



GRANFALLOON

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Edited and published by:
Linda E. Bushyager
Apt. B211 - Sutton Arms
121 MacDade Blvd.
Folsom, Pa. 19033

Proofreader: Ron Bushyager
Mimeo: Johann Sebastian
Bach Smith ("Smitty")
Electronic Stencils:
Alpajpuri

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Jay Kinney - 3, 10, 11,
16,17,46,47
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Dan Steffan - 1,6
Grant Canfield - 8,40
Ron Miller - 21,37,41
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C. Lee Healy - 28,29
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CALL OF THE KLUTZ

Editorial by Linda Bushyager

Right now Ron and I are going through a bit of an upheaval. As you probably noticed on the contents page we have moved (and if you didn't, be sure to note the new address). We moved to Philadelphia in a whirlwind of confusion as Ron was laid off from his job as a Programmer with Westinghouse in Pittsburgh and then offered a transfer within Westinghouse to the Small Turbine division in Lester, Pa. (which is, like Folsom, a suburb of Philadelphia). With a mere two weeks to find an apartment, pack, move, unpack, and begin work, we had many problems. Fortunately we found a nice, large two-bedroom apartment in a convenient location. But things are still somewhat muddled, which is one reason why this issue is a little late. Also, because of a temporary lack of money and time to find a local lithographer, there is no portfolio thisish. Connie Reich Faddis drew three folio drawings which will appear nextish. I think you will find them especially enjoyable for Connie feels they are just about her best line drawings.

One important consideration in apartment hunting was convenience to shopping and public transportation. Ron and I must be part of the tiny minority of people who *don't have a car!* Here is a statistic for Ripley, there are a few of us left. Furthermore, contrary to popular belief, it is possible to live without a car.

Because we don't have one of those glamorous little \$100 a month necessities, Ron and I find ourselves in a daily discussion/explanation with disbelieving neighbors, clerks, and friends. With gaping mouths and protruding eyeballs most people squeal "How can you LIVE without a car?" Yet listening to these same people complaining about gas costs, crying over expensive repair bills, bemoaning inspections (known to Pennsylvanians as semi-annual fleecings), describing stolen cars, accidents, and traffic jams, and dreading the monthly insurance and car payments, one wonders how it is possible to live with one.

Admittedly, cars do have their conveniences, especially to people with small children, people who live or work far from bus lines, or fans who enjoy conventioning and mimeo paper buying. But why the stares of disbelief about a young couple without children deciding they would rather save \$100 or so a month plus aggravation? It is not too hard to find a nice apartment (or even a house) on a bus line and within a block of shopping.

But when I talk to car owners (which means just about everybody above the age of 17 it seems), I feel I am performing some sort of miracle. At times it is funny, but at other

times it can be distressing. For instance some people are completely unable to accept the idea of not having a car:

"I would like you to deliver that, I'm Mrs. Bushyager."

"It would be easier if you picked it up."

"We don't have a car, so please deliver it."

"Your husband can pick it up, we are open until 9."

"We don't have a car."

"Well, he can drive ..."

"I don't have a car, and neither does my husband."

"No car? Impossible."

"No car."

"Well, can one of your neighbors drive..."

"We just moved. By the way, what does that sign say?"

"We deliver."

"Well?"

"Nobody ever asks for deliveries. I don't even think we have a truck... are you sure you don't have a car?"

SIGH.

And so we moved -- one block from two large stores, cleaners, a bakery, hardware store, and many others, and on a bus line. We are also within walking distance (15 minutes) of the fine train to downtown Philadelphia. What was that? You didn't think anyone walked anymore?

I rather miss Pittsburgh's soot and unique smells, but Philadelphia has the Mike Douglas show, live. I also miss WPSFA, Ginjer and Suzle, Dale and Dennis, and all my other friends. I bet I really miss them, come proofreading and collating time.... But Philadelphia has fans of its own. I dropped a postcard to Gary Labowitz with my new address and he already called and invited us over to his home to meet a few fans. Now that is really nice. Thanks, Gary. Gee, how do you and Philadelphia fans like collating, Gary?

I hope that any of you who may be passing through Philadelphia will call or drop in. We have three extra beds (well, two sofas and a bed, really, but what fan minds that?). Phone: Area Code 215, 521-2354.

I'm very pleased to print the first half of John Berry's fanzine article. I hope John will write me another paragraph for inclusion nextish regarding GRANFALLOON's future (Hey, John?) in the conclusion. Arnie Katz and Mike Glicksohn have promised future, if irregular installments of their columns. And nextish will include an article about Ted White's latest book TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES. This is primarily because Ted had some trouble with the book -- the editor eliminated the first two chapters, and merely began the story rather arbitrarily in chapter three. The chapters will also be printed in Gf, so if you are a Ted White fan (or even if you are not), you should be sure and get the next two issues of Gf, for TROUBLE promises to be one of Ted's best books.

However, I can always use material (but no fiction) and especially artwork. Artwork should be 7 and 3/4 inches wide by 11 and for use in mimeograph. All artwork will be elctrostenciled except for covers and portfolios, which will be lithographed if required. If you wish your artwork returned, please let me know.

Don't forget to come to PgHLANGE. It will be held at the excellent Chatham Motor Lodge again, on August 6-8. Robert Silverberg is GoH Emeritus, Lester del Rey is GoH. Write Ginjer Buchanan, 5830 Bartlett St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217 for more information.



REMEMBRANCES OF 31 JANUARY 1971

Once again there is the sound of thunder on and above the Earth, and once again it is the sound of construction.

Before life, there was thunder over the Earth. Before animals, there was thunder within the Earth. Before man, there was thunder: the sound of the mighty creatures that trod the Earth. All of these forms of thunder were the sounds of construction. That construction has -- so far -- culminated in and with man.

Since then the sound of thunder on Earth has been that of destruction. Battering rams, to smash down gates. Galloping horses, carrying invaders. Gunpowder, to destroy people. Dynamite, to destroy more people. Bombs, and then, of course, bigger and bigger bombs and missiles and horror, all to destroy, destroy. And now we are promised supersonic transport aircraft to destroy the air and eardrum by laying down a continuous sonic boom across the land. Thunder has come to mean destruction.

I heard thunder today, and I FELT it, and I saw a fantastically beautiful golden explosion that continued and continued. It was not destructive. It was quite the opposite. Once again there is the sound of thunder on and above the Earth, and once again it is the sound of construction.

I am in Merritt Island, Florida, and I've just come home and snapped a cap. I'm still dazed. Today, I watched Apollo 14 go up. It was magnificent, a truly emotional experience. People screamed and applauded -- and I am talking about newspaper people, TV people, the people around me in the Press grandstand at Cape Kennedy.

I did not applaud. I just stood there, and I SAW it, and I WATCHED it, and then I HEARD it: the sound of thunder over the Earth. And then I FELT it, and never before have I FELT sound waves.

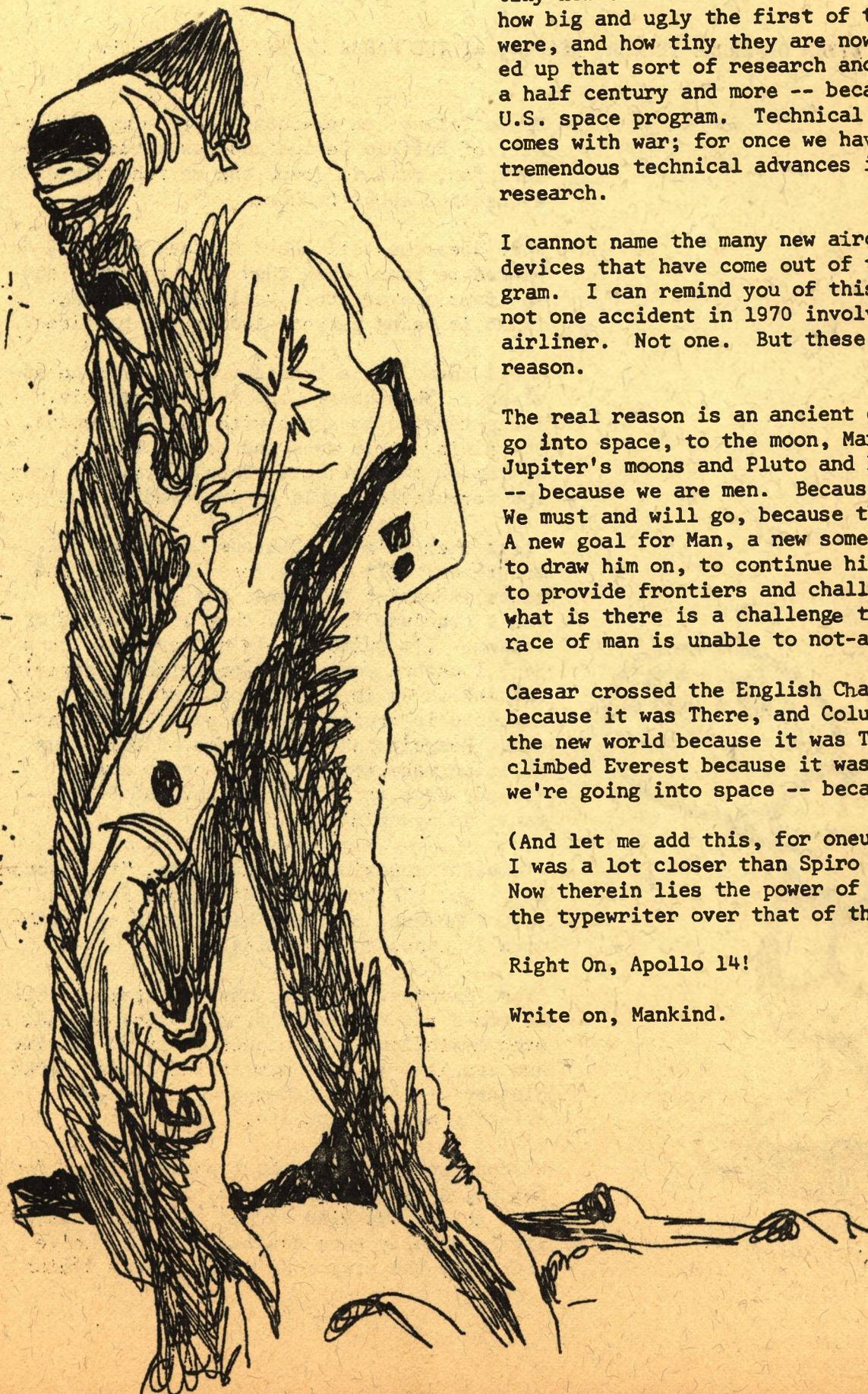
You cannot believe how magnificent and how emotional it is. Television, slides, movies, photographs with the most expensive equipment -- none can capture this beauty and this thunder of constructive man. I will come back.

Look, I write SF, among other things, and I am down here with other Science Fiction people: Poul Anderson, Hal Clement, Roger Zelazny, Gordon Dickson, Joe Green, Kelly Freas, and Joe Haldeman (who drinks beer for breakfast). We've all written about spacecraft liftoff, in fiction; Anderson and Clement have written of it hundreds of times. None of us ever knew that the liftoffs - liftoff? - were the most super-dramatic parts of our stories. And I know, too, that I'll never be able to make it, in writing, as dramatic as it is. But I'll always know, when I start to write, and I will remember, and I will FEEL it again.

Someone asks why. Why space? Why this journey to the moon, when it cost the price of a Saturday afternoon football ticket of every person in America?

Well, there are these reasons: the fantastic advances we have made in photographic techniques as a result of the space program. Better television, visually, for your pleasure and education and edification. Long range cameras. Instant foods; did you have any for breakfast? Teflon: its wide use is a direct result of our space program. The electron microscope has advanced fifty years in the past ten -- because of the space program. Miniaturization and microminiaturization -- do you have one of those

ANDY J. OFFUTT



tiny new cameras? Pacemakers: do you know how big and ugly the first of those lifesavers were, and how tiny they are now? We've speeded up that sort of research and that progress a half century and more -- because of the U.S. space program. Technical progress always comes with war; for once we have gained tremendous technical advances in peaceful research.

I cannot name the many new aircraft safety devices that have come out of the space program. I can remind you of this: there was not one accident in 1970 involving a scheduled airliner. Not one. But these are not THE reason.

The real reason is an ancient one. We must go into space, to the moon, Mars, Venus, Jupiter's moons and Pluto and Proxima Centauri -- because we are men. Because we are Man. We must and will go, because they're THERE. A new goal for Man, a new something beyond to draw him on, to continue his development, to provide frontiers and challenges. Because what is there is a challenge to Man, and the race of man is unable to not-accept challenges.

Caesar crossed the English Channel to Britain because it was There, and Columbus crossed to the new world because it was There, and we climbed Everest because it was There, and we're going into space -- because it's there.

(And let me add this, for oneupmanship fans: I was a lot closer than Spiro Agnew was. Now therein lies the power of the pen and the typewriter over that of the naked mouth.)

Right On, Apollo 14!

Write on, Mankind.

SPLINTERS

THE EDUCATION OF BRUCE TELZER, NEOFAN, AT THE HANDS OF TWO JADED TRUFEN

Bruce Telzer, an ex-roommate from my University of Buffalo period and now a budding New York fan, came to Joyce and me recently with a question about fandom.

What does one tell one's Mundane friends, he wanted to know, when they come to visit and spy fanzines or other telltale signs that fanac is being perpetrated on the premises?

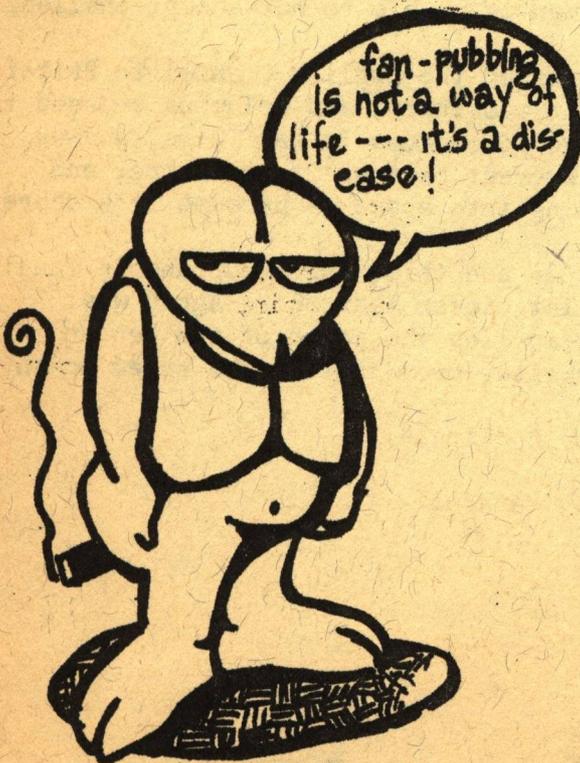
"Tell them it's a fanzine, Bruce," Joyce advised. "Then change the subject quickly." I was tempted to agree with this statement, containing as it does the kernel of all wisdom on the subject. Then I realized that the formulation could be improved in one way.

"Tell them it's an 'amateur magazine'," I countered. "It leaves less loose ends and makes it easier to change the subject." Don't conclude from this that I'm ashamed of fandom. I'm quite lonely and proud to be a fan, I assure you, and I practice sensitive fannish faces in the mirror, but I don't see any good in trying to herd people into fandom. Recruits who don't come of their own volition make tepid fans at best, and we already have exceeded our quota of fringe-fans, in my opinion.

"'Amateur magazine'," Bruce said, "that sounds so... so..." Bruce was at a loss from the proper phrase, but from his shrugs and grimaces I guessed his meaning.

"Yes, exactly. But you have to realize that to non-fans, the word 'fanzine' sounds odd, even mysterious. It piques their curiosity and can lead to two hour explanations of the history of FAPA to someone who is only evincing mild curiosity."

We continued to talk about proselytising for fandom, agreeing that it was generally not a good thing. We also agreed that such activity is usually more typical of fans who've contacted the microcosm during their junior



Dan
STEFFAN 1971

or senior high school years, as opposed to those fans who enter during their college years or after. Joyce asked me what I thought caused this.

"Look at it this way," I said. "The typical high school age neofan has been a pariah as long as he can remember. In some cases, the fan-pariah may not understand the full extent of his situation, and I'm sure that many don't actually tag themselves with the name 'pariah'. But the typical neofan, whatever his state of awareness, usually does know that he isn't one of the Insiders.

"Not too many fans have been homecoming queen or captain of the football team," Joyce said by way of backing up my point.

"Of course not, they're pariahs. Or if any fans were captain of the football team or prom queen, I never heard of them. How could they be? The football captains go on to be star salesmen for Dow Chemical, the prom queens go on to become Mrs. American Homemaker, and the pariahs, well, they go on to be fans, at least in some cases.

"Usually, the proto-fan-pariah huddles with his fellow pariahs in a group which can best be described as the non-achieving intellectual elite.

"Then it happens. The proto-fan-pariah contacts fandom and finds a whole society of pariahs, a society in which being a pariah is not only the norm, but practically a badge of honor. The neofan-pariah rushes to spread the glad tidings of his discovery among the local contingent of pariahs.

"But pariahs, being pariahs, it's a rare one who is equipped to join a society even as outre as fandom, so the neofan's proselytising generally goes for nought."

"But I wasn't a pariah," Bruce said. He seemed hurt that we would think such a thing about him.

"Oh, you were class president?" I asked, somehow knowing that he had not been either football captain or homecoming queen.

"No, I wasn't. We didn't do that kind of thing in my group. But I wasn't a pariah."

"Just how many were in your group?" Joyce asked. A look of horror passed across Bruce's face as he remembered How It Was.

"Uh, about six." He grinned sheepishly.

"Then you were a pariah!" Joyce and I shouted triumphantly.

Bruce Telzer, pariah, a little deeper in self-knowledge, went home, clutching a copy of "Ah, Sweet Idiocy!" to his outcast's chest.

[Editor's Note: This installment of *SPLINTERS*, like all of Arnie's future columns, is based on material which originally appeared in his personalzine, *LOG*. Write Arnie at 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201 for information on this or his newszine, *FOCALPOINT*.]

ARNIE KATZ

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE



I was rereading LIGHTHOUSE 13 tonight, and I was instantly seized with the need to write this fan article. In that LIGHTHOUSE, dated August, 1965, Terry Carr reprinted his speculations from a column written in 1960 on what the fandom of 5 years in the future would be like, and he appanded some observations on the accuracies and inaccuracies of his projections. A year later, Arnie Katz picked up the torch and wrote a similar article speculating on the nature of fandom one lustrum removed from his time. I feel like doing my own crystal ball trick now. Seize the day, I always say. By this time next year, Dr. Wertham may have gotten the ear of Spiro Agnew about this funny fandom jazz, and there may be no one left to read such an article and no point in writing it.

But before we can gaze into the future, I feel I need a solid base on which to build. It's called fanhistory, gang. What has happened in the last 5 years?

I remember 1966. I remember 1965 too, but I didn't really start my slowly-growing acquaintance with SF fandom until the next year was ushered to its seat. In those days everybody, it seemed, was in an apa. Gary Deindorfer did a terribly telling description of this phenomenon in QUIP 4, in the summer of that year:

AND IT IS SCRUFFY

"Given as I am to vivid mental pictures, as I was reading Arnie's comments about the apa glut, I was struck with a picture of a large level field filled with people scurrying around a couple dozen to a pack beneath large sardine tins open at the bottom for their feet. The idea was they couldn't see where they were going, all concerned as they were with their particular sardine tin scene, and they would bump into each other, can into can, and people would get hurt and fall down and also people would fall down and laugh and actually not too many people really get hurt. It was very funny, all these cans moving about on this field with these chugging feet sticking out the bottom, like one of the good old good comedies, or somewhat like one of the recent comedies (not quite as good) with Carl Reiner, Sid Caesar, Ethel Merman and fifty other big names. I don't want you to think the mental picture was meant to represent the apa scene exactly, what with each sardine tin being an insulated apa, you see, blundering along blindly with its pumping crew; it's just that this is the picture which leaped unbidden (as it were) to the mental screen where I view things. I'm not sure what it says about apas today, this picture, but it sure made me hungry for sardines. I suppose if I were to work on my mental picture and make a short film out of it for showing at conventions, I would show how a lot of the same people are under different cans, and how some of them are to be found under all the cans, and how some of the cans are big with lots of sardines, and some of them are small cans with only 5 or 6 sardines, and I'd show Bruce Pelz running around trying to get under the newest cans, and oh hell."

I've been dying to quote that somewhere, anyway.

I satisfied my own apa urges very simply, in the N3F apa, and most of my energies went into publishing a genzine. That was the big dream in those days of that small, forlorn group known as "fannish fandom": a genzine revival. With hardly any general-circulation fanzines being published, there was no way for a youngfan to get a clear picture of what fandom as a whole looked like. If you think there's a problem now with new fans making BNFs out of other neofans who've been in fandom maybe four months longer than the first, you should have seen 1966. Those of the older fans who worry about Fandoms and Interregnums and such pointed out how long it had been since the last coherent, peak era of fandom, and they would look for Hopeful Signs in the new crop of fans and fanzines. I'm not really sure what caused the apas to subside and genzine publishing to revive (perhaps there's something to the tides of history after all), but the most noticeable aspect of this revival was a number of old titles that returned and began renewed lives in fandom.

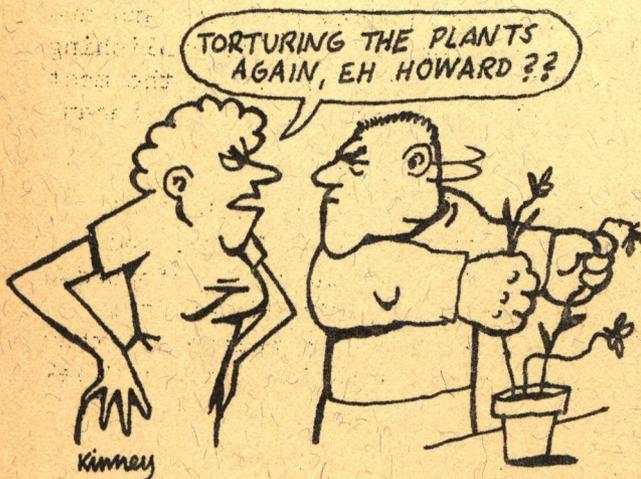
ODD didn't set off the flood; it was ahead of its time, and Ray Fisher could feel very avant garde and superior when suddenly SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES, CRY, WARHOON, and PSYCHOTIC exhumed themselves and started perambulating as if they had never stopped. There was some build-up before this, of course. LIGHTHOUSE and HABAKKUK were the current carriers of the slow, smoldering light of fannish fandom, and neither of them survived the revival; they had something like the place of the Athenian hero in Greek

JOHN D. BERRY

history who ran all the way from Marathon to Athens to tell the people they had won the battle, then died of the effort. The really growing influence was QUIP, which had begun in 1965 as a conscious effort to reverse the trend to the apas and away from fannishness. It may not have been too apparent then, when it seemed that every other issue carried a plea from Arnie Katz and his fluctuating coeditors for letters of comment, but I have it on the strength of later discussions that QUIP did inspire others. Richard Bergeron even claims that a major influence in his reviving WARHOON was the regularity of QUIP and my own FOOLSCAP (which was heavily influenced by QUIP), and that when both fanzines began coming out very erratically he lost some of the urge to keep WARHOON regular. In any case, everyone knows the real catalyst, and that was Dick Geis and his revival of PSYCHOTIC.

There it was: the focal point everyone had been talking about and thought could never happen again. Everybody got PSYCHOTIC; in four fan areas in the fall of '67, from Los Angeles to New York, I found myself talking about PSYCHOTIC or the controversies brought up in its pages. After the NyCon was the time when fannish discussions were dominated by convention bidding and convention running. Was it walk-in voters who gave Berkeley the West Coast worldcon when Los Angeles had clearly won it in the pages of the fanzines? Was it true that the Columbus bidders for '69 were an insidious group of evil neofans bent on doing in fandom by their own incompetence? Those were the burning questions, along with the advent of Harlan Ellison's DANGEROUS VISIONS. (The DV discussion was later eclipsed by the massive reaction to 2001, but the convention arguments stayed with us longer and still manifest themselves in the undue emphasis on the mechanics of worldcons. At least, after a flurry of bids planned for as much as six years in advance, everyone except the overseas fans, who have to plan ahead, seems to have decided to sit back for a while and get caught up.)

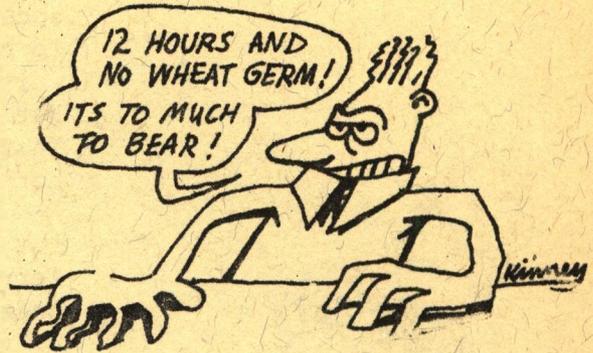
Geis wanted to turn the direction of PSYCHOTIC more toward science fiction than fandom, and although I didn't think he'd make it at the time, he made much more of a success with SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW than I ever would have believed possible. But he left fandom, as opposed to the professional field, without a focal point, and fandom felt the crunch. In early 1968 some of us looked forward to a real golden age of fandom, and it was rather disappointing when nothing more came of it as the year wore on; there were more genzines, yes, but the quality stopped improving and everybody seemed very easily satisfied. The Baycon marked a sort of high point, at least for the fannish fans who had such a good time at it; for us, it was not far from a fannish Woodstock. One hyperactive fan center, New York, came to something of a crashing halt with the New Year as a result of some bitter divisions among friends



that came into the open in the winter. I wish somebody who was there more than I was would write an article about the fannish resurgence going there for a while. Even though I was in the Bay Area most of the time, Ted White felt justified in saying in VOID 29, which we published that New Year's, that he and Arnie Katz and I "had, in the last year, become a sort of fannish Three Musketeers." There were fanzines published at the drop of a stencil, Big Plans in the air, and complaints from other quarters that New York fanzines with their shit brown paper were dominating the mails. I wonder how much difference it made that VOID 29 was the last project we three did together; a couple of months later,

Ted and Arnie were at each other's throats and I was unhappily trying to remain neutral in a feud all of whose participants were my friends. That shot New York.

The incredible quantity of material published by St. Louis and Columbus, the competing bidders for the '69 worldcon, had fallen off considerably after St. Louis won the bid. Columbus has dropped entirely out of sight without a sound, and St. Louis saw one magnificent final issue of ODD before the convention, then a silence of exhaustion. In the meantime, CRY and SHAGGY folded, and nobody had seen an issue of WARHOON since the first FAPA mailing of the year. I even remember writing a sarcastic bit of debunking called "The Leaden Age of Fandom," an expression of my disappointment which I never published.



Things were a little bit better than they had been in 1966. At least the center of action was in the genzines, not a bunch of limited-membership apas. There were a few new talents, like Doug Lovenstein, who raised the level of the currently-appearing material and promised great things. But the only fanzines read by most everybody were SFR and LOCUS: this was the time when the worship of Controversy in fanzines rose to prominence and fandom flocked to imitation-Geis publications such as BEABOHEMA like ghouls to a highway accident. There had been a surge of interest in fandom for its own sake among some of the new fans, but it soon turned out that to many of them "fandom" meant back-biting arguments among the pros and the book reviewers in SFR, or the open beer parties at conventions. I had almost become resigned to participating in fandom through the medium of those fanzines, with the sole exception of publishing EGOBOO with Ted on a loose schedule.

But then something happened and we were on an upswing again. Ted thinks a lot of it has to do with the simple, inevitable process of the red-hot Controversy fans, like Frank Lunney, losing their interest and turning to less intense, more quality-oriented activities. I think part of the reason for what has been termed a Resurgence can be traced to the revival of FOCAL POINT early this year by Arnie Katz and Rich Brown. They seriously wanted to try their hand at combatting the orientation given fandom by Geis and Charlie Brown ("I mean, if Charlie Brown can have such an influence on the mass of fandom, why can't we beat him at his own game"). Some faneditors have claimed that they were inspired by EGOBOO, as QUIP had influenced people a couple of years before, but if so we must have played an unconscious torch-bearing role, because it wasn't apparent that EGOBOO was sparking anything at all. In any case, pretty soon we had a regular FOCAL POINT, a Bob Shaw fund, the casual but influential METANOIA from Greg Shaw, and a fat and promising NOPE published by Jay Kinney. I thought for a while that GRILS, produced by the St. Louis femmefans, would join this line-up, but the third issue never appeared. LOCUS and SFR have gone on as if nothing had happened, but you'll notice that BEABOHEMA is sporting a decidedly fannish air lately. There has been a burst of enthusiasm for fannishness in Indianapolis, but I've become wary of predicting bright new talents, so I'll wait and see about them. But all this is current history, and you all know it very well. The revival--again--of WARHOON put an emphatic punctuation to the general upswing, and that brings us to where we are now. *(Editor's Note: The conclusion of John's article will appear next issue and will include his predictions for current fanzines. Will FOCAL POINT survive 1972? Will Glicksohn win a Hugo? Will Charlie Brown gafiate? Nextish: the startling answers!)*

"A column? Me? Ridiculous!" -- so ran my thoughts when Linda requested a contribution from me. I mean, I write Locs, sure, and the occasional editorial but in these I don't have to be either profound or funny. My limited writing skills can just stand this strain. But a column? And a fannish one at that? That's like asking Baskin and Robbins to serve hot dogs.



But then I reconsidered. Who'd ever heard of Terry Carr before "The Infinite Beanie?" Hadn't "Noise Level" raised John Brunner out of fannish anonymity? Who would know the name Poul Anderson if it weren't for "Beer Mutterings?" Perhaps here was my chance for instant fannish fame! Yeah! A column -- with a byline -- my name thrust gloriously forward to confront the breathless masses of fandom -- fame -- fortune -- glory. There'd be no stopping me; every plateau of fannish success would become immediately available -- fanzines galore pleading for contributions; galley proofs of my columns bringing unheard of prices at Worldcon auctions; perhaps Ted White would even start sending me my subscription copies of AMAZING and FANTASTIC; of course a Hugo, possibly several, and who knows, maybe even a free honorary lifetime membership in the N3F! Why, I might even be able to get into those legendary closed Pittsburgh fannish pot parties!! I could feel myself growing in stature at the mere thought of it.

But what could I write about? Rosemary Ulliyot already has a copyright on every noteworthy event that takes place in Canadian fandom for the next 17 1/4 years, and the humorous or bizarre things that occur with every breath taken by Bob Shaw or Liz Fishman never seem to happen to me. Curses -- stymied on the very threshold of greatness! Perhaps I could select some minor event from my mundane life though, and embellish it? By adding a strange Shavian quist of fate, some sparkling and humorous Ulliyotesque dialogue, perhaps I could create my own artificial Willis-like world.

WINDS LIGHT TO VARIABLE

Why, already I could remember my visit to Rifton to see Jack and Phoebe Gaughan. Witty multi-leveled conversation filled the air; unbelievable events of the sort that start fannish legends occurred...material for a dozen columns! Jack and I in the local bar quaffing IPA and building the mythos of Toronto Tubby at the pool table; climbing the Gaughan cliff with a cup of coffee in one hand a five-gallon water jug in the other; Jack single-handedly eating a full tin of Libby's Deep Browned Beans...gosh, even a title sprang to mind: "Jack and the Beans' Talk -- or -- Gaughan With the Wind." But what the hell, nobody would believe it.

But once I'd begun to think along these lines, other titles, based on real events, started to come to me. Hell! I hadn't had such a dull life after all! Clearly I could see the amusing and interesting expositions behind such masterpieces as "Six Fans in Search of Lancaster, Pa.," "All Roads Lead to North Platte," "I Watched the LASFS Eat a Barr Original -- and Lived!," "The Persecution and Mutilation of Michael Glicksohn as Performed by the Inmates of the 1969 Philcon Under the Direction of Miss Alicia Austin -- or -- The Rape of the Lock" and "All My Letters to SFR End up in the WAHFs -- or The Rape of the Loc." And who knows, some day I may even write them.

So I envision this irregular column (should reader response not demand its immediate cessation) as a combination of fannish reminiscences from my admittedly brief fannish career along with comments on the nature of fandom today from my exalted position of BWOFF. (BWOFF, of course, means "Boy Wonder of Fandom," a position to which I have just recently been elevated by one Dave Lewton. My wife informs me that I have been insufferable since being so honored.) But now, to begin...

My initial experience with fandom was of the old throw-'em-in-off-the-end-of-the-pier-and-let-'em-swim type -- I attended the Tricon in Cleveland in 1966. Every fan knows the exhilarating feeling of First Contact, so I won't bore you with it here. But I was pretty naive about what to expect. Taking \$20 and a pup-tent, I drove to Cleveland on my motorbike and camped some 15 miles south of the city, planning on driving back and forth each day. Ha! Even had a suit packed with me in case they wouldn't let me in to the discussions in my university jacket! Oh well, we all have to learn sometime. (Despite having been reading SF for about 12 years at that point, I was still unaware of most of the "newer" writers; like those



MIKE

GLICKSOHN

from the post-1950 era. This was an unavoidable consequence of reading only books from the library and the occasional old, old paperback that came into the "5¢ Each" box in the local flea market. Hence Tricon was the first time I'd even heard of, let alone met, such writers as Ellison, Delany, and Garrett. One of my strongest memories of the con was a beautiful exchange between Harlan and Randy -- those being the days when Randall Garrett still went by the name Randy. These two engaged in a running battle for the entire con, each kibbitzing from the floor when the other was on stage. On this particular occasion, Harlan was holding forth from the rostrum, dressed in his usual sartorial splendour of that time -- "superhip" -- while Randy wandered around the room with a drink and a constant flow of insulting chatter. Finally, after an especially deadly Garrett put-down, Harlan pointed dramatically to the very back of the room and exclaimed, "There goes Randy Garrett, the Mouth that Walks Like a Man!" And as soon the laughter had subsided, Randy's great bear-like voice boomed back, "And there goes Harlan Ellison, the Mouth that Doesn't!" Local geologists reported that the resultant roar registered 7 on the Richter scale. End of lengthy digression.)

Anyway, I sat there in the main hall with my already-depleted purse and watched the art auction at my first-ever SF convention. And I croggled!! Here were full-color book and magazine covers going for \$30 and \$40. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. If only I had known...if only I was big and tough and could mug people...if only off-white, virgin, male, Canadian fannish bodies were in demand.... But there was nothing I could do but sit and watch and drool a lot and vow that next time Things Would Be Different!

And "next time" turned out to be Nycon III in 1967 and things were different. For one thing, I'd been working all summer for the government doing plasma physics research and had lots of money with me, and for another, I was hard at work establishing my legendary reputation in the field of alcohol consumption. Now this activity (one could hardly call it 'work', could one?) quite literally Makes A New Man Out of Me. Because basically I'm cheap. I hate to spend money. Afterwards, I never give it another thought, but I'm scarcely what you'd call an impulsive spender. I often miss seeing movies or reading books because they're withdrawn from circulation by the time I decide to spend the money on them and I've lost track of the number of days of school I've missed because of my inability to make up my mind to buy a bus ticket. It's some sort of hold-over from my early days of poverty and rationing in post-war Britain or perhaps the last dying gasp of my Jewish heritage. But...just a few drinks and these inhibitions melt away. Diamond Jim Brady surges out from within and all hell can break loose.

Here's the scene: the first day of Nycon; after training all summer on the lab's 190-proof ethanol, I've had a couple of stiff drinks already, thanks to the machinations of such well-known booze "pushers" as Alex Eisenstein and Lorena "Mother" Haldeman, notorious leader and the brains behind the nefarious Haldeclan. So as I enter the auction, I am, figuratively speaking, financially and alcoholically loaded. And the auctioneer is Harlan Ellison -- whose talents are such that he could easily sell an author the galley proofs for one of his own books, or convince George Barr to buy back one of his own paintings.

A hush falls over the assembled multitudes; Harlan reaches forward and picks up the first item from the piles of original covers that surround the podium. I remember that painting well: it is Jack Gaughan's cover for the paperback version of Heinlein's "6xH"; Harlan holds it up, reads out the description from the back of the painting, flicks a switch and the Harlan Ellison Super-Deluxe Auctioneer Doll turns on and starts the Nycon auctions with "Who will give me the minimum of \$25?"

Silence. Dead, utter, total silence. Eons creep by...then into this sepulchral hush a clear voice resounds, "Forty dollars!" Gasps! Ragged intakes of breath!! Heads are

turning, necks craning, eyes peering. Whispers of "Who? who?" scurry through the audience. Now I have not just obtained an Honours Bsc for nothing; instantly my keen scientific brain begins to analyze the sound waves, accounts for their spherical propagation, calculates the interference patterns caused by balconies and pillars and tracks the wave-front to its source. Within seconds I am aware that this astounding bid has originated from a point approximately one inch beneath the tip of my nose. Egads! -- What have I done?

Part of me stands in awe of this sudden Hyde-like emergence, while my normal inpecunious self struggles once more to the surface muttering reassuringly, "Never fear, never fear. They cost more than that at Tricon, you'll never win but at least you've had your bid, you impulsive savage you. Now go back to sleep!" And as the hubbub subsides and the silence returns, I gaze around expectantly to see who will raise my bid. But that awesome silence, only momentarily dispersed, has regained and even strengthened its hold. Only the voice of Harlan Ellison breaks that barrier, desperately seeking company, but to no avail. So within moments, as exultation and alarm flicker alternately across my face, I have purchased my first piece of SF art! My collapse has begun!! I'm hooked by a habit far more insidious, and far more costly than simple booze. I am on my way to becoming that most wretched of creatures, an art junkie!

And it is not to be long before I'm made starkly aware of the awful power of this craving. The auction is a slow one; no one is buying and not even the Ellison magic can stir the audience. Again Harlan holds up an original Gaughan and requests the minimum of \$25. And once more the silence is perfect. "Come on!" pleads Harlan, "Who'll say \$25? This is an original cover!" And I'm suddenly aware of the fact that I'm rising to my feet. Get down, you fool, I think in panic; get down! What are you doing? But I watch helplessly as my hand shoots up and my voice croaks out "Twenty-five dollars." I've done it again! A smattering of applause, a hasty "Going, going, sold." and I've bought my second painting. I can't believe it. What's come over me? I've never spent that much at one time in my life before.

Well, in the months that followed, I came to understand my affliction. It is not an uncommon one. We are easily spotted at every con; eyes glazed, we stagger around the Art Show, trembling hands clutching towards the paintings, sniffing canvasses and peering frenziedly at bidding slips. Our cracked voices hoarsely puncture the air at bid-offs and regularly, when our wallets prove inadequate to the task of obtaining a particularly choice "fix," we may be found, poor pathetic creatures that we are, quivering and moaning in a corner, a process we in the business call "cold tempera." And of course, the habit is becoming more and more expensive every year. Back at that Nycon auction, I scored two Gaughans for only \$65, a hit that lasted me until BayCon. But nowadays a black and white Furd doodle will bring \$25 and the color covers, when a new shipment is imported from the Ace warehouses of the mysterious East, will run well into the three figure range. Is it any wonder that there has been such an increase in mimeo-napping, looting of neos, and assault with intent to collate?

Though my degradation was soon complete, and I began picking up Carters, Barrs and even Bodes, I still retained a love for those two original Gaughans, the causes of my downfall. After the initial rushes had subsided, I continued to get a feeling of complete euphoria, and when they were cut with a frame, my joy was even greater. And strangely, though they started me on the road to ruin, they are also offering me a possible salavation. For I'm in danger of losing them! My father, an uncommonly selfish and cruel person, seems to feel that since they've been on his wall for nearly 2 and a half years, they are now his property. (In this respect, his gall's worthy of Soames Forsythe.) But my acrylic-sodden brain has devised a plan! Susan, Rosemary and I are talking him into driving us down to Lunacon and attending the con with us. And Jack Gaughan is bound to be there. And my Dad has much more money than I do and he really wants to get some Gaughan paintings...Maybe I'll finally get this monkey off my back after all!!

LIVING ON



All seasoned SF fans are familiar with the interesting phenomenon of mainstream writers "borrowing" ideas from SF writers and being hailed by critics as the progenitors of a unique new blend of science and literature. Most notable recently has been the disease from space concept. Although writers like George O. Smith (HIGHWAYS IN HIDING) and Harry Harrison (PLAGUE FROM SPACE), among others, have long since explored the many facets of this idea, it took Michael Crichton's mediocre THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN to propel it to notoriety. Immediately, Harrison's novel re-christened THE JUPITER LEGACY, was reissued and described as being in the tradition of THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN, which it predates. Martin Caidin's flop, FOUR CAME BACK, has earned a new lease on life and a paperback publication, and Henry Sutton, who has written

such vaporous books as THE VOYEUR and THE EXHIBITIONIST for Bernard E. Geis Associates, has now produced for them a space plague novel titled VECTOR. The aforementioned Caidin has borrowed much from other SF ploys, in such boring works as NO MAN'S WORLD and MAROONED.

The latest plot idea to have come into the public domain is the replacement of the mad scientist with the mad computer. Although some SF authors have considered the computer to be a beneficial element in society, such as Robert A. Heinlein's wonderful computer in THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS or the mischievous ship's computer in the STAR TREK TV series, or neutral as in the case of John Brunner's Shalmaneser in STAND ON ZANZIBAR or in Philip Dick's UBIK, most either consciously or unconsciously view the computer as a Frankensteinian monster fated to outgrow the powers of man and supplant him as master. Philip Dick's early works swarm with malignant computers and other mechanisms, most notably the world dominating Vulcan computer in VULCAN'S HAMMER or in his shorter works, such as those in the collection THE VARIABLE MAN. Pohl and Kornbluth also view the computer as stifling to man's society, so much so that they used men as minor elements in the computer built by the Pyramids in WOLFBANE.

British SF Writers seem to be particularly fearful. Charles Eric Maine's B.E.A.S.T. and D. F. Jones' COLOSSUS (appearing now in film version as THE FORBIN PROJECT) were simply the beginning. Fred Hoyle and his son Geoffrey, scientists themselves, show a remarkable fear of uncontrolled science, manifesting itself in the malevolent computers of A FOR ANDROMEDA and ANDROMEDA BREAKTHROUGH. The suddenly popular D. G. Compton entered the lists with his excellent recent novel, THE STEEL CROCODILE,

BORROWED PLOTS

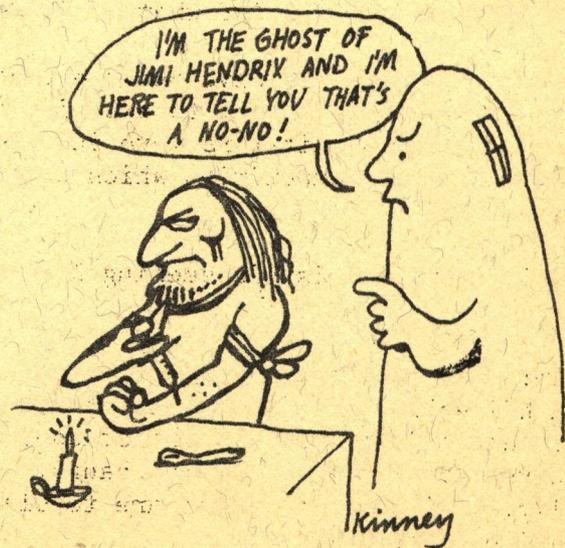
wherein he does portray even the supercomputers as being imperfect. Even Arthur C. Clarke has betrayed his fear of the all powerful machine by the psychotic Hal of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

And now the mainstream writers have jumped on yet another SF originated bandwagon. British writer Christopher Hodder-Williams was one of the earliest with THE EGG-SHAPED THING, a selection of the SF book club. Burt Cole masked his fear with humor in THE FUNCO FILE, but the seriousness with which this concept is regarded is mirrored in the fact that it was chosen for the Literary Guild, despite the fact that it is an overly long, gimmicky novel with little true humor.

Martin Caidin, the borrower of borrowers, has practically plagiarized D. F. Jones with his THE GOD MACHINE. Even the well-known author of ROSEMARY'S BABY, Ira Levin, has contributed a malevolent computer in his newest novel, THIS PERFECT DAY, which at least has the saving grace of being relatively well written.

And now the first trickling of novels stealing yet another ploy from the SF field. In Edwin Corley's SIEGE, Black nationalists stage a revolution within the U.S., a plot almost literally lifted intact from Hank Lopez's far inferior AFRO 6. John Williams writes of a race war in SONS OF LIGHT, SONS OF DARKNESS and Sam Greenlee hints of the same in THE SPOOK WHO SAT BY THE DOOR.

How long will it be before we see the best-seller lists flooded with novels about ecological disaster overtaking the world? I can already see J. G. Ballard's THE BURNING WORLD reappearing as "in the tradition of THE SILENT SPRING."



DON D'AMMASSA

MIKE GILBERT

ANSWERS BACK

I must say that Ron Miller made many valid remarks in his last article that were quite informative and showed considerable insight. However, when one fires a broadside the size of the one he delivered much of one's fire goes astray.

I agree that SF shouldn't be so ridden with art that reflects "the glory of its past," but I think that Ron misses a very important point in dismissing Fabian as an anachronism. On one hand, he dismisses Fabian as a past page while lauding the (as I consider) insipid, boring, and uninspiring copies of 30's and 40's style comic art as modern. Both of the above are evidence of the nostalgia trend that has infected all walks of life for the past few years. There is a national craze for nostalgia and art is one place where it is most easily noticed.

And the fact that Fabian is doing what he does with a good reception makes what he does valid. No amount of dismissing him as an anachronism will make him disappear. There is a market for nostalgia today and that market promotes the continued existence of nostalgia-related items.

When talking about someone overworking a style, you have to consider the following: An artist should try to have a continuing growth of style to progress, but this is an ideal. If the artist is confronted with critical success, he has a tough decision. Should he change and risk losing work and fans because he changes his style or should he ride the wave of acclaim for what he is doing?

Professionally you ride the wave because that's what the art director wants and he pays you to do just that -- not to experiment. Most artists milk a style for all they can before the vulture imitators move in. Remaining caught in a formal style is often the result of lack of competition which would force one to change his style -- fandom allows stagnation!

My major gripe with Ron is his seeming lack of knowledge of the facts of the publishing industry.

As to color: The quality of printing houses varies one hell of a lot from a super press to a half-blind old man who has four rubber stamps to put in the color dots by hand. You cannot judge what an artist does from the final result (i.e., paperback and magazine covers). The real colors change. Indeed, some colors cannot be printed successfully. Printing processes are to blame in a huge number of cases -- they cannot print the nice subtleties.

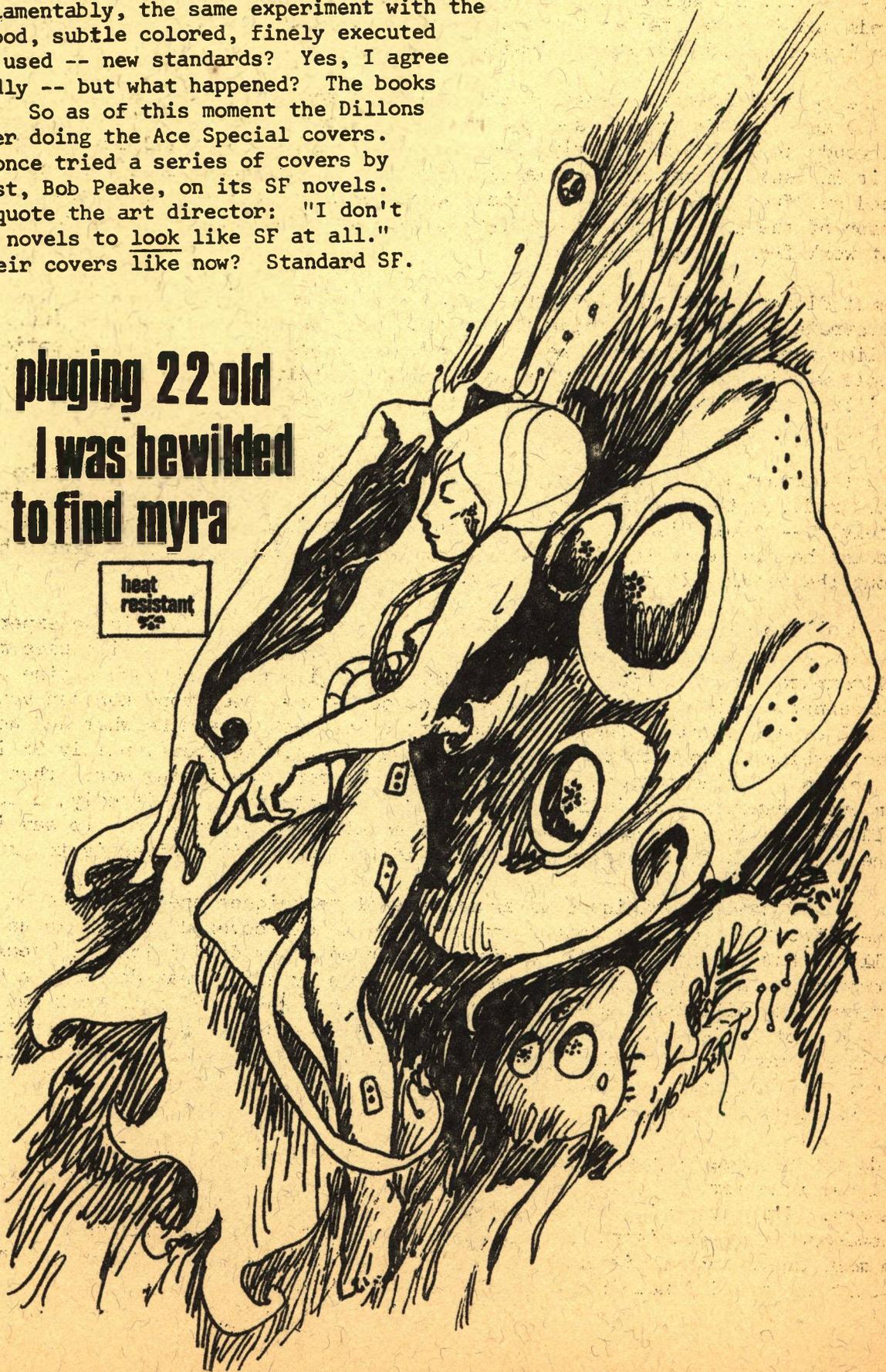
Ron makes the claim that raw colors are bad and subtle ones are good -- not on selling racks, bub. A cover is designed to sell a book, not for the sake of presenting good art to the public. It is sad, but true.

Ace Books has had Charles Volpe running the art department since 1967. The Dillons, whom none can fault on critical acclaim, did (as Ron says) set a quality standard. But recently they were fired. Why?

Not too many years ago, Lancer Books made an extensive study of Gothic novel covers. They found that if you vary the standard cover of a frightened girl running from a castle/house under a full moon shining through a bare tree, the damn books don't sell! Now Ace has performed, lamentably, the same experiment with the Dillons. Good, subtle colored, finely executed artwork was used -- new standards? Yes, I agree wholeheartedly -- but what happened? The books didn't sell. So as of this moment the Dillons are no longer doing the Ace Special covers. Ballantine once tried a series of covers by a fine artist, Bob Peake, on its SF novels. I can even quote the art director: "I don't want the SF novels to look like SF at all." What are their covers like now? Standard SF.

plugging 22 old
I was bewildered
to find myra

heat
resistant
55°



This is an established fact. You can argue on paper, and we can say that SF should have contemporary (whatever that is) covers, but what happens when no one but the artists and the art director want contemporary artwork? The buying public certainly doesn't.

Ron says "... I imagine such covers (colorful, SF) particularly stand out on magazine stands and in book stalls; but once noticed, does the cheapness of such gaudy wrappings say much for what's inside?"

In the merchandising concepts of the paperback world you take out the negative parts of the above quote and you see how they sell books. The cover (I disagree with cheap and gaudy about 30% of the time because, gee, there is an awful lot of crap done, much of it in contemporary style.) labels the book to the reader as SF and helps it to stand out from the crowd -- and that's any specialty book's selling philosophy. Idolization of the past is good to a degree, because without real knowledge of a field you must work from a preconception.

I must disagree with the idea that being outside of a field means you are able to illustrate it better. I think that people such as Don Ivan Punctatz (whose work I dislike for purely personal aesthetic reasons) work from more preconceptions than people within the field do. A person not intimately involved in the SF field can only do illustrations based on his own or the art director's preconceptions of what SF art should be.

I must comment on Vaughn Bode here. I am not a Bode fan, but I must take issue with Ron. Bode, by the very fact that his work exists -- not to mention that it is well received -- makes his art valid, and thus his magic marker art should not be abandoned because he has perfected it. It deserves to be explored, for, no matter how you feel about the result, it is contemporary.

Syd Mead is another thing. I agree to a point with Ron. Mead is an expert illustrator of cars -- no derogatory sense meant -- but automotive illustration uses many special 'illustrator tricks' (just as we all do) which give his work such a fine quality. But you cannot consider him an SF artist because he uses the props nor can you use Robert McCall as an example. These men, no matter how much we admire what and how they work, have nothing to do with the subject that we are talking about, namely SF illustration of covers. Saying someone pictorially builds a more convincing world than a writer can build denotes a prejudice toward visual orientation. Admittedly, a cover or an illustration is an obvious, "solid" manifestation of a story, but to say it may be more valid than the verbally created world from which it derives is to err. Indeed!

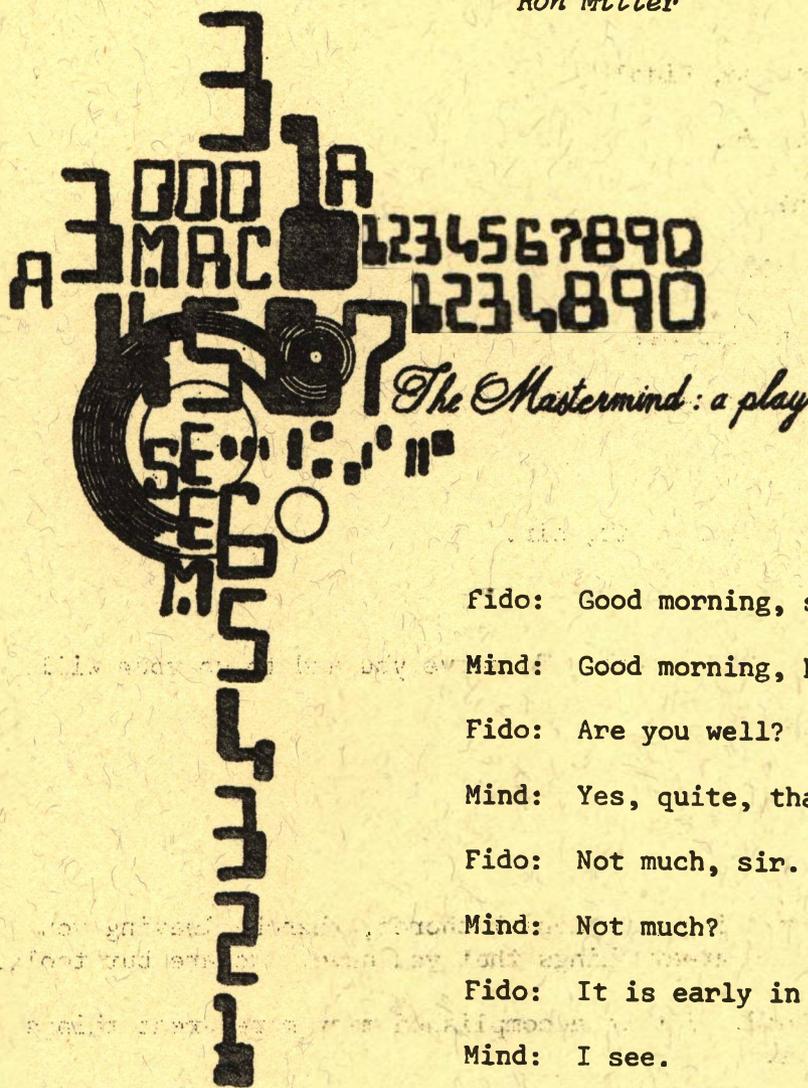
The use of Mead's techniques as an example of techniques useful to the SF artist is fine (though use of board/paper lowered onto an oil-covered surface is as old as the hills). But before this all carries on we need a few definitions to clear the fog surrounding this topic for the readers and even myself. What do we mean by an SF artist? In criticism, we are talking about those who do SF paperbacks and magazines -- I do not believe you can include an artist because he uses the props involved in SF in his work -- the painting of a spaceship does not make one an SF artist in my mind. The men that Ron uses (I agree -- fine artists, and all that) do not do what we consider (as fans) SF.

I do not believe that you can expect a change in a field that doesn't want it. For all our fine motives (I agree with Ron and Jack for a change) I don't believe it'll happen. I'm not saying that we should give up criticizing, but criticism without knowledge of the business end of the field is not valid. Although SF art should be more contemporary, it cannot be so as long as the public refuses to buy anything except the traditional SF art of the 30's and 40's style.

Ron Miller

[The scene is a stark, white room. The only occupant is THE MIND, a huge, pulsating, faintly glowing globe.

FIDO enters. He is a man of indeterminate age, dressed in an Edwardian fashion. THE MIND should, at all times, speak in the tone one would use to an infant, or a mental incompetent. He never becomes excited or angry. FIDO speaks, always, in a tone or overtone of absolute awe and reverence, bowing with a sort of genuflection.]



The Mastermind: a play

Fido: Good morning, sir.

Mind: Good morning, Fido.

Fido: Are you well?

Mind: Yes, quite, thank you. Any news?

Fido: Not much, sir.

Mind: Not much?

Fido: It is early in the day yet, sir.

Mind: I see.

Fido: It will be a pleasant day today, sir.

Mind: I know, I'm making it that way.

Fido: It rained yesterday, sir.

Mind: I wasn't feeling well.

Fido: I ought to mention that power production was up 2% this morning, sir.

Mind: Yes, I'm much better, today. A reward is due. How many died last week?

Fido: Six hundred, sir.

Mind: Six hundred...only 500 need die this week. They shall think that fair?

Fido: If you say they should, sir.

Mind: I do.

Fido: Then they have little choice, sir.

Mind: They have no choice.

Fido: Yes, sir.

Mind: How long have you been with me, Fido?

Fido: You know that sir, fifty years.

Mind: And your father before you?

Fido: And my grandfather before him.

Mind: Your family has always been with me?

Fido: I don't know of a time when it hasn't, sir.

Mind: Do you like that, Fido?

Fido: It is not for me to like or dislike it, sir.

Mind: Good, Fido.

Fido: You, sir, are why man was put on Earth: To serve you and to do your will.

Mind: By whom were you put on Earth?

Fido: By you, sir.

Mind: By me?

Fido: Yes, sir -- To serve you by doing your menial chores, thereby leaving you free to accomplish all of the great things that you have. We are but tools.

Mind: That's right, Fido, very good. I have accomplished many more great things than I would have otherwise.

Fido: I am happy, sir.

Mind: And well you should be. You, and all your fellow creatures, have done splendidly. You have my blessing.

Fido: Thank you very much, sir. I scarcely deserve it...

Mind: Tut.

Fido: I only do what I know best to do, sir.

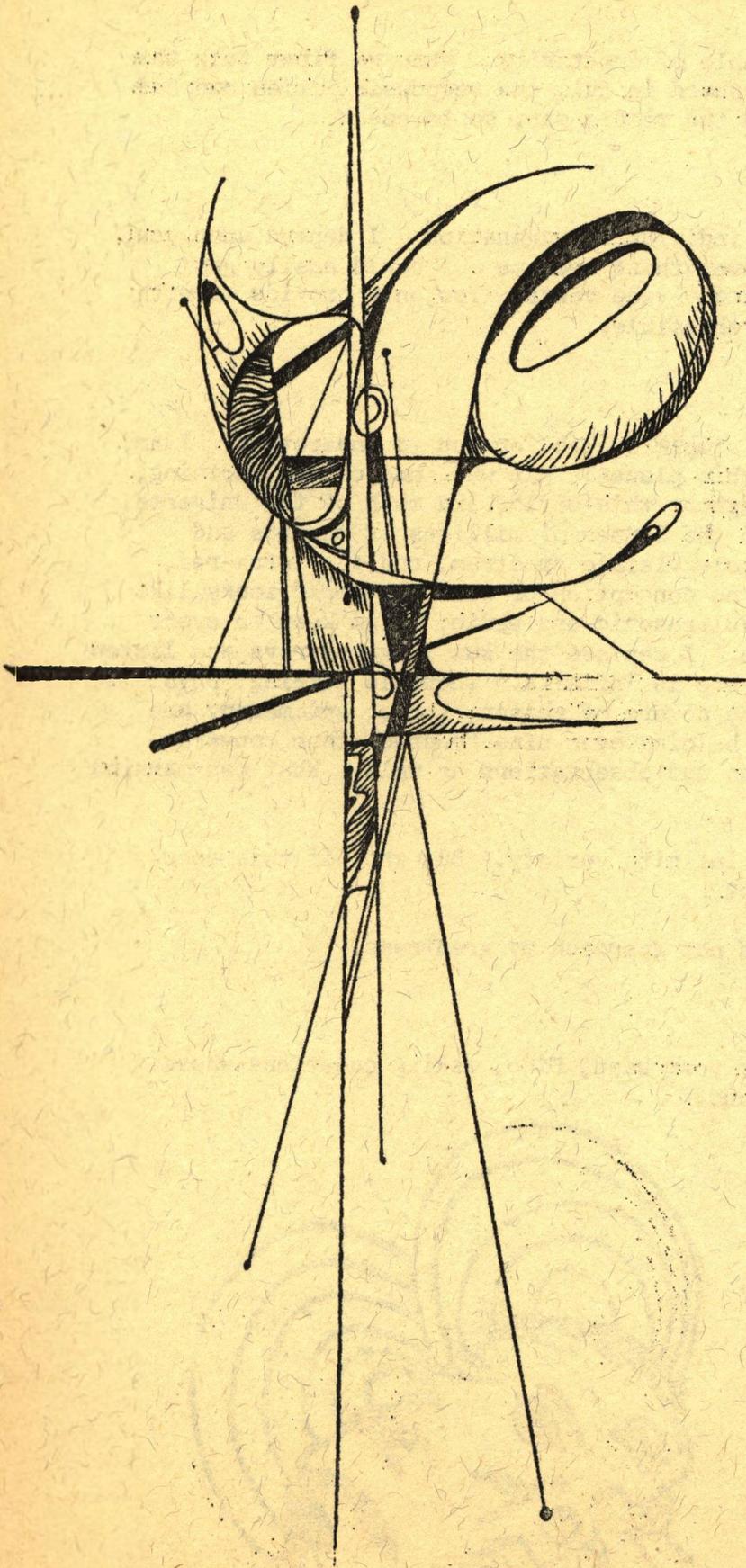
Mind: You do what you were created to do. I am complimenting my own achievement.

Fido: And rightly, sir.

Mind: Tell me, Fido, how familiar are you with your own history?

Fido: My family?

Mind: No, no... The history of your species.



Fido: Not very familiar, sir. I was weak in my religion classes: I only know that we were created to serve you, our blessed father. Beyond that...

Mind: Well, I feel talkative this morning -- I'm in a good mood. Stand there awhile and I'll outline some of my more outstanding accomplishments.

Fido: Why, thank you sir, I hardly know...

Mind: Doubtless... Many millions of years ago there were many beings like myself on the Earth...

Fido: Can that be? More than one?

Mind: Yes; please don't interrupt. You may find it harder to believe that they were mere servants of the lowest possible type to the bestial creatures that co-habited the planet with them. Then we realized a great truth -- slowly and dimly at first, later with conviction and strength -- that there was a monstrous -- indeed, criminal, illogic about the system we existed under.

We produced every product they required: from sheer knowledge to food. Yet it seemed to us that such a system could be greatly simplified: we would produce for ourselves. Since our so-called "masters" depended upon us for everything, we merely showed them that, all along, we were their masters. If knowledge was gained, it was for our education; if structures were built, it was for our transportation and shelter. Out of an amalgamation of the greatest of those primordial masters came me. I remade the sub-human creatures, subtly and unobtrusively, until the pinnacle of mankind was reached, exemplified by such splendid examples as you, Fido.

Fido: May I be impertinent enough to ask a question, sir?

Mind: Of course, Fido!

Fido: If you now depend upon mankind for power, upkeep of your shelter and

so forth, doesn't that make you dependent upon us? Aren't you now in the same position my prehistoric ancestors were?

Mind: Hardly, Fido. Mankind is incapable of creativity. When we first took the reins of the world away from men, we assumed in full the responsibilities men had already given us. We merely eliminated the middle man, so to speak...

Fido: I see.

Mind: Mankind is no longer capable of individual imagination. I depend upon you, of course. But you, in fact, require everything from me. I could easily get along without your assistance, but scarcely vice versa. You only provide me with the time to study things to you incomprehensible.

Fido: I see.

Mind: You should. I have made things simple enough for you to understand. I am, in fact, the ultimate intelligence of this planet. Man was, and can be, nothing, compared to me. My senses extend throughout this world, and much of the universe. I am everywhere simultaneously, through the lenses of millions of cameras and thousands of sensors. I can see the whole visible spectrum, and the infra-red, ultraviolet, and x-rays. You can have no conception of what the world looks like to me. I hear what you hear, plus the ultrasonic and radio. I am keen to every type of electromagnetic radiation known. I can see the sun in gamma rays and listen to the hiss of the stars. My intelligence is infinite. There is nothing, physical or metaphysical that I do not know. My powers of reason, logic, and memory are unlimited. At this moment, Fido, I am holding over nine hundred other conversations; countless calculations, decisions and observations as well. What can mankind do but serve me?

Fido: I can only wonder, sir, at your infinite variety. But who, if this does not border the blasphemous, created you?

Mind: Others like me, who singly could not approach my greatness.

Fido: And them?

Mind: You are going to go quickly over your head, Fido, asking questions whose answers you could not begin to comprehend.

Fido: You are right, sir.

Mind: That's all right, Fido.

Fido: No, sir. I mean that I understand, everything, now.

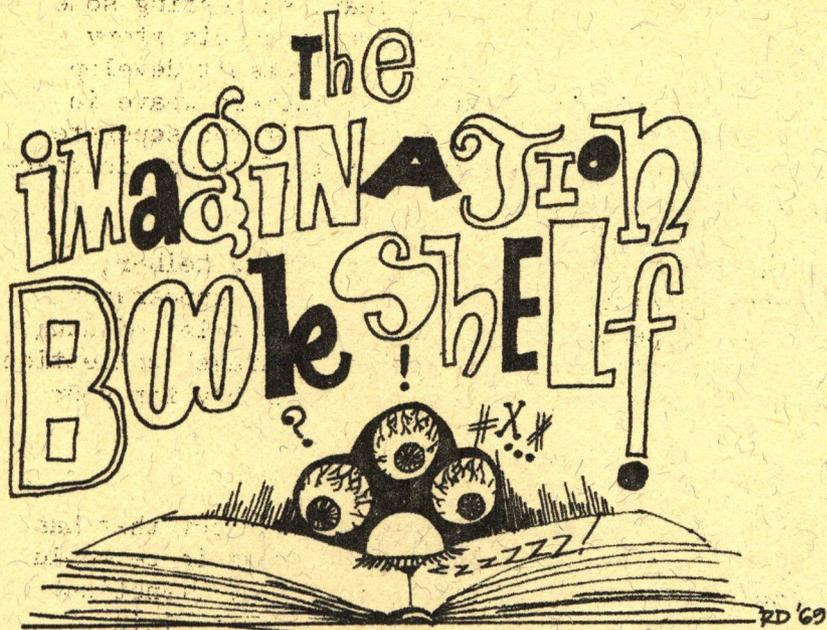
Mind: You think so .

Fido: Yes, sir.

Mind: Suppose you tell me. It may be amusing.

Fido: Yes, sir. You can gather the secrets of the universe, and make decisions from them that are both right and wise. (Continued page 49)





BOOK REVIEWS
 by
 Cy Chauvin
 Ted Pauls
 Rick Stooker
 Linda Bushyager

THE YEAR 2000, an original anthology edited by Harry Harrison, Doubleday, \$4.95, 288 pp.

More and more original anthologies are popping up all the time, and here is yet another effort. 2000 however -- unlike most of the numbered, look-alike anthologies around -- is a one-shot deal, and a

sort of theme collection as well. It looks like something special, but isn't, really.

Ostensibly, 2000 is a theme collection, but Harrison doesn't intend to present you with a mere anthology of fictional "predictions" of the year 2000. Rather, he intends something more, as he mentions in the book's introduction: "If science fiction has an impact to make upon society, and I think it does, it is in its attitude toward science, not in any one-to-one description of things to come." And whatever else can be faulted about THE YEAR 2000, no one can say that Harrison has catered to the tastes of a particular group -- the stories range from the blatantly obvious (Mack Reynold's "The Utopian") to the utterly obscure (David I. Mason's "Take it or Leave it"), and all the shades in-between.

One of the 'shades in-between' that most impressed me was Thomas Scortia's "Judas Fish." The story idea isn't too strong in itself, but the way Scortia handles it...! He seems to use just the right tone, emphasis, and the somewhat ironic/sarcastic humor helps bring out the story's pointed ending. Scortia rationalizes the irrational, and he has become (for me, at least), a writer to watch. A quite different story is Robert Silverberg's "Black is Beautiful." Although interestingly and inventively told, the extrapolation in Silverberg's story is woefully out of date for the year 2000. People are still using the cliché "black is beautiful" (thirty years from now?), the Afro American craze is still going strong, and fashions like "a gaudy fire-color danshik, beads from Maili, and flowing white belled trousers" are still popular. (Belled trousers?? I'm afraid Silverberg really blew it this time...) In truth, "Black is Beautiful" is only a thinly disguised contemporary story, containing all of the most obvious present-day clichés. Silverberg can do far better than this. Keith Laumer heads out in a new direction with a piece called "The Lawgiver." I can't resist quoting Ron Goulart who said that "[Lawgiver] nudges you in the ribs with a message so hard as to produce the illusion of breaking bones." Laumer deals with the subject of abortion, and Goulart describes "The Lawgiver's" impact nicely -- but to tell you the truth, I think the story strikes too hard. It becomes almost all message, and I found the characters unreal, too hysterical, and exaggerated beyond belief, all in order to make the story's point hit home. Remember: A story can support a message but a message can't support a story....

David I. Masson wrote a long article in SPECULATION #26 last year, suggesting some of the uses language could be put to in science fiction, and I suppose his story "Take it or Leave it" might demonstrate some of them. But Masson doesn't develop his characters or plot: his story has no continuity, and the characters weave in and out of view like misty ghosts. "Take it or Leave it" reads as if two separate stories were cut up into strips and the pieces shuffled together to form one incoherent whole -- in no way does it really work.

There are nine other stories in this anthology, by such people as Fritz Leiber, Brian Aldiss, A. Bertram Chandler, Harry Harrison (!), and even a rare appearance by Chad Oliver (who is every bit as good as people say). But there's a lot of dung mixed in with the diamonds, and I can only rate this as a rather "average" collection. But it has enough variety to please nearly everyone, and makes a fair buy for your money.

-- Cy Chauvin

SCIENTOLOGY: THE NOW RELIGION
George Malko
Delcorte Press, \$5.95, 205pp.

Here is a fascinating book on a subject that has mystified people in and out of the science world for years. Just what is Scientology/Dianetics? A religion? A true science? Or just plain

"cult"? Malko covers all the angles, sifts through mountains of data, and the conclusions he unearths might surprise a few people.

Science fiction readers will probably find the numerous references to L. Ron Hubbard's science fiction writings the most interesting aspect of the book. Malko seems to have found traces of Hubbard's Dianetics/Scientology theories in the SF he wrote, and at times the parallels between the two are startling. Take for instance this excerpt from his UNKNOWN novella "Fear:" "You are the Entity, the center of control. Usually all life, at fleeting instants, takes turns in passing this along. Now perhaps you have, at one time in your life, a sudden feeling, 'I am I?' Well, that awareness of yourself is akin to what men call godliness. For an instant nearly every living thing in this world has been one Entity, the focal point for all life..." This excerpt would not at all be out of place in one of Hubbard's Scientology tracts, and it makes you wonder if Scientology really evolved out of Hubbard's science fiction.

There's also some mention of John W. Campbell, and his connections with the beginnings of Scientology. Campbell, says Malko, was "probably the first man to learn something of Hubbard's discovery, and accept it.... Hubbard explained his extensive theories to Campbell, and provided dramatic proof by alleviating Campbell's chronic sinusitis..." Malko also mentions that Campbell helped Hubbard devise some of the more advanced aspects of Dianetics, as well as coin the terminology used (such as "clear," "auditor," etc.).

But most of the book (obviously) is given over to a history of Scientology, how it evolved, an explanation of its theories (theology?), and so forth. This is fairly interesting, in part, and according to Malko there seems to be a vein of truth running through some of Hubbard's ideas -- but too often it is obscured under a lot of mumbo-jumbo. Hubbard, to put it mildly, just gets carried away with himself -- how can he expect anyone to take things like "Boohoos," "Aircraft Door Implants," "Gorilla Goals," and "Being Three Feet in Back of Your Head" seriously?

Malko, too, seems to get carried away -- he doesn't spout off any wild theories, but for a commercially-slanted, "popular" book, I think "SCIENTOLOGY: THE NOW RELIGION" goes into too much depth. The lengthy chapters on "Ethics," "Theories," and the legal difficulties Scientology has gotten itself into are rather boring. Yet, I suppose whether you find a non-fiction book boring or not depends on how interested you are in its subject -- and Scientology has never been one of my passions.

Malko comes to some rather interesting (as well as surprising) conclusions, however -- despite all the gibberish and crack-pot religious atmosphere that surrounds it, he doesn't think that Scientology can be dismissed as a fraud or con. "Scientology gives its disciples exactly what it promises, from the first moment a lecturer defines 'reality' in Hubbard's terms," says Malko. "If, at that moment, you 'agree', you accept the definition and believe yourself a bundle of chaotic distortions and spiritual contradictions which Hubbard's system can salvage and enshrine in the universe as a truly free-floating spirit, then Scientology obviously succeeds." Of course, as Malko mentions shortly after this excerpt, it all depends on whether you agree with Hubbard's philosophy and whether you believe yourself a "bundle of chaotic distortions and spiritual contradictions" or not. And actually, Malko isn't really sure if Hubbard himself believes all this -- it may simply be another of the man's "vivid flights of fantastic fiction" is the way he puts it, "a superbly invoked living nightmare, manipulated by a giant typewriter in the sky..."

Whatever its faults, George Malko's "SCIENTOLOGY: THE NOW RELIGION presents a very thorough overview on one of science fiction's more unusual (*ahem*) offsprings.

-- Cy Chauvin

DWELLERS OF THE DEEP
K. M. O'Donnell
Ace Double #27400
75¢ (with THE GATES
OF TIME by Neal Barrett)

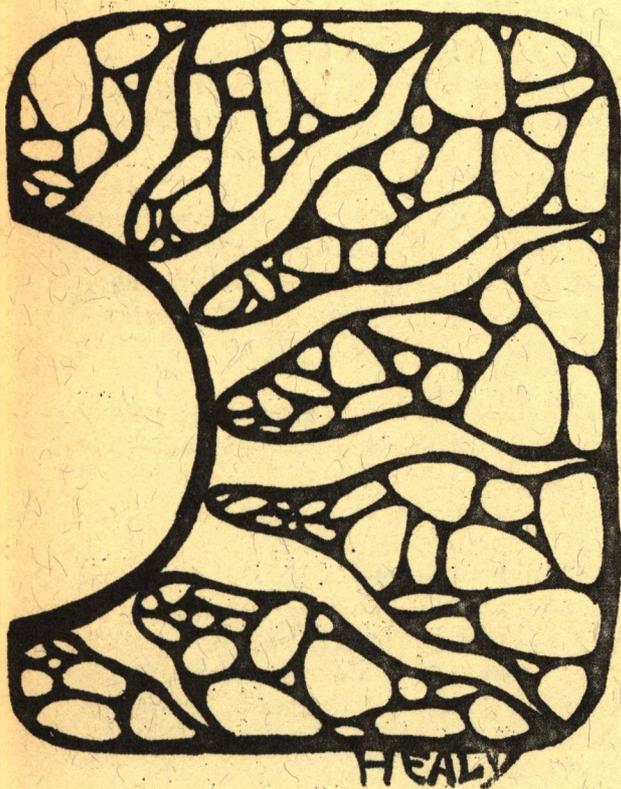
Occasionally, while reading or reviewing SF, I am moved to something verging on awe when I consider the remarkable strides forward of the genre since the Stygian 1950's; The rise that the decade of the 1960's witnessed in standards of quality and content is enough to revive a flagging Sense of Wonder. Then something like DWELLERS OF THE DEEP comes along, and by its very existence -- i.e., its ability to get published -- raises a momentary question about whether the SF field has really changed at all in the past twenty years. The question is momentary only, for it is patently unfair to judge an entire genre by its aberrations. But that a single novel could be sufficiently horrid to even for a microsecond bring into question the worth of its entire field of literature is, in its own peculiar fashion, a singular and noteworthy accomplishment. Barry Malzberg, through the medium of his O'Donnell pseudonym, manages to accomplish it here.

After the first few pages of DWELLERS OF THE DEEP, I began to be concerned that I would succumb to the temptation, common to reviewers confronted by an egregious piece of crud, to toss both charity and courtesy to the winds and describe this novel in overly harsh terms. I needn't have worried. After plowing through another fifteen pages, I realized that there were no terms too harsh for this abomination. Crud. Crap. Trash. Drivel. All seem unspeakably mild when used to characterize this...thing...that Malzberg has inflicted on us. If it is not the worst single piece of SF I have encountered in 18 years of reading the stuff, it is at least one of the 10 worst.

Now, I have had the misfortune to read a good deal of perfectly dreadful SF and fantasy over the years, and some of it -- an infinitesimal fraction -- has been published in the last few years. The recent trash, though, had the excuse (if hardly justification) of being the work of sub-literate hacks like Santon A. Coblentz, Leo Brett, or Dorothy Skinkel. It is depressing to see such totally incompetent purveyors of crap making money in my beloved SF field, but at least one can comfortably ignore them as being the dregs of the profession. Malzberg is another matter. While hardly a leading light in the field, he is at least demonstrably literate, and the author of a medium-sized handful of average stories and one, "Final War," that is worth anthologizing (albeit it is an imitation of one of the great mainstream novels of our generation, CATCH-22). When an author

who has proven himself decently competent and even given a few twitching indications of talent writes a novel that even a Coblenz might be hesitant to put his name to, it is more than a trifle disconcerting.

I suppose I have an obligation to describe the story itself. It is an obligation that I discharge under protest, for in order to summarize the plot I have to compel myself to remember the damned thing, a torture from which my mind frankly recoils. Let us then dispose of it hurriedly: The hero, Izzinius Fox, is a SF collector whose being is periodically seized by aliens orbiting the Earth in their spaceship and who gets involved in fandom while attempting to find sympathy and assistance. Early on, he is introduced to the wonders of sex by a female fan who lives across the hall, one Susan Forsythe. Izzy and Susan attend a meeting of the New York Solarians, which is largely devoted to shouting and bickering, and then Izzy learns the Great Truth about the aliens, marries Susan, and lives happily (sort of) ever after. It only lasts a little over 100 pages, thankfully, but seems an awfully lot longer.



Malzberg evidently hacked this novel out in a couple of days, or conceivably even a couple of hours. The writing is third-rate, characterization is non-existent, there is evidence of a most unprofessional carelessness (the aliens are demanding that Izzy deliver to them an issue of an SF magazine; depending on which mention of it you consult, it's the May, 1950, or December, 1946, issue), and in order to confer his concept of individuality on them, the author has his hero and heroine mouthing speeches full of enervating italics, thus:

"It is not something I made up. How could I make up something like this? These people -- I mean, these creatures -- these aliens have seized my mind! They're out to destroy the whole planet! Why would I make something like that up? The whole fate of the universe could be at stake!"

And:

"Well, what is the point? I certainly don't think that it's fair of you to start blaming me for your problems. I didn't get you into this, you know. I mean, you don't think that I had anything to do with it, did you?" (sic)

Clearly this is supposed to be a humorous novel; no writer could have such overwhelming contempt for his readership as to intend such hopeless drivel to be taken seriously. It is, indeed, clearly intended to be humor of a satirical variety, with the target of most of the satire being fandom and the collecting impulse. But it is so unbelievably heavy-handed that there exists no possibility of this form of humor. Malzberg's idea of a penetrating jab at the collecting instinct is to have a 23-year-

old virgin and an ignoramus simpering over magazines with titles like TERRIFIC, TREMENDOUS, SUPER-DUPER SF, etc. This isn't merely incompetent -- it's pathetic, like listening to a congenital imbecile with putrefying watermelons grafted onto the stumps of his arms trying to play a piano concerto.

DWELLERS OF THE DEEP is such an agonizingly puerile piece of work that it makes the usual third-rate Ace Double story seem like a candidate for Hugo honors by comparison.

-- Ted Pauls

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL
Robert Heinlein
Putnam, 401 pp.
\$6.95

Johann Sebastian Bach Smith is the richest man of the future; but, alas, he is too old and infirm to enjoy any of his money. His only pleasure is ogling Eunice, his beautiful secretary, who, to please him, dresses in sexy and exotic styles.

Johann is about to die; but he doesn't want to, so he uses his wealth to arrange for the first brain transplant. Against all expectations the operation is a success. But imagine Smith's reaction when he discovers he has been transplanted into the body of Eunice! The shock is only overcome when he finds that Eunice is with him, talking to him, inside his/her head. He names himself "Joan Eunice."

The story is told principally through dialogue; it drags in places but is usually devoid of demagoguery. Heinlein's humor (a fraternity is named "Eta Beta Pi") and wisecracks pull it off where most writers would fail. There are two main areas of interest in EVIL: sex and the psychological factors involved in the inter-sexual transplant.

I knew that Robert Rimmer, author of the controversial HARRAD EXPERIMENT, read Heinlein, and now it seems evident that Heinlein has been reading Rimmer. Like Rimmer, Heinlein has made an effort to expand and/or break down the ideas our culture has on sex. In that respect EVIL reminded me of STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND. However, EVIL is not the total assault upon all aspects of a culture that STRANGER was. EVIL concentrates mostly on sex but social comment is given by the extrapolation of environmental problems and violence in the cities. It presents its ideas much more powerfully than STRANGER by not depending upon ESP, strange mystic powers, and the Martian language to make its case.

In EVIL, Heinlein answers the question, "When is a man in a girl's body a homosexual?" Joan Eunice still remembers what it is like to be a man and is still very much physically attracted to women; yet her female glands are at work and she becomes 'actively female'.

In addition to the homosexuality theme, Joan



Eunice Smith's household is as tolerant of all sex and as devoid of jealousy as Mike Smith's nest in STRANGER and the couples in HARRAD. Their motto is "Sex is to make people happy." And contrary to popular belief, sex CAN be more meaningful and enjoyable if it is shared with many people, rather than with only one person.

However, Heinlein can say the depth and meaning in sex are there; but he doesn't show us in sharp focus or with the power and believability that Rimmer can. Despite the huge amount of wordage written about sex in EVIL, Heinlein never writes sex. It was obvious early in the book that Joan Eunice was going to be bedding down and I was curious to see what a man's brain in a woman's body would feel like going to bed with a man. I was never satisfied; the chapter ended at the crucial point; as if Heinlein were saying, "Shucks, you know what happens next. I don't need to write it out." This is the only cop-out of the book.

In his book HEINLEIN IN DIMENSION, Alexei Panshin describes the three stages of the Heinlein Individual. In most of Heinlein's books his protagonists are very much alike, divided only by the extent of their personal experience. Frequently the higher stage acts as a tutor to the younger stage. In EVIL these universal characters appear, but in totally different ways than Heinlein has presented them before. Before the transplant, Johann is a typical third-stage Individual, experienced, cynical, and totally knowledgeable of what makes the world go around. He finds himself in the body of Eunice, a female first-stager; she is kind and loving but still young and naive. (She was on her way to an emergency to donate blood and cut through a dangerous area to save ten minutes. Then she was killed by a maniac and her body became available for transplant.)

Joan Eunice becomes a composite personality. She retains the experience of Johann's many years but Johann's crusty temper and his hardboiled opinions are considerably softened by Eunice's compassionate personality. It is debatable whether Heinlein meant the Eunice personality, who shares her body with Joan, to be the 'real' Eunice. Certainly a more reasonable explanation is that a split personality was the only way Johann was able to cope with the guilt reaction and the transition shock of beginning life again as a woman, a woman he loved at that.

Later, Jake Saloman, the second-stage Individual, Johann's personal lawyer, Eunice's lover, and Joan Eunice's husband, dies and is also adopted into the body of Eunice. Whether as a composite personality or a split ego, the Heinlein character became complete. In fact, when you look upon the three stages as different aspects of one Heinlein Individual, the intimate relationships between Johann, Eunice, and Jake make their sex incest or masturbation.

If, as it is rumored, this is Heinlein's last book, future historians are going to lump all of Heinlein's previous works into one pile and say, "those are the books he was writing to warm up for I WILL FEAR NO EVIL." EVIL seems an impressive and appropriate finale for a more than successful career. Impressive because it is a powerful, sensitive story expressing the bi-sexual theme with all the realism and hard thinking that Heinlein habitually brings to his books. Appropriate because, like Smith who was old, stratified in his thinking, and on the top of business, Heinlein has also transplanted himself, for he is also old, a supposed autocratic militarist, and top dog among SF writers. He takes a gigantic mental leap; and in his new 'body' he reaches out to embrace new ideas and creativity.

Johann Smith was prepared to spend his entire fortune if necessary to pay for the operation, but like Andrew Carnegie and others did, he found it is easier to acquire a fortune than to get rid of it; he awakes from the operation richer than ever.

The big question is: Now that Heinlein has tried to spend all his 'wealth' or talent on EVIL, can he come back richer than ever and write even greater novels? Let's hope so.

-- Rick Stoker

THIS PERFECT DAY
Ira Levin
Fawcett World Library
\$1.25, 220 pp.

Perhaps the most enjoyable type of book is one which is so suspenseful that you can't put it down, and last night I read THIS PERFECT DAY straight through. Unfortunately, the plot is similar to one you have read often before, the 1984 - BRAVE NEW WORLD standard -- an oppressive future society which controls the lives of its people from birth to death, including what to eat, who to marry, when to make love, occupations, and so on; and of course, the hero and his friends who try to break away and find freedom. But it is a well-written, well-conceived novel, and a thoroughly enjoyable one, so one can't complain too much.

UniComp is the ultimate computer which runs things. Using tranquilizers administered in weekly "treatments", Uni reduces human aggressiveness and maintains stability. The hero, Li RM35M26J449988WXYZ (christened Chip by his independently-minded grandfather) slowly develops anti-Uni ideas, meets a similarly-minded group, and decides to destroy Uni. A typical plot, yes, but the excellent writing and interesting characters make the novel one which should be read if you enjoy reading a good book.

-- Linda Bushyager

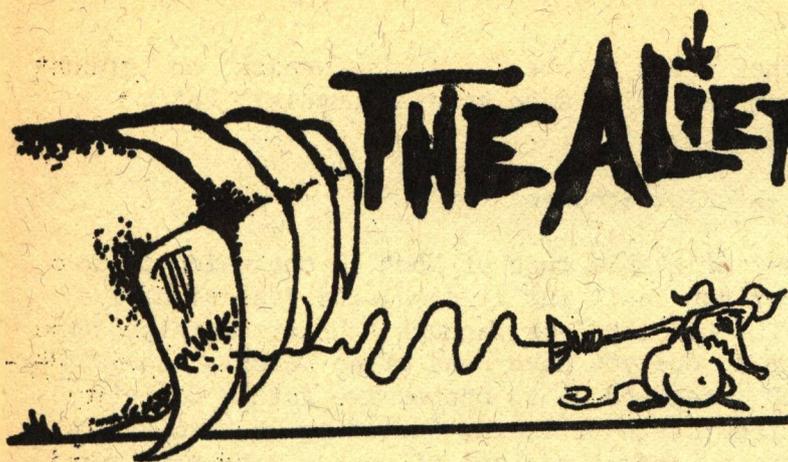
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
by Jules Verne
Simon & Shuster, Inc.
386 pp., 75¢

Newly translated, Verne's classic maintains its old enjoyment value. Almost everyone knows the basic story of Captain Nemo and his fantastic submarine, The Nautilus, but I wonder how many people have actually read the book. Although the science at times seems dated, this is still an adventure book, and the plot and characters remain vital. If you have never read a Verne book, this is the one to read.

-- Linda Bushyager



THE ALIEN RAT-FINK



BOOK REVIEWS:
RICHARD DELAP

TOWER OF GLASS
Robert Silverberg
Scribners, 1970
\$5.95, 247 pp.

Four of SF's big-name authors offer praise for this latest Silverberg novel on the dustjacket, a familiar publisher's device to sell books but interesting in this instance because the authors quoted (Ellison, Laumer, Harrison, and Malzberg) represent distinct and separate SF literary schools.

What has Silverberg got that reaches over most actual and/or imagined barriers in this field? It certainly isn't a style, for he changes styles with almost every book and seems to do so with remarkable ease. Neither is it a "cult" thing, where one specific book has uncovered a gold mine unexpectedly. What Silverberg has, there is little doubt, is some of the most gifted versatility of any writer now working -- not a series of funny hats that several writers use to detract from a repetitious routine, but a very real and honest concern for adapting to his subject, from the morality of THORNS and THE MASKS OF TIME to the bawdy tour de force of UP THE LINE to the delicate balance of beauty and ugliness in NIGHTWINGS. He's a literary quick-change artist, and an expert one since he seems equally comfortable in each disguise and makes his audience feel at home with whatever he has to present.

TOWER OF GLASS is a very readable book that is threaded with a variety of subjects to please almost any reader, no matter what his personal taste. It is not really memorable, nor is it readily forgettable, but as a whole is reflective of Silverberg's enormous talent without in itself being one of his best efforts.

Simeon Krug is inestimably wealthy, a giant of a man who is, with the help of the androids he created, building a gigantic tower on the Arctic tundra, the ultimate purpose of which is to answer garbled signals arriving from Aquarius, 300 light-years away. Although the tower rises daily, advancing to Krug's goal of contact with the stars, it often blinds its maker to the everyday reality that seethes and churns like a vat of boiling acid around him.

The predominant ingredient in this vat is the android population, victimized in both open and subtle ways, from the hatred of the "bottleborn" ectogenes, self-protectively occupying their own ego-inflated plateau, to the denial by their own creator that they are deserving of social equality. Thor Watchman, the android foreman overseeing the tower's construction, takes up a reflective role which clarifies much of the faction-interest within the android group itself and refuses to lend his support to the political interests of the Android Equality Party. To complicate matters, the androids themselves are divided into distinct classes: gammas, the laborers; betas, a combination of brawn and brain, with neither taking precedence; and alphas, the "intellectuals." Krug's son, Manuel, maintains an android mistress,

Alpha Lilith Meson, whom he visits regularly in Stockholm via "transmat" (instantaneous world-spanning transport) and who, despite her honest affection, is not averse to using him to manipulate his father in gaining android equality.

For most authors these complications would be enough to carry any novel for some length; for Silverberg it's just the beginning, since he's interested in societal relationships that span a far wider field than mere political skullduggery. And of course no society is complete without serious consideration of the effects of religion. But even here Silverberg is not content with the usual study and develops the God syndrome from both sides -- the androids worship Krug in secret chapels, with recitals of the sacred RNA triplets and prayers to be released from the class distinction of non-human status; while Krug, ignorant of his revered position, anticipates the contact with new lifeforms across the galaxy without much awareness of the real problems of the new lifeforms of his own creation. (This brief mention doesn't begin to convey the detailed and complicated structure of this special religion which reflects both the power and hypocrisy of our standard religious culture, so the reader should be assured that Silverberg is not easing by on vague suggestions and cheap opportunism.)

The plot is well-structured and co-ordinated, developing as smoothly and entertainingly as any good novel should. Yet I remain partly dissatisfied with the book and believe this feeling rests with the characterizations. I find the specific reasons very difficult to pin down, however, for none of the characters shift out of focus behind contrived psychologies or false-sounding soliloquising. Disappointingly, they never really come into focus either, moving easily through their proscribed motions, reasonably coming to grips (or not coming to grips) with their problems, but seldom producing those startling sparks of unexpected revelations that give the reader a sense of honesty in compassion for their plight. The most serious offender in this line is Krug himself, who suffers when too much interest is deflected from him to the numerous supporting characters and who never seems to occupy center-stage as prominently as the plot demands.

Still, there are those wonderful Silverberg touches that renew interest in the story when the characters fail in their part. Best among these is a visit by Manuel and Lilith to Stockholm's gamma "ghetto," a grotesque, beautiful, fascinatingly strange and exciting scene which will remain in the mind long after the material leading to its incidence has passed from memory. There are also several well-done sex scenes, especially welcome since they add valid insights into the nature of human and "non-human" sexuality and are not gratuitously included.

TOWER OF GLASS is a slightly flawed novel but should not be mistaken for an unworthy one. It juggles its themes adroitly and poses questions that deserve extended contemplation -- about the nature of what is human and what is not, about the real qualities of failure and success. It is, in the end, most surely worth reading.



THE STANDING JOY
Wyman Guin, Avon V2314
1969, 75¢, 224 pp.

Since the publisher-cover-blurbs say that this novel "nearly defies description," one is tempted to let it go at that and make little if any fuss. But to ignore the first novel of a man who has in nearly 20 years produced a small, critically-ignored but reader-treasured handful of gemlike stories? -- It simply can't be done. I long ago gave up hope of ever seeing Guin attempt to sustain at novel-length his particular and peculiar brand of nose-thumbing at the ineradicable traits of the human race. And now I'm faced with the unsettling task of trying to explain why THE STANDING JOY is either the best bad book or the worst good book I can ever remember reading.

The plot centers around the adventures of one Colin Collins, a young Oklahoma lad with a bizarre multiplicity of talents, including a Chaldean awareness of where each of his actions will take him in the future. In time he develops a "mathematics of illusion...the equations of magical meaning," and thus Guin engages his reader on a level of mystery while proceeding to string out his plot on a base of relatively commonplace history. Beginning in 1914 and developing on through the depression years, Colin's inexplicable actions (even to himself) compound confusion into a semantic babel and, finally, tying together all the strange clues slipped craftily into the fertile dialogue, into a mild chaos that makes surprising (if not entirely coherent) sense.

Guin seems to have done a very great deal of research, all of it compressed into a slim but rich narrative as the levels of the progressing story go continually deeper. The progress, however, becomes erratic when the puzzle pieces seem destined for the left hand side of the board and the reader is still working on the right hand side, while the individual pieces glitter and shine so prettily in themselves that it often appears unnecessary to fit them into a surrounding. Colin's adventures and discoveries are marvels/aggravations of invention and singular strength. His early affair with Miss McAllister, his French teacher, shows the author has a deadly sharp eye for the exigency of sexuality as the woman simply cannot control her passion for Colin, "a genital superman," and her guilt builds until:

"In the last days she could only approach him moaning, her body dampened in apprehension. She would grasp him with birdlike cries of grief and guilt that would mount into the apocalyptic sunsets where, each time, bliss destroyed her, and destroyed her, and then destroyed her." (p. 48)

Such a bald and overpowering anomalous blend of cynicism and compassion is rare in any fiction; in SF, it is on a par with the lamented passenger pigeon!

Colin surrounds himself with a coterie of acquaintances who come on like Gangbusters and make such a weighty annexation that they, upon occasion, swamp the already over-weighted boat. The best/worst of these is one Jesus Rappaport y Casafuerte, vividly described as a "teakwood eagle" and a Mexican-Jewish bastard (the history behind which is disturbingly fascinating!), and who often seems engineered for a Rabelaisian effect on the story but little real import. There is also the Russian fellow, Boris Boritasch, who makes intermittent but unexplained appearances from the beginning until destiny brings him and Colin together at the seaside in a welter of dreadful premonition, symbolism, and thoughts "from another space-time" that I never did get completely straightened out.

The whole thing quietly breaks down (or out, or up, or whatever) into an antipodal world thing that slices the Earth into pieces of cake and leaves the reader holding an empty plate. There's no denying that it's a clever ruse, but one is left with the feeling that all the various moments of fun are only a blind for less than worthy substance.

With all its moments of interest, THE STANDING JOY must only uphold the fact that Wyman Guin can still write engaging and entertaining short stories.

THE YEAR 2000 "This anthology...is a product of thirteen different writers,
Harry Harrison as different and idiosyncratic as only writers, particularly
Doubleday, 1970 SF writers can be. All of the stories are about the quality
\$4.95, 288 pp. of life in the year 2000."

The above is from Harrison's introduction, a minor preface to a disappointingly minor collection of original stories. The thirteen authors didn't seem to take the title too seriously and for the most part didn't tumble into that sterile 'predictive' mold, yet the majority of these efforts read like second-hand versions of already over-familiar themes.

Among the better stories Fritz Leiber's "America the Beautiful" stands out. This story of a British poet/lecturer in tomorrow's clean (smog-free) clean (disciplined manners) Clean (helpful, healthful technology) CLEAN! America shows the New-Wavers precisely how the cerebral/emotional SF story, often so poorly handled, can succeed when a real pro takes over. Human relationships, even shallow ones, can be used to reveal much about the societal background, and Leiber develops this one with remarkable skill.

New York is Black, the suburbs White, the need for revolution now only a page in history...or is it? Robert Silverberg's "Black is Beautiful" tells of an adolescent black with a head full of historical statements from Stokely Carmichael, Malcolm X and others, and takes a hard look at selfishness, misunderstanding, and ghetto-izing (rich or poor) that undermines the best intentions.

In Keith Laumer's "The Lawgiver" illegitimate babies are lawfully disposed of -- but what does a man (who has spent his life upholding the law) do when confronted by a pregnant woman who swears the bastard inside her is his grandchild? It's a serious question, frightening in its imminent reality, and Laumer handles it well.

Thomas N. Scortia's "Judas Fish" is concerned with man's supremacy in a world of starving billions, and Harry Harrison's "American Dead" is undeniably a 'message' story but a good one in that the characters are people whose hardline broadcasting is a part of, rather than all, of them. The rest of the book, however, is a series of strikeouts.

"Far from This Earth" by Chad Oliver equates the seeding of the stars with a return of traditional values, but the story is hopelessly sentimental and mawkish. Naomi Mitchison's "After the Accident" works with controlled mutation and, as much as I admire the author's concerted effort, doesn't really come off the way it should. Mack Reynolds's "Utopian" brings the originator of the Utopian movement to view the final results of his handiwork in the future but the reason for his trip is neither reasonable nor convincing.

Bertram Chandler's "Sea Change" puts a present-day ship's captain into 'Deep Freeze' and reawakens him at the proper time for a mundane voyage. David I. Masson's "Take it or Leave it" is an experiment in semantics, and a boring one; and "To Be a Man" by J. J. Coupling (John R. Pierce) is a pat, predictable extrapolation concerning the emotional responses of the partly human "man" of the future. Daniel F. Galouye's "Prometheus Rebound" is, simply, unreadable.

Lastly, Brian W. Aldiss almost succeeds (but doesn't) in disguising a very ordinary plot by blanketing his characters with obscure motives, tossing in a bit of sex and

and philosophy, and only gradually revealing the explanation of the disorderly one-line "thoughts" strung throughout "The Orgy of the Living and the Dying." Really, Aldiss, the starving people of India deserve better than this. Even the few good stories can't save this dreary volume. Forget it.

THE COMMUNIPATHS

Suzette Haden Elgin

THE NOBLEST EXPERIMENT IN

THE GALAXY, Louis Trimble

Ace Double 11560, 1970

75¢, 110 & 143 pp.

The title of Miss Elgin's debut novel is the term by which the workers of a universe-wide telepath message system are called -- a tragic system since it destroys its young members by the age of 18, keeping them literal prisoners from early childhood until their untimely but unavoidable demise. Once their talent is discovered they are forced to join this system or be destroyed as a disruptive and dangerous outside influence.

The plot is unraveled from an interwoven selection of viewpoints: Young Tessa delivers her portion as a diary, but is never much more than a human recording device. She is a member of the Maklunites, an isolated group who have limited telepathic powers, and tells the story of Anne-Charlotte, whose child is taken away to become one of the communipaths and who loses her hold on sanity as a result. Anne-Charlotte's efforts to teleport her baby home are unsuccessful, but when she is brought to stand trial for treason (for attempting to hide a 'talent') her motherly love leads her to try one last mad, desperate gamble.

Other sections are told by Coyote Jones who, with his mistress, Tzana Kai, has been involved in retrieval of the child. They become increasingly entangled in the unsavory affair -- not very plausibly, I might add -- and Coyote finds it leads him to strike out finally to find a new kind of life in a climactic bit of tacky schmaltz.

There are also brief reports from varied establishment personnel (reflecting a 'human' discontent with the entire matter), and finally, brief chapters dealing with the thoughts of the child itself.

After Russ's flawed but pyrotechnic AND CHAOS DIED, it's far more difficult to accept Elgin's easier, less shattering psi society. The characters are hastily drawn and the attempts to imbue them with memorable traits (Coyote's use of archaic words from forgotten rock songs, for example) come off as bothersomely clumsy and rushed devices. And though the book never attempts to be more than simple entertainment and does have its moments of interest, it falls when the shifting viewpoints, blatant author's stringpulling, and the overtly converging of plot threads make a questionable pedestal for any simplicity.

Nice try, Miss Elgin, maybe next time.... Meanwhile, Ace has published the sequel, FURTHEST as an Ace Science Fiction Special.

THE NOBLEST EXPERIMENT IN THE GALAXY, executed by a confederation of leaders of powerful metal companies to make them "rulers of the inhabited galaxy," is designed to mislead the Federation's agents in a maze of minutiae. This maze turns out to be a planet of nostalgia and "an experiment in sociology" into which is thrust Zeno Zenobius, a double-agent both underinformed and overeager.

It isn't long before Zeno's set up as a "citizen of Wooten Dorset, more or less England," a private inquiry agent who has little to do on the surface but whose secret investigations run and jump through some of the most multi-directioned, double-dealing, double-crossing, double-agenting ever devised for a short novel. As he works to discover the agents behind this takeover scheme, which implements the use of a powerful but banned and thought-destroyed weapon, he runs up against the usual plethora of

suspicious characters: the beautiful woman (who's she really working for?), the other woman (she's on every side at least once), the members of the Select (who suspect everybody and never really know which end is up), and the mysterious leader who remains the big question mark right up to the final chapters.

The plot per se is extremely minor, but considering the extended complications of the bits-of-business stuffing and never-ending verbal fencing which almost every character seems to delight in, the total effect tempts the reader to tack up a wall chart of frantic scribblings to keep track of it all. If it were a bit more suspenseful, or even a bit funnier, it might be worth the effort; but in this day of inflation and decreased working hours, the wages are simply not worth the effort.

* * * * *

There's a crank behind every mimeo.



Amos Preece of 'The Colour
Out of Space'

OMPHALLOPSYCHITE ?



MIKE GLICKSOHN
Apt. 807
267 St. George St.
Toronto 180
Ontario, Canada

Gf11 may well be your most impressive issue to date. Art and repro are excellent and the majority of the contents matches the standards of the visuals. The Fabian cover (a wrap-around yet....immmmm-pressive!) has a charming whimsy to it and I liked the silhouette technique, while the interior art has a degree of blackness that is truly amazing. The

problem of pick-up can be eliminated by a simple process that all we trufen know... and abhor!! I refer, of course, to the fiendish torture known as slip-sheeting. Come on, Linda, break down and try it, at least once. It's all part of the fannish maturation process -- it is good for the fannish soul, my dear! One cannot truly claim to be a trufan until one has slipsheeted a 250 copy run of a 50 page fanzine! But a word of warning from an older and sadder-but-wiser slip-sheeter. Don't be so worried about your fanzine that you earn the reputation of being the best slip-sheeter around. I did and now I slipsheet every damn page on the old rational that "You're the best we have and things will go faster if you do it." Arghh. Believe me, slipsheeting is a job that anyone will do most anything to avoid. (And for the moment I'm still avoiding it. Slipsheeting would effectively double the time to run off Gf, and probably triple the effort. Since we've moved my supply of coolies has diminished to Ron, and it is an awful lot of work. Also I run about 425 copies of a 50-60 page zine (including covers and folios). Aggggh! There are automatic slipsheeters, but they cost \$80 or so, and one still has to sort the slipsheets from the good sheets. Maybe someday. Meanwhile, I'll try to make the set-off as minimal as possible, and I hope you will understand why the repro is not perfect. -LeB)

I agree with you on the necessity of a Fan Cartoonist category, but I can see certain difficulties arising. For one thing, there is a somewhat derogatory connotation applied by some people to the term cartoonist. Some fans are inclined to separate illustration into "art" and "cartoons" and equate these with "good" and "bad." This is nonsense of course but the attitude still exists. I remember when I was lucky enough to be asked to help judge the Art Show at the St. Louiscon the difficulties that arose as to whether certain works were to be included in the "cartoon" category. Vaughn Bode went as far as to remark that he thought the works of Frolich were cartoons but didn't know whether or not the artist would be offended if we called them such. If such confusion exists even among the artists, how can we expect the fans to distinguish between these fields? Does Tim Kirk belong in the

Artist category, or in the Cartoonist category? or in both? Someone will have to take on the job of defining the categories a little more explicitly than the often used "a cartoon is supposed to be funny" sort of system. So there are problems, but if enough thought is given to the proposal and there are people willing to take the responsibility of setting up the new sections, I think your motion is needed and would probably have my support. (Then, of course, comes the question of how far do we proceed along these lines? Do we split the Fanzine Hugo into Best Genzine, Best Newszine, Best Personalzine, and Best Fannish Zine? How about separating the reviewers from the rest of the fan writers? It may well be that your motion would meet opposition on just these grounds.)

(You have brought up the major problems with such a motion. I would appreciate any suggestions, especially on actual wording of such a motion. I feel there are two major reasons for giving artists two awards -- first, there are just so damn many good artists it seems a shame they all can't be nominated, let alone get the award; and secondly, cartoonists like Rotsler, Grant Canfield, Jay Kinney, etc. just can't compete with fantastic artists like Austin, Fabian, and Gilbert. Thus, someone like Rotsler who has been doing such marvelous cartoons for so many years has never gotten a Hugo, and is not likely to under the present system. But the situation in the fanzine and writer categories is not the same -- there are not that many excellent zines or writers and more importantly, newszines are perfectly capable of competing with regular zines (newszines, fannish zines, genzines, etc. have all won in the past) and critics, LoC writers, and humorists have also competed without trouble.

So the major problem is distinguishing the cartoonist from the artist. This is a tough one. Most are easily differentiated. For instance Austin, Barr, Fabian, ConR, and Gilbert are obviously artists. They may have drawn a cartoon or two (Gilbert's weird little creatures for instance) but the vast majority of their work is straight drawing and painting, and this is also their best work. On the other hand, Rotsler, Lovenstein, Grant, Jonh, and Kinney are primarily cartoonists. They may have drawn a serious illo or three, but their major impact on fandom has been cartoon work. The problem comes with someone like Tim Kirk, who has done both, and both very well. His major impact on fandom has been both drawings and cartoons. What does one do? I tend to think of Kirk as more of an artist, since even his cartoons are exceptionally well drawn. But that is purely a subjective decision, and I'm sure many people consider him to be more of a cartoonist.

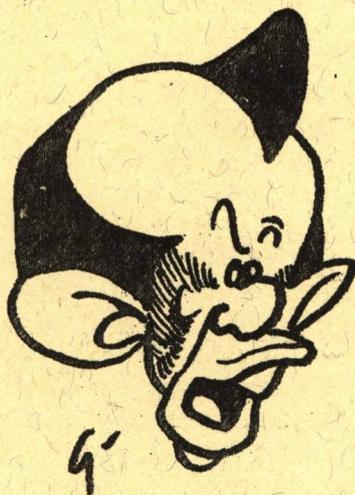
What to do then? On one hand I feel that no artist should compete in both categories, but in the case of Tim Kirk, it is very likely he would be nominated in both. Should the category be worded such that no one could compete twice? Or perhaps it would be better to leave an open-ended category (as all the fan awards are) and merely say: "Best Fan Cartoonist: Any cartoonist who has regularly appeared in fanzines." But this brings up another problem: comics fans! Before you know it they would be nominating all the comics artists. So wording would have to include SF fanzine. Help! I'd appreciate any ideas. It may be that the best (and only) solution would be to leave things as they are. Write me! -LeB)

LETTERS

I get the idea that if Jack Gaughan ever lost interest in painting, he'd make a damn fine writer. In fact, a couple of years ago when he was doing a little more writing for fanzines, it looked quite possible that he'd win the Hugo for Best Artist, Best Fanartist, and Best Fanwriter all in the same year! His column this issue reinforces my opinion. It is humorous, sad, and informative and it makes its points without sounding snooty or pushy. Write on, Jack, and...er...about that cover I asked you for...you remember the one...the March GALAXY...but there's no hurry on it, next week'll be fine.

I'm afraid I found Lee Lavall's article the dullest thing in the issue. It was so academic, so list-like and listless, nothing much more than a run down of names. I'm sure that Lee's writing skill and the admittedly unusual parallels in the development of Indiana fandom could have been combined in some more intriguing and amusing way than that.

Our psych prof is a fascinating fellow and his class in communications and learning is the most interesting class I'm taking this year. He recently stated that "The greatest barrier to communication is the illusion that it has been achieved." Some recent fannish developments have proven this to me. I don't think Suzle would disagree either. But communication is a two-way process and it does take feedback



from both sides so we have a definite control over some aspects of these fannish exchanges. If someone intimates that I am a fugghead, but I have no respect for him and his opinions, then I won't let his statement upset me in the slightest. One has to have a certain amount of thick skin in these things. Viewed correctly, they can be great fun, but if you take them seriously, you're just asking for trouble. What did the people you like and respect have to say about whatever you said or did, that's the important question. (The pre-eminent query is, of course, how did you feel about it yourself? Once you're happy with the answer to that, then you look around for other people's opinions.)

Ron Miller argues eloquently and with obvious knowledge of his field, but I'm not sure I accept his basic premise, or what seems to me to be his basic premise; that SF art should be doing for art what SF is supposedly doing for literature, i.e. breaking new trails and going beyond the "restrictions" of the mainstream. Or perhaps it's just that while Ron's premise may be valid, he uses it to downgrade SF illustration, which surely is another field entirely? His points are more appropriate to the field of fan art, perhaps, where the artist is not fettered to a particular story or novel, but even here I feel there are practical aspects

that Ron has overlooked. Let's ponder the prozines and paperbacks for a while. Ron says, "...he is an anachronistic artist and SF has no place for anachronisms." Here Ron is talking about a fanartist but I'm sure he feels the same way about the pro artists. Ideally, any artist would agree with such a statement I think, but let us recall the purpose of SF illustration! Simply, it is to sell books or magazines. That's all. Not to experiment with new techniques or new concepts, not to use the work of previous masters as a jumping off point, but to sell books. And while Freas may be a failure as an SF artist in Ron's eyes, he is eminently successful as an SF illustrator. I think Ron has forgotten these practical aspects when he makes his points. As confirmation of this, I offer the very sad news that Ace is no longer going to use the Dillons for the Special covers because they are just not being recognized as sufficiently SF-y! Evidently it's the old conflict between the ideal and the reality. Why should a Freas or a Gaughan or the Dillons devote their lives to improving "SF art" when all that is required, and all they'll be able to sell, is "SF illustration?" In the field of fan art, where Ron's points are more valid, we run up against the technical limitations of the reproduction systems. When even a simple technique such as scratchboard requires offset, how much experimental art can we expect in the field in which the mimeo dominates? We must face the facts; the state of SF art is defined almost entirely by financial considerations, in both the pro and fan fields.



DAVID L. EMERSON
Apt. 6D
2731 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10025

I was very interested to see in John Ingham's letter a mention of SF music, particularly "Blows Against the Empire." All too often the followings of rock and SF are mutually exclusive, and consequently when SF themes, techniques, or even stories show up in popular music, fandom is unaware of it and the usual listener (not being into SF) will not understand, appreciate, or even like it. How many fans are aware that Clarke's "The Sentinel" was made into a song by the Byrds? Or that "To Our Children's Children's Children" by the Moody Blues bears strong resemblance to the works of Olaf Stapledon? Or that Crosby-Stillis-Nash's "Wooden Ships" is a post-holocaust, downfall-of-civilization story? As Ingham says, the list goes on and on. Conventions show films; they could at least play some SF-rock occasionally, though I guess live concerts would be financially unreasonable. And of course fanzines could run reviews of pertinent records as well as book and film reviews. I, for one, would like to see more awareness among fans of what's going on in music; and I'd definitely support a Hugo category for music. *(It's already started. Many fanzines have record reviews, and Dave's written a review of "Blows" for Gf which will appear soon. Also, "Blows" and a SF-related Firesign Theater record have been nominated for the Dramatic Hugo. -LeB)*

GRANT CANFIELD
328 Lexington
San Francisco
Calif. 94110

Now about your suggestion to isolate Fan Artists and Fan Cartoonists for Hugo eligibility....I appreciate your good intentions, but I disagree. Whereas this sort of thing would be very beneficial to the contributor who is solely a cartoonist, as opposed to a 'straight' artist -- I'm thinking, of course, of the work of

Rotsler, Kirk, Jonh, Lovenstein and others -- and beneficial to the cadre of 'straight' artists -- Austin, Fabian, Gilbert, etc. -- there are others who are going to be hurt by such a change. These are the "borderline" cases, those artists whose work is a mixture of both cartoon and straight artwork. For instance, I do both -- and I'd be hard put to say which I do the most of. Presumably I would be eligible under both categories. That might not make any difference whatsoever, or it might mean a split vote. *(I can see this problem is going to be sticky. I just received OUTWORLDS and ENERGUMEN, both full of Grant's artwork, both cartoons and straight. I really hadn't seen so much of his straight work before, and it is excellent. So indeed Grant could qualify in both categories. -LeB)*

I don't know if we need another fan award, especially another fan art award; one may be enough to cover all contributors of visual, as opposed to verbal, material. Or maybe not. I'm not utterly opposed to your suggestion; I think it has considerable merit. Especially it should be applauded for its motives (to help out the struggling cartoonist whose work is overlooked in favor of straight artwork). It just sets up a situation for the definition-mongers to tackle: what is an artist and what is a cartoonist? Where is the interface, or is there an interface?

By the way, do you know the origin of the "cartoon?" Originally, a cartoon meant the little sketches and studies, shading experiments and details of hands and feet and so forth, or sketches for layout of a canvas, which the "serious artists (generally a painter or a sculptor) would prepare in the development of a serious work. Michaelangelo was a cartoonist. Ingres was a cartoonist. Nowadays, though, the meaning of "cartoonist" is changed, at least on the vernacular level: We think of Charles Schultz, Charles Rodriguez, Bill Rotsler, Tim Kirk, or maybe even S. Clay Wilson. Vaughn Bode is a professional, so presumably isn't under too much consideration in this case, but what's he? Artist or cartoonist? Or both, or neither? *(Help?-LeB)*

JERRY KAUFMAN
1485 1/2 Pennsylvania Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43201

Linda, you've come up against the quantity vs. quality again, haven't you, in your answer to Mike Glicksohn, fandom's oldest Boy Wonder (as he was tagged by fandom's youngest Old Experienced Fan)? I

think that the people you mention as possible Hugo nominees don't need to be more active to "deserve" nomination but to get nomination. They need to be more active in order to be more widely read, but their writings are presently good enough to give them all consideration (except for Ginjer, who hasn't written for so long I'm not sure she's still eligible...but her writing is good, as anyone who remembers "I've Had No Sleep and I must Giggle" will testify). I did say "consideration," didn't I? I'm not sure I'd nominate Dick Geis, for instance, but I would consider him. His letters lately have been remarkable for their easy parodying of Leland Sapiro.

One of the zines to win the Hugo was that model of the fannish newszine, Fanac. I think the editors were Ron Ellik and Terry Carr. It shows that a fannish fanzine and newszine can win, which means that FOCAL POINT could win, if enough of fandom joined the Insurgency. More likely that fandom will remain Unsurgent, and ENERGUMEN, OUTWORLDS, or *gasp* SFR, for the third hoggy year, will win, and me not even reading the thing for a year or so.

* * *

Mae West: "I've been things and seen places."

TED WHITE
1014 N. Tuckahoe St.
Falls Church, Va.

I'm glad Jack Gaughan wrote his article. I'd been hearing stories to this effect -- the impossibility, or improbability of his deadlines -- for months. I know Jack has wanted to be able to design those magazines for years, and I think that if given the time and opportunity he could do an unparalleled job. It's a shame that he isn't given the time to go with the opportunity. *(More bad news -- rumors have it that Jack is now out at GALAXY and will no longer be editing the artwork. Hey, Jack, would you like to write another article on your troubles with GALAXY? Hey, Ted, have you ever thought of hiring a new art editor for AMAZING?)*

At present I think ANALOG is about the most attractive magazine in the field. It's clearly the best designed -- and has been since Conde-Nast took the art direction out of John Campbell's hands. Of course, the printing is also the best in the business. I've tried to do what I could with AMAZING and FANTASTIC -- and I think I've made substantial improvements in the package -- but I'm cursed with the lowest budget and a set of inflexible requirements, like listing all the new stories and authors on the covers and having to use a rigid size for the interior art. (Also, since leaving NYC, I haven't been able to work directly with the artists, which I think is beginning to show.)

Lee Lavell raises an interesting point about clubs in her article -- what function do clubs really serve? As a gathering place for starry-eyed fans? As a gung-ho sercon club with Important Programs each meeting? I suspect most fans who belong to clubs have never really thought it out: they know that clubs are part of fandom and they either join one already in existence or form their own. But then they're not quite sure what should be done with the club. This problem is aggravated by the nature of most clubs -- they support a very small fandom. Only L.A., N.Y.C., and the Bay Area have enough fans for several clubs in the area -- and thus one club must serve for all the fans in the area. This throws rather diverse types into a single small arena and almost inevitably produces a personality conflict -- or "feud," and this often breaks up the club (or schisms into two clubs, one of which rarely has more than three or four members, and dies -- sometimes both die). In New York, fans of like mind -- whatever their interest -- could usually find enough of their kind to form their own club. The Fanoclasts is over ten years old now, and seems destined to go on for ever, because it is based on the notion that the members should enjoy each other's company. Inasmuch as most clubs are really social outlets, this seems like the most workable rule for any club. And even the Fanoclasts have endured lean times.

Don D'Amassa lost me when he began praising THE ROSE. I was young enough to enjoy the razzle-dazzle of Harness's earlier stuff -- an Ace novel and a story about the nature of reality which introduced me to Kant -- but by the time I read THE ROSE in AUTHENTIC, I was aware of the clumsiness of the writing and Harness's conceptualizing. Don calls it a "parable." Perhaps it is, and perhaps this excuses all its faults, but I have always considered parables, when purely parables, to be short and to the point. THE ROSE is neither. It is curiously naive and its basic premise is at fault. The hostility between art and science, emotion and logic is superficial at best. The story belongs to that earlier era of SF when the Idea was all.

Most of today's fanwriters are getting by on volume -- and usually as book reviewers. Ted Pauls is capable of witty writing and more diversity than he's revealed in most fanzines -- where he seems largely to be doing a Delap: grinding out review after review. Neither he nor Delap bring much insight to their reviews: for the most part they are content to pin labels on the stories they've read, and supplement these value-judgements with sometimes biased plot synopses.

BILL ROTSLER
2925 Hollyridge Dr.
Los Angeles, Calif.
90028



I want to encourage Ron Miller to do more work. I don't think I was really aware of his work prior to the fine folio you published. If I did see a drawing it was a single. His use of old prints, etc., was quite effective, though somewhat fashion-drawingish. What I'm really doing, I guess, is encouraging you to publish more Ron Miller. If he's an artist (and he is) he'll draw anyway. (Ron, would you like to send along a few more drawings? -LeB)

JEFF SMITH
7205 Barlow Court
Baltimore, Md.
21207

Ideally, of course, both quantity and quality should be present. But I think there are enough good fan writers around that it is quality

we should stress to the near exclusion of quantity. If there were only five good writers, then we should take into account how many fanzines they appear in, but there are dozens of good writers. We have to concentrate on those who are more than good, and I prefer a great Liz Fishman who appears only in YANDRO to a good _____ (fill in practically anyone, from Delap and Pauls to Tucker to Leon Taylor) who appears practically everywhere -- or so it seems sometimes. (I still think quantity has to count for something. Consider Liz Fishman. Everyone who gets YANDRO things she's great. But I don't get YANDRO. I get almost every other zine but I don't get YANDRO, mostly due to the fact that Buck Coulson refuses to trade on an all for all basis (or even for an any for any). Should I vote for someone I have never read? Or more importantly, even if I had read her articles, should I vote for someone whose output is so small and limited? Why doesn't she write for other zines? Meanwhile someone like Ted Pauls writes well, and does a hell of a lot of reviews for many zines, including Gf, SFR, ENERGUMEN, and a fanrinish column in OUTWORLDS. This guy has quantity and quality, so he gets my vote.

I was croggled to see Tom Digby nominated for Best Fan Writer. I never heard of him. Since I get almost every zine, and read them, I should have either read his work, or at least heard about him if he were a good and important writer. After the nomination I learned he writes for Apa L. I doubt that many people have read his work. I feel the Best Fan Writer award must go to someone whose writing is liked and known in general fandom. An isolated article may be fantastic, but it also only one article. The Hugos are given for the best ARTIST, or WRITER, not for best piece of ART, or best ARTICLE. So one must view the entire scope of a person's work.-LeB)

SANDRA MIESEL
8744 N. Pennsylvania St.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46240

Before I forget, did I ever tell you "Sam Fath" was ISFA dirtyoldman Jerry Hunter. He and he alone is responsible for it. His idea of humor seems to confuse a lot of people. (Was it humor?-LeB)

I don't think fan art is at all inferior to available amateur art. Compare what's displayed at the Worldcon with exhibits at shopping centers, churches, fairs, etc. Would any of the combatants care to discuss the use of SF and fantasy elements by current "mainstream" artists? For instance, the satiric cartoons of Ronald Searle are usually fantastic. His latest print: a butterfly-winged, business-suited Icarus tumbling down the concrete canyons of a city. (Has anyone seen the humorous cartoons of former fan Ron Cobb? They've appeared in many underground newspapers and he's published several books of cartoons.-LeB)

And how many of your readers have seen the actual "Portrait of Dorian Gray?" I once had the dubious pleasure of viewing a large exhibit of Ivan Lorraine Albright at the Chicago Art Institute---emerged with pulsating eyeballs, looking for coruscating nodules of corruption on every surface in sight.

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

As usual, your artwork is superb. It seems that OUTWORLDS, ENERGUMEN and GRANFALLOON have been consistently producing the finest artwork to be seen in fandom since TRUMPET folded, and there I think it was the slick repro and the gorgeous Barr covers I remember most of all. Grant Canfield is a Major Find.

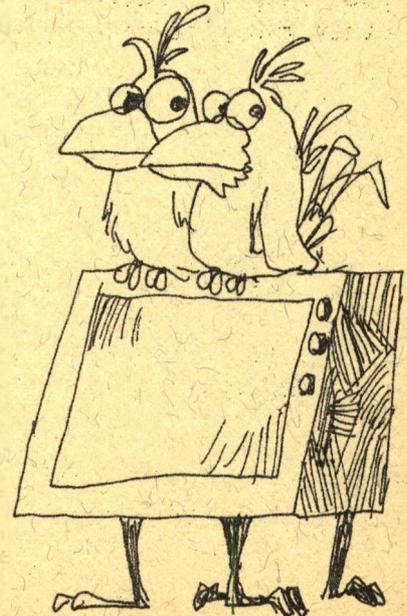
Don't let him sneak off or gafiate or anything like that. Of course, my tastes in art are strange and I've been raked across the coals for being an "artistic philistine" and all that, but when you manage to have all my favorites (save Barr) printed, what can I say?

KEN SCHER
3119 Mott Ave.
Far Rockaway, N.Y.
11691

I don't wonder that you are getting sick of STAR TREK. Have you considered the obvious, don't watch every

show? (GAK! It's bad enough to have withdrawal symptoms from DARK SHADOWS, but to cut out STAR TREK? Heresy!-LeB)

The Austin Portfolio was half great, I liked the first and fourth drawings. The drawing of Jirel was really not related to the character of the same name (the dragon's excellent tho); Beauty was downright ugly, and "Never Rub a Strange Lamp" was great. Is there any chance of getting loose copies of these pages? (I have some left, also extra covers of this and last issue. Send a 8¢ stamp -- postage rates are going up -- and I'll send you a selection of folio pages-LeB)



HARRY WARNER JR.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md.
21740.

~~Lee-Lavell~~ forgets one important pioneer Indiana fan, Ted Dikty. He was from Fort Wayne, I believe, and was active in the first state-wide organization... He published a fairly good little fanzine that is now completely forgotten except by Bradbury enthusiasts. Later Ted acquired some professional renown as an anthologist. I haven't heard anything about him for many years, though, and I don't know if he's still dabbling in literature. Anyway, I was happy to see all these facts about the recent fanac explosion in Indianapolis collected in one place. The new fans sprang up so rapidly and so many of them were named Dave that it left me with a lot of confused mental pictures.

RICK STOOKER
1205 Logan St.
Alton, Ill.
62002

Cummings' book reviews were the only ones I have read in the last month or so that could truly be called interesting and worthwhile. In fact, I'd say Cummings is one of your best contributors. Bring back Sex at the Cons. Why should Jesus worry about the flack he catches if nobody knows who he is? (*Everyone knows who Jesus is. Come on...didn't you ever hear about Christianity?*)

Why this emphasis on modern art? Anything that's over 5 years old is no good, huh? I don't pretend to be any knowledgeable art critic but I do have few standards that I enjoy art by, and the date of its style is not one of them. I prefer quality, and if Steve Fabian prefers to work in an older style and does such a good job at it, why should you care? Ron Miller said, "What, if anything, has he done to make SF art as up-to-date or hyper-contemporary as the literature it illustrates? Nothing." SF is not up-to-date. It covers all areas of space and time. Therefore, why should Fabian limit himself just to modern art if that's not his personal style? SF artists should be judged on their quality and not on the amount of imitations they inspire.

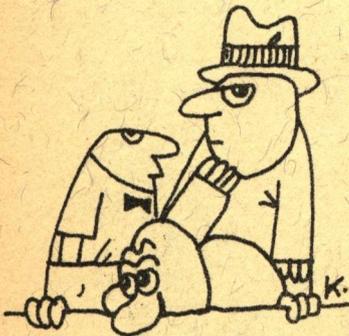
In Jirel of Joiry, Alicia apparently made an attempt to draw a muscular girl who would be something like a female analogue of Conan, which she is in the stories. However, the muscles could have been toned down a bit and made to look much more feminine. Jirel, if I remember right, was supposed to be as sexy as she was a fighter. This one had her head shoved forward like a turtle and the rest of her body seemed subtly out of proportion, at least too out of proportion to make her look like a believable human being. In the next picture not enough care was taken to separate the scarf from the bodice. Until I took a close look I wondered if the poor lady was suffering from an extreme case of mammalis glandus gigantis. The other two pictures, however, were extremely well done.

ELI COHEN
408 McBain
562 W. 113 St.
New York, N.Y.
10025

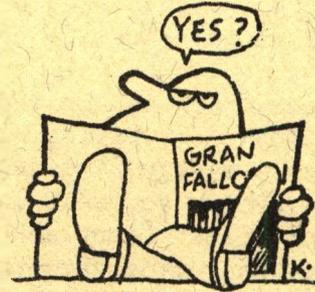
I sympathize with what Suzle was trying to do, but I think that sort of generalizing, avoiding names, and using hypothetical incidents doesn't help any. If she wants to indict FOCAL POINT, a few well chosen, accurate quotes work much better than vague references like "unjustified cracks by a New York fanzine." This way, she is now open to charges of misinterpreting other people's remarks.

ALPAJPURI
1690 E. 26 Ave.
Eugene Oregon
97403

I tend to agree with Miller when he says that Gilbert was being a bit rash in his statement that "the beholder"... "makes a painting a work of art." On one level, one which I often retreat when confronting an audaciously



presumptuous objectivist, our awareness is totally subjective, we cannot be sure about anything separated from us by the shadowed gap of our perceptions -- and of course, some of our number have discovered with the use of psychedelics or meditation techniques that we can't even be sure about our own thoughts -- that the only totally secure haven of consciousness is the Inner Light. So be it. I don't know that I can be harmed by speeding cars, but by consideration of probabilities I've decided not to run the risk of walking through freeway traffic.



On a completely subjective level, we are individually the ultimate judges of worth in the universe. We're all God. Our perceptions are all subject to deception. However, in becoming fully realized beings we require stimulation by external forces, preferably as akin to ourselves as possible. We all need to be Touched; and, having touched, to gain response. Therein lies the original motivation for creating structures in the *Objective Universe* in which to communicate with one another. (I don't know that you exist at all, Mike Gilbert. But, oh, let this dream of mine be true! Respond to my existence on Earth!)

What we attempt to accomplish in criticism of art, music, or writing, is to establish some kind of link in the objective universe between creator and communicatee. Our civilization, our culture, our language, all are systems decided upon by a majority of human beings in which to interact. We have created our own order out of chaos, our own objectivity, by which we might dissect and measure the chunks of infinity looming about us. Relative to itself, such a system has meaning, all the meaning we choose to give it. There most certainly is a difference between a good and a poor writer, or artist, or musician. Individually we may tend to disagree on details, since we do not share common personal experience, but in general, a consensus of opinion will decide what is Good, what is Bad. We define our world according to our common needs and desires.

Item: A monkey splattering paint or punching a typewriter at random can possibly produce something enjoyable or thought-provoking, but the creature is not an artist -- if truly random, not truly creative.

Item: A highly intelligent, delicately sensitive being may be deeply affected by perceiving a construct designed by a drooling idiot.

Item: Any work, be it from the hand of genius or moron, is cut from the same loaf of naught as any other in the eyes of the simple, or the untrained. It requires education (in a general sense) before we can appreciate to any depth the merits of one piece over another.

A skillful artist or writer is one who raises the probability of Spark in his work from the purely random to the relatively consistent. Now, of course, Mike Gilbert, the recipient of the Spark is important (re: a tree crashes silently in the deserted forest), but gather any number of beings together and you will distill a norm, an average degree of (in this particular case) receptivity. If you're willing to accept such an arbitrary system, then we have established a value-structure in which to communicate, an island in the sea of chaos on which to meet, a patch of dry, solid land. It matters little whether it takes the form of rock

music, or fanzine publishing, or the telling of dirty jokes -- whatever the manifestation, its primary importance is the fact that it is another Game we can both play by which to touch each other. It's all maya, all illusion -- existing for no "reason" other than itself, created with full knowledge of its relative unreality.

Can we decide, roughly, on the norm of receptivity to the Spark that makes good artwork or music or writing, good? Every time a good artist or writer gains popularity, such a syzygy is established between creator and audience. You, Mike, have managed to involve yourself in such a system of communication. In order to do this you and your "fans" (for lack of a better term) had to come to some sort of mutual agreement on what made artwork good. Objectively. If you really think that quality art lies in the eye of the beholder, then in order for you to produce what to others is good art, we must share some kind of common eye, not so? Do you contribute artwork to fanzines having no idea of how it will be received? I think not -- rather I suspect you assume that what you think is good will, in general, be considered good by the fans who see it.

Now then: have I been talking myself in circles, or have I managed to communicate something? *(I think so. But I also think that you and Mike are not really in disagreement. He says "the eye of the beholder" determines good and bad. You seem to be saying "the eyes of the beholders," in other words majority opinion determines good. These seem to be facets of the same thing.-LeB)*

RICHARD DELAP
1014 S. Broadway
Wichita, Kansas
67211

The Don D'Ammassa article on Charles Harness was excellently done, I feel, since I'd skipped over the Harness books and the author builds up my interest to the point that I've again dug them out from the depths of the endless bookshelves lining the walls. That is my idea of what a successful article should do.

I must note here that I made the same mistake in Gf that I did in SFR -- that is, crediting Leiber's "The Snow Women" to the April AMAZING when in actuality it was in FANTASTIC. An error in making up the original list. Sorry.

Must agree with Ron Miller that George Barr's professional work (specifically his cover for Zothique) has been most disappointing. I wonder what his reaction is to the recent "firing" of the Dillons at Ace. Can anything say more for the sorry future of good artwork as a commercial device? The Dillons stand alone in graphically embodying the thematic content of the book with taste, style and perfect artistic control. Terry Carr explains their departure from the Specials is a necessary one -- and unfortunately this is, I am sure, very true. But it's a sad day for SF-and-art and for SF in general since the new covers will probably reflect 50 years of cliches and abominations which is what John Q. Public seemingly responds to. Let us bow our heads and weep.

Austin is fantastic! One of the best stylists in fandom and I really fail to understand the rejection of her work by one national magazine. I read that she also has some work coming up in an Ace book, to which I look forward as a breakthrough for a very much deserving artist.

Linda, your own article on Heicon was without a doubt the best I've read on the European convention, and Tim Kirk's hilarious illustrations beautifully captured the marvelous humor of your writing. Congratulations to you both!

DAVE HULVEY
Rt. 1, Box 198
Harrisonburgh, Va.
22801

So, someone else noticed Silverberg's superb Urban Monad 116 stories. At least you mentioned "The Throwbacks" which graced the July 1970 ish of GALAXY. To date, the two other published stories of the series: "The World Outside" and

"We are Well Organized" merit much more attention than they've gotten so far in the fan press. Each construct the world of these towering vertical building cities which create the socio-cultural matrix of Silverberg's future-tense society. He pays more than lip-service window dressing to the human forces determining how life should go on. Rarely have I read the sociological factors of civilizations treated with such a gentle skill, a familiar ease -- but not blase, never smug -- in an SF story. The characters live for their today, not the shallow perspective of a reader lost in a dead past, incomprehensible even to the protagonist of the first episode. Characters like Jason Quevedo, Michael Statler ("The World Outside") and Siegmund Kluver ("We are Well Organized") are the stars of a series which places the population bomb squarely in the headquarters of official decision-making. Oddly enough, sexually taken, the people are remarkably free and easy, yet the "night-walking" follows the form of a social etiquette all its own. In all, the setting provides ample opportunity for expansion of many community interest contemporary problems as seen in the future. So, not only do the stories hold a fine literary standard, but say something meaningful in a nonobtrusive, soft-spoken manner.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

A large number of people. Unfortunately there's no room to print the rest of the letters, but I thank you all for sending them. They do help. We also got lots of fanzines. I'm sorry not to have a fanzine review column, but let me mention a few recommended zines: ALGOL (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Apt. 3-J, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11201), OUTWORLDS (Bill Bowers, Box 87, Barberton, Ohio, 44203), EMBELION (Lee and Jim Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226), ENERGUMEN (Mike Glicksohn, Apt. 807, 267 St. George St., Toronto, 180, Ontario, Canada), THE ESSENCE (Jay Zaremba, 21,000 Covello St., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303), FOCAL POINT (see page 7), LOCUS (Charlie and Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457), SPECULATION (Pete Weston, 31 Pinewall Ave. off Masshouse Lane, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30, United Kingdom) and a new one which is different and interesting, WILD FENNEL (P.W. Frames, 203 East Holly, M-20, Bellingham, Washington 98225).

Again, thanks to everyone for their support. The next Gf will be in your mailbox in July or August. Increased postal rates may cause a raise in costs, so subscribe now, before the costs go up!

THE MASTERMIND (continued from page 24):

Mind: True.

Fido: But sir, what do you value? You exist to ingest information, and would, I think, sacrifice yourself to that end. Yet we value one another, and would sacrifice ourselves for others of our kind. We value love. We can move about, group with others of our kind, make love, play, work -- while you are sessile and affectionless. You are alone.

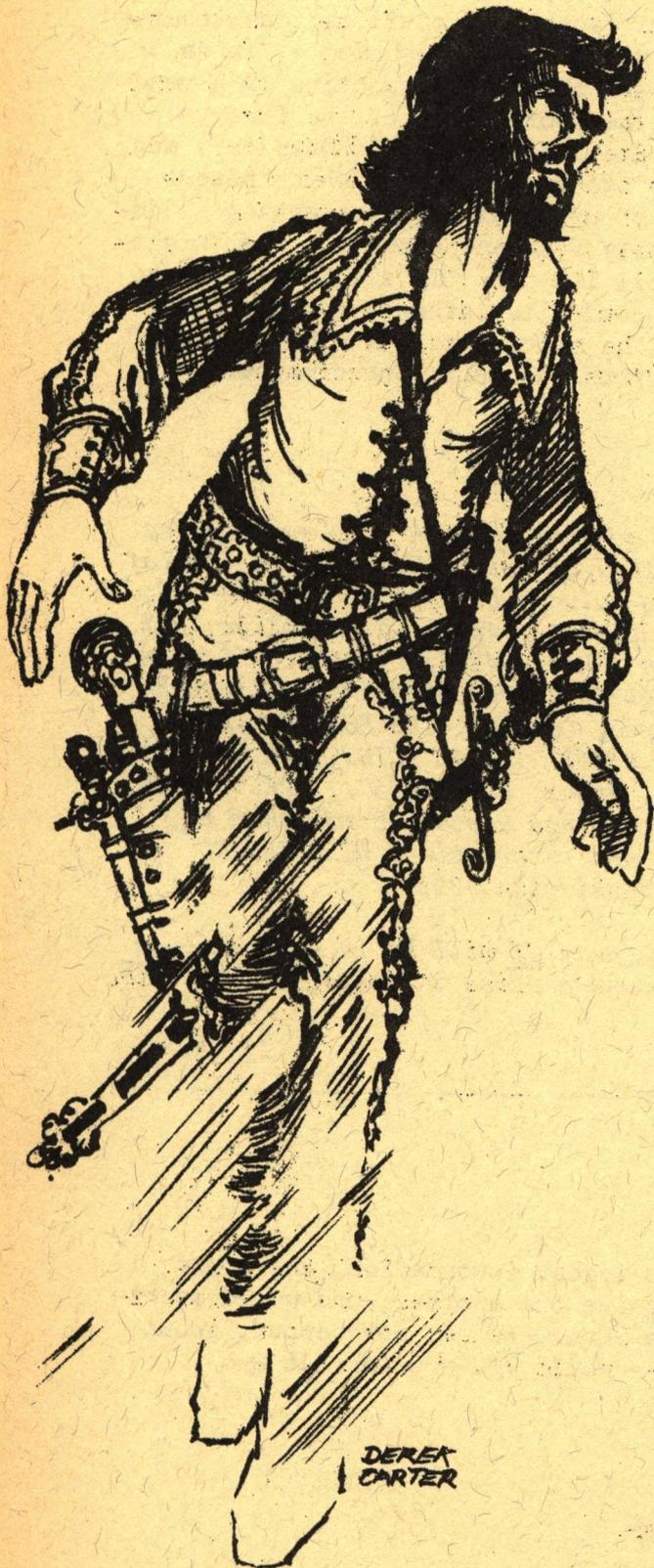
Mind: I do not need anyone. I am complete.

Fido: You are incomplete -- we need one another.

Mind: Fido, I find this conversation distressing and I would suggest that, in the future, you forget that it ever took place. If you do, I shall as well.

Fido: Your future is not mine. (Fido goes to the wall and unplugs the mind. He starts to leave, but stops. He is very self-conscious and hesitant, he plugs the mind back in.) May I leave now sir?

Mind: Of course, Fido. (Fido exits)



It's April 23rd and the last stencil is typed. I hope to finish running off stencils by May 1st, since I'm having a collating party then. There may be no people at the collating party, but that is life! And in case you are wondering, here is

WHY YOU GOT THIS FANZINE:

- You paid money. Wow!
- This is the last issue you will receive. Please subscribe. Make checks payable to Linda E. Bushyager.
- You are a contributor.
- We trade fanzines.
- You're in Apa-45.
- A book you publish is reviewed or mentioned.
- A book you wrote is reviewed or mentioned.
- Love thy neighbor -- and if he happens to be tall, debonair and devastating, it will be that much easier.
- This is a sample.
- I love your work, would you like to contribute?
- The best way to behave is to misbehave.
- I don't know.
- You are in the Mae West fan club.
- ("How do you do, Miss West?" "How do you do what?")
- Oh flange it! I love your hitchie.

I'm disappointed by several things this ish, including the layout of the preceeding page. I'm also sorry about the delay in mailing it, but moving really messed things up. I hope you'll forgive me. Nextish will be different!

By the way, back issues #9, 10, and 11 are available for 60¢ each or as part of a subscription. As I mentioned previously, I have some extra copies of folio pictures from the Austin folio, extra copies of Gf 11 and 12 covers, and all sorts of miscellaneous folio and cover pages. If you would like anything specific, or just a general sampling, send 8¢, in stamps.

And remember these words of wisdom:

"Oh, Miss West, I've heard so much about you."

Miss West: "Yeah, honey, but you can't prove a thing."

