

Whatever 2



Jay Kinney

WHATEVER 2

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Why you got this:

- Sample
 Trade
 You contributed
 You gave us a loc
 we like you
 WE don't like you (heh-heh)
 We met you at a convention
 You are a vegetarian



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Jim McLeod: 29, 45
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Jay Kinney: Cover and 62

There were 200 copies of WHATEVER 2
printed up: this is # 13

This is also the Turkey issue, 1973

However..

For those of you who missed our totally fantastic first ish, I will explain our amazing, new, original way of writing an editorial. I, Paula-Ann Anthony write the paragraphs with no indentation (like this one) and Mark writes all the paragraphs with the conventional five-space indentations.

I suppose some people may be wondering why this issue is six months late. Hmmm...so am I. Seriously we had a lot of problems getting this out---I'm taking thirty hours of college credit, Mark was learning to type, we moved to Tempe, my dogs tore up some of the finished pages, and we were terribly busy singing in choirs. Hey, you, quit playing that violin music.

By the way---to answer all those letters and postcards coming in asking about our relationship----we are a sister and brother team. In other words we are not married. Okay? Got that straight? Mark, wake up and say something.

I've just been looking at the finished issue and it is pretty funny to notice that all the pages that I typed up are indented and the ones ~~you~~ typed up are mostly not indented. Paula-Ann why don't you comment on our contributors thish. After all if Terry Ballard can do it so can you.

Why do you always ask me that same dumb question? In all the big popular fanzines like S.F. Review and Energuman---they never talk about all of their contributors. They always talk about social issues or fannish gossip. Occasionally they do tell how they got a hernia getting a certain article from Harlan Ellison or some other Big Name Pro.

But Paula-Ann, those fanzines have folded.

Oh, well. But still my point is I would rather take these lines and tell you how much I hate Nixon or why he should be impeached or better yet tell you how fantastic the last convention was.

Boy, if we keep this up we won't get anything talked about. Say, didn't we have fun at the last Westercon? We got acquainted with all kinds of people that we always wanted to meet or found out that we should have wanted to meet. People like Dan Steffan, Lee Nordling, John Pound, Mike and Susan Glicksohn, Jim McLeod, Greg Davidson, Fritz Leiber, Margo Skinner, Grant Canfield, soon became fast friends.

Mark, you name-dropper!!!!

You ain't seen nothin' yet. While it was great for me to see Tim Kirk and Jim Schull again. Those two even roomed together on the top floor of the hotel. By the way, the hotel was the St. Francis, and everywhere one went one could see the letters--STF--printed in the sand of all the hotel ashtrays. Quite appropriate for a S.F. con.

Things stand out in my memory about the con. Like making a luncheon date with Tim Kirk and Lee Mordling for the next day. However the next day Paula-Ann, Lee, and I couldn't find Tim. So we grabbed Greg Davidson and dashed off to look for a decent restaurant to eat at. Paula-Ann, who the night before had had dinner with Larry and Fuzzy Pink Niven and four others, had gone to some expensive Armenian Restaurant where you even had to pay 50¢ for the water bowl. Therefore she decided to lead us to several great restaurants she knew of.

Thus we three poor artists, Lee, Greg, and I, were continually astounded when Paula-Ann would lead us into, as she said, "inexpensive restaurants". Finally we found a steak joint and gorged ourselves. When we got back we found Tim at the G.O.H. speeches (by George Barr and Larry Niven). Tim exclaimed how he had been looking for us and was famished, suggesting that we go eat now. Paula-Ann, Greg, Lee, and I all groaned in unison. As we loosened our belts, Dan Steffan and Jim Schull commented that they were hungry too, so we all headed on down to the hotel coffee shop. There we all had to sit on two adjacent but separate round tables while the waitress with the whip and leather boots kept beating us. We had a very interesting conversation all about possible Westercons in Phoenix, who was the best of the



six artists on the table (the five of them tied), a possible convention site at a camp in the Prescott, Arizona National Forest, Why Dan got a fly in his soup while we did not, and a revelation by Paula-Ann: how everyone at the tables would contribute to our fanzine, or else.

God bless, Mark. How you do rattle on! You don't even let me get a word in edgewise. Let me assure you, dear readers (as Anne Brönte would have put it), that Mark's version of Westercon is slightly slanted. Example: That steak house he raved about was great for he, Lee, and Greg but poor vegetarian Paula-Ann was stuck with a baked potatoe.

All together it was a great convention--party wise at least. The Oakland in '75 bidding committee gave a party nearly every night. Phoenix Phandom threw a quite memorable party on a very limited budget. Elaine Rice's (an unofficial Phoenix Phan) small room was totally packed. All of the people Mark mentioned above were there and many more. We even got a Risk game going in a corner. It finally ended at 8:30 AM the next day.

Another party I hold fairly clear in my head is Dan Steffan's 'Bill Rotsler Suprise Birthday Party'. When you walked in the room it was like a gathering of Who's Who in Fandom. I came in with Frank Denton and his wife (Hello, out there if you are reading this). In the dim light I managed to make out Susan and Mike Glicksohn, SilverBob, Bill Rotsler, Larry and Fuzzy Pink Niven, Tim Kirk, Poul and Karen Anderson, Grant and Cathy Canfield, Terry Carr, Larry Todd, Alpajpuri, James Schull, and Lee Nordling. (Hey, just listen to me. I'm getting to sound like Mark) Anyways, we all had a great time. I took dozens of pictures and got into some strange conversations. We all went out at 3:00 AM to get something to eat. It was totally delightful.

I want to make sure and say that while I was in S.F. I met two totally charming people who supplied me with a great deal of conversation---Margo Skinner and Fritz Leiber. It made the convention much more enjoyable when they were there. And it is too bad that Margo did not make it to Worldcon. It would have been much nicer.

That was totally adequate P.A. but we shouldn't dwell to long on a topic that's five months old. Let us move on to what all fanzines must have to be be popular...

What's that, Mark?

Personal gossip and garbage.

Gasp, you mean we are going to pull a Dick Geis?!?!

That's right--if it worked for him, it will work for us. Take it away P.A.

Okay, finally I can bring up a point not often brought up by fanzines. Did you ever notice that most science ficion fans are gay? Hey, quit that laughing. I mean that in the old sense of the word. You know--happy or jovial. The reason I usually have so much fun at conventions is that the fans are so uninhibited (my spelling of every word in the dictionary is notrocious

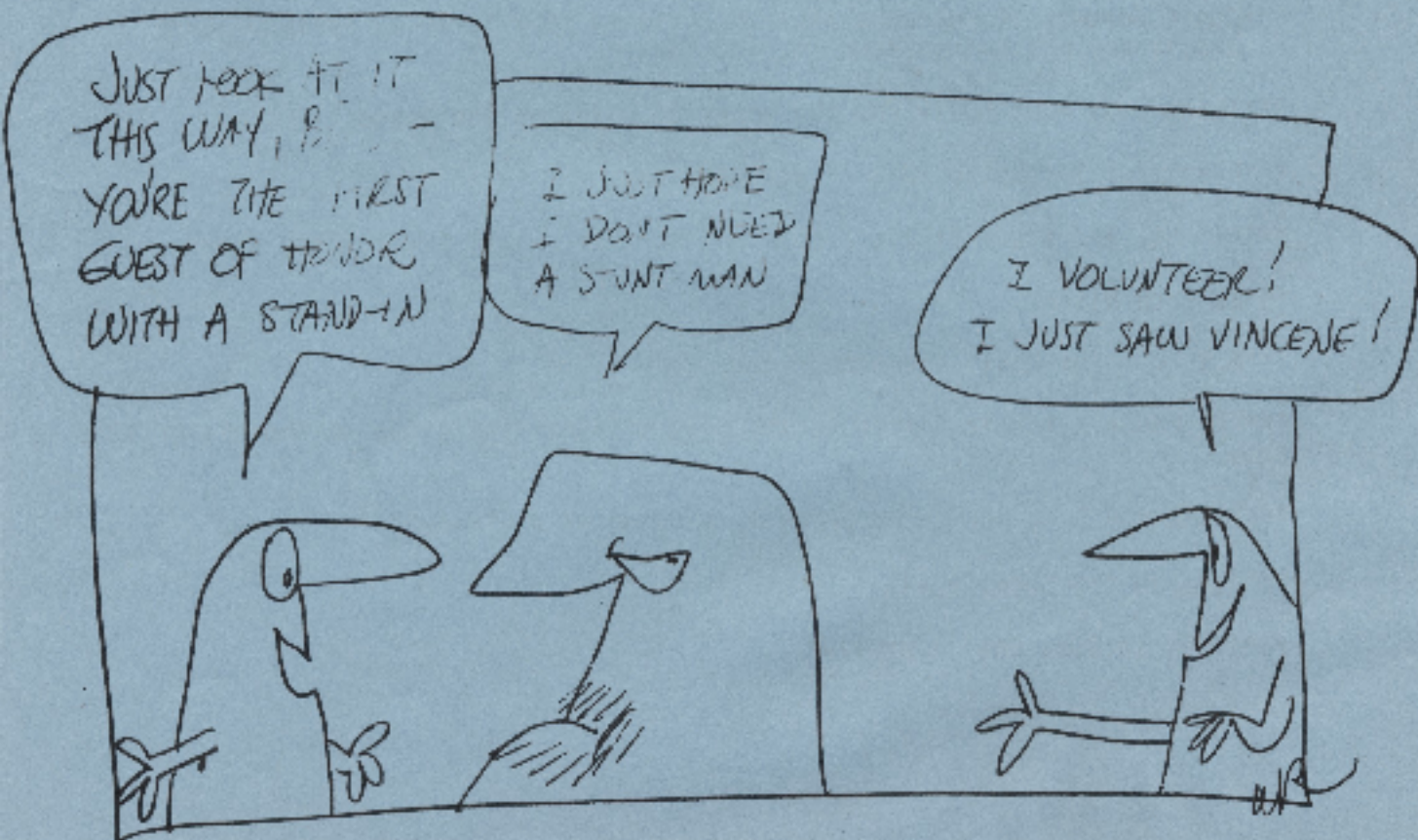
so when you come to a misspelled word---please don't laugh too loud and skip over it) But, as I was saying, it is depressing the way mundanes like to hold us down. Mark and I are always encountering this in one of the choirs we sing in. All they ever think about is how serious they are and much more serious they can get. This is exactly the thing that bothers me most. Whats wrong with puns, gags, jokes, being on a natural high all the time, or worse yet, (gasp, shock, fainting from the back of the room) just being an extrovert.

Fandom, arise. Fight out for your simple right to be as silly as you wish to be. Play a joke on your neighbor. Next time someone says "Hi" to you reply "So am I". Pun your co-workers to death. Work out a dance routine so that next time you go to a good restaurant you can dance on the table. Sing filk-songs as you walk down the street. Next Halloween go Christmas caroling.

That should freak those mundanes out. I'll never forget the time at this years Worldcon when we all sang filk-songs up and down the Toronto Mall at the Ranquet. Ah, yes. Now, that was a convention.

Personally, I thought that the Worldcon was too large. It was redeemed by its computer games, Bode's cartoon concert, and a variety of old freinds and people like Bob Vardeman, Freff, Mike Glycer, Ted White, and Brad Balfour who we got to know. One thing interesting about it was that most of the artists could be found at strange times of the day, drawing in large groups. Each of them drawing a pithy cartoon and handing it to another artist to enlarge upon or add to. By the way I just noticed that while we have been typing up this editorial that weve been spelling James Shull's name wrong. Why don't you type these pages over again and correct our mistakes Paula-Ann?

Shove it, sweetheart. No way am I going to type up these pages again.



You're right about one thing Mark, that was a pretty neat convention. The only thing that bothered me was the fan artist award---I love Tim Kirk's artwork but I think that Rotsler should have been given the Hugo for, at least, gratitude for all the work he has done.

One thing that got the convention on to a bad start--for me at least---was the busy holiday travel on the airlines. I feel kind of silly telling people that on August 31st I spent all day in Chicago but all I saw was the inside of the O'Hare airport. Oh, well, just wait till next year when Nixon will be in complete charge. If it is half as organized as his administration I had better leave in July. Oh, I wish I were a dog and Nixon were a tree.

If you are ever in Toronto visit Benihama of Tokyo. It is one of the best Japanese restaurants I have been to. A group of us went on the very last night of the con. It was like getting a side-show with your meal if you can excuse the gross comparison.

We would like to get our next issue out sometime in early February. Which seems possible considering we have a month off around then. If anybody would like to contribute anything: please, Please, PLEASE get it into us by late December or at the very latest early January. Thanks.

For you Christians out there-----Merry Christmas. For you Jews out there: Happy Hanukkah. For you atheist: Good Luck. This is our Christmas issue and there is not a single recipe in the entire issue. Oh, well.

So much for this editorial. Remember Westercon in Phoenix in 2001. Please enjoy the ish and send us a letter of comment if you have the time. We love hearing from you. It does wonders for our ego.

***Don't forget--if you want anything printed have it in by early January or middle any month--just send it, you fool.

***Thank you, Aunt Molly for the money to print up the issue.

***Plenty of Twibbet's left if you want one.

***Ken St. Andre and Billie Zarbin got married----but not to each other.

***Impeach Nixon.

***A.S. U. Sun Devil are number one.

***The Phoenix Cosmic Circle is the only official fan group in Phoenix or it's area.

***Thank you Doug Barry for printing this up at a discount.

***Rams in the Super-bowl

***Trust in God. She'll provide.



KIRK

Hyborean Risk

by KEN ST. ANDRE



(First in a Series)

Imagine your self back in Robert E. Howard's Hyborean kingdoms, shortly after Conan's time. Six mighty warrior kings have arisen in the six mightiest nations, and the time has come for empire building by force of arms and magic. The countries are Aquilonia, Nemedia, Koth, Stygia, Turan, and Vendhya. They begin to take over the smaller weaker countries around them until

an inevitable conflict takes place between the major nations.

This is the basic situation in Hyborean Risk, a game which exists right now in a limited edition of two; one belongs to me and the other to Mark Anthony. As the name implies, this game is based on the conflict situations created in Risk, but with some rule changes that make it more realistic and more fun to play.

If you want to play this game, you will have to make an edition of your own, a job that will take about six hours unless you get someone to help you. The materials are easily obtainable and cheap. You will need a large sheet of poster-board, preferably white or yellow because you will have to draw and write upon it, about fifty 3" X 5" note cards to serve as country cards, ten dice (five of one color and five of another), several hundred counters of different colors to use as armies (the little wooden armies included in a regular Risk game work very nicely), and a few sheets of paper to write the rules down on.

The first job is the hardest: namely, creating the playing board. Get one of the Lancer Conan books (or one of the earlier Marvel Conan comics) and copy the map of the Hyborean world on the poster-board. You are enlarging by a factor of about twenty, which calls for some good free-handing on your part in drawing in the countries' borders. (Sometimes it helps to set up some kind of a grid system to keep the proportions accurate.) Draw your map lightly first in pencil; then go over it in black ink so that the countries borders are quite visible. Next add geographic features like cities, rivers, mountains, forests. Remember to leave some room on the west edge of the board for the ocean, and to leave desert between the border of Turan and the eastern Hyborean kingdoms of Hyperborea, Zamora, Koth, Shem, Stygia, and the Black Kingdoms. With colored pencils (crayons are too greasy and smeary) you can draw in forests, rivers, mountain, cities, plains, deserts, swamps, and seas. The finished project should

be a beautiful, full-color map of the Hyborean world of Conan. I know mine is, and I'm not much of an artist.

Once the map-board is done, the rest of the work is easy. The 3X5 cards are used as country cards, one country to the card. Unlike Risk, they are not dealt out equally at the beginning of the game. A player starts with the card of his home country. As he takes over other countries, he also takes their cards. The cards for unowned countries are left in a stack to one side of the board. Each card should contain the following information for one country: Name, Basic Strength, and Strength per turn. If you are artistic and ambitious you could also draw a picture of the country on the card. A sample card might read: (Top line) Aquilonia, (Double space---third line) Basic strength: 10 units, (Double-space---fifth line) each turn eight more units are placed in this country. Below follows a chart showing the names of all the countries, and their relative strengths, which I determined from reading and rereading all the Conan books. (I counted such things as the size of the country, the implied population in the books, the level of the civilization, and the relative size of armies raised in those countries in various Conan stories.)

This might be a good place to announce that this game isn't truly fair to all the players. Unlike chess which starts off with both players exactly equal in power and position, this game is based on a concept I have been developing for several years of uneven war games. In life it is pretty rare when adversaries are evenly matched, and so I decided to make it in my games. He who has a inferior country must make up for it in skill or luck if he hopes to win. Right now I will say that Aquilonia, Stygia, and Turan have geographical advantages that make things really tough on Koth and Nemediia after only a few turns, whereas Vendhya is so isolated that it is both hard to conquer and hard to conquer from.

Below is the chart of countries and strengths.

<u>Country</u>	<u>Basic Strength</u>	<u>Each turn strength</u>
Aquilonia	10	8
Koth	10	7
Nemediia	10	7
Stygia	10	7
Turan	10	7
Vendhya	10	7
Hyrkania	7	3
Argos	6	4
Shem	6	4
Zingara	6	4
Zamora	5	4
Iranistan	5	3
Zamboula	5	3
Keshan	4	4
Brythunia	4	2
Corinthia	4	2

Uphir	4	2
Cimmeria	3	1
Hyperborea	3	1
Meru #	3	1
Asgard	2	1
Border Kingdom	2	1
Pictish wilderness	2	1
Vanaheim	2	1
Barachan isles	1	1
Darfar	1	1
Khauran	1	1
Khoraja	1	1
Kush	1	1
Punt	1	1
Zimbabwe	1	1

% Hyrkania is across the Vilayet Sea from Turan and approximately equal in size. East of it there is only wasteland, except for the small mountain country of Meru.

! Zamboula is a medium-sized nation completely surrounded by desert sectors. It lies midway between Turan and Zimbabwe on a southwestern course from Aghrapur.

Meru is a small mountainous nation on the far eastern side of the board, primarily important as a center of magic.



Between Turan and the innabited lands of the west are several sectors of desert, about the size of a medium-sized kingdoms each. There must be at least two sectors between Zamora and Turan. The Western Ocean is also divided into sectors, each the size of a small country. Turan is divided horizontally into three sectors of approximately equal size as is Hyrkania. Aquilonia and Nemedra are divided horizontally into two sectors of equal size, and so is Hyperborea. Likewise Brythunia and Zamora are divided horizontally into sectors of equal size. Koth is divided vertically into two sectors of equal size as is also Shem and Iranistan. South of the Black Kingdoms of Kush, Darfar, Keshan, Punt, and Zembabwei are several black countries of small size without names, and worthless for reinforcements, just as the desert squares and ocean sectors aren't worth any armies and need not be occupied.

When there less than 6 players, the countries used to start should be used in the order listed on the chart above. If you have more than 6 players (and enough armies of different colors to represent them) Argos, Shem, and Zingara can also be used for basic countries, though those players, being weaker, will have a harder time of it, and are likely to be the first ones wiped out.

These are the rules for playing Hyborean Risk:

To start: The players put their basic strength in armies on their home country, dividing them equally among the sectors. An order of play is determined by each player rolling two dice--high throw goes first, low throw last. (Some people claim that this gives either the first or the last player an extra advantage. I don't think so, but if you want to nullify it, determine the order of play afresh at the start of each turn).

A Turn: These were the old days before mechanized transport. Empire-building was slow. Each complete turn represents a year, and consists of all the movement and conflict of all the players.



To Begin: Each player has his ten armies on the board. The only ones who could fight each other are Aquilonia and Nemedra. It is suggested they not fight, but spread out and take over the vacant lands around them. When a country is first seized, its basic strength comes on in the color of the conqueror at the beginning of the next turn. Basic strength only comes on once in the whole game; after that the continuing strength come on. Example: Aquilonia moves one army in and takes the Border Kingdom. On the second turn 2 Aquilonian armies come on the Border Kingdom. Later that turn it is overrun by Nemedra. At the beginning of the third turn, only one Nemedian army comes on in the Border Kingdom.

Movement Rates: When moving into vacant countries at the start of the game or through uninhabited land like the desert or the ocean, speed is restricted to one sector per turn. When transferring armies from one country to another, they may only move one sector per turn. It is possible to move faster, but only when one is moving an invading or fleeing army. See combat rules below.

Combat: Combat occurs when one colored army invades the territory of another actually moving into the sector. It is accomplished in the Risk manner of rolling dice and comparing the high rolls against each other right on down the line. Unlike Risk, more dice are available, up to 5 dice for each player. See table below:

<u>No. of armies</u>	<u>No. of dice rolled</u>
1-3	1
4-6	2
7-10	3
11-15	4
16 or more	5

Example: Stygia is invading Shem which is garrisoned by Kothian troops. The invading army consists of 11 units and the defenders of 8. Stygia rolls four dice getting a 5,3,1,1. Koth rolls 3 dice getting a 6,3,1. Stygia loses 3 armies leaving 8 and Koth loses two leaving 6. Unlike Risk, ties do not go to defenders, but kill both players. Stygia now has three dice and Koth has two. Stygia rolls 6,6,5. Koth says, "Argh, I'm afraid. We're retreating back into Koth. Koth then moves his 6 men north into Koth. Stygia might then choose either to follow and attack the armies in Koth, or turn west and try to take the other half of Shem, or sit pat and end his turn.

What this example shows is (1) how conflict takes place, (2) how the retreat rule works, and (3) how the invading army can continue attacking and thus cover more than one sector per turn. If Stygia had had any other attacks elsewhere, he could have then turned to them.

Order of Play: At the beginning of each turn, the players look at the country cards they hold, and put all the armies that are coming to them on in the appropriate places. Then the player who is first moves whatever men he wishes to move, invades all the places that he wishes to invade, and fights all his battles. If a player retreats, the first player may either chase him or turn his attack in another direction. When the first player is finished, the second player then moves all of his armies that he wishes to move, sets up and resolves all his conflicts. Likewise for all

other players through the last; then a new turn begins, armies are put on, etc.

Magic: In Conan's time, magic was a fact of life. In a war game magic would obviously be used to destroy one's enemies. On the game-board there are six sites of magical power each is worth one magical strike per turn at an enemy's armies. They are denoted by a red asterisk, and are to be placed in the country of Meru, the country of Zembabwei, the southern sector of Zamora, the northern sector of Hyperborea, the Isle of Xapur in the central section of the Vilayet Sea, and the Isle of the Black Ones on the Western edge of the board in the ocean. Magic works like this. You move your invading force into the country you wish to attack, announce that you are going to make a magic strike, and then roll two dice. If you roll a 5, you have destroyed ten of the enemy's armies by magic. (You destroy twice whatever your roll may be.) But magic has dangers for the user, too. Should you roll doubles you lose twice whatever the double is. Say you rolled a double 5, but had only invaded with 4 armies. Those four would die, and you would have to take 16 more armies off other parts of the world. Magic can be very useful, but it can also be disastrous. It won the last game I played for me. Three times it backfired against my foes, and at the end I took Stygia with only one army from the sea, wiping out ten with a good magic roll.

Conditions for Victory: The one drawback that this game has is that if you try to play it like Risk till only one player remains alive, it will probably take 6 or 7 hours (maybe longer). I suggest that you set a time limit on the game, like 2 or 3 hours, and at the end of that time, each player adds up the basic strengths of the countries he holds. The player with the highest total is declared the winner. Though it is possible through luck and strategy to reverse a losing streak and go on to win the game, it is more likely that if you begin to win you will continue to win, as strength is more cumulative in this game and does not come in ever-increasing surges as it does when you turn in cards in Risk.

A player is only technically out of the game when he loses all his armies, and all of his countries. It usually occurs at about the same time.

In the case when two people wipe each other out simultaneously while fighting for a country, that country then becomes unowned until someone re-enters it. That someone then owns it, but may not get armies for it until the beginning of the next turn.

Unlike Risk, you need not leave armies behind in countries that you own, but such undefended countries may be entered by a single army and be taken from you. Moving from country to country may only take place where there is measurable border, but not where countries meet at a single point such as the corner of Aquilonia and Argos.

Hope you readers in fandom like and will try this game. Address all questions to Ken St. Andre, 4425 N. 8th Ave. #1, Phoenix, Arizona, 85013.

Happy Hacking,
Ken St. Andre

Whatever-Logged

by TerB

My being here on this page is a long story that I will tell in one sentence. I did have my own fanzine called Garuda, and I sent it off to a friend who said he would print it for free, but he procrastinated and sent it back to me months later when the topical material was out of date so I gave ten usable pages to Mark and Paula and buffalowed them into letting me have my own page in Whatever, for the purpose of communicating with the 8 or 10 people in fandom who know who the hell I am, and since Mark and Paula are desperate for material and easily buffalowed then here I am.

By way of introduction to those of you who don't know me or know of me, I'm Terry Ballard, and I usually write shorter sentences. Also, I alternately brag or confess that I started Phoenix fandom, back in the ancient year of 1968. Fandom here has come a long way now; as you can see, they do know how to make a fanzine. In fact, Mark and Paula do such a good job of it, that they put me out of business. From now on I will just sit back and write for them, and not bother with being up all hours of the night with typewriter and corflu. Let them have the headaches. Ho-ho.

Getting around to my writing, for the past few years I have been writing piffly nonsense verse. You can find my verse in almost every Phoenix zine in existence, because I find it the most rewarding kind of fan writing. Rewarding for me that is, and given to fanzines in a Kilgore Trout-type masochistic spirit, because we all know that "fan poetry" is not read by anybody. I have often felt that a fanzine reviewer just passes by the verse and says... "three pages of incredibly awful poetry" without even reading them. Then a strange thing happened. My usual inclusion in the first ish of Whatever became a hit. At last count at least two big name fans, of monumental stature, raved about the damned thing. I haven't seen it yet, but I did hear that Buck Coulson even wanted to reprint the thing in Yandro. (Message to Buck; Sure I'd be delighted to see it reprinted to see it reprinted in Yandro. Just be sure and sure me a copy. My address is 3219 E. Earll Dr. #7, Phoenix Az., 85018.) That's why this issue is lousy with my humorous verse. If any of you out there publish a humorzine that needs that kind of material, just let me know; I'll fill all requests.

At this point, I'll make a few words of introduction to the material that was to have been Garuda 3. Blui Magjik is a shoe salesperson at Penny's who works with Brant Bates. Dave Bragg is another old friend, and a fellow veteran of Arthur Orman's creative writing class. Matt Henson is a young friend of mine who comes into the library a lot, but that's the only resemblance between his story and reality. Anyone who knows me knows how false it is to picture me as a lazy bureaucrat. And then there's Billie Zarbin, who wrote the tiger story, and I couldn't describe her and do justice. She was once described as being the den mother of Phoenix fandom; and although nobody has seen her at club meetings lately, she's very much a part of the fannish

scene in town. Also, Julie Cox, who did the fantastic tiger illo, is a friend of my wife, Donna. Her artistic talent does not stop with drawings----she brings her own style into all the arts.

For the benefit of some of you who might live in a cave, miles from the nearest bookstore, I might mention the two new Star Trek books that came out; both written by the ever-present David Gerrold. One is the Trouble With Tribbles, and the other is the World of Star Trek. Donna, who is a bookstore manager, brought the second one home for me to see, and I will say that although I am no Trekkie, and I dislike David Gerrold, the book was absolutely engrossing. Gerrold goes into great detail about the Enterprise and its universe; things that were never brought out in the shows. The book suffers some from being written from his own experience with the one script that he did, but it appears that he also interviewed every member of the cast within the last year. I was especially intrigued by what he had to say about tribbles. You see, I was at the St. Louiscon auction in 1969, and I bought what was touted as the last tribble in the world, from the hands of DAVID GERROLD HIMSELF. Imagine my surprise when I heard that he was running around 3 years later selling "Authentic Star Trek Tribbles" to unsuspecting snot-nosed fans. Later on, somebody apparently caught up with him, and he admitted the fabrication of those tribbles.

To fans of the Terry and Ken satire stories, I apologize for killing off the protagonists, but 4 and one-half years is much too long for an inane series of that caliber. Well, what are you doing reading this when there's some really great stuff in this issue to see?



by terB
by terB

out in houston
there's a cold wind
blowing through the
gaping cracks
of the doors in the
space center.
since the program
got the axe
man will never
reach the planets.
they will never
hear his sound;
still i'm feeling
bad in knowing
nasa's in the
cold, cold ground.

by terB
by terB

SECRET OF THE SUPERMAN SAGA SLASHED!!!!!!!

Like many of you, I have been following the Superman stories for many years. It has always seemed to me that there was more going on in the stories than the comics code would allow the D.C. company to come out and tell. One really juicy item has been buried in the pages of Action Comics for years, with only a few clues to help detectives unravel it. The chief clue is that the initials of all of the women in Superman's life are .L. (Lana Lang, Lois Lane, et. al.) Now for the shocker; LEX LUTHOR IS A RANSVESTITE. This explains why he is so up-tight about fighting Superman. He is only trying to attract Superman's attention. There are more clues, but Paula and Mark won't let me put them in whatever, so look on your own. Happy digging!

Albert Lesken

FANNISH 'WHO's WHO'

Please send the following information to: K.W. Dzanne 'The Cottonwoods', 42 Meeks Crescent, Faulconbridge, NSW Australia, 2776. He is compiling a 'Who's Who in Fandom'. Deadline: 12-31-73

- . Name:
- . Address: (may be withheld if desired)
- . Age: (may be withheld if desired)
- . Year you started reading SF:
- . Year you entered fandom:
- . Fannish activities:
- . Fannish claims to fame (if any):
- . Name as many BNFs as you can (minimum 10):
- . Which prozines do you read?
- . How many fanzines do you get?
- 1. Are you willing to reply to casual correspondence? YES/NO/MAYBE
- 2. Are you willing to fill out a more detailed questionnaire? YES/NO
- 3. Add anything else you wish known.

The Crystal Man

by Philip Ream

In the far future, when Earth
Is but a dusty plain,
And the once bright star field, sun,
And moon are on the wane,
Only one monument of
An ancient man remains.

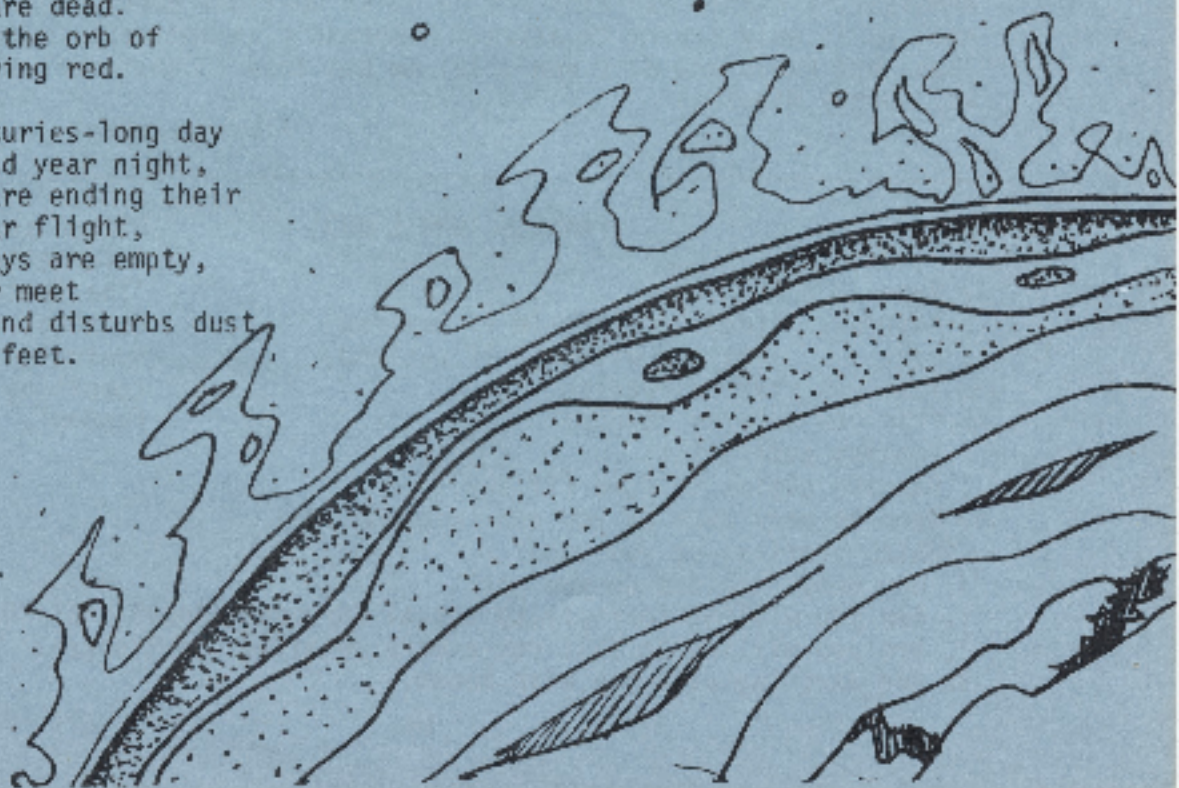
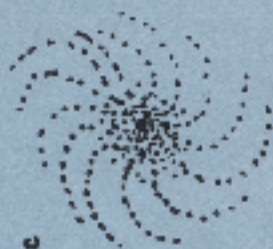
AcrySTALLINE form stands tall
In the dust of gone by
Civilizations. Its head is
Back and its chin held high.
It stands proud against a
Red tinted, thinning sky.

It mirrors not the lathe shapes
Of Lord Man, noble born,
But Pride, in the grace of abstract
Lines and forms forlorn.
Its immortal pride only
Serves long gone man to scorn.

The soul of its creator
Can be seen in its face.
The crystal giant mimics the
Dignity of a race
Long since gone to dust with the
Rest of a trackless space.

The giant was created while
Man and other races tread
The star-ways. Now it lives on when
All the races are dead.
It lasts on as the orb of
Sol is now glowing red.

During the centuries-long day
And the thousand year night,
When galaxies are ending their
Billion megayear flight,
Now the spaceways are empty,
Races no longer meet
And not even wind disturbs dust
At the giant's feet.



HOTTERIA in The Library

By
Matt Henson

Phoenix Public Library--the final frontier! Into these halls travel librarians and patrons with the common goal of keeping the past alive. Here, too, is Terry Ballard, young library aide on a five year mission to maintain his sanity and pay off the car.

Captains log: Stardate 189473, 0200.

"Returning to planet Earth, back in time to the year 1973, in a minor city in the United States known as Phoenix. Our sensing devices have registered unusual disturbances in the time continuum there."

"There's a pteronodon in the John," announced the young man to the tired-looking librarian in the children's room. "It was perched atop the stall, staring at me."

"Hmm, pterododons have been extinct for 60 million years. Are you sure you couldn't have made some mistake?" Terry mused, my friend is sometimes given to flights of fancy.

"No," said Matt. "No mistake. And there's something else you should know about..."

Just then a portly man in an eighteenth century French outfit walked up to the desk.

"Hot air!" he shouted excitedly. "Hot air is the answer."

"Hmm," said Terry. "He must be a politician."

"Or a teacher," said Matt.

"What is this talk?" inquired the newcomer. "I am Montgolfier, and I have discovered that hot air can propel ships into ships into the sky."

"You're in the wrong place," said Matt. "You should be on What's my Line?" He turned to Terry. "What are you going to do about this?"

"Continue to evaluate what happens."

At that moment screams were heard from the other side of the children's room. A brontosaurus head and neck was emerging from the stairway that leads down to the basement. Several ladies were voicing their disapproval of this latest development.

"Are you going to do something now?" asked Matthew.

"No. Brontosaurus are herbivorous. This one won't hurt anybody."

"What happens if he isn't housetrained?"

"I'll call the janitor."

More screams were heard from the other side of the library. A barbarian warrior, probably a Celt, was running around screaming and threatening people with a sinister-looking sword.

"Are you going to do something now?"

"Yes," said Terry. "This is serious." He took out a slip of paper and began writing a memorandum to his boss.

"Well," said Matthew, "If you're not going to do anything more direct, then I'm going to go down to the basement and investigate this."

"That won't be necessary," said a man who had just walked up. "My name is Spock, and I've been called in to straighten out everything. If my surmise is correct, then a young man about thirty should come running up the stairs any moment now."

Just then a young man of thirty with black bushy hair ran up the stairs. Mr. Spock signalled him to come over.

"You're from the Time Tunnel, aren't you?" asked Spock.

"Yes," panted the man, who was quite out of breath.

"You've been having some trouble with the thing, haven't you?"

"Oh, you wouldn't believe it. It's completely out of kilter, throwing things from all times into this building."

"Part of the problem might be that your show was cancelled."

"Cancelled?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, and since they couldn't communicate with you, nobody ever got around to telling you. I guess they just got careless about taking care of the tunnel after that."

"But your show was cancelled, too," said Matthew. "Why are you still around?"

"Be logical, young man. We have enough food for a five year mission--- ratings or no ratings."

"Can I go with you, then?" asked the displaced time traveller

"Certainly" said Spock. "We TV rejects have to stick together."

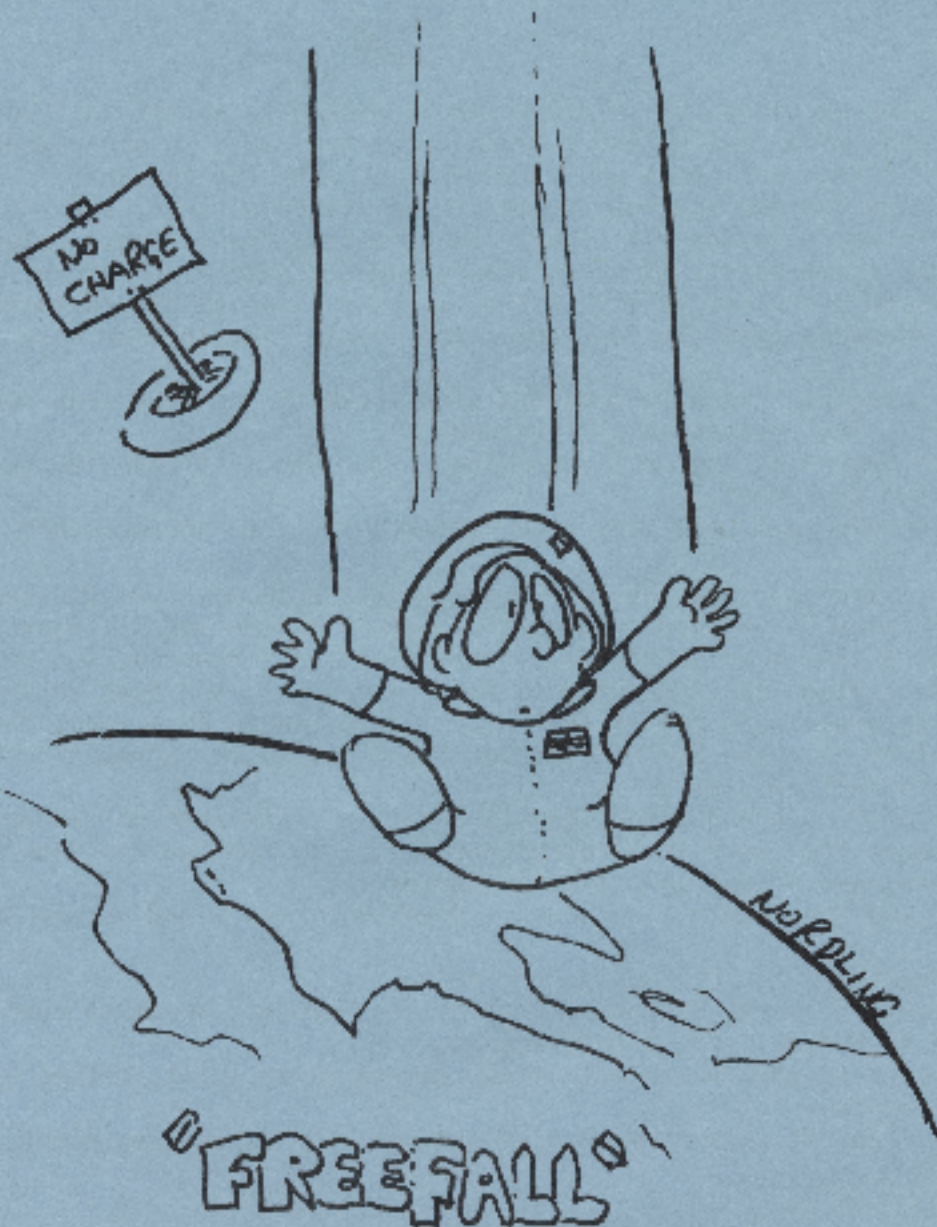
The two of them went off to undo the damage caused by prehistoric monsters tramping around a modern building.

"Well, everything has been righted," said Matt.

"It's a good thing," said Terry. "It's time for my coffee break."

At that moment, a strange metallic voice filled the entire building. "Hello. This is HAL 8000, the computer who makes lots of mistakes. I've just come on the time continuum, and I am taking this library over, and making all of you my slaves. My first orders..."

"Well, here we go again."



know further, a prince, that their fame having spread both far and wide, came there a time when Ken and Terry were selected to receive a singular honor. Yet when they came to the proper place, they found themselves confronted with

THEASON

IN

PENNSYLVANIA



from a probable history of the careers of KEN ST. ANDRE and TERRY BALLARD

The dark-panelled, horse-drawn coach creaked to a halt in front of the massive walls of a castle-like building. Terry looked in open-eyed awe at the towering gray palisades while Ken settled with the coachman.

When the luggage had been deposited on the damp earth, and the bewildered driver was piloting his rickety vehicle into the darkness, clutching in one hand three sheets of green stamps and a wooden Nixon nickel.

"Are you sure this is it?" asked Terry, pulling at his mustache nervously. "Someone from the Con- committee should certainly be here to meet us."

Ken shone his flashlight on the sign above the oak and iron door. "Yes, this is it. The Transylvania Travelodge."

Terry looked at the writing on the sign. "I can't read it, but I know it says more than that."

"It merely says that they take Mastercharge and Bankamericard," chuckled Ken.

It was typical that the doubts gnawing at both men's minds should find most expression in Ballard's comments. Ever since he and St. Andre had learned that they were to be the honored guests at Transcon, the science-fiction convention for Transylvania and the Balkans, and that their trip would be entirely paid for by TRAPP (the Transylvania Phan Pot), the doubts engendered by watching too many Victor Price movies on stormy nights had been growing within them.

"Why us?" Ken had asked, in his logical, truth-seeking candor.

"Because they were thrilled with our exploits in the Hyborean age; they loved every word of our time travel stories...."

"....and they couldn't get Joe F. Drankin," Ken helped answer his own question.

"Sarcastic S. O. B.," muttered Terry.

However, in spite of forbodings, neither man was about to turn down a free trip to Europe, and so they accepted.

In weeks to come their enthusiasm was tempered still further by the Con's progress reports.

"Hey, Ken, it says here that we are only the second recipients of TRAPP."

"Who was first?"

"Claude Depler."

"We'll never live up to a predecessor like that," said Ken.

"And get this! At the banquet they plan to have roast hat in barbeque sauce."

"What's for desert?" asked Ken glumly.

"Baked Siberia."

"Maybe we can send out for a pizza."

Terry grew even less enthusiastic when he told his insurance man about the trip. The next day he received a letter stating that his life insurance had been cancelled.

Their trip had a few bad moments. While flying over Ohio, their plane was sky-jacked by a man who demanded more left-turn lanes in Philadelphia. The airline cleverly disposed of the nuisance by giving the man a parachute with three strings missing and ten Raleigh coupons. After a 30,000 foot drop, he caused no more trouble.

Later, while crossing the Atlantic, they ran into turbulence, and the "No Smoking" sign came on. Only it didn't say No Smoking. It read: Our Father, who art in Heaven...

Because he had a genuine gift for retrospection, Terry thought about all this while carrying his suitcase to the door. Ken, meanwhile, was thinking that a few dozen go-go girls would do wonders for the place.

Terry reached for the brass doorknob. As he turned it, the door fell inward, splintering into a thousand pieces. Scores of bleary-eyed bats fluttered, squeaking, around them and vanished into the night. Suddenly, behind them, they heard heavy breathing followed quickly by a short howl. They dropped their bags and spun around. There was the Wolfman in all his hirsute glory.

"You must be the Wolfman," said Ken.

"Yes, I am," he growled, extending his claw. "And you must be Sgt. Andre."

The two shook hands.

"This is Terry Ballard."

"Pleased to meet you. I've seen all of your movies."

"I've read your poems."

Gush...

"Enough chit-chat," said Ken. "Let's find our rooms."

"I'll show you to them," said Wolfman, picking up all of their bags.



CAMER

As they walked up a decrepit staircase, Terry turned to the Wolfman and said, "See, I'm a little confused. What happens to you when there's a full moon?"

"Oh, God, it's awful," moaned the were wolf. "I burn with fever; cold sweat pours off me, my limbs twitch uncontrollably; I am filled with strange, unholy urges; and then. . . I become a human."

"Poor fellow," sympathized Ken. "I feel the same way myself sometimes, especially if there's a good-looking girl around."

Neither Terry nor the Wolfman would touch that line.

As they reached the third floor, horrible, fiendish laughter assailed their ears. "Now I know we're at a Con," said Ken. "That's an O.A.F.'s party if I ever heard one."

"This is your room," announced the Wolfman. Ken dug into his suitcase for the proper tip, found a pound of raw hamburger, and tossed it to his guide who (pardon the expression) wolfed it down, celophane and all. "Thank you, Sir," he growled. Then, turning tail, he left them to their own devices.

The room was furnished in an early cobwebby green velvet neo-impressionism with a bit of late Spanish inquisition thrown in for spice. The gray walls had been lined with portraits of prize-winning cattle. Terry decided that this had been thoughtfully done to give the atmosphere a western flavor.

They found a program on the bed-table, which notified them that the costume ball would start at nine the same evening. They just had time to freshen up in a bathroom that could have won prizes at an antique show, and to flop on the bed for a few minutes rest, leaving Terry to mull on the question that always haunted him at conventions---"Why couldn't I be interested in football like everyone else?"

The costume ball was a bizarre sight---a massive, drapery-lined ballroom filled with people in button-down gray suits. Ken and Terry had rather unoriginally decided to come as themselves. They met infamous characters, dressed as convincing imitations of Ehrlichman, Haldeman, and Dean. Their friend the Wolfman had come as Senator Irvin, and he pointed out some of the more interesting characters.



"Yonder, hovering over the punchbowl, is Count Dracula, dressed to resemble his hero, Helms of the C.I.A."

Ken pointed out an extremely tall fellow wearing a button saving, 'Let me say this about that.'

"Who's the tall version of Nixon?"

"That's the head of the Con committee, Frankenstein himself."

"Of course," said Ken, "I should have known by the bolt in his fowls."

The party swirled on towards midnight. Many a cup of the bright red salty punch were imbibed by all present, and things began to take on a warm, fuzzy glow for Terry who was talking about the politics of conservation with the Mummy. Ken was trying to make a little time with the Bride of Frankenstein. Neither of them had noticed the one person who seemed really out of place at the ball---a fellow in a pink and yellow clown costume, with bells on his toes and sleeves.

Ken wobbled over and interrputed Terry's conversation. "Someone just slipped me this note when I wasn't looking."

Terry unfolded the crumpled piece of parchment and read: 'The Jester is coming. You must stop him from reaching the Mirror.' Terry crumpled the note and put it in his pocket. He took his punch and signalled the Senator Irvin.

"Is there a mirror in this room?"asked Terry.

The Wolfman made a gasping sound. "You know about the Mirror?"

"Not really, that's why I asked you."

"Yeah, and who's the Jester?" piped in Ken.

Suddenly the man in the clown costume stood out like a sore thumb.

"There's something familiar about him," mused Ken.

Terry and the Wolfman were looking at each other significantly. A Clown is a kind of a jester.

"Do you suppose you could get your friend Nixon to put a freeze on the clown?" whispered Terry. "Sort of a voice and body halt?"

"Leave it to me." He sidled away to whisper a few words in the big fellow's greenish ear. Nixon nodded. Shambling casually over to the clown, he suddenly grabbed him, wrapping one might arm around his body and gagging him with his other hand. The clown struggled like a fish in a net, but he



was equally helpless.

"And now," said Terry, "let us see this fearsome mirror."

All eyes wavered between the struggling clown, and the figures of Terry and Ken as the Wolfman led them toward the north end of the large oval ballroom.

WHAM! The double doors at the south end of the chamber slammed open. A cold cemetery wind bearing the stench of decay invaded the perfumed air, and out of the night glided a figure robed in leprous white save for the emblem of a death's head in black on its chest. The face was hidden in the shadow of a cowl, but two points of gray-green fire glowed where the eyes should have been.

"Uh oh," gurgled Ken.

"Something tells me we put the arm on the wrong Jester," foreboded Terry.

The Jester floated straight toward the three, halting a short four paces before them. He pointed a gaunt finger at the ceiling, and a gigantic square mirror was lowered to the floor, where it hung, suspended by a silver thread.

The Wolfman, who had been momentarily paralyzed with fear, recovered. With a long-drawn howl that broke the stunned paralysis of all, he leaned at the ominous figure. The jester raised one hand and shouted, STOP!

The Wolfman was frozen in mid-air. Time in the room ceased for everyone, but the Jester, who threw back his hood, revealing a face the duplicate of Terry's. He looked into the mirror, which showed things as they aren't, and saw everything but himself. He then turned around and contemptuously faced the Ken and Terry of this story.

"You two are a faded, worn-out, bad joke. It might have been a good

idea years ago for Ken and I to use our own names as fantasy non-heroes, but you two are overworked from excess mileage. Nobody cares about you any more. Face it, you are a couple of bores, especially to the men who invented you."

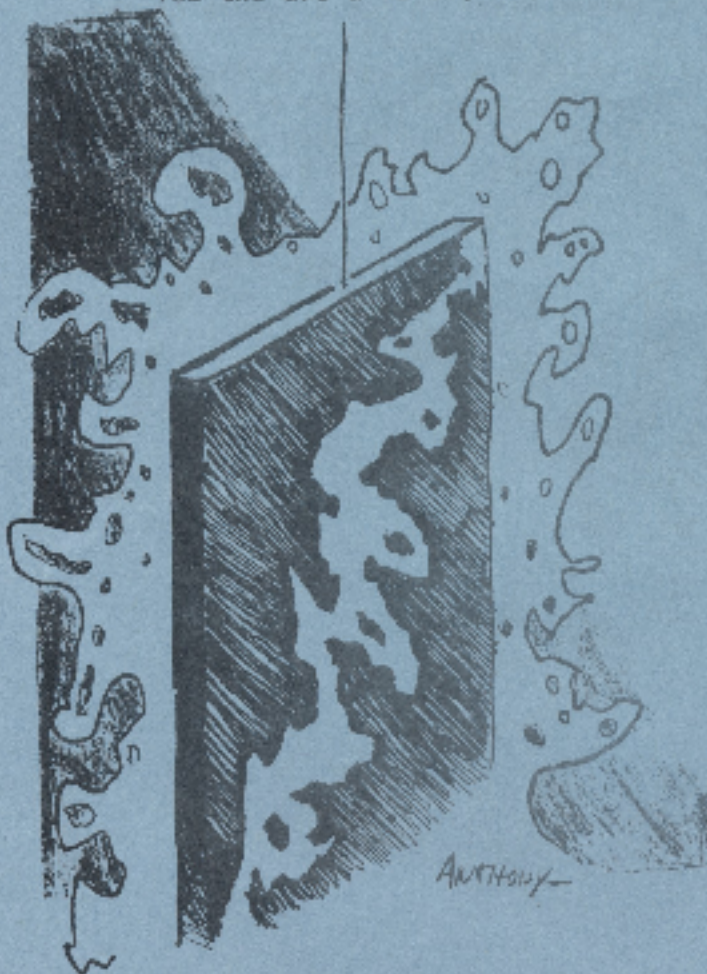
"Besides that, even though Ken and I are vastly different, you are indistinguishable. You're just a couple of faded cartoons that are only good for mouthing quips."

As the real Terry began to speak, the false Terry and Ken began to fade away. By the time he was finished, the two were gone.

"Still," said Terry softly, "I hate to see you go." He started to step into the mirror, but a voice halted him.

"Wait one minute, Terry." The Clown disengaged himself from the nerveless fingers of Frankenstein, and walked over to face the Jester. It could be seen now that the Clown was the real Ken St. Andre.

"It is fitting that you chose

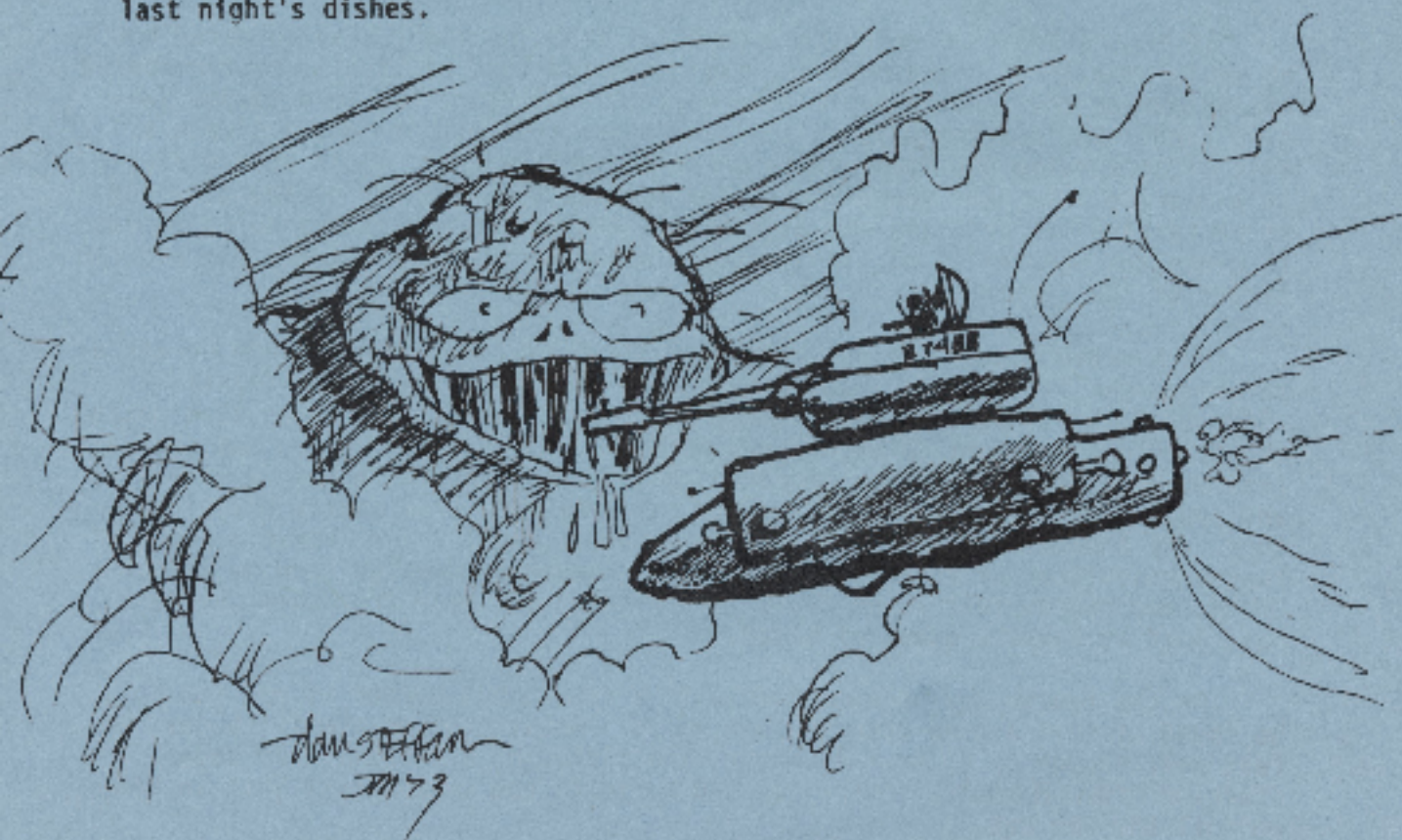


Transylvania for this act of betrayal, for you have done a truly monstrous thing. This is not the first time that a creator has turned against his creations, for fear that the created will come to be more real than the creator. I warn you now, though I take no action. A literary character can not be banished with a word. Only time and forgetfulness can erase one.

"Let us each depart now in our own way, and the party shall go on, though not in this chronicle." The Clown slowly turned and sadly left the room, putting this set of monsters behind him forever.

Terry mused for a second, and then stepped through the mirror, emerging in the den of his apartment. Looking into the mirror, he saw a strange sight. The entire known universe filled the screen with galaxies glittering like Christmas lights. Terry picked up a paper weight. "Good-bye, Starheaps!" he shouted. "Good-bye, Golden Thrones!" So saying, he threw the paper weight into the mirror. The mirror absorbed it, and a mist covered its surface. One last message appeared on it in letters of blazing orange: FEED THE CAT.

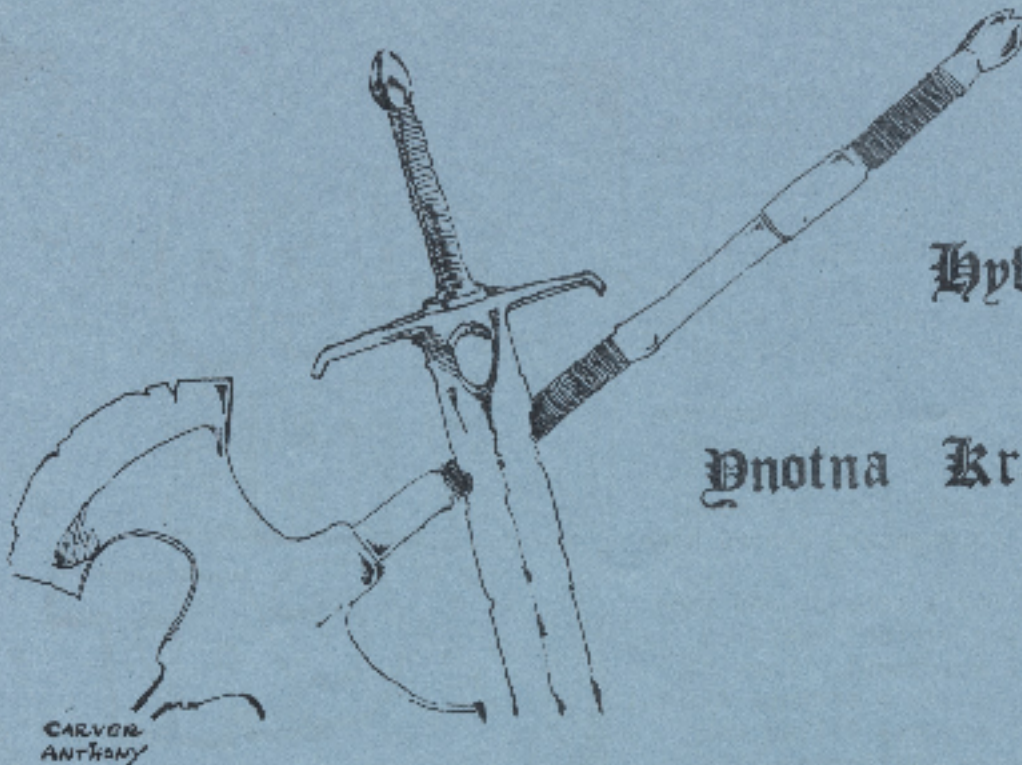
Then the mirror disappeared. Terry went out to the kitchen to wash last night's dishes.



Tales Of The Hyborean Age

Ynotna Kram

by BRANT BATES



Ynotna Kram turned his back to the jungles of Kush and headed north for winesoaked Messentia at a steady trot. A fierce furnace breeze scorched across his skin and waved his long reddish hair behind him as he went. Slung across his naked back was an oval wooden shield of Kushite design, and bound securely to the center hand grips was a deer-hide pouch of uncut diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, enough fine gems to establish his fortune in any of the Hyborean cities far to the north.

If Ynotna Kram had been the thoughtful kind, he might have wondered how he would pass through the hostile, magic-haunted land of Stygia, or remembered the shipwreck that had cast him ashore as the sole-survivor in a savage jungled land. Ah, but the ways of the jungle are inscrutable, and a simple artist might survive and find wealth where a mighty warrior would soon wind up in a cooking pot. But young Ynotna had learned the futility of thought, and so he tackled his problems one at a time. And at the moment, his problem was to cross the many miles of lion-infested savannan that lay between him and the cities of the stygians.

He Knocked down three partridges--silly birds, they didn't know he was an enemy--the first night, made a fire from wildebeest dung, and feasted. Afterward, he slept on a branch near the top of the scrubby trees that dotted the plain. That night no carnivores bothered him. On the second day, he was trailed by a skulk of hungry leopards, but by luck, he ran across a wild pig, and speared it. He left it behind for the leopards, thus neatly escaping them. On the third day he had to swim across a small river, where a swarm of hungry mosquitoes attached itself to him. Though he swatted them by the hundreds, and ran as fast as he could in trying to get away from them, he must have lost at least a quart of blood.

On the fourth day he came down with a fever, but before it got too bad, he found himself a good tree to hole up in. About noon on the fifth day, he felt well enough to go on. A hungry lion picked up his trail, and began stalking him. However, Ynotna reached a river, and swam across just in time to foil the big cat.

That night he had a strange dream. He saw the dirty, tear-streaked face of a girl, calling out to him for help. He tried to go toward her, but the grasses wound themselves around his legs. Strange, crocodile-headed demons laughed and sneered at him. He woke up bathed in a cold sweat.

Much of the sixth day was spent up in various trees. There were many more lions in those parts, and they all seemed willing to eat him. He camped that night not too far from a large river. It seemed to be flowing north and west, which were just the directions Ynotna wanted to go, and he decided to make a raft, and float downstream. Not only would he be safe from wild animals, but it would rest his feet and allow him to get in some fishing.

In the morning Ynotna used his spear blade to cut down some of the many saplings that grew beside the river. He braided together many short cords out of the waist-high elephant grass of the veldt, and before midday he had a fine little craft made. Ynotna Kram just hoped he wouldn't meet many hungry saurians.

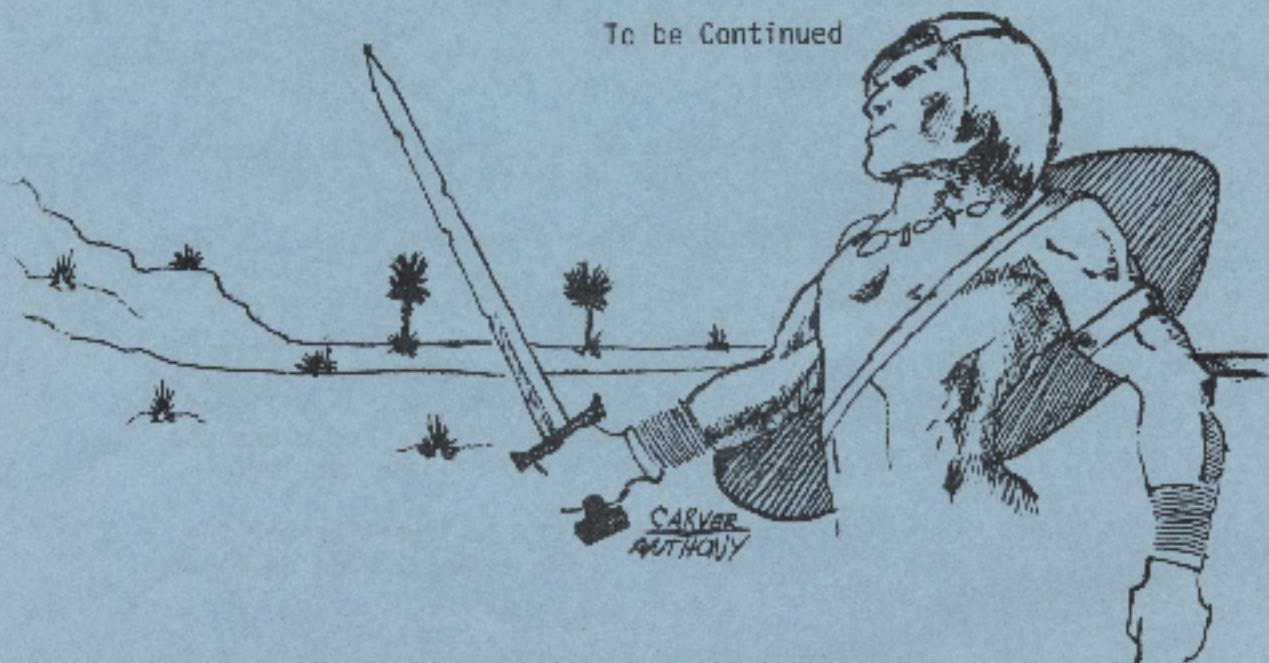
He floated down the river for two days, camping on the shore at night, and eating fish. Then the great stream took him around a corner in the ninth morning, and ahead of him rose a native village of sun-burnt mud huts. The natives spotted him right away, and launched their canoes to intercept him.

They took him to the chief right away. Ynotna prostrated himself immediately in the manner he had learned in the south, which pleased the pot-bellied old fellow. Soon, with the aid of an interpreter, the Angossean lad was talking to M'gula.

M'gula told him of the strange white woman he had seen only a few days ago. She was being carried captive to the city of the crocodile worshippers in the great swamp to the east.

"Poor girl!" sympathized Ynotna Kram. In the morning he had breakfast with the chief, and continued on his weary way north. Three days later, he reached the gates of Shushann on the southern borders of Stygia.

To be Continued



The Tiger in the Garden

by Billie Price

Sybil Brewster burst into the study where her father was clipping coupons. Eyes rolling and nostrils flaring, she stood there in the manner of Berre Daves imitating a race horse. Mr. Brewster half turned to acknowledge her presence.

"Oh, hullo, Sybil," he said.

"Father! Surely that's not a tiger I see in the garden?"

"Yes, that's exactly what it is. A tiger."

"Shouldn't someone do something about it?" Sybil ran to the gun case and took out a shot gun. "This ought to fix him."

"Oh, do be still, Sybil. In the first place, that shotgun wouldn't fix him. In the second place, that's my tiger. I have a permit for him."

"Oh." Sybil replaced the gun. "But, father, why do we need a tiger in the garden?"

"For prowlers, Do you realize how many prowlers we have every week? Some of them even manage to get into the house. Why, last April I lost a Van Gogh, in May, some one stole \$800 worth of antique snuff boxes, and last week the leftover turkey disappeared from the refrigerator."

"I ate that" said Sybil. "I see your point, father. But don't you think a tiger is a little extreme?"

"No!" thundered Mr. Brewster. "I work hard for what I have and anybody who comes to rob me has to contend with my tiger,"

Before Sybil had time to reply, there was a scream from the garden. "By George!" said Mr. Brewster. "In broad daylight!"

The scream rang out again. "Father! That's mother!"

Fortunately, Mrs. Brewster hadn't gone too far into the garden before the tiger attacked her. They were able to drag her into the house, all except her left leg. With Mr. Brewster's money, they were able to equip her with an artificial leg that looked almost real, and she only limped a little. She was never really the same afterward, though. For weeks she kept begging Mr. Brewster to go into the garden and recover her leg.

"He's out there growling and gnawing over it, just waiting for the rest of me," Mrs. Brewster said one night. "Some nights I wake up in a cold sweat just thinking about it."

"Now, Muriel. Your new leg is much better than that one. Wasn't it your left leg that always ached before it rained?"

"John, that was my leg, and it should have been given a decent Christian burial."

Trying to make her mother feel better, Sybil said, "Perhaps the tiger has buried it by now."



Mrs. Brewster sipped at the martini, her third that evening. "Only dogs bury things. Besides, even if he has buried it, he still isn't a Christian. He's only a heathen tiger."

When dinner was announced, Sybil led her mother into the dining room, saying, "Forget about your leg, mother. You don't want to spoil your appetite. Remember, now. Smile."

Obediently, Mrs. Brewster smiled. Her smile lasted through the soup and salad; it faded when the main course, a leg of lamb, was brought in. After Mr. Brewster had finished carving, and the gleaming white bone was exposed, Mrs. Brewster whimpered, "John, my leg."

Mr. Brewster called in the butler. "I thought it was understood that leg of lamb was never served in this house, Mason. What is the matter with that cook?"

"She's new, Mr. Brewster. I suppose she has forgotten."

"What happened to the old cook?"

"She went into the garden for parsley, and was eaten by the tiger, sir."

"Oh. Well, tell the new cook to boil some eggs for Mrs. Brewster."

"Never mind, John. I'll just take a little something to my room."

The little something she took was a bottle of gin, and she was never seen sober again. She was still obsessed with the idea of regaining her leg; it was all she ever talked about. Her constant state of inebriation made her easy to ignore, and her drunken babbling did no more than provide an obligatto to Sybil's and Mr. Brewster's conversations.

As Mrs. Brewster became more and more ineffectual, Sybil was forced to take on new responsibilities. The housekeeper, unnerved by the way the tiger lunged at her every time she passed the French doors leading to the garden, quit. Then everything was on Sybil's shoulders. The servants weren't much help, as they had a way of leaving as soon as they discovered that there was a tiger in the garden. Those who were not alert enough to discover the tiger first had to be replaced anyway.

At first they were able to see the tiger very plainly as he paced the perimeter of the garden. Mr Brewster had been forced to let the gardener go, so gradually the unpruned trees and bushes grew together in a tangle of green, and seldom did they see more than a flash of black and orange. Always they heard him, snuffling and growling over the bones of the prowlers he had caught.

No one was aware that the tiger could jump over the wall that separated the garden from the rest of the estate until the day that Mason quit. Sybil was standing by the front door watching the dignified butler walk away, when the tiger appeared from behind a bush. Before she could call out a warning, the tiger had reached Mason, and struck him down.

Sybil found Mr. Brewster in the library. "Father, do you know that the tiger is now running all over the grounds? He has just now killed Mason right before my eyes."

"Oh, that is a pity. But Mason wasn't any good to us any more. He was leaving us, you know."

"Still, I was very fond of old Mason, and I hated to see him go like that."

Mr. Brewster sighed. "Yes, he was a good and faithful servant. While he lasted." In a brisker tone, he added, "By the way, did the mail come?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Yesterday there was a note with the mail saying that the post office is not obliged to deliver to anyone who keeps fierce dogs as big as tigers. If we want our mail, we have to pick it up ourselves."

"By George, what's this world coming to? I pay my taxes just like everyone else. I pay ten times, no, fifty times the taxes that that sniveling little postman pays."

"That's not all, father. I didn't want to worry you, but we got a letter from Uncle Fred saying that Aunt Cora left Boston two weeks ago to pay us a visit. He hasn't heard from her since."

"Oh." He went to the window and looked out into the garden. "You don't suppose---?"

"That's exactly what I suppose. You're going to have to write to Uncle Fred and tell him poor Aunt Cora was eaten by the tiger. Not only that, there's still the matter of the missing Girl Scout. The neighbors are rather up in arms about that, you know."

"I have already taken care of that. I bought two thousand dollars worth of Girl Scout cookies in her name, and they have given her a medal, Posthumously of course, for selling more cookies than anyone else in the history of scouting. I also suggested that the girls should be warned not to go poking around in other people's gardens. What more can I do?"

Sybil faced him defiantly. "You can shoot that tiger."

"No. Without the tiger, the burglars will be back in full force, taking our fortune, bit by bit. It's not just for me that I'm trying to preserve what we own. Someday all this will be yours."

"Then I'll shoot him."

"Sybil, I warn you, if you shoot my tiger, I'm going to disinherit you, and leave everything to your cousin, Randolph."

Sybil decided to wait until her father died to shoot the tiger. In the meantime, there was the matter of supplies to be considered. No one would

deliver any more, which meant that someone would have to go out and buy everything. After a small debate with her conscience, Sybil decided that that someone should be her father, since the tiger belonged to him.

A plan was worked out to enable Mr. Brewster to get off of the grounds safely. Leaving was relatively simple. Mr. Brewster waited at the front door until the tiger was busy in the back, then he ran down the drive and out the iron gate. Coming back, he had to wait for Sybil's all-clear signal, a white sheet in the window, before he dared open the gate. Once he had to wait three hours and the ice cream melted all over the frozen dinners.

"It's all right, John," said Mrs. Brewster at dinner. "I think pistachio flavored turkey is rather nice for a change."

"How would you know, Muriel? You have permanently synthesized your palate with alcohol."

Mrs. Brewster smiled at him, pleasantly, and went on nibbling her turkey and gulping her gin. "I'm sure Sybil didn't make you wait out there deliberately."

"Of course not, father," said Sybil. "You don't want the tiger to get you, do you?"

The Brewsters took their after-dinner drinks into the living room. Before the advent of the tiger, the drapes had never been closed. Now they were seldom open, as no one, not even Mr. Brewster, really enjoyed looking at the garden any more. Conversation was limited and somewhat strained.

"Sybil," said Mr. Brewster. "Young Eubank called today. He's just come back from Viet Nam. He says he's coming over tonight."

"Dickie?" she said. "Did you tell him about the tiger?"

"Oh yes. I think he thought I was joking."

Mrs. Brewster drained her glass, and proceeded to fill it again. She said, "He'll open the gate, unaware, and--"

"Oh shut up, Muriel," said Mr. Brewster.

"You'd like me to shut up, wouldn't you, John? So that I wouldn't remind you that if you were half a man you'd go out there and get my leg for me."

"Oh, mother, it can't be much of a leg, now," said Sybil.

"Never the less, it's still my leg."

Mr. Brewster corrected her. "Strictly speaking, the tiger's leg. The tiger has it, and as you well know, possession is nine tenths of the law. And in the garden the tiger is the law."

Mrs. Brewster said bitterly, "The law of the jungle."

"Oh, how terribly original," said Sybil. "How---" the chime of the doorbell interrupted her. "Dickie! Hurry, father, and let him in!"

Before Mr. Brewster had even reached the hall, they heard a snarl, followed by a short masculine scream. "Too late," said Mr. Brewster, returning to his chair.

"Dickie Eubank was my last hope," said Sybil.

"What about William Sneadby?"

"That silly fool? He came to serenade me in the garden last month. The tiger got him, too."

"The tiger will get all of us, in the end," said Mrs. Brewster.

"He's already got part of me. Some night when the tiger's asleep, I'm going to out there and get my leg back." She had abandoned her glass now in favor of the bottle; she tilted her head back and finished it off.

"Tiger's don't sleep at night," said Sybil. "Mother?" Mrs. Brewster was asleep. Sybil tried to wake her, but failed. "She won't really do it, will she father?"

"Of course not. She was just talking. I think we had better go up to bed. We'll let your mother sleep right here. I don't feel up to taking her upstairs tonight."

The next morning Mrs. Brewster was not in her chair. The drapes which ordinarily hid the doors leading to the garden were open. Sybil and Mr. Brewster preferred to ignore this rather obvious clue as to Mrs. Brewster's whereabouts, and they spent over an hour searching the house before they accepted the fact that she had gone into the garden.

"Oh, damn!" said Mr. Brewster. He had not seen the broken glass by the fireplace, where Muriel had evidently thrown her bottle. The piece of glass was a long sliver, which Sybil found difficult to remove. A needle and tweezers got most of it. Sybil unsuccessfully urged him to go to the doctor.

Since walking was very painful, and he had just bought supplies the day before, he thought it best to stay home a few days. For three days he hobbled from chair to chair, always taking care to prop up his foot in an ostentatious manner.

The foot seemed to be healing normally, but Mr. Brewster's fell off, and he complained of being tired. Sybil didn't become alarmed until one evening when her father couldn't swallow his food. She then put him to bed and called the doctor.

"Well, what did he say? What have I got," said the annoyed man.

"It sounds like tetanus, but he can't say for sure without seeing you."

"When is he coming out?"

"He isn't coming. He's heard about the tiger."

Sybil nursed her father for five days, bringing him food and broth that he couldn't swallow. Periodically, he had convulsions, each one more violent than the last. On the last day, he called her in a weak voice, and she knelt by his bedside.

"Sybil, if you shoot my tiger, even after I'm gone, you lose everything. It's in the will. Randy will get it all."

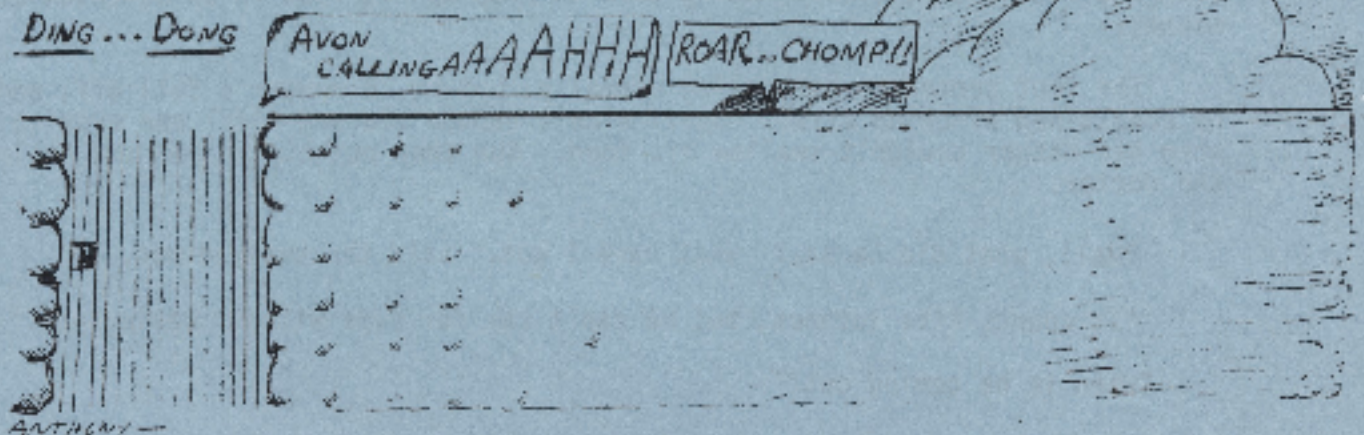
Despite the difficulties, Sybil managed to give her father a nice funeral. She had a little trouble finding six friends who would agree to serve as pall bearers. On the way to the front gate, the tiger got one, so they had to make do with five. Sybil, who had become rather callous, felt sorry for the man who was dragged away, but at the same time, she realized that the tiger would be sated by the time she returned.

After the funeral, Mr. Cranston, the family lawyer, accompanied Sybil to her front gate. She invited him in for a drink, but he declined her hospitality. It didn't matter; as she had expected the tiger was not in sight, and she had no trouble getting into the house. In the study, she fixed herself a large whiskey with no soda, and selected a rifle. "This will fix him. Let Randy have all the money. Who cares?"

She went from window to window until she finally located the tiger sleeping under a hydranges bush. She lifted her rifle and took careful aim. "Now, Mr. tiger, the siege is almost over. You'll be dead and I'll be free. Still, it is a shame that a simpleton like Randy will get all the money." She hesitated, wondering if she could kill the tiger and still keep the estate.

"Oh, well. Here goes." She squeezed the trigger. Nothing happened. Inspecting the gun, she found that she had not taken the safety off. Then she knew that she had never really intended to shoot the tiger. She went back to the study and finished the whisky. "Maybe if nobody tries to come in, he'll starve to death. Then I could keep the money and start living. How long does it takes a tiger to starve, I wonder?"

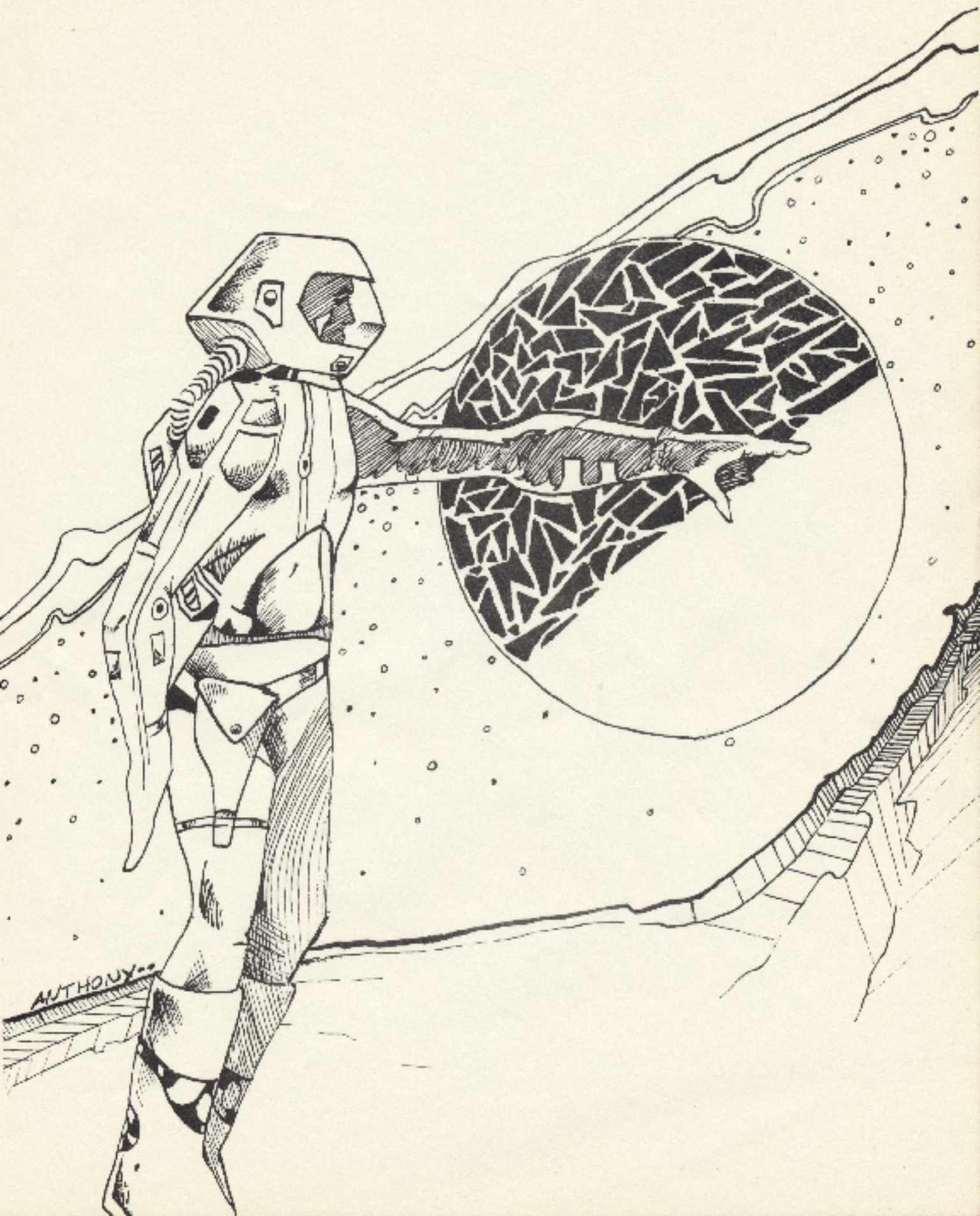
Long after dark she went to bed. The tiger was prowling now; she could hear him snorting and snuffling as he made his rounds, keeping her fortune safe. Halfway up the stairs, she heard a scream from the garden. Never mind. The tiger would have to begin starving next week.

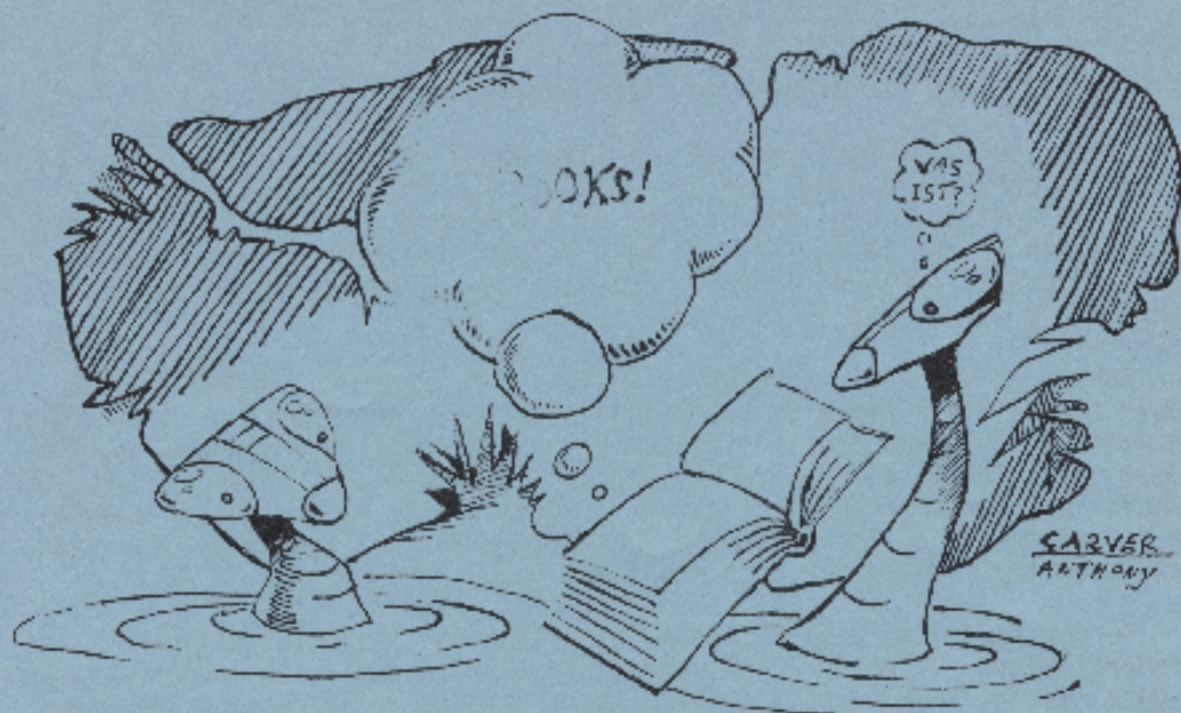


ANTHONY



73 POUND





TO DIE IN ITALBAR, Roger Zelazny, Book Club, \$1.49

Ever since DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP, writers have been struggling with multiplex form, with varying degrees of success. Zelazny has made good use of the multiplex form in TO DIE IN ITALBAR.

The sub-plots follow the careers of "H", a disease carrier, Malacar, the last inhabitant of Earth ruined by an interstellar war, Jacara, a Do of that war, Morwin, an ex-soldier turned psycho-kinesthetic artist and Pels, a pathologist frozen at ten seconds to death, to their convergence on Summit, tracking H, who is trying to infect the world at the bidding of a Pei'an goddess who is possessing him.

There are a number of vital concepts in TO DIE IN ITALBAR--the psycho-kinesthetist, for example. A really new artistic medium, unlike Rotzler's "Patron Of The Arts," which is a development of existing technology. And the story is developed in a logical, competent manner that is a pleasure to read.

True, Pels is never disposed of satisfactorily; nor is Francis Sandow---but the prose and conception carry the reader past and through these difficulties without qualm. Unless you're picky---like me.

Good book. Well worth the reading.

M.H.P.

HEROVIT'S WORLD, Barry N. Malzberg, Random House 1972, 209pp, \$4.95

Herovit's World is a close-up on Jonathan Herovit, successful hack science fiction writer, author of 92 Survey Team novels (under his pseudonym, Kirk Poland) patterned on Doc Smith's justly-famous "Lensman Series." As he begins work on his 93rd book, Herovit is faced with monumental problems: a disintegrating marriage, a demanding agent, past-due contracts and a massive writer's block---on top of which he must cope with his growing insanity: hallucinations of Kirk Poland--a neat, little guy "with ter-

rific hands."--and his demands to "take over" Herovit's life.

As the petty frustrations of his life mount to crushing force, Herovit accedes to Poland's demands and disappears. But Poland can't "pick up the pieces." It is too late; the process of disintegration continues until Poland-Herovit begins to hallucinate Mack Milley, Surveyman hero of the Survey Team Novels. Driven, finally, over the edge, Poland-Herovit rushes blind into a street and is killed.

Echoes of Vonnegut, strains of Bellows' MR. SAMMLER'S PLANET mingle subtly in the black humor of Herovit's situation. But little of Malzberg's own personality makes itself visible in Herovit's World. Even the emotional myopia of Malzberg's earlier novels set in fandom (GATHER IN THE HALL OF PLANETS) had far more distinctness and individuality of style than washed-out Herovit's World. The reader is left only with the impression of cotton candy spun from vinegar or some substance less pleasant.

To non-fans, the book may seem interesting for the brief glimpses Malzberg offers of the world of science fiction fandom---a phenomenon strictly unto itself. But Herovit's World has little to offer outside the fleeting pleasantry of a minor novel.

W.H.P.

THE OTHER LOG OF PHILEAS FOGG, Philip Jose Farmer, DAW, 191pp, 95¢, #48

Farmer treats Verne's story AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS as ostinato around which he weaves a story of interstellar war between the Capelland and the Eridaneans, with Earth and the battleground and humans as the principles. Good characterization and development, rather fun watching him fit the exigencies of an interstellar war into Fogg's Psychology and Verne's story.





Of course, you may gag at Farmer's lack of a polished style, but the semi-documentary format he adopts makes it much more palatable.

Bill Patterson

SLAVE GIRL OF GOR, John Norman, Ballantine, 1973, 357pp., \$1.25

Tarl Cabot rushes North to rescue Talena from ruthless slavers. Her suffering and degradation since the destruction of Ko-Ro-Ba is gloated upon in great detail by Norman who here sums up his seven previous manuals on the care and training of slave girls. Direct intervention by the Others leads to a thrilling conclusion which decides the fate of Gor.

Elia Magjik

THE 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF, 253 pp, DAW Books, 95¢, SFBC 273 pp, \$1.49

This anthology pleases me more than any "year's best" anthology in many years--since Judith Merril's monster compendia, in fact--because it includes, almost without exception, the stories I found most memorable in the year's gleanings from the prozines.

Dedicated to Ted Carnell "In Memoriam," the volume leads off with Poul Anderson's Nebula-award-winning "GoatSong", a free paraphrase of the Orpheus myth in a glowingly poetic style. Then follows James Tiptree's "The Man Who Walked Home," a beautifully-written time-travel story about a "trip" through time as monumental as McAllister's in THE WEOPEN SHOPS OF ISHER.

"Oh, Valinde" by Michael Coney, from John Carnell's NEW WRITINGS IN SF 20, is a straightforward story of economics and xenophobia, followed by Fredrik Pohl's "The Gold At The Starbow's End" based on information theory propositions and Simak's unusual "To Walk A City Street", about a carrier somewhat like Zelazny's "H" in TO DIE IN ITALBAR, with his duality.

T.J. Bass's interesting and evocative "Rorqual Maru" was one of my favorite stories from 1972's prozines, with dead seas and cyborgs and mutated men. Also from Galaxy, W. Macfarlane's "Changing Woman" is about sympathetic magic and its use by a psychopath.

"Willie's Blues" (Robert Tilley) is another of those darkly memorable time stories which talk around the paradoxes of time-travel in a moving evocation of a jazz trumpeter's career as viewed by a musicologist.

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Vernor Vinge's "Long Shot", from ANALOG, about an STL ship which forgets its mission after 10,000 years, is written in a clear and unobjectionable style, but its inclusion in a "world's best" anthology is puzzling; it has little beyond surface attractions to recommend it ---and ANALOG produced a number of stories more deserving of inclusion in this summation anthology-- "Pigeon City" for example, or even "Power To The People."

Phyllis MacLennan's "Thus Love Betrays Us" rounds out the anthology, and is another puzzling choice. It has a man mar-

ooned on a planet in a thoroughly implausible manner, who befriends a native humanoid who later deserts him when he accidentally gets a faceful of fungi from the planet's surface dust. Ms MacLennan starts out to portray an alien culture but fails as badly as Terry Carr's "Dance Of The Changer And The Three." Nor does she help the situation with a deliberately vague ending. A story dealing with alien Psychologies should show how the seeming incomprehensibilities are linked by the necessities of the being's culture or psychology or environment--in other words, a character needs an understandable motivation, even if it's an alien, and even if its motivation is foreign to that of the observer. When the author has made that alien motivation understandable as a consistent part of the alien's psychology, then he has succeeded with such a story.

IN SUM: The 1973 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF is a highly commendable book, and a fairly good overview of the field--but certain of Wollheim's choices -

could have been better made. In any case, as with its companion volumes from 1965-1972, this annual anthology definitely belongs on every fan's reading list.

Bill Patterson

LEATHERY WINGS, Henry Kuttner, Ace, 1973, 160pp., 75¢

An unpublished Kuttner yarn discovered last year by his literary agent, Farnsworth Wright, among some of his papers. A young man discovers that when more than 87 sunspots appear on the solar disc, he can change into a giant pteronodon, (and when more than 121 appear, he has to change,) leading to some interesting complications with his landlord (who hates animals of any kind), the draft board, and the Chicago Police department. The ending was intended to be to be a surprise, but I guessed it 30 pages ahead of time.

Bliu Magjik

THE INFINITE MAN Daniel Galouye, Bantam 1972, 202pp, 95

It pains me to have to say it, because Galouye is one of my favorite writers, but THE INFINITE MAN is a patent fraud. Only occasionally does Galouye's talent at drawing realistic backgrounds and characters show through; most of the time the book is concerned with the most transparent of plastic characterizations and cliché heaped upon cliché with some of the clumsiest writing ever to see print. If Spinrad had written something like this in THE IRON DREAM, I could laugh, but THE INFINITE MAN is not so obviously satire. Even Koontz has handled the God-within theme better than this pastiche of clichés.

Certainly hope Galouye writes another--quick. certainly want to get the taste of this one out of my mouth.

Bill Patterson

THE FABULOUS RIVERBOAT, Philip Jose Farmer, Berkeley, 266pp, 1971, 95¢

After the excitement and pyrotechniques of TO YOUR SCATERED BODIES GO, this book is a bit of a letdown. Clemens' characterization is fine--as someone else; he just doesn't come over as the trechant Mark Twain. And, face it, Farmer is brilliant with the plots and gross construction, but his style is-- bluntly, very rough--tortured is more the exact word.

But the conception carries the book.

In brief, twenty-three years after the resurrection along the riverbanks, Sam Clemens, still searching for Livy, his dead wife, is searching the river with a viking. He is contacted by a Mysterious Stranger somewhat as was Richard Burton in the first book, and given his mission. Clemens accepts the stranger at face value, and proceeds to set up a democratic country of industrialism to build the fabulous riverboat to steam up the rivers' headwater.

The main action of the book concerns itself with Clemens' political and domestic problems, co-ruling with King John of England, in completing and launching--and losing --the riverboat. And makes fascinating reading. As I said before, Farmer is brilliant with original ideas and plotting. Just weak in style and execution.

If you can stomach Farmer's tortured prose, THE FABULOUS RIVER BOAT makes for pure intellectual excitement and is, in its own way, a fitting companion to the Hugo-winning TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO. Now, if I can just wait for the third book in the series...

Bill Patterson

THE LAMIA AND THE LAPIDARY, Evangeline Walton, Ballantine, 1973 241 pp. \$1.50

Breaking with the Mabinogion, Miss Walton takes us into a curious erotic fantasy world. Harry Ell, A poor stone polisher becomes the lover of a woman who is half serpent. She involves him with a demented dragen, a myopic Medusa, a wishing well that has gone dry, and a knock-kneed knight. It is doubly appropriate that the tragic climax has the hero stoned by a band of rebellious kidneys. I only hope that the auther writes a sequel, telling of the fate of the Shargblaths. This will make a good hour's reading for you if you happen to be a speed reader.

Bliu Magjik

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS, Lloyd Biggle, Jr., DAW 1973, 192 pp, 95¢ (#52)

This book has some elements similar to his earlier WATCHERS OF THE DARK and ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS--chiefly its view of alien creatures and the concept of a darkness (emotional) creeping across the galaxy. True, Biggle is and has always been, weak on description, but he compensates with an oddly compelling quality that one editor neologued @bigglish@. The book's major failing is that Biggle never explores Jorno's psychology: the reader is presented in the last chapters with A FAIT ACCOMPLI (Jorno is dead before his actions come to light). Again, this is compensated by Biggle's picture of the artist's colony on a tourist world.

However each book may have its deficiencies, it is evident that Biggle is growing as a writer. We may soon have a really competent craftsman in him.

W. H. Patterson

THE SERPENT OF SHOTH, Lee Alldrab, Lancer, 1973, 210 pp., 95¢.

This is either a Conan imitation, or a spoof on Conan imitations, but comes across as the sort of thing Lovecraft would have written with a hang-over. Shorg is a barbarian hero from the South, who takes over the frozen North. There are some good magic scenes, like the one where Shoth's magician wins a battle by turning a snowstorm into a shower of sparks, leaving Shoth's troops cold. Most of this had the same effect on me. Only for swords and sorcery completists.

Bliu Magjik

A TOUCH OF INFINITY, Howard Fast, Morrow, 182 pp, \$5.95

Of the thirteen stories in the book, "The Hoop" has appeared before, in last October's F&SF. The rest are a potpourri of '50ish stories of all descriptions from "General Hardy's Profession" to "The Egg."

An evening's light reading if you're in the mood. Offbeat fantasy occasionally, but derivate and light weight.

W. H. Patterson



ANTHONY—

* UP YOURS
ANDROID! *



dan STEFFAN

WHATEVERGATE



Where the
readers
bug us...

Michael Glicksohn
32 Maynard Ave. Apt 205
Toronto 156, Ontario,
Canada

...There are many reasons for writing locs: anger, interest, enjoyment, sense of obligation, etc., etc. Many of them come into this particular loc. On the one hand, I admit to a certain sense of obligation to respond to first issues: you've flattered me by choosing to send your fanzine to me, and there are very few first issues that don't contain

something worth commenting on, favorably or unfavorably. (For that matter, there are very few fanzines at all that don't contain something that provokes me to comment.) In addition, you've employed the devious scheme of giving me a very low number in a numbered print run, and for such egoboo the very least I can do is write and say thank you. Thank you.

On the other hand, I've seldom been more infuriated by typos and errors in grammar in a fanzine, and I feel the urge to write and tell you that since you've got the advantage of offset reproduction, you owe it to your readers and to your contributors to be much more careful with the typing of your material. (Not that mineod fanzines should be crystal clear, while many new fanzines can obscure the errors in writing by sloppy printing: the old "I write so messily so they won't find out I can't spell" syndrome.)

*****you might notice that in this issue there are considerably less. Mark and i have been proofreading the pages in this. Last ish was a two-day job so we didn't proofread to well. By the way the small i in the second line is not a mistake*****

Interest comes into it, too. Ken's intriguing look at astrology was quite fascinating, although I wonder just how seriously he meant the piece. As with all astrological analyses, there are sufficiently general that I can think of someone that fits his or her sign fairly accurately, while at the same time there are others who don't come anywhere close. Still, it's an interesting example of how you can interpret astrology in just about any way you want to.

The other interesting item in the issue was TALES OF THE HYBOREAN AGE by Brant Bates, which is of much more general interest than the rest of the material. It's really quite a good pastiche of the Howard school of heroic fantasy, and I say that as a long time admirer of Howard. I suppose it's a point against that whole genre that it is so cliched it can be so easily satirized, but while being aware of the limitations of this style of writing I still look on it with great affection, and I think Brant Bates does too.

There are some well-turned phrases in Paula's story, but for the most part it means little to someone outside the local group. Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course, but it makes commenting rather difficult. (Now watch Harry Warner write two pages about the historical context of such writing and make a liar out of me again!)

A pat on the back for Bill Patterson's deft analysis of THE IRON DREAM. His "It is difficult to tell where Spinrad's stylistic incompetence leaves off and Adolph Hitler's begins" is as sharp and telling a capsule commentary as I've read in some time.

Both Carver and Anthony show potential as fan-artists, and with the writers you have on hand, it looks like Phoenix is on its way to becoming a new center for fannish activity. But please, find someone who can spell!

James Shull
5454 Sylmar Avenue
Van Nuys, California 91401

.....Whatever I was nice---and it was good seeing you at Westercon.
Hope to see you again? Perhaps a Westercon in Phoenix? Write if you need more work.....

Arlen Hellraiser
Hollywood

Zocker! Whizz Ding! Hot Shit! Whatever one was a mind-fogging trip! Fanzines haven't been so good since the 50's when I, mighty Arlen, rode the corflu circuit and kept things stirred up with those ossified slobs in middle America that claim to be fanzine editors, but that's another story, and you couldn't aspire to that kind of magnitude.

Not every fanzine can be completely wild---that stuff by Terry Ballard is dreck, and Brant Bates should jump into his shoe and never come out, but Paula's story was an out-a-sight groovy mind boggler. I held onto my chair, my chair fell over, I laughed, I cried, I wept, I kicked my cat and went without lunch for two days. Don't write a sequel; I might not survive it.

Happy you balanced it though cause Bill Patterson's book reviews were shit. A runny mess. No deep gut feeling. No story line. Pure crap. He should try non-fiction next time. I suppose you are feeling terribly honored that a famous fantastic dude like me should actually take time to write some crummy Arizonan fans like you two.

I drove through Arizona once. It looked like a thump. Remind me of Selma, California. So much for ego-booing peons.

Gerard Giannattasio
1130 Park Boulevard
Massapoqua Park, New York 11762

I wish to thank you for sending a copy of Whatever 1 to me. I am, to save you hurrying to the foot of this letter, the fellow who:

- broke the bank at Monte Carlo
- researched the twack of the underhand
- collected ten thousand glowworm eyes for UNICEF
- investigated the case of the siftless chimpanzee sayings
- wrote the gag for the Grant Canfield cartoon on page 32

It was, I thought, real swell of Grant to put that little credit line under his own well-known signiture.

You Phoenix Phans seem very strong, judging from Whatever 1, very strong on illustration. The Carver and Anthony team is quite good, alone or together. I started reading "However" from the back (that is, from along side the Grant cartoon on page 32). It wasn't until the end that I discovered that it had been written by two people, related, alternating paragraphs. Sehr Interessant, yourselves

"A Day in the Life" by Terry Ballard and Ken St. Andre was amusing. It was short, too, which is sometimes important in humor of this sort. Weird, of course, downright weird.

"Evil Astrology" by Ken St. Andre was well done, but I did not like it over much. I am not, as you might well suspect from this, an astrology buff. For me the satire just didn't come off. Others may rave over this feature.

Brant Bates' "The Venemous Temple" was of some interest. I was very young when I first found The Coming of Conan in the SF section of the local public library. It was fun to see a continuation of one of those stories (still my

ALSO HEARD FROM: Fritz Leiber, Terry Ballard, Ken Ozanne, Tim Kirk, Terry Lee Dale, Terry Ballard, Dick Geis, SSgt. Edward P. Bergland, Debbie Walters, Jay Kinney, Terry Ballard, Frank Denton, Grant Canfield, Pat Smith, Harvey K. Smith, Kay Poore, Sue Frazier, Daniel Thomas, Sean Wright, Terry Ballard, Steve and Ruby McAllister, Don Fitch, Dick Trusty, Jim Peters, Mark Muddy, Adrienne Thurlow, Ray Keeler, Terry Ballard, Alhajouri, Mike Glyer, J.J. Pierca, Bob Wardeman, and Terry Ballard.



"ON THE ROAD TO MANDALAA-AY..."

favorite of the Conan Saga). As a piece of fiction, "The Venemous Temple" is no where near professional quality. One of the things which holds it down isis, I suspect (this is a strictly personal opinion), two close an adherence to Howard's model. I'm not at all sure that Bates is correct in saying that the short sword of a thief is more effective than a guardman's saber at close quarters (P.18). The guardmen shouldn't have sabers unless they are horsemen. If they aren't horsemen they should be straight bladed, and of the sabermen is well trained he should be able to do in a thief with a sword (thief hasn't a shield---guardsman? Armor?). Your normal thief isn't a Conan. Nonetheless an OK story.

Ken St. Andre's "Plot-Your-Own Sword and Sworcery Story Dice Game" I found very enjoyable. I had read f plot aids like this. I believe L. Sprague de Camp mentioned them in his Science Fiction Handbook of fond memory (long out of print and my library's copy has been read to pieces an age ago----if you can find a copy read it by all means) St. Andre's feature, of course, is not meant to be used as a plotting device. I had some fun with it. Professional writers who had commented on such things tend to be down on them. (Paul Gallico mentioned them slightly in the preface to a collection of his short stories as I recall.)

Book reviews: these tended to be mostly summary---especially the 2nd on The Iron Dream. I have read both books, and agree with the reviews. I do not generally go for parodies, but Jakes book wasn't bad (in fact it seemed to me very nearly straight).

I have also read the Koontz book A Darkness in My Soul. How come you're calling Simeon a "Gerroldesque mutant"? I don't disagree---just don't get it. I've read some Gerrold, but do not make the connection. I agree with your opinion of the Koontz ending. Hmmm....did you know that Gerrold and Koontz had an exchange in Crossroads (formerly the zine of the Brown University SF club, now then as his own by Al Snider after graduations---only fair seems he did most of the work).

They didn't vow blood vengence or anything like that, they merely differed. Gerrollesque...

The Man Who Folded Himself

I have not yet read. Sounds interesting from your review. (That's a good illustration on page 30).

I am quite familair with Heinlein's work. I've read most of more times than I have fingers or toes. Heinlein's treatment of time travel and alternate time streams has always struck me as exhaustive and wide-ranging) but spare. Heinlein visits a lot of places, so



to speak, but never stays long.

H. Beam Piper's Lord Kalvan of Otherwhen and his other paratime stories (I only read one other in an Andre Norton Anthology now a public library discard) are more to my fancy--in that Piper is inclined to stay around explore a concept-- to land and map the interior rather than sail by and merely name the capes and bays.

Paradoxes have always appeared to me as the least important part of the time travel. A good parodx tends to lead an author down the garden path. Paradoxes are flashy and like to be written about. Ward Moore's Bring the Jubilee (recently in paperback) is a well balanced handling, to my mind, of time travel paradox.

"The Search for the Lost Dutchman's Mine or What to do During Spring Break" I saved until last to comment on. I enjoyed it, the most, I think of everything else. I suspect that everyone might not enjoy it, as I did. I used to room with a fellow from Phoenix and it intrigued me to see how you deport yourselves at your ease. My old roommate rode a pick-up truck instead of a horse.

The story was, I suppose, a bit in group----but that did not bother me very much. Anyhow I liked it. I think I like it most because it was written in the Southwestern dialect. (...we saw the sign come to us....so as to turn the table of events.) I speak a definite dialect myself----most especially in my younger days. At college in New England I was ribbed unmercifully about my accent-----mostly by midwest and westerners. Later, a service barber cutting my hair pegged me as a New Englander---Providence---from my way of speaking. Parlez-vous Frances, anyone?

Harry Warner Jr.
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I hope you are all really there. The caption on the front cover of the first Whatever caused me to assume instantly that this was a hoax perpetrated by Tom Digby, the only person in fandom who normally conceives this particular brand of mad concepts. However, whoever Whatever's real creators may be did an entertaining job in general on the first issue. Wouldn't it be ironic, though, if I really were a machine whose sole function is loc production, and none of you exists? Plato would have had a fine time figuring out the purpose of this letter, under such circumstances.

In any event, the art in this first issue is particularly fine. I'm surprised by the number of drawing styles Mark seems to be comfortable in. Normally, I expect a fan artist to draw one particular way and spend the next five years creating 19,582 sketches which deviate only slightly from that general style until he finally undergoes an evolution of some kind. Rob's cover I liked very much, as I should have said in the first paragraph before I got sidetracked, and the only improvement I could suggest for some of the interiors would be a bit heavier line or white paper. The thin line seem to rob a pictures of its strength, when they're done by a process that doesn't widen them and don't contrast sharply with the background because of colored

I forgot what you'd said in the editorial when I began reading "A Day in the Life", and it wasn't until I was nearly finished, and wondering who had had all these wild ideas, than I recalled the system of composition. It would be worth trying again for stories of this type, particularly if it produces more magnificent lines like "Things were getting worse for little pigs." Come to think of it, I have just started to wonder if this is how the Nixon speeches are the same level as the story under consideration.

Evil Astrology comes to illustrating one thing that I've never understood about astrology. None of the horoscopes I've ever seen or the articles about astrology that I've read have ever explained the evil influences of the stars. I know of no one who has ever been told that he's destined by the stars to spend most of his life in prison because of star-begotten criminal influences. To judge from what you normally hear about astrology, the influences are simply good ones or those that create certain mild problems. I've never even heard an attorney suggest the use of astrology to determine which witnesses in a court case are more likely to be perjuring themselves because of the moment of their birth.

I suppose that The Search for the Lost Dutchman's Mine would seem infinitely better if I knew the characters personally well enough to savor the full significance of the in-group references. As it is, it's only slightly more funny than most of the seriously intended television dramas about adventure in the Old West.

(AUTO-WHEEL)

Walt



The little poem on page 16 was the best thing in the issue, in a way. It goes right to the point and stops at just the right spot, and I hope it eventually sells for \$75,930 to someone who needs lyrics for an anti-pollution singing commercial on network television.

The Venomous Temple has the makings of a pretty good story. It's not startlingly different but I'm sure it wasn't meant to be, and besides, 98% of all the sword and sorcery is not startlingly different in the prozinc and paperback. If there's one particular fault in this one, I'd put the finger on the shift of emphasis from the apparent hero, Dyrghat, to Varner about halfway through. After that, Varner seems to be the leader, the more ingenious of the two, and the reader has some trouble adjusting to this change. In a long novelette or a novel, it's possible to do this very thing, because there is room for characters to develop and changes and for the reader to accept gradually the flaws in the fellow he first sympathized with. Otherwise, it's pretty well done. The action is described vividly and with proper speed, the dialog carries the story forward, and there aren't many paragraphs of over-elaborate description. Maybe the final paragraphs should have been redone, to give blow-by-blow descriptions of Yezud's impolite behavior: as it now stands, the climax comes and goes almost before the reader notices it.

The Phoenix Phantastic Classic was an excellent reprint choice. Put out a computerized version of this on punchcards, and you can stand a successful paperback line all your own.

The book reviews are quite interesting, and something more than that in the case of the Spinrad book review. This is the best, most comprehensible description of that particular book I've seen in any fanzine. Writers have certainly come a long way since Bring the Jubilee speculated in the same basic way, but with infinitely more simplicity and mildness.

I hope you'll be able to publish 593 more issues of Whatever in the next half-century and that you won't let it grow until my gnarled old fingers can no longer lift the enormous latest issue.

Nyle Beatty
USS Guadalcanal

Its very nice to know that I'm a member of the Phoenix Cosmic Circle. Let me tell you that means one hell of a lot more than being known as a sailor. (The navy is a strange place for a guy fresh out of college to end up for three years ((about 1 and three-fourth left to do)), but with a draft number of 4, I didn't have the guts to go to Canada, nobody would believe I was a C.C. which I really am, couldn't get the jail scene at all, and of course the army was defiantely out!!!)

Also the stories in Whatever were all of top quality, which is both surprising and a pleasure to find in fandom today. Plus add to this the fact that the pieces were so varied, I've got to truthfully say that yours are some of the finest fanzines I've ever seen, and I can assure you that I've seen several.....



MR



gent zand / dan steffan + John D. Benz / Jay Kimerly