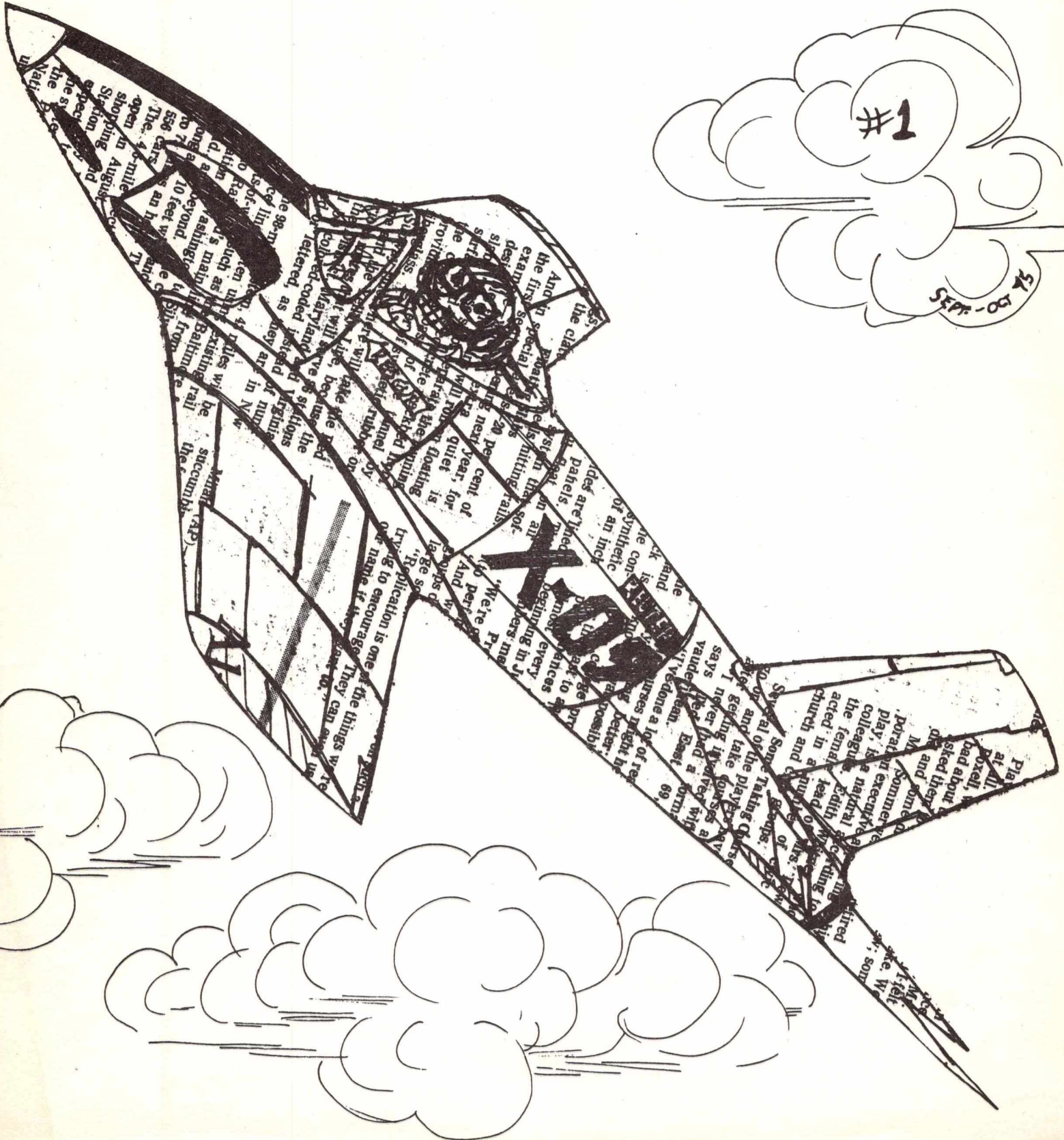


# PAPER PLANE



## Paper Plane

Yesterday ~~or~~ the day before  
I flew my paper plane;  
it will fly again.

Patiently I tuned the wings...  
two flights, five flights,  
ten flights--  
in a roomful of paper planes  
you could pick mine out,  
mine is without the stalls,  
the sideslips, the spins...

I'm too old for paper planes they say,  
too old to carefully crisp wings  
at root and tips.

Age be damned!  
I will man my cockpit  
when and where I will,  
hurling my paper fancy  
and silent signature  
into the timeless, soaring winds.

SRM

PAPER PLANE NO. !

Welcome to Paper Plane, brought to you from the late night typewriter of Steve Miller with support of Sue. Our address is 119 Willow Bend Drive, Owings Mills, Md. 21117, in case you didn't already know it. PP is available whenever it comes out for trade, for Loos, for contributions, for 25¢, or just because I decided to send you a copy. Please send no aardvarks--the refrigerator is already full.

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\* SRM

A special introductory offer! Paper Plane will give one free lifetime subscription (the life of the zine, that is) for the standard size envelope stuffed with the most paper airplanes. Definitions of what makes a paper plane a paperplane are up to you, likewise envelope size is optional. The winner will also recieve all of the paper planes entered into this contest by January of 1976. Tell your friends, your enemies, your fathers! Or, send an entry in the name of someone you really like! Please send only flyable paper planes . The person pointing out the most typos or repro problems may well recieve a year's supply of used crudsheets

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Paper Plane is only about a year or so late--but finally here. Some of the articles in this issue were originally written for SF BIBLIODD, which has yet to have a second issue. The problem there was and is political-- more than one person in the UMBC administration is made nervous by the freewheeling kind of fanzine I had hoped to publish from the Science Fiction Research Collection there. As a result several good articles have disappeared, and those waiting for a second issue may well turn blue with last year's breath. Without a signed purchase order there will be no more BIBLIODD...

To Paper Plane. I can't say yet where Paper Plane will go. Depending on response from out there in the wild blue yonder Paper Plane will fly the easiest course some times, and others the most scenic. Articles on anything vaguely sciene fictional are welcome, as are articles dealing with the way technology goes or gives inspiration to the mind. As soon as I find out what people are interested the most in reading I'll make note. Book reviews are welcome (and needed), with length up to the reviewer. For example, I find it strange that most fannish reviews of Dhalgren come out under a page long. Comments on Dhalgren are specifically solicited, pro and con (if there are any pro).

This issue of 'Plane is being typed on a borrowed typer, so I don't know what kind of stencil it will cut. When my electric gets back from the typer doctor the typography will probably improve.

Oh yes, another interest of Paper Plane will be re-translations of poems and short prose pieces. I've found some english translations of Spanish material--particularly the work of Pablo Neruda--to be nearly worthless; if you have retranslated something for yourself send us a copy.

A short note on reproduction: not from the Biology Dept. Our mimeo is a Rex Rotary M2 which we found for dale at a flea market for the grand total of \$10. This will be the first time I've ever mimeod anything besides a one-sided book list, so Paper Plane must fall into the experimental category. If anyone has every used a M2 and knows of special or unusual problems with the machine, let me know...I can use all the help I can get. Oh, something else. The mimeo is ex-VFW. There was a stencil on the machine when we bought it, dated some six years ago, that had to do with a VFW Ladies Auxiliary function... Fly Paper Plane.

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...AND OHIO.

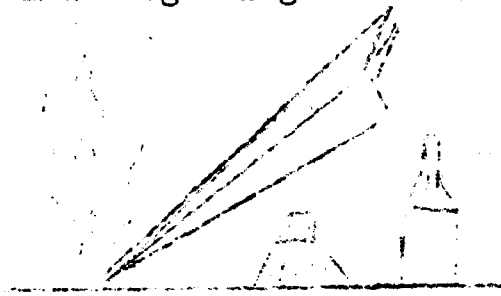
In Lord Of Light, Tak of the Archives, also occasionally known as Tak of the Bright Spear, is in charge of a computerized information retrieval system. This system is, in effect, an encyclopedia of all knowledge in Heaven. When the computer is asked for information considered sensitive by the city fathers, their records will record the name of the person requesting that information. When reading Lord of Light my reaction was one of "gee, that's not really fair". But of course, since the action in the book takes place so far away from the hear and now my reaction was only momentary. Computerized information control is getting much closer all the time, and is gathering speed--largely because of the information explosion. How close it it? It exists, potentially, right now.

OCIC is one of several computerized "on-line " cataloging systems being used by libraries across the U.S. right now. While most public libraries aren't rich enough to become members, many college libraries are. At once, OCIC and its brethren are a joy and a threat to anyone seeking wider dissemination of knowledge. OCIC allows member libraries access to more than 1.5 million bibliographic records. The whole idea is to take advantage of what is known as economy of scale. For example, if the UMBC library had to catalog each of the new books arriving in the library using original cataloging it would be nearly impossible to make a dent in the yearly arrivals. Up to a few months ago UMBC made use of the massive New Union Catalog, or NUC for short. This is a work a few hundred volumes long which contains reproductions of catalog cards for most of the books every copyrighted in the U.S. Through the use of a special camera, these cards can be reproduced for UMBC's use. Instead of requiring massive amounts of cataloging time, this requires a few minutes of cataloging time, and the cheaper time of student searchers who must dig the records out of the big green books, take their pictures, and replace the books. This is still an economy of scale, made possible by collating lots and lots of information in one place. OCIC takes this one step further. The computerized records can be altered as required to fit separate printings, editions, or individual library coding and cataloging practice. Most OCIC records use Library of Congress cataloging--as do most major library systems. The cataloger must merely make sure that all elements are on the card, check dates etc., and then push a button which says produce, and another that says send. By doing so the cataloger has 1) indicated to the computer that the library has the book, 2) arranged for the computer, some hundreds or even thousands of miles away to produce cards for the library and 3) eliminates much work and duplicated effort. This all sounds very good. The idea is, however, that OCIC will expand its operations as time goes on to include ordering of books and magazines, circulation, and even the mailing of overdue notices.

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What all this adds up to is this: some day every major library and most small ones will be hooked up to a system either identical to or similar to the OCLC system. And when such a computerized system begins to have the capability to know what is in the data base, and more importantly, through the circulation system, to know who is using what information, then Tak of the Bright Spear may very well have an analogue right here in the good old USA.



Now the problem becomes one of providing adequate safeguards for the public and private sectors of the data base users. While some, very few, librarians have already gone to jail to protect the right to confidentiality, more of them have buckled under to requests for information that have come from the

so-called security services of various Federal, State, and local agencies. Given a CIA and NSA cooperative able to monitor the mass of international phone communications, what of such a simple system as the OCLC-type, something that will not only tell you who took out what material, but also if they kept them for intensive study or returned them the very next day.

The OCLC system supposedly has rules to forbid the use of its data base for such possibility as that above. However, since UMBC, and most other such libraries are hooked into the system by telephone cables, what is to stop our friendly, all for our own good security agencies from monitoring such lines. Additionally, faulty or false records could be introduced into the system merely to find out who is interested in certain subjects--this after the Subject search is added to the on-line capabilities of the system. Having given control of our information into such a computer net can we ever get it back again? Since corrections must be made when records are poorly input there is already a system that allows OCLC's headquarters to expunge records. Does that mean one day it will be possible to eliminate any record of a book being in existence simply by pushing a few buttons in Ohio? The biggest problem with the information explosion is locating information that already exists. It really doesn't matter if someone has written a million words on the subject you are looking for if you can't find out what shelf that book is sitting on. While on-line cataloging and circulating systems have a lot in their favor, it might behoove libraries not to allow all of their records to be converted to computer tape.

# CONSISTENCE

Now that the preliminary flyers are out for SF EXPO 76, it won't be long before the mailways will again be echoing with the obligatory diatribes against the MEGAVENTION, the GIGANTICON, or the godawful HUGENESS of it all. MIDAMERICON's maybe gonna have sex or seven thousand members and ohgodI'llbelost-inthe crowd!, how'mIgonna gettosee my-friends?, and youjustcantdoitthatway and whythehell'vewegoottalet-alltheseTREKKIESin??? Okay, okay, you're right. There's a hell of a difference between that and a relaxacon or even a five or six hundred personregional, but you've just got to learn to cope, baby.

Today, in the here-and-now, day-and-age world, the determined fanatic can con almost any weekend, somewhere. And it doesn't take an independent means, if you live in a reasonably well populated area of the country, to make at least one con a month. So why the fuss? Could it be that SF fans are infected with Future Shock? Let's exclude the Trekkies Neos Apesters Comix freaks Movies freaks and SCA and SFRA and FBI and the CIA and ONLY TRUE FEN ALLOWED!!!!!!

Hold it. Wait a minute. Stop the music. Time out. Let's get a few things straight. One: just because it's big doesn't make it bad (or good). A huge con is certainly more of a pain ~~in the ass~~ to organize and run than a small one. Perhaps too much for amateur, part-timers. But ten thousand members means a whole lot more to work with in the way of money and influence than, say, one thousand. Two: Lately we've been talking quite a bit in Baltimore about actively promoting SF. Like it or not you've got to admit that the newsmedia, and the publishers and film producers are concerned with headcount. If we can develop and maintain the idea that we're a Force to be Reckoned With by gatherin\_en masse one weekend a year, even if we don't do anything but bump into each other and step on each other's toes, this is a valuable result. Three: (Wait, this is a BIGGIE).

Three: Don't forget the authors. Many good authors have need of the adulation of the large crowds, the roar of the greasepaint, etc. Egoboo. We're losing to many good authors to the mainstream because the can't get the money and recognition they need in SF. This is tragic.

FOUR: If you don't like large cons, don't come, for Ghod's sake! But don't preclude someone else from attending! Now there is a group actively promoting a full scale exposition (and actively promoting SF with the publishers). They're talking in the tens of thousands of attendees. I wish them luck, but I understand that some professional promoters are involved, so maybe they won't need luck.

Anyway, stand up and be counted. Or sit back and be contented. Either way, fandom survives, and you can enjoy doing what you are doing!

George Andrews

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COKS: First Installment  
M. John Harrison's  
The Pastel City, Avon, reviewed by  
Mary Felber Blum

There are a few absolute requirements that a reader demands of an author. But it seems that if the reader is willing to invest time in a book, the writer is obligated to make it work. No matter how fanciful the tale, once the book-ee accepts the circumstances the book-or sets forth, the outcome must follow, be believable, or work. And this is where Harrison's book is seriously marred. From the beginning...

We begin nicely enough. In fact, the prologue, which briefly traces the history of the embattled empire (of which the pastel city is part) and the first several chapters wherein we meet and greet Cromis, the hero, almost promise another hobbit-like adventure. Dark, dark forests, swooping capes, a talking metal bird equipped with deadly talons, the nameless sword, a dwarf named Tomb and a poet-soldier-hero. Sounds great. And it is.

We will go slautbing along on the business of the good child-Queen, which is to rout and destroy the forces of her cousin, the evil Queen. Harrison even throws in an element of double-cross, just to show he can. Soon the going gets messy. Seems the evil Queen has in her employ some giant automsted creatures whose function is to kill and de-brain the good guys. The skull rape is accomplished with a quick slice a few inches above the ear.

However, what we eventually discover about these robots, or geteit chemosit makes no sense. The geteit chemosit are controlled by a brain buried deep within the earth. Sorting out the relationship of robot to control produces contradictions which flaw the book. Harrison leaves the adventurous reader in the lurch--but not until the last act--which is what's so irksome.

We are to believe that for countless years the brain center has worked independently of its creators, harbored beneath its secret earth-crust shelter and that it requires someone to operate the controls. Since an old, old man is the only one who understands the controls how did the Queen control the ghouls to the extent that they did her bidding without doing her in? But wait, the original function of the geteit chemosit was simply to harvest the brains of the already-dead for return to the center so that they might be ressurected. If the brain center was so nobly programmed how did the evil queen manage to modify that purpose without tampering with the brain center?



Mary Felber Blum's review of The Pastel City, continued.

My mind still boggles from straightening that out enough to put it on paper, but I'll confess that there is more to the story. Suffice it to say that the trs-la-la attitude of Cromis' cohorts who have "figured out" the operation of the center doesn't particulrly impress our poet-hero. Methinks that Harrison imagines Cromis' decision is the most significant aspect of his (Harrison's) labor. But I'll leave that for the frustrated or not so frustrated masochists among you to discover. Harrison's grandest accomplishment was hood-winking me into reading Pastel City to the finish after the first few not-bad-at-all chapters. MFB

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#### A Few Fanzine Comments and Reviews

Dilemma #8, from Jackie Franke;Box 51-A RR2, Beecher, IL 60401

Interesting zine with a good article by Dave Locke--well, actually Dave's thing is a Loc to a sermon...well worth reading. The con reports are by Jackie Franke, who summed up some of the problems of Marcon X quite well. To the comments about the con committee being early to bed, let me add the fact that they are not early risers. I found it impossible to get a ticket to the movies that were part of the con because, having arrived quite late, I couldn't find anybody to register with until after the movies (early morning t ings) were over. By the way, a really nice cover by Plato Jones... oh yes, Dilemma is available for Loc, trade, the usual...

Kyben 12, from Jefe and Ann Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave., Balt. Md. 21211 35¢, 3/1.00, or the usual.

A lot of letters in KYBEN, which always seem to have some of the better letter hacks around. Also several reviews, and a review of a movie review that (or which?) appeared in the Red and Black -- the paper for our local community college. When I worked at the Retriever (UMBC's student paper) the Red and Black was always a good laugh--but I guess it hurts when you get subjected to such a consistantly low level of "journalism". Jeff Smith includes a letter he wrote in rebuttal, which was never published. I'm not too surprised about that--I think their mail is read by some one in the Dean's office who removes anything that might traumatize the editors. Another review of Dhalgren, this one quite literate and with none of the foaming at the mouth that seems evident with many reviews of Delany's latest. And oh yes, there is also an accurate review of Medical Nemesis, written by Eric Lindsay. While some reviewer's comments have been full of venom, Lindsay seems to take a calm and thoughtful look at Illich's book. SRM

Also recieved: Spanish Inquisition, Relayer, Kolvir, Washington SF Newsletter, SFR, and more. More reviews next time around.

SEVEN: SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN SEVEN?

READING FROM ~~LEFT~~ RIGHT TO LEFT

by George Andrews

You, in reading this, may not agree; that is permitted. Usually agreement produces very little. This writer intends to explore, with not too heavy a hand, mankind's "current fantasies".

"Current Fantasy" is defined, quite arbitrarily, as something which is believed, but which cannot be demonstrated. Religion and politics top the list, obviously, but don't forget social issues, current events, sports, advertising, and even literature.

JAWS—the movie—has set some all time box office records. Previously The Exorcist was a big winner, and a little further back the lines were for The Godfather. Let us stop here and agree not to discuss the validity of popularity or success being equated to value. Instead, let us focus on similarities in these films and what those similarities say about us.

All three are violent. Also, recently, Deliverance, Dirty Harry, Bonnie and Clyde, and Godzilla Meets Bambi. Why do we seek violence for entertainments sake? Perhaps: "Man is basically violent, a seething animal below a thin veneer of civilization." A common observation.

Or... "Life is a constant struggle against the forces of evil". The Moby Dick contest. The quest.

Or maybe... "Catastrophe is the melting pot of humanity; we see our selves in the faces of the anguished". (Also: Towering Inferno, Earthquake, Tidal Wave, and the Southeast Asian War.)

Pick the best answer: "None of the above". From the caves, to the mead halls, to the campfires and hearths, from the Grecian palaces to the Globe theatre, to burlesque and Broadway, mankind has hungered for the emotional release of fantasy. Some of the folk Odysseus ran into make Jaws look like a Halloween prank. And Moses understood the value of sex and violence in a potential best seller.

Fantasy, that playground of the imagination, that staging area for all things to come, is an inseparable part of the human experience. It is the key to the "collective unconscious". We have fettered and bound that part of our nature, and, now and again, it breaks free. Cringing, we relish our private fears and adrenal surges.

Visual media have an immediacy unknown in literature, presenting the dream complete. But, limited and restrained by the director's vision and the producer's resources... Tolkien's work would likely suffer greatly from translation to film. If you generally find the movie inadequate as compared to the book, rate yourself highly in "Imagination Quotient". If the opposite is usually the case, stop reading here.

George Andrews 9/22/75



PLUGS !

!FLASH!

Other Baltimore area fan publications of interest:

KOLVIR, c/o HOPSEA, SAC Offices, Johns Hopkins University, Balt. Md, 21210.

The clubzine of the Amber Society, for fans interested in Zelazny, Norton, other S&S and Fantasy writers. #3 contains a story, book reviews, artwork, and letters.

RELAYER. address as above. Tim Daniels' personalzine. Mostly reviews first time around.

BSPAN ,c/o Mike Kurman,2434 Chetwood circle, apt 304, Timonium Md., 21093.

This is the clubzine and OO for the Baltimore Science Fiction Society (BSFS). Recent zines have had con reports, articles, poems, fannishness, and improving repro and layout. # latest will be out in October, is available for Loc, trade, 25¢(if I recall correctly) or editorial whim. Watch this zine for information on Balticon 10 (GoH Isaac Asimov) and on the slowly but surely growing Baltimore in '80 worldcon bid.

Don't forget the Washington SF Newsletter, available from Don Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton Md, Md, 20906. This newsletter carries news from Potomac River S.F. Society (PRSFS), Baltimore Science Fiction Society, and Washington Science Fiction Association. PRSFS, WSPA, and BSFS cover a lot of territory. News also includes latest con information, bookstore openings, the local media happenings and general news of interest to the SF community. 20¢ each, 6/¢1.00. Well worth the investment.

SRM

As some of you already know, my status at UMBC has changed drastically in the last few weeks, and as of the 17th of October I was no longer employed at the college. I resigned, and, like it or not, UMBC has yet to come up with a replacement for me as Curator. The resignation comes after my latest attempts to expand my working time to full time and to get the Library to allow me to continue SF Bibliodd. Also, in view of recent requests for information and material from the fanzine collection I asked to be allowed to continue the work I'd already started on the fanzine index--this too was denied.

So, for the next few months I will be trying a number of money-making(hopefully) projects and recovering from the run-in with the instutional mentality.

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I enjoyed our recent trip to Pittsburgh for P<sub>3</sub>HLANGE . The con was a lot of fun, in part because of the ten or fifteen BSFEN and the party in George and Kathleen and Jonathon and Sue's room. Met and discussed/ argued with Ginger Buchanan until the early morning hours of Sunday, also had a three way conversation with Bill Bowers and Mark Owings on "what Bomb Shelters Mean to Me " and "Wars I've Worried About Uselessly". One of the real highlights was Rusty Hevlin's slide show, which is the first stage of Rusty's Aussiecon report. All in all a fun event--my only complaint is that I never found the horrendus intersection.

SRM

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