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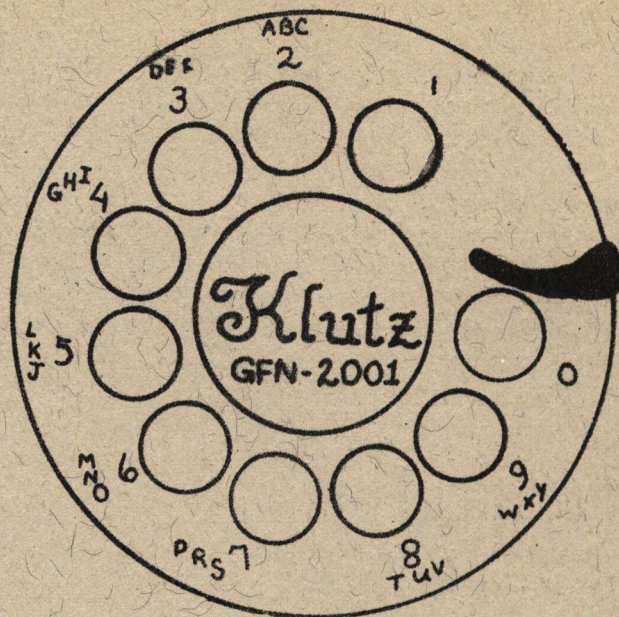
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Call of
the



EDITORIAL -

LINDA BUSHYAGER

I told you GRANFALLOON would be coming out on a yearly basis or so, and here it is, just about a year later. It is a relief to be typing the last few stencils. Issue 20 may take another year to produce or less, depending on whether I receive material. Right now I have just about nothing in the way of book reviews, humorous articles, fan history articles, or other material. I do have a number of cooking columns, evidently the way to a fan's heart is through his stomach. So I hope some of you will send written contributions. I can also use filler artwork and covers for KARASS. Please type all contributions. Artwork should be in black pen and ink or black felt tip pen on white paper; no larger than 8 by 10 1/2". It should be drawn the size it will be printed and without large black areas. Artwork will be electro-stenciled for mimeograph reproduction and returned when used. Artists, please put your name or initials on each drawing to identify it and send me any special instructions.

Since I wrote last issue about publication of KARASS, nine issues have appeared, and I'm very proud of it. It is a strange fanzine combining elements of a personalizne with a fannish newszine. Copies of issues 8 and 9 are still available, and subscriptions are 4/\$1.00. Issue 9 contains an editorial on the future of the Worldcon, a subject which might have been better discussed in this genzine. Basically, the editorial describes the problems of finding hotels big enough to hold a 6000-person (or larger) Worldcon and of finding a con committee willing to put on such an effort. I think this is an important subject. If any of you would like to receive this issue of KARASS and don't want to sbbscribe, please write and ask for KARASS 9 and I'll send you a copy.

I've had my ego boost for the year -- Ron and I will be the Fan Guests of Honor at Byobcon in Kansas City, July 18-20, 1975. Wow! When I entered fandom a little over 7 years ago, fandom immediately seemed like home to me and I jumped into fanac with publication of the first GRANFALLOON (co-edited by Suzanne Tompkins) in Jan. 1968. Naturally, my goal in fandom was to become a BNF. I had three fannish dreams -- to win a Hugo, to appear on a panel at a Worldcon and to be a Guest of

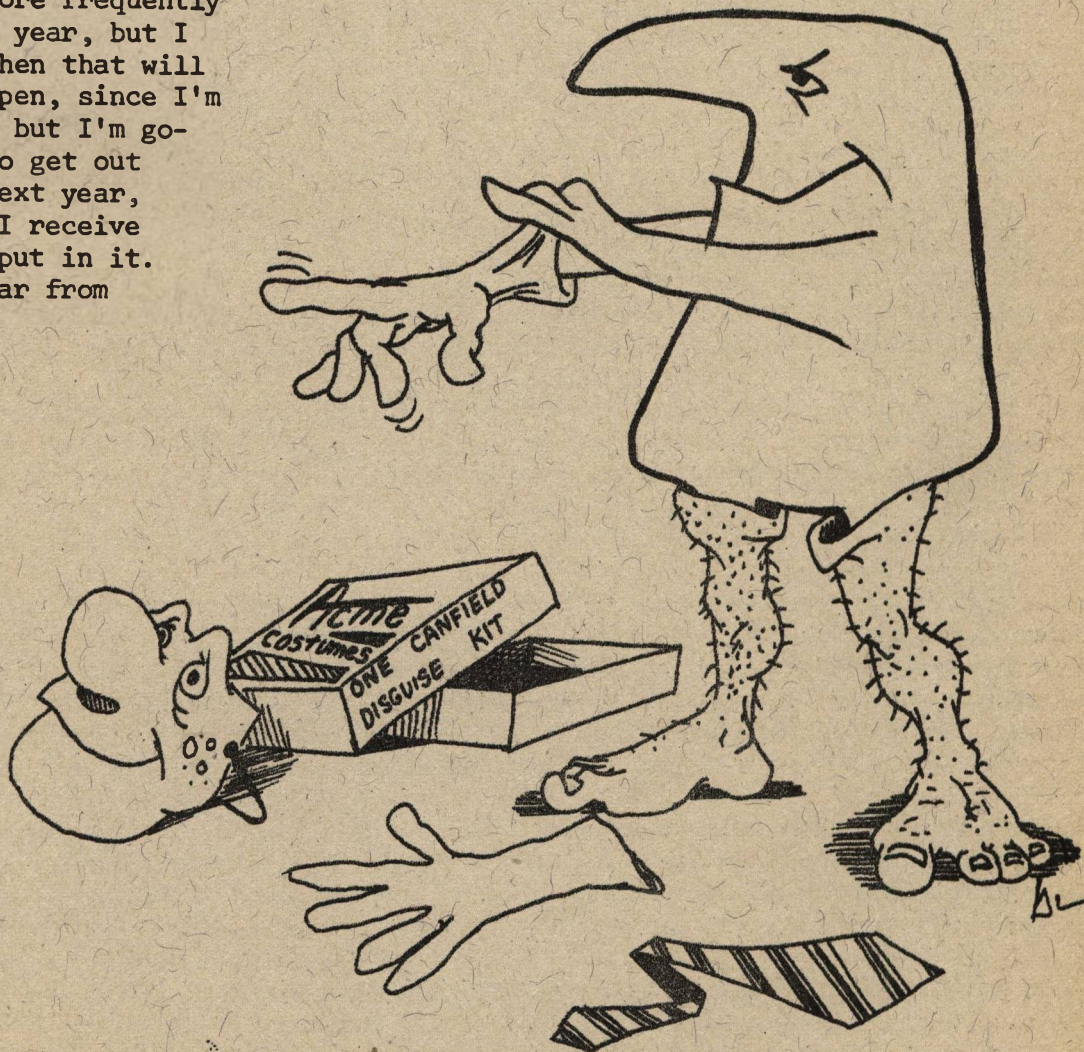
Honor at some convention. Now my fannish dreams have come true -- GRANNY has been nominated twice for a Hugo (and I consider that just as great an honor as actually winning), I've been on two Worldcon fan panels, and now I'll be a GoH. Goshowowo-boyoboy! Neofannish dreams do come true, if one continues fanacing. I've already started formulating other fannish dreams though. If you'd like information on BYOBCON, write 1915 Mews Dr., Kansas City, Mo. 64131. Pro GoH: Robert Bloch.

Also, I guess I really am a Big Name Fan (BNF) now. Some neofan came up to me at the Worldcon and asked for my autograph.

I'd like to apologize to Don Blyly and Don Ayres. Last issue I credited Don Blyly with Don Ayres letter.

I'd like to thank all my contributors, especially Randy Bathurst and Terry Austin for doing the illustrations for Mae Strelkov's articles, Terry for his portfolio, and Mae for the article. I'd also like to apologize to Dan Steffan and Frank Alviani for holding Frank's story for so long.

As for future GRANFALLOON plans, well, eventually I'd like to publish it more frequently than once a year, but I don't know when that will actually happen, since I'm rather busy, but I'm going to try to get out two issues next year, that is, if I receive material to put in it. I hope to hear from some of you.



THE STEREOSCOPIC VIEW

BY
MAE STRELKOV

ARTWORK: ABC
(AUSTIN-BATHURST COLLABORATION)



When I was a tiny girl (which was rather long ago), stereoscopes were still found in old-fashioned missionary homes in China. Maybe not anywhere else by then -- I wouldn't know. Movies were already touting their wares from bright posters in a "Den-o-Iniquity" (I quote my parents) on Szechuen Road, Shanghai. (Movies must have put stereoscope manufacturers out of business in no time at all!)

But in that bright young age when everything looked big to me and blurry too (I was very myopic and didn't know it), my parents once visited Mr. and Misses "Elderly Ogres" (aged missionaries whom even my parents dreaded; they bossed my parents too!), a long climb by flights of elegant, but rickety, wooden stairs. (Elegant wooden stairways in old houses in Shanghai fill my childhood memories).

At the summit of that terrible and formal climb (all of us in our Sunday best), we reached God's Primary Representative on Earth...not the Pope (Poof, who cared for representatives of any "Scarlet Woman of Babylon" in those days?) but Mr. Woodberry. That's his real name. He won't sue me. He was 150 years old, I'm certain, even then, and must still be 150 up in his missionary Heaven.... He was born that age too, I'll bet -- complete with long white hair and beard!

I'm not certain if his first name was Peter, after St. Peter, Guardian of Heaven's Gates. Maybe he was never given any first name, only Mister. Mister without the T! My parents, who were paid wretched salaries for teaching in his high school, felt that way. The high school was for the Chinese.

Having reached that summit of delight and elegance, we tiptoed across the thick carpets and held our breaths in the impeccable atmosphere of 'long ago' that was there. Daguerreotypes hung on the wall, portraits of Mr. Woodberry's deceased loved ones, including his parents and his long-vanished wife.

Behind me my Grandma Emma (my mother's yankee mother) gave a grunt audible only to her 'little darling' (my 5-year-old self). In those days, Grandma was like the sun and air to me, always there when needed, and forgotten when not required, without hurt. Grandma 'hated' the Woodberries, but she struggled to ignite a little 'Christian agape' in her naturally warm-hearted and enthusiastic self, however, all she experienced was a new frost! "Frosty Mr. Woodberry!" she used to call him.

He had two daughters. Two -- The Stereoscopic Twosome, I'd term them. They were exactly alike in looks. You'd understand them better, if you would only view them through a stereoscope of the type in vogue then, the two placed side-by-side. The Woodberries had one of those devices and reluctantly they got it out to entertain 'little Beulah Mae' (namely me). They hated children, including all the Chinese brats (my playmates in kindergarten) whose souls they felt duty-bound to 'save.' (By perfuming them with holy fragrances 'shed-by-Heaven,' baptizing them in a slippery, slimy pool -- clean only at the start of such ceremonies, as I recall from one unforgettable experience -- and so on!)

The two looked down upon me with fastidious distaste as I was pushed into the great penthouse apartment by my three owners (papa, mama, and grandma), then they managed to smile and coo perfunctorily as they shook my hand. I ran my eye up their voluminous old skirts, as far as their breasts (pouter-pigeon type), studied a cameo-brooch or two and other hanging oddments, like a pin-on-gold-watch and stayed staring (I stared at all fascinating things, trying to see!).

"Say 'How do you do', dear!" Begged mama and papa and Grandma in an anxious chorus.

"How do you do!" I said.

"Hnnnnnn!" said the Misses Woodberry.
"Hnnnnnn! Come here and look at these pretty stereoscope pictures in that corner, and stay quiet. And don't break or dirty them, try will you dear?"

"I'll see she doesn't!" breathed my good and wonderful Grandma Emma, blessed be her name. (Because of her, I hallow and love all good grandmas of her type!) (Gee, that should -- I hope -- include even me, since I'm a grandma 3 times over now. But luckily I live far from the poor dear lovely kids in question.) (I puzzle my daughters-in-law due to my lack of push -- I never invade their homes, which at first relieved them from such worries, but it will soon be a point against me in their view. It already is, for poor daughter-in-law number one!)

Grandma sat on the cushioned love seat in the corner with me, and busily whispered into my ear...a sweet, moist buzz, very pleasant and intimate from my point of view, though right then a



too insistent. I wiggled and squirmed away, but she hauled me nearer with a bear-hug and mumbled, "Be good; don't wiggle so, dear! Do you want to go to the bathroom again?" (Disapproving, but always kind!)

"No!" I said, very indignantly.

"Then don't wiggle so! Ethel and Ora are watching! You're going to run holes in these nice, expensive cushion covers!"

Ethel and Ora Woodberry, she meant, but I mustn't use first names like that, naturally. Only Grandma could, because she'd known them when they were 'knee-high' and their momma had been an acquaintance, and my Grandma was a much more famous missionary than their momma had ever become.

As for this 'go-to-the-bathroom' idea, my momma had invented a secret term for it, to use when I was tiny. 'Tzo-kwantze' ('sit'-something-or-other). Even though I've learned all I can about archaic Chinese, I still can't quite figure out that kwan-tze. Tze means 'little one or thing,' I'm quite sure; but the kwan? Obviously it must have been the kwan for 'channel, pipe, sewer,' or the like, though how you can sit on a 'little channel or sewer' is beyond me. It was also beyond the comprehension of the occasional Chinese we might visit who heard me ask to 'sit-little-channel.' One therefore just had to wiggle longer and 'keep-it-in!' (They'd try holding me on their laps, thinking perhaps that's what I requested so incorrectly.)

Missionary folk are quaint and charming, though. Believing as I do in the holiness of all living things (but not of spermatozoa-by-the-million out to fertilize one lonely ovum), I write with affection even of the funny dear Woodberrys. Certainly not with hate (or 'lack-of-agape,' to use the euphemism for that emotion, experienced by my maw, paw, and Grandmaw). Why hate someone who's not even bothering you right now?

My parents had been pushed into the stiff horsehair upholstered sofa at the other end of the huge L-shaped living/dining/sitting room/parlor. They uttered barely audible squeaks while the pontific 'Mr. and Misses' rumbled and scolded, telling them how they should teach and all the things they'd done wrong that day. And my Grandma was listening for all she was worth (short of cupping her ears with both hands), while nudging me to "Look at the pretty pictures!" which she held with trembling hands for me and wouldn't let me touch. She'd given up trying to stick the stereoscopic device on my nose, since I kept pushing it away impatiently, for of course I couldn't see a thing through it, or focus my eyes properly for its use.

The pictures were postcard-shaped, and to my mind, supremely boring, as they passed in review before my eyes. Cheaply-tinted (but surely costly to purchase), repetitions of scenic views, and mostly, famous buildings and churches. Who needed to look at churches of every category twice-over? Every card had these views repeated, endlessly. My glance kept slipping away, though I saw nothing clearly -- in that shadowy, huge, L-shaped place. Electric lampbulbs were shrouded by darkening old silken lampshades.

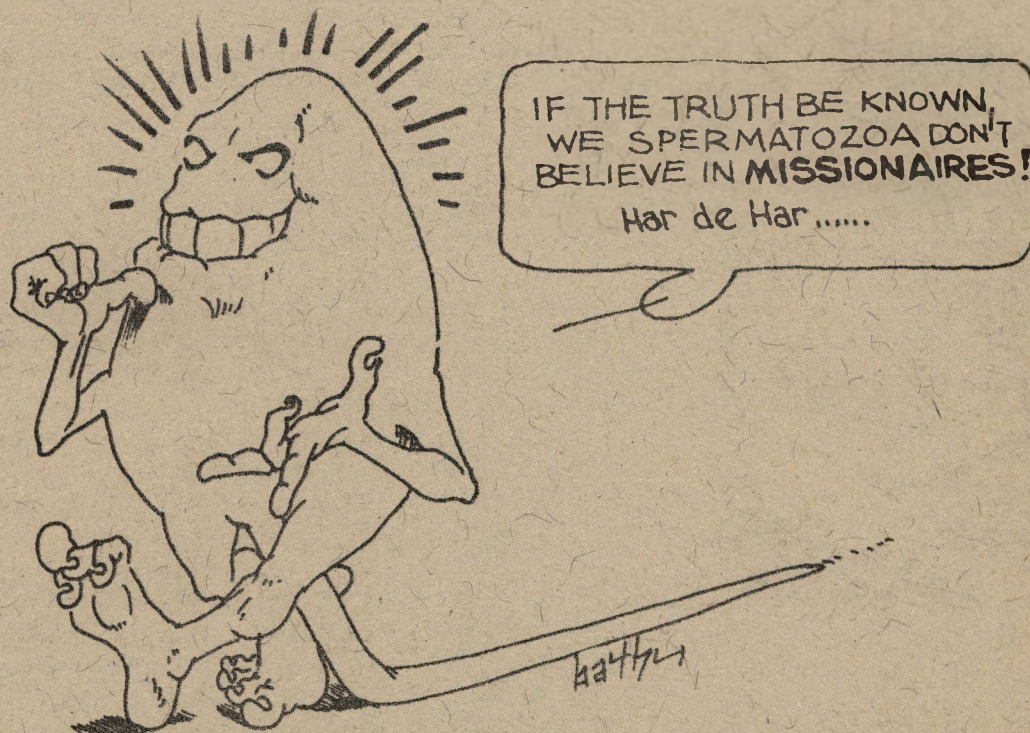
Well, I wouldn't stop wiggling, and I wouldn't accept a visit 'somewhere' to tzo-kwantze. Poor Grandma was getting so desperate she reached for a volume of the WONDER BOOKS OF KNOWLEDGE on a stand nearby, to show those pictures to me, hoping they'd keep me still.

Ethel and Ora let out a cry of sheer alarm and leaped up and ran towards me; like an avalanche they advanced - the Stereoscopic Pair, stereophonically twittering!

"Don't let her touch that book!"

"Oh, no, I won't!" said Grandma Emma, but her dander was up. She was a spunky one and even Christian agape lasted only so far when her dander was up. "I shall just show it to her myself, I assure you, and the book won't be harmed -- at all!"

They were stumped. They didn't want Grandma to touch that book either, but how could they tell her so? With great reluctance, they withdrew, and returned to renew heckling my parents with new vigor. (Don't believe that my dad didn't know how they despised his only babe, and hence him - such an 'incompetent parent,' unable to 'discipline' me. Oh, he tried, sure enough, but Grandma wouldn't let him, no matter how he rumbled the Biblical "Spare the rod and spoil the child.")



I wasn't happy there...the atmosphere was cold and unholy. Papa Satan camouflaged as "Jesus-Christ-our-Saviour" peered from every corner back at me, and from the paintings of "Him" on the nearer walls. (Reproductions, not original paintings.) And everything poked along quite endlessly, drip, drip, like a water-clock or an hourglass that never runs empty or dry! I felt time's flow, but it was a stagnant wash-of-the-moment, like in some backwater in the Argentine Delta of the Rio Parana, where for six years we lived intimately with the rhythms of the Paranacito's flow, until it flooded us right out of our home at last in 1959.

Time didn't yet plan to flush me out of that stale room. I had a shock in store that would remain a "nightmare" till it became -- with my emancipation in science-fiction retreats -- a sweet dream.

"Look at this!" cooed Grandma, bringing me back to my senses, and away from that timeless instant of trance, when I felt the fluctuations of "Endless Time and Space"



in its flowings and entwinings. I looked, I shrank -- a silent scream was uttered by a mere, wee mortal in complaint against a Lovecraftian Cosmos. A huge plate showed, in vivid color (SF-style), a "Picture of Saturn and her rings, as viewed from one of her moons." I thought it was a photograph, at first!

WHERE WAS THERE SUCH A PLACE? Where did a huge, swollen Eye peer down on a shrunken, bare "Earth" so cruelly? It occupied half the sky and had rings around it, even more unimaginable!

"Isn't it beautiful?" cooed Grandma, blissfully. "Just think, darling, of the Wonders-In-The-Sky!" Mutely I nodded, and looked no more on that plate. "Now see the next picture!" said Grandma. I had to escape. I couldn't take more shocks right then!"

"Grandma," I whimpered. "I want to tzo-kwantze!" "Not right now?" "Right now!" My voice was a little frightened wail.

"What's wrong with that child!" cried Ethel and Ora, leaping forward like twin Jack-in-the-boxes.

"She wants," said Grandma shamefacedly, "To tz... I mean...to go to the bathroom." (I bet they thought the tz that nearly escaped her was a word we know of as "shit." It is ktz in older forms of Chinese.)

"Well, take her!" snapped the elder of the sisters, Ora, of whom even Ethel, I later learned, was afraid. "It's that way, down that verandah, at the end of it. And see she doesn't soil the lace doilies on the toilet seat, kindly, will you?"

Ugh! Lace doilies -- or whatever -- perhaps she said "antimacassars"...I don't recall the exact word now, but doilies on pots where I've ever seen them since in smug homes, send me howling up the nearest wall or tree!

"Well, urinate!" snapped Grandma, as I sat uneasily on the elegant big pot, trying to balance and not to tumble right in! I was much too nervous to squeeze out a drop. "Do something, after making all that fuss."

"I did." (A little lie, that! Would I be sent to Hell for it?) "I didn't hear," she replied. (Squeeze again!) "Did you hear now?" I asked hopefully (I'd heard the tink-tink).

"Well, if that's all you can do, we'll go back, but you didn't have to make such a fuss. It was very embarrassing!"

So I was hauled off the pot with unusual briskness (not 'roughness' -- Grandma was never rough), and my ample, modest panties (homemade with tucks to allow for growth,

of a cotton material that never wears out since it was 'made-in-China') and my voluminous skirts were all set-to-rights, and I was marched back to the State-of-Grace, that the Woodberry's great Living/Dining/Parlor room purveyed to the elite.

The sisters refrained from snapping "Did she?"

* * * * *

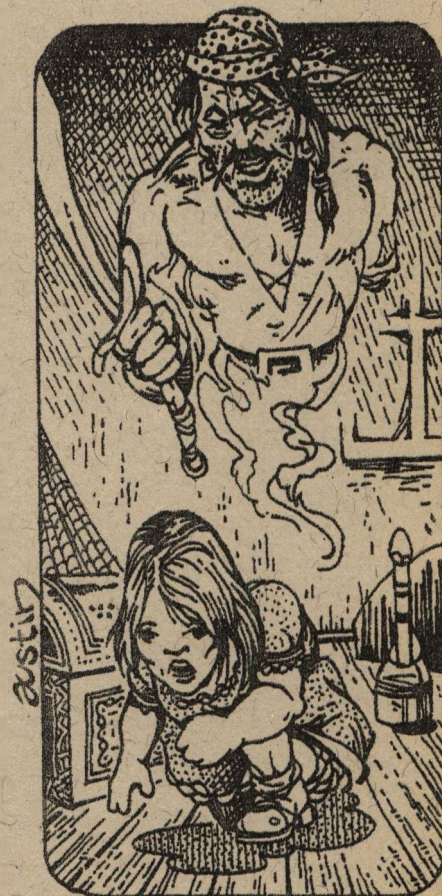
There's a sequel to that little story. You see, I live in a stereoscopic universe now, in-the-round, solid too, in a certain sense, as stereo meant, in the old sense of stereoscopic. I don't know if it means that today in stereophonic. Though I do find stereophonic noises rather solid, as manufactured by my son Robert, the electronic one of our family. I want to explain this stereoscopic Universe (or 'multidimensional,' fused into 'one whole').

First, you have to get behind the pictures. I learned that as a child. Grandma and mama and "Aunt-Mary-Bacon-Mason-the-Athiest-in-Newton-Center-Massachusetts," also "good-Aunt-Beulah" with her "Methodist-pastor-and-spouse" and "fine-little-boys," all ganged together to collect pictures for Beulah Mae "to-make-a-picture-screen-she-needs-a-picture-screen-like-Pansy-and-Mary-and-Beulah-had-when-tiny-in-Huchow!"

From the U.S.A., rolls of pictures started arriving. Aunt Beulah sent "nice-Bible-views." Aunt Mary sent heathen "great pictures," but "no nude women," naturally. We did have several big albums of the "World's Great Paintings," given my parents as wedding gifts in Szechuen, West China, 9 months before I was born there, in 1917. (Yes, a full honest 9 months, but the Wedding Night seemed unpostponable at the time, which was a little embarrassing to my parents, 9 months later, if not to me.)

Only the colored pictures interested me, as Grandma and I sat in our bright new upper bedroom, where we'd duly moved to 'escape the Woodberrys,' out in Chapeil. It was a horridly haunted place, where a former gang of bandits had practiced abductions, extortions, tortures, and throat-slittings (with the proceeds undoubtedly buried all over the premises, under the downstairs floors)!

But who feared mere ghosts after the Woodberrys? And besides, my folks were so sure they'd soon exorcise them with shouts of joy and Hallalujahs and such! (They failed, by the way. We had to move out, when I was nine, partially chased off also by two Chinese armies burning houses all around us.) So Grandma and I sat on our beds and selected pictures. (Or pittchers, like in "litte-pitchers-have-big-ears," or so it sounded to me when I was small.)



And I wangled it (oh, already I was learning to be sly), so when the big screen was set up beside my bed, all the Bible pictures faced towards Grandma's bed, and all the "worldly scenery" faced me, in bed.

And from that time on the magic started.... When forcibly "taking-my-nap" (because Grandma needed her nap, when she snored bravely -- poor "ghost-in-the-hall!"), I used to travel in those pictures, scene by scene, with stories made up to fit.

I really entered that scenery! I really experienced the feel of the cool ocean winds in some pictures, and heard the tall dark poplars whispering in strange old gardens elsewhere. "Magic casements opening wide o'er perilous seas in fairie lands forlorn" became mine.

Outside, ghosts knocked and rattled, but they scattered when I came by. Who needed them? I didn't even allow that I heard them' for fear that would trigger more hymn-singing or prayer-meetings (with missionaries in, to assist in the battle). I simply snubbed the horrid crew of spooks, and, it worked!

But in the end it was painful.

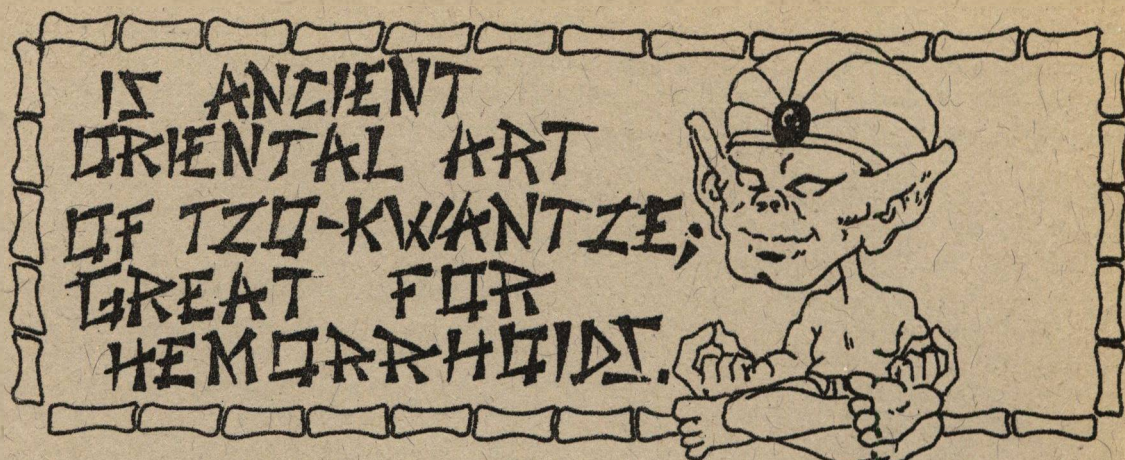
Their universe must never be mine -- I would dissipate it with my scorn and my laughter and my disbelief. "You're not there!" I told the Attic Walker. "Poof!" He or it did scare everybody else though, and more than once sent my parents' bed floating, if they'd been a bit 'sinful,' I suppose, that night. It scared my poor dad to bits. It gave him such a complex, he became a 'good' missionary in the end!

I was learning even then to select my universes for coherence. When Grandma sailed back to the States, never to return, and I (a mere seven years old then) had to cope with the spooks all on my own, (separated from the haunted attic where none could spend the night in peace by a mere half-flight-of-steps, say seven or so), I selected my "destination-in-the-beyond" one sad day. I'd stood just one too many veiled insults from a visiting missionary couple with a smirky, smug, stupid, 'good girl' who I could not find any way to amuse, though I tried. After a scolding and spanking from papa for my 'rudeness' after they departed, I went up to our tiny trunkroom/bedroom/bathroom/potroom partitioned by wooden boards, each cubbyhole from the others. Perching on Grandma's steamer-trunk (she'd long-since given it to my mother), I informed God that I didn't want to go to a 'missionary heaven,' and since the only way to avoid it was to 'curse the Holy Spirit,' I told the Holy Spirit very formally, "Tzao-nyeeega-pee!" -- a familiar cussword heard any day on the streets. (I think it means "Fuck you" or "Fuck your ass"; it was the only swear word I knew. Its meaning wasn't known to me actually, but being a bit of an empath, I guessed it had to do with queerish actions done by adults, and which I could vaguely 'glimpse' in my head, but had no interest in as yet, so didn't try to 'see.')

Anyway, if "God-is-a-great-phallus" (As a scholar like John Allegro has suggested was once believed in his "The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross"), I suspect even the Holy Spirit rather liked my friendly little suggestions or offers. (No complaints were overheard by me!)

Of course, I felt suddenly rather desolate to be 'lost.' Scared too.

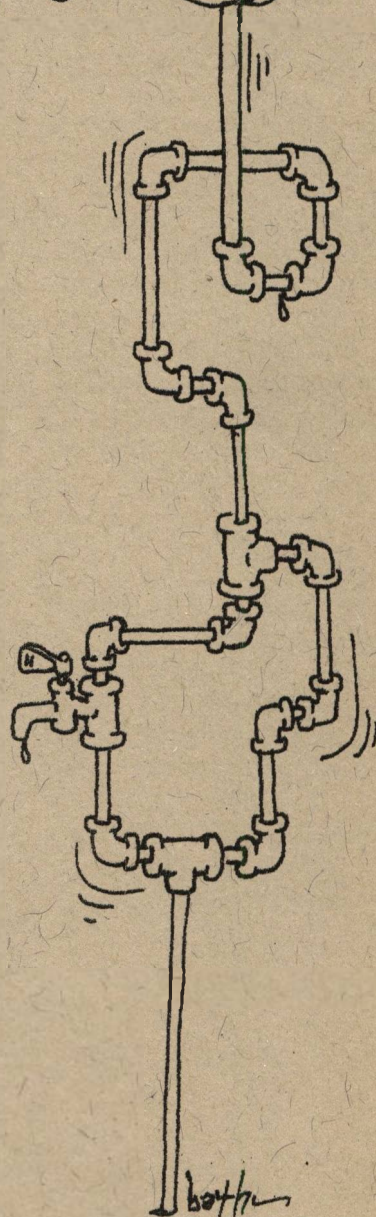
What if Hell looked even more alarming than that picuure of Saturn? Even more 'Saturnian,' perhaps!?



In my new aimless world, where I must never take the narrow path to heaven taken by Bunyan (in his "fascinating book" -- I liked it enough, lacking better reading matter when tiny, though a book called "Joseph the Dreamer" was my favorite, and it fell to bits, read by me a hundred time), I enjoyed at least the narrow winding lanes of Chinatown leading to Szechuen Road (with its Sink-of-Iniquity -- past which I ran in terror), and there I trotted each day to the "American Missionary School" of Quinsan Road, when I was seven. (Between swift running and hours of pausing to chat with all available Chinese, I often reached school late.)

But my universe was already expanding. I learned a trick I use even now. To enjoy a stereophonic and scopic universe with multi-views, glimpse through everybody's eyes; you simply step out of your own skin briefly, forget you are there as yourself, and flow-your-heart-towards-the-other, for better or worse, even if it hurts. "Love-em," like Grandma tried to "love" the Woodberrys; but do it "in advance," "sight-unseen," not allowing "frost" to set in, which she couldn't prevent. (She didn't dare!)

It works, believe me! Those Chinese, they treated me like a fragile bit of porcelain! Never did they cuss me. "Heng-how!" ("Very good") they used to beam as I skipped past; loving me far more than I could yet love them, and teaching me the "cheap, common" old dialect of the People of the Ngwolkman-Man. Step into other people's universes, but with-



out ousting them from the exact centers of each "circle" (small or great) in which they dwell, since we each occupy the exact center of our own private cosmos, the circles of which fuse and overlap, and at times conflict, but shouldn't. Not if we properly fuse, in the ancient way of tolerance, if not quite "love," always, when the latter's not possible, as with some....

The stereophonic/stereoscopic effect is at times like the poetry you get in old books of India, where deities sound like torrents of fire in descriptions, "a thousand-eyed, a thousand-armed" but it's all there, and is but a picture-in-motion, like a dozen lengths of film, superimposed, and run at once, together, somehow.

Confusing? Not so. Muddling? Maybe. I mean, I -- for one -- have a "good forgettery," and my subconscious memory is full of things "in-a-muddle-as-yet" that pop to the surface piecemeal of their own accord when needed, but I've no control over them, without a special and difficult-seeming "act-of-will," that sometimes takes a bit of time.

Jerry Lapidus once wrote me --not critically, I feel sure -- that I have no inhibitions, seemingly. No! I've no inhibitions in my mind, or in my relationships with people, as far as the laws go, for the universe is orderly and its laws I do obey. Even to the last one, when I must go down willingly, gladly, dancing-along, I hope, to the grave.

And why not?

End of "stereoscopic movie" for me!

Will another then commence? I know not. But if it does begin, I thoroughly believe, it'll all be new for me. And even more exciting -- next time!

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BREAD, WINE, AND THOU

... THE STAFFS OF LIFE

BY JODIE OFFUTT

It's high time somebody got down to basics in this recipe marathon. Sandwiches and casseroles are very good in their place and certainly fill the bill--and the stomach --more often than not. Chicken recipes are coming more in vogue than ever, considering the soaring price of beef and pork. Lord knows, we need all the help we can give each other on how to stretch a pound and a half of hamburger or glamorize the tube steak--the lowly hot dog. We can pump up ground beef with beans, rice, or corn, and the ever-popular can of Campbell's soup. With a forkful of sourkraut relish, a dollop of Cheeze-Whiz and a sesame seed bun, the frankfurter is transferred into a dish fit to serve on the good china.

But cookbooks and newspapers--and even fanzines--are full of everyday fare. I'm going to give you two things: one to start the day off on a sweet note, and the other to sit down and relax with at the end of the day -- or to sip on while throwing together a casserole for supper. They are donuts and wine. All ingredients are available at your supermarket.

DONUTS. (This isn't an original recipe; I think I read it in a Heloise column).

You'll need tube bisquits, cooking oil, cinnamon and sugar, powdered sugar, and some jelly, jam, or preserves -- your choice. Buy the plainest and cheapest bisquits (not buttermilk) and get one more package than you think you'll need. They make good donuts.

Pour enough oil in a skillet so that it is three-quarters to one inch deep and heat to very hot. (Med Hi or 400° in an electric skillet.) It is ready when you can stick your finger in your mouth, flick a little spit in the skillet, and it sizzles and bubbles. (If you're a purist, I suppose you could use water, but it's easier to get just a little spit than just a little water. If the grease splashes on you, it'll burn. That is the other way to test it though: if it doesn't burn when it splashes on you, it isn't hot enough.)

Open one package of bisquits and separate them on a cutting board--or the counter top. Now use the top of a bottle of flavoring (vanilla, almond, whatever) to punch holes in the middle of the bisquits.

Voila! Donuts! Don't throw away those holes. They make mouthwatering morsels.

Slide the donuts and holes carefully into the skillet. They'll float. They'll brown quickly--in about 2, maybe 3 minutes--turn them over to brown the other side. They'll puff up and turn a lovely golden brown. (Don't forget the holes too!) When they've browned on both sides, take them out of the skillet and drain on paper towels.

Shake the donuts in a brown paper bag with some sugar and cinnamon (I added a little nutmeg once and it was pretty good). They're then ready to eat.

Open the next tube of bisquits, cook the same way--turning only once--and drain. But don't make holes in these. (You may also need to add a little more oil to the skillet, so they'll float -- and wait for it to get hot!) When they're ready, slit a little hole in the side of each and put about 3/4 teaspoon of grape jelly, jam, or some preserves into the pocket. Roll these in powdered sugar and you have jelly donuts.

You might try it in a paper sack, but for some reason powdered sugar doesn't work for me as well, so I use a bowl. If you haven't any powdered sugar, and if you have a blender, you can grind some granulated sugar in it. Set it on high and let 'er whir. I don't think it powders it good enough to use for cake icing, but it'll sure coat donuts. Oh, and be careful when you take the top off the blender -- it'll cloud up the whole kitchen.

FIRST, YOU WASH YOUR FEET... So much for breakfast. How about a little wine after dinner...or during...or before...?

It's a funny thing.... Did you ever come up with some rare allergy, start refinishing furniture, take up astrology, or get contact lenses and discover everybody you mention it to knows all about it from experience?

That's the way it's been since I've started making wine. Three-fourths of the people I run into have made wine, are making wine, or have a neighbor or uncle who makes it all the time. I've gotten a big kick out of making my own, and if the idea appeals to you, here's what you do:

1 1-gallon jug 3 1/2 cups sugar 1/2 pkg. dry yeast water
2 cans frozen concentrated grape juice

The other thing you need is a fermentation lock. We ordered ours from Wine-Art of Atlanta (1921 Peachtree ((where else?)) Rd., N.E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309). You can write them for a catalog, or order the Plastic Econo Lock at 59¢ each. Check your yellow pages--they've got stores all over the country. Maybe there's one near you!



Thaw the juice and mix it in the jug along with the sugar. Use a funnel or you'll have ants all over the place. This is a pretty sweet wine, so I cut the sugar to three cups. Even then, it's a bit sweet for andy, who adds a shot of soda to each glass.

Shake the jug to dissolve the sugar a bit. Dissolve the yeast in two cups of warm water, add to the jug and shake it some more.

Now fill it with water, just to where the jug begins to round up -- it isn't supposed to be full -- and shake it some more.

Now fill it with water, just to where the hug begins to round up -- it isn't supposed to be full -- and shake it some more. Screw the plastic gizmo on the jug and fill the top with water to the water mark -- about halfway. Put the little plastic cap on it -- the one with the little hole in it. All the gas will come out that little hole and no air will get into the wine. (I think this is called fermentation.)

Put a piece of tape (Scotch or adhesive) on the outside of the jug with the bottling date on it: 2 weeks hence. Set the jug in an out-of-the-way corner of the kitchen, out of the sun. Check it from time to time to watch the water in the top blurb-blurb; this assures you the wine is fermenting. Besides, it is fun to watch.



On second thought, you might want to put it someplace other than the kitchen. For the first 3 or 4 days it smells...funny. At first I thought it smelled like rotten eggs (hydrogen sulfide), but I think that was because I was hard boiling some eggs at the time.

When you bottle the wine, you'll need a 2 to 3 foot length of tubing (I cut a piece off the end of the girls' jump rope--weird jump ropes they make these days), and 3 or 4 empty bottles.

If you can't come up with tubing, you can pour it through a coffee filter, strainer, and funnel. But this method invariably gets some sediment in the bottles and makes the wine cloudy. When George and Lana Proctor were here this summer, George clued me in on siphoning.

You set the jug on a higher level than the bottle, suck up a mouthful of the wine -- Ah! taster's delight -- close a finger over the end of the tube and let it run into the bottle.

Don't bother bottling the last of it; pour the dregs and sediment out. The bottles will smell a little yeasty at first, but that goes away. Don't cap the bottles for a while, to let the last of the gas escape.

One more thing. This is a tip given me by one of my wine-making buddies: if you add a lump of sugar to each bottle as you fill it, there is just enough active yeast left to work with the sugar and add a little extra zing. I don't know if this is so or not, but it gives me an added feeling of being the sophisticated gourmet winemaker as I pop a cube of sugar into the bottles.

You now have a lovely red wine. Maybe not quite Cold Duck, but a lot tangier than grape juice.

Cheers!

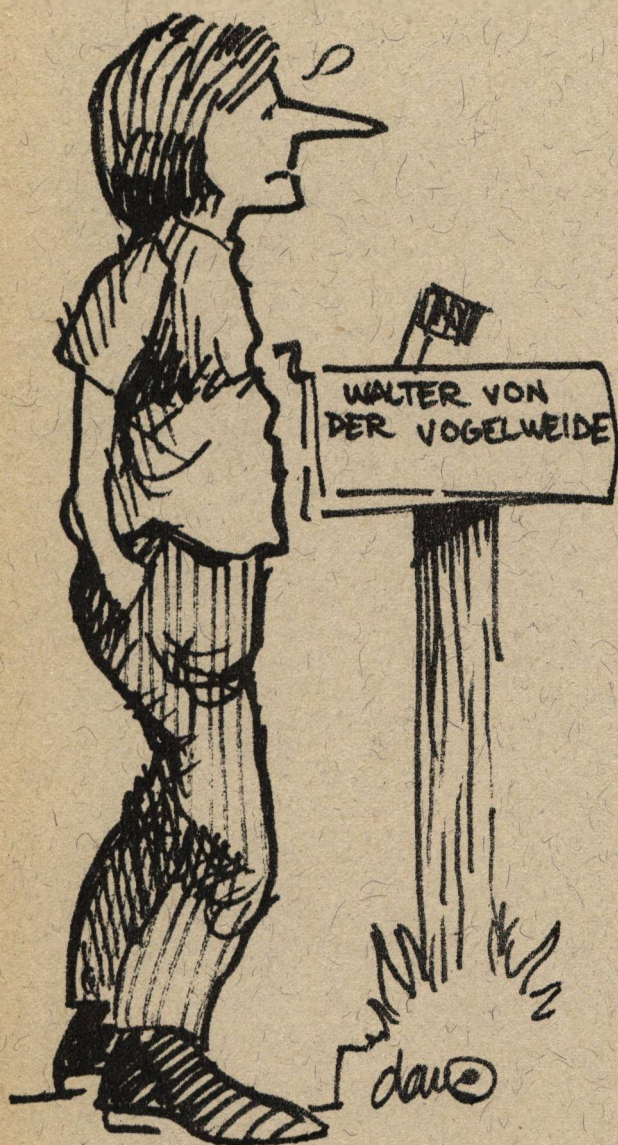
- BREAD, WINE, AND THOU...THE STAFFS OF LIFE

by Jodie Offutt

THE AUTHOR

by FRANK
ALVIANT

ILLUSTRATED BY
dan STEFFAN



When I finally looked up, I found I had been unconsciously walking around in the neighborhood of my old friend and advisor, Professor Walther von der Vogelweide. The cloud of gloom and smog hovering about my head lightened immediately at the thought, for who else could better help me in this time of direst need? Five minutes walking, and I was going up the steps of the split-level ranch house the Professor had had built to show that it could be done. A push on the doorbell. The Professor, being the Professor, had not used just any doorbell; this one was a large, ornately carved, mournful looking gargoyle with a visage that clearly proclaimed the great-grandfather of all hangovers and a pair of spindly hands that clutched a tremendous and somehow nauseated-looking pauch. The gargoyle wailed, in a voice filled with the misery of all mankind, "Please, please go away! We don't want any!" (The greeting had been recorded the morning after one of his parties, which were famous throughout the University.)

A split era later, the Professor's assistant Woland appeared. Although we are old friends and drinking buddies, it is still startling to be ushered in by an erect-standing black cat, 2.5 feet tall, with a can of Do-or-Die Malt Liquor in his left paw, a kosher dill in his right, and a large Calabash

clamped betwixt his teeth. We exchanged greetings, and he led me through the house to the living room.

The Professor looked up as we entered; he should have, since Woland was teaching me an obscene Russian drinking song he had just learned -- and we both have powerful sets of lungs.

He waited curteously until I had collapsed onto a pillow under the Buddha hanging on the wall, and Woland had leaned back in his chair (shaped like Sophia Loren -- Woland had amazingly human tastes) before beginning to speak.

"Well, Vaughn, my old, you are somewhat upset, I should say. What's wrong? Your 1130 had a nervous breakdown? You lost your manuals? Somebody stole your SF library? Tell me about it, and we'll see what can be done."

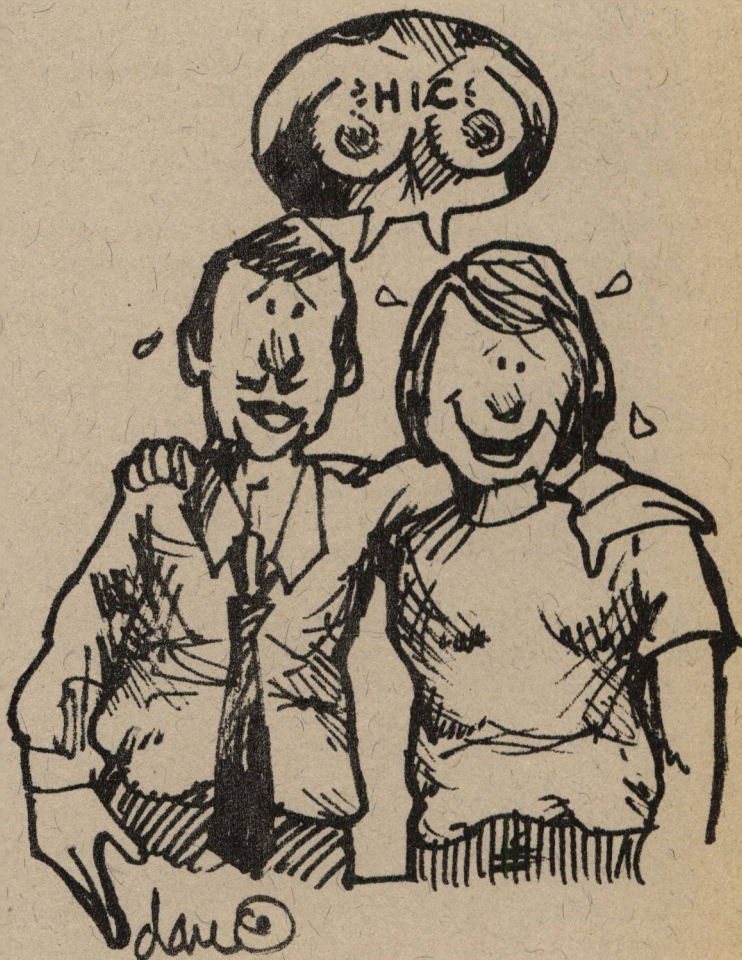
"It's nothing that bad, Professor," I said, shuddering as he recounted my three main nightmares, "It's just that I, through a piece of monumental stupidity astounding to behold, have enrolled myself in a 'Creative Writing' course, and all I've gotten out of it so far are an enriched vocabulary (rated "X" I'm afraid), several books by authors I detest, and a new headache, Excedrin #429. Not only that, but I have to write a paper PDQ, and my mind is blanker than the pages of the COLLECTED CLEAN PORNOGRAPHY you keep on your shelf for visitors. Doom is upon us!"

By the time I had reached Excedrin #429, it had become obvious that we were all going to need a drink, so Woland reached for three cans of Do-or-Die, throwing one each to the rest of us. There was a moment of devout silence as we removed the caps and poured ourselves a drink.

Woland was the first to speak. "Vaughn, tovarisch, I will lend you, out of the goodness of my heart, a new grimoire I just acquired a few months ago. Together we can cast a hex on this instructor of yours, causing the person so affected to acquire the shape of a cat, and you can leave the rest to me. I have a few ideas I wish to try out."

"Woland, my friend and comrade," I replied, "I know what you're thinking, and the idea in the abstract appeals to me, but Mr. Twist as a cat doesn't. Nor would he to you -- at least I didn't think you were that kind of person."

"Sorry," he said, and had another drink.





"What about just causing him to disappear?" the Professor asked.

"I'm afraid not," I replied mournfully. "There are too many people who might notice, if not care."

The room became silent once more as we all sank back into thought. Six cans of Do-or-Die, 13 dill pickles, and 3 ounces of Balkan Sobranie Flake Tobacco gradually vanished as time passed, all of us constructing and discarding scheme after scheme.

Transmogrification. Stasis until the end of the quarter. Mind-blanking to wipe out the memory of the assignment.

Finally, the Professor spoke once again.

"Well, since magic is out, we're going to have to come up with an idea for a paper for you. A revolting prospect, considering what I know about Twist. Well, let's see. Since you're a trufan, writing a science fiction story wouldn't be too hard. Considering the quality of most fan fiction, and the distinctly odd qualities common in it, he should love something on the order of a time machine story."

"I've tried that already. I hauled out one of my old stories I wrote for Phann, and submitted that, with appropriate changes. The Sommerdickenarr didn't like it at all, which isn't surprising since he has a self-admitted prejudice against SF. 'No Point' he wrote on the notes. Topel!"

Woland spoke next. "Since he's prejudiced against SF -- he undoubtedly deserves himself for that -- why don't you try a detective story? That should do it?"

My turn. "I tried that once; my characters were as convincing as a Nazi's arguments for Zionism, and the plot was as thin as the wire in a core unit. 'Fraid not. If I submitted a detective story, I'd get a 'Z' on the *****thing."

Professor von der Vogelweide tried again. "Since relatively normal stuff won't work, how about trying to bang out some porn for the man. That's bound to work -- I know about his social life."

I thought about the idea for a while, but finally had to turn thumbs down on it. "Much as I hate to say it, that probably won't make it, Professor. Not that he wouldn't like it -- that's just what I'm worried about. He'd probably read it aloud in class as an example of 'significant social comment' -- and I'd never live it down. I've been working my way through school by writing porn for a friend of mine who has a small publishing house, and too much of the stuff I've written has been circulating around school lately. At least some of the people in the class would recognize my style, and I'd never be able to live it down. Once they found out I write the stuff

for a living, they'd badger me unmercifully until I told them who my publisher was, and that's the last thing I want to have happen. I'm afraid it might work, and I can't afford the competition.

"I thought your style seemed awfully familiar from someplace," the Professor muttered.

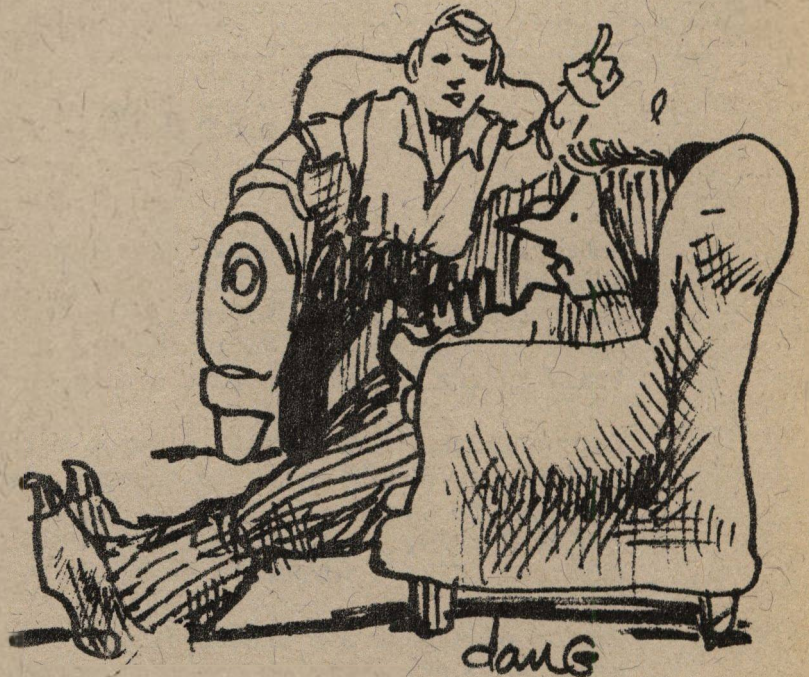
We sank back into thought. More silence, as Do-or-Die once more worked it's way down our bodies. "How about a serious study of character?" Woland then suggested, between mouthfuls of pickle and malt liquor.

"There are, I'm grieved to say, many objections to that idea, although it does have merit." I began ticking them off on my fingers. "First, I wouldn't have the faintest damn idea of how to do the damned thing. Second, who do I do? If I did a work on myself, I'd be hauled off to Bellvue in short order. If I studied you or the Professor, you'd be hauled off with me. There's nobody else around worth studying, except the 1130, whose only interesting characteristic is a deep and abiding misanthropy. Third, assuming I did figure out how to do it decently, which is unlikely, since I'm pornographing my way through college -- what's the Larger Point. Every story, you know, has to have a Larger Point. Finally, the most telling flaw is that the idea is intrinsically revolting!"

"Admittedly, the idea is revolting," the Professor confessed above the background gurgling. A few more minutes of thought and suddenly and simultaneously we all decided we'd had enough of this malt liquor; a recess was called to break out a cask of mead to do some serious drinking. Several pints of mead then went down our throats as furious cogitation continued on all fronts. Suddenly the Professor looked up, a great grin wrapped several times around his hirsute face.

"Vaughn, my boy," I have the perfect solution. The idea is magnificent in its simplicity; You will be touted and hailed as a genius in your class! It is thus: Go home. Pick an idea -- any one will do -- and think about it for a while. Then just record what you think, relevant or, preferably, not. Find a word that appears just once in the entire fraud, appending this as the title. Then simply retype the manuscript, being very clever about inspacing at apparently, and actually, meaningless points, and doing other things that can be picked up from any moderately pretentious book in the modern tradition.

There can be no flaws! It's obscure -- that means it has meaning! It rambles -- that means it's accurate! And it has no obvious Larger Point -- that means it's ideal for discussion and intellectual



One-Upsmanship. See!"

"Walther, you're a genius!" Woland and I chorused together loudly. We got up, clicked our heels and bowed to the Professor (difficult for Woland being barepawed), and drained our mead horns in toast to him. He merely smiled modestly and bowed back.



Woland and the Professor escorted me back to the front door -- all three moving somewhat unsteadily -- singing the song that Woland had taught me on the way in.

After arriving home, I sat down and proceeded to write, with little difficulty, the paper that was due the next day.

After it returned with an "A" on the covnt cover, though, I was very careful to watch for signs that he had suspected the truth, which fortunately, he never did. The only trouble with the joke was that - sigh - I could never reveal it to outsiders.

* * *

KARASS

Subscriptions to my monthly newszine/personalzine, KARASS, are available for 4/\$1.00. Subscriptions can begin with issue 9, which contains a long editorial on the future of the Worldcon and a copy of the new World Science Fiction Society Constitution (this is the group that puts on the Worldcon).

Future issues will contain diverse material, ranging from book reviews, to people news, to changes of address (CoAs), to fanzine reviews, to humorous articles. Issue 10 may be out by the time you read this, and will have a Jay Kinney cover and an article entitled "Mike Glicksohn's Beard" by Bruce Arthurs.

Copies of KARASS are also available for 1-for-1 trade, letters, news, artwork, articles, or book reviews. A sample issue may be purchased for 25¢.

AN EXHUMATION FOR ASTOUNDING

BY JOHN CURLOVICH

ASTOUNDING: JOHN W. CAMPBELL MEMORIAL ANTHOLOGY. Harry Harrison, editor.
Random House; 302p.

In human affairs, as in physics, every action has its reaction. Praise the Kennedys too much and people begin to suspect them of Caesarism; damn Richard Nixon too much and people begin to feel sorry for him. In the curious, nearly incestuous feedback between writer and reader which is the hallmark of the science fiction community, it is almost inevitable that similar reactions should occur. It is certainly time, for instance, that we begin to scrutinize more carefully the accomplishments of the late John W. Campbell, Jr., to determine if in fact he deserves quite as much lionization as he has received since his death. And as if to provide us with a useful document with which to begin such a consideration, Harry Harrison has given us his new *ASTOUNDING*, in which 13 of the late editor's "stable" (what a demoralizing thing it must be for them to be compared implicitly to livestock) of writers have provided new stories in tribute. Reading the anthology is a curious and unsettling experience. On the one hand, it is pleasant in the extreme to find old friends writing again (there is a new Bester story, and a new George O. Smith). But with this pleasure comes the rather sobering realization that Campbell's accomplishments in raising the literary standards of SF may not have been as great as is frequently supposed.

The book exists as a frank and unembarrassed paean to the late editor. Starting with the introduction, by Isaac Asimov, and straight through the afterword by Harrison, Campbell's virtues as an editor and as a man are extolled without cease. Harrison, glibly minimizing his role as editor of the volume, tells us, "We all know who the real editor was." (This may be less of a compliment than was intended.) Asimov, in a moment of rare modesty and unrare autobiography, informs us that Campbell gave him, virtually intact, the Robotics Laws and the framework of "Nightfall," not to mention the *FOUNDATION* series. He blithely relates that the lifeworks of Poe, Verne, Wells, and Gernsback "only laid the foundation" of SF, as if those gentlemen had spent their lives sitting and waiting for Campbell to appear and give meaning to what they had done. He was, we are told, the Father of Science Fiction. (Without wishing to provoke argument, I contend that it is absurd to maximize or minimize the roles played in the development of SF by any of these men, and quite a few others. Literary history is a cumulative affair.) Then, as if to prove all of this, as if the body of the book were a footnote intended to support Asimov's claims, we encounter the stories themselves.

Are they good? Alas, for the most part, no. But in order properly to assess them, we must first reassert, with some modification, what Sturgeon has told us: Most science fiction writers are not good in any objective sense; they are merely deft. Science fiction readers, as a matter of definition, like science fiction; hence, once a writer establishes a reputation, large numbers of people will read him--some enthusiastically, most uncritically. When someone once decides that Poul Anderson, let us say, is a "good science fiction writer," he is rarely indulges in any further form of critical thought. There is a certain "Anderson" kind of story,



and so long as any specific story has the right air about it, it will be accepted and even praised.

It is sad to report, then, that the current ASTOUNDING has attempted to be popular rather than good. Most of the writers included have given us stories calculated to appeal to their respective -- and often overlapping -- audiences; most, in fact, have simply added footnotes to well-known series, Simak offering a new "City" story, Hal Clement more about Mesklinites, and so on. Largely, these do not fare well. Mack Reynolds, a solid and frequently underrated author, has added a fine story to his "Blackman's Burden" series. George O. Smith, a curiously charming writer for all that he prefers gadgets to people, has done well in adding a postscript to the saga of Venus Equilateral. And Ted Cogswell, the Aristophanes of Chinchilla, Pa. (and a writer for whose stories I confess my weakness) offers a story called "Early Bird," written with Ted Thomas, a coarse and unexpectedly funny story in a generally humorless anthology.

But Harrison, Simak, and the others who have tried to conclude the cycles they began in callower days do rather poorly, as if they remember the thrills of pioneering a new kind of fiction, but have forgotten the techniques they used to do it. Anderson's "Lode Star" will appeal to followers of Nicholas van Rijn; Gordon Dickson's "Brothers" will be enjoyed by Dorsai enthusiasts; most of the other stories will have similarly limited appeals. (The Anderson story is so involuted, in fact, that readers unfamiliar with previous van Rijn stories may have trouble making sense of it.) Reflecting on this is a somber thing, and brings on an uneasy mixture of nostalgia and the tendency to wonder if these writers were that terribly good to begin with.

Two writers saw fit to attempt something original; only one fares well. Alfred Bester's contribution to the volume is a variation of the computer-as-a-deity theme, "Something Up There Likes Me." The usual Besterian concoction of the bizarre, the witty, and the Freudian, it may be one of the finest stories Bester has yet written. In sharp contrast, Sturgeon, who also contributes a story unrelated to earlier work, comes off quite poorly. His story, "Helix the Cat," is little more than a pointless and tedious hodge-podge of forced jokes. The author tells us that Campbell rejected it when it was submitted to him in the late Thirties. It is not hard to see why, but it is interesting to puzzle what the point of publishing it now might be.

Most of the writers have condescended to introduce their stories, thus clearing the way for more editor-worship. (Curiously, Asimov refrained from introducing his, the first time in recent memory he has bypassed an opportunity to tell us more about

himself.) We are told that Campbell was, among a great many other things, "a great... teacher and critic;" "a fountainhead of ideas;" and, mystically, "a greater friend to all of us than we may have known." The impression all this creates is odd: this font of wisdom, good will, and artistic greatness sitting, aloof but benign, on a properly science fictionalized Olympus, soaking up adoration from his inferiors — the men whose writing made his career possible. He doesn't sound like much of a friend at all; not certainly, the sort of guy you could have a couple of drinks with and tell your troubles to. Not even, for that matter, a real person.

It is this, finally, that gives away the game. If the writers Campbell "encouraged, shaped, and trained," to use Cogswell's inelegant phrase, are unable to produce a fit literary tribute to him, what are we to conclude about the quality of that training and, ultimately, about Campbell's contribution to SF as literary art? Consider what Asimov tells us: "He was the fixed pole star about which all science fiction revolved, unchangeable, eternal." Aside from the difficulties with tense (syntax and usage have never been strong points with Asimov) one is struck by the sheer, embarrassing indulgence of the thing. Has Asimov never heard of understatement? Does he not know how to paint a sensitive, intelligent word-portrait of a man? It seems not; nor do most of the others. There is something ghoulish about this new ASTOUNDING, like a guided tour through an old folks' home, and reading it leaves one suspecting that the gold in SF's Golden Age has begun to tarnish badly.

Ironically, it is Asimov who, albeit unwittingly, gives us a clue to a more sober view of Campbell's role in things. Writing of the fictions Campbell himself produced in the Thirties he tells us that he "pioneered in what came to be the 'new wave' of that era." The analogy here is well drawn; SF had in fact grown rigid and even tired by the end of the Great Depression. New, fresh, young writers revitalized it, and they found editor Campbell (one of themselves, really) a convenient rallying point. He became the pivotal figure in a minor Renaissance, a patron of the arts in the high old meaning of that phrase. This is no inconsiderable thing; it is quite praiseworthy in fact, and any critic who tries to minimize Campbell's importance is being seriously derelict. But at the same time, he was not of inestimable importance; to overrate what he did is to be equally irresponsible. The second "new wave," that of the Sixties, was largely ignored by Campbell. Reading ANALOG in those days, one always had the uneasy feeling that the action was someplace else, that Campbell (and through him his readers) had missed out on something decidedly interesting, not to say good. Having carved a niche for himself, Campbell went to sleep in it, leaving it to others to look to the literary future. In like fashion, most of the writers in the current ASTOUNDING clearly prefer romanticizing the past (a dangerous pastime) to pursuing literary quality, much less literary experiment. This is sad, for change is clearly in the air, and the writer who fails to take note of it will soon find himself left far behind, with nothing to console himself with but imagined recollections of the way things were.



AN INTERVIEW WITH

Although you have edited many SF anthologies over the past 10 years, many fans were surprised at your sudden surge to prominence over the past two years or so. Can you describe your professional credentials? When did you begin reading SF?

I have been reading science fiction, with some passion, since the mid-1950's. My father's reader background started during the days of the original AMAZING STORIES and other Gernsback publications. During our recent move, we uncovered some issues going back to 1929 and earlier. My father marked each story "good," "fair," or "poor," according to how he liked them. And some were so good he remembers them even to this day.

The books I read that most influenced my tastes in the genre were Clarke's CHILDHOOD'S END, Pangborn's MIRROR FOR OBSERVERS, and Asimov's CAVES OF STEEL. (It has meant a lot to me to be able to commit Edgar to a novel for Pyramid, and to have him do several novelettes for me as well; in my opinion, he is one of the finest authors alive today.) I found all three to be marvelous, and I find myself going back to each, every so often, and re-reading portions.

I began editing SF a bit less than 10 years ago--two anthologies for Paperback Library, followed by ones co-edited with Sam Moskowitz and then Vic Ghidalia, two very fine men to whom I owe a great deal. My increased output resulted from my growing enthusiasm over the advantages of doing original anthologies as opposed to reprinted ones. Previously the latter were my entire output. It is ever so much more creative to do fresh material.

How were you able to produce and sell so many anthologies?

As it turned out, the first few were delivered on time and done with some care so that the publishers were favorably impressed and, in several instances, ordered subsequent anthologies. Recognition of these spread to other fine publishers, and it just gathered momentum, at some point, one commitment leading to another.

While I have had some bad relationships with authors, due to tardiness in reporting on manuscripts, generally-speaking I think I have been successful in treating people as they should be treated--honestly. This goes for publishers. It is easy to get into the trap of counting a contract as merely a sheet of paper leading to some payment of money. I never have been obsessed by money. The commitment to do a job is more important. Money means less to me because it is, in my mind, only a device to help people; if it can buy somebody food to eat, pay a doctor bill, fine--but never pursued obsessively for its own sake. Thus, when I commit myself to a publisher, I don't do so with the \$ sign in my mind, but with gratitude that I can do another book. And doing books, the joy of creating another one, is a key factor in my life.

Could you describe your work with several SF publishers to establish new SF book lines or increase their SF output? How did you get involved in this aspect of SF publishing?

It is difficult to describe what is really a confidential relationship. Suffice it to say that I presented ideas to certain publishers, and some liked these enough to commit

ROGER ELWOOD

themselves. I've found them to be honorable and enthusiastic. As for how I got involved in book editing at the publisher level, as opposed to individual contracts, I guess it doesn't hurt to do good anthologies, get good reviews and try to be on time--with this background I was a known entity, and publishers have known what to expect: good science fiction that is worthwhile, also, at the marketplace.

Why do you think you've been able to produce so much more output in the past few years than other editors with more "famous" names (such as Bob Silverberg or Damon Knight)? Do you feel other SF editors could be producing as many anthologies and doing as many innovative things as you have, if perhaps, they tried harder, or if they wanted to? To what do you attribute your success -- luck, hard work, or both?

The biggest reason that I have more output than, say, Bob Silverberg is that he has a wife and a social life to occupy his time and he is primarily an author. I do not have the former, not much of the latter, and I seem to be editing a great deal more than writing these days. (I hope to balance the two pursuits as time goes on, however.)

You have to look at the fact that I work six days a week. (I used to work seven, but for religious reasons I no longer do any work on Sunday.) I often spend 70 or more hours at the job, and a lot can be accomplished if you dedicate yourself in this way. Silverberg, Damon, and others perhaps just aren't as interested in a schedule such as this one. They relax better than I do, have more personal involvements.

My success comes from hard work and trying to do the right thing. I don't believe in luck. That involves superstition. I am very down on such things--again, for religious reasons. No, it's work, personal involvement beyond what may be typical and trying to order your life so that you're doing what you truly believe in, without reason for shame.

You are working with one publisher and SFWA to establish a profit-sharing system for SF authors. I believe this is one of the few times this has been tried. Can you describe how this was brought about, what the arrangement will be, and what the benefits will be to the authors? Why hasn't such a system worked before?

The publisher is Harlequin. I doubt that it has ever been tried by a major publisher. The authors are to get 10% of the profits. Actually it came about because my share was 25%, and I felt the authors deserved a stake in it all -- so I will now get 15%. The benefits will be financial, if the books do well, but let me stress that they are being paid fair advances against royalties -- in addition to the profit-sharing aspect. The system just hasn't been tried before. I heard that someone offered it in lieu of advances and such, but this was unwise, and it fell through.

Can you tell us about the SF record you are working on?

The record has been completed and is entitled THE TOWER, based upon a Thomas Scortia short story. I hope to do others that are an improvement over this one, though it is fairly decent, for a first effort.

What other future plans do you have?

I would very much like to get into motion picture production. Here my tastes were formed by Robert Wise's THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, George Pal's WAR OF THE WORLDS, Don Siegel's INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, and other fine productions. I wasn't as impressed by SPACE ODYSSEY as some of my colleagues were--I found it to be warmed-over space opera with just a thin coating of metaphysical significance. Well-produced, but in the final analysis, nothing really new.

Do you think there is an increased market for SF in general and for SF anthologies? Will anthologies continue to appeal to the average reader, or is the market becoming saturated with the new anthologies? Are original anthologies merely filling the demand for short stories which once was filled by the prozines?

Before the surge in original anthologies, all readers had as a source for new short stories was the magazines. I don't think the anthologies are replacing the magazines as such, but, rather, supplementing them, giving readers the widest choice of short material in many years.

As for saturation, anything is possible, but I really do feel that new readers are constantly being drawn into SF--from the college level particularly. And with the Harlequin books, we hope to initiate hundreds of thousands of readers literally all over the world. The Harlequin system of promotion and distribution is a careful one, unique and pervasive.

Why do you think SF is becoming so popular? Will it continue to be so?

One reason for SF's increasing popularity is the same as that which is feeding the demand for inspirational books. In both instances, the need for looking away from today's problems can be fulfilled nicely. Science fiction takes the reader who wants escape away from today; SF also provides a medium for projecting ahead solutions to today's problems or, at least, extrapolative analysis of those problems. Inspirational books provide the ability to escape; they promise peace and happiness in the midst of shattering difficulties. I don't say this sarcastically; I happen to be a believer in God and His Son, and all of this means a great deal to me. So, SF will become more popular as (and if) conditions of today deteriorate even more. But another reason is that SF is the least conventional of the genres. You can go ahead in time, back in time, into an alternate universe, whatever you want to create for the reader, and this is one of its inherent appeals. Mainstream literature is deadily dull by comparison.

Why do you edit anthologies? Why do you think people read anthologies?

Original anthologies offer the reader at least a chance that he or she will find something worthwhile. Read a bad novel and you've blown the whole book. But it is seldom that readers will hate every story in any anthology. And even if they dislike 6 out of 12, they may like the remaining 6, so their money is far from wasted.

Furthermore, readers may not, for one reason or another, have time to get involved in a full-length novel. Short stories can be read in spurts, without losing any train of thought. They are perfect for a few hours every so often, on a bus or plane, or at home just after dinner. I'm not knocking novels, because most of the people who read one form read the other, but there are times when novels are just too long for reader involvement.

In general, what other fields are you interested in? What other fields are you working in professionally?

I am doing inspirational books for Avon, Paperback Library, Pyramid, Berkley, C. R. Gibson, and others. Since I am religious, and have been much of my life, though I constantly fail to live up to so many of the ideals Jesus set before us, these books are a God-send (literally). It means a lot to be able to see ideas that you cherish take shape in the form of books--ministers have their pulpits but religious editors have their books. Not that inspirational books should be sermons--to the contrary--but they do succeed in sending forth certain religious concepts to interested readers.

Your anthologies have been accused of being of mixed quality. But since most original anthologies I've read have been of mixed quality, the fault may lie in the lack of available superior material. While it may be true that your books are of mixed quality, so are everyone else's. If this is true, why is it so?

I'm prejudiced, of course, but I think I have produced only one anthology that I would have done better--it was an early one--and I am enthusiastic about all the others. I don't think any editor consciously, deliberately sets out to do a mixed-bag.

But if you say that some stories are better than others, I might be willing to agree. Why is this so? Because it is impossible to get award-winners all the time. The creative process just doesn't work that way. On the whole, though, the odds favor the quality in the anthologies above that of the magazines because a magazine deadline is a very unyielding thing; it must be met--while anthology deadlines are reasonably flexible and more time can be obtained to get in better stories.

Do you get your material by contacting authors directly or by relying on unsolicited manuscripts? Or do you use a combination of these methods?

I do indeed use a combination of these methods, though I favor that of contacting authors in advance.

You have requested this interview, and you've said that you'd like to do more interviews in fan publications in the future. Why do you want to be interviewed? Would you like other fans to contact you for future interviews?

One of the reasons I want to be interviewed can be summed up in a single word: COMMUNICATION. There hasn't been enough of this. And we're all into this field hopefully because we love it and want it to succeed as it never has in the past. (Let me hasten to add that I mean this in the sense that it promises to be more successful than ever before.) I really have nothing to hide. I like to talk with people, meet them. Anybody at all is welcome to visit me, just let me know a bit in advance.

Thank you very much.

* * *

(Editor's note: The above interview was obtained by mailing a set of questions to Mr. Elwood. He then replied with answers. I sent a second set of questions to clear up certain points and answer some unanswered questions. Although Mr. Elwood received the second set several months ago, he has never replied to them. I've left out the few questions he did not answer. This interview was done at Roger Elwood's request, in response to a review of his anthology THE BERSERKERS in KARASS 2.)

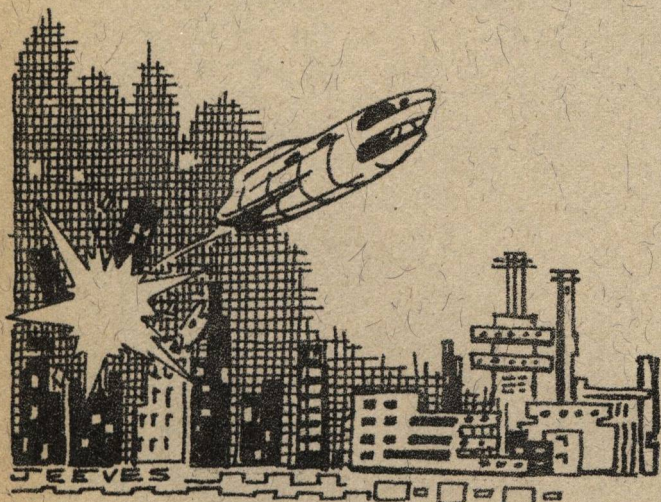
MEN AND MACHINES

THE WORKS OF T.J. BASS

There have been many SF stories dealing with the various forms of interaction between man and machine, including such landmark works as Asimov's *I, ROBOT*, Williamson's *THE HUMANOIDS*, Gerrold's *WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE*, D. F. Jones' *COLOSSUS*, Bunch's *MODERAN*, and McCaffrey's *THE SHIP WHO SANG*. With the exception of David Bunch, none of these authors have dealt with the subject on a deeper level than has T. J. Bass. Both Bunch and Bass use their fiction to explore the interface between mankind and its machinery, the point at which men begin to conform with absolute predictability and machines display initiative. But where Bunch treats his subject from a surreal, intellectualized level, Bass forces the reader to recognize and experience the blurring distinction between the two.

T. J. Bass is a new name in the SF world. Since 1968 he has appeared in the prozines only seven times, only once under his full name, Thomas J. Bassler, M. D. Three of these stories were later incorporated in his two Ballantine novels, *HALF PAST HUMAN* and *THE GODWHALE*. The seven stories, set in Earth's future, encompass a consistent technology. Taken as a whole, they portray millenia of man's future.

"A Game of Biochess" (IF, Feb. 1970) was the fourth story in order of publication, but is chronologically the earliest. Earth has spread out into an interstellar culture, with cyborged starships plying trade routes between worlds. Each starship contains one or more sentient beings, but rarely two humans together. Bass postulates that, as humans shed fragments of their body's tissue (hair, skin, etc.), they pollute their immediate environment with antigens. Extrapolating from organ transplant rejections, he postulates further that other humans who are in close proximity for extended periods of time (particularly in close quarters) will begin to display an allergic reaction to these antigens, and this will inevitably lead to conflict.

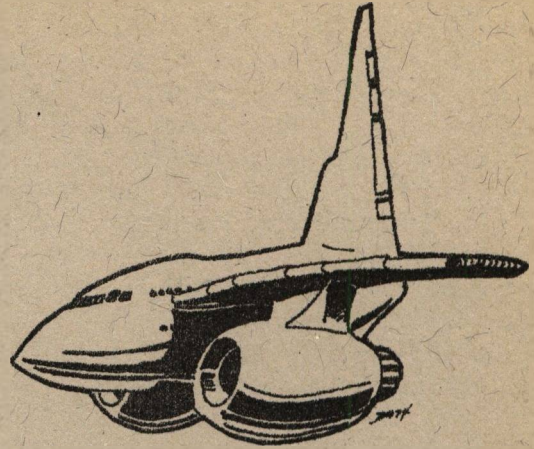


Spider, human commander of one such starship, is urged by his cyborg partner to search for a second cyborg ship, tenanted by a human girl with whom Spider believes himself to be in love. After a brief search, he locates and rescues her from her now wrecked ship. It is only then that Spider realizes that he does not love the girl, but that his ship had fallen in love with the other cyborg, and had manipulated Spider's emotions for its own purposes.

This is not a particularly good story; Bass displayed nothing notable in content or treatment. But it does indicate a recurring theme in Bass's work. Man increasingly allows machines to usurp his functions, and

as he does so, he loses some of his own humanity and becomes machinelike.

Set in approximately the same period of human history is Bass's sixth story, "The Beast of 309" (IF, Jan. 1971). Caesar, a four-year-old orphan, is operated upon and one eye is removed. As he grows older, he tries repeatedly to learn the reason for the operation, but the only authorities with whom he can speak are machines which regulate each and every detail of his life, and who refuse to tell him. Similarly, he is unable to discover who his parents were, or why, although he was still alive, his father left him -- along with a substantial endowment -- at the orphanage in the first place.



Achieving adulthood, Caesar becomes captain of a cyborg starship, and begins a search for clues to his father's identity. Simultaneously, he contracts for an eye implant, which will take several years to prepare. After considerable effort, Caesar learns that his father was injured in a mining disaster, and that he lost an eye. The trail disappears shortly thereafter.

Caesar returns for the eye implant, and discovers the truth. A clone of himself has been created, from which an eye will be removed. The clone, now a four-year-old child, will be cared for by the authorities of Orphanage 309. Caesar is, obviously, the result of a previous cloning of his "father." Man is thereby reduced to the level of spare parts, cared for by machines.

Bass first appeared with a novelette, "Star Itch," (IF, Sept. 1968) under the name Thomas Bassler. Earth society has progressed to a point where Implant Starships carry frozen humans to far world to establish colonies. It was an unprepossessing first appearance for a writer who would be producing such high quality work only a few years later. "Star Itch" is a rather disjointed story, dealing primarily with the efforts to discover what wiped out a previous colony. There are some excellent touches, however, particularly some rather gruesome hallucinatory passages. It is possible that Bass meant this (and the following story) to precede the interstellar culture already described, but the evidence appears contradictory and they may even be coterminous.

Bass's second published story was "Star Seeder" (IF, Sept. 1969). Earth's interstellar culture has now expanded through most of our galaxy, and now the cyborged Implant Starships are being developed to spread humanity beyond this one galaxy. But the project comes to a halt when the alien Dregs refuse to allow Earth's ships to pass through the rim.

AN ESSAY by Don D'Ammassa

The Dregs are a race of outwardly human entities who claim to be living symbiotically with their intelligent machines. Human authorities believe otherwise, convinced that the organic aliens are merely pets and spokesmen, tolerated by their mechanical masters. Bass never confirms or denies this, but implies that neither situation is desirable. The author's ambivalent attitude toward the Dregs is emphasized by his unflattering portrayal of mankind. Humanity is portrayed as even more aggressive and competitive than today, with an unbearable superiority complex. Nevertheless, the Dregs are thwarted and man spreads beyond his own galaxy.

"Star Seeder" is a poor story. The ambivalence obscures the author's intentions and the reader is left unsure whether the ending is upbeat or downbeat. Moreover, Bass has included several irrelevant scenes, including a gladiatorial contest and an unexplained assassination plot.

Two novelettes ("Half Past Human" and "Song of Kaia") appeared in IF, Dec. 1969 and Nov. 1970. These were later revised and expanded and appeared as HALF PAST HUMAN from Ballantine. The latter story is credited in the paperback as having been titled, "G.I.T.A.R.," which apparently was the author's choice of title. Considering the relatively minor role of Kaia in the story, it was by far the better choice of the two.

Man's interstellar civilization has collapsed. On Earth, mankind has evolved into the four-toed Nebish. Three trillion Nebishes live in underground Shaft-cities, filling every land mass on the planet. They are docile and short lived. In order to control population growth, each Nebish is implanted with a device which prevents puberty. When desired, the device is removed and the Nebish can be polarized to his or her full sexual potential. Elderly or sick Nebishes are placed in Suspension, suspended animation. They lead a monotonous, cheerless life for the most part. Their joys consist of a pseudo-sexual orgy called a meld, Molecular Reward -- a drug, and flavored calories, as opposed to the basic tasteless ration.

Suicide is common, usually resulting either from an overdose of Molecular Reward, or as a result of a dormant five-toed gene. These genes carry Immunoglobulin A, which makes life in the Shaft-cities unsupportable. When Nebishes die, they are frequently left to rot where they fall, and the Shaft cities are ankle deep in garbage and corruption. All decisions in the hive are made by mechanical brains, which open and close doors, determine who shall breed and when, and distribute food. The Class One brain is the Earth's sole government.

On the surface, Agromecks cultivate the crops which support the teeming life below. All agriculture has been genetically manipulated so that it cannot reproduce itself without the Hive's aid, thus eliminating all unauthorized growth. This gives rise to the concept of the Big ES (Earth Society); the entire planet existing only as a support system for the Hive.

Nebishes cannot exist unprotected on the surface because their skin no longer contains melanin to protect them from the sun. Atavistic, five-toed humans -- called Buckeyes -- live a fugitive life on the surface, frequently falling prey to Hunters, armed Nebishes in protective suits who view the Buckeyes as pestiferous wildlife.

Bass peoples this repulsive world with a wide variety of characters. Tinker and Moses Eppendorff are Nebishes with latent five-toed genes who abandon the Shaft cities to join the Buckeyes. Kaia is a mutant Buckeye, capable of hibernating in times of danger, shutting down all of his vital life signs, thereby making himself

invisible to cybernetic Buckeye Detectors. Hip is a Buckeye religious leader, preaching the gospel of Olga, who helps raise the first Buckeye army in history. Moses Eppendorff, like his namesake, leads a quarter million revived five-toeds from the Suspension Wards to their salvation. Moon is a two century old human who has discovered the fact that all men are cannibals, and can't understand why the rest of mankind hides from the fact. Toothpick and Gitar are cybernetic machines from man's more aggressive past, determined to rescue humanity from itself.



The Hive is a vast machine with organic parts, the Nebishes. When the population exceeds available food supplies, newborn infants are ground up and pressed into patties. Computers direct everything, down to the opening and closing of doors. Nebishes are valued by their contribution to the Big ES; when they stop producing, they have a choice between living on reduced rations, going into Voluntary Suspension, or committing suicide. Society cannot tolerate non-producers. When their value declines, they are discarded and replaced like a broken tool.

Faced with organized Buckeye resistance, the Nebishes rely on their Class One brains to defeat their enemies. The mecks, in turn, must turn for inspiration to those conforming Nebishes who also possess the five-toed gene. The ultimate battle is averted, however, when Olga -- an implant starship -- returns and takes the Buckeyes to another world.

the Buckeyes -- even half a million strong -- could ever threaten the three million Nebishes. Earth is left with its Nebishes, rapidly regressing, their machines usurping all authority, their individual will completely submerged in the collective mass of their numbers. In the end it is the machines who still control both groups. The Buckeyes survive only because of the intervention of the cyborg starship; the Hive has long since lost the ability to survive if its machinery should ever cease to function.

"Rorqual Maru," which appeared in the January 1972 issue of GALAXY, is included in Bass's second novel, THE GODWHALE. Initially, Bass reintroduces us to the Hive, some time following the events of the previous volume. The Nebish population has now reached three and a half trillion. Bands of aggressive renegades prowl within the superstructure of the Shaft cities, emerging to prey on the more docile Nebishes. Big Har is such a Tweenwaller, saved from the meat presses as an infant by a sympathetic robot.

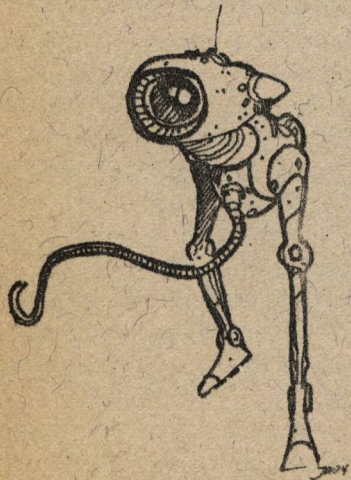
The Hive has become even more repulsive. Food supply is often insufficient, now that the oceans have all died. When food falls below safe levels, citizens must pass a popularity test, or submit to involuntary Suspension. Periodically waves of Bad Gas -- arising from the rotting waste spread through the Hive -- accumulate at sufficient levels that gas masks are necessary.

Larry Dever is a hemihuman, the entire lower Half of his body having been amputated thousands of years in Earth's past. Revived from Suspension, he is expected to die, but is befriended by Big Har. Together the two of them escape the Hive and join the Benthics, a primitive human society living clandestinely in air-filled umbrellas beneath the oceans. RORQUAL MARU is an age old cyborg whale, formerly functioning as a plankton harvester for the Hive, now the last of her kind and totally lacking in purpose. A meteor shower presages a mysterious return of life to the oceans. The battle between Nebish and Benthic for control of the oceans centers on mastery of RORQUAL MARU.

The Hive develops the superhuman ARNOLD, who is physically and emotionally capable of defeating the Benthics. ARNOLD, however, defects and becomes king of the Benthic society, captain of the RORQUAL MARU. Repeated attempts by the Hive to regain control only strengthen the Benthic position. For the first time, the Hive has been fought to a standstill. There are repeated indications of the man-as-machine theme. ARNOLD defeats the Hive's war armada by merging his identity with that of the RORQUAL MARU, becoming an extension of the cyborg. Old Drum and Captain Ode, two Nebishes, are used by the Hive as living bombs. ARNOLD is manufactured in such a way that his body is dependent on the Hive for certain amino acids.

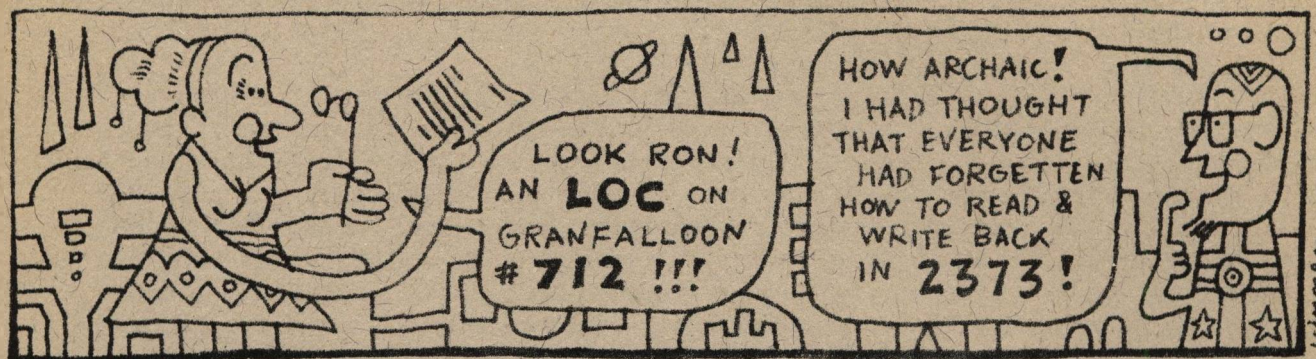
There is a second, subsidiary theme running through much of Bass's work. Bass is fascinated with the physical details of the body, describing in intricate detail the muscular systems, hormonal reactions, and other physical functions of his characters. This leads me to believe that Bass is either a doctor or an anatomist. With this fascination with the physical body, there are repeated examples of deformity.

Spider has a deformed leg, his girl friend a disfigurement on her back, Caesar is lacking an eye, Old Drum has lost his teeth, Larry Dever has been cut in half, Moon is toothless, Dan (his dog) walks on three legs. And so on. Perhaps it is this capacity for deformity that separates man from the machine in Bass's mind. The emphasis on body functions resembles a technical description of machinery, yet when machines lose their limbs, they no longer are functional. Bass's humans succeed despite their disfigurements.



I doubt we have seen the last of the Hive. Outwitted in HALF PAST HUMAN, out fought in THE GODWHALE, the Hive remains an almost insuperable monolith. Bass is unlikely to leave this theme until he has found a way to utterly defeat his creation. He has constructed in the Hive a society so real, so fully realized, so powerful in its inevitability, that it seems capable of existing independently of its creator. And the Hive is patient.

omphalopsychite



Michael G. Coney, 1016 Cypress Rd., R. R. 1, Sidney, B. C., Canada

Hearty congratulations to Don D'Amassa for detecting what everyone else seems to have missed -- the insane prejudice which lurks behind the writing of Michael G. Coney. It is my misfortune to bear the same name as that oaf who masquerades as a writer, but this does not deter me from complimenting the good Don on his perceptiveness -- in deed, my only complaint is that he did not go far enough, missing many gems of bigotry with which Coney, in his insidious manner, besprinkled his pages. Here are but a few.

Don mentions the abysmal "She was just...very lovely." (implying that women are sex objects) in SIXTH SENSE. But what about this? In the same story we have: "Hera's acid comment," (implying that women are sarcastic); "Joyce held the majority shareholding in the business," (implying that women are grasping); "Mandy was watching, her eyes unfathomable," (implying that women are mysterious); and, worst of all, "Her white shirt sticking to her body and outlining her young breasts," (implying that women have breasts -- and a host of other implications that make me hot to think about).

That is just one short story! And again, "Katy drives like a maniac." (implying, once more, that women are lousy drivers); "sobbing...as if her heart would break," (the hackneyed old over-emotional thing again), "The top of her silky head does not quite come up to my collar-bone," (women as sex objects...again...). Oooooopps! Sorry. Those last three quotes were from WHEN IT CHANGED, by Joanna Russ. However, if Coney'd had the skill to write those phrases, I'm sure he would have done so.

As Don so rightly observes, Coney's prejudices are not confined to women. The little green aliens in THE MANYA, underdeveloped and tribal, lorded over by the white man, are obviously intended to represent our oppressed black peoples -- and once this is realized, the implications are quite frightening. They are portrayed as stupid, warlike, childish, and deceitful. If this is not intended as a calculated libel upon every non-Caucasian on this Earth, it is certainly grossly insulting to all aliens.

Wherever I look, I find prejudice. Sometimes -- often! -- these examples are so glaring that I forget what the story is about; I even forget my own reasons for

reading the stuff, as insinuation after nuance erodes my patience, corrodes my critical faculties. MIRROR IMAGE is a gold-mine of such examples. Don mentions some prize items: "...cult of the have-notes," (prejudice against Social Security - and, through that, Authority generally); "a psychiatrist's patients never really get better," (prejudice against honest professionalism).

But worst of all is Coney's blind, unreasoning prejudice against men. Listen to this, again from MIRROR IMAGE: " 'Yes, sir,' said the man timidly, and ran." (men are subservient); "Dark hair...deep-set eyes." (men are sex objects); "A low gloating chuckle one stage removed from insanity." (men are mentally unstable); "He suddenly looked like a child about to cry." (men are constitutionally immature); "The tycoon had worked himself up into a dangerous fury; little spurts of spittle spat from his lips..." (men are megalomaniacal, emotionally unpredictable, and physically incontinent); and the classic "Stordahl regarded the horizon, puzzled." (men are stupid).

And again and again, wherever my eye falls. I am a Coney completist and I urge everybody to be the same -- we must, if we are to gather sufficient ammunition for our campaign against crud. In this capacity as a collector I recently acquired a rare prize -- Coney's unpublished novel based on SUSANNA SUSANNA! If there is any justice in this decadent world, it will remain unpublished. Listen to this:

"She was not real. Nothing so perfect can be real." (not again!); "The waiters were asleep in the staff quarters." (men paid by the hour are indolent); "Pablo appeared with touseled hair, zipping his pants." (the Mediterranean races are inherently oversexed); "I woke with a blinding headache the following noon." (Coney drinks too much); "These fine late-autumn mornings are not renowned for staying power." (implied criticism of the Almighty); and -- probably the most blatantly prejudiced remark I've ever read: "I never quite trust a man who drinks gin."

Just a few examples from a novel which is chock-full of similar garbage, if you look closely enough. I may not always get my facts right, but I can spot prejudice though the plates of a steel-hulled pleasure yacht. From the Antarctic to the Arctic Circle, through all the deep reaches of Space, it seems that nobody is safe from the uncouth jibes of the animal Coney.

And furthermore, I am morally certian that Coney is prejudiced against the Eskimos of Baffin Island too -- but since I can find no reference to the Eskimos of Baffin Island in his stories, I must await additional proof. I have every confidence that I will find it, or Don D'Ammassa will. More power to your pen, Don D'Ammassa! I propose, right now, to drink your health in gin.

Don D'Ammassa, 19 Angell Dr., E. Providence, R. I. 02914

I was glad to see that Michael G. Coney felt compelled to respond to my article, but disappointed that he chose to be whimsical. His point is apparently that I chose only those quotes which supported my premise, ignoring, for instance, those which were critical of men. He exaggerates his point by quoting other derogatory references to women which I did not use. Careful reading, however, shows that Coney is actually proving me right.

The remarks that he quotes all refer to specific individuals. I would never dream of criticizing an author for portraying a female character unsympathetically. But the references that I cited refer to women as a class, not as individuals. This is a

fundamental difference, and if Coney is unable to recognize this, he will never understand the point I was trying to make.

Let me illustrate from Coney's most recent story, "The Hook, the Eye, and the Whip." Coney uses an organization called the Foes of Bondage to satirize the Feminist movement. He refers to them as an "unyielding bloc of womanhood, upright and militant." He goes on to say that: "Their methods are wrong, in that they think it right to counter problems with problems." Now, regardless of whether or not the reader agrees with Coney's depiction, he is making use of a legitimate, valid, and useful device to make a point which he feels should be made. But in the same story, we have this line: "Miss Jones doesn't know that. She can't. She's a woman." This is not an observation of Miss Jones, or of the Foes of Bondage. It is a generalized statement about the entire sex. It is the remarks of this nature which I extracted from his fiction, and it is these remarks which I feel flaw his work, because they make his situations less real.

Coney apparently views my criticism as a personal attack, as he also does the Feminist movement. I am sorry he feels this way, because it probably polarized him further and made useful dialogue less possible. I think I should point out, however, that my article was largely complimentary. Coney has excellent grasp of setting and movement. But so long as he peoples his stories with women who are caricatures rather than characters, his writing will suffer.

Michael G. Coney replies to the above

As an avowed supporter of equal rights, treatment, and opportunity for women (and minority ethnic groups) I find it saddening that the militant nitpicking of a few is obscuring the major issues. My organization 'The Foes of Bondage' (a novel dealing with this dreadful society is to be published early next year, provisional title, VENUS FALLING...) does not satirize the Feminist movement. It is designed to point out the pitfalls which any minority group should avoid, in order to get serious attention. Many of the incidents therein, in fact, are drawn from the experiences of Black Power and student demonstrations.

It is quite clear in THE HOOK, THE EYE, AND THE WHIP that the target is the militant extremists of any group. Listen to these quotations -- all from members of the Foes:

"Isn't it fun to have the chance to shout obscenities at people without the fear of any comeback?"

"It is a terrible comment on our society when a man will, quite deliberately, risk his life to save another."

"Couldn't you have taken the chance that the bastard would kill himself?"

They are cranks. They are meant to be cranks. And cranks, as I am pointing out, are the downfall of any sane action group.

This is made very clear; and in the story it is specifically stated that the objects of the Foes are sound; only the methods are wrong. Here is the protagonist addressing Carioca Jones, the Foes' leader:

"Regardless of whether or not the members are women, they are exactly the type of person I don't like. Your members get a vicarious personal satisfaction from the

annoyance they cause others. Their methods are wrong, in that they think it is right to counter evil with evil." (That last line was slightly changed by Jakobsen.) Now - I am generalizing here. I am saying that I consider discrimination on the base of sex or race or creed is evil - and I think malicious and dangerous unilateral actions (skyjacking, kidnapping, bomb-throwing) are evil too.

And to put the whole thing in perspective, let us remember that the character who said: "Miss Jones doesn't know that. She can't. She's a woman," was a convicted rapist. This brings me right back to my original standpoint:

I will not allow the considerations of a few would-be censors stand in the way of accurate characterization. As in this example, such people skim the surface of a story, picking little juicy bits out of context and hold them up for their friends to see. They're so busy formulating their own interpretations that they never look for the author's meaning.

Yes, I take this criticism as a personal attack -- because that is what it is stated to be. It is a criticism of me, not my writing (which is 'more than competent'). It is an incompetent attack because I know my own faults -- and our critic hasn't found one of them.

John Curlovich, 108 Montville St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15214

In general I thought the graphics of Gf18 far exceeded the writing quality. The Kinney/Canfield folio was close to superb, at least to one who fits that definition of decadence as closely as I do. Joe Pearson's covers are the best I've seen on any issue of Gf; I only wish you'd printed them on heavier stock. Most of the interior illos -- especially Dan Steffan's, Jay Kinney's, and Rotsler's -- couldn't have been better.

I found the written matter very uneven in quality. Angus Taylor seems to have missed the whole point of RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, and, I suspect, of most of Clarke's other work. His principal objection to the novel seems to be that he dislikes the names of the characters and of the "Cities" inside Rama. This is incredible! What more peripheral criticism could anyone offer? He also says that the characters are two-dimensional. I'll freely grant this -- all of Clarke's characters are, to good advantage. The whole point of the novel is that there are, in the universe, things which dwarf us, make us seem vastly insignificant. Rama, and the culture which produced it, are clearly among these. All of the people in the novel are characterized in terms of their political or scientific ideologies or their hobbies. These things are clearly ephemeral: While Man may abide and rise to great heights, such petty individual differences almost certainly will not. With Clarke, the real protagonist in Mankind, the antagonist is Time. Many people seem constantly to miss this; hence the deprecation of Clarke (and many other fine writers whose primary concern is not with character) by the literary establishment. In RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA, Clarke has produced the first novel of the century which has as its primary function the instillation in the reader of a feeling of the sublime. That the sublimity he deals with is that of technology, not of nature, has social, aesthetic, and philosophical implications never hinted at in Taylor's review.

Cy Chauvin's article is by far the best in the issue. Walter Kerr managed to say a great deal more about the art of playwrighting in HOW NOT TO WRITE A PLAY than most other drama critics say in their lives. By using more or less the same technique,

Cy has managed to say more about what constitutes poor SF writing (and by implication, what constitutes the good) than any writer in any short essay I've seen lately. Moreover, he seems genuinely to want to improve the writing in the field through his criticism -- a rare thing. Most critics these days make the mistake of equating I LIKE IT with IT IS GOOD. Cy does not, and this is very much to his credit.

Charles Korbass, 1611 Miller St., Apt. 101, Honolulu, Hawaii 96813

There are more differences between comic and SF fanzines than you seem to think. Almost all comic fanzines are devoted largely, if not entirely, to articles on comics and original short stories and comic strips; there is little stuff on fans and their activities or on things like cooking or politics that have little to do with the fandom or its object of interest, unlike SF fanzines. (The comics fanzines of the late 1960s, which did deal with a greater variety of subjects, are an exception.) Also, comic fanzines are usually offset today (most were dittoed during the 60s), while the mimeograph seems to be the most popular means of producing SF zines.

You also missed one very amusing error in Wertham's book. On pages 104-105, Wertham quotes Gordon Matthews' "The Addict" as if it was a serious poem on drug addiction. Actually, it is a humorous poem having nothing to do with any real kind of drug addiction, as is clear when the poem is quoted in its entirety:

"The room is dark; the shades are drawn. You're nothing but a pusher's pawn. You screech and cry and laugh and scream; You're in an acid nightmare dream.

(Wertham ends quote here-CK)

But 'ware this vice, a wayward one, For someday it will lose its fun. And in just a real short while, You'll grow withered and senile.

Twill drive you to murder and arson and rape. To sniff Scotch Magic Transparent Tape!"
(It seems that the poem has almost exactly the opposite intent that Wertham attributed to it - it is a satire on drug dangers. -LeB)



Raymond J. Bowie, Jr., 31 Everett Ave., Somerville, Mass. 02145

You got quite a few nasty letters over the possibility of commercialism hitting the cons. Some letters you could tell were derogatory without you even breathing a word. It's become common practice now to attack another's ideas and thoughts by attacking him personally and not his generalities. People have a vile habit of becoming disagreeable over certain subjects, and I should know. At times I get that way and I try to avoid getting that way. It isn't easy.

People do tend to hear only what they want to hear. And they also protest the loudest. Tony Lewis and Lester del Rey had the only two letters which weren't put down at all. Both were very reasonable and well thought out. If the Trimble's letter is any indication of what they are like as persons, I'd rather avoid them. Manners do account for something.

It seems to me that you were getting at some kind of balance between profit and and amateurism. Or rather profit and commercialism. I agree with you that the big danger in all this is the grim spectre of commercialism. I got into fandom last year because I was lonely and since I was homebound and jobless I wanted to communicate with other people who shared my interests. Things are better now -- I joined NESFA not long ago and attended my first NESFA meeting. I also contributed to APA-NESFA and I hope to keep it up. I agree that cons shouldn't be put on just for profits. If they are, then fandom is brought to the level of the Black C - commercialism. The legitimate expenses involved should be provided for, but beyond that there shouldn't be much to profits - or you can kiss the true meaning of fandom goodbye.

I agree with Mr. Lewis and Mr. del Rey regarding paying guests of honor. Paying their accommodations and being extra respectful with the GoH is far better. Otherwise it would be like paying your relatives when they come to call for doing so. It destroys the family feeling and turns it into a money making venture.

John Trimble, 696 So. Bronson Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005

You have apparently missed the point of my letter (which was printed in Gf18); namely, that a little research, and contacting the persons involved directly, would have given you a more informed (and hopefully more balanced) point of view from which to write. Such "legwork" might have saved you from making the implied criticisms unjustly made in Gf17. Unfortunately, by this time it is too late; many of your readers will have formed their opinions, will be reinforced by opinions like that expressed by Lester del Rey (who says he thinks that the Art Show arrangement "stinks" -- I've written him about that), and few of them will bother to re-think their conclusions in light of the qualifying material in Gf18. Instead, your ill-informed damning in the last issues will be combined with Lester's outrage in this, and the Trimbles will lose what reputation they had left.

I think that timing had/has a large part to do with the flack you've received from the LACon people, and--possibly--with our reaction(s) to what you said about the Art Show. The LACon was already coming under heavy (and largely unjustified) fire from the professional rumor-monger/carping faction--Andy Porter--and the Art Show was in the midst of the NESFA/Davis thing, when you sound off! To people under attack, even the mildest form of criticism is going to appear to be further fuel heaped on the fire.

Especially when it is such ill-informed criticism. We were all hurt by it; the Trimble and the various and sundry fans in the LA area who had anything to do with LACon. You helped Andy Porter to ruin any fun these people could have had in putting on the 3rd L.A. Worldcon. It's no wonder that a biting satire like GRAND-BALLOON resulted.

I'm sorry that you viewed our letter in reply to Gf17 as an uninformative reply; we tried to present at least some of our point of view. Timing and communication are problems. Both would be helped by contacting people before going into print. Not to mention cutting down on the amount of pages devoted to the mess...which helps the paper shortage. I've enclosed a copy of our letter to Lester del Rey which may explain a little more of our point of view.

(From the letter to Lester del Rey:) Out of whatever the Art Shows take in from entry fees, commissions, etc. (there's very little etc.), we pay all of the expenses of the show: replacement of worn-out portions of the hangings, shipping charges (as at Torcon 2, over \$250), fees for the guards the con supplies, any room rental which may be charged to the con, plus the expenses set forth in my letter in Gf18. The net "profit", after all of this, is barely enough to pay for our con expenses. By that, I mean our expenses at the con, not our way to and from. Perhaps even this is too much to us, but without it, we couldn't afford the frequent attendance at Worldcons which running the Art Show demands. We can't charge off our expenses on our income taxes, as professionals can, and running the Art Shows doesn't give us any leeway for running a huckster table, by which many other fans who also attend most Worldcons are able to pay their expenses.

(I agree, I should have written you and found out for sure what the arrangement was and if you made profits. However, my editorial was actually very correct. If you'll reread it, calmly, you'll see I did specify that you have to pay all of the costs and take any loss for the Art Show. I mentioned past losses you probably made, the work it takes, and the excellent job you do. My main two points were that with the increased size of the Worldcon, there is a potential for increasing profits, and that very few people knew about the arrangements. In your letters, you really haven't contradicted anything I said. I said: "The Trimble could make a sizeable profit." Could is not the same as do, but rather implies, in the context of the article, that with increasing size of the con, and higher prices of artwork, the artshow increases in income might lead to increased profits. My point was that people should know about the arrangement, and I still maintain that many people didn't, including artists. All the hard work and money you've spent in the past certainly entitles you to some decent artshow profits now, but people ought to know where their money is going, and not think that the profits go to the Worldcon itself. Although you published financial reports in the past, that did not mean that people knew what was going on now - fandom has a pretty big turnover, and is also increasing in size. Thus, most fans who have been active in fandom 5 years or less, did not know. -LeB)

Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 North Early St., Alexandria, Va. 22302

The covers for Gf18 are very good, and on the whole the issue is considerably better than last issue. I still find the cooking column a dreadful waste of space, especially in view of the rather short letter column that you give us. I think it's a shame that so many letters from GOOD fan should be condemned to unpublished oblivion. *(Maybe you'll feel better with this longer column - LeB)*

Len Moffatt puts his finger right on the cause for this continual bitching about Worldcons, but he seems to pass right over the remark, not comprehending what he has said. He says, "Each Worldcon committee is an independent entity. It can, if it wishes, do as it damn well pleases with the con, with the monies, etc." Does this sound right to you? It seems that he condones this state of affairs. Legally, such seems to be the situation. However, traditionally, and by implication, each concon and worldcon is merely that year's edition of the Worldcon. From my point of view, the concon has won the privilege of hosting the Worldcon, but this shouldn't make them autonomous. We've been lucky up till now. The WSFS rules should be changed to include precise parameters for the disposition of profits; or else, a rule should be made requiring the concon to leave it to the vote of the membership. This could be done by asking members to indicate on their Hugo ballot, by percentage, the causes that they want their share of the profits to go to. The profits would be divided equally, one share per member who took the trouble to vote, and the money would be disposed of as described. Under such a system no one could have a legitimate gripe. *(The new WSFS Constitution, passed at Discon, now states: "Each Convention Committee should dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the benefit of the Society membership as a whole, and should publish or have published by the following Convention Committee a final financial report." This is rather vague, but is a vast improvement over nothing. There are also major changes in the Constitution, including elimination of Hugo category definitions and legitimation of the Nasfic. A copy of the Constitution is printed in KARASS 9, along with my editorial on the future of the Worldcon. As mentioned previously, you can subscribe (4/\$1) or write me and I'll send you a copy of this issue if you are really interested.-LeB)*

Frankly, I don't think any fanzine is worth 75¢. I prefer cheaper formats at cheaper prices. The slickness tends to mitigate the frequency, which I consider very important in fanzines, as evidenced by ALGOL, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, and GRANFALLOON. Harry Warner says that nowadays some fanzines are bound to make a profit and I agree. But in such a situation, the editor should endeavour to return the profit to the readers in the form of a reduced price on future issues, otherwise one can only conclude that it is his intent to make a profit, which in my book precludes consideration for a fanzine Hugo. *(75¢ is a bargain for many fanzines, especially when you consider that paper is now costing \$2.55 or more a ream, postage is 18¢ for 4th Class, and other supplies have also increased in price. A 50-page 75¢ fanzine is a bigger bargain than 3 issues of a 10-page fanzine at 25¢ each. Both types of fanzines may cost the editor as much to publish because of postage costs. Just because a fanzine costs 75¢ does not mean it is making a profit. This Granny is now costing a \$1.00, but I still will lose at least \$100 on the issue.-LeB)*

Susan Glicksohn's article is wonderful. These "happy faces" are symbols (more fadist than anything) which have lead people into a common fallacy. As S. I. Hayakawa notes, it is a common and primitive fallacy to believe that there is any necessary connection between a symbol and the thing symbolized, which often leads to a situation where the symbol becomes a substitute for the real thing in itself. Perhaps I have succumbed to cynicism, since I see the situation she laments as being inevitable in our present society. Most of the young generation I see are callous, statified, roboticized, inconsiderate, unfeeling, unthinking masses whose immaturity is unbecoming, whatever the individual's age may be. This phenomenon is not surprising, however. Eric Hoffer, who called it the juvenilization of our society, first described it and analyzed it in the mid-60's. Since then, the course of human events has made the accuracy of his analysis seem uncanny.

No offence meant, but the loss of Jeff Glencannon is sorely felt. Your review of the Wertham book is good, and quite similar in tone to Dave Locke's in AWRY 6, but

the rest of the column is best left uncommented on. I think it would be best to drop the column in favor of a longer book or letter section. The book section was fabulous, especially the piece on Cogswell. *(I agree, Jeff Glencannon is sorely missed. He has gafiated, and I don't even know his new address. I've always dreaded writing fanzine reviews, because I know I'm not too good at it, but I feel obligated to review the zines I receive, and also, a number of people use the reviews. Now the zine reviews are appearing in KARASS. But I wish someone would volunteer to write the reviews. Any takers?-LeB)*

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla., 32925

I like your editorial style. It's a rare fan who knows what he wants to say and says it economically, forthrightly, yet politely, but you do. It's an all too uncommon pleasure to read a coherent essay in good English in a fanzine these days....

I must agree with Susan Glicksohn about the smiling faces. Those meaningless "Have a nice day" and such bore me and put me in a bad humor. Every time I hear one I'm tempted to say "Bugger off" or other abusive phrases less printable. When I go somewhere to buy something or service, I want that thing or that service, not idle chatter. Real courtesy I like, but to be told that this or that is "for my convenience" or "for my listening pleasure" or such...grrrr...how it irks me. It debases the language too.

Eric Mayer, RD 1, Falls, Pa. 18615

I have a special reason for liking Susan Glicksohn's article on manufactured optimism. As you know, we had a flood up here a couple years ago. Afterwards there was a veritable plague of those smiling faces. They grinned out of the wreckage of every building in town, usually as part of a poster saying "The Valley With A Heart, coming back better than ever." All you could read in the papers was how optimistic people were, how the hardest hit were the most determined to bounce back. The radio and TV stations agreed. Only trouble was, the flood victims didn't agree. My sociology class did a little survey and found out that a regular landslide of people thought things were not going to be better than ever. As a matter of fact, the only group that agreed with the official optimistic line were people in surrounding communities who hadn't been affected by the flood. Those that were affected were less and less optimistic in direct proportion to how much they'd lost. Which is what you'd expect. So I'm very cynical about those plastic smiles.

I think the question of professionalism in fandom is very important indeed. I'm new to fandom. I enjoy it because it isn't like anyplace else, regardless of what some may say. Anyone who doubts this may try explaining fanzines to their mundane friends. The initial reaction usually is "what is it?" Closely followed by "How much did it cost?" with the snide implication that you must really be naive to pay for such trashy looking things and someone, somewhere, must be mopping up. Many people will simply not believe me when I explain that most of my fanzines come to me free or for a nominal price that doesn't nearly cover the cost of their production. "Then why do it?" they'll ask. It just doesn't seem sane to them that someone should produce a magazine, knowing full well that he is going to lose, and not make, money on it. You can't understand how deeply the profit motive is ingrained in the American psyche until you've tried to explain fanzines to someone.



Look at the so-called underground press. They're very down on conformity and capitalists; but all those newspapers look the same to me, all the writing sounds the same and I've got to believe that someone is mopping up on ROLLING STONE. (And its really hilarious to look in the meagre book review section of that paper and see the same books that were reviewed a week before in TIME.) So fandom is different, and I hope it stays that way. I'm sure there is room for a few semi-prozines. I enjoy ALGOL and THE ALIEN CRITIC. But as soon as commercialism becomes a way of life in fandom, off I go.

Mike Kring, PSC #1, Box 3147, Kirtland AFB East, Albuquerque, N. M. 87115

Susan Glicksohn's article was not too well thought out. Why should stewardesses care if their smiling annoys one person? I, for one, enjoy the sight of a pretty woman smiling pleasantly at me. So who cares if it's phony? I've had numerous occasions to smile at people I detested, merely because I needed the job, or didn't want my mouth bashed in. Sure it was phony, but it was expedient. Sure, stewardesses smile because they have to, but what if the phony smile keeps one person who is terrified of the idea of flying calm enough to keep his cool, and not run amok?

I can't understand the idea that a phony smile degrades everyone. How so? If everyone took the smile as honest, then I could understand it; but everyone knows it's not. So...where does the degradation come in? And that bit on the very pregnant woman...did Ms. Glicksohn ever think the woman was extremely happy over the prospect of a child? Why isn't she allowed to show this to the world, or is Ms. Glicksohn the only one who has that right? And don't get the idea I like the stupid smile face, I detest it. Some people must like the idea, or it wouldn't be such a big hit, and on everything from underwear to jet planes.

And Susan Glicksohn thinks it's okay for her to wrinkle her nose at babies and smile at them, when she knows at least 50% of them will cry. How come? Has she ever thought about why they cry? How would you like a giant to stick his face three inches from your nose and make faces at you? It wouldn't be funny at all, it would be terrifying. Which, I imagine, it is to little babies. If Susan doesn't like unhappiness in the world (though what she could do to change it all, I can't even imagine) why is she going around and frightening little babies? Isn't her smile just as phony as the smile buttons? I think so. If she can sit there, and make a bet with herself, it strikes me she is coolly going about and sticking her face near children just to see if she is correct.

The entire attitude of GRANEALLOON comes off to me as if everyone had a snobbish attitude toward the reader. I don't like that attitude. I may not be as well-to-do, or smart as they are, but by damn, I am competent enough to pick up their sly innuendos. (Of course, I could be merely paranoid; but I tend to doubt that. I went through that stage of insanity a long time ago, and outgrew it.) You may get the impression I don't care too much for Gf, and y'know, you'd be right. Too

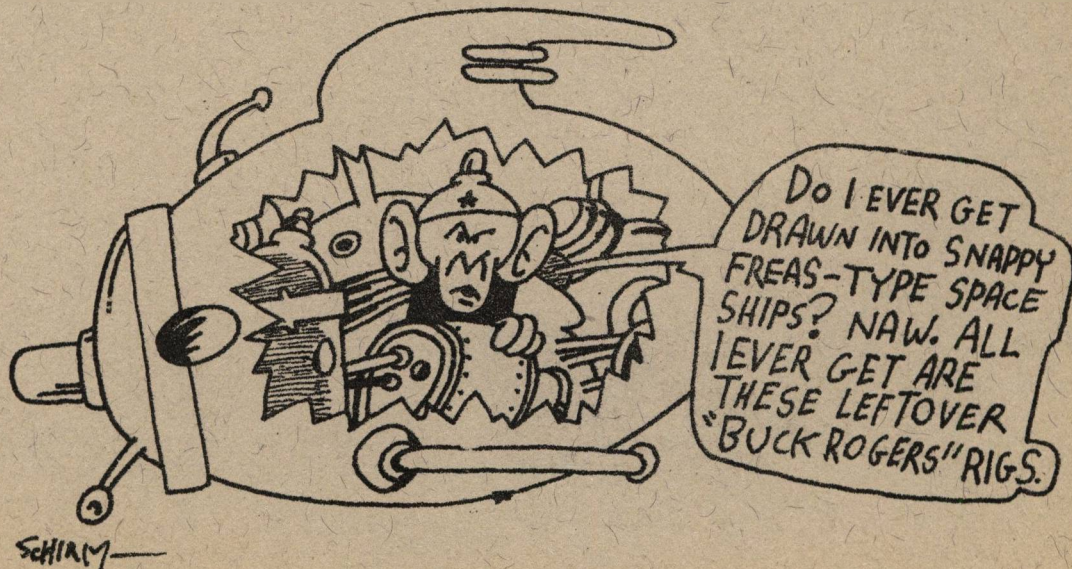
utterly lifeless. The folio in Gf was the worst thing I've ever seen by Kinney or Canfield. Terrible, terrible, terrible. The art was good...but...it was a waste of paper. You should have seen that. Pointless in the extreme. Well, not too much else to say, since I don't know what the hell is going on in the lettercol, nor really care. It's another Gf controversey, which means it ain't worth bothering over. (How do you spell ~~fughead~~ paranoid? -LeB)

John Prenis, 161 W. Penn St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

Once again, you made a few boo-boos, judging from the snarls and squawks on your commercialism editorial. Is it worth a few bruised friendships to keep up your klutz rating? In all fairness though, I think you've done an excellent job of presenting the various points of view and the reactions thereto. Certainly you have demonstrated the breakdown in communications. Fandom seems to have grown to the point where "everybody knows that" just isn't true anymore, if it ever was. If anyone accuses you of being an alarmist on the subject of finances, I'd like to point out that it seems to be true that wherever an opportunity for corruption exists, someone will eventually ~~also~~ sink to the occasion. I hope that the discussions you have provoked generate some light as well as heat, and that you will never have the dubious pleasure of saying "I told you so."

I particularly enjoyed the pieces by Lester del Ray and Tony Lewis. Susan Glicksohn's article was worth some thought. I'm very sorry to read of the gafiation of Jeff Glencannon. I don't think you have it in you, Linda, to really shread the crudzines. The bit on Cogswell was nice. I've always liked his stuff and wished he wrote more.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Harry Warner, , Sheryl Birkhead, Andy Porter, Ruth Berman, Leigh Edmonds, Rose Hogue, Denis Quane, Tom Roberts, Darroll Pardoe, Gene Hamill, Jodie Offutt, Eric Lindsay, Don Ayres, Chris Sherman, Ken Gammage, John Robinson, George Flynn, Gerard Giannattasio, Richard Brandt, Mike Glicksohn, Lois Newman, Rich Bartucci, Jerry Kaufman, Jay Kinney, Fred Wertham, George 'argus, and others.



WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS ISSUE:

- ☒ You subscribed.
- ☐ You contributed a letter, artwork, or article.
- ☐ You married me.
- ☐ We've got to stop meeting like this.
- ☐ You kept asking if Granny had folded and I kept saying "no", so I had to do something.
- ☐ I crave your body fanzine.
- ☒ It was just one of those things, just one of those crazy flings, a trip to the moon on gossamer wings.
- ☐ We trade fanzines.
- ☐ I book you wrote or published is reviewed.
- ☐ You are mentioned.
- ☐ This is a sample.
- ☐ Please review this fanzine in your fanzine.
- ☐ I admire your work and hope you'll contribute to next issue.

- ☐ You are in my karass.
- ☐ You are in my granfalloon.
- ☐ How do you spell paranoid?
- ☐ The sadder but wiser fan for me.
- ☐ Without my fan friends I get stale.
- ☐ Dick? Dick! Dick? Dick?
- ☐ Dick?
- ☐ You are Mae and this is December.

- ☐ If this is marked off, this will be the last Granfalloon you'll receive unless you subscribe or contribute or trade.



This has been GRANFALLOON 19.
A klutzy production. Published
on Johann Sebastian Bach Smith.

