

GRANFALLOON

15



vol 5 no 1

GRANFALLOON #15

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GRAND-FELON?

SHOW



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Two special flyers
are also enclosed.

CALL OF THE KLUTZ

The new year has brought many things -- New Year's Resolutions, income tax returns, and Granfalloon's 4th Annish. I've done nothing "special" to mark this Grannish, but I hope you feel that a "normal" issue of Gf is special by itself.

The Hugo nomination ballot also comes out in January, so it once again is time to discuss my ideas of SF achievement. As you'll see on the enclosed ballot, the LA committee has decided to expand the nominations from the usual one per category to five in the three fiction categories and three in other categories. This seems like a very good idea. I asked Jerry Lapidus for his feelings about the procedure, since Jerry publishes an annual compilation of the Hugo Legal Rules. He says:

"Although no special motion was passed in Boston, I have seen mention of this plan several times. Personally, I feel the idea is an excellent one. The committee is completely within the rules in expanding nominations under rule 2.14, which states: *"Nominations and voting: Selection of nominees for the final award voting shall be done by a poll conducted by the convention committee under rules determined by the committee..."* In this field, it is often very difficult to determine one best nominee. Trying to decide on the best single novel, best single artist, best single magazine can be virtually impossible in many cases. Occasionally, a single work will dominate, but more often there are several good ones. This rule will allow people to nominate more than one work, in cases where they feel there may be other worthy nominees.

"There are times when a couple of obvious nominees dominate the voting, but where less flashy contenders may actually be just as good. If everyone has to, as under the past system, decide on just one single nominee, these worthy, but less obvious, nominees may be lost in the shuffle -- for example in 1968, when "Aye and Gommorah" and "I Have No Mouth" garnered so many nominations that only one other candidate was on the final ballot.

"Basically, I feel this system will allow each person nominating to have a greater voice in choosing the final nominees which make the ballot. The final works and individuals should be considerably more representative of the tastes of at least the nominators, if not fandom, than under the current system. Of course, the procedure means more work for the committees, but if they don't object, I certainly won't either."

I also asked Mike Glicksohn what he thought. Mike points out that: "This system may also help eliminate some of the effects of block voting. If 300 people nominate in a fannish category, then the final ballot will be made up from perhaps 900 actual nominations. A block of 60 votes for some obscure west coast writer won't loom quite as large out of 900 nominations as it would out of 300. Among informed voters, the system could also eliminate the chance of a nominee getting on the ballot with only a handful of votes just because the top four candidates in the category took up the great majority of the nominations. And, of course, it makes the voter's job easier since he no longer has to try and choose between widely different types of nominees which happen to be eligible in the same category. I know it's taken a load off my mind in every one of the fannish categories!"

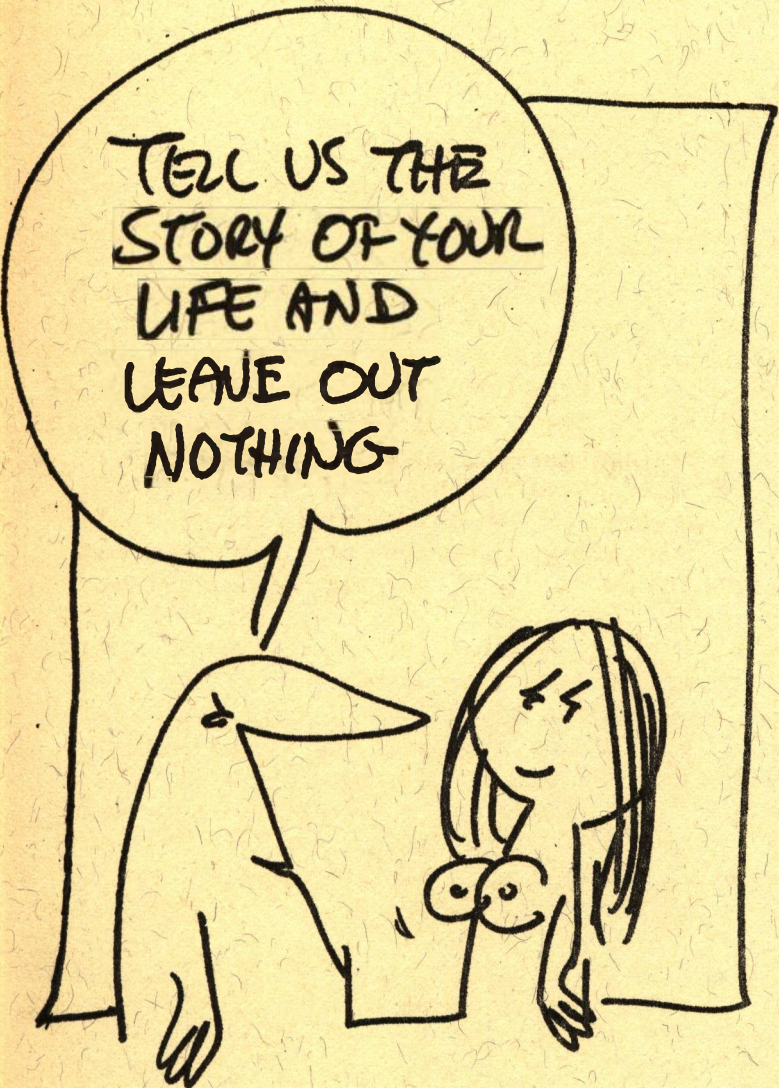
I agree with both Mike and Jerry. It is also nice not to have to practically flip a coin in the case of some categories where there are lots of equally talented people running. I've always thought that it is perhaps a greater honor for someone to win a nomination rather than the Hugo itself. Choosing just one person out of a field of five is often purely arbitrary. I just filled out the LOCUS poll, and had difficulty limiting myself to only five fan writers. I put down five, but if I had to do it again, without looking, I probably would put down a different order, or perhaps a completely different five. (See page 38 for letter from L.A. Con Committee)

BEST NOVEL: Since the only prozines I've been reading lately have been AMAZING and FANTASTIC, most of the eligible novels I've read appeared there. My two favorites are THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN by John Brunner and A TIME OF CHANGES by Robert Silverberg. I was also impressed by Poul Anderson's THE BYWORLDER and Farmer's TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO. Jerry Lapidus liked FURTHEST, THE WORLD INSIDE, and LATHE OF HEAVEN—all of which I read and enjoyed, but did not think of Hugo caliber. DRAGONQUEST was good.

BEST SHORT STORY and BEST NOVELLA: I haven't read any short fiction which really impressed me, but Jerry recommends "Queen of Air" by Anderson in F&SF, "All the Lost Wars at Once" by George Effinger in UNIVERSE 1, and "Corpse" by Harlan Ellison in F&SF.

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION; Although I have not yet seen A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, every rave review I've read indicates that this adaption of Anthony Burgess's novel deserves

linda bushyager



TELL US THE
STORY OF YOUR
LIFE AND
LEAVE OUT
NOTHING

a nomination, and will probably win the Hugo. I also feel that the ANDROMEDA STRAIN, THX-1138, and the Firesign Theater's new album I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS are worthy of nomination. None of the individual NIGHT GALLERY episodes or made-for-TV movies impressed me. A definite contender for next year, however, will be THE PEOPLE, based on Zenna Henderson's short stories.

BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST: Kelly Freas had a very good year and Jeff Jones and Mike Hinge also did some impressive work. I don't think Jack Gaughan's work was nearly as good as it has been in past years, and I'm not certain that the Dillons work appeared on any Ace specials. Szafran had some great covers.

BEST PRO MAGAZINE: As I mentioned, AMAZING and FANTASTIC are the two pro mags I constantly read. These two should definitely be on the ballot, with FANTASTIC edging out AMAZING to win. F&SF was also quite good, as was ORBIT.

BEST AMATEUR MAGAZINE: I'm probably much better informed in what's happening in the fan world than the pro world, and as a result, I find myself faced with all too many good choices. ENERGUMEN maintained its high standard of excellence, and thus is my Hugo choice. I also feel GRANFALLOON is worthy of a nomination this year. The four issues which appeared in 1971 were about the best I've done.

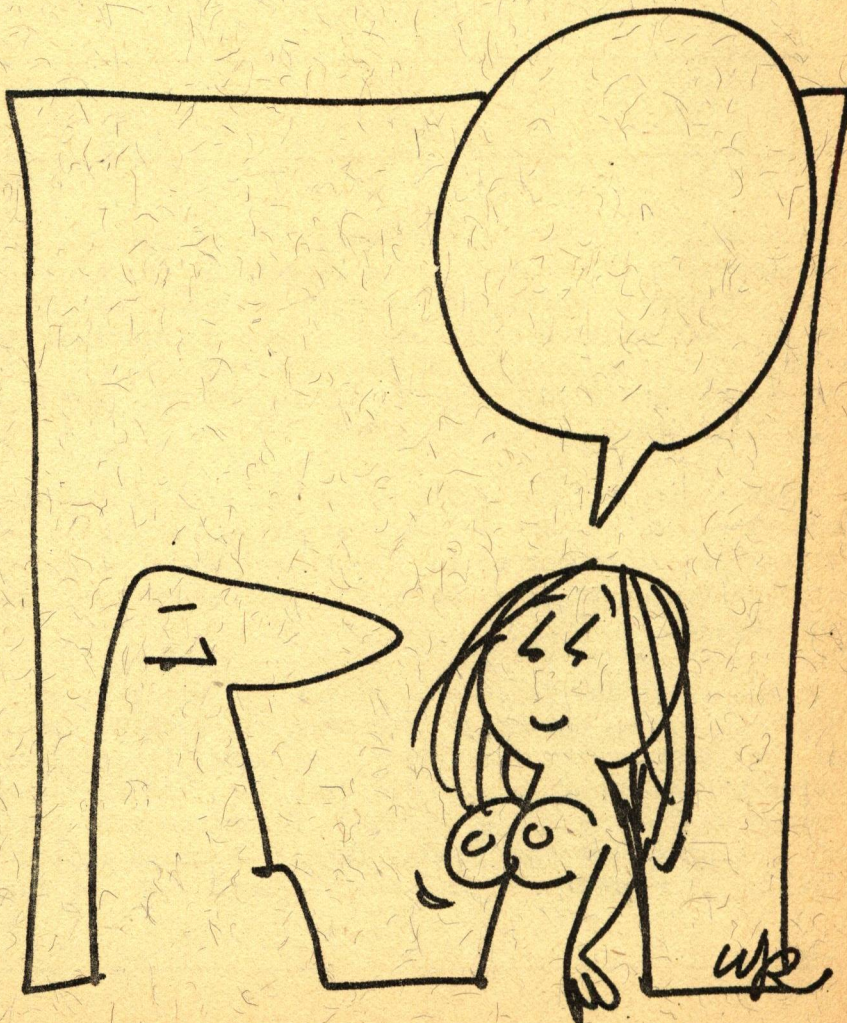
FOCAL POINT had an extremely good year, with the best fannish writing around, and some really excellent cartoons by Kinney, Stiles, and Chamberlain. Unfortunately, OUTWORLDS and SPECULATION had fewer issues in 1971 than in 1970; although the issues which did appear were good, I don't feel either deserves a nomination. SPEC's place as the best sercon/SF discussion magazine was taken by SF COMMENTARY. This Australian zine should also make the ballot. LOCUS continues to do a fine job as a newszine, but I don't feel it should win the award two years in a row. But with its huge circulation, I feel certain that LOCUS will again make the ballot, and may very well win. I'd rate the top zines as Nerg, SFC, FP, and Gf. Honorable mentions go to TOMORROW AND... for all-around excellence, PHANTASMICOM for fine book reviews and writing (but downgrading for lack of layout and artwork), and to POTLATCH for fine writing and Joyce Katz's editorials. One brownie point to THE ESSENCE for the year's best failure -- Jay Zaremba tries a lot, but doesn't always succeed.

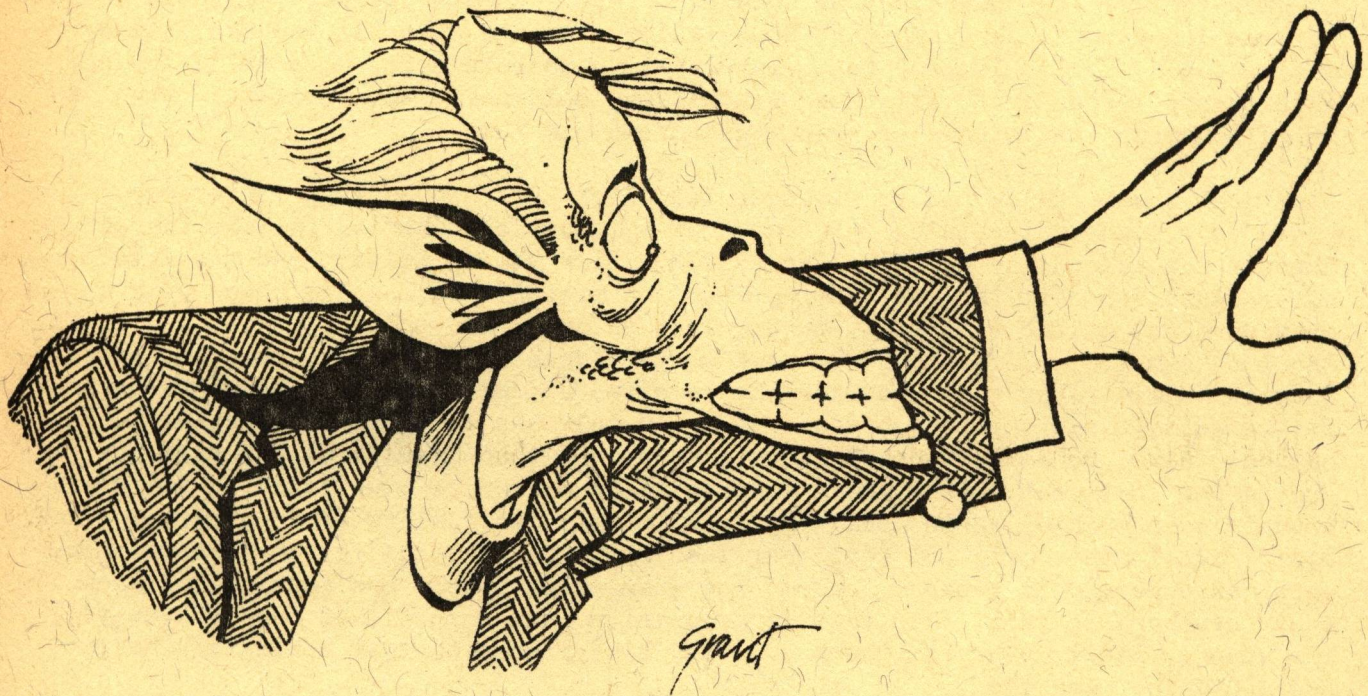
BEST FAN WRITER: The embarrassment of choice! Last year seemed to lack fan writers, but this year is chock full. Rosemary Ulliot, Terry Carr, Sandra Miesel, and Arnie Katz are the definite top choices. They all write so well, I really can't choose between them for top place. They should all win. Second place seems to be a tie between Joyce Katz, Jerry Lapidus, Bruce Gillespie, and Mike Glicksohn. I know the nomination ballot is limited to 5, but can't we squeeze a few more in? And what about Harry Warner Jr.? All those fan history columns? Those letters? Wow! As Harry mentions in his LoC, he hasn't withdrawn his name.

Last year I was really mad to discover that Dick Geis won as best fan writer. Dick wrote very funny editorials, it's true, but one little editorial in each ish of SFR doesn't really qualify him as a fan WRITER. Dick was an editor, and possibly deserved an award for best fanzine, but not for fan writer. If Charlie Brown gets nominated as a fan writer this year, over talent as specified above, I'll be mad again. Charlie is a good editor, but how much writing does it take to churn out a newszine? Charlie merely takes the news items he receives and prints them. He works hard at it, he gets it out on time, but he basically only has to edit the material he receives. Also, Dena Brown probably does more work than Charlie on the zine now. And as per last year, Liz Fishman and Tom Digby may write beautifully, but I still haven't seen much of their work. We come to that old quality versus quantity item again, but I can't help but feel that the "best" award should go to someone whose work has appeared in general fandom, not just in an apa or one fanzine. I know I'm a bit stubborn on this. But that is my opinion, and I know that many of you feel I'm wrong. Still, damn it, there are only five places on that nomination ballot, and I'd rather see the votes go to Rosemary, Terry, Sandra, Arnie, Joyce, Jerry, or Harry, who write just as well as Liz or Tom, but who spread their work around to many fanzines, and who do twice as much of it!

BEST FAN ARTIST: Good Grief! Who do I choose? Grant Canfield has done the most impressive work of the year. But Bill Rotsler, Steve Fabian, Tim Kirk, Mike Gilbert, and Alicia Austin were all in there again. Jay Kinney did lots of wonderful cartoons. And Steve Stiles draws beautifully too. The top five? (hear me grind my teeth) Grant, Bill, Steve, Tim, and Jay. Kind of arbitrary, but definite.

SPECIAL AWARDS: To Terry Carr for the Ace Specials and to Lin Carter for the Ballantine Adult Fantasy books.





PARDON ME, MADAM --

I probably could not be considered a very fannish fan. The fans I actually know in person could be counted on the fingers of one hand plus one. One of the fans I do know is John D. Berry, who recently moved to San Francisco. One day I found a note on my door, written on the back of a San Francisco Municipal Railway streetcar transfer. It read: "GRANT CANFIELD, HELLO. YOU KNOW WE LIVE ONLY A FEW BLOCKS APART? THOUGHT I'D LOOK YOU UP, BUT NO ANSWER. WHY DON'T YOU DROP BY? JOHN D. BERRY, 625 SCOTT, #607, S.F. (567-3775).

I didn't drop by, but I did phone him, explaining that the reason that there was no one here when he came by was that Cathy and I both work. That was a concept which struck immediate terror in his student heart -- and which, incidentally, still strikes terror in mine, being only rather recently separated from the academic womb myself.

Eventually we got together. He came to visit us one evening. We were both at home, which is not an uncommon occurrence, since Cathy and I are both television addicts of the first order. As I matter of fact, I recollect that we were watching the 115th rerun of "The Trouble with Tribbles" on STAR TREK when John dropped by. John informed us that he and another San Francisco fan, Calvin Demmon, had plans to begin publishing a four-page weekly fannish fanzine called HOT SHIT, with a "rather select" mailing list of around 60. When he said that the method of reproduction had not

YOUR REJECTION SLIP IS SHOWING!

been determined, Cathy told him that she had access at her office to the biggest, best, and most expensive Xerox machine made, and she would be happy to run off HOT SHIT for them. At first John demurred, because he didn't want to get Cathy into any trouble at her job, but she finally convinced him that it would be no trouble at all. And it would be free.

That last was a rather convincing argument. John said, "Far out!" Or words to that effect.

That brings us to the 2nd of the few fans I know in person, Calvin Demmon. The following Monday, Calvin came by with John. With them was the first issue of HOT SHIT. The next day Cathy ran it off in fifteen minutes on the xerox.

With no guarantee that it can go on forever, this publishing arrangement has been maintained ever since. At this writing, HOT SHIT is five issues old, all of them xeroxed by my sneaky wife. For security reasons, her egoboo in HOT SHIT has been as "Anonymous Staff Printing Person;" and I beseech you, dear fannish reader, not to blow her cover.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT CANFIELD

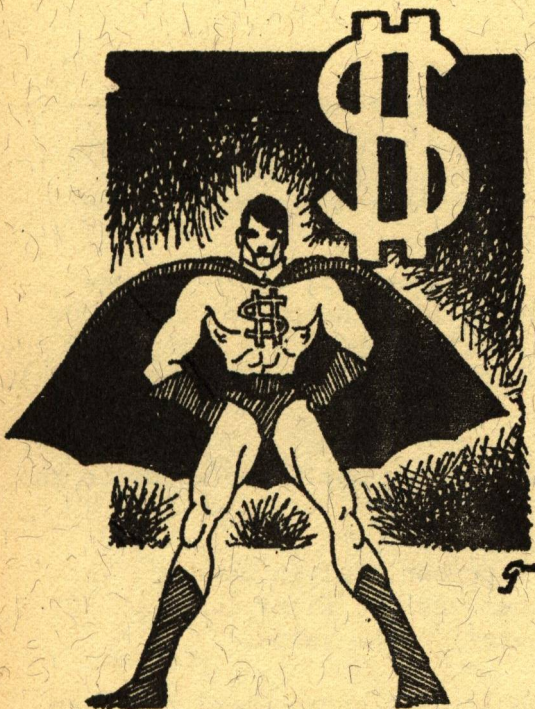
So for several weeks now I've been seeing John Berry and Calvin Demmon on Monday nights, when they come over to pick up the 60 xerox copies. Our conversations over coke and coffee on these evenings have constituted the bulk of my fannish activity during this period -- other than, of course, my by now fairly routine submissions of fan artwork to fanzines I enjoy. Discussion topics have been diverse. One night the topic was "San Francisco, With Special Attention to the Phenomenon of the Cable Car." John has been in the city for only a matter of months, and Calvin has been here a year, so Cathy and I, with a residency of almost two years, were the Old-Timers. Especially interesting to John was the story of the Cable Car Nymphomaniac.

(I can't leave you hanging on that one. "The Cable Car Nymphomaniac" was the headline copy used by the local newspapers in their reporting of the pretty girl in her twenties who, in 1964, was involved in an accident with a runaway cable car. She sustained head injuries which, as she claimed in her 1969 half-million-dollar suit against the Muni Railway, caused her to become a nymphomaniac. She took on, she claimed, "300 or more" different men a year, none of whom was Bill Rotsler. Reasonably enough, she underwent exhaustive analysis. Many of her...uh...suits testified in her...uh... behalf. She won her suit, although the settlement was somewhat less than she asked. For talking purposes, I seem to recall that she was awarded something in the neighborhood of \$100,000, which is a pretty classy neighborhood.)

Another evening, the topic of discussion was Rejection Slips, which may or may not have any relevance to the Cable Car Nymphomaniac, you'll have to ask her shrink. John and Calvin, both aspiring writers, told of their favorite rejection slips, generally those with a personal touch, such as a handwritten note from an actual human person, saying, "Nice try!" or "Almost but not quite!" or encouraging words to that effect. And I showed them my collection of rejection slips.

Before you ask, no, I am not an aspiring writer. I aspire, but I am an aspiring cartoonist. Specifically, I am an aspiring gag cartoonist. The "gag cartoon" is the captioned (generally) black-and-white (generally) cartoon which appears reduced to a quarter-page in the back pages of PLAYBOY or THE NEW YORKER, or, on another level, SWINGER or JAGUAR or ARMY LAFFS.

Such cartoons are drawn as "roughs" on 8 1/2 by 11 white typing paper, 25# bond, in any medium, and submitted in batches to the Cartoon Editors of the various professional magazine markets. Payment for accepted gag cartoons ranges from \$5 (for ARMY LAFFS



THE POWER OF THE
DOLLAR



"JUST WHAT THE HELL DO YOU
EARTHLING PERVERTS THINK
YOU'RE DOING?"

and that ilk) to \$300 (PLAYBOY) per black-and-white cartoon, on up to \$500 and up for full-page color cartoons in PLAYBOY. Which means that your favorite PLAYBOY regulars, like Sokol and Interlandi and Gahan Wilson, are pulling down some pretty respectable loot for their work. That's only right. They deserve it.

I've been an Aspiring Gag Cartoonist for six months at this writing. In that period I've thought up and executed (perhaps a poor choice of words) some 60 cartoons. Some of these have been pretty bad, but some of them, I'm forced to admit immodestly, have been pretty damn good. Each of them has been submitted to a number of markets. And, naturally, that means I've been collecting rejection slips on a regular basis during that six month period. This would be very discouraging to a weaker person, but somehow I maintain a modicum of confidence. Here -- are you ready for the catalog? -- are the rejection slips I have pasted to my file cabinet so far: PLAYBOY, CAVALIER, NATIONAL LAMPOON, AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, GEM & SWINGER, LAFF-A-MINUTE, FLING, TV GUIDE, JAGUAR & STUD, SATURDAY REVIEW, PARADE, COSMOPOLITAN, GOOD HOUSEKEEPING, TRUE, LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE, and TRUE DETECTIVE...some of these more than once.

Now, with a fair degree of credibility based on personal experience, I think I'm qualified to make a rather remarkable observation about rejection slips: They really do make you feel rejected. At the same time, they're so goddamned infuriating, they bolster my determination to show those ignorant Cartoon Editors that they've been passing up the greatest discovery since Charles Rodriguez. This determination to stick-to-it also has its roots, I might add, in another salient fact: I'm not overly fond of my job. Soon after dropping out of architecture school in my final semester, and getting married, and moving to San Francisco, I vowed that I was not going to spend the rest of my life as an architect, or even as an architectural draftsman, which is what I really am, since I have no degree. So I began looking around for an Alternative. At first I played around with Being a Writer, and started on my Great Semi-Autobiographical Novel ("Semi-" because I was changing all my friends' names). The working title, Garbage, turned out, however, to be aptly descriptive, so I shelved the project somewhere in the middle of Chapter Eleven. (I still intend to write it some day, because I feel I am such a fascinating person, but I suppose it will have to wait until I can give it a bit loftier perspective.) Finally I narrowed my choice of Occupational Alternatives down to Being a Cartoonist. This Alternative has been, as I said, six months in construction. And after six months, I'm beginning to feel rejected.

But I am still confident! I haven't been a complete failure!

The winds of fate are beginning to blow in my favor. Because of my regular submissions, certain editors are not rejecting my stuff immediately but are holding them past the Hold Date for further consideration. That may not seem like much to you, but to me it means I no longer have the feeling that everything I send out has a big rubber band attached to it so it will bounce back quickly. And now the rejection slips are getting more personal and more encouraging. And recently, I have even received a few tentative acceptances! I say "tentative" because they involve the magazines GEM and SWINGER and LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE, all of which are markets that pay upon publication rather than upon acceptance. They are "holding" my "accepted" cartoons, but they still have the option to reject them later.

My sneakiest acceptance recently occurred when I conned Alpajpuri into using one of my SF-oriented cartoons in a "special fanzine supplement" of BULLFROG INFORMATION SERVICE, a semi-professional alternative-life-styles magazine published in Eugene, Oregon. Paj works for BULLFROG as a Contributing Editor.

Bringing us finally to the point of this otherwise pointless essay -- namely, the commercial.

John Berry and Calvin Demmon tell me that the hardest part of writing fiction is Getting the Idea. Likewise, to me, the hardest part of gag cartooning is Coming Up with the Gags. I can do the drawings well enough, and I believe I'm even getting better in that department. But it's damned hard for one person to keep coming up with one funny gag after another. Most professional cartoonists use professional gagwriters, which is where You come in.

It strikes me that fandom is full of funny people -- let me rephrase that: Fandom is full of people with good senses of humor. Therefore, I take it upon myself to enlist all you funny fans as My Gagwriters. If you think of a funny idea for a cartoon, send it to me. If I use your idea, and if the cartoon sells, I'll pay you the standard gagwriter's commission, which is 25% of the sale price of the cartoon. You can write your gag idea in a letter to me, or on a 3x5 card, or on an old hockey puck you have lying around, I don't care. I'll do all the bookkeeping. And I assure you, I Can Be Trusted (heh heh heh).

You never know when a funny inspiration will strike you, so get in the habit of carrying around a piece of paper or a small notebook to write on, and always keep this address handy:

Grant Canfield
28 Atalaya Terrace
San Francisco, Calif. 94117

Remember, it is now your solemn fannish duty to do what you can to keep me from feeling rejected.

(Grant just wrote and added that: "Since I wrote I've sold a few more cartoons -- to NUGGET, GIRL TALK MAGAZINE, LOS ANGELES MAGAZINE, and GEM/SWINGER. I also received a letter from Michelle Urry, the Cartoon Editor of PLAYBOY. She just wanted to encourage me to keep it up, that as soon as I hit the right gag I'd be selling to PLAYBOY -- but not yet.)

CHATELAINE

BY SANDRA MIESEL

illustrated by Ross Chamberlain

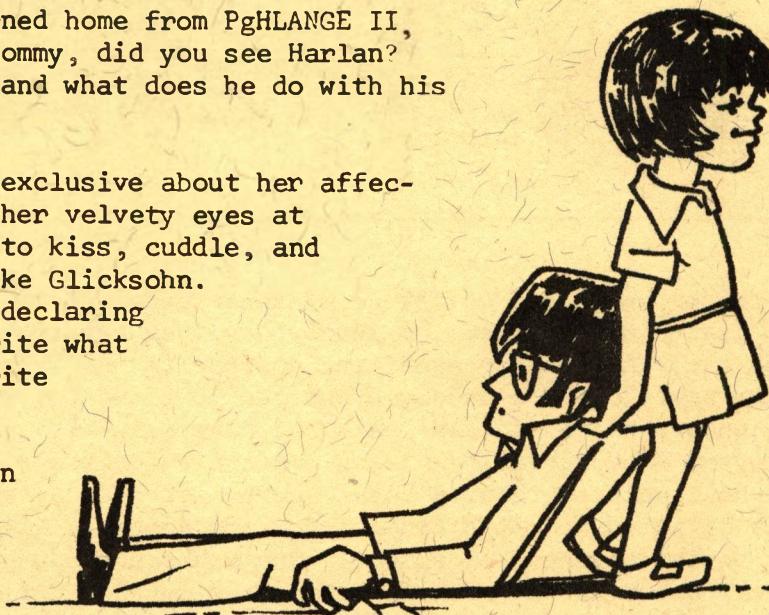
Some fans are made; others are born. Our children can fit into both categories. Although long avid SF readers, we hadn't discovered fandom at the time Chirp was born. But if she missed the pre- and neonatal conditioning ordinarily enjoyed by fan-nish off-spring, SF influence was nevertheless present from the beginning. I knitted no bootees or tiny sweaters during pregnancy. Ah, no. Fritz Leiber's GREEN MILLENIUM inspired the embroidering of a pair of green pussycats which still decorate Chirp's room.

But once the fanzines poured in, that child was as hooked as we were. Then as now she paged through our magazines and books, as intoxicated with print as with pictures. When she was two I wrote John Schoenherr a fan letter on her behalf and I still chuckle at a candid photo of her, aged three, clutching an ORBIT in her paws. Then she developed a disconcerting tendre for Harlan simply from his pictures.

Not content with chattering about her "friend-man," Chirp longed to fly to Los Angeles and bring him home. Last Christmas she begged me to send him a fruitcake (in vain). When I returned home from PgHLANGE II, she excitedly asked: "Mommy, did you see Harlan? What color are his eyes and what does he do with his power?"

However there's nothing exclusive about her affections. She's also cast her velvety eyes at Bruce Coulson and vowed to kiss, cuddle, and pull the bones out of Mike Glicksohn. She once startled us by declaring she liked Ted White. Write what she says on the wind; write it on the rushing waves.

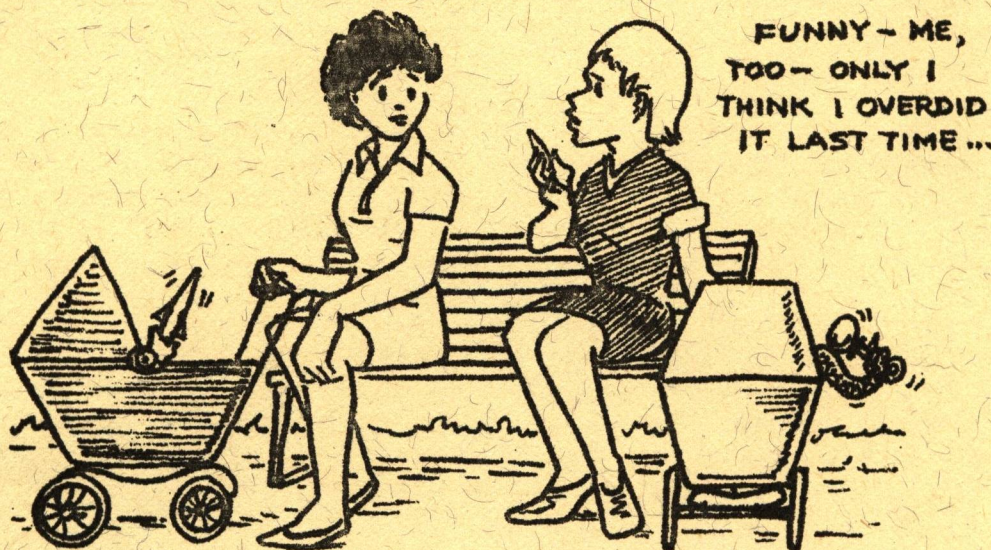
There is even more reason to expect Mite and Peter to develop the same keen interest. They were prenatally influenced in that direction -- I read SF in the labor room while waiting for them to be born.



Some people rhapsodize over childbirth: Bill Wolfenbarger's piece in OUTWORLDS last year for example. But since few of you Gentle Readers are parents yourselves, you might find a matter-of-fact viewpoint diverting. Our two younger children arrived under "natural" conditions but more by accident than intent. I'd had a local :

with Chirp and was satisfied, but Mite and Peter came too abruptly for medication to be administered. With or without any anaesthesia, I strongly recommend being awake. Otherwise one misses that totally characteristic first expression on the newborn infant's face. We will always remember Chirp's imperious glare, Peter's amazement, and Mite's fright. (It must be appalling being a baby girl and looking like Scipio Africanus.) I say "we" because John was there, too, of course, since hospitals now recognize that the husband ought to be present for solace, service, and especially companionship.

I'd never make a cult of natural childbirth, but learning about physiology, hospital procedures, and excercises in advance would be genuinely helpful to any expectant



couple. One seldom mentioned advantage of this technique is the expansive feeling of well-being it leaves afterwards: no letdown as the anaesthetic fades, no side-effects. I had to watch two women suffer agonizing postpartum headaches from routine saddle-blocks. (These reactions are uncommon but can continue for weeks after delivery.) Far better to endure a few minutes' pain and have done with it, I thought, as I sat up in the recovery room surveying bleary prostrate forms around me. It's hard to say which was the most welcome then, a bath, eating after a day's fast (the labor rooms were cunningly situated to catch aromas from the hospital kitchen), or the bliss of sleeping flat on the mattress once more. One's husband can be a great support just by being there. Labor is one of life's more tedious occupations. It lasted six hours with Chirp, comparatively fast for a first child, but that seemed an interminable time measured off watching the second hand sweep round and round the wall clock. John tried to amuse me by disclosing that a group of sea otters is properly called a pod. But not even the image of sleek lutrine oarsmen sculling along in a colossal

green pea pod could fill all the hours. So I resolved to bring some reading matter along on subsequent occasions. The second time around we chose Andre Norton's *TIME TRADERS* and Alexei Panshin's *RITE OF PASSAGE*. Quick-reading John finished both of these before Mite appeared and dashed into the hospital gift shop for the non-fiction *BROKEN SEAL* by Ladislav Farago. (We didn't notice the connotations of these particular titles until my mother pointed them out.) Reading kept me so pleasantly relaxed I had to strain to notice contractions. Moreover, sitting up with knees bent proved to be a more comfortable position than lying down. To their credit, none of the medical staff remarked on our odd pastime.

On the third venture we took Chad Oliver's *SHADOWS IN THE SUN*, and for sentiment, Panshin's *STARWELL*. The psychological effects were again excellent, and Peter was born even more easily than Mite. One month later this provided a unique conversational opener at St. Louiscon. "Oh, Mr. Panshin," I exclaimed, "I read your books while in labor with my last two children, and they're better than Demerol."

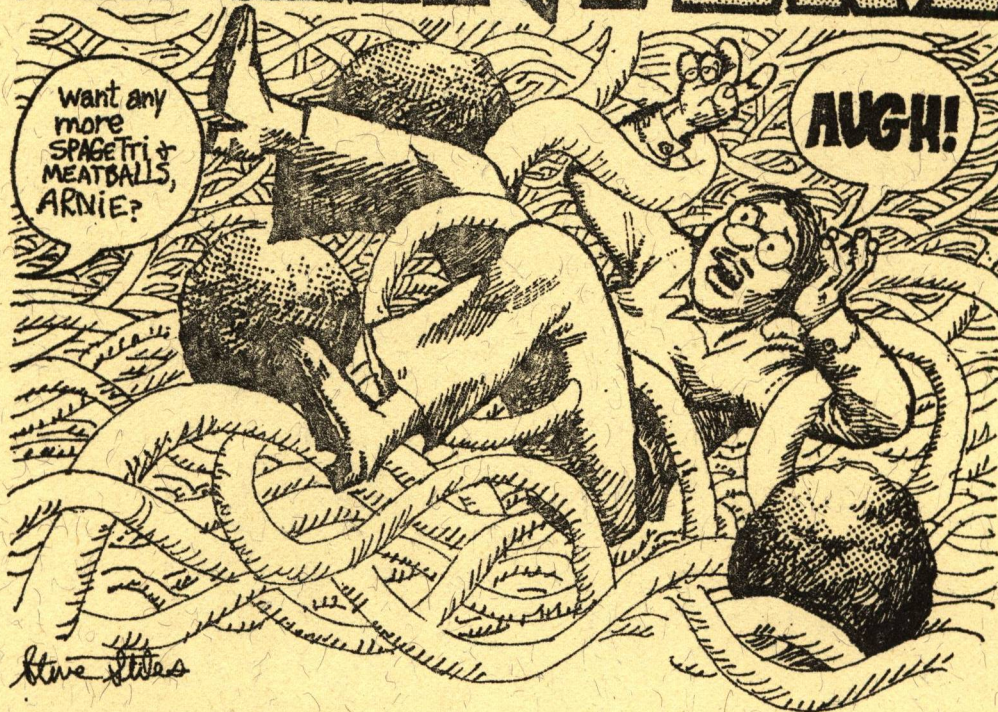


Alex blinked his lovely warm eyes. "Would you mind repeating that for my wife?" Cory was wholly unperturbed.

Perhaps these experiences should have been commemorated in a more permanent form than in a fanzine column, but somehow "Mia Haverø Miesel" and "Anthony Villiers Miesel" did not seem sufficiently... euphonious.

In talking with Alex at Noreascon he mentioned that he'd heard of another woman putting *RITE OF PASSAGE* to the same use and wondered what its special appeal might be, other than the sex of the leading character. I replied that it was a particularly wholesome and humane novel, engrossing without any anxious or offensive features. Now, if he could just communicate this to the medical profession....

SPLINTERS



THE WEIGH OF ALL FLESH by ARNIE KATZ

Take away those hot fudge sundaes. Remove those deep dish apple pies from my sight. Hide the oreo cream sandwich cookies. I'm on a diet again. This surprises me a little, because I thought I had put the world of diets behind me for good.

About two and a half years ago, around the time of the 1969 Lunacon, I went on a diet. This was probably a good idea, as I weighed perilously close to 240 lbs. Even spread over my long 6'3" frame, that's considerably more than I should have weighed.

While I acknowledged at the time that I would feel better and live longer if I were more svelte, the real energizer was my desire to get some new clothes. All the best hippy clothes stores ("boutiques" to you) had waist sizes up to 30" and shirt sizes up to large. I had ballooned to a 38" waist and needed an extra-large shirt to be really comfortable. It always annoyed me that if I were built like a fireplug, as wide as I was tall, they could have fit me, as long as I wasn't a six-footer. Do they think all hip people are midgets or something?

I restructured my diet, watched my food intake, and by the end of summer I had reached my goal of about 195 lbs. I splurged on some clothes and emerged in butterfly elegance after my enforced pupa-hood. But the best part was that I was conscientious in keeping the weight off. By Lunacon 1970, I was still comfortably below the Sinister Barrier of 200 lbs.

In July, 1970, I left the cloistered halls of Brooklyn College Graduate School and got my present job with QUICK FROZEN FOODS Magazine. I started to eat more, partly because my mind was constantly on food all day, and partly because there were more opportunities to eat than there had been at school. My weight inched up as my snacking increased, but I managed to get it right off each time. It was a tussle, but I seemed to be winning the fight.

Then in October, Joyce and I decided to move in together. After transferring all our worldly possessions to the Livingston Street place, we went out and bought a few of the "frills" that make gracious living possible in our modern age. Like lightbulbs. And dinner plates. They were some dishes, too, let me tell you. Each plate was at least one-third larger than the standard size. I remember the first meal Joyce served on the new dishes. It was a typical meal -- a hamburger steak, a baked potato, and some green beans.

"Gee, it looks so small," Joyce said as she placed it in front of me. It did look small, with the hamburger clinging to the rim of the plate. It took me five minutes to find the potato, hidden as it was by so much surrounding white space. As I have always liked white space, I didn't give the matter any additional thought. I should have.

I reckoned without Joyce. I believe she is destined to publish one of those cramped and marginless fanzines for which British fandom is justly famous. Subsequent meals found food covering every available inch of space on the plate.

Meals one-third larger immediately went to work to make the slim Arnie Katz just a memory.

We also discovered that Brooklyn Heights has a marvelous cake and cookie bakery, Sinclair's. The road to hell is definitely paved with Sinclair's rainbow cookies. We ate lots of rainbow cookies.

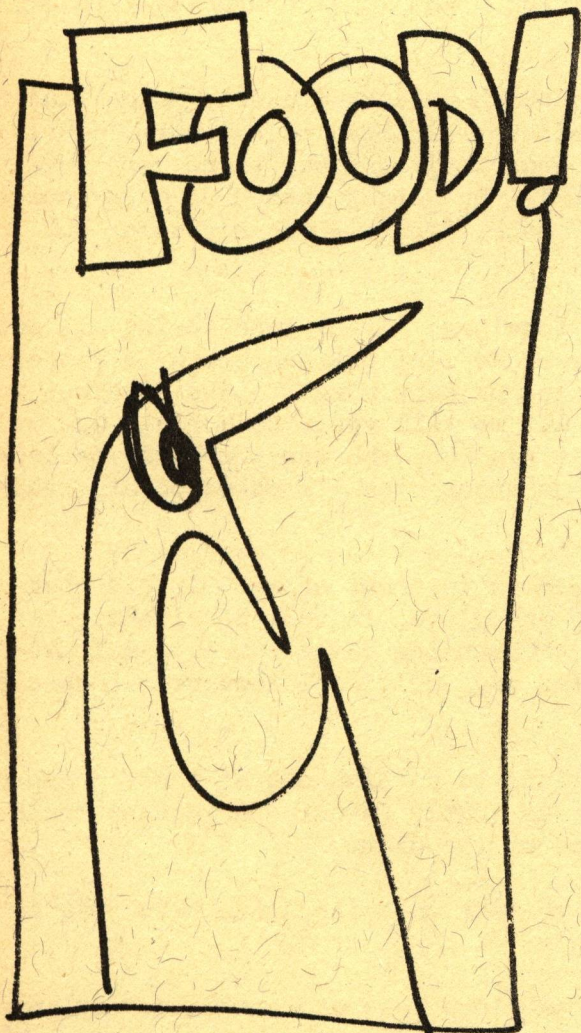
Joyce was taking lessons which eventually resulted in her becoming a nominal Jew. She was doing this to keep peace in the family (partially over my objection). She claimed it didn't affect her, but all of a sudden she began picking up little shticks that definitely didn't originate with the Indians. I am reasonably sure that, after a dinner, including dessert, squaws don't say, "Why don't you have three more hamburgers, To Wash It Down."

So now we're on diets. White spaces are frequently seen on our plates. We have become strangers to the local bakery. We drink water to "Wash It Down." Why, I have even given up my beloved Pepsi, may Ted White preserve me, in favor of two-calorie-to-the-can Tabs.

If I could only stop the inhuman fiends who pump Essence of Corn Beef Sandwich into the ventilating systems of mid-town Manhattan stores.

CORFLU COOKERY

by Linda Bushyager



Recently I have read much in fanzines about food, such as Joyce Katz's fabulous faanish dinners and Mike Glicksohn's tunafish sandwiches. Since fans seem to be almost as addicted to food as to fanac, Granfalloon will be carrying a regular cooking column in the tradition of the Gulping Gourmet and the Fat Chef.

Although future columns will be written by various fans, I chose to write the first column myself. My reason was a good one: nobody else submitted a column.

Trufannish cuisine must include three ingrediants: fur from your Silverberg cat and corflu and ink from your mimeographing hands. If you do not have a Bob-cat, ordinary cat fur, boa constrictor scales, or the like may be substituted.

Try not to carry your fannish cooking to extremes. But if you insist upon using your mimeo drum as a pot, please clean it thoroughly before running off the next issue.

Hardly Ever Fail Fudge (Foo Foo Fudge)

2 cups sugar
1/4 lb. butter
4 squares Baker's bitter chocolate
1 can pet or carnation condensed milk
(3/4 cup)

Melt chocolate and and other ingrediants. Cook together for 8 minutes after it comes to a boil(mix continually so it doesn't burn). Add 4 tbsps. marshmello whip and 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat well until very thick. Add 3/4 cup chopped nuts. Pour into buttered pan 8 x 8 in. square.

However you'll generally have to ignore the 8 minute instruction and cook for about twice that to get the fudge to thicken. Refrigeration will also thicken the fudge. Beware of overcooking or the sugar will begin to carmelize.

Dale's Pork Flange

Dale DiNucci (whomyou may remember as the Shy Young Thing at NyCon, Pittsburgh's fake-fan, the editor of TRIBES who still owes you a copy, or our former house-mate) has a habit of concocting fast, delicious meals by mixing together a few common ingrediants. Since we don't know what to call these dishes, we call them flanges, which as every fan knows, is a word used in the same sense as thing-a-ma-bob, and whatyamacallit.

Take one package of pork chops (center cut are the best, but any kind will do) (by a package I mean one containing 6-8 center cut port chops), cut the meat from the bones and fat and brown in butter or margarine with one small onion (chopped). Add one can of stewed tomatoes. Simmer for about an hour, or to tenderness desired. Serve over rice. Serves two.

Dale's Chicken Flange

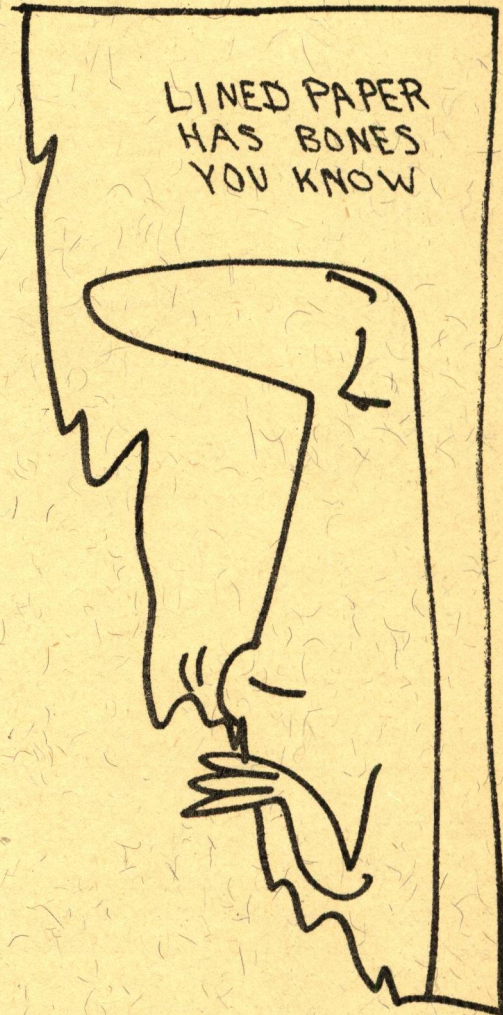
All flanges should be cooked to taste. If you are a big eater add more pork chops or tomatoes to the above. If you hate onions, eliminate them. For chicken flange, use as much chicken as you normally eat (I usually figure 1/4-1/2 chicken per person).

Bake chicken as you would normally. I usually toss the chicken into a corningware casserole dish with some margarine and bake for an hour at 350°. If you don't know how to bake chicken and this instruction does not help you, consult a cooking book (and I suggest you buy one right away, you need one!). Salt and pepper chicker

After about an hour the chicken should be nicely browned (woops, don't forget to turn the chicken over once or twice). Add a can of cream of chicken soup (use one can for every 1-2 servings), and stir with the juices and margarine. Cook an additional 10 minutes, until the gravy is hot.

Now pour the chicken and gravy mixture over rice or mashed potatoes. (I prefer rice).

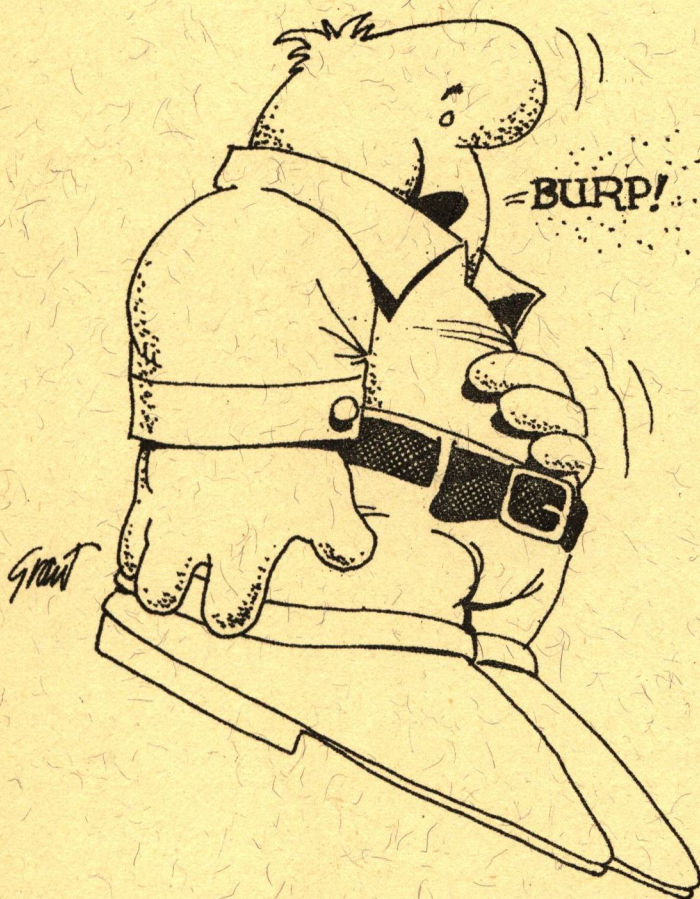
If you like these flange dinners, try experimenting with your own. Toss a can of golden mushroom soup, barbeCue sauce, or the like over some meat. Pray.



Pittsburgh Blog

There are many variations on this fannish punch: Canadians use fruit cocktail; Minneapolis fans use Hawaiian Punch, lemonade, and limeade; Columbus fans toss in grain alcohol instead of vodka and dry ice for effect. But one thing is true of all the blogs -- blog is much more potent than it tastes. So avoid the temptation to drink when collating or running off a fanzine, or you'll end up with blank pages, upside-down illos, or misspelled names (such as your own). Who me? Drink blog when working on Gf? Ghu forbid! I get high enough on those corflu fumes!

So take a fifth of vodka, two quarts of ginger ale, a bottle of cranberry juice (small), 2 small cans of frozen orange juice, 2 cans frozen grape juice, and ice. Add more vodka, etc. to taste. Garnish with slices of limes, lemons, and oranges.

Nuclear Fizz

Invented by Tom Hadley at the Philcon I, the Fizz soon became the fannish mixed drink, although you don't hear too much about it now. Take 1 1/2 shot gin, 1 shot cointreau, 1 shot lemon or lime juice (and a lemon-lime mixture is even better), 2 shots soda, 2 or three drops bitters. If you like them sweet, add more cointreau, and vary the amount of soda to taste. Karen Anderson's custom of putting vegetable coloring in it as a warning measure is well advised. Variations include vodka instead of gin, making a Nuclear Fuze; vodka and gin, a Nuclear Fuzz.

Matzo Ball Soup and Stewed Chicken

Have you noticed that three-quarters of fandom is Jewish? So it seems appropriate to give the recipe for matzo ball soup (or knedelac, as my Jewish mother calls it [and as I've probably misspelled it]). If you have never tasted any, try some, you'll like it!

First buy a stewing chicken. I usually just buy a fryer, because it is cheaper, but if you can tell the difference between stewing and frying chickens, you may want to purchase the correct type. Also buy a package of chicken fat or a jar of pre-rendered chicken fat. If you live in a non-Jewish area, as I do, you may have difficulty locating separate chicken fat. So you can cut the fat from chickens you buy and save it until you need it, or use butter or margarine instead. To render the fat, cook it over medium heat until the fat liquefies. You'll need 1/3 cup of the fat to make the matzo balls.

Now cut the chicken into pieces and place in a large pot with a lid along with water, onion, celery, and carrots (cut in chunks). Salt and pepper. Cook for an hour at boiling, but without boiling over! Skim off the junk that forms at the top (mostly foam). Then you can either remove the chicken and prepare it for stewed chicken or remove it to cut it into small pieces and add back to the soup. For the former, take the chicken ~~and~~ place it in a baking dish, season, cover with fried onions, and bake for one and a half hours until brown. If you prefer just having chicken soup, let the chicken cool, and then remove the bones and skin (throw it away, don't feed it to your cat, chicken bones can splinter, give them a bit of the meat instead if you are an inveterate cat-table-scrap-feeder). Cut up the chicken meat and return it to the soup. Now add chicken bouillon cubes to the soup to taste.

While the chicken is cooking in the oven or cooling, make the matzo balls. Beat 4 eggs. Add 1 cup matzo meal, 1/2 cup of the newly made soup (strained), 1/3 cup of the melted chicken fat, 1 tsp salt, a dash pepper. Mix. Place the batter in the refrigerator for at least 20 minutes. When the batter can be handled without running through your fingers (it still won't be as solid as cookie dough) attempt to roll it into one-inch balls. Place in boiling soup. Place lid on the soup (turn down the heat, or it will overflow) and cook for 20 minutes at about medium heat. Whatever you do, don't lift the lid to look at the balls. Just leave the lid on, and let the balls do their thing.

In some cases, what the balls do can be unexpected. For instance, the last time I made this soup I opened the lid after 20 minutes to discover giant matzo balls! For some reason the matzo balls had doubled from their normal size. They were huge. Instead of giving each person one or two, I had to cut them in half. And wow, they were light and fluffy, yes sir. I was afraid they were about ready to take to the ceiling. When I served them to Ginjer Buchanan, Jerry Kaufman, Eli Cohen, Ted Greenstone, and Jeannie DiModica, who had come to help me run off Granny, they all began remarking about that Alka Seltzer commercial, you know, the "giant dumpling" one. But fortunately, they did taste good.

So I can't guarantee any of the above recipes. I've made all of them, and they all can be quite good. But remember: "The best made pans of wives and fen go oft ablaze."

Please feel free to submit favorite recipes and complete columns to Granny's Cookbook. Humorous anecdotes are very welcome. I'd enjoy receiving columns from male fans to disprove my theory that most men can't cook because they've been taught that it is impossible for men to cook (well, at least one man I know feels this way -- Ron)!



Richard Delap reviews THE LIGHT FANTASTIC: SCIENCE FICTION CLASSICS FROM THE MAINSTREAM
 edited by Harry Harrison, Scribners, 1971, \$5.95, 216 pp.

James Blish introduces this collection with "The Function of Science Fiction." He offers an intellectual hash that is interesting in spite of sometimes torturous and silly linkages. Blish bounces like a rubber ball between obvious, but undernoted evaluations: "...new writers raised in this school /the pulps/ did learn one art which is almost extinct in mainstream fiction today: tight plotting" -- and an oddly condescending pretentiousness when discussing the meaning of story. This preface does set a proper tone for Mr. Harrison's choice of SF culled from areas outside the insular genre world. SF readers should be familiar with at least part of these stories, which have popped in and out of SF and semi-SF collections for years, while mainstream readers will find good examples of the field from writers (such as Graham Greene, E. M. Forster, and John Cheever) whose fame needs no special annotations.

It is difficult to judge a book of this sort completely fairly. On the one hand, the SF reviewer is tempted to demand a level of unfailing excellence from all "intruding" writers, a hard-headed critical demand seldom made so conscientiously of works from within the field. Mainstream reviewers, too, are likely to hinge on the word "Classics" to demand qualities throughout that very few anthologies can possess without resorting to the regrouping of already much-heralded and familiar inclusions. In the end, I believe the editor has done a credible job with this book. A few of the stories are really excellent, most are at least good, and two are below par -- at least for authors who possess a reputable body of work which would include them in almost any list of important authors.

One story which rightly deserves the "classic" label, E. M. Forster's "The Machine Stops" is a bit dated only in the physical details (it was first published in 1928) of speculation on a future humanity individually isolated in underground compartments. Their creativity has been reduced to distorting history into fantasy, and they worship the world-spanning machine that fulfills most needs of this degenerating society. As men depend ever more on the machine to handle the details of a crowded world (Forster's stable population allows children only to fill vacancies left by deaths), it is even easier to see this creeping approach of a physical, psychological, and philosophical disaster.

John Cheever's "The Enormous Radio," written just as television began to change our entertainment habits, also undoubtedly deserves the classic designation. It says something which likely could not be said today, for if television were the central element in this tale of a radio which picks up the conversations in neighboring apartments and allows its owners to listen in, the effect would border on voyeurism and the plight of the central characters would become tasteless and unsympathetic to the reader. The comments on the human tendency to self-delusion are so terrifyingly accurate that few will avoid those cold shudders of recognition -- and that, happily, is why we need stories as beautifully revealing as this, to show us ourselves.

In a very disturbing story of telepathy between young twin brothers, "The End of the Party," Graham Greene is interested both in the effects upon the boys of their special talent and the effect upon the reader in discovering how far this talent actually reaches. As Blish says, the story is SF, but it is no less a horror story for that, and a fine one too.

Jorge Luis Borges is one of the most powerful writers today, whose influence is sure to be remembered and felt long after the majority of his contemporaries have crumbled. "The Circular Ruins" is a speculative myth that fits into the SF genre by the elasticity of the genre's definition. It tells of man's creation, of God's creation, and slyly suggests in the end a never-ending chain of creation. No ponderous theorizing here; just simple, well-constructed, human drama.

C. S. Lewis' "The Shoddy Lands" is a well-known piece about seeing the world around us through another's eyes; and Anthony Burgess' "The Muse" displays the wry, acid satirical wit (for which he has been justly acclaimed by the mainstream) in a story with an SF slant on the much-discussed, much-cussed question: did Shakespeare really write those plays?

These are some good stories from such world-famed authors as Rudyard Kipling -- "The Finest Story in the World," which ranges from a Greek slave ship to a Viking battle in American waters in adventures which are doomed to remain a secret when Nature has its way; Gerald Kersh -- "The Unsafe Deposit Box," a compendium of funny errors and a tour de force of the hard-science story; Kingsley Amis -- "Something Strange," an interesting puzzle of crafty illusions in a space station; Robert Graves -- "The Shout," a slick fantasy involving a madman who claims his shout can kill and who has some unsettling effects on a "modern" marriage; and E. B. White -- "The Door," in which today's familiar theme of cultural shock is sliced to the core of animal psychology with a welcome simplicity that is very refreshing after years of lesser modern ambiguities which post-date this 1939 story.

The two stories which I regard as less distinctive are Mark Twain's "Sold to Satan," which shows Twain's ability to make social comment without stooping to foul abuse but will likely be less funny to modern readers than to its original audience, and

Leo Szilard's "The Mark Gable Foundation," a cryogenics story in which the hero awakens to a world that provides the author free reign for his own brand of socio-politico-religious satire, most of it quite limp.

Harrison's anthology is generally quite good, especially worthwhile to those readers who stick to the SF genre too exclusively by publishers' designations and to mainstream readers who would like to find if that stuff really has some quality. Neither will be disappointed.

Ted Pauls reviews THOSE WHO WATCH

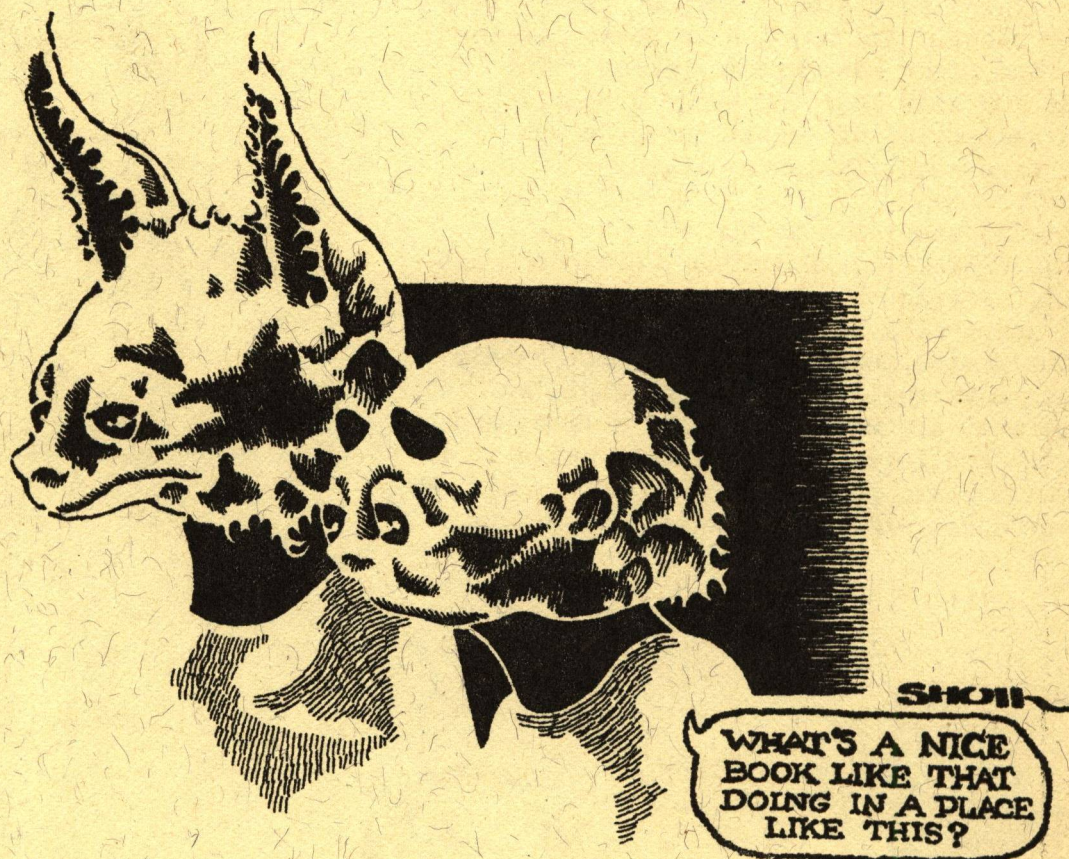
by Robert Silverberg, Signet #T4496, 75¢

This rather slim novel was originally published in 1967, at the beginning of that fantastically productive period (not yet exhausted) in Silverberg's career which gave us such major works as THORNS, TO LIVE AGAIN, NIGHTWINGS, TOWER OF GLASS, and THE MAN IN THE MAZE. This was unfortunate, because this novel, like several that he wrote during that period, provides an interesting contribution to the total picture of Robert Silverberg's evolution as a novelist.

What principally distinguishes Silverberg's novels of 1967-1971 from his earlier work, apart from the general fact that they are better, is their orientation toward the people rather than toward the events with which they are concerned. Characterization was always Silverberg's outstanding weakness, and I believe it was the definitive measure of his emergence as a major author when he began attempting novels which demanded that he overcome his weakness in order to make them successful. He grappled with this problem through novels such as THORNS and THE MASKS OF TIME, not always successfully (such as MASKS), but ably and determinedly. THORNS was a remarkable effort, a triumph despite being seriously flawed. It was a heavily people-oriented novel, essentially a complex and rather profound love story in which the SF element was little more than stage setting. Within a couple of years, Silverberg mastered that ability to write chiefly about people, turning out work like THE MAN IN THE MAZE (a character study of one man, in which, again, the SF element is merely the starting point for exploration), TO LIVE AGAIN (one of the most technically brilliant novels I have ever encountered), and NIGHTWINGS (in which the author combines his growing skill in the professional techniques of characterization with the rich emotional texture that breathes life into book people). THOSE WHO WATCH belongs to the earlier period; it is a competent minor novel whose flaws render it less successful, but certainly no less interesting.

It is people-oriented of stark necessity: only interest in the people involved could sustain the plot over 140 pages. A flying saucer belonging to one of two races of alien observers explodes in Earth's atmosphere, the three beings in the crew are all injured and separated in the course of abandoning ship, and each is found and cared for by a Terran. Ultimately they are picked up by rescuers and return to the stars. That is the entire plot; it is very nearly the entire action content of the novel. What Robert Silverberg is interested in here is not this skeleton, but the three Earthlings who find the alien Dirnans and the relationships which develop between them. Some of the characterization is nicely done, but the overall effect of THOSE WHO WATCH is fatally wounded by what can only be regarded as either naivete or carelessness on Silverberg's part: it is all so pat, so goddamned convenient, that it is all preposterous. All three aliens, landing in different areas of rural

New Mexico, just happen to be found by humans who are perfectly willing to conceal the Dirnans rather than report them to the authorities. Mirtin, the self-effacing father/teacher figure in the body of a middle-aged man, is found and aided by an 11-year-old Pueblo Indian with a genius intellect who is, naturally, an outcast among his people; Vorneen, a dashing seducer of Dirnan females who vainly wears the shell of Hollywoodish handsomeness, manages to collapse 20 feet from the door of a somewhat neurotic widow of 30 who is subconsciously longing for a man; and Glair, physically and psychologically a voluptuous young woman, is discovered by an embittered divorced Air Force colonel, no less than the regional commander of the armed forces' flying saucer investigating agency, who instead of reporting her, secretes her in his house. To make matters worse, when the aliens are recovered and leave Earth, they



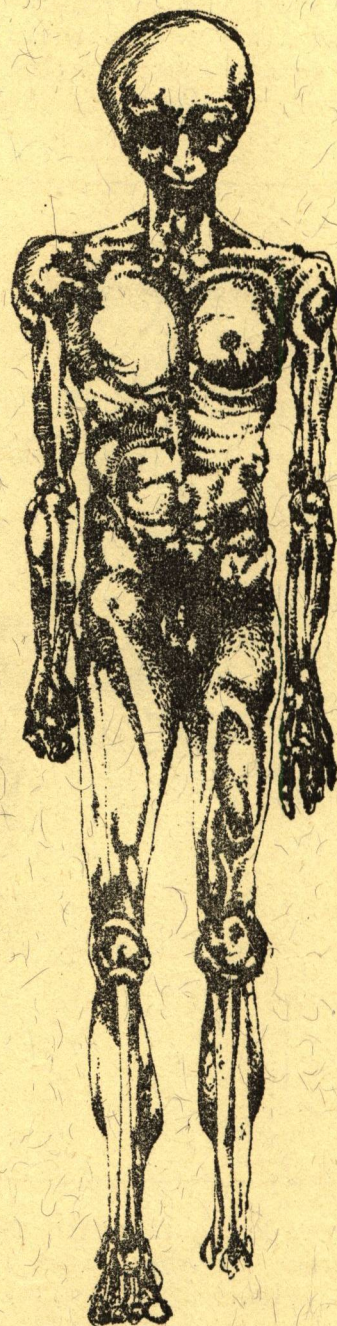
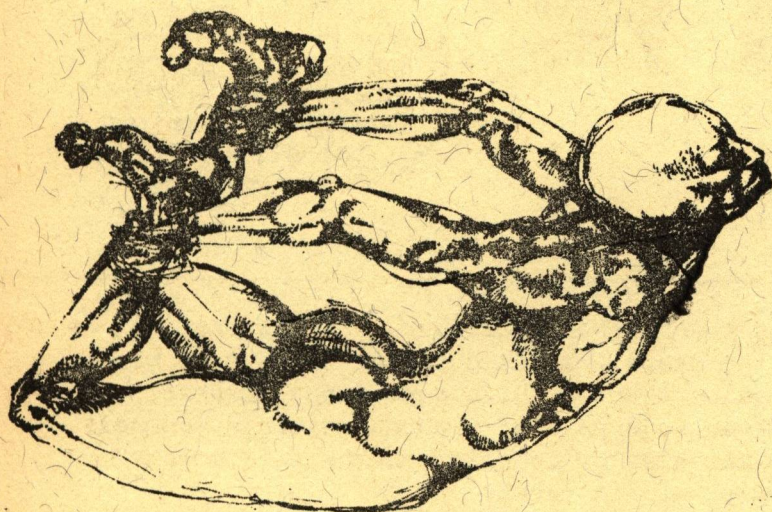
manage to bring together the widow and the Air Force officer, so that they can console each other for their lost loves from the stars. I would sooner believe in nine-headed aliens and six-mile-long spaceships than in coincidence that perfect. So this is a competent minor novel, which is even enjoyable if you can restrain yourself from muttering "Oh, come now!" at the miracles of coincidence that the author performs in order to avoid having to work at his novel.

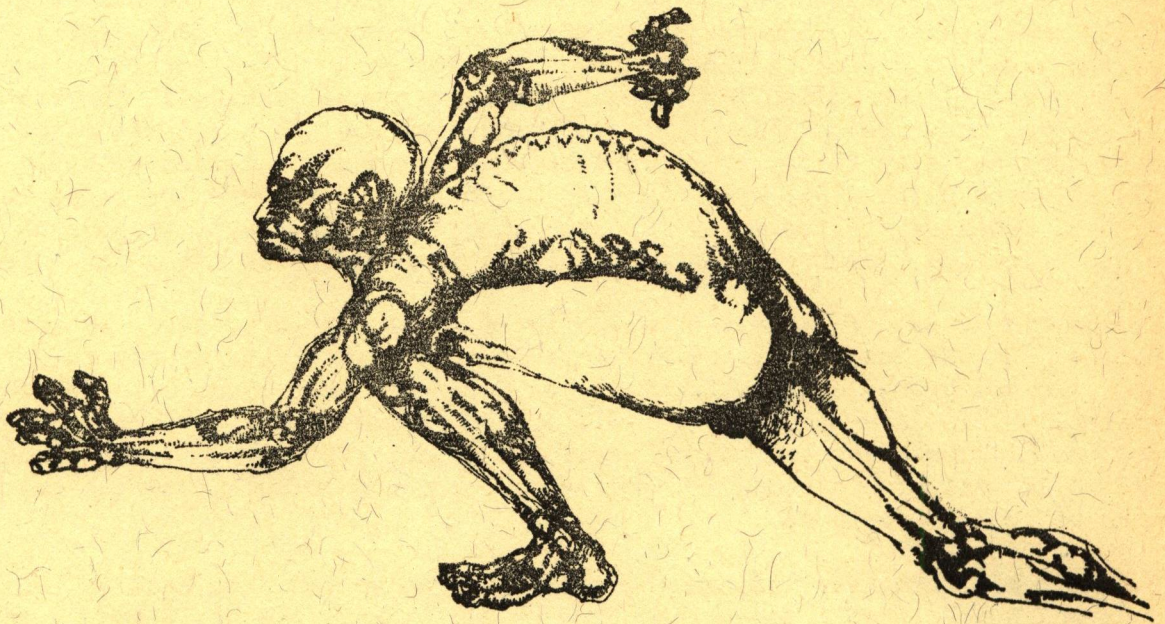
Andrew J. Offut reviews *FUN WITH YOUR NEW HEAD*

by Thomas M. Disch, Doubleday, 1970, SF Book Club Selection

Certainly it is well known by now that I think nearly all "reviews" and "reviewers" are terrible, usually biased, and generally stupid. I do not do book reviews because I don't possess the concomitant arrogance. Yet every now and then, something hits me, such as the Asimov collection *NIGHTFALL AND OTHERS*, and the fantasy books by Alan Garner, and I want to shout loudly that these are good books for people who like to read a good book now and again. This isn't a book review, then: it's another shout. And no, I have never met the writer and might hate him in person. The work is *FUN WITH YOUR NEW HEAD*, a poorly titled collection of excellence by a man with a fine head, Thomas M. Disch.

It contains stories from *NEW WORLDS*, *F&SF*, *AMAZING*, *FANTASTIC*, *SF IMPULSE*, *ESCAPADE*, and *PLAYBOY*. I read this collection in two sittings, which is a better way to read 17 pieces of a man's mind than all at once, but hardly *THE* way, nevertheless. Stories should be read as they are written, one at a time, and with care and intensity. Further, while it is an excellent way for a writer to make a bit of money on short stories for which he origin-





ally received nickels and dimes and green stamps or shillings and pence, there should be no such beast, ideally, as a one-man collection. It isn't fair.

Perhaps both these dicta-like observations are unique; possibly heretical. But this is a unique review. It is the fourth time I have been moved to "review" a book -- since I grew up -- and one of those others ran four or five lines. I am a writer of fiction by profession, rather than a writer about writers' writings. And too, I am heretical; as I said, I abhor most reviews and reviewers and certainly any man who dares call himself "critic" or allows other so to demean him.

The arrestingly strange title for these 17 vignettes, outlines, slices, social tracts, and short stories is apparently the result of someone choosing the weirdest title in the lot -- because it is arrestingly strange. "The Squirrel Cage" is one of the longer stories (about 7000 words, writer's count), and as a general title would have had appeal, as well as multiple applications. Other stories such as "Now Is Forever" and "The Number You Have Reached," too, could as easily have provided a better general title. "Fun With Your New Head" is a short-short, published in slightly different form as "Cephalotron" in PLAYBOY. It's just the sort of cute fanzine exercise that Hefner dishes out a couple of thousand dollars for, while Disch probably received a hundred and a quarter or so from AMAZING for "Descending" -- which is brilliant.

As long as we're reviewing the publisher, something that should be done often: Jacket blurbists have a tendency to sound like grandparents peering through the nursery window at the new baby. The blurbist for this anthology tells me that the stories are "exceptional...highly imaginative...a joy...unforgettable...frightening...amusing," not to mention witty, suspenseful, frighteningly gloomy, and of a standard of excellence. Furthermore, it states that Disch is "one of the finest SF writers of today," who possesses "flawless craftsmanship" and is an artist. This is the sort of hyper-grandiose Barnum & Bailey swash that just dares the reader to disagree, forces all the little creatures who review books to find things wrong, and hits me as a challenge.

Thus the ghastly grammatical error in the second sentence on page one slashed at my sensitive gums like a fingernail on chalkboard. Another, a few pages along, prompted me to make a sneering note in the margin. (The sort of compulsive behavior Disch understands.) They had dared me; I was responding blindly, jerking my knee. By the time I had finished that story, "The Roaches," I had forgotten such nonsense; what Vardis Fisher called "childness" rather than childishness. The story is honestly superb; the type of thing that people such as Poe and Lovecraft might possibly have done had they (1) regurgitated the thesauri they swallowed at early ages, and (2) survived until 1965, which is when Disch first displayed the story in an unlikely niche: ESCAPADE. After I had finished those 14 pages I went to pour and saccharin a cup of coffee, because I wanted to live quietly with the story for a few minutes.

By the time I had finished the collection I was prepared to swear by Euterpe, Melpomene, and Calliope that any grammatical errata that ever appear in a Tom Disch work are deliberate -- and if not, I don't care to hear about it. For this is a writer. This is a creator. This is a mind, a brain that turns out strange little dollops of surrealism and representational prose, punctuated by occasional more "formally" structured products; what we are pleased to call "stories" because labels make us feel comfortable.

I find I best remember "Descending" and "The Number You Have Reached" and "The Squirrel Cage" (Did I understand it? -- Did Disch? Did he intend me to "understand" it? And does it matter?), along with "The Roaches." Weird, shivery, and well-written, all of them. Because they are all surreal? Because they force one to think, tritely, of Kafka? (Tritely, because "reviewers," who are not creators, always make comparisons.) Or because they remind one of Wolfe's calling loneliness the "central, inevitable fact of human existence" and of Byron's "I stood among them, but not of them, // In a shroud of thoughts which were not // Their thoughts." Disch seems to understand, too well, loneliness and the fantasizing and compulsive behavior it often generates.

In the strange story entitled "Thesis on Social Forms and Social Controls in the U.S.A.," Disch creates the background for a novel. Not Orwellian, though he uses Orwell's three maxims. Yet the piece occupies only 13 pages here. Other writers would have done the novel; some would have milked at least two novels from the thesis! But Disch makes it complete. Finished.

Thomas M. Disch is a writer. He isn't a SF writer; he's more a fantasist or phantasiast (cf. Freud). There aren't many writers, although there are a hell of a lot of overpaid typists about. If you're in college, you should obtain and read this collection of Tom Disch's mental divagations and ease his name sidewise into class and act shocked (try not to overdo it) that the professor isn't familiar with the man's work. If you're not in college, you should obtain and read this one, simply because everyone should read decent prose every now and again. If you're a writer -- or an overpaid typist -- you should read this to try and decide why you're earning a living and why Disch is not reviewed in the "proper" places; why they'll make your offspring read TRISTRAM SHANDY in college but not Disch; why educators can name but three SF books: 1984, PLAYER PIANO, and DONOVAN'S BRAIN.

Disch is one of the finest SF writers of today, is an artist of surpassing craftsmanship, and his stories tend to be exceptional, highly imaginative, a joy for both the SF buff and the connoisseur, unforgettable, frightening, and amusing; not to mention witty, suspenseful, frighteningly gloomy, and of a standard of excellence. That takes Doubleday's blurbist off the hook; hand me the thesaurus and I'll write the jacket copy for his next collection.

Mike Glicksohn reviews LOS ANGELES: A. D. 2017

by Philip Wylie, Popular Library, 95¢

There has been considerable talk in the SF fan press about the possibility of a Hugo for Best Dramatic Presentation for the "Name of the Game" episode entitled "Los Angeles: A. D. 2017." I haven't seen the show, but I wish it luck. Because it's a sure bet that Philip Wylie's inept novelization of his screenplay isn't going to be in the running for anything; except possibly obscurity.

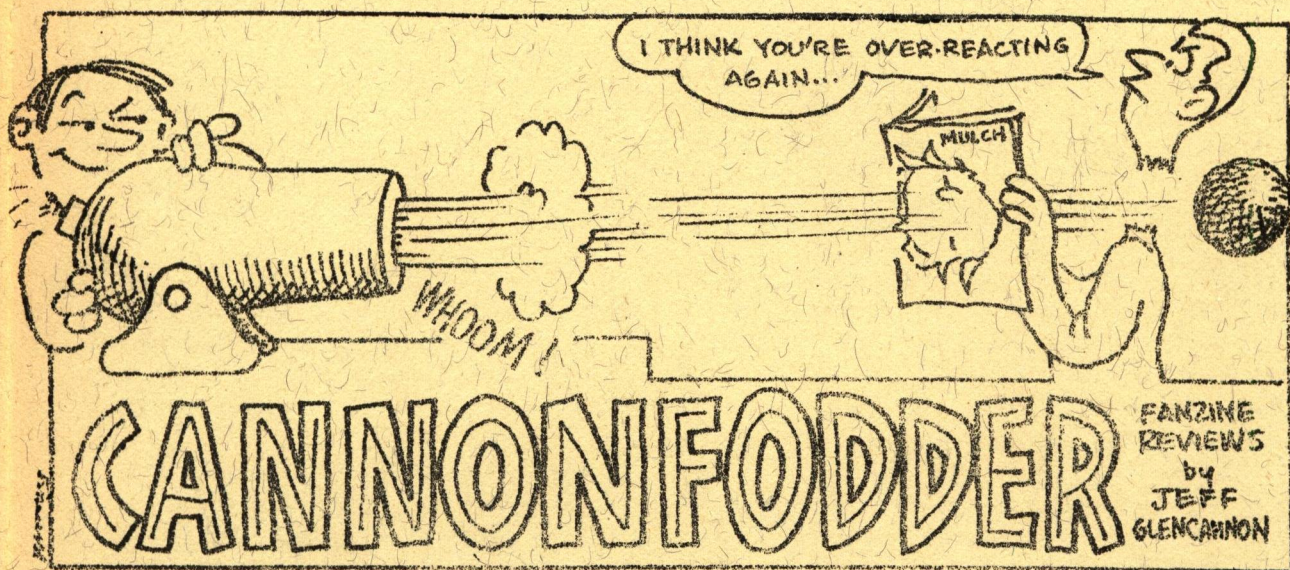
This morality play, cum lecture, isn't really a novel at all. It's a direct literary descendant of Hugo Gernsback's RALPH 124c41+, aimed at cashing in on the current faddish interest in pollution. The "message" of the book, which will certainly not be new to any informed reader, so dominates Wylie that little incidentals such as plot, characterization, and quality of writing are subjugated to his hammering home of the idea that if we don't do something, we'll be in trouble.

The plot, for lack of a better term, opens with Glenn Howard, publishing tycoon, attending a top secret meeting of super-industrialists and scientists. The problems of pollution and some possible solutions for them are outlined by the scientists, who are then sent home while the businessmen discuss the suppression of all ecologically sound, and hence anti-profit, action. When Howard leaves to report to the President, he's a secret spy, you see, he is overcome by fatigue and stops to rest for awhile. He "reawakens" in the year 2017, to a world almost depopulated and a civilization driven underground by ecological disaster. The new Los Angeles is a cross between BRAVE NEW WORLD and 1984, with sexual promiscuity taught from childhood in a rigidly-controlled and spied-on society. Howard assumes a position of power in the economic oligarchy in keeping with his background, but is soon disenchanted with the dehumanization of the new world and joins the inevitable secret revolutionary society. He is shortly its leader; the revolt comes and is crushed totally, at which point Wylie reveals, in a surprise ending that'll really grab ya', that the whole thing has been just a dream!! Wow -- what a story! Howard heads back to LA 1971 wondering if there is still time to prevent his dream from becoming reality. Those who still care at this point are probably hoping he has more success in exposing the nefarious plans of the wicked industrialists than he had in opposing their descendants.

As I said, the message is the medium here. To make sure we all get the points, scientists lecture industrialists, industrialists lecture each other, the future politicians and Howard's girl friends give him history lessons to fill in the missing years, and Howard himself muses constantly and at length on most aspects of modern American life. The characters are, at best, two-dimensional, convenient envelopes to carry around points of view and pour them out on authorial command, while the extrapolation strikes me as both far-fetched and inconsistent.

I can see this story as good TV drama: it's filled with stereotypes and photogenic sequences; and TV audiences are traditionally not expected to question the quality or consistency of their entertainment. But as a book, it fails to rise above the standards of the pulps. (In fact, Howard might make a good pulp hero were he slightly less introspective. He comes across as just a shade less superb than Superman and at least equal to Doc Savage.) And considering Philip Wylie's reputation, this is an unfortunate surprise and a damn shame.

We know pollution is a problem, Mr. Wylie: this book merely adds to it.



Let's start by talking about BIPPY. BIPPY? Well, that's what I call the Brooklyn Insurgent Phannish Publishing Yoonion. These New York zines remind me of an apa. An invitational apa, true, one with high standards of admission and which bars mailing comments, but still an apa. The same group of contributors keep popping up; the zines even look a lot the same. I get the feeling that there is an activity requirement of so many pages a week. (When the publishing schedules hit just right, I even get the feeling it may be so many pages a day!) Perhaps a rotating editor just slaps a cover and a colophon on the zine and sends it out, much like TAPS or the Cult.

I have this picture of a long table in the Katz home, covered with boxes labeled "A. Katz," "B. Kunkle," "C. Komar", etc. Any time a fan visits, he walks past the table and drops in a manuscript, a few cartoons, or whatever. The boxes fill with huge columns of material. When an editor feels it is time to publish, he walks over to the table and gets his material, selecting one from column A, two from column B. Looking over RATS 13, DEAD FLOWERS, FOCAL POINT 34, FANGLE 1, POTLATCH, and LOG, I've only found one piece that really fits the zine it is in: Ross Chamberlain's "Crossoid Reprint," a reprint of his first APA-F zine. I can't imagine that appearing any place but FANGLE. The rest of the material would fit in any of the zines, even Ross's introduction/autobiography/editorial. Maybe you know that Harry Warner writes only for FOCAL POINT, but you still wouldn't be surprised if he turned up in RATS or FANGLE.

Please note that I didn't say that all the writers sound the same, only that their zines do. Bill Kunkle does not sound like Arnie, Arnie doesn't sound like Ross, Ross doesn't sound like Terry, Terry doesn't sound like Joyce. Even when they are both talking about fan history, Arnie and Terry are readily distinguishable from each other. Maybe the "fannish" style does give them a vague similarity, but they are still unmistakably individual. The one thing all these writers share is a very great amount of writing ability. Only his controversy-forcing nature has kept

Arnie off the ballot for best fan writer, certainly his talent makes him worthy of a nomination. It could wind up a family fight, because Joyce has her own claims in this department. If I have to tell you anything about Terry Carr's ability, why are you reading this? Ross Chamberlain's quiet, modest style is remarkable effective, almost as effective as his drawings. (Again, my constant wail, "contribute more writing and art, Ross.") I wouldn't put Bill and Charlene quite in the above category, but they suffer only by the extremely high level of the company they keep.

You may notice that I've said very little about the individual pieces in BIPPY. I can't. They are examples of good fannish writing. They are anecdotes, personalities, sometimes tall tales. They aren't to be read for ideas, for arguments. It wouldn't even be fair to give examples of what they are about, since the events they discuss and expand aren't what they are about. They are just about fans, the particular strange group of fans that center around 59 Livingston St., Brooklyn. Fannish writing isn't to be reviewed, it is to be enjoyed. Enjoy it.

FOCAL POINT/POTLATCH - Joyce and Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. Locs, trade, humor and fannish contribs, 3/\$1.00.

FANGLE - Ross Chamberlain, 50 E. 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. Loc, contrib, trade, 35¢.

RATS/DEAD FLOWERS - Bill Kunkle and Charlene Komar, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N. Y. 11227. Loc, contrib, trade, old fanzines, 35¢, 3/\$1.00.

There is fannishness and fannishness. One kind, a lot like BIPPY's, but still different is Frank Lunney's. Frank has been busy -- since I reviewed BEABOHEMA 17 last issue, he's put out 19 and 20. I'd almost think that Frank is trying to become another Mike Glicksohn. I had good things to say about BEAB last time, and I do again this time. Darrell Schweitzer has a surprisingly good fannish piece. Although Darrell could still learn lots about writing from the BIPPY crowd, his piece is quite interesting. If the Schweitzer piece is surprising, the rest of the magazine isn't. I expect good things to come from Jerry Lapidus and Gary Hubbard. They do. I'm going to discuss the two Lapidus pieces with his other work later. As for the Hubbard piece, it confuses me as much as it pleases me. Even though it is not fannish, it accomplishes the objectives of fannish writing -- the pieces are sharp-pointed, jagged splinters of life. Last time I thought his contrib was fictional, and complimented it as of professional caliber. I have since discovered that it was an anecdote. This column is even more anecdotal. If these are based on the truth, Gary Hubbard's honesty scares me. I don't have the faintest idea whether I'd want to meet the Gary Hubbard these portray. He's vicious, mad, sad, and determined to write himself. The portrait is sharply lighted with great use of color.

I also expect Jeff Schalles and Bill Kunkle to be competent, and that is the word for them. And I expect Justin St. John to make a roaring ass of himself -- I wasn't disappointed. The St. John piece is almost worth getting for itself, because it is such an incredibly naive piece. From the first time I met Justin, he struck me as a small boy trying desperately to get somebody mad at him or shocked at him just to prove to himself he exists. Like most people who try that route, he only proceeds to make himself sad. Sorry, Justin, your claim that you are a male hustler doesn't shock me. Actually, I doubt if you make enough money for it to be worth the trouble and time, but I wish you luck. Nor do your put downs of a con as the "cultural equivalent of the Republican National Convention" show anything but your ignorance of the type of people who make up fandom. The first time I saw you, I was the one coming down from acid. You'd never touched the stuff. And I was about the 80th fan I knew who had tripped. And that was years ago. Fans have always had a higher percentage of radicals, heads, people of freer sexuality, and generally free people

than the society at large. Fandom usually was into things long before the outside world. Fan communes predate Woodstock by over a decade. Point of information, Justin. The hog farm did not spring full-grown at Woodstock. It was around a long time. I heard it from a number of fans who knew Hugh Romney and Bob Fass. And, Justin, I'm glad to hear that you think that your idea of a rock festival/sf con would produce revenue far exceeding expenses. It stirs my heart to know that there are still people who believe in the disinterest of rock stars, the gentility and fair play of rock fans, and the permissiveness of country cops. Do you still believe in the tooth fairy? I wish I had time to tell more about Justin's article, but it stands out in the middle of the rest of Frank's material, which is pretty good. Get BAB for the Hubbard and Lapidus, the editorial and lettercol. But be sure to read the St. John piece, for a laugh.

BEABOHEMA, Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. 50¢ or the usual.

There are a lot of fanzine reviewers turning up nowadays, and most of them seem to be Jerry Lapidus. (I am not now, nor have I ever been Jerry Lapidus.) Since Jerry is one of fandom's more interesting writers, this is a pleasant development. If you get INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS, BEABOHEMA, or LIZARD INN, you get a column of Jerry's. But perhaps his most interesting column is the one which runs in ENERGUMEN, in which he stresses the relationship of graphics to fanzine publishing. Since I have almost run out of superlatives for Rosemary, Mike, and Susan, and since most of the rest of this issue is unspectacular, though up to NERG's usual high standards, I am going to spend my review discussing Jerry's points. For Jerry is, you see, a guy with a thing about graphics. Here he has a chance to really discuss what it is he's seeing, what he wants to see, and why. It is well-presented, well thought-out, and worth careful consideration. I admire the piece. Having corresponded with Jerry, liking him as much as I do, and recognizing the skill with which he makes his points, I wish I could agree with his position. I don't.

In fact, his position bothers me. The whole recent emphasis on graphics in fanzines bothers me. Yes, agreed, fanzines should have at least a bottom level of readability, but this means only that the stencil shouldn't rip, the paper should be inked evenly, but that's all. I agree that a good layout can add something to a fanzine's readability and enjoyment. If this is someone's natural bent, let him exercise it, in moderation.

But when serious discussion of graphics becomes a regular feature in fanzines, when a Jerry Lapidus can criticize Mike Glicksohn's layout because it is not experimental, but merely standard and readable, I think somebody should shout "Hold it a minute." This is my shout.

I object to the extensive interest in graphics for three reasons, each of which may open me up for charges of Philistinism. The first is that graphics on the level Jerry discusses is just too much work for most fanzine editors, even those who have a natural or developable capacity for this kind of work. It can cost money, time, and energy. Fanzines are already expensive in all of these. Fanzines are becoming major projects. Which squeezes out the young fan who is learning his way through fanzine fandom. When a relatively thin-seeming zine can be 24 pages, when electro-stenciling is becoming automatic, when almost no one is publishing ditto, and when a lot of people are using offset -- neofans are going to be scared away from publishing. More importantly, you encourage burn-out. Fans gafiate rather easily, and the difficulty of publishing has made more than one disappear. The work of designing a fanzine along the standard layout ideas of someone like Jerry can make publishing twice the chore. The average editor does not need this.

I also object to the amount of graphics discussion because most editors are not capable of really inventive graphics. On the other hand, most editors learn to handle conservative graphics fairly well after a short time publishing. I'm simply afraid to see the botcherries that a wholesale attempt at fanzine graphics would produce.

Finally, fanzines are essentially a verbal art. What fanzines say or how they say it is what is important. Graphics, to me, should serve the same function as the score for a non-musical movie. It should be there, it should function to enhance the enjoyment of a reader, but it should be unostentatious. As in a good movie, I should not notice the background assistance, but I should notice the difference that would be made if the musical background was not there. But if I were able to whistle the score for a movie note for note, it was either a bad movie or the score was a bad one for this movie. Too often you can "whistle every note" with Jerry's type of graphics.

I expect that I will get negative comment on this piece, and possibly it will be deserved. All of the above comments are tentative, and I am open to being shown that I am wrong on any of them. Nor are these aimed only at Jerry Lapidus, who is perhaps the best expositor of the graphics idea in fanzines. Were his comments the only ones being made in fanzines, I'd welcome the different slant on fanzines they'd bring. But everybody is discussing fanzine graphics. Fanzines like THE ESSENCE are going overboard in both bad attempts at graphics and graphics discussion. I think it is about time that somebody questioned a couple of assumptions.

There isn't too much to talk about in the rest of this ENERGUMEN. There are the standard columns by Mike, Susan, Rosemary, and Ted Pauls. Rosemary's is a con report, which compliments two others in the same issue, one by Walt Leibscher and one by Ginjer Buchanan. There is a brief Entropy Reprint from Terry Carr, this time dealing with an SF-related topic, a discussion of Robert E. Howard by the only SF person who had ever met him, E. Hoffman Price. A negligible article by Rick Stoker, and a fine, strange portfolio from Derek Carter, "A Mini-Look at Jabberwitch," finish out the issue except for letters. This is the thinnest ish of NERG I've seen, and while the material is uniformly interesting, there is nothing spectacular. But NERG is perhaps the one fanzine everyone should be getting.

ENERGUMEN, Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada. 50¢ (no checks or U.S. stamps), arranged trades, locs, contribs.

An example of the sort of graphics that Jerry is looking for and that I'm afraid of is LIZARD INN 2. Although I have great hopes for INN and Dan Steffan, its editor, I unfortunately must use it as a handy example of bad results from too much concern with graphics.

LIZARD INN is a small, fairly interesting fanzine. Of the 14 pages of text outside of the letter column, Jerry's column takes up 8. Kurt Shoemaker has a good, small piece. There is a column by Lisa Tuttle and a one page editorial by Dan, and that is it. Worth getting, but not worth the 60¢ price. Just an average, enjoyable zine. Except that Dan is a close friend of Jerry Lapidus, and is thus influenced by Jerry. INN is a good example of what someone who has been influenced by Jerry would put out. Unfortunately it demonstrates all the problems I've mentioned, and does not really show what Jerry wanted to see in the way of graphics (such as Jerry's TOMMORROW AND... which is worth getting, especially the current #8). INN was a lot of work and expense. The zine is offset, with written material that does not merit it (and this offset work probably caused the high subscription price).

Will Dan be able to keep up the expensive, time-consuming process of a graphics-oriented zine? Will he lower his standards, switch to mimeo, or burn himself out quickly? I can't predict, but he is in danger of finding fandom a chore because of the work he puts in on this zine. It might be worth it if he did a good job with the graphics. But he doesn't. His pages aren't balanced, they are cluttered, and the cluttering doesn't even form a pattern. The art doesn't fit the articles, and sometimes it is too weighty for the articles. The Lisa Tuttle article is almost buried under the blackness of the heading and the seriousness of the two drawings on its second page. Dan is determined to fill up every bit of white space with his editorial, which results in several hand-printed subtitles or lincos. With that and a bad Bode-imitation lettering job, the page is so crowded that one's eyes unfocus reading it.

LIZARD INN 2 is almost a perfect example of graphics outweighing the verbal side of a fanzine. Besides leaving no room for any extensive amount of writing, it is so noisy that the graphics shout out the material around it. The art surrounding Jerry's column creates a constant mental static. While the artwork is enhanced by the blackness of lithography, the type suffers. Despite my criticism of the graphics, INN remains a good zine, though not as good at #1.

LIZARD INN: Dan Steffan, 303 Stadium Place, Box 161, Syracuse Univ., Syracuse, N. Y. 13210. 60¢, loc, trade, contrib.

It is about time I do some smiling. (And, while I'm sure Jerry will understand, I do want to say that my arguments are with some of his positions; there is nothing personal. I consider Jerry a friend and admire his abilities.) The fact that it is BURGER 1 which causes me to smile is a bit of a surprise, because BURGER is obviously not trying to be an ENERGUMEN, BEABOHEMA, or FOCAL POINT. On any absolute scale, I'd rank any of the others far above BURGER. Yet, for its type of zine, BURGER is quite good, and I may have much less critical to say about it than I would one of the others. I simply try to judge each zine according to the standards, as I see them, of the level it is trying for.

BURGER is, despite poor mimeograph work, an unpretentious fanzine, that sometimes borders on shyness; a good, entertaining zine. Ed Smith is a Charlotte fan who had previously been involved in several abortive fan pubbing exploits. Some of the material was passed back and forth between Ed and Mike Dobson several times before it wound up here. I'm glad it was finally published. There is a long fannish love story by Sunday Yorkdale, an Ed Cox column about Wally Weber, a short editorial, and a short rap about the two other members of Charlotte fandom by Michael Dobson. Nothing controversial or spectacular. But all enjoyable. Write to Ed and get a copy.

BURGER: Edward Reed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, N. C. 28105, the usual, no price listed.

*Please keep sending zines to review to Jeff Glencannon,
 5049 Tacoma, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.*

Note: I felt I had to reply to some of Jeff's comments. See page 36. - LeB.



BARK jeff airplane

GRUNT RECORDS



By DONALD G. KELLER

illustrated by Jonh Ingham

BARK is the first Jefferson Airplane album since VOLUNTEERS. Its packaging, is, to put it mildly, weird. I don't think that anything -- not even the oddball cover and so on in VOLUNTEERS -- will prepare you for this one. It comes in a paper bag -- a grocery bag, with "JA" instead of the more familiar "AP." Inside the fold of this bag you will find the credits printed with drawings by Grace Slick depicting various group members. Inside the bag is the album, in a plain cover that has a picture of white wrapping paper and a fish with false teeth. Inside the fold of the enclosed lyric sheet is a "poem" by Gary Blackman (whose antics have been featured on other Airplane albums) telling various and sundry things you can do with the bag.

As I said, weird. Part of the reason is that the group now has their own label, Grunt Records, which is still distributed by RCA. They also (except Joey Covington) have registered their songs under a single company, Dump Music.

The two years since VOLUNTEERS has seen a great deal of change in the group. Drummer Spencer Dryden left shortly after it came out, to be replaced by Joey Covington, who had played in Hot Tuna with the Airplane's Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady, and who had not appeared on an Airplane album before (except for Kantner's "solo" Hugo nominee, BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE). Marty Balin, the group's founder and leader for much of their existence, has also left to produce a group called Grootna. Thus, the cast is entirely different. Papa John Creach, a fiddle-player, is also along for the Airplane's ride.

Have time and age caught up with the Airplane? A case could be made for that, because while BARK is full of good music, there are no songs that can stand with classics such as "White Rabbit," "House at Pooneil Corners," or "Volunteers." But then again, there are no duds. Even VOLUNTEERS had a couple songs that were less than edifying.

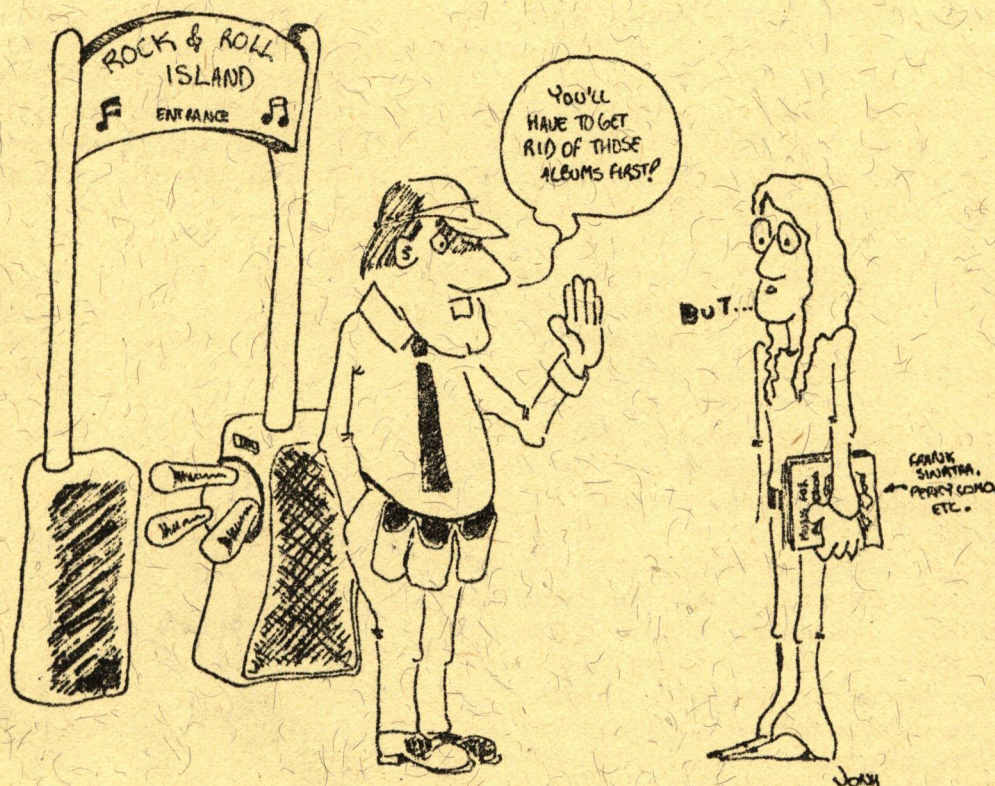
Paul Kantner has three new songs, all rather similar, not only to each other, but also to the ones on BLOWS. However, unlike those songs on the STARSHIP album, these new ones manage to keep within a requisite length. They also have enough drive to remain interesting. Acting as parentheses to the album are "When the Earth Moves Again" and "War



Movie," both of which sound like marches. The former is an odd thing which deals with Hannibal, Moses, and the Egyptians, and seems to use the sun as a sort of paradise-symbol. The latter, which begins with a weird siren-like effect, is a very political piece about a revolution in 1975. The other song is "Rock and Roll Island," which is also about a paradise. This one is greatly highlighted by superb background singing by the inimitable Grace Slick, especially on the one line "Down, down, down." But Kantner is in a rut with his political diatribes and escapist fantasies, and it's draining him of his obvious talent. These songs are fair, but nowhere near as good as those he has done before.

Grace Slick, on the other hand, still keeps on writing excellent songs in a variety of styles. "Crazy Miranda" is the best of her three numbers, somewhat reminiscent of "Lather;" it is played beautifully on the piano and, of course, sung beautifully. One strange item: In two places in the song, the lyric sheet has "gloves" while Grace clearly sings "love." Why?

"Law Man" is a slow, free-flowing ballad which deals with Grace being hassled by an FBI man or somesuch. It is definitely based on a real incident, and is an interesting look at the group's day-to-day life. It ends in a rather old-fashioned-sounding way. Even more old-fashioned is "Never Argue with a German if You're Tired," which sounds almost like a Viennese waltz, or maybe Marlene Dietrich. The words are in pidgin-German, made up of bad German and worse English, and made even less comprehensible by being spelled in English. I haven't deciphered it all yet, but the lines which start with "straighten" are in real German, "Steten Sie nicht mit einem Deutschen wenn Sie muden sind," which is the title, and "Mein Auto fährt sehr schnell aber es rasst



gegan Mauen," which means "My car goes very fast, but it scrapes against walls," a reference to her recent accident. Grace also says a swatch of German which is not on the sheet. Incidentally, she speaks German rather well.

Jorma Kaukonen, whose guitar playing is outstanding throughout, also has a trio of songs. "Feel so Good" has some fine piano by Grace, some rather odd switching into falsetto by Jorma, and is a generally good song. I thoroughly enjoyed "Wild Turkey," an exciting jam instrumental. "Third Week in Chelsea" sounds like a folksong or something by Dylan, rather than an Airplane tune. Kaukonen again excels on the acoustic guitar, while Grace proves she sings backup as well as solo.

Joey Covington wrote the remaining two cuts. He is a fine addition to the group; he reminds me of Nilsson, with his near-nonsense lyrics and airy voice (which, at times, sounds like Marty Balin's). "Thunk" is sung a cap-pella, with a catchy rhythm and simple lines. Joey also wrote my favorite cut, "Pretty as You Feel." Although the words are somewhat hackneyed, they are rejuvenated by the music and fine guitar work.

Oddly, almost all of the songs are rather quiet. Kantner's are noisy to no avail, and the instrumental is loud, but there is nothing that knocks you out of your seat as in past Airplane albums. Not that I'm complaining....

In an interview with Paul and Grace that ROLLING STONE conducted in late 1970 (recently reprinted in ROLLING STONE INTERVIEWS), they mentioned about a dozen songs that they were considering for the new album (including their superb single: "Have You Seen the Saucers."). Of these, only two -- "Crazy Miranda" and "Pretty as You Feel" are on BARK. What happened? The Marty Balin omissions I can understand. Or perhaps he sang in the other songs, and they don't want to put out any more of his things. But it is possible that they are planning another album for release sometime soon!

So if you like the Airplane, you'll like BARK. And even if you're not into them, it's an album of all good music.

By the way, Paul Kantner would be interested in receiving fanzines reviewing Airplane albums. Send them to 2400 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif. 94118, marked PERSONAL.



Linda Bushyager locs her own fanzine

I got so mad reading Jeff Glencannon's fanzine reviews, I just had to reply to them. I agree with Jeff on his major point, Jerry Lapidus perhaps does overdo emphasis on graphics. I think graphics are important, but just because I use them extensively in GRANFALLOON, I don't think that every fanzine should have the same emphasis on them. I don't think Jerry can criticize Mike Glicksohn for not being "experimental" enough. (Jerry's also criticized me on this point). Jerry, maybe Mike and I are not trying to be experimental, maybe we don't want to be. I personally like to experiment once in awhile, but I am more interested in working on a good, solid layout and graphic presentation which enhances both the artwork itself and the written words.

On the other hand, I violently disagree with several of Jeff's points. First, if a fan or fanzine wants to emphasize graphics, that is his/its right. A fanzine may or may not benefit from this interest, and some fanzines which don't emphasize graphics



might be improved if they did. But it is up to the editor of a fanzine to decide what emphasis he wants to place on graphics and written material. But neither Jerry nor Jeff can tell editors how much they should emphasize graphics. All they can criticize is how well a fanzine succeeds in its aims. They can suggest that a fanzine would be improved with improved graphics and layout, or that the editor doesn't do a good job with graphics and would be advised to do less with them or get advice from someone who can work with graphics.

Jeff objects that graphics are too much work for fanzine editors. He feels that fanzines should only have the minimal level of repro necessary for readability. I feel that the minimal level is not good enough. Sure, you can read single-spaced typing without blank lines between paragraphs. Also, you can read underinked pages, if you try. Spots from set off can be overlooked. Sloppily traced illos and bad drawings can't hurt the material, if it is well-written. But who wants to plow through such fanzines? I don't. I find myself skimming or skipping articles that are hard to read. I'm sure you do too. The better the repro, the more likely it is that a reader will read it. The better the artwork and layout, the more enjoyment the reader will have. It is easy to stencil typos into a fanzine, but it is hard to proofread each page. A fanzine editor has to spend money, time, and energy on graphics. He also has to spend those things on repro, good written material, and every aspect of fanzine publishing. If a fanzine editor really expects to produce the maximum amount of pages at the minimum cost, time, and energy, he will end up with a crudzine that no one will even read. And if a neofan is scared away from publishing because of the amount of time and money it will take, he probably wouldn't have stayed in for long anyway.

A fanzine doesn't have to have the emphasis on graphics that OUTWORLDS, GRANFALLOON, and TOMMORROW AND... have. It can have the emphasis on well-written material, such as RATS, FOCAL POINT, and PHANTASMICOM. But fanzines are not only a "verbal" art, as Jeff contends. They can be either verbal or visual or both. In some instances, graphics can serve as a background, like background music in a movie. But some fanzines are musicals. The score is everything. Fanzines can be ballets, comedies, or dramas. I expect that fans reading GRANFALLOON will be equally impressed with graphics and written material. That's why I feature lithographed covers, folios, articles on graphics, and lots of artwork. Granny is not merely a "verbal" fanzine. There is no reason why it should be. Some fanzines can go overboard with graphics, and if they do the graphics well, ala OUTWORLDS, they should emphasize graphics. If THE ESSENCE or LIZARD INN want to emphasize graphics, but do a poor job, they are failures. But it was not their emphasis on graphics that was the failure, it was the editors inability to do graphics well that failed.

If an editor wants to spend money on electrostenciling, he can. If an editor prefers to trace artwork, he can. If he wants to use graphics, he can. If he doesn't he can. Some fans will enjoy the fanzine no matter what the fanzine is about. Some fans are interested in graphics, some are not. There is room for all kinds of fanzines in fandom. So Jeff, if you are not interested in graphically-oriented fanzines, fanzine reviews, or articles, you don't have to read them. Graphics can be done well, can be interesting, and can enhance a zine. Jeff, your only legitimate criticism can and should be that the graphics are not done well, or that the article is not interesting, or that a graphically-oriented fanzine, like THE ESSENCE, is a failure at what it sets out to accomplish. But the discussion of graphics in fanzines is just as valid as the discussion of any part of fanzines -- written material, personalities, reproduction, and so on.

Fred Patten, L.A. Con, P.O. Box 1, Santa Monica, Calif. 90406

The five/three nominations for Hugo was our idea. We did discuss the subject with the Noreascon Committee, and they highly recommended it. Tony Lewis said that the voting in the Novella and Short Story categories was so sparse and spread out over

so many different nominees, that it's unusual for any one short story to get over 10 nominations apiece. We've also heard fans say that they couldn't make up their minds between several items or people to nominate. By asking for five/three nominations, we hope if some people are inspired by, shall we say artificial motivations, the others will reflect the nominators' honest opinions of the best of the year.

It unfortunately seems to be necessary to remind fans that even if they can't find anything in the traditional magazines worth voting for, there are original stories appearing in original fiction anthologies that are perfectly eligible. The anthologies come in two forms: series, like ORBIT, UNIVERSE, QUARK, and so on; and one-shot titles, like David Gerrold's PROTOSTARS. Even if the anthology itself is ineligible in the Best Magazine category, because it hasn't yet published 4 volumes, the stories in any volumes published in 1971 are eligible. There are also a growing number of collections of short fiction by one author that mix reprints of previously published stories with brand-new stories; and the new stories are eligible. Larry Niven's ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS is an example of this, containing a half-and-half mixture. SF in non-SF magazines such as PLAYBOY is eligible for the Best Novella or Short Story award, even though PLAYBOY itself may be ineligible for the Best Magazine Hugo. In the Best Professional Artist category, we continue to get ballots that indicate the nominator doesn't know of any artists besides those illustrating for the pro magazines. Some of the paperback publishers, such as Ace and Ballantine, now publish their cover art credits; and others, such as Signet and Lancer, allow their cover artists to sign their work clearly.

The Committee has been getting queries about the eligibility of particular works. We're always happy to answer questions, and we appreciate that people do care enough to ask us in cases of doubt, rather than nominate something else that they know is safely eligible but that may not be as good. To answer several questions, we consider James Blish's THE DAY AFTER JUDGMENT a novel rather than a novella and consider that Silverberg's THE WORLD INSIDE is not a novel for "Hugo" consideration purposes, since all originally appeared as a series of stories.

(Fred brings out some good points. If you have any questions, write Fred. And in any case, be sure to vote before the April 1st deadline! - LeB)

Tim Lucas, 2000 Elm Ave., Apt. 7, Norwood, Ohio 45212

In the lettercol, Jeff Glencannon gives his views on the JEFFERSON STARSHIP. Views is all they are. I know the Airplane. Good friends. And we often (whenever they are in town) get together and discuss their things. Their music is often discussed. Paul's views and Glencannon's opinions are almost opposites. Glencannon is dead wrong. The only thing he was right about is his thought on "Wooden Ships." Jeff should check things out before he prints them.

David Emerson, The Avocado Pit, 417 W. 118th St., Apt. 63, N.Y., N.Y. 10027

John Kessel is basically right in his objections to BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE; yes, it's not as good musically as most of Airplane's stuff; the politics are rather simple-minded; and the SF is rather primitive. But I was struck by the combination of SF and rock music. The remarkable thing is that it was done at all, not that it was done well. I take exception to everybody who says there have been plenty of SF-rock albums before: these are either fantasy (such as King Crimson), which has always had a place in music ever since BEOWULF and THE ODYSSEY were sung, or else they are sufficiently ambiguous (as in the Moody Blues) that they could be interpreted as metaphors for mental and/or spiritual introspective poetics. The Kantner album has blatant SF -- the SF is unmistakable to the public at large as well as to SF readers.

But I have a bone to pick with Mr. Jeff Glencannon. When I first read his loc, I wondered if he had read the same article I had written. Either I was unclear on certain points, or Jeff wrote his letter after just skimming my article, or maybe he got a mangled copy of the magazine which had certain pages upside-down or several lines missing. Not having met Jeff, I wouldn't presume to doubt his intelligence or reasonableness, so I must assume that there must be a failure to communicate somewhere.

Point one: The first side of the album is just a "prologue" (for want of a better term) only in the sense of establishing a mood, not in any narrative sense. I don't think I made this clear enough. Point two: Jeff must never have heard "Triad." One line in the last verse is, "Sister lovers, water brothers, and in time, maybe others." If "water brothers" isn't Heinlein, I don't know what is. The reference to ROLLING STONE is what Crosby said about the Byrds not wanting to do such a daring song; sorry for being confusing. Point three: Maybe this wasn't clear either, but I meant that "Wooden Ships" was an after-atom-bomb song. When I said "we can be together," that was another Airplane song title influencing BLOWS, not a part of "Wooden Ships." Point four: I concede that BLOWS perhaps gained more from the present-day acceptance of space travel and from popular mysticism than from SF itself. That's definitely a moot point. But according to ROLLING STONE interviews, McGuinn and Crosby, whom I cited as influences, definitely are SF-readers.

Point five: How does Jeff see the Byrds' "Mr. Spaceman" as a comment on the Apollo program? It is glaringly obvious from the lyrics that the singer is visited by a flying saucer: *"Woke up this morning with light in my eyes// And then realized it was still dark outside.// It was a light coming down from the sky, I don't know who or why.// Must be them strangers that come ev'ry night// With saucer-shaped lights,// Put people uptight,// Leave blue-green footprints that glow in the dark,// I hope they get home alright.// Woke up this morning, was feeling quite weird,// Had flies in my beard, my toothpaste was smeared.// Over my window they'd written my name,// Saying, so long, we'll see you again.// Hey, Mister Spaceman,// Won't you please take me along,// I won't do anything wrong.// Hey, Mister Spaceman,// Won't you please take me along for a ride."*

Point six: The reason I "dismissed with a figurative wave of the hand" the Moody Blues' TO OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, besides its ambiguity and the fact that I'd only heard it once, was that I was planning to write on that one in length, much as I did for BLOWS. But Jeff's letter has set forth the essential points about the Moody Blues album, so I don't need to now. Except to add that the SF interpretation is by no means the only one.

Gerd Hallenberger, 3550 Marburg (Lahn), Alter Kirchhainer Weg 52, West Germany

I can assure David Emerson that "BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE" wasn't the last effort to bring SF into rock music. A few months ago, for example, a fantasy-opera called "A Time Before This" by Julian's Treatment was published. Germany is very fertile for this kind of music. Since German pop-groups have very little hope of becoming famous, a lot of them produce very experimental albums, much of which is SF or fantasy. One of the better-known groups, Amon DÜÜL II, has released three albums, "Phallus Dei," "Yeti," and "Tanz der Lemminge" -- all SF. The last album, a two-record set, has a fold-out cover which depicts the view from the headquarters of a starship into space; space is full of surrealistic beings. Two cuts are "Syntelman's March of the Roaring Seventies" and "Restless Skylight Transistor-Child" (H.G. Well's Take-Off). Another German group, Tangerine Dream, just released an album called "Alpha Centauri." This album only contains three instrumental titles which are descriptions of a) the solar system of Alpha Centauri, b) the flight of the spaceship Comas Sola to Alpha Centauri, and c) the sun Alpha Centauri. A new group named itself Eloi, after the race in Well's TIME MACHINE. There are also many other SF-oriented groups.

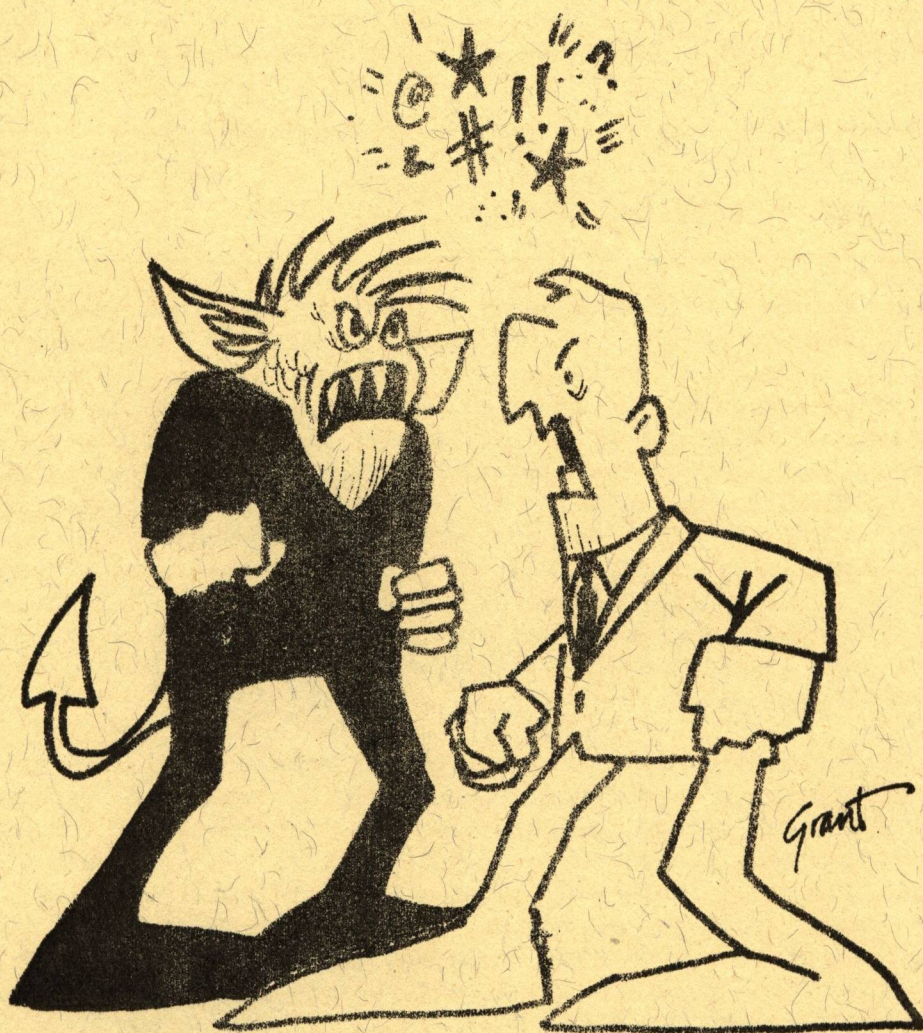
Alex Eisenstein, 2061 W. Birchwood, Chicago, Ill. 60645

So Jerry Kaufman thinks I'm "pretty nasty?" I wonder what that makes Ron Miller, by comparison? Hardly an angel, I wager. All the negative response to my rebuttal of Miller seems to ignore the fact that it was a rebuttal, not an unprovoked attack. Dave Hulvey is the prime example --if I'm a know-it-all, what the hell does that make Ron Miller? Hulvey's comparison of my effort with Jodie Offutt's piece may involve a painful contrast, but not for the reasons he supposes. Jodie was dealing in doting grannyism, while I was indulging in a form of serious art-criticism (criticism of criticism, at any rate). And Jodie had no such spur: she was not answering prior assertions; not directly at least. It's too bad Hulvey (and some others) believe that only one side of a question should be allowed expression -- I think that view is implicit in his supercilious slander and arrogant dismissal of my arguments and presentation. (The same might be said of Jerry's remark, though he has coyly limited his comment to a single, vague epithet.)

Mike Glicksohn, who otherwise lavishes the most fulsome praise on my article, also accuses me of "substituting insult for argument" in my title and opening paragraph. Of course, the title and introductory statement are hardly places for argument, so feel duly self-exonerated of any charge of substituting base rhetoric for cogent analysis -- no substitution was involved. In as much as I justified every one of my initial declarations, I fail to see where I overstepped the bounds of propriety -- unless it was my use of the word "hell." Indeed, my subtitle and first paragraph -- as published -- said nothing that has not been reiterated by George Barr in his Loc in Gf 14. Will George escape castigation for lack of that one word? I doubt anyone will admonish George for expressing opinions so similar to mine, and I doubt that this (hypothetical) difference in reader reaction really has any relation to my desultory injunction to Miller. To be sure, George is not so vehement, but he is far more cutting. I called Miller a barely literate snob and mediocre artist, but George delivers the more wicked slice: he presumes that Ron Miller is (or was recently) a

student -- not in art, but in "art appreciation!" (This is distinct from the study of "art history," much as the standard liberal arts overview of literature differs from a real investigation of that subject. Both sorts of summary courses provide the superficial tools of aesthetic snobbery, without the comprehensive context necessary to assure full understanding and proper use of these often highly specific abstractions.) And George hazards this surmise only on the condition that Miller is not in truth a hoax; in other words, George remains unconvinced in the reality of the Ron Miller persona. That, of course, is the wicked fannish cut.

I believe in Ron Miller; I believe in his existence most passionately. George, who has been in fandom much longer than I and witnessed many fannish phenomena more probable than Miller ultimately exposed as premeditated frauds, treats the whole affair of Ron Miller with a certain air of casual contempt.



Who is more cruel in effect -- the one who believes in Miller, as evidenced by venomous disputation, or the one who nullifies Miller's existence by dismissing him as an improbability?

I wish that those who cry "nasty, nasty!" at my essay would either deal with the substantive matters therein or refrain from voicing their own derogatory opinions.

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd., Sheffield S11 9FE, Ph. 53791, England

Eisenstein on art was interesting. As for Steve Fabian's art...well, I for one would be extremely happy to produce material of his high standard...and to be as nice a guy as he is too. I agree with Alex that Browne, Bergey, "Lawrence" Paul, and Rogers were just so-so...but Schneeman -- as a black and white artist he was superb. His illos not only fit the story and characters perfectly, but they also set the exact mood of a tale in a few quick strokes. Schneeman was THE neglected artist. He never got the credit he deserved, yet the fans drooled over Rogers, whose favorite gimmick was to draw a crummy head and shoulders; then letter the ~~character's~~ name beneath it (even he knew you wouldn't recognize anyone without a clue).

Robert J. R. Whitaker, 201 Liston Ave., Stanton, Dela. 19804

I did not like Ron Miller's Arkham Gallery. Miller has a definite talent, but so far as I have seen, he is misplacing it. The major flaw in the Gallery is that the arms of the people are too short. No one has arms that end at the hips. Arms extend halfway down to the knees (well, the fingertips do). I still prefer the illustrations done by Lee Brown Coye, who can draw distorted perspectives that look correct. It is not easy to do this, but Coye does it. The arms seem too long, the legs too short, but in human perspective and figuration, they look correct. Most important: Miller seems to lack the needed decadance in his artwork to draw illustrations for a Lovecraft story. True, they were grotesque, but they were not Lovecraft.

A. Rasanen, Box 272, Lawrinson Hall, 303 Stadium Place, Syracuse, N.Y. 13210

I seem to have missed the Ron Miller controversy. Sure drew a lot of heated opinions. I don't know about his aesthetic principles, but I've liked his artwork ever since I saw it, with the exception of the forgettable folio in Gf10. The Arkham Gallery is delightful. The drawings have a whimsical fantasy appeal -- they'd be beautiful as illustrations for a children's book, and I mean that as high praise. I wish he'd try his hand with Tolkien's trilogy. I disagree with George Barr that Miller produces "adequate, but hardly memorable, illos". But I am in agreement with the rest of Barr's letter, that paperback covers sell the book. The fate of the Dillons proves his point -- covers must snare the glancer's attention, rather than strive for artistic

quality, as the Dillons tried to do. As long as the public continues buying rocket ships and BEM's, the situation will remain unchanged. If the public stops buying, I doubt covers will improve and give better art a chance. More likely, there will just be fewer SF titles per year. I think a more concentrated campaign of opinion by readers and artists would have a greater effect than a bookstand boycott. Or, on second thought, perhaps coupled with a bookstand boycott.

The covers were about the best Canfield's I've seen. Canfield shows potential to be quite as respected as George Barr. The front cover just knocked me out. And the back cover: don't you know people just like that character? Canfield has portrayed a real personality type in that horny being, one that evokes quick recognition from the viewer, from me, anyhow.

unique

The interior graphics and layout give Granfalloon a character of its own. Sort of casual and friendly, out for a good time, almost too unassuming, yet highly competent and knowledgeable, and growing all the while. Room for both the fannish and the serious, plus anything in between -- but I guess I'm stating the obvious: that is what a genzine is. Specifically illustrating articles is also a good idea. I recall it was well-done in TOMORROW AND...7. I liked Fabian's illos for the second chapter of Ted White's book. Tim Kirk is one of the best artists around. Does Don D'Amassa really look like that? I sympathize with his plight in Lawton. My oldest brother, just returned from Nam, was stationed for a time at Fort Sill and had similar things to say about the place. This was the first fanzine appearance I've seen by Judy Weiss. I liked her two drawings, despite my roomie's comment, "Why I could do that myself." I presented him with paper and pen and he declined to prove it.

(I'm glad Gf comes across to you as casual and friendly, competent, yet improving. This is exactly the way I'd like it to be. Sometimes I feel I've succeeded, at other times I feel a complete failure. James Shull wrote and mentioned that he felt the combined effects of the layout and color worked together to make the Weiss drawings seem better than they really were. Personally, I liked the Weiss drawings, I wouldn't have used them if I hadn't, but layout can give a mediocre drawing a boost (or ruin a good drawing). Speaking of layout and color, this is perhaps the wrong time to mention why I haven't used color this issue. But it is a convenient time for me. First, I didn't want to spend the extra time involved fooling with color; I also didn't feel any drawings required the color work; I'm also dissatisfied with the blue shade I have. Charlie Brown recommends that I switch shades, but I've got about 20 tubes left, so I will have to use it eventually, even if it is too light a blue.-LeB)

Jeff Glencannon -- Mr. Mystery -- is quite an absorbing reviewer of fanzines. Having read only one "Cannonfodder" column, and hardly any of the zines reviewed, I still had the feeling I could trust his analyses. He's very clear on what he's talking about -- what he looks for in a zine, what he likes or dislikes about a particular issue. A guide that a semi-initiated fan like myself can trust. But, Jesus! can he slam a crudzine. Poor GODLESS 1. Pity B. D. Arthurs. I enjoy Glencannon's more or less conversational tone: "This is just me talking, folks. Here's how I look at things." His writing reflects some of the aspects of the prime importance I seek in fan writing -- a sense of personalness, of the personality of the author. For instance, I find Ted Pauls very dry to read, because his writings lack personality. Personalness is why I like the writing of Jerry Lapidus, Rosemary Ulliyot, and Arnie Katz. But Katz doesn't have the naturalness of someone like Glencannon. Granted, they are writing from entirely different angles -- one is reminiscing (in "Splinters"), the other is doing reviews. But I'd expect the reminiscences to be the less contrived. Still, Katz is lots of faanish fun.

Spencer R. Lepley, Mobile Home Estates #2, Country Club Rd., Valdosta, Ga. 31601

I'd like to put in my vote of approval for artwork specially drawn for a specific article. I'll use Don D'Amassa's article to show why. The article alone was interesting, funny, and probably close to the truth. I found the article quite good, and I hope Don has some more service stories on the way. Tim Kirk is one of my favorite artists (along with Fabian and Rotsler). Even though these three drawings were made to accompany a specific article, they could probably have been put anywhere in the zine, and come off well, alone. The illos are good on their own merit. Each one could tell several stories, depending on the individual involved in looking at them.

Putting both the artwork and the article together, you come up with a superior product. This method of having art complement prose (or the other way around, if you want) is the only way to go. The whole is a beautiful visual experience (something Jay Zaremba is looking for in THE ESSENCE, and succeeded at a few times, though he leans too much to the art side). Instead of good art and good writing, you have an excellent ... creation. A unity. I like what you're doing. In short, I vote for more.

I have a complaint to air with Jeff Glencannon on his review of B. D. Arthurs' GOD-LESS #1. When I went through college (not too many years ago), in every course where we were required to write essays, papers, fiction, etc., we had to sign a form that stated if we were caught intentionally plagiarizing, we were subject to immediate dismissal from school. Everyone there considered -- and rightly so -- plagiarism the worst offense a student could academically commit (the ultimate in cheating, so to speak). Willfully copying another's work is the worst crime a writer can commit (and when you sit down at a typewriter or take pen in hand you're a writer). There is no excuse for it and when discovered, should be dealt with swiftly. The statement Jeff quotes by Arthurs is the truth. One has to be lazy or sick to do this sort of thing. It's illegal, dishonest, dirty, and sickening. I applaud Arthurs for not standing aside and pretending it didn't happen. Truly, the opposite is happening more and more with criminals and crimes these days. I won't go into the stories of people standing by and watching (without attempting aid of any kind) a fellow human being being murdered, raped, mugged, _____ (fill in your own favorite). Jeff, ask any professional writer what he thinks of plagiarists. I admit that Arthurs may have sounded over-righteous, but he has apologized for any misconceptions along these lines in GODLESS 2. Lastly, I get the feeling that this part of Arthurs' zine incensed Jeff so much it colored the rest of his review into overreaction. 'Do we really need this sort of fanzine reviewer around?'

(Perhaps Arthurs should be commended for reporting the plagiarism; to ignore it would be to condone it. But I think that what Jeff objected to, and what I object to, is B. D. Arthurs lack of compassion. The plagiarizer did wrong, true, and deserved punishment. But what drove him to plagiarize? Did he realize the consequences? Was he lazy? Or was he under pressure to get good grades? Did he have other problems? What will happen to him now that he has been kicked out of school? Can he get his diploma? Did Arthurs make any attempt to help the plagiarizer in question, as well as punish him? I detected no such notes of compassion in Arthurs editorial, only the sounds of a self-righteous do-gooder, out to fight injustice and to mete punishment where it is due. But without mercy, compassion, and understanding, can there be justice? Arthurs did the right thing in turning in the plagiarizer, but his apparent enjoyment of someone else's suffering is somewhat less than admirable.-LeB)

B. D. Arthurs, 815 N. 52nd St., #21, Phoenix, Arizona 85008

Fascinating front and back covers by Canfield. A shame you don't have any separate copies for sale, I'd like a few copies. Would Canfield by any chance be willing to sell the originals (for a reasonable price, that is)? (Probably. Why not write him and ask, or Grant, why don't you write B.A? If any of you are interested in purchasing pieces of original artwork which appear in Gf /or any other fanzine, for that matter/ you probably can do so by contacting the artists. Most fan artists are more than willing to sell their work.-LeB)

I consider Jeff Glencannon to be quite a good reviewer. I realize that it's his job to consider a fanzine and point out its faults. He did this with GODLESS, and though I think he misinterpreted a number of the points I was trying to make with the zine, it's not really a bad review. Except that Glencannon deduces that I am a snob from my editorial. Well, this is probably true. I do pride myself on being better read than a good many fans; I try to balance by SF reading works from other genres and from the mainstream. I think a lot of fans could do worse than to follow my example. (Of course, I am a very voluminous reader, and perhaps most fans just don't have the time to read SF and other work.) No real argument with that.

But! From a two page article, Glencannon comes to the conclusion that I am a "self-righteous, pompous prig." I think that any objective reading of that article would not produce such a violent reaction. I tried to keep that article low-key and I only got one other complaint about it, and that person said that it sounded like self-aggrandisement. Also, I hope Glencannon realizes that he comes very close to libel in his statements. Personal insults have never been very popular with me and I hope that other people feel the same. I must admit though, that at times I am a self-righteous, pompous prig. The article in question, however, was not one of those times.

There are several possibilities of what is to happen next: Glencannon could prove that the article reveals me as a self-righteous, pompous prig; he could offer an apology; or we could start a long and vicious feud. Or we could just ignore each other and forget about it. Which will it be, Glencannon? I hope, though, that Glencannon will apologize and henceforth cease from making such emotional and ill-founded statements. If he doesn't, to quote Glencannon himself, "Do we really need this sort of character around?"

Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, Pa. 19087

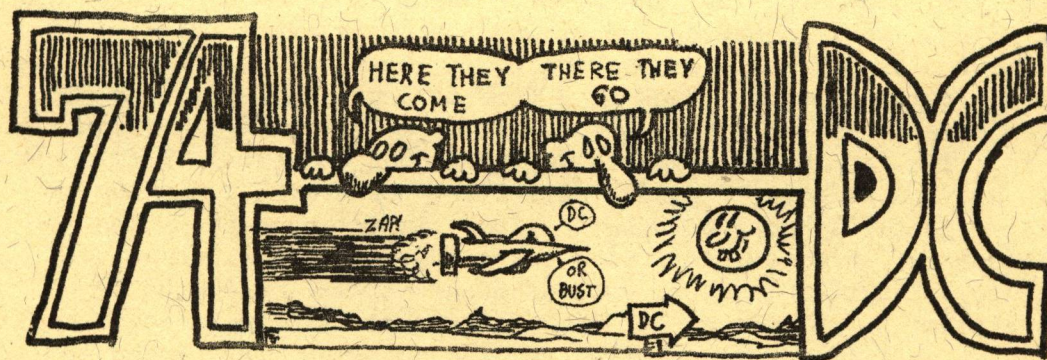
At Philcon I had the dubious distinction of meeting and talking with the "Jeff Glencannon" who wrote the fanzine non-reviews in the last couple issues of your magazine. One of the more interesting facts he revealed to me was the fact that he has not read any of the stories, poems, and articles of mine he has condemned so strongly in his non-review column. How, pray tell, is anyone expected to take the poor fool seriously? I should think that it is obvious even to him that the first thing a reviewer is supposed to do is to read the material in question. As things stand,

his column simply isn't worth the paper it's printed on, and it drags the otherwise fine GRANFALLOON down to a new low.

I'm not sure whether I should react to this fellow with pity or contempt; I am tempted to sneer at him and thank him for providing me with someone to look down upon (I visualize myself looking down from my molehill of modest achievements into a vast abyss; at the bottom a pathetic child jabbars unintelligably), But I do think that his column should be dropped at once. Not for my sake, for I have long since learned to develop a deaf ear to such nonsense, but because of the ever-present danger that someone less experienced than myself might be unable to perceive his true nature, and mistake him for a critic, and become discouraged. I think I will opt for feeling sorry for Glencannon, because he is apparently so desperately craving attention that he is trying to tear down other people in order to elevate himself; lacking the courage to attack anyone important, he picks on a minor figure such as myself in the hopes that no one will come to my defense. (No need for defense against such a feeble target, really.)

I'll consider the matter closed after this letter. The best way to deal with this type is to ignore him completely, to the extent of denying his existence, at which point he will find himself unable to obtain the gratification he thrives on and will either straighten out or do us all a favor and gafiate. Maybe I should be flattered that Glencannon holds my work in such low regard. If I can raise that kind of person up in fury against me, I must be doing something right.

[I'm sorry to hear that Jeff did not read all of the work he criticized. He should have! Indeed, his criticisms can't be valid unless he reads the work he talks about. Jeff, I hope in the future you will comment only on things you actually read, and if you haven't read something, say so. However, I do know that Jeff read most (I thought it was all) of what he reviewed. If his work is opinionated, that does not necessarily make it invalid. All readers and fan editors should realize that any reviewers comments are his opinions alone, and should evaluate them as such. One man's opinions are not the be all and end all judgment. - LeB]



Dave Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801

Jeff Glencannon does a fine, though opinionated, fanzine review col. He's already alienated Darrell Schweitzer, if the scene they had at the Philcon is any indication. Schweitzer, to my mind, is no great shakes as a writer and fanned, and he attacked Jeff's dislike for his work on the most superficial grounds: saying that he would find no use for any further reviews that Jeff would do, solely on the grounds of Jeff's negative attitude toward his work. Incredible. Schweitzer's egotism is appalling. It's bad enough he writes reams of crud to fill any zine foolish enough to pub it, but he brags about it! At Philcon he literally beamed as he chortled over all the neos he managed to fleece of their money for PROCRASTINATION, simply because he had judiciously printed the magic word, a pro's name, on the cover. Thanks to Darrell, I almost like Mike Glycer's and Leon Taylor's work in comparison. One more depressing fact, Schweitzer gets all manner of freebies for the "reviews" he does. See Rick Stooker's aritcle in the latest ENERGUMEN.

Jeff shouldn't be insistent about Ross Chamberlain's submitting to other zines outside of the New York fannish group, Ross does his art with such painstaking virtuosity that he'd spend his whole life slowly and magnificently creating art. This would be nice for the rest of us, but it would exhaust poor ol' Ross. We have a suitable substitute to that now with Ross's very own zine, FANGLE.

I think that the improvements you've made with this ish, if continued, will make Gf the Hugo contender it should be. Too often, and I'm as guilty of this as anyone, I've thought of Gf as that gangling too-tall girl-next-door, who has a lot of potential but just never seems to show it to the world. Gf seemed like thet nice girl who has other people's opinions and ideas with the tendency to dress in a hodge-podge of the latest fashions -- one sercon sweater, a faanish skirt, perhaps artsy ~~hose~~, but always the felt tip shoes with the ink splattered on them. Ah, but I am too harsh, I mean only to praise you for the brave and necessary improvement you've made. Gf now has a distinct personality of its own. It is no longer that "nice zine you find sufficient, but not necessary" -- for a Hugo nomination. [*Gf always did have a distinct personality, that slightly klutzy kid with potential you just described. Take off the girl's glasses, comb her hear long, instead of in a bun, and she's a glamorous beauty-contest winner. But, really, Dave, if you look at the old issues and the lasest ones all together, you'll see that the change has been very gradual, and that Gf is really the same girl. - LeB*]

Buck Coulson is grossly misunderstood by John Kessel. Buck is a man who states his prejudices and bias without asking quarter and giving none. He expresses himself very colorfully. Sometimes his frankness and honesty may be mistaken for "uncalled for disdain and scorn," but underneath, Buck is a fine fellow with a bit more pith for his opinions than some of us. I disagree with him as much as I agree. Sometimes his putdowns of my favorite fannish writers really grate, but only for a little bit. Even when he insults me, and he does, I gladly return the honor with a minimum of heat -- I hope. Just recently I received a letter from him in which he called my position on LOCUS "a load of shit" and "if I were young and wet-eared like you..." etc. However, all this is just an integral part of Buck's style. And usually he carries it off so well that the victim of his pith likes what is being done to him, or at least tolerates it good-naturedly. I find nothing supremely fuggheaded about Buck. I wish more uptight fans would relax when Buck lets go with one. Pompous assholes doesn't stand a chance with the likes of Buck Coulson around to kick their

vanity between the legs. Oddly enough, only a few of the grandmaster faanish fans like rich brown ever rival Buck for pure feudability. So, John Kessel, I'm very glad for the likes of Buck and rich, very happy to have them around. Now, if only their targets would realize this...

Jackie Franke, Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, Ill. 60401

You touched on the intent of Tucker's article a bit in your answer to Buck's letter that followed John Kessel's, but I doubt if he'll really notice. Certainly the Coulsons need no one to leap to thier defense, and most assuredly, there are those more capable than I to do so. But anyone who would misread Buck's personality so completely needs help.

Buck has spent years in cultivating his Old Grouch facade. And, in many ways, it is a true representation. He IS opinionated, he dislikes farce and mediocrity and those who Pretend To Be What They Are Not. He is disdainful and he does scorn many people, places, and things. And he's quite willing to express his opinions openly and forthrightly. BUT... he does not expect everyone to agree with him, nor does he make any attempt to fit into a "For Me or Agin Me" mold. He has helped countless neofans find their groping ways through the Mysteries of Fandom and stands ready to aid any fan who has fafiated or gafiated and wants to return to the fold. He does not set himself up as Guru to anyone. And, coutrary to Kessel's opinion, he has not fostered fueds in the pages of YANDRO or anywhere else. Buck states his likes and dislikes and that's it, as far as he's concerned. I prefer it to the wishy-washiness of some people. Coulson has a character you can latch onto. In many ways he reminds me of W. C. Fields.

I think Tucker will be amused at reading John's letter. That a fan could consider his comments as a put-down of his long-time friend is ludicrous indeed. The writings of both of those men should always read the way they are intended..with a mini-mountain of salt and a wry grin. Particularly when their "nastiness" is directed at their own cronies. While both have their serious side, it doesn't take an Einstein to separate the satire from the straight. I'd advise a careful re-reading of all those YANDROs with that viewpoint. Perhaps when John will see what so many others already have. Buck is the of the Nicest and most Decent fans around...if not THE... YANDRO is beginning its nineteenth year of publication in 72...and there is a reason for that longevity. Seek it.

[All of this has given me a new perspective on Buck, and I think I misread some of the things he's said in YANDRO. Buck, if I've offended you, please forgive me, I apologize. Let's be friends again, eh? Want to trade for Granny? - LeB]

Don d'Ammassa's column was terrific! Had us holding our sides from laughing. Having no experience with the military, one tends to forget the complexities of living in a totally bureaucratic sub-society.

I wish I could like Arnie Katz. He's bright, articulate, funny...but there are things in his attitude that rub me raw. I don't know, but there is a tone in his references to fandom that seems the antithesis of what I understand fandom to be. He considers fandom in the light of a power-struggle, a place in which status is sought by affiliation with Big Names and Big Ideas. Too many columns (not this one, I may add) tend

to divide fans into two camps -- Faans and Others. I enjoy both types - if they exist at all - and resent the implication that if one doesn't agree completely with the Katz view of the world, one just isn't With It. Perhaps he isn't like that at all personally...having never met him, and doubtlessly I won't have the opportunity, I'll never know. But the person that comes across in his columns is too totally immersed in the FIAWOL camp for my tastes. Guess to some, it's just an indication that Trufan status is forever beyond my reach, but that's the way it is.

I like Glencannon's reviews. His tastes don't always run in my direction, but, like Coulson, he's not afraid to state his views. I prefer reviews like his, where you can glean an idea of what the object of review is actually like. A LOCUS-type review does nothing except act as a directory. "Cannonfodder" does what it is supposed to do: review and comment. Honesty is too rare a phenomenon to be quashed when it's discovered. Reviews of this type should be as much help to editors as they are to readers. Perhaps hard to swallow at times, but a definite aid.

Jacob Bloom, 34 Andrew St., Newton, Mass. 02161

The fanzine review column was good, but the main fault is that Jeff tends to attack the individual instead of his work. He makes blanket statements such as "Johnson can't write, and what is worse, he can't edit" instead of making helpful comments such as "Frank, why don't you make a list of people whose fanzine writing you've liked, ask each of them to write something for your zine, use your judgement to decide which pieces of what you get are good, and publish those?"

Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial St., Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

I think the whole TROUBLE WITH PROEECT CERES is the age-old trouble between writers who create their masterpieces and editors who think they can make it into something that will sell, which is their life; the greatest problem is trying to unite the two so that the masterpiece remains unflawed and saleable. There are very few editors who can command enough respect for a writer that he trusts them to edit; JWC was one of the select few. But book publishers are in a cut-throat business, and so long as the throat that is cut isn't theirs... Still, there's something recovered from the wreckage at least, to Gf's benefit.

Ted White, 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 22046

Mike Glicksohn brought up the presentation of the first part of my CERES thing and asked for my reaction. Well, I thought the overall presentation was quite good, but I didn't like the interruptions either. Not so much between the introductory material and chapter one, but particularly at the bottoms of pages. Hitting a line from W. C. Fields in the middle of one of my impassioned pleas of woe is disconcerting, don't you think? (I guess you do think so too, on sober reflection -- they're gone from this issue.) [*And this one too; I learned my lesson, I may never type another lino!-L.*]

Actually, I get this picture of you groping your way along on a sort of hit-or-miss basis towards the Proper Fanzine. You seem to have very little idea of how things will look until they're run off and published. Gf considered as a whole is a remarkable record of mistakes. But what cheers me is that you seem to repeat your mistakes rather seldom -- unlike most faneds (especially those who betray a lack of much intuitive grasp of fanzine editing, a group I think you started out in), who go on repeating the same tired mistakes issue after issue. In 14 issues you've accomplished a good deal more than I'd have given you credit for only a few years ago. Good for you. *[Gf is a wonderful fanzine - we never repeat the same mistake twice! We are always thinking of new ones. Send in your ideas for mistakes, readers, and win the Falloony Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Award; you too can join the Mistake of the Month Club. -LeB]*

I've said it before and I'll say it again: There is no reason why the cost of progress reports, program books, membership cards, postage, etc., should be charged against the membership fee (attending or supporting) in a Worldcon. No reason at all. "Do these really cost more than \$4?" you ask, referring to the per-member-cost. The answer is, yes, if the actual cost is entirely paid by the membership. It depends on the elaborateness of the materials (they don't have to be printed in five colors!) But there is good reason to believe that these costs can be paid for by selling advertising. The progress reports and program books can be self-supporting and even profit-making. They should bring in the dollars which pay all pre-con costs -- and membership fees should pay for pre-con expenses only until advertising revenues begin coming in. (Even a couple of bucks from 200-400 members will do. Expenses aren't likely to run over \$400-\$800 that early, unless the committee is on an expense account of some sort.) In point of fact, I know of at least one committee -- of which I was no part -- which bought itself a good meal in the hotel restaurant once a week for the year preceeding the convention -- and which still came out in the black.)

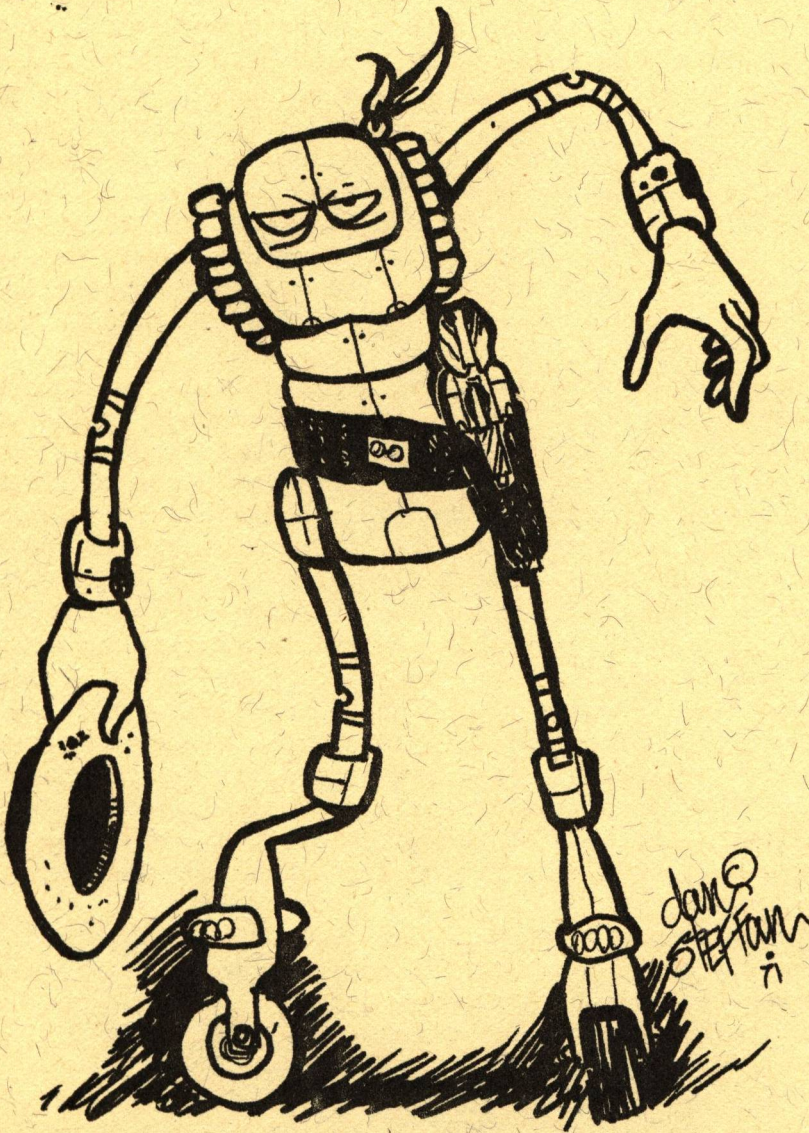
Progress reports, printing up program books, printing membership cards and banquet tickets are about the only pre-con expenses. Costs of correspondence can be covered by the interest on the con's funds, if they are put in a savings account. Even during-the-convention expenses can be paid for by the profit-making activities of the convention. For instance, auctions are still bringing in thousands of dollars, gross (artists and donars now take anything up to 75% of the gross), but the huckster's tables are being under-exploited (or were, up to a few years ago, I don't know the current rates). Hucksters rake in hundreds of dollars, minimum, thousands in some cases. Obviously the fellow selling copies of his fanzine isn't pulling in cash the way the comics and old-magazine dealers are, but there ought to be a fair way to divide the fees proportionately. Perhaps tables should be divided between professionals and amateurs (who pick up peanuts), with appropriate fees charged for both (say \$100 from the pro, 10% collectable in advance, and \$10 from the amateur, also collectable in advance). The convention is entitled to its fair share of any business done with its facilities used, and at the very least, the huckster tables should pay enough to cover the cost of hiring guards throughout the weekend.

Other auctions and whatnot for various "worthy" causes could be a source of income. The convention is entitled, I think, to 10% off the top. (At NyCon3, the LA group made use of convention facilities, including a paid-for-by-the-con union projectionist, and made \$800 for their own use. They didn't even offer to pay for the projectionist.)

If conventions were honestly non-profit, we'd still be seeing \$2.00 membership fees. *[Rumor has it that Noreascon made about \$3000 profit, and was not even especially thrifty in tipping hotel employees, and the like, and could have made more...-LeB]*

Harry Warner, Jr. 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

I have taken the easy way out of the Worldcon membership fee situation. I'm simply joining only those that I have a reasonably firm intention of attending. The idea of a \$1 fee for a vote for the Hugo has merits, but it might encourage ballot box stuffing. A pro might think that 100 more votes for his novel would be enough to cause it to win, the \$100 he would spend on memberships would be more than made up for by the increased prestige resulting from his victory; and even if there were a rule that voters must be known in fandom, who really knows enough fans today to make a sensible decision on the validity of votes if 20 members of a local fan club send in ~~their~~ bucks?



This is probably the best of the Glencannon review columns so far. But I'm still not totally comfortable about his more explosive paragraphs. There is a tendency to damn permanently an individual for one issue or piece of writing which Jeff dislikes. I remain unconvinced that severity is justified unless someone's fuggheaded career shows no improvement over months or years involved.

The Ron Miller portfolio impressed me and the covers made me reluctant to open the magazine -- it was hard to imagine what you could do for an encore inside. The interior artwork is also splendid.

I didn't ask Noreascon people to eliminate me from the Hugo nominations last year, but I didn't announce publicly that my withdrawal from contention had been meant to last only one year either. I feel that the fan Hugos should be spread around to as many people as possible, unless someone turns up who draws, writes, or publishes so outstandingly that he deserves one every year. Simultaneously, I don't deny that I'd get an enormous emotional lift out of being the first to win a fan writing Hugo twice, if I did enough good work to deserve it again. As of now, I don't think another is really justified, because I don't really try hard enough. The one thing I'm really proud of is that Willis biography in Warhoon. Almost everything else is written too hurriedly without sufficient research or forethought, and I waste entirely too many good fanzine articles by using their essence in a loc paragraph. [Even so, Harry, I think you do deserve a nomination this year, if not your second Hugo.-L]

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

This is easily the best issue you've put out and would be a strong contender for the "Best Single Issue of a Fanzine" Award for 1971, if anyone ever created such an award. There isn't a weak item in the issue, your mimeo work is good to excellent, and the layout is most attractive, particularly in the lettercol. I know you're going to get seven legal sized typed pages from Jerry Lapidus about layout and the significant improvement caused by art especially drawn for the text, so I'll merely say that it does look good and I hope you'll continue with the idea whenever you have the time and the proper sort of material.

Speaking of Jerry, every now and then someone comes up with a count of the number of people who constitute the really active fans; this count is usually around the 200 mark. Active letterhacking fandom is considerably smaller than this. One has Harry Warner (one always has Harry Warner!) and perhaps a dozen or so other loccers who seem to appear in the majority of fanzines. (Right now there's myself, Jerry, David Hulvey, Will Straw, and maybe one or two others.) This can produce a bit of a problem in the form of overkill. I have no particular hobby horse to ride so my locs tend to deal primarily with the contents of each issue I'm commenting on. But Jerry does have an over-riding passion, namely layout and graphics and the Importance of the Two-Page Spread. Certainly I'm interested in these matters, but not to the extent that Jerry is, and from my own observations (and Jerry's) these are matters of little concern to fandom in general. But even my own interest in the topic begins to pall a bit when I read yet another statement of theory from Jerry. He's had a couple of columns and innumerable letters on the subject recently and they all make the same point. Now it's a valid point, but surely enough is enough? Perhaps Jerry wrote all his letters over the space of several months and it just happens that they're all appearing now, but I think he's converted those who are going to be converted and should go on to other things.

"Cannonfodder" is excellent! In only two installments it's become the best all-round fanzine review column going. Jeff continues to place each zine in the context of the current fannish scene and does so with an awareness and depth of knowledge that give his opinions considerable weight. We may disagree on certain things (as, for example, the Leon Taylor review/parody in *ENERGUMEN* 9, which he -- and most other readers -- misinterpreted) but he writes knowledgeably and entertainingly and provides a damn interesting and informative column.

Ted's second chapter didn't strike me as being quite as taunt as the first. Perhaps it's the inclusion of some of the more traditional elements of juvenile novels (as with the unexpectedly attractive kid sister, for example.) It continues to contain far more in the way of background and thought provoking material than one expects to find in a novel aimed at younger readers though. I detect a slight tendency for Ted to lecture somewhat with John D. MacDonaldish summaries of our culture and I hope he keeps this under control in the rest of the book. I'll wait for the paperback and see. *[Ted White says: "If Mike Glicksohn is waiting for the paperback version, he'll have a long wait. I have no plans to put any of my juveniles into paperback as long as they continue doing well in hardcover. I suggest that he pick up this and any of my other juveniles in the local library -- and if they aren't there, they ought to be ordered!"]*

Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Drive, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

The illustrated material helps the magazine a great deal. The inventive layout of the lettercolumn works very well too, and the general level of material is much higher this time than ever before -- I don't think there's a single written piece or illo noticeably inferior to the rest, and that's a level the magazine has never reached before. *[With such praise, I know that I'm going to get a loc on this issue saying, 'What happened? the level of quality has gone down after the last issue.' It doesn't pay to put out an outstanding issue. I can feel those bad vibes already. Even though I don't think this issue is any worse or better than the last one, it does have a wider variety of material, which gives everyone more of a chance to hate something. - LeB]*

Illustrations both aid the process of artwork working with text and eliminate the filler appearance some artwork can easliy get; Tim Kirk's work here is particularly fine. And you've adapted Jay Zaremba's general layout style remarkably well, keeping the overall good-looking appearance, but not going so far as to hamper readability. In *THE ESSENCE* #4, it was very difficult at times to follow along, to figure out who was saying what; Jay got carried away with his designing, and forgot the reader while concentrating on the viewer. This layout, as you've used it, is very pleasing to the eye, and perhaps more important to some people (Mike Glicksohn take note) really takes very little more space than the much more standard forms. And the news that you intend to try more of the issue this way next time is bright news indeed! Verywell done all around, Linda.

What bothers me about the prozines is not the price increases, but the decreasing quality of several of them, specifically the *GALAXY/IF* mags. In the last year or so, these magazines have cut their artwork down to one illo per story, usually a small squiggle on the first page. The most recent *IF* had only four interior illos, and this is a representative issue. Both mags are limited in additional features, particularly when compared with other magazines -- *AMAZING/FANTASTIC* with excellent editorials,

lettercolumns, fanzine reviews, and Panshin's column and book reviews; F&SF with excellent book reviews, Asimov, and Baird Searles new film column; and even ANALOG. GALAXY and IF are still supposedly magazines, but they seem to be cutting down on the very features that can differentiate a magazine from a paperback collection or anthology. At the same time, F&SF has been searching for cheaper printers, and each issue has had successively worse reproduction. The latest, in fact, has terrible offset on many pages, at least a dozen in my copy are almost entirely unreadable. Without a large subscription list, this sort of work will lose a newstand audience remarkably quickly.

My idea for the Hugos is to separate them completely from the conventions, except for the awards presentation. With the increasing size of modern cons, I think this is an even better idea than it was when I originally suggested it. We create a separate Hugo committee to administer the awards; this committee frees the con committee from the time and work necessary for the Hugos. It can also keep the awards a little closer to the rules. It also cuts the Hugo voting off from the convention membership entirely. Now anyone who wants to join the convention is given a Hugo vote -- whether he has any interest in the awards or not. At the same time, anyone who wants to vote must join the convention, even if he has no interest in it and no desire or plans to attend. The Hugo committee could run the award balloting like the TAFF; set up a set fee, perhaps a \$1.00, for eligibility to vote. Thus those truly interested could signify that by paying a small fee; they wouldn't have to pay the \$4 or \$5 supporting membership to a convention they don't care about. The money goes to making the awards, and to handle mailing and tabulating expenses. Problems? A couple are obvious. Deciding on the make-up of the committee is one; making certain this doesn't lead to even more obvious vote-buying than we have under the current system. But I think this would lead to more meaningful awards. *[Sounds like an excellent idea! Why not suggest it? -L]*

Interesting to see that Jeff Glencannon and I differ almost completely in the way we review fanzines, and yet admire each other's columns so much. Jeff mainly reviews the individual material; he spends most of his time and space in a fairly detailed criticism of each of the major pieces in a given fanzine. I discuss the editing, the way the editor controls his magazine, the way the magazine has progressed and grown, the visual aspects of the fanzine. Maybe that is the reason we like each other's columns -- because we find someone else taking a critical attitude toward major fanzines, but looking at it from an entirely different angle. Jeff also has his particular hang-ups, like all of us. I'm particularly concerned with artwork complementing text; Jeff can't stand Darrell Schweitzer's writing. I think Darrell is capable of good, interesting, analytical writing -- when he bothers to work on it. Unfortunately, he doesn't bother often enough. I'm actually not much more kindly -- as Jeff puts it -- than he is; it's just that he takes the time to do detailed criticism of each bit of written material, and I usually don't.

I really liked Ron Miller's portfolio very much. I particularly enjoy a portfolio that is more than simply a random collection of drawings, but actually does something, examines a theme or idea through art. Ron's Arkham portfolio is some of the best work I've seen from him, and is the sort of feature I most like to see.

Linda -- the final decision is of course up to you, but I really don't think you're going to find the egoboo bonus a practicle idea. It's one thing to send copies of particularly interesting letters to your contributors -- and quite another to tackle the much larger project of sending all locs to contributors involved. I think it'll take a lot more time than you'll find yourself willing to give it. *[I've already given up. I tried to do this last ish, but it was impossible to cut letters apart, write names and addresses on letters, and so on. Sorry gang. -LeB]*

It is now February 13, 1972. All the pages are typed, some have been run off, but I'm waiting to receive the electrostencils I sent Alpajpuri over a month ago. I haven't heard from Paj, so a little voice of fear in my brain keeps shouting *what if the artwork was lost in the mail?* (knock on wood). Let's hope the stencils come soon, so that copies can be collated and in the mail by March 1. If you receive this during March, you'll know I received the electrostencils in time. I'm sorry that this Gran-nish was so delayed. Things kept happening (like the delayed electronic stencils). I'll feel very badly if you get the Hugo ballots and information too late to send in nominations. But hopefully you will have received ballots in another fanzine and voted.

Next issue will have columns by Mike Glicksohn and Ginjer Buchanan, both of which should have appeared this time, but I'm still waiting for the illustrations for them to arrive. There will also be book and fanzine reviews, a cooking column, and covers and folio by Jim McLeod. Now you are probably wondering

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- ☐ Sample
- ☐ You subscribed
- ☐ You contributed
- ☐ You are mentioned
- ☐ We trade fanzines
- ☐ Your fanzine is reviewed
- ☐ Please review this fanzine
- ☐ I hope you will contribute
- ☐ Tums is smut spelled backwards
- ☐ A book you wrote or published is reviewed or mentioned
- ☐ You remind me of Burt Lancaster
- ☐ You remind me of W.C. Fields
- ☐ You remind me of Mae West
- ☐ You remind me of Godzilla
- ☐ And what about Naomi?
- ☐ I found your beanie
- ☐ Please don't let your boa eat this fanzine; feed it RATS instead.
- ☐ My cat typed the typos
- ☐ Koala-ty is what counts
- ☐ Platypuses unite!
- ☐ You're a Silverberg cat
- ☐ A Unicorn is not a sexual object
- ☐ Fandom is full of funny animals
- ☐ Your Scorpio is rising and your arches are falling
- ☐ Your favorite character on STAR TREK is the computer
- ☐ You think Hal 9000 was framed
- ☐ You're a member of the Jeff Glencannon fan club.
- ☐ You're going to write the next cooking column on recipes made with IPA.
- ☐ Speaking of food, does anyone know how to make alpajpuri?
- ☐ Idea for stopping pollution: Start a chain letter to send a polluter 50,000 packages of garbage.
- ☐ This will be the last issue you receive unless I hear from you
- ☐ And what about Naomi?



