



GRANFALLOON

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INCLUDE ART, ARTICLES, FICTION, POETRY,
LETTERS (LoC), ETC.

OUR MOTTO: WE CAN BE BRIBED

C O N T E N T S

| | | |
|--|-----------------------|----|
| NOTICE, NEBULA AWARDS | WHAT IS A GRANFALLOON | 3 |
| CALL OF THE KLUTZ | EDITORIAL BY LGE | 4 |
| SUZELCOL | EDITORIAL BY SVT | 6 |
| HEINLEIN'S MILITARISM | BY NANCY LAMBERT | 8 |
| CONFESSIONS OF AN ADDICT | BY CONNIE REICH | 11 |
| THE ONLY PROBLEM IS... | FICTION BY LGE | 12 |
| HITHER AND YON | BOOK REVIEWS | 13 |
| PROZINE REVIEWS | EDWARD REED | 18 |
| MY LIFE AT NYCON OR MEMOIRS OF A SHY YOUNG THING | DALE STERANKA | 20 |
| FANZINE REVIEWS | LGE | 23 |
| OMPHALLO SYCHITE | LETTERCOL | 25 |

A R T

| | |
|------------------|--|
| JACK GAUGHAN | 32 |
| JEANNIE DiMODICA | 29 |
| ADRIENNE FEIN | 29 |
| DOUG LOVENSTEIN | 18 |
| CONNIE REICH | COVER; 4; 10; 11; 12; 13; 15; 23; 25; 28; 30; 33; 35 |

THIS IS A KLUTZY PRODUCTION

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N O T I C E

GRANFALLOON COMES FROM THE NOVEL BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR.: CAT'S CRADLE.

IT MEANS, A GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CONNECTED BY A CERTAIN BELIEF, BUT ARE ACTUALLY COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. A RELIGION, A FRATERNAL ORGANIZATION, OR A LIKE GROUP WOULD BE A GRANFALLOON!

HOPE THIS CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY.

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NEBULA AWARDS

NOVEL: THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION - SAMUEL R. DELANY

NOVELLA: BEHOLD THE MAN - MICHAEL MOORCOCK

NOVELET: GONNA ROLL THE BONES - FRITZ LEIBER

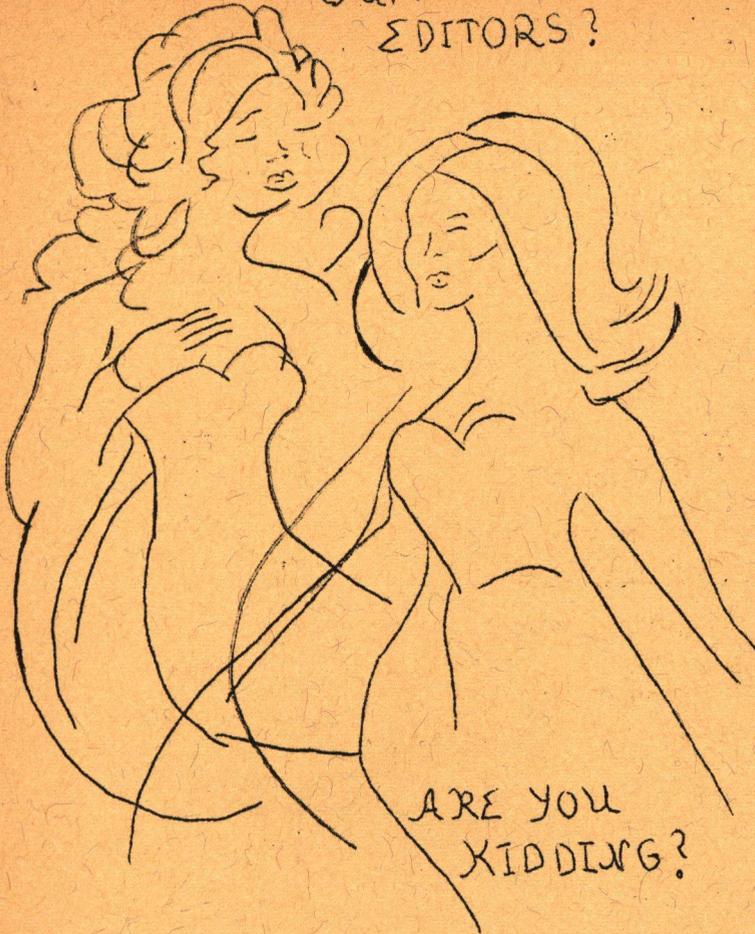
SHORT STORY: AYE, AND GOMORRAH - SAMUEL R. DELANY

OUR
EDITORS?

4

CALL OF THE KLUTZ

- Linda Eyster



I bet you are surprised to see Gf again so soon. We were too! We didn't expect so much excellent response. So here we are again. I don't know when Gf3 will be out; 2 months would be the end of May, right during finals, 3 months would be during summer vacation, which causes problems. We will be out of school and Suzanne will be in Johnstown while I'll be in Silver Spring, Maryland (That's right near D.C.). Then next ish will definitely be out sometime during Sept. So we are sort of bimonthly and a half or so!

Now Suzanne and I would like to make some apologies for GfL.

1. Jack Gaughan - sorry we mistyped your name.
2. Steve Compton - for reversing the page 14s so that his excellent review of The Past Through Tomorrow was split up and it looked as though he had written the reviews of Earthblood and Why Call Them Back From Heaven. Actually I take the ~~blame~~ credit for those two reviews.
3. To everyone for having 2 page 14s in the first place and for reversing them. (Have you ever collated at four in the morning?)
4. To everyone for having bad repro on some pages; we had to spirit and discovered too late we were using the electronic stencil maker incorrectly.
5. To Robert Willingham for being beseiged with Gf, and Frank Lunney for having quite a few pages mixed up.
6. To Connie Reich and Jack Gaughan for badly reproducing their fine artwork.

We'd like to thank Connie, Jack Gaughan, Bob Roehm, Richard De Lap, and all the other people who contributed to Gfland 2. Special thanks to subscribers (We love Ya!) And thanks to Dale Steranka, Nancy Lambert, and Connie for helping ~~throw~~ put thisish together.

Again, THANK YOU Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins for the use of your A.B. Dick mimeo and equipment!

We are sorry to charge postage (10¢) to contributors, but we are but poor students. I realize a lot of people hate to subscribe or actually (God forbid the thought) PAY for a fanzine, but unfortunately mimeoing and mailing one is not cheap. Eventually, we want to get

out of the red enough to give contributors free copies but until then, we hope the following system will work. Everytime you contribute material send a dime or stamps and we will send you the next ish of Granfalloon. If we reject your material we will probably send you a copy anyway. Some of you are receiving this as a sample copy, or because you contributed and even though you didn't send us postage, we are kindhearted. But, you won't be able to get the nextish unless we see a contribution and postage, a trade, or a subscription! Some of you are friends or relatives of Suzanne and I, but this includes you, Too! We just can't afford to send you all free copies. Only Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins have a free subscription.

Nick Zvegintzov sent us the news: The Mid Peninsdar (?) Free Univ. in Standford, Calif. has a seminar for people interested in living in a Harrad-type Experiment. They also have a Bio-Energetics Workshop listed for "an exploration of consciousness of the body and Eros." Suggested readings included Wizard of Oz by Baum and Stranger in a Strange Land.

The letters in OMPHALLOPSYCHITE are slightly abbreviated, which will be the usual policy, especially where longer letters are involved or where everyone says the same thing. Quite a few "What the heck does Granfalloon mean, anyway?" were excluded. Again, we'd like to print everything, but space is limited, but we've left as much as possible. Also, Please remember, the opinion of the contributors is not necessarily that of the editors. For instance, Suzle and I disagree with Nancy Lambert. Neither of us watch the Flying Nun, either.

Nextish will contain 2 con reports, Marcon and Disclave. Suzanne, Dale Steranka, and I are going to the former, and a bunch of us will probably end up at Disclave. We also can use some serious articles for future issues. Would anyone care to refute Nancy Lambert?

Also you'll might be interested to know that Fritz Leiber's fine Mouser/Fahrd series is starting in novel form by Ace. Richard De Lap reviews The Swords of Lankhmar in HITHER AND YON. Swords Against Wizardry, also in this series, will be released by Ace this summer.

Since the lettercol was typed we got a few more letters, naturally. One from Mrs. Audrey Walton, 25 Yewdale Crescent, Coventry, Warwickshire, Eng., says "I am very much in sympathy with your aim to get SF recognized as worthwhile literature and think it has possibilities of reaching the greatest heights of characterization and poetic imagination. My own view is that SF should deal as much with human beings as it does with situations. To my mind the sciences and the humanities are not incompatible." It seems odd to me that SF is the black sheep in literature, while the average person thinks nothing is wrong with mysteries or gothic romances. SF often deals with human problems, and its speculative nature sometimes enables an author to explore human nature in a way he would not have been able to use with main stream fiction. Why do people think all SF is trash? Is it because so much is? I don't think so; most mainstream fiction is just as trashy, but no one considers it all trash. Why???????

We are typing the stencils here at school and will mimeo at Suzanne's house next week, so I don't know how the repro will turn out. If it is a mess this ish we will be able to correct it for next ish.

Oh, doesn't anyone know how to spell Oy Veh? (Oui vey, oui vech, oy vey, oui veh, oi ve????). None of my friends know, not even the Jewish ones. Does anyone know? Oy Vey!

Now on to Suzanne's editorial, or Fandom in Pittsburgh, THE VAST WASTELAND.

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SUZLECOL

Amazing as it seems, the response to Gf#1 was really tremendous and Linda and I are thrilled. Most of our LoC's were rather complimentary (!!!) and we did appreciate the constructive criticism. (Comments like - I hated it because I hated it - do not fall into this category and were shrugged off.)

Just as we were thrilled and happy with the strong response to Gf1 (so strong this ish is ahead of schedule by several weeks), we were rather disappointed with our attempts to contact and/or stimulate Pittsburgh fandom. (Our second round, last year should have been enough, but Linda and I are ~~stupid stubborn~~ optimistic, and thought that just maybe...) Last month we called a first meeting of CMUSFA (Carnegie-Mellon Univ. SF Assoc.) to which 25 people showed up. Linda and I talked and talked and talked, about Gf, about fandom, about NYcon 3, about SF in general, and I'll say this for them, they certainly listened. (Finally, Linda, in despair, yelled out, "Somebody say something! Anything!!" to which someone yelled, "Anything!") Actually several were rather responsive (meaning they bought a few copies of Gf) and a decent discussion and book sale followed. David Lipsky, an N3F and NYcon member, from nearby Butler also came. His prescence was greatly appreciated; he made us feel as though someone understood us... We weren't sure what type of impression fandom in general and our attempt at some sort of organised club in particular had, but today we found out. Linda and I took time out from stencil cutting to call another CMU-SFA meeting and 5 people came. We talked, showed fanzines (some addresses were taken; look out fandom...), but it wasn't exactly what we'd hoped for. But I'm getting ahead of my little story.

A few weeks ago Linda, Connie Reich, Dale Steranka, and I went to the second (for Linda and me) meeting of Dirce Archer's Pittsburgh SF Club. Nine members and us showed, we had a lovely dinner, and every once in a while a glimmer of dialogue about SF appeared. We never actually spoke to Mrs. Archer, who was at the end of the long table, this time, and nothing was accomplished. They have a lovely little group, but SF is certainly no longer its major (or

even minor) interest. We had hopes of joining with them to help Pittsburgh fandom back to something close to slightly active. (The collapse after Pittcon in 1960 seems to have been almost total.)

I've not given up hope, however; a few strong, interested people who want to do things is rather better than a large apathetic group. So stay tuned to the continuing saga of "Down Apathy Way with LgE and SVT." Perhaps, someday..

* * * * *

Now for some happier news for a great many of us (Are you there, Buck?). A few weeks ago I sent in the original of a page of Gf to Ace Books. The plea for Ace to continue with their great U.N.C.L.E. series. A week or so later I received a lovely reply from Terry Carr, who is, of course, with Ace Books. Here are some exerpts.

We're not cancelling the UNCLE book series, as long as their sales stay as high as they are (about twice the average book we publish). [Surely, this is due to SF fans, and do keep it up; they are good books and deserve the compliment.] ...We will publish the UTOPIA AFFAIR by David McDaniel [!!!] in July...

Future books will be about half by McDaniel and half by others (since Dave can't write fast enough to do them all).

All I have to say at the moment is Thank you Ace Books (and Mr. Carr.) Illya and Napoleon cannot die just because NBC has lost its mind. (And they have; they've cancelled every show I watch except Star Trek, and that was certainly a struggle.)

* * * * *

That's rather all for the present. Somehow Linda and I always manage to be processing Gf during the worst possible period; this time it's mid-semester exams...

Bye-bye

SVT

* * * * *

[I can't help but wonder, though, why NBC is making that announcement about Star Trek's renewal after every show. Could it be that the inundation with letters is too much for the poor dears and they want it too stop??? (You know, Please stop sending us the bomb threats and the pleas, please? It's renewed! It's renewed!! Please stop!!!)
HUM?]

HEINLEIN'S MILITARISM

NANCY LAMBERT

In an extremely interesting and thoughtful article in NIEKAS 18 Ben Solon takes exception to the criticism frequently leveled at Robert A. Heinlein; namely, that he is neo-Fascist and expresses this philosophy in much of his fiction.

Mr. Solon defines the Nazi philosophy and gives examples to show that Heinlein's ideas don't fit a Fascist mold. Specifically, he points out that the Nazis advocated violence and destruction as ends in themselves (rather an oversimplification on my part here) and allowed for the existence of the individual only to serve the State. Heinlein, on the other hand, uses violence only as a means to a particular end, the end in question varying from novel to novel, and places great value on the rights of the individual.

Admittedly it would be hard to support the argument that Heinlein's philosophy is Fascist; the Nazi mold is too detailed to fit anything as nebulous as the implicit personal philosophy of a fiction author. However, while Mr. Solon attacks this argument very effectively, he completely ignores another, much more basic classification of Heinlein's ideas: that Heinlein is a militarist. That is, he is happiest in the kind of authoritarian set-up where someone is in command, an ordered and structured set-up with no doubt as to anyone's relative position -- and where the military authority is the highest authority.

Heinlein nearly always places military personnel on a higher level than civilians. Sixth Column (or Day After Tomorrow, as it is alternatively titled) opens with some of the most brilliant scientists in the United States stranded in a mountain fortress, milling around ineffectually and helplessly, until the hero steps in and organizes the goings-on into a military set-up. Order is made from chaos, rank is established, and everyone breathes easier -- including Heinlein, I suspect. The novel then goes on to tell how this small group of people finally defeats the Panasians, who had successfully invaded the U.S. Significantly, the novel ends up with the Panasians defeated but with no well-thought-out plans for a new government set-up -- there will be a temporary military government until elections can be held. One is left with the uneasy feeling that the "temporary" military government may be permanent.

Really blatant militarism comes out most clearly, of course, in Starship Troopers, a novel with a minimum of plot and a maximum of detailed military life, in which the whole social order is military and the people must "earn" the right to vote by serving in the armed forces; i.e., the only people permitted to select leaders are the ones who have been conditioned to the military way of life.

A very significant point in Starship Troopers comes up when a schoolgirl brings up to her military philosophy teacher (or whatever; I've forgotten exactly what the course name was) the idea that violence never accomplished anything. The teacher scoffs at this, pointing out the many deeds of historic destruction that violence has accomplished. Heinlein takes advantage of the opportunity to present the opposite of the "the pen is mightier than the sword" school of thought.

Another, more subtle example of authoritarianism is Beyond This Horizon, a novel of a future with distinct Brave New World overtones. Selective breeding has been perfected and has produced a line of physically perfect specimens within a rather alarming society. Fighting duels has become the socially accepted thing to do, and anyone who refuses to fight must bear the stigma associated with supposed cowardice-- he is a second-rate citizen and must endure whatever insults the fighters choose to give him. Unlike some of the characters in Brave New World, no one in Beyond This Horizon seems to object very seriously to the social system.

In both these novels, one can see that Heinlein is rather in love with violence for its own sake or even for fun; the physically expressive person, the fighter, is top dog. But Heinlein escapes being Nazi because his fondness for violence is on an individual, not a national, level. (This can be seen in Glory Road, which is loaded with personal violence of the cut-and-slash variety but has very little national violence.)

The really interesting thing about both Starship Troopers and Beyond This Horizon is that people do manage to maintain their individuality within both societies; but Heinlein is particularly unconvincing about this. He doesn't prove to us that the people can avoid becoming militaristic automatons in a Starship Trooper's society or lotus-eating social warriors in a Beyond This Horizon society. He simply assures us that this doesn't happen; but I myself remain unconvinced, especially as Heinlein never gives any sociological analysis of the effects of his societies on their members.

This leads me to my next, perhaps most important point: the idea that the militarism expressed in Heinlein's novels really seems to be his own philosophy. Admittedly, it is all too easy to assume that an author's fiction must reflect his own convictions. But Heinlein's fiction is too consistently authoritarian; a majority of his novels express this viewpoint. And more important, it is always the protagonists -- not the villains, not incidental characters, but the heroes -- who mouth the militarism.

Heinlein's background supports a trend toward militarism. Sam Moskowitz, in his biography of Heinlein in Seekers of Tomorrow, says:

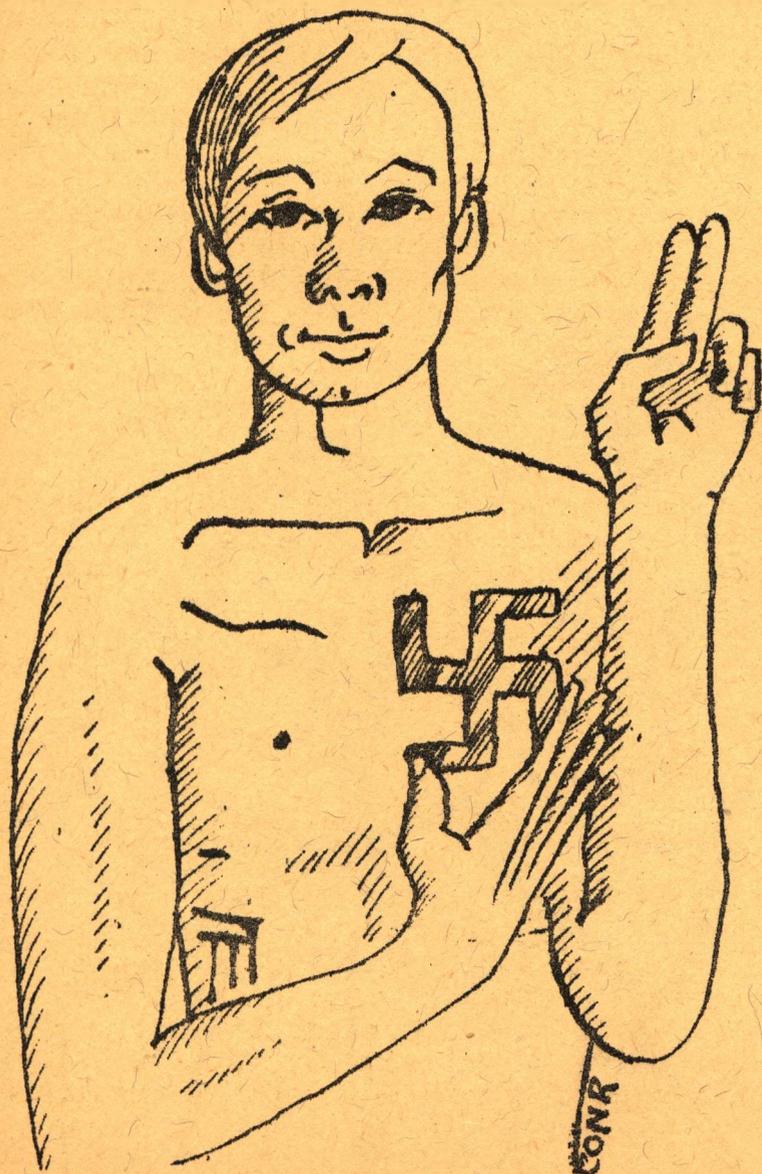
A major if not pivotal influence on his thinking was his naval career. He graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1929 and served on aircraft carriers when they were still science fiction as far as proving themselves in actual combat was concerned. A crack gunnery officer, he ignored a severe illness while on active duty in 1934 and ended the season with a superb record but with his health

SO UNDERMINED THAT HE WAS RETIRED THAT YEAR AS PERMANENTLY DISABLED."

IN OTHER WORDS, HEINLEIN WAS SET ON A MILITARY CAREER AND WAS DENIED IT BECAUSE OF BAD HEALTH. FURTHERMORE, HEINLEIN IS ONE OF THE SF AUTHORS WHO HAVE COME OUT STRONGLY IN FAVOUR OF THE UNITED STATES PARTICIPATION IN THE VIETNAM WAR -- A FACT THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING SO FAR AS TO SAY THAT ALL OF HEINLEIN'S NOVELS EXPRESS A MILITARISTIC VIEWPOINT. OBVIOUS AND NOTEWORTHY EXCEPTIONS ARE STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND AND DOOR INTO SUMMER, BOTH OF WHICH STRESS VERY STRONGLY THE WORTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL -- WHICH ADMITTEDLY HEINLEIN USUALLY DOES STRESS -- AND SAY NOTHING ABOUT MILITARISM ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. BUT I CAN THINK OF NO CASES WHERE HEINLEIN COMES OUT AGAINST MILITARISM IN FAVOUR OF A MORE NEBULOUS, UNORDERED FORM OF AUTHORITY.

LET ME END UP BY APOLOGIZING TO ALL STAUNCH HEINLEIN FANS IF THIS ARTICLE SEEMS SOMEWHAT ANTI-HEINLEIN. ACTUALLY, I AGREE THAT HIS WRITING IS EXCELLENT; MY ONLY ARGUMENT IS WITH HIS PHILOSOPHY AS I SEE IT.



OBVIOUSLY, THIS ILLO DOES NOT GO TOO WELL WITH THIS ARTICLE, BUT WE HAD CONNIE REICH DRAW IT WHEN WE ONLY KNEW THE GENERAL SUBJECT, NOT THE SPECIFIC CONTENT. WE LIKE IT AND WE HAD ALL THIS SPACE, SO HERE IT IS.

SORRY, NANCY, PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT US. THANKS, CONNIE.

L&E. SVT.

11
CONFESSIONS OF AN ADDICT, or THE UNKNOWN DANGERS RIDE AGAIN

BY CONNIE REICH

GAAUGGH! There it was, all right, in mimeo ink and foolscap, written in English and right out in the open!!!

"STAR TREK in rating danger. SF series' return next season doubtful"

I shuddered. Violently. What were those idiots at NBC trying to do to me?! What else did they think keeps me sane (?), pleasant (?) and happily schizoid from week to week? What else is there to do on Friday nights when you are a 5-thousand-ton, 2'3" peroxi-redhead? Have you ever tried, just ONCE, to "escape" into GOMER PYLE??!?!?

I took the fanzine's suggestion to write NBC as direct orders from that Big Baycon in the sky.

And it worked. GOD! IT WORKED! No man will ever kiss my stamp-glued lips again. My typing hands are kaput forever. My roommate tossed me out on my Leonard Nimoy poster for scribbling "Save Star Trek" on all her outgoing mail. If the FBI ever checks on the kid with all the strange aliases who wrote threatening letters to NBC, I'll be here for the rest of my life. Yes, dedication has its drawbacks. But STAR TREK will be back. And I'll be there watching it, whatever the time slot, banging my lovely tin cup on the bars to get the attendents to run the goddam volume up.

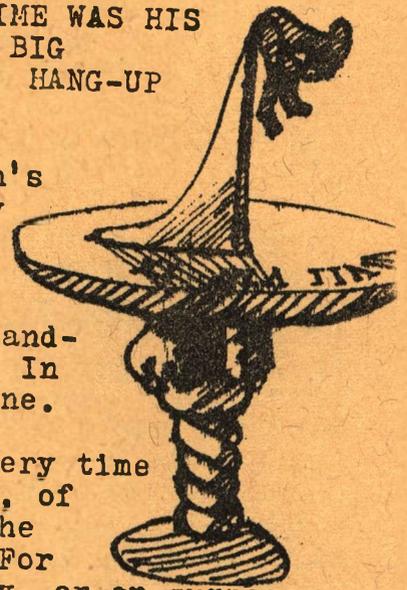
P.S.: A last word of advice: If we have to do it again, next year, come spring me out. I promise THIS TIME to light the fuse. If YOU ever try to blow up a network, don't forget to light the fuse. Your fingerprints are all over the damned bottle-neck!



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS

By Linda Eyster

TIME WAS HIS
BIG
HANG-UP



Science Fiction had always ruled Peter Breggin's life. His own secret fantasy was that one day he would travel back in time, like many of his favorite SF characters. This interest probably led him to study math and physics. Eventually he came to work in the Bureau of Standards, where he worked with the atomic clocks. In his spare time he tried to invent a time machine.

"But what about the paradox?" he thought. "Every time I read a time travel story there is one." For, of course, the problem with time travel is that the slightest thing you do might change history. For instance, what would happen if you accidentally, or on purpose killed John Wilkes Booth, or Andrew Carnegie...

"Maybe its impossible to actually have this machine work, because of the paradox. Or, if it does work and I change history, I'll come back and find the world changed and no one will remember the past world," he thought at one time. Once he believed the paradox would be eliminated because any change would cause a different parallel world. His feelings on the matter depended on which time travel story he had recently read.

Finally, he invented a machine and sent a small pebble back in time, it disappeared. But he still hesitated to go back himself. For five years he waited and pondered, but he became impatient. So he built a duplicate machine to return him to the future. He decided to only go into the past a few hours, to an hour before he had entered the laboratory that day.

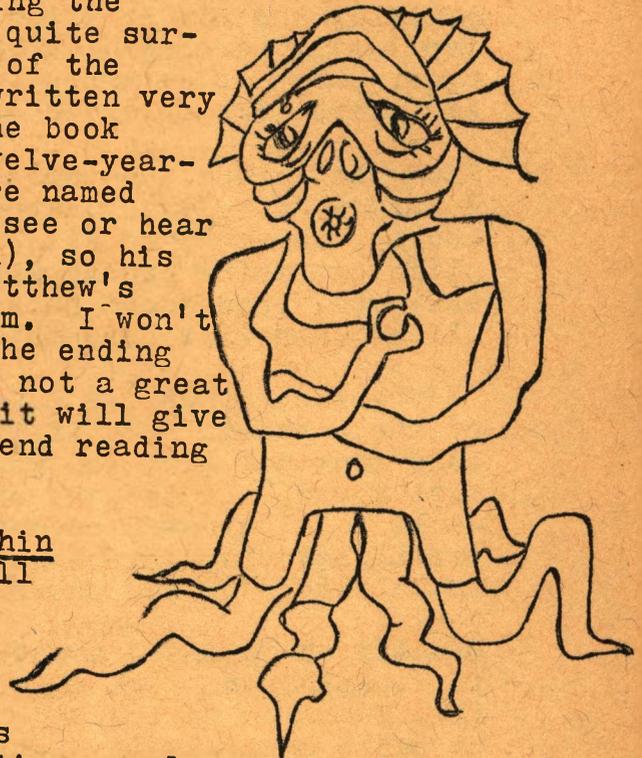
Peter adjusted the time machine for five hours back, strapped on a smaller duplicate machine to enable him to return, and stepped on the machine. "Nothing will happen to destroy history!" he said confidently and noted that the wall clock said 12:30.

Peter was right, for when he pressed the button the walls, clock, lab, machine, and world vanished. In the moment before his body exploded from the sudden depressurization, he saw the Earth, the sun, and the stars, and understood what his mistake had been. Naturally the Earth was 600,000 miles away. He had remained in the same spot, but the Earth had moved in its orbit. He floated in the spot where the Earth would be exactly five hours from now, Peter was where the Earth would be at 12:30. For the Earth moves approximately 1,530,000 miles a day in an orbit around the sun, plus 4000 miles on its axis every 24 hours, plus.....

BOB ROEHM:

I'm sure all you people who were with us lastish just can't wait to read a review of L. Sprague de Camp's Rogue Queen. I hate to disappoint you, but I'm not going to review that book. (And I did so read it; so there.) It seems that certain ones prefer that I review books that are a bit newer. I received a letter the other day asking if I were going to review the latest book by H.G. Wells. No, I'm not, but there is one by a rising young star called Jules Verne.

Chocky (Ballantine, 1968, 75¢) is much different than most of John Wyndham's other works. Readers expecting the Wyndham of Day of the Triffids will be quite surprised. This book is more in the line of the author's magnificent Re-Birth. It is written very simply, and when you think about it, the book really doesn't have much of a plot. Twelve-year-old Matthew Gore insists that a creature named Chocky is his friend. No one else can see or hear him/er (Matthew wasn't quite sure which), so his parents began to worry about whether Matthew's imagination wasn't running away with him. I won't reveal any more of the story, because the ending is at least a mild surprise. Chocky is not a great book, perhaps not even a good one, but it will give you a little enjoyment. I would recommend reading it; it doesn't take that long anyway.



CHOCKY?

The re-issue of Arthur C. Clarke's Dolphin Island (Berkley Highland, 1968, 50¢) will give those who haven't read it a chance to do so. Actually, unless you are 12 years old, there isn't much to this book. The fact that it's by Clarke is enough for some people, though. It says on the cover that this is a science fiction novel. Well, I have news for them. Island is a straight adventure juvenile, and the only SF element is that it takes place a short time in the future. As may be surmised by the title, the story consists of communications with dolphins, "the people of the sea," as the book so quaintly puts it. A hurricane gives Johnny Clinton, the 16-year-old boy hero, a chance to put into practice a rescue theory of his. This is another of those books that you can read in an hour or two, so your time won't really be wasted.

The first sentence of the introduction of Space, Time, & Crime (Paperback Library, re-issue, 1968, 50¢) edited by Miriam Allen deFord starts out with this brilliant revelation, "I believe it was Sam Moskowitz who praised Caves of Steel, by Frederik Pohl and the late Cyril Kornbluth..." That would be enough to stop you right there.

But there are some pretty good stories in this anthology consisting of 13 detective-crime-science fiction stories. Naturally there is an entry by Isaac Asimov, but it is one of his poorer Wendell Urth puzzle stories. Also included is a Fritz Leiber "Change War" story, "Try and Change the Past." There are lots of big names here: Pohl, Davidson, Goulhart, Anderson, Boucher, but none of the stories are particularly memorable. It's not that they aren't good--all, in fact, are well worth reading, but they just aren't the stories you really remember. Try them anyway, though.

I wondered a bit about reviewing the new Flying Nun book, Miracle at San Tanco (Ace, 1968, 50¢) by William Johnston. /Please keep in mind that the opinions expressed in this book review column are not necessarily those of the editor.-LgE/...I'm mentioning it

because it is published by Ace, and because it is a very good book. It isn't by any means SF, and it can be classified as only border-line fantasy. Of course, not every nun can fly /Praise be the Lord-LgE/ The flavor of the TV series is preserved perfectly, especially in Sister Sixto. Her mixed-up American slang is the high point of the book. There isn't much need for a plot here; the characters are delightful enough by themselves. But there is a story: Carlos Ramirez, as usual, has something that Sister Bertrille wants, an island with an old castle. And to complicate things, a revolutionist who has been trying twenty years to overthrow the government is found to be the legal owner of half of Convent San Tanco. If you're in need of cheering up, read the book. If you're already happy, then read it anyway.

RICHARD DELAP:

The Swords of Lankhmar, Fritz Leiber, Ace, 1968, 60¢, 224p.

Mr. Leiber's newest fantasy-novel is a full-length adventure tale of two of his most famous creations, the Gray Mouser and Fafhrd, and a very entertaining tale it is.

The story begins as the Mouser and Fafhrd, a pair of deliciously scandalous rogues, return to Lankhmar (a city in the land of Nehwon) and are hired by Lankhmar's effeminate Overlord Glipkerio Kistomerces (isn't chat a name?) to guard a shipment of grain across the Inner Sea to the city of Kleg Nar. Previous ships on this voyage have disappeared without a trace and Mouser/Fafhrd are along to make sure there is no recurrence of events. On board, our heroes meet the beautiful Hisvet, a woman of somewhat strange ways, accompanied by her maid-servant Frix and a group of remarkable pet rats. The ship is eventually attacked by a hoard of rats, an attack in which Hisvet and her pets are more than suspiciously involved.

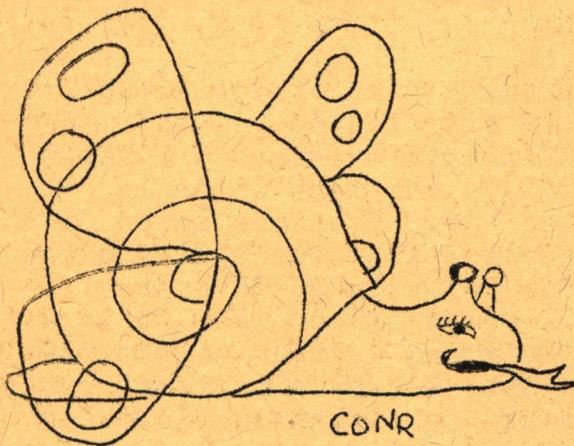
This first part of the story includes an extraneous meeting with a strange man riding a great two-headed sea-monster, both obviously from a far-distant and perhaps alternate future. The sequence seems included as a little too convenient way of clearing up some sticky plot machinations and is presumably a non-deleted section of the 1961 novelette, Scylla's Daughter, included in this novel.

The book subsequently picks up speed, however, and the Mouser discovers a great kingdom of rats and rat-men under the city of Lankhmar... a highly organized kingdom, too, plotting to overthrow the city and assume rule. At this half-way point, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser become separated and each chapter is divided into segments that tell of the Mouser's adventures in the rat-kingdom, Fafhrd's strange meeting with a woman of bones in the City of Ghouls, and some on-the-spot "inside" looks at the rat-plans of Lankhmar's overthrow. With snappy pacing and some delightful humor, the book zips along to a whirlwind climax with lots of magic, swords-and-sorcery action and a little sex dished up in proper amounts along the way.

The book's only annoyances lie in the first half with the intrusive introduction of the aforementioned man and sea-monster, occasionally referred to but never re-introduced in the latter portion of the story, and the first appearance of the rats aboard ship which initially seems almost Disney-esque with the prancing, sword-wielding and beribboned rodents. Later however, when the Mouser is reduced to rat size with a magic potion, his adventures in the rat-kingdom take on a satiric flavor that keeps the whole sequence from becoming coy as before. The Gray Mouser and Hisvet's love-hate relationship, obviously written with relish by Mr. Leiber, makes up a great deal of the novel's most pleasurable moments. Leiber's characterizations are marvelously imaginative, especially the evil Samanda, the immense kitchen-queen of Glipkerio's palace, the most memorable villainess in quite some time.

Swords promises to be the first in a new series of Mouser/Fafhrd fantasy adventures...and judging from this first story, a series that will be extremely popular.

The Butterfly Kid, Chester Anderson, Pyramid, 60¢, 190pp.



One of the editors?

In his foreword, Mr. Anderson states that all characters in his novel (novel?) are fictitious, including the two leads named after himself and a friend, one-time collaborator (Ten Years to Doomsday) Michael Kurland. He continues with: "This is especially true of Greenwich Village, where most of this story happens. Do not be deceived: there is no Greenwich Village. Never was. Pure fiction, all of it. Ask anyone who's lived there." This gives the reader a fairly precise picture of the type of nonsensical humor prevalent through-out this story of comic-book satire.

In New York's hippieland, our heroes take it upon themselves to find the distributors of a new and strange drug (causing its user's most improbable hallucinations to acquire the aspects of reality) and their intentions. It follows that the criminal perpetrators of the eventual mass chaos are an alien species of non-violent but aggressive six-foot lobsters bent on the humble-but-firm enslavement of the human race.

Anderson's plot (plot?) is but a pencil-sketched piece of fluff against which to tack page after page of one-line jokes, some of them repeated ad nauseum, and fractured dialogue. Granted, the whole thing manages to generate some chuckles (a few of which come dangerously close to belly-laughs) and one scene at least, Anderson's encounter with a most unusual torture machine, is hilarious enough to stick in the mind after the book is finished. But is this enough groundwork for 190 pages? Not quite. What might have made an hilarious story of novelette length is stre-a-c-hed too thin to hold its length and amusement becomes tempered with tolerance. It's not a bad book to be sure, but the reader may begin to think it is before he's finished. Those who dig wild, hip humor may find the "trip" worthwhile, however.

The Soft Machine, William S. Burroughs, Grove Press, 95¢, 185 pp.

A most depressing pseudo-science fiction exercise in scatology, almost entirely worthless to readers in general, and only perhaps of interest to the most hardened and strong-stomached of professional psychologists. Those sensation-seekers who purposely seek out such literature may find its pornographic contents titillating (and I dare anyone to point out its redeeming social value without becoming misleadingly mystical), but it seems questionable even they will manage to keep a clear head (if they're blessed with one to begin with) through Burroughs' kaleidoscopic verbiage. Not recommended.

Nebula Awards Stories, ed. by Damon Knight, Pocket Book, 75¢, 244pp.

There's not a bad story, and a couple of excellent ones, included in this collection of four Nebula Award winners, and four runners-up, distinctions given by the SF Writers of America at their first annual banquets (New York, and Los Angeles) in 1966.

Among the winners, Roger Zelazny has two stories of courage, one ending in success, one in failure, both fine examples of the best in modern SF. "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" is more interesting for its character conflict than for its science, although both interests are finely wrought and, due to Zelazny's high-shine polish, battle but never succeed in breaking the story apart. The plot of "He Who Shapes" (published some time back by Ace as a novel, The Dream Master) centers on and evolves from Render, the Shaper, a special psychiatrist of the future who uses a specialized form of analysis with the help of a sensitive push-button machine. In his efforts to help a fellow professional (a blind woman, Eileen Shallot, who seeks to break precedents by becoming a "Shaper"), Render enters a series of neuroparticipation sessions, careless of the danger of

the unpredictable paths of human emotion. Zelazny's ability to make his characters people who are real, who matter, who do what people will do, has never been more evident than in this strikingly original and compelling story, written remarkably like a film script (...and it seems to me to be quite aptly suited for the medium - hint, hint).

"Repent, Harlequin!" Said the Ticktockman" (also a Hugo winner) is an outrageous protestation from an outrageous author, Harlan Ellison. Needless to say, it's also outrageously good. Brian W. Aldiss' "The Saliva Tree" is an entertaining paean to H.G. Wells (who is included as a minor story character) built on a pleasant bridge of nostalgia.

Of the runners-up, Gordon R. Dickson's "Computers Don't Argue" is the best, a quite startlingly plausible modern horror story (don't let the humor mislead you here). James H. Schmitz's "Balance Ecology" and Larry Niven's "Becalmed in Hell" are nicely turned contrivances. "The Drowned Giant" (originally in PLAYBOY as "Souvenir") is another of J.G. Ballard's think-inducing allegories written to unsettle the reader, which it all too easily does.

You won't find a better way to break a dollar bill. Get it.

EVELYN LIEF:

Restoree by Anne McCaffrey is an almost unique SF book. There is so little SF fiction written from the feminine point of view that the few things I find are doubly welcome. Heinlein can make a woman as alive as a man and Andre Norton does much with a feminine viewpoint. But this is the only book within the field of SF that I can remember that really develops from the woman's side. I've always enjoyed all types of adventures with male heroes, but after reading this novel I know how much has been lacking. It's very satisfying to be able to have the main character to identify with, instead of the second or the third. And Anne McCaffrey creates a feminine woman (usually they are more aggressive) who is capable and not too frivolous or all-knowing -- a realistic personality.

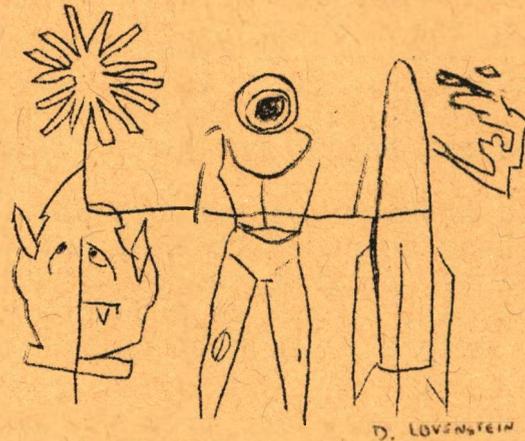
The male hero, though, is almost a super-hero, but somehow retains his humanity too. There are qualities here to attract both the female and the male reader. Another world is created with imaginative results. And a suspense-filled plot keeps the action going. I don't want to belittle the worth of the book as a whole by emphasizing the one way it is especially different, and I don't want to discourage male readers, but I recommend this book to any woman who has the same kind of visions concerning SF as the men, but who rarely finds her sex truly represented.

If you haven't read The Einstein Intersection by Sam Delany yet, do so. A mythical world is created with the reality of human emotions to back it up. Fanciful creatures populate this world, yet they all have something in common just as we do -- they are all different.

I don't understand it all. I'll certainly have to read it over again and again. A story such as this, with so much mythical symbolism is in danger of not reaching the reader on an emotional level too. Yet it does. If nothing else, when I finished reading it, I felt the inherent loneliness of man very deeply. How, no matter much one wants, one can't return to the past, and nothing is ever like one thinks it is going to be. Throughout life only one thing is certain -- that the future is going to be different from what we expect. Its a very lonely thought; also there will be a choice between illusion and reality, with the difficulty of telling which is which.

I'm most confused by the last two scenes -- at the pearl and the killing of kid death, though I understand them generally, as I said, I'll have to reread the book. There is so much in it. And there is something the remantic in me doesn't like, yet understands and applauds. That's Delany's statement, "Endings to be useful must be inconclusive." Its frustrating but thought-provoking and artistically more satisfying as it forces the reader to join in the work.

PROZINE REVIEWS
by Edward Reed



ANALOG, March 1968, 6 stories

Piers Anthony's story, "The Alien Rulers" was an enjoyable story, but I did have to wade through it. I could tell you the plot, but then you wouldn't be able to read it. Very much the same for V. Foray's "Practice" but I didn't like it as much. There is another Anvil story and a run of the ANALOG-type Anderson. But with Harrison's serial, The Horse Barbarians there is a ray of hope. More like a lot of rays. This is another Jason DinAlt story (Deathworld being the other, Jan. - March '60, F&SF). Some of the Pyrrans, who lived on the galaxies toughest planet, Ergo, are the toughest people, and they have gone to Felicity with DinAlt. There they meet some tougher people. Its a marvelous story, as good as the first (which won a Hugo nomination). It should be read. No SCIENCE ARTICLE?!?!

FANTASY AND SF, March 1968, 5 new stories, one reprint

The reprint is a J. M. Rosny Aine. The cover is superb, in its own way as good as February's. The DeCamp and Asimov articles are good. The David Bunch story should be read immediately after borrowing, begging, or stealing this issue. "The Egg of the Ghak" is a most ineffable story, if there ever was one, but SUPERB. The deFord is

is an interesting, but poorly conceived story. I thought Sterling Lanier's story should be in a deep hole. The Bob Sheckley is an excerpt from a new novel and is great, it is well summed up by this little excerpt from it, "Change this, change that, why must water flow down hill, the gravity's too heavy, the hot air rises when it ought to fall." GREAT.

NEW WORLDS, Nov. 1967 (Latest ish I've received) 3 stories.

There are also poems, art, novel excerpt, and science articles. All the articles are good for any person who is interested in the subject matter. I have yet to completely figure out Butterworth's poem. John Brunner has an excerpt from a 250,000 word novel. It appears to be good, publication by Doubleday is imminent. I won't read An Age by Aldiss without the final installment. Collyn's "Wine on an Empty Stomach" is brilliantly humanesque story and is remarkably great. Good issue.

AMAZING, Feb. 1968.

Harrison still is going to have a big job modernizing both AMAZING and FANTASTIC. There are 2 new stories, the Herbert isn't too good, he's still trying to realize himself, oh well. The MacLean is tremendous and should be required reading for anybody at all.

The old stories are pretty good. Aldiss's "London Letter" could be the better science article, but "Neanderthal's Rickets, and Modern Technology" is just short of marvelous. Harrison has improved the mag greatly, it may be a decent mag by 1969, except now less than 40,000 people bought the August issue. Good luck, Harry.

GALAXY, Feb. 1968, 8 stories.

Of these 6 are masterpieces. The Anderson is nothing but a nice story, but don't knock it, it may be worse than the rest, but it is still pretty good. Laumer's story just didn't hit me, but it is good too. Sheckley's story is brilliant and concerns a Jewish Mother type city; with Sheckley's imagination, "Street of Dreams, Feet of Clay" becomes a definite Hugo contender. Aldiss has a shocking story of overpopulation in "Total Environment." His writing makes the story come to life. "The Planet Slummers" by Terry Carr and Alexei Panshin is an interesting parallelism, and is well done. The Leiber story, "Crazy Annaoj" is a beautiful love story. Something you rarely ever see. "Sales of a Deathman" is an exceptional Block. Second only to the Sheckley, Lafferty's story tells how we gave the Indians back Manhattan.

THIS IS A KLUTZY PRODUCTION THIS IS A KLUTZY PRODUCTION THIS IS A KLUTZY

I'm not sure I could read all of Ed's writing correctly, and since I don't read the Prozines, I couldn't check, so any misspelling is a result of my misreading, and is my own klutzy fault. Apologies, everyone. By the way, see LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS if it comes on TV, It is the funniest movie....-LgE.

MY LIFE AT NYCON or
MEMOIRS OF A SHY YOUNG THING
by Dale Steranka

Before you skip this article because one like it has appeared in every other fanzine, consider this question: What's it like for a 19 year old girl to attend a New York SF Convention without ever having read an SF book or seeing a SF movie?.....Read on --

My roommate, the editor of this fanzine, not only dragged me to NyCon, but now she has me writing an article for her fanzine, oh well, once upon a time....

It was 10:30 Thursday evening, when I discovered that the 2:30 AM train I was taking to New York was really a 12:30 train. I moved around my home like a blur, this included drying (or semi-drying) my hair with an old gun-type hair dryer. It takes a half hour by car from my home to the depot, and instead of calling a cab, I decided to drive myself. I left at 11:50 PM. What more convenient time than 12:15 to find you've missed your exit on the parkway and there is nowhere to turn around. It's called driving backwards and praying that no cars or cops are coming. Would you believe it is almost impossible to find a parking lot at 12:25at night that has all day parking? I parked a half mile from the depot and ran like hell....fortunately, my train was 20 minutes late. I had arrived at 12:49 for a train leaving at 12:50 (and I'm still an agnostic...).

Oh well, arriving at New York was exciting (if you like underground traveling...). People scurrying around the Pennsylvania Station, each one pointing to a different exit upon questioning the direction of the Statler Hilton. Finding my roommate was another story. I suddenly heard my name pronounced six different ways over the PA System, turned around, and found she was standing right behind me.

And now to my thrilling life at Nycon...

First of all, my roomy's sister was originally supposed to go, but when she couldn't make it, I was swindled into taking her place. And since, according to Linda, it was easier if I just took her name tag, instead of writing for another, I received a nice badge with 'Sunday Eyster' written on it. Do you know what it's like explaining that you're really not Sunday Eyster from Silver Spring, but Dale Steranka from Pittsburgh? I decided not to wear any button and was questioned even more....

Naturally, not knowing a damn thing about SF I was not impressed by all the pros my roomy stood gaping at. I did however, for my own protection, learn to recognize and remove myself from the presence of two pros -- Harlan Ellison and Isaac Asimov.

Finding myself not too interested in the panel discussions, Sat. afternoon I decided to go to Aquaduct! (?) Oh, the ride on the Aquaduct Express (subway) was beautiful. I walked through four cars to discover no ladies at all, but only old gangster-types, or young hoods (all smiling at me...dirty old men!!!). I fought my way through a cloud of smoke, stumbling over the feet of those who were concentrating on their forms (ah, racing forms, that is...). Finally I found a seat, fortunately in an obscure corner. Since there was nothing to look at through the window but a dark wall, I took a look around to notice some of those men sleeping, some reading, and some smiling and/or winking at me. It was all I could do to stop cringing. Oui Vey! If my mother only knew! (She'd probably ask me why I didn't wink back...cringe...).

Ah, arriving at Lovely Aquaduct. Hoods and gangsters in countless numbers. It's called running to the ladies room and coming out only to place bets. I decided to leave after the 7th race, 40 dollars poorer (I did, however, make out in the long run, with hotel towels, ash trays, etc...).

The next big event at which I made an ass of myself was the Costume Ball. We decided to dress after the Art Show, but Linda failed to mention that she was allowing some of her friends to dress in our small room. (Chuck & Dawn /formerly Vach, formerly Irene/Rein, Pat Kelly, John Habecker, Bill Osten) One Spock, naturally, Sauron, Satyr, etc. People tinged in green and black, small pieces of fur from god knows where or what, suitcases, and make-up sprawled all over the room. They left one at a time, Sauron the first to exit. The others decided to pack and move their belongings to another friend's room, since they planned to stay up all night at the parties, and didn't want to disturb us to get their things.

I was the last to get ready and proceeded to the ballroom alone. I refused to take the elevator down and have everyone stare at my ridiculous costume, so I proceeded to take the stairs, unfortunately it was 16 flights....

Then I spent the next hour nervously trying to remember who my roommate said I was. Lady Asgard? Of where? Whose story? HUH?

Oh, the hell with it! I removed my name button to avoid questioning, and arrived in time to see the last part of the costume parade.

I was approached by a sweet, plump, little-old-lady, with a marking on her hand. She kept telling me about it, but I didn't know what she was talking about. I kept on smiling, anyway. She commented about my costume, saying I looked Gothic (in a slight English accent). Over and over, "You look Gothic, Gothic." "Who do you represent?" she asked finally. DUH? Its called "BSing". I said I was "Lady..." and she filled in some name, to which I rapidly agreed. But then she changed her mind. What was I to do? I agreed with her change. And with the next, and with the fourth.... I said that I suited the last character much better than the one before because I looked "Gothic!" This kept her happy, and satisfied my ability to BS.

I looked around at the costumes (and was sure that some of these ladies in flouncy costumes were really nuns who got fed up with their own convention).

After being invited twice to attend the parties, and refusing both gentlemen (?)(fear), I decided to return to my room, and watch the late show. Shortly thereafter, there was a knock on the door. I opened the door slightly and there was a tall guy dressed in a black robe, face darkened, who I recognized as Sauron (Pat Kelly). Remembering that he had left before his friends' decision to dress in another room, I asked "Are you here to undress?" He looked at me, and said "Well, that's up to you..."

I decided to take an early train home, and thus missed the banquet. I just happened to get on an elevator that Isaac Asimov was also on. He was talking with a lady who was commenting on his bushy eyebrows. She remarked also that she thought of him as she would her father. At which point he replied something like "So, what's wrong with incest...?" The elevator arrived at my stop and I ran to my train, POST HASTE.

Wonder What Baycon will be like? See you there!!!

Extremely brief FANZINE REVIEWS to make an excessively long issue, shorter.

by Linda Eyster

Star Trek-Phile, Juanita Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348, 50¢.

If you like ST you'll like this; included are the original ST idea, articles on the ST dramatic structure, Vulcan Culture, The Sick Bay, and miscellania. The most interesting was "What We Did on Our Visit to Desilu" by John & Bjo Trimble, complete with humorous (very) cartoons. Artwork is good. Recommended.

Leonard Nimoy Nat. Assoc. of Fans Winter Journal, Mrs. Peggy Vickers, 122 West Carlyne Drive, Garland, Texas, 75040, year/\$2.00 + 4-6¢stamps.

The excellent lithographic repro is entirely wasted on this overly sugary zine. The few interesting articles overflowed with so much schmaltz they were ruined. ST is good, but it could be much better. Nimoy and Shatner are fine actors, but the former's role is rather stoic, to say the least, and the latter is given poor scripts. The show can well spark some interest, but gaga hero worship of the 3rd grade level is something I, and I hope, most SF fans are not interested in. Perhaps LNNAF's 1300 or so members are third graders, but I doubt it. There's a lot of potential here, but boy does it need help.



And, who the hell cares about the bibliography of some of the members. Here is an honest-to-goodness example: "born in Ann Arbor, Mich., on November 30, 1933, and was adopted at the age of 6 weeks by the late Mr. John Seyfred and Mrs. Seyfred (now Mrs. Von Hofe who remarried at 71)... " or "her favorite colors are all shades of blue, purple, red, green, and yellow." Why not throw in orange, pink, white, and black??! OUI VEY! (OY VEY?)

Riverside Quarterly, Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Sation, Regina, Canada. 1/50¢, year/\$1.50.

The lithography may not always be good, but the content is. Serious SF articles. Recommended.

Dakkar, Larry Knight, 878 Lenore Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224, 1st
ish 75¢, next ?

If you like Verne you'll love this beautifully reproduced zine. And even if you couldn't care less, you'll find it interesting (I did). Future issues will have articles on Wells, H. Rider Haggard, and SF history up to the 1st all SF mag.

Double Bill, Bill Mallardi, 369 Wildwood Ave., Akron, Ohio 44320, 1/30¢
4/\$1.00.

This is what we hope Gf will end up like. RECOMMENDED! (That's not saying much, is it, but imagine a well done Gf Try and you've got the idea.

The Bem and Eye #1 - Same as above, free so far.

A very interesting 4 page personal column. Well done.

Stefantasy, Bill Danner, RD 1, Kennerdell, Pa. (Price? Highly irreg.).

Well done, nicely lithographed zine which seems to be mostly concerned with how to get back at Mail Order Companies. Also articles on Teenagers Then & Now, and new IBM typewriters. Mildly interesting to me, it may be fascinating or boring to you depending on your tastes, but it is definately not a Hugo nominee.

ODD #18, Raymond D. Fisher, 4404 Forest Park, St, Louis, Missouri,
63108, 1/75¢, 4/\$2.00.

Didn't get a chance to read this yet, but the artwork alone is worth the money. Suzanne has read it and says content is excellent.

Arioch #1, Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio, 45701
1/35¢.

All the usual reviews plus a Zelazny story! Mimeo poor in spots but should improve. I'm looking forward to #2.

Fantasy News, Harry Wasserman, 7611 N. Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisc.
53217, 1/35¢, 3/\$1.00

For the film buff. Interesting, but boy was our copy poorly reproduced, the mimeo looked as though it had run off 3000 copies before ours, and probably had. "Why you got this" page esp. good. Worth the Money.

Peoria H.S. SF Club Newsletter, Don Blyly, 825 West Russell St.,
Peoria, Ill. 61606, 10/\$1.25, 20/\$2.50.

I don't know why anyone outside Peoria High would want this, but here it is. Poor fanfiction could improve with lengthening.

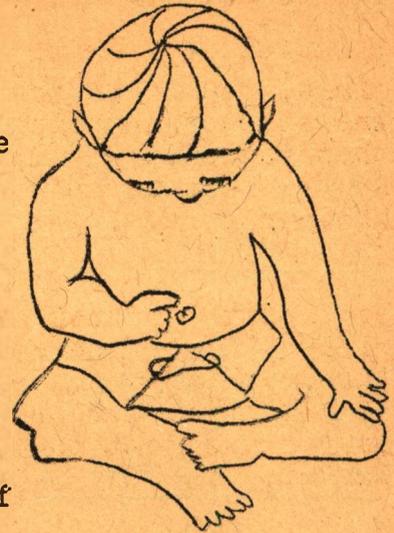
Hugin and Munin, No. 4, Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa, Can.
1/25¢, contribution, trade,
LoC.

Publication of ACUSFOOS, SF Club of Carleton U. Not too bad fan fiction, very good article on "SF -- Literature Or..." GOOD.

OMPHALLOPSYCHITE

ROBERT WILLINGHAM, 21934 Millpoint Ave., Torrance
California 90502

For some inexplicable reason, today my mailbox was stuffed with Granfalloons. Having pulled them from my combination (guaranteed thief-proof and unpickable) mailbox, I looked heavenward and asked, "What heinous crime have I committed now, to be inundated with more than one copy of the the same ish of some unknown, lowly fanzine?" And then I saw that they were both first ishes! Some days... However, curiosity got the better of me, and I decided to read one -- mostly to find out what "granfalloon" meant. (Incidentally, I never did find out. Answer, Gentle Editors?)
/See page 3, Gentle and Bewildered readers-SVT/



Upon the first leafing-through, an excellent likeness of Star Trek's (come on gals, it's not all that great, is it? ST I mean) Bones was encountered, /Well, it's not all that great, but its the only thing we've got on TV. Now some people do overdo it a little, see Connie's ST mania satire page and the fanzine reviews-LgE/ as well as some of Gaughan's 2-second sketches. (It's always nice to see his work.) Other miscellania tha' stuck in my mind (like a 6¢ stamp) included a good review of Babel-17 (good because I agreed with it), a bad review of Earthblood (guess why it was bad), two fiction pieces about gods (the first was good, but -- oh, heck, no buts -- it was good; the second had more to say, but didn't say it too well), an incomprehensible lettercol (mostly because it was unreadable), an incomprehensible poem (mostly because I'm stupid), and 2 page 14s.
/And reversed page 14s at that! Your luck is fantastic!/
/

Q: Why was the repro on some pages so good, and on others soBAD?
/Because the spirit masters were typed directly on the good pages, while most of the fuzzy pages were so because of the electric-master maker, used incorrectly-SVT/

Q: Was the part about subscriptions supposed to be funny?

One more Q: Are you going to continue to send me Gfs? (I hope so, I liked your prose.) /Yes, if you subscribe/

Since you push your favorites, I'm going to push one of mine: READ Flowers for Algernon!!! And for those of you who have read Ann McCaffrey's "Weyr Search" and "Dragonrider" (Oct, Dec, Jan, ANALOG), you will be happy to know she has a Ballantine pb, Restoree (U6108, 75¢) which may be a Hugo contender -- and that is not just my opinion; other notables liked it, too. /See Hither and Yon/

JOHN L. LULVES, JR., 38-3 Revere Rd., Drexel Hill, Pa. 19026

Part of the first issue of Gf, recently sent to me, was awful, but other parts were rather good, and I hope you will keep up the effort.
/Nothing like constructive criticism!/
25

BOB ROEHM, 316 E. Maple St., Omaha, Nebraska 68124

To begin with, Granfalloon surprised me greatly. The idea of two girls, new to fandom, with no publishing experience, was a little on the side of improbability. But the end product amply demonstrates that talent, not experience, is what counts. [Perhaps this discovery spurred Bob on, he's now in the process of compiling the first ish of his own zine, Iceni. Send inquiries, contributions, etc. to Bob-LgE]

Your only problem with #1 is with, as you know, the repro. [Hope mimeo will be the solution. I can't wait to see how these stencils turn out-LgE] All pages were legible, but some just barely so. [I think you got one of the better copies!] Of course, all that counts was that they were readable. The contents are more important anyway.

And speaking of contents, what have we here? I'll start at the beginning, which is always a good place to start. [Well, usually, anyway] The cover was very nice. Although I haven't the faintest idea of what it is (no offense, Adrienne), it is striking. (No offense, Adrienne), it is striking. [Editor's pero gative to turn a tree sideways to fit!] It grabs the reader's attention and makes him wonder what the heck is inside. (in slightly different language, of course) While I'm on the subject of Gf's art, I'll comment on the rest of it. How enterprising of you to get some Gaughan art for your first issue. Another indication of what is to come. The portrait of Dr. McCoy was very good. The rest of the artwork was up to good standards, too.

Your editorial, Linda: I have noticed that the British are usually more serious than Hollywood when making SF or Horror films. Hammer Films, who I think made CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, has made some pretty good movies. I saw the remake by Hammer of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA on TV a few weeks ago. While the horror aspect had dwindled to almost nil, the technical and human side of the story was greatly improved from the earlier versions.

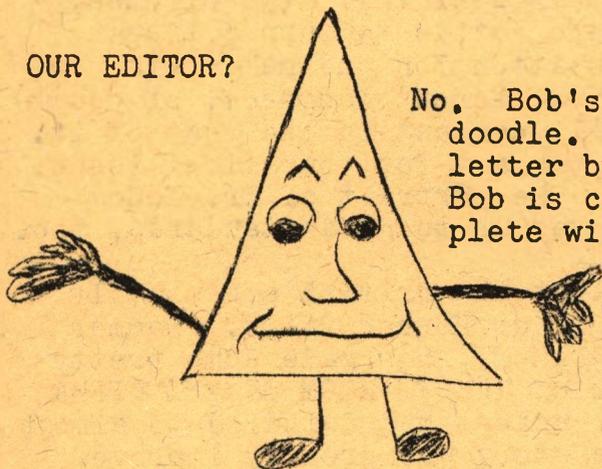
Suzanne, I suppose you overjoyed to see U.N.C.L.E. #14 on the stands. May it be an indication of many more to come. Ace is a good publisher; the editors should be able to recognize a good thing when they see it. The fact that the show has been cancelled ought to affect the book-buying public very little. [After all, everyone knows people who watch TV can't read-LgE] Just think: now that they can't watch the show, more people will be buying the books. There's probably a fault in my reasoning somewhere, but I'm certainly not going to look for it. [My reasoning too. Evidently also Ace books, see my editorial-SVT]

"The Box" was one of the most shocking (no, that's not the word I want. Maybe it is.) stories that I have seen in a fanzine. Nay, a prozine even. Added in length a little, it could very well have qualified for Dangerous Visions. (And I'm only halfway kidding there.) There is so much bad SF published in the prozines, that "The Box" seemed to me, perhaps in comparison, very good indeed. [Love that egoboo!-LgE]

Hmm, just read "The Young God," completely this time, as the last paragraph was blurred in my copy. Another good story. Is Gran-falloon competing with Harlan Ellison or something? If you are, you are winning... /Harlan Ellison? What the hell is that?/

For the sake of modesty, I won't comment on my review, much to your relief, I'm sure. I will, however, say something about Stephen Compton's review of The Past Thru Tomorrow. As everyone who has been in contact with me knows, I am a Heinlein fanatic of the first water (a phrase which is singularly appropriate, don't you think?). Thus the review was more interesting perhaps to me. Heinlein is a fantastic writer and is deserving of every award that can be given to him. In The Moon is a Harsh Mistress he did return to an old theme, but it was presented with such skill and quality that it was in fact, new again. Someone speculated the other day that R&H may be working on a novel based on those unwritten Future History stories. That idea had never occurred to me, but it could be a possibility. Mr. Heinlein should consider something like that anyway.

OUR EDITOR?



No. Bob's doodle. No letter by Bob is complete without it.

The words of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr:
"If you wish to study a gran-falloon, Just remove the skin of a toy balloon."
simply do not apply to this granfalloon. The difference is that there is something in this one. And future issues will be even better. I rest my case.
TANSTAAFL!

P.S. Sorry about the praise letter, but I couldn't find anything to criticize. Maybe next time?

/We forgive you! Thanks for all the lovely egoboo. Hope this ish is better. We think there is room for improvement, despite all your lovely raves. The following represents about the worst letter we got. Some people differed completely from Bob. We don't care if you love us or hate us, just so you subscribe. Write! Remember, Our Motto: We Can Be Bribed

WILLIAM M. DANNER, RD 1, Kennerdell Pa., 16374

If MIT has Cory Seidman and/or Leslie Turek, I suppose CMU is entitled to you. And, if both of you keep trying very hard and (along with your contributors) learn something about spelling and English grammar and usage, you may someday have something approaching Twilight Zine in quality. There is nothing, alas, that is distinguished or distinguishing about your first issue, but that's nothing new. Even more important than a better method of reproduction is a better sort of typescript to reproduce. For Pete's sake get rid of that sans-serif typer and get one with regular type. This typewriter is no

thing of beauty but of course we can't all afford IBM's new Selectric Composer at \$4400. This machine is a Woodstock made in 1923 which I got for \$15 and restored.

I wouldn't be writing you at all except for your location. Thanks a lot! I used to pass Morewood Gardens the dorm on my way from the 76 streetcar to classes at CIT. I got my BS with the class of 1932.

To harp for a moment upon spelling: it seems odd that you youngsters (you aren't the only ones) who profess an admiration for Tolkien can't spell his name correctly. I much prefer Mervin Peake and if you haven't read "Titus Groan," "Gormenghast" and "Titus Alone" I suggest that you look them up without delay. No doubt you can get them at the central library. Not in Pittsburgh, Oh, and about Tolkien, I never misspell (errr...), only mistype. My apologies to Tolkien, Jack Gaughan, and Mr. Danner.-LgE



One of our editors? Bill Danner?

RICHARD L. DELAP, c/o John Wells, 206 E. 10th Ave., Apt. 8, Denver, Colorado 80203.

Glad to see you state your aims in your editorial, Linda, but please stick to your hopes of a general fanzine and avoid at all costs turning to one area of focus (as so many fanzines have done with less-than-successful results). Star Trek (which I refuse to watch), Man From U.N.C.L.E., and various authors such as Heinlein will make interesting features for future issues, but a dotting reverence to any of them will only class you among the fanatics. If you must limit yourself to one general area, do it without being specific to one thing. Glad to see you caught CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED but you heard right....VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED was better, by far. I also hope you will be able to get away from spirit in future issues. Here we are in living mimeo!

Liked "The Box" but wished it would have been a bit more developed. Would you believe one fan-ed rejected it because it was too drawn out and wanted it cut?!?!-LgE It was a bit too easy to see through in the form used. Enjoyed the book reviews very much despite disagreeing with Bob Roehm's opinion of Delany's Babel-17

(his newest, The Einstein Intersection, is far better) and the puzzlingly enthusiastic review of Sixak's interesting but carelessly developed Why Call Them Back From Heaven? Linda: despite your delight in The Harrad Experiment, I find it a little hard to get past Bantam's sex-drenched cover and the 95¢ price. Coax me some more! Go to a second hand dealer where the price is less than 95¢ and the cover is ripped off and buy the book! I liked it!-LgE

Lettercol and fanzine reviews ok, and hopefully will be expanded in the next ish. Well, the lettercol is! Next ish fanzine reviews will be larger! Lots of luck and best wishes!

EDWARD S. REED, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn.
06902

Seth Johnson and I've been talking about the lousy distribution the prozines have. I've received New Worlds #179 but not #178. You can't get mags on most stands, and when you subscribe you end up with the March ANALOG coming on time, two weeks before the Feb. issue, *s*!*g*h*. You know any others who have this problem? We'd like to work out an in Fandom distribution deal, anyone out in Pittsburgh interested?



One Of Our
EDITORS?

Neither of us buy mags (no time to read them) but we've heard at least one person here complaining. But downtown stores carry them. Damon Knight's Boskone speech was reprinted in Australian SF Review (#12, October) and discussed an interesting project. Go to the nearest dealer who doesn't carry SF mags, ask him if the distributor just won't bring them, if the answer is yes, go to the nearest dealer who doesn't distribute; the distributor will be so surprised someone cares, he will start distributing. I don't know how well this works in practice, but it doesn't sound too bad in theory. Anyone have any ideas or experiences?-LgE



PEGGYE VICKERS, 122 W. Carolyne,
Garland, Texas 75040

I want to thank you very much for mentioning LNNAF (Leonard Nimoy National Assoc. of Fans) in your Granfalloon and wish to subscribe. I am enclosing \$1 for the next four issues, to which I eagerly look forward. Again congratulations on a job "well done"! Wait till she sees this ish-LgE

Could it be?
OY VECH?
OUI VEY? (?)

LARRY ST. CYR, JR., 30 Frederick St., North Adams, Mass. 01247

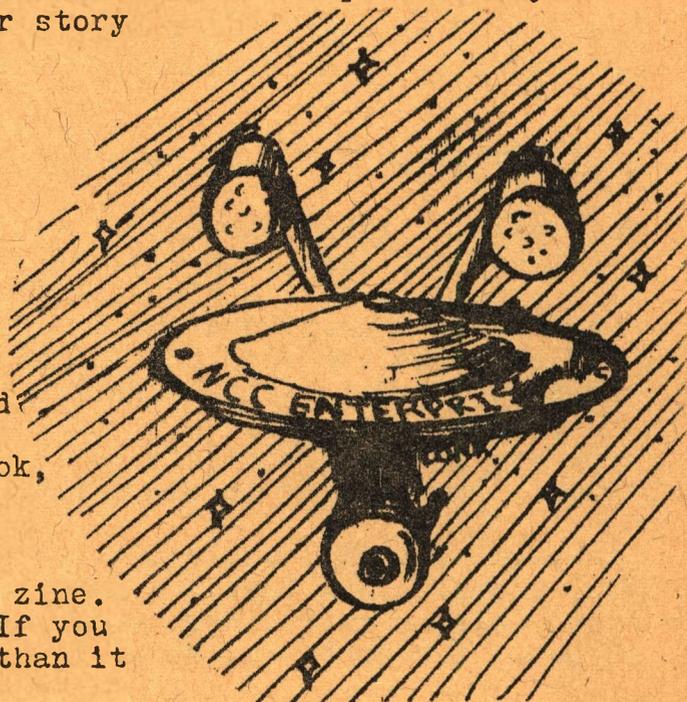
First of all as I don't know where you got the name for your fanzine, I don't know whether the cover was supposed to represent something or if it was supposed to be what it looked like (a crooked tree) [You guessed it]; it is a good drawing of a tree, anyway.

Now for the first story, I get the impression that you don't really know what you're talking about, Linda, because in my opinion there is no such way to do what you have stated. You see, I believe that any SF story written should have a possibility of happening and I don't feel your story comes up to that.

I though Bob Roehm's book review was pretty good (but I'm prejudiced; Bob was the guy who started me on the N3F and onto this fanzine as well).

I have never read Heinlein's series, but after this review I want to very much. I've read Simak's book and agree with his diagnosis; an excellent book, a must.

You are receiving this letter because overall I enjoyed your zine. I hope you continue with it. If you do, I know it will get better than it already is.



GENE TURNBULL, 801 Grosse Pt. Ct., Grosse Pt., Mich. 48230

I enjoyed the first issue of Granfalloon quite a bit; best were Gaughan illos & general casual atmosphere of casual writing. I'm sending a couple of illos of mine you might be able to us. Hope they help get Gf out before the quarter. [Thanks! We had so much material that we are out before, anyway. The illos are excellent! Unfortunately they were squeezed out this ish, but will turn up soon. If you want to see them, subscribe. Don't miss any of the action (or the apathy) - send us money, we will love you for it!-LgE/ [not literally, however-SVT]

STEVE LEWIS, 2074 Pauline Blvd., Apt. 1A, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103

Congratulations on your first issue of Granfalloon. You are bound to be given much noise about reproduction; ignore it, they all hav dirty minds. Actually, an admirable effort. [Then why didn't you subscribe?]

You may be interested in an announcement of a Harradian experiment here at Michigan, posted on a bulletin board I stopped to read last week. I haven't inquired further, but it was signed Ann, Gary, and Bill, I suppose to avoid a failure such as the following. A similar effort somewhere in the East resulted in 20 male students in a response to "Free Love." They quickly adjourned, with the announcement "It wasn't quite what we had in mind."

EVELYN LIEF, 224-03 57th Ave., Bayside, N.Y. 11364

I'm a femfan too, trying to put out a fanzine, except its only in N'APA now. [Only?] I've just put out my second ish and don't feel ready for a wider circulation yet. But this is just to point out there are some fem faneds and that we do read (that's to Mr. Roehm).

I enjoyed "The Box", but I must point out that it was no better than the fanfiction in Perihelion. Also, loved the illo of Dr. McCoy.

ADRIENNE FEIN, Box 289, Drew Univ., Madison, N.J. 07940

Obviously, I liked the cover - even if you did get it sideways, it seems to look fine that way. Also, Bribe HOW MUCH?/What do you want done? I didn't like the Tolkien record much either; thought "Beyond All Towers" and the English song were the best. I think that "I Sit Beside the Fire and Think" goes fairly well to the tune of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," if anyone cares to try it.

Hope you write the article on the U.N.C.L.E. books, Suzanne. How about a fan's guide to old movies on TV?

One point I really would like to make, try to keep Gf on an individual basis. Most fanzines have the standard features, like lettercol, editorials, book reviews, etc., and of course you must have the standard features, but do as much as you can that is different.

KEN TOMPKINS, 11 308 West 58th St., Hotel Wilson, NYC 10019

I have received, for my very own, a copy of Vol. I, No. I, of Granfalloon, and have several observations to make about it. First, its name is perfectly adapted to its function. Second, the price is outrageous: for 30¢ one can get two weeks' worth of TV Guides. The best way to circulate a student publication among students is to give it away. Publicity, honor, and glory lie in having Gfs strewn about the floors of every untidy dormitory room at Carnegie-Mellon, your name, perhaps not on everyone's tongue, but at least on everyone's floor.

Suzanne, my congratulations on the effort that obviously went into preparing and running off so many masters. You haven't shown so much energy since the age of two, when someone put your piggy-bank up a tree; you may recall that you retrieved it by felling the tree with a rubber axe after six weeks of whamming away. Your playpen, your entire wardrobe, your family could've been up in that tree, and you

wouldn't have lifted a tiny finger: but the piggy-bank was another story. Even then your motto was: Greed Pays, or "A Penny Saved is a Penny Locked Away and Hidden and Surrounded by Broken Glass."

Old brother scratches his head at words like fanzine, lettercol, and the like: these must have entered the language when he migrated to New York, and stopped speaking it. (Hoe-doe, pronounced very quickly, is Purto Rican for hot-dog. The word for seedy-looking, slinking, unshaven criminal type is hombre. The word for income is Weh-feh, also pronounced quickly, without accent. No know Engy no more -- know Puerto Ric verrgood.) English, when I last used it, had a nostalgic old 19th Century quality, with the Nineteenth Century's prejudice against running words together like the ridiculous Germans, who, in this century, lost two wars because by the time they had figured out the military dispatches from Berlin the Allies had rolled right over them. Remember: today fanzine, tomorrow the Guatemalan occupation of Florida.

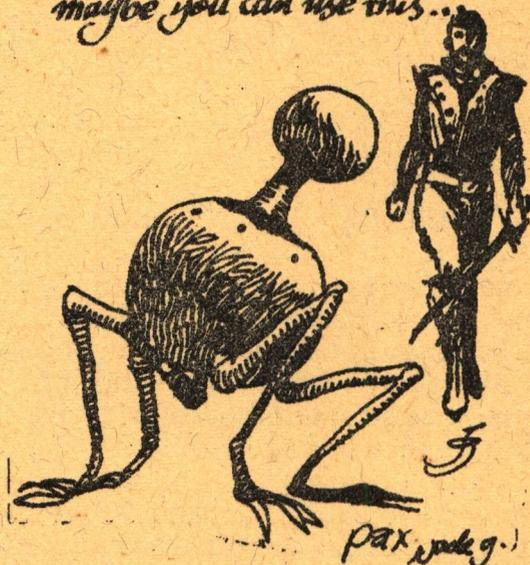
As for your own articles -- they bear your unmistakable stamp: in the new style English, suzletracks. TROMP!

*Linda,
Thanks for Granfalloon.
I'm pressed for time here but
maybe you can use this...*

JACK GAUGHAN, P.O. Box 516, Rifton,
New York, 12471

[Thanks muchly, we did need that to
brighten up our lettercol! You are
a trufan!]

ED SMITH, 1315 Lexington Ave.,
Charlotte, N.C. 28203

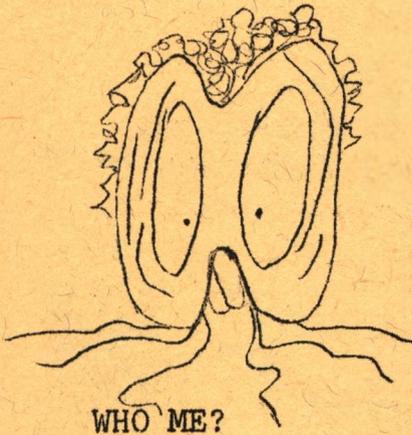


Got your zine T'other day. Very nice and organized for a first issue. Best of zine: book reviews, "The Box", and the You-Got-This-Because page. And that was a pretty good picture of McCoy there.

You both seem to be STAR TREK and MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. fans. Well, I'm a confirmed ST addict, but never cared much for U.N.C.L.E. The humorous parts (of the ones that I saw) certainly raised the general quality of the show, but there weren't enough of them to make it worthwhile gazing at it week after week. [It did if you liked Illya enough-SVT. Suzanne is a McCallum fanatic-L&E]

I did read THE INVISIBILITY AFFAIR since I had seen it mentioned in Yandro and I thought I should give it a chance. Not bad - it read like a lot of pulp-level SF - which was what it was, I guess. I haven't read any other volumes in the series, and I doubt if I will. Do force yourself, try D. McDaniel's The Vampire Affair, it is quite Good, some think the series' best-SVT. Suzle finally forced me to read it and it was very good; light reading, and quite funny-LgE

Glad to see a review of Why Call Them Back From Heaven. I thought it was just great. How about let's banding together and giving it a Hugo, or a least get it on the ballot. I also enjoyed The Einstein Intersection equally well, but it will certainly get nominated and will probably win. But let's at least get Simak on the ballot this year. Good idea! Somehow, with my usual efficiency, I lost the rest of this letter, sorry. Oh well, this column is getting awfully long, and I guess most of you are tired of contemplating your bellybutton navel-LgE.



SETH A. JOHNSON, 345 Yale Ave., Hillside, N.J.
07202

All typos are Seth's

For a neofanzine, yours was a most excellent job. In fact, I don't think I've ever seen a neofanzine with perfect typography, every page clear and legible, and nothing overinked and no show-through or any of the horrors which bug the fan-ed on his first fangzine. And we did not spoil the record.

And Linda...I really enjoyed "The Box" although you should have led up to it more skillfully. Also, introduce your characters a little bit and let the reader know who he is reading about. But your description of the Box and the galaxy was really terrific. If anything, you could have padded this description out with another couple of hundred words.

I don't think anyone knows what Heinlein's attitude really is. He swings from authoritarian militarist to yoga to free love to hive Marriage and all way-stops in between. I frankly suspect he deliberately picks a far out attitude for each novel and writes and slants the whole thing from that point of view.

Diana Barnes Carnes, was the printing that bad? seems quite a girl what with her young god feeding on living sheep. I just wonder if she let her imagination go to visualize this when she was writing it or realized what her reader would visualize. Gadzooks! This Diana must be quite a girl.

Roehm did nicely with that sort of review or something. The other guy however disliked Earthblood which I found fascinating. Poor Compton, he didn't hate EB, I did! -LgE

RICHARD LABONTE, 971 Walkly Rd., Ottawa 8, Canada

And a copy of Granfalloon -- it must mean something -- came in the mail yesterday, along with a University bill for \$267.75; Gf was, of course, more fun to read.

For a first issue it's great. But that's not a nice way of putting it, suggesting that it's pretty bad as an issue, and only good because it's the first. And I don't mean that. So I'll say, it's a great issue, even though it's the first no, that's not quite right. How about - it's a good first issue. You are as confused as we are

Re MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.- what's to mourn? The first two years were good, but of late it's been a murky copy of I SPY, with none of the dash and little of the flair. And I SPY wasn't much to begin with, really. I disagree, if only because of the relationship between Culp and Cosby! This portrayal of a wholesome relationship between a Negro and a Caucasian was the best thing on TV for race relations. And now I SPY is cancelled, while STAR TREK remains. I love ST, but I SPY was by far the superior show with much better acting, scripts, and theme. Write to NBC!-LgE

I can't understand people who don't like fiction in fanzines; I like it, and publish it in my own fanzine all the time. The stories weren't good -- but what better place for them to be printed than where they'll be exposed to the hypercritical eye of fandom. Except that fans seldom criticize fan stories. The comment I get most often is "...but didn't read the stories." Why not? Are fans lazy?

Anyway, I enjoyed "The Box" and just after reading it, I read the "God-Peddlers" in the March ANALOG. Basically the same theme, the story of a man, as mortal being, acting like a God. "The Box" was a better story, just not published. "The Young God" is, I guess, a reason why fans don't read fiction in fanzines. It is not really fiction, at that, just some pointless prose.

All the book reviews were good. The interesting one was Stephen Compton's, on Heinlein. Now, it's true that he puts into his stories views which seem conservative, militaristic, and even bigoted; but anyone with a half-formed idea in his own head isn't going to be persuaded by Heinlein on any subject. The best thing to do is look beyond the intention of RAH, throw away the ideas (unless, of course, you agree with them) and ignore the philosophy; then, you can enjoy the books as stories, little more. In that sense, they are among the best being written in SF.

The only attractive piece of art was on p. 15. None of the rest does more than fill up the holes, and some, especially Argee's, looks plain bad. Larry Knight's poem wasn't much either.

After you explain Granfalloon, you might have a go at deciphering Omphalopsychite. I'm sure it means something keen -- and obscure. If you haven't gotten it by now, look at the first illo in the lettercol. Still no go? Look it up in Webster's!-LgE

KAY ANDERSON, 234 Shangri-la NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87107

I can imagine your disappointment over the record of Tolkien poems...I waded clear through that enormous novel divided into three books; and I never saw so much really bad poetry between covers in my life. After hearing LotR so highly acclaimed by adolescents of all ages, I was tremendously underwhelmed by it. I have already read essentially the same story, in language that is truly beautiful, in Idylls of the King.

Thomas Stratton is only half of you-know-who. [I know, I just couldn't find a way to say so-SVT/ I didn't know that David McDaniel was Ted Johnstone. Did you know that Ron Archer, who writes Lost in Space novelizations which, as Buck says, are just like the show, is half Ted White? [The other half is Dave Van Arnam/

Did you know that according to PLAYBOY, quoting COSMOPOLITAN, Harlon Ellison is one of the three most eligible bachelors in Hollywood? How's that for your sense of wonder?

Nice illo of McCoy and the autohypo.

Since you liked Judgment of Eve, you will probably like Davey even more. I liked Davey much more, being somewhat miffed by the "Lady or the Tiger" symbolism and ending of Eve. Two or three of the "Future History" stories are omitted from The Past Through Tomorrow. The two novelets you often see paired under the title Orphans of the Sky, "Universe" and "Common Sense" are part of the Future History and they are not in the volume. Hmmmmm. "Let There Be Light" is also missing. I'm a tremendous iconoclast, though, I don't like Heinlein.

Does the blurb for Earthblood really say "Rendolent with people...?" Lovely. [No. Chock up another typing error and apology! Sorry Doubleday!]

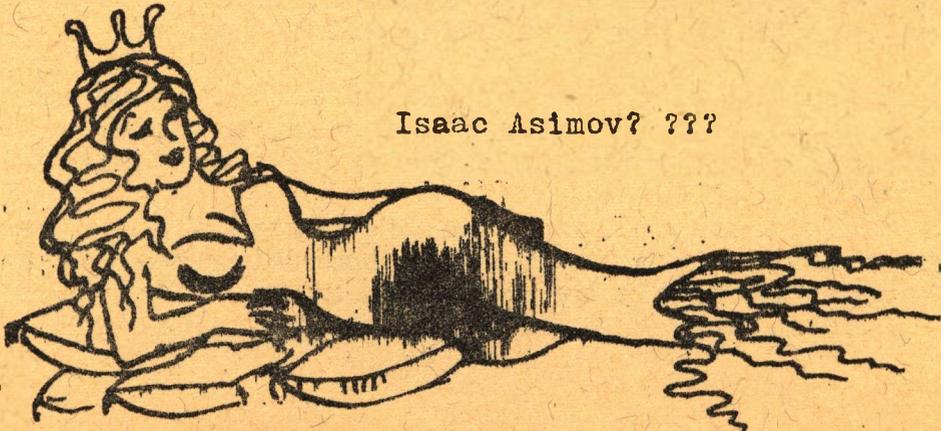
A friend tells me that his copy of Leftovers literally was. One page had been printed over four times.

I found the reason you checked for why I was receiving Gf most unimaginative. Once I received afanzine because I was Isaac Asimov.

Isaac Asimov? ???

One of our Editors?

Kay Anderson?



FRANK LUNNEY, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951

In the list of illustrators I notice there are a few by a gent named Jack Gaughn. He seems to resemble a person named Jack Gaughan (his artwork, that is), and if he can become as successful as the latter personage, you will have been lucky to have discovered such a great talent for use in your 'zine. But his artwork would look a lot better if you got better repro.

You'll probably be getting a story or something from me later on, but I want to know first if you'll have any kind of censorship. After all, girls as editors.... /Censorship? Good God! We very definately welcome anything! (Anything that can be sent through the mails, that is)-SVT. The dirtier the better, at least we may get some subs that way. We told you we were liberal!-LgE/

You proclaim your interest in promoting SF as not necessarily apart from the mainstream...but it is. SF is considered by many as the catch-all category for ideas that don't fit in with anything else, and is thus regarded by the majority of the people in the country as inferior. Things are tested in SF, and then when they become accepted by those people who take it upon themselves to dictate their tastes to others, it joins in with the mainstream. I sincerely hope SF won't be forced to join the mainstream if it means anything would have to change. I would much rather have the mainstream join SF!

Concerning your column of book reviews of "hot-off-the-presses" books, could you tell me if anybody will be doing reviews of any of H.G. Wells' latest books. /Guess you also wrote to Bob, see "Hither and Yon"/

By the time nextish of your rag comes out, I hope you have a better system of numbering your pages. You said you had 2 page 14's, but I could only find one. The page numbers (on some pages I had to guess) were something like this: 12, 15, 14, 0, 13, 16....maybe that one page in there that I couldn't figure out is your p. 14! /SOB... Sorry Frank, I guess we goofed collating! Sob! /

MARK KATLIC, 141 Warwick Dr., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15241

It's nice to know I have a unique copy of Gf (my 14's aren't switched) because these fanzines will be worth something someday (even if only for sentimental value), especially Vol 1, No 1 of this fine zine.

AHA! Another Norton fan! Naturally, everbody in his right mind loves Heinlein and Tolkien and say so, but most people never mention Norton. Also natural: I'm a Star Trek fan(-atic). /I think I'll write an article on Norton for a future ish-LgE. NORTON FANS UNITE! /

Linda -- Your story, "The Box," was great! I like stories with so-called 'Gods' in them.

I liked your book reviews -- just simple opinions and discussions of books (and zines). Keep these reviews exactly the way they are; you

review many books this way and it's enjoyable reading a non-stuffy review.

MARTIN M. HORVAT, P.O. Box 286, Tangent, Oregon 97389

Most esteemed editors and courageous Ladies,

And that you certainly are. I quiver into a wriggly mass of indecision every time I contemplate organizing my own fanzine; and you (two mere women) [M E R E ! ! Grrrrr] have gone ahead -- in spite of midterms. I applaud your intent; I think that there is a definite need for a "focus for some serious discussions."

The most impressive thing about Gf is your obvious enthusiasm; its contagious! I enjoyed the two "god" stories, too. "The Box" made me think a bit; it's interesting to contemplate god's need of a mechanical device for the transmissions of his powers -- for, perhaps, his powers themselves. This would seem to indicate a denial of most of the traditional views of god; is this what you meant, Linda? [Well, that was part of my theme, my main purpose was to show the effect of godlike power on man-LgE/"The Young God" was well-written, with a pretty fair style for amateur fiction (at least when compared with what I've seen); I didn't find it particularly meaningful or purposeful, but it did smoothly fill the pages. The McCoy illo is quite good. Bob Roehm's coverage of Bring the Jubilee is more timely than he thinks; I'd just finished reading the story myself last week -- I agree with his conclusions. I'm amazed that Ward Moore didn't get more recognition for this than he did.

Linda, you mention that you think the basic aim of most of fandom is the recognition of scientifiction (love that term!) as part of mainstream literature. [I said that was my aim, and I guess most of fandom's. I've been in fandom only since Sept., so I could, and probably am, wrong. I also said "Promoting SF as a field of literature which should be recognized as worthwhile and not necessarily apart from mainstream fiction"-LgE/ From my little experience, I'd say that you are mistaken here. Most people I've spoken with seem to feel that as soon as an author attempts a proper characterization, or a decent plot development, or any of the subtleties necessary for a mature novel, he is criticized for losing the ultimate commodity, THE SENSE OF WONDER. If a story doesn't have its share of swashbuckling adventure across galaxies or pre-dawn worlds -- or if it doesn't have a catchy gimmick in the science dept. to tantalize the reader -- then it isn't decent SF work, worthy to follow in the footsteps of Merritt, etc. I hope I'm wrong. [Ffff] Gadzooks! I hope you are wrong too, what a disaster if most fans feel this way! I refuse to believe it, for to me even the best idea, plot, or Sense of Wonder, does not make good SF, or indeed good anything, without good writing (i.e., plot development, characterization, theme, those 3 old standards) in fact fiction lacking such is called CRUD, HACK WRITING, and various less dignified terms. And if most fans prefer crud...which I doubt ...fandom is not the place for me!-LgE/

/Mike goes on to beg forgiveness for his short LoC! And I've cut a few sentences here and there! Please gang, let's keep these down to a page or less if you want to see print. We love longer letters, of course, but we just won't be able to print all of them. This ish is long as is, with omphallo. taking up lots of space. I'd like it to stay around 30 pages if we go bi-monthly, 40 if tri. And I hope the lettercol will be about 1/3 or less of total space.-LgE/

BUCK COULSON, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348

Roehm is complimentary, but he just doesn't know many fanzine editors. Ethel Lindsay has been publishing two fanzines for years. Devra Langsam and Sherna Comerford publish Spockana lia. Jean and Ruth Berman publish Nous, and Ruth also publishes in FAPA. /Buck goes on to mention Twilight Zine, Shirley Meech, and feminine co-eds such as Maggie Thompson, Bjo Trimble, Ann Dietz, Felice Rolf, Diana Pelz, Marion Breen, Elinor Busby, Juanita Coulson, Kay Anderson, Lee Hoffman, Alma Hill, and Leslie Couch are eds. -Sorry to cut to save space, but wow, that list went on and on! Does anyone know exactly how many fanzines there are, I mean the total for all (Excluding Comics)? Anyone with a guess? -LeG/

Don't blame the spirit duplicating process. It may be harder to learn -- and your particular machine may well be hopeless -- /Only if used oncorrectly/ but the process is capable of remarkably fine production. Success may depend on the use of a particular machine; I've never had much experience with it. But while outstanding spirit duplication is rare, it is possible.

Actually, you didn't do too bad. Too much show through, but everything is legible. /Who cares about show-through when using 1-side of the page? That 's the biggest problem with spirit/ Some of the artwork is excellent. Offhand I'd say the repro of Gersman's /Argee/ work is better than in his own mag. Connie Reich's portrait of McCoy comes out the best art in the Mag. The Gaughn (he any kin of Jack Gaughan, by any chance?) on page 17 didn't come out too well, though.

How about sending that page on U.N.C.L.E. to Ace Books? /I did, and the results are in my editorial -SVT/ Stratton has another outline being held by them, and we need some support (I suspect the series well be cancelled.) U.N.C.L.E. #14 is out; ignore the author's name on the book (Even if you can find it, ignore it.). The author's are Ron Ellick /Tragically killed in a car crash in Jan./ and Steve Tolliver, two California fans. It's a pretty good book, too. /Having just read it for the second time, I tend to agree. SVT/

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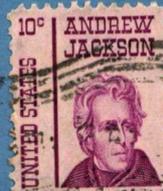
YOU ARE RECEIVING THIS BECAUSE:

- You paid us /We love ya/
- You paid us for Gf1, but we have no more copies, so here is Gf2
- We Want you to Suffer
- We trade.
- Can we trade?
- You are a Klutz.
- You are in N3F's New Fanzine Appreciation Society.
- You are a typing error.
- Sample
- For Review (please)
- Do you review and/or trade and if so would you like to review and/or trade Granfalloon?
- We like you (but please subscribe or you won't get nextish)
- You are Fritz Leiber
- You live on the Tapioca Tundra
- You contributed

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