

GARUDA





# GARUDA 1

Yes, fans, this is Garuda #1, possibly the last of a highly short-running series. It can be had for the usual, or twenty cents, from Terry Ballard, 1204 W. 5th St., #10, ~~EMMX~~ Tempe, Ariz., 85281.

YOU ARE GETTING GARUDA BECAUSE:

- You ran out of Excedrin
- You type better than TerB
- You are Zenna Henderson
- We heard about you
- You heard about us
- You asked for it
- You subscribed
- You trade with Phoenix zines
- We'd like to trade
- You are masochistic

In a universe of infinite possibility combinations, you happened to draw the short straw.

~~the~~ you  
I LOVE



ALL  
ART  
DRAWINGS  
DOODLES  
BY  
TERB

HI! I'M TERB,  
EDITOR OF  
THIS RAG. THIS  
MAG IS FULL  
OF STUFF I  
WROTE. HOPE  
YOU LIKE IT.  
THE GUY NEXT  
TO ME IS  
KEN.

HI, I'M KEN, I'VE  
GOT CONTENTS IN THIS  
ISH TO. IF YOU'RE  
INTERESTED, FIND THEM.

I'M B.D. ARTURS.  
READ MY REVIEWS

I'M BILL PAT-  
ERSON. I'VE GOT  
HALF OF AN ESSA  
HERE!



↓ DONNA - WE CAN BOTH BE GLAD THAT  
THIS PROJECT IS DONE! I LOVE YOU. *Overly Lee*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Mythcon II opened as every other con I've ever attended- late. Well under way by 8:00 P.M., I was watching Bernie Zuber's slide presentation of the last four years of Mythopoeic Society history, which was followed by a showing of the movie 5 Million Years to Earth. At the end of the movie, I wandered around with Bruce Hazel, the only other Arizona fan at the con, in search of parties; curiously enough, there were none.

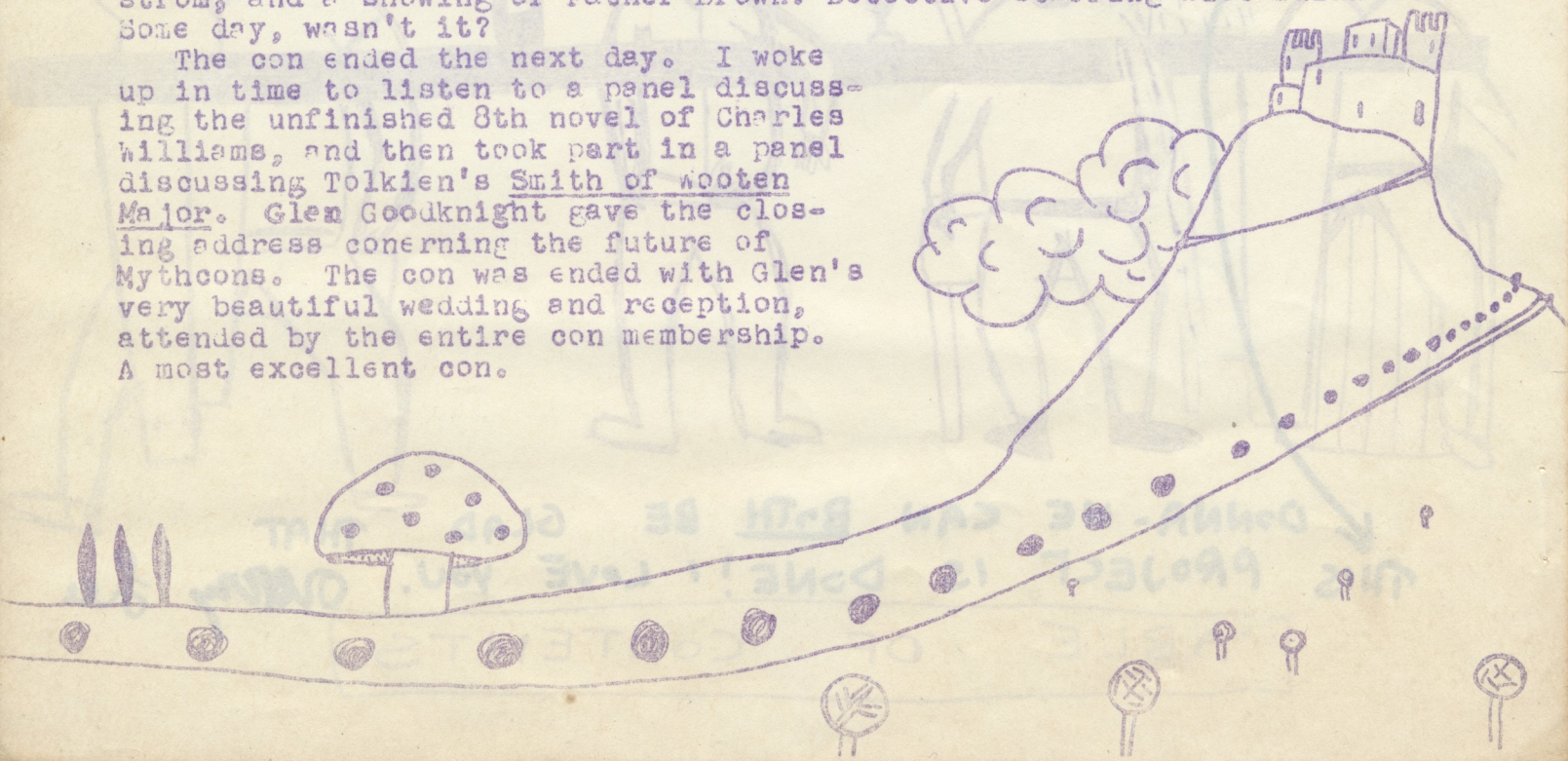
The next morning began with a procession of the Society branches to the room where the keynote address was to be given by Glen Goodknight, society leader since its founding. The address, bearing the impressive title of "Transcending the Images: Archaisms and Alternatives," was ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ reminiscent of Mythcon I, (Greatest con in fan history.)

In the afternoon I attended the reading of a research paper concerned with divine imagery in C.S. Lewis' novel That Hideous Strength and a panel discussion comparing Five Million Years to Earth to the writings of Charles Williams. The evening was taken up by a masquerade and fantasy music program. The music program was, for me, the greatest disappointment. It was too short, very incoherent, and worst of all, in the wrong place. There was no excuse for the last, there being any number of rooms at the hotel better suited for this. The room chosen would have been more appropriate for a classroom lecture on quantum mechanics than a presentation of mostly medieval music.

Again, it was time to look for evening parties. Although POSITRON had made a most brief appearance, (about 15 minutes) the con was again practically dead. Even attempts at starting something myself fell flat. People in attendance seemed quite uninterested. For the record I discovered one (1) party during the entire con, at which there was less life than at the deadest of Westercon parties.

But the evening inactivity was more than made up for by the unbelievable activities the next day. Of them, I was present at: the showing of the movie First Men in the Moon and a panel discussion of following it, comparing it with C.S. Lewis' book That Hideous Strength, a beautiful poetry reading by Paula Marmer, a Pun Tourney, (a Mythcon tradition), an auction, an address by the guest of honor, Mary McDermott Shideler on Charles Williams, a surprise announcement by Glen Goodknight that he was to be married at the con the next day to fan artist Bonnie Bergstrom, and a showing of Father Brown: Detective starring Alec Guinness. Some day, wasn't it?

The con ended the next day. I woke up in time to listen to a panel discussing the unfinished 8th novel of Charles Williams, and then took part in a panel discussing Tolkien's Smith of Wooten Major. Glen Goodknight gave the closing address concerning the future of Mythcons. The con was ended with Glen's very beautiful wedding and reception, attended by the entire con membership. A most excellent con.



Newport Jazz Festival: Postscript

by Lee Bingham



Class notes: Advanced Xenological Sociology

Landed as per instructions. Ship beneath large local body liquid (non-sterile saline H<sub>2</sub>O w. indigenous flora and fauna.)

Chief natives: biped, clothed, omniverous, mammalian, ostensibly bi-sexual, vari-colored (dk. brown, lt. brown, yellow, pink. Pelt thatch of black, brown, yellow, or orange confined to cranial region.)

Local crude petroleum powered four-wheel combustion vehicles. Sail-powered wind vehicles on H<sub>2</sub>O.

Seem to have arrived at local festival involving and centering around various sound devices- some breath-powered, some struck with varying velocity by tips of upper extremities. Religious signif???

Added sounds emitted from biped's upper anatomy. Various rhythmic accompaniments by the audience, encouraged by those who emit sounds. Performers function on a raised platform with the aid of crude electrical amplifiers. Approval of audience denoted by striking flat parts of upper two extremities together.

Many noises. What a noisy species. Sounds- "music" - strongly ~~rhythmic~~ rhythmical. Typical of protein-oxygen-iron life forms. (would be interesting to postulate with regard to Glorp's theory on pulse-beat of central organic pump of protein life relating to socio-religious structure and ceremonies.)

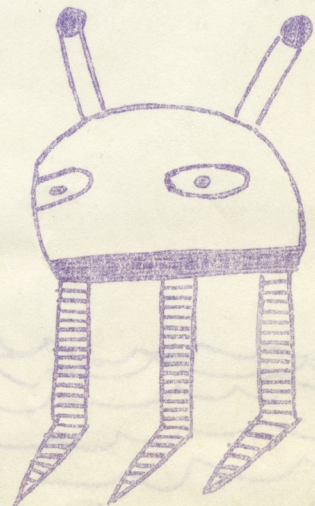
No silence or reverential awe for sound-makers. Noise and more noise before and after performances. Rhythmic accompaniment during performances.

"Music" is quite primitive, yet it stirs me. My outer crystals vibrate all the way to the blues and almost to violet. These creatures seem to have some grasp of crystalline affects (Amazing!) They use words for much of their musical equivalent to "blue." How in the name of Krantz do they know? Yes, yes, it is blue.

I shiver. I quiver. How blue-ue-ue.

Sorry. The music has intoxicating repercussions on my structure.

Now a large brown specimen is using his (her, its?) vocal organic structure



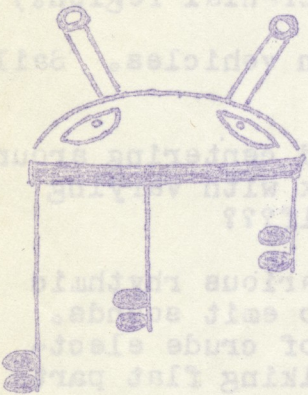
and "singing" (protein sound-making). What powerful equipment they have. Oh, those noises. They enrapture the huge, quivering masses of surrounding protein creatures.

The noises-

"Didn' it RA-AAin, Chil'ren, didn't it,  
Didn' it!  
Didn' it RA-A-Ain!!!..."

How green-blue!  
How blue-green!

I am a rainbow. Transposed. Transfixed. Transmigrated.



Now, now- Boom! Boombomratarata Boom! Percussion. Wild sound waves. I am crimson and orange burned!

Merciful Drang! It desists momentarily. I would not be recognized by my colleagues. My yellows are gone. Now reds and greens and even some violets are crazily angled in me. I must leave this place and repair the damage.

This is a world gone wild, splashed with sounds of bluest blue and smashing red. Impossible to return without protective audio-shield.

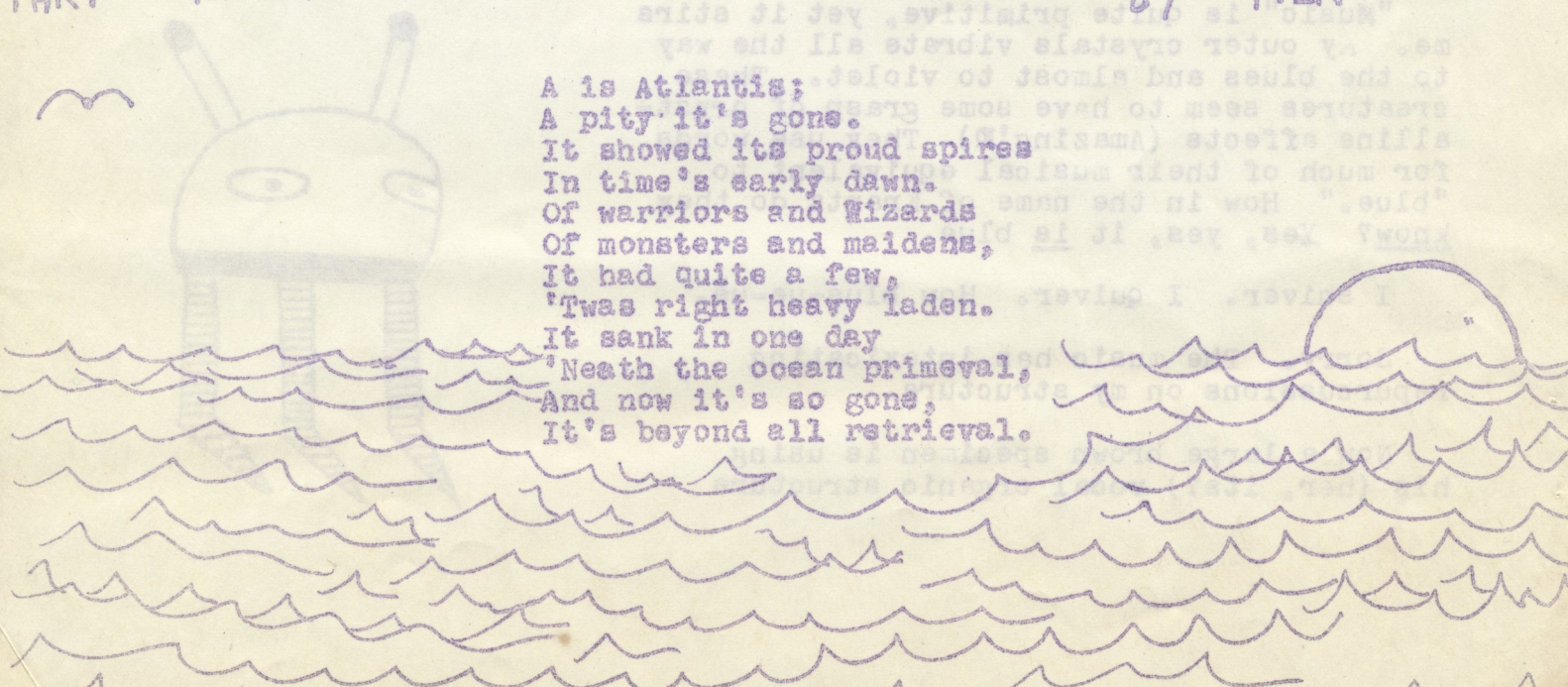
(But oh, those crazy sounds!)

# FANTASY PRIMER

PART 1 OF 26 PARTS

by KEN

A is Atlantis;  
A pity it's gone.  
It showed its proud spires  
In time's early dawn.  
Of warriors and Wizards  
Of monsters and maidens,  
It had quite a few,  
'Twas right heavy laden.  
It sank in one day  
'Neath the ocean primeval,  
And now it's so gone,  
It's beyond all retrieval.



Uncanny things happen to me sometimes. Last week's thing went like this: I work at the public library here, and one day I was on my lunch break, with no place to go, so I pattered through the current magazines upstairs. I happened to come across a monthly called the American Book Collector. "Hm," methinks to myself, "it's probably some deadly dull kind of a thing for people that collect first editions of Nathaniel Hawthorne books. I picked it up anyway, and for the first couple of pages it looked like I was right, but then I came across something that disrupted my whole day; an article & bibliography on Edward Gorey books. Wow! That's some little coincidence when you consider that only one American magazine had previously carried an article about him in the last twenty years. Now there's probably somewhat out there in Finland who is now saying to himself, "well, there's probably been no articles on him because he isn't that much. I've never heard of him." That's all right. If you want to pull yourself out of the slime-pits of utter ignorance, rush to your local library, dig up the September 1965 issue of Holiday, and enlighten yourself. Go now before you finish reading this. Ziggye.

Back? Wasn't that fantastic? There's something about Gorey's sense of humor that does things to my head. For those of you who haven't read it, I will babble on for a paragraph about the Holiday piece I just referred you to. It's entitled the Evil garden. For those of you who aren't familiar with Gorey's format's; the story is told in pictures, with a two-line poem underneath each. A group of people dressed in Victorian clothes walks into a garden. The garden has a sign that says- Admission Free. At first they are accosted by a tiny creature that shakes its fist at them. Then they notice a foot protruding from underneath a rock. Then they all begin to meet bizarre deaths; "Great uncle Franz beside the lake is being strangled by a snake," or "The nurse of whom they all were fond is sinking in the bubbling pond." Finally of course, they are all dead or trapped. The bizarre effect is enhanced in many ways; the sing-song meter describing the deaths, the pictures of them looking tourist-like and craning their necks to see the grotesque sights, and the changing costumes. Although a half a dozen people or so are shown entering- apparently a family, more than twice that number are depicted in the action. Whenever a character is shown more than once, his clothes are different from what they were in the previous panels. Gorey's simple seeming panels actually contain a number of subtle items in the background. Enough that it can be an occasional rainy day occupation to go through a Gorey book and find things in plain sight that you hadn't noticed before. If any of you out there are in Gorey fandom, I'd like to hear from you.

Somewhere in the world right now, a radio telescope is beaming a message to the universe. It is a binary pattern sent for the benefit of any race intelligent enough to decipher it: giving the most basic facts of man's nature in simple pictographs. So far the universe has been silent, but maybe someday an answer will come. Even now the radio beams penetrate nebulas and globular clusters, hopeful that they will find a listening ear. Someone out there who will save man from his course of ignorance and self destruction. What? Is there a response?

"Fortzglizzl," the centapoid said. "Will you do something about that goddamn static? I can't even catch the glatzball score."

Sorry about that. I'll try to restrain myself in the future, and all that. Since this is turning out to be sort of a personalzine, I might as well give you people some idea of what is happening now. It is 11 P.M. on a Sunday night. My fiancée is off in San Diego for the weekend, and so I spend my time puttering around the house, cooking, and typing stencils. I just finished making fudge. I haven't had much luck with fudge in the last six months, and tonite was no exception. It had to be put back on the stove twice before it would set. But then it's worth all the trouble now and then because you can't buy fudge at a candy store around here. I mean, they sell it, but it stinks. Earlier I had dropped by to see Ken St. Andre, to show him the Terry and Ken story in this issue. We more or less agreed that it was probably the last gasp of that series, unless we are besieged with requests otherwise. That thing was kind of fun for a while. We did five stories for Ash-Wing, which were very well received. A recent flurry of production led to a story for Cepheid Variable, and one for each of Phoenix's two general fanzines- Garuda and Twibbit. Apparently, these stories have made a few people laugh, although they are becoming old hat to regular readers of Ash-Wing.

Anyway, here I am, typing out this stencil, with the general goal in mind of producing a fanzine that will in some way impress you out there in fandom. Frankly, I'm not too sure why I do it. After Twibbit #2 got a one word review in Locus, I considered giving up the whole thing. If this fanzine doesn't get any response, I probably will anyway. So much for that.

Now and then in the life of an old-time fan, (I've been reading the stuff for ten years), there comes a time when he asks himself a nagging question- "Is my sense of wonder dead, or is the problem in the stories themselves?" Then of course, he runs across a new story that rekindles the old feeling, and everything is alright for a time. Such is the case with Destiny Doll by Clifford Simak. Simak has given us some very beautiful novels and stories; City, All Flesh is Grass, and Kindergarten to name a few. Now he has done it again. I just read a review that said this is not a major novel. Perhaps he is right, but I am going to go way out on a limb and say that this is the finest thing he has done in the last ten years. That, fans is mighty fine. The story deals with the search for spiritual peace of mind. Several people think that the answer may be found on a certain planet, and they hire a hard-boiled, practical space pilot to take them there. It is an utterly alien and beautiful place with buildings that are miles high, and trees higher than the buildings. The only intelligent creatures are hobby-horses, with front and back rockers. The group travels across the planet, dealing with alien dangers so bizarre, that one is reminded of A Martian Odyssey. One by one, the people start disappearing as each one discovers the answer. The total effect is Goshwowoboy. I know I shouldn't have reviewed this book, because nothing that I could say could do justice to it.



Another book you should know about is The Exorcist, by William Peter Blatty. Blatty has been writing some very funny books over the last 15 years, appreciated by a number of devoted fans, (among them, Yr. Ed., natch). Now, after 5 years of absence from the printed word, he has written a book aimed to sell, and succeeded. The Exorcist is designed to give your goose pimpled people-pimpled,

The story concerns a young girl who is possessed by a demon, while experimenting with a ouija board. At first the girl, Regan, displays only mild signs; hysterics, bad appetite, and an imaginary playmate. Her mother, a famous movie star, takes Regan to doctors and psychiatrists, but the condition only gets worse. Things around the room start moving mysteriously, the bed shakes, and Regan's voice changes to a coarse, demonic croaking. Her strength exceeds that of a grown man, and she has to be tied down to the bed. Eventually, a priest, Father Damien, convinces the Church that an exorcism would be in order, and the rite is performed.

Most of the supernatural occurrences here are old hat in SF, but Blatty has done his research on the subject, and he tells us that everything described here has actually happened in such cases. The book includes references to happenings at black masses, and there are times when you would swear that this is the most obscene book to come out for quite a while, but the total effect is one of faith in human nature.

I would like at this time to put in a plug for Twibbit, Phoenix's own general fanzine. Issue #3 should be out shortly after this zine is released. Joe Sheffer is the editor this time, and he has lined up some incredible things, such as interviews with Zenna Henderson and David McDaniels. It is by all means worth a quarter or trade, and it can be had by sending either of those things to me.

Phoenix fandom is incredibly fortunate to have Lee Bingham in its ranks. Lee was an active fan during the forties; in New York and California. She was the originator of the name SABS, and one of its founders. (She is mentioned in All Our Yesterdays as Lee Budoff). Although she has only been in Phoenix Fandom for a month, she is already one of our pillars. If you can imagine a woman who has just become a grandmother, telling you about the stories she wrote on acid, then you can start to picture Lee.

Phoenix fandom also has the dubious honor of harboring a group of known fugitives - the founders of the People's Power Party. This group, when not attempting power plays in fandom, publishes something that they would have us believe is a fanzine, entitled; Socialist Realism Science Fiction. This is a collection of kkkk tirades and obscene art, much of which is, fortunately, unreadable. This group, kkkk disguised as members of responsible Phoenix fandom, attended westcon, and foisted their publication on a number of unwilling fans and authors. Bob Prokop, leader of the faction, says that they actually even sold a few copies, although this is quite doubtful. In their next issue, they plan to use a tirade allegedly written by my cat. You might be seeing the issue, because they plan to steal my address box at the next meeting.

I would also like to plug a new newszine; Stanley. It comes out of Houston, and will presumably specialize in news about Western Fandom. It can be had from Bob Stahl, Box 4072, College Station, Texas, 77840.

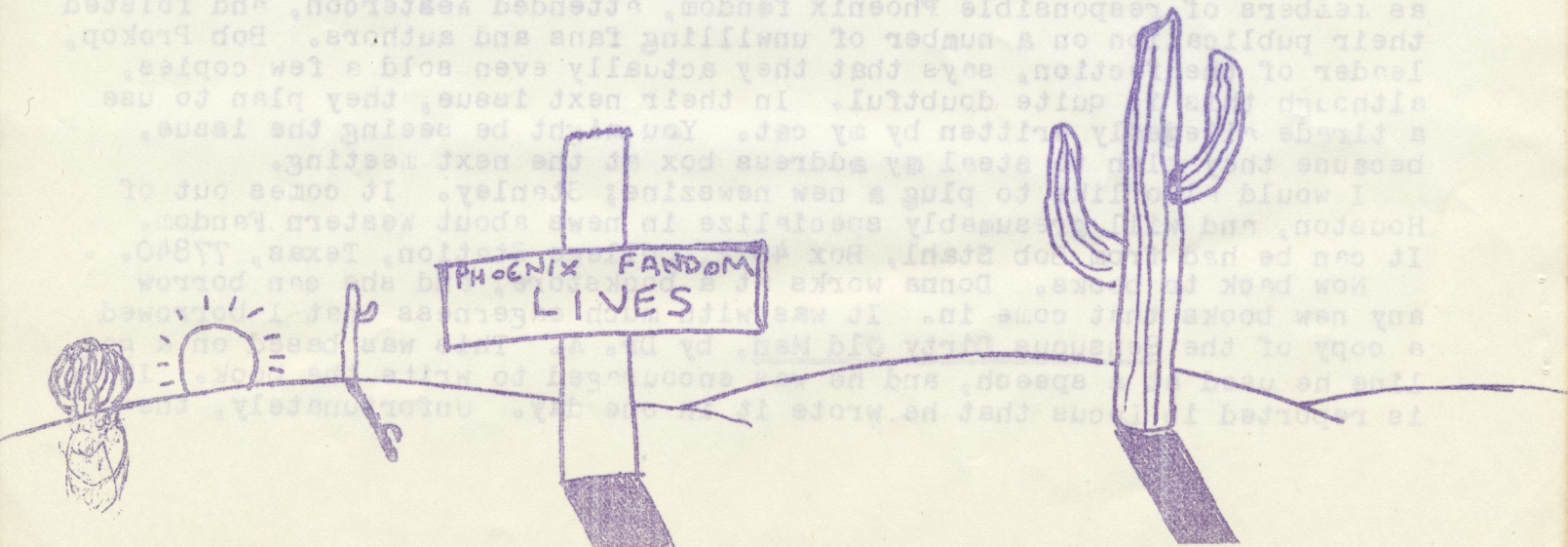
Now back to books. Donna works at a bookstore, and she can borrow any new books that come in. It was with much eagerness that I borrowed a copy of the Sensuous Dirty Old Man, by Dr. A. This was based on a gag line he used at a speech, and he was encouraged to write the book. It is reported in Locus that he wrote it in one day. Unfortunately, the

book reads like it was written in a day. It is not pleasant to say that about Dr. A. since I admire his work as a whole. The text is very short; the book is filled out with numerous pictures. Asimov divides the great men of history into two different categories- Dirty Old Men and clean old men. He suggests that men in the latter category would have enjoyed life a lot more had they been in the former category.

It is occasionally disquieting for old Conan fans to go back and critically look at the reading matter of their adolescence. The other night I picked up a Conan book and began re-reading Red Nails. In that heated exchange between Valeria and Conan, there are enough book-saidisms to fill an entire novel. In one conversation, Valeria ejaculated, answered disdainfully, replied sullenly, swore, demanded, sneered, taunted, sneered again, answered sullenly, demanded, advised, snapped, mocked, and exclaimed. And our barbarian hero is holding up his end of the conversation too, gang. He laughed, grinned, agreed, returned impatiently, grunted, replied cheerfully, commented, answered, demanded, and exclaimed in exasperation. I don't have the book in my collection, but I believe that DeCamp used an abridgment of that exchange in his Science Fiction Handbook, uncited, as an example of how not to write.

And now to continue an incredibly rambling editorial, I will tell you all about some books I have run across at the library recently. For those of you who have a library that is a federal documents depository, (probably most of you), you might find it worth your while to bug the librarian about bringing up some of the latest NASA books. The most impressive NASA book I've seen yet is a new one called This Island Earth, (no, I don't know the number code for it.) This contains pictures- mostly color- from all phases of the space exploration. I think many of them were chosen on the basis of sheer beauty. There was one shot showing all of Phoenix, and several of us had a frustrating ten minutes figuring out which way was which. Also, there are two volumes of Earth Pictures from Gemini. These books are both in full color, and both worth an hour's ogling.

Two new books that I reviewed for the department are the books by Andre Norton and Ben Bova, entitled Exiles from the Stars, and Exiled from Earth, respectively. (I don't usually review SF books for the department because the staff around there regards me with distrust for being an SF fan, so I usually try to keep it quiet.) Anyway, back to the books. The new Norton book is a sequel to Moon of Three Rings, and the plot is well thought out, she ~~xxxx~~ put a lot of thought into the sociology and plot, there is plenty of action; but since I can't get too excited over Norton books, this one didn't grab me either.



The Bova book was a fast-moving thing about Earth in the twenty-first century. There are twenty billion people, and a benevolent but powerful government whose motto is- 'Don't Make Waves.' Lou Christopher is one of a group of scientists hitting upon ~~xxxxx~~ genetic control. The government decides to put all of them into permanent exile in a space station. Lou escapes once before he is sent up- and gets into adventures in a New York inhabited by street gangs. He is caught again, but sent to an island where an evil government leader is using gene control in a plot for world conquest. Lou saves the day, and the government rewards him by putting him up with the others. The ending is guessable as they put an atomic engine in the space station and take off for the stars. Good, but Bova gives the reader more running around than necessary.

So much for my ranting this issue.

## Ken St. Andre's Plot-Your-Own swords and Sorcery Dice Game

### I. Participants

Good guys; alone 7,8,9,2, two 6,10 three 5  
small group 3,4 band 11 army 12

Bad guys: alone 12 two 11 three 3,4  
small group 5 band 6,10 army 7,8,9,2

### II. Setting

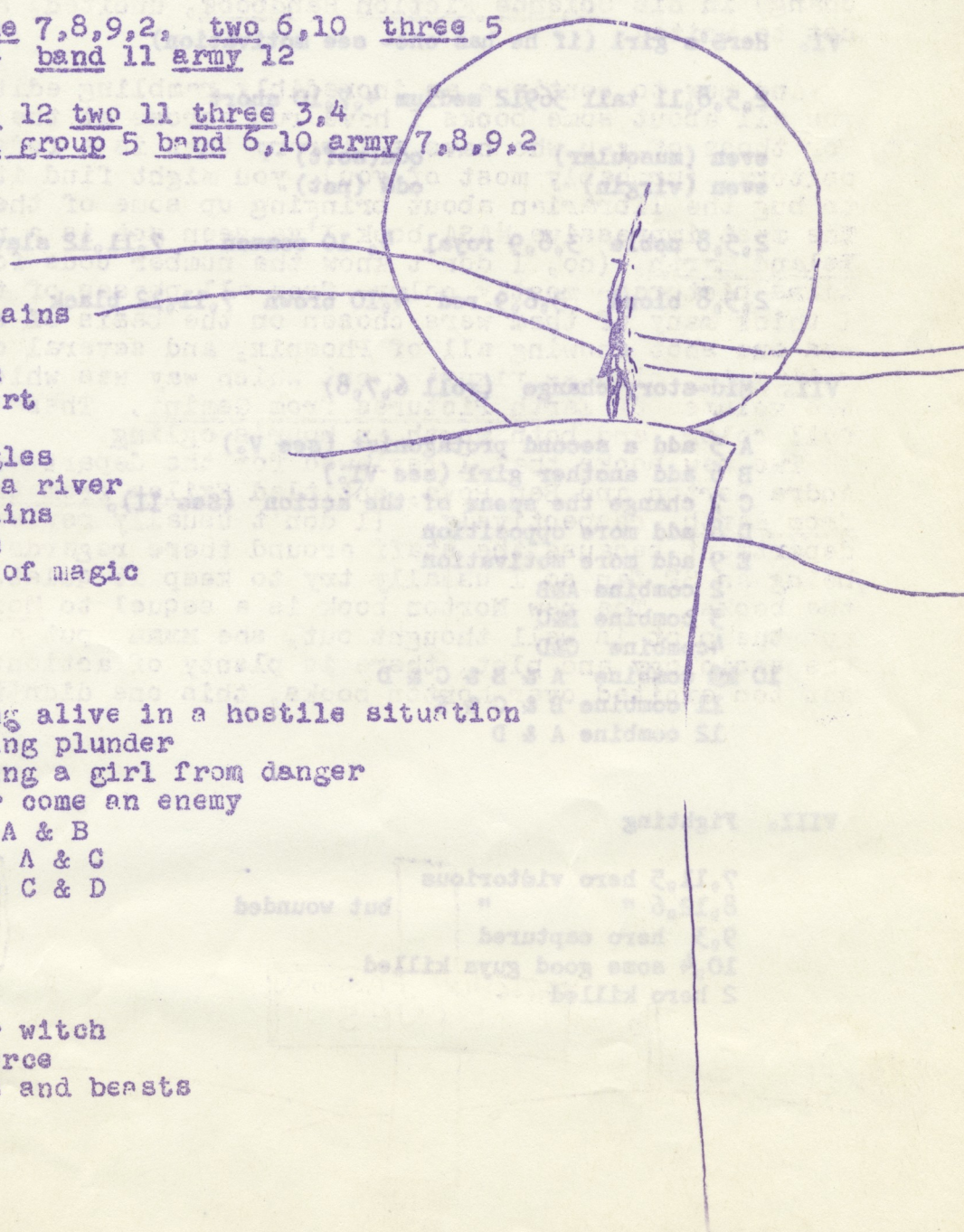
- 2 icy wastes
- 3 craggy mountains
- 4 underground
- 5 on the ocean
- 6 burning desert
- 7 a city
- 8 teeming jungles
- 9 on or along a river
- 10 rolling plains
- 11 in a canyon
- 12 in a realm of magic

### III. Motivation

- A. 3,7 staying alive in a hostile situation
- B. 4,8 stealing plunder
- C. 5,9 rescuing a girl from danger
- D. 6, 10 over come an enemy
- 2 combine A & B
- 11 combine A & C
- 12 combine C & D

### IV. Opposition

- A. 2 wizard or witch
- B. 3 primal force
- C. 10 monsters and beasts
- D. 11 demons
- E. 12 men



- 4 combine A & C
- 5 combine A & E
- 6 combine C & E
- 7 combine D & E
- 8 combine B & E
- 9 combine C & D

V. Hero's weapons

- A 7 sword
- B 6 knife
- C 8 bow & arrow
- D 9 spear and shield
- E 10 axe

- 2 combine A & E
- 3 combine A & EB
- 4 combine A & C
- 5 combine B & D
- 11 combine C & E

12 roll again and let the weapon be magical

VI. Hero's girl (if he has one - see motivation)

2,5,8,11 tall 3,6,9,12 medium 4,7,10 short

even (muscular) odd (soft)  
 even (virgin) odd (not)

2,5,8 noble 3,6,9 royal 4, 10 common 7,11,12 slave

2,5,8 blond 3,6,9 red 4,10 brown 7,11,12 black

VII. Mid-story change (roll 6,7,8)

- A 5 add a second protagonist (see V.)
- B 6 add another girl (see VI.)
- C 7 change the scene of the action (See II).
- D 8 add more opposition
- E 9 add more motivation

- 2 combine A&B
- 3 combine B&C
- 4 combine C&D

- 10 combine A & B & C & D
- 11 combine B & C & E
- 12 combine A & D

VIII. Fighting

- 7,11,5 hero victorious
- 8,12,6 " " but wounded
- 9,3 hero captured
- 10,4 some good guys killed
- 2 hero killed

Hot desert sands whirled about the fortress like the veils of a dancer. The desert flowed up the walls and then dropped back, still gaining an inch or two every rebuff.

Grit and dust covered the two adventurers hiding behind a nearby dune. One of them cocked his head back to sneeze, fought the impulse, and then collapsed from the effort.

"Damn it," he whispered. "I forgot the Alka-Seltzer."

"That's not all you forgot, Terry," said the one called Ken. He held up a brown paper bag. "You forgot to wrap the peanut butter sandwiches in Baggies."

"Huh!" Terry snorted. "Some barbarian hero you are. I'll bet Conan doesn't wrap his sandwiches in Baggies."

Ken looked disgusted and then let his gaze wander back to the fortress. "So that's the unbreakable stronghold. The one that's guarded by fierce and sadistic desert tribesmen, poisonous serpents, lethal green spiders and savage tigers. Let's go home."

"Go Home?" said Terry. "But we haven't broken in yet. We still have to rescue Gruvia from the clutches of Prodbosh the Prolific."

"But I think I left soup burning on the stove," said Ken.

"No you didn't. We are at the beginning of man's history. You won't have left it burning for thousands of years."

"Nobody likes a smartass."

Terry scowled. He too felt a vague feeling of forboding- a desire to return to the relatively civilized world of 1971. For years now he had been making trips into the past with his friend. Usually they visited the Hyborean age; getting into sword-swinging adventures, battling demons, and fighting for the honor of young ladies. At first it was fun; especially when they came back and wrote the exploits for fanzines, where they were considered fiction. Later, after many close calls, he realized that this sort of thing was far more dangerous than driving on the freeway in rush hour traffic.

However, in his last exploit in the past, (the interested reader will, of course refer to Twibbit #3), he had heard that Gruvia- a Zingaran girl encountered many adventures ago- had been kidnapped and taken from Zingara to the desert realms. There she was added to the pleasure staff of Prognosh much against her will. Terry had mulled it over for several days. Why should he risk his neck for a girl who died thousands of years ago? Eventually his sense of honor overcame his distaste for bloodshed. However, when he had started back across time, he had no idea of how he would rescue Gruvia.

He studied his book again for clues; The Hyborean World on Five Dollars a Day. At last he decided to try the direct approach.

He got up, brushed the sand off, and walked down the dune. Ken followed, somewhat at a loss. They walked right up to the massive oak door. Terry knocked three times.

"Anybody home?" he shouted.

"Look out!" said Ken, always quick to detect a trap.

Terry looked up to see a basket being dumped over the top of the wall, twenty feet up. A second later there was a shower of hissing snakes. They landed on the ground all around the two men; some of them being hurt in the fall. The others were twice as mad; writhing and snapping at anything handy. Some of them turned on each other and became interlocked coils of ferocity that flipped into the air. Most of them tried to go for the two men. Gleaming swords hacked down at them repeatedly.



"Are these the poisonous snakes you were telling me about?" panted Terry, as his blade bisected two serpents.

"There's only one way to find out." By then the men had a clear path of escape, and so they ran back up the dune.

"We'll let them think we're retreating" said Terry, as he rounded the top of the dune and kept running.

"Right," said Ken, running twice as hard. Both adventurers were somewhat startled to see an elderly man in a grey robe standing in their path.

"Are you trying to get in there?" he asked.

"We were," said Terry, "But for the moment we've decided that fate is not with us."

"I am Glidlatch," he said. "And you must be Terry and Ken. Your fame has spread throughout the Hyborean realms."

"Gosh..." said Terry.

"Gee whiz," said Ken.

"Enough chit-chat," said Glidlatch. "I too seek to enter the fortress. It is mine by rights, but it was copped by Prodbosh and his desert hordes while I was in the East studying sorcery. I know the secret entrance, and I plan to enter it after dark. I need two good swordsmen with me. Since that can't be arranged, I'm willing to settle for you two."

The two adventurers nodded their assent, and the three sat down to wait for dark. They were entertained only by their own talk and by the song that the desert winds had been singing for millions of years.

"So far so good," said Terry, "but we still haven't heard from the welcoming committee."

"We will," said Glidlatch.

"Why don't we go to the harem," suggested Ken. "You'll probably find Prodbosh over there."

The three men were startled to hear an alarm ring out from the roof above them. They began running, with Glidlatch taking the lead. The fort was now alive with the sounds of rattling armor. The old man opened a door, and they all rushed in, running headlong down a stone corridor.

They skidded to a stop in front of a green wall that blocked the passage.

"That's funny," said Glidlatch. "This wasn't here the last time... oh oh."

The wall was shifting and rolling. There was the sound of a million small creatures waking up. Waves of green spiders were flowing towards the men. Their twittering sound, magnified by thousands and shivers through Terry's bones. Glidlatch rifled through a book, looking for an appropriate spell.



Glidatch began reciting;

"Double double  
gasp and bubble.

Will some god rid me  
of this trouble?"

The spiders turned into pink soap bubbles that went in every  
direction, breaking against the first thing they touched.

The men ran on down the passage.

"Here," said Glidatch, sliding open a door. The three ran into a  
harem filled with hysterical women.

XXXX "Eek," said a number of them.

Terry and Ken pushed aside the scantily clad women, looking for  
Gruvia. Suddenly, they found themselves facing five burly swordmen.  
Blades flashed in the candlelight as the two fought, biding time until  
Glidatch came up with another spell.

Prognosh, a repulsive old bald man with sweaty knuckles yelled  
to his allies. "kill them."

"Same to you," yelled Ken.

Glidatch, having found a good spell, raised his finger and intoned;

"Two, four, six, eight

Let them meet their proper fate."

Instantly, prognosh and his minions turned into baby hamsters, and  
their swords turned into steaks; cooked medium rare, which were well  
appreciated by all.

"Terry! Ken!" yelled a feminine voice.

"Gruvia!" said Ken. "What's a nice girl like you doing in a dump  
like this?"

"Enough chatter," said Terry. "We'd better get out of here."

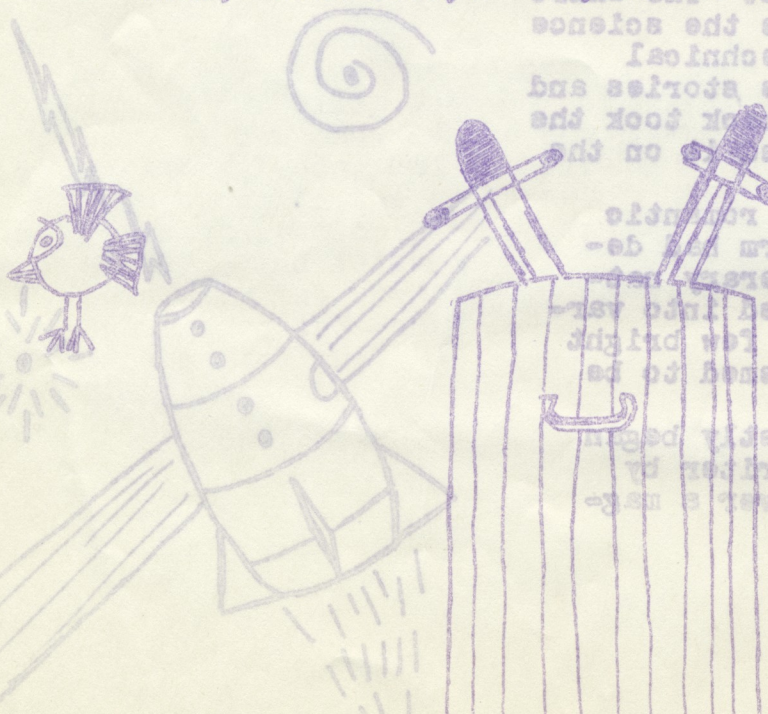
"Not until I finish this steak," said Gruvia, taking unladylike  
mouthfuls. "You don't know what it's like eating lox day after day."

Three mounted horses sauntered across the moonlit dunes.

"Ken," said Gruvia. "There's something I think you should know. I'm  
wearing a chaatity belt, and the key is back at the fortress."

"Oh," said Ken and Terry.

"well," said Terry. "Anyone for Scrabble?"



POSITIVELY  
THE  
END

I don't know how closely you've been following the 'zines, but a battle royale has been quietly raging in the lettercols of Amazing and Fantastic, the new dynamic ~~mag~~ duo of the prozine world (if any of you remember these two as reprint mags, better take another look. Under the tutelage of Mr. Ted White, they are becoming really first class zines.) The two protagonists of this never-ending story are J.J. Pierce, Second Foundation liason officer, and Justin St. John, cataract-eyed editor of the Green Tower Review- a fanzine of some note.

When one cuts out the mutual vituperation (and there is plenty of that), a strange and disquieting notion will come into being. St. John and Pierce are not talking about the same things; not about New Wave, not about old Wave, not about romanticism...

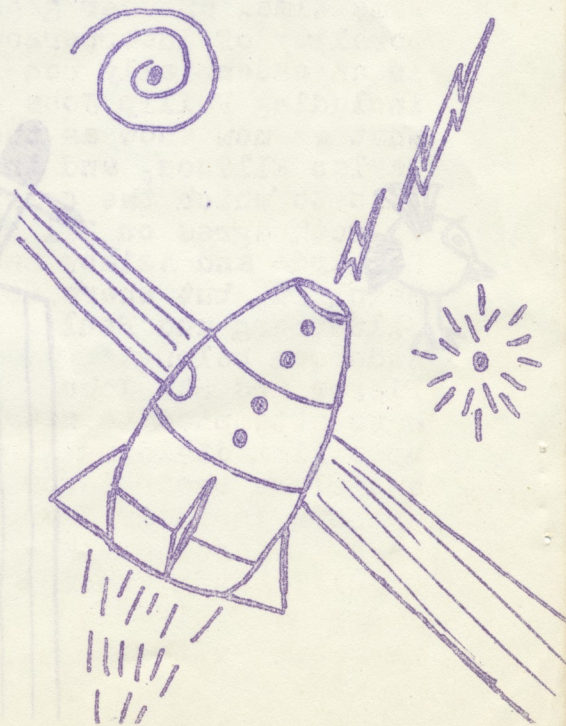
The list could go on, but I'm limited in space. Instead, let's just begin somewhere and hope to strike a balance between these warring feudal princes- or at least discover about what they're talking.

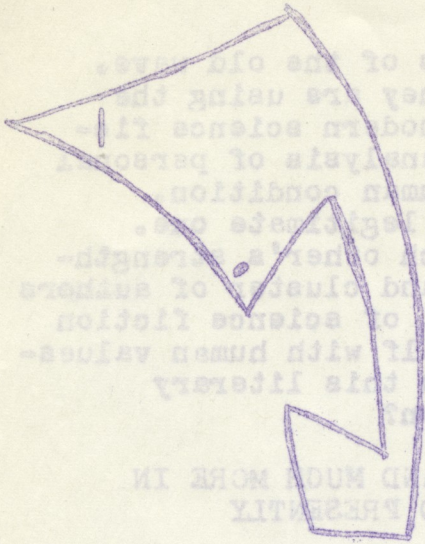
They both tend to divide science fiction into two more or less homogeneous waves, placing their favored authors in the favored wave. A few seconds recollection will serve to show the fallacy here.

The earliest true science fiction stories were part of the literary ~~main~~ mainstream of Anglo-French romanticism. (Why the distinction? Be patient!) Poe, Verne, and Wells were the principle authors. But such stories did not catch on- that is, become a genre, until romanticism was in its death throes. At this time, science fiction was, with the mystery and the western, a decadent remnant of the romantic movement surviving until the twentieth century. Hugo Gernsback took this "scientifiction" and stamped his imprint on it for the next twenty years. Under his guidance, science fiction, fundamentally unchanged, shifted emphasis from adventure, conceptually blank, to technology, conceptually blank. At the time, mister St. John, cardboard characterizations were the order of the day. It was a consequence of the conceptually blank, since machings- not people- were the focus of attention. Even E.E. Smith, doubtless the greatest of this sub-genre, must plead guilty to this accusation. His only philosophical mitigation was that his characters had to go through tremendous cognitive effort to build their bigger and gaudier ray guns. The shift used two people as fulcra to move the science fiction world. Wells took the technical verisimilitude of Poe's adventure stories and added to its speculation; Gernsback took the emphasis from adventure and placed it on the technological.

Meanwhile, the other decadent romantic forms, the mystery and the western had decayed into the concretism of literary naturalism, where they have stagnated into various degrees of formulaism (with few bright exceptions.) Science fiction seemed to be on its way to naturalism too.

But in 1937, a revolution quietly began taking place. A young chemist-writer by the name of John Campbell took over a mag-





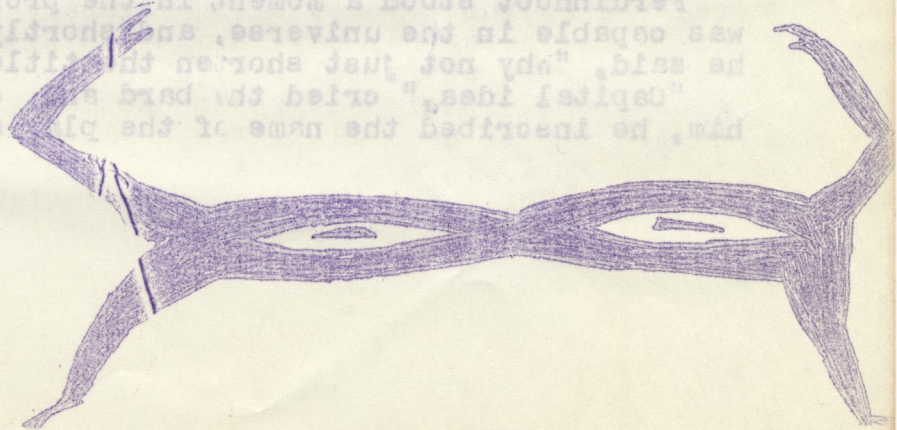
azines called Astounding. As a writer, Campbell had become intensely preoccupied with the impact of technology on human civilization; he had been limited in influence. As an editor shaping the policy of a magazine, he was able to turn his pre-occupation into a viable trend concerned with man's mode of living; his code of ethics as frozen into a culture. This, coupled with the more polished literary techniques which were beginning to invade the genre after Weinbaum's death, gave Astounding the impetus it needed to become a top magazine, and increased Campbell's range of influence exponentially. However eccentric he was to become as an editorial writer, as an editor he literally created science fiction as a fully romantic literary form.

The cluster of new writers growing under Campbell's wing (Asimov, Heinlein, Van Vogt, etc.) dealt with technology in a fundamentally different way. Instead of being the purpose, or end, of man's action, technology became secondary. Science fiction itself assumed a new role. As Isaac Asimov was later to write, "Science fiction is that branch of literature which is concerned with the impact of scientific advances upon human beings." (Other Worlds to Conquer, Writer, LXIV: 148). Technology was no longer accepted as a given. Campbell himself, nearly 20 years later, had this to say about the new concept in science fiction: "It's not just a matter of gadgets and new machines- it is, equally a problem of attitudes and emotions, some of which seem, at first, impossible." (Analog II, Introduction).

This trend, which came into full bloom in the fifties, continues to this day. Irrespective of form or language or specific content, the central issues of all modern science fiction is the question of values, and values in response to what? These are the underlying questions dominating all modern science fiction from Heinlein to Ellison. So, it would probably be feasible to speak of 'new' and 'old' waves in terms of science fiction before and after 1940. But this is not the division to which Messers, Pierce and St. John refer. To what, then?

During the late fifties, a group of writers began experimenting with the discarded Joycean writing techniques of the mainstream. At the same time, another group began discussing in explicit terms, sex and the morality of interpersonal relations, ethics, and corporate capitalism in an essentially non-capitalistic (American) economy. This group, including Philip Jose Farmer and Damon Knight, gradually evolved into what we now know as the New Wave. This is exemplified in the U.S. by Harlan Ellison, and in Britain by J.G. Ballard and Brian Aldiss. It is this to which the combatants refer.

Both agree on Ellison and Ballard- and Asimov and Heinlein, but where do Silverberg and Poul Anderson belong? Pierce and St. John have attempted to set up a firm dividing line and place their favorite authors in their favorite wave. Pierce speaks of Ursula Leguin, whom I regard as clearly new wave, with the



glowing regard he usually reserves for the classics of the old wave. Their lack of success should tell them both that they are using the wrong set of criteria. The new wave is a part of modern science fiction, with its emphasis (by the best writers) on analysis of personal and cultural psychology, and its concern for the human condition, but it is a clearly recognizable phenomenon- and a legitimate one.

Messrs. Pierce and St. John have been trying each other's strength- and patience- by asserting that his favorite wave and cluster of authors is the true representative of romanticism. But all of science fiction is romantic to the extent to which it concerns itself with human values- answers the question: right or wrong? Whence comes this literary myopia? Is romanticism not a homogeneous phenomenon?

FIND THE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS AND MUCH MORE IN PART II OF THIS ESSAY- TO BE PUBLISHED PRESENTLY

### Deodands by Ken St. Anire

In deserts and in forest lands  
Lurk ever hungry deodands  
Their skins are black as ebony;  
Their eyes are white as ivory.  
Half demon and half cannibals  
With horrible big mandibles-  
Their human forms hide fiendish lusts  
They are not worthy of your trust.  
In forests and in desert lands  
Lurk ever hungry deodands.

### Ferdinand Brigand II, by Brinton Griadel

Ferdinoot Brigand II stepped into his time machine and was instantly transported to 1596, just as the great Elizabethan playwright, William Shakespeare, was attaching the title page to his latest play, Lay Hold of that Young Woman, Julius, Before She gets Away. Leafing through the opening pages of the play, Ferdinoot remarked to the master, "Say, Will, this is great stuff- but isn't the title a bit much, old boy?" To which the bard made his reply: "By jove, you're right, but, dash it all, I just can't think of a name. What shall I call it?"

Ferdinoot stood a moment in the profound thought of which only he was capable in the universe, and shortly the answer came to him. "Aha," he said, "why not just shorten the title and call it Julius, Slice Her."

"Capital idea," cried the bard and, drawing a sheet of foolscap to him, he inscribed the name of the play as it came down to us.

# REVIEWS

by b. d. Arthurs

Michael Moorcock, The Warlord of the air, Ace Special, 87060, 75¢

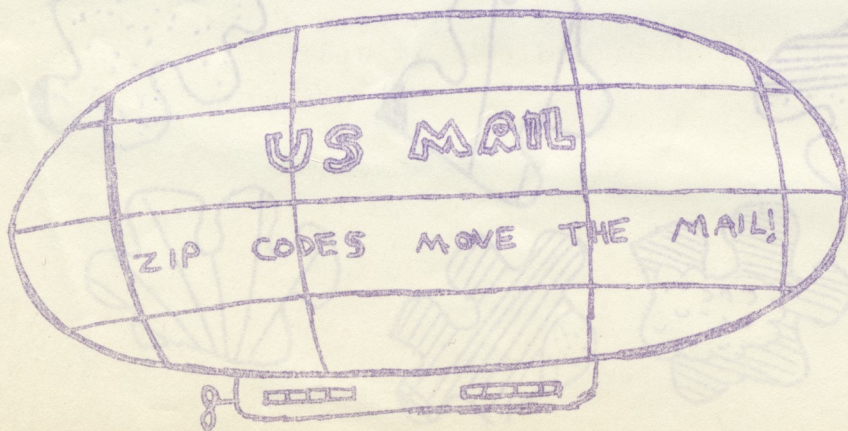
In this novel, Moorcock attempts to combine an H.G. Wells style and format with that oh-so-important "social relevance" that seems to obsess the more pertinent writers today. Although the result is somewhat interesting as a literary freak, it is a miserable failure as literature.

The thing abounds in cheap tricks: first, it's supposedly written by Moorcock's grandfather in 1904 from the protagonist's narration of his adventures. Second, an American scoutmaster is introduced later, always ranting about the "Niggers!" who don't know their proper place, and surprise, it's none other than Ronald Reagan. Third, to just cover the major points, there's a mysterious thing called the MFB rattling around, which, in a stirring (anti)climax, is revealed as a nuclear fission bomb, which any halfway intelligent reader will have known already for many pages.

Then, of course, there are the stereotypes and cliches in abundance. Things like the eerie, ancient oriental city high in the Himalayas, and its eerie, ancient, oriental ruler, lifted straight from Fu Manchu. Crap like the hero's sudden desertion of his lifelong principles and wholehearted acceptance of the Warlord's arguments. Shoddy characterizations, forced plot advancement, stultifying prose. This is a bad book, folks.

But still, it manages to retain a measure of that good old-fashioned sense-of-wonder with its main idea: that a man from 1902 time-travels to 1973 and does not find our world, but one where heavier-than-air flight was never discovered, where transportation is by giant dirigibles, where the World Wars never took place, where colonial empires (including the U.S.' possession) still abound. The parts where Moorcock outlines this world are fascinating, although they are not enough to save the story.

This book seems to have been written in one hell of a hurry. If Moorcock had taken the time to upgrade his characterisations and improve his arguments for the stand he takes, this might have been a minor classic.



Anti-Man by Dean R. Koontz, Paperback Library, 63-384

According to Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, a pot-boiler is "a usually inferior work of art or literature produced chiefly for monetary gain."

Anti-Man is a potboiler

which is a shame. It could have been good, quite good. But...

But Koontz wasn't good enough, simply. He wasn't good enough because he lacks the ability to make the reader believe, not a bit.

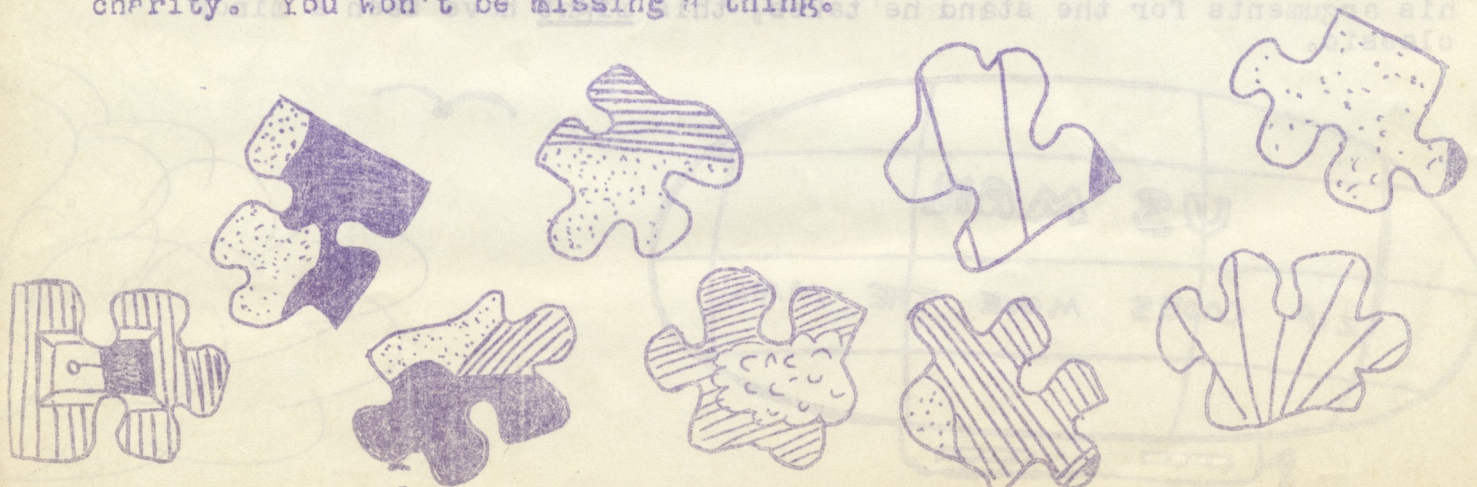
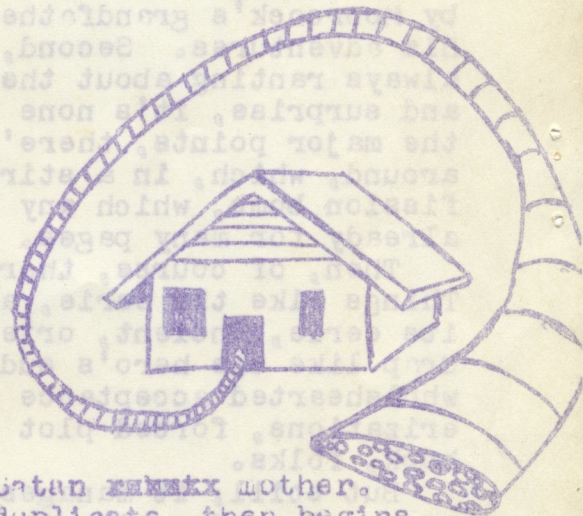
This book is a farce, a farce as bad as the worst comic book, but without the pictures to look at.

The plot is one long chase. In part I, the whole world is out to get the hero and his android. There are two types of actions; the hero, Jacob, being chased by cops, and Jason chasing after food, (savage Alaskan wolves, no less) for the hungry android, Him (or He, as he is also called). He, (the android) turns into God and promises to help the world. Jacob turns himself in to the police, and lets them use a duplicate android for target practice.

In part II, Jacob gets out of jail after a few days, thanks to a clever lawyer. The android reappears and tries to kill Jacob. The chase is on again, interminably. Jacob finally decides to go back to the Alaskan hide-out and kill the mother android, God, who is immobile in the cellar, making duplicates of himself. When Jacob comes, God tells him that he was really being attacked by an emissary of Satan, who is really an renegade duplicate. God gives Jason a pep talk and another duplicate, and the two begin hunting for Satan. They figure Satan must be hiding in a nearby cabin, and sure enough, they are attacked by digestive tentacles as they come near. The good duplicate kills the Satan ~~xxxxx~~ mother. the evil duplicate shows up and kills the good duplicate, then begins to change into another mother-body. 'How do you kill an evil God?' thinks Jason. Obviously by pumping thirty or forty bullets into it and setting it on fire. Ta-da. The good God has won, (Indeed, at this point, the reader does say, "Oh, good God.") (and a new daydawns for Earth.

I won't mention the characterization, because there isn't any to speak of.

To sum it up, forget it. Buy some other book or give the book to charity. You won't be missing a thing.



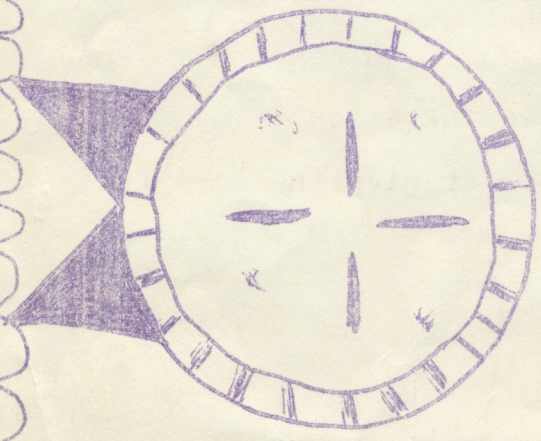
# GARUDA SPACES RANGERS

1  
SIGN HERE

DO PROMISE TO UPHOLD THE IDEALS OF THE RANGERS - THAT ALL PEOPLES OF THE UNIVERSE SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DO THEIR OWN THING IN PEACE AND HARMONY, IRREGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED, OR WHAT SIGN THEY WERE BORN UNDER. I ALSO PROMISE TO SKIP BETWEEN - MEAL SNACKS, AND TO READ GARUDAS FOR MY CODED SPECIAL ASSIGNMENTS.

CHIEF RANGR

Olav Balland



# PARTING LINE

So ends another zine. Thanks thish go to all of the contributors, and to Tedd Trimbath for writing. To Steven McAllister for money, to Bob Prokop for wresting control of the SF club from me so I had more time to devote to the zine, to Locus for their helpful words of criticism for Twibbit, and to Donna natch, without whom none of this would have been possible.

Garuda #2 is scheduled for Next June. I will be married next January, so I cannot devote much time to cranking out another zine. However, it should be much better than this was, and so if you liked #1, you might keep me in mind. Meanwhile, there are at least three other Phoenix fanzines; all of them available through me. Supporting them in any way will give you good karma. Bye.

Terry Ballard

Garuda  
Terry Ballard  
1204 W. 5th St. #10  
Tempe, Ariz. 85281

