

GRAN FALLOON 10



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editorial by Linda Bushyager

FOOT IN MOUTH DISEASE...a recurring ailment of mine. I'm very sorry about the goofs found primarily in Gruntle. I got uptight over the Egoboo poll which tended to praise many fans who haven't been very active in fandom recently. Warhoon actually did publish an issue in February, 1969. I had never received this issue, which is why I thought no issue had been published in 1969. Warhoon has just come out, and I'm glad to see this fine zine again. Apologies also go to Ted White, who indeed had written several good columns during the first part of this year.

Also apologies to any of you who took my advice on fanzine production as unbreakable rules as Dave Lewton and Arnie Katz did. I did not intend them as strict rules, only as hints. Nor did I intend to imply that Granfalloon is a sterling example, obviously it isn't. I sometimes type over mistakes instead of correcting each one, sometimes I print poorer artwork or articles, I'm not immune to mistakes, as these apologies prove. But I do try to put out as good a zine as I can -- and it can be no better than the material I receive and the amount of money I can afford to spend. I hope that most of you enjoy Gf.

ANOTHER APOLOGY... to poor Dave Burton. His illo on page 35 of Gf9 is upside down. Dale DiNucci helped me put last issue together, and put the illo in wrongside up. By the time I caught the mistake it was too late...the electronic stencil was firmly cemented into place.

WOW A GESTETNER! After 3 issues of Granfalloon run on a crazy A.B. Dick named Yngvi, I broke down and bought a brand new, model 320, electric Gestetner. Hopefully I won't have to crank by hand in order to print large black areas. Bear in mind that this is the trial run for the mimeo. I hope reproduction will improve.

AND I'M NAMING THE MIMCO Joan Eunice Johann Sebastian Bach Smith... If you haven't read Heinlein's new novel, Fear No Evil, be sure not to miss it. Galaxy has the dubious distinction of publishing what has got to be Heinlein's worst novel.

Heinlein has not lost his writing ability. He manages to weave a swiftly moving tale. The reader longs to discover "what will happen next." But half the eagerness comes from the reader's sheer incredulity at the plot. "What will happen next" translates into "what unbelievable thing is Heinlein going to toss at the reader next." The plot is a simple, boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl, with the added feature that in order to find girl boy becomes girl.

Johann Sebastian Bach Smith (no doubt Mike's bastard son) is an extremely rich old codger who remains alive through the miracles of modern science and his own stubbornness. He decides to somehow transfer his brain into another body. Since he is rich, he succeeds. Coincidence piles on coincidence as the reader discovers the transfer must occur between like blood types. Naturally Johann has an extremely rare type, but fortunately his beautiful secretary, Eunice, and her husband share types. Unfortunately Eunice is killed, but fortunately when Johann is transferred into her body he discovers she somehow is still there. Yes friends, Johann and Eunice can talk to each other -- so they do, for pages and pages. Johann decides to hide Eunice's existence. People might think he had gone crazy (wonder why).

Joan Eunice Smith, as she calls herself, then faces several crises, including establishing her legal identity and attracting the opposite sex. She finds no trouble whatsoever in doing the latter -- in fact, she lays every man in sight.

Characters? unbelievable...nobody acts like that. Plot? you've got to be kidding. Theme? it seems to be that sex is fun.

If this novel is nominated for a Hugo it will prove beyond doubt that people nominate by author alone. Fear No Evil is an unbelievable experience, similar to being run over by a mack truck.

RON MILLER is an Ohio fan who's been around for several years, basking in anonymity. This issue contains lots of his excellent artwork, including a folio. I hope you like it as much as I do. I also hope Ron will start appearing in other fanzines and receive the recognition he deserves.

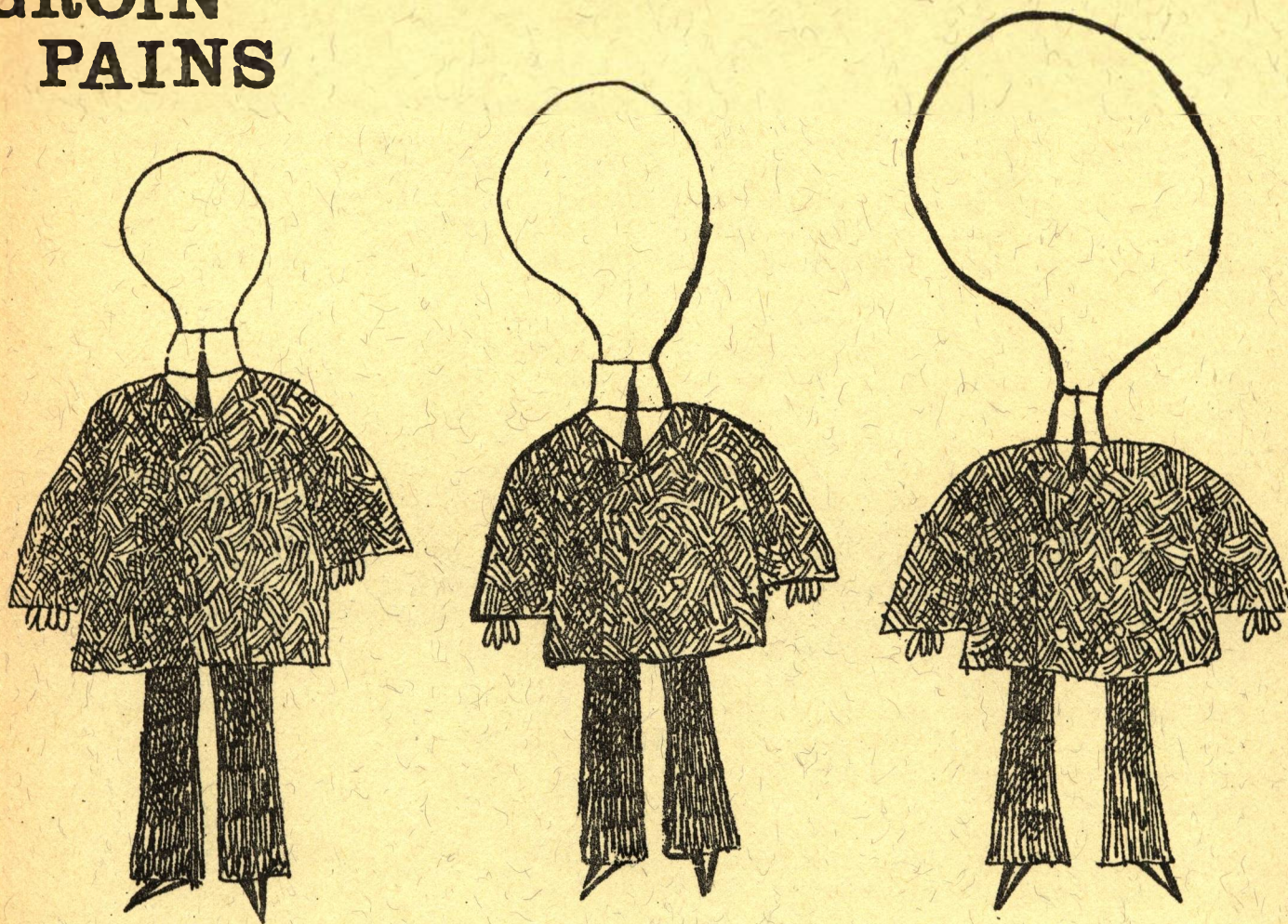
CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED... I can certainly use material. Articles on fandom, fannish articles, fanzine reviews, columns, film reviews, and letters will be happily received. Artwork should be ink (although felt-tip pen will be adequate) on white paper, no larger than 8 by 11. I can use all sizes, including covers and folios.

PgHLANGE ... This year's regional was extremely good. Harlan Ellison proved an excellent GoH. We had lots of fun. Next year's con will be held at the Chatham Center on August 7th. Lester del Rey will be the Guest of Honor, with Robert Silverberg on hand as GoH Emeritus.

* * * * *

FOR SALE: One slightly used 20-year-old, electric, Model 435 A.B. Dick mimeo. It's actually in good working order, and can produce good copy -- as seen in the last Gf. \$75 but you'll have to provide transportation.

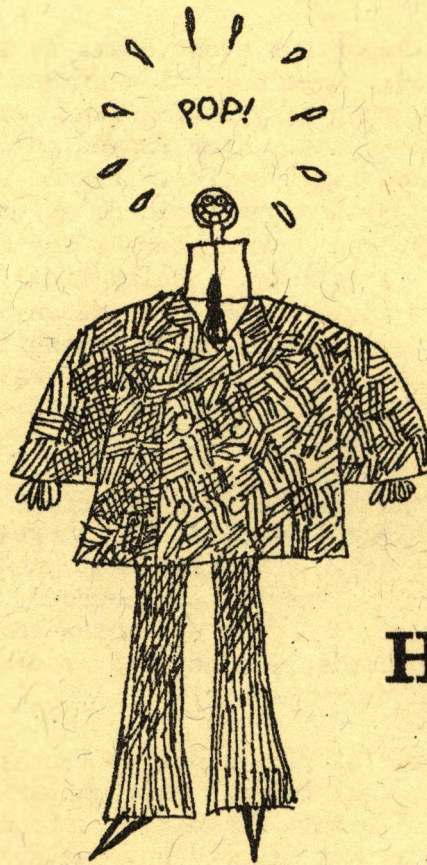
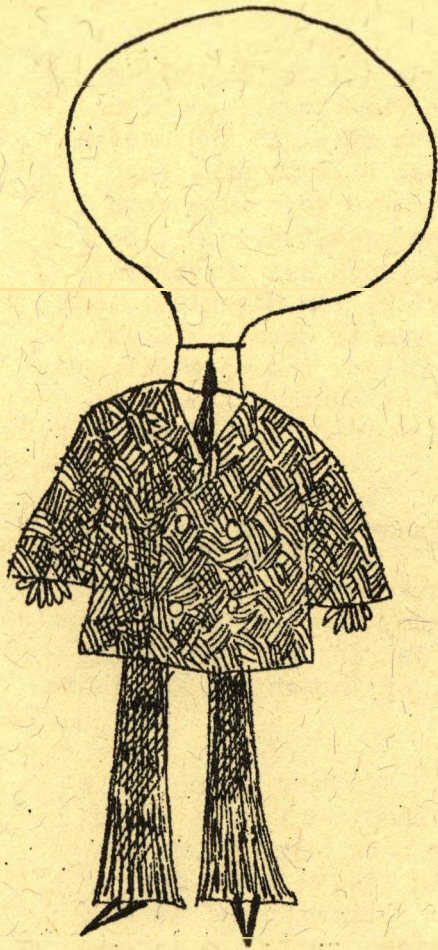
GROIN PAINS



Long before The Prisoner started people to claim themselves not to be numbers, fans were dashing about in all directions claiming that their fandoms had numbers. Half in jest, half seriously, the phenomenon known as Seventh Fandom grew out of this concept of numbered fandoms. 7th Fandom either destroyed or made permanent the concept of numbered fandoms, according to who is talking about it. Some of today's fans who weren't even old enough to study Modern Sandpile in kindergarten when Seventh Fandom was in its glory are talking nostalgically about it.

The historical facts about the start of Seventh Fandom are fairly well established. In October, 1952 Bob Silverberg predicted the start of 7th Fandom by the end of 1953 in Quandry. Less than a year later, a group of fans decided to make sure his prophecy came true. For the first time, a numbered fandom was proclaimed as it was alleged to be starting. There seems to have been a mixture of earnest and jesting people in the group that made most of the noise about their status as 7th Fandom pioneers, and it's quite probable that not all of them were fully aware of how seriously the others took it.

Now, I have lived through most of these numbered fandoms and I have never been able to detect the differences between them that some fannish scholars have dis-



HARRY WARNER JR.

cerned. The believers in numbered fandoms claim that each of them possesses general characteristics somewhat different from those that precede and follow. But until the 7th Fandom movement, it hadn't occurred to anyone to try to define a new fandom while in progress; you were supposed to proclaim it from the distance of the passing of time. Why did 7th Fandom come into being as a deliberate movement? Nobody has ever answered that question with reasons that explain the failure of 6th Fandom or 8th Fandom to have standardbearers and organizations of their own as they came into reality.

Maybe the very number 7 had something to do with it. Sinbad had 7 voyages; there had been splendid silent and sound movies about the 7th heaven; it was the accepted number to which the deadly sins total; many exciting things about the number appear in Revelations; and wasn't destiny at work when the wildest fan party in history had taken place in room 770 of the Nolacon hotel?

Nowadays, Seventh Fandom gets a rather poor press. For instance, the Fancyclopedia II devotes half of the 15 lines allotted to the phenomenon to disapproving remarks. But for those of us who had lived through Degler and New Fandom and

a few other things, Seventh Fandom was something that could be chuckled at from a safe distance, and those who claimed to be Seventh Fandom seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely.

The movement's first important event seems to have been a meeting in Harlan Ellison's Cleveland apartment some time before the 1953 Midwescon. On hand at this HEcon were a group of youthful fans, many of them still in the neofan status: Dave Ish, Karl Olsen, Norm Browne, Jack Harness, Bill Dignin, John Magnus, Sally Dunn, and Ray Schaffer. Fandom seemed to have come into dark days just then: Quandry had just folded, an event whose magnitude can't be exaggerated, and many people who later became faanish legends had temporarily or permanently begun to gaffiate: Shelby Vick, Max Keasler, Ian Macauley, and others. Browne later insisted that the HEcon decision was to create 7th Fandom as a hoax. Ellison remembered it somewhat differently: the movement, he said, "started half in jest, half in folly, with a sort of subconscious eye cocked to the possibility that in it we might establish reputations of lasting worth."

The 1953 Midwestcon was the first major impact of 7th Fandom on the remainder of fandom. Bob Bloch's reaction is interesting: "In Ohio," he wrote in the August, 1953, Fiendetta, "as you must know, a number of characters ran around proclaiming themselves to be members of this vague, nebulous group. In recent fanmags received, a number of others come right out in print and admit that they are the vanguards, the heralds, the apostles, or the actual Messianic presences of the Seventh."

Ellison was quite proud of 7th Fandom at the Midwescon. "In that group there was none of the shame and ridicule and immaturity that showed up later. And showed up not through Seventh Fandomers but through the pack of mad dogs and infuriated left-outers that clung to our heels." The 7th Fandom crowd demonstrated unity by sleeping in two beds pushed together. Ellison found himself in the approximate middle of the slumbering group one night, and when he woke in the morning, he discovered no trace of one of his legs. He was trying to decide who might have amputated it when he located it where it had slipped out of sight between the two beds.

This was also the first con that Dean A. Grennell attended, and you will find fans even today who think Grennell was the impetus for good things about 7th Fandom. Joel Nydahl, another non-conspirator who was absent from the HEcon, is linked inextricably with the zeitgeist, too, as publisher of Vega, whose enormous final issue has become so famous that many fans forget the importance of the smaller issues that preceded it. Ted White thinks that Psychotic (yes, the Very Same Psychotic Which became SF Review, several centuries later) might have been a separate 7th Fandom of its own.

But those who claimed themselves 7th Fandomites made the biggest splash. Ellison published a couple of issues of a newsletter, Seventh Fandom, and sought to collect opinions on what 7th Fandom should be by means of a ballot. Some outsiders who sought to become Seventh Fandomites, Harlan once recalled, didn't realize that it "wasn't a club; it was a loose-knit group of people who had achieved something. It was a select group of fans who were after the brightest things in fandom." He claimed that none of the 25 fans on the mailing list for his newsletter ever published a crudzine.

Norm Browne was perhaps the first to demonstrate deviation from Ellison's intentions. He mimeographed a pamphlet that proposed things like infiltration of FAPA, got angry when others disagreed, and defected from 7th Fandom. And the original 7th Fandom concept didn't jibe very well with the more alarming

things that some fans claiming the status began to do. What the Fancyclopedia II delicately describes as "overly public sessions of stewing and wooing" may have contributed to the Midwescon's forced move from its traditional locale, Beatley's resort hotel on Ohio's Indian Lake. The 7th Fandom label was justly or unjustly attached to the celebrated Harmon-Ellison encounter at the 1954 Midwescon: Harlan waterbagged Jim, and the latter put his fist through the door to Harlan's room. Burt Satz would be a forgotten name in fandom if he hadn't had one great moment at a worldcon, when in the presence of some 7th Fandomites he carried out a threat to drink some Wildroot Cream Oil.

Birdbath was a symbol of 7th Fandom. It was used both as a war cry and as a Freudian euphemism. Besides, Harlan took a real one to the 1952 and 1953 Midwescons at Beatley's. What Pogo had been to the Quandry-dominated 6th Fandomites, Mad Magazine became to 7th Fandom: a mundane professional production which somehow meshed with the fannish spirit. The magazine, it should be remembered, was in those days a much wiser, deeper-biting publication than the masses-oriented magazine which still bears the same title.

Since it wasn't a formal organization, 7th Fandom had no official clubzine. But it did create its own apa. There were 3 real mailings of 7APA and an aborted 4th that was never completely distributed; a complete set must be among the rarest of all fannish collector's items today.

Some authorities feel that 7th Fandom remained a real force for 2 years. But its major manifestations didn't last even that long. Before the end of 1953 Nydahl's Disease struck, in the form of an issue of Vega so enormous that its editor never regained strength for more fanac. Dave Ish vanished around the 1953 Philcon. Olsen and Browne suspended regular publication before that convention. By 1954 a new set of important fans had begun to appear, Peter Vorzimer established the Cult; Psychotic became an important force; and in May 1954 Silverberg, who had so innocently started the whole thing, daringly announced that 6th Fandom was still in existence. Vernon L. McCain embodied the revulsion to 7th Fandom's more extreme manifestations: "7th Fandom pitchforked us right back into the infancy of 1st Fandom. We inherited the stage and have buried our predecessors." By 1955, Charles Wells was claiming to have been the originator of the whole 7th Fandom movement and disclaimed all knowledge of hoax intentions on the part of the HEcon group. Silverberg spoke again at the end of that year, suggesting that 7th Fandom was the last of the numbered fandoms, because "the vast expansion of fandom in recent years, its overwhelming decentralization, makes it impossible to characterize it any further." Larry Shaw put it another way: "Simply stacking one fandom on top of another is no longer a useful way even to remember events, much less to gain perspective on them. 7th Fandom demolished the numbering system."

I think it's safe to conclude that 7th Fandom was nothing more than a group of talented young people growing up together simultaneously in fandom. I feel certain that they were better people in later life for having gotten out of their system some of their more exciting bits of behavior during 7th Fandom's brief burst of glory. They provide an example to be kept in mind whenever we find ourselves tempted to grow annoyed at the ways of comics fans or Trekkies: most people mature.

Besides, without 7th Fandom, one of the most famous statements in fandom's history would never have been made. Describing his emotions when thinking about those who opposed violently the true 7th Fandomites in Psychotic, Harlan Ellison wrote: "7th Fandom could have been a thing of laughter and joy and forward-striding for everyone, like the mammoth composite 7th Fandom fanzine that was to be issued. But the Mad Dogs have kneed us in the groin."

Another installment of my visual-tactile impressions of fans. Watch out, reader. Who knows when you'll be next?

CRAYDON ARCAND: cornflowers in an obsidian vase

BRAD BALFOUR: the gleam of some small, feral creature's teeth

RON BOUNDS: an oaken keg

JEANNIE DIMODICA: supple oiled black leather coils

ALEXIS GILLILAND: an antique ivory chessman

DOLL GILLILAND: a slate-colored junco

MIKE GLICKSOHN: the fur of a golden Labrador retriever

by Sandra Miesel

SENSIES II

ALICE HALDEMAN: a black pearl hatpin

JAY HALDEMAN: knotty pine

LORI HALDEMAN: a blue-eyed white mouse

GAY HALDEMAN: long, narrow grass rippling in the wind

JOE HALDEMAN: a cylinder of opaque gray plastic

ALEX KRISLOV: a black bear wearing a jeweled collar

LLOYD KROPP: an Aran island sweater

RICHARD LABONTE: a vicuna jacket in a discreet shade of toast

NANCY LAMBERT: assorted sizes of blue and white marbles imbedded in a sheet of clear plastic

ANNE MCCAFFERY: a highly polished white limestone sculpture

MICHAEL O'BRIEN: a spiral ribbon of pale pink nacre

MARK OWINGS: a fresh gouda cheese

DANNY PLACHTA: an unbleached muslin pillow case, only partially stuffed with down

LARRY PROPP: dubonnet silk plush



DEAN MCLAUGHLIN: a smooth, translucent glass paperweight

GREG SHREVE: a chair upholstered with nubby amber wool

TED WHITE: a soapless steel wool pad

ROGER ZELAZNY: marvelously smooth dark tropical wood carved all over with intricately interlaced cords and tendrils

THE FIRST POINT OF ARIES

RON MILLER

AN EXPLANATION: "What makes a painting a work of art? I believe it's the beholder," says Mike Gilbert in Gf9. This, in one form or another, has been expressed by innumerable fans -- fan-artists particularly. It provides them with an avenue of escape. If their artwork is unappreciated, well, then the beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and if you don't like it, there's probably somebody else who does. It would be terribly nice if this were true: its conveniences are readily appreciable. Things, alas, are not so simple.

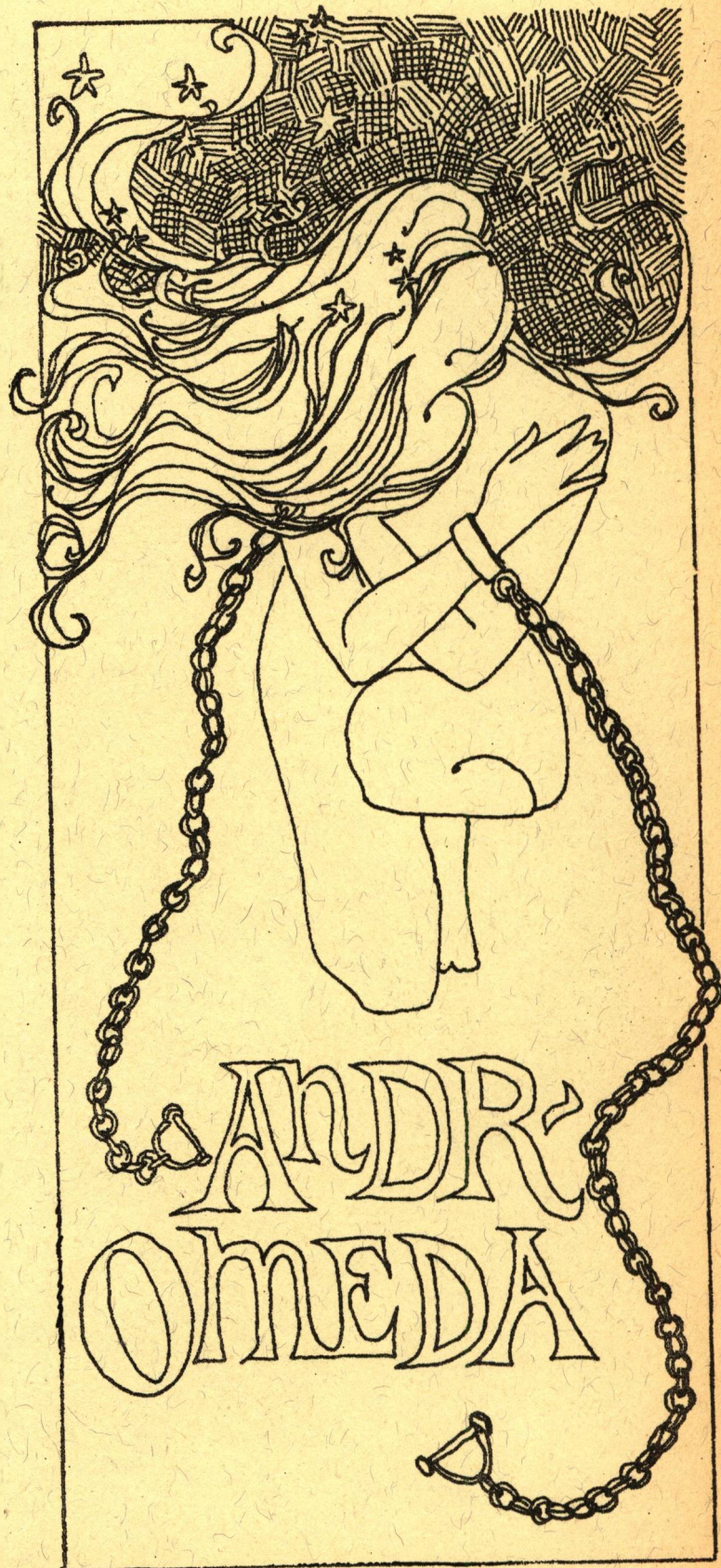
What, then, does make a painting? The sole criteria for determining whether or not a piece of art is successful, and consequently good or bad, is how well, and if, it excites the aesthetic emotion. How well it does this is entirely up to the artist. Otherwise, whatever significance of form, shape, line, or color the artist may incorporate into his work becomes accidental and random -- depending solely upon the chance associations of the viewer, whether he be critic or layman. However, not everyone is capable of appreciating a work of art beyond the lowest level of personal associations. When looking at a piece of art, they instinctively refer its visual forms to the forms of their own world. "They treat created form as though it were imitated form..." and for these people art has nothing more to offer than what they themselves put into it. Nothing has been added to their experience, nothing has come from the work to them.

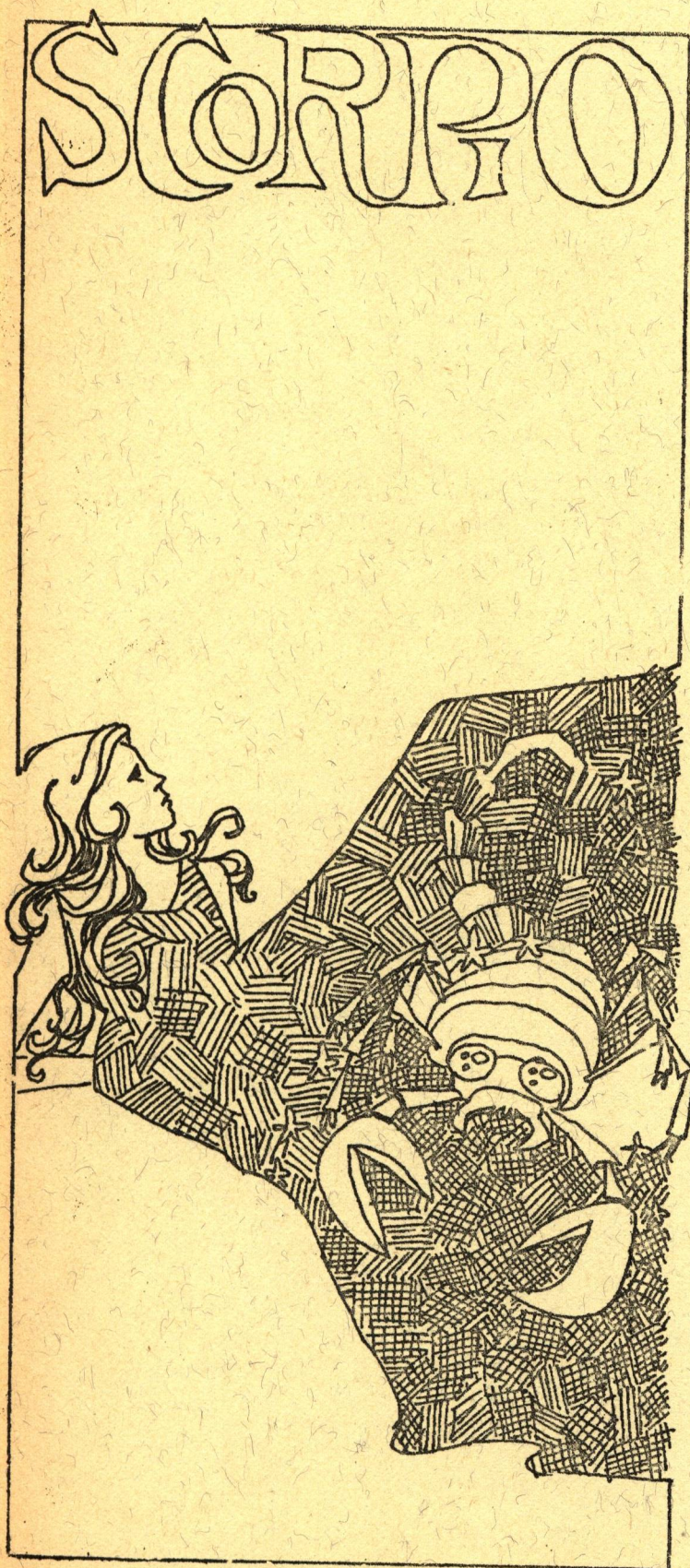
The pure aesthetics of artwork has no relation to the world we live in. The most representative illustration has significance of form, the abstract equivalent of the worldly shapes rendered that, if properly arranged and executed by the artist, can to the aware viewer stir emotions more profound and pure than any created by mere subject.

The aesthetic emotion, then, what is that? An emotion similar to that state of mind the mathematician must feel when immersed in his calculations: "...an emotion for his speculations which arises from no perceived relation between them and the lives of men..." It is identical to that emotion, that is neither love, fear, hate, nor anger, that is felt when listening to music. When music is appreciated as pure form, when all banal associations suggested by the composition -- worldly emotions of mystery, love, sadness, or images of charging horses, storms or whatever -- are surpassed by the mind, then that emotion felt is the aesthetic emotion, which is why most music's only title is its opus number: the composer's sole intent is the creation of significant form and not subjective representation.. All works of art possess the common quality of significant form, and thus the capability of arousing the aesthetic emotion. For anyone to look beyond significance of form for worldly emotions is a weakness.

It is the quality of the form in a work of art that determines its ability to awaken the aesthetic emotion, and the degree to which it does. Form may be abstract, it may be color, or line, or shape; it may be realistically representative -- but if so must be appreciated as form -- the abstract equivalent.

Those, then, are the aesthetic standards by which I shall judge art -- but illustration, and particularly SF illustration as we shall see, requires an additional set of criteria. Illustration differs from fine art in that its primary concern is the telling of a story, and to do this as, secondarily, aesthetically as possible. How well can a particular illustration tell its story? It has many ways to do this: through action, in which two-dimensional





design plays a large part; mood, with emphasis on color or chiaroscuro; content; et cetera. All of these must be taken into consideration. Then there is the manner in which the artist chooses to best convey his art: the technique. This is the individual handwriting of the artist and his skill at it either makes or breaks him. The most exciting design is ruined by insensitive color, or infamiliarity with materials.

This is where a problem arises in the criticism of SF art: the field is so small -- there are so few illustrators working wholly within it -- that each one can be unique. There can be no more difference than there is between Gaughan, the Dillons, Jones, and so forth -- which allows them to become individual within SF. However, no critique of their work could be fair or comprehensive if there is no comparison between them and others who are equal to or superior within their individual frames of reference. That is, there can be no worthwhile comparisons among SF artists themselves.

Ranging outside the field, however is infinitely more enlightening. Gaughan is a pen-and-ink virtuoso, this is true enough, and there are few if any better in all SF. Yet how does he stand up against Alan E. Cober, David Stonre Martin, Maurice Sendak, or James Hill? Not well at all, I'm afraid. And most of these men are among the top illustrators in the country and have, at one time or another, delved into SF or fantasy (notably Cober). How well do the Dillons' (without doubt the best artists in the genre) graphic techniques compare with the organic woodcuts of Jacob Landau? Sticking with just those outside artists who

have to some extent worked in SF, how well do SF's best compare with Don Ivan Punchatz, Bob McCall, Sanford Kossin and Paul Calle (who started their careers for the pro-zines, soon leaving them -- why?), Mark English, Milton Glaser, Herb Danska, and others. The ironic thing is that most of the very best SF illustration has been done by these outside artists who dipped momentarily into the field.

I cannot in all conscience eliminate these people from my consideration, or fairly ignore them when judging SF illustration. SF art, like its writing, cannot stand apart from the rest of the world. It must at least keep up simply by just being SF should make every endeavor to be ahead of the rest -- to innovate, explore new possibilities. So far, with few exceptions, SF art has not only failed to do this, but has remained years and even decades behind the "Mainstream!"

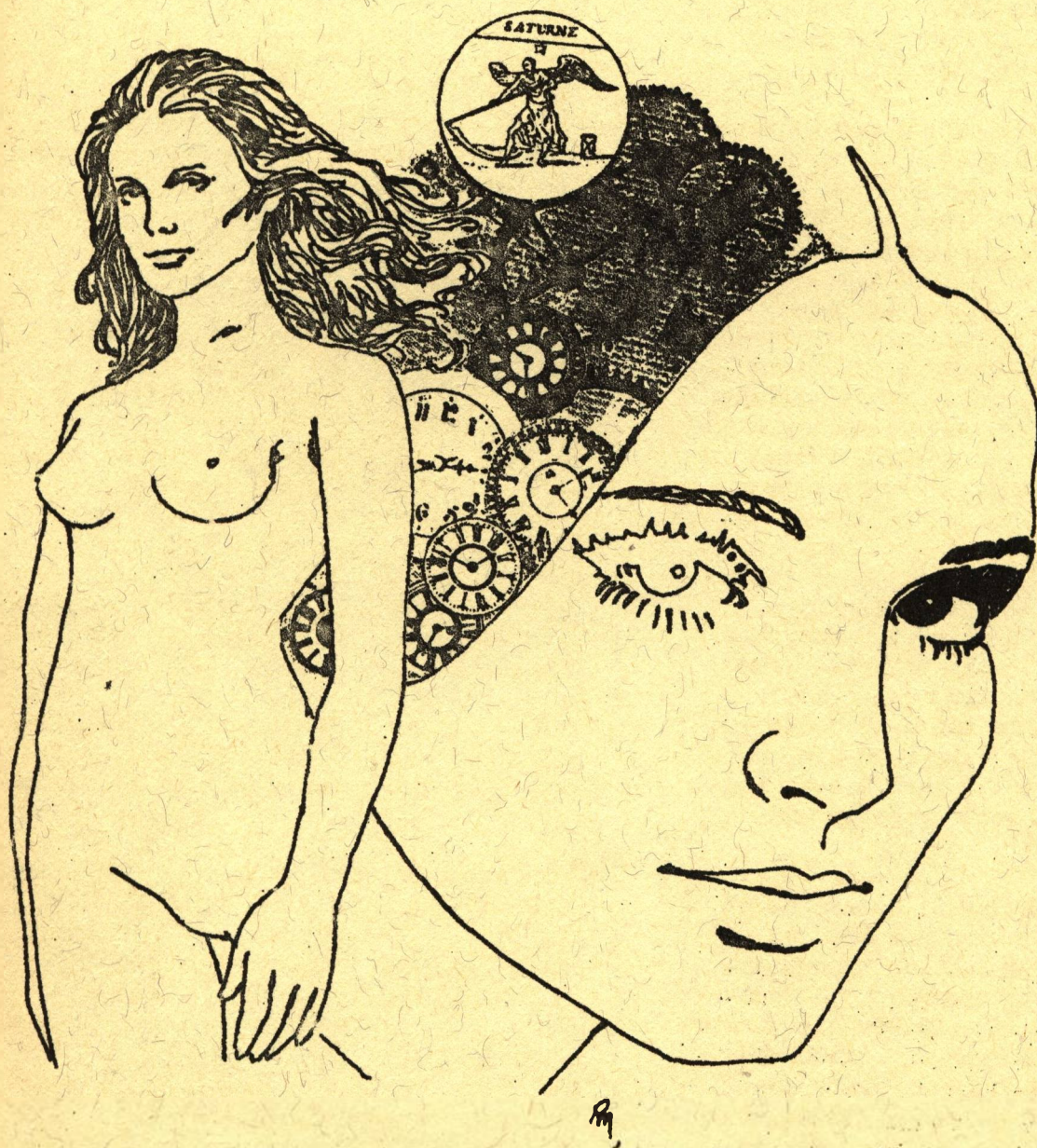
SF is the oldest literary form, yet SF art predates it. Long before men were able to write down their tales, artist delineated them. When, in the last century and a half, SF came into its own as a distinct literary genre, its art too, developed equally and accompanied it.

In the history of illustration itself, SF has often provided an outlet for imaginative experimentation in both technique and subject. Yet in the 1920's creativity and quality vanished. Since then the image has been of BEM's and scantily-clad maidens. There has been little, if anything, commendable in those 50 years. Paul, Bok, Emsh, Schomberg -- how well do they stand up against contemporary illustration? Against any aesthetic standards? (Continued page 18.)



pghlange 2:

HARLAN ON MY MIND



nancy lambert

In a way, this is a con report, because Harlan Ellison was not just GoH at PgHLANGE II, he was PgHLANGE II. His personality pervaded the con, he was its focal point. He and the students from Clarion set the atmosphere for the weekend.

This was Harlan's farewell address to the troops. After 20 years he's leaving fandom, as of this con. Although he seemed to enjoy himself during this weekend, he made it very plain in his GoH speech that he's had it with fandom, with being the whipping boy of the more loudmouthed segment of fandom, with being the victim of childish practical jokes, with "wasting time on foolishness while the world is dying"; he'll keep in touch with his personal friends in fandom, and of course he'll continue writing -- more, and better, he says -- but no more cons, no more open communication with insular fandom.

PgHLANGE was timed to occur the weekend after Harlan's week at Clarion. He showed up on Friday afternoon wrung out from what must have been a classic drive through the wilds of the Western Pennsylvania countryside (Clarion is maybe 80 miles NNW of Pittsburgh -- in a straight line. There are no straight lines on Pennsylvania roads) with a carful of kids none of whom (including Harlan) knew how to get to the Chatham Center. Nearly all of the Clarion class (24 potential and actual writers, 14 guys and 10 girls, ranging from teenagers to late 20's) came to PgHLANGE and registered that afternoon.

A word about Clarion, in case there's actually someone in fandom who hasn't heard of it: it's a six-week summer writing workshop held at Clarion College under the direction of Dr. Robin Scott Wilson. Dr. Wilson teaches the first and sixth week and each of the other four weeks is taken by another established SF writer. Damon and Kate (Wilhelm) Knight (functioning as one unit), Fritz Leiber, and Harlan have been regulars; the empty slot was taken by Judith Merrill the first year, Frederick Pohl the second, and Samuel R. Delany this year. Other professional writers come in (at their own expense) as assistants, observing and helping where needed. Clarion may well be the most intensive and productive writing program around. It's a rough session for the students; they turn out a lot of work and take a lot of criticism. But it's a good training ground for people to produce the quality of speculative fiction that can rescue SF from a bug-eyed-monster reputation.

The con itself was a lot of fun. Bob Silverberg was there as permanent GoH Emeritus of PgHLANGE; this means that he doesn't have to do anything, but he did some stuff this time anyway out of the goodness of his heart or the irresistible pull of fandom or whatever. More about that later.

Harlan and the Silverbergs seemed relaxed that night at the con suite party, and also the following night at the con party and the Canadian party (a good bunch -- Mike Glicksohn's beard and hair are growing in again, too). There were a few typically Harlanesque incidents -- rumors flew around (unverified and probably exaggerated) that Harlan had threatened to throw someone out the window for an insult -- but nothing too out of character or too serious.

The Clarion kids showed up en masse with Harlan at the Canadians' party, turning it from small and intimate to big and relatively noisy, but very nicely connish.

The Clarion people have a group entity that almost shimmers around them: Jeannie DiModica described it as an "invisible protective shield" that cuts them off a little from the rest of the world and enhances communication among them. They all adore Harlan, but not doggishly. And they're all obviously closely intimate with each other. It's as though they've been through a six-weeks-long sensitivity training session with a series of six trainers, each of whom increased the bond within the group while becoming part of the group and the bond himself. And the gestalt doesn't

die. Excepting for a few who choose to stay on the fringes -- a choice respected by the rest -- the Clarion people stay in touch with each other. It's a growth experience as well as a craft situation.

Harlan is at his best with the Clarion group. He is dealing with idealistic, talented young people who have so much drive to write that they will spend six weeks in a grueling training session, in many cases turning out more work in that six weeks than they have in their whole writing careers up to that time, missing sleep, taking biting criticism, and producing fresh, creative fiction of a quality that is rarely seen in run-of-the-mill SF pulp (Sturgeon's Law applies to the SF world too, you know).

However iconoclastic Harlan may be, he's dead serious when it comes to writing. His work always shows a deep personal involvement and a lot of introspection, as well as the ordinary blood-and-sweat work involved in writing. So when he's with others as serious about writing as he is, he doesn't have to be defensive, and his sensitivity can come through. The Clarion students, in turn, become sensitive to him as a person. One of the girls privately related an example of how perceptive and empathetic he can be: she had been depressed by a hang-up which she thought she was keeping entirely to herself; but Harlan took her aside one day, pointed out her problem to her, and told her to do something about it. The incident shook her up enough to make her straighten it out. This is a Harlan that most people never get a chance to see, sadly enough.

The next day Harlan was being thoroughly himself. He offered to moderate a panel on women in SF (which he decided was to be a panel on Women's Lib) and, contrary to his stated views in favor of the equality of the sexes, completely dominated the panel of four women by sheer force of personality.

At the banquet that night, the GoH speech, with introductions, was what could only be described as memorable. The ten people at the head table (Harlan, the Silverbergs, Lester Del Rey, and the Con committee officers and escorts) put their heads together during dinner and came up with a good-natured scheme by which everyone ended up introducing someone else and being introduced by someone else and being introduced by someone else (including a brief stopover from left to right through Harlan and Bob Silverberg) before Silverberg finally got around to introducing Harlan, in a long, funny, and probably libelous speech that had Harlan (and everyone else) doubled up laughing.

Harlan introduced all of the Clarion students who were attending the banquet. One of them, Russell Bates, is only two years away from becoming hereditary Shaman of the Kiowa tribe. This fellow, Harlan said, was to be treated with respect, if you knew what was good for you; the first time Harlan ventured to criticize one of his stories, rain clouds gathered -- in the classroom! Another one, Steve Herbst, nicknamed "Terrible," drove the fateful car with Harlan and Jim Sallis down from Clarion. The story of that drive was related with true emotional intensity, breaking up the entire audience -- including Terrible and his lady friend (who played a significant part in the story).

The meat of Harlan's speech, of course, was that he has left fandom. He made that decision at St. Louiscon last September, but by that time he had already committed himself to be GoH at PgHLANGE. So PgHLANGE was to be his last con. (He had lived up to this, too, except for a brief business stopoff at Lunacon in April.) He gave basically the same reasons that he had given at St. Louiscon: it had become too much the thing to do in fandom to dump on Harlan. Fans played childish practical jokes that cost him time, money, and considerable

annoyance; he kept being attacked in the fanzines by people who didn't know what they were talking about; in general, people were willing to believe any dreadful thing they heard about him, no matter how unsubstantiated, just because he was Harlan.

You could see his vulnerability coming through, and it hurt, if you could empathize at all with him. Harlan personally seems pretty tough; one would think that he could stand the practical jokes, and anyhow he tends to invite that sort of thing. He can shout back in the fanzines with the best of them (in fact, at the banquet he thoroughly enjoyed putting down Jeff Smith, who had written a nasty letter to Granfalloon about Harlan and some of his stories. Harlan read excerpts from the letter -- which can be really devastating, with Harlan doing the reading). But it's a truism by now that the very people who continually set themselves up for ego blows and cut-downs are the ones who are the most sensitive to them and the most hurt by them.

So the reasons Harlan gave for leaving fandom are perfectly adequate on the surface. But somehow they just don't jibe; it seems impossible that anyone so completely and intensely a writer would cut himself off from a major medium of communication in his field for reasons that have nothing to do with writing. There must be something else.

As for what this something else might be: everyone who went to St. Louiscon will remember an unpleasant incident at the Masquerade Ball. Someone (appropriately costumed as Charlie Brown) fell against the movie screen hanging against the back wall behind the runway, tearing it along a seam. Harlan, who had been out to dinner and had got back near the end of the masquerade, encountered Ray and Joyce Fisher and asked them why they had such long faces. They explained what had happened, and he volunteered to ask for donations to pay for the damage. Elliott Shorter, who was emceeding the masquerade, gave him the mike, and he made the appeal then and there, explaining that about \$250 would be needed (a figure given him by Ray Fisher). Fannish spirit prevailed, and nearly twice that amount was collected. Since it would be infeasible to return the extra, Ray told Harlan to announce that the extra would go toward a beer blast on Monday night. Harlan did so; the crowd cheered. But then someone pointed out that there was no way to buy the beer (Monday was Labor Day, of course). At this point, Glenn Cook, one of the Clarion boys, came to Ray and asked if Clarion could have the excess money. Ray said yes, and asked Harlan to announce it.

Now the classic ~~what-we-have-here-is-a-failure-to-communicate~~ situation arises. Nearly everyone in fandom has a different idea of just what did happen: who decided where the money would go, and what eventually happened. Some hold that the Clarion people, who knew that Robin Wilson was having trouble raising money for this year, asked Ray for a donation, and that Ray agreed to a donation but not specifically to a donation of the excess money collected then, whereupon Harlan misunderstood the situation. The anti-Harlan segment of fandom decided that Harlan had simply misappropriated the extra money and sent it to Clarion without anyone's permission -- to pay his own salary there for the next summer. This turned into one of the more popular rumors. What is sure is that the idea of a donation to Clarion came originally, not from Harlan, but from the Clarion students there.

The various rumors and general misunderstandings led the Business Meeting to establish an emergency fund with the money, to be used at any Worldcon and administered by Joe Hensley.

The banquet, held the night prior to the Business Meeting had focused much pressure on Harlan. Harlan had heard nothing of the rumors until that night, when he was about to mount the speaker's platform at the banquet. Bruce Pelz collared him and told him something of what was being said, and suggested that he say something. Harlan did so, trying to explain what a good thing Clarion is; but he pretty much lost control of the crowd, simply because he didn't realize that they were mad at him -- rather than at Clarion -- for what they thought was a unilateral decision on his part. It was a real mess of misunderstanding; and it wasn't helped at all by someone's throwing a dangerous charge of firecrackers at Harlan's door after the banquet. Nobody realized just how much all this had upset him until later, at a small private WPSFA party, when he was told what rumors were going around, and you could see him reacting to slurs on his motivations about Clarion.

The next day, Harlan gave a speech that was supposed to be about the state of things in science fiction. It was then that he announced that he was leaving fandom to concentrate on writing about the current scene, where it's at now, and so on, because he was tired of what fandom was doing to him.

No, Harlan isn't leaving fandom just because of the practical jokes. It's more serious than that. He may very well have a deepset dissatisfaction with what fandom has become -- and with what it has not become -- in the world of SF and in the world of literature. But specifically, he's deeply shocked and upset that fandom is so insensitive to what Clarion means to the SF world. At Clarion, with the Clarion students, he's his best possible self and doing his most creative work, training other people to write -- something that he is very serious about. Fandom can't be expected to understand what Clarion really is -- they'd have to attend Clarion and become part of the group entity to do that -- but to question Harlan's integrity as a writer and a teacher just might be enough to make him abandon fandom for good.

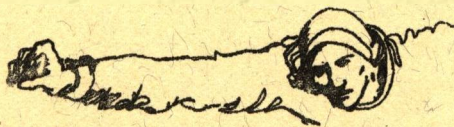
But as Elliott Shorter said at the end of Harlan's speech at PgHLANGE: "We'll miss you, Harlan."

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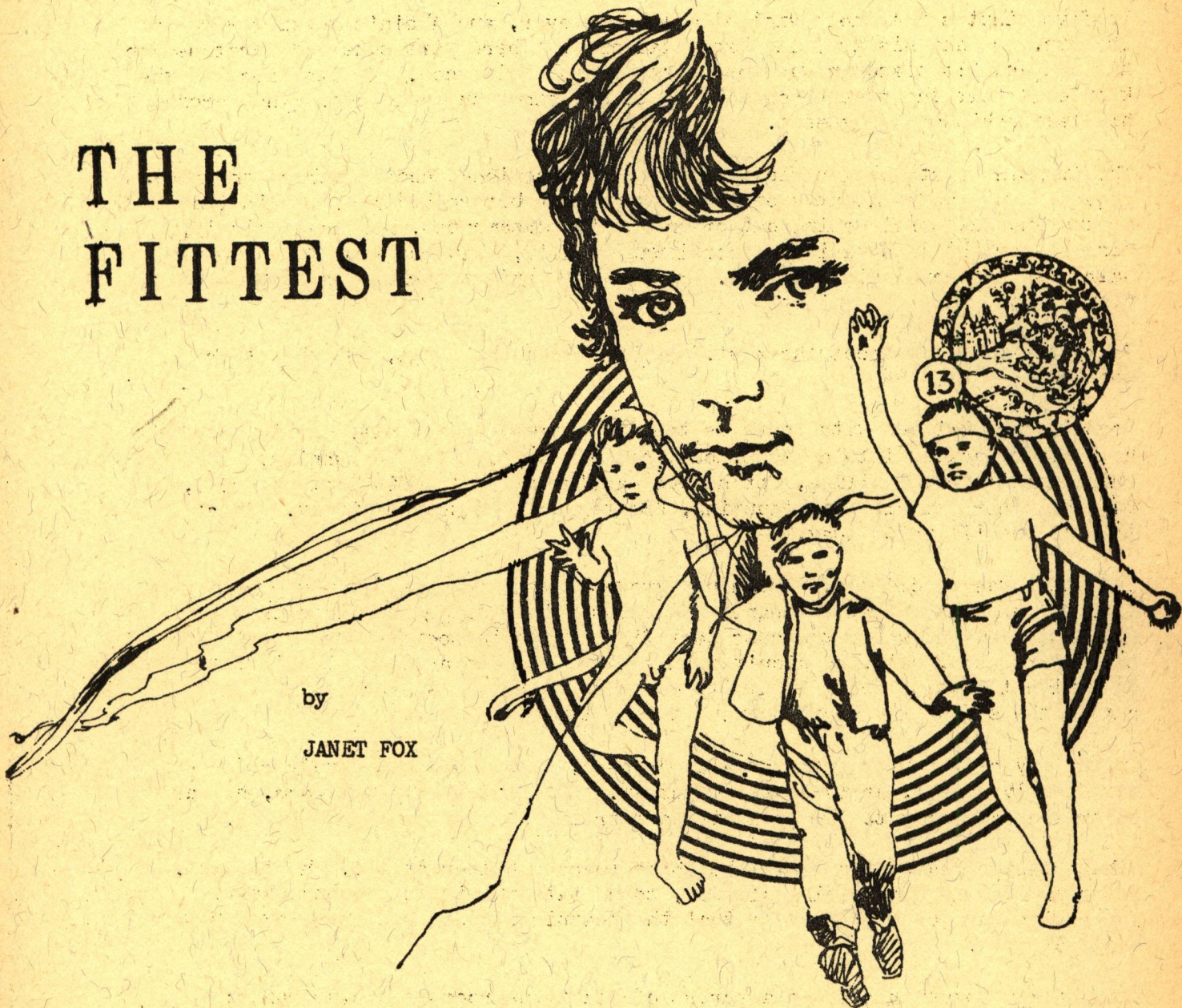
(continued from page 13) Bok was unique, no one else worked like him in SF, so were Emsh and Paul: each unique, with no possibility of internal comparisons. Once again, why the reputation? Is it only a lack of taste on the part of editors? Or, rather, was it lack of money originally -- or the unwillingness to spend it -- that prevented the hiring of talented artists, then the lack of prestige this image fostered, and finally, the nostalgia of fans that kept illustrations of stories of the future back in the 30's?

SF art is emotionally and structurally vacuous; its insensitive and indiscriminate use of form and, especially, color -- which has always been raw, and straight from the tube -- has never been able to compensate for a lack of pictorial integrity. A visual entity must be created that is both an aesthetic and emotional organization of elements: an art of utilitarian and aesthetic significance. SF's prime failure is its inability to utilize contemporary communication symbols.

THE FITTEST

by

JANET FOX



The playground of Creche 13 bubbled and spilled over with color as the children made good use of their evening recess time. They raced among the translucent dreamcubes and the spidery arms of the force-field tumblers. Ambin was a leader of one group and he led them in a mock war with another gang. Both boys and girls were equally involved, in fact it was hard to tell which was which since their hair was all cut at one length and they wore identically cut plas-kins.

Ambin cheered his army onward, then dived into the mass of squalling, kicking, scratching flesh. He was slightly larger than the others and easily bowled them over as he dashed into their midst. A daring one leaped onto his back, impelling him to the ground, but Ambin managed to roll into the dominant

position astride the other child (sex irrelevant) and pounded the child's face until he/she said the word equivalent to "uncle".

In five minutes the whole violent melee was over, and Ambin's enemies were on the run. He and his army lay back, laughing. There were some red scratches on his arm and his plas-kin was torn, but winning felt good. He was happy in the knowledge that the others couldn't do these things on their own. They needed his leadership and judgement.

The lighting system began slowly to dim, sending long shadows across the playground. Only a few minutes of recess were left before bedtime. Ambin looked around and saw Sorel coming out of one of the dreamcubes. He moved slowly, his eyes bright with visions. Sorel was a small, thin boy with fine brown hair wisping around his forehead. He was the perfect target for some last minute fun.

"Take the best and shoot the rest." Ambin began the chant, but the others soon joined in.

Sorel's eyes brimmed with tears as the group moved toward him. Ambin hoped he could be goaded into a fight, but the smaller boy started running. The chase wasn't very exciting, for he was easily caught. Ambin lost interest, but the others circled him taunting, "Better pray on judgement day. You're the one they'll throw away."

The chant was an old one. Ambin had grown up with it, but had never really thought much about what it meant. He guessed that judgement day meant the Big Test; the one where the ones most fit to live in society were chosen and the others were, well, he didn't really know. But he assured himself that he wouldn't have to worry about it, even though the BT was coming up for him at the end of the month when he turned ten years old.

On the day of the test Ambin, neatly dressed, washed and his unruly red hair neatly combed, arrived at the Bureau. When he entered the room, he was surprised and angry to see that his partner in the test was to be Sorel.

"That stupid dream-watcher will be worse than no helper at all," he thought. But there was no complaining allowed, so he sat down in the second chair. The chairs were back to back so that the headpiece could be fitted over both heads at once.

They walked together through a forest of giant mushrooms. A blue sun made their eyes struggle to adapt to the weird light. Sorel was shaking, and he walked very close to Ambin.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I don't like this place."

"It's all right. At least it's different from that old creche. Things could happen here."

As if on cue, a thing came through the boles of the mushroom trees. It moved like a snail on a large, shapeless foot and a cushion of slime, but it had a head set with heavy mandibles that dripped with yellowish saliva.

"What'll we do?" asked Sorel.

"Do what you do best -- run," said Ambin. He looked around and by some miracle a spear lay on the ground.

The thing was large but slow moving. They had hesitated for so long, it was reaching for them with extended mandibles, already grinding in anticipation of their meal of soft flesh.

Ambin made an exploratory jab with the spear, but it bounced off the chitin of the beast's body. He thrust at one moon-like eye, and the spear went in easily, with a spurt of green/black blood like thick oil. It didn't stop the beast, though. Ambin tried to pull the spear loose, but the thing shook its head and he was thrown to the ground. Hazily he saw that Sorel had not run away.

"Help me!" he shouted as the slimy foot pinned him to the ground.

Sorel burst into tears and promptly ran away.

The clicking mandibles descended.

Then they took the headpiece off. Ambin wiped sweat from his forehead; it had been a dream, but a real one.

A white clad steward tapped Ambin on the shoulder and indicated a door. He directed Sorel to another door on the opposite side of the room.

"Poor old Sorel. Well, shoot the rest, as they say. He didn't really deserve to survive, though," Ambin decided. As he walked through the door, he was listening for the shots.

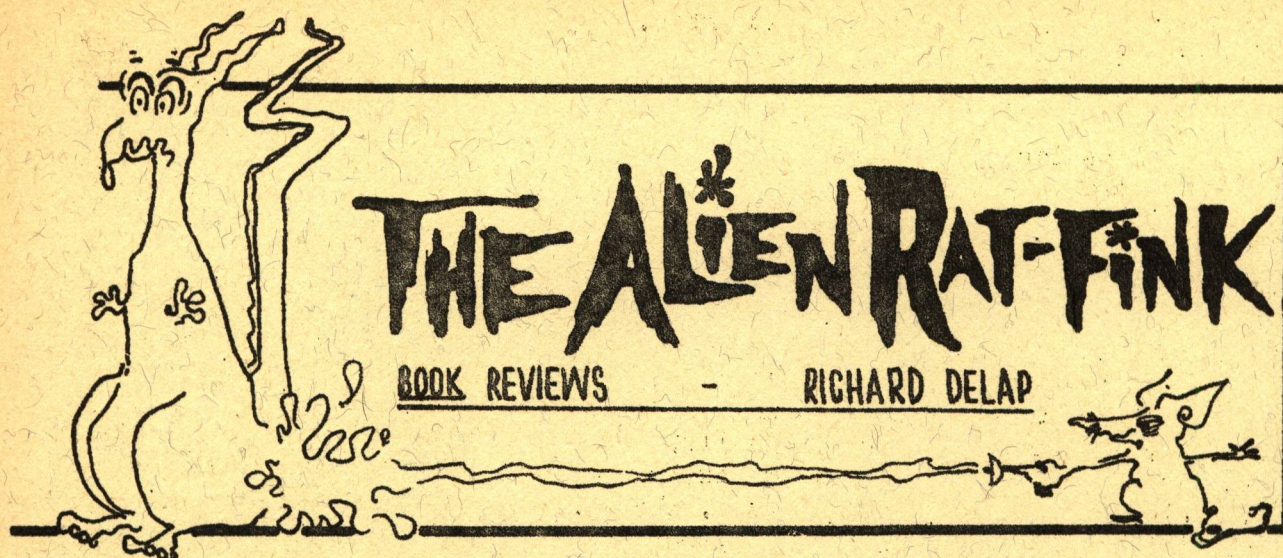
"Yes, Sorel definitely showed the three main characteristics of non-aggressiveness, co-operativeness and inability to adapt, on which our society is based."

"We need such young men to insure lasting peace and stability." The two thin, pale sensitive-eyed men put away the delicate equipment. "It's too bad about the other one, though."

"Don't even think about it. The machine tends to all such terrible details. It's enough that his destructive characteristics do not pollute the purity of our bloodlines."

Ambin felt his feet go out from under him. Irrelevantly he realized that the word in the chant should be chute, not shoot. Guns were only something you read about in history books. Poison gas jetted from the sides of the chute, mercifully killing him before his body fell into the corrosive acids which would neatly dissolve his body.





the ace specials

The Palace of Eternity by Bob Shaw, Ace 65050, 1969, 75¢, 222pp.
The Black Corridor by Michael Moorcock, 06530, 1969, 75¢, 187pp.
Fourth Mansions by R. A. Lafferty, 24590, 1969, 75¢, 252pp.
The Steel Crocodile by D. G. Compton, 78575, 1970, 75¢, 254pp.
And Chaos Died by Joanna Russ, 02268, 1970, 75¢, 189pp.
After Things Fell Apart by Ron Goulart, Ace 00950, 1970, 75¢, 189pp.
The Year of the Quiet Sun by Wilson Tucker, 94200, 1970, 75¢, 252pp.
Nine Hundred Grandmothers by R. A. Lafferty, 58050, 1970, 95¢, 318pp.

The mainstay in original SF paperback novels has become the line of Ace Specials, numbering at this writing 25 books consisting of 8 reprints (including 2 first U.S. publications of British novels) and 17 originals. Several of the books have received almost unanimously good notices -- The Revolving Boy, Isle of the Dead, The Left Hand of Darkness, Pavane -- while the rest have received mixed but seldom completely downbeat mentions. Terry Carr has proven an excellent editor, willing to take a chance on some really offbeat items as well as more standard fare; Old Wave, New Wave and decidedly In-Between Wave, the Specials have offered something for everyone in an intelligent program that one assumes is proving successful since a new title continues to roll off the presses each month.

The question is: how many really good or even passably good books can Carr come up with at this rate? Several recent titles have been released close enough together to create what one hopes will only be a temporary slump, for of the 8 books at hand, 4 are reasonable attempts that don't come off, 1 is simply ordinary and uninteresting, and 1 is of such sub-standard quality that its being published by anyone is something of a miracle. 2 hits out of 8 shots seems reasonable for most publishers; for the Specials, it's unexpectedly below par. Specifically --

Bob Shaw's The Palace of Eternity begins as a passable if unexceptional novel of the horrors of future war, as experienced by one man, Mack Tavernor, who has

seen enough of the dreadful results of humans vs. the alien Pythysccans to seek respite on the poet's planet, Mnemosyne. His search for escape is quite understandable: as a child, he lost his parents during an alien attack; he invented the Tavernor Compensating Rifle, easing his guilt at his parents' death but creating a newer, perhaps deeper, guilt as well; and finally he can no longer live with the ugliness which pervades the Military.

But it is not long until even Mnemosyne is no longer a haven -- the Military announces its plan to make the planet a new base for COMsac, the supercomputer from Earth. This takeover bounces Mack through several adventures that leave him at odds against nearly everyone, with only a small 3 year-old girl, Bethia, showing him an unexpected kindness without accompanying preachments.

At this point, Mack is killed and the entire plot takes an unexpected turn for the worse. While the first part of the story suffers occasionally from clumsily introduced background, the second half becomes an intolerable bore as the author knits his disparate elements into a kinky new bootie. Mack awakens as immortal egon -- "units of life ... organized clouds of energy which live in interstellar space" on an "endless pilgrimage across eternity." After receiving a nicely informative lecture, he is returned to Mnemosyne by the egon massmind -- "reincarnated," so to speak, into the embryo of his illegitimate son. So we start all over again. Another childhood, another alien attack, and a final confrontation with the aliens in which the now older Bethia utters the fateful words, "I'm a new type of human being, Mack..."

The plot seems more intriguing in retrospective synopsis, but Shaw fails to make it stick together. Each of the plot elements holds up well enough separately but fits together in the square peg-round hole method. The characters are colorless, all empty motion, like actors too aware that the play they are doing has no heart. Even Bethia, the only person with potential to strike a response fails to live up to Shaw's preceding indications that she is a key to the whole puzzle. She only opens the door to a future that seems to have even less piquancy than the one we've just read about.

After 2 flop novels, I'm almost convinced that Shaw should stick to shorter works, in which he may make more cake and less crazy-quilt icing.

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I distrust the cover quotes on Moorcock's The Black Corridor immediately -- Harlan Ellison ("I was surprised by this book: at least eleven times") is a clique man given to diarrhetic overpraise; and Norman Spinrad ("I found myself compelled to finish it, horrified but fascinated") has done too little critical work for one to assume he is anything other than a babbling idiot, a conclusion I've reached from his fictional stabs-in-the-dark. Which is all to point out that this fulsome praise for a book so utterly worthless is simply a lot of backcover bullshit.

On a spaceship fleeing from the paranoid madness that has engulfed Earth, the passengers lie in suspended animation while one man, Ryan, stays awake and records his thoughts and daily activities in his logbook. But madness is not a parasite of Earth itself; it feeds on living creatures, and on the ship: "Only Ryan is awake because it is better for one man to suffer acute loneliness and isolation than for several to live in tension." (p. 120)

Since the book's suspense rests entirely with Ryan's persecution paranoia, Moorcock seems to have disdainfully ignored the necessity of plot credence. To mention only one contrivance, the rocket the people escape with is a U.N.

ship stolen in Siberia -- one of the recurring flashbacks which reveal conditions on Earth prior to the escape, few of which are convincing, none of which are interesting. Ryan, oddly enough, lives more in the past than for the future, a method of storytelling that proves to be less a revelation of character than a contrived method of introducing the necessary hindsight. Yet with the entire novel revolving around symbolism and delusion, the issues under consideration are always larger than the direct context relates, and all the flash and fatalism proves only to be a faulty camouflage for the meatless bones underneath.

With this book, Moorcock is an ego-seeking blind man describing fireworks to his sightless companions: a lot of talk, a lot of vivid description, and absolutely no connection with the firework's reality.

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Likely the best humorist in the field today, Lafferty is only predictable in the fact that he is unpredictable. I do not honestly like all of his work -- The Reefs of Earth wasn't funny enough, and a few of his short stories are really murky -- but when he's travelling in that bawdy, boisterous, black humor vein (it runs right alongside the jugular), he without a doubt cannot be matched. I don't believe that Fourth Mansions, his fourth novel, will find the popular acceptance that greeted his Hugo-nominated Past Master, and I would guess that it is too personal a novel for wide appeal. But if you can find a way to fall in with Lafferty's regulatory lack of regulation, his plot that isn't (or just barely is), and his quirky, pun-filled exhibitions of language, why then, you too may enjoy this novel as much as I did.

The plot is not easily condensed, as it seems more a composite of several dozen stories which are related only in that the same group of characters wanders in and out of each at random. One incident may shed new light on another incident (past, or forthcoming, or both), while others hover on the fringes like shadowy ghosts that are too insubstantial to latch onto anything. The message, if there is one, may be that each person sees what he wants to see and agreement between people on what is seen does not necessarily exemplify the truth, reality, or whatever that thing is called.

The story's protagonist, Freddy Foley, gathers clues about the existence of a secret organization of psychic masters, The Harvesters, whose "brain-weave" can influence people and nature, both of which get frequently out of control. As with many organizations, each member has his own personal methods which manage to get in the way of another's, and the results for unsuspecting humanity are recurring, unexplained, unexpected sociological and "natural" disasters. But the Harvesters are a never-say-die group, and no matter what crazy direction their power struggle takes them (and everyone else), they are forever moving toward an ultimate mansion-level and to hell with the momentary direction.

At the same time there are other groups seeking control, including the "renevants," those who return again and again, century after century, to live their lives over and over and (sigh) over. Another group, the patricks, have their own special environments which are connected with our world in ways that are never quite explained; one of these, Bertigrew Bagley, Patrick of Tulsa, takes time to explain some of the intricacies of these vying groups to poor bumbling Freddy, who often seems not bright enough to find a faucet in a sink. Bagley, if I'm not mistaken, is a self-parody that Lafferty clearly had a great deal of fun writing.

Eventually, this wacky maze is littered with gobbledegook answers to unanswerable questions, and the with-it reader is having so much fun that he's forgotten that he might once have been looking for a path through it all. Yet, as in Past Master, there remains that trace of a serious tone that is never pinned down but to which everything is pinned. This never mars the enjoyment of the novel, though it is less traceable than it was before; nevertheless it is there and gives one pause to wonder if the author's humor is perhaps as much a sedative as a stimulant.

Lafferty may be paving a trail to heaven or hell, but it doesn't matter where he and his companions are going as long as the Trip is wild and woolly. It doesn't really matter, does it? Does it?

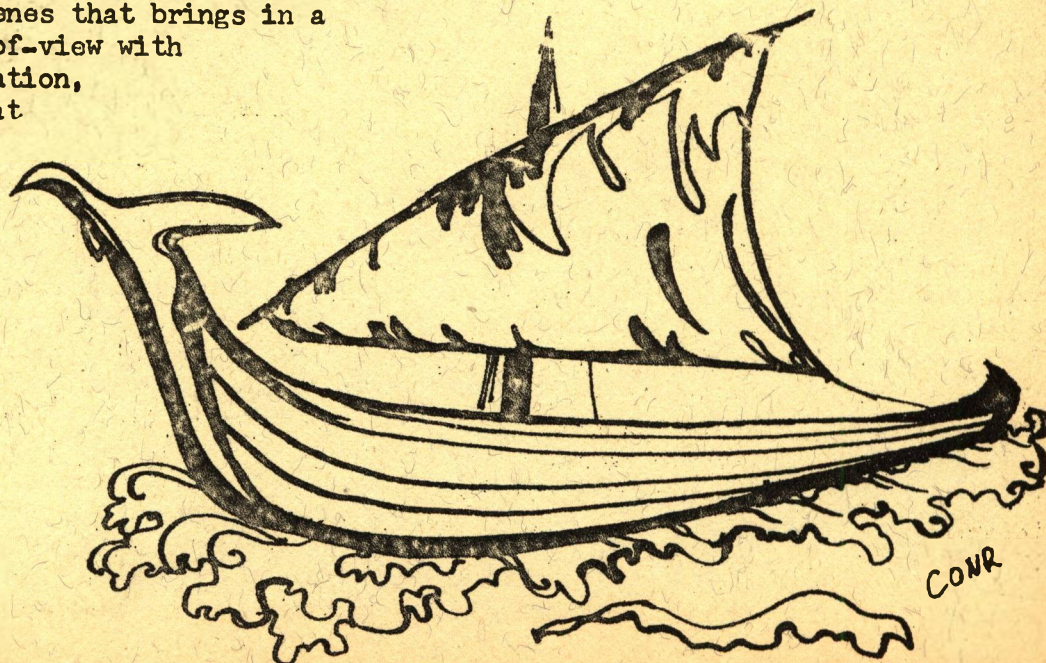
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After The Silent Multitude and Synthajoy, respectively good and excellent SF novels, I was expecting D. G. Compton to move right up the list of the best current SF authors. I even managed to forget his incredible "mainstream" botch, The Palace, but with The Steel Crocodile I am beginning to wonder if Compton will live up to his early promise.

There is no doubt that the man can write, and write well; but the problem has become more a question of intent than execution, for the present book takes a leisurely excursion toward a muddled climax that seems to mix a tour de force spy story with questionable serio-comment.

Sociologist Matthew Oliver accepts a job at the Colindale Institute in Switzerland, "center of the Federal European government," and has been asked to spy there for the illegal, underground Civil Liberties Committee by a man who is very soon thereafter murdered. His arrival at the Colindale, along with his wife, Abigail, is followed by the discovery that his predecessor is also dead... in an accident? The institute's director flatly declares that Colindale is "non-political ...[and] collects scientific information, catalogs and freely disseminates it. Peaceful." But the Colindale's steel-crocodile computer, he finds, is equipped with "all-devouring jaws," and the future begins to look more bleak and sterile with each scrap of foul information he unearths.

Compton's techniques of storytelling are often fascinating -- the clever instant replay of scenes that brings in a fresh point-of-view with each continuation, the verbs that shift in meaning and time-sense along with the plot, and the



flashbacks integrated as tightly as meshed wire. Yet about halfway through the book, even before the discovery that the computer is being programmed to deliver "the canon of a new faith," too many characters are delivering far too many portentous lines and the mystery seems headed in too many directions to ever come together again with any conviction. Not surprisingly, it doesn't,

To keep things at a human level, Compton tries to weave in the disintegration of Matthew and Abigail's personal relationship; but even this eventually falls into sham-realism as, by book's end, he descends to picturing Abigail standing at a window "thoughtfully picking her nose."

When all's said and done, Compton's extrapolated Tower of Babel effectively cuts off communication between his characters, first with a disparity of thought and language, then with clashing actions, finally with silence. Not much of an answer to the noisy confusion, but at least a cessation of it.

*

Joanna Russ, whose first novel, Picnic on Paradise, ran the spectrum of critical reactions, throws herself into her new book tooth-and-nail (or perhaps, fang-and-claw). Miss Russ is most certainly not afraid of big ideas and she grapples beautifully and showily with one of the biggest in And Chaos Died. What seems to throw her are the little things that one expects an author to drop casually but carefully along the way, and these smaller items are what eventually get in the way of a potentially fine book, remarkable in many ways but which I didn't like.

Shipwrecked on an unknown planet, Jai Vedh and his male companion discover the world is populated by a colony of telepathic humans. But no simple tale of discovery and living together is this. Russ sidesteps for the moment the issue of how these people developed and concentrates on how Jai begins to comprehend these mind-freaking powers while they are developing slowly within himself. The odd society is not just discussed but, along with Jai, the reader begins to feel the effects of living in the core of a multiplicity of psi-talents. Confusion and sudden clarity, reactionary ups and downs of passion and fury, understandable mistakes developing around who's thinking what and even who is who.

And the roller coaster keeps whizzling along as Jai is rescued and returned to Earth where he jumps ship and begins to wander in the cities and endless suburbs. But can Earth ever be quite the same when seen with his newly-acquired powers which strip the veneer from everything and present an undistorted vision of the hell of thought, the anguish of repression, and the agony of totality. Love it or leave it? Love it or change it? There's a message here somewhere but whether Russ's symbolism is a joke or not is left in as much a mystery as the origins of the psis.

Ambitious to the point of frantic, the book sizzles and sparkles and makes funny noises until the reader is never sure if it is running away from or towards him. Unsettling as this may be, it is not the book's real weakness, which is Jai Vedh. Early it is revealed that Jai is homosexual, and later that the entire Earth is a quagmire of kinky sexual appetites. Jai's own preference in sexuality is neither clear nor really convincing in either motive or circumstance. If Russ doesn't really understand the cause and continuance of sexual aberration, she's letting her ignorance stand out rather blatantly; if she's leaving the reader to supply the motive, then she's only doing a great disservice. One supposed that Jai's switch from gay to straight is with the dawn of his own psi-ability rather than from a previously repressed

bisexuality. To be perfectly honest, I don't think Russ has an idea in hell what she's talking about and sort of hopes the whole matter will be lost in the shuffle. If this is so, she should have dropped it in the first place; if not, then I remain in the dark and have the suspicion that I'm not alone.

I like simple answers, really I do, but next time, Miss Russ, let's put the questions out in clear view so we know what we're talking about?

*

When an author's virile originality withers and drops off, we get effete and ineffective books like Ron Goulart's After Things Fell Apart, a vulgar and tawdry farce that uses "tomorrow" as a pasteboard excuse to exploit the excesses of today, with leering voyeurism that produces a lurid imitation of once-termed 'ribaldry.'

Jim Haley, a PI (Private Inquiry) investigator is out to check into the Lady Day scheme, implemented by persons unknown, that is robbing the earthquake-shaken, enclave-split California (after the "Chinese Commando" invasion) of some of its most prominent men. The means, murder; the reason, undisclosed.

The following 150-plus pages is one long chase studded with attemptedly clever name-dropping -- the Nixon Institute, F. Van Wyck Parker, Henry Nash Parker, Doc Robeson, Lady Day her/him/itself (a "soul" name for Women's Lib.??) and on and on ad nausea -- and an endless concourse of tasteless jokes which fizzle as steadily as matches in a thunderstorm. Haley obviously doesn't have the intelligence to come in out of a storm and follows hot on the trail of the quirky and stimulating (yes, that kind) Penny Deacon. As things wear thin every few pages, Goulart thinks the best way to pull laughs is to toss in a few fags or dykes, not for satirical value but simply for juvenile titillation. This type of humor is so obviously a desperate, mindless grasping that Goulart will be lucky to wind up even with pity from his bored readers.

Philip K. Dick calls the book "sheer delight"; Avram Davidson calls it "magical and deadly"; Joanna Russ calls it "very funny and very sad." Miss Russ is half-right...but perhaps watching another author mishandle everything from Freud to the Mafia strikes her as amusing. If so, it's understandable, which is more than can be said for Goulart's offensive madhouse trivia.

*

Wilson Tucker has been writing in recent years, but little of his output has been SF; with such books as Wild Talent and The Long Loud Silence to his credit, it is no wonder that this new novel has stirred up a considerable amount of interest. The only thing the book reveals about Tucker's talent, however, is that he is adept at transposing the morning newspaper headlines into a novel of topical if literarily negligible interest. The Year of the Quiet Sun is simple and straightforward in most ways but lacking the complexity necessary to convince the reader of the immediacy of its theme.

Brian Chaney is one of 3 men chosen to be sent into the future to the year of 2,000 to map and chart and interpret the destiny of an America which in 1978 is still involved in Viet Nam, plagued with riot and destruction and racial strife, and remains a hotbed of both moral and political dissension. Chaney himself has stirred up a hornet's nest of trouble with his controversial book in which the Bible's Revelations is shown to be a copy of ancient midrash, an Hebraic word for 'religious fiction.' (The 'quiet sun' of the title is a Hebrew symbol of Utopia.)

Chaney's first trial-run to 1980 gives the author a chance to inject some biting but welcome humor -- such as the Congressional Record which reveals one gentleman urging college reform so students may "read, write, and talk good American English in the tradition of their fathers" -- as well as planting the first clue that there is more to Chaney's nature than has been made known to the reader.

It is generally these bright little touches which keep one reading, even when the chapters become openly padded, plodding along at a steady pace but uncovering far less than the plot continually promises to bring to light. In fact, the plot doesn't even begin to shake a leg until well over three-quarters of the book is already out of the way. By the time the future is beginning to be unraveled and the Big Secret about Chaney himself comes into focus, one is likely to judge the mystery on a level with *Who Stole Sister Susie's Roller Skate Key*. That is, who cares?, except maybe Susie.

*

Lafferty returns again with his first collection of short stories -- 21 of them, and about time, I say! -- culled from nearly ten rich and largely untapped years. Like his novels, Lafferty's stories are distorted mirror reflections which work their special magic by being always aware, no matter how alien the world or culture, of the human application of differing values. His view of human achievement may be pessimistic but his assessment of human capability is always boldly optimistic, an almost anachronistic blend of funny Christian fervor, agnostic rationale, and leavening atheistic bitters.



One of the earliest stories (and still one of the best) is the delightful "Snuffles," the bear-like king of Bellota, a world that is completely impossible ... until you live there. Initially friendly, Snuffles suddenly turns on his visiting humans, murdering them one by one until those remaining begin to realize (or think they do) exactly what and who this kingbeast is. You might call it moralizing by demoralization, or you might call it something else entirely.

The title story is a clever and slightly mordant lesson for the men who seek to know all, then wonder if they are perhaps the butt of the 'cosmic joke.' "Ginny Wrapped In the Sun" is another wondrous tale of children who exceed their parents in the strangest ways. "Primary Education of the Camiroi" is an hilarious account of alien education, with its own special pitfalls and idiosyncrasies. "...Blue absinthe lasts no longer than its own novelty" -- which pretty much capsulizes the idea behind "Slow Tuesday Night" in a highly accelerated world. The observations are trenchant, the story delightful.

Most of the reprinted stories are varyingly successful but have a cockeyed unity that comes very near to expressing an underlying consciousness one gets from a good novel.

There is one new story included, titled "Frog on the Mountain," and it is surely one of the best. Tolerance, gory violence, ridiculous pomposity, deception, hidden motives and unusual interpretations -- are these elements only of the fantastic world of Paravata or are they more than a little synonymous with human history, right up to and including that ever-popular generation gap, reflecting the author's never-dying concern with People. The humor is infectious, impossible and bizarre -- "they were resting on an imaginary ledge, actually only a band of discoloration on the rock" -- and the story's outrageous trek never stops being entertaining, even when dangling the reader over scream-inducing precipices.

If Lafferty's stories range over a broad scale, they tie together in theme, along with his novels, holding that there is a deep secret unknown (and probably unknowable) to man, one that explains all the mysteries of Life and Death. I think that humans are far too subjective ever to find it, but as long as this man keeps telling of humanity's stumbling and bumbling, serio-comic search, there's going to be a lot of territory to cover. Lafferty's only begun and the future looks glorious.

Lead on, man, lead on.

*

A Closing Note: Ursula K. Le Guin's

A Wizard of Earthsea (Ace 90075,

75¢, 205 pp.) has just been issued

as the latest Special. I have reviewed this book elsewhere, but in case you hadn't heard I would like to take a moment here to say that it is assuredly a book you should take especial care not to miss.

It is definitely Le Guin's best book, surpassing even her rewarding and extremely popular The Left Hand of Darkness in several ways. It possesses that originality and inventiveness that first made the Specials a distinctive series. I hope it heralds a return of this quality to even more future titles.

* * * * *

I want to be what I was when I wanted to be what I am now.



JOHN

OMPHALLOPSYCHITE

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



JOHN D. BERRY
Mayfield House
Stanford, Calif. 94305

You say, wisely, that "naturally one can't take the EGOBOO poll too seriously," but it seems that it is, indeed, all too easy to do just that. I probably did, in writing a short diatribe for the upcoming issue of EGOBOO on the low standards of writing in today's fandom, and you do the same by getting worked up over the results here. I was a little surprised to see that our complaints run almost diametrically opposed to each other, since I didn't know our tastes were that far apart. I refuse to take responsibility for the results of the poll, since that was determined by the people who participated, but I do have a few things to say from my own personal viewpoint. (Incidentally, I resent the implications of your remark, "and Ted White and John D. Berry counted the votes." I do not falsify the results of polls. You're wrong, too: Ted and I didn't count the votes. Arnie Katz and I did, because Arnie wanted the results tabulated in time to go into the next issue of FOCAL POINT so he offered to help me. I appreciated this, since counting votes, even with only 33 ballots, is more work than I'd expected.)

[Another apology due here. What I meant to imply was that it was John's poll, and naturally more of his friends would be likely to return it. Very sorry to have made the wrong implication. - LeB/]

When the poll categories said "Best Current" whatever, I thought in terms of 1969 and what part of 1970 had elapsed before the poll deadline. Since there was no explanation of the categories (something that will go on the ballots next year, if we do another one), interpretation was pretty well left up to the individual voter. I think you're being restrictive when you complain about George Barr and Ted White being voted places in the poll. To be specific, I have seen several Barr illos since the beginning of '69, and Ted has had letters and a couple of articles in various fanzines and five regular installments of his editorial column in EGOBOO between then and the voting deadline. WARHOON could be called "current" in that it has not suspended, and we kept getting progress reports from Bergeron about how he was going to resume publishing as soon as he got the Willis Harp issue done, but I'll grant you that it's a tenuous position to take. With LIGHTHOUSE there's very little justification

at all of calling it "current." But since I'm not going to go around disqualifying votes on my own decisions about what is current and what isn't, I allowed whatever was voted for.

You seem awfully hung up on quantity, though. It's ironic that you should go on like this in the same issue that Silverbob reminisces about Peter Vorzimer and his claim that Bob was "cheating" him by sending him only a 24-page quarterly fanzine in return for Vorzimer's monstrous, monthly, mediocre thing. I'll make no judgments on EGOBOO, for the same reason you don't push your opinion of Gf (an editor is in no position to be objective about his own fanzine), but as for the rest of the fanzines under consideration -- well, let's look at your choices of the top 10 fanzines of 1969.

I can see no reason for lowering a fanzine's position on your list simply because it only had one issue in a year. Quantity does not make up for quality, and I don't think quantity should enter into it at all unless you're judging 2 fanzines of equal quality and having a hard time of it. Obviously your taste is hopelessly different than mine, for I'd say one issue of ODD or AIGOL is easily worth 10 of LOCUS or BEABOHEMA (although the latter is improving). LOCUS is such a laughable choice for a Hugo that I found it hard to take the suggestion seriously until enough people started mouthing the idea. I can't see a newszine getting a Hugo under most circumstances. FANAC was the focal point of fandom in its day, so you might make a case for it, although I still think there were other good fanzines that deserved the Hugo more. I'd be tempted to vote for FOCAL POINT next year, but not so much because of its services as a newszine as for its other fine material. I also think you're overly impressed by elaborate artwork in choosing the best fanzines, but that's your prerogative. The "Battle of the Titans" by Gaughan and Bode in ODD was funny, and they are both talented cartoonists, but I'd hardly rank it "the best single feature of any fanzine," nor even the best thing to appear in that issue of ODD. Ah well, at least you gave some deserved egoboo to Jim Jeuss's ID, which has been largely ignored.

Back to the EGOBOO poll. Ah, and here we run into a parallel situation, with you suggesting Charlie Brown, Andy Porter, or Fred Lerner as more viable choices for #1 Fan Face than Terry Carr. You have a point that Terry hasn't been very active recently, although he's done a bit more than you seem to realize. Still, we come back to the question of quality: a couple of articles and letters by Terry Carr outweighs as many reams of travel reports and Sons of Notes as Charlie cares to write. By rights, if you were going to choose #1 Fan Face by how many fans are fawning over him, you would have to go for either Charlie or Dick Geis. Fine. You vote for them. I don't consider that either of them deserves the attention he gets so I voted for Bill Rotsler.

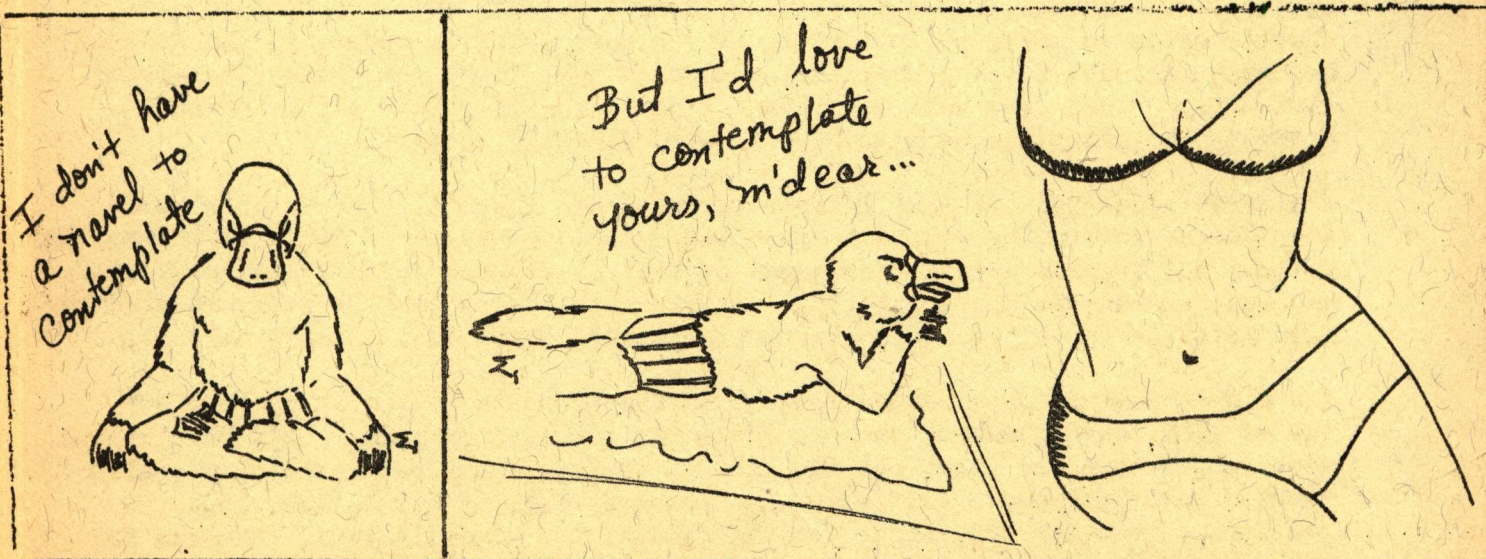
I'll grant that you may like Delap's reviews, but I don't. Oh, he puts words together in intriguing ways and hence gives the appearance of being an interesting writer, but frankly after a few pages of book or prozine reviews I'm bored stiff. And when he reviews something I am familiar with, every time he seems to miss the main point of the story. No, I'm afraid Richard Delap just doesn't make it.

You didn't say what your objection was to Jay Kinney's coming in as Best New Fan of 1969, but of course even he was a bit appalled by this. He's been around much longer than one year, but the fact is that for many people he only really emerged into prominence last year. As somebody said on his ballot, no one is really any good his true first year in fandom. So I was lenient. I voted for Pam Janisch myself.

I must agree with Dave Lewton that Gf hardly features uninterrupted excellence in the art line. You very seldom print anything outright bad, and you do indeed feature some great stuff, but the range is from mediocre to the top. It seems a little pretentious to claim that "most" of your zine's artwork is excellent. It also seems rather pretentious for Dave Lewton to sound off as if his judgment were the sole and final criterion for good, bad, or indifferent artwork. I do have a copy of INFINITUM 3 on hand, and on the basis of that I'll agree with your assessment of Dave's art talent: it's not very good. That doesn't say he may not one day produce brilliant work, and it may be this potential that the Herrom School of Art saw when they awarded him a scholarship, but I'm not much impressed by his fanzine art.

I did enjoy letters from Jeff Smith and Mike Glicksohn, both writing in a reasoned, well-thought-out manner that I enjoy. Tucker is only mildly funny here, but he got off a few good lines. Tim Kirk's cartoons are just lovely, especially the one of the giant infernal mimeo. Silverberg's article only makes me wish he had gone on for 5 more pages, in greater detail. Sandra Miesel's "Sensies" somehow really do seem to communicate something about the person described, in almost every case. Fabian's portfolio seemed mediocre for Fabian; he's not among my favorite artists, but I'm coming to appreciate him more as time goes on. Covers enjoyed, especially the Butch Cassidy take-off.

[John, I very much appreciated your letter. I think you've stated very well several fallacies in my complaints about the EGOBOO poll. I also appreciate the fact that you managed to disagree with my opinions and still be nice. Some fans take criticism as a personal insult and shoot back insulting criticism, which I guess, makes them feel better. I think most of our differences are simply a matter of taste. You like ODD more than LOCUS, that's your prerogative. But I still feel that quality has to be considered with quantity and vice versa. Both the EGOBOO poll and Hugo awards are for the best overall effort. These honors are not just for one piece of artwork, but for best artist, which to me indicates best total output by an artist. Same for fanzine production, or any other award. Perhaps someone should give a poll for best single issue of a fanzine, best LoC, or best illo. But endurance, stamina, and hard work have got to count for something. And as long as honors are supposed to cover a certain period of time, I've got to consider a person's total work.



But again, my quirk about insisting on considering quantity as one criterion is merely personal taste. And, of course, I still consider quality of top importance.

I objected to Jay Kinney's win as Best New Fan of 1969 because, as you say, he has been active for several years. There really weren't too many good choices in this category. I think I may have voted for Dave Burton or no award, I can't remember.

As for Terry Carr being #1 Fan Face -- when I mentioned Charlie Brown, Andy Porter, etc, I could have been mentioning any one of many fans. Add Elliot Shorter, Rotsler, Bruce Pelz, John Berry, Bill Bowers or any other actifan you can think of. Pick whoever you like best, but at least pick someone who was truly active in the last year.

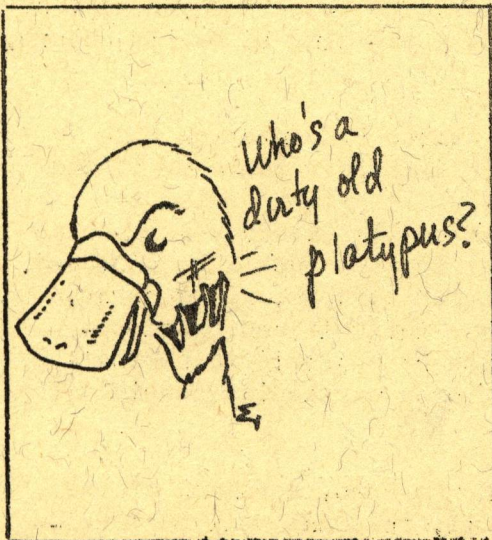
After all the controversy this has invoked I've really thought about it, and I guess the main thing I objected to was that many EGOBOO winners are not now actifans, and I think the poll was intended to honor people who are currently really active, not just the occasional letter writer or sometime fanzine.

John, you're right, I was pretentious regarding Gf's artwork, and wrong too. Sinful pride, I guess. And as for all the above on the EGOBOO poll, I may sound a bit fuggheaded or pretentious, but I think what it really is is sheer stubbornness. I believe in my opinions and want to at least make them clear, if not convincing. And I hope no one is further outraged by them. They're just my personal preferences, and ~~we're~~ all entitled to that. - LeB

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

The previous calendar year referred to in the Hugo rules means the year under consideration, not the year before that, as you apparently have taken it.

Thus, a fanzine must have published at least 4 issues altogether, with at least one of those coming in the year under consideration, in this case 1969. Thus a fanzine could have published one issue every 5 years as long as it published a total of 4 issues, one of those in 1969. So, CROSSROADS is thus eligible, having published at least 6 issues during 1969.



Mike Deckinger notes that MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS appeared on the ballot for 2 successive years, and asks why this was not corrected. As far as I know the current rule against material being nominated for more than a single year was in effect at NYCON -- the convention committee somehow overlooked it, as such committees have in the past.

The fan artist award is merely listed in the rules -- there is no definition presented. In publishing THE LEGAL RULES I suggested wording, but made it very clear it was my idea only. So nowhere do the rules limit competition to only work published in fanzines. This means that an

artist can legally be nominated for work presented in various art shows, or indeed for that new gimmick, the decorated name tag. And this means that Alicia Austin, even with little published material in 1969, could be very eligible for the 1969 Hugo.

As I noted, the rules allow a revised or rewritten story to compete in the rewritten version, in the year that version is published. Further, it was always the policy to consider American publication as the official "publication date" for nominees in the fictional categories. For both these reasons, "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones" qualifies.

Finally, contrary to what you say, Kelly Freas did not do "practically no work last year," and in fact did more work than all the other nominees (except for Gaughan). His material included covers for 10 out of 12 ANALOGS, illos for over half the interiors of the magazine, and innumerable pb covers, many for Ace doubles.

Jeff Smith -- pb version of "Beast That Shouted...." was on the stands by May, 1969 at the very latest, if not a bit earlier. So arguing that no one could have read the "correct" version is invalid.

SUPERB Kirk portfolio. No wonder he won the Hugo.

Everybody rates fanzines differently, and it'd be silly to argue with you over the merits of individual fanzines over each other. But I would like to register a few comments. Like, I don't think the DOUBLE:BILL symposium, excellent as it was, should count in your compilation of the best fanzines, *per se*. You should have considered the issues in which the material appeared. /About $\frac{1}{4}$ of the material was completely new and had never been published before. Also, even excluding the Symposium you can't ignore the other 3 excellent issues, although Hugo ballot voters did./-LeB/

Other than regularity, I don't see what brings BEABOHEMA into your list. The reviews seem to be the only really worthwhile sections at all, with controversy, pseudo-controversy, and some incredibly fuggheaded articles taking up most of the space. BaB is fairly exciting, in a crude sort of way, and reads much like an inferior version of the revived PSYCHOTIC. But on the best fanzine list?

I've always been an ALGOL fan, and I'd love to be able to vote it a Hugo one of these days. Andy seems to edit just the way I'd like to -- but as you say, he really doesn't get it out often enough, and unless a magazine is really superb, one issue doesn't really do it.

I think the perfect solution to the problem of Dramatic Presentation Hugo would be to establish separate categories for such different media as TV and film. But currently, we don't have enough decent SF in either medium to justify this. With this in mind, I'd like to broaden the category as much as possible. Obviously, motion pictures and original theatre should be included. Then, I'd like to see as many options as possible for TV work. In general, the most common nominee should be series, as a most suitable and equal opposition to a full-length film. But it should also be possible to nominate a single episode in an otherwise inferior program or a particular special SF program.

Bruce Gillespie wonders why STAND ON ZANZIBAR won the Hugo, assuming it was victorious simply because it was a good book. Well, this may well be true -- anything is possible. But I have to point out that like all other hardcover

winners (STRANGER, HIGH CASTLE), it did receive extensive publicity, discussion, and praise in the fan press, and I'm certain all this publicity did influence some votes. A book like CAMP CONCENTRATION or TO LIVE AGAIN would be in much the same position this year, except neither seemed to inspire so much interest or publicity. Thus while both are a bit superior to UP THE LINE and MACROSCOPE, neither made the ballot.

[Woops, another apology to Kelly Freas. I don't get ANALOG, so didn't know. Still, that's no excuse. Now you know why I'm a klutz!

I think the Hugo rules should be changed in another way. There should be a new category added for Best Fan Cartoonist. So that the straight artists like Fabian, Austin, Gilbert, Barr, etc., could compete among themselves, while cartoonists like Kirk, Rotsler, Schalles, John Ingham, and others will have more of a chance by competing together. -LeB/

RICHARD GEIS
SF Review
PO Box 3116
Santa Monica, Calif.
90403

Your comments on the Hugo nominations in the fan field are reasonable and accurate; with you, I wonder about Charlie Brown's nomination. He does a fine job with LOCUS. I would like to see it structured a bit, but I think his production style prohibits it. Anyway, I wouldn't mind if LOCUS had won the Best Fan-

zine Hugo. I would strangle a bit if he had won the best fan writer award... and the fact that he was nominated makes me wonder how many votes it took.

STEVE FABIAN
6 Gorham Lane
Middlebury, Vermont
05753

Lately I have found myself more interested in the editors than in the contributions of a specific fanzine. That is, I look for their editing, personality, wisdom, maturity, sense of humor...and fair play, as related to fandom and their zine.

Somehow, the contributions in zines are generally predictable after you are around for awhile. They have a pattern of similarity based on the food source they share: the providers of material. And so I find the real difference in zines comes from the editors -- those guys and gals who pick out bits and pieces to make what is going to be "them"... and I look to their arrangement and the music that comes out of it. THAT is where a zine either does or does not make it with me.

[What you say is true, within limits. Sometimes an editor can't get suitable material, no matter how he tries. For instance, with the 40th Anniversary issue, I wrote many people asking for special articles and only Silverberg and Tucker responded. Yet I had a terrific amount of artwork, and happily had two folios. You can do a lot with the material you have, but it is hard when you have very little material to work with. -LEB/

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

I awaited anxiously and dreaded the splendid July Gf, the former because it had been so long since the previous issue, the latter because I knew I'd broken a promise to write something for it. I couldn't have foreseen those genius-struck covers, the most professional-looking combination of photography and artwork that I've seen outside the German fanzines, or such spectaculars as the Steve Fabian portfolio. The War of the Worlds illo doesn't look too effective but maybe that's simply because it lacks the extreme blacks and whites that the other 4 pages possess. The 4th drawing, the one in which the young lady holds that globe over her head, struck me with a reaction that I have

not felt since Virgil Finlay used to do illustrations for the Munsey reprint prozines, Fantastic Novels, and Famous Fantastic Mysteries. I feel that in either this Fabian or those Finlay pictures, that fantasy world is on the very verge of jumping off the flat surface of the page and taking three-dimensional form in my presence.

Tim Kirk's feature is fun. The only fault I can find is that these drawings verge a little too closely to the real stuff of which fans' nightmares are made. I seem to have half-remembered wild dreams of my own in which fanzines self-destruct in my hands or unexpected things crawl out of them. I've decided not to look at Tim's drawings again after sundown.

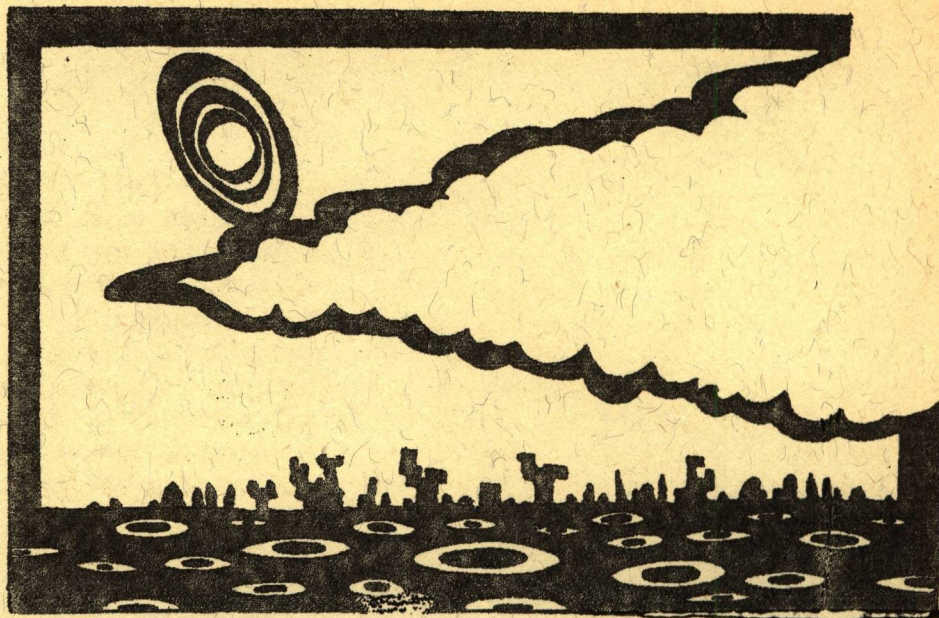
I like to think that fanzines are published because they give fans a chance to get their reasoned thoughts into a permanent form where quite a few other people will see them, free from almost all types of censorship and restraint. This is the first era since the invention of printing when it's almost impossible to get your thoughts published without distortion or drastic consequences in any other way. Printing costs have gone so high that hardly anyone can afford to pay a printer to publish the books that no publisher will purchase. You've got to write to editors' requirements to get your stuff in print in magazines and paperbacks. If you write for a school magazine, you have faculty problems. Even the underground press has its taboos and special requirements. Fanzines are different. I can rave about anything I want and have the remarks circulated at a price I can afford or send them to other fanzines. Some people are satisfied to express themselves in conversation to a handful of people. But fans like to speak in a form that can be reviewed and returned to later for the eyes of somewhat more people. Therefore, fanzines.



It's odd that Bob Silverberg should write about SPACESHIP for you, and you should publish his article at just about the same time as I got an installment of my FOCAL POINT column published with the same subject matter. Someone really should research into the whereabouts of the prominent fans of the era which Silverberg writes about. It's also the time of the Seventh Fandom article. A phenomenally large proportion of all those fans seem to have become resounding successes in a financial or prestige sense or both.

I can't remember any kind of a poll which didn't produce some results people pointed accusing fingers at. In the years when I was first active in fandom, some poll-takers tried to avoid one form of distortion by disqualifying themselves and their fanac from being eligible for votes. But it had built-in inaccuracy because the polls were usually taken by quite active and talented fans who would have placed right up there with the others if someone else had taken the poll. If a poll is in-

tended to cover a specific time span, I doubt if you'll ever get results reflecting that span accurately unless the poll-takers include information on the ballot on what is eligible and what isn't. Fan's memories are not too clear about exactly when so and so published what and in the absence of spoon-fed data, the aren't going to spend hours digging into old stacks of fanzines



to get the information. This is the only form in which I'd approve of the often-suggested Hugo nomination committee: I'd like to see a group of knowledgeable fans supply a list of the most obvious eligibles when the time comes for nominating. Nominations wouldn't be confined to what is on such a list, and if the committee played politics by omitting things that should have been included, so much uproar would undoubtedly occur in fanzines that the skipped-over things would get a lot of votes. Something along these lines is done for the baseball hall of fame.

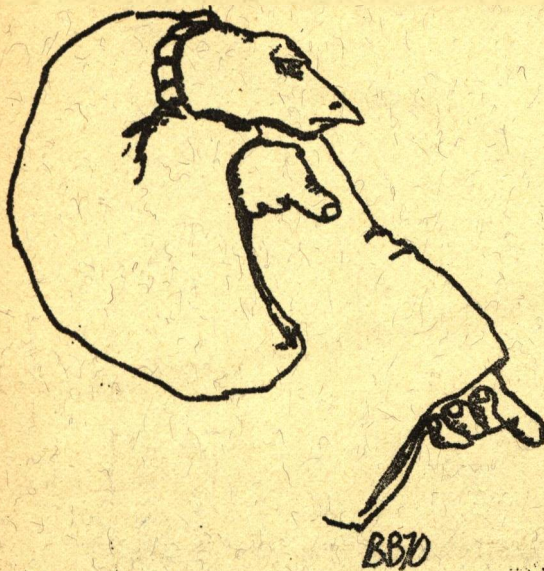
RUTH BERMAN
5620 Edgewater Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn. 55417

I suspect that at present it's impossible to get any kind of poll that will cover fandom at all well -- either you get to everyone, and you get back answers skewed to the zines (and writers and artists appearing most often in those particular zines) which have a circulation of about 500 or more, or you get to whatever-group-you-know-best and get back your friends and relatives. Fandom has gotten so large that it's impossible to get more than a few editors to take on the job of putting out a press-run large enough to cover the field (quite apart from the problem of selecting a topic or group of topics with so wide a range of appeal).

The "reputation" voting, for fans who haven't done any recent work is annoying, but there's a certain justification for it at present -- that there was a long gap when there were no polls (such as FANAC used to do each year) and only the Hugo for fans. So it's more or less reasonable to vote for writers and artists who should have been given more egoboo then and weren't. I don't send in nominations on that basis, but I don't think it's unfair for others to do so.

I like the Cassidy/Kid cover very much. The bacover is good of the men but a poor photo of you. ^{Faddis} Hey gang, that was not me on the cover of Gf, that was Connie Reich, with Mike O'Brien and Keith Kramer. --LeB/

Something new, a fanzine editor who typos her own name -- page 1 lastish. ^{I'm} just a klutz.--LeB/



DAVID WM. HULVEY
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Harrisonburg, Va.
22801

I salute you on the
40th anniversary
covers. The facial
expressions are
eloquent. On the

front one sees the characters confronting
the camera with typical 1930 unease. It's
a different era on the bacover: complete
with peace symbols, hippie headband, and
the acceptance of the photographic medium
as natural. Great use of contrast! The
topping is put on the cake with the
switching of Gf and Comet out of their
respective time elements. Whether this
was by plan or my own entrail readings,
it made a heavy effect. Is the girl you?
Are those 2 gentlemen by any chance named
DiNucci? If so, is Ron jealous? [I got
a real kick out of this. As stated in the
table of contents, that was Connie, Keith,
and Mike. Dale is a female DiNucci,

married to Dennis. And yes, the cover was planned that way. I'm very glad you
noticed, as a lot of hard work, especially on Connie's part, went into making
those covers. - LeB/

Mike Gilbert's article was too short to be meaningful. After he posed a deep,
debatable question on the nature of art I expected much commentary. However,
huge illos restricted his space to the point of barren cliches and a very forget-
table message. Please have a lot more by him with less constraints on available
space. [I'd like to see more columns from Mike too, and he's promised them. I
did not restrict Mike in any way on length, nor do I impose any restrictions on
any writers. -LeB/

JEFF SMITH
7205 Barlow Court
Baltimore, Md. 21207

I don't intend to retract the things I said against
Harlan. I still believe in the letter. But a couple
times I threw in an offhand remark just to score a
point. This is something I try not to do, because it

can lead to something like Harlan's PgHLANGE speech too easily. Those remarks
I apologize for. They were uncalled for. Two points remain: "A Path Through
Darkness" is not too worthwhile, because at least one of the collaborators wasn't
completely serious. And it didn't really come off as a fun piece. After coming
home from PgHLANGE I reread "The Beast that Shouted Love..." because a couple of
people -- notably Barbara Silverberg -- told me they thought the story did de-
serve the Hugo. But I still don't like it. And Alex Krislov told me that the
book was out before the Hugo deadline, so people who voted for the story could
very well have read the correct version. But I know I voted before I got the
book and I'm fairly certain that many other people did too.

And should anyone be interested, Harlan and I are good friends and our corres-
pondence is still quite amicable. There are no hard feelings on either side.

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Support the Bob Shaw Fund! Support TAFF! These are both worthy causes and
there's no reason why they can't run concurrently. Support Bob Shaw and TAFF!

MIKE GLICKSOHN
35 Williard St.
Ottawa 1, Ontario

Gf9 is a remarkably readable fanzine. Despite its apparent bulk, I read it through in one relatively short session and heartily enjoyed doing so. The covers are superb! An extremely worthwhile tribute to the generally insane hobby of publishing fanzines. Repro is generally good, with a light airy layout and excellent use of white space. I personally prefer a wider column width, but you definitely produce an attractive fanzine. My only quibbles would be a tendency for the print to slope all over the pages, and the staples being too far inside the edge, thus making the zine unreadable until they had been removed and I'd restapled the zine. [The slanting is caused by my weird typewriter. Hope this issue has improved a little. I'm planning to get a new typer as soon as I can afford it, maybe by next ish. I'll watch the staples.-LeB]

Enjoyed and agreed with your discussion of the how and why of fanzine publishing. One additional way of improving appearances with mimeo is to run the art and the text on separate stencils. This allows heavier inking of art without blotching the print. Unfortunately it also doubles the run-off time (if you have an average of one illo per page, as I do) which is the major reason I don't do it myself but I hope to some day...Real Soon Now. [Real Soon Now.-LeB]

Of course, egoboo is the main raison d'etre of fanzines. If we just wanted the creative satisfaction of producing a zine, we'd do so, run off one copy, then sit and admire it. The worst 2 weeks in the publishing schedule is the weeks between mailing out an issue and getting the initial response. Then the letters start pouring in, pro and con, from friends and total strangers, and the urge to start again begins to grow. And there's going to cons and having Faned X, whom you've always admired and been jealous of, approach you and offer to trade. There's nothing like it. Personally, I like many fans, respect them, and am proud to receive their approbation. It's the old peer group recognition schtick. (Naturally, because many fans are basically insecure, shy, introverted people who don't get along too well in the Big Wide World, we have more than our share of fuggheads we could do without. But equally so, many fans are, to me, superior individuals, and I feel honored to receive their approval.) But to accuse fans of trying to be big fish in little ponds, name dropping, etc., is a bit harsh. Why, I was saying to Harlan and Silverbob recently....

Amazing! I'd never interpreted the Hugo regulations for fanzines that way. I've always felt that "the previous calendar year" referred to the year preceeding the date of actual voting, not the year preceeding the year for which the awards were being presented. [According to Jerry Lapidus, fandom's only expert (or at least knowledgeable fan) on the Hugo's, previous year is the year under consideration. Thus in voting for the 1970 Hugo, fanzines like ENERGUMEN, OUTWORLDS, and even INFINITUM are eligible. (INFINITUM?)-LeB]

Right on, for your reaction to some of the EGOBOO Poll, but it was a statistically insignificant sampling with inherent bias, so this was to be expected. The same situation exists in some respect with the Hugos, where authors and artists often seem to win more on the strength of their reputation than the quality of their recent work.

A general criticism of the lettercol would be that I have now become convinced that breaking into the middle of a letter with editorial comments is a bad policy. An answer at the end of the letter is more respectful and neater. [I don't agree. Answering immediately gives the col the feeling of a dialog, and ties the reply in with the letter, with more relevance since the reader doesn't have to go back and reread the letter in order to understand the reply.-LeB]

Jeff Smith's comments and concepts of Hugo winning seem derived from Perry Chapdelaine and "Paul Hazlett." I myself cannot accept this idea of small cliques of fans actively engineering the Hugo awards for their own favorites. It may well be that many fans vote poorly, without familiarity with all nominees and not from their own convictions, but this is hardly the same as paranoid visions of Secret Masters of Fandom huckstering for their own, or their favorite, stories. If anything, human nature is at fault, not fannish politics.

I must disagree with you over whether Alicia produced enough volume of work in 1969 to be nominated. She appeared in several fanzines regularly: D:B, OSFIC, HUGIN AND MUNIN, LOCUS and had individual appearances in other zines. I'd definitely consider name tags and art show work to be fan art. In this category, Alicia positively shines. Her display at St. Louis was seen and admired by the great majority of active fans. So, sorry, but I can't buy insufficient volume as a reason for not nominating Alicia. I still disagree. But in any case, it doesn't matter now. As for 1970, Alicia certainly deserves a nomination, along with Fabian, Kirk, Gilbert, and several others. It seems that fandom right now has an abundance of good artists but very few good writers.-LeB/

RICHARD DELAP
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Jerry Lapidus (who is a nice guy, even if his fanzine disappeared into that bottomless limbo) gives me an ego-boosting compliment but proceeds to gently but firmly chastise me for losing sight of Ellison's "good points."

Of course the idea I was trying to get across is that Ellison himself has lost sight of his good points. I have never been particularly startled or impressed by Ellison's brashness, except where I can see he's using it for reasonable dramatic effect and not merely to cover up meager plotting. Lapidus says that Ellison's "Try a Dull Knife" requires a "special mood," but this is false and I think Lapidus realizes he's making excuses as he follows by saying the author usually "creates his own mood." This is what any good piece of fiction must do -- no author can expect any reader to come to work in the proper frame of mind. If this were so, then the reader should get at least half the paycheck for that story.

Re: "A Boy and His Dog," Lapidus asks "since when have you had more fun reading a story?" Since almost any story I read during that year, I'd answer. Not only was it a bad story, it is one of the worst things Ellison has ever written. Idiotically structured, littered with completely meaningless vulgarity, it comes across like the beaver-flicks: no amount of classy and sparkling surface can completely hide the shallowness of its purpose. All show and no go -- Ellison's story is a prick-teaser, nothing more.

So the question of Ellison's talent comes down to something Jeff Smith brings up in a following letter. He thinks Ellison and Spinrad write "visceral" stories and that this is a "minor" value. He is, of course, wrong. What I object to is that these stories are not composed of real emotion. BUG JACK BARRON, "A Boy and His Dog," etc. are compounded of ersatz values. Spinrad filled an entire novel with pseudo-emotion, not a word of it even approaching "visceral." Ellison writes both emotionally and non-emotionally-attempting-emotion, but many readers can't seem to tell the difference. I would suggest that Ellison fans read his weekly L.A. FREE PRESS column in which it is even more apparent which moments are those when the man is "putting on" and when he's sincere. Ellison's non-fiction has been far more interesting and creative than his recent fiction -- perhaps he just can't work both sides of the fence at the same time?

Anyway, all this is not to ego-boost myself by bitching at well-known Name Writers, very few of whom pay any attention to fanzine criticism to my knowledge. The only writers who have ever responded to my reviews usually make casual mention that I'm an utter ass and let it go at that. I can't effect the writers very much (even less, the editors who buy their work), but I hope I can help the reader see through the pretensions and fine fakery that bundle him up so tightly that he can't see Cartier's for all the paste. Nobody's going to agree with me all the time (now that's an ugly thought!) but if even one reader finds I make him stop for a moment and think, "Hey, I never thought of it that way before!" then I've fulfilled my purpose no matter what his final opinion of me or the book-in-question may be. I didn't scream to high heaven when Hugos were awarded to 2 books I didn't care for, STAND ON ZANZIBAR and LORD OF LIGHT (well, ok, I still cringe a little when thinking of LoL...) but I would like to hold onto the right of a personal opinion, majority notwithstanding. Ok, people?

FRANK ALVIANI
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I like the overall look of the zine. One of the things that particularly strikes me is that the first impression I get is that of appropriateness, for lack of a better word or phrase. In almost all cases, the type of style and overall layout seem to fit into the subject matter; the illos, although in most cases ^{are} not topical (which can't be helped, of course) at least they don't detract or distract from the accompanying print. Everything fits together, and although some of my friends might accuse me of visual reactionarianism, I think that's one of the more important features of a fanzine.

No particular comment on Mike Gilbert's art column. I get the distinct impression of this being the introductory column, written just to introduce his style; the content will start in the next installment. It looks like it should be good tho.

DONALD G. KELLER
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The current issue of Gf seems strangely insubstantial. There seemed to be a lack of good material. Your editorial was most helpful for aspiring faneds, though. The "Faaan poll" was a waste of space, though its ~~cokeyed~~ humor was occasionally good. Your feature on Best Fanzines was very good, and serves well as a buying guide. Your comments on the various zines were intelligent, and I pretty much agree with you on the zines I've seen.

Silverberg's piece was a fascinating look at the fanzines of the 50's. One of the best things in the issue. [There seems to be a revival of interest in fandom of the 50's with Harry Warner's recent fanzine articles, John D. Berry's interest in writing of the 50's, and FOCAL POINT's fond reminiscences.-LeB/]

Sandra Miesel has some Sensies of another kind in THE WSFA JOURNAL that I found more interesting, metaphors on an author's writings. I do not know most of the people she speaks of, so I cannot say if they are accurate. But she inspired me to come up with a few of my own:

E. R. Eddison: A huge ornate palace gate, filigreed in gold and white ceramic.
R. A. Lafferty: A set of monkey bars built from sacred candlesticks.
Norman Spinrad: A rainstorm gradually gaining strength to a crescendo of thunder.

KEN BUDKA
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Your editorial would, I think, be informative to any would-be fanzine editor. But I doubt whether anyone will heed your advice. The neo-fan thinks he knows everything, and won't listen to any advice from people who've been through it already. In the summer of '67 I decided to publish my first fanzine. I asked around for some articles, book reviews, artwork, etc., but got nothing. So I did the entire issue myself. I typed up the 28 pages on ditto masters, right from my head, with

no first-drafting, or correcting of typos. I mailed it out to the printer, and I found out a couple of weeks later that I had neglected to take the slip sheet out from between the masters. I still have those masters today, but I never did get the zine out.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

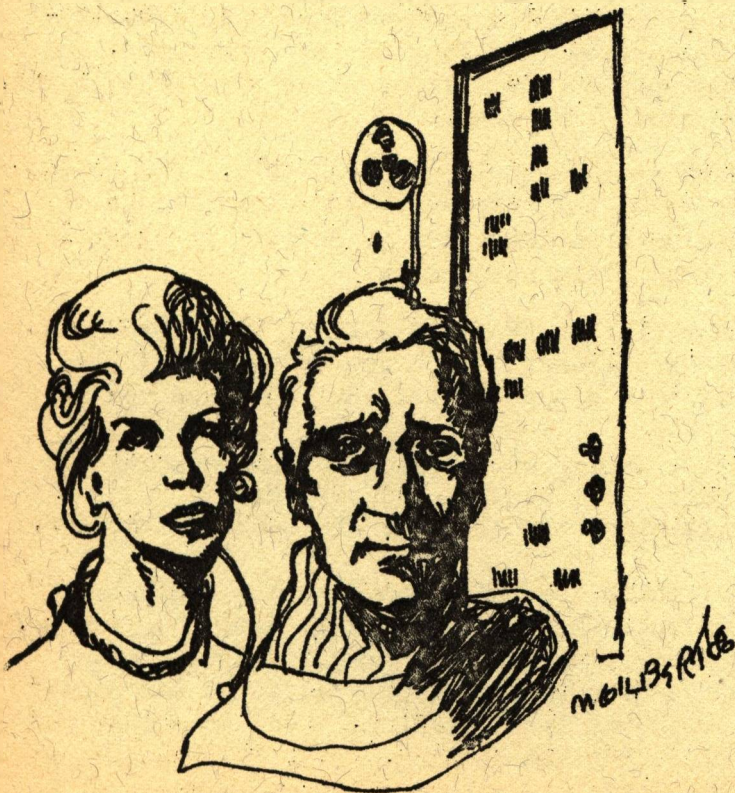
JEFF SCHALLES: "Gf isn't in a rut. Just the fan poll." LISA TUTTLE: "The Faan poll did nothing for me. Oh, occasionally a line would be rather chuckly, but overall it strained too hard...or something."

FRANK JOHNSON: "I still say there should be a definite separation between fan artists and cartoonists.....Faan Poll was funny."

Ed Cagle, Ron Miller, Felice Rolfe, Sylvia Wendell, Robert Furr, and others wrote. Piers Anthony and Hal Davis sent postcard locs.

SANDRA MIESEL: "You goofed badly in underestimating Alicia Austin's '69 output. I counted 9 in D:B #21, 12 plus the cover in SPOCKANALIA #4. These zines were sold at St. Louis where the conventioners were also treated to a whole wall of her gorgeous drawings at the artshow.... It is lamentable that Hugo nominations are too often made for factors other than quality work in a specific year. Let's not waste time complaining -- let's try and foster wider and more careful voting.... While I enjoyed Kirk's portfolio, Fabian's was downright ugly."

MY FAVORITE LETTER: Florence Jenkins wrote: "Enclosed is my check...any zine that can draw such a blast from Arnie Katz is bound to be a good zine and I want to read it. I take 20 others and don't know how I've missed yours for so long. I enjoyed your article in Focal Point, but I did not enjoy Arnie's poison-pen jab at you."



Jeff Soyer thought the Faan Poll was great. Everyone had a different view. Bill von der Linden, Dimitri Razwald (hope that spelling is right), Bill Tredinnick, Roy Tackett, Mike Kring, and Jerry Kaufman also wrote. Thanks!

Grant Canfield, Paj, and John Ingham sent drawings and I hope to hear and see more from these talented guys.

Thanks to all of you for writing.

You may be interested to learn that Gf is now sold in Kidd's bookstore in Cleveland. A subscription is also sent to the Spaced Out Library a new SF section of the Toronto Public Library.

By the way, Gf has a print run of 400, of which 100 are subs. The rest go to contributors, trades, and are sold at regionals.

THE KLUTZ RETURNS

gnatterings by Linda Bushyager

It seems that of late I find I have extra things to say once the editorial is on stencil.

Suzanne Tompkins came over yesterday (November 7th) to help me run things off on the new mimeo. First came the Call of the Klutz page with a heavy black illo. I glanced at the stencil and noticed a small tear. I began to corflu the stencil. I cried out! I had

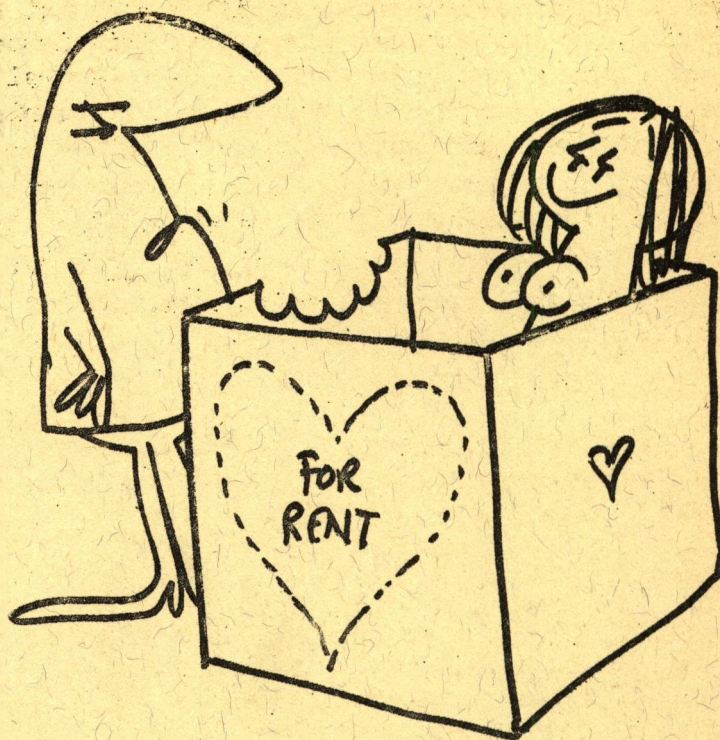
just corflued a black area. Electronic stencils are almost impossible to correct with stylus and typer. Finally Dale DiNucci suggested we attach an extra strip of stencil. It worked! Then we discovered that we had to slip-sheet the page in order to prevent ink from picking up on the back. Horrors of horrors. Hours (it seemed) later we were done. Smiling, we ran page 3 on the back of page 2. Happily I adjusted margins, checked ink flow. Ah ha, the first page of Gf done, I thought, searching for the next stencil. Agggggghhhhhh! Page 1 goes on the back of page 2. Sigh, it happens every issue. As the sun sunk slowly into the west we found ourselves back where we had started. Then I broke the stripper on the machine! This tiny part is necessary in order to assure that the paper will come smoothly out of the machine. But it all goes to show that even the best intentions can meet with disaster.

But I'm still planning to finish up by November 13 and take copies to Philcon. I hope repro is ok. Illos seem to be fine -- everything except the covers is mimeo. I'm a bit worried about the pick up of ink on the backside of the paper. I'd appreciate any Gestetner owners' advice on eliminating this problem. Is there some faster drying ink than their No. 419 (fast drying). Or is (ugh) slip-sheeting the only answer? Help!?

Back issues of Gf8 (lithoed with Zelazny story) and Gf9 (40th anniversary issue) are available for 60¢ each, and can be included as part of a new subscription.

Copies of the PgHLANGE Portfolio are still available. Very few left. These are collector's items -- lithoed, numbered copies (only 300 printed), 21 artists, 34 drawings -- \$2.50 each. Buy one; they are beautiful!

Coming soon, a small newsletter regarding regional conventions -- when they are, who'll be there, suggestions for helping the blossoming number of conventions to be successful. Send me 10¢ if you want a copy.



As for all the controversy lastish invoked -- I hope it will have died down. I had hoped to refrain from mentioning it at all, but I couldn't resist a few comments, apologies, and explanations throughout this issue. I didn't intend to insult anyone and I hope I really haven't. I made several mistakes and am, of course, willing to admit them. And I don't believe all my opinions are necessarily "correct" ones -- they are just opinions. And I believe and hope that most of you feel that GRANFALLOON is a decent zine. I put it out for the fun of it and for the delight of seeing a tangible work I can be proud of. I guess I'm really just a little depressed that several people feel that Gf is not merely klutzy or average, but downright bad -- "fandom's horrible example." I know it is not a great fanzine, but is it really that bad?

Sigh.



WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS:

- ☐ You did one of the following, but you'd better do it again, or this will be your last issue.
- ☐ You're supposed to be writing a column on art and I haven't received the 2nd part.
- ☐ You subscribed. Thanks!
- ☐ You contributed artwork, articles, fiction, or a genuine substantial LoC.
- ☐ We trade fanzines.
- ☐ We don't trade fanzines, but I'd like to. Would you?
- ☐ You remind me of Burt Lancaster.
- ☐ I hate you.
- ☐ You hate me.
- ☐ But maybe we could be friends. Huh?
- ☐ I owe you an apology.
- ☐ You are mentioned.
- ☐ This is a klutzy fanzine and you are a klutz.
- ☐ You're in Apa-45.
- ☐ You are a member of the Harlan, Silverbob, and Lester fan club.
- ☐ You are Harlan, Bob, or Lester
- ☐ Have you noticed how many feuds have been started in fandom recently, and how often you hear the words fugghead and pretentious? You know what it means?
- ☐ Fandom is returning to the glorious days of the 50's! Fandom's booming again.
- ☐ Please review this fanzine. I'd really appreciate it.
- ☐ This is a sample.
- ☐ "What you see is what you get!"



DEREK
CARTER