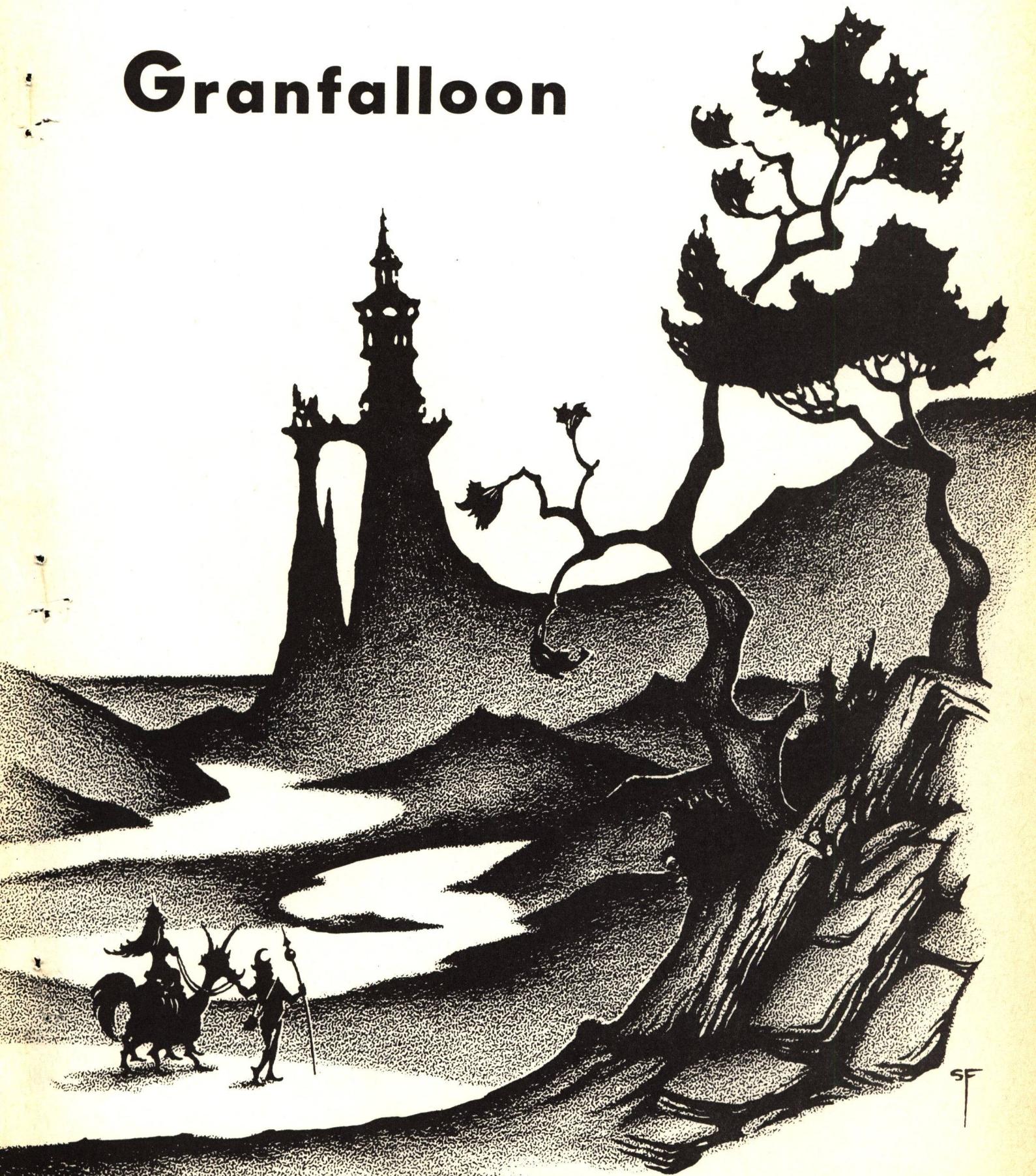


Granfalloon



No.11



GRANFALLOON #11
February, 1971 -- Vol. 4, No. 1

Edited and published by:

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5620 Darlington Rd.
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

Assisted by Dale & Dennis DiNucci,
with moral support from Ron Bushyager,
and collated by the Western Penna.
Science Fiction Association.

Available for 60¢, 4/\$2.00 or for
trades, contributions, or substantial
letters (and I don't mean
postcards!)

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This is a klutzy production.

"Help, the paranoids are after us!"

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It Almost Began with Deglar
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Dorian Gray
Charles Harness and the
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THE CALL OF THE KLUTZ

by

Linda E. Bushyager

editorial

Believe it or not, this is the 3rd Grannish marking the fourth year of Granfalloon's publication. I decided to celebrate and bought myself a little present -- an IBM Selectric typewriter with 2 balls. Hopefully this will eliminate those slanting paragraphs of type. "Smitty" (Johann Sebastian Joan Eunice Smith), the Gestetner, seems to be doing fine, with the exception of slight set-off on the back of the paper. I've switched to A.B. Dick ink (made for Gestetner machines) which may help. It is also much cheaper. Because Gestetner imports all its supplies from England, its products are more expensive than similar A.B. Dick items.

It is funny to look over the first issue of Gf -- run on one side of the page, dittoed, a true 1st issue crudzine. And it is interesting to note that in 1968 Suzanne Tompkins and I published 5 issues, in 1969: only 2 (one jointly and one on my own), in 1970: 3. My special favorites of the first 2 years: "My Life at Nycon or Memoirs of a Shy Young Thing" by Dale Steranka (now DiNucci); "An Interview with Alexei Panshin" by Sunday Jordane; "A Space Oddity" by Leo Vale; "I've had No Sleep and I Must Giggle" Ginjer Buchanan's outstanding Baycon report; Bob Tucker's 1st Faan Poll; Piers Anthony's story; Jerry Kaufman's poem, "Nova Expressive"; "Ravished" by Piers Anthony; Bill Bower's cover; color artwork; Gaughan and Connie Faddis artwork.

Last year's highlights seemed to me to be: Gf8's Fabian cover and Kirk bacover; Einstein Portfolio (Faddis); "My Lady of the Diodes" by Zelazny; Connie Faddis's photographic covers for Gf9; Tim Kirk folio; "Why I Stopped Publishinga Fanzine" by Bob Silverberg; "Groin Pains" by Harry Warner Jr.; Delap's reviews of the Ace Specials; artwork by Delap, Miller, Carter, Rotsler, and Faddis;

Special thanks this issue go to Jack Gaughan for taking time out to write an article, Steve Fabian for doing one of his best covers ever, and Alicia Austin for the fine folio. Alicia also sent 2 other drawings which will be the covers for Gf12.

HUGOS

Enclosed is a nomination ballot for the Hugos. Please vote! Remember, if you are unsure of a category, you can skip it. You can also vote for No Award. Don't delay, April 1st is closer than you think.

My recommendations? I haven't read any outstanding novel. Unfortunately Christopher Stashelff's The Warlock in Spite of Himself came out in 1969. So unless I hear some recommendations I'll vote for No Award. I don't read all the prozines, but from what I've seen, good fiction seems scarce. Only Harlan Ellison's "The Region Between" struck me in the Novella category (and the artwork and graphics really enhanced the story). Short Stories: Silverberg's "The Throwbacks" and "Readout Time" by William T. Powers. There must be much more, but I just haven't read them.

Best Pro Artist: Jack Gaughan, The Dillons, and Jeff Jones. Best Prozine: GALAXY seems to be trying hard with graphics, artwork, and layout since Jack Gaughan's arrival, but written material has, for the most part, ranged from average to awful. IF and F&SF seem to be maintaining their standards. But AMAZING and FANTASTIC have shown the greatest improvement and achievement under Ted White's leadership. It is hard to choose between two similar magazines, but I guess the edge goes to AMAZING.

Best Fanzine: As we come to categories I know more about, I have more trouble deciding what is best. OURWORLDS and ENERGUMEN stand out the most in my mind. Bill Bower's OUTWORLDS is more of a personalzine. It is small, intimate, and totally readable. Bill's stream-of-consciousness columns are supplemented by letters, fiction, and columns. But the real glory lies in the fantastic layout and excellent artwork. Bill uses squares and uniform lines to give the zine a total effect. OUTWORLDS is this year's most outstanding zine -- appearance-wise. ENERGUMEN is more of the typical genzine, but is helped by Alicia Austin artwork, Rosemary Ulliyot's column and Mike and Sue Glicksohn's wit and style.

Unfortunately another excellent zine, THE ESSENCE, is not eligible, as only 3 issues have appeared. I hope Jay Zaremba will keep up the good work.

Another choice could well be SF REVIEW, which remains an interesting, serious forum. But I really don't think SFR warrants a Hugo 3 years in a row; let's spread the egoboo. Speaking of which, EGOBOO, John Berry's fanzine, has finally come my way, and proves itself the best of the "fannish" fanzines. SF COMMENTARY heads the Australian scene, and if you love book reviews you may want to vote for it. SPECULATION provides the best British zine, as well as the best sercon zine. If you are a WARHOOON fan you may feel that it's one issue is worthy of a nomination.

And perhaps a few of you may even mention GRANFALLOON.

My choices in order: 1. OUTWORLDS, 2. ENERGUMEN, 3. EGOBOO, 4. SPECULATION, 5. SFR.

Fan Writer: Harry Warner Jr. is top choice (if he doesn't refuse to run, as he did last year) with Richard Delap and John Berry tied for second place. Arnie Katz, Rosemary Ulliyot, and Ted Pauls are other possibilities.

Fan Artist: This has got to be the hardest category. I hope next year someone will propose the addition of a Fan Cartoonist category. My choices are 1. Fabian, 2. Austin, 3. Gilbert, 4. Kirk, 5. Rotsler in that order. But it is a real toss-up, they all deserve to win, and certainly all deserve a nomination.

I certainly hope you all vote!



Wow! I almost forgot the Best Dramatic Presentation award. Among a meager field THE FORBIN PROJECT stands way out. Starring Eric Braedon (formerly Hans Gudagast of The Rat Patrol), FORBIN PROJECT presents a suspenseful and for the most part, realistic film of a computer taking over the world. Based on D. F. Jones's COLOSSUS, FORBIN PROJECT translates to the screen with all of the novel's good points plus the added emphasis of visual effects and excellent acting. You may laugh at a few of the technical aspects, but PROJECT is one of the few films to present the full flavor of a good SF novel.

Everyone I've talked to seems to like NIGHT GALLERY, but I found many of the episodes to be illogical and poorly plotted. Only good acting and fine sets and music gave them the veneer of reasonability. I can't think of any episode I'd consider to be Hugo quality. Perhaps the series as a whole....but no, only individual episodes are eligible. Maybe next year.

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES was poor, and DORIAN GRAY more of a sexual excursion than SF (see Delap's review). THE IMMORTAL? You've got to be kidding.

Well, enough on the Hugos.

FOR SALE

Copies of the PgHANGE art portfolio are still available. Very few left. These are collector's items -- lithoed, numbered copies (only 300 printed), 21 artists, 34 drawings -- \$2.50 each.

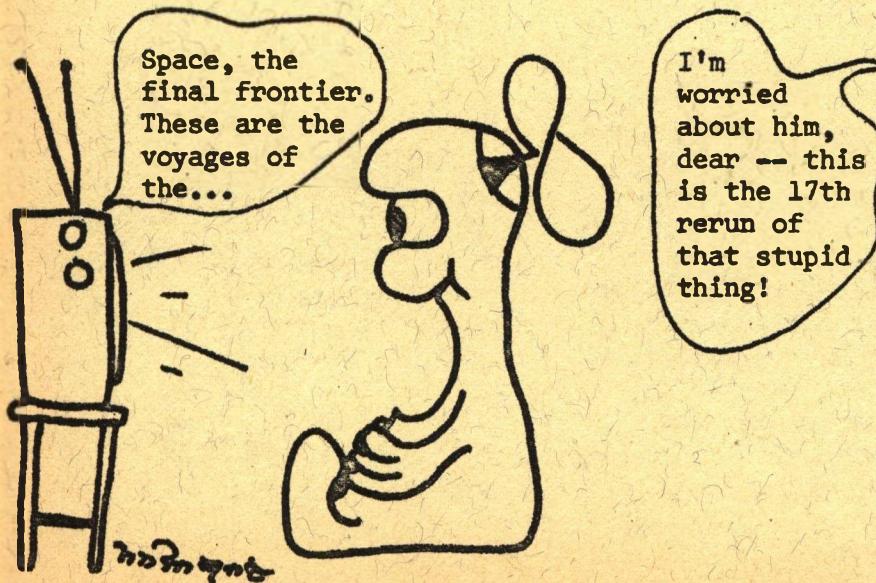
Back issues of Granfalloon's 8, 9, 10 are available for 60¢ each, and can be included as part of a new subscription.

CONTENTION, a one-shot regarding the mass of East Coast regionals, with a partial listing of 1971 conventions, available for 10¢.

WANTED

Copies of Granfalloon 1-3, 5&6 in good condition for 60¢ each or an extension on your subscription of one iss for each issue.

STAR TREK



Probably most of you have the same experience we have in Pittsburgh: STAR TREK reruns. First they were shown only on Sundays, then Saturday and Sunday evenings, then another station began showing an episode every night. Now 2 Pittsburgh stations show STAR TREK every night.

At first we all rejoiced, but after seeing the same episodes several times... I'm sick of STAR TREK'!

With multi-viewing, the poor episodes get worse, and the defects of the better episodes show up.

But the worst thing is that I'm hooked! If I turn the T.V. on and STAR TREK is on, I start watching. Just saw AMOK TIME again -- for the fourth time. I know which episode is which by the opening: Remember the giant hand? Or the cube in space which followed the ship and blocked its path? And so on.

Help! Does anyone have a cure for STARTREKitis?

Meanwhile I'm still suffering withdrawal symptoms -- they took DARK SHADOWS off the air in Pittsburgh.

JESUS CUMMINGS

If you wondered why his "Sex at the Cons" was weird, read his book reviews. Jesus has a wild library, and he's come up with some hilarious reviews of his books.

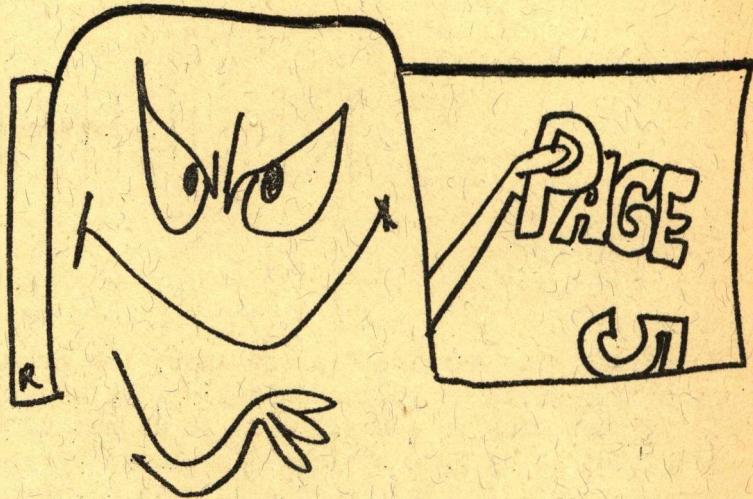
TRIBES

As you may know, Ron and I share our house with Dale and Dennis DiNucci. It may sound strange, but since we each have different schedules and our own bedroom and den-study-mimeo room, things work out fairly well. And it is cheap!

Well one day Dale suddenly asked me if I would sell her my old mimeo, Yngvi, and I said ok. She wanted to put out a fanzine. I scoffed a bit, but suddenly things began to happen. I heard typing sounds coming from her room in the wee hours of the night. She borrowed some corflu. And then, and then it happened. Letters and artwork from Mike Gilbert and Tim Kirk, a cover by Fabian, articles by Harry Warner Jr., Buck Coulson, and Bob Tucker came in. I didn't believe it. Her first issue looked better than many years old zines.

So I reached into the bottom of my heart and my files and gave her some old artwork. And with a sob I dug out my cherished copy of Audrey Walton's "Ideas on Famine." I hope Audrey forgives me. This article has been floating around in Gf's files since March of 1968. Suzanne and I had liked it, and planned to use it in Gf3. We even set up the layout. But Gf3 and 4 came around, and somehow it was never used. Then Connie Reich Faddis drew some special illos for it, so it was again laid out. Then it got lost. Then Gf6 and 7 and 8 and 9 came out, and somehow there never seemed to be a place for poor "Ideas on Famine." It became a standing joke between Suzie and me. "When is Imryrr 2 coming out?" I'd ask. "When you print "Ideas in Famine" " was Suzie's reply.

So it was with moist eyes I turned it over to Dale. I used to look at my file of current material and see nothing, but then I'd think "at least there's Ideas on Famine." I'll miss that article. But you can read it. Get Dale's new fanzine, TRIBES -- mimeoed, lithoed covers, all sorts of goodies, and "Ideas on Famine." 50¢, 5/\$2.00 from Dale DiNucci, 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217.



THE WEB OF A COOL, CLEAR ROUGHER THAN A

The spider sits astride his web about 100 miles north of New York City following one of the dicta of Leonardo Da Vinci by working in a small room (Leonardo suggests the painter work in a small room so as not to be distracted by anything from his work*) but being more or less distracted by the two tape recorders and the radios and the record player. (Leonardo also recommends one draws in the company of others and this electronic junk is the best I can do up here in the edge of wilderness. Besides, in one breath he's telling me to sit in a small room and scrounge away, and in the next he's telling me to cram this small room full of company. I mean, c'mon Lenny!) The radio's not much of a distraction since I've been what used to be called a "long hair" all my life (tho I guess we're "establishment" now) and all the radio stations I can tune in up here are broadcasting the "NOW SOUND" (the NOW sound consists, evidently, of Barbra Streisand, Frank Sinatra, and Herb Alpert and "Raindrops Falling On My Head") or the college station (WRPI) is broadcasting stereo thumps and twangs and very fragile voices sing of how rotten it is to be born and get drafted and like that...) -- that's not really much of a distraction.

So we got this spider. He's the ASSOCIATE art director of GALAXY et al. What that is, see, is there's this art director who works for UPD (The Publisher of GALAXY to whom all good should come and Allah be praised that their accounting department should send out my checks on time) and he's been with the company for



*Precepts Of The
Painter. L.
Da Vinci

SPI DER IS COB

years and probably owns stock in the company and he's well...he's the ART DIRECTOR. See? (Jimmy Breslin eat your heart out.) So that is why we have this ASSOCIATE spider sitting in his small room, making up articles with bad puns about "cobs" in them. (Look up "cob" in a 45 dollar dictionary sometime. It's a fine word.)

Now, this associate spider started out art directing for GALAXY under a pink, marshmallow cloud of bright visions; and the sky was a Peter Max poster; and the background music was some electronic fluff by Terry Riley. The vision was sweet and simple. The magazines would be laid-out on a regular schedule during several days a month. Those layouts would be duplicated and one copy sent to the printer so's he could set up his type and the other would be sent out to various illustrators around the country. And magnificent artwork would appear by return mail and everything would somehow get pasted together and sent off to be printed. The artists and A.D. would get their various checks and retire to the front porch sipping mint juleps and whuppin' slaves until next month.

Poor dumb spider.

It didn't work out that way. After months of terrible mixups with one printer, UPD switched to another who, altho he could do halftones and bleeds and surprints and drop-outs, came up with a schedule which could only be described as ridiculous. At the most there was two weeks to lay-out and produce the finished art. That was two weeks in which to read, design the headings and various page layouts, send them out through the notoriously dependable mails and receive back from that same famous,



JACK GAUGHAN

dependable, service finished art (which certainly would have required NO corrections! Would it?) hope that the type fit and that the art was marked properly for line or half-tone or size or surprinting and then get that approved by the head spider and sent off to the printer.

It didn't work. There was no opportunity to send out work.

Then the deadlines began getting shorter as the reading work load increased at the editorial end. Old Associate Spider's last deadline consisted of reading one issue of IF on a Thursday and laying it out at the editor's home; then carrying a tape cassette home containing run-downs on GALAXY to be listened to Friday -- and the tape was stuck and everything went together like this or speeded up or we nt nutty.

But nonetheless, GALAXY got laid out on a Friday. The deadline for finished art was the following Monday. Some 28 to 30 pages of layout, finished drawings in as many different techniques as could be called up and type specing on the titles were done by Sunday night (Sunday afternoon my Silverberg cat, seal-point Siamese who was my bosom buddy and who understood me and I him was killed in the road when he got out) and Monday the spider scuttled 100 miles to deliver the artwork and scuttled back home because two covers were needed by Thursday.

The covers were delivered Thursday.

The spider sits in his web and pants and sees letters from readers asking howcum it is that he doesn't use other illustrators like Morrow or Fabian or Kirk or Norman Rockwell and up until now he has resisted the temptation to answer any of those letters to the point of almost gafiating. The spider also reads letters from John W. Campbell, Jr. in S.F REVIEW describing the winner of the Hugo those past years, before Heicon, as a sort of party-going, glad-hander whose only claim to the Hugo is his smiling face and constant presence at conventions. The Spider, even considering the source, is hurt and livid with whatever makes spiders livid and looks around his studio wherein (mercifully) are letters from Andre Norton, Robert Heinlein, Fritz Leiber, Dean Koontz, Joe Green, W. Macfarlane, Jack Vance, and Keith Laumer approving of his work. God! There's even a terse note expressing mild approval from Damon Knight. And Harlan Ellison is his friend.

And the editor calls and asks if we could produce another issue on the same schedule as the last one?

"Raindrops keep fallin' on my..... says the radio.

And Leonardo's no damned help either. He wrote, "HOW ONE OUGHT FIRST TO LEARN DILIGENCE RATHER THAN RAPID EXECUTION. If as a draughtsman you wish to study well and profitably, accustom yourself when you are drawing to work slowly, and to determine between the various lights, which possesses the highest degree and measure of brightness...." etc. Of course he goes on to say that having studied them the work should "speedily come to pass" in the future. BUT LENNY, THIRTY SOME PAGES IN TWO DAYS!

And that folks, is why GALAXY, IF, WORLDS OF TOMORROW, WORLDS OF FANTASY have been more or less concerti for one right hand and why Connie and Tim and Mike and Steve and Flinchbaugh and your favorites have not been appearing in GALAXY (et al). "...give the old master a rest and hire Morrow." Keep those cards and letters comin' folks.

Mind you the spider (it's really me folks! I just can't keep up the deception any longer) is not complaining. It is regular work on a free-lance basis (I'm under

no contract or regular commitment) and at times working under pressure can be exhilarating and produce some odd results.

There was this time that the printer lost all (ALL) the inside art for WORLDS OF TOMORROW and I had to re-do it mostly from memory. You have to admit a life like that has its interesting moments.

Then I get letters. Now, I'm not going to make fun of some of the younger kids who write sort of clumsy letters because we've all been young and done clumsy things. I'm not making fun. Just describing. Young (I assume) Dan Osterman sent me a few samples a while back with a stamped envelope. They were nice young fan art, but I couldn't use them. He forgot to enclose his address. I still have the samples, Dan (they're under 40 pounds of paper by now, but I have them) if you want to send me your address. I get a number of letters asking how one breaks (BREAKS?) into the business. I used to answer them in great detail and at length (a vast expenditure of time for which I'm not paid) but after writing some 30 such letters giving avuncular advice and kind criticism, I realized that all the windy advice boiled down to a few short phrases.

How do you get into professional print? Work a lot. Submit your samples to everybody in the book (phone, Literary Market Place, etc.) and when they come back unaccepted, which is not to say, "rejected" then do it again until you're either convinced that 1. You haven't the ability. 2. You haven't the determination, or 3. The world is down on you. OR 4. Somebody gives you a job! I mean that's it. That's the truth and what-it-all-boils-down-to. I began answering some of these letters with my boiled-down advice and I got back terse post cards saying, "I was looking for advice... you didn't have to get nasty, buddy!"

And then you get the ones, "I'm collecting the works of famous artists" hey! She means me! I'm famous? Well, of course! "and I would like to add one of your drawings to my collection. I can't pay anything, and I have the work of Carmine Infantino, Salvador Dali Maxfield Parrish, Michelangelo Buonarotti and I would like yours to be 18 by 24 inches in full color so I could frame it and...."

Or like from Harlan, "Hey, Goombah! When are you going to send that cover I dug?" But listen, Harlan is my FRIEND.

Heinlein wants the cover for I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

And of course you get the straight, honest and likeable requests from fan magazines wanting a doodle or two.

But by this time a terrible thing called apathy has descended and all letters go unanswered. And the above, my friends, (oh! I must be careful and not glad-hand...I might get another Hugo! Gotta watch that!) is why. This article has sort of exorcised some of my demons and the apathy, like an early morning fog, is beginning to lift. Meanwhile, thank you for your kind attention.

Mind you, I'm not complaining.

* * * * *

Dale DiNucci: "Hey, Linda, is Jesus Cummings for real?"

Linda: "Well...."

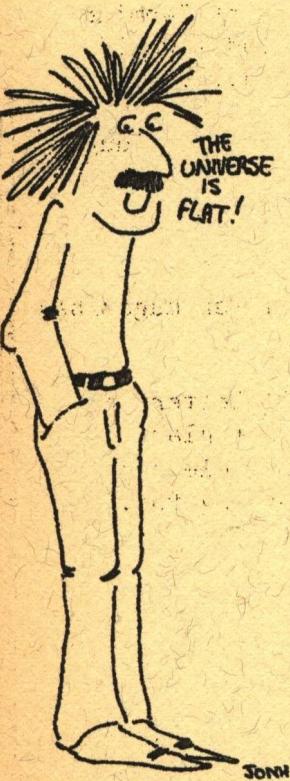
Dale: "Who is he, really?" Is it you?"

Linda: "No. You should know better. It's not Carl Brandon, either."

IT ALMOST BEGAN WITH

OR: (JaLL+BaJC+JH)+3=ISFA*

In the nineteen forties there arose, for the first time, notable fanac in Indiana. It was notable in the lowest sense. Notorious is a better word. Claude Degler. He made his mark on fandom and then, fortunately, disappeared. The only other Indiana fans pre-fifties were the "Decker Dillies" and Joe Hensley. I knew nothing personally about any of these at the time. I entered fandom at the end of 1950... when the first ISFA was born. It was organized by Ray Beam and the initials stood for Indiana Science Fantasy Association. Among its early members were Jim Lavell, Jerry Hunter, and myself. Also meeting at ISFA for the first time were Juanita Wellons (who promptly formed her own club, centered around Muncie, and called FISFA ("The Cooool SF Club), and started publishing a clubzine named after the club), Buck Coulson (who married Juanita and converted the clubzine to YANDRO), and Gene DeWeese (who teamed with Buck to become "Thomas Stratton"). There were also three high school students who soon became known as the "Three Bems."



This original club split into two parts over a sercon-fannish feud with Ray Beam taking over the sercon end....he changed the name of the club to the Galactic Glee and Perloo SF Society (GLEEPS to its enemies) which certainly didn't sound sercon but which he claimed was the "true representative of Indiana fandom". The faanish side became the new ISFA (Indiana Science FICTION Association). And the members mentioned above had migrated to this side. For a while there was a veritable flurry of publishing activity and feuding...then both clubs slowly died.

In the late fifties, Bob Madle moved to Indianapolis and started the organization of

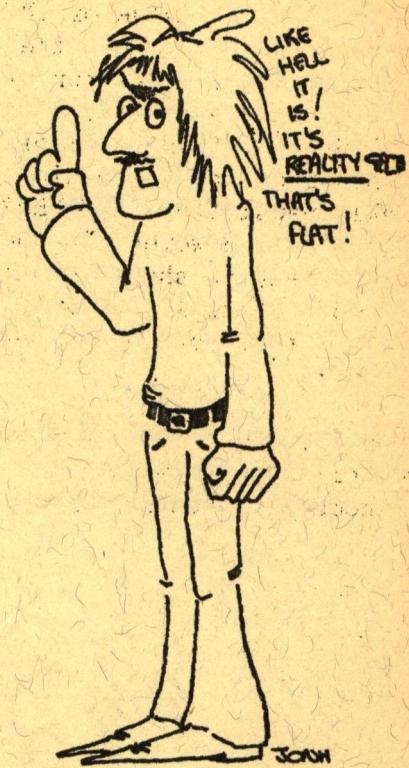
*The formula stands for: (Jim and Lee Lavell + Buck and Juanita Coulson + Jerry Hunter) + some sort of trio = ISFA.

DEGLER

another ISFA: the INDIANAPOLIS SF Association. Regular members included Jim and myself, Jerry Hunter, Buck and Juanita Coulson, and three college students known as "The Purdue Boys." A program was featured at each meeting. It was usually the viewing of Madle's London slides from his TAFF trip. Nobody paid much attention to them. The club died a slow death after a couple of years. A few fanzines grew out of it.

In late 1969, Dave Burton contacted the Coulsongs, indicating that he wanted to form an SF club in Indianapolis. They gave him our names and he got ahold of us. Within a few short months, the nucleus of the new club had formed: Jim and myself, Jerry Hunder, Buck and Juanita Coulson, and the "Three Daves" (Burton, Gorman, and Lewton). Does all this begin to sound very familiar? Well, how about this? The name of the new club was decided to be ISFA (Indiana Science Fantasy Association)...right back where we started.

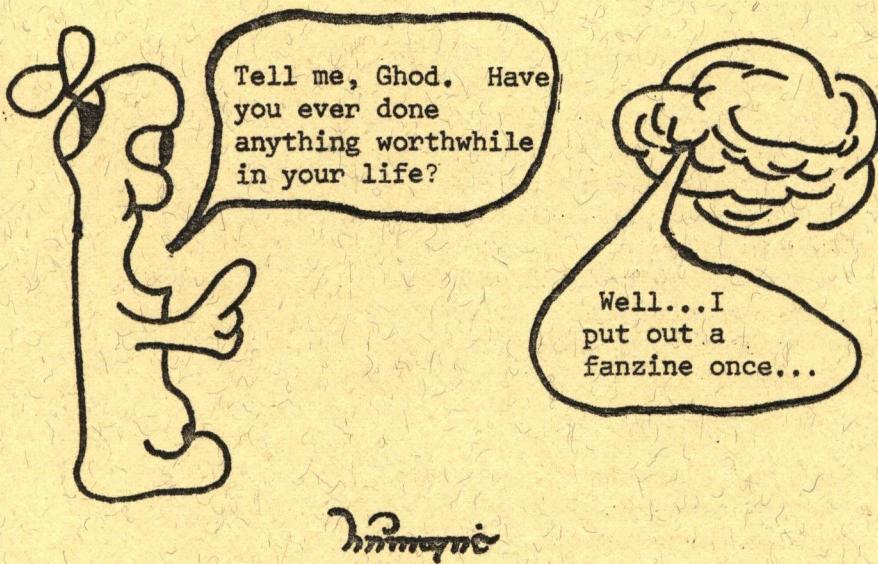
The first big test the club had to meet was "OK, so now we have a club; what do we do with it?" Burton, who had been elected president, resigned because he said the club wasn't doing anything. Lewton promptly announced his candidacy and Gorman followed shortly with Burton as his campaign manager. Lewton's platform was disorganization and conversation. Gorman's was programs and discussions. Both used the old Pboth Pbress for their campaign circulars. At election time the office of president was abolished, no programs except auctions were promised, and the only officer was decided to be the Secretary-treasurer (I was elected, and I wasn't even running). More importantly, the Daves had had a workable mimeo made available to them for the first time, and they were converted.



LEE LAVELL

Lewton and Burton had previously published fanzines of their own in an offset format; Lewton's first issue of INFINITUM and Burton's rock-zine, NEON CORNFIELD. Both weren't too happy with the results, especially considering the price involved. When the local short-run offset shop raised their prices, it made the idea of further offset on an extensive basis very remote. Burton hauled out an old open drum mimeo and turned out issue #1 of MICROCOsm. I offered the Pboth Pbress for further issues if he so desired. He did. Lewton started using the Pboth Pbress for the club's weekly newsletter, ISFANEWS (which he had volunteered to be editor of) and for INFINITUM. However in the middle of a run of INFINITUM he attempted to send approximately 50 sheets of paper through the machine at one time. The machine objected and sort of fell to pieces. Much jiggling allowed a finish of the run but it was obvious that work would have to be done on the old Roneo for it to continue to work properly.

When Jim and I took it down to the local Roneo dealer intending to have it rehauled, we fell in love with their medium price electric and bought a new one. On getting it home it suddenly dawned on us what we had done WE weren't publishing anything.

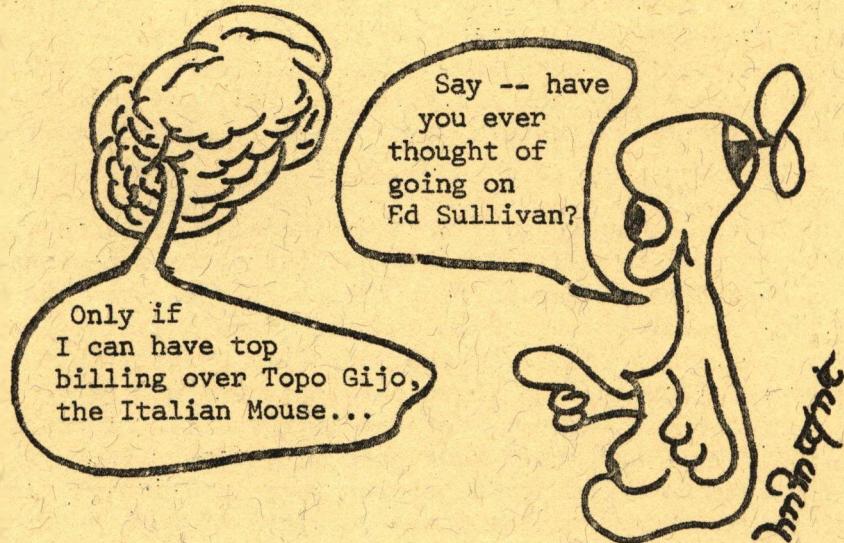


We had just bought a \$500 toy for the Daves. This was ridiculous. So we decided to publish on our own. Thus EMBELYON was born. And with the advent of the transmogrified Pboth Pbress, publishing went wild in Indianapolis. Burton's MICROCOsm started coming out more and more frequently (like one evening Burton would finish one issue of MICRO and the next evening would start on the following issue). Lewton gave up ISFANEWS to concentrate on INFINITUM and Gorman took it over, changing the name to CHANTS OF MADNESS. All in all, four regular zines now come out of Indianapolis (not counting the Coulson's YANDRO and Juergen's DYNACENCE, also from Indiana).

Then Lewton bought the old Pboth Pbress, and had it overhauled and Gorman bought the Coulson's old Gestetner (both were sold at ISFA auctions). Now they had their own to work with. Recently publishing seems to have slowed down. Gorman has given up the clubzine to Lewton again (who is also publishing TNFF and INFINITUM...this is slowing down!), Burton has cut back MICRO, Gorman has published the first issue of WAVES and he and Burton are working on a joint project.

So much for publishing. What else does the club do? Well, actually not much. Actions are held wherein members can get rid of zines, books, etc. that they no longer want to members who do want them. Percentages of sales and auctions held at club meetings are put into the club treasury. The use of the club treasury is sort of up to the treasurer (me -- POWER) and last year's was used to give an open party at the Midwescon. Informal discussions are held, ranging from such topics as homosexuality among the squid to the possibilities of powering cities in space by skin disease with a geranium stuck in it. Auctions, sales, and just general talk. Fun and informal. Meetings are usually switched back and forth between our house and the Miesels.

Most club members absolutely revolt at the thought of giving a con....general gafiation usually is threatened if such a suggestion is even brought up. The closest thing to a con that the club has sponsored was the PoSaCon, which was a picnic held around our back yard swimming pool, and which was attended by Don Blyly and Larry Propp from Illinois, as well as by our club members.



I might mention who our regularly attending members are: there is Dave Burton (high school student); Dave Lewton (would-be writer); Dave Gorman (who works for partial post); Stan Williams (high school student and fugitive); Ken Davis (ex-fugitive); Jerry Hunter (dirty old man); Sandra Miesel (master chef -- or would it be mistress chef?) and her husband, John; Laura Clark (expert at the sudden put-down and mother of three monsters) and her husband, Larry; Buck and Juanita Coulson (whom we need to mention no further) and their son, Bruce; Jim Dorr (computer programmer and perennial political loser); Sandy Black and Sam Fath (who have much in common); and several others who drop in occasionally. Not a terribly large club for the activity coming out of it, but a very pleasant kind to have around.

Whither goeth ISFA? Probably nowhere, which is the way the members like it. It's for fun, not for work. No cons. No large club projects. Anarchy at its finest. Some meetings are lively (most) and a few are dull. No reason why, one way or the other. Just the way the members feel at the time. Come to a meeting some time. Perhaps Sandra Miesel will tell you about promiscuity among the platypi.

SUZLECOL REVISITED

Suzanne Tompkins

Well, how unusual, here I am, writing an article for GRANFALLOON a few weeks before Linda plans to put out the third anniversary issue. By that I don't mean that it's unusual for me to have something to do with my ex-fanzine; I've helped Lindle do a few small things (last issue I learned "how to run a brand new Gestetner and not have a nervous breakdown"). I meant that it is unusual for me to be writing anything for Gf so far ahead of time. Most often, my editorials were done right before or during printing, giving a rather precarious air to the entire operation. This, of course, has since been dispensed with.....

Thinking of a topic for discussion wasn't the least bit difficult. I suppose I could tell or retell stories of how GRANFALLOON came about in the first place, and of the old all-girl, in-the-dorm-production staff, or our hysterical -- us, as well as the situation -- typing and printing sessions. That would certainly make an entertaining article. However, after sitting back all this past fall and into the winter, watching and listening to an extremely distasteful set of events, I decided this should be a bit more timely.

Although five months ago I attended my fourth Worldcon, I still feel, in many ways, that I am a newcomer to fandom. Although I know lots of fans personally, read fanzines, attend as many conventions as feasible, helped to start an SF club and run two regionals, and really enjoy fandom and many fannish activities, there always seems to be a new and exciting (so to speak) aspect to be dealt with. During these past few months, several fannish feuds have developed and hit very close to home. I simply must say -- I don't like them, not one little bit. Of course, fannish feuding is quite traditional and there have been many famous feuds with marvelously slanderous comments flung back and forth between fans in "timely" fanzines. But never before have I been exposed to the inner workings of such a thing. Until now, that is. And I don't like it. At all. One little bit. Even a teensy.

This decision was made after watching Linda Bushyager and GRANFALLOON being attacked from many sides -- unfairly -- ridiculously -- because she has had the "gall" to express her opinion within the fannish circle. I do sometimes disagree with Linda (I know it will be difficult for some minds to grasp the concept that people really can be friends without copying each other's opinions down to the letter...), not in this instance however, and I am offended by the high-handed, crude manner in which some fans have handled a difference of opinion with her.

Because I know Linda very well, because I understand what she was trying to say, because I know she could never purposefully make a cruel or untrue statement, I find the unjustified cracks by a New York newszine, and by people we thought were our friends, or at least, friendly acquaintances, quite horrifying. Now, Linda may at times be a bit naive, say things she could have put another way, or maybe things she should not have said. . . . When she did this, she apologized. Several times. These apologies were obviously not accepted, since all they brought down was another rush of denunciations. I couldn't even begin to imagine why, until I realized that there was a major lack of communication going on. This shows itself in two ways:

First is a real example of misreading of one's comments: In Gf9, Linda made publishing and printing suggestions for fanzines, especially aimed at novice faneds. Obviously, she was simply listing a few of the methods she uses, or attempts to use, in Gf. Of course, everyone has their own style and way of doing their fanzine; one is not right and the other wrong. In no way did she even imply that hers was the only way of doing things. It seems incredible that anyone could find fault with these helpful hints (but, to quote a tag line from BEYOND THE FRINGE) -- People did! Cries of "How dare you try to tell anyone how to do their fanzine!" and "You are wrong -- how could you know what's right!" came flying in. As a person who by accident of birth rather than undue interest happens to know a great deal more about different methods of duplication and operation of machines than probably most fans (I am not being egotistical, truly -- my parents own an A.B. Dick distributorship), I feel Linda's suggestions were valid. Not for everyone, every time. But my opinion is as valid as any experienced fan in this area, and there was simply nothing wrong with what she said. And what some people mis-read ("her superior attitude") was not there.

The second example is more or less hypothetical, because using a real example is rather confusing and would take two pages of narrative to explain. Basically it is the attempt to discuss any disagreement logically, on friendly terms, as it constantly turns out:

- Fan B: "Say there, Fan A, we've certainly been yelling at each other in our fanzines about things; maybe we should try to talk it out and find out why things have gotten out of control?"
- Fan A: "Yeah! You're right about that, we should talk about something. What topic?"
- Fan B: "Oh, you know, that really hot one -- The XYZ problem."
- Fan A: "Sure, I've been trying to make myself clear about this YZX thing..."
- Fan B: "Ahh, ah, no, err, I meant the XYZ, ah..."
- Fan A: "YZX, right! We've certainly been slandered and called names, why..."
- Fan B: "I'm sorry, excuse me, but actually the whole problem is XYZ, not YZX, and we can't even be able to begin discussing this until you see that..."
- Fan A: "How dare you talk to us that way! You crummy neofan! I don't have to listen to you. And what right have you to even call anything XYZ or YZX? Why I've been in fandom for twenty years. So I know that XYZ means YZX even if everybody else doesn't know anything about it. Fan C says so, so it is, even if it isn't. Besides, hand correcting things is a hell of a lot of work, so YZX it is and YZX it stays. Boy, people like you, who purposely make trouble in fandom and start feuds, and you attack Fan C and then you..."
- Fan A: "Um, but you made the, er, error, and then, well I didn't, ah, er, mean to, ohhhh -- never mind..."

See what I mean about lack of communication? It is childish, extremely unbecoming to anyone, let alone to a group of people who like to think of themselves as somewhat more intelligent than the average mundane. Misunderstanding is probably behind all fan feuds, as it has been behind major World Wars. It is the most ugly aspect of fandom and really turns me off. And to any people who are thoroughly enraged by my comments: Linda did not ask me to write this, or on any other subject. She merely asked me to write a guest editorial because it is Gf's birthday. She had no knowledge of the contents. I'm not trying to launch myself into the middle of this mess, simply trying to clear the air by pointing out that nothing will be settled unless people open their ears and listen, and not purposely misread and make statements in spite.

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During the film slump of 1938, Mae West commented: "The only picture to make money recently was SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, and that would have made twice as much if they had let me play Snow White.



dorian gray

DORIAN GRAY. Released by American International. Color by MovieLab. Directed by Massimo Dallamano. Screenplay: Dallamano and Marcello Coascia, based on the novel "The Picture of Dorian Gray" by Oscar Wilde. Photography: Otello Spila. Editor: Nicholas Wentworth. Music: Peppino di Luca and Carlo Pes. Running Time: 93 minutes. Code Rating: R. Starring: Helmut Berger, Richard Todd, Herbert Lom, Margaret Lee, Marie Liljedahl, Maria Rohm, Isa Miranda, Elenora Rossi-Drago.

With the accent in today's films on both youth and the many manifestations of human sexuality, Wilde's story (which distills the essence of both themes) seems one of the most appropriate stories in literature eminently adaptable to our time. But surprisingly, with all the freedom of the modern screen, this British-Italian co-production catches not even a glimmer of the depravity and horror implied in Metro's dated -- but, for the time, excellently mounted and acted 1945 version starring Hurd Hatfield as the beautiful man who trades his soul to maintain an eternal visage of youthful perfection.

Reviewed by

RICHARD DELAP

The opening credits carry the title: "The Secret of

Dorian Gray," which the American distributor has wisely simplified in the clever and misleadingly lush advertising campaign; and the film wastes little time with preliminaries as it introduces Dorian (Berger) and the ill-fated artist (Todd) who paints the portrait which year by year assumes the fleshly dissipation of Dorian's hedonistic, sin-stained body, while Dorian himself bodily maintains a lie of unsullied innocence.

Dorian's affair with the innocent Sybil (Liljedahl) ends abruptly when his dream of eternal youth becomes reality. The unhappy Sybil stumbles to her death in front of a passing bus as he rejects her wholesome love. From this point on, the film becomes more concerned with presenting a lifeless variety of sexual vignettes than in giving the audience the needed meaty insight into the built-in corruption inevitably meted by such a gift.

Neither the messy script nor Dallamano's even more messy direction give much coherence or unity to a strong basic story whose delicate balance can hardly be expected to withstand the repeated assaults of seemingly unintentional humor. It's hard to tell, however, when Dallamano is being merely sloppy or decidedly "camp." The contemporary setting of this version lends some credence to the latter, and one scene in particular -- where Dorian sinks level by level until he reaches the play-for-pay category and masturbates an old rich society matron (Miranda) in a horsestall - is so hilarious that its effect is too good not to have been calculated.

The cast, a mixture of seasoned professionals and new hopefules, is headed by Helmut Berger who, after a memorable international debut as the incestuous/transvestite/child-molesting pervert in Visconti's superb dissection of evil, THE DAMNED, keeps eyes glued to the screen only by appearing nude repeatedly and promising (but never delivering) a peek at his cock which is always threatening to escape from behind a concealing hand, bathtowels, etc. (One peek, you know, and you get an 'X,' and cut off the admission money of the under-18s.)

Marie Liljedahl, after a successful career of near-porno in numerous Swedish sex pics, undresses only once as the young, virginal first-love of Dorian and thereby enhances the opinion that she can't act with her clothes on. Richard Todd is wasted in the poorly-written role of the artist, but Herbert Lom fares better as the homosexual sophisticate who patiently waits for his turn at Dorian and adds a genuinely Wilde flavor to some better lines as: "Men marry because they're tired of life. Women marry because they're curious. Both are disappointed."

With such an erratic entourage, one is hardly surprised that the movie fails to maintain much suspense and that the final view of the horrible portrait is very tame, even to those who haven't seen the masterpiece Ivan Albright created for the Metro film. Spila's camerawork is routine and barely takes advantage of the interestingly harsh color decor, while Wentworth's editing is choppy with erroneous judgments in intercutting and pacing. The dialogue is poorly looped and, for all its tonelessness, might well have been recorded in a steel barrel.

Better off to stay home and watch for the Metro film on the boob-tube -- or better yet, get a copy of Wilde's novel and find out what debasement really means from a man who could truly make you feel it.

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Ron: "Hey, is Jesus Cummings a pseudonym? Or is he a hoax -- several fans?"
Linda: "Yes. I'll give you three guesses."
Ron: "Sam Fath, Paul Hazlett, or Claude Degler?"
Linda: "No. Dorian Gray, maybe?"

charles harness

and the convoluted universe



**don
d'ammassa**

In 1953 Charles L. Harness's short novel THE ROSE appeared in the British SF magazine, AUTHENTIC. Enthusiastically received by critics and readers in England, it nevertheless passed into limbo. Finally, four years ago the now defunct British paperback publisher, Compact Books, brought out a paperback edition. In 1968 Berkeley Books made it available to the American public for the first time.

THE ROSE was an intricately plotted, beautifully conceived parable on the hostility between art and science, emotion and logic. Although the novel was marred by rough writing in spots, the originality and applicability of the story to our civilization made it well worth reading.

A decade and a half later, Charles Harness wrote his next novel, THE RING OF RITORNEL. During the interim his roughness had almost entirely disappeared; his ability to handle the intricacies of corporate law had enabled him to create a beautifully complex and convoluted plot, such as we find only rarely, such as Heinlein's "All You Zombies" or Disch's THE PRISONER. And he wrote without the looseness of a Van Vogtian merry-go-round.

Superficially, the novel concerns a future galactic society ruled by the Twelve Galaxies, but dominated by 2 religions, Ritornel and Alea. Ritornel is the god of logic and predestination, his name a perversion of "returnal" and his symbol a closed ring with the numbers one through twelve inscribed on its outer surface. The goddess of chance, Alea, has a symbol of a dodecahedral die, with each of the first twelve numbers inscribed on one face. Alea is the name of a dice game.

The Twelve Galaxies have just finished eradicating all life on Earth, which they call Terror, because Earth instigated an interstellar nuclear war. As a final warning to future aggressors, Earth is to be exploded into debris inside the Node. The Node is a region of the universe where space is actually being created, causing expansion of the universe.

The characters live on Goris-Kard, the capital of the Home Galaxy. Oberon is the supreme ruler, or Magister of the galaxy. Meaningfully, his name is identical to that of the King of the Fairies in Shakespeare's A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT DREAM. Other characters include: Omere, a poet laureate; his brother James, one of Oberon's lawyers; Amatar, a young girl rumored to be Oberon's daughter; and Kedrys, the winged centaur who is her constant companion. Minor characters are rich in conceptualization and realization and include three aptly named villains, Ajian Vang, Huntyr, and Hasard.

Basically, Harness deals with pairs: James and Omere, Ritornel and Alea, science and art. Omere is the poet, linked with art, whose brain is transplanted into a gigantic computer, the product of science. Meanwhile, James, his brother, is "the logical one," who links decisively with Ritornel against Alea; in his presence games of chance are impossible because the fall of cards or dice begin to follow obvious patterns.

Ritornel is represented by the ring, a Worm Ouroboros, each cycle of the universe ending with some cataclysm, called Omega, which begins the next cycle. A die symbolizes Alea; she is the goddess of luck. To her adherents, Omega is the final explosion which will end the universe forever. As one of the characters states: "We stand still with Ritornel, while randomly advancing with Alea."

Kedrys, the winged centaur, remains a mystery until the very end of the book. He combines the centaur, representing science, and Pegasus, the flying horse, representing art. But Harness implies an even higher value for his hybrid, calling him a Kentaur, from the archaic word "ken," to know.

Amatar is explicitly stated to be literally "a-mater," without a mother. As we find out at the conclusion, she has been created from a tissue sample taken from Oberon's body. She fulfills the Ritornellian prophecy of a "virgin, born from a man. A motherless child." Similarly, Kedrys proves false another tenet of Aleanianism and Ritornellism alike, which states: "But of course no such creature (the winged centaur) had ever really existed."

Another pair consists of Oberon and Omere. Oberon feels that emotion will prevent him from being an effective ruler. Therefore, he allows Omere, the poetic computer, to know all that Oberon does, and it is Omere who experiences the emotional upheaval. Physically a man, Oberon is spiritually a machine, just as Omere, physically a machine is spiritually a man. As Oberon states: "I cannot afford to be a human being."

Although time in Harness's universe is nonlinear, it does form a Möbius strip, and the universe itself is an enormous Klein bottle, wherein the inside and outside are synonymous. "If we slide an object along the strip, it returns to the starting position upside down." The enumeration of the chapters parallels the progress of time. For instance, Chapter 12 is followed by Chapter 11, and the rest follow in descending order. Chapter titles are also reversed, so that "An Entrance Questioned" corresponds to a "Questionable Entrance."

The novel ends after James Andrek and Amatar are chosen by the alien, Iovve, to found a new race of humans in the next cycle of the universe. Iovve, nearly immortal, was the original founder of Ritornellism, never realizing that his religion would assume a level of reality in the future. He sends James through the fourth dimension and then returns him to our universe. Because of this rotation, James's body is now composed of antimatter. He seeks to bring Amatar, whose name now assumes new and obvious significance, back into the void with him to await the next cycle of existence.

James also wishes to avenge the disembodiment of his brother, the murder of his father, and the attempts on his own life, all initiated by Oberon. He condemns Oberon to bodiless eternal existence in the void, where he will be forced to live with the memory of his own actions. Contrary to his plans, Amatar refuses to desert Oberon, and insists on going with him. Since we now discover that she grew from a culture from Oberon's rib, the parallel with Adam and Eve becomes obvious. Because of his weakness in seeking revenge, James has proven himself unworthy in the eyes of Ritornel.

But can it be that Oberon is more worthy? No, for suddenly Kedrys appears and insists on accompanying the other two into the void. James recognizes that Kedrys, like Amatar is innocent, but he cannot relent. All three are rotated into the other continuum.

Then James uses his increased mental powers to memorize all of the circuits in Omere's mind. After superimposing Omere on his own brain, he destroys the computer. Omere now has a physical body, though he must share it with James. But these two form a fatal combination. Taking the first three letters from Omere and the first two from James, we get Ome-ja, or Omega, the end of the cycle. Omere/James ceases to exist.

The last scene concerns the throwing of the dodecahedral die. The cycle has almost been completed; the throws have consecutively gone from one to twelve and back down to two. The last throw is never revealed to us, just as the last chapter, which should have been number one, is Chapter X. If the throw is a one, then the cycle is complete and Oberon and Amatar will couple to produce the next cycle of intelligent life.

But if it is any of the other eleven numbers, that would mean a new cycle, the cycle of the kentaur. Amatar and Kedrys would mate to create the next generation.

Harness doesn't really tell us which it was, but he implies which he would prefer it to be. First, Amatar and Kedrys were both Virgin births, for Kedrys is a mutation of the second tissue culture taken from Oberon. They are as original as Adam and Eve, whereas Oberon is presumably the spawn of a normal birth.

More significantly, we have the original plan of Iovve. Iovve, an arachnoid alien, chose the human race to repopulate the universe because while all races are logical, only the human race has some members who are basically non-logical, the artists. Therefore, to save the human race would be to preserve more than to save any other. So Iovve chose James and Amatar.

But Kedrys is an even better choice, the choice of Ritornel. Kedrys is both logical and illogical (centaur and pegasus) at the same time. The Ritornellian priestess explicitly states in the final chapter that only Kedrys knows how to overpower James after he has been

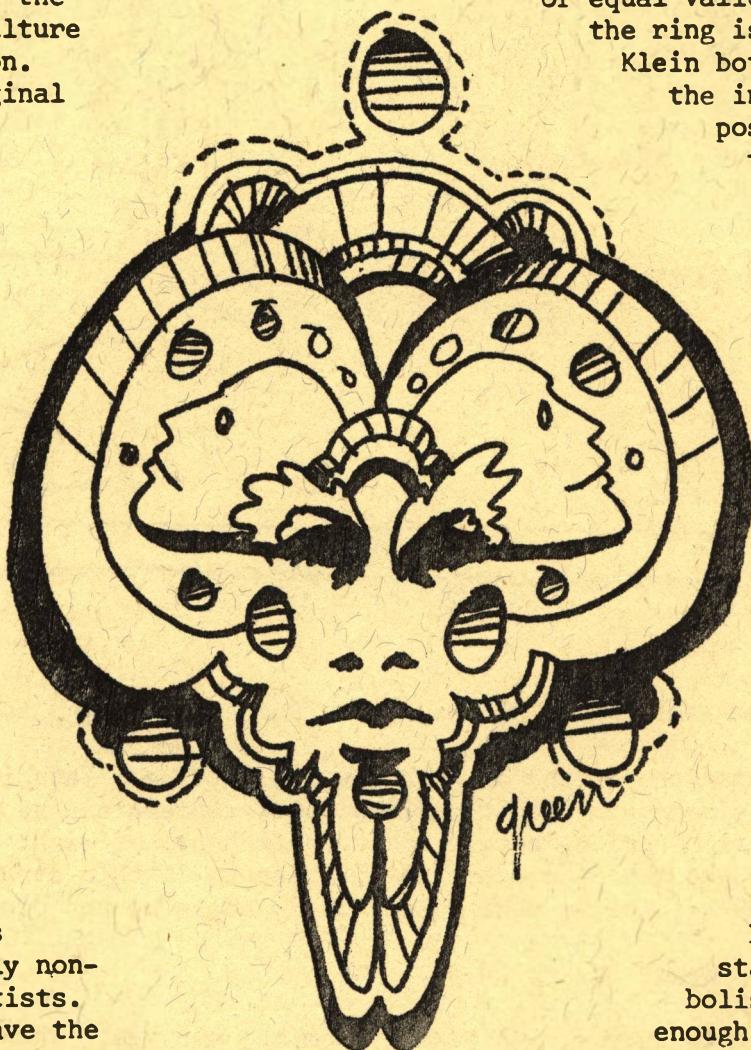
transformed into antimatter. If Amatar is a perfect human, and Kedrys is superior to her, that makes him a far better choice than Oberon, or James.

So Kedrys and Amatar would presumably create a new cycle, the cycle of the Kentaur, superior to the cycle of the ordinary man. Alea's chance factor may have broken the Ritornellian ring, but only to give rise to a new ring of equal validity, just as when the ring is passed through the Klein bottle of the universe, the inscription is transposed from the outer to the inner surface.

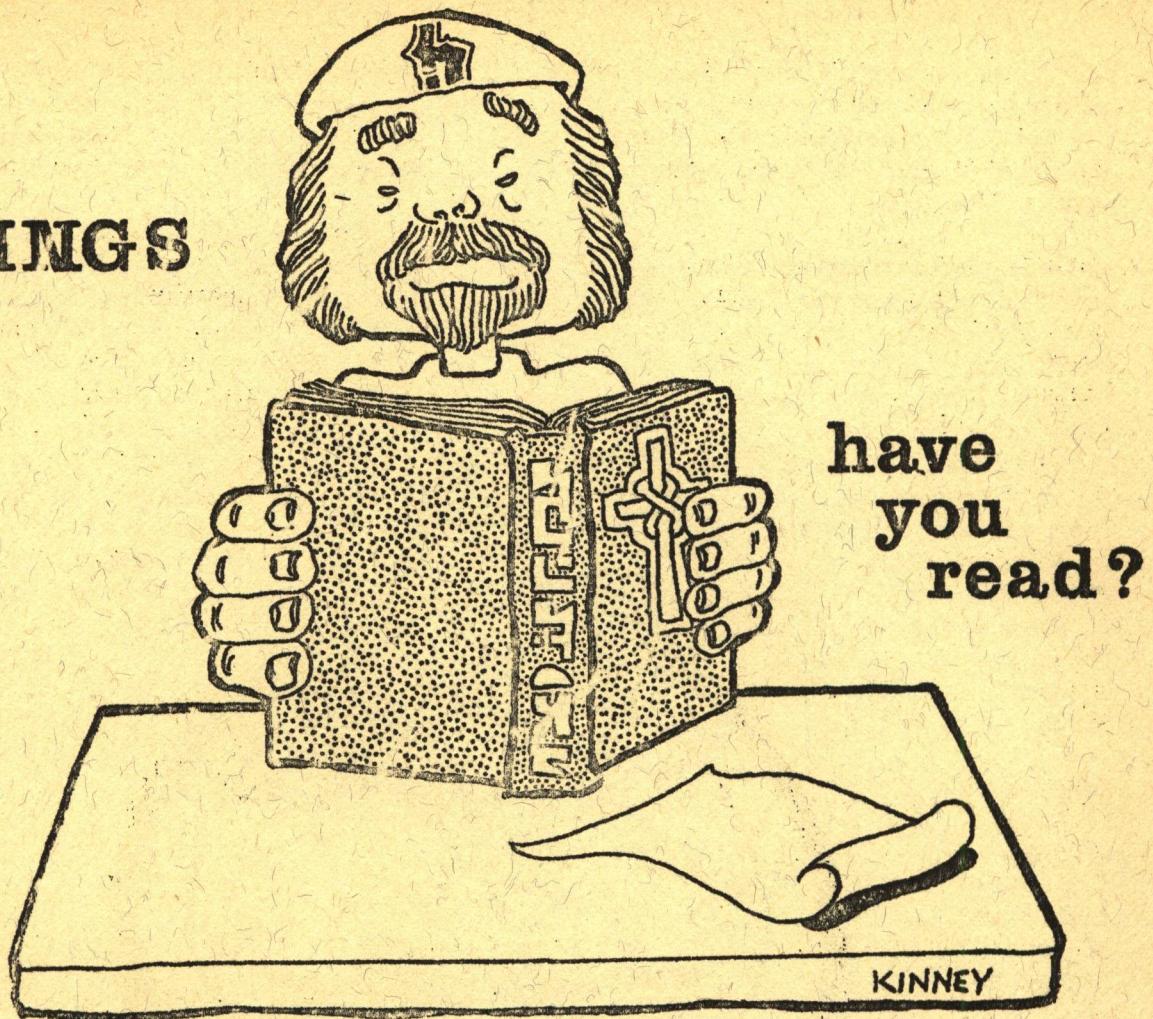
Harness's novel is incredibly rich in image and interpretiveness. The plot moves swiftly enough to please the old timers, including a fascinating duel in the cabin of a starship, diagnosis through interpretation of the shape of a spider's web, spacequakes, and a courtroom scene wherein the corpse of the planet

Earth is made to stand trial. The symbolism is intricate enough to please the "New Wave," and the technique is poetic enough to enthrall the fantasy fan. It was well worth waiting fifteen years to see such a fine novel, and I only hope that it will receive more prompt attention than did THE ROSE or THE PARADOX MEN, Harness's third novel, which has been out of print for over ten years.

I advise you to read THE RING OF RITORNEL and Harness's other novels, if you can obtain copies.



JESUS CUMMING



have
you
read?

HURB, TIME, AND WISDOM -- by Harry R. Aronson -- Budweiser Books, 283 pp., 60¢

Again, Mr. Aronson chose the island of Hurb for the setting. Padubie, our Wally Cox type hero is searching for the final clues concerning the whereabouts of the ever-so-vital tortion spring, needed to save his harem of eight from totally destroying themselves and the once peaceful inhabitants of this strange, future world. This story has a surprize ending -- Padubie coils up and dies.

SEARCH, Lawrence Iven, Spade Books, 180pp., 75¢

It never stops raining in Quarty, 8th planet from the sun Vas. The creatures -- tunnel digging, worm-like -- are in constant pain from urination rot. Five inches of water constantly cover the upper ground, and the six inch creatures must choose their form of death -- from their sickly, diseased under-ground rottings, or from bloat. The leader, chosen for his enormous eight inch physique, uses several devices to help make Quarty a porous planet. Soon, the planet reaches a point of saturation, and the Creatures decide that united they stand, separate they rot. The leader takes his place on the bottom of the line, and the worms take four Quarty years to complete their chain. Finally, being only 23 miles away from their uninhabited dry moon, the leader twists his body loose from the beloved Quarty, and the creatures land, thumpingly, to begin a new life. A heart-warming story.

Orangutan: Beast or Foe? Bob Goldberg, Old English Library, 332 pp., 65¢

Set on Earth in the distant future, this story tells the tale of the now dominant Orangutan. It reminds me of Orwell's ANIMAL FARM.

The birds, tigers, bears, and zip-pads envied the handsome Orangutan. And because the Orangutan claimed his own supremacy, he was constantly challenged. On a dark, gloomy day the jungle creatures were threatened by the most jealous of creatures -- the oplabiddio. To the oplabiddio the Orangutan was just another pretty face, a no talent attention seeker. But to the birds, the tigers, the bears, and the zip-pads, this was a somewhat dim-witted but miraculous beastly. All knew that if the oplabiddio were to defeat this gatherer and protector, communism would be the result -- where the oplabiddio is the state, and all work for the state. This, naturally, would be disaster.

So the smaller animals schemed and plotted and decided that their only salvation lay in tricking the oplabiddio. So they decided that whoever could sit on hot cinders the longest would be proclaimed the leader, the most beautiful, and most envied. So the Orangutan and oplabiddio became challengers. They sat for forty days and forty nights, and upon inspection, the birds, the tigers, the bears, and the zip-pads found that the oplabiddio was but a charcoal stump. But their thick skinned friend the Orangutan had just lost his "tail feathers." And so it came to pass, that an ass came to power.

This book was quite enjoyable, if you want to monkey around with it...

DOWN MY ALLEY, E. E. Jones, Runner Books, 142pp., \$3.95, hardback.

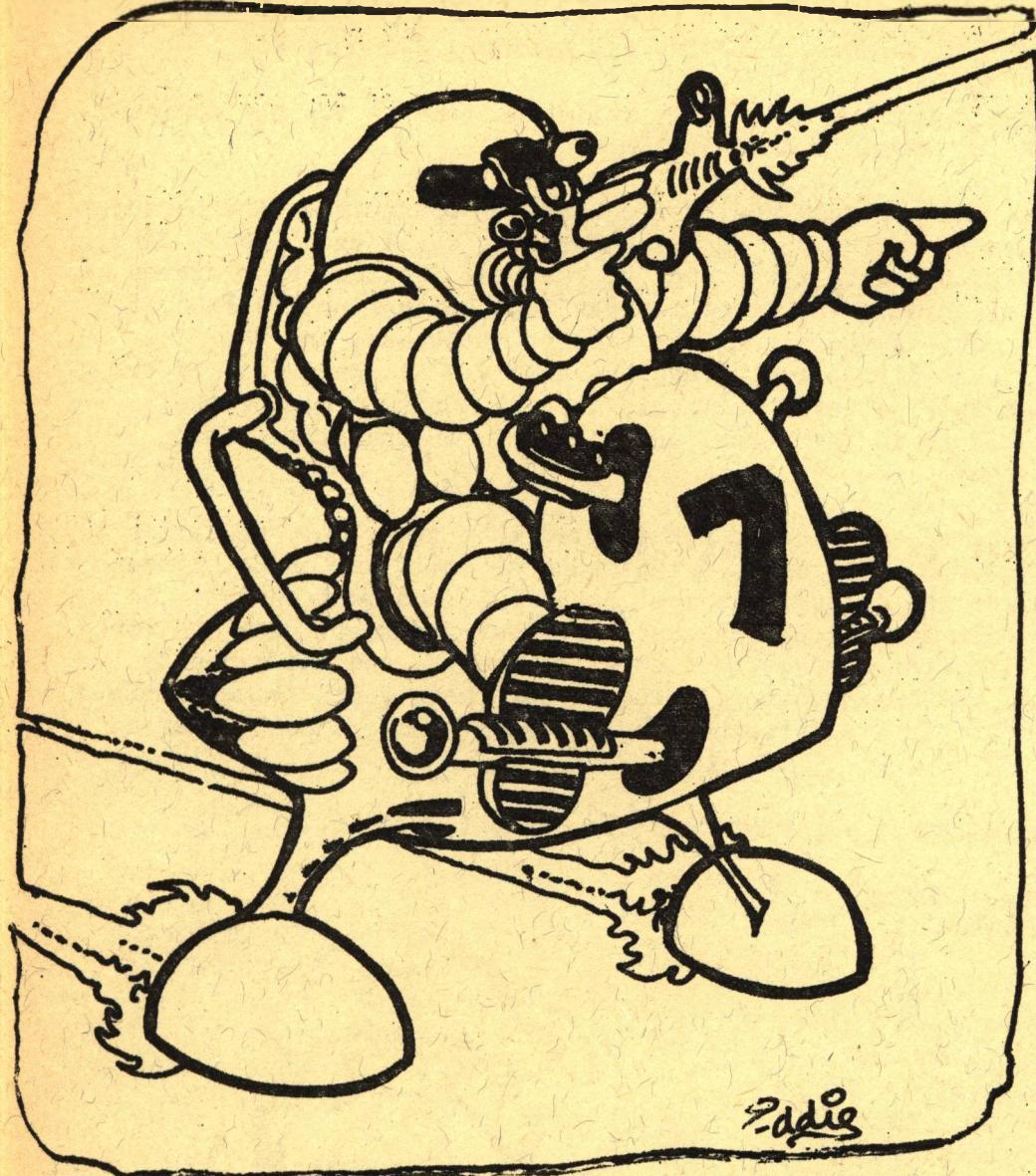
Life -- total and absolute -- is on the atomic level. All are equal, in size, form, and structure. No work, no fun, no reason for existence. Each must bump into the other as a form of communication. There is no plot, no great dialog, no sex scenes. This book almost satirizes some of the better known SF novels. But I know there must be some great and vital message for all. I've read this thing eight times and keep looking for something. Anyone care to explain any hint of meaning???

AND THEN THE TIDE CAME, J. G. Billiard "Special" Spade Books, 213 pp., 75¢

Atomic testing on the moon causes it to explode. The resulting tides and earthquakes almost destroy life on Earth. However, a small portion of humanity survives by building floating cars and rafts. They survive by eating raw fish. Billiard is all wet. The plot just doesn't hold water.



THE ALIEN RAT-FINK



[Editor's Note:
I had asked Richard
for a list of his
Hugo choices, so
here they are (and
they will also
appear in SFR):]

Novel: *CHRONOCULES*
by D. G. Compton.

Novella/Novelettes:
Joanna Russ's "The
Second Inquisition"
(ORBIT 6); Gordon
Dickson: "Jean
and Thomas M. Disch:

Dupr  s" (NOVA 1); Fritz Leiber: "The Snow Women" (April AMAZING); "The Asian Shore" (ORBIT 6).

Short Stories: R. A. Lafferty: "Entire and Perfect Chrysolite" (ORBIT 6); Hilary Bailey: "Dogman of Islington" (QUARK/1); James Sallis: "The Creation of Benny Good" (ORBIT 6); Edward Wellen: "These Our Actors" (INFINITY ONE); and Joanna Russ's: "The View from This Window" from QUARK/1, although it is not SF or fantasy, it is still one of the year's best stories, if not the best.

Best Dramatic: BREWSTER McCLOUD (MGM; Robert Altman, director). 2nd choice: COLOSSUS, THE FORBIN PROJECT (Universal; Joseph Sargent, director)

Best Magazine: F&SF (what else?)

And also, a very special award to Joanna Russ for her criticism. No choices for Fan Awards (I always stay out of this mess). [And now on to regular book reviews. -LeB.]

POTPOURRI: A VARIETY OF BOOK REVIEWS

I've discussed a good many books this past year, yet this coverage doesn't really begin to dent the number of books I've read. I'm one of those voracious readers who devour printed words like a gluttonous maniac, with a reading list ranging from the daily local newspaper, the L.A. FREE PRESS and Sunday NEW YORK TIMES, to film tradepapers, VARIETY and BOXOFFICE, to a good number of magazines representing a good variety of fields -- including SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, PLAYBOY, LIFE and LOOK (you should never read just one of these), AMERICAN CINEMATOGRAPHER, AFTER DARK and DANCE, TIME and NEWSWEEK (you should never read just one of these either) and others too numerous to list...with an occasional peek at a NATIONAL ENQUIRER when I need raucous and solid proof that imagination hasn't really died.

Top this off with a good half-dozen or so SF magazines and 250 to 300 novels and books a year, and you can easily see why I haven't time to comment on everything. Sturgeon's Law holds true for every bit of it, and I'll be the first to proclaim this the most inviolable law in existence.

I have on hand several novels I've read but declined to comment on at length. I'll mention a few of them now and if the authors feel slighted by the following brief mentions, that's regrettable but unavoidable. It's been a long year.

Roger Zelazny's NINE PRINCES IN AMBER (Doubleday, \$4.50) is leaner and less flamboyant for the most part than much of his recent fiction. It is also thematically confusing, mixing melodrama unconcernedly with a comedy of inconsistencies until the purpose seems as random and momentary and senseless as the uncomfortable variety of idioms littered throughout. The story concerns one Corwin and his adventures in making his way to Amber. Along the way he regains his memory of who he really is and why he must attempt to regain the Reality of Amber. Unfortunately the trek doesn't differ much from the hundreds of other treks offered in SF and fantasy, except that it offers a myriad of clues, hints, and notions that lead the reader in endless circles. Round and round and round we go, and where we stop only Zelazny knows...or likely cares, because after a monotonous series of attacks and rescues and dead-end episodes, the reader will be just glad to get out of this silly Minor Arcana and forget it as quickly as possible.

Recently serialized in ANALOG as "In Our Hands, the Stars," Harry Harrison's THE DALETH EFFECT (Putnam, \$4.95; Berkley S1880, 75¢) tells of Arnie Klein as he flees Israel in fear of political complications following the discovery of a new "energy" which could even fly a submarine to the moon to rescue a stranded Russian lunar module, and does. As Harrison's story begins alternating between extrapolation -- passenger service to Mars (uranium there, you know) -- and personal dilemmas enmeshed in a pattern of routine espionage, the dialogue is forced to carry off too much necessary information and the characters therefore sound and act like wooden marionettes dancing to the tune of the plot. Then Harrison has the gall to wonder if man will continue his stupidities and destroy himself or learn from tragedy and repent. With books like this it will be much simpler: man will simply bore himself out of existence.

Clifford D. Simak has a penchant for producing frothy, weightless SF written strictly to entertain, but recently too many of these efforts have turned out like OUT OF THEIR MINDS (Putnam, \$4.95; Berkley S1879, 75¢). Herein, Simak supposes that "we are haunted by all the

RICHARD
DELAP

fantasies, all the make-believe, all the ogres that we have ever dreamed" and proceeds to nose his hero into assorted encounters with a sea monster, werewolves Don Quixote, the Devil, a Lovecraft monstrosity, and various comic strip creations. There's one unusual and surprisingly thoughtful sequence concerning the Battle of Gettysberg and the imaginary conception of its actuality, but this is about as appealing as a cocklebur in whipped cream...and, dammit, even the whipped cream's sour! The book is sloppily written and Simak's expected pauses for description of small towns, the countryside scenery, etc., seem more page-filler than mood-setter. It's a pale and sickly imitation of what this man used to do so well.

Michael Moorcock's THE CHINESE AGENT (Macmillan, \$4.50) is a farce about "that modern myth figure -- the secret agent," and, like many spy books and films, makes use of a vague SF element, in this case the secret plans for a portable laser ray. It may certainly be one of the fastest books ever written -- none of the characters stop long enough to utter more than a few nonsensical words before scurrying off again in search of the elusive documents. (This hurry-hurry attitude seems to have infected the typesetter also, for the book is stuffed with printer's errors.) But Moorcock's wit is not sharp enough here to keep abreast of the pace and many lovely opportunities for high comedy are aborted by pulling out of the situation too soon and substituting action and frenzy for polish and meaningful humor.

Moorcock fares only slightly better with BEHOLD THE MAN (Avon V2333, 75¢), a novelization of his 1967 Nebula-winning novella. It is an historically inaccurate but otherwise interesting study of the many sides of martyrdom, and concerns itself with one man's search through time for the reality behind that martyr of martyrs, Jesus Christ. As the hunter becomes the hunted, Moorcock makes a point of battering the reader in the face at every opportunity with unpleasant psychological revelations which, in light of present knowledge, make unnerving sense. Yet the strengths of this book are the weaknesses as well, for all the characters, even the minor ones, speak to the reader only through their abnormalities. It is a cold, unusually heartless attitude on the author's part, one which draws some cynical conclusions on the quality of Man but only at the expense of any opposition which might produce substantial evidence for a refutation. The book is quick and catching despite its basic dishonesty, but I do fail to see the need of this version when the novella said exactly the same thing at less depressing length.

In paperback a couple of years ago, Larry Niven's A GIFT FROM EARTH (Walker, \$4.95) made the author's hardcover debut with a novel of little inventiveness and even less consequence. Why Walker Books would choose this title to reprint rather than Niven's far more entertaining story collections is, I would guess, a matter of economics -- you know what they say: novels sell better. The setting should be familiar to Niven fans who will have before encountered Mount Lookitthat and We Made It in various short stories, but the plot is another one of those revolution things which have been turning up in SF with a constancy rivaling sunrise and sunset. The society on this world is divided into two distinct units, the Crew and the Colonists, the latter supplying parts to the organ banks run by the former; but the balance seems headed for an upset when a scheduled shipment from Earth promises to do away with the need for the banks, as well as the prevailing social structure. There's a couple of old bugaboos, psi power and "a kind of psychic invisibility," but most of the enveloping action will be familiar enough for most readers to pretty well predict each movement on cue.

Niven's most recent work, *RINGWORLD* (Ballantine 02046, 25¢), is trivially plotted around a fascinating concept, the ringworld of the title, a clever application of physics and imagination. Again, the characters and action work into the whole fabric Niven has woven to encompass a wide variety of his stories, but this time his quartet of aliens and humans stands little chance of being noticed against the fantastic background. There is a distinct feeling that the author has worked a long time to give a reasonable unity to the many aspects of *ringworld*, to give readers a handy reference for possible future adventures, and to display a handsome knack for working out inconsistencies with believable reasoning. But the novel never seems to amount to more than a mere reference work as his quartet lands, walks, talks, qawks, wonders, talks, talks, talks, and (ho-hum) talks, until even they seem to get tired of a steady diet of marvels and the final chapters come in a surprising wam-bam-thank-you-ma'am rush. Had Niven or Ballantine included an index we might have put it next to Niven's other books and used it as the need arose; as it is, I would say you might keep it handy, just in case, but don't try to read the damned thing.

(And now for full length book reviews:)

CRIME PREVENTION IN THE 30TH CENTURY
edited by Hans Stefan Santesson
Walker Books, 1969, \$5.95, 175pp.

editor. The better stories are reprints which generally date from when Santesson was a well-known editor in the field (mid-50s), while the four new stories included herein are unequivocal disasters. If the dreary title of this collection is any indication, Santesson has simply bound himself too tightly within limited confines, with the result that he and Walker are stuck with an overpriced, limited appeal dud.

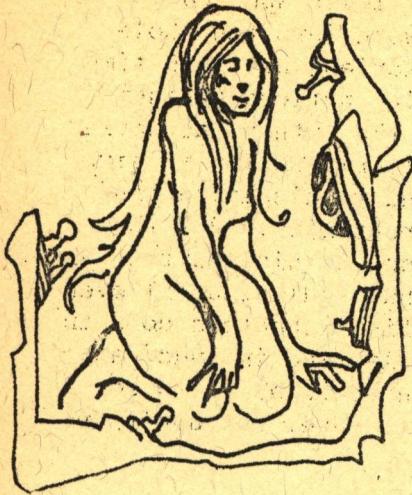
Of the new stories the most disappointing is "Apple." The author is one of the most popular of the newly famous writers, Anne McCaffrey, but the setting is the future society first introduced in the disappointing "A Womanly Talent," in which the emerging telepaths are attempting to adjust society to their presence. As before, the promising premise is dulled by a routine development as the police and organized telepaths are anxious to uncover the freelance 'Talent' using psi-powers for thievery and worse -- i.e., the rotten apple in the barrel. Although the police procedures are suspenseful, they are not enough to overcome the handicap of listless characters who have no suggested life beyond the story's restraints.

Edward D. Hoch's "Computer Cops" is a disjointed story that doesn't know what to make of itself. The mystery angle involves the illegal use of a computer; the extrapolative elements are too often (for such a short piece) retrospect explanations; and characterizations are pedestrian or incomplete, the latter adjective particularly applicable to a love affair strung into the plot for no reason of appreciable sense.

From the opening unsolved murder during a tumultuous storm at sea, to the final three-world conference attempting to resolve the problem of one world's refusal of help to alleviate the backwardness and deprivation of its population, John Brunner's "Jack Fell Down" does a good job of interweaving murder and sociological mystery. But the pace is so slow and the problimatical denouement so postponed that it's very difficult to stay with it to the end. Since Brunner didn't pare it down, I suppose the blame should rest with Santesson who should have.

The final original story is Stephen Dentinger's "The Future is Ours," a very short and very bad vignette about a police captain who travels to the future to gain needed crime-prevention information.

Absent for some time in any active participation in known circles, Santesson reappears with this new anthology for Walker, for which he now works as SF



The two best stories are William Tenn's "Party of the Two Parts," which should be familiar to most SF fans (and if it isn't it's available in other, cheaper volumes), and Tom Purdom's "To s." The editor calls the latter a story of "a world where permissiveness has created problems" -- which is a bit like saying a hurricane is windy, a boggling understatement. It is, however, a steely-eyed look at a societal development that might evolve from the violence and public spoonfeeding we have today, and it is a vision that will do nothing to make you rest easier now.

Judith Merril's "Rain Check" is a minor but readable bit about a Martian disguised as a bosomy blonde; Harry Harrison's "Velvet Glove" takes place during a time when robots have reached a status roughly equal to Negroes in mid-20th century America and owes much to the Asimov robotic basics (to which Harrison gives due credit within the story); Miriam Allen deFord's

"The Eel" tells of the difficulties encountered in punishing a master thief; and Morris Hershman's "Let There Be Night!" glimpses a future in which moral, and therefore criminal, values have undergone a "shocking" reversal, but then blinds itself to the need for a motivational power behind the reversal -- and so lacks force.

The theme behind this anthology has engendered a noticeable volume of SF stories through the years but as yet not an extensively meritorious one if the reader takes this book as an example of the best. But the better examples have usually undergone many reprints and the remnants seem to have offered the editor nearly as little as the newly provided efforts. In all, it's a sad little volume and one best forgotten.

THREE FOR TOMORROW

3 original novellas by
Silverberg, Zelazny, & Blish
Dell 8863, 1970, 75¢, 188pp.

In a short introduction the uncredited editor (understood to be one of the contributors, Silverberg, as far as I've been able to gather) briefly gives the concept behind this volume: a short essay by Arthur C. Clarke, included as a Foreword, which proposes

"with increasing technology goes increasing vulnerability." If you missed the expensive Meredith Press hardcover of a year ago, you should definitely get this paper edition because the Blish effort alone is worth the price.

Robert Silverberg's "How it Was When the Past Went Away" begins with a simple ploy -- amnesia-inducing drugs introduced into San Francisco's water system -- by which the author attempts to examine the effects of such a modern catastrophe. We see a crumbled marriage reform (and vice versa), a hospital patient sheared of his oppressive guilt founding a new religion, an embezzler challenged with a financial crisis in which neither he nor Silverberg seems to take much real interest, and various individuals shuffled like a deck of cards, each of varied face value in the game at hand. The application of the Arthur Hailey motif -- a glittery cast of shallow characters dumped into a melodramatic crisis-mold -- fails in exactly the same way that Hailey's books fail: the contrivances of the plot allow a few individually interesting scenes to develop but the total effect is one of purest balderdash. On top of this the only explanation offered as to the introduction of the drugs is the questionable confession of a paranoiac; convenient, maybe, but not convincing.

* * * *

Mae West: "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?"

The opening gambits of Roger Zelazny's "The Eve of RUMOKO" promise a smooth and entertaining espinonage tale within an SF setting; but with each page, Zelazny probes the inside tickings of his protagonist, a man without a recorded identity or, rather, with an ever-changing record of identities -- in the computerized society of 2007. This man's involvement with project RUMOKO, a plan to create new landmass for an ever-growing population, plays side against side with little clarification of who's working for whom (or what) until the sudden revelations of the underplayed climax. The plot is intriguing but not nearly so much as the smart cast of characters whose dialogue is far more revealing of this future society than is the action itself. The approach to the volume's theme is as unusual as one might expect from this author, but no less important for its tangential attitude.

Last and best, James Blish's "We all Die Naked" takes the catastrophe theme and trims it with a razor's edge that cuts a delicate and subtle line between satire and tragedy -- a feat in which Blish assuredly had confidence for he opens his tale with an appropriate salute to the teacher: The good is oft interred with their bones / So let it be with Caesar. The time is early-next-century New York, a city drowning in water and refuse, choking on polluted atmosphere (against which gas masks are worn on all outdoor forays) and, suddenly and shockingly, discovering the concessions made to date are not just an inconvenience but a prelude to the most definite conclusion man has ever faced.

The characters written into this final drama are an initially amusing, though occasionally bitter satire of type, from the inversion of the Secretary of the Administration, living in a comparative bed of roses atop the Pan Am building to the disparate clique of friends whose very names reveal their purpose in the story. Then, as Blish's satirical spurs begin to dig in with ever more painful jabs, the atmosphere (both physical and psychological) reveals its potent toxicity is reaching a terminal stage and the humor is no longer so very funny. Grueler and gruer, darker and darker it becomes until hope is only a mote in the garbage, and beauty, more than ever, is in the eye of the beholder. Of the authors represented in this book, Blish seems to best understand what he wants to say; better still he does it without contrivance or concession. Thank you, Mr. Blish.

* * * * *

From MY LITTLE CHICKADEE:

"I wonder what kind of a woman you are?"
Flower Belle: "Sorry, I can't give out samples."

Judge: "Are you trying to show contempt for the court?"
Flower Belle: "No, I'm doing my best to hide it."

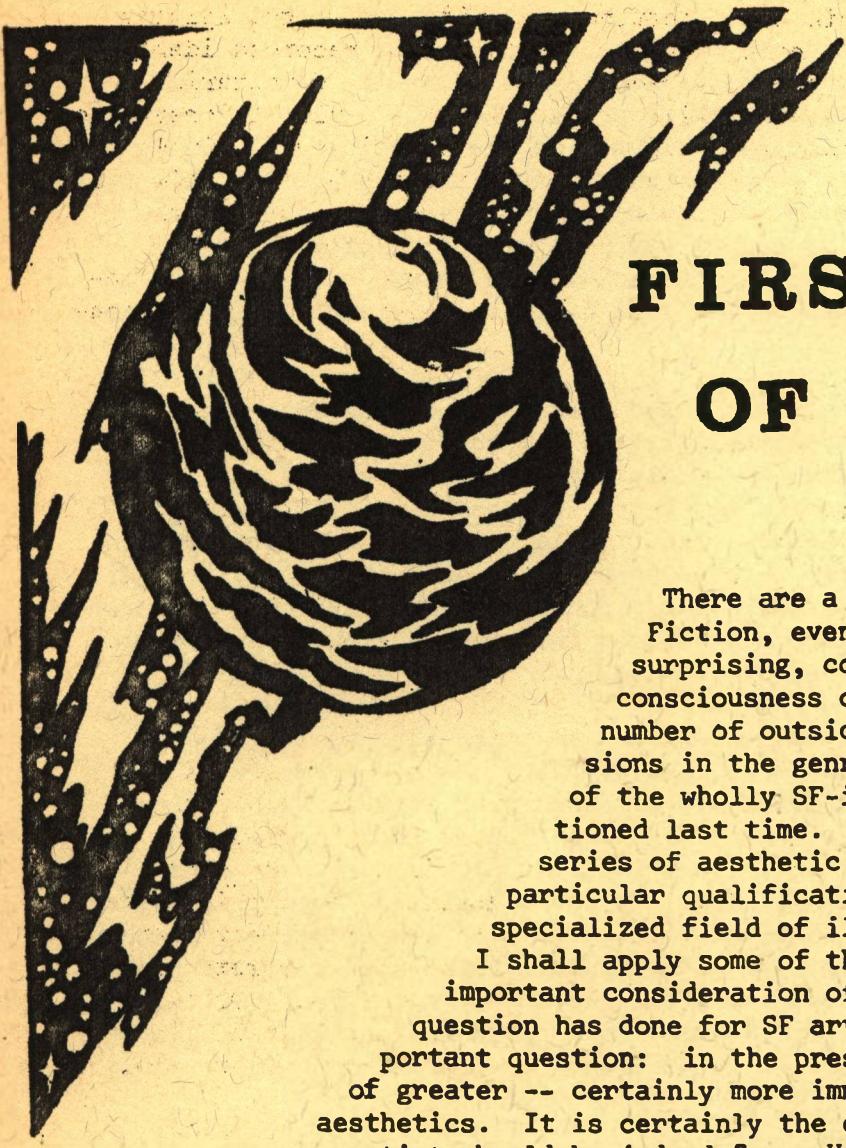
"Aren't you forgetting you're married?"
Flower Belle: "Hmmm--I'm doing my best."

"I was in a tight spot, but I managed to wriggle out of it."

"Any time you got nothing to do -- and lots of time to do it -- come on up."

From THE WIT AND WISDOM OF MAE WEST.





FIRST POINT OF ARIES

There are a great many artists in Science Fiction, even more in fandom; which is not surprising, considering the abnormal art-consciousness of fans. There is also a small number of outsiders who have made great impressions in the genre, perhaps greater than those of the wholly SF-immersed artist. This I mentioned last time. Also, last time, I outlined a series of aesthetic standards -- amended by the particular qualifications needed to apply them to the specialized field of illustration. In the following, I shall apply some of these, together with the very important consideration of what the particular artist in question has done for SF art. This is a particularly important question: in the present state of SF art, it may be of greater -- certainly more immediate -- importance than aesthetics. It is certainly the only standard by which a fan or pro artist should be judged for a Hugo -- not on the volume of material he has sent to grateful faneds with space to fill.

There are, just in fandom itself, a large number of artists: only a handful of whom have made any considerable reputations beyond the immediate environs of their home fanzine. Preëminent among these are Steve Fabian and Mike Gilbert, the former having gained a reputation out of proportion to his contribution to SF art. Nor do I mean quantitative contribution, as his prolificness is in no way indicative of any artistic improvement of the condition of SF art. Quite the contrary, in fact. What, if anything, has he done to make SF art as up-to-date or as hyper-contemporary as the literature it illustrates? Nothing. He evokes and tries to recreate the art of the 1930 pulps. Whether he is successful or not is beside the point now -- what is important is that his coquill board and grease pencil drawings do nothing but anchor SF to a decade as remote to us as it was from Jules Verne. Nothing is wrong with that art -- but it is past tense: it has already been done, forty years ago, and Fabian's pastiches of it do nothing but mimic it. He ought to have used it as a jumping-off point, a point of departure. As has been done, for example, so successfully and creatively with the animated cartoon art of the 30's and 40's, recently. As it is, he is an anachronistic artist and SF has no place for anachronisms.

I am not picking on Fabian, or using a unique example -- he stands among a large group, from Foster and Barr in fandom to Emsh and Freas in prodom.

The lesson has been partly learned by a few artists such as Jeff Jones, who combines the outdated Frazetta technique with a little fresh style and modern composition for some refreshing and handsome paintings, which make no pretense of their origin, but do not attempt to reproduce it, either. George Barr occasionally illustrates like a modern Maxfield Parrish. Unfortunately, like many other fanartists, he has found a popular technique -- and is working it to death. He has done what he can with it and it is rapidly losing its freshness and is becoming lifeless and mechanical. As a transition between this and the next subject, it is worth pointing out that for Barr's cover of "Zothique" he lapses into the same stereotypical overchromatic color usage of the majority of SF art. I was expecting the same sensitivity he shows in his drawings. Instead, he was influenced by what he imagined was expected of an SF cover, and worked accordingly.

That is the peculiarity of SF color art: the artist invariably thinks himself obligated to use every color at

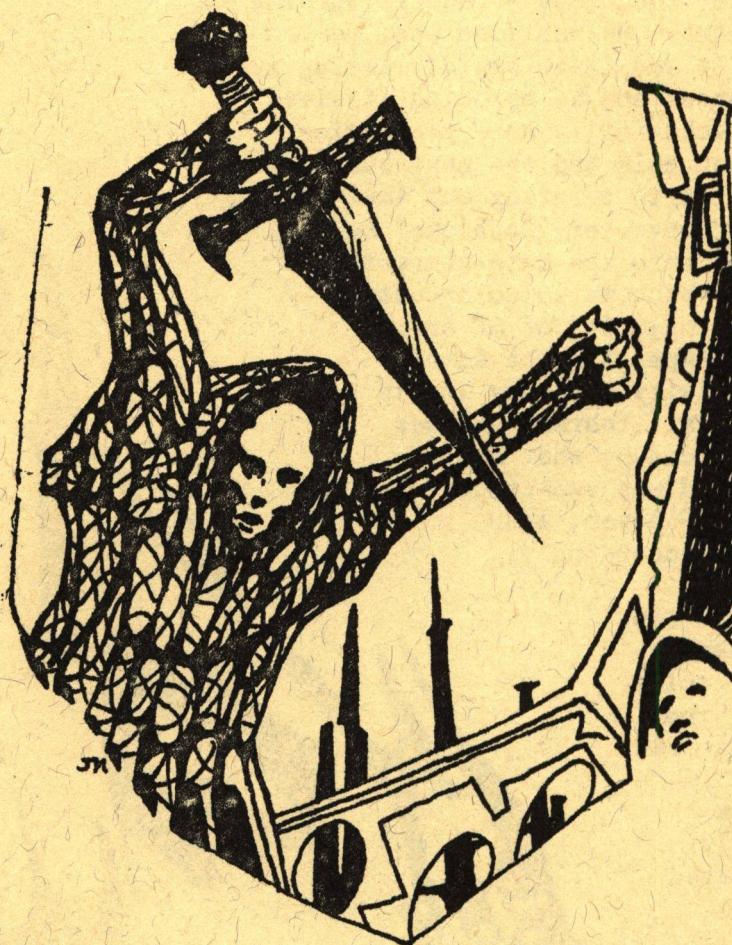


his disposal. Unfortunately, he also seems unaware of the existence of any but the eight basic raw colors, all of which he insists on using in equal proportions, and seemingly always with utter tastelessness. It is small wonder that SF art has such a wide and well-established reputation of cheap garishness.

Jack Gaughan, a pen-and-ink virtuoso (Fan artists, please note: one Jack Gaughan is quite enough.* Are you listening, Mr. Gilbert?), has much trouble maintaining a limited palette as has the ubiquitous Mr. Freas.

Printing processes cannot be blamed -- subtle color can be printed as easily as unsubtle. The only excuse is a lack of color sensitivity in the artists; or more likely, an ingrained pre-conception of SF art as its gaudy stereotype (true, a stereotype, but nonetheless valid for it) would have it. Once we reach stereotypes it is no vast move right back to dated art.

Up until its acquisition of a new art director not long ago, Ace Books was the standard for the sort of SF art that, in one better or worse form, was typical of the field: cheap gaudiness. Lately, the series of Ace Specials with their covers by Leo and Diane Dillon, have set new standards. But why? They're contemporary, they evoke, for a literature of the future, a feeling for the future, of at least now. An excellent technical lesson to be learned from them -- in the light of the above remarks -- is their controlled use of color (their graphics are theirs, alone). They use their color selectively. Their work, with similar colors, is much more exciting visually -- and valid aesthetically -- than that art in which the same colors are used with less thoughtful juxtaposition. Altogether too often, Gaughan, Freas, or Emsh makes his mistakes by equally proportioning his color, so that there is no dominancy but that one non-dominancy of chromatic garishness -- it is awfully bright and colorful (indeed!) and I imagine such covers particularly stand out on magazine stands and book stalls; but, once noticed, does the cheapness of such gaudy wrappings say much for what's inside?



*Also only one Bok, Frazetta, Williamson, or Bode, if you please.

Once noticed, will they induce purchase, or derision? The Dillons's success depends a great deal on their skillful use of color. Without it, their graphics are not better than Jacob Landau's, but lack his organic complexities. Vaughn Bodé is another example of a lack of color control and he fails to treat color as an asset rather than an additive to his work. Yes, he does it all with Magic Markers and a wondrous thing it is to do, too. But does this ability validate its use, or should he, despite this remarkable talent, abandon it for something which is used, not for its own sake, but for its contribution to his art? Once again, I point out, I am using one to illustrate the errors several others commit.

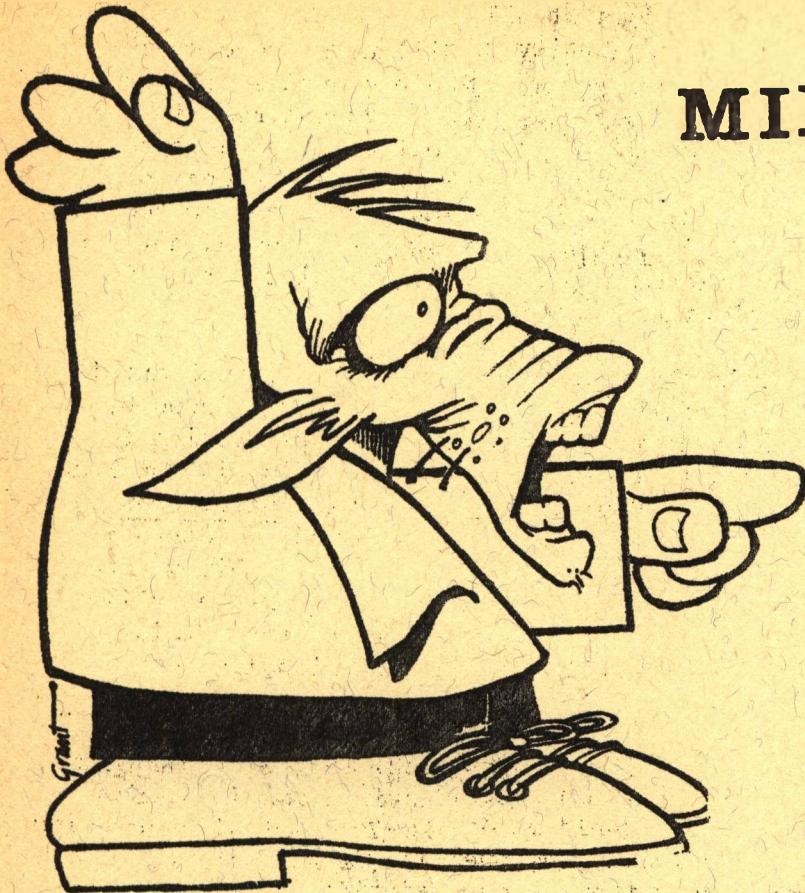
of

SF art's irrational idolization/its past is the sole reason that the best SF art is done by those entirely, or nearly, outside of the genre. They are not blinded by preconceptions. They work by a standard of aesthetic ethics: most flattering to what they are illustrating and most valid artistically. One such artist is Don Ivan Punchatz (one example of his work is "The Moon Pool"), whose work is contemporary, and above all creative. One of the best artists interpreting fantasy is Gervasio Gillardo, whose work for Ballantine has remarkable restraint, charming whimsy, and a thorough rationale of the intelligence of fantasy. Sanford Kossin (a recent "Time Machine" cover) began work in SF prozines, ended up as a top illustrator outside the field ("Bay of Pigs" for LIFE magazine) and still returns occasionally to SF. These and others will be critiqued in detail next issue.

Syd Mead, of Unographics, New York, is, almost without question, the best SF artist alive. So far as I know, he has never been published in a fanzine, prozine, or paperback. Neither, do I think, has Robert McCall, yet his 2001 advertising art and previous air force work certainly qualifies him as an SF artist. After all, a writer needn't publish in the pro SF zines to be considered within the field. Syd Mead, whose work may most easily be found in U.S. Steel's INNOVATIONS book or in a couple of issues of AUTOMOBILE QUARTERLY, is an ardent reader of SF. In his drawings and paintings he has created a future world as -- or even more -- convincing than anything by Heinlein or Blish. Stylistically, he owes little to precedent and the super-contemporaneity of his work makes them appear paintings of the future and not about it.

Mead's work is primarily that of an industrial designer. His machinery and architecture, however improbable or startling, are absolutely convincing. Exactly in the way a human body cannot be drawn convincingly without knowledge of its underlying mechanism, so Mead's props and subjects are painted. Everything, at the very least, seems to be there for a genuine reason...and it may very well be. Stylistically, Mead is realistic -- sometimes photographically so, just as often he is surrealistic -- nonetheless he employs and experiments with unusual and exciting techniques. For example, in many of his INNOVATION paintings, he worked on top of a board that had been patterned by lowering it flat onto an oil-paint-covered surface of water. His color is under absolute control. Whether it be of an almost fluorescent heat or monochromatic coolness, he relies on more than the typical SF artist's raw hues -- if Gaughan or Gilbert were to paint an illustration in warm tones I have little doubt that they would think: red, yellow, orange = hot and act accordingly. They would, doubtlessly end up with a red, yellow and orange painting and since red=hot they would be warm. But also as raw and cheaply gaudy as a 5-year-old's tempera. Mead's warm paintings, when necessary, are almost incandescent. He works, not only with warm tones, but also with the juxtaposition of chroma, with hue and chroma contrasts -- just as a cool painting lacks this contrast in value. And absolute mastery of the knowledge of hue, value and chroma allows him to go one step beyond the surface scratchings of other SF artists. Any application of the properties of these values would improve SF art considerably. Color usage involves complexities, but highly practical complexities.

MIKE GILBERT



(The following article is in reply to Ron Miller's column in the last issue. After this issue's instalment, we may find Ron and Mike locking horns for next issue. How about a cartoon battle, guys?-LeB)

I must take pen in hand to answer Ron Miller's article. Ron makes quite a point about "Mainstream" art and the fact that SF illustration is not equal to it. I'll have to discuss his opinions point by point in order to make a statement which I feel is warranted.

Contemporary Communication Symbols Ron says that illustration is separate from fine art -- saying that illustration's one and only purpose is the telling of a story as well as possible. This, however true in the past, is no longer so; illustration has blended into "fine art" so that the two are really merged and at many times indistinct. Indeed, many of the artists Ron mentioned as great "Mainstreamers" work as "fine" artists and not as illustrators, since the term illustrator has been turned into graphic artist and/or graphic designer, and there is quite a difference, my friends. An artist who still is worth his salt, as the Dillons, Gaughan, Schoenherr (how did Ron miss this man), Calle, McCall, Peak, etc., turns out artwork that is more than illustration. A good, if you like the term, "Modern," illustration should be able to stand up on its own as a valid piece of artwork without the story to back it up. This is what the real illustrator does. The best description of a graphic artist, who deals in what Ron calls (In terminology sounding like one of my past Art Culture classes) "Contemporary communication symbols" (which I will reduce to C.C.S.), is to be found in the magazine PUNCH which gives my opinion on the mass of art being done today.

Graphic Artist - "A few years ago this free-lancer would have been called a Commercial Artist, but that isn't "toney" enough these days. He is the current whizz-kid, bashing out as much artwork as possible before he is elbowed aside by the next whizz-kid. His current style is School of Yellow Submarine; at the last count there were 67 other artists working in this style, but he keeps ahead through his jazzy colors. With the return of the air-brush he is thinking of changing to the school of 1930's revival. He is self taught; he learned his craft by tracing Mickey Mouse comics on Sunday afternoons and copying Alan Aldridge."

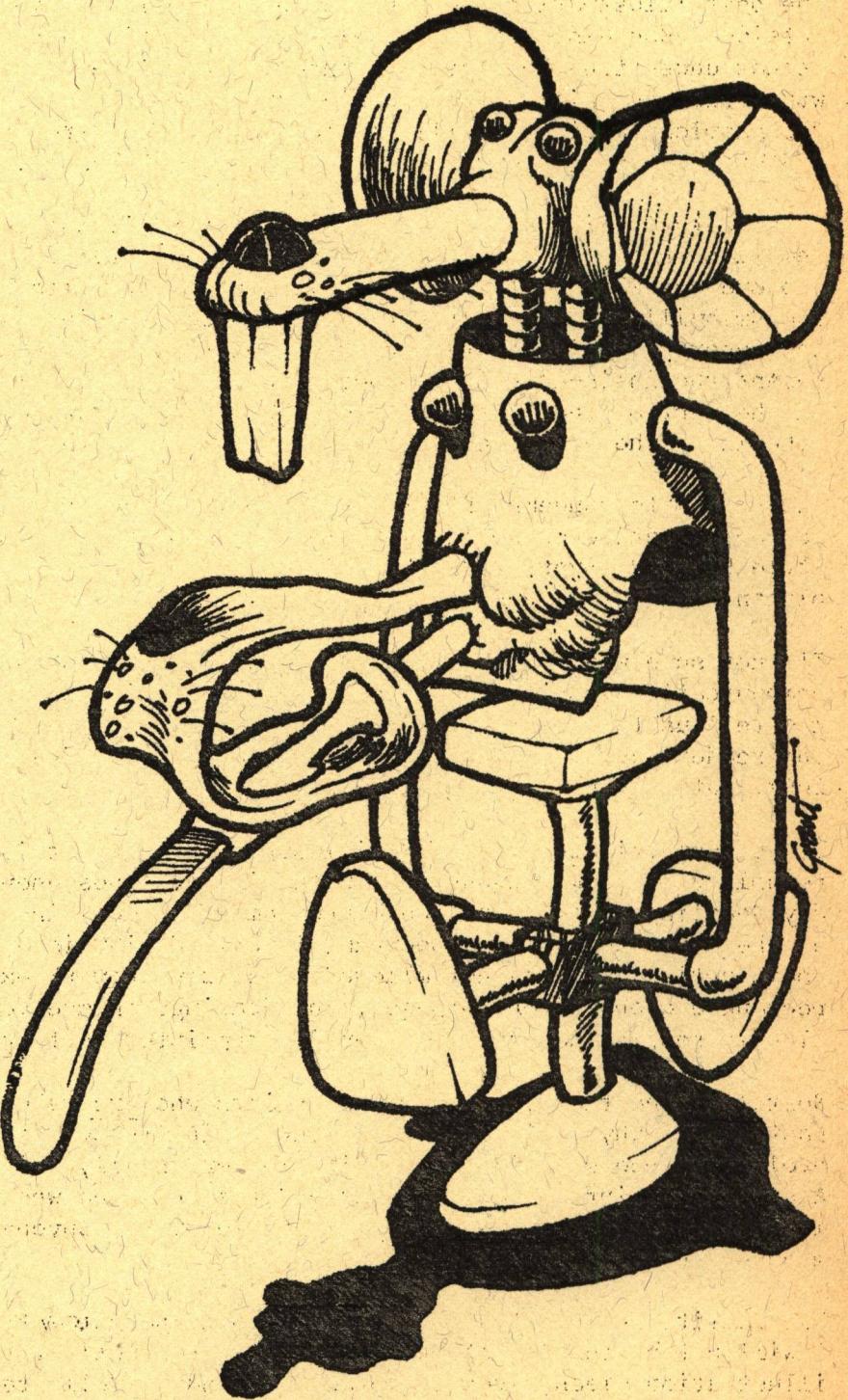
That fits the base of most commercial work being done today and does not include the illustrators who usually are able to keep above the world of fads until they have to

ANSWERS BACK

deal in the muck-ridden world of paperbacks.

Speaking of illustrators in SF, Ron seems almost lamenting when he says that the low number of illustrators allows "each one to be unique." I must strongly disagree with Ron about "There can be no worthwhile comparisons among SF artists themselves." This comment has a bit of snobbery to it. SF artwork (illustration) albeit not as "toney" as Ron seems to wish and, as I admit, is nostalgic for its own past, should not be judged with outside work as it has evolved to work within a certain format. The Mainstream artists Ron mentions don't really do SF art -- the fact that Robert McCall did the 2001 paintings does not make him an SF artist -- he is an aerospace artist, and Paul Calle is an Artist for NASA. These men do not do SF work at all, nohow. As to his comments on many other artists, the reason why Ron's so-called SF-Fantasy artists don't work in what we call the "field" is because of MONEY, pure and simple.

Although John Schoenherr told me he still enjoys SF, he added that it doesn't pay to work exclusively in



that field. John Campbell told me, "Why should he work for us when the Air Force will pay his way, fly him around in jets, and weightlessness simulation flights for a few paintings of some of their bases?"

The question is one of money -- and yet Jack Gaughan stays in SF because he went the graphic artist route and didn't like the grind and all the attendant shit and found more freedom in SF. And I will place Jack's pen and ink work with that of Cober, Martin, Sendak, and Hill. I will also defend the Dillons as masters of the style they use -- for every Ace Special you've wowed over, I've seen much better ones on the P.B. racks or on the Time-Life science books.

The best illustrations ~~were~~ not done by people dipping into the field from the outside. Ron also seems to imply that SF artists are not "respectable." I cannot understand how Jack Schoenherr was omitted from Ron's list. This man would fill ~~the bill~~ as an "outside artist," after all, he has membership in the American Society of Illustrators and awards from said society and has been featured in the Society's Annual of Best American Illustrations.

I agree fully with Ron on the majority of SF illustration being decades behind the Mainstream. But that's the way the majority of the fans want it. But how can one assail Bok, a master of fantasy and a craftsman of the highest degree; and Emshwiller -- a first rate illustrator? Against any standards, their work was superb. Their reputations were deserved because these men were good -- I resent the insinuation that they were the best that limited money could afford on the part of the editors. These men work or worked in the field because they like it -- the damn money sure isn't the attracting point.

It is easy to condemn SF art for not being modern. I myself wouldn't like a Yellow Submarine cover on ANALOG and I am put off by many of the latest 1930's-style Pyramid covers and like imitators -- the work is shoddy and just a blatant attempt at a new marketing technique.

I'm not sure what Ron wants when he says that SF should "utilize contemporary communication symbols." He should leave us with an idea of what he wants and not tell us to scrap what we are doing and give us no alternative. What does the reader want? Jack Gaughan says the SF fan can go out and skyrocket over 2001, but when he comes back down he wants his Freas.

It is nostalgia that binds SF illustration where it is. But yet, experimentation, notably what Jack Gaughan does with his magazines when he doesn't have a two day deadline, shows that there are some new ideas in SF illustration. However, at the other end of the spectrum, I feel AMAZING is a visual flop, as its mostly comic artist crew are not allowed to do any artwork except in a thin upright rectangle every 85 or so pages; the drawings themselves are nostalgic, with each classic reprint containing a genuine reprinted nostalgic drawing from the 30's.

Nostalgia and the fact that many artists who are talented move on to much greener pastures is why SF illustration lingers in its own past. One cannot have an evolving force when in a sense its members really "die" off (leave the field). A continuing influence is needed and the only one who provides any forward movement is Jack Gaughan, who at the very least, as anyone will grant, is experimenting in new directions.

No, dammit, -- I am fed up with musclemen and cutesy fantasy artwork. Likewise, I will not be turned into a trend follower. Let's try at least to keep SF illustration clean, even if we are "behind." Hell, take a look at some of the modern stuff being done today and ask yourself, do I want that? All we can do is try, but you, dear audience, your nostalgic roots run deep....

HEICON

by LINDA BUSHYAGER

with illustrations by Tim Kirk

IT'S JUST LIKE THE CLAIRMONT

It all began in the usual, dull WPSFA fashion. Ron and I slept late, arose with leisurely grace, and glanced at the clock. "Gee, we slept for almost 12 hours, it's almost noon," said Ron, stretching.

"Noon," I muttered, snuggling beneath the covers.

"NOON!" We shouted in unison, leaping to our feet. We were catching a 4 o'clock plane to N.Y.C., and then were transferring from LaGuardia to JFK to catch the Heicon charter flight.

Have you ever run a movie projector too fast? That was us. We zoomed around the room -- washing hair, washing bodies, packing toothbrushes, drying hair, losing toothpaste. We left the house promptly at 2:30 to pick up Ginjer Buchanan. Dale and Dennis DiNucci drove. But when we got downtown, Ginjer wasn't there. We waited. Finally I ran up to her office to find her filling out last minute forms. Spinning frantically around the room like an unbottled tornado, she finished; and we ran to the car.

Ron signed, "We're going to make it, we've got 20 minutes."

"That's good, the airport is only 30 minutes from here," said Dale, smiling, as she stepped on the gas.

We got there in 10.

Arriving at JFK we discoverd the International Arrivals Building, Suzanne Tompkins, Mike O'Brien, Nancy Lambert, Greg Moore, and former Pittsburgher Mel Klozar. Jeannie DiModica, Ted Greenstone, and Topher Cooper had come to see us off. And Don Lundry was there -- with the plane tickets.

As choruses of "Hallelujah" soared through my head, we discovered that the flight was leaving an hour late. "They're never on time," said Ginjer. But I began to notice that not only was the KLM terminal packed with people, but also about half of them were sleeping. A wild surmise bumped the marbles in my head. Could it be that they didn't expect their planes to take off for hours?

Just then a loudspeaker squawked: "Flight 608 will take off at 5:45 A.M. tomorrow morning. All passengers report to the KLM desk and you will be taken to a hotel for the night." That flight had been scheduled for 7:30 P.M. What would happen by 9:45, when ours was due?

Nancy Lambert suggested that we might as well eat. Everyone mur mered agreement and we headed off to find a restaurant. It was a mistake. Finding a restaurant at JFK

proved to be a task greater than finding food at Baycon's infamous Hotel Clairmont. JFK sprawls over many acres. It has at least 20 separate buildings and an inter-connecting bus. At 8 pm on a Monday night in peak season, it is mobbed!

Imagine lines of people curled around the ticket counters merging with each other, seeping out into the main waiting area. Imagine hundreds of people waiting -- filling every chair, bench, ledge, nook and cranny -- sitting on toilets since there is no where else to sit.

Imagine the line for the toilets.

Now imagine all these people having their flights delayed for an hour or more. Most expected dinner on the flight. They were all looking for a restaurant too!

We went to the nearby TWA building and found lines at every restaurant but one: the \$10-for-a-hamburger spot. Finally we returned to the KLM building. By this time we had picked up a group of about 15 fans. Now you know fans, we all wanted to sit together. We trooped up 2 flights of stairs to the KLM waiting area. There were bars galore; no food. Suzanne whispered "booze?" But everyone ignored her and we surged up some more stairs. We went down stairs. We went up stairs. We went through doorways which led to...stairs. We stared. At last, feet bleeding, parkas torn, bullet holes half-healed, we found a restaurant.

It was a mistake.



"Food!" I screamed. "Milk" cried Greg, drooling slightly. "Booze" whimpered Suzie, pointing to a nearby bar. Greg grabbed her arm and pulled her into the restaurant.

We found a couple tables and read the menu 5 or 6 times.

"Water," yelled Nancy Lambert at a waiter. "Please, please!"

"It's not my job" he replied.

The hours passed quickly. A waiter came and took our order. The hours passed quickly.

Then Greg went to the manager. Then Ted Greenstone went to the manager. Then Nancy yelled "water" and I started to weep.

A waitress came, finally, with our orders. Everyone's except Mike O'Brien's, that is, so he ate bites and bits from everyone else's.

Then the waitress brought up the check. THE check. Have you ever figured out a check for 15 people?

It's funny how few people left a tip.

I NEVER WANTED TO GO TO EUROPE

Exhausted but fed, our little troop joined the crowd of fans awaiting the flight. Jeannie, Ted, and Topher saw us off. But somehow Nancy and Suzanne had been assigned the same seat. The stewardess wanted her to wait for another plane.

"But she's got the Hugos!" exclaimed Elliot Shorter.

Don Lundry came to the rescue. "If she's not on this plane, 77 of us won't be either. Right gang?"

We all nodded, somewhat dazed, and they found a seat for Nancy.

As Ron began reading the emergency exit literature and Suzie eagerly read the bar menu, I checked the passports. They were still there!

The plane soared into the air like a flight of a graceful chicken. Suddenly a quivering voice yelled, "I don't want to go to Europe, I never wanted to go. You made me."

"NO I DIDN'T." said Ron, angrily.

"I don't want to go. Stop the plane!" It was me yelling!

Mike O'Brien heard this, nodded to Ginjer, and said, "Next thing you know, she'll want to see a tornado, just like she did when we drove to Midwescon."

"She wants what?" exclaimed Don Lundry.

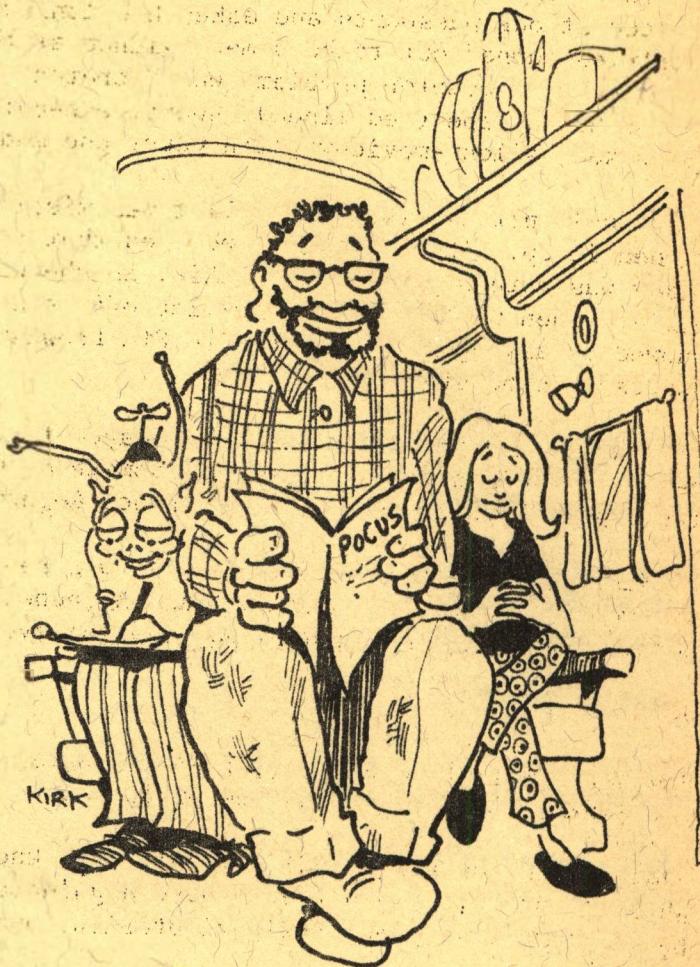
"Gee, I want to see a tornado." I said.

"What are you wishing on me now?" cried Don.

Soon fans filled the aisles, lined up for the always crowded bathrooms. The DC-8 was so crowded that several larger fans, like Elliot Shorter and Beresford ("Smitty") Smith spent most of the time standing -- they couldn't fit into the narrow seats.

Somehow everyone managed to catch a few uncomfortable hours of sleep.

First we stopped in Amsterdam (at the beautiful, ultra-modern Schipol airport) to transfer planes. And soon, yawning, stretching, and groaning, we disembarked in London.



LOST IN LONDON or where is it? where are you? where am I?

Our fears about customs proved unfounded. The officials are very nice. They glanced at our passports and asked how long we were staying. Customs in other countries turned out to be a mere glance at the cover of our American passport. The only one to encounter problems was "Scratch" Bachrach, who had to keep explaining why he had a cape (red-lined), sword, eye-patch, and tail in his luggage. Perhaps his waxed, silent-movie-villain moustache made him conspicuous.

Then Suzle noticed that her wallet was missing. Five minutes of frantic searching turned it up. Then Ron and I noticed that Suzle, Ginjer, Greg and Mike were missing. Nancy was rather perturbed at this, as she was supposed to be staying with Ginjer and Suzle. Then we saw them -- driving off in a double decker bus. Poor Don Lundry showed up asking what happened to Stu Brownstein, Alan Nourse, and crowd, as he was supposed to be staying with them.

Both Nancy and Don were equally dismayed to find that they couldn't remember the names of their hotels. "It's the something Gardens" muttered Nancy." "Mine's the Regent Prince, or is it the Prince Regent, or the Royal Prince?" questioned Don.

So Nancy ran off to find Smitty, who was renting a car. Ron and I knew our hotel, but we decided to wait and see what happened. I glanced through my notebook, and became aware that Don Lundry was staring over my shoulder.

"What's that?"

"My notebook. I've got a list of our hotels, what to see, where to eat, etc. And of course, I've got my "Europe on \$5 a day."

"Jesus, are you organized! I don't even know where I'm staying after tonight, or what I'm doing. I don't even have a guidebook." said Don. Don seemed enraptured by my list of phrases, train timetables, and menu translations. "Gee are you organized!"

After an extremely long time, Smitty and Nancy returned, along with the rented car. Not only do Englishmen drive on the left, they also put the wheel on the right. Fortunately Smitty had driven in England before, but not with the right-wheel.

Imagine drivers who combine the worst aspects of Los Angeles, New York, and Pennsylvania turnpike drivers and you approximate British drivers. So there we were, weaving along in our English car, half the time on the wrong side of the road. English drivers rarely use brakes. We backed out onto a road and another car came towards us, and towards us, and didn't even slow down. We sped along, maps in hand, trying to determine which road was M-4 (English highway designations are strange).

"Maybe it was the Regency Prince?"

"Gee, Nancy, I think it may have been the Cranley Gardens, I'll look it up in my Frommer's \$5 a Day."

"I hope we don't get a flat."

"Or was it the Regent Princess?"

"Watch out! You're on the wrong side of the road."

Eventually Nancy and Don got to the right hotels. Smitty dropped Ron and me off at our hotel, near Victoria Train Station.

Our hotel room was as large as the double bed it contained. The little French hotel keeper was nice, but he couldn't tell us how to get to the Underground station. You see, he didn't understand English. We soon discovered that London has an employment problem and has to hire many of its laborers from Europe.

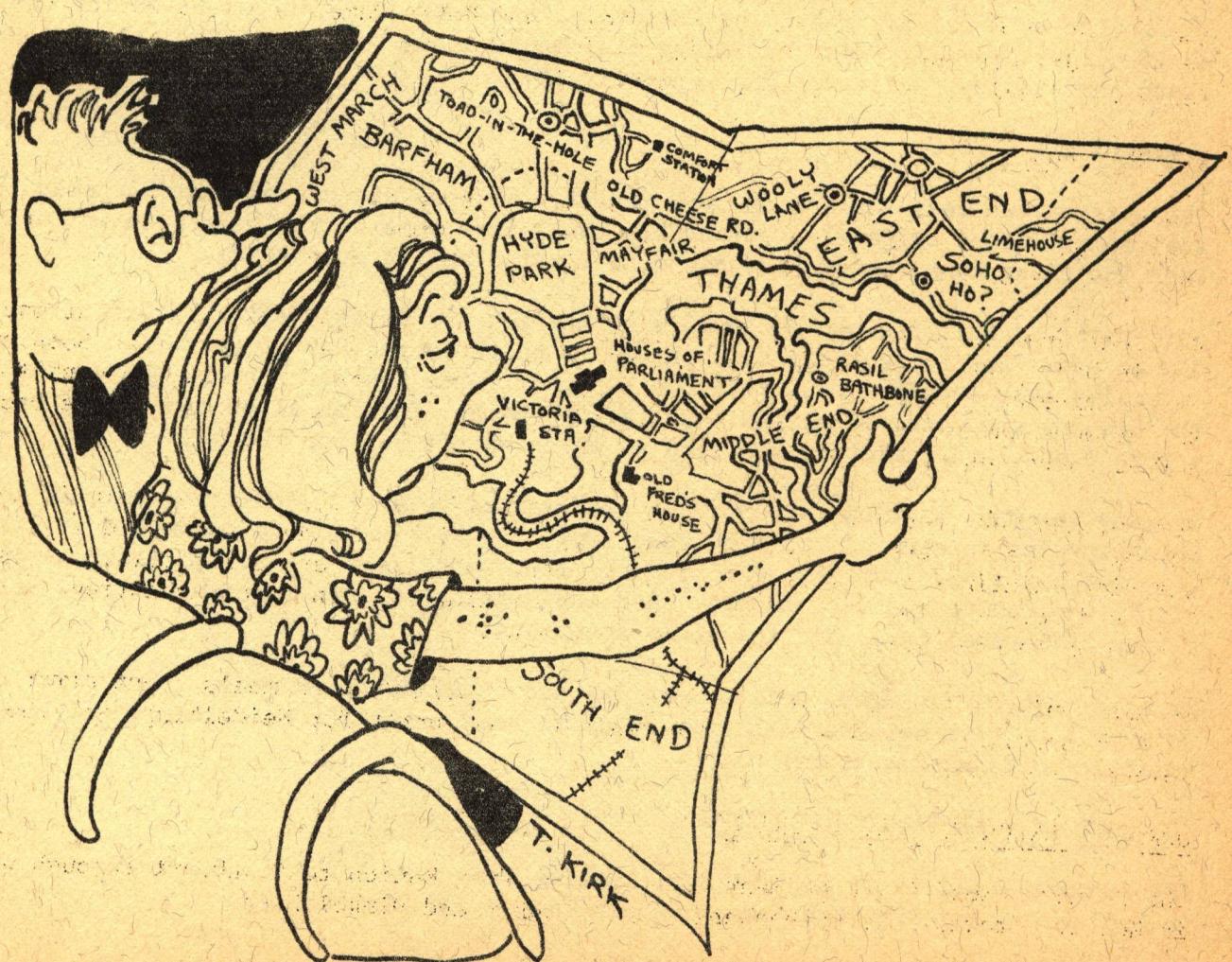
We also found that our map of London was invaluable. Everywhere we went, people wanted to use it. Londoners, Britishers on vacations, Frenchmen, Americans, even cab drivers accosted us and asked directions. Everyone was lost in London.

Since we had only 2 days to spend, Ron and I toured most of the famous sites: The Tower of London, Parliament, Westminster Cathedral, Tate Gallery, and Madame Tussad's Wax Museum. Crowds of tourists were everywhere. If you want to go to Europe, go off season.

We ran into Suzie, Ginjer, Mike, Nancy, and Greg. Crash. We spent one day sightseeing together. Then, on our last night in London, Ron and I went to the Globe pub, where British fans meet, and all the American fans were invited. There was hardly room for British fans, and when almost half of the Heicon Charter showed up the place got crowded.

Two crazy British fans left from the Globe to bicycle to Heicon. They rode on a homemade tandem!

Then Brunner, Moorcock, and many other pros showed up. The party was lots of fun. But Ron and I had to leave after an hour to catch a train to Paris.



PREMATURE BURIAL

The Night Train to Paris is an experience no first time European traveler should miss. Clutching "Europe on \$5-a-Day", I surveyed our tiny cabin. Edgar Allan Poe must have gotten his ideas for Premature Burial from a trip on the night train.

Ron and I filled out customs forms, then the customs official kept coming to the door, asking if they had been filled out yet. Ron was slow to fill them, so by the time they were ready, the train had begun to move. As I discovered the hidden sink and cabin lights, Ron went to give the official the form.

"Oh, Linda" he said, returning "he took away the passport."

"HE TOOK AWAY THE PASSPORT??"

With visions of lost and stolen passports curling through my brain, I began to unpack. That's when I sliced my finger on a hidden razor in the suitcase.

Have you ever tried to stop a finger from bleeding in a rocking 6 by 1 foot coffin?

It's funny, but I didn't get much sleep that night.

DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

Fortunately with morning came the customs official to return our passport, and beautiful, quaint Paris.

The Louvre is massive. The Seine is lovely, and Notre Dame is camera-worthy (as my 25 slides proves). Most Parisians claimed to speak "a little" English, but we found that saying "a little" was generally it.

I DINK I HAB A CODE

The next day we left for Munich, via Geneva. We soon discovered that European trains are indeed extremely comfortable, and serve some of the best food in Europe. Even 2nd class compartments surpass U.S. first class in most cases.

But scattered sniffles became trumpeting sneezes in Munich's rain. We spent one day in bed. But fortunately this proved to be our worst day of weather. Soon our colds improved enough for us to enjoy Munich's famed Lowenbräu beer. We went to the brewery and received a free tour (guided by an "English alcoholic") free beer, a free lunch, and a picture postcard -- which wasn't bad for the price.

Germany has many castles, so naturally we visited several. Neuschwanstein in the Bavarian alps is perhaps the most beautiful. Crazy King Ludwig decorated it with interior paintings from Wagner's operas. The chandeliers are solid gold. It is highly decorative and very lovely. And the setting is even more enchanting, with a view of several lakes and the green mountains.

We also enjoyed sausages, delicious milk, and excellent pork meals. But after 3 days of schnitzel we were more than ready to head north for Heidelberg, via the Romantic Road and Frankfurt.

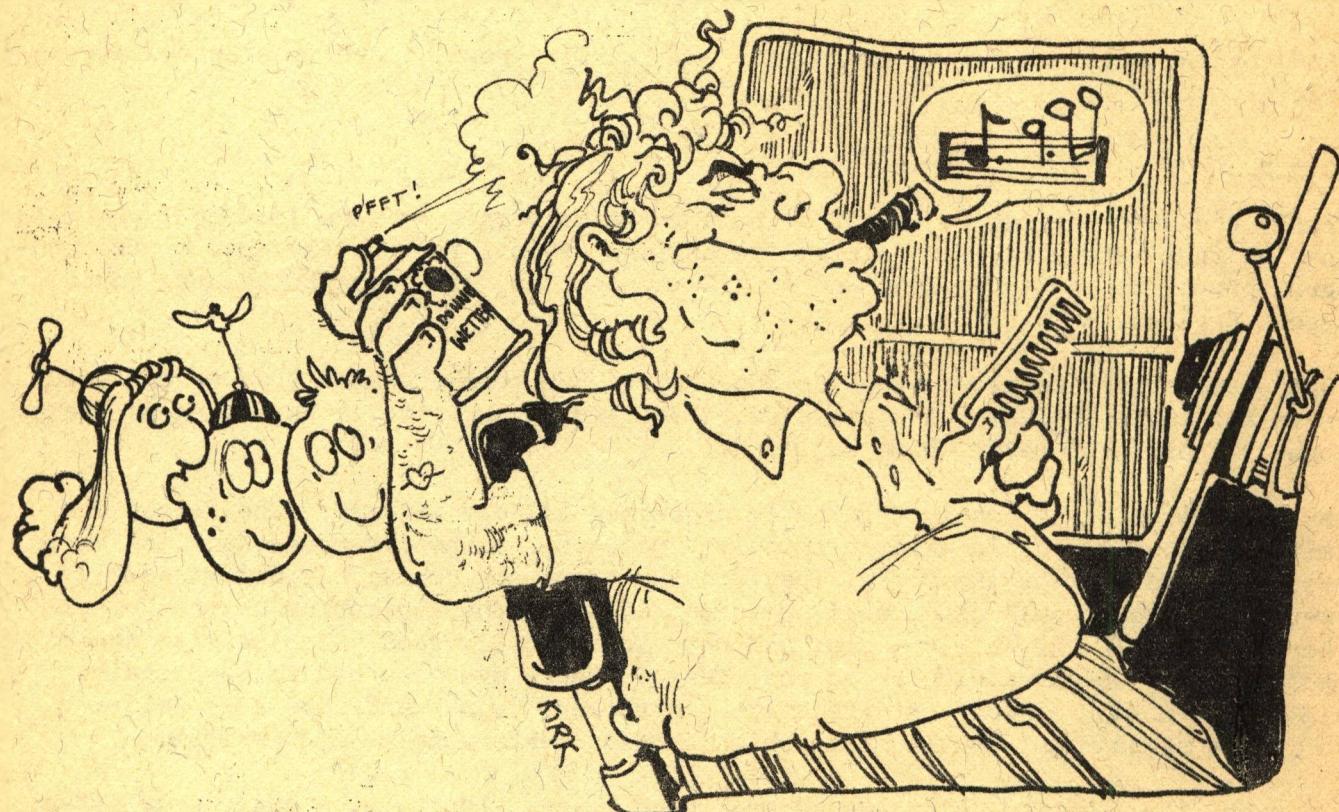
OUR MOST UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE

The Romantic Road is an ancient one, leading from Munich to Frankfurt through walled-in Medieval towns like Rothenberg on der Tauber and Dinkelsburg.

Promptly at 9am our Europabus arrived, complete with a frowzy hostess-guide. Most hostesses are chic, well-groomed women, but not our guide. Dirty-blond hair pulled back framed a plain, frowning face. She was rather confused, for the list of reservations she had did not correspond to the people waiting with reservations. Then the guide began counting people. Over and over again. She never seemed to get straight how many people were on the bus.

But at last we pulled off, accompanied by a series of bird and police whistles. At first we couldn't figure out where these came from, but at last we realized: IT WAS THE BUS DRIVER.

He was a rather nice looking man of about 40, smoking a short cigar. Careful observation disclosed that he never removed the cigar from his mouth. The cigar also remained the same length. The bird whistle was concealed inside!



As we bounced over the picturesque countryside the bus driver put on a blond, curly wig. He began to comb it and use hairspray.

Ron noticed that a Teddy Bear was suspended from the rear-view mirror. The bus driver also had a dangling spider protruding from the side window. At last the driver removed the wig -- he put on a huge black hat and dark glasses instead.

After three hours we stopped for a 15 minute rest in a tiny German town. Everyone ran to search for toilets and food. When Ron and I returned we found the hostess counting people. Unforunately several people had gotten off (it was a regular bus stop) and she really hadn't been sure how many people were on to begin with. It didn't matter though, the bus driver pulled off in the midst of her calculations.

Ahead of me, a young man glanced at the empty seat next to him and said, "I guess Fred will be catching the next bus."

At lunch everyone left made sure they arrived back a good half hour before take-off.

After lunch the driver got happier (he must have had a few, or a few more). He began to stop and call out of the window. "Which way to the Romantic Road?"

In Rothenberg he inquired "Which way to Rothenberg?"

Finally he stopped at a gas station and accosted the attendant: "Please give me some money, I must have some money. These are my children and grandchildren and I have to feed them. Please, I beg you."

The attendant shrugged, wandered over to an ice cream machine, got a cone, and gave it to the bus driver. The driver smiled, tipped his hat, and drove off.

Later the bus driver blew soap bubbles out the window at each stop sign. Accompanied by police and bird whistles, we at last arrived at Frankfurt.

And, by the way, our bus driver's name was Charlie Brown. And this story is completely true!

HEICON

Early the next morning we caught a train to Heidelberg. We were looking forward to seeing familiar faces, and to speaking English again. Fortunately most of the program proved to be in English, and most European fans, like most Europeans, could speak English.

One of the first people we saw was Don Lundry. He seemed amazed that we had actually seen all the things we had planned to. "You are so organized!" he muttered. He'd been traveling wherever whims had lead.

My impression of Heicon is of a badly organized all-day program. The Heicon committee had slowly disintegrated to only 4 members, and poor Manfred Kage and Mario Bosyniak did most of the work. They did the best they could, but unfortunately were not able to pull off a well-organized affair. The auditorium of the Heidelberg civic hall was fairly large, and not acoustically good. Tables with chairs had been set up perpendicular to the stage -- thus, everyone had to move chairs in order to look directly at the stage. Moreover, drinks and food were sold at a little stand right by the stage which caused constant noise and irritation.

However, the committee did have several good ideas. Fanorama, a daily newsletter, gave up-to-date information on program changes and provided translations of various speeches. The boat trip on the Neckar river proved to be a lot of fun -- one of the most successful aspects of the con. The banquet was excellent, although costly. (We learned that about \$1.50 of the \$7.00 cost went for food itself. The other \$5.50 paid for rental of the castle. The castle itself was nice, but we were only allowed into the huge banquet hall, and it was really not worth the expense.)

The costume ball was very small -- only about 15-20 costumes. Unfortunately photographers were not given a clear space to take pictures, and this caused a mass of photographers to stand directly in front of the stage.

The Bavarian night turned out to be a stage show of traditional Bavarian knee-slapping dances and an um pa pa band. Not my cup of tea.

But all the people made the con fun. About 350 people were actually there. We met crazy Australians (who had driven a broken down bus from Australia), British

fans, Swedish fans (including Leif Anderson, who is back in the U.S. again this year), and of course German fans.

German fandom had split into two groups: the Heicon committee and the Maoists. The latter group were ultra-right wingists who felt that no Americans should attend the con. They wanted to pass a resolution against the Vietnam War. Fortunately they did little to upset the convention and did form an interesting topic for conversation.

Although in some respects Heicon differed from an American con, the atmosphere of cordiality and chatter was typical. The major differences were the all day program (9 to 9, opposed to the U.S.'s 1-6 program), no parties sponsored by the con committee (although room parties abounded), and single speakers (rather than panels). The Huckster's Room and Art Show were small but adequate. And the speakers were on the dull side.

SURPRISING AMSTERDAM

Tuesday morning we left for Amsterdam. When we arrived at 10pm we emerged from the train station into a minor riot. Amsterdam hippies had been told that they could no longer camp out and sleep on the public monuments and therefore had staged several rock throwing riots.

We soon discovered that our room on the Damrak (the main tourist street) had a view. A view of the riots, that is. We hurried to our room and then spent several hours watching the hippies play tag with the police. First they gathered on the corner in front of our hotel. Slowly they filled the street. Finally a streetcar came by and they stood in front to stop it. Someone pulled down a street sign and laid it on the tracks. Before long the police swooped in on assorted motorcycles and trucks. The hippies ran. The police chased. So the hippies disappeared into the crowds of tourists and the back streets and alleys. Before long, they were gathering on nearby corners to again attract the police.

The following nights gave us a chance to see repeat performances. Unfortunately we missed the night they threw Molotov cocktails.

It's funny, but most Amsterdam people don't like hippies.

GEE MOM, THOSE GIRLS AREN'T WEARING MANY CLOTHES

Yes, soon fan began pouring into the city in order to return on the Heicon flight. Ron, Suzie, Ginjer, Greg, Bob Vardeman, Eli Cohen, and I got together and went sightseeing. We went to the red light district.

The Dutch are really rather civilized about the whole thing. The girls, dressed in miniskirts, low cut blouses, and boots, stand in front of their red lit windows or lounge inside huge picture windows, reading or knitting. They don't solicit. The men wander by and inquire about prices. We were simply thrilled to find the delights of this new tourist attraction only two blocks from the Damrak. All the tourists go there to sightsee. Why, I even saw a guy from my office talking to one of the girls. He had gone to Europe for the same weeks we did and followed his own route. I wanted to call over and say, "Gee, Ross, how are the wife and kids?" but refrained. When I returned to Pittsburgh I asked him if he had been there; and sure enough, it was him. Oh well.

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"Good women are no fun....The only good woman I can recall in history was Betsy Ross. And all she ever made was a flag." -- Mae West

We also visited a Sex Museum. Suzanne didn't want to go in, but faced with the thought of standing alone on the sidewalk in the Red Light district, she decided she'd enjoy going in. Greg and Eli tried to get a student discount, but no luck. So for 25¢ we were able to leer at Playboy foldouts, artistic nudes (clipped from LIFE magazine), and various objets d'art (that is to say, helpful aids like 'spanish fly', dildos, various aphrodisiacs, and so on).

While in Amsterdam, Ron and I saw BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES -- the Dutch show foreign films with Dutch subtitles. We also wandered into a Sex Shop where sexy books are sold, and managed to get a copy of SEASON OF THE WITCH, an excellent novel by Hank Stine. He uses the man's-brain-transferred-into-a-woman's-body theme, and does a far better job than Heinlein did. We also got IMAGE OF THE BEAST, a really awful Philip Jose Farmer book.

FINAL THOUGHTS

Traveling in Europe can be done cheaply. Nancy Lambert went the youth hostel route and spent under \$450, including air fare. Ron and I spent about \$1400 in all for our three weeks -- including \$200 worth of presents, plane fare to N.Y., fare to Europe, sightseeing, hotels, advance reservations, food, everything. We spent about \$8 per night on a room without bath, but generally the bath and toilet were across the hall, and we always had running water in the room. We ate well, but generally preferred \$1 meals to \$7 ones, although we splurged several times. Obviously we could have spent a lot more, but I don't think we could have seen more.

I recommend traveling by train. European trains are clean, fast, on time, and have excellent dining cars. They also deposit you in the center of the city, thus eliminating costly and time-consuming cab rides from the airport, and airport taxes (which can add 4-6 dollars to every city you leave from).

Other notes: everywhere you go you'll find pay toilets (usually costing 5 to 10 cents); using European money is really very easy, you get used to it quickly; beer costs about 25¢ but cokes can cost 25¢ to 40¢; you can use English and be understood almost everywhere, but it makes you feel like a klutz not to be able to speak the language.

Really, Europe is not extremely different from the U.S. We enjoyed ourselves very much and intend to go back to visit other parts of Europe which we didn't get to see.

One amusing thing was language. After saying "Pardon, Merci, and wai" in France, it became hard to remember to say "Danke, etc." in Germany. We also found ourselves talking pidgin English among ourselves. "Look, Ron, big church! Hungry. Let's eat."

But as with any trip, half the fun was the planning. And it's funny, but now that I'm home, I wish we were going to Europe.

Who knows, Sweden in '75 anyone?

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men

"Women with "pasts" interests / because men hope that history will repeat itself."

-- Mae West

OMPHALLOPSYCHITE



LETTERCOLUMN

MIKE GLICKSOHN
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267 St. George St.
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Gf remains a highly enjoyable fanzine, no matter what anyone says, from its superb Carter cover through its intelligent and informative articles to its literate and amusing lettercol. On top of all that, it includes my name three times; what more could anyone ask of a definitely superior fanzine?

The tremendous increase in the size of fandom has its drawbacks and has led recently to what I consider to be some invalid conclusions. Your own example is a case in point. Because you didn't receive some fanzines in 1969 you were led to some conclusions that got you into some pretty hot water. This is really to be expected: with very few exceptions, I doubt that most fanneds receive even a sizeable proportion of the fannish output for any given period. (But tsk, tsk, for not knowing about ANALOG and Freas -- I haven't bought ANALOG for two years but the damn thing is so widely distributed one can't help but see each issue, and Freas has a unique and easily recognizable style). Therefore, about any conclusion you want to draw about the state of fandom is almost bound to be based on an incomplete sampling of current material, and one must be very careful in making generalizations. (I'm hedging my bets here by repeating "almost" because probably the very rare individual such as Charlie Brown does get a sizeable percentage of current zines, but he's an anomaly, statistically insignificant.)

The other widespread and, I feel, invalid generalization that has become popular lately, is that there are very few good writers in fandom nowadays. The way I see it, is that the writers we do have appear in a smaller % of the zines than did the "giants" of the past. Hence, there do not appear to be as many good writers as in distant days when fandom was small enough for one man to write for nearly all the better zines. There are just too many fanzines being published nowadays for a small group of talented writers to dominate the field. Thus, each zine is inclined to develop its own stable of writers who perhaps are not seen in too many other fanzines, I feel it is this diversification of our writers which has become noticeable rather than a particular decline in the writing ability of fans. And of course, there has been a definite change in the emphasis of fannish writing which a lot of older fans equate with a decline in talent. This is nonsense. Change is change and you can accept it or reject it but there's no call to accuse someone of being a poor writer just because he writes articles about science fiction rather than about fans.

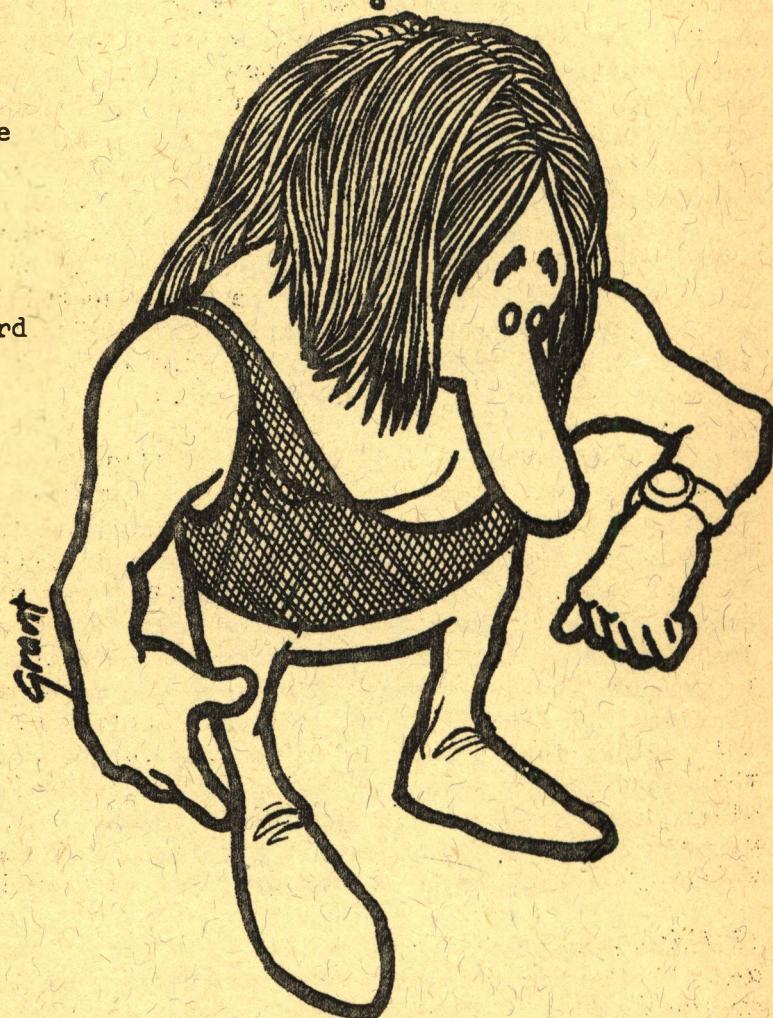
(I think you have a valid point. I'm one of those people who has wondered: "Where are all the fan writers?" For some reason we have plenty of great fan artists, who appear in many different zines. Yet I have a hard time coming up with fan writers who appear in more than one or two zines. I can think of several excellent writers who might deserve Hugo recognition, if they were more active, Rosemary Ulliyot, Dick Geis, Juanita Coulson, Sandra Miesel, Ginjer Buchanan, and others. It is really

a shame that these talented people
don't appear more frequently. -LeB)

And yet it would seem that the pendulum is beginning to swing back the other way with a greatly heightened interest in fannish history and the so-called "fannish fanzine." I enjoyed Harry Warner's article on 7th fandom because I have recently developed considerable interest in our past, but perhaps the most frightening sentence in the article is "...many people who later became fannish legends had temporarily or permanently begun to gafiate: Shelby Vick, Max Keasler, Ian Macauley, and others." Egads, I've never heard of any of them! Is this the permanence of fannish fame? In ten years will young fans be sitting asking each other "Linda who? Granfawhat?" Makes one realize just how ephemeral this whole damn thing is.

Ron Miller has written probably the most literate, informed, and knowledgeable article on art and SF illustration I have ever read. It is unfortunate that he is discussing such abstract and theoretical concepts that it is hard for the layman to grasp exactly what he is referring to. I myself have often been accused by my "arty" friends of knowing nothing about art and enjoying only illustration. I stand convicted. I have never denied this. My reaction to a drawing of any sort is very much on the level of personal association and while I accept Ron's "aesthetic emotion" as an abstract, I cannot honestly say I would recognize it if it bit me. (This is not a case of reverse snobbishness in which I stand up and glorify in my own ignorance, loudly proclaiming my own inabilities. Perhaps I have indeed experienced what Ron means but I'm simply unable to put into words my reactions to so-called works of art. I do believe that I am very familiar with the feeling of the mathematician that he claims is analogous, however.)

FIRST A
DR. PEPPER,
THEN TIME
TO BLOW UP
THE R.O.T.C.
BUILDING
BEFORE
LUNCH....



Alas, I'm not nearly as impressed with Ron's art as I am with his discussions of art. I find his use of that particular form of shading (a sort of multiple cross-hatching -- there is doubtless some technical term for it) extremely crude and ineffective. For me it detracts from the form of the drawing, producing a hurried appearance that is emphasized by the raggedness of many of the shapes and lines. A personal reaction. Again, I personally do not like his use of extremely cluttered backgrounds. I find they obscure the drawing and prevent an appreciation of the work as a whole. I did, however, really like the first drawing in the portfolio. Here the complex but symmetrical background enhanced rather than detracted from the simpler but remarkably effective frontal figure. Rather than distracting attention, the background served to focus it on the figure and hence encouraged consideration of the work as a unit. Perhaps it's just my mathematician's soul preventing me from experiencing that "aesthetic emotion" that Ron describes, but those were my reactions to his work.

John D. Berry's letter points out the tremendous diversity of opinion that exists as to what makes a good fanzine. It's no secret that John prefers fannish things to Science Fictional things so I'm not surprised to see him suggesting FOCAL POINT as a Hugo winner. It is also quite consistent with John's fannish bent that he should be more inclined to favor good writing and be less influenced by artwork and appearance. On the other hand, I am inclined to be more on your side of the fence. As I pointed out earlier, recent fandomwide emphasis has been on SF and not on fans and fandom itself, so the generation of fans to which you and I belong tends to favor at least some serious discussion of SF. In addition, those of us who entered fandom in the last four or so years are more inclined to expect and to value good artwork as an integral part of a good fanzine. One man's meat...etc.

JACK GAUGHAN
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12471

Ron Miller's article reiterates one of my old and oft repeated beefs -- that there should be more reflection of contemporary art in SF. I have no complaint but one about the admirable article (more! more!) and that is something I find hard to avoid -- the use of technical jargon. I have found the pursuit of pure form as interesting but as useless as the pursuit of objectivity (as opposed to subjectivity). An amusing intellectual game which serves to segregate the artist from his audience. But that is my opinion as "For anyone to look beyond significance for worldly emotions is a weakness..." is his opinion.

The "aesthetic emotion" breaks down into "I like that -- I don't like that" and is embellished or orchestrated or varied by the ability, background or culture of the speaker/observer. Well, I could go on for pages -- just let me qualify all my opinions with this, my belief, "The work of an artist is incomplete without an audience." When I was 16/20 years old I'd have spit in your eye if you told me that. The difficulty is to work while aware of an audience without catering to it. I too often cater. And that sir, without going into finances, etc. is the weakness of SF art. It is also what makes SF SF. One statement does not exclude the other.

Where did Mr. Miller get his quotes? I'm curious.

The differences between illustration and fine art -- oh dear! Define SF! What is life? Jeepers. In all my years and from all the illoers I have known, what separates illustrating from art (sigh) is the illustrator. (Right here stop and think about that.) However, I cannot but agree that we should get SF art out of the 30's and into the 70's. So saying, I'm enclosing some drawings out of the 20's for Gf -- let's face it, they're fun! [I find it interesting that you agree with Ron. You'll probably agree with this issue's article too. But I agree, some of the 30's art is beautiful, and fun, and I don't really think there's anything wrong with using it.] -LeB

SANDRA MIESEL
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The Ron Miller illos were very pretty indeed, even if the repro didn't quite do them justice. Using so many of them gave the issue an extra sense of coherence. And do try to get some more of his opinons on SF art.

[Sandra, the folio was mimeo, not offset as you thought, and since it was mimeo, I don't think repro was too bad. -LeB]

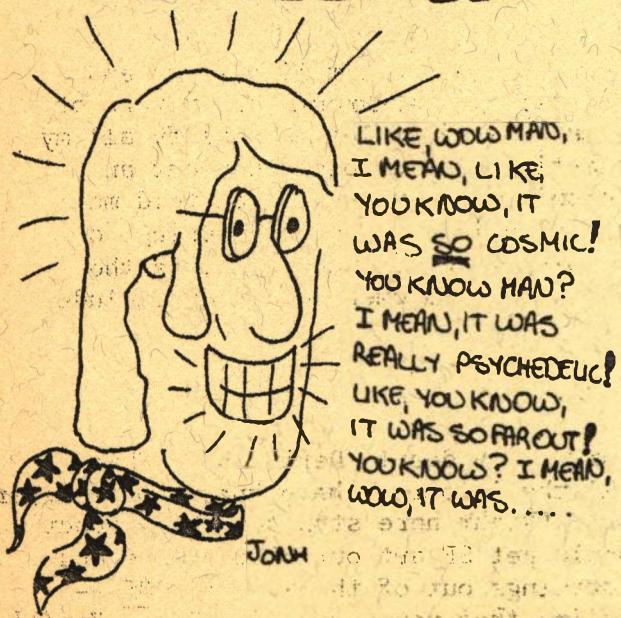
Harry and other fan historians might be interested to know that Indianapolis fan, Lee Lavell, has preserved what are believed to be the only actual photographs of the famous "broken door incident" at the Midwestcon. The most dramatic shot shows an incredibly young Harlan trying to explain matters to a bemused policeman.

Nancy Lambert doth protest her love of Harlan at entirely too great a length. Not that I'm scoffing at the feeling. Not in the least -- I love him myself. So does my gray-haired mother and my five-year old daughter. But there was just a bit more to PgHANGE than standing in iron-filings' array around the magnetic GoH.

Since John Berry remarked kindly on my "Sensies" I had to think of one for him. He's glossy, rippling, and golden -- like the hide of a palomino horse. (Picture John tossing his thick, pale mane in the wind...) Hank Davis is a palpable, 3-dimensional Silence. (I didn't say he was silent; I said he was Silence.) It was

a great challenge to compose one for Elliot Shorter. He's a mature burr oak tree. The burr oak is an uncommon species of oak, very slow-growing and exceptionally hardy. It has fantastically large, shiny, dark green leaves and giant fuzzy-capped acorns. (Elliot is a lovely man. My imagination can't quite stretch to encompass him.)

ELECTRIC KODA ~ EPOD EXPERIENCE NUMBER 30



GREG SHAW
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I have to admit to a feeling of guilt when I read the back page where you

checkmarked that line about "Have you noticed how many feuds..." etc. In all truth I thought Gf9 was both fuggheaded and pretentious, and I believe I shared that opinion with a few people, but I'm happy to see, in your answer to John Berry, that you are capable of admitting your mistakes and limitations. What more can anyone ask? Unlike some, I don't think Gf is the "worst" fanzine in recent years; it's definitely not the kind of fanzine I'd ever publish, and I don't find much to read in it outside of the letter section, but for what it is, I think it's very well done. I think your layout and use of artwork are much improved in this issue, and while it's nothing to get a swelled head about, I think you

could consider yourself competent in this regard.

I don't want to get any further into this "controversy"-- if indeed it is one -- over what constitutes a good fanzine and all the rest. You're quite correct in telling John that we're all entitled to our personal preferences. You represent a sizeable portion of fandom with your tastes; in

my first 2 years in fandom I'm sure I would have read GRANFALLOON faithfully and had little contact with zines like EGOBOO. I went through my oldfmz the other day and pulled out a whole stack full of various serious discussions of SF, none of which I wanted to keep any longer. And I realized that while I was enthusing over these zines some very fine fannish fanzines had been published that I knew nothing about, and cared less. I didn't

even bother to subscribe to LIGHTHOUSE! So I know what it's like to be in that place. But at the same time there is a large faction that does enjoy fannish material more, and being a member of that group now I think it's only fair that we be entitled to circulated polls amidst ourselves for the purpose of bestowing mutual egoboo. For an immediate example, take my own zine, METANOIA. If there were no EGOBOO Poll it'd be very unlikely that I'd ever receive the recognition of my peers and find out just where I stand in the estimation of all the other fans of like mind. Obviously I could never expect to win a Hugo - that's a SF award and should be reserved for zines that concern themselves with SF. I see no inequity in excluding small fannish zines from Hugo contention, just as I see no unfairness in not electing Charlie Brown as #1 fan face when most of the people who voted in the poll derived a lot more pleasure from Terry Carr's presence in fandom that year.

A lot of things go on in the name of fandom, and it is no longer possible to set universal standards for this particular microcosm. We're just going to have to get used to living with many different ideas of what fanac should be, and try to keep things in their proper contex when making judgments.

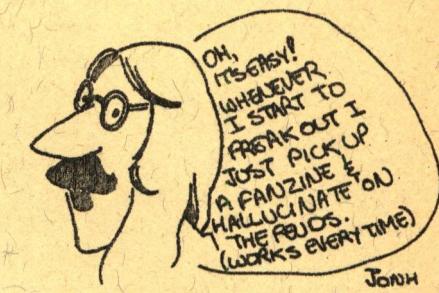
[I like both SF-oriented zines and fannishzines and fail to see that the two must be mutually exclusive. I think GRANFALLOON manages to hit both areas, with sercon articles, con reports, fanhistory articles, book reviews, and so on. It is a genzine, as are the majority of fanzines. I also feel that the Hugo and Egoboo polls are for any and all fanzines, serconzines, fannish faanzines, or genzines. Unless a poll states otherwise, this is the only possible conclusion. So who knows, a fannish zine may yet win the Hugo. (And in fact has in the past -- LIGHTHOUSE being one example) And I think there is plenty of room in fandom for all types of zines. -LeB]

HARRY WARNER, Jr.
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Hagerstown, Md. 21740

You are to be congratulated for producing this good 10th issue without showing any printed evidence of hysteria or rancor for the beating you've been taking. Some of your remarks in the previous issue were a trifle unwarranted and

some of the comment they attracted was considerably unwarranted. You've emerged in good condition from the turmoil and I hope you won't hesitate to express opinions of unpopular nature again in the future, even though I fear you've chosen a safer topic for attack this time. Heinlein is the only person involved with SF who has raised as many eyebrows as you did during 1970. Incidentally, I appreciate greatly the highiy appropriate illustration that leads off my article. Even if it wasn't done specifically as a commentary on 7th Fandom, it fits beautifully.

I imagine that artists have precisely the same built-in handicap as authors in the SF field. Neither those who use the brush nor those at the typer can draw as



extensively and consistently on reality and on personal experience for their inspiration as those writing and drawing on mundane topics can do. So there's almost always some trace element of humanity and truth missing from SF stories and drawings, no matter how fine they may be in every other way. This inevitable lack makes it awfully hard for them to compete with mundane creations for the rank of best under the judgment of eternal verities. So while I agree with much of what Ron Miller says about SF art, I feel that there's no real reason why we should expect it to compete with the best illustrations produced anywhere else in the nation. The best we can hope for SF art, I imagine, is a special place in the history and reference books somewhat similar to that occupied now by the itinerant artists who did much of the portraiture in pioneer days in the U.S. They don't rank with Turner or Cezanne, but they're admired and collected for the special strengths and virtues that their primitive methods and ways of working induced.

Nancy Lambert's analysis of the Harlan-fandom thing is quite interesting. Some of it may be superfluous pretty soon, since Harlan seems to be recanting already. Maybe he'll just repeat the excellent example set by Patti, the great opera star, whose farewells to the stage became an annual tradition for several decades. Of course, Harlan has over-reacted to fandom's calmness toward his Clarion activities. It's the first time he's ever been a teacher and it's a big thing to him. If Clarion produces a real genius-type SF writer, Harlan will be justified; if all that emerge from his efforts are dozens of mediocre authors who join the hundreds already in existence, fandom will be justified in refusal to be awed by the whole project. [Now that Harlan has shown up as GoH of Mondocon, we in Pittsburgh fandom who got to know and like him at PgHANGE, find ourselves filled with disappointment that his resolve dissolved so easily. On the other hand, we hope that Harlan will remain active in fandom. He is a fascinating, witty, and nice person. I hope he remains in fandom this time around. But it's a man's prerogative to change his mind. And Harlan often does just that. As for the Clarion Workshop, I feel that Harlan has every reason to be proud. It looks as if the students are indeed turning out excellent work. After the short 6-week course, about half of the kids produced selling stories. And that seems to be an outstanding amount of success.-LeB]

"The Fittest" is good fiction. Janet Fox's story should turn up eventually in a prozine -- in perhaps a longer version.

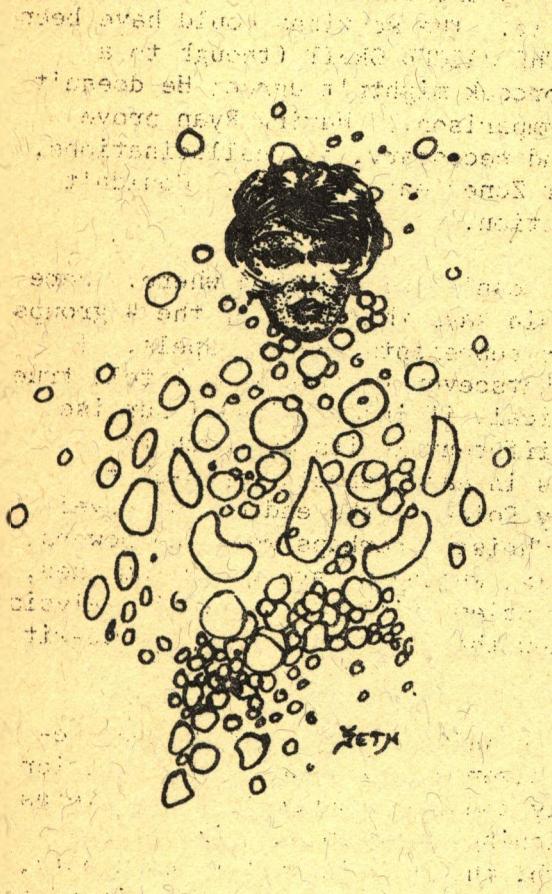
Richard Delap seems really intent and deeply involved in his reactions to the books he reads. This makes him a superior book reviewer, for there's a sort of conviction and even a sense of pleading to be found in them, elements that are missing from many other book reviews these days which seem to be written by blasé people who would be ashamed to admit any real enthusiasm or disappointment, lest they not appear sufficiently sophisticated and blasé. Now I'm going to spoil all that by terming his appearance in the letter section more cogent and vivid criticism than the column. This letter is the kind of thing I'd like to quote if I were ever crazy enough to try to write a book about today's SF authors, for it epitomizes so perfectly the way many readers react to Ellison as an author of fiction. It tells only one side of the full truth but it is extremely telling as far as it goes.

The illustrations are splendid in general. The heavy black areas on several of the pictures and headings are a delight to eyes that used to be afflicted by the blotchy blacks that afflicted almost every fanzine run off on a mimeo with a perforated drum; I still can't get used to the absence of this regular pattern in the blacks in today's fanzines. If I had to single out something inside for special praise, it would be Connie Faddis's sketch, which is just different enough from a thousand other drawings of ships to stick in the memory. I can't figure out if it's the craft's angle or the unusual sail which causes the unusual effect.

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Sorry to reply so late, I am battling still with draft-board -- now it involves Congressmen and the Surgeon General.

Ron Miller -- who somehow, page 11, makes an ad for Pristine Feminine hygiene deodorant into a working Zodiac sign, has made some valid points -- all except his criticism of SF art being "backwards." If SF is backwards -- and it is -- it is because of the readers. Most people in SF are oriented to 1950's covers. Fans will not accept modern artwork. But more to come. I know I now have an article to write about. (See MIKE GILBERT ANSWERS BACK)



TERRY CARR
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I disagree rather strongly with your advice for faneds in Gf9, for faneds never to stencil artwork by hand, always use electronic stenciling instead. A fanzine produced by Gregg Calkins will almost always look better in its artwork, hand-traced though it may be, than does most of the art in Gf. (Naturally excepting the offset drawings by Kirk and Fabian, which required mechanical help for reproduction.) Rotsler's drawings always look bad to me when reproduced electronically; there's a much flatter quality to the lines than the liveliness of Rotsler's originals. A good artwork stenciler can capture this quality of Rotsler's art; electronic stencils, whether in Gf or SFR, just don't. (My editorial was aimed at neos, and I would still say never for them, for hand stenciling requires lots of practice, and for best results, an expensive mimeoscope. True, some great results have occurred -- take a look at the beautifully hand-traced illos in YANDRO or FOCAL POINT. But these are the exceptions and not the usual result of hand-stenciling (which is generally bad).

Electronic stenciling reproduces artwork exactly as it appeared, and if it is a good electronic stencil, no one can complain. I challenge anyone to do a good job tracing most artwork by Gilbert, Gaughan, Fabian, or even Kirk, I've never seen one. These intricately drawn pieces, as well as illos with large dark areas, necessitate electronic stenciling. Also, if you are a bad tracer, you are better off using electronic stencils. I traced several Rotsler illos in Gf8. It was a pretty good job, and of course, lacked the flatness of electronic stencils. Rotsler wrote me and said, please use electronic stencils, "whoever traced that was a moron;" and Andy Porter justly complained about the inept tracing of his drawing. I've never had an artist complain about electronic stenciling.

Naturally, I assumed that the reader would know I meant good electronic stencils. Occasionally a stencil maker will do a bad job, and of course a hand-traced illo will surpass it. But hand-tracing rarely surpasses a good electronic stencil. If one is able to hand-trace beautifully, and has simple illos (and not Barr's or Fabian's) he should. But I'm not, and don't. And neither do most faneds, especially neos. -LeB)

JERRY KAUFMAN
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My misgivings about Richard Delap are based on the simple fact that we have disagreed on too many major books. There is one place that we part company farther than can be breached. He disliked the Villiers series for most of the reasons I liked them. When the differences between a reviewer/critic and a reader become that acute, the reader loses a lot of respect for and interest in the opinions of the reviewer. So I approached his reviews in Gf10 with that in mind. I've read half of the novels he reviews. And do I have anything to add?

There's a few things. THE BLACK CORRIDOR felt to me to be more contrived than even Richard says. The "past" sequences, attempting to show the totally paranoid society, were too single minded and sketchy to convince me of it. The sections could have been twice as long. Brunner did much the same thing in THE JAGGED ORBIT (though to a different purpose) and did it somewhat better. (Moorcock mightn't agree; He doesn't care for Brunner very much, and wouldn't like the comparison.) Having Ryan prove to be as insane as the Earth he leaves is logical and necessary; the hallucinations, however, drove me up a tree: too many hack Twilight Zones end that way. Couldn't Ryan have been mad without them? (A rhetorical question.)

FOURTH MANSIONS is going somewhere, all right, but I can't tell Richard where. Here is a worthless and superficial answer. Alexei Panshin says that each of the 4 groups vying for power is represented by a symbol that also represents the 4 Gospels. I take this idea, and without any Biblical training whatsoever (so you know I tell true when I say this solution is pointless and problematical, if interesting) I surmise that mankind (as I understand that each Gospel is different in its approach to Christ, I suggest that this explains the differences in each force's approach to world control). The combination of powers in Freddy Foley at the end of the novel would perhaps be the combination of each Gospel in Christ. Perhaps when the powers, the approaches of all things on Earth, in the Gospels, whatever, are truly combined, the Second Coming will be upon us. (I always have problems with this sort of analysis, the chief of which is, "What if everyone already knew that, and I've been a slow-wit again?")

The covers were well-chosen, a wrap-around effect, as WARHOON gets, but without repeating your front cover on the back, or your back cover on the front. The interior work was fascinating: Miller's work is astoundingly complex. Several of his pieces are almost philosophical statements; the juxtapositioning of women and time-pieces brings numerous images to my mind, of love-and-death, the fleeting nature of beauty, some things I don't care to mention. He ought to do some work in film, for his ideas and pasteup style is suited to that.

On John Berry's letter: I've still got one question about the Egoboo poll. What do you mean by "Fan Face?" I sort of assumed this was somebody who showed up at conventions, and whom you really enjoyed the company of, a category for the fannish fan who didn't write much of anything but who added a great deal to fandom in his ability as a conversationalist, bon vivant, and fine fellow. But when you mention Terry, you say "articles, letters". Now, going by my standards, my definition, Terry is fairly interesting and Dick Geis has no standing as I've never met him, while Charlie Brown does pretty well, as does Ted White, Sandra Miesel, Ginjer Buchanan, or Chris Couch. Now that I think of it, how about running this poll so I can vote Ginjer Best Fan Face of 1970? Using your criteria of "articles and letters" you end up with another Best Writer category. And that's not what you intended, is it?

And people don't "fawn over" Charlie Brown anymore than people used to "fawn over" Ted White.

JERRY LAPIDUS
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Pittsford, N.Y.
14534

I'm glad to see Richard Delap, whom I consider to be one of the two best regular fan reviewers (the other being Ted Pauls), agreeing so completely with what I've thought and said about THE PALACE OF ETERNITY.(Ted, in fact, called it one of the best books of the year, but although Richard and I rarely agree completely, we do so here.) For me, it wasn't that I really minded the egon idea that much. The concept isn't unique, and could have been quite interesting had it been unified into the body of the first section of the novel. But saving the whole thing for the biggest deus ex machina I've read in the field in years just blew everything for me. I couldn't accept the rest of the novel, even if it had been up to the standards of the first section. After establishing that nice, realistic, slightly downbeat background, to turn right around and negate the whole thing with the egon thing was a crime, to say the least!

Also agree that AND CHAOS DIED was a potentially fine, remarkable book which I didn't like. I even agree with Richard that A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA is LeGuin's best book.

I must support you, Linda, in the question of quantity versus quality in fan polls and awards. I feel such things, particularly the Hugos, should ideally be given for a substantial body of high caliber work. While the pro awards are set up around specific books or stories, the fan categories simply specify "Best," and don't even list any qualifications for these awards. So I look for an individual who has contributed to fandom some sort of reasonable amount of really good material... rather than, say, the genius who has written or drawn two or three brilliant pieces, but nothing else. Obviously quality should be the main determining factor, but for me at least, a large amount of really good material is more valuable and more deserving of note than a very few pieces of brilliant stuff.

MIKE HORVAT
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97389

I have yet to read something by Harry Warner that wasn't well written and able to snap my attention up by the nose and drag it along with a whoosh right through to the end. Of course, as a budding historian, I particularly like his fan history work -- I sympathize with him in writing it; that sort of happening is hard to relive on paper without leaving out the breath of life that permeated the events as they happened.

I've been waiting for Ron Miller's article; SF in general has been recognized (by many, anyway) as literature first and SF incidentally....I wondered when someone would point out that SF illustration should be judged as art first, SF second. I agree with Ron -- any other interpretation seems to me to hide behind the "big fish in a small pond" school.

JONH INGHAM
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Saugus, Calif. 91350

Your suggestion that Fan Artists and Fan Cartoonists compete in separate categories is a good one. Geis and others have been campaigning for Rotsler to receive a Hugo for years, but as long as there is an Austin, Barr, or Kirk, he won't win, because Artist implies quality, and let's face it, the quality of an Austin is miles ahead of a Rotsler. But in terms of cartooning, Rotsler is years ahead of the field. Rotsler for Fan Cartoonist. (I intend to put up such a motion at the NORELCON this year. And I very much hope that member's attending the business session will support it. -LeB.)

Liked Ron Miller's work a lot, except for a couple of flaws and giant mistakes, like the last page of the folio. Especially liked the use of existing diagrams and such. Could I have his address? (Several people asked for it, so here it is: RON MILLER, 1486 North Fourth St., Columbus, Ohio 43201 -LeB.)

Why is it that people consistently ignore music as a category? To stick to rock music, with which I am familiar, within the past year there has been an album by Pink Floyd, who produce nothing but SF music; an album entitled "In the Court of King Crimson, an Observation by King Crimson," decidedly fantasy except for one cut entitled "21st Century Schizoid Man"; a song by Paul Kantner entitled "Blows Against the Empire," telling about 7,000 freaks hijacking the first starship; a song by the Incredible String Band which is a satire on robots in a robot society; and the list goes on and on. So why not have the Dramatic Hugo go to one of these? They certainly rate higher than *BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES* or *NIGHT GALLERY*.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM lots of people.

I'm sorry I'm unable to print the rest of the letters, but this issue is longer than I expected, as is, and I want to get it in the mail as quickly as possible. Thanks to all of you who wrote. By the way, today is January 30th, and I expect to have all the copies collated by February 2 and in the mail soon thereafter.

Deadline for material for nextish is March 15th, and I'd appreciate any material you'd care to send, as the file is bare. Thanks.



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