

VOL. I

No. 3

GRANFALLOON



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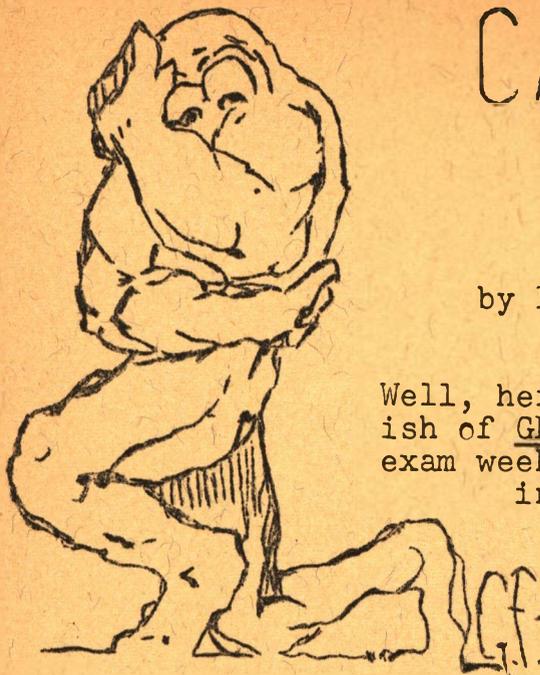
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CALL OF THE KLUTZ

3



by Linda Eyster

~~Who else?~~

Well, here we are again with another thrilling (?) ish of GF. Naturally, I'm working on this in final exam week, when else? So far every ish has come out in exam week. Ugh! Please note my summer address, and send all letters, fanzines, etc., to me. Next year Suzle, Dale Steranka, Jeannie DiModica, and I will all be living in a dorm apartment (again - note the address).

Now special note to OSFAN reviewer, Chris Couch. (OSFAN is available for 6/\$1.00 from Hank Luttrell, 49B Donnelly Hall, Blair Group, Columbia, Missouri, 65201) It's true that Suzanne and I have not been in fandom long, just 10 months or so. But I think that pubbing a zine, heading the Western Pa. SF Assoc. (see Suzlecol), and attending several ccns has pulled us out of the ranks of neos. Of course we realized that most zines give contributors free copies, but we saw we were losing money and decided to try something new. Is this something to condemn us for, judge us by, and spend most of a review on? Well, possibly, but if no one ever tried anything new we'd never have had fandom, and I'm sure we wouldn't have such a thing as SF. So we experimented, and failed, I might add. Charging postage only pulls in about 2 or 3 more dollars. We've always felt that contributors should be given free copies, but we balanced this against that fact that we were losing money. But obviously 2 or 3 dollars more per ish is not worth all the trouble. We'd rather lose a few dollars and give contributors free ishs.

So, from now on, Gf is available for sub, trade, contribution, or printed Locs. But we URGE everyone to subscribe if they can. Anyone who subscribes now and later contributes will have his sub extended 1 ish. Is one dollar so much to spend? Help keep Gf going with the same quality. Help keep Gf in envelopes. Help the Tompkins stay in business. Don't pray, send money.

I thought it was interesting that a lot of people felt that charging postage would eliminate good material. Well, let me tell you this, this is completely untrue, and did not affect our decision. Richard Delap, Gene Turbull, and almost everybody else sent us a dime, and look at their stuff. Fantastic! In fact, Gene sent us a whole \$1.00 for 10 issues. (Consider yourself entitled to a 10 ish sub, Gene). Thanks everyone who did send a dime!

Ed Reed and Neal Goldfarb have been telling me about the New Worlds situation. NW, Mike Moorcock's British prozine, has been the fore-

The man stared at the door before him. Then he opened the door.
(continued p.4)

runner of New Wave stuff. A British Arts Council grant helped establish its existence, then the distributor refused to distribute the ish containing Norman Spinrad's Bug Jack Baron with a few 4-letter-words. ~~Fuck~~ Darn! Then the council gave them support, and NW is continuing. But they need reader support as well, so why not subscribe (they need subs even more than Gf) or try to get some copies from your friendly (?) neighborhood book dealer. Its available for 1/\$1, or 12/\$10 from New Worlds, 11 Goodge St., London, W.1, England.

I want to thank everyone who made this ish possible, especially the Tompkins and their A.B. Dick mimeo and supplies (plug), Ginjer (that is not a typing error) Buchanan and Dale Steranka for typing, George ~~Washington~~ Foster, Jerry Kaufmann, Burt Lancaster, Peter Hays and his phallic symbols (see, he is in fandom, Ron), Gene Turnbull, Richard Delap, The Palpitating Braunschwiger, and of course, ~~Wally~~ Suzanne.

Also, I would like to thank Andy Porter for his lovely review in S.F. Weekly. I'm sorry to hear that he is stopping publication. Perhaps this will give him more time to work on Algol. I hope another zine will come out to replace the weekly newszine, for right now no other zine has such quick and accurate coverage of all fannish and publishing news.

Popular opinion is that oy vey is spelled like oy vey. But a few people insisted it was oi vey, ouille veille, and oee vee. Even my own Yiddishe grandmother doesn't know. But since most of you like oy vey, oy vey it is (Oy Gavalt! Enough, already). Popular opinion also varied as to the Heinlein article and to my story "The Only Problem Is..." I found this fascinating, and kept track. $\frac{1}{2}$ the people agreed with Nancy Lambert in some form or other. $\frac{1}{3}$ of the people hated my story, $\frac{2}{3}$ loved, well at least liked, it. The third who did not like it seemed to have read lots of stories exactly like it, these felt it was trite and poorly written. Those who enjoyed it thought it was a unique idea. Since then I've read a much better version of the same paradox in Perihelion, and so I tend to agree with the minority group. Evidently I stumbled on one of those great ideas everybody thinks of and if they never read a similar story before they think its great.

Nextish will definitely be out in September. Don't forget the change of address on p.2. We especially need serious articles, and humorous anythings.

Would you believe Pittsburgh in '74? 1984? On to Suzle for another episode in the scintillating saga of Pittsburgh fandom. Fandom?

Facing him raged the hideous facade of a gargantuan creation from the depths of hell. 10 feet of purple splotched, armor-plated ectoplasmic monster. From its curled lips bellowed forth a titanic roar, followed by a stream of yellowish-green vapor which inexplicably drew him into a blackish void of unspeakable horror. He felt some hypnotic compulsion forcing him to the brink of an abyss. The fumes encircled him; the abyss widened; he saw the monster's eye hanging before him. The swirling stench filled the air...the luminous eye...the abyss.....

(continued p.5)

SUZLECOL

5

Welcome to another ish from the Tedril Press! (Tedril, for you non-asmatics, is a lovely little white pill that allows its users to actually breathe in air, gets rid of hay fever symptoms, and gives one energy to boot ...

KICKY...

Actually, I'm very glad to be here, nervous, exhausted post-rinals wreck that I am, after our trip to Disclave. Dear Readers, never, never, NEVER rent a car from El Cheapo car rental service. When you discover there's something dreadfully wrong with it, you can't trade it in at your destination, but must keep it and DRIVE IT BACK. Gaaaah!



We had rented a nine-person station wagon, into which we stuffed nine people, and took off for Washington about five o'clock Friday evening. I was the first person to drive; I got to buck all the traffic from downtown Pittsburgh to the Pa. Turnpike. After about thirty miles I turned the car over to Nancy Lambert - the girl who had actually signed for the car! During the time I was driving, I couldn't help but notice (and neither could LgE, who was sitting right beside me and had to steady the wheel several times) that the car was ultra-skittish and fish-tailed like mad at curves even when going slowly. I learned to drive on a loose-wheeled station wagon, so I knew the technique of understeering. Unfortunately, Nancy didn't. She kept oversteering, if anything. I was sitting right beside her, but I hate back-seat drivers, so I said nothing. We got off the Turnpike and headed south on an empty (Thank Ghod!) Route 70, when IT happened. Zooming along at seventy mph, the right front wheel dropped off the shoulder of the road. Nancy, poor dear, did everything wrong (e.g. turning the wheel and braking), and we skidded across the lanes, turned completely around, and came to a halt when we hit the embankment on the other side of the road. You know, before our accident, I'd never seen skid marks on grass before... Shaken, but unhurt we saw that there was no damage. We then zoomed it at 40 mph the rest of the way, making the already long trip two hours longer.

Why am I mentioning all this? Because the entire rest of the time, I had to do all of the driving. I became responsible for the lives of 8 other people. Gaaah! (I even had to back 'the Monster', as we called it, out of its parking space when I ~~was smashed~~ had a headache on the Saturday night return trip to Linda's house, when Ginjer was driving.) After 5 straight hours on the return trip to Pgh., I gave up and Ginjer drove the rest of the way. But, Ye Ghods, what a time; my nerves still aren't quite right. [What do you mean, 'Why am I twitching?', Linda? Whodoesn't?...]

He closed the door.

[SVT and LgE refuse to take the blame for the proceeding, unfortunately no one else will...]

Well, to drop a morbid subject, -- W.P.S.F.A. has arrived! Linda and I expanded the club from just Carnegie Mellon because most of our newly attained members are from Pgh. and the surrounding area. (I live in Johnstown, about 70 miles away.) So we changed the name to Western P.A. S.F. Assoc. Art Vaughan is taking the club for us during the summer and he and some of our very enthusiastic members are thinking of publishing a zine! O Ghod! What a difference! Pgh. is beginning to change its apathetic self. The fourteen we took to Disclave was our first real accomplishment. Apparently, Pgh. Fandom, like Love in the Monkees' song, was only sleeping.

The things my co-editor does - or, in the words of Joanne Worley on Laugh IN, 'Dumb, Dumb! Who else but LgE would say, "It's not too late, to return to Pgh." as we arrived in Columbus? The entire trip had been filled with such apprehensive comments. Who else would take a helium-filled balloon on a bus downtown and then, after trying to make me hold it, release it in the middle of a crowd because I wouldn't let her take it into the Movie theatre with us? I will refrain from mentioning the yo-yo she took to Disclave and pulled out in the middle of the Friday night party. Well, she certainly makes life interesting. Besides, we're easy to find at a con. Just follow the line of Gfs that she has begged, cajoled, and forced people to buy, to the tallish brunette (me) and the tallish blond (L.) with the balloon flying over our heads and the yo-yo bouncing around at our feet.

I don't know about you, but I have a large number of peeves, pet and otherwise, that have been bothering me of late. Especially -

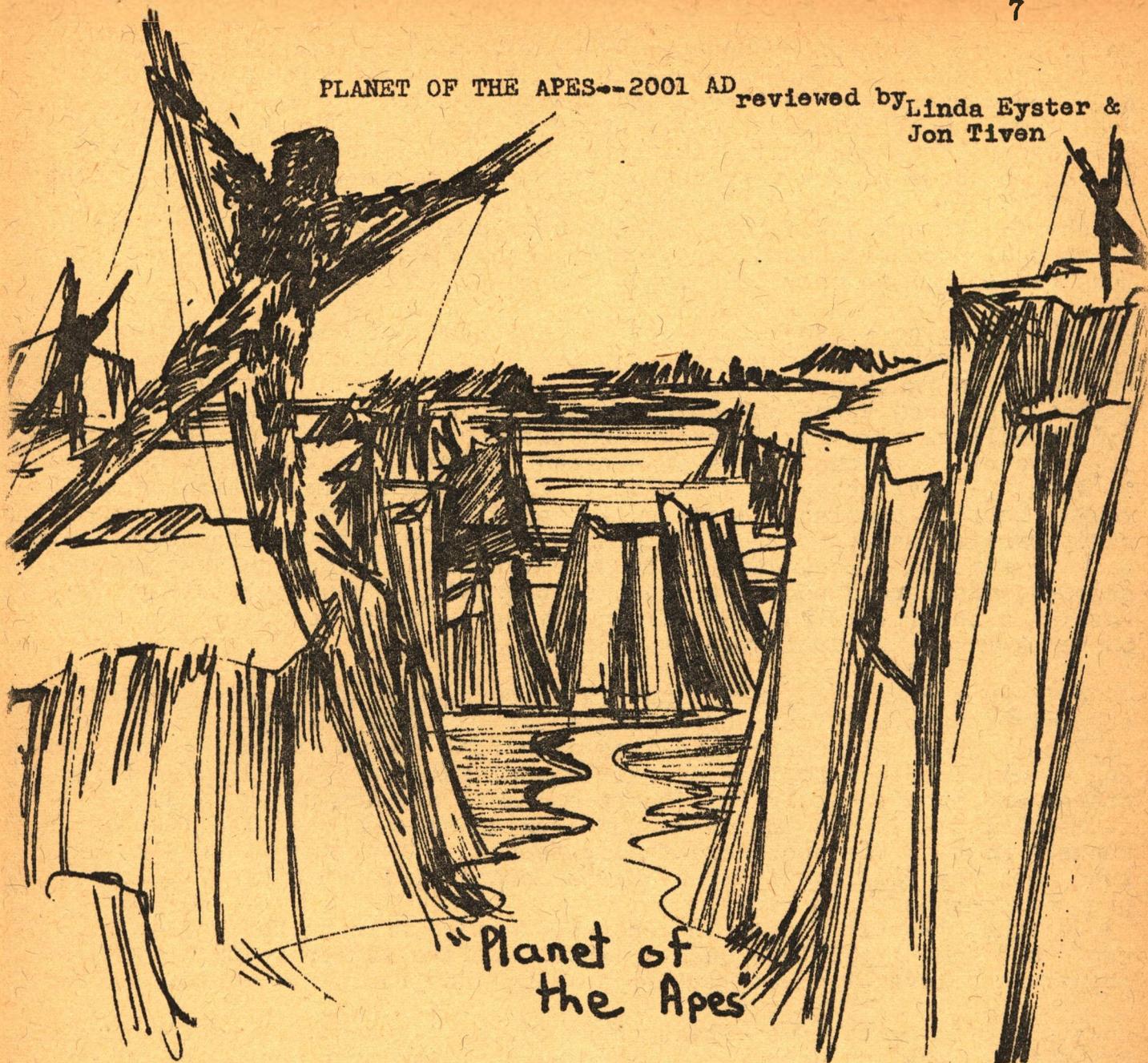
1. People who don't carry umbrellas when it's pouring down rain or snowing wetly. I happen to like my hair and clothing dry and dislike being stared and scoffed at by the 'heartier' set, who don't give a damn.

2. People, SF readers included, who look aghast and say 'You like UNCLE books?' Most of the books are really fantastic fun, and if they'd just read one, the Vampire Affair by David McDaniel, for example, it would probably change their minds.

3. Uptight, 'Moral' people in general. They're ruining the world, you know, and humanity. I'm a Quaker, and I believe in love, any kind just about. When love wins out, it'll be a cool and fantastic world.

However, I do quite like - 1. Anything by the Beatles; all their stuff is beautiful. Paul and John were on the Carson Show last week, and if anyone was worried that they'd changed somehow, their appearance proved them wrong. They were as engaging, and funny (in their melancholy Liverpudlian way), and bright as ever. 2. Noel Harrison; he's an excellent folksinger. His Suzanne in the Collage album is lovely. The whole album is groovy. 3. Simon and Garfunkel; when I watch Art I'm so fascinated I can't even blink my eyes. FILMS FILMS FILMS FILMS FILMS - it's rather odd that LgE does the film reviews in this. I'm the one who's seen every film in the world, usually three times. I just haven't gotten to those two yet. (I shall, however, and then - open warfare. L. and I usually agree on things, but attimes...) My favourite films are British Comedies of the 50's - Peter Sellers in anything, Carry On films, Alec Guinness in anything (especially, Kind Hearts and Coronets). I've firmly decided that a British anything is infinitely better than an American anything. Even the bad films are good when compared to the same category of American film. Well, so much for the Film Critic this. LgE and I are frantically (how else?) trying to stencil the ~~next~~ issue and going slightly bonkers. *If I'm still alive*, bye-bye 'til nextish.

PLANET OF THE APES--2001 AD reviewed by Linda Eyster & Jon Tiven



Jon says "PLANET OF THE APES, a movie based on the book by Pierre Boulle, starring Roddy McDowall, Charl ton Heston, and Maurice Evans, is a sf suspense thriller, superior to the book. It has to be one of the best SF films ever put on the screen. Charl ton Heston and Maurice Evans do a superb job of acting in this film. The makeup is realistic, although I think that spending \$1 million on it is a little ridiculous. The action scenes are great, especially the chase (or hunt) scene. It doesn't hurt to read the book first, because the endings are completely different. I have seen both 2001:A Space Odyssey and PLANET and I can only make one recommendation: If you want to see an action sf movie, see PLANET OF THE APES; if you want to see a farout, slightly psychedelic sf movie that takes your breath away, but is confusing to many, see 2001."

Well, I recently saw them both too (I being Linda), and I think a bit of comparison would be worthwhile, in addition to what Jon says.

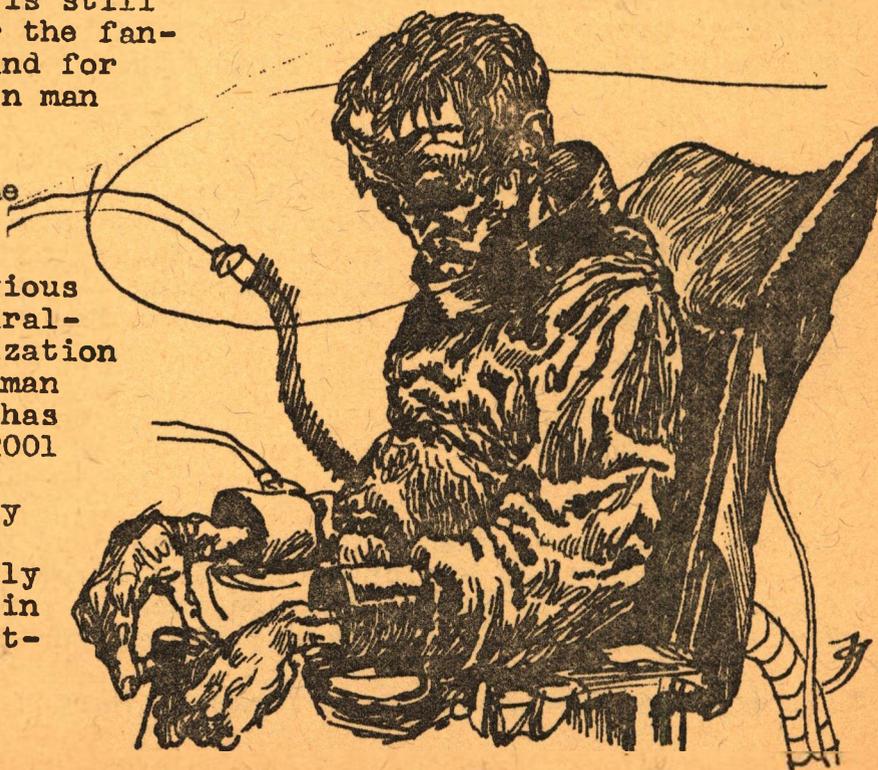
These two movies are the best to come out of the SF cinema world. PLANET typifies the best in SF adventure, 2001 makes the best use of special effects, so dear to most SF movies. Each is pure SF; the first is the story of some spacemen landing on a planet where evolution is reversed (the apes are the top species, man is a mute animal with the intelligence of an ape); the second concerns the search for the alien creators of a huge slab found on the moon. And each throws some thought-provoking questions to the audience.

Each is beautifully photographed. PLANET includes some remarkable location shots done in (I would assume) Utah or Southern Calif. deserts, which are fantastically alien-looking. 2001 AD has been lauded for its technical accuracy and special effects.

But for all the millions spent on 2001 and all its special effects, it comes out as the poorer movie. It is badly flawed in two respects. First, it is overdone. The opening scene, for instance, shows a group of apes around a waterhole. For fifteen minutes we watch these apes. The same story could have been told in two minutes. There is another scene where the audience watches a ship docking at an Earth satellite. This goes on and on and on. The second flaw is the plot. One of the members of the Western Pa. SFA recently taped an interview with Isaac Asimov where the good doctor remarks ". . . with all these visual effects, it would be nice if we also had some plot. . . ." As usual, Dr. Asimov is right.

2001 is sort of a disjointed narrative showing the history of man's achievement from the first caveman's use of a bone as a tool to the beginnings of space flight (but, thank heavens, skipping the intervening details). The only trend of plot is the mysterious slab. A slab was back in prehistoric time, one was on the moon. What does it all mean? Unfortunately, the viewer never finds out. The average clod is totally lost. The SF reader is merely bewildered. If Kubrick had merely added a narrator to let the viewer in on what was going on, all would be well. But 2001 is still worth seeing, if only for the fantastic visual displays, and for some of the dialog between man and computer.

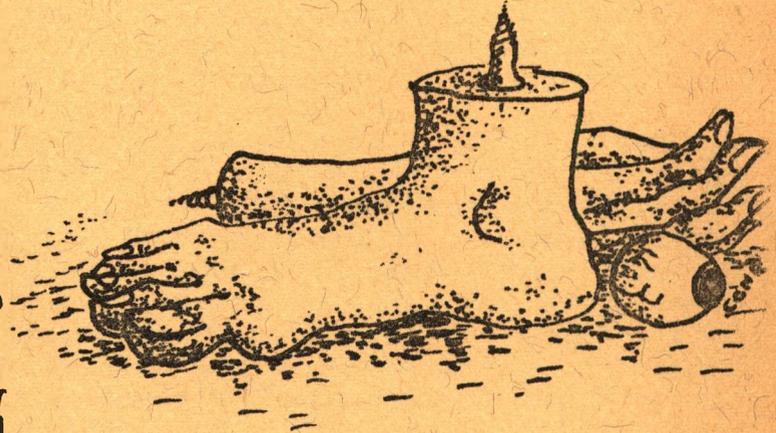
PLANET OF THE APES, on the other hand, has no major flaws, only the minor one of being a little too obvious satire and using trite parallelism between our civilization and the apes--such as "human see, human do". It also has the exciting plot which 2001 lacks. At times 2001 is even boring. For my money APES is the best SF movie ever made. 2001 is probably the best movie ever made in the special effects department.



A NORMAL THING HAPPENED ON MY WAY TO THE . . .

by Tim Evans

Little Rodney Carothers, at the age of seven, was the victim of a fatal automobile accident. The car in which he was riding crossed the center-line and struck head-on a car coming in the opposite direction which refused to yield the right-of-way. Of course, Rodney was not the only victim. However, the others needed only to have some parts replaced: a few arms and legs, a heart, a liver, and several eyes. They were given emergency first aid by a passing Boy Scout troop. Rodney was the only one who died.



Even at that, it was a close thing. However, the ambulance crew was held up by an itinerant priest, who wished to administer the last rites of the United Services Church. The ambulance driver did his best, but he arrived at the hospital too late. The doctors paused only long enough to pronounce him Dead on Arrival, according to the ancient tradition, then silently whisked Rodney off to the operating room. There he was brought back to life by the patented Hoffman-Schwartz process. In the end, they had to fit him with a whole new spine, heart, and kidneys, as well as rewire most of his nervous system.

Three hours after the operation, Rodney was up running around the ward, pushing buttons, pulling switches, and generally making a nuisance of himself. When finally Rodney dismantled an expensive piece of apparatus, the floor nurse complained to the chief resident surgeon. The first thing in the morning, a doctor was sent to remove Rodney's hands and feet and file them for safe keeping until Rodney was discharged.

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Harlan Ellison to Fred Pohl: "Do you have any stories I could use for Dangerous Visions, the kind of stories no editor will print?"
 Pohl: "What kind of stories are those?"
 Ellison: " You ought to know, you've published dozens of them."

(As told by Fred Pohl to audience at Marcon, March 31, 1968)

The Galactic Lyric

THE ELF GAZES
by Jerry Kaufman

The Elf gazes at the land
He loved. He leaves
The land and boards his ship and sails
To the Western Lands.
Is the land desolate from his leaving
Or does he leave from
A desolate land?
The West has called; he has answered.
His seeking will bring him to his brethren
In the West.
The land is desolate through weeping
For the glory it loses to the West.



POEM
by Evelyn Lief

Venus
Proudly aloof from all the rest
From her throne in the morning's sky
Beaming down with cold warmth
Our neighbōr

And the Moon
Crescent-shaped
A lopsided smile
Owning the night skys
But leaving room for the stars

Then the sun
Finest of all
Yet so commonplace
In routine magnificence
We pass her by

THE
RAY

Man's fate lies in the starry way;
it is this call we must obey
that unborn men be not betrayed.
The spirits of our offspring lay
until that day
beyond the stars.



"Build useful things," the critics say,
"Don't waste our strength this foolish way!"
"The stars, they are so far away,
no prizes there but worthless clay!"
How wrong are they,
these sightless men.

My cries are lost in their affray,
my hands are bound so that I may
not grasp mankind and lead the way...
Thus, foolish 'practicals' hold sway,
who'll see, someday,
that they were wrong.

by

JIM

REUSS

And so, in these fantastic days,
men cower in their upholstered caves
and look to earth for fear that they
may glimpse a star's embittered ray
so far away
and beckoning.

YOU AND YOUR UGLY THERMOMETER
by Larry Knight

When the good doctor cries
"kindly cancel at least 24 hours in advance
if you are unable to keep this appointment"
stare into his optics and say "i ain't got the
money & cats don't bark either"

And when the tonless waiter crushes
that olive in your martini
go buy him a bra

Now when i say that this world
is in need of your love jenny i think
you'd best open your faucet & let that
love pour out besides
you always did like to finger paint
especially at the dinner table

& you always did like the doctors 'cause you'd say to them
"i'll just have a portion"
but the only one who never gave you an appointment
was zhivago



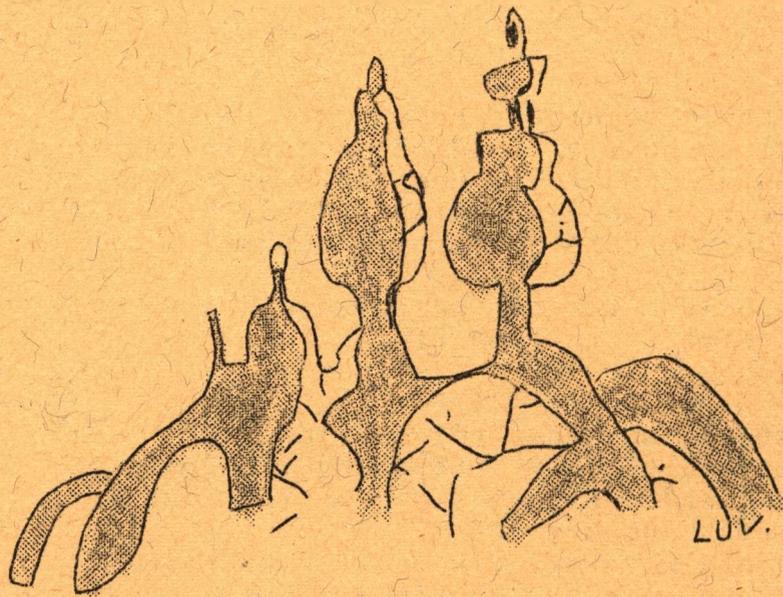
SHADES OF GRAY

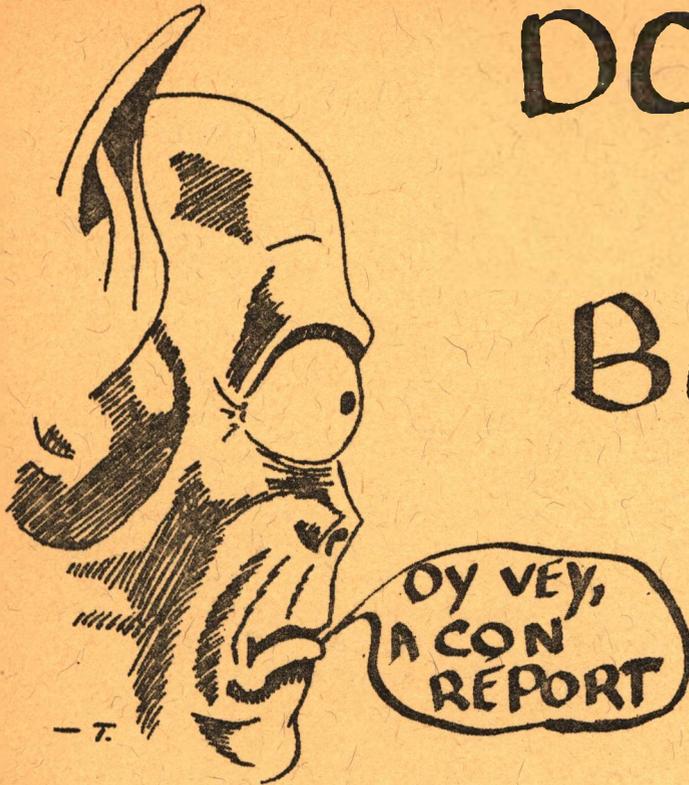
by Jim Reuss

it is early morning
and the shadows cast are
those of neon lamps ---
there are no colors in the shadows
but those of black

and my mind glows soft
like low burning candles
in the early morning ---
shadows cast are not
those of the day, of the sun
of the people of the day;
the contours are soft
and in shades of gray

but ever vigilant is the neon lamp
and the people of the day
for of what use is a flickering,
dying
candle when the sun is much stronger
and brighter, with no colors
in the shadows formed but those of
black
in the light of day
will there ever be
shades of gray





DON'T READ THIS, Buck Coulson

—Marcon
Report

by Jerry Kaufman

I rolled into Columbus at 10:30 a.m. on a sunny Friday and was suitably surprised that my state capitol had no horses or even steam automobiles. Downtown Columbus is a bustling, modern city, pretty and pleasant.

I was amazed by the Holiday Inn. The rooms were large and had many conveniences, including coffee and a water heater. The feeling of luxury that comes from having a huge room to myself soon disappeared, for I ended up sharing the room with an MSU student and a hippie.

Larry Smith, Mike Lalor (of Ølentangy SFS) and the almost inseparable trio of Bill Anderson, John Guzowski, and Nancy Webb grumbled in, with several tons of tape equipment. The trio (almost universally known as "the hippies" because of John's beard) and I wandered about and later watched "Assignment:Earth" on ST, and everyone cheered when Spock used his nerve pinch, and booed when the dumb blonde secretary appeared. We went to the official suite, where we greeted Bob Hillis, Brian Burley, Sherna Comerford, Fred Pohl, Doug Lovenstein, George Foster, Dick Shultz, and others. Pohl revealed that INTERNATIONAL SF is dead, and that Lester del Rey will edit a new fantasy zine. When I asked Pohl what stories he would have chosen for the Nebulas to replace the choices of the SFWA, he said "Almost anything."

After breakfast, I wandered around the lobby, which wasn't much of a wander, and met Bruce Johnstone. Hillis and Lalor, in their ØSFA bowling shirts /Better than black leather jackets. I think...-LgE7, came by recruiting people to help wake up Larry Smith. We went with them to the suite where verbal abuse, physical force, and cold wet clothes were applied to Larry's indifferent body. Most effective were Bruce's insults including "Smith can carry on a rational conversation for 10 minutes before he's awake." /How about "You look as green as your bowling shirt?" -LgE7

The lobby slowly filled with fen, including: Dale Tarr, Lou Tabakow, Doc Barrett, Tracie Brown, Fred Jackson, Art Vaughan, Bob Gains, Larry Knight (who became known as "poor Larry"), Ron Miller, Rod Gorman, John Ayotte, Dick Byers, Bill Mallardi, Hank Davis, Darroll Pardoe, and of course, ye eds, Linda and Suzanne.

A Wallace for President group was found to be meeting next to the Marcon meeting room, and their bumper sticker was amended to read MRS. PEEL WE'RE NEEDED IN '68, which brought high humor from all, all except the Wallace people, that is.

Larry opened the con at 2:30 by introducing the notable present. He then had Pohl, Ed Dong, John Jakes, and Dean McLaughlin hauled up to the podium for an unplanned, unexpected, and uncalled for-LgE panel which was two thirds Pohl. Afterwards Lalor and Mallardi (BEM) did thrilling Donald Duck imitations. Then all the fmz editors left in the meeting room were hauled up to speak and were less entertaining than the pm's, if that were possible. All except me, I felt neglected! -LgE, Don't worry, Linda, no one was neglecting you.-SVT Then why didn't I get asked up? They forgot me!-LgE No, they did it on purpose. -SVT

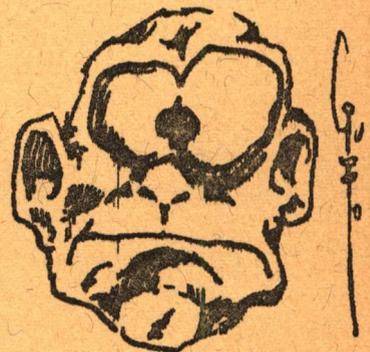
I went over to Dick Schultz's room where I drooled over the beautiful poster and photos of Mrs. Peel that he had.

The banquet at 6pm was fun. There I talked to Lloyd Kropp, Columbus's only pro (and not an SF writer at that, poor fellow) and Ben Jason. There was a buffet with plenty of something for everyone. That something included some strange, as in inedible, shrimp-SVT Pohl then gave a speech about technological change, and society change, and SF. He also mentioned that GALAXY is giving awards for viable ideas concerning the war in Vietnam.

The official party was well stocked with blog and things were grooving. Suzanne and I found each other, and together listened to BEM recite Mark Schulyizer's annual poem and George Young relate Harlan Ellison stories. We went up to Johnston's room where we saw a number of people including the standard first-drunk-and-sick fan (absolutely not Larry Smith, as some Idiot told people). At one point BEM stuck his head out the window and yelled "Shut up" in Donald Duck-inese, which seemed very funny at the time. [?-LgE]

The next morning I blew a wad on Big-Hearted Howard's books and then went to hear Pohl and Robin Scott Wilson discuss writing conferences. After that I made reverse greetings to many people, and went to the bus station. It was altogether a fun con.

PS, the next Marcon will be held in either Toledo, Finlay, or Bowling Green.



* * * * *

One Drink Too
Many...

COLUMBUS IN '69 COLUMBUS IN '69 COLUMBUS IN '69 COLUMBUS IN '69

ONWARD AND UPWARD (DOWNWARD? SIDEWAYS? BACKWARDS?)

THE EDITORS' COMMENTS ON MARCON
or strange things that grew in our
notebooks.

By SVT and LgE

After surviving the perils of early arrivals, Pittsburgh buses and subways, and anti-Civil Rights airport bus drivers to get to Marcon, we barely survived Marcon itself.

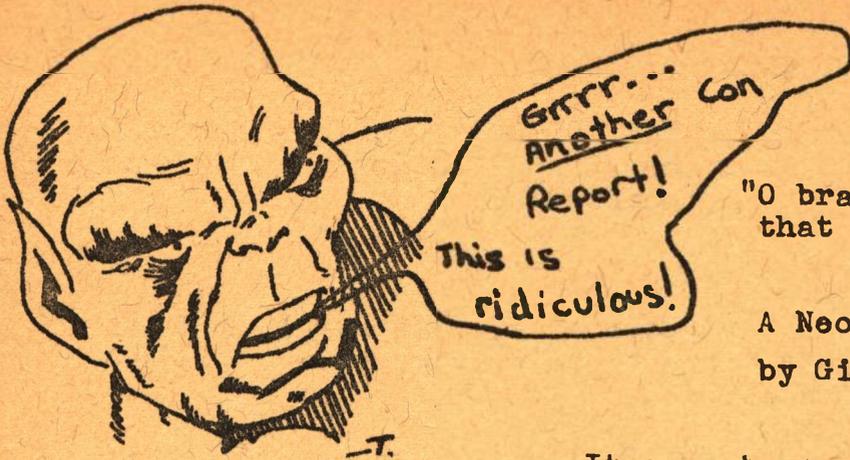
We first encountered fellow-fen (all fellows) in the ~~vestibule~~ lobby of the motel. We were greeted with cheers, leers, and general goodwill. I looked at Suzanne. I looked at Linda. We both looked at the 20 surrounding male fen. And the same ~~horrible terrifying frightening~~ ~~disturbing interesting amusing attractive wonderful exciting~~ the same thought occurred to both of us: "What if we are the only girls here?" ~~Unfortunately~~ fortunately there were at least 15 other girls (including middle aged ~~bags~~ ladies, married women, two teeny boppers, and an engaged Sherna Comerford). Our next big thrill was discovering that a leering Dale Tarr was the proud possessor of a key to our room, which he got 'by mistake'. He mumbled something about returning it and wandered off.

Before the official program we met nearly everyone and had a very interesting discussion with the MSU group, and anyone else who happened along. We got lots of ideas for our club. We broke for lunch and trooped to MacDonald's. Glorious.

That evening came the highlight of the convention, the parties. We never could figure out what happened to about 30 of the 110 attendees, but the parties were cherily crowded anyway. We enjoyed our first taste of fannish Blog, somewhat ~~gladly~~ sadly noting the lack of corflu. We enjoyed ~~shouting over the drunken~~ conversing with the happy fen, including Jerry and everyone else.

The next morning we had a good confab with Bob Young and a bunch of others about starting and keeping some interest in an SF club. After the exciting (?) panel discussions, Bill Mallardi kindly took us to the airport where we caught the 3:17 plane at 3:21, after fighting ultra-slow clerks and rolled-up gangplanks. Once aboard, as the plane began to taxi down the runway, we found our one seat! That is we found one vacant seat and one very small girl whose mother ~~angrily~~ kindly agreed to hold her until Pittsburgh. Art Vaughan had the same plane and his parents dropped us off downtown, where we caught a bus back to dear old CMU.

Well, we did survive Marcon, and right well, too. Regional cons are great fun, if just for all the fascinating people you meet along the way. [This was written before Disclave. Fascinating, weird might be more apt. Disclave seemed to have its share of unusual fen, of course about a third of this category was from our own WPSFA...]. We are seriously (?) considering having a Burghcon (Or as L. insists on calling it Pcon (Bleach!)) sometime next spring. Ghu! The thought is kind of ~~nice~~ frightening. But, one never knows....(Burghcon - Bleach! You've got to be kidding. Bleach!-LgE)



"O brave new world,
that has such people in it!"

A Neo-Fan's View of Disclave
by Ginjer Buchanan

It came to pass that Our Editors coerced, er, persuaded twelve other members of WPSFA to accompany them to Disclave. I was one of the Fabrous Fourteen. It was my first con, although I've been a reader for years and years. The experience was so whelming that I subsequently volunteered, in a mad burst of whimsy, to report on the proceedings for all good Gran-fallooners. Here it is, people. Don't expect a coherent article. You can't make a silk purse out of a science fiction convention.

Friday night, late Friday night, the nine of us who had made the journey in an unbalanced rented station wagon (I will not mention our near-fatal accident) joined the three who'd driven down in the dying English Ford (whose lifeless corpse was ultimately left behind) and our Two Teenage Terrors who had, wisely, left the driving to Greyhound. We found the two female members of the advance group in a mild state of hysteria. They babbled on about how they'd spent most of the evening defending their various virtues from the collected DOM's who kept unsubtly nudging them toward bed and bath. Sauna bath, that is. . . (Let's all hear it for the sauna bath, ladies and gentlemen (!)! It was the IN place all week-end). A rapid survey of the folk gathered in the room substantiated their statements. Undaunted, LgE and SVT began to mingle. I hid in a corner and observed:

---A fellow named Fred who wavered up to me, and chewed on my knuckles in the guise of kissing my hand (Liquor abounded, Food didn't). He was wearing a button which asked "Are you a friend of Fred's?" I assured him with great sincerity, that I loved Fred. He wavered away, much gratified, before I got a chance to explain that Fred is my dog's name.

---The Olentangy SFA, in their bright green bowling shirts. They are a great group of guys, but the shirts unfortunately remind me of every bad Polish joke in the world.

---The reactions at large to the WPSFA contingent's quaint garb. We wore basic black with black and white numbered medallions. Somebody (who? WHO??) had decided that dressing thusly would be a neat attention-getting device. It got attention, all right. The term "neo-fascists" was bandied about a bit (Would you believe Starship Troppers?) Oh well, perhaps puce and fushia for Baycon?

After the festivities, we returned to the Eysters' where LgE's mother, who possesses mighty and wondrous powers of organization, had arranged to bed and feed a dozen of us. Superman or Green Lantern ain't got nothing on her!

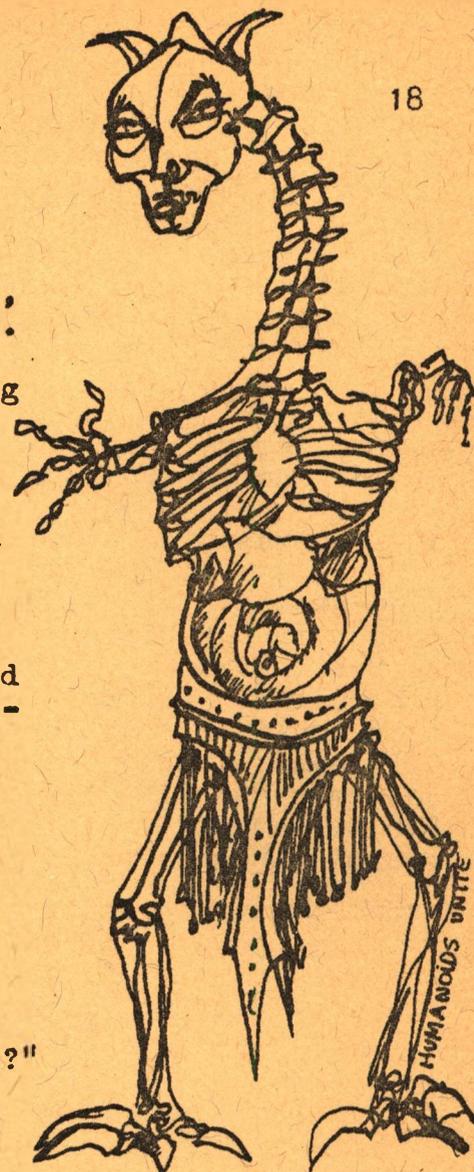
The panels were Saturday afternoon. I found the dialogue between Lester del Rey and Ted White most distressing. Their thesis was that they sure aren't writing them like they used to. This was extended to "who the hell cares about Dangerous Visions, anyway?" Mr. del Rey hacked college writing courses. Mr. White hacked the Nebula awards. They both hacked Norman Spinrad (to itty-bitty pieces), New Worlds, and the New Wave in general. Mr. White told us all why we read sci-fi --- to escape from the complexities of our confusing technological age to worlds where good and evil are clearly differentiated and Man triumphs on the last page (Thanks a bunch, fella!). It went on and on in that vein. I was beginning to worry that that was the way it was, in SF, and then Silverberg had his say. Beautiful! Old thing, new thing, who needs labels? What's important is an author finding his own vision and his own voice, and being true to them. Then his particular audience will find him. For the mass audience there will always be assembly line writers. For the rest -- the name of the game is integrity. Thank you Mr. Silverberg, may you live long and prosper.

Jay Kay Klein's slide show, entitled "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody", followed the panels. It was most amusing, and confusing to a neo-fan. I came away from it muttering "Is Dr. Asimov really like that?" (I was told he is...)

SVT and I missed the fanzine panel, we were busy getting lost in the worst sections of Washington. Bomb craters to the right of us, bomb craters to the left of us -- we drove QUICKLY. [As quickly as that God ~~Damn~~ Darn car could go without swerving off the highway-SVT] LgE said the panel deteriorated into a discussion of the price of paper. Not the most moving of topics, except possibly to fanzine editors. [Not even to fanzine eds. I wanted to open my big mouth and say something, but Ted White's insistence of discussing the cost of fanzine operation sort of waylaid the panel. UGH. We left after some minutes of that --LgE]

The Saturday night and Sunday morning bash provided several more Sense-of-Wonder scenes, including:

---The self-appointed chamber music group, with their tubas and things who were so loud, and so off-key (rather like my singing) that we had to retreat to the garage for sanity's sake. There we discovered Ted White placing a paper cup over the lens of the camera guarding the garage. The camera, in its best Orwellian manner, hollered "Get that thing off there!" Exit Ted White, hurriedly.



Later the brass band (after an hour or so of German ditties) left (God is good), and Chuck Rein, his wife Dawn, and his guitar arrived (God is gooder). He does look like Spock! Fascinating, plays and sings, marvelously, but not in my key -- "I". I sang anyway, much to the consternation of those around me. [I was also singing, it was the most enjoyable part of the evening for me. Anyone out there need a soprano folksinger?--SVT]

And later still, I found myself, thanks to Jay Kay Klein, at the pro party. Sitting surrounded by BNF's and pros close-mouthed in awe. Wonderfulness!

Finally early on Sunday we sloughed off, somewhat reluctantly, the characters we'd accumulated (except for those who'd come with our group) and returned to Apathy, Pa., without incident.

So that was Disclave. So this is Fandom. ILIKEIT ILIKEIT ILIKEIT

[Added notes by LgE- One incident Ginger missed was another great moment in the history of klutzivity, me trying to sell a copy of Gf to Bob Silverberg. (We have to get money somewhere, but this is ridiculous! Why not subscribe and end this foolishness?) Attendees also included Andy Porter, John Ayotte, Judy-Lynn Benjamin, Alexis Gilliland, Sherna Comerford and Brian Burley, Fred Lerner, and Jay Haldeman and wife (in a mini dress from both ends). And of course, Don Miller, who spent most of Saturday evening collating WSFA Journal, thus earning for himself the title, poor Don.⁷ The * End.

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A Short Story
by
MARK KATLIC

Ris-Mag III watched in awe as the old Mag X flew through the Heaven-Gate and disappeared. This was the first time he had witnessed a Going, for no one below the third magnitude was allowed to be present at a Coming or a Going. The Sphere of Creation and the Heaven-Gates were shrines not to be desecrated by the presence of newly created MagI's, or even the slightly-older globes of the second magnitude. For in the center of the Universe was the Sphere of Creation, out of which at regular intervals sprang energy-globes of the first magnitude, or MagI; and spaced around the Barrier enclosing the Universe were the Heaven-Gates, through which all old MagX's must eventually pass in order to reach the Afterlife.

Ris-Mag III remembered when he had come forth. All of^a/sudden he had been alive; there had been no slow awakening, but a sudden awareness of life. He had been a bright yellow globe of dense energy - still very ignorant of mind, but much larger and much more scintillating than the MagVIII priests around him. They had told him then of the Universe --- of the beginnings of everyone in the Sphere of Creation, of the decreasing size and splendor as one got older, and of the final Going through one of the Heaven-Gates when one reached MagX and the senility and dullness of appearance that accompanied it.

This present Coming marked the second such for Ris since his own. He was now a MagIII and old enough to be present at these most ancient religious ceremonies. Ris-MagIII had just recently been to the Coming ---he had seen the bright new energy-beings spring forth from the Sphere of Creation, aware of life and their own magnitude---but it had not moved him half as much as this Going.

Ris-MagIII hovered motionless as another MagX flew through the Heaven-Gate. The gateway to the Afterlife was a small spot of vivid orange against the shimmering whiteness of the impenetrable Barrier, the Barrier between Heaven and the Universe. The Heaven-Gate glowed briefly as the third and last energy-globe passed through it. It was religiously and morally obligated that all MagX's go through one of the millions of Heaven-Gates in the Barrier sometime between their ninth and tenth Comings. These three MagX's had been eager to reach Heaven and were the first group to fulfill their obligations by passing the gateway. Before the next Coming all MagX's would, sooner or later, reach Heaven. In all history, there had never been a MagX who had not freely and eagerly gone through the Heaven-Gate to his Afterlife.

For this was the purpose of living: to obey the existing Natural Laws, and to fulfill the obligation to oneself by going to Heaven.

But Ris-MagIII had, not long ago, come to the conclusion that this was all pointless. If the only purpose in life is to go to the Afterlife, then why not go when one is a young, dense globe of energy, rather than wait for senility and the accompanying loss of energy; for as the globes became older energy was given off, and they became less dense and bright. And, now that Ris-MagIII had witnessed an actual Going, he saw that it would be relatively easy to go to his Afterlife now. All he would have to do would be to talk to one of the local priests and convince him to let Ris go with the next group of MagX's. He knew one of the priests besides; he was Pac, a MagVI - rather young for a priest, but still much older than Ris.

Ris-MagIII flew to the group of priests near the Heaven-Gate and called Pac-MagVI aside. Since the gateway was not being used by any MagX's at the time, Pac came willingly to Ris.

Pac-PacVI began the telepathic conversation. "What is it, Ris-MagIII?"

Ris chose his thoughts carefully, "It is this, Pac-Mag. I wish to go to the Afterlife."

"Yes," Pac answered. "We all wish it -- don't fear, for no one is left out. You will reach Heaven when you become Mag.X."

"But I want to go now!" Ris blurted quickly. "There is no point to life. Why must we wait until we are senile to go to the Afterlife? I want to be bright and healthy when I go. Let me go now."

"No Ris, it cannot be done," Pac replied after a moment. "It is against the Natural Laws of the Universe. I cannot allow it. That is all."

Ris hovered still for a time, then made up his mind. If they would not give him the Afterlife, he would take it. Certainly he could get past a group of seventh and eighth magnitude priests; he had all the energy of a MagIII, could easily fly faster, and was much more powerful. He would do it!

Ris flew a distance away from the Heaven-Gate. The Barrier along which he flew sputtered with white fire. He kept a safe distance from this deadly wall, for globes had been known to be engulfed by the Barrier, and destroyed. By approaching alongside the gateway he would have less chance of being seen. He would come opposite the Heaven-Gate and dart into --- the Afterlife! As Ris picked up speed the priests saw him and flew to cut him off. This last stretch seemed to take an eternity, for if he were caught he would be thrown to certain destruction in the Barrier.

It seemed for a moment that he wouldn't make it, for the priests were fast approaching the Heaven-Gate, but luck was with him. One of the priests flew too close to the Barrier and was drawn in by a tongue of white flame. The resulting explosion destroyed three priests and the shock wave threw two others far away. Only one, Pac-MagVI, was now racing towards him, for, being younger and more powerful than the others, he had been far ahead of them in the chase.

Thankful for his luck, but still shimmering with fear, Ris-MagIII saw that he would make it. Pac-MagVI's thought rang in his mind, the last bit of communication he was ever to receive:

"You are going against the Natural Laws. It is not your time...."

For almost an hour every radio and piece of electronic equipment on Earth was engulfed with static as the most magnificent sunspot in recorded astronomical history flared into being.

* * * * *

Green bowling shirts may be hazardous to your health!

THE
IMAGINATION
BOOKSHELF

Book Reviews
by
Richard Delap

Past Master by
R.A. Lafferty,
Ace H-54, 60¢,
191 pp.
and
The Reefs of
Earth by
R.A. Lafferty,
Berkley x1528,
60¢, 144 pp.

After Lafferty's two first SF novels, the human race may never look quite the same to itself again. Although only one of the books is successful in taking its satirical digs at the shortcomings of mankind, both show that this author is, unreservedly, one to watch closely.

Past Master is the longest, most sustained piece of SF humor ever to appear, and the serious, philosophical underpinnings give balance and true meaning to this very witty and rewarding book. This is the first original novel in Ace's new 'special' line of SF books (the previous two being reprints from hardcover) and by far the best to appear.

The world is named Astrobe, it is the 26th century, and Mankind's ageless dream, Utopia, has (seemingly) been ultimately achieved ... a world of luxury, of beautiful TURNBULL people and society. Why then, among all this perfection and accomplished realization of Man's hopes, do people, in ever increasing numbers, turn away from the beauty and create slum-cities where horror, pain, and suffering are the everyday rule? Three important men



of Astrobe, seeking a man to answer the question, reach into Earth's past to bring forward in time the only man they feel can unravel this problem. Shortly before his execution, Thomas More is carried away to the unfathomable world of the future on Astrobe. The profoundly allegorical events which involve More in this world's search for The Answer make Robert Bolt's impressive A Man for All Seasons look almost shallow in comparison.

Characters dance in and out of the story with mystical parallelism and guffaw-inducing humor: Evita, a never-aging adolescent with the face of youth and sweetness, masking a sharp, quick and often destructive mind; Maxwell, whose soliloquizing at various odd moments carries a good deal of the novel's symbolism; Rimrock, a highly intelligent creature of the seas of Astrobe, who claims to be as human as humans themselves, possibly even more so; and the deadly Programmed Killers, those members of a breed that is a cross of man and machine, eliminating any who even dare to think against the Astrobe dream of perfection. Lafferty's idea is not new, but his treatment is, and his comments on the human condition -- simultaneously applicable to yesterday, today, and tomorrow -- are bound to strike responsive chords from any reader. Past Master is sure to become a classic!

The Reefs of Earth is also in the satirical vein, this time looking at the incongruities and foolishness of the human race through the eyes of an Earth-resident alien culture. The Dulanty clan of Pucas (as the aliens are called) have managed to survive among the strange, bewildering human race, but the story begins when disintegration sets in, leaving the Puca children to fend for themselves. The youngsters find Earth even more unbearable than their parents did, and take it upon themselves to diligently rid the world of all bothersome human beings, destroying anyone they wish to with spoken death-rhymes. Humor again carries the load in this spoof on violence and the questionable intelligence of Man, but unfortunately the wacky slapstick approach is only sporadically amusing and very often quite strained. The book has lots of bite but no teeth, and the poor reader suffers the indignity of being nearly gummed to death, as Lafferty's imagination strikes out in too many directions with an excessive rapidity and lack of control that weakens rather than strengthens the work. Easy to read, but just as easy to forget.

The Final Programme
by Michael Moorcock
Avon S351, 60¢, 191pp.

Really good satire often has difficulty finding a responsive audience. If it is too slapstick, intellectuals sneer...if too abstruse, it flies high above many readers' heads and fails to have meaning. Fusing such opposite poles sounds impossible-- in fact, it is...and Michael Moorcock must surely have had great fun doing it anyway, with a technique that is as unbelievable as it is successful.

This novel is a novel of questions without answers -- it questions the idea that questions should have answers. Hell, it even questions the necessity of the questions! It is not too difficult to accept the premise that nothing is stationary or definite, everything is constantly subject to change. And one must keep that in mind when reading this book. Moorcock does not draw the line at questioning instinctive acceptances (can you believe mistrusting the gender of personal pronouns?) taking great delight in inviting the reader to enjoy the view from the 75th floor and smilingly pushing him through the window.

The book begins with Jerry Cornelius (callow, selfish, insensitive, bigoted, hateful, nasty, stupid, and disgusting - he's the hero and you'll love him) and his friends (figuratively speaking) attempting to rescue his imprisoned sister, drugged into lethargy by her second brother, Frank. This rescue, along with a search for hidden documents, is a failure on all counts, as the hero's aspirations change from one minute to the next. (you couldn't trust your own mother in this book!) One of Jerry's invasion force is an up-tight package of dynamite named Miss Brunner, whose own aspirations are perhaps the only thing in the book to make steady progression, in a roundelay manner, to the end. To outline the plot's structure or progression from this point on is impossible, for the story merely follows Jerry from one mind-bending experience to another, and progression is as often regression.

Moorcock's writing is utter hilarity. Purposeful and hideous descriptive writing:

"...hand in hand they walked among silver birches beneath the hot blue sky beneath the big red sun." -p. 158.

is interspersed with sparkling dialogue - upon climbing into bed with Miss Brunner, Jerry spies a white wedding dress laid onto the bed, remarking:

"Who's it for? You or me?" -p. 157.

The author out-dazzles even Harlan Ellison (Moorcock's party scene is the wildest I've ever read, bar none) with page after page of neon-lighted, flashing, dancing, singing, sexy, dirty, and explosive verbosity. Immorality doesn't exist ... amorality is rampant.

You'll have to read The Final Programme to believe it ... and you may not believe it even then. It's a literary freak-out and the biggest bundle of delight in years!

The Playboy Book of SF and Fantasy selected by the eds. of Playboy, Playboy Press
BA0115, 95¢, 403 pp.

Here are two fine anthologies of stories culled from one of the nation's leading magazines, both worthy additions to any collection.

The Playboy Book of Horror and the Supernatural, same
BA0119, 95¢, 391 pp.

SF/Fantasy is the best of the two, containing at least a dozen stories easily classified as 'excellent', while the remainder are good enough to

be worthy of anthologization. The stories are fortunately not type-cast (far too many collections of late are built around a single theme, a practice all too often inhibiting and stifling in effect) but range from needling satire to touching (never maudlin) sentiment. Several of the stories may be familiar to steady readers, as there are a few inclusions that already are considered classics; the new reader will find the book terrific introduction to the SF genre, although likely will be spoiled, for anthologies this good are the exception rather than the rule.

The best stories include such selections as George Langelaan's precision and horrific The Fly; Bernard Wolfe's charmingly folksy The

Never Ending Penny; Bruce Jay Friedman's outrageous fantasy The Killer in the TV Set; Robert Sheckley's frighteningly logical satire, Spy Story; the late Charles Beaumont's chilling study in extremism, The Crooked Man; Henry Slesar's wickedly mordant look at future education, Examination Day; and one of Fredric Brown's most rib-tickling, pie-in-the-face pieces of tomfoolery, Puppet Show. Ray Bradbury, William Tenn, Arthur C. Clarke, Robert Bloch, Frederik Pohl, Alan E. Nourse, Theodore Sturgeon, Jack Finney, Avram Davidson and J. G. Ballard are among the highly-rated authors represented in a total of 32 stories, a collection that can truthfully be said to have something for everyone.

Horror/Supernatural, while not quite as far-reaching as its companion volume, remains one of the better recent collections of horror stories containing examples of both the traditional Gothic (see Ray Russell's eerie Sardonius) and the modern psychological terror tale (such as Charles Willeford's expert The Machine in Ward Eleven) and all points in-between. Cartoonist Gahan Wilson, whose macabre and funny drawings grace Playboy regularly, uses his ink in a different manner to produce a mind-stunning and original horror story that has every claim to being the best of the entire collection--The Sea Was Wet as Wet Could Be. Calvin Tomkins eschews the supernatural in a story as frightening as it is believable, titled simply Virginia. Other contributors include such luminaries as John Collier, Ray Bradbury, Fredric Brown, Charles Beaumont, Richard Matheson, Robert Bloch, Mack Reynolds, John Christopher, Jack Finney and William F. Nolan.

Both books are a welcome addition to any collector's shelf and, hopefully, since tagged with the famous Playboy name, will find many readers who perhaps would not otherwise seriously consider purchasing such volumes. Whichever, the books are sure to be enjoyed tremendously and if successful sales-wise, will possibly lead to second volumes.

Rosemary's Baby
by Ira Levin
Dell 7509, 95¢
218 pp.

Ten or so years ago, Mr. Levin wrote a story which even today remains one of the, perhaps the, best suspense yarns ever published--the award-winning A Kiss Before Dying. The book was a terrific success, carefully analysing a murderer's motives and techniques while realistically intermingling everyday, ordinary events that gave the story a stark immediacy and believability. Levin now does the same to the supernatural tale with equal success, as the weeks and weeks of bestsellerdom show.

Rosemary and Guy Woodhouse move into an old, gargoyled Victorian apartment house, the Bramford, on New York's upper Seventh Avenue. Both are pleased to find the apartment exactly suited to their needs and disregard a mutual friend's warning that the house has a most eerie and disturbing past history.



Guy is a struggling actor, and, as he spends many days hunting for his 'big break', Rosemary decorates their apartment and learns that their neighbors are an old, worldly couple caring for a young girl, Terry, whom they have rescued from narcotic oblivion. Rosemary finds Terry to be a healthy, happy, and extremely grateful young woman and is understandably confused when, after a brief but budding friendship, the girl is found smashed on the sidewalk, a suicide note taped to the window. Perhaps from depression, Rosemary shortly afterwards begins having strange dreams, dreams of highly erotic content, a weird and somewhat frightening mixture of reality and outrageous fantasy. Then, Rosemary becomes pregnant. . . after a night with her husband that she does not remember clearly (only because of her earlier excessive drinking that same evening?).

Conversations with both her husband and her neighbors on such familiar topics as politics, art, and everyday events keep the reader involved with Rosemary on a realistic level. Her seeming flights of fancy seem a bit strange, but everyone occasionally has strange dreams and moments of unexplained nervousness, don't they? It is only as slowly, inexorably the pieces are shaped by Rosemary into a never-quite-complete puzzle that one begins to see the possible horror of the situation . . . both she and her baby are being drawn steadily into a deadly circle of devil-worshippers, a circle composed of their neighbors, friends, perhaps even those of unquestionable integrity are involved, those upon whom Rosemary depends for strength and help. Or is Rosemary merely letting her imagination tighten her nerves to the breaking point? Is concern over her soon-to-be-born child affecting her powers of reasoning? Is it or is it not?

The threads of incident cross, re-cross, and cross again as the story builds into tension that will have you reading late into the night with all the lights on and the blanket clutched around your quivering shoulders. And if the shock ending doesn't send you to the door with hammer and nails, you shouldn't be reading a horror story in the first place. Mr. Levin is an intensely skillful writer, turning skepticism into unrestrained belief, mind-gnawing uneasiness into sheer, stark terror.

If you can put this one down before finishing it, you're just not human!

Best SF
1967 edited by Harry Harrison
and Brian W. Aldiss,
Berkeley Medallion s1529
75¢, 256 pp.

This year has brought forth yet another addition to the ever-increasing number of annual SF anthologies. Two very well-known names in the genre have combined their editorial talents and come up with, if not the 'best' of the year,

at least a fairly representative cross-sectioned look at the year's output. Some of it is excellent, some of it so horrid that its inclusion borders dangerously on incompetence.

Two stories are so good, they alone are worth the price of admission. Harlan Ellison's Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes is another tale in which the author has obviously taken strong emotions from his own experience and crash-bam-slammed them onto the page with hell-bent fury. This technique has occasionally backfired on Ellison, but here it works. . .and works. . .and works. Fragmented sentence structure, precipitant transition and aggravation assault on the English language miraculously combine into a startlingly unified whole, a bating-ram to the brain that, like it or not, will leave you bruised and shaken, but all-to-the

-good. The Wreck of the Ship John B., from Playboy, marks a welcome return to the field by long-absent Frank M. Robinson. With precision-written prose, Mr. Robinson tackles the problem of interstellar transportation and its effect on the human psyche with unnerving plausibility. (If you are at all prone to claustrophobia, I suggest you Not read this in a closed room.)

Fritz Leiber's Answering Service, a chilling SF-horror item, has some remarkably slick, precision dialogue (and it's another one for those jittery claustrophobic folk to beware of.) Fred Hoyle's Blackmail is a trenchant little communications spoof on man-animal relationships told with witty amusement. C.C. Shakleton's Ultimate Construction takes the short-short form and successfully pulls it off with a good ironic twist. The editors bend a rule by including a reprint of Interview With a Lemming, James Thurber's brief but classic piece of wry rhetoric.

Several stories - A. Bertram Chandler's The Left-Hand Way, Kris Neville's The Forest of Zil, Keith Laumer's The Last Command, and Robert Silverberg's Hawksbill Station--are likely to get quite various reactions. I found each interesting and good in its own way, though none are especially memorable. Of these, Silverberg's story is both the best and the worst. Best for its captivating and really human character...worst for its being a problem story that evades its own basic premise.

The dud stories are all just that: John T. Sladek's 1937 A.D.!, a fatuous and excessively silly time-travel story; Ben Bova's Fifteen Miles, marred by clumsy, unconvincing psychology; Kit Reed's allegorical (and shamefully derivative) The Vine; and Gary Wright's Mirror of Ice, a bore of a story that could only qualify as SF by default. Last, and specifically least, is J.G. Ballard's inept and tasteless The Assassination of John Fitzgerald Kennedy Considered as a Downhill Motor Race---not a story and too stupid to be satire, it doesn't belong in this book (or any other, to my mind.)

Close of Play
by Simon Raven,
Berkley sl459,
75¢, 175pp.

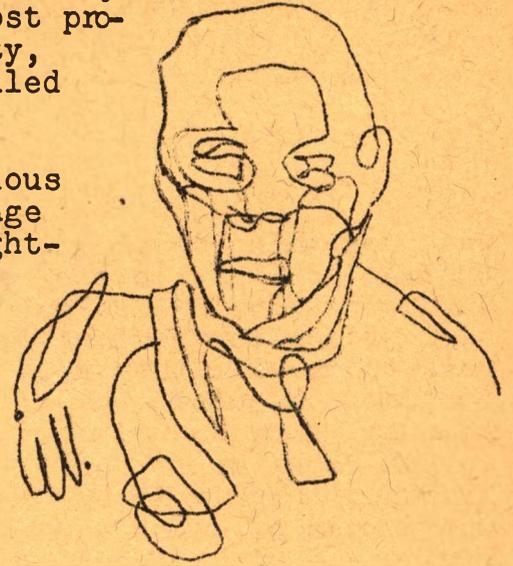
Depending upon your own outlook, author Raven's works may be considered serious camp, perverse irony, or horrifying allegory--or preferably all in one. With some of the most vivid psychological probing between book covers, he takes the reader down familiar paths that distort so slowly and cautiously that no matter what the subject, one is soon within the confines of a horror novel par excellence. In irate cunning, he made some of the most polished practitioners of the genre look like scribbling schoolboys. After his terrifying Brother Cain, no spy novel can ever be taken seriously again. And now, with deceptively simple plotting, he knocks the big-business-sex syndrome flat on its back (no pun intended).

Hugo Warren (hero?...villain?...take your pick) takes what he wants--sex, money, freedom--all with equal ease and lack of conscience. He is

alienated from everyone he comes in contact with, but most of all, is alienated from himself. He congratulates himself profusely on each success and finds a handy scapegoat for any failure. With overtones of existentialism, it is Hugo against society. But society becomes a tool, unscrupulously used, as Hugo meets a degenerate couple on an aimless European saunter and joins them in forming a London based organization

catering to the sick sexual appetites of the very rich. As expected, Hugo's nouveauate is most profitable, but, with his distorted personality, leaves a huge and empty brain-spot soon filled to the brim with greed.

The plot moves steadily through some ingenious twists and turns and finally ties the package with a blood-red allegorical ribbon, a frightening present from an author who has no qualms about offering his victims a sweetly-iced cake...laced with strychnine. Get it --- but "Handle with Care"!



H I T H E R M I N U S Y O N
(a lonely book review by FRANK LUNNEY)

The Seed
Dan Thomas
Ballantine
75¢, 244pp.

Once you get past the atrocious cover, and the fact that no one has ever heard of Dan Thomas, you may be able to set yourself up for a few hours of mind opening (if not expanding) reading.

Aaron Penfield is considered slightly irrational when he starts programming all the knowledge known to man into a computer, and then starts into the supernatural field of witchcraft, re-incarnation, and all and any connections with religion.

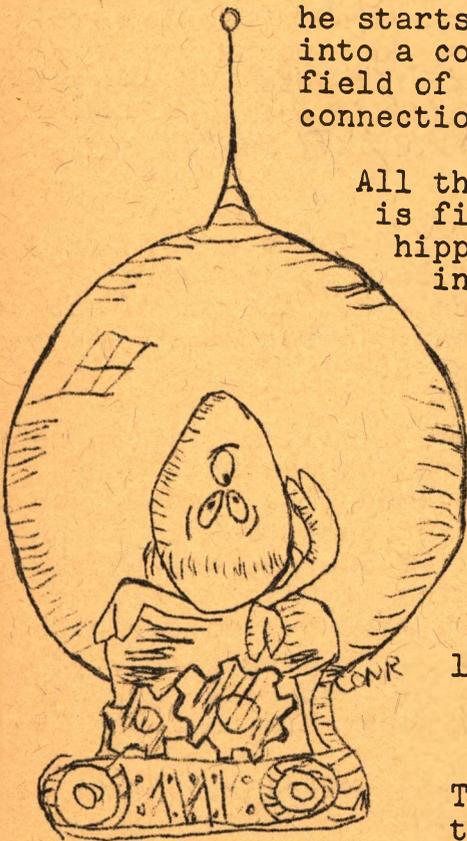
All the time he is carrying this work out, his wife is filing for divorce; he gets a bedmate from a hippie colony in order to program his experiences into a computer. (He later comes up with a sex machine to fulfill her needs.) Texas Aero Design & Research, the company he works for, vehemently disapproves of his experiments and tries to restrict him in all ways, and he continues programming the sum total of all human knowledge to come up with the answer to the question of the Ultimate Purpose for the existence of life within the Universe.

If the answer supplied by the computer (which drives Penfield mad) doesn't shake you up a little, the overall effect of the book will.

* * * * *

That's all, finally. Somehow I have the feeling that 7 pages of book reviews are enough. How many of you actually read them all, anyway? I wish you'd let me know how you like them.

Richard does a great review, and I really like them, but do the rest of you? Of course I am the editor and I guess I should put what I like...-LgE



AGGGH!

FANZINE REVIEWS
By LgE



One good thing about editing a fanzine is I get lots of mail. Unfortunately, I also get lots of fanzines for review; I read them, pile them up, forget them, until the moment I have to write up the rough draft for Gf. Then Agggh! I've got a mass of zines to review and since I cut reviews last time, I feel obligated to expand them this time. But since it looks like Gf3 may run 40 pages or more, I have an urge to cut again. Common sense says "What's a few extra pages at this point?" Extra postage, paper costs, typing time, that's all. So rather than neglect some zines I'm going to review all I can find, and in as few words as possible (which for me may be anything from 1 to a 3-page discourse on fanzine production.) I have a strange feeling that only fanzine editors and fanatics really read fanzine review columns thoroughly, anyway, so perhaps you're not missing anything anyway. *In fact why not just eliminate the whole thing but in one of my articles! Suzanne? Please! Suzanne! put down that / Yarge-size scoldery list of stuff. I was just kidding! SALLY! really I was..... sigh!* Onward to fanzine reviews!

National Fantasy Fan Federation, N3F, \$1.75, write Janie Lamb, Box 364, Meiskell, Tenn. 37754. Publishes a number of things, including a monthly lettercol and a monthly general publication. They have activities for everyone, including Collector's Bureau, Correspondence Bureau, Lending Library, etc.; esp. useful for the neofan.

Baycon (wait-a-minute dept.: Is this a fanzine? Well, no, its a con, the worldcon held in Oakland/Berkley over Labor Day weekend. Then why is this in the column? I don't know, it seemed like a good idea at the time. Is anyone watching? No? Good, you can stick it in and by the time its noticed, it will be too late. Of course, why should you care what people think--who is editing this thing anyway? Well, me actually. Then go ahead and write whatever you want (an editor's job is a hard one) darn well please. OK.) \$1 Overseas, \$2 Supporting, \$3 Attending Memberships. Mail checks to Baycon, P.O.Box 261, Fairmont Station, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530. Make checks payable to J.Ben Stark.

Sirruish #16, Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010; Quarterly for OSFA, 25¢, contribs, printed Locs.

This is a beautiful mimeo job; Laurence M. Janifer has an article on writing, Alexis Gilliland and W.G. Bliss, have short stories; the usual reviews; and an interesting lettercol takes up half the ish.

Leftovers #4, John Boardman, 592 16th St., Brooklyn, New York, irreg.

Again this lives up to its name. The results of the 2nd Presidential Poll and the 5th Worst SF Poll are given. Liberal Boardman announces an essay contest on "Why the N.Y. State Law Preventing a Communist from Getting a Driver's License, is Justified in View of the Menace of Communism?" (Good God! Can this really be a law?????)

Iceni #1, Bob Rohem, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana, 47130; 25¢, 5/\$1.00, LoCs, trades, contribs.

I don't know why I gave the wrong address last ish, but Bob does not live in Nebraska... Interesting and enjoyable. Richard Delap has lots of film information and a review of Planet of the Apes, and Larry Stewart has an analysis of British end-of-the-world books. Lovely cover (hand printed?).

En Garde #3, Dick Schultz, 19159 Helen, Detroit, Michigan, 48234; 50¢.

For AVENGERS fans. Lovely covers, rotten interior illos. I'm not an AVENGERS fan, so I didn't read it. Suzle did, though, and says its for Emma fans, very readable. There are "You have just been murdered" and "You have just been murdered, again" cards.

Hydronical #2, Terry Romie, 17455 Marygold #6, Bloomington California, 92316; 25¢, LoC, contrib., trade.

Unreadable ditto repro with a lovely multicolored illo now and then. Mostly fanfiction, I probably would have enjoyed, if I could have only read it. If ditto improves, this would be real good.

Hoop #3, Jim Young 1943 Ulysses St. NE, Minneapolis, Minn. 55418; 30¢, trades, contrib., printed LoCs.

Multicolored ditto, this time perfectly readable. John Kusske on APAS, Minn. meeting report, good story by editor. Very good.

Kallikanzaros #4, John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43224, 4/\$1.25, printed contribs.

Some funny cartoons, exerpts from Dick Byers' long short story, lovely poems, an article by Kurt Vonnegut, an article on Literary Criticism and SF, all go together to make this one of the better fanzines.

Well, the pile is thinning, but hang on gang, I'm not through yet!

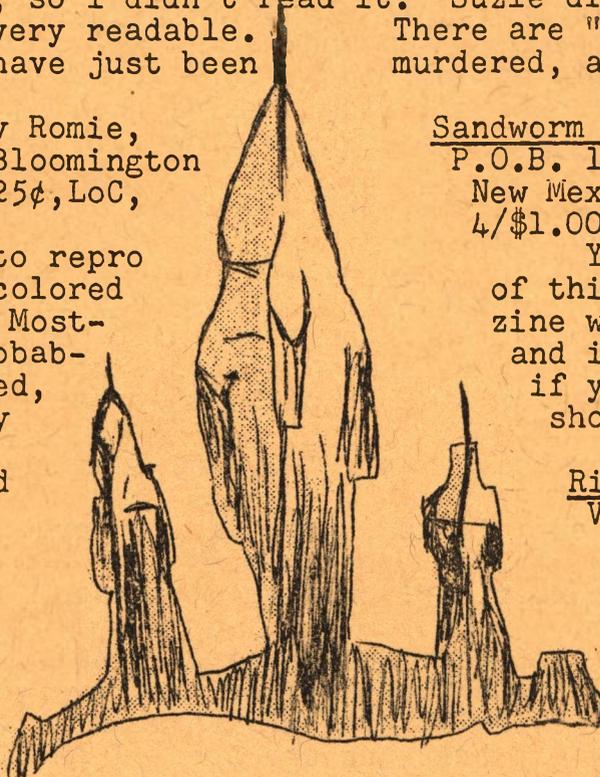
Sandworm #4, Bob Vardeman, P.O.B. 11352, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112; 20¢, 4/\$1.00, trade.

You may have heard of this as a lovely humorzine with beautiful mimeo and interesting lettercol, if you haven't, you should have!

Riverside Quarterly, Vol. 3, #2; Leland Sapiro, Box 40, University Station, Regina, Canada, 50¢, 4/\$1.50, trade, contrib.

Serious articles, including Jack Williamson on H.G.

Wells, "Sources for LotR", "ERB and the Heroic Epic", poetry, and letters, all interesting.



Golana #1, Polytechnic Inst. of Brooklyn, 333 Jay St., Brooklyn, NY, 11201; cash (?), LoC, trade.

Wow! The lovely multicolored printed cover is great! The interior art could be better, though. There are lots of stories, all readable, a Nycon Report with a mislabeled picture (that is not Harlan Ellison), poems, book reviews. The whole presentation is very professional.

Perihelion #4, Sam Bellotto, Jr., 190 Willoughby St., New York, 11201; I could find no mention of price. Another very professional looking zine. Interesting SF and the Cinema article on Flash Gordon - Buck Rogers serials; beautiful William Stillwell strip (Gadzooks, I even want to know how it will end), some fair fanfiction.

No-Eyed Monster #3, Norman E. Masters, 720 Bald Eagle Lake Rd., (what a street name!), Ortonville (you've got to be kidding), Michigan, 48462; 30¢, 4/\$1.00, trade, printed contribs.

Another fiction zine. This time complete with crummy art. One-half size. By this time, I can understand why some people don't like fanfiction. It's not all that bad, but after a while it all seems the same. A bit of fanfiction now and then is nice, and some can even be really good, but a whole zine ...?

SF Newsletter #18, Don Blyly, 825 W. Russel St., Peoria, Ill., 61606; \$.25/10, trades, contribs.

Here's the good old Peoria H.S. zine, back again, this time in real fanzine format, complete with front and back cover for the annish. And it is an improvement. The fiction is better; there are some nice illos, and even a few (very) book and zine reviews. Hey, Don, why not keep the format? Thisish is worth reading.

Plak-tow #6, Shirley Meech, Apt. B-8, 260 Elkton Rd., Newark, Delaware, 19711, \$1.00/5.

Star Trek news and bibliography. If you love ST you'll want this.

Agaaaah! There are more zines! How about a nice Gaughan illo to brea the monotony? Okay.

That wasn't very much, was it? Well, a one inch Gaughan illo is worth two pages of most everybody else. I think I'm cracking up with all these zine reviews. I bet you think I'm cracking up, too. I AM CRACKING UP! (How many of you actually like these things, anyway?) Onward, if I ever want to finish.



Cinder, Jim Ashe, 301 Dryden Rd., Ithica, New York, 14850; 6/\$1.00, 1/20¢, contrib., LoC; Monthly

A four page news and chit-chat zine. Lithographed. Lunacon report, fanzine reviews (OH GHOD) and a bit of faan fiction. [Steady, Linda, you can do it! After all, since I ~~passed this off as~~ you volunteered...SVT]

Wonkity #1, Ray Ridenour, MMMmmm, that's odd, no address. Does anyone happen to know it? Quarterly; sale (?) or trade.

Fanfiction, poetry, cute comics. Enjoyable 1st ish. But I do wish the address, price, etc., were included. [We've found addresses make communication rather easier. Oversites are oversites, but your address...? SVT]

This going to be the last page of fanzine reviews. Enough is enough...

Tomorrow And....#1, Jerry Lapidus, 3127 Flint House, 5825 Woodlawn Ave. Chicago, Ill., 60637; contribs., trade, and a couple of 6¢ stamps.

The new Chicago SF Society has put this nicely dittoed zine out to sort of introduce its members to fandom. It's very good for its purpose and future ishes may be expanded into a genzine. There's an SF Quiz with famous lines from famous novels, which is really fascinating. It's amazing how lines stick in your memory.

The Cavorting Beastie, Michael Gilbert, 1419 W. Donald St., Waterloo, Iowa, 50703; I have lost my copy, but I think Mike will send you a sample.

Another fiction zine. Needs contribs., of fiction, artwork, comic strips, etc., Oh, does it need contribs. SVT/

ARGH, Chester Malon Jr., 2326a, Sullivan Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 63102;

Also lost this copy. Well, what do you expect from a klutz?

A humorzine, home of the atrocious pun. Argh!

The Photogenic Onion #1, George Foster Jr., 7140 Linworth Rd., Worthington, Ohio, 43085. You guessed it, but I remember it well. Just a few pages to let the world know that George is alive and starting a fanzine and needs contribs.

Exile #3, Seth Dogramajiam, 32-66 80 St., Jackson Heights, NY, 11370; Fooled you! LoCs, contribs., trade, just about anything but money (?)

Fiction, reviews, etc. Poor mimeo repro. Lovely cover. Needs help. What kind of a review was that? I don't know; I'm klutzy/

CHEAP THRILLS and LOVE, Fred Haskell, 4370 Brookside Court, Apt. 206, Edina, Minnesota, 55436. (Thrills may be out only once, or will appear again (? huh?))

Funny comics, funny material, stories, poems. Love comes out through Apa-45, but you can beg for a copy (I think?). Both are thoroughly enjoyable and very very good. And liberal, which is my style of fanzine. Keep it up. SVT/

Arioch #2, Doug Lovenstein, 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens, Ohio, 45701; LoCs, contribs., 35¢, trade.

I can't believe Doug is only 14 years old. This is really good. Artwork is lovely (no pun intended), articles on SF mags, hypnotism book reviews, letters, Gadzooks, this is excellent!

Arua #4, Richard Flinchbaugh, RD1, Box 403, Seneca, Pa. 16346; 25¢.

Some poor comic strips, a few lovely multicolored dittoed fillos, an a very well written story by Dave Johnson.

Psychotic, Richard E. Geis, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif., 90291.

This is a goodie. In fact, the best zine, and thank heavens, the last in the pile! Norman Spinrad has an article on SF taboos and then reviews Dangerous Visions. Earl Evers tells how to use pot. The editor talks to himself and everyone fights it out in the lettercol. My choice for Hugo. Almost mine, too. A very enjoyable, and at times, fascinating, zine. SVT/

Brother, Thou art God. Share water. -- But not out of MY glass!!

OMPHALLOPSYCHITE

ISAAC ASIMOV
45 Greenough St.
West Newton, Mass.
02165

A young man dropped around
a while ago and handed me
Granfalloon #2. I read it
and was promptly under-

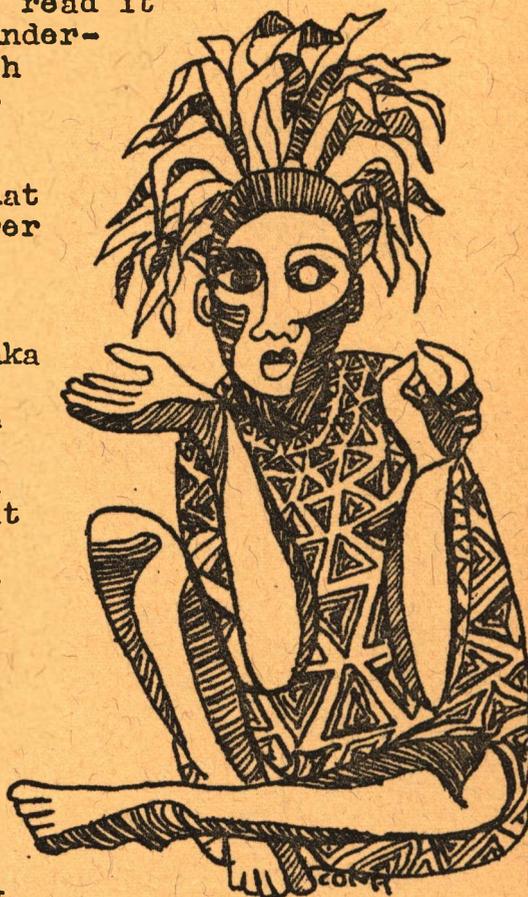
whelmed by the rich
fantasy life of the Shy Young Thing who
turned out the NyCon report.

I'm sure that had she read less into what
everyone said, she would have been nearer
the truth.

RUTH BERMAN
5620 Edgewater Blvd.
Minneapolis, Minn.
55417

I hope Dale Steranka
was exaggerating
her fear of Harlan
Ellison and Isaac
Asimov. If not, a

word of advice: be afraid of no male at
an SF con. You (feminine you) may be
propositioned and probably will be, but
the expected answer to the proposition
is "No." Most would be happy if they
got a "Yes," of course, but I suspect
that Isaac Asimov isn't even that
serious (I think he would be even
unhappy at a "Yes"); he just wants
to express his appreciation of a
pleasant face or manner as noisily
as possible. Isaac Asimov is a clown
and a good writer and I love him dearly.



ED REED
668 Westover Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
06902

Your cover was great and so was the rest; ConK
can work a mean pen. I did so know what omphal-
lopsychite meant. IDIDSOIDIDSOIDISO!! This
bit on Heinlein is ridiculous... just accept him as
a ~~guy~~ old writer who can convince people of

a lot of weird things--about himself. Are you going to call Norman
Spinrad a dirty guy because he wrote Bug Jack Barron? (I am, but are
you? Of course not, you haven't read it yet. READ IT!) The same
applies to Heinlein. Are you going to call him a ~~bastard~~ Fascist type
Nazi or somesuch because of what he writes? Of course you are.

That was absolutely an ingenious NyCon report--the best I've read. I
also liked the femmefan view it and the whole zine gave. Tell Dale
thanks from me // Thank you Ed, you certainly know talent when you
see it...-Dale//* (no, I was not one of the dirty old men winking at
her! Why DIDN'T she wink back?)

*Typist's comments are indicated by // //
Editors comments are indicated by [-LgE for Linda, -SVT for Suzle]

* * * * *
Ginjer's Suggestion: Call the lettercol "LoC it to me!"

Fandom has the least apathy of any group. This is why the general public can't understand fandom. Many radio shows can't even have an on-the-street public opinion thing -- no one cares. In fandom most of the people are involved most of the time. And everybody is involved frequently. A very non-active type fan is very active type general public. Now for the Big Question: Is fandom a bunch of non-apathetic stf fans or a bunch of non-apathetic people who have a little liking for stf and use this so they can be active in something?

Fritz Leiber
~~Richard Delap~~
 206 E. 10th Ave.
 Apt. 8, Denver
 Colo. 80203

Listen kid, watch the spelling of my name...there is no capital L in Delap. The name has been Anglicized, and the capital letter dropped (and for the first time I'm glad of it, considering the state of France today). /I'm sorry, just one of those viscious ~~spelling~~ typing errors which Gf2 was full of-LgE/

Gf2 was definitely an improvement over #1. My first impression was one of great disappointment, however. Despite all the interesting reasons you checked on the back cover for my receiving Gf2, you did not check "You are Fritz Leiber". Why? If you'd checked that, maybe I'd be Mr. Leiber, and just think how respected and adored I'd be then. This tragic oversight of yours has destroyed my peace of mind and caused me grievous sufferings of self-pity. You are most fiendish girls...fie on you!

In regard to Mrs. Audrey Walton's letter in CofK: I've no idea how the situation stands at present in England, but here in America, SF is considered 'trash' by very few these days. /I have never noticed this, everyone I know derides SF, everyone that is outside of fandom-LgE./ Even those who read little or none give SF a much higher level in general than was the case some years back. Perhaps much of this is due to the higher level of education and the pressing, often 'scientific'

what is this space doing here-LgE? problems that beset mankind of today. I used to be afraid to sit at a lunch-counter reading SF...and now, it bothers me not at all (at least there are few slathering mosters and coyly-posed half-clad sexpots these days).

Your story, Linda, "The Only Problem Is" was another sharp idwa that suffered from underdevelopment. This is a very, very good idea that would make a terrific short story...but build some sympathy for Peter before you leave him (literally) hanging in the air.

As long as this is the season for pushing Hugo choices, let me mention (with blasting trumpets) Robert Silverberg's Thorns. If you haven't read it, you're the one who's lost out. This one is sure to make the the final Hugo ballot and I have sworn a personal vendetta to main and kill every person who doesn't vote for it (not that I want you to feel forced into it, but...) /Please don't feel offended, Richard, but I read it and it was good, excellent, in fact, but I felt Delany's Intersection topped it-LgE/

You may be interested to know that I did go to a used book store to look for The Harrad Experiment. I found the cover..but the book had been torn off and thrown away. And 95¢ was just too much for a cover. So I'm still without. Ah!

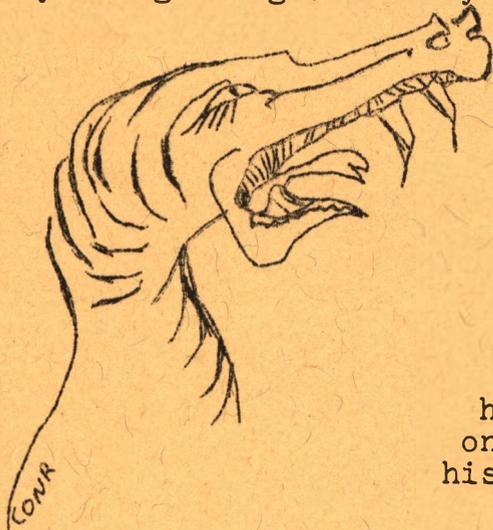
I hope Suzanne's brother writes more letters. Hilarious!!! /Nextish hell have a story, vaguely fantasy, about man verses giant pizza../

RAY FISHER
4404 Forest Park
St. Louis, Mo.
63108

I received, in today's mail, something that has greatly touched upon my Sense of Wonder -- I'm enclosing it for you to see. [The back cover of Gf2, SOB/ Alas, nothing but page 38-39 of your zine reached me. Somewhere, inside the fast fumbling stomach of the Post Office Department, the rest of the zine must be rattling around. And since, obviously, it lacks an address, it will never reach me. [The life of a fanzine editor is not an easy one. We sent Ray another, in an envelope, this time, and he then wrote...]

I enjoyed the zine, and my special comment goes to your cover; it's interesting and unusual. [Extra copies of the cover, should any cover collector want one, are available for a 6¢ stamp-LgE]

However, I was beset by doubts upon reading "My Life at Nycon" by Dale Steranka. The only way I can accept this is by assuming that Shy Young Thing must be putting us on --- the alternative is too horrible to contemplate. I'll look forward to learning The Truth at Baycon. [Actually Dale was not putting you on. She is the last of The Shy Young Things. Really and truly, her story was true!-SVT]



DAVID MALONE
815 Long Ridge Rd.
Stamford, Conn.
06902

I was a little put off by the Heinlein article by Nancy Lambert, for under her explanation of Heinlein's personality, how does she explain his story "The Long Watch." You see, Miss Lambert, no really good author will put so much of himself into his writing that the protagonist's philosophy will necessarily mirror his own.

JACK GAUGHAN
PO Box 516
Rifton, NY
12471

An impressive second issue. That's not much of a comment, but it's a start. The drawings were much better reproduced this time. Gf2 was much better produced, and to Hell with the typos.

There is little enough I disagree with in the issue and a great deal I agree with. The reviews of the books were, I think, quite generous, but not to the point of gushing. I see nothing wrong with a reviewer liking a book. I confess (for I'm a simple soul) that I saw only a short distance into the depths of Chip Delany's Einstein Intersection (originally called by Chip "A Fabulous, Formless Darkness") and that I read only the surface story and the surface analogies in the thing. He himself, in the book, explained that there were many levels to the book and perhaps one day when I have thrown off my personal demons of She, Fu Manchu, and Ilya Mourometz [Il ya Mourometz?] I shall investigate these contemporary demons (which somehow resemble Bonnie and Clyde) of Jean Harlow and Billy the Kid.

Do you know that if you accidentally hit the carriage release while using corrflu, you may end up with a blank stencil??????

SVT

One of your readers in mentioning that you seem to crusade for the serious critical acceptance of SF touches upon a thought which has been rattling around in my head for some time. It seems to me that we have a vague (or perhaps less than vague) analogy between TV and radio. Most readers' feelings towards SF are so personal and subjective that there always seems to be this great gap between what the reader feels is SF (and is unable to put into words) and what appears as SF in the very hard and fast world of visual media. Thus one's reading of a story and even the finest film production of that story will ever be in variance. The radio analogy being that the listener sometimes brought more in his interpretation of the sounds to the story than any camera could convey in a TV or film production. I too am vastly dissatisfied (as I have been since viewing the first, blakeyeballed-supervillain preview) with Star Trek. And, all commercial considerations aside, that's perhaps because no one will ever do on a screen what I see in my skull. I have more than a tough time transcribing my vision to paper. As often as not what comes out is a watered down compromise between what I see and what I can do. I have just heard from somebody who went to see the preview of 2001. The word was, "Forget it!" Well, I shall wait and see it myself but I'm not surprised. I believe that SF has become so subjective that no one can live up to the readers' images and imaginations which, even if half-formed and somewhat shapeless, must always be more enchanting than a firmly fixed film-image.

And that is why, at least up until now, SF and showbiz have not ever really hit it off except in a few instances and even then one must hedge by saying that the special effects or an actor's cheek-bones were the saving factor. Those few instances having among them FORBIDDEN PLANET and THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL. /-Add INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS and you have my three favorite SF movies. While eyeball special effects are important, these three have good plots as well.-SVT7

You will note that those fans of SF, Monster and Fantasy movies accept those things pretty much on terms of Film and not on terms of SF or fantasy literature. And that is as it should be. The wrong thing to do is to try to compare the literature and the visual stuff. If we accept Star Trek for what it is, TV amusement in an SF vein, then perhaps those of us who cringe (as I most assuredly do) at rubber monsters may be able to sit back and blow an enjoyable hour. For TV entertainment seldom, if ever, demands more of us than that we sit back and sit still (don't touch that knob!) long enough to endure the commercials (which are largely more entertaining than the shows).

Thanks for Gf and be of stout heart and a firm kidney and produce some more.

BOB VARDEMAN REFUTES NANCY LAMBERT

BOB VARDEMAN
P.O.B. 11352
Albuquerque, N.M.
87112

Re: Nancy Lambert's "Heinlein Militarism." I tire easily of articles that draw sweeping conclusions from an author's works. Recently I read (in Hugin & Munin) an article dedaring H. Beam Piper was a conservative because guns played such a prominent role in his stories. Bleech. I do not believe that what an author writes about is necessarily his philosophy. /I agree!-LgE/ This leads to such contorted logical situations that I can't

* * * * *

The Flying Nun Gets High Once a Week

see why anyone would bother to drag it out and try to write an article (like "Heinlein's Militarism") around it. For instance, in Beyond This Horizon the protagonist is the epitome of a stern nonconformist and completely wrecks the plans of the state (simply because he is stubborn, holds the upper hand, and knows it).

Could a militarist suggest a government like Prof. LaPaz tried to outline in Moon is a Harsh Mistress? That particular governmental arrangement was more like controlled (and only slightly controlled) anarchy. Compare with Starship Troopers - here the society, as mentioned, was strictly ordered. In Moon, everyone was intent on going their own way and did. In Glory Road the message "The government that governs best, governs least" was the primary theme. Hardly a militaristic ideal.

I'd say Heinlein deals in individuals rather than militaristic societies. He seems to think that the conflict of the individual with the state is of some import since he always has at least one character in every story who is superior, knowledgeable of worldly ways, and willing to teach the hero to scoff at authority. Prof. LaPaz, Jubal Harshaw, Rufo, even Col. DuBois are more interested in getting the reader/hero to think about acting independently than anything else. No, I'd say (assuming that it is all possible to cull anything about the author's personal feelings from his works) that RAH is dedicated more to anarchy with emphasis on the individual (ever notice how all of RAH's heroes are exceptionally competent individuals) rather than to a militaristic outlook.

Exactly how has Heinlein come out strongly in favor of the war? I saw his name on the F&SF list but I'd hardly count this as coming out "strongly". What personal actions of RAH have convinced you (Nancy) that this makes Heinlein favor the establishment of a military dictatorship? After all, the late Cardinal Spellman was one of the foremost supporters of the war and I could hardly picture him willing to set up a military dictatorship. I'd say that either support for or against the war is not any criterion at all for judging Heinlein's philosophies. This war crosses too many moral, political and legal boundaries to be so easily categorized.

As I mentioned earlier, RAH deals with individuals usually pitted against overwhelming odds. In Sixth Column, a rather strict theocracy was established. In If This Goes On..., he tears one down. In Between Planets the conflict (the political one) is between an oppressive Earth and a relatively free Venus-Mars combine (this book seems to me to be a parallel with the American Revolution except for the deus-ex-machina ending. And even this might be likened to the French intervention on our side.) Tunnel in the Sky seems to indicate that the "Heinlein individual" will come to the top regardless of the situation. And the culture evolved was more tribal than militaristic (which seems to indicate a



return to the simpler forms of government is more strongly favored by Heinlein than a military dictatorship). The Rolling Stones -- another case of familiar (or, if you prefer, tribal) organization being the best because it is simplest and gives the individual a chance to deal directly with his superior. Red Planet -- obviously a case of the individual against a dictatorial setup. Starman Jones -- the individual fighting the system again. In this one tho, the system seems to have won (but the individual was more or less able to dictate how the system would win). Double Star -- an individual against a constitutional monarchy. Farham's Freehold -- an individual against the Establishment again. Rocket Ship Galileo -- the individual (with help) triumphing against some Nazis who escaped to the moon in an improved V-2. Seems like RAH would have had the heroes throwing in with the Nazis rather than killing them by the rather gruesome method of blowing out their airlock. The Green Hills of Earth -- definitely a case of the individual triumphing over the system.

It seems to me to be the height of presumption to draw any conclusions at all about RAH and his militarism from just two or three of his books. Granted that the conclusions might be exact and right on target -- Heinlein's background indicates a strong interest in the military -- but to draw this conclusion from only two or three books (which are, no doubt, carefully selected) is to do a disservice to Heinlein. Panshin (although RAH didn't like the result) was quite thorough and carefully weighed each and every aspect of Heinlein's works to produce a comprehensive look at RAH. You may not agree with Panshin's Heinlein in Dimension but you must commend him for his painstaking research. Nancy Lambert seems to have chosen only what supported her point or what she has read of Heinlein -- hardly a significant portion of RAH's 25+ year output in either case. I certainly agree (GROK! GROK!) SVT

So why should we worry if SF is accepted as "literature" or not? It doesn't matter to me one way or the other. If all those people are so stupid, I say let 'em go on missing such a vast storehouse of enjoyment. "A rose by any other name. . .etc." But I imagine that the public's suspicion of SF revolves around several factors: 1) The garish, BEM, babe, and bum covers that graced (perhaps disgraced) SF mags for so long during the pulp era ("oh, you mean that crazy Buck Rogers stuff!"); 2) Monster movies of both foreign and domestic production ("oh, you mean those silly monsters!"). These two points are almost in the realm of public relations. Then 3) most people can't or won't successfully tackle an SF story and get anything out of it (on a slightly different but allied, front, I remember reading about a woman who couldn't stand Merritt because she had to use the dictionary at least once or twice per page. And this was fantasy and not SF.)

I agree most wholeheartedly with you that there should be more SF. The critics of the say that SF is too restrictive-- and yet don't blink an eye when mentioning their enthusiasm for a Tolkien fanzine or a James Branch Cabell or a (shudder) Frank Baum or an ERB fanzine. If these special interest groups are allowed to go their merry way, why can't there be more general SF zines? After all, people (like me) can actually enjoy it. Maybe we should form another splinter group of fandom. This one will be devoted to science fiction. What say? Well, what do you say, readers? This idea sounds Varry Interesthing... SVT

"Why, I knew Harlan when he was so tall."

"He's still so tall!".."

Stan Woolston
12832 Westlake St.
Garden Grove, Calif.
92640

Glad you cut letters; that's an editor's duty. From there on they may have none, not even consistency. Sometimes having certain standards of types of material makes for a predictable zine, and sometimes it is better not to

be so predictable. There's advantage in developing steady readers in providing a certain type of fare, but there can be variations and still interest readers. I think you're doing pretty well in the line of editorial policy and selection of material.

Fangroups seem to reflect the attitude of a few people who are prominent members of a group, and sometimes a club will retain the contact with SF while others may evolve into something that seems to be mostly mundane. A few "strong" fans, if they pull in the same general direction can keep a club going; if they are trying to move in opposite directions the result can be anarchy. Same is true with a fanzine. It seems you and your co-editor get along well enough in the matter of pulling together. By "strong" I don't necessarily mean violently aggressive types are important, but a decisiveness, with interest enough to cooperate towards a goal, seem important. I wish you luck in forming a "second force" in Pittsburgh.

I'm trying to find a way to encourage fans to send prose to the N3F Manuscript Bureau as prolifically as they do artwork. In N'APA I suggested round robins of the newer members to give them a feeling of knowing at least a few others; then, I theorized, they might feel more relaxed in their commentary and other writing, and less "tongue-tied". A good fanzine stimulates contributors, too; perhaps a combozine would by a good way to get some fans writing more fluently.

Nancy Lambert seems to think Heinlein is both militaristic and individualistic, which would be quite an accomplishment. I think she is right. Militarism is a custom with long roots. In a way I think it is as deep-rooted in this country as is the idea of personal freedom. Humans live despite contradictory things like that, and I think Heinlein proves he is an individual through the things he writes.

Heinlein seems to be most popular with fans who like SF from Burroughs adventure through the most astute or "scientific" flavored tale, and the importance of this man as a sort of gateway to SF may not be noticed as often as it could be. I've an idea many readers of SF discovered the field through one of the stories with a youthful "hero". [I did. Heinlein novels and good old Winston Juvie SF series with all sorts of stories by del Rey, Raymond F. Jones, and Clarke novels, and many more. They are what is responsible for my fanatical interest in SF. Gaaah!-LgE/

STAR TREK is alive for next season, but rather than try to keep this program going by a big campaign, I suggest letters might help to encourage advertisers and stations to work to make it more apt to survive by eliminating competition between programs of similar type.

I'd like to see an all Black and White channel with good SF used. Costs would be kept down. Cost is important. Color is fine, but volumes of films or tape could be had at very reduced price if the use of color were limited. The competition of an all non-color station or network might be a competitive advantage for someone to start a second station, or a noncolor network. It needn't mean "B" programs; it could mean imagination rather than seeing something just because it's in color.



Once people grouped around radio because voices came from it; later programs had to have context to be popular, after the novelty wore off. Will color as a novelty wear off? Even if so, the costs are so much higher than black and white there might be room for a competitive channel in each city.

Maybe this would be the chance for some fan to get into the business, and influence the fictional presentations. Star Trek is a unique program because it almost has to be watched in color. For the first time a program uses color for its own sake and part of the action can

be missed in black and white. I watch my friend's color set, and I'm always amazed by the difference-SVT

TV channels, like a genzine or prozine with a balance of fiction, articles, and features, are apt to seek out similar planning and, as a result, to have the same kind of material. Look at week-end programming: there are sport events, church, interview programs, and game shows around the dial. Maybe some sort of channel specialization would be possible, one sports and news channel or maybe network, another specializing in soap-operas or kid shows for the day and films by night, and so forth. But of course the objection is that "Variety gives us more chance to compete with other channels." But I'd still like to see a local SF-oriented channel. It could have interview programs, news, and other kinds of programming to spread the financial side of things, if necessary, but if possible, the channel programmers would have a variety of programs produced by a repertory company.

FRANK LUNNEY
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Nancy Lambert's "Heinlein Militarism" was supposedly an attack upon the militaristic policies inherent in a great many of Heinlein's works. But it didn't turn out that way. All she did was to point out certain aspects of different stories

which may have given the impression that Heinlein was militaristic, stating no opinions to the effect of her opposition to militarism. In fact, I got the feeling that she was in favor of Heinlein's philosophies until I read the last paragraph.

A militaristic society is the most stable form of government existing, its actual strength depends upon the power of the government before it actually attained its position. The only dangers faced by this type of rule is that of revolution, usually by social outcasts who don't fit in the the population. Decisions are made quickly, therefore, probably resulting in policies which most of the people would have chosen anyway. The only thing wrong is that they can't last.

"The Only Problem Is" was funny! Hahahahahahahaeheeeeeeccccchhhkkk!
Is that a complement?-LgE

If Bob Roehm can have a doodle printed, why can't I? Well, for one thing, yours is ugly...-LgE/

The one piece of artwork you had by Doug Lovenstein looked frightfully undernourished. Sorry, Doug. -LgE/ The work that Jack Gaughan can do when he's pressed for time is amazing. Some other cloddies who try to pass themselves off for artists are no where near Gaughan.

DICK BYERS
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The article on Heinlein was pretty fair. I agree with most of it. Nancy, however, should be wary of using SaM to support her arguments. Seekers of Tomorrow is a lousy book. Not only is the literary criticism absurd, but many of the facts are wrong.

James Blish cites many examples in a recent review for Amazing. I could do it, too, with only my rudimentary knowledge, but it's not really worth the effort.

Sorry to see more symptoms of fandom's preoccupation with Star Trek, a situation which reminds me more and more of Sturgeon's "Bianca's Hands." Wake up, ST is Bad! When it started it had potential but little of it was realised. There were no new plots the second season. The acting is good; it's too bad the show isn't cancelled so the stars, aided by their new popularity can go out and do something worthy of their talents.

The book reviews were pretty good. (Can anybody submit to this section? Yes, but Delap may have already reviewed the same book. -LgE/ The magazine reviews were very poor; just a string of unsupported value judgments; and they must have been poor: mags just don't print that many great stories.

I have to hand it to you two. I don't think any other fanzine has thought of a con report by a non-fan. It was far too short. Is Dale that sexy, that every fan she encounters almost assaults her, Yes, tee-hee. -Dale// or is she so obsessed with sex that that's the only part of NYcon she remembers? Obsessed, as you can see from the above.-LgE/

MIKE HORVAT
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Nancy Lambert's article was quite reasonable, and I see no cause for complaints from even the staunchest Heinlein fans. As Nancy points out, it is rather indisputable that Heinlein favors an ordered society, with the maximum freedom for the individual commensurate with "good of the society". Nancy points out that Heinlein is rather in live with violence for its own sake or even for fun." She doesn't say whether she thinks this is good or bad (of course, the implication is clear.) It's worth noting though, that an almost identical charge has been leveled at Hemingway constantly through the years.

"The Only Problem Is..." that no one seems to ever account for the earth movment problem. This problem occurred to me once upon a time, back in the lucid days before college warped me. This is the first time I've ever noticed it hashed over in print. Reminds me of a story that came out in UNKNOWN in the 1940's; the vehicle for murder was a billiard ball a billiard ball? This thing is continued on the next page because we klutzed up the stencils.....SVT/

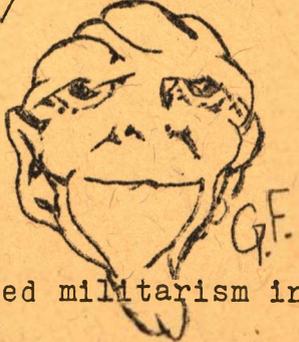
temporarily (and very scientifically) removed from all gravitation fields: result: zap! of it went at the speed of light (or, rather, off went the earth, the sun, the galaxy, the universe, etc.). By prior arrangement, the body of a bad-guy passed around the billiard ball, removing him from the plot quite effectively. All right, so it ain't the same thing.../Was Dr. Asimov's "Billiard Ball" in If last year a re-write of that story??? What is going on??/

W E A L S O H E A R D F R O M :

Larry St. Cyr who could hardly recognize Gf2. He wondered why we used 2 different kinds of type. The reason is that we had to retype a few pages at Suzle's and there was only a different kind of typewriter.

Jerry Lapidus believes that much of what is called militarism in RAH is authoritarianism.

And cautions Nancy against using Moskowitz as an authority.

Bob Roehm "You've even topped Yandro with it. Gf is our inspiration." /We love that boy!/


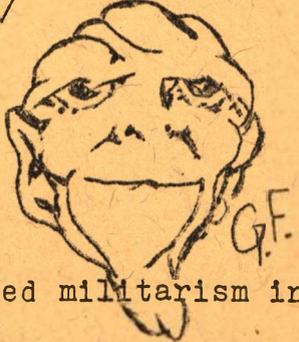
Marge Meyer didn't like our explanation for Granfalloon and said it is "A group of people who seem to have a purpose, but who, in cosmic actuality, do not"

Bill Danner "Considering that she had to work entirely by imagination Connie Reich has done a very realistic job in that portrait of me." Also, Stefantasy is letterpress, not lithoed.

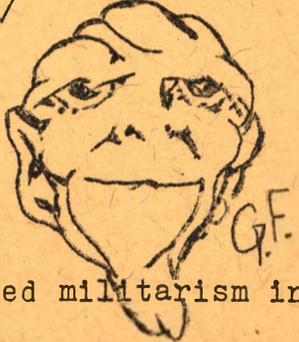
Adrienne Fein thinks our cover looked like Paddy from Stranger In A Strange Land.

Mike Gilbert didn't know that a klutz means a loser, a fool. The type of person who tries to sell copies of fanzines to pros. A klutz is a window washer who steps back to admire his work. A klutz is someone who trips over his own feet, while sleeping.

Bryon Jones says definite is not spelled definate. So we can't spell.

Mark Katlic says LgE's stories should be published in prozines! /Such Egoboo!/


Kenneth Scher says "For those who are interested in Fritz Leiber's Mouser/Fahrd stories, Leiber has the story of their creation in the reprint of AMRA, Vol. II, #26, available for 50¢ from: AMRA, Box 0, Eatontown, N.J., 07724. AMRA is, of course, THE swords and sorcery fanzine, so howkum no review?" /I've never seen a copy -LgE/ and says "Sorry, Linda, if you wanted to do a piece on the theoretical dangers of time travel, you should have done so. "The only problem is" is a compendium of information, but as a story, it is so cliché it wasn't worth printing."

Robert Willingham says "Ah ha! Something just caught my eye on page 4: 'thisish'??? It's supposed to be 'thish'. Neos! You can tell 'em every time. They haven't studied their 'Key To the Terminology of SF Fandom'. Tch,tch. /I like thisish better!-SVT/


Susan Phillips asks what kind of material we are looking for. Well, everything, actually. We need serious articles, short short stories, poems, artwork (1 or 2 inches by 7 inches, length, esp. useful for separating material), movie reviews, and anything humorous. We will look at anything. And of course, we like money.

We also heard from Richard Labonte, Seth Johnson, Chester Malon, Earl Shultz, and a lot of others. Thanks a lot, everyone! Also,

Joe B. Drapkin sent a us 3-page letter, which he said to print in its entirety, or not at all.

The Last Stencil! Would you believe we have been typing stencils for 3 days, typed the rough draft for a week before that, and tomorrow we run it off? Today is May 27!



YOU ARE GETTING THIS BECAUSE:

You contributed, thank you, muchly!___
 You are a Pro. ___
 You are a subscriber, your sub ends with #___.
 We review your zine inside. ___
 You are Yngvi. ✓
 We like you! ✓
 We trade. ___
 I think we trade. ___
 Can we trade? ✓ For Algo
 Could you please review Cf! We'd appreciate it. ✓
 I guess there is no reason to send you this, in fact, I'm sure of it, of course you could subscribe so there would be a reason. I guess this is a sample copy. Yea, that's what it is!
 You are not Ted White. ___
 Why don't you subscribe so we don't go broke? X
 You are Richard Delap. ___
 You hate green bowling shirts. ___
 You wear a green bowling shirt but we like you anyway. ___
 We hope you will contribute. ___
 You are BURT LANCASTER! /no, leave it in STER..what's wrong with it? Its childish, Linda. Listen Dale, I like Burt Lancaster. Everyone will think you are silly. All right, I am silly, but I like Burt Lancaster. ~~BURT/LANC~~ No Linda, it's no good... Suzle, not you too??
 Everyone is ganging up on me, just because I like BURT LANCASTER. Can I say You are BURT LANCASTER's mother? sister? resemble Burt.. Not the giant corflu bottle, no, No, glub, glub..burt lancas...
 You are not Burt Lancaster. ___

Last minute plugs: Lois McMaster, 3481 W. Henderson Rd., Columbus, Ohio is pubbing a Star Trek one-shot, called Star Date, it will have stories, etc. (Including art by ConR and a goodie by LgE)-- Price, 50¢. She still needs material, especially a story centered about Kirk, she says "I have Vulcans coming out my...ears!"

Bob Roehm is (maybe) starting some Heinlein activity. Write him! (See address of Iceni in "Aggh!")