUT OF ~~CUBA~~
 Viet Nam ~~the UN~~

Thus, I think, the real motivation for student rioting. Thus, I think, the real reason why the brighter undergraduates want to smash the system. Is there no solution to the problem? Must the system grind up and throw away, or cause to throw themselves away, the very people the institution was originally intended for?

People are studying institutional changes, methods of operating the system so that it will not be so inhuman. Even the great Industries are concerned, since educated men are a product they need as badly as anyone. But if there is a solution of that sort, it will not be implemented soon. It won't help those presently caught in the system. And the Powers That Be don't need riots to tell them of the problem; they've known about it for some time. Many of them were part of the same system.

Again, I have some unbought advice: you don't need the formal trappings of a university to get a good education. And you don't need to create a new sub-culture either. All universities have good libraries. Most have some good teachers who are really only too happy to meet with students genuinely anxious to learn something, rather than to impress their classmates. And if your goal is merely to get attention, then by all means be a kook; but if it is to get a certain kind of attention, there are a lot of old fashion square ways to get it. I keep hearing about brilliant students who want an education, but can't get one because of the impersonal nature of the huge university. But I don't see too many of them using intelligence to solve their professed problem, which is, how can I be an educated man?

Years ago, only aristocrats had sufficient leisure to acquire a genuine education. Now, only aristocrats use sufficient leisure. The rest rob themselves. The old truism that you can't hear with your mouth open applies—you can't learn what the world is like if you are in too big a hurry to change it, and you can't do much of a job of changing it if you don't know what it is like.

My remarks, by the way, are primarily directed at the Conservative activists; maybe they'll listen. I haven't found many of the other camp who ever did. ●



h.

ZEN and the ART OF COOKING

by RAY NELSON

In answer to clamoring requests and not a few veiled threats, I have finally consented to illustrate, in terms understandable to the Western World, the mode of thought that represents the highest philosophical development of the Eastern World. This is, of course, Zen. Zen is a new outlook and way of life that is equally useful in psychology and religion, game playing and politics, science and art, in the highest pursuits of the lowest. Listen and learn, because this is a message that can bring you peace and joy and high spiritual development, and also because this message is the "in" thing this season.

I have decided that in these peaceful times the elements of Zen are best illustrated with examples from the kitchen, rather than the battlefield, and besides someone has already beaten me to it in writing "Zen and the Art of Archery" and "Zen and the Art of Swordplay", not to mention numerous manuals on Judo, Karate, and other forms of Honorable Holy Dirty Fighting.

Ah so. Let us enter the kitchen. Let us look around us with satisfaction, rubbing our hands together. All is clean and neat, ready for us to begin. No? It is not? Then perhaps I should have begun with Zen and the Art of Housecleaning. By beginning with cooking I have assumed you have at least the desire to elevate your spiritual development.

Let us say, however, it is clean.

First, we select a frying pan and some slices of bacon. Our first spiritual exercise will be frying this bacon, Zen Buddhist Style, in the Honorable Frying Pan. We examine the pan. Is it clean? Is it in good repair? Is it handsome in appearance but not gaudy? When all these conditions are satis-

fied, we examine the bacon. Is it of good quality, in thin slices, fresh and not too fatty? If so, we are ready to turn on the heat. Gas or electric... it does not matter. Both are "kosher", as we say in Japan.

We place a few slices in the pan. They must lie flat, not all acrambled up, and not be crowded together. They must not overlap, though it is not regarded as obscene if they gently touch each other. We then set the pan over the heating unit and stand watching, our every sense alert.

Each slice of bacon must receive individual attention. A slice of bacon may be considered done when all portions of it are done, when it is opaque in all areas, not before. At this instant it must be whisked from the pan and placed on a few layers of paper towel to drain.

When the last slice is done, you deftly fork it out, wait a moment for it to cool, then taste it.

At this moment you will be blessed with the Great Awakening, what the wise men of the East call Satori.

No?



Never mind. Perhaps hamburgers will succeed where bacon failed. Hamburgers are practically glowing with spiritual power, crammed full of the Indwelling Spirit of the Buddha, not to mention many valuable vitamins and minerals. It is no ordinary hamburger I speak of, no vulgar drive-in product, but the Holy Zenburger, triangular and delicious.

To make this delicacy, the favorite dish of Our Leader, who is known to his friends as Salvador "Dolly" Lama, you first cut up a small onion into tiny bits and place them in the bottom of a large bowl. (I assume you have inspected these onions and all other ingredients I will name with the same care you used while frying Honorable

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Zen Bacon.) Next you place on top of the onions one pound of the best hamburger meat, fresh and firm. You flatten out the meat somewhat, using your fingers, (You *did* wash your hands, I hope!) then salt it lightly and add a bit of pepper and whatever other spices you have sitting around. You then make a little hollow in the center and into this hollow break two small eggs. Chicken's eggs will do. You then add oatmeal slowly, mixing it with the eggs until it makes a fairly firm mash. This mixing is done daintily with just the tips of the fingers. Your feet, with or without shoes, should *not* at any time be introduced into the bowl.

When this mash is mixed, you transform yourself from a dainty piddler into a ferocious masher, plunging your fingers ruthlessly into the meat, crushing it, rending it, capturing it in your hands and squeezing it so that it oozes out between your fingers like toothpaste from a tube. By this means you mix all the ingredients into a shapeless pink mass with about the consistency of warm modeling clay.

When all this has been done, grease the frying pan liberally with fat from Zen bacon; nothing else is "kosher", as we say in Tibet. When the fat is liquid but before it starts to smoke, you place the Zenburger mix in the pan and, with the fingers, tamp it down until it forms a disc that just touches the walls of the pan on all sides. Perhaps you fear burning your fingers, handling the contents of a hot frying pan, but your fears are groundless. Burning oneself is, to the true Buddhist, perfectly "kosher", as we say in Viet Nam.

You wait a moment, letting it fry, then cut it into triangular pieces with a dull knife. Now you fry them with loving care, turning them often with a fork, being careful not to burn them, until they are dark brown on both sides and gray (not pink) on the inside.

When each lovely little triangle is done, take it out of the pan and place it on a slice of dark bread, the darker the better. (No buns, please. Ech!) Add salt to taste, as well as lettuce, catsup, mustard and whatever you like. (But don't overdo it.) Then, when all is in readiness, eat it.

At this point you most certainly should experience Satori.

No?

Well, let's try just one more thing, the most awesomely powerful force for spiritual awakening known to man.

The Peanut Butter Sandwich!

To prepare an Open Face Peanut Butter Sandwich of the Awakening, you need fresh 100% whole wheat bread and pure, top quality peanut butter, the gooey kind. You spread the peanut butter on a slice of this bread, then place thin slices of chilled butter on top of the peanut butter. (I should

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mention that it is only decent to precede the eating of this kind of sandwich by 24 hours of fasting and meditation.) You then open a capsule of mescaline and sprinkle the mescaline crystals like an autumn snow over the barren rocky ground of the peanut butter and the occasional boulders of butter, then sit crosslegged at a low table and eat it in a dim light.

At this point... Ah, but I see that you have become as the wise men of old, those who know but do not speak.

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These reviews were written March 22, 1958 from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon. They were intended for CRIFANAC 7 but CRIFANAC 7 never appeared and the reviews have until now been unpublished. They are being published at this time for several reasons: fan history, memorabilia, nostalgia or perhaps only as a curiosity. Take your pick. Whatever the reason, no one can disagree that Kent's talent is one that fandom could ill afford to lose.

the BROKEN BLADE



Kent
Moomaw

I sorta hesitate to use any of Tom's valuable space for bringing up old unpleasantness, but in the light of the, er, controversy that my fanzine critiques have produced in the past, I think it best to preface the first installment of this column with a few remarks explaining my general position. It's like this, cats: currently circulating opinions to the contrary, I base my observations in matters such as this as completely as I'm able on the merits (or lack thereof) of the material itself... not from a name-author standpoint. Like you, I have my own private likes and dislikes, and these are bound to creep into my reviews occasionally, but on the whole, I do my best to remain objective when reading and judging all fanzines, from the established leaders right on down to the most ubiquitous newcomers. I hope that the people who have accused me of bearing grudges and allowing the latter to color my comments in times gone by will keep this in mind, particularly before flooding Tom with letters condemning me for egotism, insanity, viciousness, and the like. Sure, blast me as much as you like if you find yourself at odds with individual statements or dislike my writing from a technical point of view...but spare the rest of us your attempts at psychoanalysis, I implore you. Thanks.

That taken care of, let's get on with the business at hand; namely, that of examining and evaluating the recent crop of fanzines:

Probably the best single issue of any fmz to appear thus far in 1958, at this writing, is Terry Carr's THE INNISH, otherwise known as IN-NUENDO 6. Behind a typically fannish Rike cover lie eighty-plus pages of free-wheeling, wild type stuff, generating that almost unique Burbeeish atmosphere that most of the West Coast mags seem to possess. Imagine if you will—heck, if you can—a hybrid of the editorial personalities of HYPHEN and A BAS, and you'll have some idea. The tone of the magazine is, like, totally arresting and is maintained with no signs of faltering even thru an issue as large as this one.

In addition to contributions from all the Bay Area clique (Carr, Rike, Pete Graham, Carl Brandon, and Ron Ellik), THE INNISH features a fine, detailed report of the Loncon by Ron Bennett which I find no less enjoyable than James White's version in HYPHEN, perhaps even more-so, which you must admit is slightly Spectacular. Bennett, who is equally adept at serious, official-program, NuFu type reporting and completely fannish Ploy type stuff, managed to convey to me the general spirit (other than bottled) of the con, a feat seldom accomplished, and characterized many of the personalities in attendance in brief, tight

paragraphs. And all the above aside, his report was just plain fun to read.

Other outstanding outside (dig the alliteration, man!) contributions include reflections on pre-war fandom by Harry Warner, FAPA reprints by Dick Eney and old time Seattle fan Royal Drummond, and a singularly fuggheaded articleletter by Eric Erickson...this last item contains some of the most lunatic-fringish predictions and warnings I've seen in years, even going so far as to reintroduce Degler's idea of fans being "star-begotten", supersensitive, and all like that. The man seems rather a paradox: when he's rambling on about nothing in particular, Erickson seems completely intelligent and literate...but once he's started on the upcoming atomic war (he even names the date!), invaders from the stars, benevolent aliens from Orion, a future America rebuilt by H*I*M and F*A*N*D*O*M, et al, I can see naught but one of the maddest dogs to come along since the Cosmic Circle. Read this thing for yourself; it's fantastic, I tell you.

By far the outstanding item in the entire issue, however, even considering the Erickson bit, is the conclusion of Carl Brandon's brilliant fanish satire on the Salinger novel, "The Cacher of the Rye." I won't even attempt to describe this; if you've read the original book, imagine it with the same plot and characters, but with a fannish setting and motif...if you haven't, I suggest you do so and then pick up on Carl's version. As satire on contemporary fiction, I've never seen its equal in any fmz.

Topped off by reprinted filler squibs from Burbee and Laney, THE INNISH is indeed a zine Worthy of Your Attention. Give it some, eh?

SATA 9 is out, still edited by Bill Pearson and Dan Adkins (who just recently finished his Air Farce hitch b'the way), and still tops as far as illustrations and general appearance are concerned. Adkins' work looks even more professional than usual here, particularly in a tremendous, eye-assaulting double pager done for the latest Pearson story, about which more later. While Dan's heros still tend to resemble each other overmuch (Emsh has this trouble also, tho), but his sense for detail and fine-line work seems 100% improved in comparison with the Adkins of two years ago... I can't see any artistic stumbling blocks between him and a career in commercial art, stf or otherwise, at this point. In my opinion, his work is already imminently superior to that of men like Orban, Summers, etc.

Art, then, by Adkins, Pearson (who is always competent and occasionally great himself), and other assorted fans, is SATA's forte. The editors know how to place their material effectively on paper, reproduce in flawless ditto, and make use of a variety of colors. Fine.

But material in SATA is an altogether different story, I'm afraid. Pearson's story this time, "Terror Lake" is a case-in-point: a somewhat novel twist on the old monster-who-makes-you-see-things-that-aren't-there gimmick spoiled hopelessly by tissue-paper thin characters and a terribly trite narrative style, further marred by dialogue that's quite unnatural in many spots. Pearson shows definite ability in isolated portions of many of his stories, but he seems determined to restrict himself to these

space-opera things and cramp his talents in the unalterable restrictions imposed by the Ziff-Davis formula. 'S a pity. I'm sure that with broadened horizons, Bill could install a little life into his plots and bring them out of the comic-book class...but as things stand, the only kind thing I can say about his stories is that they give Adkins the opportunity to do some of his most beautiful drawings. Maybe that's enough, but I don't think so.

Adkins' fanzine reviews are readable, critically sound in most cases, and the long lettercol is lively. Even discounting the fiction, there's enough in SATA to recommend it, I think. The tone at times is neofannish, but Pearson demonstrates a remarkably wacky sense of humor, and seems quite a nice guy. You can do much, much worse.

VOID 12 is the second issue the Benford twins have gotten out since their return from Germany, and aside from a poorly stenciled cover originally done by Jerry Hines, it's an excellent issue. It's Greg's third annish, as a matter of fact, and demonstrates how far both he and the mag have come since the old Chola days...the current tone is wholly fannish and ironical. Major influences seem to be Toronto and the Bay Area: Raeburn and the Insurgents are mentioned at least a dozen times in the issue at hand, and both Carr and Rike have illos.

The material is generally intelligent nonsense: Terry Carr's page of FCs on husbands and wives in fandom together, a la the Youngs and the Busbys. Archie Mercer's "Greg Benford Polka", typical Anglofan stuff, et al. The outstanding item is Lars Helander's column, which touches on old vacations but mainly just rambles on extemporaneously in a most pleasing manner. The lettercol is one of the best around. Well mimeoed, illustrations by the best on both sides of the Atlantic (Thomson, Rike, Bourne, and like that), and attractively planned. I rate this fmz among the top five in North America at present, and it appears on the rise.

Larry Sokol's ZODIAC is anything but on the rise...in fact, it's folded. Judging by the fifth and final issue, tho, I wouldn't say that it was going anywhere regardless. Aside from a switch to more legible ditto repro after a couple of issues, this mag improved but slightly since the first and showed no signs of same even at the end. Alas.

This featured a comparative oddity: a fannish Adkins cover illustrating conflict between Bloch and Ghu and their respective followers. No comment on the subject, but the drawing itself is, naturally, well-executed, and stands out as just about the only really worthwhile thing in the magazine. The interiors by Dan are also noteworthy, being mostly serious.

Contentwise, ZODIAC is a complete loss. Guy Terwilleger, who's capable of much more interesting stuff, has an inspirationless bit on, of all things, linoleum patterns...and in all seriousness, too. Painfully dull. The editor spends two or three pages explaining a pair of hoaxes that I doubt many fans even knew existed, which shows how unnecessary the verbosity was. "Down To The Last" is a regrettable piece of fiction, both in style and plot...I use the latter term only for want of something more precise. Again, the tale is spoiled by

lack of characterizations, and in this tale, the want is even more vital, since the tale concerns a space pilot who chooses to "go down with his ship". A sharply-etched portrait of the conflicts and compulsions surging within this man should have been provided the reader; instead, the narrator, the Captain, and everyone else emerges completely undistinguishable.

The lettercol is neofannish and sagging, as was, in fact, the whole issue. Perhaps the experience Larry has gained with ZODIAC will aid him in further publishing ventures...let's hope so, like. None of Sokol's zines to date have been above average, and this one is poorer than most.

Somewhat better is TWIG 7, edited by Guy Terwilleger, the first issue since Guy's tremendous Ellison-type annish of a few months back. TWIG and ZODIAC both got started late in '56, and in the beginning, they were both pretty neofannish in the material they presented, and in the overall atmosphere. As pointed out above, Sokol never seemed to get around to strengthening his magazine, but as of the last couple of issues, I've been pleased to see that Terwilleger has. This issue, like all the rest, is well mimeoed and competently illustrated by such people as Lars Bourne, Adkins, Pearson, and the great Bill Harry. Poor layouts, once a problem, seem well on the way toward elimination.

Rog Phillips, who's beginning to pop up all over the place again, has an interesting article based around an analogy between people and fruit. Oh, I know lotsa guys I've called fruits in the past, but Phillips is thinking of it in a different sense: some have hard cores, tough skins, sweet or sour flesh, and on like that. People are the same way, sez Mr. Graham, and he attempts to show just how. I thot he carried the comparison a little too far, but it made for a novel article. Phillips, despite all the hackish stuff he used to do for Ziff-Davis under Palmer, is really quite a capable writer, as some of his recent stuff in F&SF and VENTURE shows, and this article puts its point across well, like.

Other material by Honey Wood, who does with people in conversations and insects what her husband did with fruits above in a no less interesting, if abbreviated, manner; John Champion on his friend and associate, Gary Elder; Alan Dodd on the current British prozine scene; and a mediocre lettercol, which is unusual for this zine.

The sole outstandingly-poor feature is a column of self-conscious movie reviews by someone hiding under the pseudonym "Brett Davis". The movies reviewed were bad and Davis says so, but he fails to back up his statements, wandering off, instead, on a tangent concerning a couple who sat near him making love throughout the picture. If this were funny, it might've been worthwhile, but Davis, whoever he is, injects no humor into his description. Result: zero.

Most promising new mag to arrive this quarter is John Quagliano's new zine for FAPA and general distribution, QUAGMIRE. John's out in San Diego now, and a la Courval, who seems completely gone now, is putting his mag out on Wayne Strickland's mimeo...results, aside from weak art and headings, is good. The material, too, is well above the norm for a vln1, but since

Quagliano has been a fan for some time, that much is to be expected. In short, then, this is a Good Mag.

The material is mostly ramblings and satire by the editor, but there are also a couple of outside contribs, one from—of all people—Rich Kirs (... "Raeburn's creature"...ha!...) and another from someone named Jim Weber whose identity I can't seem to place. Weber's bit is a fine satire on Madison Avenue sales approaches, this time with Dove soap—er, excuse me, it isn't soap—well, heck, read the furshlugginer thing yourself and see why I'm all balled up. Weber was too. I think the Dove people must be, also. Kirs makes one of his almost non-existent appearances outside the pages of A BAS with a brief column in which he satirizes contemporary avant garde writing and describes with sudden seriousness his transition into a world without sound when he was a boy. Completely unlike anything from Rich's pen I've ever seen.

Quagliano himself has a ripping takeoff on pseudo-intellectuals with tips on how to become one yourself, and a selection of hilarious poem lampoons. Letters are article-like in form, and some from people like Bloch, Raeburn and Janke.

On the whole, QUAGMIRE seems somewhat akin to Courval's MANA and Gina Ellis' WENDIGO, with A BAS overtones...typically San Diegoish, in the tradition of OBLIQUE and Cliff Gould. (Shed a tear, like.) Quag himself has a very definite personality, and as a result, the mag is quite individualistic, sometimes esoteric. People who dig A BAS or VOID, however, should dig this one, and hope, as I do, that it doesn't die an early death a la MANA. Yeah.

It may be difficult to get a copy of this; I don't know. The mailing list is very probably restricted, but I'd advise trying.

George Field's SHANGRILA, the old Lasfas o-o, made a recent appearance and didn't seem overexciting. Behind a multilithed cover which consists of little more than the mag's title is a mildly enjoyable report on Westercon X from the viewpoint of a "tattle-tale gray pro", as Len Moffatt describes himself, which contains some sound suggestions that future con-hosts might do well to remember. Also included is an unfunny Tucker reprint from before the war. All else is Fields, who impresses me as being unpleasantly pretentious and totally lacking in that indefinable quality we call fannishness...his humor, seldom demonstrated, is nearly always forced, and his passion for Bigger, Better, More Important Projects begins to wear on one after a short time. Granted, he isn't a fugghead in the sense that he's always chasing after egoboo...he seems merely a guy so determined to Do Something that he's running off on a billion tangents at once, thus leaving him no time to relax and pun or write or anything. He seems overwhelmed with the Importance of these projects, too, which always amuses me.

Maybe he gets kicks from this sort of thing, I don't know. I wouldn't even bring it up, except that this tone is reflected in the magazine and rather interferes with my enjoyment of it.

Thruout the issue, Fields refers to Moffatt as "Leonard J. Moffatt", as tho this inhances Moffatt's value as a serious contributor. This kind of thing

always rubs me wrong. You understand. I can't honestly recommend this fanzine myself, but I imagine that certain fans would like to read Moffatt's report, so I'll say no more. Fields pushes Southgate in 58, tho; I'll agree there. Repro is weak but legible...few illos, which I appreciate. Try an issue and see if you feel the way I do, man.

Dave MacDonald's METROFAN is physically similar to SHANGRILA: black on white. The latest issue, No. 7, has a number of badly-cut illos, too, which look particularly crude on this thin white stock...show-thru, y'know. The appeal here is, as the title implies, to the New York City fan: notices of meetings, satires alluding to New York fans, et al. Mildly enjoyable to an outsider, probably moreso to someone hip to goings-on in NYC. At least MacDonald is more fannish than Fields.

The film reviews by Ken Beale (evidently America's answer to Alan Dodd) are as good as can be expected when the films themselves are so lousy. After all, it gets boring to read crud-crud-crud all the time, even tho it would be a lie to say anything else about epics such as "Fire Maidens of Outer Space" and "Attack of the Crab Monsters". Beale is possessed of a stronger stomach than I to sit thru these myriad turkeys.

MacDonald and Beale turn in a fragment of a NYC satire on Shakespeare's Julius Caesar which in itself is ineffective. These things are seldom enjoyable in installments, particularly when the mag's schedule is as irregular as METROFAN's seems to be. Some of the satire in this part is acute, but most of it is merely of a trivial nature. I'd have to see more before making any definite comments on the worth of the satire as a whole, like.

Completely nauseating is Edsel McCune's war with Dave Kyle over who spent how much of the WSFA treasury where for what, on whom, etc. To one such as I unacquainted with the facts, and unconcerned to boot, the entire thing comes off as a vast panorama of mudslinging and dung-tossing, from which nobody emerges clean. New York fandom has been fueling amongst itself since the Futurians, and will probably continue doing so, but that doesn't make me like it any more. Pardon me while I...

Not that I don't dig fueds. Why, I wouldn't be without one; I'm in quite a few minor ones at this very moment. But quarreling over where that five spot went, and who authorized who to spend three bucks for what, and...it's just plain sickening. METROFAN is recommended with reservations to people who dig politics and like that in fandom; to others, try your luck, but don't say I sent you.

Two of the very best fmzs in existence have put in recent appearances. One is, of course, Gregg Calkins' OOPSLA 24, and the other is HYPHEN 20, Walt Willis' second issue of that sterling publication in as many months.

The latest Oops is unusual in that it bears a really outstanding cover. Gregg usually cuts a modest, unassuming bem by Rotsler and/or Harness for his front covers merely as a matter of form, but in combining the characters by Atom and Rotsler on the front of this, he came up with a truly organized meaningful type cover. Here's this tremendously large Atom space-monster biped type

with helmet and boots, looking out through lidded eyes as tho he's completely bored with it all... and to his left, waaay down in the corner, a little croggle-nosed Rotsler thing looking up at him with the most awed, servile expression I've ever seen. It's been lying around here for weeks—the mag, that is—but I still have to smile every time I see this illo. Of all the covers in this group of mags, including those by Adkins and Atom and all the rest, this simple pair of drawings is by far the best, and is the most unpretentious, in addition. Sometimes Calkins borders on Genius, I tell you.

Inside, things are equally great. Bob Tucker has taken selected paragraphs from most of the con reports written on the recent Oklacon—the ones pertaining to the size of the con—and written them out one after the other to show just how their statements conflict...thus demonstrating how unreliable many conreps are in themselves. A very effective way of putting across his point, I thot. John Berry uses the seemingly increasing wealth of certain IF members as a springboard into one of his wacky tales, appropriately titled "Egoboo Brummell"; it's in the best Berry vein. WAW is present with some perceptive comments on the current fmz scene, and some uncommonly fine lampooning of those revolting SF Book Club ads on the bacovers of most prozines. Willis says: "After years of prodding from fandom they finally put front covers on sf magazines which you weren't ashamed to be seen with in public. Now we have to hide the back covers." There are also letters, but Willis is undoubtedly the outstanding contributor of the issue.

What with A BAS being made in Canada (by Cannors? Oh well.), I can safely say that Oops is the best fanzine in the USA. If you don't receive any other mags all year, for ghod's sake get this one.

...and this one: "-", natch, being many cats' choice for #1 in the world. (I personally back A BAS, but when someone sez HYPHEN is The Best, I don't quibble. The shade of difference is so slight that either A BAS, HYPHEN, or OOPS is a perfectly logical choice.) Number 20 has the usual hilarious Thomson cartoon-cover, a nice, long "Glass Bushel" by BoSH in which he discusses dreams, his own legendary appetite, and the Atom illos are superb. Berry's temporary absence is filled by Mal Ashworth, writing on the fannish types he met in cycle racing...someone did this with another group he'd known recently, and pubbed the thing in SAPS, whereupon Dick Eney remarked that fannish types are bound to show up in most any esoteric, select circle which is made up of above-average mentality specialists. I think I agree, and Ashworth probably would too. Lotsa people are fans without knowing it, people who don't know Robert Bloch from George Wetzel. And I think that's an important thing to remember when you begin feeling "proud and lonely", like.

Letters and the wonderful bacover quotes complete this issue, which is one of the best to come along in some time. "-" is at the very least the outstanding European fmz, and as such deserves your attention. If you don't receive it, you are either poor or insane, methinks.

Trust we can get together and break some more blades next issue.

andy offutt: a chatty, preferably controversial, column

Last issue's column terminated with a query: who can find an o pronounced as an i? well, bill glass, who thinks this column is a waste of space, came up with the answer: women. o = short i. along with gil lamont, he also mentioned what had been intended as this issue's poser: shaw's manufactured word "ghoti". can you pronounce it? the prize will be bill glass. we regret to advise him that he will not receive the prize, even though he won it far and square. look, we are running this show, and you dont think we re going to send a genuine handburnished spunaluminum bunwarmer to someone who says this column is a waste of space, do you? like washington, we arent interested in truth, just praise and obedience, feller murrins.

honorable mention goes to alex eisenstein, who suggested that the o in executor is pronounced as the i in sir, stir, fir. yah, true; but the i in those words is not pronounced as an i! anyhow, he iconoclastically demanded we send him the prize, mounted on a teakwood base and suitably engraved. well, we have the prize—editor reamy uses it as an ice-bucket; we have the teakwood base; we have the plaque. but we couldnt find a suitable engraver, so it wouldnt have been sent anyhow.

someone else suggested that the source of "i dont give a dam" was something other than an indian coin called a dam. well, he is wrong, but makes a good point; use of "tinkers dam" is one more guilt-and-censorship-dictated euphemism as are goldern and gosh and gee and gosh darn and son of a gun (buck), etc. but that just may form the subject of a future cpcc, and if you will read

on you will find that this cpcc has a point, too.

thus ends the promised language portion of what pruce belz in some magazine-or-other calls my "blithering column...says absolutely nothing." gruce is quite right, and this time we have been prevailed upon to say Something.

Something.

CONFESSIONS OF A VIDIOT

THE SON OF HERCULES VS THE TYRANT OF LYDIA.

THE SON OF HERCULES VS THE MOLE MEN.

THE INCREDIBLE...

THE SON OF HERCULES VS MOTHRA
MESSALINA VS THE SON OF HERCULES
STEVE REEVES in THE...

Ah, so many, so many. potboiler "science fiction", with plots, writing, and acting making the phrase a dirty name, roll out of hollywood, usa. potboiler "historical romances" with writing, plots, acting—and dubbing—surely disturbing gibbon and tacitus and plutarch in their honored graves, roll out of a place called cinecitta.

"What are you doing?" asks a modern italian playing—with a bronx accent—an ancient hellene in a film shot in spain. "The throneroom is full of soldiers!"

"I cannot ask any of you to come with me," the american muscleman of the week replies with wooden heroism. "But i must try to save her."

muscles rippling, buttocks flashing, face contorted as he performs feats which would have

made poor samson resemble a 96-lb weakling, amid cries from the enthroned baddy of "KILL THAT TRAITOR!" our herculean hero tangles with 40 minions of evil—and prevails. he is all-good. you can always tell, in italian movies. the hero doesnt wear a white hat—hes built like a geek god. shucks, he is!

weekly, immediately following NEWSWEATHERSPORTS this fascinating junk is served up by those stations who truly love us. they compete with johnny carson and les crane and gaslight and spellbound and other such nonsense—and id like to see the local neilsens!

and there, among so many others, am i; inveterate writer of reviews and scholarly letters, subscriber to THE NEW YORK REVIEW of BOOKS and hudson book club, linguistic perfectionist, constant reader of scholarly religious criticism. there is your friendly columnist parked in front of the tv idiot box in company with the carousers of the proletariat. i, who was taught to search out the hidden meanings of hemingway, proust, and stendhal, probably the only man in the world so foolish as to have read all of gibbon's *decline and fall* and the entire radio broadcast in *atlas shrugged*; a Seeker after Truth... a vidiot. a patsy. a sucker for horrormovies and fantasy films and those awful italian unhistorical.

let me at this point call to your attention the major difference in american historical (sic) movies and historicide, italian style. in our movies the girls are nearly undressed. in our movies the girls are chosen for their chest measurements. in our movies the girls are foreigners; mostly bosomy italian beauties.

ah, but mama mia and mammalia! in the epics under discussion all is reversed. first, the hero is always a steve reeves type. i dont mean hes well-built, ala tony curtis and teeth lancaster. oh, no. these guys are strictly mister america stuff. their shoulders are perhaps four or eight feet wide and their hips perhaps ten inches. they are physically unable to stand at attention, to hold arms rigidly up-and-down at 6 oclock pose. no. the hands are straight down (if you dont count curled fingers), but the elbows are at 5 and 7 oclock, respectively, crooked out from gorilla shoulders and anthropoid



chest by the immensity of their upper arm musculature. their peers have never been seen outside the title characters in batman or congorilla comics.

all of this fantastic development is in extreme evidence at all times. batman wears long gray underwear—he was invented before modern detergents—and a pair of black jockey shorts to highlight his muscular structure while rendering him sexless. not these fellows. they wear a kirtlet that starts at the navel and ends just above the bottoms of their bottoms. beneath this they wear a white diaper, presumably the approved underwear of all ancient greeks, romans, sardinians, cretans, cretins, rhodians, and mole men. if the hero wears a cloak over this chilly costumery, he always comes out of it in a hurry in a scrap, hurling it at the nearest attacker. (anyone with any sense, of course, would have furled it around his left forearm in lieu of the buckler these guys never use.)

but he doesnt have much sense. he attacks twenty armed guardsmen—always considerate enough to come at him in groups of less than three unless the script calls for his capture—and spends a great deal of time clonking pinache-helmeted heads together. by sheer brute strength he defeats them in 3.4 minutes, chasing off the last 5 or 6 who are obviously too few to attack him. once i did see Wicked Rulers guardsmen come at him en masse in a delightful scene Hero grabbed one by the heels (or was it shoulders?—neck, maybe?) and swung him around and around, bowling over 80



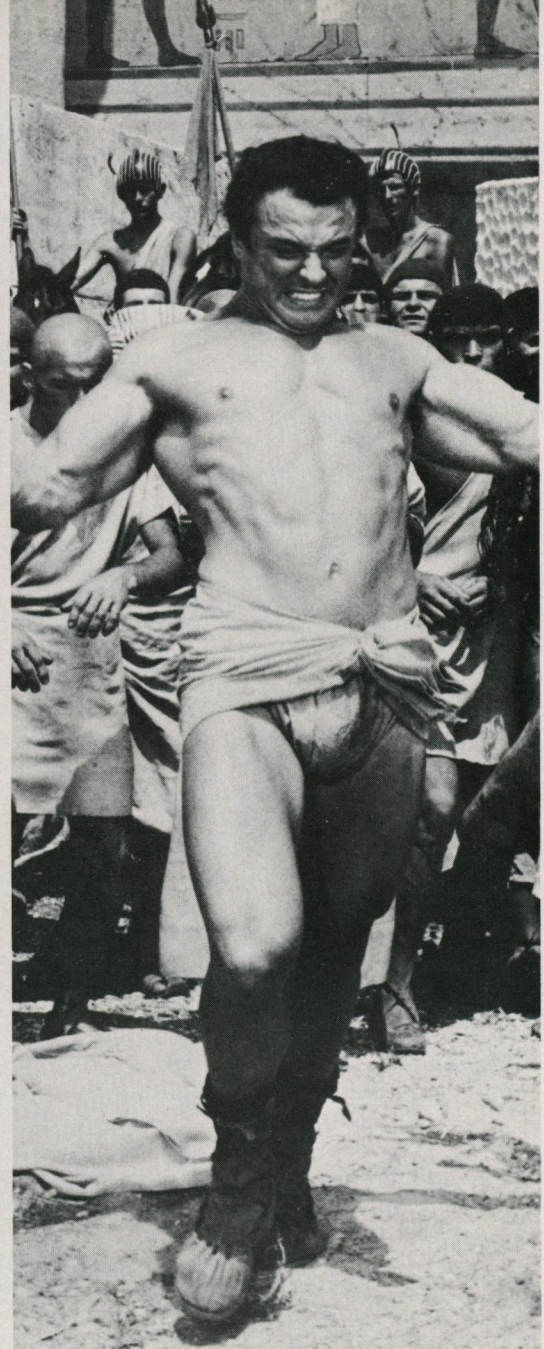
"IN OUR MOVIES THE GIRLS ARE CHOSEN FOR THEIR CHEST MEASUREMENTS"



Richard Harrison



Steve Reeves



Mark Forest

or 90 attackers.

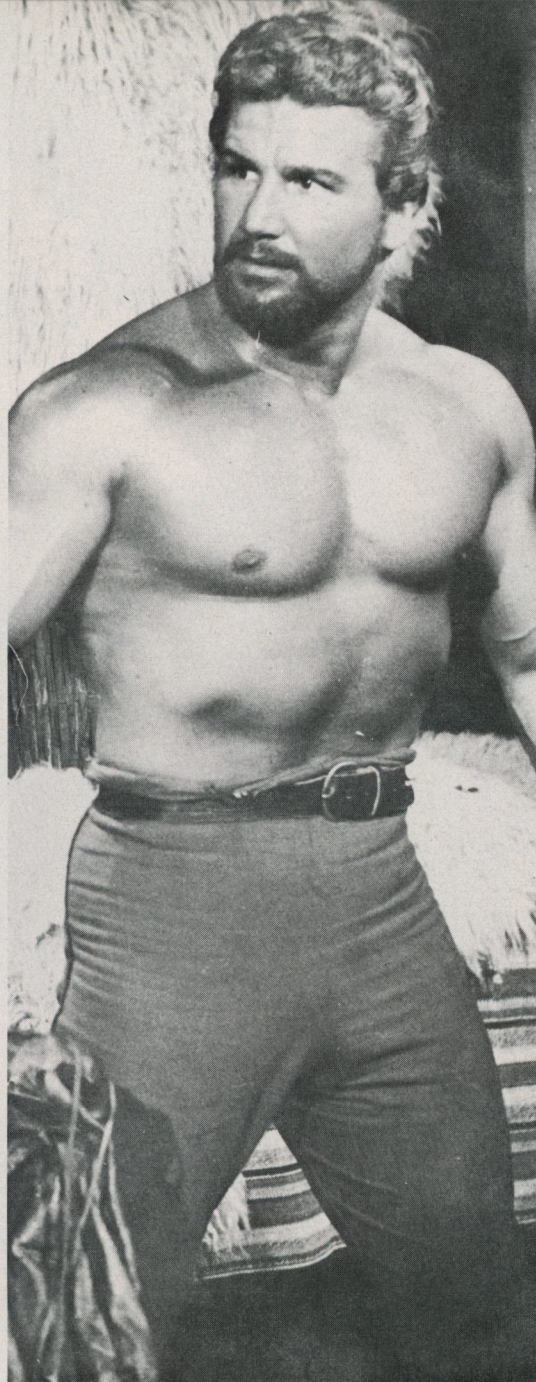
after doing this he singlehandedly operates a 100-slavepower water wheel (ive seen this twice) or shoves aside a grille or a rock gruntingly slid into place by ten or so of His Evil Majesty's finest (2 or 3 times) and beats hell out of a gorilla or lion or two. barehanded. these guys dont even use the Jungle Lords knife! in three separate movies starring three separate reeveses (or at least 3 heads; the bodies appeared identically muscular and hairless), ive seen Hero chained between two horses. these poor beasts are faced in opposite directions and are whipped like crazy as the Wicked Lady and her paramour look on. guess who prevails? (this grows more and more elaborate. first time it was steve reeves, just as described; i loved it, so did the Little Brother id taken. second time the horses were hitched to chariots with scythed wheels. so what? well, so a gaggle of

Hero's buddies had been planted in the sand, with only their heads showing at scythe-level, and if he didnt hold those horses—swish! end of garden. the *third* time—ah! the heroine was tied betwixt the horses, arms running to one, legs to tother, and if he failed—instant binary fission; greek for arthritis.)

THRU THE CENTURIES IN ANCIENT TIMES THERE LIVED THE SONS OF HERCULES, HEROES SUPREME. THRU THE AGES THEY ROAMED THE WORLD, RIGHTING WRONGS, SEEKING JUSTICE, AND SEEKING...ADVENTURE! THESE WERE THE MIGHTIEST OF MEN. ONE OF THEM WAS _____. IT IS HIS STORY WE TELL NOW. so says the narrator for *prometeo film, roma*, and then comes the names: gianpaolo calegari marilu tolo (who is a doll) lucye bomez marchi giorsi nella nannuzzi (cute!) umberto lenzi...and



Ed Fury



Alan Steel



Gordon Scott

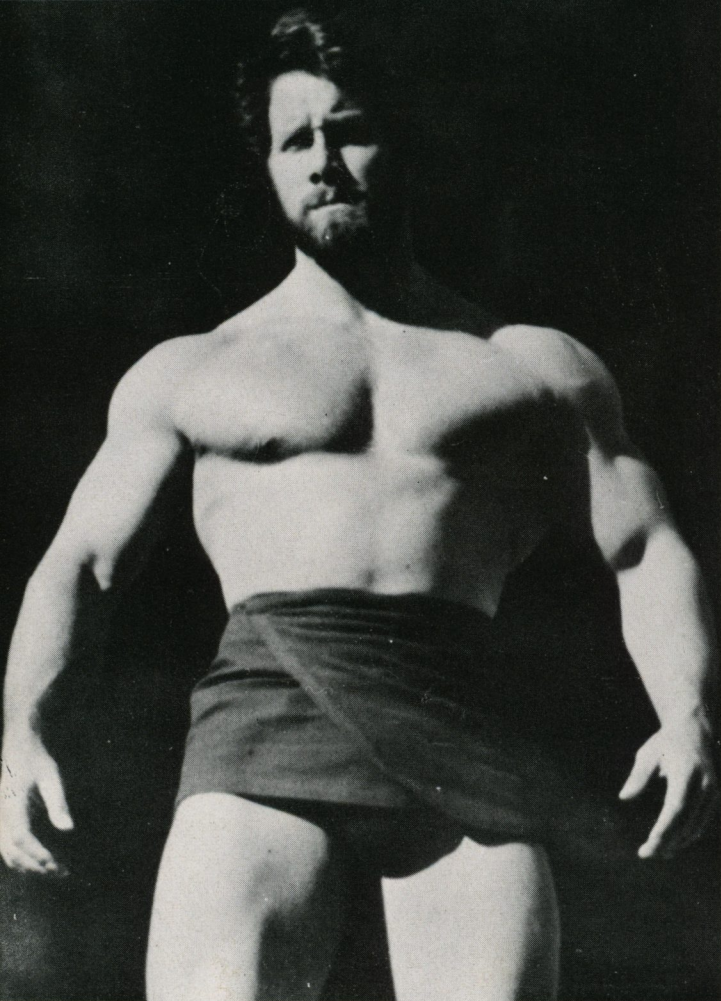
stan davis!?!)

thus they begin. all the actors have names such as masimo spumoni and marcantonio pizzarino and squalorina poppabuttoni and marimaddalena pepperoni. * and marilu tolo. * all save the hero. his name is steve reeves. or richard harrison. or roger browne. or my favorite, treeswinger-gone-pedal gordon scott. every one of them is a mister america or at least a runnerup, and if youve got a physique and youre american, dear reader, why then go *prometeo film, roma*, young man. evidently the italian signorini dig our muscle-boys as much as we do sophia loren and gina lollobrigida.

which reminds me of something...odd...about these movies. in the ten or so ive seen in the past four years (there were that many SON OF HERCULES VS...per year in '63 and '64) ive seen no one—save the heroes—with chests to match the ladies just mentioned. shucks, one of 'em even

had fay spain. oh, they are never flat; god dont make no flat italian ladies. but somehow one expects more of italian heroines and villainesses. is it possible we have drained off all the bosomy ones and within another generation all italian ladies will be shaped like audrey or katherine hepburn? one wonders at this disturbing trend; even last years playmate of the year was not endowed like donna!

anyhow: Hero invariably wins all simply by overcoming, brutishly, some wily and intelligent plotter who has spent years attaining his position. the joker clobbers him and is immediately named satrap or king or tetrarch or grand gonad or whatever. alas for the villain! he made the terrible mistake of seeking to be a man; to use his brain. (i have always sympathized with richard iii of england. dick knocked off more people than you can shake a sceptre at in order to attain the crown, then some curly-headed punk from over



Reg Park



Kirk Morris and Helene Chanel?

brittany way walked over and stole his horse or something. there is no justice under the sun. the house of england should still be york; richard worked hard enough.) and the rulers of all those places involved in the sons of hercules movies should still be the blackbearded villains slain by the sons. and fortunately we are never shown the pitfalls of endeavoring to hold together a kingdom by sheer muscle: "the parthians are here to negotiate a treaty, my lord son of h."—"good! send all ten of 'em in and i'll beat hell out of 'em!"

the "history" is merely the vehicle enabling the piece of male cheesecake to display same and his prodigious strength.

once i saw the highly-touted *quo vadis*. in it nero's mentor of misdemeanor, petronius, commits suicide publicly, at a banquet (historically true). dying, he dictates a wittily insulting letter to nero (historians agree) and hands it to senator seneca to deliver for him. tacitus and all other historians record that seneca got his three years before petronius! this has always been to me a fine example of hollywood's cynical disregard for the history they swear to study so lengthily before filming.

such mistakes are as nought to the italians. once the costumes were made—they are used again and again—id say the per-film budget is less than tom's for this magazine. after watching the cameras ZOOM in on tautening bi- and triceps, quivering male buttocks, corded backs, straining male calves, and the like, one wonders if the land of soldiers and historians and orators has come to prefer the sin of socrates to the womanizing

romans of old.

all this criticism! and yet i have told you i am addicted to these travesties. why?

costumes. pageantry. no-think. the fascination of times gone by, when overpowering dominating, individuals-destroying Great Societies were overthrown by a small amount of plotting and a great amount of glaive-and-buckler—and they were, too. action without excuse. characters black and characters white. escape from the thoughtful and thought-forcing reading of vidal and mccarthy and rand and fisher. is this not why, long ago, so many of us first embraced the magic world of fantasy and speculative fiction? it was *quo vadis*, after all, which first led me to historical and religious scholarship. it was john carter who led me to heinlein and kornbluth and the new great, aldis. perhaps john carter led doctor pickering and his associates to gemini to mars. is this not why james bond rules our world, why some people read comic books to relax and others bond or zane grey?

the fact that these people who read and watch and love bond and atlas shrugged and failsafe and 007 days in may and advise and consent also scoff at what they call "scientific fiction"—this fact we will take up at a later date.

in trumpet two there were several tarzan titles listed in editor reamy's list of books read. i'll bet he could tear burroughs apart—while loving every moment of the few minutes it takes to read another burroughs novel.

why?—its been poetically called the Sense of Wonder.

The SCIENCE-FANTASY film revisited by Tom Reamy



DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS

THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. British. A Security Picture. Released in the U.S. by Allied Artists. Executive Producer: Philip Yordan. Produced by George Pitcher. Directed by Steve Sekely. Screenplay by Philip Yordan, based on the novel by John Wyndham. Cinematography: Ted Moore. Special Effects: Wally Veevers. Edited by Spencer Reeve. Art Direction by Cedric Dawe. Music by Ron Goodwin. Eastman Color and Cinemascope. 93 minutes (original running time 119 minutes). Released April 1963.

| | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Bill Masen..... | Howard Keel |
| Christine Durrant..... | Nicole Maurey |
| Tom Goodwin..... | Kieron Moore |
| Karen Goodwin..... | Janette Scott |
| Professor Coker..... | Mervyn Johns |
| Susan..... | Janina Faye |
| Miss Coker..... | Alison Leggatt |
| Doctor Soames..... | Ewan Roberts |
| Nurse Jamieson..... | Colette Wilde |
| Bettina..... | Carole Ann Ford |
| Luis..... | Geoffrey Matthews |
| Teresa..... | Gilga Hauser |
| Mary..... | Katya Douglas |

The villainous Mr. Philip Yordan has taken one of the best science fiction novels ever written and transferred it to the screen as just another monster flick. It's a good deal better production-

wise than the average film of its kind but it's still the same old thing. If you've read John Wyndham's novel, my advice is to stay away from the movie. Your disgust with the film will be in direct proportion to your admiration of the novel. If you haven't read it, go ahead. What you don't know won't hurt you.

I realize the film should be judged on its own merit and not in comparison with the novel, but there are certain comparisons which must be made, and I make them in complete bewilderment as to Mr. Yordan's mental processes.

In the novel the lights in the sky which cause the blindness of 95% of the world's population, are uniformly pale green. Their origin is never definitely known, but public conjecture is that the Earth passed through a cloud of comet debris. Bill Masen's personal theory is a satellite weapon. The novel occurs an unspecified number of years in the future when all the major powers have armed satellites of every lethal description circling the globe ready to drop on the enemy at the push of a button. This specific one was probably intended to detonate at a low level and blind the inhabitants of a limited area. However, the cloud of comet debris causes it to detonate while still in orbit and the blinding radiation spreads over the entire planet. He theorizes the same thing about the plague which ravishes the world soon after.

In the film the lights are alternately bright red and bright green and simply a meteorite shower. It's all very pretty on the screen but why would some meteorites make green flashes and others red? Of course, the political aspects of the novel are completely ignored. Mr. Wyndham decapitates political idiocies with a broadsword while Mr. Yordan lives in a Utopia. There is no plague of any cause.



Howard Keel, Katya Douglas, Nicole Maurey



Janette Scott

John Wyndham has designed a fascinating creature in his triffid. He describes them this way:

"Nowadays, when everyone knows all too well what a triffid looks like, it is difficult to recall how odd and somehow *foreign* the first ones appeared to us. Nobody, as far as I know, felt any misgivings or alarm about them then. I imagine that most people thought of them—when they thought of them at all—in about the same way my father did.

"I have a picture in my memory now of him examining ours and puzzling over it at a time when it must have been about a year old. In almost every detail it was a half-size replica of a fully grown triffid—only it didn't have a name yet, and no one had seen one fully grown. My father leaned over, peering at it through his horn-rimmed glasses, fingering its stalk, . . . He inspected the straight stem, and the woody bole from which it sprang. He gave curious, if not very penetrative, attention to the three small bare sticks which grew straight up beside the stem. He smoothed the short sprays of leathery leaves between his finger and thumb as if their texture might tell him something. Then he peered at the curious, funnellike formation at the top of the stem. . . . I remember the first time he lifted me up to look inside that conical cup and see the tightly wrapped whorl within. It looked not unlike a new, close-rolled frond of a fern, emerging a couple of inches from a sticky mess in the bottom of the cup. I did not touch it, but I knew the stuff must be sticky because there were flies and other insects struggling in it."

And later:

"For the short time the scene of a newsreel was on I stared at it, fascinated. There was our Mysterious rubbish-heap plant grown to a height of seven feet or more. There was no mistaking it—and it was 'walking'!

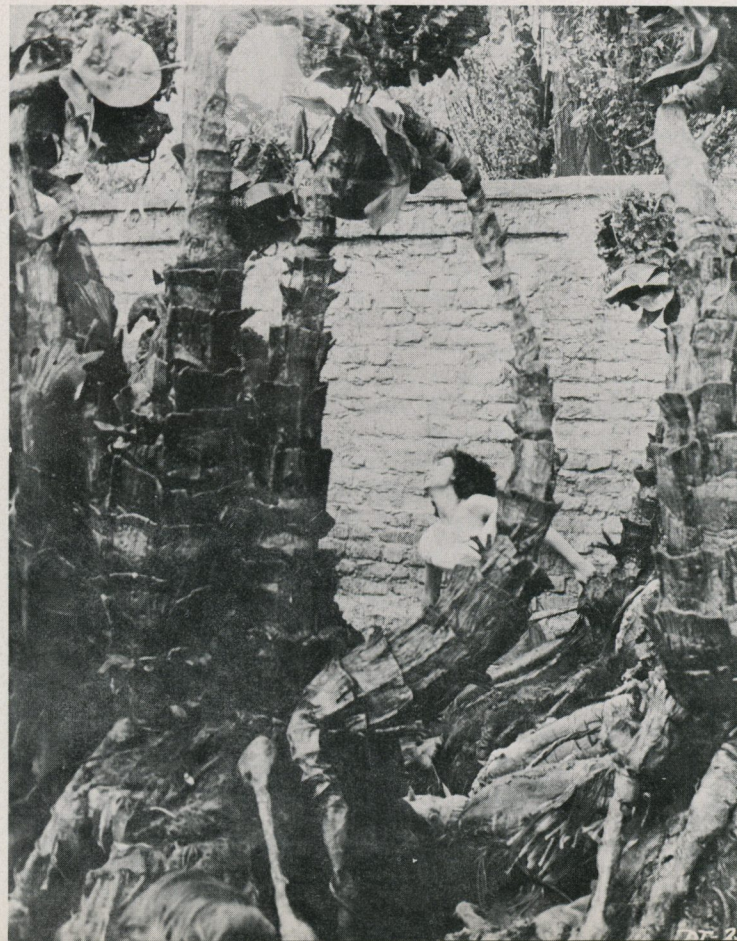
"The bole, which I now saw for the first time, was shaggy with little rootlet hairs. It would have been almost spherical but for three bluntly tapered projections extending from the lower part. Supported on these, the main body was lifted about a foot clear of the ground.

"When it 'walked' it moved rather like a man on crutches. Two of the blunt 'legs' slid forward, then the whole thing lurched as the rear one drew almost level with them, then the two in front slid

forward again. At each 'step' the long stem whipped violently back and forth; it gave one a kind of seasick feeling to watch it. As a method of progress it looked both strenuous and clumsy—faintly reminiscent of young elephants at play. One felt that if it were to go on lurching for long in that fashion it would be bound to strip all its leaves if it did not actually break its stem. Nevertheless, ungainly though it looked, it was contriving to cover the ground at something like an average walking pace.

"But actually alarming was the discovery that the whorl topping a triffid's stem could lash out as a slender stinging weapon ten feet long, capable of discharging enough poison to kill a man if struck squarely on his unprotected skin.

"As soon as this danger was appreciated there followed a nervous smashing and chopping of triffids everywhere, until it occurred to someone that





A blind man uses the sighted Mary as a guide—quite against her will

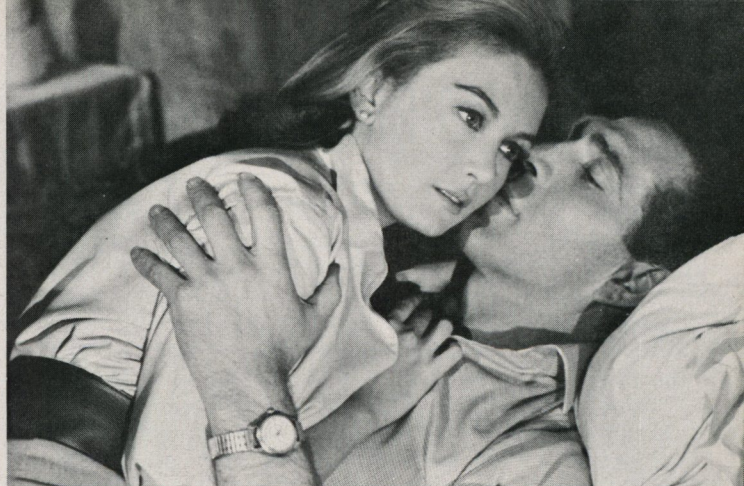
all that was necessary to make them harmless was the removal of the actual stinging weapon. At this, the slightly hysterical assault upon the plants declined, with their number considerably thinned. A little later it began to be the fashion to have a safely docked triffid or two about one's garden. It was found that it took about two years for the lost sting to be dangerously replaced, so that an annual pruning assured that they were in a state of safety where they could provide vast amusement for the children.

"But there were a number of not unobvious characteristics which escaped comment for some little time. It was, for instance, quite a while before anyone drew attention to the uncanny accuracy with which they aimed their stings, and that they almost invariably struck for the head. Nor did anyone take notice of their habit of lurking near their fallen victims. The reason for this became clear only when it was shown that they fed upon flesh as well as insects. The stinging tendril did not have the muscular power to tear firm flesh, but it had strength enough to pull shreds from a decomposing body and lift them to the cup on its stem."

There is a lot more, of course, but you get the idea. The triffids had only one weapon, their poison lash, and were about as dangerous as a petunia when it was removed. They could be killed quite easily. The tendril cup could be fatally severed effectively with a triffid gun (a thin sharp-edged disc-shaped blade fired by compressed air), blown off with a shotgun, clipped with a knife attached to a pole or simply pulled off with the bare hands if one were able to avoid the lash. As a matter of fact, the triffids were no more a menace than lions in Africa, tigers in India, or poisonous snakes anywhere else in the world. There were even triffid farms where they were raised for their very beneficial oil, and the dead plants made excellent and nutritious cattle fodder.

They had been in existence for about twenty years but their origin was as mysterious as the lights in the sky. Bill Masen's theory, with ample evidence to substantiate it, was that they were a Russian experiment out of control. The seeds, as in the film, are carried terrific distances by the lightest breeze.

This is the way conditions are when almost



Janet Scott and Kieron Moore don't spend all their time worrying about triffids

everyone is blinded. For the blind there is little or no defense against a triffid. Mr. Wyndham's triffids are a terrifying menace not because of their ability but because of man's disability. Mr. Yordan's are a different breed.

Their origin is still something of a mystery—to the audience at any rate. An irritating off-camera voice tells us in a pre-credit lecture on carnivorous plants, they came to earth on the meteorites which caused the blindness. Yet during the meteorite shower we see some small ones (about a foot tall) in The Royal Botanical Gardens all properly labeled "Triffidus Celestus." They ridiculously begin to grow and reach maturity in a few minutes. Later, when a couple of characters are looking at a meteorite crater overflowing with growing triffids, one of them says, "They're triffids. I saw some a few years ago in a botanical garden. They were supposed to have come to earth in a meteorite shower."

In that case, why didn't they grow to rampaging size the first time and why didn't blindness strike also? One would think the script had been shuffled like a deck of cards and dealt haphazardly to a half-dozen directors who proceeded to put it on film without knowing what any of the others were doing. This all may be explained, however, by the missing 26 minutes in the U.S. release print. A resume of the plot in FAMOUS MONSTERS indicates that those 26 minutes dealt with the first meteor shower. Alan Dodd, are you there?

Mr. Yordan's triffids no longer have tri-feet but, instead, sit on a glob of formless roots and drag themselves along with an obscene frontal appendage. The remainder of the plant comes in three distinct varieties.

Type 1 looks something like an inverted octopus with seven or eight scraggly arms waving and clutching about. Type 1 is predominate in the early parts of the film and seems to possess the poison lash. It's difficult to tell for sure. It can kill at a distance of a few feet and does so on two occasions. A third time it only smears a car window, but as it is always facing directly into or directly away from the camera, it appears more to be spitting something. At the death of Prof. Coker, the triffid appears to blow a cloud of dust.

Type 1 is also in the ridiculous lighthouse sequences, but it neither lashes nor spits. It merely wades in, branches awhirl. Had it been a lasher

or spitter, the shrieking Miss Scott and the stalwart Mr. Moore wouldn't have lasted thirty seconds.

Type 2 appears only once, sitting sedately in a small London park. It has a single stem but the "head" is a large pinkish blossom which manages to look like the caricature of a face. Type 2 kills a dog, but off-camera. How it manages this and how it walks is a moot point.

Type 3 is more in keeping with the novel. It walks the same as type 1 but has no "arms". Instead it has a mysterious triple stem which appears to be joined at the base and just below the "head". The "head" looks something like an elongated thistle burr and is more effective than the shapeless glob on type 1. But as it neither spits, lashes nor clutches, its method of mayhem is something of an enigma.

Mr. Yordan's only problem it seems, with



Mervyn Johns and Howard Keel being very, very careless

practically everyone in the world blind and billions of murderous triffids swarming about, is *how* to kill a triffid. The complete, and highly extraneous, lighthouse sequence is devoted to this problem. These triffids are formidable! They smash through solid doors, climb stairs (though I don't know how) and when chopped up, grow a new triffid from each part! Mr. Moore finally, accidentally, discovers that sea water dissolves them into green glop (a singularly illogical and stupid solution). Though how Mr. Moore and Miss Scott plan to get off their isolated lighthouse island to tell anyone of their discovery is a problem Mr. Yordan deigns to confront. So, after an hour and a half the film reaches a point in or around chapter three of the novel. The triffids can be killed with seawater, so what? In the novel they are far less formidable and can be killed quite easily, but no one's problems are even near solution. At the end of the film—which has everyone walking into the sunrise—the characters are in a far worse predicament than they are in the most harrowing parts of the book.

You may wonder, then, how Mr. Yordan can assure the audience that the problems in the film are solved. Quite easily; he falls into a trap which Wyndham continually chastises his characters to avoid. That is: sitting around doing nothing,

waiting until "they" come and put everything back the way it was. In the novel "they" never come and the characters must adapt or perish and perish they do, in droves. In the film, however, "they" are there from the beginning, keeping the airwaves humming with plans for "evacuation".

The film cuts continually from the lighthouse with the "how to kill a triffid" problem to the mainland with the problem: how are the principals going to reach the "evacuation" point? The first meeting place is announced on the radio as Paris. That is abandoned for Cadiz, and that for Gibraltar. Bill Masen, Mary the child, and Miss Durrell (you will be amused to note that the novel's pious, straight-laced, bigoted and fatally blue-nosed spinster has become the heroine of the film) follow the evacuation point across three countries until they finally catch up at Gibraltar. Now, has there been a nagging question in your mind? Like, to *where* are they going to be evacuated? The answer seems to be a coastal city in Spain. So, why didn't everyone just go there in the first place?

Exactly what problems have been solved? A way has been found to kill the triffids, though why that problem was ever created is a mystery to me. The principals have been united with a large group of other sighted people presumably for a cooperative survival effort, although the film would have you believe that no effort is involved.

And what, exactly, are the problems left unsolved? How is the knowledge of how to kill a triffid going to be applied? Sea water is quite readily available, as the irritating off-camera voice points out: four-fifths of the earth's surface is covered with it. But, as they are not going to be able to induce the triffids to jump in the ocean, the ocean must be taken to the triffids. Good luck!

The few hundred evacuees will not be able to do much more than defend themselves against the triffid onslaughts which will undoubtedly come. How are they to kill off the billions of triffids over the other 99.99% of the world? Mr. Yordan sees no problems but I do. Presumably almost all the blind have been killed off by this time (though the film never gives the impression of more than a few isolated deaths), either by the triffids, the plagues which must follow, accidents, the inability to secure food, whole cities going up in flames (which the film pictured quite well), or by the hands of each other. This leaves only our little group and possibly a few other small pockets of survivors, though the film leaves the impression that the whole world has been evacuated to Spain. The problem is quite naturally unsolvable and Wyndham faces the facts and says so.

How are the people to get food? The unperishable foodstuffs already on hand won't last very long, and what then? Foraging in other towns? Spain isn't likely to be a lucrative supermarket, and there's always the problem of transportation. Farming and animal raising is the only answer, but there are the triffids. To every solution there are always the triffids. Fences won't hold them out—not those practically omnipotent beasts of the film—and how is seawater to be used effectively? Dig a canal around the town? If there is enough time and equipment. But what about the floating seeds?

What about power? Few peoples can advance technologically, as Wyndham points out, if they are continually fighting for their lives. These survivors will, after a decade or two, when the machinery wears out, the food is gone, the roads are impassable, become a primitive society. If the trif-fids don't get them first.

Subdivide these problems into as many parts as you wish. The number is practically limitless, and Yordan sees none of them!

So, what Yordan has produced is a fairly entertaining monster flick, if your brain is turned off. True, it has good production values but as a social document it is a void. All this is made from John Wyndham's novel which, as a monster story is highly entertaining and logical. As a social document, it is thoughtful, provocative and a pertinent comment on Man's reaction to world-wide disaster.

SHE

SHE. British. A Hammer-Seven Arts Film. Released in the U. S. by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Produced by Michael Carreras. Directed by Robert Day. Screenplay by David Chantler, based on the novel by H. Rider Haggard. Cinemascope. Metrocolor. 105 minutes. Released June 1965.

Ayesha..... Ursula Andress
Leo Vincey..... John Richardson
Major Holly..... Peter Cushing
Job Bernard Cribbins
Ustane Rosenda Monteros
Billali Christopher Lee
Haumeid Andre Morell

This is the fourth time around for H. Rider Haggard's novel. The first was in 1917; the second in 1926 (starring Betty Blythe as Ayesha); the third in 1935 (starring Helen Gahagan—though, if I remember correctly, not as Ayesha but as an American girl accompanying the expedition replacing Ustane—and, brace yourself, Randolph Scott as Leo Vincey). The locale of the 1935 version was changed from Africa to the Arctic—the producers obviously felt that Africa was no longer sufficiently unexplored. There were numerous other changes as well, but it was a fast-moving, exciting film. This is to be expected, of course, as it was produced by Merian C. Cooper, the producer of KING KONG.

The new version has the locale somewhere in the Syrian Desert. Why? I don't know, but it's really unimportant. John Richardson, with curled and bleached hair, is the only character who fits Haggard's descriptions. It's rather odd, really, that he should be such a careful copy when most of the others are radically different.

Holly is no longer deformed and ugly; he is Peter Cushing. Gone is Job's decorum and misogyny. Billali is no longer an Amahaggard with a long white beard; he is Ayesha's high priest (a seemingly unavoidable cliché in any film of this type). Ustane's father has taken the Billali role though he and Ustane are no longer Amahaggards but people of the city out of favor with Ayesha.

And Ayesha, herself, is an impossible, unplayable role as written. A woman whose awesome beauty and supernatural aura would cause the all-

good Leo to embrace her over the dead body of Ustane is beyond the scope of any actress. So, she has been changed. Gone are her supernatural powers; gone is her awesome beauty. The only thing left is her longevity. As such, Ursula Andress (who is one of the most beautiful women in the world but I doubt if it's the same type of beauty Haggard had in mind) is about the best choice possible—at least physically. Ayesha is a creature of many and often changing moods but Ursula plays her in a perpetual sulk.

Take away her supernatural powers and the character is dissipated. To replace them, the scriptwriter has given her an army and what emerges is little better than a run-of-the-mill Italian spear and sandle epic.

There are other changes as well. Gone are the hot-pots. Gone are the life-like mummies (also missing from the Randolph Scott version). Gone is the awesome ruin of pre-Egyptian Imperial Kor to be replaced by some rather blase ruins of a



Bernard Cribbins, John Richardson and Rosenda Monteros. Leo spends a good part of the film half-conscious.

post-Egyptian settlement. Gone is the potsherd with its two-thousand-year-old vendetta. Gone is the vast chasm and teetering rock on the pathway to the Fire of Life. The fire is now conveniently located somewhere in the basement of Ayesha's apartment.

Gone, as a matter of fact, are all the wonders and imagination of the novel.

What's left? Pretty mundane stuff.

Ayesha, now, accidentally finds Leo in a Jerusalem cabaret. He is no longer looking for her and she isn't sure that he is whom *she* is looking for. Granted, he looks like the right man but she can't be too careful. The Ayesha of the novel never doubted a thing in her life. At any rate, she gives him a map to the city (now called Cuma rather than Kor) and tells him she will be waiting for him.

It seems, for some peculiar reason, that if he can reach the city, he is the right one and if he can't, he isn't. Ayesha's men slash the water bags the first night out, but Leo has the stirrings of ancestral memory and knows where the water holes are.

But, completely illogical, is the attack by Ayesha's men who shoot Leo and run off the horses.



The Amahaggar attempt to sacrifice Leo.



The flashback: Ayesha is about to murder Kalikrates. It may be a little difficult to rationalize a blonde Egyptian, but it's explained in the book: Kalikrates is of Greek ancestry.



Ursula Andress, John Richardson and Rosenda Monteros. Leo is still unconscious.

Leo really is the right man but he would have died anyway, making Ayesha's scheme completely meaningless, if Ustane hadn't followed and brought them water (she was in Jerusalem also).

When they reach Cuma, his ancestral memories are fully awakened (why replace one mystique with another?) of his former existence as Kalikrates, the priest of Isis loved by and slain by Ayesha in a fit of jealousy.

This is all very well but it nullifies the knowledge of the water holes as Kalikrates was only over that route once and, as he was dead at the time, was not likely to have remembered a great deal about it.

Ayesha isn't as hard on Leo in the film. She no longer causes him to embrace her over Ustane's body but instead causes him to agree to her death, which he doesn't witness.

She then takes him to the Fire of Life to bathe and become immortal as she. The scriptwriter is only able to support the changes from the novel with cliches so, naturally, the Amahaggar revolt (all in the name of "civil-rights", of course, preached by Holly at every opportunity) and kill off Ayesha's army. And apparently the rest of the populace as well. Though one never sees a single person but the army and a few Amahaggar handmaidens. But, really, there just have to be others.

And then, the strangest thing happens. It seems the Fire of Life is an ordinary fire except when the full moon strikes it. Then it grows cold and gives eternal life. As in the book, Ayesha steps into the flames and begins growing older until she is only dust.

But, in the film, Leo enters the flame also!

So there he stands: immortal! Ayesha is dead, the city people have been massacred by the savage Amahaggar and he doesn't want immortality anymore! He vows to wait until the flame changes again and reverse the process as Ayesha unknowingly did after two thousand years. He shouldn't have to wait more than a month but, from the way he and Holly act and talk, one would think the wait indefinite. But that's what Ayesha said. She said "full moon."

SHE is a fairly pedestrian affair, produced with little imagination or flair and ends on an utterly ludicrous note. They even pronounce "Ayesha" incorrectly.

It's a shame, really.



editorial & other pretensions

Quite a lot has happened since the last issue (remember the last issue?) some of it good and some of it not so good. For instance, right now I am staying home from work dying of the plague though people keep insisting it is only the flu or something I ate.

Al and I discovered that Larry Herndon, one of the publishers of STAR-STUDDER COMICS, one of the three leading comic fanzines, lives in a Dallas suburb. We have become quite interested in comic fandom (not comics, mind you, but comic fandom) and it will undoubtedly begin to show in Trumpet.

We spent a pleasant day in Nocona visiting Stephen Barr; and Mike Irwin who lives in Arlington has been over a few times. Mike brought the OG strips which were drawn by his father. There are over fifty of them and you'll see a few in each issue. And, of course, we went to the Westercon.

Dennis Smith came to Dallas after the Westercon to visit relatives and brought an armload of art which I'm spreading over the next few issues. All in all, I've been involved in more fannish activity since #2 than I have in the last five years.

And I've moved. I've been living in apartments since leaving the nest but I finally sold my soul to the FHA and bought a house. How about that? I'm no longer a Dallas fan!

Come to think of it, practically everything that has happened has been good.

There were a number of things I wanted to talk about in this thing but I've stuffed in material until there's only one page left. Next time.

One thing I've been reasonably careful about is avoiding predictions and promises. I learned in CRIFANAC that promises, no matter how simple, are hard to keep in a fanzine. But, I've slipped up. In the Loncon booklet ad I said that Trumpet would be using full-color art. Well, it may yet, but not this issue. I had intended eight pages of color this time and had started doing the overlays. One was finished and another partially so when I realized that the final result wouldn't be worth the effort and time. I spent something like four hours doing the overlays for the Adkins sketch on page 52. And it looked pretty good. I realize that my time would have lessened with practice but not enough to justify doing it.

George Barr and I were planning to do THE BROKEN SWORD in color (not the simple comic book overlays but a process which involves fifteen different tones and the combinations thereof. Virtually any effect is possible with it if you want to spend the effort) We may still do it...

The convention report (of sorts) was supposed to have been lavishly illustrated with photos of same. Well...you see...my camera quit about a week before I left for California and there wasn't time to get it fixed—so I borrowed one. I didn't know how to work it and the trial and error method was mostly the latter. None of the flash pictures I took at the masquerade and elsewhere were any good. Those I took by natural light came out swell but, as you can see, there were only three taken. Next year...next...

Beginning with this issue a letter of comment will no longer bring you the next one free—unless the letter is printed. However, if you are a subscriber and your loc is printed that issue will not count on your sub. Fair enough? This may result in the loss of some valued letter writers or it may cause the letters to be more worthwhile. We'll see.

The reading list this time is rather short considering the time that has passed. I suppose I had other things to do.

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN by Hubert Selby, Jr.
 THE SCROLLS OF LYSIS by Barnaby Ross
 NIGHT UNTO NIGHT by Philip Wylie
 THE BROKEN SWORD by Poul Anderson
 SHADOW HAWK by Andre Norton
 BACHELORS GET LONELY by A. A. Fair
 THE SHADOWS by Donald Hamilton
 THE RAVAGERS by Donald Hamilton
 THREE AGAINST THE WITCH WORLD by Andre Norton
 A REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING by Alva Rogers
 GATHER, DARKNESS by Fritz Leiber
 THE STAR FOX by Poul Anderson
 PRISONER OF THE JAPS by Gwen Dew
 SECRETS BEHIND THE COMICS by Stan Lee
 YOUR TURN TO CURTSY MY TURN TO BOW by William Goldman
 SHE by H. Rider Haggard
 THE LOVING COUPLE by Virginia Rowans
 THE TEMPLE OF GOLD by William Goldman
 AYESHA by H. Rider Haggard
 THE OTHER HUMAN RACE by H. Beam Piper
 A PLAGUE OF DEMONS by Keith Laumer
 THE BIG NICKELODEON by Maritta Wolff
 BEYOND THE BLACK ENIGMA by Bart Somers
 A PLAGUE OF PYTHONS by Frederik Pohl
 THE CORRIDORS OF TIME by Poul Anderson
 ROGUE SHIP by A. E. van Vogt
 THE STAR KINGS by Edmond Hamilton
 STEEL MAGIC by Andre Norton



THE WONDROUS ADVENTURES OF GRADY GOODMONSTER



MY VACATION BY TOM REAMY

Being a conreport of sorts with only the legally allowable amount of name-dropping and exaggeration.

Morning. Early morning. *Damned* early morning. 4:30 to be exact; Saturday, June 26th. The birds are singing a joyous chorus that would wake the dead, the squirrels are already out on the streets being run over, and a few perverted idiots are fishing on White Rock Lake.

Al Jackson lives in a fake Chinese pagoda overlooking White Rock about a mile south of Jackson Point. I left my snazzy, power-ridden, comfortable red Buick convertible in the Jackson parking lot and we rolled 'em out in Al's cramped manual Mustang. Apparently in the throes of a Johnny Dark complex, he bought a car with a floor-shift and no power. I think it was a mistake and so does he, but he wouldn't admit it with burning bamboo slivers under his fingernails.

We stopped for breakfast in Bowie, Texas about seven at a glass and stainless steel "coffee shop" which serve sterile, tasteless, machine-made food. This one was no exception though breakfasts are usually not too bad, as the less taste eggs have the better. The waitress forgot my orange juice and dropped Al's sausage, which I hoped was not a portent of things to come.

The rest of the morning was uneventful. Driving in the Texas Panhandle is never anything but uneventful. The flat farming country is monotonous. We followed a rainstorm all the way to New Mexico but never caught up with it. The Red River was a bank-to-bank torrent of thin mud and later streams were still damp from the run-off.

The Indian signs began about half-way between Amarillo and the state line. "Monsters of the Desert!" they proclaim. "Alive!" These monsters are always a few unhealthy rattlesnakes, mangy coyotes, lizards, gila monsters and terrapins. "Genuine Indian Handicrafts!" often as not made in Japan. "Indian moccasins, drums and dolls." The drums are old Quaker Oats boxes with a piece of inner tube stretched over the ends. These signs, usually of bill-board size, line Route 66 all the way through New Mexico (The Land of Enchantment) and do not finally end until Flagstaff, Arizona.

We didn't stop at any of the Indian "trading posts" but I've been in them. They are full of junk: ugly little lamps made from cactus skeletons, little covered wagons and other "curios" made from various forms of desert trash, and Indian silver guaranteed to turn you green. That strip of 66 should be named "Redman's Revenge."

Albuquerque was reached about five P.M. and

we went directly to Roy Tackett's. Roy was a disappointment, I'm afraid. Although he publishes a green fanzine, writes his letters on green paper, has a green ribbon in his typewriter, and lives in a green house on Green Valley Road, Mr. Tackett himself is the color of peach ice cream like most everyone else. Another fannish tradition down the drain.

The Tackett home is equipped with one wife, who treats visiting fans like long-lost friends; two shy daughters, three very friendly dogs and bales of fanzines. We sat around, petted whichever dog happened to be in our laps at the time, and discussed the usual things. Crystal (is that the way to spell it?) prepared sausage, ham and eggs for supper and we were starved. She made an omelet containing something green, which could have been anything from spinach to seaweed to an old copy of Dynatron, for Roy seemingly the result of a dare or something. He ate it with apparent relish.

We had a fine evening and left about nine to find a motel. Roy offered us the use of the couch but we felt that it would be more comfortable all the way around if we didn't accept. We were planning on being away by six.

We did manage it and found another "coffee shop" in downtown Albuquerque. The next booth was full of fuzz who were griping about a superior who was acting in a very petty manner about something or other.

We reached the Painted Desert and Petrified Forest about ten Sunday morning. I had been there when I was in high school before the Interstate Highway System had been built. At that time the highway ran along the rim of the Painted Desert but the new one misses it completely. You must pay to see it now, though it is reasonable enough at 25¢. We stopped at the park headquarters (which has a "trading post" of greater pretension but just as full of junk) where I bought picture postcards in the best tourist fashion to send to my parents and the office. The Painted Desert is not particularly impressive in the middle of the day with the sun shining hotly straight down. When I saw it previously, it was at sundown just after a rain. It was beautiful, but I wouldn't want to live there.

The Petrified Forest is interesting enough, though one petrified log looks much like another. The most eye-catching item was "Newspaper

Rock." One climbs down a long flight of steps to the bottom of a cliff to a huge boulder covered with Indian pictographs.

Al was stopped by the police just past Holbrook, Arizona. Now, I've known since the first time I rode with him many years ago that Al is not the most precise driver in the world, but I found out something new: he does not read highway signs nor, usually, even notice them. Route 66 is in the process of being transformed into Interstate 40 and is being done in such a manner as to make it look like a dashed line on the map. At each place where Interstate 40 begins or ends, and it does so every thirty or forty miles, there is a procession of huge diamond-shaped yellow signs saying, "Divided Highway Begins (or Ends)" "Do Not Pass!" "No Passing Zone!" "Do Not Cross Yellow Line!"

Al crossed it.

"Gaah!" said Al when the police car pulled us over, "I wasn't speeding!" The officer was very courteous, asked for Al's drivers license and explained why he had stopped us.

"Didn't you notice the no-passing zone, Mr. Jackson?"

"Well, ha ha ha, well."

"Do you have your registration papers, Mr. Jackson?"

"Well, ha ha, I think so." He didn't.

"Do you have your warranty papers?" He had those but they weren't filled out. "I never saw any of these not filled out, Mr. Jackson. Do you know why they aren't?"

"No, ha ha, no."

"Didn't they fill them out when you took the car in for the thousand-mile check-ups?"

"Well, ha ha, I've never taken it in."

The officer didn't pursue the stolen-car bit any further, but I could just imagine us spending part of my vacation in jail while Albert proved the car was his. The officer gave Al a warning ticket and advised him to look at the signs. "Gaah!" remarked Al.

"Why haven't you taken the car in for check-ups?" I asked when we were once more under way.

"It was too much trouble," he said.

I seem to be giving the impression that Al was driving all the time which, of course, isn't true. We actually took turns. Al usually drove in the mornings from about eight or nine until noon and I drove from there until five or six.

Our next stop was Meteor Crater which was vaguely interesting if you get anything from looking at a big hole in the ground. They also had a telescope with a cracked lens through which one might gaze at the scenery. Probably I would have been more impressed had it not been so ridiculously hot. There was a trail for walking to the bottom but we passed it up.

On the turnoff to Grand Canyon Al had to swerve to avoid hitting the car in front of us which had stopped for a stop-sign. "Gaah!" said he as the car bounced to a stop and died. He hadn't used the clutch nor seen the sign.

We reached Grand Canyon Village about five, but were too tired to really enjoy it. The canyon was full of haze, anyway. You could hardly see the other side. We ate at one of the hotels which

was done in an architectural folly describable only as "Klondike Rustic." The dining room was exceedingly posh with a maitre d'hotel and the whole bit. It was quite ludicrous, really, when you consider that virtually everyone in there was wearing jeans, tee shirts, slacks, tennis shoes, or other turista attire. Shorts, however, were forbidden, according to a sign in the foyer.

When we were seated by the maitre d', he gave each of us a card and a pencil to write out our own order. This was absolutely absurd. The waitress spent far more time giving instructions and correcting incorrectly made-out cards than she would have had she taken the orders in the normal way.

The food was expensive, but not excessively so. It was also excellent. I had a stuffed porkchop about an inch and a half thick for \$3.00 and Al had a trout for \$3.50.

We considered staying in the hotel but it was full, so we drove on to Williams and got a wretched room for \$14.00.

Most of Monday was spent driving through the dreariest countryside this side of Saudi Arabia. Western Arizona and south-eastern California have nothing to offer unless you get a big charge from looking at deserts. We ate lunch in Barstow and noticed for the first time the curious custom in California of serving straws with glasses of iced tea.

We reached the Edgewater Inn about four, checked in, and flaked out for a few hours in complete exhaustion. Al called John and Bjo about seven. They came over and we ate at Hof's Hut near the hotel. It was a coffee shop.

The Trimbles invited us over to their house where we were very discourteous guests and stayed far too late. But it was their own fault for entertaining us so well. I really can't remember what we talked about, but we did get on Dallas fandom and Orville Mosher (which seemed to happen often during the convention). I do remember that Bjo almost broke up when I related Al's observation that Mosher is a robot. "He doesn't do anything but eat and get dirty."

Tuesday was pretty well wasted. We went to downtown L.A. and Hollywood and wandered around. L.A. is a bust for a superficial visit but Hollywood is reasonably interesting. Hollywood Blvd. is lined with used book stores, most of which we visited. There are several things I wish I had bought, but didn't. The Collector's Bookshop, our reason for going in the first place, appears the perfect place if you are a magazine collector with plenty of money. They seem to have just about everything and in perfect condition—with prices to match.

It was fascinating to watch the people on Hollywood Blvd. You could hardly tell the boys from the girls. The boys seem to favor long hair, ruffled shirts, high heels, and extra tight pants. The girls; short hair, ruffled shirts, high heels, and extra tight pants.

A woman approached Al and said, "Will you give me fifty cents?" He stood there with his mouth open for a moment with me expecting him to refuse but he didn't. "Gaah!" he said after she left,

"Do I look like a mark or something?" It's true. Every panhandler asks him and not me. But he usually refuses.

The freeways are not as scary as their reputation would have it. Most California drivers would appreciate them a little more if they were to drive the Dallas freeways. It's a very common thing here for traffic to slow to 30mph as two decrepit pick-up trucks poke along side by side, blocking both lanes.

Al hit two cars today. One in the parking lot at the hotel and one in the parking lot in downtown L.A. "Gaah!" he said.

Some new clothes were an absolute necessity as everything I brought with me was dirty. I didn't bring very much thinking I would buy quite a few things on the trip. I visited several stores in Hollywood but didn't fancy ruffled shirts and high heels. We went to downtown Long Beach Wednesday morning and got everything I needed. We stopped at a travel agency on the way back to the hotel and checked on various tours we had considered, but decided against all of them as there was little interest in seeing the homes of the stars and the like.

It was noon when we finished shopping and decided to go to Disneyland. Al didn't think we had enough time but I felt he was overestimating how long we would want to stay. It may be very provincial of me but I thoroughly enjoyed the place. I was actually expecting to be unimpressed as Mr. Disney is not at all reluctant to tell all at every opportunity. I've seen virtually every attraction, detailed several times each, on television and in the movies.

We took the guided tour, of which I am glad, because we were aware of more of the things going on than we would have wandering around on our own. The tour included six rides and a pretty vacationing college girl in a riding habit to sweetly escort us around. There were only two small children in the group and her prepared patter seemed to be aimed at them. Most of us were unthrilled with, "Would you like to meet Mickey Mouse? He's right over there. Would you like your picture taken with Mickey Mouse? etc." Although her professional sweetness got a little sticky at times, she did a good job and had plenty to contend with.

The group included two old ladies, barely able to hobble, who skipped most of the rides though none of them would have taxed an invalid; two smart-aleck teenagers who kept needling her, and a man in his thirties who was on the make. She handled us all with equal aplomb.

We left Disneyland after about six hours, before my feet fell off completely, to go to a movie in Pasadena. We had dug through the paper each morning hoping to find something we wouldn't have an opportunity to see in Dallas, but found only CARTOUCHE and JULES ET JIM at the Esquire.

It's rather a tortuous route from Disneyland to Pasadena which involves, if I remember correctly, five different freeways. It's fabled in song and story that one may get on the Los Angeles freeway system and never get off again, but we had the opposite problem. We couldn't get on and had

trouble staying on when we did. Anyway, with Al as pilot and me navigating, we finally made it. Just outside the Disneyland gate is a sign reading, "Freeway" and pointing in a certain direction. We followed it, and succeeding signs, but there must have been a link missing in the chain somewhere as we suddenly found ourselves on a dead-end street. We crossed the freeway at least three times before finally getting on. In making the change from the Hollywood Freeway to the Golden State Freeway, we arrived in front of the County Hospital. Feeling fairly sure that even Los Angeles wouldn't build the County Hospital on the freeway, we began criss-crossing it once more looking for an entrance.

I've heard Al and Dan Bates extoll JULES ET JIM until I thought it must be the greatest film ever made. Actually, I was a little bored with it. "Gaah!" said Albert, "the technique!" Yes, it did have technique...and flawless acting...and superb camera work...and inspired direction...but nothing was happening. But, then, I'm beginning to tire of art-films in general. I especially avoid Italian comedies. I feel like the critic who, in reviewing one of the Italian muscle epics, said something to the effect of: It's so relaxing to see a bad movie again.

We made our last excursion to L.A. Thursday to tour Universal City. I drove—my first time on the freeways. Was immediately almost creamed by a woman turning right out of the left lane in front of me. However, no contact was made and the only damage was a slight decrease in the life expectancy of the tires.

Universal City was something of a disappointment. What we saw was reasonably interesting but we saw very little. The place was virtually deserted. If anyone was working, the tour didn't go near them. We rode through in pink trams with a guide who wasn't the best in the world. All the guides were handsome young men obviously trying to break into the movies. Ours was personable, charming, handsome, and named Andy, but he wasn't destined to explain things.

The first item on the agenda was a thrill-packed tour of Doris Day's old dressing room. A bungalow by any other name is still a bungalow. Next was the Munsters set. That was very interesting from a technical standpoint, at least. Next was a drive through the back lot where many familiar things were on view. Did you know that the Munster house is directly across the street from the Cleaver house? It is. The sets from a dozen different locales are ingeniously woven together. One side of a building might be a New York drugstore and the other side a western saloon. There was no wasted space, no unused surfaces.

At the end of the tour was Visitor's Village with refreshments and makeup and stuntman demonstrations. Probably in a few years Universal City will be worth the trouble but this is the first year with tours and they're still fumbling.

From there to Griffith Park and the planetarium; featuring a show called "A Trip to the Moon and Saturn". It was my first visit to a planetarium and the star-filled dome was a Good Thing at first but when nothing new happened, the music, the night sky, and the reclining seats were too

much for me. I saw the moon but I slept right through Saturn. Anyway, there's a wonderful view of the smog from the top of the mountain.

We next searched for Silver Lake Playground and the Lasfs meeting. And it really is a playground! I was expecting a "playground" in the cute sense, but it's a small neighborhood playground for children.

It was still much too early for the meeting so we ate at the ultimate coffee shop man has yet devised. It was called "Carl's", I believe, and is somewhere near Silver Lake. I ordered a breaded veal cutlet (I should have known better) and got this very large brown thing on a plate with a solitary sprig of parsley. Well, I think, what it lacks in taste it will make up for in volume. I cut off a



Jim Benford



Diane Pelz, Bill Ellern and Bill Rotsler

large chunk and there's nothing inside. It's a hollow crust. The second slice revealed a tiny sliver of meat nestled way down in the middle. It had to be machine-made. No human being could have gotten the crust to form two inches from the meat.

We returned to the Lasfs meeting and were met by Len Moffatt, June Konigsberg, and Lee Jacobs. Ed Cox arrived and with Lee left to meet the Busby's train (which they weren't on). Other members began arriving too thick and fast to keep track of who was who. Then, what was

it that my eyes beheld? Some of them were wearing costumes and flourishing swords! The most unusual thing about it was that no one seemed to think it was unusual. No wonder the meetings are held in a children's playground.

The New York contingent (Ted White, Arnie Katz, Rich Brown, Dave van Arnam, and Mike McInerney) arrived in a flourish of beards—all but Arnie Katz—though God knows why. Beards seem to be the Big Thing in fandom at the moment.

The meeting was called to order by Diane Pelz and was very brief. New officers had been elected the week before and no program was planned for that night primarily because of all the guests. Someone gave a book report but couldn't remember the title of the book. It didn't really matter as no one was listening anyway. After the meeting people clotted and talked. I finally was able to meet Bill Rotsler.

Proceedings adjourned to a restaurant amid chaos. The waitresses alternately scowled and glowered as most people were at least three tables away by the time their orders arrived. And occasionally, as a table would clear, the waitress could be observed resignedly retrieving an abandoned check.

Dwain Kaiser tried to talk me into joining INTERAPA. A great many of the fans left for the Lab but Al and I went back to the hotel and to bed.

I arose at the crack of noon Friday, the second of July, and went to the coffee shop for lunch with Al, Bjo, and Dennis Smith. Now, there is a strange tale. About five years ago, after I had gaffiated, Al would tell me wondrous tales of this terrific artist who lived in Dallas and who was doing work for his and Lyndon Henry's nameless fanzine. Al could never remember his name, but he thought his work was great. Now here we sat in the coffee shop; Al looks at Dennis; Dennis looks at Al. "I used to live in Dallas," he ventures.

"Gaah!" Al exclaims dramatically, "I thought you looked familiar!"

We began assembling the art show with the help of Al Halevy, Jean Bogert and various nameless persons who wandered in.

Greg and Jim Benford strolled by looking for BNFs but talked to us anyway. Naturally, the subject soon turned to Mosher. Jim left for the pool while the rest of us pretended to help Bjo. Greg and I later went to the pool and found Elinor Busby bobbing about looking fetching, trying to get everyone in to bounce. So far, she had snagged only Jim. I finally wandered back to the art show when Greg went for his bathing suit and Bill Donaho and Buz went to Buz's room for fuel.

Greg had a craving for Chinese food so, later, he, Jim, Buz, Elinor, Al and I began searching Second Ave. for the 2900 block and the supposed location of a Chinese restaurant. The 2900 block seemed to be in the ocean so we abandoned that for another on Highway 1. I later checked the guide booklet and found that it was really the 2700 block and was Japanese anyway. This fortunate error placed us at the pretentious portals of Mr. C's.

You really have to see Mr. C's to believe it.

It looks like a set from an old Maria Montez movie, huge idols with flaming mouths and the whole bit. The cocktail waitress, attired in a violently patterned floor-length outfit, brought the menus. They were a wonder to behold—especially to a seldom-drinker such as myself. Featured was a concoction called a "Lure of Paradise" or something in the same vein. It was served in a large bowl with a tiny active volcano in the center. Minute audioanimatronic native girls, singing Martin Denny hits, paddled about in outriggers through floating gardenias. It would have been a shame to drink the lagoon from under them, besides it cost eight bucks. Most of us settled for single stingers overpriced at \$1.75.

The dinner was exceptionally good, though I can't remember what it was. Chinese food manages to be rather anonymous anyway. The best part was the appetizers—tiny barbequed ribs and shrimp. I could have eaten more of those and forgotten the rest of it. Conversation included a review of the Breen Boondoggle, of which Al and I were fairly unfamiliar; Mosher (of course), and other idle chatter.

When we returned to the hotel, it seemed that the majority of the people expected had already arrived. Parties were going on in various rooms. I went to the Benfords' room for a while where Ted White was expounding on how the talk of crime run amuck in New York was so much hokey. Most of the conversation consisted of gossip and back-biting so I wandered onward not knowing enough about the people under discussion to really get interested.

I found Bjo, the Hulans and various others clustered about Harlan Ellison in the parking lot and stopped for a moment. I had never met Harlan, though I did some artwork for Dimensions way back when. He was with a sweet young thing who, he said, craved his body. She blushed prettily.

Bjo began making introductions. "Tom Reamy!" Harlan howled and grabbed my hand. "He's a terrific artist and writer. Remember VIA ROMA?"

"I didn't write it," I said. "I only illustrated it."

"You didn't?"

"No." And so on.

After Harlan left with the s.y.t. who craved his bod, I began drifting from party to party. Al had long since disappeared. When I finally went to bed about 3 A.M., I found him sound asleep and he had been for hours.

The telephone woke me about noon Saturday. Bruce Pelz wanted me to be one of the art show judges. Could I be there in fifteen minutes? I staggered into the bathroom, showered and shaved and made it in twenty five. The other judges were Alva Rogers, Hal Clement and two art teachers from Long Beach schools or something. Selecting the winners wasn't much of a problem as most of it was pretty bad. Dennis Smith, Al Jones, Cynthia Goldstone, Diane Pelz, and James Roth received most of the prizes with no dissension among the judges. We were dragged into the opening ceremonies and introduced, were politely applauded, and returned to finish the judging.

We finished in time to catch the last part of Fritz Leiber's speech which had nothing to do with

its title, "Swords Against Blasters".

I stayed for part of the auction but didn't see anything I particularly wanted. I skipped the panel discussion in favor of some food as I hadn't eaten anything all day and it was nearly four o'clock.

I ran into Dale Hart in the hallway. It's a pity MZB couldn't have been there to see how exhausted he was. So exhausted, in fact, that there were little bubbles floating around his head.

The masquerade ball was probably fun. It was mostly just milling about looking at costumes while those in costume milled about being looked at. Some of them were very elaborate and others were only token affairs.

The Benfords, Ted White, Andy Main, and the rest of the New York group sat in a little circle at the edge of the dancefloor (on which no one was dancing). I sat in a chair at the edge of the



Elinor Busby and Ted White

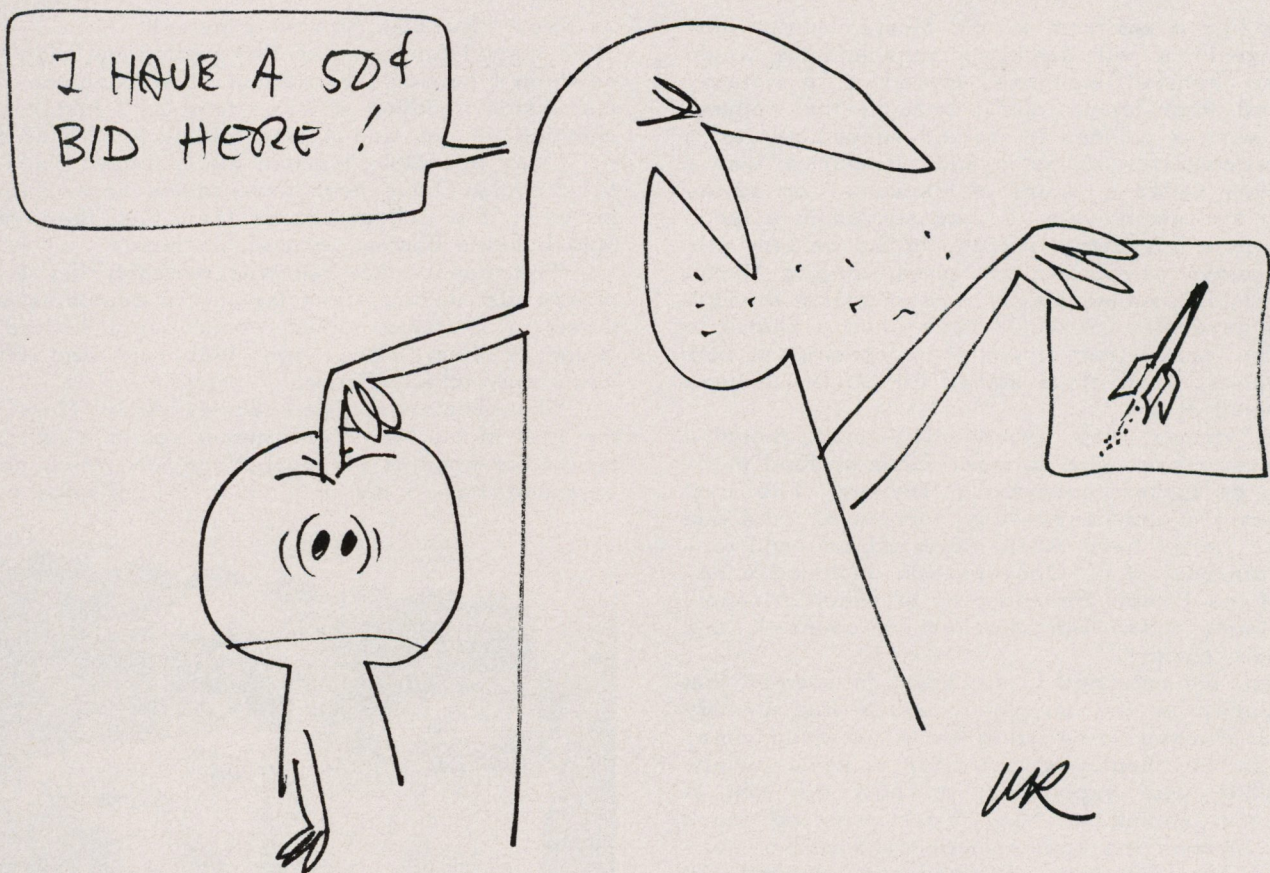
circle momentarily wondering what to do next when Harlan wandered by and remarked, "What? Sitting on the outside?" I gave him a dirty look and moved. He was there with a different s.y.t. who probably also craved his bod, but he didn't mention it.

I talked with Al Jones for a while and decided to do a little huckstering. Bjo let me into the art show room where I grabbed a pile of Trumpets and began passing them out to all the pros in sight.

It appeared there was a small tragedy taking place in the Las Vegas group. Lynn Pederson, it seems, had Bob Davenport's helmet as well as the costumes for the rest of the group. Lynn was nowhere in sight. "He's dead!" said Bob. "Because I'm going to kill him." Bob won a prize anyway without the helmet. Bruce and Diane, as King Gorce and his Lady, won best of show.

The Chesley Donovan crowd appeared after most people had wandered away, did an Egyptian production number and then vanished into the night. Odd.

Lynn finally arrived dressed as the Gray Mouser, I think, along with Scott Bell as Carthoris, I think. Dwain Kaiser wore a latex mask that looked insidiously uncomfortable as well as long dead. The three of them went into the coffee shop in full regalia. Customers would walk in, stop in their tracks, drop their jaws and begin whispering



to each other. The waitresses, however, were perfectly blasé about the whole thing.

The parties after the ball were made up of the walking dead, so I started back to the room shortly after midnight to go to bed. Ran into Kris Carey and talked for a moment, finally made it to the room and found Al fast asleep.

Ray Bradbury's speech Sunday afternoon was the best thing on the convention program. He is really a great speaker and had the audience in the palm of his hand. Unfortunately, no one recorded it—or any of the other speeches from what I understand.

The banquet was disappointing as are all banquets by their very nature. The food was good but there was very little of it and the only beverage served was coffee. I don't drink coffee so was forced to drink water, which soon ran out. There was ample coffee at each table but no water. I finally snagged a waiter but he brought it without ice. Oh well.

Frank Herbert's speech was short and trivial and the whole thing was generally a waste of time. Even the coffee shop would have been preferable.

The day's auction was enlivened by the sale of Harlan Ellison; right there before God and everybody. Well, it wasn't exactly white slavery. Harlan would write a story for the highest bidder, use three nouns supplied by the bidder as major points in the story, give the bidder a co-byline, use the bidder's name as the hero of the story, and give the bidder 10% of the sale price—if the story sold. Larry Niven got him for \$35.00 and the nouns were polyp, minotaur and prognosticator. The first two pages of the story made me glad I

didn't bid. I considered using Jesus, Mary and cuckold. I wonder what old Harl would have done with those.

Later I wandered into the coffee shop for a snack before the films and joined Len Moffatt and June Konigsberg. A couple of women at the next table were discussing the convention. "Have you noticed these fantasy people? They sure are a strange bunch," she said, but made no effort to prevent us hearing so I suppose we were sufficiently un-strange.

The films consisted of isolated chapters of old serials. The only two that I was interested in were Captain America (shown first) and Captain Marvel (shown next to last). The projectionist gave us a running commentary on each chapter which was occasionally informative, sometimes amusing but more often officious. The crowd thinned a little after each serial but I stuck it out in order to see Captain Marvel. I was getting a bad case of saddle sores or petrification de derriere from sitting so long on those straight back chairs so I pulled up several and made a chaise affair that was somewhat more comfortable.

Bill Rotsler came over about midnight, pulled up several chairs, and joined me. He too was waiting for the Big Red Cheese. Harlan came in later and sat on the other side with still yet a third s.y.t.

When Captain Marvel finally flashed on the screen, it was a vast disappointment. The projectionist related that Billy Batson was a crippled newsboy. Harlan corrected him. Freddy Freeman was a crippled newsboy and was Captain Marvel, Jr. Billy Batson was a cub reporter. They exchanged further pleasantries as the film got under way.

"What!" Harlan howled as Billy Batson came on the screen. "That fat fag isn't Billy Batson!" True, the role was poorly cast. Also, I have always been under the impression that the Cap was invulnerable like unto Superman. But at the end of the chapter, he keels over unconscious from an electric shock. Very odd.

I skipped the last one and went back to the room where I found Al fast asleep.

Monday found me arising at the usual time to have lunch with Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe. At least, I had lunch with them at one point, I think it was Monday. Nothing was scheduled except a panel discussion between Harlan, Larry Niven, Ted White and Ed Clinton. Ed contributed nothing and had to be coaxed into saying anything; Larry said little but Harlan and Ted said a great deal. The whole thing turned into a verbal brawl between the two of them and proved that good sf, like good anything else, is a matter of personal taste.

The business meeting was next but I skipped it, having little interest in the location of the next Westercon. Dennis Smith and the San Diego bid prevailed.

Most of the afternoon was spent looking for something to do. People were drifting away and the con was dying. That night, the Vegas group decided to put out a one-shot. It was fun and everyone wandered by to contribute something. Dwain again brought up INTERAPA. What the hell, I've never been in an apa, though I was up to No. 6 on the FAPA waiting list once before deciding against it. So, I joined and handed over thirty five copies of the second issue.

I went to bed about midnight and found Al fast asleep.

Got away fairly early Tuesday morning and reached the edge of Death Valley about noon and had lunch at Wild Rose Station, which is; well... quaint. Death Valley is a fascinating place but July is the wrong time to go. We passed a stalled car soon after entering and stopped to see if we could help the two little old ladies from Iowa. Their radiator was dry. One of them assured Al it had had time enough to cool off so he took off the cap. It hadn't. He burned his hand and got a rusty shower bath. "Gaah!" he said.

It was like an oven after being in the air-conditioned car but I understand it wasn't particularly a hot day—only 105°. When it's really hot, it gets over 130°; that's the temperature of the air, the ground temperature rises over 190°.

We didn't have any water for there isn't much point in this day and age unless you just don't want to stop. In the worst parts of the desert there was a service station no more than thirty or forty miles from the last. The next car stopped and supplied enough to fill the radiator.

We reached Las Vegas about five and thought we might stay there if a movie we wanted to see was playing or something, but there wasn't. "Gaah!" said Al, as we passed the end of Casino Row, "Drive down that way. It looks just like Disneyland!" We parked and wandered around for a while watching the robots play the slot machines and finally decided to drive further.

Mesquite, Nevada was the next town of any size but we made the mistake of getting a room that was water-cooled. "Brand new pads," the motherly type announced, "be real cool in here time you get back from eating." Well, it wasn't and it never did. But the restaurant down the street was a delight. "Velda's Cafe" or something the sign announced. "Our Motto: You Never Go Away Hungry. Slots." And we didn't. The food was hand-cooked (which is sometimes an adventure but never tasteless), very good and in abundance. Al had been wanting to play the slot machines all along but I had been kidding him out of it. He finally couldn't stand it any longer and put one coin in a nickel machine. "Ha ha," he said.

From that point there is a problem in reaching Colorado Springs where we were planning to visit Earl Noe. You must either circle far to the north through Salt Lake City or far to the south almost to Flagstaff. The southern route seemed slightly closer but either way was hundreds of miles of dreary desert driving. From St. George, Utah for about 500 miles to Cortez, Colorado, there are no towns of over a few hundred population. Most of the way is through the Navajo Indian Reservation (the same one we had come through after leaving Albuquerque on the way out) and there are trading posts every thirty or forty miles. But, these are real trading posts; the only places the Indians have to buy anything. True, there is usually a selection of curios but they are off the main routes and don't go in for it in a big way like 66.

Zion Canyon is a beautiful place and features an awesome tunnel on the side of a mountain with windows looking out over the canyon, but we never stopped as each window was parked full.

Soon after leaving Zion Canyon, it finally happened. We had just passed through Jacob, Arizona where Al had taken a wrong turn. I was asleep and he woke me asking which way we should go, turning the wrong way as he asked. "The other way," I said. "This way puts us back in Grand Canyon."

He turned around and took the other road. We were on top of the mountain on a flat pine forest floor. It was very peaceful and quiet and quite beautiful. Al took his hands off the wheel and began combing his hair. Then we were in the ditch. It wasn't much of a ditch; only six or eight inches deep though there was a fifty foot drop-off about a hundred yards down the road.

Al slammed on the brakes and cut the wheel sharply to the left. It took us out of the ditch all right but we were heading straight for the one on the other side. He cut the wheel again the other way, his foot still hard on the brake. Then, we were sliding merrily down the highway sideways leaving a pattern like an Arthur Murray waltz diagram on the highway. The car finally came to a stop pointing in the direction from which we had come.

"Gaah!" remarked Al.

"Good Lord!" I believe I said.

The only damage to the car was a bent hubcap which came off while we were in the ditch. Neither of us were even shaken up. Luckily no cars came along the whole time. That would have

been too embarrassing. I thought perhaps this might improve Al's driving habits a bit and it did; for about half an hour. Then he was back to driving with one finger and taking his hands off the wheel. I fastened my seat belt for the first time on the trip, closed my eyes and went back to sleep.

We lunched at The Gap, an Indian trading post which featured a cafe, a curio shop, and a laundromat. It's quite a sight to see Indians in their John Ford Production costumes stuffing clothes into an automatic washing machine. The old people and the very small children were dressed as they probably were two hundred years ago but the young people were dressed as any teenagers dress. The food was very good and very inexpensive.

The afternoon's driving was a modified hell and we were in a mood to pass up any attraction if it would save a mile of driving. We stopped in Durango Wednesday night and wandered around town for a while. It's a beautiful little town. The only theater was playing "Ski Party" or something, so we went to bed fairly early.

We crossed the Rockies at Wolf Creek Pass and stopped for a while. It's really quite glorious, you know. A bunch of chipmunks (of the un-enchanted variety) scampered about panhandling from tourists. They would come up, take food from your hand and scurry away.

After leaving the Rio Grande National Forest, the San Luis Valley was comparatively blah. There really isn't much in the way of scenery from there to Colorado Springs.

We stopped at a drug store and called Earl; or Al did. "Earl? This is ha ha Al." He received directions to Earl's house but we got lost anyway. Al hit another car in Colorado Springs but this time it really wasn't his fault. At every intersection downtown, the right lane must turn right and the second lane may either turn or go straight ahead. We were in the second lane and tried to turn. A girl in the right lane tried to go straight ahead but there was no damage to the Mustang. There never is.

We finally asked a woman if she knew the location of Las Animas Street. She said she believed it was on the other side of town. It was. Earl asked Al what he was laughing about on the phone. "I don't ha ha remember," he answered.

Later, we went to Colonel Somebody's Southern Fried Chicken place. The colonel really has nothing to be so proud of.

The movie houses in downtown Colorado Springs (all three of them) are done in Indian, which is cute, and have Indian names. One (the "Ute") is part of a chain called "Indian Theaters", which is even cuter. We went to the "Chief" and saw CAT BALLOU—the fact that it was filmed in Colorado had first billing—and found it delightful.

After we returned to Earl's, he and Al began to reminisce about the Consolacon. Now, you perhaps have never heard of the Consolacon, which is not surprising. It was a shindig thrown in 1960, I think, by Jan Sadler Penney and Emile Greenleaf in New Orleans at Jan's apartment. Daniel F. Galouye was guest of honor. Earl, Al, Bill Porter, and Koogle went down from Dallas. Lyndon Henry was planning to go but the others left

him because of some *faux pas* he had pulled. I didn't go because I couldn't afford it and after hearing about it, I think I would have preferred two years before the mast.

"Sleeping on the floor in a pool of barf," and "playing scales on the trumpet all night long," and other choice phrases from the conversation reconfirmed my attitude.

Friday Al went to Denver to see an old girlfriend and, as there is nothing less thrill-packed than going with some guy to see an old girlfriend, I stayed in Colorado Springs. Earl and I rode the bus downtown, as he doesn't have a car, and messed around for a while. We saw IN HARM'S WAY, Otto Preminger's remake of all the WWII movies ever made (with members of the original casts) and ate at The Village Inn, a "City Cafe" with delusions of grandeur. We rode the bus back to Earl's and goofed around, talking, while I looked at old copies of "Warhoon". Later Earl got out the charcoal and fixed steaks. Al made it back alive about ten.

Driving from Colorado Springs to Gruver, Texas, where my folks live, is not particularly exciting under the best conditions. We reached Gruver about two Saturday afternoon. They had lunch ready for us or, at least, had *had* lunch ready about noon as I told them that's when we would arrive. The first thing I did was take a bath and stretch out in front of the air-conditioner in complete collapse. I spent most of the afternoon horizontally, getting up long enough to wash all my clothes. I then looked sad-eyed until my mother agreed to iron enough to last me until the maid came the following week. The maid never showed but that's another story.

About eight we decided to make ice cream. Al thought the whole thing very amusing, being a city kid, and a rich one at that, never knowing the simple pleasures of life like a freezer of home-made ice cream.

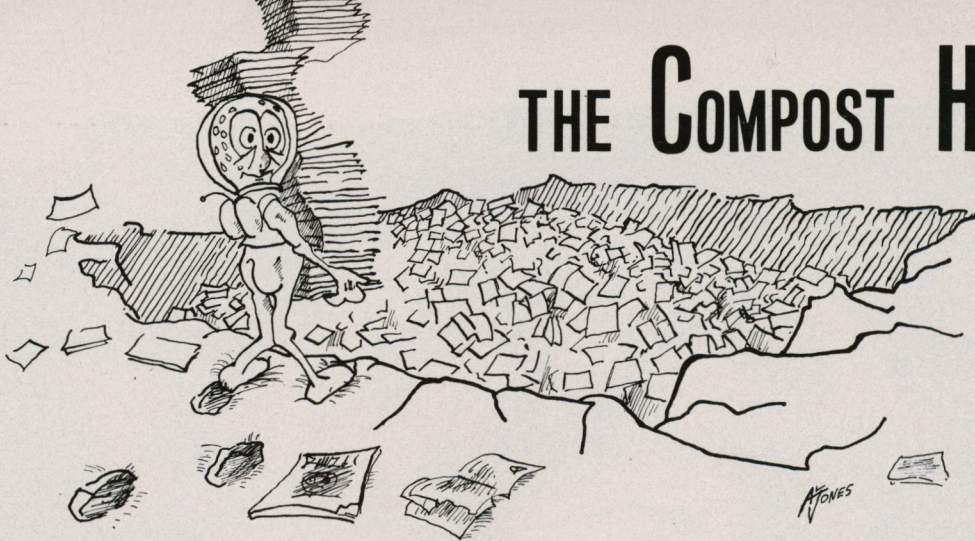
There were conditions: I would go for the ice and do the cranking, but it wasn't as simple as that. I began scouring Gruver for ice. Gruver is a very small town with about a thousand people and no ice was to be had.

My mother had the mixings mixed and my father had the freezer ready to go but I came back empty-handed. So, my mother and I drove to Spearman twelve miles away and a little larger, which has an ice house. Some friends came over and we all cranked and then ate ice cream until we could hold no more. Well, all but Albert. He ate one small bowl. He undoubtedly missed the taste of gelatin though he was too polite to say so. But then, he likes "coffee shops" and turnpikes.

Another thing happened which he thought amusing. Actually, "quaint" was the word he used. My parents and everyone I knew before college call me by both my first and middle names which are Thomas and Earl. It usually comes out, however, as one word: "Tomsurl." Well, I'm used to it but Al had never heard it before. Anyway, Albert Allen Jackson IV thought it was quaint.

We reached Dallas about four Sunday afternoon, me vowing never to drive more than twenty miles a day again for the rest of my life. ●





THE COMPOST HEAP

FANZINE REVIEWS
by ALEX EISENSTEIN

Send all review-copies to Your Friendly Garbage Collector, Alex Eisenstein, 3030 W. Fargo Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60645.

- * — Yechhh!
- ** — Crudzine
- *** — Fair
- **** — Glimmer of Goodness
- ***** — Fairly Good
- ***** — Good
- ***** — Very Good
- ***** — Excellent
- ***** — Tremendous
- ***** — TILT!

YANDRO #148—(Robert and Juanita Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, Indiana 47348—30¢/issue, 4 for \$1.00, 12 for \$2.50—monthly, 26pp.) "Yandro" is a folksong-fantasy word for "yonder," lifted from Manly Wade Wellman's "The Desrick on Yandro." There are the usual book reviews by Buck (Bob), mostly concise and pithy, often with commentary of the authors' backgrounds. There

are fanzine reviews, also by Buck, which are not up to his usual standard because of the exigencies of changing both job and home.

Reginald Smith's article on a collection of ghost stories by Russell Kirk is just a hodge-podge of rather vague and unstimulating plot summaries. The following quotation indicates the value of both Smith's article and Kirk's book: "The book ends with an article entitled, 'A Cautionary Note on the Ghostly Tale', which gives Kirk's ideas regarding fictional and nonfictional ghosts. He includes an attack on science fiction as a type, rather than on the unskilled example of that type. The rest of the article is very entertaining." Entertaining indeed. What a waste of space, on both counts.

There is an article on dating reform (nothing prudish, just a suggested substitute for our clumsy Anno Domini system of numbering the years) by Lewis J. Grant, editorials (mostly on crating books) by both Buck and Juanita, and illos by ATom, Barr, Adkins, and (sniff!) only one by Jim Cawthorne, and that one not so hot, either. As a matter of fact, none of the art is very good this issue.

What makes YANDRO an interesting fanzine is not that the articles, etc., have a minimum standard of quality, but that good ole Buck always comes up with one or two gems. Best item in this issue occurs in Buck's review of Bruce Ronald's "Our Man in Space": "Time after time, our hero is led into an impossible situation, there is a cut, and we shift to a minor character explaining that he escaped again. Every bit of action except the climax occurs offstage—I was hoping he'd manage an offstage climax, which would at least be different, but he chickened out..." Rating:*****

STEFANTASY #56—(William M. Danner, R.D.1, Kennerdell, Pa.—free for letters of comment, or any interestingly written letter. Mr. Danner's favorite subject is asinine advertising, but anecdotes concerning any of the many categories of human stupidity are acceptable, I believe.—Very irregular quarterly, 22pp.) Science-fiction is noted for anachronism, either intentional or unintentional, humorous or serious, justified or unjustified. Bill Danner's fanzine carries it to the point of archaism, if not outright Medievalism. The gorgeous, slick, bright-color covers are courtesy the "Horseless Carriage Gazette"; the rest of the mag is printed by letterpress, with a liberal sprinkling of copper-

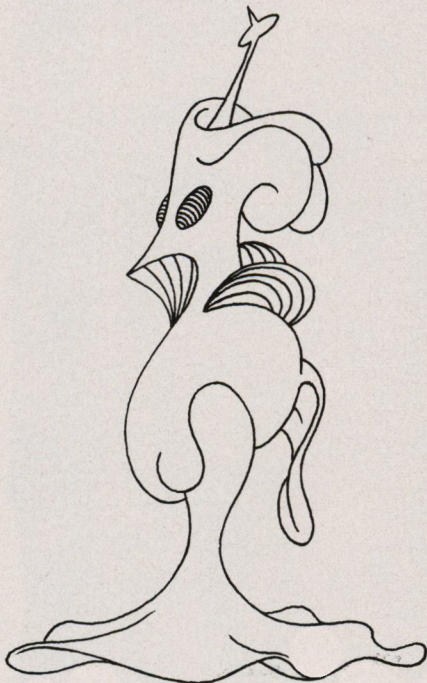
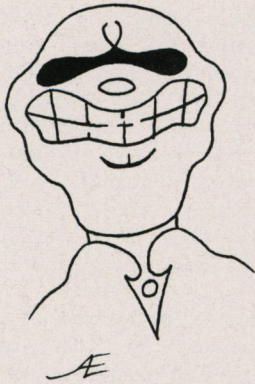


plate halftones and printer's vignettes of ancient cars, locomotives, Yankee clippers, and bearded Bill Danners clutching twin-bowled, corn-cob pipes.

There is an article (of sorts) on revival of the 1908 Buick White Streak (of sorts)—one with a modern Rolls-Royce engine. There are excerpts from the IOWAY BUSINESS NEWS (a fictional newspaper) in almost every issue: this issue's selection discusses a humanitarian sheriff whose "jail was filled to capacity only on rainy nights," but who, "to his credit... fought unsuccessfully the installation of a Traveler's Aid branch office in his jail."



But the best part of the issue is a bogus ad, Mr. Danner's forte: "AT LAST... / A PRETTY TOILET PAPER/ Mrs. Polyphyllous O. Willebrand says: 'I'm happy to be able to get such a pretty toilet paper as the new 1965 Rectogunk. The lovely floral borders will complement the most gracious of bathrooms. More important, it's so mild that it's as kind to baby's tender ass as it is to mine, so now we are a one-toilet-paper family...'"

Occasionally Bill goes overboard, as in his attack on food-additive preservatives: "Somebody once pointed out that the digestive process involves complete spoilage of food and that anything added to retard spoilage can only have a bad effect upon digestion." This is fuggheaded thinking of the lowest sort—or at least very ignorant prattle. There is a great difference between the breakdown of complex proteins into amino acids (digestion) and the formation of ptomaines by bacteria (or, in the case of candy, between the breakdown of polysaccharides to glucose and the formation of aldehydes, alcohols, and vinegar by bacteria yeasts)! Putrefaction is definitely *not* the same as digestion.

Aside from the above wrong-turn, the mag is quite sharp, witty, and just plain *funny*. Occasionally, even science fiction sneaks in, like the poorly reproduced, sketchy ATom illo on the bottom of page 12.

But then, one can't ask for everything.

Rating:*****

NORB'S NOTES #88—(Charles N. Reinsel, 120 Eighth Ave., Clarion, Pa. 16214—This issue free, but I believe back issues are 50¢ each—no schedule, 19pp.) Mr. Reinsel calls this a Burroughs funzine (my italics), but actually it is de-

voted to comics just as much as to Burroughs. Mostly historical & bibliographical notes on comics or ERB; one bad story based on a comic, and one rather poor comic short by Joseph Wehrle. There is an offset cover with a Prosser illustration; however, it is a total waste, for it is very poor Prosser. It is much more distasteful than the Wehrle comic, for Wehrle suffers only from lack of experience (I guess). But Prosser, though he be the finest hack in fandom, has executed a work that is much less than hack—even though it demonstrates a knowledge of *contrapposto* stance, foreshortening, and basic human proportions. It is simply dreadful, and he really should be ashamed.

Of interest only to comic fans and rabid Burroughs completists. Rating:*

FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS #1—(Philip B. Moshcovitz, 65 Bellingham Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167—75¢/issue—twice yearly, 36pp.) I'm sorry to say that this magazine does not contain 75¢ worth of information on sf & fantasy films. Moshcovitz tells me this is a pro publication "on a small scale," and that it has a technical, rather than a literary slant. Yet for a publication that emphasizes behind-the-scenes operations and special-effects, it is strangely vague on certain points: in an article on FORBIDDEN PLANET, no mention is ever made of the extensive use of animation and "matted" (painted) scenes. Also, the writing is not as careful as it should be: quite often, two consecutive paragraphs referring to only one scene seem to describe two different scenes.

There is an undue emphasis on trivial statistics. The reader is told that, in filming ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS, "fifteen hundred feet of inch-thick rope was used" to climb the rocky hills of Death Valley. Who cares? In describing the effects of this film, Moshcovitz betrays a rather uncritical attitude, believing that "the script adheres to the most advanced space-age thinking." This is simply untrue: CRUSOE was a cinematic bomb in every way.

For a pro mag, the lay-out is terrible, and the drawing on page 18 is an utter waste of paper. On the credit side, however, there is the slick, offset reproduction, with many halftone illustrations. The choice of stills is generally excellent, and their reproduced size is *not* eye-strainingly minuscule, despite the digest-size. The information on Robbie is new and startling: "he" actually is a robot, contrary to what Charles Beaumont once wrote. And FFF is the first mag I've seen that stresses the importance of careful lighting techniques, and also explains them.

Besides the CRUSOE and FORBIDDEN PLANET articles, there is one on HOUSE OF WAX, interspersed with technical comments on 3-D filming. There is a handy checklist of Academy Awards presented to sf and fantasy films, and there is an excellent, fairly comprehensive report on the first two International SF Film Festivals held in Trieste. This last is the best item in the issue, and is well illustrated; it even has a picture from the mysterious, much-touted and much misspelled IKARIA XB1 (released in the US recently as VOYAGE TO THE END OF THE UNIVERSE).

Though it isn't worth six-bits, FFF is cer-



tainly a must for the fantasy film connoisseur or student. Perhaps it will improve, or perhaps Moshcovitz will lower the price to a more reasonable half-a-rock; in any case, I'd hate to see the mag fold. If you're feeling rich today, get it.

Rating:*****

ZENITH—Speculation #9—(Peter R. Weston, 9 Porlock Crescent, Northfield, Birmingham 31, England—2 shillings or 30¢/issue, 5 for 10 shillings or \$1.50—quarterly, 40pp.) This is the British sercon zine that has been nominated for the '65 Hugo Award. The departments this time around are of less interest than the articles: Terry Jeeves' magazine reviews are, for a change, rather dull, and the double-barrelled book reviews by Beryl Henley (no pun intended) and Archie Mercer are often so vague and allusive that one might wonder whether or not either party had read the particular story under discussion.

The lettercolumn, however, is very good, and very sercon. Lloyd Biggle offers some very interesting quotations on the subject of literary criticism, but then falls in a fuggheap with his own opinion on letter-ratings *à la* Terry Jeeves: "Of course a critic could not give an "A" rating to a story that is, by his own admission, the worst he has ever read. To do so would be to concede that his ratings were meaningless. On the other hand, if he gives this story less than an "A" rating, his rating standards have no objective validity, and as a guide to readers are completely worthless. [How so?—A.E.] By thus oversimplifying an extreme case, I underscore the injustice of oversimplification in all cases. [Come again?—A.E.] Lloyd Biggle, have you ever flunked a course in logic?"

There is an article by J.P. Patrizio decrying the necessity of science in science-fiction. I think his arguments are superficial, but they are clearly stated. Richard Gordon has an unconvincing article that boosts Edmund Cooper as author of the century, and Archie Mercer has a piece on Blish's "Okie" series. The Mercer article has four distinct parts: publishing chronology; plot summary of the series (Mercer calls it "historical framework"); political organization of "Okie" New York; and inconsistencies between the various stories, in their various versions. Good, but very uncritical, excepting the latter part, which criticizes overall continuity rather than evaluating the individual stories.

The artwork this issue is adequate, but not enthralling. Even the halftone cover by Eddie Jones is rather muddy, dark, and disappointing. There is one fairly good drawing by Ivor Latto on page 17, symbolically illustrating Harrison's THE ETHICAL ENGINEER. The rest is mostly Krenklisch

stuff by Brian McCabe. Best item in the issue, by far, is the lettercol. Rating:****

ZARATHUSTRA #1—(Cindy Heap and Joni Markwood at 14 Lee Garden Park, Rochester, N. Y. 14624—"Available for CONTRIBUTIONS, trade, or loc"—Monthly, 13pp.) This slim genzine is the product of two femmefans, one the child-bride of George Heap, the other a long-haired pixie with a perpetual and gratifying smile. This issue is mainly an earnest cry for CONTRIBUTIONS, but does contain a review by that man of sword-and-sorcery, George R. Heap. George reviews two books in a new fantasy series partly based on Welsh legend: Lloyd Alexander's THE BOOK OF THREE and THE BLACK CAULDRON. They are sword-and-sorcery, but of natch.

Best part of the mag: under a department labeled "Things to Do When You are Bored," appear the suggestions, "have a fudgeburger" and "take a bath (take two; they're small)." Another suggestion included: "contribute to Zarathustra."

So contribute a poem or something, already—I did. Rating:***

DREADFUL FANCTUARY #1—(Gregg Wolford, 9001 Joyzelle Drive, Garden Grove, California 92640—Available for trades, contributions of material, or published LoC's, 25¢/issue, 5 for \$1.00—five times yearly, or thereabouts; 25pp.) Dreadful cover, slimy fiction, horrid Feghoots (and I mean horrid), idiotic fannish parodies—this and more is DREADFUL FANCTUARY. Best thing in the issue is a movie review, by Jean Willtrout, of Day of the Triffids: "...in the greenhouse it said on a little sign, 'Triffidus Plantus' or something like that, and when the light from the meteors struck it, it started growing, see, and headed for this old Night Watchman OH GOD NONO NOT THE OLD NIGHT WATCHMAN PLEASE-PLEASEPLEASE ANYTHING BUT THAT THERE WASN'T NO NIGHT WATCHMAN IN THE BOOK AND...WHYINHELL DOES A DAMN GREENHOUSE NEED A NIGHT WATCHMAN ANYWAY?????" True; but almost as overdone as the movie. The rest of the review is a cut or two below the level of the excerpt and suffers badly from a strained attempt to be too too clever. As a matter of fact, the whole mag suffers from an overripe attempt at flippant cleverness, along with the lousy art and poor repro (Ditto). Rating:**

NYARLATHOTEP #1—(Ben Solon, 3915 N. Southport, Chicago, Illinois 60613—Available for trades, contributions, or LoC's; 30¢/issue, 4 for \$1.00—irregular, 25pp.) Offset front and back covers by Scott Ross enclose this issue; both are fairly good, but the front cover irks me because it lacks the polish or refinement of which Scott is capable. This applies somewhatly to the back cover, but it's based on a cuter idea and is less scratchy in execution. The interior illos are of negligible quality.

The written contents are something else. There is an interesting (and probably controversial) article by Bob Greenberg on "The Great Fantasy Films"; there is an interview with s-f author Fred

Saberhagen; there are some clever verses (and some not so clever) an Atomic Doom by Phyllis Kleinstein, and a story by yours truly that barely missed (by some 20 manuscripts or so) winning F&SF's Univac-Unicorn short-story contest. And George Price discusses The Gold Drain (not a plumbing fixture) from the conservative viewpoint—unfortunately, George is uncharacteristically superficial, and unconvincing.

Printing is clear, but a bit fuzzy; also, there is too much show-through on the white paper. And, Ben, please watch the typo's and spelling next time! Rating:****

STEFANTASY #57—Another issue of "the illustrated magazine that is up to 81.67% milder." The cover this time is an arty scribble of a large man standing beside a large box.

Norman L. Knight writes on "Odd-Balls I Have Known," yet none of them hold a candle to Si Stricklen's fictional Harry Norf, who appeared spectacularly in DOUBLE:BILL over a year ago. There is a reprinted article that describes a sinister new-type of junk-mail: Mandatory Answer Mail. The letters this issue are rather drab and uninteresting.

The only truly amazing bit in the whole mag is Colin Freeman's article on the British Image. He ends with this anecdote: "Finally, let us look at a suicide case. Thirty-year-old John Downey tricked his sixteen-year-old girl friend into shooting him while he photographed the scene from a bull's-eye point of view. He explained to her that the gun contained blanks and that he wanted to photograph the muzzle flashes. The girl told the coroner that Downey had always behaved 'like a perfect gentleman.'"

"So that's how a perfect English gentleman behaves!"

Rating:*****

NIEKAS #12—(Ed Meskys and Felice Rolfe; send all correspondence, fanzines, etc., care of Felice, at 1360 Emerson, Palo Alto, California 94301—Available to N'APA, FAPA (thish only); for trade, contrib, or LoC; 35¢/issue—Quarterly; 80pp.) In this issue is a letter from Charlie Brown criticizing #11: "I think I figured out the basic trouble with NIEKAS. It contains too damn much filler type stuff. You seem to feel that you must put out a huge [fanzine] and fill it by using just about anything you get." Sadly, this is true of #12 also. The illustrations are lousy, including the offset cover by Jerry Burge. The poems are repetitious and mostly boring: there are at least three that relate to cons, and which strive for humorous effect; the only one I found amusing was a rhyming recollection by Buck Coulson (of all people; he says he doesn't understand poetry).

Lack of variety seems to be a keynote this issue; besides the aforementioned doggerel, there are 3 tributes (by three different people) to Hannes Bok. They are not entirely useless; they are indeed quite informative, in some ways; but their cumulative effect is rather stultifying.

Another installment of Al Halevy's "Glossary of Middle Earth," a dull-dull article on "Children's Fantasy Books" by Mark Walstead et al., and a column of parody-pastiche-poetry, entitled "Marchin'

Barnacles", deface many other-wise attractive, vari-colored pages (no two alike, I believe...how do you do it, Ed?). But the most useless item is Stephen Pickering's "A Space Age Credo." It is largely based on recent mystic scribblings of Ray Bradbury, and it reads like the slushiest of them: "Man has now sheathed himself in steel icicles of shining, crystallized, sun-splashed coats, which thrust their points into the sky—symbols of humanity's aspirations, fears, hates, loves, thoughts, attitudes, prejudices [are you sure you have all bets covered, Steve? —A.E.], which will soon abandon the fetters of the earth's bosom [now there's a metaphor to conjure with! —A.E.], vomiting flames and screaming atoms." Ad Nauseam. Purple passion from a purple pen.

An article by one Riccardo Valla on s-f in Italy makes one realize just how much s-f in an American phenomenon: after acquiring reprint writes to most of the U.S. promags, one Italian pulp went weekly.

The regular review department, which covers books, fanzines, movies, and s-f indices, is probably the best thing in this issue, especially so Ed Wood's review of the new MIT Index. Ed has offered so many interesting and constructive criticisms of the Index, and he overlooks only one major point: that this incomplete index was formulated and issued partly so that inaccuracies and inadequacies could be efficiently brought to the attention of the compiler, just as Ed has done. (I have a criticism of my own, and might as well voice it here: I think the index should begin with January of 1950, since the modern s-f mags date from no earlier than then. As it stands, the index is complete for a mag such as F&SF, but not for GAL-AXY.)

The most unusual (and interesting) item in the zine is a letter, published anonymously, from a fan in a psychiatric ward. It is quite rational, though it possesses an undercurrent of subdued bitterness, almost faded to melancholy. It is well-written, and ends thusly: "I'm psychologically addicted to a mind-warping drug, so I have to remain incarcerated and tranquilized under maximum security in order to prevent me from obtaining my devil's delight. It's all part of my instinctive aversion to reality. As for fandom and S.F.—this obsession is considered to be part of my maladjustment, you'll be delighted to learn!"

Rating:*****

SCI-FI SHOWCASE #4—(Tom Dupree, 809 Adkins Boulevard, Jackson, Miss. 39211—Available for trades, contribs, or 25¢/issue; \$2.50 for 12 (one year, supposedly), \$1.25 for 6 issues—supposedly monthly, but this issue, marked April 1965, has arrived now in mid-July; 17pp.) A very film-slanted zine: the editorial decries the movie "2,000 Maniacs", John Duvoli, associate editor, reviews "Tomb of Ligeia" and "Giant of Metropolis"; the editor makes a comeback with news, cribbed from the Louisiana Times-Picayune, of "Journey Beyond the Stars", which is purportedly based on a novel by Arthur Clarke; and on the same page, Duvoli offers film-news briefs.

There are book and fanzine reviews, but none of them are very interesting; neither is the former material, for that matter.

There is a poor, offset cover by Jerry Burge, depicting an Ymir-type e-t and a young woman gesticulating at each other. I guess the girl's pose is supposed to be provocative, but it is so stiff and awkward, so lacking in natural grace, that it is less believable than the e-t. The architectural background is not as simple as those found in the paintings of de Chirico, but it is just as dull, just as unimaginative.

It seems to me that Jerry Burge is one man who spends more time and energy on the execution of puerile conceptions than any other half-bad fan-artist that I can think of at the moment. He has no real style, and his drawings betray an imperfect understanding of the technical aspects of art; his visual imagination is apparently inoperative or nonexistent. Yet many of his drawings are, in their own faulty way, polished to an incredible degree.

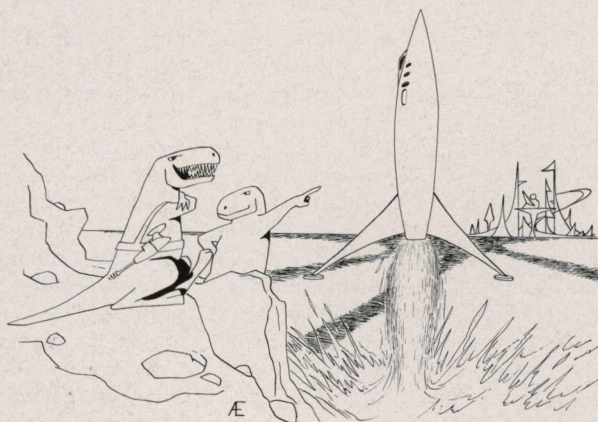
I am not against polish; certainly diamonds in-the-rough are not as fascinating as the faceted variety; but how long can a person buff a chunk of basalt before he realizes he will never get a diamond? (Or, for that matter, a pearl.)

Rating:**

ZARATHUSTRA #2—Somehow this issue isn't as delightful as it should be. I think the problem is that the material hinges too much on the first issue. There is another coloring book, this time devoted to the girls' experiences (or lack of same) at the Midwestcon. There is a multiconreport from Mike McInerney, coeditor of FOCAL POINT, that recounts his driving experiences between three regional cons. And then there's the humor—oh, I forgot to tell you; this is a *humor-zine* now, not a *genzine*. The "humor" consists of horrible fannish songs and a pointless pseudo-letter from "Barrie Munchausen." (*Retch.*)

Best item in the issue (aside from my poem) is a paragraph on p.12 written by Mike: "As we approached Los Angeles, ... a cloud lay over the land, ... like a blanket over a corpse... my first visual impression was confirmed by physical contact, as my eyes began to water and burn when we entered the foul atmosphere. *The towers of Mordor rise to butt/vett/land/.*."

Sorry girls. Rating:**-1/4



Let's wait until they land and then tell them it's a no-parking zone.

SPECULATIVE BULLETIN #1—(John Boston, 818 South Seventh Street, Mayfield, Kentucky 42066—"4 issues for 25¢; longer-term subscriptions not accepted."—"four to six weeks between issues"; 2pp.) This is a bulletin of professional s-f news: book publications, advance notices, reviews, what the authors are working on now, etc. Issues are available free for useful news items, but not for letters of comment. Most interesting item, ironically, is quoted from FOCAL POINT, a New York City newszine: "Fritz Leiber is reported...to be writing a short book on science-fiction for Southern Illinois University Press..." But there are plenty of other items that make this sheet worthwhile. (No numerical rating.)

LUNATIC #9—(Fred Haskell, publisher, 3450 Zarthan Ave., St. Louis Park, Minn. 55416; and Frank Stodolka, editor, 13508 Smith Drive, Hopkins, Minn. 55343—20¢/issue—Quarterly; 17pp.) Why do I get these free crudzines? Never any free Amra's, Yandro's, etc., oh no... Best things in this mag are the interior illos by Katherine Stodolka—I especially like the one on page 4. The rest of the material, even to a column by Gil Lamont, is oppressively boring. The cover illustration is terrible, though the artist shows a smidgin of promise. Rating:**

AMRA #35—(Send all material, letters, and subs to: AMRA, Box 9120, Chicago, Illinois 60690—8 issues for \$2.00; 35¢/issue—Approximately monthly; 20pp.) This is George Scithers' AMRA, the fanzine devoted to sword-&-sorcery and especially the works of Robert E. Howard. Entire contents are reproduced by offset lithography, illustrated impeccably by Adkins, Morrow, Domingo, Krenkel, and Cawthorn. Cover by Dennis Smith illustrates a bearded Roman god on high.

There are two especially interesting items this issue: the first, a review by Fritz Leiber, discusses both a new historical novel by de Camp and his importance in general to the field of historical fiction; the second is an article on the heroic-fantasy novels of the late Fletcher Pratt by his intimate friend and sometime co-author L.S. de Camp.

The illustrations in this issue are nothing spectacular, but they are far above those in the usual run of fanzines. Rating:*****

YANDRO #149—Ted White's column, "With Jaundiced Eye," raises some hoary chestnuts about s-f, but it is well-written and, in many areas, informative. Fannish article by John Berry is a dull pseudo-humorous account of the last meeting of Irish fandom in the old Willis home. Ed Gorman's article on the murder mystery is interesting, but it turns into a tirade against Donald Westlake, a mystery writer who Ed thinks is the real Jerry Sohl. Both Ed's article and Ted's column basically deal with the mystery field, but Ted discusses mystery writers Chandler and Hammett as models of style for budding s-f writers (and even old hands) to emulate while Ed barely touches on s-f. Both pieces are well worth reading, despite their faults.

No illustrations of any significance in this issue and, just as in the previous, one from Cawthorn. (Double-sob!) Rating:*****

HORROR

THE THIN LINE BETWEEN

REVULSION

dan bates

With CURSE OF THE FLY, the most promising horror series since THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON ends in mediocrity and, worse, disgust.

This is the third of the "fly" series begun a few years back. Preceding were THE FLY and RETURN OF THE FLY.

The new film continues the experiments of the Delambre family in their Quebec laboratory. The process of disintegrating matter—usually human bodies—and reintegrating it in another place—now across the Atlantic—seems successful to scientists Brian Donlevy (the character was played by Charles Herbert in the first film and Brett Halsey in the second) and George Baker.

Donlevy and Baker disregard their previous gruesome failures. The police, however, take a different view.

The plot is given a REBECCA touch in Baker's marriage to an escapee from a private sanitarium (Carole Gray). One victim of experiments that failed is Baker's first wife, a former concert pianist who now roams the Delambre estate, encumbered with a grotesquely swollen left hand, as well as certain facial distortions.

The film begins promisingly, with a surprisingly erotic and semi-poetic depiction of Miss Gray's escape, barefoot in bra and panties, from the asylum.

The opening frames show a window of the sanitarium being broken toward the camera in extreme slow motion, a la ZERO DE CONDUITE.

Miss Gray then crawls through the window and scampers across the lawn. (The title appears, deriving a somewhat different meaning from that intended when shown with the thinly clad, remarkably attractive Miss Gray.)

Once the last opening credit is shown, however, it's downhill all the way, with the ebb reached when Donlevy and Baker, aware that the police are closing in, dispose of two of their victims at once.

The bodies are teleported one after the other. They are then reintegrated in London simultaneously! The horrified London assistant (Donlevy's other son, presumably left alive in case a fourth in the series is required) takes an ax to both machine and the nondescript lump of heaving flesh within it.

Before he can notify Quebec of his destruction

of the machine, Baker teleports Donlevy. But now bereft of a "teleport of entry", Donlevy apparently is reduced to atoms and floats off into space.

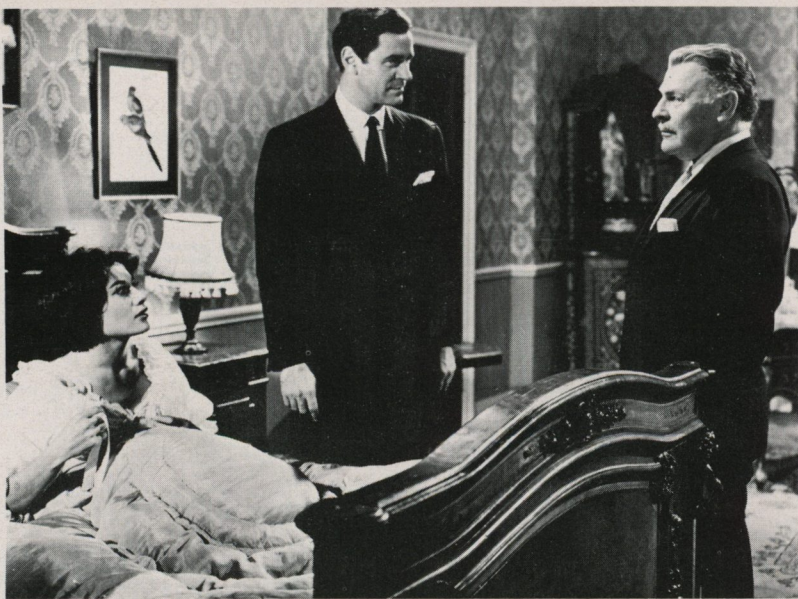
Baker dies too, aged rapidly like a misplaced Utopian from LOST HORIZONS by the fly characteristics he seems to have inherited from his grandfather (Al Hedison in THE FLY) combined with exposure to radiation experienced in developing the teleportation process.

Miss Gray's fate isn't revealed, although it's almost certain she returns to the sanitarium, this time for keeps, her experiences with Baker et al leaving her somewhat the worse for wear.

The story is silly and only moderate imagination is expended on it. Donlevy has trouble articulating several of his lines, seemingly under the influence of I-won't-guess-what. He's beginning to resemble the late Sir Cedric Hardwicke: the chest is joining the chin. The squarest shoulders in Hollywood, as well as the marvelously timed delivery of THE GREAT MCGINTY, are no more. It's sad. I'll always remember Donlevy's "Heliotrope Harry" in GENTLEMEN AFTER DARK, a forerunner of James Bond's slickest nemeses.

The spectacle of the bodies of the two victims being reintegrated as one provides the most needlessly revolting sight the screen has yet re-





Carolee Gray, George Baker
and Brian Donlevy

vealed! There's no way to describe it, and yet I certainly do not invite you to see for yourself. I wouldn't wish that on anyone!

Horror and revulsion are words often mixed, but there's a difference, in films at least. With one, sympathy is possible. Anthony Perkins' crimes may horrify in *PSYCHO*, but we can't help but feel sorry for the things that made him that way. It may only be a retrospective feeling, but it's there.

But the same director's *THE BIRDS* is different. Once you've marveled over the amazing, albeit obvious, special effects and been bogged down in vain attempts to discover the meaning behind the film's pseudo-apocalyptic conclusion—in vain because, like *LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD*, there's really nothing to discover—what is left? Disgust at such sights as a man's empty eye sockets, smeared with blood, in the brightest hues Technicolor can provide.

Movie makers seem at a loss to simply scare people now. Once the formula was simple. Horror works like sex: the more left to the imagination the better. A beautiful woman, provocatively dressed, is much sexier than a nude. Nudes bore after a while. Try sitting through a program of three "nudies".

Likewise, what horrifies about *PSYCHO*, the last great horror film of this decade, is not the gore of Janet Leigh's death but the mystery of Perkins' relationship with his "mother". Granted, the script is weak: it takes a psychiatrist's verbiage, theatrically mouthed by Simon Oakland, to set things right at the film's end. But the mystery is still there. We don't know what to think about Perkins. But we must think something. After attaching us to Miss Leigh for what seems half the film's length, Hitchcock shows her being brutally slain before our eyes, in the most clinical examination of death and its aftermath ever filmed. We are left hanging. We must identify with somebody. But who is left? Certainly not the lifeless sticks John Gavin and Vera Miles make of the hero and heroine. (But should we blame Gavin and Miss Miles? Hitchcock is the most diabolical he's ever been toward the audience in this film.) Certainly not the devious private eye (Martin Balsam), who shows his only streak of decency just before his death, perhaps we can conjure up some sympathy

for him in between times and therefore be all the more shocked when he dies.

Only Perkins is left, and we don't know what to make of him. That's the word for *PSYCHO*: Diabolical.

But it is also subtle in its horror. It can claim closest kin to *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI* (silent version) and *THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* in its seemingly frail "monster" and surrealistic visual style. This is horror, not—despite the Janet Leigh death scene—revulsion. This is on one end of the spectrum.

At the other, it seems, are revulsion, as exemplified in *CURSE OF THE FLY*, *X THE UNKNOWN*, *THE TERROR* and other films showing skin melting from bones, and cuteness, believe it or not, in *THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD* and the like. Compared to Perkins and the mess in *CURSE OF THE FLY*, *SINBAD*'s cyclops seems a dandy prospect for a housepet, like Robby the Robot.

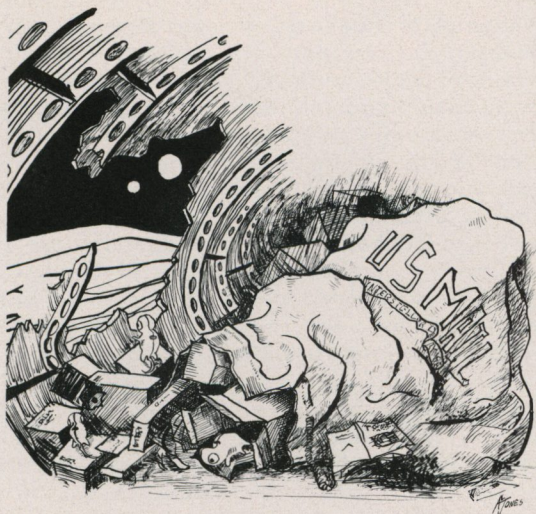
When you come right down to it, horror film producers are lost like everyone else in Hollywood. They don't know where to go. They need a formula, but the only formula for success is to use none. They don't realize this, designating as they do film to be an industry, not an art. Yes, an art. There's tremendous art in *CALIGARI*, *PSYCHO* and *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. (What else can you call that magnificently surrealistic forest through which Boris Karloff runs from the aroused villagers in James Whale's best film?)

Perhaps the only film to walk the fence between horror and revulsion, with just a dab of cuteness painted on, is Tod Browning's *FREAKS*. But the last shot of the devious tightrope artist and her fate decides this: Browning has fallen to revulsion.

Horror is a fragile thing, to be sure. It takes a diabolical artist—a Hitchcock, Whale or Robert Weine—to achieve it.

Our trouble is that we no longer have this kind of work. With *THE BIRDS*, Hitchcock lost the touch. The other two are dead. And Roger Corman doesn't really seem to know what he's about. One can rave on about the mise en scene in *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*. I have, myself.

But horror? Not a whit.



Robert Lowndes

c/o MAGAZINE OF HORROR, 119 5th Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10003

I concur with all those who have rightfully praised your makeup and printing. *Trumpet* is a very fine production job. This alone would not have elicited either a letter or subscription from me, for any fanzine which offers me what I consider a minimum of material in a sample issue that stimulates me to thought in areas I consider worth the effort of thinking about, and is duplicated well enough so that I can read it without strain is likely to have the same result.

Two items in your second issue had this effect (and in addition, the letter department was reasonably interesting, aided by the editor's interpolations, all of which had a point to make and made it). Perhaps in the future, A. J. Offutt will have something to say; for me, he didn't this time.

Item one: "SF as Cinema?" What has impressed me in general about movies based upon novels, classic or otherwise, sf/fantasy or otherwise, has been the tendency to make alterations apparently just for the sake of alterations, for these nearly always amount to dilutions and weakenings. In most instances, both a stronger and more exciting film would have resulted from following the original, making allowances for the types of condensation that are necessary, due to the differences in the medium. {Bullseye!}

Exhibit one: "Frankenstein". Nothing was gained by the departures from the author's text, and most of what Mrs. Shelley had to say was lost in the process. The outline of the story could have been followed without any loss of suspense or excitement. I did not read the novel until some time after seeing the film circa 1932, and from the very first scene I was impressed with how much better the original was and how cinematic the original was. True, some of the long philosophic discourses do not belong in a film, and those which do could well be condensed. (My feeling in this regard was strengthened by seeing a recent TV presentation and discussion which included a few scenes from the original; even though the full text would not "go" outside of an art film, the impact was far above that of the Karloff film.)

Exhibit two: "The War of the Worlds". I had

persiflage

read the original not long before seeing the George Pal film, and the full force of how updating and tinkering diluted and weakened the story was painfully apparent within the first half hour. This is a 19th century story, and its proper locale is 19th century England. Without going into wearisome detail, just one incident will suffice. The fact that the invaders are *not* invulnerable to human weapons (one stroller is knocked out by shellfire) but are nonetheless overwhelming, makes for much greater impact than the film version wherein a nuclear explosion has no effect upon them whatsoever. (But updating the story and shifting it to the USA made this necessary. ...Good illustration of the fact that a little evil just doesn't stay little; it requires more and more to sustain the gains one hoped to realize from the little evil. And I consider perversion of the arts, of which most commercial films based on novels are examples, very definite evil.)

One dissent: "The passengers on an interstellar ship should be as blasé about it as the passengers on an ocean liner." I have no quarrel with this sentence in itself, but rather with the uncorrected, or at least unadjusted implication that *everyone* on an ocean liner is blasé. This *could* be the case with any particular voyage that you wish to point to, but it does not particularly follow. The odds are that *someone* on almost every trip, this will be their very first voyage (their first look at the sea or being on a ship, first look at space directly, or an interstellar ship, etc.) and reactions of wonder are perfectly in order. Some get blasé fairly soon, some much later, and some—those more nearly alive—not at all. Which doesn't mean that even the latter will be in a state of Gernsbackian wonder *all the time*. But they won't be in a perpetual state of complacency or indifference, either. No...the truth is most likely somewhere between the extremes of never-ending goshwowboy-ohboy and ennui.

Item Two: "The Iconoclast Iconoscope". Suggested change in sub-head: "An Occasional Column Devoted to Hard Examination of Unjustly Unneglected 'classics' of Science Fiction."

Mr. Eisenstein makes his point on "Farewell to the Master" very well, I think. Read for what it is, a pulp story which holds interest and has some interesting things in it, I suppose I could read it again with a little pleasure. There's no point in giving this sort of story close reading and

analysis unless, as has happened to far too many pulp tales which appeared in science fiction magazines, the story has been hailed as literature worth enduring — that's badly put, but I see I've accidentally made a pun which has a little use, after all.

The story would be worth examining, even without its unwarranted touting, in a study of occultism and magic masquerading as science in sf. But this is another matter.

And one dissent here, too: "No one wants to read a story of which he can predict the finish." This would be acceptable if the author had qualified the sentence, as there are stories wherein the reader is supposed or presumed to know the finish from the very start; and here, the whole point is the working out, the insight into the nature of actuality and the human condition that the author offers within the frame of a well-known tale. Greek tragedy. Today a reader might not know exactly how some of these work out, but that is accidental; the audience for whom these were written was expected to know. And this approach to fiction is no less valid today, all depending upon the author's skill.

True, in most fiction, one is not expected to be able to predict most or all of the essential plot after having read a little of the tale. In this respect, most stories need to follow one of the rules that S.S. Van Dine drew up for the puzzle type of murder mystery: The truth should be apparent at all times, providing that the reader is astute enough to see it. Proper preparation, construction, and concealment. After a certain point in the well-done puzzle murder mystery, any reader might deduce, or intuit, the solution; but most will be misled. However, if one re-reads one will see how it was there on the page all the time. In non-puzzle type of fiction, where nonetheless most readers are not expected to know the ending after going a short way into it and the ending is supposed to be unexpected though not necessarily a big surprise, the element of convincing inevitability is important. A re-reading will prove whether the author worked it out thoroughly or merely indulged in card tricks, etc. (In most science fiction, as with any other sort of popular fiction, construction is arbitrary at best; this particular sequence follows because the author says so, not because it is inevitable from what has gone before.

Leland Sapiro

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To me, the most interesting things in the current issue were Eisenstein's *Iconoclast* article and Lewis' "Homespun Idyll."

Generally, I prefer articles of a more positive character than Eisenstein's—since *Iconoclast*-type articles often give the impression that literary criticism consists entirely of damning—but with his conclusions one must agree. Bates' "classic" of science-fiction, "Farewell to the Master," was just an unskilled melodrama—and the contrary opinion of Healy and McComas merely indicates their own lack of taste.

Lewis' story was an interesting science-fic-

tional attempt to recreate a state of mind. Any such re-creation, of course, is science-fictional: as Cordwainer Smith puts it, "Every day, any day, in the human mind transcends all the wonders of science. It doesn't matter who people are...the important thing is the explosion of wonder which goes on and on and is stopped only by death. Everyone is a Lear, an Othello, a Desdemona, a Prospero, a Caliban—more wonderful than a Moon rocket, more complicated than an H-bomb..."

{I'd like to introduce Mr. Smith to some of the people I know; the majority of whom have a tiny vault for a mind—unopened since they were eight years old.}

But I do not think Lewis was entirely successful. There is a parallelism in his story between the narrator and his brother-in-law, Professor Arlemann: their common tastes, e.g., in beer parties, and their common disgust with humanity, culminating in each instance with an attempt to blow up a portion of it—and such parallelism leads us to expect a similarity in motivations. {You mean prospective brother-in-law, don't you?}

Unfortunately, we do not see enough of the professor in his saner moments to know what his motivations are. Madness cannot be a motivation—the basic defect in "mad scientist" stories—but must itself be motivated, with the narrator's desire for self-punishment—"...great pain is demanded of me"—being an example of this. But we know nothing of Arlemann's motivations, the reasons for his insanity, and therefore cannot fully understand the actions of the narrator.

Nevertheless, "Homespun Idyll" is an effort to be praised—with its "interplanetary" insect-fantasy being a striking rendition of insanity—and from it we learn much more than we would from reading something by a less ambitious, less proficient writer.

In your letter column I found Creath Thorne's remarks nearly incomprehensible, e.g., we are told that Jon White obtained only a 3% to 5% response when he mailed out his magazine *INSIDE* to N3F members. But since White sent out approximately 1,000 copies and since the N3F comprises only about 350 members, this lack of response clearly can't be blamed on the N3F. (And since Jon never was an N3F member, it's not obvious how he would have had access to their membership list.)

Actually, the N3F is the only large collection of s.f. oriented fans in the U.S. The *RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY*, e.g., is a strictly science-fiction fan magazine—and out of our 316 readers 81 are N3F members, which is over 25%. And 12 out of the 32 RQ "trades" are with magazines edited by N3F members.

(Compare this, for example, with the one—repeat, *one*—response we got by soliciting 48 readers of *Analog*.)

Deriding the N3F seems to be a favorite fan sport—see, e.g., the current *Feemlwort*, in *IAPA* mailing One—because, I suppose, it's less dangerous than baiting individuals. Invariably, the loudest bitching about the N3F—and I exclude Creath Thorne's letter here—is done by members who perch on their rumps and expect N3F benefits to accrue in the manner of stock dividends. But as with just about any other organization, the benefits received by the individual member is proportional

to the work expended by himself.

I regret the "commercial" reference in these last few paragraphs and their distinctly polemical tone. But my own magazine—and its parent, IN-SIDE—is the only one I know something about, and I am getting sick of the above-mentioned type of complaint.



Len Moffatt

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Alex Eisenstein has done what any literate person can do if he wants to make the effort: Pick out an old time favorite story and expose its flaws in order to debunk it. Take the "sloppily written" bit for instance. The so-called "pioneer" or "breakthrough" stories weren't exactly the epitome of excellent writing. But we mustn't pick on these, of course, as they did present New Ideas or a New Gimmick to the stfield. Anyway, it seems to me that the contradictions in Farewell to the Master could have been caught by the editor. It certainly isn't unusual for a writer to come up with such contradictions during the heat of writing a story, especially for mags with deadlines—but it is the editor's job to edit and one wonders how the contradictions between the first and 20th paragraphs got by Campbell. One can only assume that he was so moved or impressed by the story (as were most stfans back when it first appeared) that his editorial-eye was blinded.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to "defend" the story against ye critic's picking (nit or otherwise). As I said, the stfield is full of stories that wouldn't hold up under this type of attack. But I will say that the reason Farewell to the Master became an immediate favorite and is remembered kindly by old time fans thru the years is the mood it creates and the implication inherent in the ending. One must assume that Mr. Eisenstein is "putting us on", or for some reason or

other—just doesn't understand the ending.

"Gnut is the master. Big shock. Exactly what does that statement mean?" says ye critic. Well, to me at least, it means exactly what it says. But read "god" for master. For Gnut, obviously, is not a robot. He could not be put out of commission. Use a "strong, fluctuating magnetic field"? I don't know why Mr. Bates didn't throw this in as one of the gimmicks, but—if my interpretation of the tale is correct—it wouldn't have worked either. A super-natural being—i.e. one that is so far beyond and above mere mankind as to be incomprehensible—would not have its metallic corporate form affected by magnetism or anything else we could come up with.

Gnut, of course, was only a machine or a body (okay, a robot—but not a robot as humanity thinks of robots) or a thing, used by the super-being to impress earth people. As was Klaatu, who of course was more of a human being, a flesh and blood creature created (and later recreated) by "god" using his/its Gnutform as the implement. The Gnutform is also shaped like a human (complete with modest loincloth) perhaps because men have a tendency to create their god or gods in their own image. Makes him/it more acceptable.

But all thru the story everybody, including the reader, is assuming that Klaatu is a super-human (but still human) and that big old Gnut is just a super-robot. But when Gnut says, "I am the master," comes the shock. Or came the shock, back then. So we're more sophisticated nowadays. For instance, I was a fairly religious person when I first read Farewell to the Master. It shocked me because here was a writer daring to give an inkling of God, using God, or a god, as a character in a pulp fiction story. Still, I liked the story, even then—because it showed the puniness of man and how little we know or understand of the universe.

Even now, as an agnostic, I find the concept worthy of the story and the story worthy of the concept.

The unexplained items aren't necessarily laziness on the part of the author (or the editor). If there is a god—who among us can explain him or it? The point of the whole story, neatly and simply tied up in that ending, is simply that somewhere, somehow there is a master or, if you prefer, a god who can and does create human life forms, who does move in mysterious ways, etc. etc. So—if you're not religious—does this make the story a fantasy? Maybe. I still think of it as science fiction, but if I may borrow a term from Joe Gibson ... speculative s-f. The idea that if a god, or gods, exist they might on occasion decide to operate on a human-level to teach their creations that they do exist, or to let us know that we are really quite tiny compared to the vastness of the universe. In short, God or gods may have physical sciences but of course so above and beyond what we have that all we can do is say "supernatural" and let it go at that. Our minds aren't developed sufficiently (yet—maybe never) to dig what the gods are hip to...

I must agree that the film (The Day the Earth Stood Still) is one of the minor classic stfilms even if it didn't follow the story. But the concept

used in Farewell to the Master was prob'ly too touchy a subject for the film makers. Perhaps even too subtle, though I've never thought that the story's punch line was that subtle, at least for regular readers of *sf*. But now I'm beginning to wonder...

Richard Hodgens

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I have just seen the first two issues of *Trumpet* and am very impressed by both its aspect and its material, on the whole.

Your first cover is striking, and it is science fiction, isn't it; i mean, it is the second cover which puzzles me somewhat—not to mention the second title-page. (Why Maria and Tony? Why not Weena and the Time Traveler?) But then, you say *Trumpet* is to be "sf flavored but not exclusively so," anyway, and so it is. Personally, i wish it were more exclusive. I do like Bok's angelology, but i am not much interested in mundane pictures and stories. As for the stories, i liked Richard Koogler's van Vogtian tale and—having been interested in surrealism for some time, anyway—Leonora Carrington's pieces. And as for literary criticism, Alex Eisenstein's is admirably constructive, and i am looking forward to more.

But—speaking as a quasifan—the most interesting things in *Trumpet* are Al Jackson's articles on sf films, and your reviews of them with stills, captions and credits. (How did "Paranoiac" get in there? Oh well, why not.) I sort of gave up on sf films some years ago; they rarely seemed of enough interest, as sf or as films, to justify the expense of money and time; and while some were bad enough to be amusing, some were worse. Since then, double featuring has declined, features change less often, and sf films have become hard to find. It used to be that i could walk down the street and see *Monster on the Campus* with *The Brineaters*, say, for an almost reasonable price in an almost empty theater. But now, if i really wanted to see *Slime People* with *The Crawling Hand*, i would have to journey to the lost city and catch them at one of those crowded Forty-second Street theaters that aren't even listed in the papers—, and such a double bill at such a theater is rather forbidding. And what i really do want to see seems even harder to find. I am still looking for *Panic in the Year Zero*, *Robinson Crusoe on Mars* and *War Gods of the Deep*, and i didn't even know there was a *Twonky*...i have not lost interest entirely, by any means.

Even when sf films are carefully created for sadistic, superstitious idiots, they may contain a shot or two of dream-like beauty. Even when, as you say of *The Terror*, "you are not sure what is happening, whatever it is, is happening interestingly," or at least it may be...To editorialize, we sf fans (or quasifans) may want to know what has happened when it's over at least, but we are a puristic minority; the larger minority of moviegoers who sit through these things is more affected—more frightened or perhaps more assured—by the very irrationality of the farrago of mysteries or terrors, and so are the critics. We want pos-

sibilities or logical impossibilities; they want neither possibility nor logic. Jackson is mistaken, i think: audiences are not more sophisticated, only more perverse.

In Jackson's "Somebody out there likes us," i see more mercy than "just praise," and his "Science fiction as cinema?" seems optimistic even with the question mark. Still, he has done a good job of pointing out the films that have exhibited rare competence, and of suggesting criteria for good sf films. (And even of suggesting specific works, especially *Caves of Steel*.) It is our problem, though, that we want to see modern sf, and sf films are something else. We want wonderful stories; but they—the greater minority—want bloody wonders, the single frightening invention or invasion or, more rarely, the fabulous tour. (Incidentally, i am afraid that the Clarke-Kubrick film will be a tour at best; I'm not going to hope for more...) This touches upon the notice you give to the problem in *Conquest of Space*: "...how do you make an alien landscape look real and alien at the same time? We have never seen...[Mars]. How can we be convinced that it is real when we know... that it is only a sound-stage set."

I don't think the problem is "unsolvable", but rather that it is a problem of the way such material is presented. As Jackson says, "everything futuristic should be there but only incidentally."

Conquest is more tour than story; that is, the emphasis is, "Look at this! It's Mars!" And then of course, it isn't; but i do not think we would have difficulty accepting it as Mars if it were the background for a good story.

This suggests the other possible solution: complete stylization. The examples that occur to me at the moment are *Henry V* and *The Fabulous World of Jules Verne*. In the former, the "empirical perspective" or sets and painted backdrops become so acceptable that when the camera reveals the field of Agincourt, it is the real world that seems off-key. In the latter, the "animated engraving" effect is consistent throughout, and thoroughly acceptable. {Yes, but didn't you wish just a little that those huge and fabulous machines and sets were realistic, and weren't you just a bit disappointed that they weren't?} Of course, both these films are good stories as well as spectacles of a sort; but i think that given consistent stylization, extraordinary, animated wonders are believable.

This leads me, indirectly i guess, to disagree with Dan Bates. Jackson may be too optimistic, but Bates has no good reason to rule it all out *a priori*, with his "There'll never be a science fiction novel or film that's a work of art or genius, just as there'll never be artful pornography or women's fiction." But there is artful pornography and women's fiction—and, of course, sf too. And all sf novels and films are works of art—if not of genius—by definition. There is no distinction between art and whatever Bates wants to call sf. However wretched most sf, pornography and women's fiction may be, art is what they are. And sf is not "limited" art, but art with fewer limitations than those that define other genres. (And let's not forget that the "mainstream" is only another genre.)

Everybody knows that.

Peter Singleton

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As usual, your layout and repro makes a fine union but my reactions to the contents are slightly mixed. Which can only be expected from the varied material presented, so dry up your tear-streaked face!

Now for my detailed reactions, viz:

WHITE RABBITS: Very gruesome item, this, hardly the sort of thing to peruse prior to consuming the day's main meal, as I vividly discovered. The sweet aroma of carrion seemed to pervade my olfactory senses when by rights I should have been receptive to broiled beef, or whatever it was coyly lurking behind a liberal dollop of hot spice and pickles. Such are the trials of a hyperactive imagination. Yes, I did indeed enjoy this story, in my own little way.

Andrew J. Offutt made my [first word on page 28] ache, {what? what? the first word on page 28 is "the"} the only redeeming feature being the final paragraph. Don't misunderstand me, I beg of you. I adore the devilish delights of ghod Faanish Chatter but mindless droolings invoke an entirely different reaction whenever I suffer the misfortune to come across them. Please observe, I refer to the droolings as being mindless, not Offutt himself, because I don't know him well enough to venture an opinion. I never make the mistake of judging an individual's state of mind from the state of his written material, though the temptation is strong at times, I must admit.

NOISE IN THE DARK amused me but not quite as much as the 'pop art' sequences lastish.

I confess to being an E.E. Smith fan ('Doc', not Evelyn in this case) during my early teens. I was even a (brace yourself) Vargo Statten fan back in those early days. I now hold both in just about equal disregard because my SF tastes have changed a great deal since I first acquainted myself with the genre, which isn't really surprising. Mind you, I preferred aSF even then in spite of my penchant for enjoying just about anything within the field.

In case you are wondering, I've just been on about Eisenstein's critique of Harry Bates' *Farewell to the Master*, in a manner of speaking. Alex has a *good* column here. Maybe even Offutt will entertain me with his next production. I believe in miracles.

A HOMESPUN IDYLL: The best item in the entire ish and this rates it very high indeed in my estimation. It's a little bit too high in parts but I don't let minor details like this faze me. The imagery is out of this world and I'm wondering how the hell this managed to get itself pubbed in a fanzine instead of a prozine but these little mysteries of life are sent to tease us, no doubt. Perhaps it is too good for the teeming masses of humanity? This wouldn't surprise me.

Your SF film reviews mainly serve to remind me that I very probably won't have the pleasure or misfortune (depending) to see an SF film again. We have films here but they are mostly old westerns and thrillers with no SF in sight as yet.

POSTSCRIPT!! I've neglected the artwork. The

coverillo is a trifle on the weird side but it looks OK and I like it. The best interior is of course the Bill Sebastian center spread. I also feel good about the stark tones of the dramatic profile on page twenty-two.

The bacover is well produced by an obvious expert but the overall effect is somehow sterile and mechanical, failing to evoke any emotional affinity. The only illo I actually dislike is the quasi-humorous cartoon (?) on page eleven.

Robert Bloch

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TRUMPET #2 is quite a blast, and you can take continuing pride in the quality and appearance of the magazine. Naturally I was most interested in your film-reviews and in associate editor Jackson's article, **SF AS CINEMA?**

I'm afraid that while he poses the usual problems, he hasn't come up with any unusual answers. His partial solution to getting good sf—"the best bet is a one man producer-director who has artistic as well as financial control over the film"—is an obvious and a sensible one. The only trouble is, there aren't many such people around. In the last analysis, virtually every producer-director is financed either by a studio and/or banking institutions—and the people who put up the money insist on retaining a measure of control, artistic as well as financial. Fifty years ago a D.W. Griffith, facing the same dictatorship of the money-men, could turn his back on them and plunge his own fortune into the making of **INTOLERANCE**. But today no one can make a spectacular production with his own capital—first of all, the costs have risen too high, and secondly, he must still depend on a distribution agreement with a studio. And even fifty years ago, in Griffith's case, he lost his shirt on the venture. Once in a while a little "independent producer" can turn out a quickie film on a shoestring and then take his finished product to a studio and make a deal for distribution. But the quickie film is not what Al Jackson, or most sf fans, want to see.

While I'm at it, allow me to respectfully correct a few of Mr. Jackson's observations. The producers he has cited, plus a number of others I've met, have read a good deal more than "four or five pages of sf by some well-known author between them"—indeed, many of these men are surprisingly knowledgeable regarding major writers and major titles in the field. But if they want financing they must adhere to formula, and keep an eye on the budget limitations.

Regarding writers: Leigh Brackett has been in and out of Hollywood since as far back as the mid-1940s, and worked on many movies. Beaumont and Matheson have made repeated efforts, often at great personal financial sacrifice, to do justice to sf and fantasy scripts—only to have their work altered and hacked out of recognition. An excellent example; their "labor of love" together on Fritz Leiber's **CONJURE WIFE**, which finally reached the screen under the idiotic title of **BURN, WITCH, BURN**, with drastic and dreadful changes made after they handed in the completed script.

After a few such costly experiences, screenwriters usually decide that there's no sense banging their heads against a stone wall.

As for Bradbury, thus far Ray has been in a classic position—always a bridesmaid but never a bride. He has been paid for options and treatments and assorted screenplay drafts of *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES* for about 15 years, I should judge—but as yet the film hasn't been made. Although he has worked in studios longer than any other writer in the field except Brackett, I believe his sole credits in sf consist of one screenplay and one story adapted by other hands. The problems of financial and artistic control seems insoluble.

Of course what Mr. Jackson says makes sense, and I join him in hoping that the tide will turn and sf will set sail on the cinematic seas, bound for glorious new horizons. But until then, we must continue to cruise up the creek and conduct a diligent search for a paddle.



andy offutt

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I'm still nuts about Bruce Berry. How in hell he does it with all those little dots—and white ones, too!—I'll never understand. He and Finlay have amazed and confounded me with their styles for years. The back cover of *t-2* is a superb piece of honest-to-gosh science fiction art!

I don't like the front cover.

White rabbits. You know, I don't share your enthusiasm for Leonora Carrington. Which is, as the saying goes, the way it goes.

That's the damndest name for a column I ever. If your columnist doesn't get on the stick and write something other than drivel, he'll hasten your demise as he has others. Did you know that shortly after Offutt began writing reviews for *the Southern Fan* it went straight to hell? Did you know that after Vic Ryan published a long Offutt treatise on Vardis

Fisher and his work, Ryan's bane lasted exactly one more issue? Be warned! {You're very astute but I'm not in as much danger as you are} Oh, and as to that picture... I know all columnists get their pitchers taken to display along with their work, but... Mithra save us! How old was Offutt when that was taken? {A mere tad}

Sf as cinema?: Oh, Al Jackson, how I love your dreams! You left out something I'd like to see moved: de Camp, also *the power*, which was so nearly mainstream its less sf than *Goldfinger*, Hollywood style. {George Pal is working on "the power" at the moment but having seen what Pal has done lately... also I can no longer take the novel very seriously after reading Damon Knight's review} and you did not consider comedies—a couple of obvious filmables I think off quickle are *two rubles to times square* and *when they come from earth*. It's pleasant to hear Mister Al Jackson dream; if he can ever add flesh to his dreams, I'd like to be there.

Shelton's monster-gotta-go cartoon strip: I laughed aloud. That's praise!

Alex Eisenstein's iconoclast iconoscope is one of the longest killers I've ever failed to finish, including Malcolm Muckraker's muck. Since I caught the gist early—lets destroy *farewell to the master*—and since it seemed a bit overlong for so simple a task, I proceeded to page 14 without passing GO and without collecting 200 lumps, skipping pages 11, 12, 13. Besides abhorring the concept of a "review" written merely to kill, I feel this is rather what's known as beating a long-deceased horse (deceased? hell its decomposed, by now!)? What ancient chestnut will he resurrect next to destroy? Why is it so many people feel they have an obligation to attempt to destroy another man's work which they dislike? {I'm sure Alex will let you know}

I don't seem to have marked anything in Greg Benford's letter with my everpresent yellow underliner. {Marked? MARKED?} If Harry Warner said anything that nice about me I'd grant him a 90-year subscription and whatever you texicans give resembling Kentucky Colonelcies. {An lbj hat?} What unmitigated praise! Besides, I agree.

Ludwig's paragraph about the pubbing of fanzines makes his letter a worthy one—well put.

I'll bet John W. Andrews had to work his tail off trying to find deep and hidden meanings in *CPCC*! You mentioned the Freudian implications of Erle K. Bergey's covers: Andrews is the man for the job! But he could write a forty-page article! I'd say the absolute high point of *t-2* is the brief exchange: *Andrews*: so who are you trying to please? *Reamy*: myself, mostly. Good for you! I'm afraid I was unkind enough to write "ass" at the foot of Andrews' letter in block caps. I wrote "ass #2" after Glass' letter; I'm not kindly disposed to people who write long letters endeavoring to (1) be snide while lacking the wit to carry it off, and (2) tell an editor what to do with his brain-baby. Poor Glass was "ill" and "nauseous" and "expected too much"; raised hell because *t-1* wasn't 101% sf, then said: "I'm LOCing just in case I can get #2 because I feel as if it will improve." (Or in hopes of seeing his name in print?) Another brilliant exchange: *Glass*: what has LSdP have to do with science fiction? *Reamy*: nothing.

Oh.

{Are you trying to outdo Warner?}

im amazed to learn marion bradley doesnt drink ("i dont drink.") gosh! isnt it necessary to life, or something? whats she do about dehydration? {aw, come offutt—alex eisenstein}

now lets mitigate that irony. while disagreeing with her article in #1, i read it and reread it because it was well said. you know what i like? i like to hear marion bradley talk on paper. i even like aldones. id like to talk with her, someday. i get the impression shes a cerebrated lady.

whatd ann chamberlain say? i read her letter twice—whatd she say?

my first reaction is to call dan bates an idiot for his "'fanzine' (sci-fi jargon, i take it, for 'fan magazine'? my my, how free is journalism in its lower reaches.>"). second reaction: just nasty. i remember a time when i entered this disorganized organized hobby we dignify by the formal title "sf fandom." i had an advisor, the afore-mentioned vic ryan. i sent him a letter or two a week: "whats fen? whats loc? whats gafiate? whats fiawol? whats fiagdh?" etc. it is difficult. it is childish, in a way; its also handy; were a nation of abbreviators. dan bates, theres a little book called "a key to the terminology of sf fandom" (pompous title!) printed in 1962 by donald franson and the national fantasy fan federation (nfff; n3f; neff). it begins with *acti-fan*, covers even *bem*, and proceeds to *zine*. now youll tell me you dont give a hang, right?

then i read bates' surmise that lyndon "stole the idea for his War of the Worlds script from orson welles..." good grief, breathes there a pompous idiot with soul so dead, that h.g. wells (or of him) he has not read? {im sure that master dan meant that lyndon's script was based more on welles than wells}

then i found bates' problem: "'the trouble with science fiction,' i once wrote in a review of damon knight's A CENTURY OF GREAT SHORT

SF NOVELS for the star-telegram here..." very well, sir, we are impressed, and we understand your interesting but not unusual emotional problem. but watch out: pretty soon lots of people are going to be plotting against you.

or youll think so.

i still like your movie reviews, tom. now tell me a question. on the contents page theres a large picture. after looking at it for 5 or 6 minutes i noticed it was a girl and a boy. why? whatsit? whosit? is that natalie wood?—he doesnt rook rike the hero of *west side story*. come on, tom. i like the picture, too; it beats hmh's playmates. and i know you dont have to explain, or have a reason. but—why—who? {i will tell you one thing: i wish you would break your underscore key!}

Earl Noë

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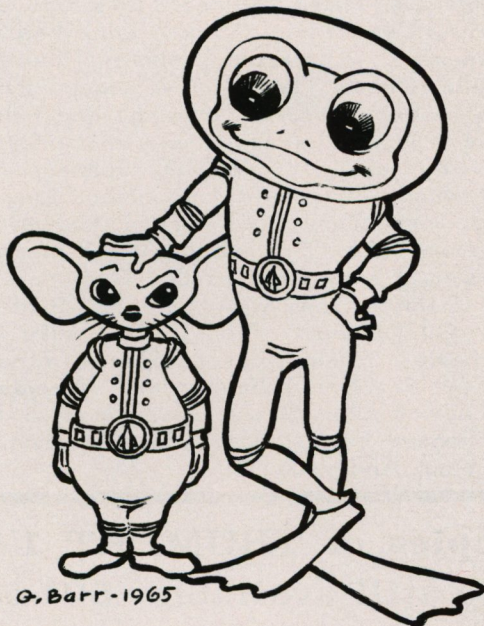
Offutt was groping for a point: *Trumpet* has, with #2, become more properly a magazine than a fanzine, quite enough so to justify Ed Ludwig's bright vision (although I suspect his proposal will remain just that). His idea is fairly valid, however; cash is cogent. An entrepreneurial collegian with money to play with has founded a humor magazine in this area that is far inferior to *Trumpet* mechanically, yet anyone who will pay \$27.00 for 300-400 words of satire (which spills, unbidden, out of my skull anyway) has an undeniable first-dibs on my output. Even the *Colorado Portfolio*, with its miserable rates, gets first crack at any fiction.

Double-take: Harry Warner's statement, "It's the publication of the state reformatory...It contains a surprisingly large proportion of fantasy slanted material." Is it surprising?

John Andrews' reaction to Shelton's "Funnies" interested me, because I liked them yet I'm notorious for trampling, with crudely un-hip verbal boots, on the elaborate apologies constructed by modern art adherents. I found the "Funnies" enjoyable because of the crack-brained continuity they do indeed possess. Shelton's madness is, I think, quite methodical, and the strips have a subtle logic that is only partly subjective (who could miss, for example, the hieroglyphic parody of a knock-knock joke?). While subtler than an out-and-out spoof on modern art, they're more related to the term "funnies" than to "pop-art" or anything else.

Dan Bates' dogmatic: "...there'll never be artful pornography..." made me think immediately of Clifton Fadiman, quoted by David Loth in *The Erotic in Literature*. Says Fadiman, "Pornography is one of the most restricted of the literary arts; I was even about to say one of the purest. It is strictly a job for professionals. Its aim is simple: to supply the peculiar and ineradicably human pleasure arising from the vicarious contemplation of lewd images."

The danger of such largely unnecessary iconoclasm as Alex Eisenstein's is that it results in what are ultimately critiques of bad criticism of bad prose. Here's mine: The demolition loses considerable steam about the eleventh paragraph where the critic displays a scientific naivete (as I imagine all too many people will point out to you)



that is every bit as great as that of the unfortunate Harry Bates. It seems odd to read that there is "no known barrier" to magnetism, when every physics student who's ever fooled with iron filings and a magnet knows that that's exactly what all ferromagnetic materials are in effect. Magnetic shielding is a technological commonplace by which both simple and complex devices are made to function in fluctuating, and often quite powerful, magnetic fields, and without which neither a good record player nor a good missile would function properly. Eisenstein debunks the novel scientists for passing "tremendous voltages and amperages" through the robot, without seeming to realize this itself would create a powerful magnetic field around it. The main effect of subjugating a metal-skinned robot to "a strong, fluctuating magnetic field" would be to induce eddy currents in the skin.

The column was scarcely more rigorous on a literary level. The author seems to think that melodrama is a derogatory term, and that the passages he quotes are somehow characteristic of melodrama (in the technical sense, the story is probably best called a comedy). See: Robert B. Heilman, "Tragedy and Melodrama: Speculations on Generic Form," *Texas Quarterly*, Summer, 1960.

"Farewell to the Master" is, without a doubt, no great piece of work, but does that justify, to paraphrase Alex Eisenstein, stretching a short squib into a long article?

I liked "White Rabbits"; it promises, like a well-done finger-exercise by a writer flexing her fingers (like shooting stars) before a more sustained effort. At least one reader would appreciate knowing a bit about Leonora Carrington and what directions she and her writing have taken since 1945. {Leonora Carrington is currently living in Mexico City and is an artist first and a writer second. Her paintings are very much like her stories.}

"Homespun Idyll" is another, bitter, piece of fantasy that is more like an episode from a novel than a short story. In this case, however, it is an episode from a hypothetical Miller-esque novel in which nothing much happens anyway. Benford comments, "It's just hard as hell to learn how to plot," and might have observed further that plot has been minimized as an element in modern fiction and style emphasized. And given the type of prose Lewis is attempting to write, he does it very, very well. He is an admirable word technician and his nightmare narrative is, in my opinion as rich as that of old Henry himself (and so fecund that Allen must be introduced to discharge some of the most intense of it) and if anything, more tightly knit. But of course, nothing much happens.

One detail: There are no mountains between Denver and Dallas. The frontal range begins several miles west of Denver. Everything east of Denver is flat as a card table. {Love Field in Dallas also has no bar such as the one in the story and, even if it did, one wouldn't be able to buy a mixed drink.}

Incidentally, don't let people bugaboo you with the term "little magazine." It's more fun (less profit, tho) to be a little magazine than a big one. Most fun of all is to look like a little magazine and not be one.



It's now time for the I-also-heard-froms, to wit: EEEvers, "I'm beginning to get an idea of the type zine you eventually want to pub: a quarterly super YANDRO!...I like the idea, though you'll probably get pretty disgusted when fans who think an offset zine has to be either a scholarly article zine or an imitation prozine." The late Felice Rolf, "About that pic on your contents page; it's nice, but what does it have to do with science fiction?" John Benson. John C. Boland. Peter J. Maurer. DV Christenson. Jerry G. Bails. John Boston, "...if you keep it up you just might be a Hugo contender next year." John McGeehan. Bill Mallardi. Bruce Robbins. John Brunas. Richie Benyo. R. Michael Johnson. Rick Weingroff. Tom Sampson, "If ever there was a fanzine more worthy of a Hugo Award than Trumpet then I'd sure like to see it." {keep it up, keep it up!} Stephen Barr. John R. Duvoli. Carrington Dixon, Jr. Phil Harrell, "In The Conquest of Space...on page 28. Evidently no one on the ship could tell how a rocket taking off would feel so we have two with plus g and two with null g expressions and one with an interesting mixture of both (there's one in every crowd). D. Bruce Berry. Robert E. Margroff. Bill Spicer. Allen G. Kracalik. Eva Firestone. Roy Tackett. Dave Kyle. Eric Blake. Mike Appel. Chet Gottfried. George Barr. Dave Prosser. Jim Harmon. George Scithers. Sutton Breiding. Dan Bates. Phred Jackson. George L. Charters. Gene Klein, "Sex, I think has no place in a fanzine..." Harold Palmer Piser. Jerry Pournelle. Creath Thorne, "I've noticed the mimeo-mythos (a very descriptive term) and I think that perhaps it is part of the trend to conform to the general fan group." Seth A. Johnson, "And I predict you'll have the Hugo before long." Dave Ludwig. Kris Carey. Mike Irwin. Harlan Ellison. Ray Nelson. Ray Bradbury. Alex Eisenstein. Al Williamson. Larry Richardson. Desmond Squire. G. M. Carr, "Gosh Wow!" John Baxter. Bill Glass. Gil Lamont. Alan Dodd. Mike Ussery. Ron Eberle. Buck Coulson. Harry Warner, Jr. Jurgen Wolff. Bill Wolfenbarger. Dennis Smith. Jim Goodrich. Jim Grant. Ned Brooks. Dan Adkins. Richard Brzustowicz. Steve Perrin. Mike Ward. Poul Anderson.

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