





## GRANFALLOON 16

Granfalloon is an irregularly published gensine available for 75¢ or 3/\$2.00 from Linda and Ron Bushyager. Back issues 10 and 14 are available for \$1.00 each. Gf is also available for contributions of artwork or articles, substantial letters of comment, or all-for-all trades. Please make checks payable to Linda E. Bushyager.



Special thanks go to Eli Cohen  
for running the stencils, to Ginger  
Buchanan, Joelle Brink, Jeannie  
DiModica, Jerry Kaufman, Nancy  
Lambert, Suzle Tompkins, Ted  
Greenstone, Linda Lounsberry,  
and most especially Bill Wagner  
for assorted servies, and to  
Mr. and Mrs. William Eyster  
for abundant help in all things.

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Granfalloon 16, vol. 5, no. 2  
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*we have moved:*

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# CALL OF THE BLUZZ

"Ron," I purred, cuddling close to my husband, "why don't we buy a house, dear?"

To my surprise, he dashed into the bathroom and locked himself in! I heard him inside, muttering "mortgages, loans, repairs, painting...in debt for the rest of our lives...mowing the lawn...ooooo....mortgages...MORTGAGES...MORTGAGES...MORTGAGES..."

"But sweetheart...Think of having peace and quiet. No more kids running up and down the apartment hallway pretending to be kamikaze pilots; no more juvenile roller derbies in front of our door; no more kids practicing to be muggers in the stairwell!

"Imagine going to bed, and for once not hearing the people below us slamming doors, yelling, the kid crying, the bathroom plumbing gurgling...We'd even have a toilet that works, instead of one that doesn't flush unless you hold the handle down for half a minute while reciting the Lord's Prayer in Yiddish... For Pete's Sake -- we are agnostics!

"It would probably cost less for a house than for this apartment, and you'd get a lot more out of it; you'd really be investing your money instead of throwing it away. And what about the hole?"

I could tell he got him, for he peeked out from the bathroom. We both stared at the hole. Evidently a TV antenna repairman on the roof had stepped through the roof -- right into our living room. We looked up at the bird perched at the edge of the hole. The bird looked at us. Even though we'd told the maintenance man immediately about the hole, it had been three weeks. Three rainy weeks, I might add. Now for the clincher...

"Ron, you could have your own room. A quiet room, without a TV, mimeograph, or three cats vying for the top of your lap."

"MY OWN ROOM?" Lightbulbs went on in his eyes as he ran from the bathroom, grabbed my arm, and dragged me out the door, "my own room."

And so we began looking for a house. Not just any house -- we wanted a brick home with a basement, at least 3 bedrooms, within walking distance from the train to downtown Philadelphia and to shopping, and close to our apartment so that it would be near enough to Ron's job (he's a computer programmer at Westinghouse in Lester, Pa.) so he could get a ride with someone going to work. In short, we had limited ourselves to a relatively tiny area! Closeness to shopping soon proved to be the limiting factor, there were only three or four supermarkets within our search area. Consequently, several nice houses were immediately ~~rejected~~. Without a car, I did not intend to carry groceries more than 1/2 a mile, even if we did have a shopping cart.



The first house we saw was lovely -- three bedrooms, a beautifully paneled basement, and a new, bright kitchen. There were only two problems. First, it was a twin (duplex) in a neighborhood of twins, all crowded so close together it looked like the apartment complex we had just left. Secondly, it was tiny!

The owner of the house, a tiny five-footer told us it had lots of space. "Look at these closets, they are huge. We have plenty of room." "What does your husband do?" asked the real estate agent. "He's a jockey!" the girl said proudly, as we ducked out through the front door.

"I'm sorry," I told the agent. "It's just not big enough for us. We'd need a lot more room for Johann Sebastian Bach Smith."

"Is that your son?"

"We have no children, that's our mimeograph."

"What kind of a dog is that?"

We kept looking. I neglected my housework and GRANFALLOON. Every weekend was spent househunting. If anything, Ron became more obsessed than I was. "My own room!" was what I heard instead of "hello" when he came home from work. At night I heard him whisper in his sleep, "My own study, a place where I can work on computer programs, an no TV! Hahahahah ahhhh. No TV." I suppose I had become, and still am, an addict to the idiot box.

We saw many houses. One had lovely rooms and was close to the train and shopping, but for a back lawn it had a barren stretch of earth, without trees or shrubs, and hardly a blade of grass. The real estate agent said the previous owners used it to park their 5 cars -- which didn't help an anti-car family one bit. We saw a gorgeous brick rancher which was convenient to the train station -- in fact, the station was directly in front of it! They had been trying to sell it for several months, and had reduced the price by \$5,000, yet no one bought it. I wonder why? It was so convenient. We decided we could stand the train, but not the three mile walk to a grocery. The next house had a nice basement, large rooms, a nice lot, three bedrooms, a paneled living room and dining room. But to reach the attic bedroom you had to go through the only bathroom in the house. Can you imagine having guests staying up there? Everytime they wanted to leave their room, they'd have to ask the permission of anyone in the bathroom!

By now we were starting to get tired of looking. Anything and everything started to look good, even staying in our apartment, hole and all. Then, suddenly, there it was. Our house. Two blocks from a large shopping center, four blocks from the train, it was a beautiful rancher set into a huge wooded lot. Behind the house was a creek and woods. Three bedrooms, and a paneled den, perfect for Ron. An unfinished basement. A picture/bay window overlooking the trees. We loved it. ~~Expensive~~, but who cared? We'd seen several houses in that price bracket, but none nearly as nice. And none with trees! We ignored the fact that it was perched on the edge of a ravine that led down to the creek. We ignored the fact that it might fall off the edge during the next rain. We gloried in the fact that there was no sidewalk in front, since the road ended in a deadend. Why? Because we wouldn't have to shovel the sidewalk. Peace, quiet, no kids, an isolated house on the end of a deadend street. Our house.

No.

We have never been lucky. Nor really unlucky, either. So blame our lack of luck, fate, coincidence, or mostly the owners of the house. After we had put in an offer



they raised the price, by \$4000. We decided that the house just wasn't worth that much. And suddenly, the ravine started looking pretty awesome, and so did the payments.

Finally another house turned up -- a 25-year-old brick home with a new kitchen, a new roof, central air conditioning, and various extras (like an intercom system). There were three bedrooms, a panelled den, and a panelled basement. All for less money than the house on the ravine. The lot was normal-sized, but level, fenced, and with a tree or two. Its major drawback was that it was too big. After all, does a couple that does not plan to have children really need an eight room house with one and two half bathrooms? And a garage? But it was close enough to shopping and the train. And Ron would have his own study.... So we bought it. And here we are, in a normal, middle-class house. With a room for me and Granny, a room for Ron, a room for the mimeograph, a room for the cats, and a bedroom for me and Ron.

If you are visiting Philadelphia, please stop by. Believe me, we have enough room to put you up for the night!

I'm relieved that after a long delay, I'm finally publishing Ginjer Buchanan's and Mike Glicksohn's articles. I hope you will enjoy them. I think you'll also find Joelle Brink's CLOCK-WORK article to be quite perceptive. Next issue will be out in short order, with a number of articles I've been keeping quite a while, including some fiction. I have vowed to myself to empty the files; so some of the material may be a bit strange, but I liked it when I accepted it, even if I took a long time getting around to publishing it. But I also think you'll find most of the next issue to be worth the wait.



I was astonished at the reaction to last issue's cooking column.

Not only did I receive about five excellent cooking columns, but I also got dozens of recipes.

Almost every Loc contained a recipe -- everything from cheese sandwiches

to mushroom

chocolate

cookies to

cooking for a

commune. I

guess it proves

that fans love

to eat. At any

rate, I have

enough recipes to

write a fannish

cookbook. So the

next several issues

will have cooking

columns, or columns of

miscellaneous recipes.

So please don't send more recipes!

Ron and I were surprised and pleased to see that we had so many first place Hugo votes. However, if we are fortunate enough to be nominated again next year, we hope you will all give your first place votes to the fanzine that truly deserves to win, ENERGUMEN. We felt that ENERGUMEN should have won this year; so we hope it gets the award next year. As you probably know, NERG will cease publication next year; so this is the last chance to give it the award it deserves. I may as well mention my choices for the other fan categories. Rotsler gets my first place vote in the fan artist category, with Grant Canfield as runner up. Mike Glicksohn, Sandra Miesel, Richard E. Geis, Jerry Lapidus, and Susan Glicksohn come to mind in the fan writer category. Next year the Best Professional SF Magazine category has been dropped and the Best Editor category added. I hope this will mean that Ted White receives his much deserved award. ALGOL and SF COMMENTARY are fanzines deserving a nomination this year.



I am now the American agent for the Oxford University SF Club magazine, SFinx, edited by Allan Scott. It costs 35¢ an issue, 3/\$1.00, and contains mostly amateur fiction and sercon articles.

Jack West, a Kentucky fan, is now in jail and would appreciate receiving any fanzines or letters. He'll write contributions, LoCs, or book reviews in return for any zines. His address is Jack West, 84274, Lebanon Correctional Inst., Box 56, Lebanon, Ohio, 45036.

Several people, myself included, tried to send books to the Society for Stranger's Prisoner Support Committee and got the stuff back marked "moved, no forwarding address." I don't know what the problem is, but be advised.

INFINITY CON will be held in the Commodore Hotel, New York City on Jan. 19-21, 1973. It sounds like an interesting con, with Isaac Asimov, Fred Pohl, Fred Saberhagen, Jim Steranko, and many others. Films, hucksters, SF and comic art displays, costume contest, and discussion groups. The con committee is Joseph Rizzo, Ralph Tripodi, and Michael and Richard Ceo. For information write INFINITY CON, R.R. 1, Box 50F, Longview Ave., Rocky Point, New York, 11778.

We have been watching the British serial, Dr. Who, on TV here and have been quite impressed. Although some of the sets and costumes are hokey, the overall plotline and acting are enough to sustain suspense and suspend disbelief. Unfortunately, Dr. Who has gone off the air in Philadelphia, but hopefully some of you will be able to view it in other parts of the country. I don't know if it is eligible for a Hugo this year, but Dr. Who is the best SF drama I've seen this year.



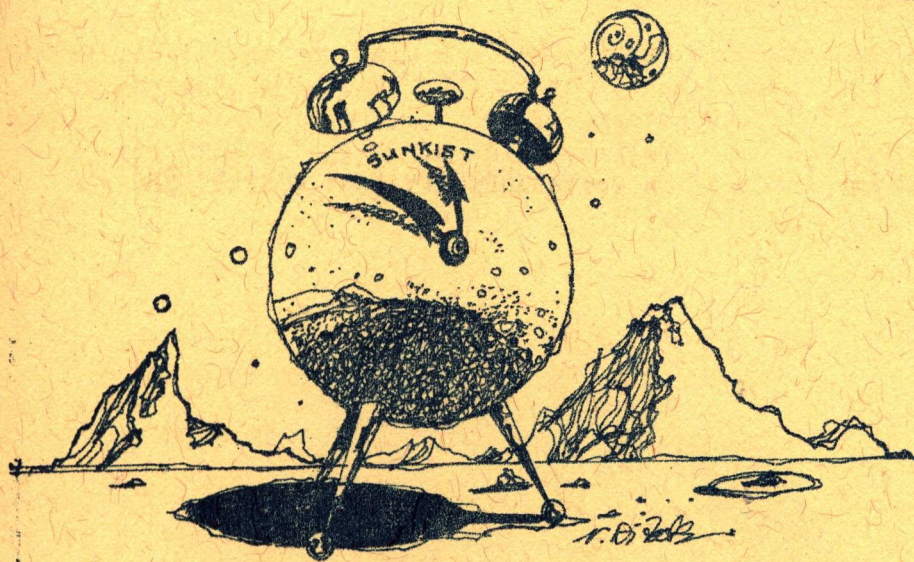
On the other hand, we've also seen several episodes of U.F.O., another British import. The futuristic sets are first class, but the actors look more like robots or animated wood carvings than people, and sound the same way, too. The plots are unbelievable -- I think they have the writers from VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Basically, each week the UFOs try to invade the Earth by some trick, and the heros, who work for an undercover military organization to fight the UFOs, succeed in foiling their plot. It's got to be the worst SF I've seen this year.

As I've mentioned, we now have three cats. The newest is a foundling male kitten I've called Klatu (from DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL). But Ron insists on calling it Five. You see, when we lived in Pittsburgh and shared a house with Dale and Dennis DiNucci, Dale gave me a white Persian cat and bought two shorthairs for herself. None of us could think of names for the cats, so we called them One, Two, and Three. Finally Dale and Dennis began calling their cats Alphonse and Yapper, instead of Two and Three. But when we found a red shorthair, Ron insisted on calling him Four. Meanwhile, I called the new cat Red. When we moved to Philadelphia, we took One and Red. So now we have One, Red, and Klatu. Except Ron calls the cats One, Four, and Five. Now this is confusing enough, but Ron insists that if we if we ever have any children, they will be named Six, Seven, etc. I think I've decided against having any. Lately I've noticed that Ron hasn't called me by my first name. I'm afraid he may get carried away and start calling me Six, or worse yet, decide he likes the Latin version better, Sex.



# A Metamorphosis on a Theme by Burgess



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE

## OVERTURE:

### OF TALKING SNAKES AND MONOLITHS

As an optimist, it always amazes me how many people who don't believe in spontaneous good believe wholeheartedly in spontaneous evil. "One bad apple..." as the saying goes, and the whole bushel basket can be consigned to the rubbish heap. Ever since the famous talking snake snuck into the Garden of Eden we seem to have been waiting for Ali McGraw to develop a fatal disease and shatter the charm of Paradise. But apart from Jesus, Prometheus, and a few other characters who wouldn't even make up a decent-sized Minority Group, we don't have many legends of good apples who make all the bad ones sound again. Therefore, I tend to think that any fellow who drops monoliths of goodness into the middle of a lot of squabbling apes has something going for him right from the start. Stanley Kubrick's latest film, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, again involves bombardments of Goodness and Light, but this time instead of dropping monoliths on apes he is dropping Beethoven's Ninth Symphony -- the "Brotherhood of Man" Symphony -- into a brilliantly pessimistic novel by Anthony Burgess.

### METAMORPHOSIS

Music and Science Fiction are two of the prime areas wherein artists are allowed to work on the same theme at cross-purposes. In music this is called "Metamorphosis."



The art of Metamorphosis is to take a given musical or fictional universe and make its destiny come out in different ways. Each interpretation of the original universe must be a complete work, and yet each work is only a part of the potential of the original universe. Metamorphosis is a form which is curiously lacking in mainstream fiction, where the emphasis is on producing something "original" at all costs. Because of this, we usually tend to think in terms of originals and reproductions, and we expect films either to take off in their own original direction or to faithfully reproduce at least the general character of the fictional "original." CLOCKWORK ORANGE does neither of these. Rather, Kubrick has created a metamorphosis on Burgess's nightmare world of savage exploitation; he has changed elements of the setting, circumstances, events, and the characters (particularly narrator/hero Alex) to tell quite a different story, much simpler, more naturalistic, and above all, more optimistic than the original.

## THEME:

### A DANCE OF VIOLENCE

Anthony Burgess's novel takes place amid a dizzying square dance of human exploitation. Victims and aggressors change partners and roles too fast for our sympathies to keep up with them. Likeable characters turn around and become brutal murderers, the helpless become oppressors, the oppressors helpless, the aggressors victims, and so forth literally ad nauseam. The only constant is that every individual and/or governmental institution which is in a position to exploit someone else does so with remarkable alacrity. The more things change, the more they remain the same, for the changeless thing is the dance itself: the game of exploitation. Thus, whether a criminal is beating up a victim, the State mentally and physically brutalizing a criminal, or a government deliberately anaesthetizing its constituents, the action remains equally evil, equally violent, always the same.



AN ELECTRIC OLIVE (with  
grounded pimento)

# JOELLE BRINK



## THE ANTICHRIST

Into this pocket Hell Burgess launches an oddly engaging teenage Antichrist named Alex (Greek for "Defender of Humanity"). His story is a mirror image of the life of Jesus, the great victim -- a reversal which produces the life of Alex the aggressor, one of whose favorite fantasies is, understandably enough, being put in charge of the torture and execution of Christ. Alex is not just a winner, he has enough energy left over from the battle of life to be an artist. Unfortunately, an artist in a "sick society" is often a fellow who is simply sick with style -- a description which fits our young Alex to the proverbial T. Beneath the intelligence, the humor, the renegade taste and compassion which make him better than his contemporaries, is a fanatic obsession to be always dominant, always elegant, to avoid any sign of weakness, of victimcy. Others may smash and hack, but Alex pins everything on the lightning dagger-thrust executed with such skill that he never even rumples his elegant attire.

Burgess follows Alex through a life of bad works, the betrayal by Judas (Dim); torture under the police, the prison staff, and the Lodovico Treatment; to his execution by a supposedly humanitarian writer (Alex's alter-ego, "F. Alexander"), and his "resurrection" through a hospital cure. His obsession to be always dominant turns out to be plain common sense, for once he becomes an underdog, Alex is brutally exploited by everyone up to and including the prison chaplain who trades off Alex's life in the interest of his own career. Only blind luck and an enormous will to live get Alex off with his skin, and in the end he lies in the hospital bed fantasizing a revenge in which he slits the leering face of the world with his "cutthroat Britva."

As an added twist (Burgess is fond of added twists), Alex's alter-ego is introduced: one F. Alexander, middle-aged "author of subversive literature," including a book of the same title as the one Alex is writing, A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. (Alex is apparently somewhat older at the actual time of writing the book.) F. Alexander starts out as one of Alex's victims, but the experience of brutality turns him into a mad-dog killer who later attempts to murder Alex. Remarkably, F. Alexander's humanitarian scruples at incipient Nazism and tampering with the human brain do not extend to clean, natural acts like out-and-out murder. Alex and F. Alexander see-saw in and out of prison (one must always be imprisoned for the other's protection) and into and out of the roles of aggressor/victim until the reader is either utterly confused or the point about the self-destructive nature of exploitation has been made. It is likely that Alex and F. Alexander are the same person at different stages of life, but nothing is said about it.

## HELL IS OTHER PEOPLE

The society Burgess describes has been widely labelled as Socialist, but in reality it is more literary than political. It bears a formidable resemblance to the inferno of George Bernard Shaw's DON JUAN IN HELL: that is, it is Hell because it is boring, deadly boring. There is no real poverty except for the usual winos sleeping under bridges, and no seeming motivation for greed. Yet with the exceptions of narrator Alex and his elderly victim the Cat Woman, everyone not sitting totally apathetic at work or in front of the TV seems to be motivated by pure greed and self-aggrandizement. Apparently, life was not always this way: the Cat Woman remembers a time when there were "real people," but the momentum of society is such that the only two real people left are brought together as enemies, and Alex is forced to kill her.

At the head of this repressed, satiated, and anaesthetized society is a governing elite complete with the attendant power struggles which devour money and energy while returning few useful benefits. Anyone too smart or too energetic to be anaesthetized is simply co-opted into the lower ranks of government, as the "Interior-or-Inferior Minister" tries unsuccessfully to do to Alex.



The society also possesses a self-proclaimed elite: the teenage gangs which lord it over the commoners and are eventually either imprisoned or co-opted by the real elite into the police. Alex is one of these, but with the difference that he is smarter, braver, and better read than the rest. He is not greedy, and being familiar with the greatest music, he knows what quality is and can judge it in human beings. Fittingly, it is another point of superiority -- his misplaced kindness to his chastized gang -- which eventually gets him caught. Alex is probably one of the best-drawn protagonists in fiction, both society's child and its critic. Burgess consciously uses him as a foil to the world he describes: "They don't go into the cause of goodness so why of the other shop? More, badness is of the self, the one, the you or me on our oddy knockies, and that self is made by old Bog or God and is his great pride and radosty. But the not-self cannot have the bad, meaning they of the government and the judges and the schools cannot allow the bad because they cannot allow the self. And is not our modern history, my brothers, the story of the brace malenky selves fighting the big machines? I am serious with you, brothers, over this. But what I do I do because I like to do."

Burgess is not content to leave his society boring, greedy, and evil, he casts it in a mantle of almost tangible Gothic evil: toothy things that scream in the night, man-eating cats, and Satanism are but a few of the colorful accouterments he runs up for his social hell. He also adorns it with minutely-described weird clothing and a sub-culture language so complicated it needs a glossary. This slang, Nadsat, which is used so lyrically in the narrative by Burgess/Alex, is nonetheless basically numbing and dehumanizing. It is one of those non-languages that, far from containing freshness and depth of meaning, conspire to make words callous and meaningless. A perfect reflection of the society: ugly and empty.

### SATAN?

What, then, is the way out of this hell for our humble narrator? He doesn't fancy joining the police, wouldn't last a week at factory work, and is scarcely a candidate for Prime Minister. Well, he's definitely a writer of subversive literature, but Burgess offers us little more than this and his last bloody fantasy of carving up the world as an answer to what happens to him. He leaves Alex wiser in the ways of power, but just as unenlightened about alternatives to violence and exploitation. A fighter-against machines, yes; a talented and perhaps even brilliant young fellow with a penchant for styling himself a Great Man of History (Kubrick toyed with the historical parallel when he named Alex "Alexander Delarge"); he is in the best tradition of great revolutionaries. But what if he can only replace technological exploitation with personal exploitation? In this lies the pessimism of Burgess's vision. For Alex is not Orpheus who came back from Hell, but Hades, its master.

## METAMORPHOSIS:

### THE KUBRICK TREATMENT

CLOCKWORK ORANGE is a film about ultraviolence, both technological and personal. There are not many tasks technological and personal. There are not many tasks harder than to make a sensible film about such a sensational subject. To begin with, audiences are in love with violence: they buy it in films and in books in ever-increasing doses, as sales records prove. We talk about the chase scenes from BULLIT and THE FRENCH CONNECTION, both films that deserve notoriety for their incisive views of contemporary problems; or we insinuate that "Sympathy for the Devil" has provoked waves of Satanism, ignoring the fact that the Devil in the song is a poor, overworked fellow who is trying to convince the wicked human race to give him some time off. It is not so much our artists who are in love with the darker aspects of life as it



is their audiences. But if we are in love with violence, then it is important that our artists help us to deal with it as a reality rather than as a mania. This necessity has produced many bloody and ultra-realistic pictures lately, on the theory that if the audience is confronted with the consequences of violence it will feel horror and revulsion rather than delight. This is rather like Goddard's ambition to make a completely documentary film about the sex act: he maintains that such a film would be completely without sensual interest. It is our illusions we love, not the grim, mundane realities of life.

Kubrick has taken a different tack. Rather than use the cold-blooded camera, a documentary witness to depravity, Kubrick has elected to use the subjective camera, accomplice of Alex in his narration and illusions. Since the subjective camera cannot judge, Kubrick has in effect given away his ability to stand outside the action and judge the morality of what goes on. Thus, the film's moral judgements rest with Alex, and Kubrick uses every trick in the book and a few that aren't to keep them there. The subjective camera, though stunting its way through the film, is in reality doing something very simple: it is expressing Alex's emotions and point of view. Since in many cases his point of view is different from ours, technical distortion is used to break up the viewer's accustomed emotional reactions and make him more receptive to Alex's mood. This is why the most prominent technical distortion occurs in scenes where Alex's emotional level is very high -- the opening "bad works" sequence when he is high on drugs; the music and sex sequences; the police beating and the beating by his ex-droogs; the Lodovico demonstration; the suicide sequences; and the finale accompanied by Beethoven's Ninth. As if this isn't enough, Kubrick gives constant affirmations of the subjective point of view by shooting time and time again right out of Alex's eye sockets.

This adds up to the absolute necessity of saving Alex if the film is going to have any redeeming social value at all. At this point, Kubrick decides that the setting, characters, and events must have an educational impact on Alex rather than confirming him in his pessimistic view of life. He begins to play with the story, altering and editing until the various elements add up to salvation.

#### A CHORUS OF CRUCIFIED CHRISTS

Both Burgess and Kubrick are past masters at getting their backgrounds and settings to speak for them, but as it happens these things speak very different languages. Kubrick immediately begins to downplay Burgess's futuristic and surreal atmosphere by changing the costumes of the teenage droogs to plain white coveralls and combat boots along with unadorned codpieces (compare this to Burgess's version of Alex's get-up as Disraeli with a codpiece in the form of a spider). Once out of the kinky but not particularly futuristic Korova Milk Bar, the action takes place against contemporary middle-class backgrounds and unadorned present-day exteriors.

Besides lending a naturalistic and contemporary air to the film, the backgrounds and settings do much to set narrator Alex off from the run of his contemporaries. Kubrick's version of the stagnant society is principally marked by every form of bad taste known to man. From this unsavory milieu emerges Alex's bedroom, a pocket masterpiece of interior decoration in handsome and whimsical Italian Modern punctuated by an awesome music system, real books and records, and a chorus line of crucified Christs. The Christs and a large pet snake named Basil are Kubrickisms to underline the anti-Christian nature of our narrator. On a trick fiberglass window-shade the illuminated face of Ludwig van Beethoven reigns tempestuously over all. When Alex takes the day off from school, it is not in a letter sweater as Burgess had him (with "A" for Alex), but in a plum-colored suede and cobra skin maxi-coat with a pale yellow linen damask shirt and a carved walking stick. The only other character housed and dressed in such magnificent contemporary fashion is, naturally



enough, F. Alexander, "writer of subversive literature," whose digs are the sort of thing in which Alex would be right at home (and is). The rest of society is condemned to one form or another of gaucherie, with most of the women wigged in yellow or purple and plastered with the singularly unbecoming makeup invented by Burgess. Malcom McDowall's androgynous beauty, encumbered only by a false eyelash or two, serves as an impressive foil for all this ugliness.

Among the bits grossly altered or left out: the prison scene including the rape of Alex and his subsequent brutal murder of the attempted rapist. The film-prison is clean and comical in contrast to the hell-hole of Burgess's novel, a change which lets Alex learn a thing or two instead of merely fighting to survive. The robbery of the Cat Woman is similarly changed out of all recognition in order to banish the supernatural element and add the theme of class warfare (she tries to beat him up with a bust of Beethoven and he fights back with a sculpture of a phallus). The Cat Woman herself was changed from a tough old lady to a middle-aged, blueblood hypocrite as if to make sure that we did not judge Alex too harshly for killing her.

#### PURGATORY

If the Burgess characters formed a sort of pocket Hell, then Kubrick's form a mini-Purgatory. Evil is not lacking, but it is naturalistic, motivated evil rather than the gratuitous viciousness which in Burgess seems to have a life of its own. In the film, Dim's betrayal of his leader is vengeance for a wrong, rather than a typical event in years of infighting which makes it impossible for there to be honor even among thieves. Likewise, the bad treatment meted out to Alex by the State functionaries and Lodovico Clinic personnel is clearly born of their personal ambitions and frustrations rather than of habitual deception and sadism, as Burgess had it.

The prison chaplain, a hypocrite in the novel, emerges from Kubrick's alterations as a basically good man who is truly concerned about the erosion of free will. By making him less intelligent than formerly, Kubrick is able to excuse his blindness to the fact that the entire society is a clockwork orange -- incapable of choice because it is caught in a vicious cycle of exploitation. Yet the mere existence of this good man means that it is possible for good people to survive in the CLOCKWORK universe. This is in tremendous contrast to the novel, in which even a good man with enormous survival potential -- Alex -- is inexorably corrupted.

By stressing the cause-and-effect nature of the evil in his society and by supplying the chaplain as proof of the existence of good men, Kubrick sets the stage for his hero's salvation. The instrument of that salvation is none other than Ludwig van Beethoven. If the chaplain represents the possibility of good, then Beethoven represents the still higher possibility of greatness. Book-Alex was simply a lover of great music, Bach, and the moderns, as well as Beethoven. But film-Alex has a special obsession with "Ludwig Van," who represents a Good towards which he can only reach blindly, like the apes of 2001. He doesn't really know until the end what visions truly belong to Beethoven's music, but neither does the rest of society -- the sublime Ninth Symphony hardly receives better treatment than it does as the background music to atrocities, or when it is used by F. Alexander as a murder weapon. It is left up to Alex to decipher the message Beethoven is sending to his generation across the ages.

#### THOU, UPROARIOUS SHARK OF HEAVEN

"Thou, uproarious shark of Heaven..." begins God's message to Book-Alex, laying down the law about his character as well as what side he is really on. Sharks, even heavenly sharks, have never exactly been the rage as movie heroes, even though a few whales, white and otherwise, have made the grade. Book-Alex's major problem is that



he comes perilously close to dominating his world. Had he been killed or remained a hapless victim, he would have been a more palatable modern hero, but no, the Lodovico plot backfires and Alex is accidentally given his big break, including -- godhelpus -- his choice of job. If he is not a victim of the "modern age" in as big a way as we would like him to be, neither is he exactly everyman's hero in his incisive philosophical analyses and parenthetical dissertations on music theory and practice. In fact, between being a winner and an intellectual, he has alienated even the intrepid souls of book-readers. Too canny to turn the shark loose on the soft flesh of movie audiences, Kubrick pulls most of his teeth and gives him a partial lobotomy before wrapping him in celluloid.

Film-Alex may have less tooth and less brain, but he has Malcom McDowall, so he comes out stunning anyway. Rarely has a motion picture hung on an actor's performance as completely as CLOCKWORK. Starting with a less-threatening character, he has been given the job of actually making this young punk sympathetic, and, as if that weren't enough, of making him an artist. For all of us who loved McDowall as he blew everybody's brains out in If..., it will come as no surprise that he pulls the job off with genius. Kubrick stunts his camera around a series of brilliant improvisations (such as the business with "Singin' in the Rain," which was the only song to which McDowall could remember all the words) simply running interference and hoping for a touchdown performance. He gets it.

The major difficulty Kubrick and McDowall are up against in their plot to save Alex is that since the shark of heaven doesn't get any help from anyone except Ludwig Van, his salvation must be latent in himself. In effect, Kubrick is pushing the idea that the artist is capable of spontaneously healing himself, even in a sick society. Starting with Alex as an artist, even an artist in violence, Kubrick shows artistry permeating every area of his life, from the style of his room and his taste in music to his total lack of greed. His devotion to Beethoven's music, though associated with the wrong images in the same way that his artistry is associated with the wrong art, is nevertheless a reaching-out towards something he senses in the splendor of the music and for which he strains to find images of sufficient beauty. At the beginning of the film he has already used-up the image-vocabulary of violence; the bombs-bursting-in-air somehow don't quite equal the music. Later, helpless in the Lodovico (Italian for "Ludwig") conditioning chair, he is accidentally forced to the realization of what he always sensed -- that Beethoven was different and better than the images of violence that were the only things he knew well enough to use as illustrations. He cries out not against the rape of his art and of the life he has known, but against the abuse of his beloved composer. "It's a sin!" he cries out, knowing now that Beethoven is different from everything he has ever known and from





the exploitation he is undergoing at the hands of the Lodovico staff. Finally, as the photographers waltz out after his "cure" with the gift stereo crashing his beloved music, he sees a new vision, one totally different from those he used to see before, a vision of joy. This final scene of him making love amid a circle of smiling people who are clapping their approval is the only sequence in the movie where someone is not taking advantage of someone else. It is the vision of a new way of life.

## FINALE:

### A HOUSE DIVIDED...

At this point we are back to the snakes and monoliths, and whether you believe in the old saying about one bad apple spoiling the barrel. In effect, Burgess asks us to believe in spontaneous evil, and Kubrick asks us to believe in spontaneous good. Mathematically, they are both equally probable. Burgess, who has toyed with and probably believes the notion that history is circular, is no doubt trying to warn us. Kubrick, on the other hand, is up to something else. It may be co-incidental that the historical figure after whom he named Alex was the fellow who invented the idea of the brotherhood of man and launched it into a world full of war. It may be coincidental, but I doubt it. At a singularly bad juncture of history, Alexander the Great invented anew myth: a myth which said that it was possible to break the patterns of the past and live in such a way that each human being's life contributed to the richness-of-life of every other human being. He never said that's the way the world works; he simply invented it as a possibility. It seems to me that, similarly, what Kubrick has been up to since 2001 is myth-making for the modern age -- something eminently in the spirit of science fiction. Kubrick's next effort will also be in keeping with that spirit, since he is doing the life of a remarkably inventive SF writer who got famous in another line of work -- Napoleon. The real Napoleon was an optimist too, so I'm looking forward to it.

## AFTERWORD:

Rather interestingly, when Burgess was writing the original CLOCKWORK back in 1961-62 there was a young fellow living in the same place as Alex, of the same age as Alex, with the same sort of intellectual bents and rather the same sort of relationship to music. This young fellow was creating havoc with the younger generation and murderous intentions among their parents. After CLOCKWORK was published, he bought the film rights and began to use many of the themes in the music he was writing. When Kubrick acquired the rights, he also acquired some of the distinctive style and choreography that the young man had been using in his stage act (see the Casino fight scene). In turn, many of Kubrick's inventions for the film have now been incorporated back into this stage act.

The young man in question is of course Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones.

Judging by a recent interview, he seems to have liked Kubrick's metamorphosis of CLOCKWORK. Much of his work constitutes yet another metamorphosis on the CLOCKWORK universe, but this article is too long already to discuss that. Still, if you want to try on non-spontaneous evil as a variation, you might try "Sympathy for the Devil;" and "Mother's Little Helper," "Street-Fighting Man," "Jumpin' Jack Flash," and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" among others are very interesting to listen to in the CLOCKWORK context. I hope other people as well will decide to play with the CLOCKWORK universe. So far it seems to have attracted some pretty high-caliber work. Good luck to you all and may I live to review your masterpieces.



The trouble with being an enthusiastic cook of the I-don't-measure-anything-I-just-do-it-the-way-my-mother-did school is that when you come up with something really good and other people want the recipe, you can be in trouble. You go to write down how you do it, and you end up with directives like, "Dump in Worcestershire sauce until it's the right color" or "cook over high flame until it sizzles at the right pitch" remember the old joke about the Jewish grandmother describing how to make her chicken soup?\* Well, that's the way I feel sometimes. Some recipes are easy and have easy tricks to them (e.g., when making your chicken paprikash, add some carrots for a really nice flavor, and use brown rice and fresh-ground black pepper); others are theoretically easy but very tricky to describe (how do you describe that just-barely-sort-of-crusty feeling that the boiling candy dropped in cold water has when the fudge is cooked just right?).

However, at least for this first column, I will have mercy and give you only straightforward dishes, complete with thorough descriptions of just how to make them and why you have to do certain things certain ways.

Like all lovers of Sezchuan and Indian food, I tend to have a fondness for spicy foods even though my digestion has other ideas on that topic. So I thought my first contribution to Granny's Cookbook should be some items on the zesty side -- and if they can be French cooking, too, why then all the better. They are also distinct departures from what my French cookbook would give you under the same name (after all, if you could find them most anywhere, why should I bother to write them up? No sense in adding to the publication pollution going on). They both take a lot of ingredients and look complicated, but neither one is, really.




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\*You don't remember? Well, this young man who worked for a canning company was having dinner at his friend's grandmother's house, and she served an absolutely delicious chicken soup -- the best he had ever tasted. He figured that if he could get the recipe, his fortune would be made. She kindly agreed to tell him how she made it. "Now first you take some chicken..." "How much chicken?" "Lots chicken. If you're making good chicken soup, no skimping on the chicken. Then you put in the water..." "How much water?" "Not too much, or it be too weak. Then you boil..." "How hot a fire?" "Not too low. But too hot is no good, either. Just right fire. Then you add soupengreens..." "Soupengreens? What are they?" "Soupengreens is soupengreens!" She added under her breath, "What a dummy!" And so it went, he getting more and more baffled and she getting more and more irritated at his obvious stupidity. Finally, after giving all the ingredients, she said, "Then you cook it..." He had long since given up in despair trying to take notes, but he asked, "How long do you cook it?" Her irritation exploded completely. "Dummy! Till it's done!"

## GRANNY'S COOKBOOK



## BOUILLABAISSE

The first recipe is a variety of bouillabaisse that my mother and I devised. It comes out very spicy, very fishy, very pretty when it's served, and very good.

Bouillabaisse is a tomato-base seafood chowder from the south of France (Marsailles, I believe), and there are myriad ways of making it. All involve saffron. In my case, the thing also involves an elusive entity no longer being manufactured, called McCormick's Seafood Seasoning. My mother bought a large can of this precious stuff about six years ago, and it has almost come to an end, thus ending an era of seafood cookery around our house. Fortunately, the spices involved in it are listed on the side of the can; and I shall tell all those interested how to come up with a reasonable facsimile of this marvelous seasoning. (I also intend to write to the McCormick Company one of these days and plead with them to put it back on the market, preferably in smaller containers -- it tends to lose much of its potency after a year or so.)

This seafood seasoning is basically a hot/sweet spice. To make it, combine the following:

- 2 parts red or cayenne pepper
- 2 parts dry mustard
- 1 part ginger
- 1 part allspice
- 1 part cloves
- 1 part mace (nutmeg may be substituted)
- 1 part cardamom

Mix well. Store in an airtight container.

The secret of this soup is that the fish is cooked only for a very short time; otherwise it becomes tough. (This is the secret of all fish cookery, by the way.)

Soup stock:

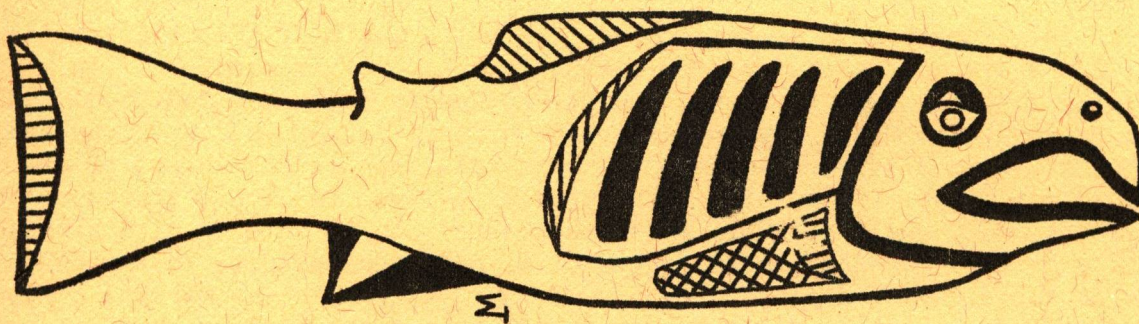
- 1 fillet
- 1 swordfish, halibut and/or salmon steak  
(making about a pound altogether)
- 1/2 pound scallops
- 1/2 pound shrimp
- some crab or lobster, if you can afford it
- 1 can clams

This fish combination is quite variable. You can omit the shellfish and use only whitefish and clams for a more economical soup; you can cut down on any of the fish and add another can of clams; you can ignore the specifications altogether.

by **NANCY LAMBERT**







and use a couple of pounds of ~~whatever~~ fish is on sale. The only trick is to get the soup sufficiently fishy but not too fishy. The scallops are especially nice for flavor; the shrimps are especially pretty.

To about two quarts of water add 1 tablespoon of wine vinegar and 1/2 to 1 teaspoon of seafood seasoning. Bring to a boil; add the fresh or thawed fish (but not the clams) in manageable pieces, cook for about 5 minutes, and remove the fish. The fish may be cooked in three or four shifts to make the handling easier. The liquid is your stock; the fish is to be set aside and added to the soup during the last few minutes of cooking.

#### Soup:

2 slices bacon  
 1 large or 2 medium cans peeled tomatoes  
 fish stock plus clam juice  
 1 large or 2 medium onions, chopped  
 1 large stalk celery, chopped  
 1 small potato, chopped  
 1/4 to 1/2 of a green pepper, chopped  
 1 to 2 cloves garlic, crushed or finely minced  
 2 tbs. catsup  
 1 tsp. worcestershire sauce  
 2 tbs. olive oil  
 1 bay leaf  
 1 tsp. thyme leaves (more if they're rather old)

1/4 tsp. basil  
 1/4 tsp. oregano  
 1/2 tsp. saffron  
 1/2 tsp. paprika  
 salt and black pepper to taste  
 1/4 cup pale dry sherry or white wine

Cook the bacon until very crisp in the bottom of a soup pot. Drain off about half the fat and discard; crumble the bacon and return to the pan. Add the tomatoes



(these should be plain, peeled tomatoes, not stewed tomatoes or Spanish-style tomatoes, or anything else pre-seasoned), chopping into small pieces in the pot. Add the juice from the clams. Add the rest of the ingredients except for the fish. Cook over low heat in a covered pan for about 45 minutes. Taste; correct the seasonings. More of any of the seasonings, including the seafood seasoning, may be added. More water may be added if the soup gets too thick or too strong. Cook for another half hour. Add the fish, cut into bite-sized pieces, and add the clams. Bring back to the boiling point. Add the wine; cook for about two more minutes. If the soup tastes too fishy after the fish has been added, put in some more catsup or a tablespoon or two of tomato paste.

Traditionally this soup is served hot, but it's also excellent served cold.

### RATATOUILLE

The other item on the agenda is also from the south of France -- Provence this time, which is right next to Italy, so that the dish is very Italian in spirit, as a lot of Provençal cooking is, even though the name is French. The dish is called ratatouille, and it's a marvelous spicy mixed vegetable dish that goes very well with plain meats (steaks, chops, whatever) or with a cheese-and-pasta based main course. The traditional ratatouille is baked in layers in a casserole, and mine departs from tradition in that it's cooked in a pot on the stove -- easier, doesn't have to get so mushy, and I like it just as well. (I have to thank a friend of mine, a Hungarian girl named Catalina Bartok, for this recipe. We and five or six other assorted people house-sat in Princeton together one summer, and I got indigestion all summer on her super-spicy cooking, but it was worth every pang. She's a fan, too.)

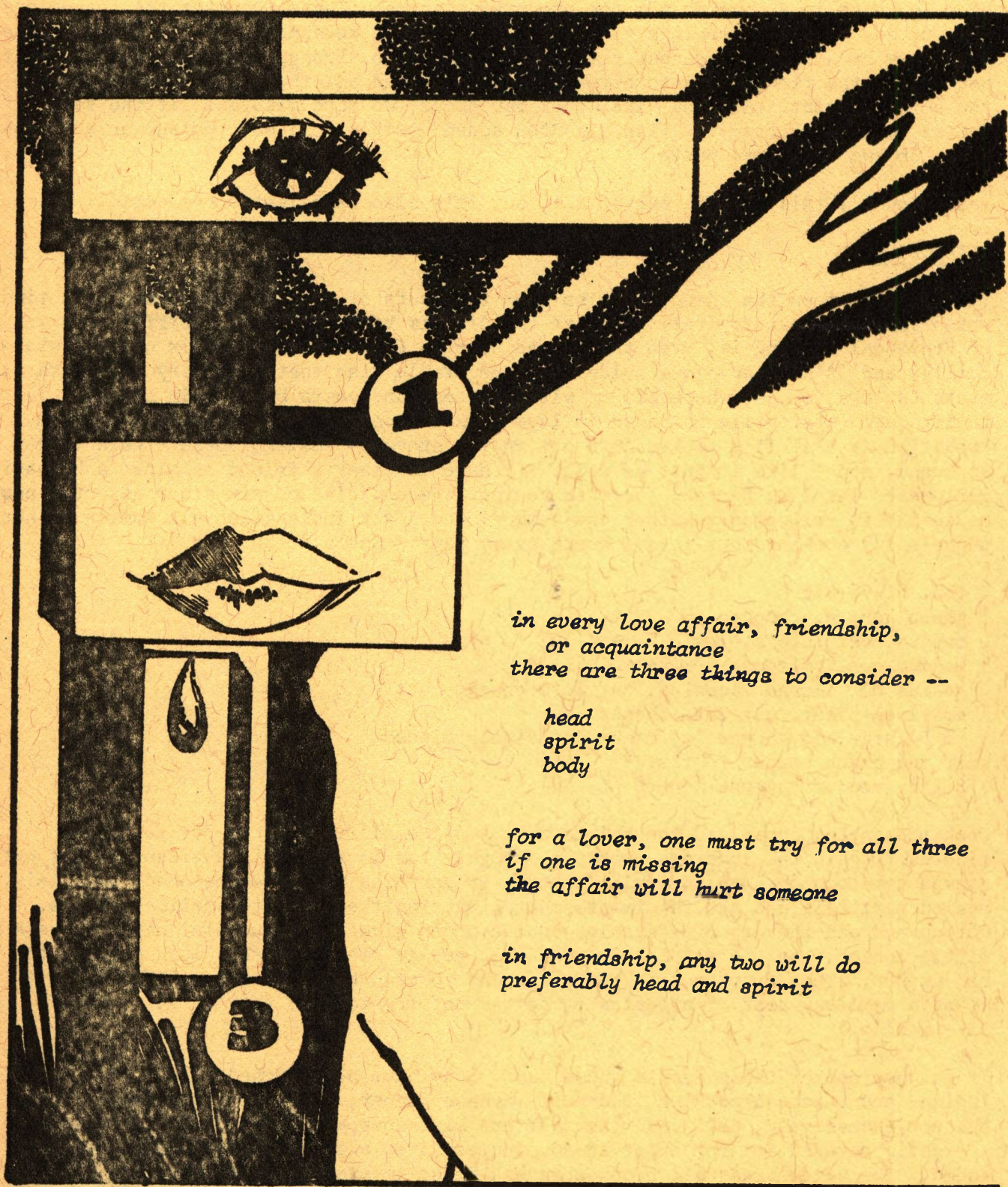
2 tbs. olive oil  
1 green pepper, chopped  
2 onions, cut into strips  
1 medium can tomatoes, drained  
3 medium or 2 large zucchini, cut into chunks  
1 small eggplant, cut into chunks  
4 to 5 large cloves garlic, mashed or finely minced  
salt and black pepper to taste  
1/8 tsp. red or cayenne pepper

Cook the green pepper and the onions in the olive oil in a large pot for a few minutes. Drain the tomatoes pretty thoroughly (as in the bouillabaisse, do not get stewed tomatoes or Spanish-style tomatoes or anything else pre-seasoned; get plain, peeled tomatoes) and add the tomato meats, cutting them up into smallish chunks. Cut up and add the other vegetables in the order given (the zucchini needs to cook a little longer than the eggplant). The dish really does need this much garlic; the red pepper, green peppers, and tomatoes tend to absorb its flavor. (If you can't stand a garlicky sort of aftertaste, better not try to make this at all. Me, I like garlic.)

If you are one of those people whose taste buds have been burned out by Mexican, Indian, and Szechuan cooking, add more cayenne pepper; it should taste moderately, but not excessively, hot. Add the salt and black pepper. Cook over a low fire in a tightly covered pot for about 15-20 minutes after all the ingredients have been added. The vegetables will produce enough juice to steam-cook themselves, and the tomato and vegetable juices will cook down to a lovely, spicy sauce. Serve in soup bowls.

Enjoy.





*in every love affair, friendship,  
or acquaintance  
there are three things to consider --*

*head  
spirit  
body*

*for a lover, one must try for all three  
if one is missing  
the affair will hurt someone*

*in friendship, any two will do  
preferably head and spirit*



2

body brings confusion  
emotion

for an acquaintance,  
head is good, it leads to friendship

spirit is good  
to maintain relations

i am sometimes sorry that body interferes  
with what could have been a beautiful friendship  
and makes it instead a fearful affair

lover, there is something  
missing

i don't know what it is but i will fight and fight  
until i find out  
in hopes it is nothing but faulty circumstances

if it be head or spirit, i will sigh and give up  
for all three are needed  
and i won't settle for second best  
ever

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YORK DALE**



# MIKE GLICKSOHN



Customs officials, of course, have no sense of humor. Everyone from Jay Kay Klein, with his shiny pate and borrowed Cadillac, to Greg Shaw, with his luxurious locks and travel-stained thumb, is aware of the disastrous consequences that can result from the mildest, most innocuous attempt at a joke aimed at these dour, humorless bastions of middle America. But what is less well known, indeed, many believe the exact opposite, is that custom officials also have no imagination!

Since there haven't been many major cons in Canada lately (like one since 1948!), most American fen are relatively unfamiliar with the joys and drawbacks of crossing the world's longest undefended border. But in the last three years, con-going alone has caused me to cross that border 14 times, and I repeat, popular myth to the contrary, customs men have no imagination! (Perhaps my case is a bit unusual; in nearly

## WINDS LIGHT TO VARIABLE



every border crossing, my hair was considerably longer than the silent majority would call normal. But even Tony Lewis, who daren't bend over in a sporting goods' store for fear of being mistaken for a billiard ball, could relate similar tales!)

Customs men are probably more devoted than Superman to their narrow concept of Truth, Justice, and The American Way. For example, the prominent signs in all Customs/Immigration offices on the US-Canadian border that officially declare "Narcotics users must register before crossing the border" tell you right away where their heads are at. Even more amusing is the cartoon -- quite well drawn, too -- showing two emaciated, skeletal prisoners hanging on the walls of a dungeon, their limbs grossly stretched by their iron fetters, hair and beard growing past their feet. One is smiling at the other while saying, cheerfully we assume, "Oh well, it's better than being hung up on drugs!" Right on.

So when we went to the 1969 Boskone, I was prepared for anything. "We" was Richard Labonte, still looking like a promotional poster for a Boy Scout Recruiting Drive, Susan Wood (we'd really just met) who was an obvious candidate for the Miss Wholesome of 1969 contest, and two of her friends, one a plump, jolly girl with one of the sweetest faces I know and the other a rather vague blonde with braces. Yes, braces! Then there was me. The token hippy. Shaggy hair, beard, bluejeans. The middle-aged customs man sweetness and lighted his way around the car until he came to me in the back seat. Then his eyes narrowed, his jaw jutted, his patriotism swelled visibly, and in a steely voice he demanded, "Do any of you.." and we all knew who he meant! "... use narcotic drugs?" The chorus of shocked negatives came across surprisingly well considering the way we were suppressing our laughter. (But four out of five were telling the truth which doubtless added to our credibility.)

We were ordered out of the car for further investigation (as I've been by the U.S. customs men on all but one of my 14 trips to cons -- Canadian customs on the way back are seldom more than perfunctory.) The Immigration Department checked us all against their "persona non grata" book and seemed disappointed not to find at least my name listed. My passport picture, taken 9 years ago when I was a spotty-faced, beardless, crew-cutted teenager, drew its usual share of squinted looks (and the wise-guy who said I should be easily identifiable from it can sit and read an entire run of Riverside Quaterly from cover to cover, so there!) and we were grilled as to the intent behind the 250 Alicia Austin "Spockanalia" covers. When dope and a criminal record failed to stop me, there was always the possibility of vagrancy, so my financial status came under scrutiny next. ("If you don't work, how cum you got so much money? Where do you get your income? Muh?" He waved the five bucks he'd found in my wallet at me. How cum?" Had I yielded to the temptation to say, "Oh, I'm a pusher." I'd probably still be there!) And of course the luggage was searched, for small packets of silver foil, no doubt. Eventually, and reluctantly, we were passed through -- they knew we were bums, probably dope addicts too, but hadn't been able to find the stash.

And the funny thing was, I've never carried dope across the border and never would. I'm too obviously "typed." But the whole time those unimaginative clods were searching for dope, the six-pack of "Sprite" on the floor of the car underneath their noses was actually six re-sealed bottles of 100% pure alcohol I was smuggling to the Boskone for some heavy drinking! Like I said, no imagination.

The longest and most extensive hassle the American customs ever put me through was on the way to the 1969 PgHLANGE. I was travelling with Richard, Crayden Arcand, and two other male Canfans, and while I was still the only "hippy" there, five guys together are obviously up to no good, so we got the whole treatment, about an hour and a half. The still couldn't find us in the Book, so they resorted to the turning-



out-the-pockets routine. "Anything to declare?" No, we hadn't. They examined Crayden's orange with everything short of a microscope, but couldn't find any needle marks. Then, "Aha! What's this?" 'This' I carefully explained, was a letter from my new girlfriend (Susan, in case you're wondering) that Richard had brought me from Ottawa. The customs man opened it! "Hmm," he muttered, "Adored Mike...my wife doesn't write to me like that." and he stared hard at me, as if trying to fathom what any girl could find adorable in such a disreputable specimen. So now I have a letter from Susan that begins "Adored Mike,..." and concludes "Port of Buffalo-Niagara Falls, N. Y. Examined and Passed June 6, 1969. U. S. Customs Inspector." They have no imagination at all.

Meanwhile, out at the car, Crayden was having his own minor trauma. As car owner, he accompanied the official who searched the luggage and the vehicle. Now Cray is at best a worrier, and under stress he's inclined to blow his cool. So when the determined official rummaged through my suitcase and emerged jubilantly with a triumphant yell and a mickey bottle of Canadian Club whiskey, Cray forgot everything I'd told him. He panicked. He stuttered. He turned red and made pathetic little gasping noises. And the customs man actually thought he had us! I'm sure he was already visualizing five naked Canadian bodies up against a wall being 'questioned' by stalwart customs men protecting public morality and upholding the standards of decency.

Luckily for us, Cray recovered just in time. My patient explanations came back to him, and before the officer could reveal his triumphant discovery, Cray started jumping up and down and yelling, "I remember, I remember! He told me!! It's not CC, he isn't smuggling, open it and smell! It isn't whiskey at all, it's...Scope!! Like on TV, the Green Phantom, you know. Mike uses a CC bottle 'cause it packs flat, and the Scope bottle doesn't. Try it, please, just smell it!!" And a much disappointed official was once again forced to pass the infamous Boy Wonder without being able to lay any charges. But Cray now drinks rum and uses Listerine for some strange reason.

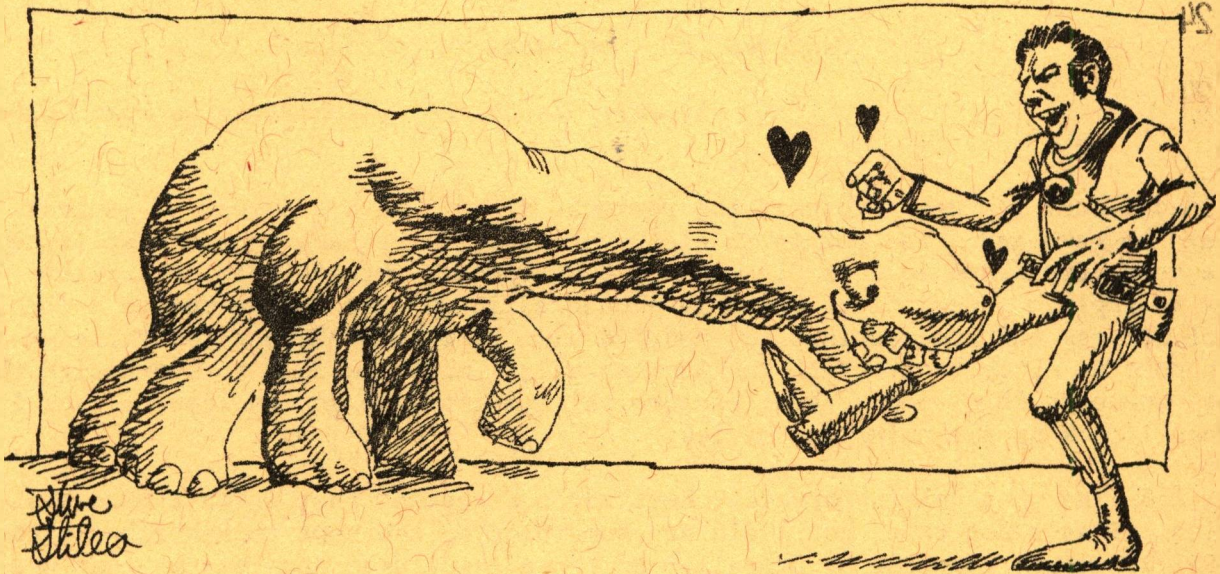
Since customs men are representatives of the great American public, you'd naturally expect them to have a somewhat dated view of SF. And you'd be quite right. When we do finally manage to convince them that we really don't have anything to declare, we're still faced with providing a legitimate reason for entering the States. (Last summer, some busloads of Canadian rock fans going to the U.S. rock festival were turned back at the border as "undesirables." It caused a minor uproar.) And as all fen know, in most eyes were are still very much on the side of the illegitimate. ("You're attending a what?!" "A science fiction convention, sir. Look, here are 8 fliers all about it. Isaac Asimov will be there! Surely you've heard of him?" "Oh...yeah...didn't he invent gravity or something?")

Probably the best example of this medieval attitude occurred when we went to the 1970 PgHLANGE. This trip "we" was Richard, Crayden, Cray's girlfriend, Rosemary (not the "Kumquat May" Rosemary, another one) and I. We pulled into the border crossing about a half hour after dusk, which meant that for the preceeding hour we'd been driving through swarms of insects that appear out of nowhere whenever the sun goes down. These particular border guards, er, customs officials, were a fairly friendly lot. One of them found Rosemary's ID (she'd left it on the seat of the car since she'd been driving) and secretly spread her name to the other men on duty. We were then treated to a stream of new officials emerging from the bowels of the customs office and greeting Rosemary like an old friend. (The "Hi there, Rose, got a new bunch of guys this time, eh?" sort of routine.) But we were the only people there, all looking fairly respectable, and the guards were fairly loose, so it was a peaceable sort of crossing. Eventually all was straightened out, and they'd kibbitzed enough about our destination, so we prepared to drive on.



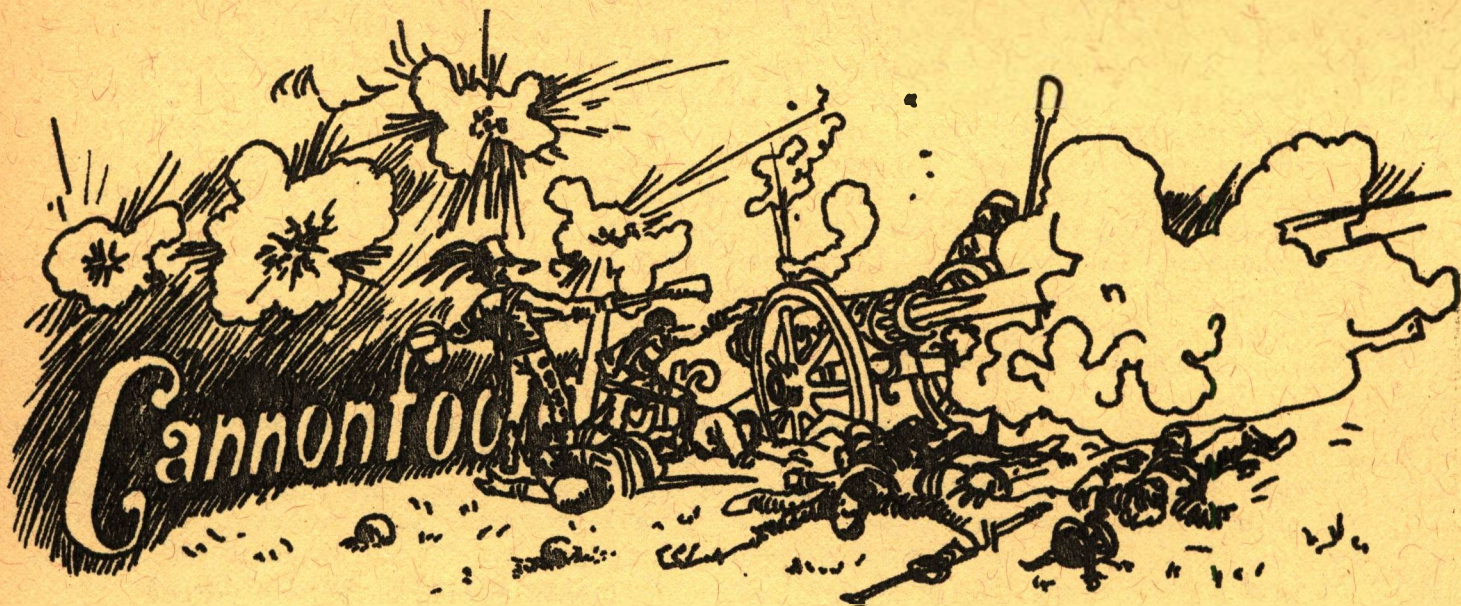
As we were about to re-enter the car, Cray noticed that the gas-station attendant who'd scraped the thousands of squashed insects from the windshield had forgotten to clean the headlights. So, "Rose, get some Kleenex and clean the headlights, will you?" Rosemary disappeared into the back of the car and we chatted with the customs men until she reappeared with a wad of paper towels. She dutifully walked to the front of the car and got her first look at what she was supposed to clean. One glimpse of the oozing coating of thick, yellow ichor and dripping corpses was enough: "Ugh, bugs!" she squeamed, "Here you do it!" and she thrust the paper at Crayden. The customs men looked at each other and burst out laughing. And one summed us up, our hobby and SF in a voice dripping with scorn as he intoned, "They're going to a science fiction gathering, and she's afraid of bugs!!"

I could tell you more. I could tell you about the official who valued our 11 color Gaughan covers at one dollar each. Or about Rosemary and the customs man. ("But officer, I tell you my friend Bjo makes it and it's just tea and she puts rosehips and things in it, and sure it's rolled up in a little plastic bag, but it's tea, really...") Or about the time they waved us through, and I told Susan to pull over and went in and asked them some questions. I know my rights! But I think you've gotten the picture by now. Customs men are dull people, unimaginative people, with blinkered mentalities and narrow mental horizons.



But just when you think you've finally found a working generalization, someone comes along to ruin everything. We have met one customs official who had a decent sense of values, who may even have been a potential fan, in fact. Susan, Richard, and I and another fellow were crossing over to Clinton, N.Y. for a small non-con last summer. We looked quite neat, but had bunches of sleeping bags and so approached the border with some trepidation. (Remember those buses of Canadians who'd only just been refused entry to the land of the free.) The official looked us over, checked the IDs and wandered around to the back of the car. "What's in there?" he demanded, pointing at a brown paper bag in the back of the car. "Tuna fish sandwiches!" said Susan brightly, "my fiancée is famous for them!" "With mayonnaise?" said the customs man. "Of course! And finely chopped green onions!" "Well, okay. Pass on through" said our soul-brother. Which proves, I guess, that when you cross the border to attend a con, it pays to be in tuna with the older generation!





*CANNONFODDER - comments on fanzines*

*by Jeff Glencannon, illustrated by Mike Gilbert*

This installment I'm going to hold the reviews, since I have a number of general comments to make and a few points to clear up. They'll be back in the next issue so please send your zines to Jeff Glencannon, 5049 Tacoma, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144. But I want to explain a few points which were mangled in my last column due to a combination of illness and procrastination, and I'd also like to explain a few things that have popped up since then. With any luck at all, I might be able to synthesize the various comments into some general picture which might give you an idea of what I see when I pick up a fanzine for review.

First, I'd like to explain Darrell Schweitzer's statement that I don't read his articles. That's not true, but I did say something of the sort to Darrell. At the last Philcon I was cornered by Darrell. He ranted and raved and told me that pro editors were interested in his stuff, and he wanted to know exactly what I found wrong with his material. He carried on as much as he did in his letter to Linda, except that in person he doesn't shut up as quickly. He went on interminably as I was trying to get away and lead Dave Hulvey out to the house where my wife, Lori, had supper waiting for us. It had been a rough con anyway, with my son falling on the escalator and being taken to the hospital, with the house filled with fans (enjoyable but exhausting), and with my having just recovered from a bout with flu and having just been fired. After the harangue had gone on for 20 minutes by my watch (if you've ever been harangued in a bar by an exceptionally drunk Archie Bunker who won't let you go, you'll know what it was like, and Darrell was sober), I muttered something like "You don't think I read your stuff, do you?" hoping to shock him into sufficient silence to make my escape. Darrell took me literally. Let me repeat. I do read his stuff, almost all of the time. There are times when I'm just not up to it, but then I don't comment. In some cases I can't finish it. But in general I've read every one I've mentioned in my columns.



My column in the last issue drew an immediate response from Linda, and I expect it will draw even more in the lettercol of this issue or the next. Part of the problem was that it was a bad column. It was written in great haste in the middle of a siege of illness, and it came out a lot noisier than it should have. I know I gave the wrong impression with some of my comments. So let's start over, and see if I can say what I was trying to.

No, Linda, I don't enjoy badly reproduced zines. I didn't mean to imply I wanted spotty, underinked pages or set-off. I don't. I will put up with them if the material is worth it, but I don't like them. And, Lord, I didn't say or imply that I wanted the maximum amount of pages at the minimum cost, time, and effort. I don't know where you got that, but I didn't mean for it to be in the article.

There is a certain minimum level of appearance, which would include evenly inked pages, no set-off, fairly wide margins, maybe spacings between paragraphs, and moderately competent proofreading. That much I expect, though if I don't find it I'm not too shocked or horrified. But anything on top of that is gravy. If it is good gravy, such as in Gf or Energumen, it certainly adds enjoyment to the main meal. But the problem is that only certain meats take gravy, and you have to have a gravy that fits the meat, and bad gravy can ruin perfectly acceptable meat. Furthermore, if a cook spends too much time and money on gravy for one meal, he may wind up feeding his family on canned spaghetti for the rest of the week.

I think you can see one of the problems, Linda. You and Mike, and maybe Jerry Lapidus, are examples of something that was a rarity during my formative years in fandom, rich fans. (You may not consider yourself rich, but in fandom as it was when I first entered it, you'd have been considered about the equivalent of a Rockefeller from one of the poorer branches of the family.) Linda, you said that if a neofan is scared away from publishing because of the time and money it will take, he probably wouldn't have stayed anyway. This expresses an attitude that would have been unthinkable just a few years ago.

There are other rich fans, of course. The difference is that you started like this, and it has colored your outlook. When I started in fandom, about ten years ago, nobody started like that. Neofans were usually high school students, or college students, or guys who worked in bookstores. When they first got the urge to publish, they scraped up enough money to buy a cheap second-hand mimeo, or found a friendly church or school, dusted off their grandfather's old typewriter and removed the rust of years, and scraped up whatever money they could by begging, going without lunch, or something. And they published. Usually crudzines, something like the issue of ALPHA AND OMEGA that I blasted in my first column. And like that issue, their crudzines usually had a few worthwhile things in it. And they learned, dodging flak and all. Maybe they joined an apa (N'APA isn't much now, but when I joined fandom it had a surprisingly large number of promising neofans, some of whom, like Arnie Katz and Len Bailes, later made quite a name for themselves as pubbers.) And finally the fan got a good mimeo, access to a good typewriter, and started to publish a good zine, sometimes an excellent zine. But in the meantime, every cent and every spare minute went into that crudzine. And the neofan learned and grew. He produced some good material. If he was lucky, he had a friend who could draw some stuff on stencil, and the zine started to look better. Eventually he learned how to stencil art, and eventually maybe he electrostenciled some of it, but usually all he did was get a good lightbox. (You may have started that way too, Linda, I didn't see the early GRANFALLOONS, but you made the quantum jump much faster, and your financial situation helped.)

The important part is that the difference between the neofan's crudzine and the zine that everybody he knew considered great consisted in three things, and he could see them:



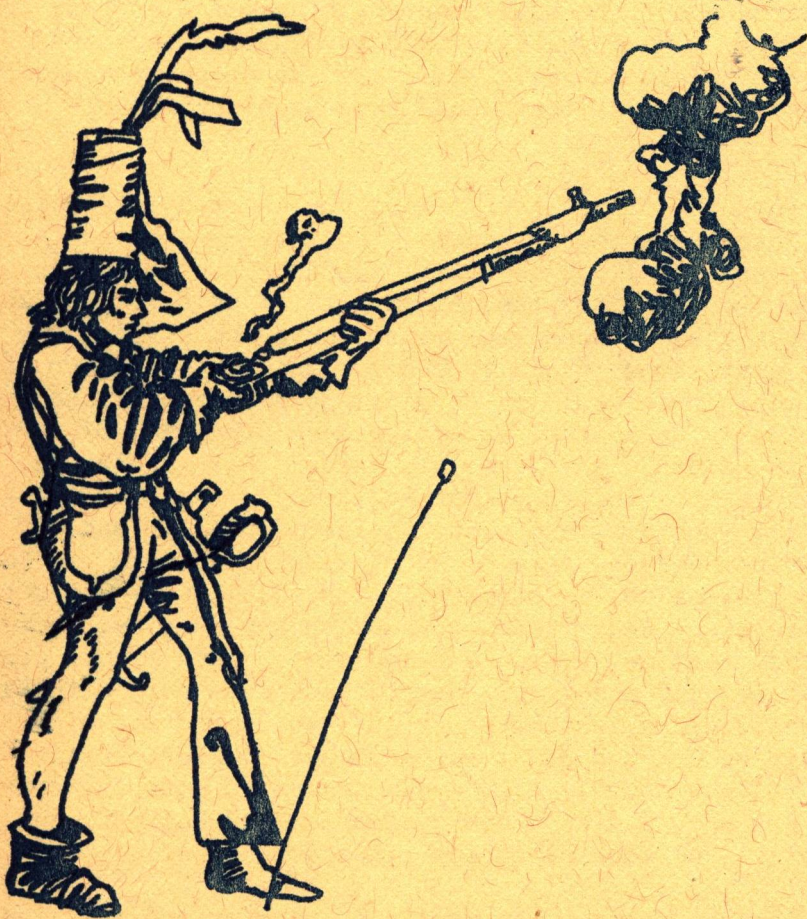
writing (but if he worked on his zine and improved it, maybe he could get some of the better writers to write for it)

art (but he could improve his stenciling and, at least at first, he could get on stencil work from some artists)

appearance (but practice with the mimeo, and a few simple graphic tricks like leaving white space between paragraphs, and mostly just experience would give him this).

Maybe sometimes he couldn't make that jump, but all he lacked was talent.

But now the neofan enters fandom and he sees GRANNY and NERG. And it isn't just that these are great fanzines. They are, true, but I don't think you and Mike are going to say that they are the greatest-ever fanzines. Fandom has always had a lot of great fanzines. The difference is that GRANNY and NERG aren't just great fanzines, they are obviously expensive fanzines. It isn't merely the time and effort that shows in them, its money. It is the cost of electrostencils and the cost of offset work; the cost of folios, and the additional cost of being able to scrap crud-sheets and spoil stencils and waste a little to get the effects. And then the fan reads Jerry's letters and columns and sees that these graphics and this appearance is not considered exceptional, but is actually considered conservative and old hat. And he sees that not just GRANNY and NERG, but almost everybody is discussing graphics, and discussing it in a way that shows they have money to use to get it right.



All of a sudden it isn't a matter of experience and talent any more. All of a sudden it is a different ball game, and the admission fee is a lot higher. Do you realize that the cost of one of your folios would still pay for all the expenses of a couple of issues of what was once the average fanzine? Linda, do you know that, ten years ago, anybody who bought a \$600 typer just for fan work would have been looked on as a super-fanatic, and been watched for signs of creeping Deglerism. Or else he would have been a first fandomite who had finally worked himself up to the expenditure. Now you and I and a lot of people have them, and sure, I'd rather see a zine done on a Selectric, from purely aesthetic grounds, but it must scare a lot of kids who are going without movies for a month to publish their first zines.

Let me see if I can put it this way. For me, fandom is a party, with a lot of people



talking and having a good time. It's an informal party, with casual dress encouraged, and if I want to show up in walking shorts and shower sandals and somebody else wants to show up in a suit and tie, both are perfectly OK. But when a bunch of people show up in tuxedos, or \$300 suits, the party can change, and for the worse. Pretty soon people can start getting a hell of a lot more formal. Soon other people will rent tuxes, and I'm going to rent a suit and tie, and other people who don't have the money aren't going to show up. And the discussion is going to change, maybe be a little less informal, a good deal more mannered, and people are going to get a lot more self-conscious. Maybe the guy in the corner who drinks quart bottles of beer and tells great stories is going to start getting a glass, and I've known a lot of people who can be as entertaining with a glass as they could be with a quart. (And quantity consumed has nothing to do with it.)



Don't you understand, this is what I'm afraid of, that fandom is going to get too formal, and simply not be as much fun anymore.

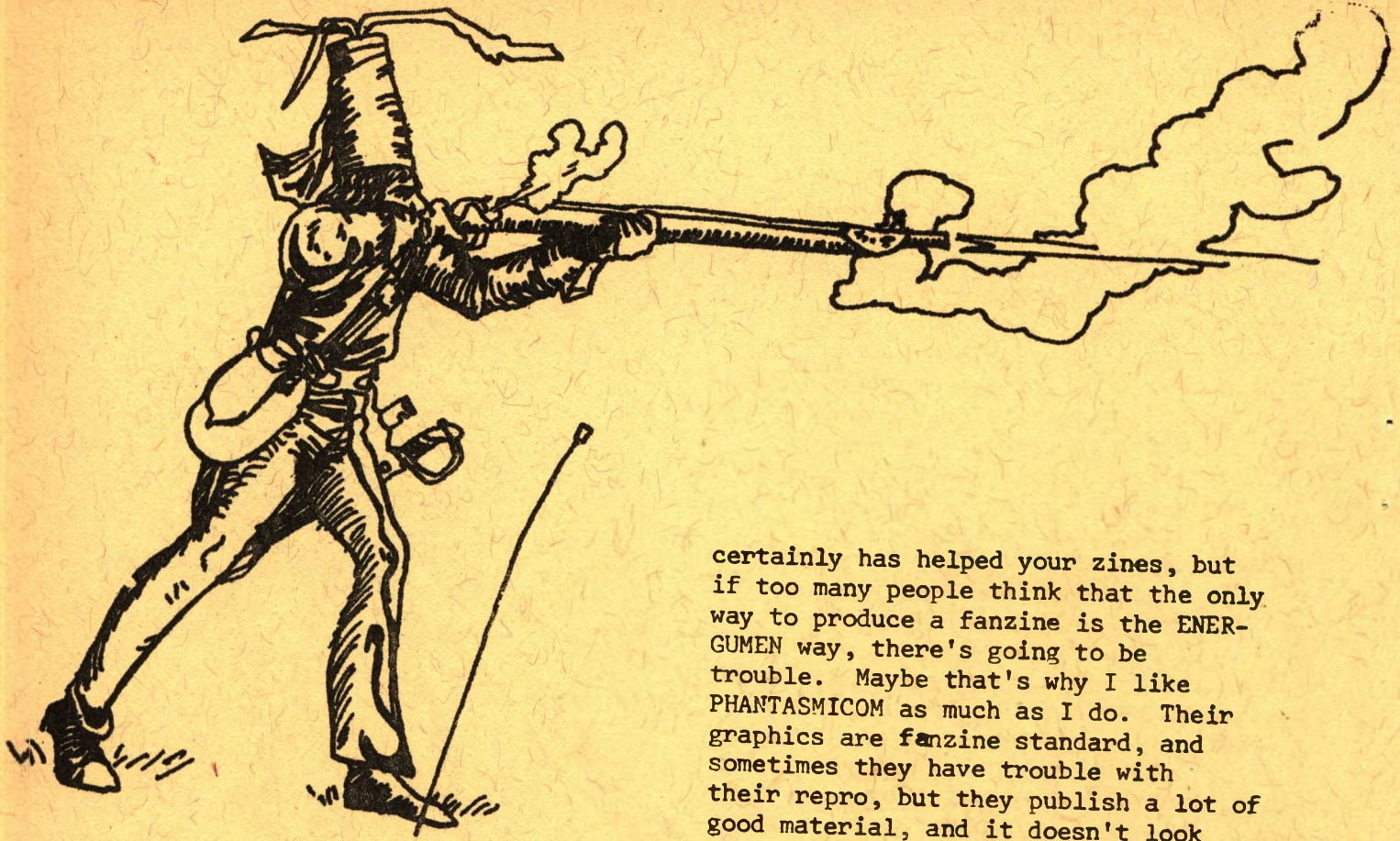
There are a lot of ways in which this is happening, and graphics is certainly a very small part of it, it is just something that is obvious

in the field that I am looking at. Combine it with such things as the group of fanzine editors who are popping up, the attitude of some fans (I really don't mean to pick on Darrell, but he's the most obvious and advanced case) that they are submitting pieces to a fanzine as if they were submitting for professional publication, and the occasional talk of having professional or semi-professional people running cons.

The problem with a lot of these things is that, at first glance, they seem to be improvements. Sure, professional people could run a con and there would be fewer problems with the hotel, but something of the spontaneity would go out. What's worse, the attitude would spread through fandom until all cons, regionals, whatever, would be getting stiffer and smoother, and more professional. Damn it, I've been to cons which were totally informal and non-professional and which were a lot more fun than any professional con I've ever heard of. (I once ran one which took place in a large barn, with about 25 people, a guest of honor who was a pro who needed honoring, and nothing whatsoever that went according to plan. I'm not the only person who considers that one of the more enjoyable cons I've attended.)

No, I'm not getting too far away from fanzines, really. The professional approach (not, please, the mercenary approach) which you and Mike, especially Mike, put forth





certainly has helped your zines, but if too many people think that the only way to produce a fanzine is the ENER-GUMEN way, there's going to be trouble. Maybe that's why I like PHANTASMICOM as much as I do. Their graphics are fanzine standard, and sometimes they have trouble with their repro, but they publish a lot of good material, and it doesn't look like they are running a machine like NERG, or like what NERG could be if it weren't for the taste and sense of the Glicksohns.

Now somebody out there, especially somebody who has just walked in on the discussion, is going to think that I am writing a piece in praise of sloppiness, in praise of spontaneity when it results in speedily-written crap. I'm not. I want every fanzine to be the best thing the author-editor can put out, but I want it to be his zine. I don't want to see a Dan Steffan trying totally unsuccessfully to imitate TOMORROW AND... when he did such a good job in his first issue being Dan Steffan.

I shall now talk about what I consider good fanzine writing and editing. Now, Linda, you said something about my having no right to tell an editor what not to attempt, that all I had was the right to tell him that he'd done something badly. In a way you are right, in a way you are wrong, as in most statements you, I, or anyone makes. I think I can suggest trends that I think are bad for fanzines as a whole, as I think the over-concentration on the sort of graphics I've mentioned is. I think I can tell an editor that I don't think he particularly should do the sort of thing he is doing because he does not seem to do it well. I can point up attitudes which I find annoying or disgusting, like the Arthurs piece I mentioned. (Aside to Spencer Lepley: that piece did not color my view of the fanzine. As it happens, it was the last thing I read in the zine, and I had already formed my opinion of the zine before I read it.)

One of the problems with my column, perhaps, is that I occasionally come off sounding Olympian. This is partially because I am trying to be a critic, not just a reviewer, and I'm trying to write what I like to think are essays on the fanzines I review. It is also because that is my personality, and it is something I am stuck with. I can get away with it because I'm just expressing my opinions, not handing down engraved stone tablets.



My opinions and attitudes are colored by what I particularly get from fandom, from the reasons I'm in it and bothering to write about it. (I do think it is important, I'm not just exercising writing muscles.) And my attitudes are colored by my attitudes towards what I consider good writing and sometimes good thinking. I'm admittedly a very verbal person. Sometimes this makes me look on fanzines as nothing but mimeoed discussions, which is a fault I realize. They aren't just that, of course, and Lindais right in saying that I do not always see fanzines as a total gestalt in which the package is as important as the writing.

My main interest is people. I read to see who these people are that are talking at me, as well as to see what they are saying. This is why I enjoy Rosemary's stuff as much as I do. I also enjoy the sort of "fannish" writing that the New York Crew favors and does so well. I can get people in many ways. A piece as strictly impersonal as a good book review will tell me something about the writer, simply because I'll know what it is that he gets from a given book by the points he emphasizes. (This is why I tend to think the Smith-Keller-Clark pieces are so good, and why I found the Ted Pauls reviews so dull.) Again, I've invited misunderstanding here. I'm not looking for the sort of review you occasionally see in ROLLING STONE which is more autobiography than review. I want a review to be a review, but I want anyone who is writing to convey, indirectly, the emotions he felt which made him decide to review this particular book, or to write this particular article.



I also look for good writing. Which means reasonably good grammar, clarity, using the correct words, keeping some connection between the level of the writing and the level of the subject, having a feel for the English language, and being concise. (And no, I don't often fulfill my own definition. Sometimes I'm lucky I don't review me.) I look for things such as sense, fact-mindedness, ability to convey what the writer sees, and the ability to see it in the first place. I dislike burbling in a field I know something about, and even more so in a piece which agrees with my own opinions. I don't mind an author disagreeing with the way the world looks to me, of course, I know that my own lenses are as distorted as anyone else's. I do dislike somebody using arguments to back a position I feel strongly about which don't hold up, which I can drive a truck through. Because if I can, somebody else can, and when I say my piece, I'll not get listened to because of the memory of the last argument.

That's about enough for this time. The fanzines have started arriving again, and I should have a good batch of reviews for next time. Please keep sending those zines.



# JAM TODAY

At L.A. I sat at the banquet surrounded by Hugo nominees: Linda and Ron Bushyager, Mike Glicksohn, Charlie and Dena Brown; Charlie was picking up Bruce Gillespie's. Hugo, should he win, Linda was picking up Harry Warner's, and I was picking up Susan Glicksohn's and Vincent DiFate's, should they win. In short, I knew that someone at that table was bound to pick up a Hugo. Later, when Linda had indeed accepted Harry's Fan Writer Hugo and Dena and Charlie had snatched a pair (much to Mike's and Linda's disappointment), I was allowed to actually touch a Hugo.

Now I've been around; I've met Hugos before. In fact, I once spent four hours staring at a pair of Hugos. That experience changed my life!

Due to circumstances mostly beyond my control, I was temporarily interrupted at Noreascon, and managed not to be in my own car when it journeyed to New York City Monday evening. This left me facing an eternity on Boylston Street, a not necessarily unpleasant fate, but not one compatible with my Other Commitments.

I handled the situation nicely, I think, by fainting in the lobby of the Boston Sheraton. Eventually, Bob and Barbara Silverberg rescued me and I rode back with them on Tuesday morning. They carefully folded me and packed me in the back seat of their car along with other oddments -- and the Dillons' Hugos.

Staring at those Hugos for four hours.... The experience stripped away my blasé veneer and exposed the warped inner core of my being, leading me to two discoveries:

1. Hugos are all purty.
2. I want one!

Consequently, as we drove along, my little mind began to plan towards this goal, in a logical manner. Now, I'm aware that anyone who has ever heard an extended conversation between Suzle Tompkins and myself might tend to doubt my ability to plan anything logically. Let it be known that I got an A in Logic in college. That **proves** something, doesn't it? Well, doesn't it? But I digress --

The first possibility I considered was writing a Novel/Novella/Short Story of sufficient appeal, if not quality, to win a best author Hugo. In order to this, I knew I had to first somehow procure a S.F.W.A. button because no one can write SF unless they have a S.F.W.A. button. As everyone knows, the SMOSFWA get together and decide who will get the year's quota of buttons. They allot most of them to the usual engineer-mathematicians plus a few to women and other freaky types, to maintain the illusion of natural selection. The new "young" pros are required to wear their buttons prominently for a certain period of time, during which they are impowered to produce a certain amount of acceptable fiction. They are then entitled to a button implant, a minor surgical procedure, whereupon they can be considered "old" pros with all the rights and privileges thereof, including the right/privilege of no longer writing the stuff.

Incidentally, this can be proven empirically. Go up to an "old" pro at your next convention. Begin running your hands over his body, and ask to see his button.



# GINJER BUCHANAN

If you are male and he is male, he will react with either extreme embarrassment or violence -- thus demonstrating that he has something to hide. If you are female, and he is male, he will probably show you his button.

Realizing all this, I further realized how difficult it would be to get a button, or a button implant. "They've" been very cautious about buttoning women since U. K. LeGuin. Therefore, I was forced to abandon the plan. It's somewhere in Massachusetts, in case anyone wants to go look for it.

Next I briefly considered some accomplishment in the art categories, although I had a fleeting thought that there was reason for passing over these possibilities. Ignoring this, I got immediately to work, whipping out an imaginary ruler and an imaginary felt-tip pen. I then attempted to draw an imaginary straight line on Barbara Silverberg's back. I couldn't.

Well, there was always editing. Since it didn't seem too likely that Conde Nast would offer me ANALOG, I felt I should concentrate my efforts in pubbing a few issues of a really swell fanzine. Most of Connecticut was occupied with plans for this epic zine. It would have everything. Fanzine reviews, book reviews, movie reviews, record reviews, restaurant reviews, review reviews; a regular in-depth interview with some controversial SF luminary; a lettercol dealing only with relevant issues; an editorial column carrying through a consistent philosophy from issue to issue; sercon articles on topics of both faanish and mundane concern; faanish articles parodying the sercon articles; a continuing history of Sex in Sci-Fi; fiction by Bradbury, Niven, Clarke, Block; art by Gahan Wilson; a full-color, fold-out of the Play Pro of the month.... Then I remembered IMRYRR.

IMRYRR was the fanzine Suzle and I co-edited, once. Once, as in one issue. It was, I recalled, a Lot of Work. Not being a slave to the Protestant ethic, I decided I would prefer getting a Hugo in a less strenuous way. Robert Frost and I parted company at that fork in the path a long time ago.

It was now almost New York, and I still hadn't formulated a definite plan of action. I began to slaver and paw at the Hugos. Seeking to distract my attention from them, Silverberg commented favorably on my long ago Baycon report (Granfalloon 5). Now, a number of people, over the years, have expressed similar sentiments. Often, I only have to stand on their feet five or six minutes before they show appropriate appreciation of my Great Opus. Then it came to me -- I should pursue this to the obvious conclusion, and go for Best Fan Writer Hugo.

I would inundate the faanish world with warm, witty tales of life in warm witty New York City, a la Rosemary Ulliot.... I would do fantastically researched pieces on the Christian Mythos as expressed in the works of Hal Clement, a la Sandra Miesel. I would submit serious discussions on the ecological importance of the re-cycling of I.P.A. bottles, a la Susan Glicksohn. But -- I paused -- this would mean that I would be competing with Rosemary, Sandra, and Susan, who are, one and all, Good Friends. Competing with Good Friends takes all the fun out of things, since if you win, you can't gloat sufficiently (after all, you wouldn't want to hurt feelings) and if you lose, you can't bear monumental grudges (after all, they're friends). So what's the point of playing the game?



It seemed that I was approaching both the end of the journey and my options. Panic set in. Soon the Silverbergs would pry the two Hugos from my chubby little fists, I knew. They'd never believe I was Leo and Diane Dillon. I lapsed into hypoglycemic delusion (I'm tired, and nobody likes me because I'm tired, and I won't ever win a Hugo because nobody likes me because I'm tired, and it's all my fault that I'm tired, and I'll never win a Hugo, and nobody likes me because it's all my fault, etc....for days). In desperation I began to turn into a Bear, something I'm prone to do in moments of stress. Nobody, you see, would hurt a cute, fuzzy Koala, especially not one wearing glasses.

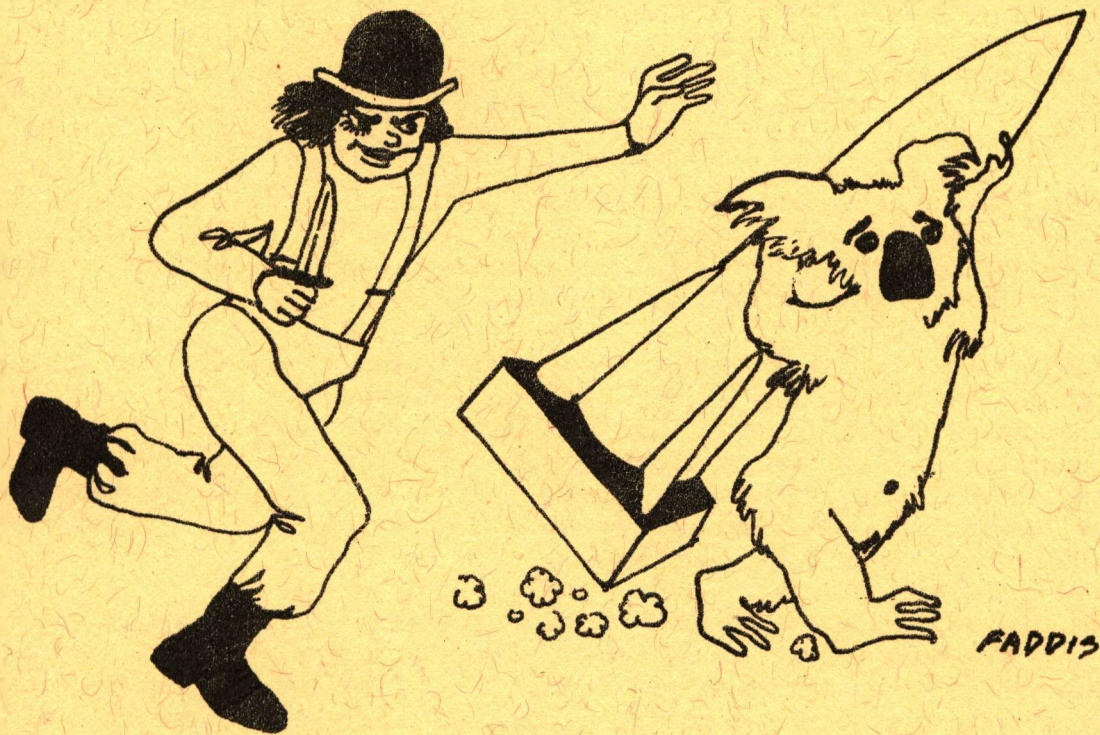
I caught a glimpse of myself in mid-transformation, in the rear-view mirror. I looked closer ----

Eureka! I had found my category!

Ginjer Buchanan -- Best Dramatic Presentation!\*

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\* Miss Buchanan wishes to note that, according to the rules passed at the Noreascon, she is, indeed, eligible in this category.





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# Omphallopsychite

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I think it might be interesting to give a general overview on the letters we received this time. First, as usual there were lots of letters -- approximately 60-70. Secondly, most of them were of the "I liked this, I didn't like that" variety, just a few sentences on each article or on the artwork and layout. I also received a few LoCs on Gf14, or Gf14 and 15 combined.

Most of the letter-writers said they enjoyed Gf15. A few thought it was better than 14, a few felt it wasn't as good an issue. The Simonson folio was the most-praised artwork, but the consensus was that it should not have been separated from the main body of the fanzine. So from now on the folios will be back inside the issue. A few people loved the Elman covers, but most people made no comment on them whatsoever, which probably means that they weren't too impressed. Jim Schull received the most praise for interior illos.

Everyone seemed to enjoy Grant Canfield's article on the trials and tribulations of selling cartoons professionally. But unfortunately, not too many people responded to his plea for gags for cartoons. If you do think of any good gags, write Grant at 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, Calif. 94117. Sandra Miesel, Jeff Glennannon, and Arnie Katz received about equal praise, but Jeff's column evoked the most lengthy discussion. Surprisingly, very few people mentioned the book reviews at all. A few people thought I was cruel to put the cooking column next to Arnie's story about dieting. I thought it was humorous, I still do. And as I've mentioned, everyone sent recipes.

I also received a number of comments about the "Why You Got This" list. Many people wondered who Naomi is. She's mentioned in THE ELECTRIC COMPANY, the Public Broadcasting Station's acclaimed children's show. The continuing skit, "Love of Chair," a take-off on soap operas, always ends with several soap opera questions ("Will John discover the truth about himself?" "Will the jury find Mildred innocent?"), including, "And what about Naomi?"

Several other people complained that the reasons they got the issue were wrong. Well, sorry about that, but at least you got it. Actually, I don't think most of them were wrong, it was just that some people had done two things, and both were checked off. For instance, someone who sent money, and then began trading zines would have had both trade and subscription marked. Since I trade on an all-for-all basis, I may have marked "trade" even though you haven't published an issue in a long while, or have suspended publication.

I also received several handwritten letters. I'd appreciate it if everyone would type their letters. Not only is it much easier to read, but sometimes I have trouble deciphering addresses and names. So please type.

I've also gotten a few weird letters. Weird is the only word to describe them. Evidently attempts to be funny, but letters which make little, if any, sense. Sorry, but



by substantial letter, I mean a letter of substantial length and content. I don't care if you love Granny or hate it, just tell me in plain English. For instance, I got one letter that says "Gf, along with pH and mm, is a nice, sedate, and hard-to-read fanzine that is just vague enough to win itself the Hugo this year, and you can take your modesty and dip it in Valvoline." I get the feeling the writer does not like Gf, but I'm not sure. Nor am I sure why he doesn't. The rest of the letter was more of the same, with things like "Fandom was invaded today by the forces of the Grand Duchy of Monrovia-Schleirbeck. Columns of armored erythrocytes pushed deep into the victim nation, easily smashing aside two brigades of armored editors and an elite parafan artist regiment. Field Marshal Hulmut von Schlockmeister currently commander-in-chief of the 33rd Messkit Repair Corps, has taken over the defense of Fandom and is doing his best to surrender the area around Philadelphia." Weird? Weird! Especially when the entire letter is like that, without any indication of what the writer is talking about or thinks. If it is satire, it is too deep for me. If you insist on sending weird letters, you'll probably get a weird copy of Granny back - one made of the slipsheets, smeared pages, and bent staples. Fortunately, I've only received a few weird letters. The majority are well thought out, interesting, useful to me as an editor, and friendly. Even the critical letters are critical because they are trying to be helpful. Thanks people, I appreciate the letters.

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Devra Langsam, 250 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11225

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I understand that you wish to support the Washington bid, but I feel you should have accurate information, and not spread inaccurate semi-slander. Al Schuster did not run the Lunacon in 1971 -- that con was run by Frank Dietz, President of the Lunarians. Al was one of the managing committee, but he was by no means the major force. If you wish to condemn all involved (as you seem to be doing) then you must also condemn me and Brian Burley, who were also on the committee. Al also assisted in running THIS year's Lunacon (chaired by Don Lundry) which was widely acclaimed as the best ever. Al Chaired the STAR TREKcon, which successfully coped with 3000 attendees, a greater number than any Worldcon has ever had.

I think that the smoothness of STcon testifies to Al's ability to choose good supporting committee people to deal with all sorts of unexpected problems (such as an extra 1,000 people). I think he would do a fine worldcon.

I hope next time you will check on the facts before you jump on someone. (I'm very sorry about the misinformation. Al is also chairing another STAR TREKcon in New York this year, and expects possibly 6000 people! Unfortunately, it looks like NBC still refuses to bring back STAR TREK, but Gene Rodennberry has a couple of series planned for the fall. As you may know, Washington D. C. did win the 1974 bid.-LeB)

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Lou Stathis, 76-44 167th St., Flushing, N. Y. 11366

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To be frank with you, I don't usually enjoy GRANFALLOON. It strikes me as pretty empty and a bit simpleminded -- something I put away and forget about after a quick reading in bed. That whole Miller-Eisenstein thing was a bit boring and childish (aah, the true voice of snobbery is talking here) with both of them quite guilty of



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asinine namecalling, a practice which is both fun and healthy (I frequently indulge myself) but makes for crummy reading. Thinking back, the only thing that I can remember is Grant Canfield's spiffy covers. Nothing else. Fifteen, somehow, was different. The Simonson folio was great as were Elman Brown's covers and Shull's interior illustrations (but those captions were awful and seemed to be tacked on as an afterthought).

This issue's letter column was by far the best edited collection that I've encountered in I-don't-know-how-long. It's good to see an editor who realized that the way letters are thrown together is important. The long ones weren't boring, and the sequence followed beautifully. At least four or five times I ended a letter thinking to myself, "Geez, I wonder what \_\_\_\_\_ would have to say about that" and zammo, there was the slob I was thinking about. Very nice job. Pretty good bunch of characters you have there, too. Schweitzer once again emerges as the pinhead that he is -- dumping all Glencannon's reviews strictly on the basis of his very understandable bias against poor victimized Darrell. He should take lessons from Dave Emerson who accomplishes exactly what Schweitzer attempted with a calmness that is very impressive. Eisenstein is nasty; no argument about that. Ted White is very business-like and quite logical. The overpriced convention registration fees are beginning to discourage a good bit of my convention going. Lapidus is again parading his graphics business around. I liked it, and agreed with him the first time I read it, but it's getting very tiring and seems to pop up everywhere I read. Fanzine editors should become more aware of the flexibility of the printed medium, but not to the extent that all zines would end up looking the same (a fear that I have, that is growing more and more real). All editors are not suited to graphic experimentation and those who realize it should construct their zines to their own tastes, not playing with the layout for its own sake.

*( I'm glad you noticed and enjoyed the editing of the Lettercol. Fortunately the letters I received last issue lent themselves to such editing very well. Unfortunately, this issue's letters don't hang together as well. But wherever possible I'll try to weave the letters into a cohesive whole. -LeB)*

The cooking column was pointless, boring, and a waste of space -- but don't you dare dump it. Keep it because it's different and there might actually be some weird types who like it. It wasn't a bad idea, and adds something more to the individuality of GRANFALLOON.

My feelings about Jeff Glencannon are so mixed that it's impossible for me to figure out if I like him or not. Sometimes he pisses me off completely; then in the next paragraph he says something so true that I immediately stop hating his rotten guts and jump to his defense. His in-depth reviews are long, exactly the way I like them. He gives a detailed rundown of the contents of the zine in question and grumbles something about each of them. He also seems to enjoy despising certain people -- most notably Justin St. John and Darrell Schweitzer. That's where he goes overboard. Sure its fun to rip apart meatheads like St. John and Schweitzer, but is a fanzine review column really the place for such frivolity? He's writing about one piece, or maybe one issue of a fanzine, so is it intelligent of him to drag in all sorts of muck about the writer (or editor) that really has no bearing on the matter at hand? I don't think so. Subjectivity isn't wrong, but in excess it very well can be. But Glencannon does write a great fanzine review column, the best around I think. He's just over-critical enough to be annoying, and at the same time totally analytical. I enjoy his tirades (as long as I agree with them, that is) and I don't think he should make much of an effort to restrain himself in the future. Feuds and pet hatreds are as much a part of fandom as science fiction is, and there ain't nobody

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GOOD HEAVENS, A FOLDOUT  
OF LINDA BUSBYAGER!



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that's going to stop it now. I wish that he would make more of an effort to review some of the lesser-known fanzines though. The ones he's been working on are, for the most part, zines which don't really need the publicity. There are plenty of small ones that could use his help more. May I suggest Harry Morris Jr.'s NYCTALOPS, Mike Glycer's PREHENSILE, Lapidus's TOMORROW AND..., and Donn Brazier's TITLE. I realize that he's limited to what he receives, but these are deserving fanzines that are practically unnoticed. *(I hope the editors of these zines will send copies to Jeff. I'd like to see reviews of MOBIUS TRIP, PLACEBO, and STARLING, which I find consistently enjoyable. - LeB)*

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Cy Chauvin, 17829 Peters, Roseville, Mich. 48066

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Why hasn't Jeff Glencannon reviewed OUTWORLDS? Or SPECULATION? These are two major fanzines that he seems to have overlooked, while he has reviewed ENERGUMEN until he no longer has anything new to say about it. I do agree, by the way, with your own position on graphics in fanzines; you must definitely keep what the editor intends in mind while reviewing the fanzine. Not criticizing OUTWORLDS for the mistakes the editor may make in layout is as bad as criticizing SPEC for having no layout. The two are oriented in entirely different directions! *(Jeff probably hasn't reviewed these because they come out so infrequently, he may not have received any copy. But I agree with you and Lou, I'd like to see reviews of less well-known zines. I'd also like to see reviews of some of the Australian fanzines which are quite good as a whole, such as the MENTOR, BOY'S OWN FANZINE, and of course, SF COMMENTARY. I'd also like to see a review of ALGOL, which has been out in two exceptional issues this year.-LeB)*

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CONGRATULATIONS TO TAFF WINNERS: LEN AND JUNE MOFFATT

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Rogger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, Yorkshire, England

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The most interesting phenomenon of the issue seems to be the Corflu Cookery piece -- After having sat through the fabulous meals served at the Katz establishment courtesy of FOCAL POINT and POTLATCH, I'm beginning to feel that there's a new generation arising, or at least a whole new way of looking at things if there are food fen. I can imagine food fandom -- whole regiments of foodzines, dedicated as much to stomach expanding as the current crop seems to be to mind expanding. You could scent the pages with the Flavor of the Month.

After viewing the Nebula awards and the latest Hugo nominations, I've wondered if the Nebulas don't give a better idea of the best SF today. The Hugos may be more our award, in that every WorldCon fan will be voting for them, but judging from the results of the past few years, I can't honestly say that means better votes. *(I wonder if some of the Hugo results aren't influenced by uninformed voters. Do the voters read all the fiction nominees and all the fanzines? Or do they vote even if they've seen only one or two of the nominees? If they have only read one or two of the nominees, do they then vote for no award? If this is the case, it seems highly unfair. I somehow doubt that all those who voted LOCUS the best fanzine this year had read ENERGUMEN too. And if they haven't, should they really be voting? There is no way I know to ensure that the voters will be informed, except to hope that will till try to become familiar with all nominees before voting in any category. And if they aren't familiar with the nominees, they will not vote at all. I hope some group will continue Canadian fandom's LOWDOWN which attempted to give samples of the nominated work and to present unbiased reviews. -LeB)*

The BARK review highlights a trend I've noticed in record companies nowadays -- putting the packaging before the product. Maybe I'm casting doubts on some artistic integrity now, but among the welter of posters, booklets, and photos, the record itself seems to be losing out. Records are now becoming a novelty market, though it's maybe an effort to sell more. I'm personally wishing for a return to those days when all the albums had plain portrait covers and notes on the back that were so exhaustive that it took you all your time to read them while the first side was playing through. Now the covers are beautiful, but blank; unless you know a particular artist or group well, or have read all the reviews, you are taking a gamble -- and with the prices nowadays it's a gamble you can't afford to lose. Though it may be illegal, I'm taking the cheaper way out and recording my sounds directly from the radio.





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Richard Wadholm, 13798 Brussels Ave., Sylmar, Calif.

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This is in reply to Jeff Glencannon's review of your STARSHIP album review which appeared in Gf14. Jeff's main fault appears to be a case of tunnel vision -- he looks exclusively at the work, and forgets the artist entirely. His contention that the Jefferson Starship album was not influenced by SF is directly refuted by the band itself. On the inside of the cover of the booklet supplied in the album, just below the credits for "A Child Is Coming," is a special dedication to a double column list of names which includes Robert Heinlein, Michael Cooney, Ted Sturgeon, and Buckminster Fuller.

The Airplane is an American group. The louder they herald the coming of revolution, the more they'll be an American group. Running all through 8 albums and 5 or 6 years are continuous threads of Americana -- hot dogs, ball games, and drive-in movies. One of the things they've always been best at is the parodying and mirroring of facets of American life. Their parodies on SF have been going on since Plastic Fantastic Lover on their second album; they are the most profound of anything the Airplane does. BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE, and their later SF song written in the same style, "When the Earth Moves Again," are parodies within parodies. In "Blows" we have a nonstory-type ballad that sounds suspiciously like things we've all read 100 times before -- mostly because we probably have. Kantner's aim here is not to create new SF, but to tell us something about ourselves by deliberately using themes and catch-phrases ("sound of thundering electrical energy," "past the sun," "Move your mind toward Mars and then beyond") and words that generally belong with Commander Cody or something else equally camp and plastic to create a ballad from our times on our times. The whole album is very plastic and comic-booky, not only about its space flight, but about its revolution too, because the futuristic balladeer writing this song is plastic and comic-book -- as are the times he and we live in. One should watch the style the album is written in, not the plot. Taken as a straight SF story -- which appears to be the way Glencannon took it -- the album is amazingly unstartling. Taken as a sociological double entendre, the album takes on a completely different light.

With "To Our Children's Children's Children" he again tries interpreting the art without any score card on the artists. Admittedly anybody wanting to give the Mighty Moody Blues a Hugo has good taste, for whatever reasons they want to give it. And Glencannon's particular interpretation of the album is just so pretty, I really hate to disagree with it. But the Moody Blues don't plot albums. They do picture albums -- albums meant to give you a feel of mystically dark corners of the worlds that surround us. This isn't saying that they don't write SF. Except for Black Sabbath and King Crimson, I can think of no other group that spends so much time writing SF. What I am saying is that they write statements, not stories. They paint pictures, not plots. In an interview with HIT PARADE, the bassist, John Lodge, said it was an album about time. As such it is a beautiful and beautifully fulfilling piece of work. I'll even go so far as to agree with Glencannon that it deserved a Hugo over BLOWS. But a musical version of "2001" it isn't.

He also stated that Wooden Ships was not a song in which people are brought together, something that is so obviously a mistake I don't see how he made it. The whole first part of the song is a description of two opposing soldiers meeting and becoming friends. Lines such as "I can see by your coat my friend, you're from the other side" run all through the song. The general tone of his comments seemed to be that "Wooden Ships" was a downer type of song. The Jefferson Airplane version is rather strident and off-key, but the original song on CROSBY, STILES, AND NASH is very warm



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and mellow. The life on wooden ships is "...very free and easy." It is "the way it is supposed to be." Glencannon seems to know music well enough, but I think he has taken the music discussed here too literally. He seems to have listened to the albums the way he reads SF books. If he knows rock music the way it sounds like he does, he should know that there are considerable differences between reading and listening to SF.

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Mark Mumper, 1227 Laurel St., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060

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I was pleased to see that others people feel the way I do about music using SFnal ideas and forms. I never thought of Kantner's groups as being space oriented and not SF-oriented, and I'm not sure I agree with that idea anyway, but it sounds reasonable and I'm sure there is at least some truth in it. I was glad to see someone giving just credit to the Moody Blues in SF circles. They have been making incredible music for years, and while a great many people have gotten behind them, there is still some recognition that has yet to occur. I hadn't thought of their CHILDREN'S album in Stapledonian terms, but now I see the concept very clearly, and a new level has been opened up to the Moody's work for me. I'm sure they've always been into SF, especially since in England there isn't that persecuted ghetto atmosphere to it that there is here. Their concepts are perhaps the most consistently SF-related of any group around, although I wouldn't discount Pink Floyd, especially with their ATOM HEART MOTHER suite.

Jeff Glencannon differentiates between "true" SF-influenced work, and work that is merely the result of the "space age." I think he is creating an artificial barrier, because anything that is the result of space-consciousness is necessarily within the boundless lands of science fiction, or speculative fiction, or whatever. Ray Bradbury has a quite wonderful statement in WRITER'S YEARBOOK '72, in which he puts it all into place: "All of the important problems of our age are science-fictional problems. Make your own list. Then we can compare. No matter how you look at them, such lists will have to do with men and machines and the morality that occurs as the result of those machines impacting on mankind." So you see there is no difference in the types of rock Jeff talks about, only stylistic differences and the quality of the artists' perceptions. The Moody Blues, for example, have a better grasp of science fictional themes and elements, while Jefferson Starship (i.e., Paul Kantner) utilized a well-worn SF idea in a revolutionary political context (botching everything in the process), and came out with a much shallower work of art. The Moody Blues are never shallow or trite, and they can handle cosmic themes on a beautifully evocative personal level.

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

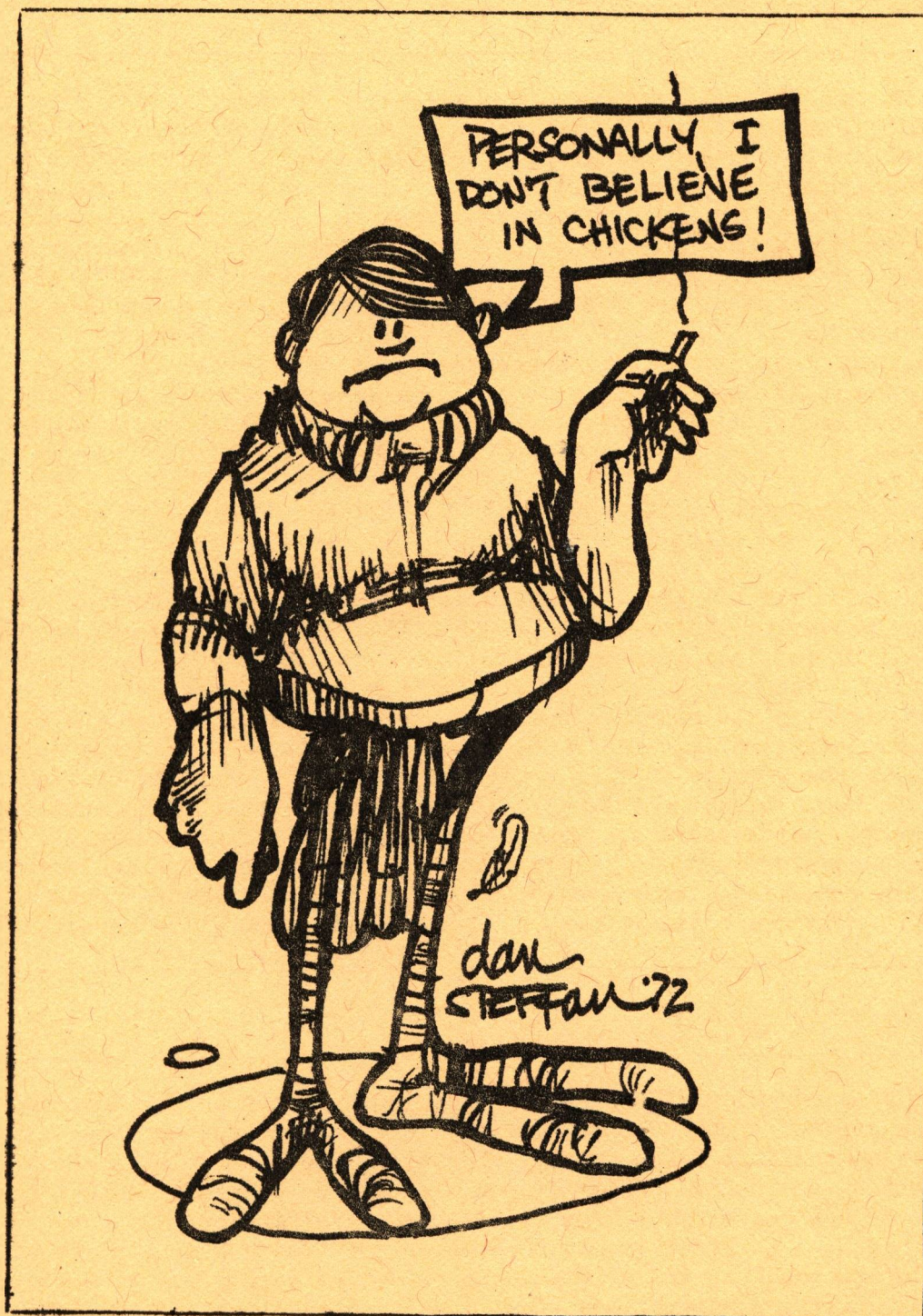
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I also like the idea of multiple nominations from each person in the Hugo race, and not just because I made it onto the ballot this time. If it does nothing else, it should end a lot of the indecision crises, when a fan wants to join in a plot to get someone or something nominated, yet can't conscientiously overlook another nomination that represents higher quality but less sentimental significance. Of course, you're right that a nomination is virtually as much of an honor as a Hugo (and it would be nice if Worldcons could contrive some inexpensive and easily mailed memento of the occasion for each of the nominees; one year, I got the excitement of a telephoned announcement of my nomination from a committee member, then had nothing material to show for it). Actual capture of a Hugo depends a lot on circumstances in addition to

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merit. Just to test myself, I tried to look objectively at how I was rooting during the Emmy awards telecast. I found myself wanting Sandy Duncan to win in one category because of what she'd gone through, George Scott in another simply because he's outspoken, rooting against "All in the Family" because I'm not all that happy about the way it handles bigotry, and it was quite plain to see that if I'd been eligible to vote on the Emmy awards, I would have ignored impartial decisions based on talent and would have been swayed by other matters.





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Andy Offutt's book review is a model of the breed: it entertains even if the reader has never read and has no intention of ever reading the volume under consideration, and yet it provides useful information about that book instead of being so concerned about entertainment value that it forgets its basic purpose. The reviewer seems intensely interested in what he's writing about. Leon Taylor is the only fan who has the knack of making virtually all his reviews hold attention in these ways, and I'd like to see the other people who do a lot of reviewing relax a little, throw away all the reviews of the books that didn't interest them particularly, and spend as much space as necessary on the volumes that really struck home for better or for worse.

If I hadn't met Sandra Miesel at Boston I would have hollered fake about "Chate~~lain~~" because up to then I considered her nothing but an enormous intellect devoid of a body. Even if this article is totally out of her usual character, it's absolutely splendid and causes me to hope that even Sam Moskowitz will start to write good fan-zine-type material after he matures a little.

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Shelia D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., East Providence, R. I., 02914

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I read Sandra Miesel's article on childbirth with a great deal of envy. David was born in an Army hospital, which is a hassle from beginning to end. I finally brow-beat a doctor into arranging things so that I could keep Davey in my room so I could feed him when he was hungry instead of on schedule, but the nurses were indignant -- one of them went so far as to tell me that breast-feeding was unnatural and to threaten me with dire but vague retaliation if Don touched the baby when he came to see us. Having Don with me at any stage of labor was out of the question, of course. An officious nurse's aide kept coming in and taking my book away, putting it on a table just out of my reach. So as soon as she left I'd have to get up, lower the side of the bed, maneuver myself, and then stand up with the I.V. bottle of glucose which was attached to my arm, go to the table, grab the book, and get all of us back to the bed before she came back. Managing this when you are in labor is a bit awkward. I also had a great deal of difficulty convincing the nurse that David was about to make his appearance, fast. She kept telling me soothingly that it wasn't time for her to check me yet, to relax, just wait a little longer, until to shut me up she examined me. She turned pale, ran for the doctor, who wheeled me into the delivery room at a dead run. I don't recommend the experience to anyone. But someday I am going to write an article on the subtle cruelty of expecting a woman 25 pounds overweight, probably with a severe backache, who is busy timing contractions and concentrating on breathing properly, to manage a bedpan all by herself. Actually, even at the time it all seemed rather funny, in a black sort of way. I'd really never expected anything better from the army.

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Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209th St., Queens Village, N.Y. 11427

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The Simonson portfolio was superb. I really liked the last two illos and would love to see Walt do a color rendition of them someday, with magic markers or some other suitable material.

The more Ted Pauls reviews I read, the less I like them. This is probably one of the better ones, but still full of muddled thinking and writing. For example, take his first paragraph's second sentence which begins "This was unfortunate as..." Nowhere has he set us up for such a comparison. I'm not even sure what is unfortunate.



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Another of my pet peeves is Andy Offut who has many faults -- one of which is his tendency to drag all sorts of personal anecdotes and comments not really related to the thing he is talking about into his review of Tom Disch's book. First, when Offut says this is not a book review I am forced to cry "bullshit." I wish I could believe it, but my New York cynicism tells me that it is just a cute stylistic trick, for the thing reads like a review, albeit a poor one. Then Andy talks about the unfairness of a one-man collection without making much sense or case for the view. Then "this is a unique review." Up comes my cynicism again, along with my lunch. I can almost hear the trumpets booming in the background. Then he reviews the publisher, the blurb writer, and finally, 7 paragraphs into a 10 paragraph review, he gets to the stories. Sure, reviewing an anthology is hard work, but this, I tend to think, is padding.

Andy's description of a reviewer is generally incorrect. Biased? No more than is necessary, I think. Any reviewer needs a set of standards or biases to work with. Otherwise he'd be neutral on everything. On the other hand, if Andy means that reviewer A likes a book because he likes its author personally, then I think he's not giving reviewers enough credit for independent thinking. Of course it's rough to review the book of someone who you'll talk to at the next con, but that's what a reviewer takes on when he begins to review. Anyone who doesn't is simply a bad reviewer and let's not criticize an entire field over its bad members. After all, any field has its baddies, even writing.

"Cannonfodder" was a gem. I really think that Jeff, once he gets a few style problems out of the way, will be a fine - no a great - reviewer. I tend to agree with him a bit more than you on the graphics argument. Though I always find that good graphics add to a magazine, and always tried to put them into mine, it was an enormous amount of work, and, as a result, the present issue is months behind with a stack of fully-typed stencils waiting to be illoed. It just takes too much out of me. On my personalzine, I skipped illos for this very reason, though I tried to compensate with a new cleaner type and white space for titles.

In other words, good looks should not be the only prerequisite for a good fanzine. In fact, it should not be even a major one. Donn Brazier's fanzine, TITLE, is one of the most exciting ones I've seen in fandom since I joined two years ago. But it has no illos and is typed in two columns with letter-guide titles and that's it. On the other hand, Jay Zaremba's ESSENCE was a fine zine with emphasis on graphics. In a race though, I'd choose Donn's -- I'd rather read a good thing than look at one.

True, fanzines like GRANFALLOON have been helped a lot with electrostenciling, fancy layout, and text-oriented graphics. If you're willing to do it -- fine. (I loved LIZARD INN) One's fanzine should emphasize the talent that one has. The only two times I will scream at someone's choice of a balance between illo and copy are when the graphics interfere with the copy and when the copy is plain unreadable.

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Ron Miller, 1080 N. W. Blvd., Apt. 1, Columbus, Ohio, 43212

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I have not contributed anything since early last spring to what one of your correspondents quaintly calls "the Ron Miller controversy." I have been very pleased to find that such a minimal effort seems to be providing me with apparently endless amusement. Contrary to the hopes of Mr. Barr, I do exist - now and again - and have meant every word I've written. It is unfortunate that I have let so much be published without comment or counter-rebuttal; to make up for this I'd like to make a general comment.

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I am afraid that any of your readers who have fallen into agreement with Messrs Eisenstein, Gilbert, and Barr are beyond any hope of recovery, and those who have not do not require anything further from my quarter. After all, remarks like the following from Gilbert -- that McCall and Calle cannot be regarded as SF artists since they work for NASA and NASA has nothing to do with SF -- are so patently ridiculous as to scarcely warrant thought, let alone comment. I should think that such an exclusion would eliminate every SF writer whose major occupation is not the writing of SF. We're sorry, Dr. Asimov, but biochemistry has nothing to do with SF. I should think that an artist would enjoy some of the rights of an author: that his work can stand as a work of SF on its own. Why is it a prerequisite that his efforts must always be an embellishment of some story or novel? This is a distinction not required for other visual SF works, such as films. Any writer can have any work nominated and awarded the Hugo -- be accepted as genuine SF - but an artist must support himself almost wholly by illustrating the stuff - limiting not only the awards to a very few artists, but limiting what is considered to be SF art to that only which is tied, and subordinate to, some piece of literature, which limits every fan's experience in SF art, as well. That which makes a drawing or painting SF should be its content, not its associations. McCall's "2001" art, any number of paperback covers by usually non-SF artists such as Bob Pepper and the superb Dave Johnson, even album covers (including the beautiful Nonesuch series -- some of which are by Pepper), advertising art, and even non-subjective prozine covers -- regardless of the artist's work in SF -- are as fully deserving of the name SF art, as the artist is, for that matter, as a SF artist for having created it. This mutually self-indulgent, exclusive clique is satisfying only to the egos of its members.

My opponents are skillful epigramists. So much so, in fact, that I am afraid that they really do succeed in making their readers forget that they have really said nothing, answered nothing, and rebuked nothing. George Barr's remarks on "the art appreciation course" philosophy of my articles, my lack of existence, virtually everything in Gilbert's writing, and Eisenstein's sarcasms -- all of them gloss over a lot of writing that really supplies nothing new; few, if any alternatives; and a great deal of merely saying "Miller's wrong!" without offering any reasons why I am -- assuming, I can only suppose, that every fan will accept unquestioned any and all unsupported opinions by them. I don't assume, but hope that fans don't allow their intelligences to be so insulted. Perhaps I am "a barely literate snob," but that clever phrase would mean a lot more if there had been an explanation of why I am. Any rereading of these pieces reveals a great deal of indignation but precious little information. A last example: What can my statements sounding like something from "an art appreciation course" have to do with their validity? A striking "slice," perhaps, but does it necessarily follow that such a source renders my arguments invalid? Yet this is an argument against me.

To answer Mr. Barr, I have been working as a professional illustrator for the last five years. I hold a BFA in illustration from the Columbus College of Art & Design (coincidentally the alma mater of Bob McCall). My work recently won six awards in the CSCA 100 Best show. By the way, this is the last I'll write on the subject.

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Mike Gilbert, Parkwood Gardens, 22 Koster Blvd., Apt. 5A, Edison, N. J. 08817

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The Ron Miller thing has blown its wad, I know where he stands, and he knows where his critics stand, and until he has something more to say that's valid, including his artwork, I don't think there's anything more to say. Instead of going into more art criticism I'll state exactly my views on art within SF.

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I do not hold with the following:

1. I do not like "comic book" or "cartoon" art because:

a. it involves a whole series of "tricks" that the artist uses that allow him to be fairly good with juggling a bunch of standardized symbols around without really having to know how to draw.

b. look at cartoons, they all do look fairly alike in that there are schools of comic art, i.e., Wally Wood, Marvel comic, etc.

c. you don't have to "think" to draw a comic drawing.

2. I dislike the people who do pretty drawings. An elaborate bunch of designs and swirls, etc., to disguise the fact that they really can't draw a human figure and need all kinds of crap to support the drawing.

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Steve Hashimoto, 6220 N. Magnolia, Chicago, Ill., 60626

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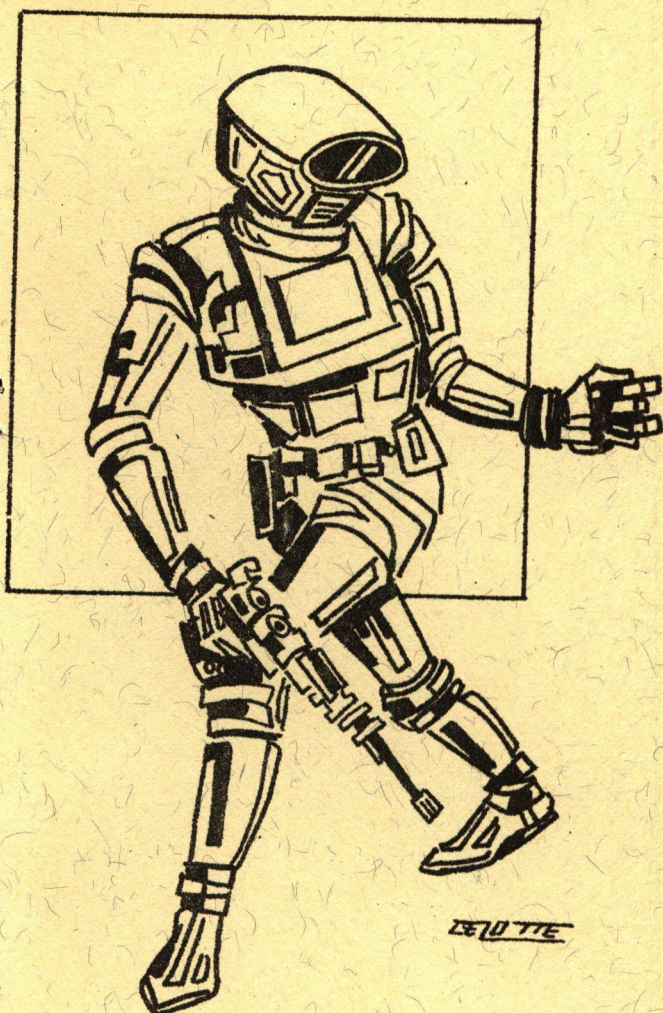
Alex Eisenstein shows some of Glencannon's qualites, but I just don't like the way he pulls it off. First, he does insult Miller, but there is not only acid in his mouth, there are nails and scorpions too. And worse, when he is called on it, he gets defensive and starts using sesquipedalianisms, perhaps to mask his guilt. My opinionated opinion is to let Alex Eisenstein gibber to himself in a dark corner until he can temper himself.

Jerry Lapidus, you live in an ivory tower. Of course it would be nice if every fan had access to sophisticated reproduction techniques. But most editors either don't own or have access to the talents, time, money, or even knowledge of basic tools and techniques to produce really fine printing. It's all they can do to type a stencil straight, and more power to them. Also, many fans aren't ready to appreciate a fanzine that looks more like a slick magazine than a friend. Okay, so some editors can do it, and some fans do appreciate it; let them be happy together, but also let the crudzines and the neos lapse rhapsodic about their smeared magazines; they are, after all, culminations of a proportionate amount of time, love, and labor.

Are you aware that Jeff Jones and Bode now have regular features in the NATIONAL LAMPOON and that Kaluta has been popping up there frequently as well? Other semi-regulars are Freas, Neal Adams, Frazetta, Gray Morrow, Frank Springer, and Gahan Wilson. In a recent PLAYBOY, Chicago underground artist Skip Williamson teamed up with no less than Arthur Clarke for an SF parody/space opera. Also, the level of art of the Warren magazines has reached a level of competence sometimes even surpassing CREEPY's earliest issues, with new artists such as Bea, Felix Mas, Kaufman, Gonzales, Garcia, and Mike Ploog, besides old-time pros and fans such as the two Joneses, Bode, Larry Todd, Cockrum, Corben, Brunner, and the master, Wally Wood. ESQUIRE recently devoted 6 or 7 pages to the New Artists, specifically, Jeff Jones, Wrightson, Ralph Reese, Barry Smith, and others.

About Paul Kantner and the Starship/Airplane: I wish people would not analyze songs. I for one am content to dig the imagery, and forget the analysis. I may speculate, but never with the air of definite conclusion. Why doesn't someone try asking Kantner himself what BLOWS and BARK meant?





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