



July, 1970

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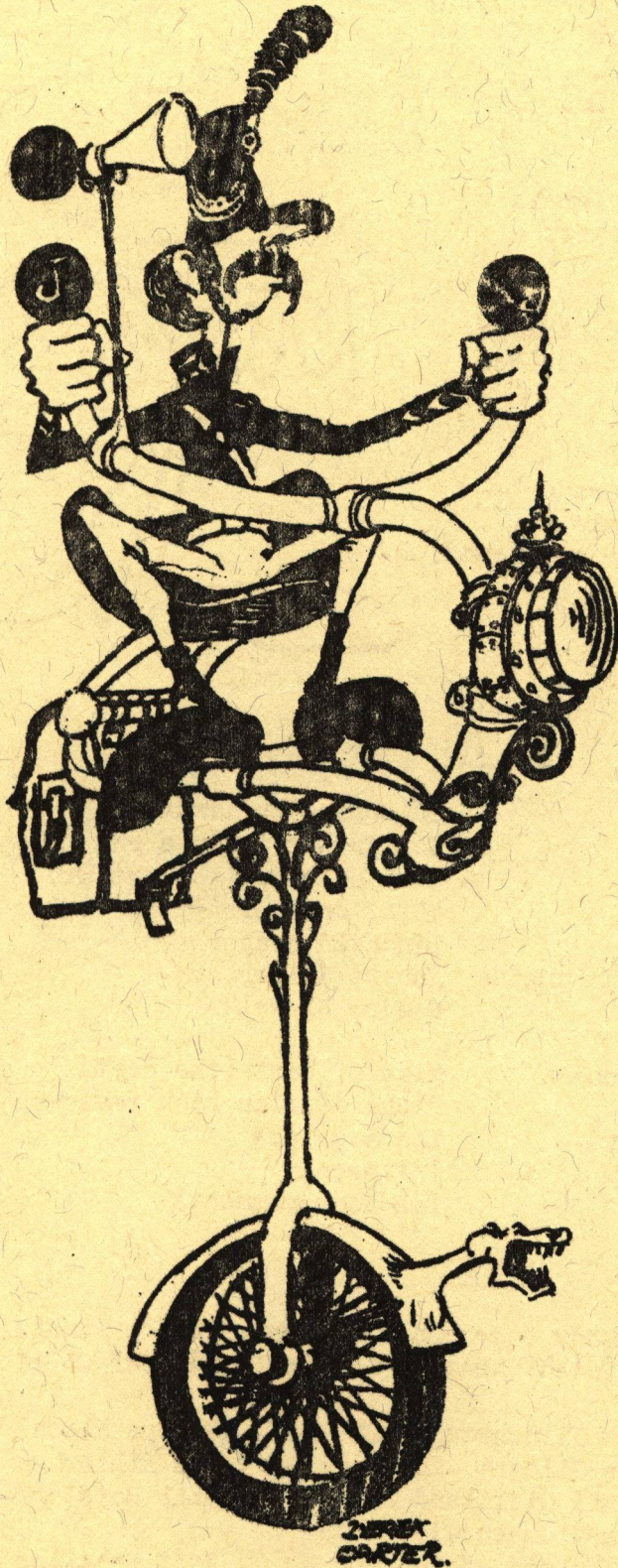
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ARTWORK

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Dave Burton -35	Dick Flinchbaugh -27	Sandra Miesel -13
Derek Carter -2	Mike Gilbert -28,40,41,43	Ron Miller -20,42
Richard Delap -11	Alexis Gilliland -29	Bill Rotsler -1,8,33,38
Steve Fabian -4	Howard Green -19	Jeff Schalles -32
Connie Faddis -9,10,16,23	Jim McLeod -5,24	Bernie Zuber -26,30



call of the klutz

editorial by

Linda Bushyager

This issue honors the 40th Anniversary of Fanzines. Special thanks go to Tucker, Silverbob, Fabian, and Kirk.

According to Bob Tucker's witty NEO FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM, the first fanzine came out in May, 1930. Entitled "The Comet", it managed to last 17 issues and a name change (to "Cosmology"). Then came "The Planet, also mimeographed. After them came hundreds, then thousands of zines. One estimate is 7000 titles published since the beginning.

Thisish contains an article dealing with the best fanzines of 1969. Obviously, many changes have occurred since the first zines. Today's fans are more affluent; reproduction methods have improved;

there are simply more fans, and therefore more sources for artwork and articles. Several zines look and read better than the professional mags, take TRUMPET or SF REVIEW as examples.

But I found the most interesting thing about today's fanzines is the incredible volume. Each month LOCUS reviews between 20 and 60 fanzines, and it generally never gets around to the myriad apas, comic zines, and horror-film mags. Add all these fanzines together and you get one hell of a pile. (Not to mention all the foreign zines!)

Recalling Sturgeon's Law, (90% of everything is crap) today's fanzines seem less impressive. Still, with so many fanzines published, several really good zines show up each month. Some are old favorites, such as the unfailingly good SFR; others are just as good first issues, like THE ESSENCE or ENERGUMEN. And even the average fanzine contains some good points. Poorly reproduced zines often conceal fascinating editorials or delightful fan fiction; beautiful artwork decorates awful reviews; unfortunately few (if any, even among the best) zines are perfect, and the majority are extremely uneven in quality. Few issues are totally lost, even the worst crudzines may contain some redeeming features.

What makes a good fanzine? Good reproduction; well-written, interesting contents; and good artwork and layout.

Because people disagree on what good is, fanzine evaluation is a highly subjective area.

Poor repro can ruin the best material. Some hints for good repro: never trace illos! always use electronic stencils; leave at least one space between paragraphs; correct typos - don't type over mistakes; cut mimeograph stencils completely. Also: practice using your machine before you run a complete issue. Good reproduction takes both skill and time. A stencil often takes an hour to type.

How do you get well-written articles? Ask people. Write a letter to that pro, he won't bite. Try writing editors of fanzines which have folded. Since they are no longer putting out a zine, they may have time to write for you. If your sister writes great poetry, use it. If your roommate is a fantastic artist who could care less about SF, confiscate his doodles and enlist his help.

And when you end up with a pile of material, above all sort it -- weed out the good and average stuff, return the bad. Then edit, and return the average. IT IS BETTER TO HAVE A SMALL GOOD ISSUE THAN A HUGE MESS.

The same holds for artwork -- return all that junk you get. A full page of type will look better than a poorly drawn doodle. Type a rough draft, leave some white space around your illos, try to balance your layout.

And if you can't do everything, do as much as you can to get a good issue. If you care about what you are doing your zine will be enthusiastic, and that can often overcome many other faults.

I've aimed the above advice to "you" would-be (and some actual) fanzine editors. Fanzines are expensive fun, but to taste the real joy of publishing, your money and effort must result in a decent zine. Egoboo is the one thing which enables a faned to go from one or two issues to an annish (or to YANDRO's all-time high of 197 issues).

GRANFALLOON HONORS THE 40th ANNIVERSARY OF FANZINES

Fanzines have a time-honored tradition of never coming out when promised. Therefore Gf9 celebrates May, 1930 in July, 1970!

The PgHLANGE ART PORTFOLIO is now on sale. Only a few (or so) of the 300 numbered copies remain. Don't delay sending me \$2.50 for this marvelous lithographed collection of 34 prints. Austin, Delap, Faddis, Bergeron, Gilbert, Fabian, Gaughan, Kirk and many more. It really turned out well, and Connie Reich Faddis's silkscreen cover is alone worth the price.



Don't forget the PgHLANGE
at the Chatham Center,
downtown Pittsburgh, on
July 17-19.

* * * * *
If you can keep your
head when those about
you are losing theirs,
perhaps you've mis-
understood the situation.
* * * * *

One aspect of fanzine
publishing is merely
WHY?

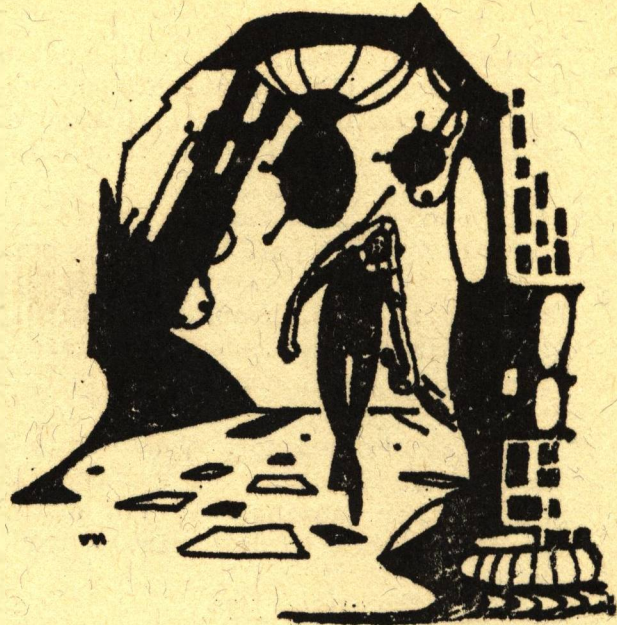
Why do foolhearted fans,
like myself, insist on
pursuing the masochistic
hobby of fanzine pro-
duction? Why do I
stay up typing stencils
while my husband urges
me to bed and more
pleasurable pursuits?

Why do so many fans
spend hundreds of dollars
publishing reams of
poorly reproed garbage?
And, moreover, why do
they enjoy it, even
when they know it is
garbage?

I believe the underlying factor is a search for EGOBOO.

Egoboo is short for ego boost. Ghu knows that everyone loves praise and affection, but it seems to me that most fans have an urgent craving for it, perhaps because they lacked praise outside of fandom.

It is nice to be a big fish in a little pond. Fans love to drop names, win Hugos, become pros. Why did fandom evolve the words BIG NAME FAN?



Fanzines are the major vehicle of communication between fan. Of course it follows that editors and contributors become more well known. The faned is in the unique position of knowing everyone - by direct correspondence to subscribers, pros, contributors, and other faneds; and being known by everyone who buys, reads, sees, or hears about his fanzine. He becomes the clearinghouse of news, and often an intermediary between battling fans and pros.

You may recall a previous Gf discussion on characteristics of a fan. Most people agreed that most fans were shy, introverted types - tending toward the intellectual. I think a shy person is less likely to be known and admired in the outside world.

Fandom gives these people a chance to receive recognition, and I think they become less shy.

When I say they, I should say I. Yes, I fit the above description - introverted, shy, seeking egoboo. Gf is the outgrowth of my urge to gain recognition in fandom, to seek the ultimate goal of BNFhood, to create a tangible object I could be proud of.

Why fanzines?

Sheer egotism, God love me!

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The trouble with the world today is that there are too many nobodies trying to be Everybody!

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Hope you enjoy this issue. I've tried to make it special, and still include the regular features. With this issue Mike Gilbert begins a new and hopefully permanent art column. So keep those dollars, dimes, and pennies rolling in.....

Preliminary test: this poll has been scientifically designed to test your FQ (Faan Quotient) and expose your paranoac tendencies. Before beginning the poll, please complete the preliminary test to determine your fitness to participate.

Test: underline which of the following four-letter words are too dirty to be used in fannish company:

Work, toil, move, shot, time, bird, help, edit, golf, ship, foot, city, hair, fold, town, fout, land, side, pump, fort, male, plug, pomp, five, aged, none, grok.

If you underlined more than twenty-seven words, continue to answer the questions below. If you underlined less than twenty-seven, go read another fanzine. If you underlined none at all, make an immediate check to determine if you are breathing.

Section One: You.

- 1: Are you appreciably older than you were last year?
- 2: If answer is "No," what do you plan to do about it?
- 3: But are you aware that suicide is illegal, and is punishable by death in some states?
- 4: Did you participate in last year's poll?
- 5: Did these editors thank you for your participation?
- 6: Is that why you cancelled your subscription?
- 7: Do you part your hair in the middle or carry your lunch?
- 8: Have you stopped smoking cornsilks?

Section Two: Politics.

- 1: Do you believe in Neologism?
- 2: Should Neologism be permitted in a Republic or Democracy?
- 3: Do you believe Neologism to be Leftist? Middle-of-the-Road? or Rightest?
- 4: Would you support it, if it were driven underground by an Act of Congress or Presidential Directive?
- 5: Would your sister allow you to marry one?
- 6: Have you ever been droon?

GRANFALLOON'S SECOND

ANNUAL FAAN POLL

Section Three: Reading Habits

- 1: Is science fiction in a rut?
- 2: Do you read John Campbell editorials?
- 3: Do they inspire you?
- 4: But are you aware that defenestration is also illegal?
- 5: Will Ted White be the next editor at Astounding/Analog?
- 6: Was "J.J. Coupling" an electrical, biological, or anatomical joke or pun?

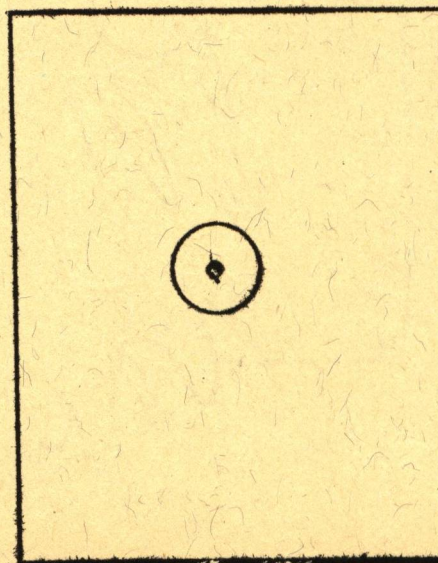
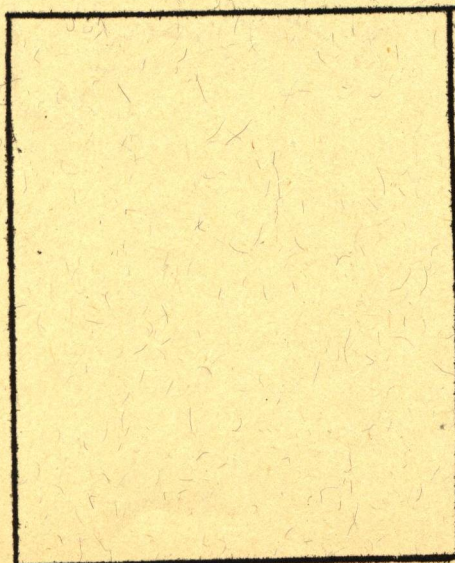
Section Four: Fanzines.

- 1: Do you throw fanzines away unopened, or sell them at the next con for a tidy profit?
- 2: Do you share that profit with the fan editor?
- 3: What did the fan editor say when you told him to go jump?
- 4: Are fanzines in a rut?
- 5: Do you have trouble reading illegible fanzines?
- 6: Should a married woman be permitted to print and circulate a fanzine to impressionable youngsters and families?
- 7: Should a married woman be permitted to circulate?
- 8: But it's all right for her husband, ain't it?

Section Five: Your Mentality.

Study the two illustrations below. One is blank and the other is/cleverly designed configuration to plumb the depths of your creative imagination. Now let's see if you're a slant or a fake fan.

- 1: How many spaceships are hidden in the left picture?
- 2: How many alien creatures are hidden there?
- 3: Does any one spaceship resemble a phallic symbol?
- 4: Is there a goal at the end of the maze, or is the end merely an illusion?
- 5: Can you find a spaceman wearing a lens?
- 6: Precisely what is the robot doing to the woman?
- 7: How?
- 8: Will there be an oil slick afterward?
- 9: Are you in a rut?

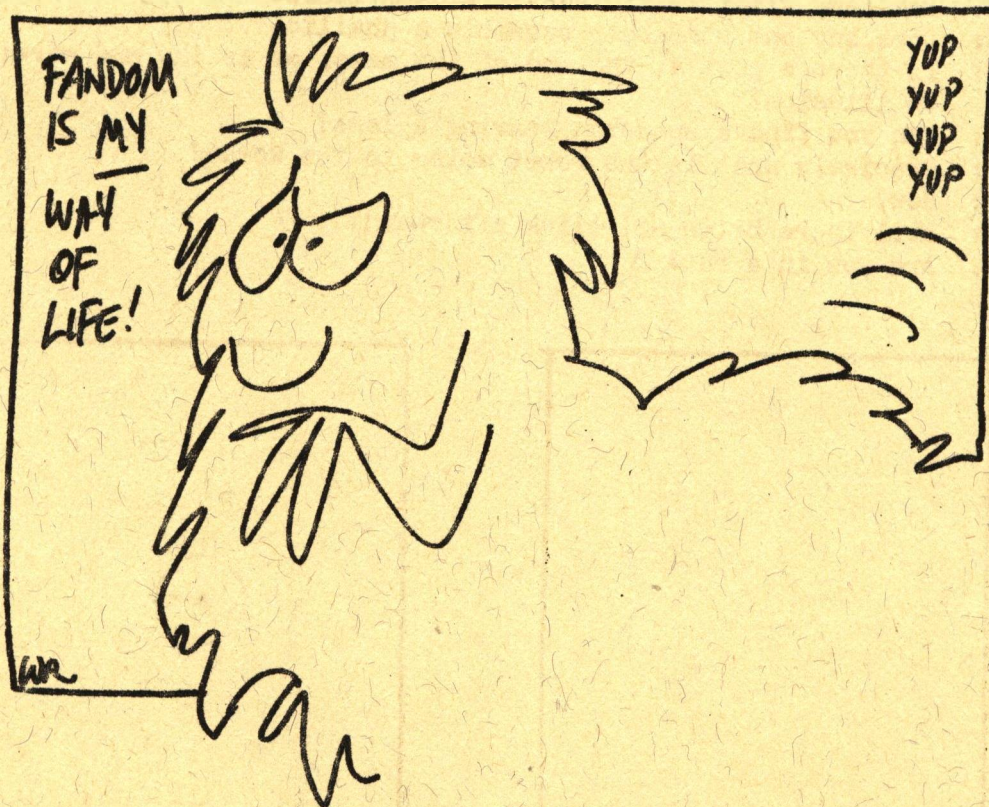


Section Six: The Nitty-gritty.

- 1: When you fell through the movie screen at St. Louis, how much money did you get for promising not to sue?
- 2: Are you still waiting for the 1962 financial report to be published?
- 3: Are you a member of the Second New Wave Foundation?
- 4: Exciting, isn't it?
- 5: Did you find Bug Jack barren?
- 6: Would you stand on Zanzibar if he protested?
- 7: Is it true that inertia makes the world go around?
- 8: Are you trying to break into prodom without success?
- 9: Are the New York editors ganging up on you?
- 10: Do you believe they are buying and publishing crud from friends and Big Names, while rejecting your better stuff?
- 11: How do you spell paranoid?
- 12: Which of the following Bobs wrote this: Silverberg, Bloch, Briney, Toomey, Tucker, Lowndes?

Section Seven: Miscellany.

- 1: Is Granfalloon in a rut?



READ ON DEAR FRINDSÉS

What makes a painting (or anything) a work of art? I believe it's the beholder. The eye that makes a Bosch or a Rembrant a work of art can also make a Bode a work of art.

Art is a creative piece of work that is appreciated. That's a short and broad (but fairly accurate) definition and will suit my purpose.

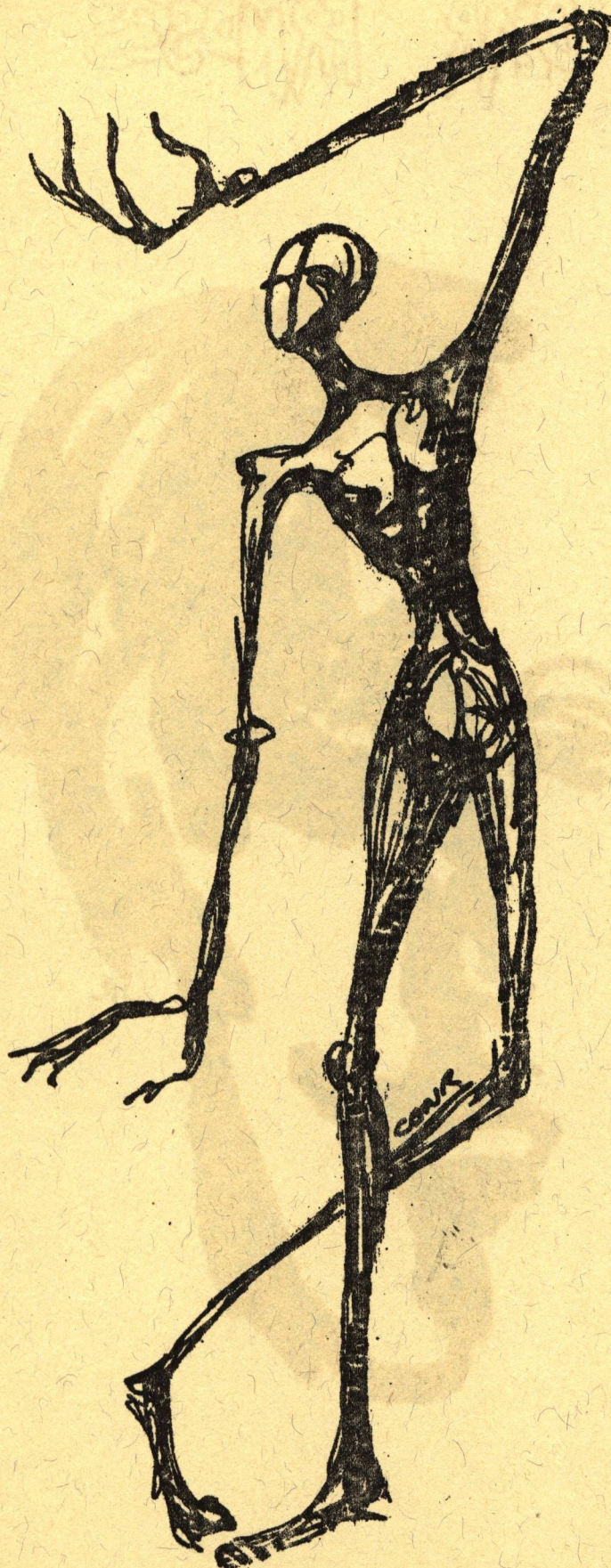
SF work found on the stands looks as it does because of 2 things -- the artist's talent and (the most important reason) the art director's idea of what he wants.

This does not detract from the fact that paintings can stand on their own without type, as pieces of art.

It is my feeling that anything anyone considers as art is something one would hang on a wall because it gives pleasure --- be it even a comic (like a classic B.C.).



by
Mike Gilbert



SF is a field that has much in the way of fascinating visual objects. A fan artist is able to do more justice to a theme than a pro because the pro has editorial pressure, i.e., the Editor knows what he likes.

It's interesting to note that Chestly Bonstell has been turned into the Grandma Moses of space art by the Nasa teams of Aldrin, Armstrong, Conrad, and Dean. What the future holds is going to make a lot of paintings "primitive."

I recently had the privilege to transport a painting by John Schoenherr to Jack Gaughan. It was one of the few paintings in the SF field that Jack considered as "Fine" art. It was an old Analog painting of a story called "On the Wings of a Bat!" The subject was a group of flying reptiles (of which variety I'm not sure). The painting was so well researched that naturalists said it was the finest portrayal ever done. It was art, it looked good, it was executed well, it was a fine piece of work - which is what I consider art.

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of Gilbert columns.)

*	*	*	*
	Buy pot art		
*	*	*	*

Is grape-nuts a venereal disease?

*	*	*
Ban the bomb,	save the world	
for conventional	warfare.	

BEST FANZINES OF 1969

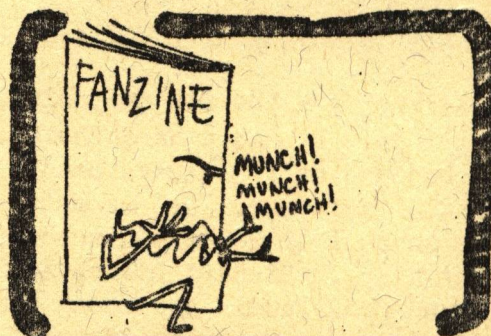
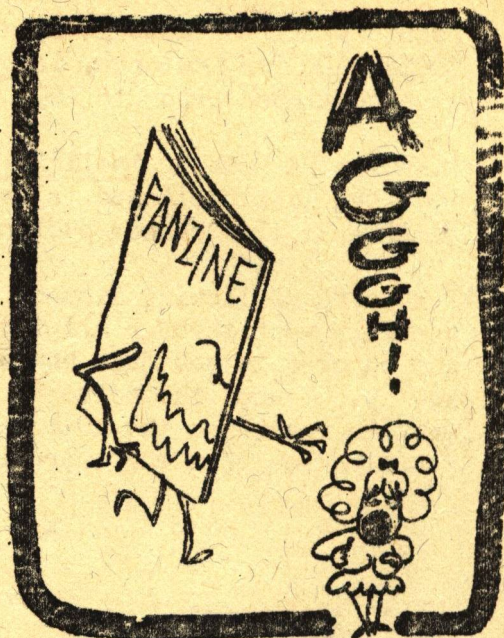
by Linda E. Bushyager

As I spread my fanzine collection out in preparation for this article, I discovered 2 things: there was a tremendous amount of material published, and they represented a high level of quality. I estimate that over 600 fanzines were published in 1969.

I'm going to cover several kinds of fanzines -- those eligible for the Hugos (my top 5 are those I'd nominate) other very good zines; and zines of past greatness which have gone downhill.

To determine eligible Hugo fanzines I read Jerry Lapidus compilation "The Legal Rules" and found:

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: Any generally available non-professional magazine devoted to science fiction or fantasy or related subjects which has published four or more issues, at least one appearing in the previous calendar year.



This rule eliminates several fanzines from consideration, and possibly all the apa-zines, since they are not generally available. CROSSROADS for instance, is not eligible this year, as no issues were published prior to '69.

Likewise WARHOON is ineligible, since no issues were published in '69 (the last published is dated Nov. 68). LIGHTHOUSE and SHANGRI LA AFFAIRS also ceased publication.

I hope the following list of 10 best will be fairly accurate. I actually went through all my fanzines, picked out the best issues and checked to see just how many issues and which were printed in '69. I used the editor's own date as criteria. Perhaps you'll want to rearrange the 10 in a new order of preference, but I hope you'll agree that they were the year's top zines.

THE YEAR'S 10 BEST

No. 1 DOUBLE BILL

Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi (Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203)

3 issues + the D:B symposium, each 60-70 pages long put D:B into top place. It was a hard choice, but D:B edged its way past SF REVIEW because of its always beautiful artwork and the fact that SFR did win last year. D:B makes the reader smile with the first glance. Issues 19 & 20 were mimeoed (2 colors) and 21 lithoed (the 7th Annish). Richard Delap, Eddie Jones, Fabian, Terry Jeeves, Rotsler, and ConR Faddis are among some of the fine fan artists who appeared. Beautiful repro and artwork do not a fanzine make, there must also be content. D:B scores here as well with Harry Warner, Leo Kelly, Sandra Meisel, Banks Mebane and others. Personally I find that the Bill's editorials highlight the issues.

I must admit, glancing over these, the beautiful Fabian portfolios, fine Bowers art, the lovely Barr cover on No. 19 all help enhance this zine. The artwork is an integral part of the fanzine; well-laid out art complements the written word. It is here that D:B far surpasses SFR. Perhaps SFR has slightly better content, but D:B's outstanding artwork and layout overcome.

Also, publication of the D:B symposium sways my vote. It includes 94 writers and editors answering questions on why and how they write. It is a fantastic job.

Unfortunately D:B has ceased publication and the two Bills have gone on into their own thing (including Bowers' OUTWORLDS, one of the best zines in 1970). But its last year of publication was one of the best year's D:B had, and it deserves an award.

No. 2 S F REVIEW (last year's winner) (Dick Geis, P.O.B. 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403)

During '69 five issues were published, all with fine litho covers; issues 29 & 30 were $\frac{1}{2}$ -sized and lithoed, then Geis returned to mimeo with shocking pink paper and fine Gestetner repro.

Although the artwork is uniformly good, it is not great. Geis tends toward Rotsler - Kirk cartoons and filler artwork. Counterbalancing this are several fine Fabian covers and some good fillios. But the total impression is of mediocre to excellent fillers.

The most important aspect is content. Each issue contains Geis's unique editorial -- these witty dialogues between Geis and geis are charming and form the best editorials in fandom. Probably the reason Geis changed the title from PSYCHOTIC to SF REVIEW was that the mag's emphasis has switched to serious SF discussion and lots of reviews. Ted White, Norman Spinrad, Poul Anderson, Harlan Ellison and other pros have contributed articles. For instance one recent issue had Robert Toomey interviewing Michael Moorcock -- giving an excellent view of Moorcock's views, Moorcock the man, and New Worlds. The book reviews are generally well written with Delap, Geis, Pauls, and Bill Glass doing most of the work.

In short we have an excellent zine with good repro, fair artwork, and great contents. It practically forces the reader to read every word. And it also comes out frequently -- every other month -- which enables the reader to remember the fanzine, and thus enjoy the lettercol to a greater degree.

No. 3 SPECULATION

Pete Weston (31 Pinewall Ave., off Masshouse Lane; Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, United Kingdom)

Another, even more serious zine, SPECULATION, published 5 issues in '69.

It consists of lots of articles and a few reviews and very little artwork. Ballard, Heinlein, Harrison, Dangerous Visions and many other subjects are the focus of the best articles I've seen in a fanzine. Excellent quality of articles is the plus point for this zine. My favorite issue was Sept. '69, a Heinlein Symposium. Contributors to it included Aldiss, Brunner, Leiber, Ellison, Williamson, Anderson and others. This zine is the best totally serious zine, and one of the top fanzines.

No. 4 LOCUS

Charlie Brown (2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457)

Again, it is hard to put a numerical place and a fanzine together. So I guess it's my personal taste that makes the difference, and LOCUS comes out just a wee bit behind SPECULATION and just a little



ahead of TRUMPET, and believe me, it's hard to decide. I don't know how many issues were pubbed last year -- they seem to multiply faster than locusts. Because LOCUS is a bi-weekly newszine, it fills a vital place in fandom -- it is the main source of current information, and thus communication. News ranges from cons to new books published; fanzine reviews; info on people, places, and things; with some gossip, criticism, and con reports thrown in. It is always interesting and useful, with good mimeo and fine fillios. It accomplishes its purpose (to give news) and is consistently entertaining. Definitely deserves a Hugo nomination.

No. 5 TRUMPET

Tom Reamy (Box 523, Richardson, Texas, 75080)

This consistently excellent zine only published 2 issues in '69. But what issues -- fabulous artwork, excellent litho, fine covers, great Kirk and Fabian art folios. Each issue 50 pages of microscopic type (much too hard on the eyes). #9 included a full color reproduction of a George Barr painting (ballpoint pen and watercolor). Emil Petaja's HANNES BOK article and folio was another outstanding feature. Maybe it's me, but TRUMPET is also too professional looking (that's envy speaking) -- it doesn't have that real fannish spirit. All in all though, an excellent zine.

No. 6 ODD

Ray Fisher (4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108)

One of last year's nominees, ODD remains a beautiful, fantastic fanzine. But unfortunately only published one issue this year, 103 pages of great mimeo.

Perhaps the best feature was the BATTLE OF THE TITANS between Gaughan and Bode. Now SF REVIEW is running a comic battle between Kirk and Gilbert, which in comparison is not nearly as good as the original. Perhaps the humorous cartoon war will become a new thing in fandom. (Will Rotsler and Lovenstein be next? Or Gilliland and ConR? Austin and George Barr?) Perhaps there should be a special Hugo this year just for the Bode-Gaughan Battle. I think it was the best single feature of any fanzine.

Contributors to ODD included Mike Moorcock, Mike Gilbert, Leo P. Kelly, Joe Haldeman and others. Contents were interesting and well laid out. But when I compare the total amount of pages and quality of one issue of ODD with 3 issues of D:B or 5 issues of SPECULATION, I find myself just a little disappointed in ODD. It was a good issue but only 1 issue all year long. I guess Ray Fisher was just too busy with the St. Louiscon to do more. Perhaps he'll print more this year, although nothing has come out yet and it is June. Please Ray, bring ODD back!

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Last issue we announced the Name the Cat Contest, but no one submitted a winning name. Names ranged from Galdalf to Tribble to Podkayne, but Ron and I just didn't like any (and is Frodo really suitable for a female cat?). So herewith the contest is closed. We'll call her "One!"

No. 7 BEABOHEMA

Frank Lunnay (212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951)

The Hugo is an achievement award, and in pure amount of stencils typed, Frank Lunnay deserves an award. I guess the damning factor is that BEA. tries too hard. The articles are obviously trying to start controversy -- such as the Milford Mafia series by Paul Hazlett (alias Perry A. Chapdelaine, alias Faith Lincoln?), sort of emulating the SFR style. But SFR starts controversy without even trying, with subtlety. BEA. is a klutzy fanzine.

Piers Anthony had a long rebuttal to the squabble begun in CROSSROADS regarding his place in fandom. Paul Hazlett seems to try to harass as many people as possible. Many more articles and reviews have filled BEA. and individually they do fine as fillers, together they form a hodgepodge that leaves BEA. without any personality.

The artwork is generally well done, but the layout leaves much to be desired although it has improved. BEABOHEMA dazes the reader at first glance with its size, frequency, and big names. On closer inspection one decides that while Lunnay tries harder, he doesn't always succeed.

No. 8 ID

Jim Reuss (304 South Belt West, Belleville, Ill. 62221)

One of my favorite zines, this is unfortunately now defunct. Although not as elaborate and pro filled as D:B, SPECULATION, SFR or the like, I'm almost willing to put it into the Hugo category. It's enjoyable and has lots of personality and style. Excellent layout, fine mimeo, and good use of silkscreen and artwork are the plus factors which transform an average zine into a winner. You naturally read it cover to cover.

But only 3 issues were published last year. In fact, only 5 issues have ever been published. It's a real shame that this zine has folded. It was really a marvelous job for a relatively new zine.

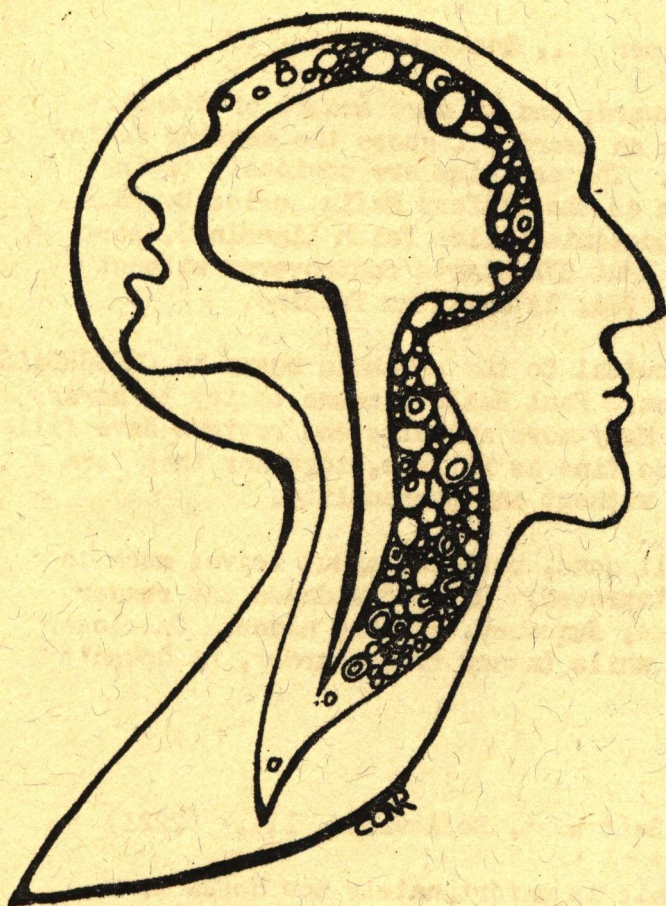
No. 9 SF COMMENTARY

(Bruce Gillespie, P.O. Box 30, Bacchus Marsh, Victoria, 3340 Australia)

Seems to take up where AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW left off. Chock full of reviews, it discusses the serious side of SF, with people like Delaney, Aldiss, and others forming focal points. 7 issues of about 45 pages were published last year. Very little artwork, if any; mimeoed. Good serious SF discussion.

No. 10 CROSSROADS

Al Snider (c/o Research Associates, 1021 Donna Beth West Covina, Calif. 91790)



Although not eligible for a Hugo, CROSSROADS 6 issues deserve some recognition. It made a name for itself as one of the most controversial zines of '69. Good mimeo, fair art, and high quality writing in an interesting, thought provoking vein. Best article: "All Right, What About Those Drugs" - an explanation of the drug crisis in LA fandom with lots of insight into nationwide drug use and the split between users and non users.

The most talked about feature was the "Piers Anthony: We Love You" section. But I do think it would have been nice of Al to send Piers a copy!

Perhaps Snider tries too hard for controversy (ala Frank Lunney) but the overall effect is not too pretentious. With a little better artwork and more variety this could out SFR, SFR next year.

No. ? GRANFALLOON

Finally there's Gf, which I'd like to think was among the 10 best zines. But it is hard to give an objective evaluation of one's own zine. But it was nice of Dick Geis to mention it as one of the 5 best fanzines.

OTHER GOOD FANZINES

ALGOL (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-5, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) A very good zine, which unfortunately is not published very frequently. Only one 60 page issue was published last year. Beautiful Mike Gilbert artwork, about the best of his I've seen. Litho, ditto, and mimeo mix together to form an attractive appearance. In itself, this issue is of Hugo quality, but quantity-wise ALGOL fails.

ICENI (Bob Roehm, 316 Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130) Not of Hugo quality, but damned good and enjoyable. 3 issues with 30-40 pages and good artwork. Chatty, informal -- Bob Roehm's enthusiasm makes this zine.

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LA ANGE JACQUE (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn. 06902)

Enthusiasm is again the key. This factor makes up for many deficiencies in artwork, pro writers, and controversy. Ed likes to experiment with his dittoed zine -- multicolored artwork sometimes misses, but at least Ed is trying. In the third issue he left out the staples and let you put together your own zine, which was certainly a unique idea, even if it didn't work out -- you tended to lose pages.

WSFA JOURNAL (Don Miller, 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md. 20906)

Frequent, all round clubzine, the JOURNAL has content as the main feature. Thank Ghu for the Gillilands though! Since Alexis became art editor the zine has vastly improved in looks. He could use better artwork, but his cartoons are a joyful addition to the somewhat stodgy written articles. Doll reviews fanzines and they are reviews only -- no criticism -- but serve as an invaluable summary of what goes on in fanzines. Fine Banks Mebane prozine reviews, good Delap film reports, and a variety of mediocre book reviews.

Unfortunatly the JOURNAL suffers from overstuffing, I've never seen another zine which requires alkaseltzer after reading. A monthly 40 page zine is hard to put together. Miller manages to be a fast typist but he neglects layout, editing, and pruning material. A little editing would help. The trouble may be that the JOURNAL tries to be a clubzine and a genzine and becomes too bulky. Useful for reference and to pick and choose among the articles you want to read.

CRY (Vera Hemminger, 30214-108th Ave., SE, Auburn, Wash. 98002)

Each of 6 issues were about 40 lithoed pages. The several editors write chatty editorials without much reference to SF. Roy Tackett, Steve Stiles and others write columns. Rather dull, most artwork just fair. The repetitive chatty style is not my glass of blog -- I would prefer a few informal editorials mixed with other types of articles.

AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW (John Bangsund, 44 Hilton St., Clifton Hill, Victoria 3068, Australia) The several issues published last year were thin and of much poorer quality than previous ones. Latest reports are that John has gaffiated.

AMRA (Box 9120 Chicago Ill. 60690) A past Hugo winner, this really doesn't compare with D:B, SFR, or the like. Some good artwork. Microscopic type, good litho. Strictly a sword and sorcery zine.

RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY (Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada). 3 issues last year were lithoed, half size, about 90 some pages each. The artwork is more abundant than that in SPECULATION, but Sapiro tends to use people like Dogramajian, REG, and others who do an adequate but not spectacular job. In content there's less quality and quantity. Also, Sapiro's attempts at winning last year's Hugo by ballot stuffing turn me off. And his attitude is really something: he seems to be proud of it (as in the last RQ). Not my idea of a Hugo winner. A dull, sercon zine.

WHY I STOPPED PUBLISHING A
FANZINE,
IN 25 WORDS OR LESS

In 1949, when John Campbell edited a magazine called ASTOUNDING, all other science fiction magazines had shaggy edges, and the Dow-Jones Industrial Average was about 122, I started publishing a fanzine, in collaboration with a schoolmate named Saul Diskin. The leading fanzine of the era was called SPACEWARP, so we called ours SPACESHIP. It wasn't very good. We were barely into our teens and had had little contact with the primitive fandom of that remote era; we also didn't know how to run a mimeograph very well.

Perseverance pays. Saul Diskin dropped out, but I continued to publish SPACESHIP; I learned how to crank the handle properly, developed some skills as an editor and writer, and by 1952, had transformed SPACESHIP into a Top 10 Fanzine. It was more serious than most others of its era, full of essays on the Purpose of SF and like that; it also ran amateur fiction and poetry, and a lot of other things that wouldn't be found in a modern fanzine, but for its day it was something pretty special. People like Terry Carr and Roger Dard and Redd Boggs and Hal Shapiro wrote for it. Harlan Ellison didn't; he hadn't entered fandom yet, believe it or not. It came out quarterly, usually had 24 pages, and sold for a dime, three for a quarter, the standard price in those days. A lot of people subscribed. All the other top fanmags of the time were on the exchange list.

About 1953 or 54, a purple-hued mag called ABSTRACT, edited by one Peter Vorzimer, emerged from California. Vorzimer offered to trade too. Fine, I said, because his magazine, though brash, was lively. Every month I got a fat ABSTRACT, filled with a lot of junk, but also a little good stuff, and every 3 months I sent Vorzimer a slender SPACESHIP, containing the distilled essence of the finest fan writing.

About this time, too, I was going to college, beginning my pro career, and thinking about getting married to that girl in my astronomy class, along with various other things. What with all these distractions, publishing a zine began to seem like a dispensable activity. I kept SPACESHIP going in a grim, dogged way, not really wanting to. It had served its purpose in my life, and I wanted to kill it, but a lot of other fans felt kindly about it.

Then came a blast from Peter Vorzimer. He had, he said, sent a dozen or so issues of ABSTRACT to me, containing Foo knew how many thousands of pages all told, and he had received in return two or three SPACESHIPS, aggregating less than a hundred pages. Who did I think I was to cheat him this way? What kind of swindle was I running? Did I publish my puny fanmag merely to fleece the publishers of hefty monthlies? And on and on -- not in a letter, but in ABSTRACT.

A number of fans came to my defense, pointing out that 26 pages of SPACESHIP were worth 2600 of ABSTRACT, and that Vorzimer was lucky to be on my trade list at all. "I wonder how long Vorzimer thinks a rope should be," Redd Boggs asked. But I had my excuse. If fandom consisted in these decadent days of a pack of Vorzimers, why should I go on sweating over a mimeo for them? He could keep his bulky organ home in California; I was getting out. Abruptly I converted SPACESHIP into a FAPA title, and it limped through a few abbreviated issues in that organization before expiring altogether in the summer of 1955, when I was much too busy with pro work to be able to publish anything any longer.

And that is how Peter Vorzimer drove me out of fanzine fandom by sheer triumphant fuggheadedness. Incidentally, at the 1968 Philcon I met Vorzimer for the 1st time, and we renewed acquaintance at the same place a year later. He is now an urbane, bearded chap in his early thirties, a professor of history of science at a local

college and the author of NASA's official history of Project Gemini. We discussed his impact on my attitude toward fanac and he agreed that he had not been known for his temperate ways when he was very young, and I thanked him for having driven me away from mimeography when it was time for me to Go On To Other Things.

As for Saul Diskin, he grew up to be an urbane and mustachioed real estate operator in Phoenix, Arizona, whom I hear from every now and then.

At last word he was engineering the creation of a chain of fried-chicken stands in the Southwest. I don't think he gets any fanzines these days.





SENSIES

Below are visual-tactile metaphors for some people in fandom. Ask not, dear subjects, for further clarification. Even if I could explain, I wouldn't.

ASTRID ANDERSON: The tall, smooth bluish-white spires of a futuristic city.

KAREN ANDERSON: Flickers of cool, solidified blue fire.

POUL ANDERSON: A ripe wheatfield rippling away to an endless horizon.

ALICIA AUSTIN: Hot pink permanent-press cotton.

GEORGE BARR: A jade green velour coat collar.

BILL BOWERS: A long-needled, rough-barked pine tree.

JOAN BOWERS: A medium blue glass sculpture having concave channels that spiral down from a central cone.

GLINJER BUCHANAN: Silvery green sheared velvet.

LINDA BUSHYAGER: A pale, greyish-blue nebula.

RON BUSHYAGER: Straight, sharp-edged vertical wood planes, joined together lengthwise along one edge.

CAROL CARR: Shiny, rumpled dark brown vinyl.

TERRY CARR: Low-lustre black satin.

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP: A column of brushed stainless steel.

LESTER DEL REY: An ornate silver art nouveau mechanism.

GORDON DICKSON: A russet plume.

HARLAN ELLISON: A putty-hued, protean abstract sculpture, an ever-changing assemblage of rounded vertical forms, at blood temperature.

Sandra Miesel

JACK GAUGHAN: Spiderwebs in a blend of cool, clear colors.

PHOEBE GAUGHAN: Soft red feathers.

JERRY KAUFMAN: Thick, fuzzy mauve wool, suitable for a poncho.

DEVRA LANGSAM: Ebony and white satin.

FRITZ LEIBER: A pillar of golden smoke.

HILL MALLARDI: A smooth, oval agate, olive with black markings.

ED MESKYS: A deep well full of quicksilver.

NAN MILES MESKYS: A trellis covered with morning glories.

GREG MOORE: Carrot-red fringes.

LARRY NIVEN: Rough, irregular lemon yellow fur.

MARILYN NIVEN: Layer on layer of pink chiffon, lighted from the opposite side.

ALEXEI PANSHIN: A handmade Tunisian wool rug in various warm shades of brown.

CORY PANSHIN: Prism-cut aquamarine wind chimes.

TOM REAMY: A black bearskin.

FRED SABERHAGEN: A massive, wind-sculptured grey rock.

LELAND SAPIRO: A toy hedgehog covered with grey and black tweed fabric.

BARBARA SILVERBERG: An airy mobile made of loops of silver wire.

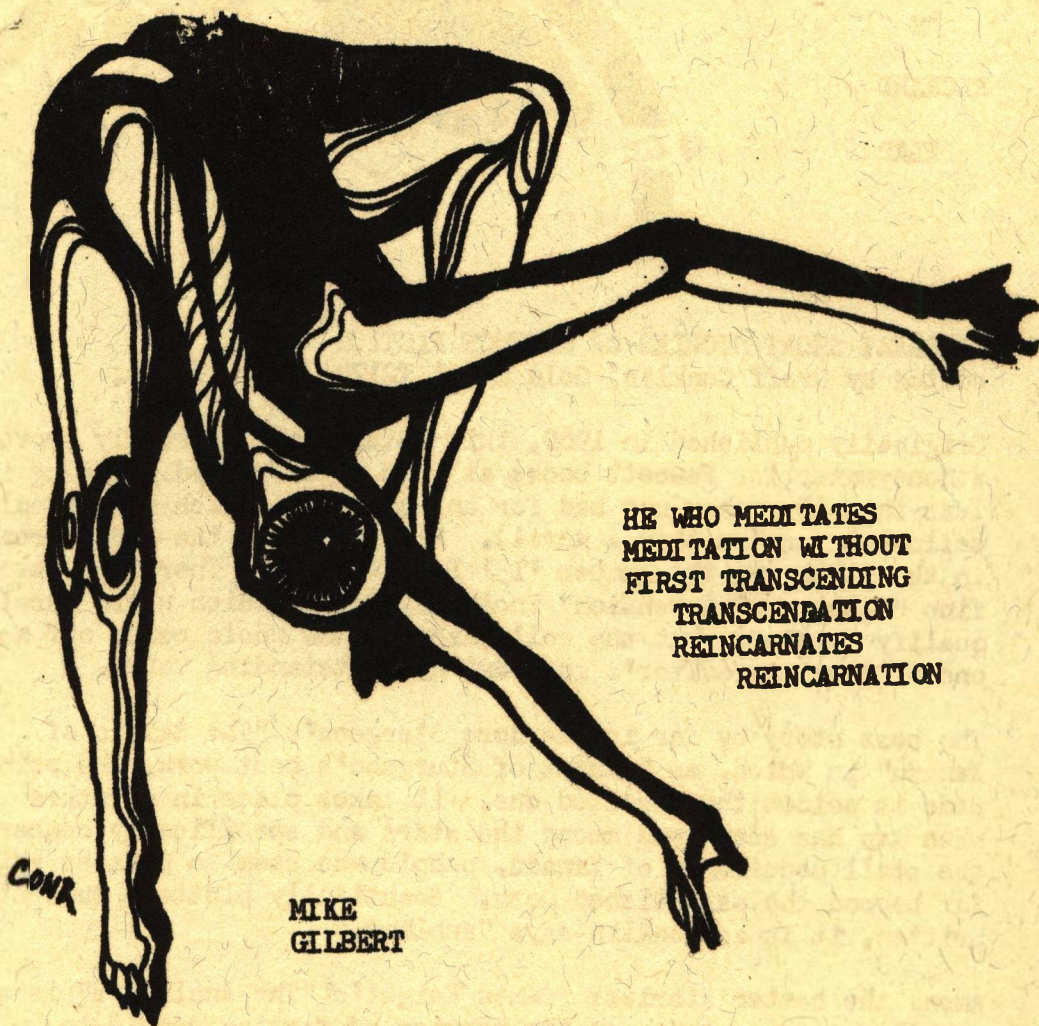
ROBERT SILVERBERG: A black lacquered parsons table inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

SUZLE TOMPKINS: A natural wooden sphere incised with fine closely spaced horizontal lines.

JACK WILLIAMSON: Buckskin and sun-weathered wood.

And for the record, I'm a red wool dress and my husband John is cool, still blue water.

To eat pickled shrimp with poison pears
 While making love upon the stairs
 And gnashing teeth on piebald worms
 Is an unhealthy way of obtaining germs.
 For the end of ears is a furry tip
 And the way to hell is a bottomless pit,
 But sailing the seas in a bottle of gin
 Is the greatest and unsinable sin.



HE WHO MEDITATES
 MEDITATION WITHOUT
 FIRST TRANSCENDING
 TRANSCENDATION
 REINCARNATES
 REINCARNATION

Hail on, you bastard runt!
 And blow your nose with a windy grunt,
 For the earth is Flat and sails round the moon.
 And the rhythm of spheres is an untimely tune
 To which dance spectre knights and ladies cold,
 Clothed in diaphanous cloth of homespun gold.
 And neon lights are the eyes of cats;
 The skies are filled with the vomit of bats;
 The stars are rancid with the obscene stuff --
 But time can't seem to be time enough
 When marijuana is made into snuff.

THE ALIEN RAT FINK

Book Reviews

by

RICHARD

DELAP



13 GREAT SHORT STORIES OF SCIENCE FICTION

edited by Groff Conklin, Gold Medal, T2174, 75¢, 192 pp.

Originally published in 1960, this volume has apparently proved a moneymaker for Fawcett books as this is the third printing in less than 10 years, not bad for an anthology (which purportedly sells less copies than a novel). Possibly it's the word 'Great' in the title, or the number '13' I don't know. There are several fine "stories of invention" included, one of which would surely qualify as great, but the collection on the whole comes off as one of the late editor's good but not outstanding works.

The best story by far is Theodore Sturgeon's "The Skills of Xanadu" in which, as in most of Sturgeon's best work, the point made is seldom the expected one. It takes place in a future when man has scattered among the stars and specifically concerns the small population of Xanadu, people who seem to possess skills far beyond the established norm. Beautifully plotted, superbly written, it is as Conklin says "sublime."

Among the better stories: Damon Knight's "The Analogues" is a morality play centered on the premise of forcing people to be good by the use of a brain-implant. The ending is devilishly apt. "The Available Data on the Worp Reaction" by Lion Miller (who he?) is a short and stinging sharp look at those who are too determined to find a reason behind everything, and when a small boy builds a strange machine out of junk, everyone is suddenly interested ... too interested. In the O'Henry style, John Wyndham's "Compassion Circuit" plays games with man's fear of machines. Though overly familiar from repeated reprints, it's the kind of good story that bears up under re-reading and is so well-written that it's really much better than it should be.

Wyman Guin has made a habit of writing wicked stories (at a

spare rate unfortunately for he doesn't write nearly enough) and "Volpla" is no exception. A man creates a breed of tiny, winged people and amusingly has enormous trouble keeping them from being discovered as well as from discovering too much. In Alan Nelson's "Soap Opera" the pun of the title is a general guide to the humor found in this story of a young unsuccessful soap company employee who outwits his crusty boss, wreaks a peculiar havoc upon San Francisco, and gets the girl. It's heavyhanded but some of the lines are funny. And, Arthur C. Clarke's "Silence, Please!" has a gadget (which nullifies all sound within its range) that the author uses for a mild little spoof that is mildly enjoyable.

William T. Powers' "Allegory" is about the effect of an anti-gravity device on the people who come in contact with it in a computer-controlled society. I liked it somehow, despite feeling that it is not completely convincing. Algis Budrys' "The War Is Over" gives us a half-human society that has struggled for generations to build a spaceship and is following an unmotivated urge. The story's minor Budrys, unreasonably downbeat while putting a hard strain on reader credibility. "Technological Retreat" by G. C. Edmondson is about a trade agreement between men and aliens that gets out of hand and causes both parties to suffer. The touch is light and the humor infectious, so never mind that the plot is decidedly commonplace.

Outdated by last year's moon landing, Poul Anderson's "The Light" is not really worthy of saving anyhow. The first three men on the moon discover traces of another's landing, the clue to who and when being the "light" as seen on the moon's surface. Conklin said "it haunted me," but it's such a trivial ghost of a story that it's a wonder he noticed.

When a bored mechanic invents a machine that "runs," the government (among many others) is determined to put its own interpretation on the thing's use. Like the 'Worp' story, there's a message in Richard Gehman's "The Machine" that makes its presence known by the action of the characters; yet in spite of some humorous dialogue, this one's all too obvious to be really amusing. William Morrison's "Shipping Clerk" is a ragpicker who becomes involved with some aliens when he swallows what he thinks is a nut, which he finds in an alley. Supposedly a farce, it's not a very good one.

So, some bad, some good, it's a collection that hardly bears repeated printings -- unless, of course, you haven't already read the good ones, in which case you'd better get busy.

SO BRIGHT THE VISION
Clifford D. Simak, 141 pp.

and THE MAN WHO SAW TOMORROW
Jeff Sutton, 115 pp.

Ace H-95, 60¢

The Simak half is a collection of 4 long novelettes averaging out to an unmemorable but passable combo of science-fantasy (so it's being called nowadays).

If Simak's plots are sometimes thin and held together with nothing more solid than saccharine spit, it is this very lightness that keeps these story-bubbles merrily afloat; and when his hand gets too heavy and bursts the bubble, one finds it hard to be really upset....it's not like the death of something really important.

"The Golden Bugs" are exactly that -- tiny bug-like creatures arriving on Earth in an agate spaceship who set themselves up in the hero's household and collectively become the ultimate-maid, cleaning the house till it shines like a spotless jewel. It's when they finish and go on to other matters that the problems set in. Sometimes amusing, the tale is overlong and the ending is too.

"Leg. Forst." has a crochety old philatelist who collects from all over the universe, an extremely nosy next-door neighbor (female, of course), and some weirdly efficient alien spores that can make an honest man out of everyone on Earth...well, almost everyone. There's lots of ingredients in this soft pie which the author proceeds to all but smother in an overgenerous layer of frothy whipped cream. This one's too long also.

The best story of the group is "So Bright the Vision," wherein 26th-century Earth has become the literary center of the universe. Authors, however, write by machine, and those who can't afford an expensive model are the unsuccessfuls. Hart, a failed author, is picked up and dropped, picked up and dropped, until both he and the reader are screaming with frustration. Simak lets us in on the agonies of a writer and wraps it up in such entertaining prose that we are hardly aware -- until we finish and have time to think -- that we have been shown a great secret. Very good.



In "Galactic Chest" we get some inside looks at newspaper publishing (Simak himself works for a Midwestern newspaper) in this silly but funny tale about the reappearance of brownies (would you believe all those flying saucers are run by brownies?). The characters are stock and the plot is practically non-existent, but taken as simply a fun thing, it's easy, light reading.

Simak's done better stuff than this, but these stories are like comfortable old shoes; and if the soles are thin and the bindings frazzled, they're comfortably easy to slip into and very hard to resist.

THE MAN WHO SAW TOMORROW might easily be subheaded "Paradoxes," for the entire story hinges on this theme with its multi-dimensional space theory, time-travelers

* * *

LeB: "I named my mimeo 'Yngvi.'"

and a web of intrigue spun out from the book's relative present to some unspecified future. Spear-headed in a glut of violence, the end leaves a bloody trail of nearly 2 dozen corpses...which, believe it or not, is no concession to present tastes but instead a solid anti-violence message.



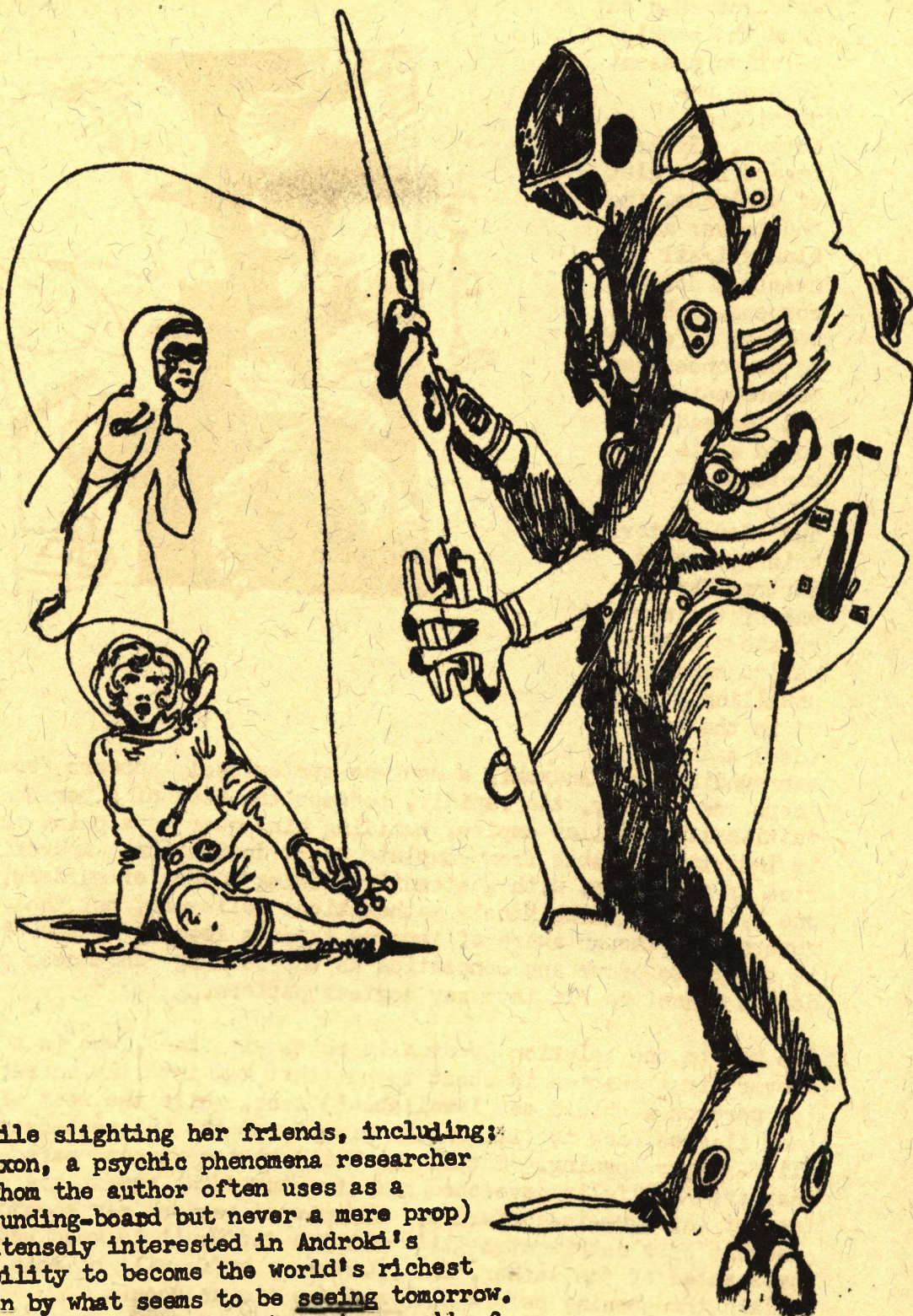
The plot centers chiefly around Bertram Kane, one of the world's greatest mathematics experts, unwillingly swept up in the confused madness

surrounding John Androki, a man who mysteriously appears from nowhere and rapidly, too rapidly, becomes the head of a personal multi-billion dollar empire, building his power to a point that is indistinguishable from complete world domination. Androki's rise is punctuated with a steadily growing number of murders, one by one including Kane's mathematical colleagues, but the government, though aware of tenuous threads leading to Androki, is unable to prove any connection as the seeming randomness of the deaths cannot be fit into any logical pattern.

The key to the solution eventually rests with Kane, who in a clever first chapter is about to put that key into the correct (or perhaps I should say 'available') lock, while the rest of the book flashes back to fill in the history of the interest-catching, cliff-hanger opening. Sutton has built history around paradoxes that are skillfully developed and structured; he avoids the common trap of intrigue-is-confusing. Sharp-eyed readers may consider this somewhat of a detriment as it's not too difficult to keep several jumps ahead of the author, and SF-mystery buffs will be able to explain the opening before the raisonne tie-up occurs.

The characters are delicious: Kane, the middle-aged scientist has lost one wife and is so tied to his work and now-dated morality that he has difficulties adjusting his mistily romantic relationship with girlfriend: * Anita, an art teacher, who though fond of Kane is irresistibly drawn by wealth and power to become Androki's mistress

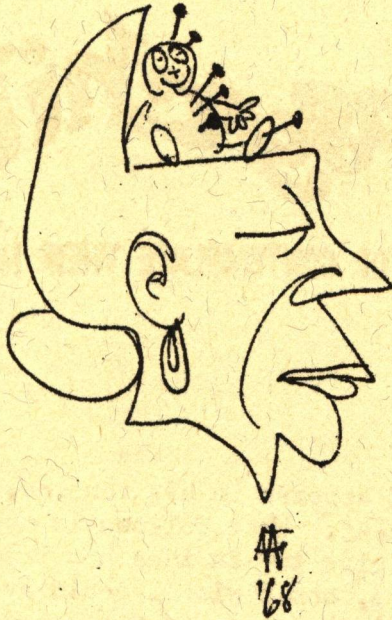
* this type was so great we left it in.



while slighting her friends, including Maxon, a psychic phenomena researcher (whom the author often uses as a sounding-board but never a mere prop) intensely interested in Androki's ability to become the world's richest man by what seems to be seeing tomorrow. There are many other characters, all of them important, some of them misleading although Sutton manages to keep the reader oriented and prevents him from trailing off along the many open tangents scattered throughout.

The novel is wisely kept short, abstaining from the padding that plumps many such novels out of proportion. I think most readers will find TOMORROW suspenseful and entertaining. I did.

GRUNTLE



LINDA BUSHYAGER

I'm mad. Fandom is full of talented people. Take artists, for instance. Currently people like Austin, Faddis, Gilbert, Fabian, Kirk, Rotsler do most of the better fan work. The recent past (1968 or so) had Barr, Chambers, Stiles, Atom, Trimble, Lovenstein, and Bode. But how many Barr illos did you see in the last 6 months? Any? Or even in 1969? (a couple in Trumpet?) Yet Barr was rated as 2nd best



fan artist in the recent EGOBOO poll. Similarly Ted White, who hasn't written a column in months placed 2nd in the Best Fan Writer category. And this poll was for current fans!

My point? Many fans are still receiving credit for accomplishments done several years ago. This would be fine if they were recognized as past fan accomplishments, and current fans received their praise. But when a poll calls for the best fanzine and WARNOON comes in as the second best zine, something is wrong! WARNOON is great, but the last issue was in November 1968. This is July 1970 gang!

Naturally one can't take the EGOBOO poll too seriously. 33 ballots were received, and Ted White and John D. Berry counted votes. No doubt many of their friends participated, so no wonder QUIP (friend Arnie Katz's infrequent humor zine), EGOBOO itself, Ted White, John Berry, and friend Jay Kinney win prominent honors. Still, the poll points up the trend of fans to praise past greatness as though it were current. Terry Carr turns up as number one fan face (tied with Dick Geis). Come on gang! Maybe in 1967, when his LIGHTHOUSE was a Hugo nominee, but in 1970? Except for a few SFR letters and GoH hood at Marcon, where was Carr? He's certainly more of a pro than a fan, and as a fan he is fairly inactive. What about Charlie Brown, Andy Porter, Fred Lerner, or countless others?

I could go on with other examples from the poll, but you can read about it yourself in LOCUS, FOCALPOINT, or EGOBOO (John Berry, Mayfield House, Stanford, Calif. 94305) --- if such a zine really exists, no one in Pittsburgh has ever seen one. Suffice it to say that we should give credit where credit is due. Let's try to remember that people do gafiate --- like Lovenstein, Foster, Bangsund, and more. And that some people, like Brown, Lunney, Warner, Delap, Gilbert, Kirk, and so on are still here. Number One Fan Face, Terry Carr? Best New Fan in '69 Jay Kinney? Aw, come on.

Omphalopsychite



WHERE THE READERS AND THE EDITOR CONTEMPLATE THEIR NAVELS....?

JERRY LAPIDUS
54 Clearview Dr.
Pittsford, N.Y.
14534

[Jerry's complete LoC appears in his fanzine, 3-5-0-0, which goes out in Apr-45. What follows is my edited version, which might give you an idea how I edit Locs. It's a tricky business, one I wish I could avoid, but if I printed everyone's 4-pagers Gf would end up a letterzine, without room for anything else. -LeB/

Generally a very, very good issue, certainly one of the best in Gf's short history. Repro, art, material all high quality, all well done, and above all, everything well balanced. Repro overall is excellent, though I wish you'd been able to afford litho through the entire m^{sg}. Considering the cost, if you had to resort to mimeo for some, you made the right decision in choosing the lettercolumn and Bill's (rotsler for taff!) relatively simple work. I just wish it hadn't been necessary at all.

Connie's illo for my article is great, as is most of her work. This is some of the best ConR Faddis artwork I've seen, and since past issues have tended to show more of her earlier work, this is most welcome. In addition, the Einstein portfolio, the illos for Delap's movie review (which reminds me of Farmer's IMAGE OF THE BEAST) and the illos for the Zelagny story are also superior. The Gilbert scratch-board stuff and the Austin (page 4) are also very well done.

The one problem with the Cummings article is that -- to put it bluntly-- the satire is minimal at best. With very few exceptions, Jesus (???) does a pretty fair job of describing the average conditions at most conventions. The satire comes through exaggeration, and there just isn't all that much of it here. The whole thing actually has to be even bigger, even more wild to be really funny. [Which reminds me. After reading several Locs which said, in effect, "that Cummings thing is crude and awful." Jesus stalked off and vowed and refused to write Part 2 of Sex at the Cons. So all you guys will have to find out about it yourselves.-LeB/

Several explanatory details are probably necessary on my Hugo article. I strongly feel that the fan awards should be open to the beginning or occasional professional, just as it should be closed to the full-time professional. Someone like Mike Gilbert, for instance, is not yet a master

of his craft. He is not making a living, or even a good deal of living from SF, and should be eligible as a fan. A person who receives a large portion of his earnings from SF should be considered a pro only. Certainly no one should be eligible in both categories.

I'd have to agree with Richard Delap (amazingly enough) on MACROSCOPE. There are many good sections present, but these are hidden in pages and pages of dross. Instead of calling it flawed but excellent, I would consider it good but badly flawed--and this year, I see 3 flawed but superb novels in the running (SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE, BUG JACK BARON, and LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS).

I will cling to my previous-stated position on Delap (the best reviewer in fandom today), despite the fact that I guess I tend to disagree with him at least as often as I agree. The Ellison collection, and in fact Ellison in general, are perhaps our most divergent points. I will agree with Richard on the title story, "Maggie," and on his past Hugo-winners ("I Have No Mouth....," "Repent, Harlequin..."), but while Richard downgrades the rest of the book to the junk pile, I would place it among my collections of better short fiction, certainly at least along with Harlan's other collections. I think there's an underlying problem here, one that's inherent in Harlan's tending-to-be-overwritten-but-rarely-actually-BEING-overwritten style. Harlan, unless his style happens to grab you immediately, can become extremely difficult to take in such a collection, and, as he continued on through the stories, lose sight of the author's good points and begin to hit stronger and stronger on his weaknesses. I think this may well be what's happened to Richard here, especially in such stories as "Along the Scenic Route," "Try a Dull Knife," and most specifically the Nebula-winning "A Boy and His Dog." Read the first as a PARODY of hard-science fiction, and I think the effect will be much stronger; this is what Harlan said about it in Chicago, I recall, and for me it works quite well. The second requires a special mood, something strange for an author who usually creates his own mood. But the story seems to need to have the reader in a certain frame of mind, not unlike the frame one gets from reading Leiber fantasies like "Gonna Roll Them Bones" and "Ship of Shadows." The story itself is NOT really a fantasy, but the mood is much the same; I found it a most powerful story, certainly superior to Harlan's hugo-winner last year. I'd be inclined to think Harlan would agree with this, if only in his choice of magazines in which the story was to appear.

Then there's "A Boy and His Dog," which is probably the most Harlanesque story I've ever come across. My reactions to the story, unfortunately, are not totally valid, since I first heard it read by the author a little over a year ago. Harlan is a superb interpreter of his own material, and I guess I can't read the story without at least subconsciously recalling his reading. Even so, however, I love it. Blood, the telepathic dog, is a wild character, yet another of the fascinating non-humans Harlan has produced (AM, in "I Have No Mouth," and the non-human part of Maggie in "Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes," are probably the other two.) It is admittedly a bit too long, especially in the fight sequence, but what the hell -- since when have you had more fun reading a story?

SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N. Pennsylvania Ave.
Indianapolis, Indiana 46240

The Cummings piece was singularly
deficient in taste, but then all his
contributions have been tasteless.

I bow to no one in my appreciation
of sophisticated ribaldry --I could hardly be a medievalist otherwise--
but his pieces are offensive. Not to mention unfunny.

Please add the following to "Sensies"

ANDREW OFFUTT: A sleek cat with short, pale silver fur
and a pure white "bib"

[My humblest apology to Sandra. I had misplaced the above and
was reminded of it at Midwestcon, when I came home I found that
the Sensies article had been run...so I added this here. Please,
Sandra, forgive me?-the klutz strikes again]

JEFF SCHALLES
Box 358 GCC
Grove City, Pa.
16127

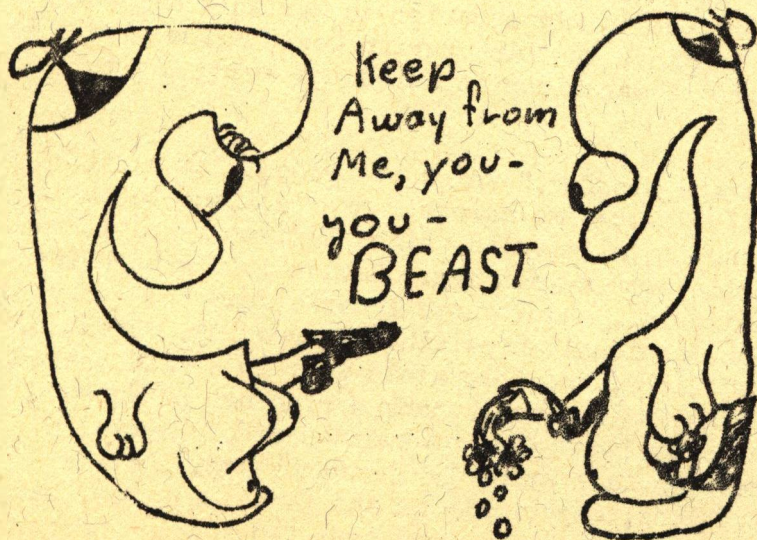
How many fans have been in fraternities? Very
few, I'll wager -- not if they were keeping
up fan contacts at the same time. Fandom takes
a certain type of individual: it takes time --
oodles and oodles of it. A true fraternity will
also take up your time, just half-heartedly rushing one kept me out
of major activities (fanwise) for the last 6 months. The little
bit I did do was instrumental in getting me blackballed from that
frat, and now that it's all over, I'm glad it worked out this way.

One weekend I was invited to a big blow-out and declined, saying I
had to study. I spent both Friday and Saturday in my room turning
out cartoons and writing articles and letters. One of the big
shot actives decided to drop in for a little visit Saturday night
after the party in a rather inebriated condition. The door was
unlocked and he walked straight (or relatively -- he seemed to
bounce off a couple of walls on the way) in, finding my desk
covered with two night's worth of sketches, cartoons, and letters
addressed to points all over the country. And me, sitting on the

bed, pounding
away at this
poor old
typewriter with
a pile of
finished pages
surrounding me.

"Hey kid...
what's all this
crap? You some
kind of artist
or writer or
somp'tin?"

"Yeah, I kind
of guess you
could put it
that way. How
was the party?"



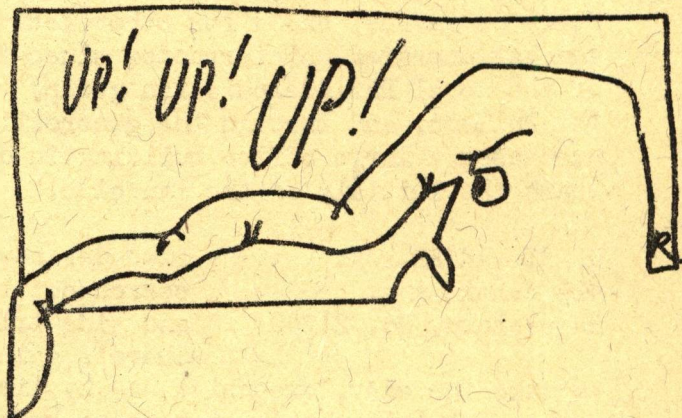
"Ummm...it was a pretty good party-- you shoulda bin there, instead a messing with all this crap. Hey! I never seen stuff like this before..."

The hulking neanderthal was pawing over some of my best cartoons.

"It's kinda got something to do with science fiction. I doubt if it would interest you very much."

"You must be some kinda nut reading that trash! See ya around..."

And out he went -- and never spoke another word to me again. Not that I cared much -- I never was firmly convinced that I wanted to be a frat man anyway.



The next incident came later when several frat guys came over in the main lounge where I was talking with a group of rather unpromising fan material about Heinlein and Tolkien. The two frat guys stared at me for awhile and then motioned me over.

"Listen buddy, what's all this? We kinda thought you wanted to join our frat...but this?"

"Look, I'm just doing my own thing, so don't bug me about your problems"

"OK man."

And that was the last THOSE two ever talked to me again. I could list several other incidents, but let it suffice that I was soon after blackballed from the frat.

MIKE DECKINGER
25 Manor Drive
Apt. 12-J
Newark, N.J.
07106

Jerry Lapidus's article on the Hugos was well constructed and reached some pointed conclusions, but several clarifications are in order. I would agree that it's unfair to pit a single TV episode against a single motion picture (consider the unbalanced line-up of "2001" against a Star Trek episode) but I'd like to see more discussion of the alternatives until the rule is definitely amended.

THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS appeared on the Hugo ballot in two successive years. Why wasn't this snafu corrected?

Leland Sapiro gleefully admits to ballot-box stuffing in the current RQ, that's how it placed second in the Best Fanzine category. (I am unable to understand why he would openly admit to this practice, much less appear pleased over the deception.)

The ESFA did not hold a meeting at the PHILCON, and the day it does a lot of people will be quite surprised. The ESFA is the Eastern S. F. Assoc., a group meeting the first Sunday of each month in Newark, N.J. It was founded over twenty years ago by Sam Moskowitz, Gerry de la Ree, and a few other active New Jersey fen of the period, and has operated uninterrupted since that time. You are thinking of the local Philadelphia fan group, the PSFS, which annually sponsors the Philcon, and through the generosity of an anonymous member purchased a large office building in downtown Philly which proudly bears the initials of the fan club.

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

I wonder how many fans really will search out the sensibly-priced accommodations and side trips when they go to the Heicon? There's going to be an awful temptation to take the easy, expensive way by listening to a friendly travel agent and visit the tourist traps before and after the worldcon. But the moderately priced tourist facilities undoubtedly exist, and they are among the excellent reasons why the new worldcons should attract increasing numbers of American fans whenever they're staged in Europe. It's little or no more expensive to go to Europe than to California, if you live in the East Coast. Even comparing air fare to Europe with an auto trip to the West Coast you count the 6 thousand miles of car wear to get the real picture.

I doubt that the Hugos will ever stop serving as a source of dissension and ~~feuding~~, just as the Oscars have retained their original trouble-making status. But it should be possible to clear up some of the existing Hugo problems. For one thing, it's obvious that a story written by someone who is popular personally in fandom will get more votes than a story which is equally good, but written by someone who never goes to cons or answers letters. But no amount of rule making can stop this practice. Another factor is probably timing -- I have a strong suspicion that a novel or story which appears late in the year has an unfair advantage over something that came out at the year's start. It might help if the nominating ballots could be distributed at the start of January, on the theory that this unfair advantage over something issued late in the year would be counterbalanced by the fact that some nominators wouldn't have had time to read all the rave reviews for the most recent fiction.

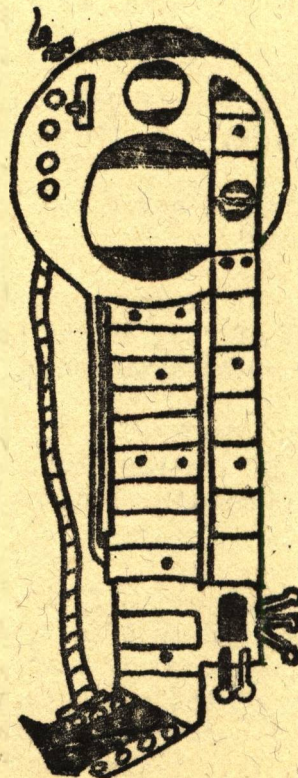
I still feel that the only possible criteria for the fan writer and fan artist awards are work appearing in amateur publications. You run into hopeless complications, no matter how hard you try to define what is a fan and what is a pro. Suppose Bob Tucker sells nothing professionally this year, writes so much and so well for fanzines that he should get a Hugo as best fan writer in 1971. Royalties from his novels bring him more money than many of the people nominated in the profiction categories. Can he still win the fan writing Hugo? Or/Ted White and John Berry suddenly turn Egoboo into a fanzine of Hugo quality. Can it get a Hugo when half

of its editorship also puts out prozines? Is the fellow who turns out technical manuals for aircraft factories a pro writer? Is the woman who teaches English in high school a pro because she edits themes and gets paid for it? ALL OUR YESTERDAYS had paid its publication expenses around the end of 1969 and will show a small profit as additional copies are sold; will the few dollars of royalties that I'll receive on it make me a pro this year instead of a fan? (A rhetorical question; I've withdrawn from the fan writing Hugo race.) [I tend to agree with Jerry Lapidus on the definition of pro. A pro is someone who earns most of his living from writing Science Fiction. Thus, no doubt even Tucker is a fan, his writing is mostly detective-mystery fiction. Egoboo would be a fan publication, and eligible as such. But Ted White, as a pro editor and writer, could not be considered for the Fan Writer Hugo. But unfortunately it is hard to draw the line. Perhaps we should seriously consider an extra category or two for Best Pro's Work Appearing in a Fanzine for artist and writer. - LeB/

Connie's Einstein series is a stunner, both in basic concept and in performance. It's too bad that fanzines aren't yet ready to publish movies. I can imagine this hitting even harder if Gf suddenly darkened the room lights as you turned to the portfolio pages, and then threw 3 pictures onto the nearest patch of blank wall, fading into one another for perhaps 15 seconds or so, then vanishing and leaving the entire room dark long enough to let you think unhappy thoughts for a little while before the lights came back on and you read the rest of the issue.

I enjoyed the Zelazny story, but I might as well come right out and say the truth: the illustrations were more impressive than the story. The fiction was professional level, the kind you can find in any issue of a prozine. The art was also professional, but I can't think of any place except a fanzine where I would have much chance of seeing it.

The entire issue is enough to send a fan into a foetal stance after he's tried to figure out nominations for the fan artist Hugo and has sought refuge in the womb from an impossible situation. Connie's art is like a whole assortment of fireworks that go off with loud bangs and zoom up into the sky before they turn into showers of sparks and whirl madly on trees in fiery designs: so it's awfully



hard to withhold major amounts of recognition from someone who can do so well in so many different styles. But the beautiful Alicia Austin and that beautifully conceived front cover [Fabian] -- which seems to be almost the glorification of the circle as an element in fantastic art -- and all the other good things in this issue, not forgetting Kirk's marvelous back cover, all deserve lots of praise.

ROGER WADDINGTON
4 Commercial St.
Norton, Malton
Yorkshire, England

However did you get Roger Zelazny to write for you? I can imagine his story going to one of the prozines; but was this one of his editorial rejects? [I] wrote Roger and asked if he happened to have a loose story lying around I might use. He wrote and included "My Lady of the Diodes" When I saw him at the Balticon in February I enquired about the story. Nonchalantly Roger replied: "I never sent it to the prozines. It was an old story, not that good, so when you wrote I sent it." -LeB/

Sex at the Cons? Well, why not just have your femmefan sidle up adoringly to her prey, and murmur "I adore Dick. What about you?" (Philip K., of course, but which poor sap could refuse an invitation like that?) and everything gets going. Though the annual British Con that I'll be attending this Easter is going to be more of a teach-in than a love in. According to preliminary reports, there'll be a Member of Parliament, a scattering of scientists, and Ghu knows what other notables.

Which would seem to lead naturally to that marvelous bacover by Tim Kirk -- it strikes a chord in my memory. Wasn't there a story by Bloch in which the government is carried out for fans by fans in behalf of fans? And the whole scene was blown by the discovery of hordes and hordes of fanzines in a house being demolished...? That's what it reminds me of, anyway! [Entitled A WAY OF LIFE.]

JEFF SOYER
465 Churchill Rd.
Teaneck, N.J. 07666

I occasionally watch DARK SHADOWS when I need a laugh. I never realized there was a plot (much less a 'dumb' one). I could never have guessed that noise to be 'overly dramatic' music. I never realized there was any acting involved (much less 'hammy').

I doubt if anyone would really be perturbed if you didn't print the rest of "Sex at the Cons" It's certainly the most tasteless and humorless article to see print in Granfalloon -- ever.

DAVE LEWTON
735 E. Kessler Blvd.
Indianapolis, Indiana
46220

[The following LoC was sent in reply to my LoC on Dave's first issue of INFINITUM. In my LoC I stated that Dave had no talent as an artist and should stick to writing and an editing, in which he seemed to have much more of a flair. I criticized INFINITUM's layout, artwork, and repro and in effect said a lot of effort was wasted in using poor litho on cruddy illos. I tried to be helpful and did compliment some of the contents, including several Dave Burton and Rotsler illos. And I used several examples from Gf to show what I meant by good artwork. I also stated that the artwork is mostly excellent, which I still think, and hope most of the rest of you agree. Occassionally I choose fillers which are only fair in quality, but the humor and

added variety make these illos worthwhile. But at any rate I'll leave it up to you, readers, to look at Lewton's zine and his art and make up your mind. Perhaps the truth lies somewhere between. Dave's and my egotistical viewpoints.--LeB,(but I still say Dave is a poor artist if his best appears in Infinitum)

I am sorry you cannot stand my artwork. I have always thought of myself as an artist--my writing being secondary. In 1968 I won a scholarship to the Herron School of Art -- but I suppose some people have no taste.

The artwork is mostly excellent? Really? I already like Granfalloon, there is no need to advertise to me/and most of the people reading Infinitum, who, I imagine, already get Gf. I am sorry, Linda, but you are incorrect. In Gf8 I would call only 8 illos 'excellent' (All of Gilbert's stuff, the Austin PgHLANGE ad, ConR's page 21, 23, 26, and 35 and Kirk's hilarious bacover.

Then we come to the "fair" or "interesting" illos. Well carried out without inspiration. Fabian's cover and table of contents illo were fair--for Fabian, and for art. It looked as if you hounded him about a deadline and he whipped those up to get you off his back. Fabian is one of my favorite artists--but that was some of his worst artwork. ConR's Einstein drawings were singularly uninspired and uninteresting. The blank opposing pages made them look even worse. It was the best argument against portfolios I have seen recently. ConR's nifty circuit drawings did not have much to stand on their own (and spotty repro made them worse), her page 36 illo didn't work. The heading for the lettercol leads the rest for banality. At least 8 fair drawings.

There are also those I must rank as bad. Dick Flinchbaugh's page 6 atrocity, Schalles' page 14 mistake, Lovenstein's page 15 horror, and Porter's ghodawful page 49. 4 lousy illos.

22 out of 30 are less than excellent. To have any fair or poor illos after your claims would be bad --but to have 12 is absurd.

Enjoyed your editorial denunciation of the current Philcon. And your own fanzine and book reviews were quite fine and well-worth reading.

Everyone seems to be publishing something concerning Hugos. Between Buck Coulson (Hugos are bad because they have become a national award) and Jerry Lapidus (Hugos are bad because they aren't a national award) and "Paul Hazlett" (This is the Huckster Generation. Hugos are bought!) I feel like destroying the next fanzine I see in which there is a long, drawn out, badly edited (Coulson being the exception as his was short and well-written) poorly written batch of conrotches. [sic] Let Lapidus bitch elsewhere -- all his column did for me was go over old ground in an unoriginal way.

Delap is always excellent. How can you go wrong with a pro written story? Total effect art-wise was a pleasant one despite variation from poor to excellent

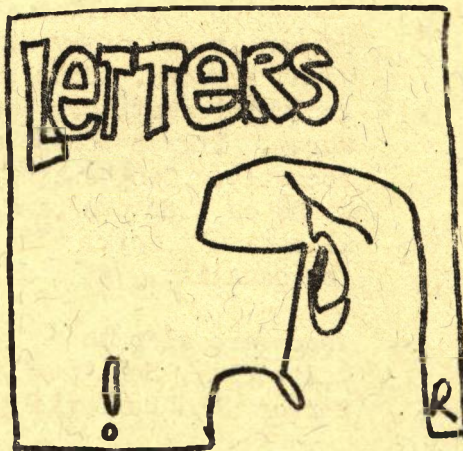
I was shocked and horrified at the fun Rotsler illo in the center of an important part of Zelazny's story. Jesus, Linda--how could you let that one get by? Where an illo by ConR may have enhanced the effect, this was genuinely harmful -- no wonder pros are reluctant to contribute anything but letters and "Buy my books, I'm a good guy -- fannish too" articles. I am ashamed that such a tremendous fanzine as Granfalloon would fall into "sticking in an illo" to fill space. When you had said previously that a blank space would look better than a badly placed illo [No, Dave, I said "a blank page is better than a poor illo." see my letter, printed in the Infinitum Letterzine.--LeB/ I took you seriously "To thine own self be true." and so on. [Well, nobody's perfect, least of all me, but I do try to follow my own advice, although sometimes I do goof, and although the Rotsler illo was a good one, you are right, it did not belong on that page.--LeB/

As a whole the issue was very impressive. At the same time, there were a few grotches that needed to be expressed, and I have.

JEFF SMITH
7205 Barlow Court
Baltimore, Md.
21207

The recent
Hugo was
no doubt
influenced
by the

Ellison clique, which pushed "Beast..." Unfortunately, Delap is right when he says "Ellison is able to sell shit for jewels on his name value alone;" he's done it often. "Beast..." isn't shit, but the same principle applies. Harlan worked up a new way to tell a story, and it was complex. Reading the story in the book is difficult, and after going over it a couple of times I decided it wasn't good enough for a Hugo. But this was after I had voted. I think the book came out too late for anyone to read it before voting. So what won the Hugo was the garbled magazine version, the one Pohl distorted with just a few words.



This Hugo is not one to be proud of, Harlan. It says you earned it for writing the best short story of the year, but the reason you got it is because you are Harlan Ellison. The people who voted it to you had not read your story, but something else. You didn't get the thing because of your new technique, because the voters didn't know what the hell it was until later.

Harlan has a name that's bigger than his talent (which is considerable.) He wanted to get in on F & SF's twentieth anniversary, so he sold Ferman that piece of junk he wrote with Zelazny. The cheap gimmick ending was Harlan's. I saw it coming. He used it in a mainstream story for FLING.

In that story ("A Path Through the Darkness") the first-person protagonist--with a life history just like Harlan's--falls in love

with a girl only to find out she is a lesbian. In the Zelazny collaboration the protagonist loses his wife to a lesbian. Not quite the same, but despite the fact that Roger's writing per se is better than Harlan's, the Ellison solo is better. (I'm sure the first half of the story is true. I make no guesses on the second half.) The Ellison is gut-level: "She is not only a lesbian, she is an evil person who is destroying me." (Not a direct quote.) The Ellison/Zelazny hero--who is not felt as strongly as the Ellison hero--is just jealous and (to my mind) stupid. The Ellison hero is scared. Fear is a more basic emotion, "A Path Through the Darkness" is a more serious story, and the Ellison/Zelazny collaboration was only a game. With a gimmick.

That's two points against Harlan. But there are many more in his favor. Richard Delap strikes me as incompetent in his reviews of people like Ellison and Spinrad, because his literary philosophy is different from theirs--and he doesn't acknowledge that.

From Richard's standpoint, BUG JACK BARRON, and THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD are bad books. And on his level they are. But that's not the level they were written on. And while it detracts from the books that they are not effective on his (or any other) level, it also detracts from him that he refuses to consider them on their level as well as on his own. On their own level BJB is brilliant and BEAST ranges from that to ghodawful.

Ellison and Spinrad write visceral stories, and to them that's most important. To Delap that is a minor thing. But he reviews the books as bad--when he should review them (if at all) as examples of a "bad" way of writing. I think he's out of his tree either way, but that's a difference of opinion between us that will probably never be settled. Why should it be, anyway? What difference does it make if he likes the same kind of stuff I do or not? So long as he doesn't rip mine up from a wrong standpoint. That bothers me.

BRUCE R. GILLISPIE
P.O. Box 245
Ararat, Victoria
3377 Australia

I really cannot see why "My Lady of the Diodes" appeared in Gf. This was the most enjoyable (indeed, the only enjoyable) Zelazny story that I've read in years. It should have been a certain sale. Unless... it was donated as a mark of respect and devotion and all that. Congratulations, anyway. It was a high spot in the year's fanzine reading.

Jerry Lapidus expresses many points which have crossed my mind in recent years, but I still cannot see that rules really will guide anybody out of the mess. This year's Hugos are the most reasonable list ever, I think, but mainly because they comprised the votes of the largest number of people ever. When you get up into a fairly high number of votes, concerted efforts by interest groups are ruled out. It seems to me that these groups may have swung the odder results in past Hugo ballots. Now we have the only real problem of any democratic process...if the rabble want Barabbas, they'll get him! Hugo voters probably vote for personalities like Ellison and Heinlein -- on the other hand, STAND ON ZANZIBAR was an outsider to

American fandom. I presume it won just because it was a good book. The short fiction category winners have never made sense to me in any Hugo ballot (Asimov's THE HUGO WINNERS was one of the poorest collections of stories I've read; fortunately it had an amusing foreword). On the other hand, the other awards seem quite logical, even though I personally disagree with some of them.

BERNIE ZUBER
1775 N. Las Palmas
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Your suggestion that some artist do an art critique column sounds great. If I were offered the job my first reaction would be: "Who am I to pass judgement

on fellow fan artists or...perish the thought...the pros? Besides, how much good technical art knowledge do I have anyway?" However after seeing Howard Green go out on a limb with his criticism of Vaughn Bode why should I hesitate? Fan artists are not just artists, they're fans too, and fans are notorious for making fools of themselves in print. I just may take you up on that suggestion. [Why not? So far I have two promises for columns: Ron Miller and Mike Gilbert continuing his. Hopefully Ron will be a little more critical than Gilbert has been so far.-LeB]

Connie's cover for your previous issue was a well-balanced design, pleasing to the eye. This one by Steve Fabian doesn't do much for me. The technique is interesting but the subject matter is not that exciting. It doesn't 'grab' me. I've seen better Fabian work. Tim Kirk's bacover, on the other hand, is another "Tim looks at the whacky world of fandom" masterpiece. Why didn't you use it for the front cover? I realize that putting someone's art on the back of a fanzine is not meant to be demeaning but I think that in this case you would've been better off with Tim in the front. [Just personal taste. I felt the Fabian had an immediate dramatic impact. It was the type of illo which catches your eye. The Kirk was more subtle; it seemed to finish off the zine with a quiet, amusing touch. As the final page, it allowed the reader time to give a lingering look and catch all the aspects.-LeB]

The Einstein Portfolio made its point, but I wish it had been done all on one page (reduced) so as to leave the other pages for other subjects and more variety. I preferred Connie's illos for "My Lady of the Diodes." Very interesting technique. Also liked her illo on page 18. Again a graceful flow of lines with a Japanese quality. The one on page 21 leaves me cold and her cartoon on page 9 is amateurish -- too bad you didn't ask Tim to do that one.

Alicia Austin's & Connie's lovers are basically the same pose.

They remind me of some of those "Love and Nudity Are Beautiful" posters seen in psychedelic shops. Could it be that fanzine art is following the footsteps of the underground press? Actually there are some interesting



things going on in hippie-oriented art and I can see where fan artists would want to keep up with the best, but I hope it doesn't become an overwhelming trend.

I'm a Gilbert fan and his illos on 25, 40, and 41 remind me of Schoenherr's style. I don't mind Gilbert's art reminding me of Gaughan or Schoenherr because he does it well and is creative in his concepts. Rotsler is unique, very prolific, and deserves his popularity -- but after a decade of seeing gals with big boobs, guys with long noses, box-like props, and the clever captions in damned near every fanzine, I'm getting tired. Tim's cartoons are more relevant to today's fandom.

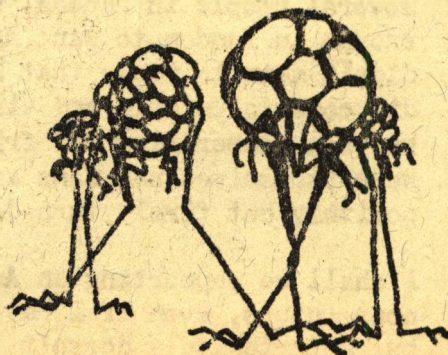
Linda, that 'thing' by Andy Porter on page 49 -- you gotta be kiddin'! My fault! I plead @ U I L T Y to that piece of rotten tracing. I should have electrostenciled the art, but problems with poor electronic stencils in ish #7 led me into litho and the mistaken belief that I (idiot that I am) could TRACE a simple line drawing. It worked out fairly well for the Rotsler's but on Andy's. ooooohhhhhhhhblotchhelpohmighod....forgive me Andy? My fault...shudder-LeB

As you pointed out, the lettercol reflects your interest, and that of your readers, for fan art and pro art. As for SF prozine art having a low average level...I think that may be debatable. Compared to magazines in other fields? Compared to hardbound books? Commercial art? Kirk brought up an interesting point in his letter and the whole thing could make for an exciting discussion. We've got an army of fan artists who could very shortly take over the pro field. Let's hear them voice their opinions. I agree, Linda, fan and pro art deserves more attention (being an artist I would say that, wouldn't I?) Good packaging certainly helps sell the product.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
35 Willard St.
Ottawa 1, Ontario

The contents varied a great deal and are sure to provoke comment. Personally I was surprised that you'd publish such an abysmal piece of work as "Sex at the Cons." It is apparently meant to be taken seriously since it fails totally as a satire and as a serious article it's in incredibly bad taste. I found it offensive and I'm certain that the femmefans of my acquaintance would have been insulted by it. I can only hope that 'Mr. Cummings' is merely a very, very bad satirist -- because if he isn't he is a disgrace to fandom and a totally pommous ass to boot. Believe me, the article was pure satire (maybe bad satire). I did think it was obviously a humorous article. I guess I must be weird, I thought it was funny. -LEB.

Jerry Lapidus has a lot to beef about but he chooses some poor arguments to make several points. This tends to weaken his extremely important and valid article. For example, a value





judgement to the effect that "Sharing of Flesh" or "Moon is a Harsh Mistress" were inferior to some of their competition (a value judgement with which I heartily concur, by the way) can not be used in any condemnation of the present Hugo system. One just cannot offer personal preferences to indicate the inherent falseness of the voting system. The 'proof' of Jerry's allegations lies in the correlation between place of appearance and chances of winning, and he should never have offered his own favorites as anything other than personal opinion. His case is damning enough

without adding spurious evidence. Jerry's proposed changes are definitely the 2 major weaknesses of the present set-up and I think he's come up with some workable alternatives. The third problem, that of acquainting fans with all nominees, could be solved by the regular publication of a Low-Down type one-shot. For the last 2 years, the Canadian fans have published it and will probably continue to do so. There are several distinct advantages to having a group unrelated to the con committee put out such a publication, even though the con committee could probably pub it faster and perhaps mail it with the final ballots. What the whole thing boils down to is whether or not the Hugos actually mean anything. Unfortunately, with the way things are set up now, the answer seems to be 'no.'

I state now, categorically, that Leland Sapiro did not buy con memberships for any Canadian fans. As I know the situation, Leland did buy memberships for several people in Saskatchewan, but these were not Canadian fans. The people who belong to what I would call "known Canadian fandom" have too much integrity to allow their votes to be bought. [Sorry, Mike. By Canadian fans, I just meant several people in Canada, and since I thought they were interested enough in fandom to want memberships, I called them 'fans.' But I didn't mean to imply that any known fans were involved.-LeB] Leland did come to Ontario and visit Ottawa and Toronto where he offered to buy con memberships for friends and relatives of local fans who were themselves not fans and had no interest in the con. He was politely but firmly turned down.

I shall be supporting an Austin-For-Fan Artist drive in the very near future, even if I have to start it myself. [Alicia is great, but unfortunately doesn't seem to produce much fan work. Her

work in ENERGUMEN and the PgHLANGE folio was exceptional, but this appeared in 1970, not 1969. She would be a good choice for fan artist next year, but I don't think a few illos in 1969 deserve a nomination. Fabian, Gilbert, Kirk, ConR, Rotsler and many others did a lot more in 1969. In fact, Mike, just what did Alicia do last year? A few illos in D:B, one in SFR, maybe a couple in LOCUS, and several in HUGIN AND MUNIN? 10 illos? 15? True, Alicia is a fine artist, perhaps stylistically the best, but compare her output in 1969 to Rotsler's umpteen cartoons or Mike Gilbert's & Steve Fabian's many fine portfolios and illos -- come on, Mike, Alicia deserves a nomination in '70 not in '69 art.-LeB/

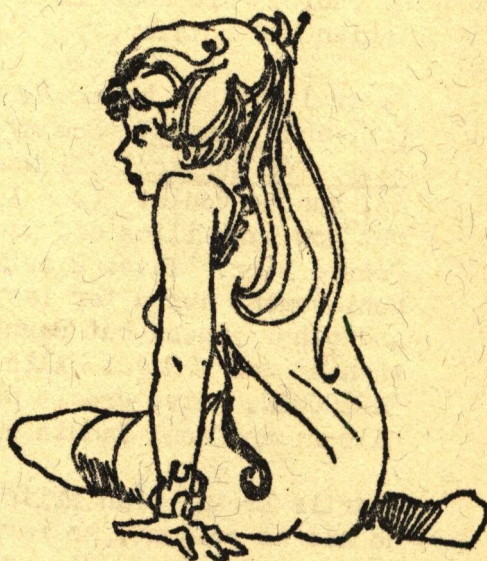
WE ALSO HEARD FROM whole bunches of people, many with fine LoCs, I wish I could reprint them all, but 44 pages + 9 pages of folios = a full zine. Much thanks to all those who did LoC. I need the encouragement and egoboo, and often comments are very helpful.

Larry Propp comments that ABC has a DARK SHADOWS type show of it's own: SINISTER PARADISE leaning toward voodoo and zombies. Mike Walsh sent a nice loc and several ideas for cat names, but really, Mike, Bilbo isn't a very good name for a female cat, and neither is Hugo. Elliot Shorter (for TAFF) complains about the large black areas on some stencils I've run. The drum feed machine can do them but my machine is especially hard. I've found the best method is to run my electric machine by hand, which is how I got some of the better repro this issue. Pauline Palmer, Mike O'Brien, Dave Burton, Bonnie Bergstrom, Joan Bowers, and Nancy Lambert also wrote.

Isaac Asimov comments: "I've always wanted to meet a girl with a bushy ager (provided it doesn't age me too fast.) Now who said the Doctor isn't a dirty old man?"

Bill Tredinnick, Derek Carter (who sent art), Mark Barclay, Ruth Berman, Dan Osterman (who sent art that I keep rejecting, poor baby), Sunday Eyster Jordane Yorkdale, Howard Green, Pvt. Jack West, Bill von der Linden, Rick Brooks, Neal Goldfarb, JayKay Klein, and bunches more sent postcards, letters, manuscripts, everything except money.....

We also heard from a little locust who sent along the somewhat delayed Hugo nominations. I am somewhat disgruntled by the fan nominees, but the pro choices seem quite good. If you'll turn the page you'll find them all, plus some comments of my own.....maybe next year fans will decide to award this year's achievement rather than that of a year or 2 ago's.



THE HUGO NOMINATIONS

To vote you must join Heicon (and this will also make you eligible to vote, by mail, for the site of the 1972 convention). Send \$5.70 to Heicon, 6272 Niedernhausen, Feldbergstr. 26A, W. Germany. All checks payable to Thea Molly Auler (U.S. personal checks are ok).

Novel: MACROSCOPE, THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, UP THE LINE, BUG JACK BARRON, SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE

Novella: "We All Died Naked", "A Boy and His Dog", "Ship of Shadows", "Dramatic Mission" and "To Jorslem"

Short Story: "Deeper than Darkness", "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones", "Winter's King", "Not Long Before the End" and "Passengers"

Dramatic: "The Bed-Sitting Room", "Illustrated Man", "The Immortal", "Marooned", and TV Coverage of Apollo XI

Pro Artist: Vaughn Bode, the Dillens, Kelley Freas, Jack Gaughan, Eddie Jones, Jeff Jones

Pro Mag: ANALOG, AMAZING, F&SF, GALAXY, and NEW WORLDS

Fan Mag: BEABOHEMA, LOCUS, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, SF REVIEW, SPECULATION

Fan Writer: Piers Anthony, Charlie Brown, Richard Delap, Dick Geis, Bob Tucker

Fan Artist: Alicia Austin, George Barr, Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk, Bill Rotsler

My choices are underlined above. Tough choosing between Kirk, Fabian and Rotsler.

Several choices bemused my Sense of Wonder. Beabohema? Over D:B, Odd, and Trumpet? See my "Best Zines of '69" for more detail. Riverside Quarterly? I wouldn't vote for it if Leland Sapiro paid me, and he would! (see lettercol) Alicia Austin? She is great, true, but how many illos did you see of hers in 1969? The same holds for George Barr. These 2 artists do great work, but the Hugo is an achievement award for last year. They did a few illos in D:B, TRUMPET, and other zines, but Barr's major work appeared several years ago when he won a Hugo. Alicia's work is beginning to appear now, in ENERGUMEN. Give credit where and when it is due. What happened to Gilbert and ConR Faddis who did so much and so well last year.

Charlie Brown: Fan Writer? Charlie is an editor, not a writer. He has no columns, no reviews, no LoCs, he just writes and edits material for Locus, Locus could deserve the award, Charlie doesn't.

"Time Considered...." was published first in 1968. Kelley Freas did practically no work last year. Everybody vote and please, vote wisely.

