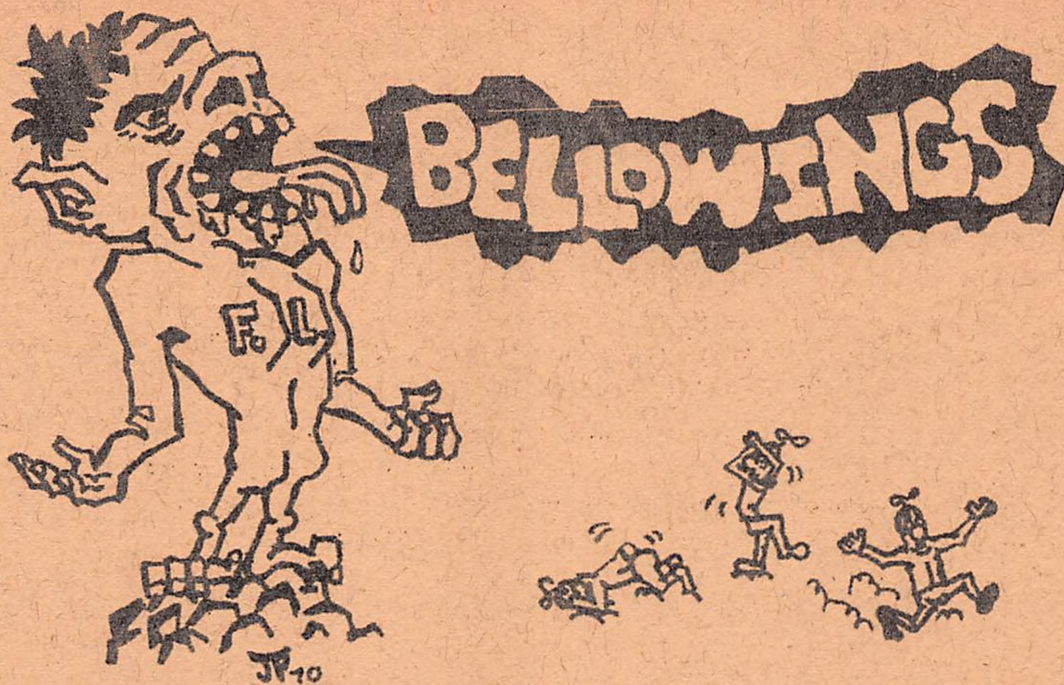


BEABOHEMA





MY BACK PAGES This is the 15th in the series of Be/Bohema, published biweekly, available for 50¢. You can also receive B/B by performing one or more of the many other unnatural acts usually reserved for people who don't wish to palm off half a dollar on a fanzine editor.

This is the first page of the newly expanded "Bellowings": it's an expansion which goes to encompass the TOC because it's a bit too much trouble making that one page department a separate entity from the regular editorial when in fact it's usually a continuation of editorial writing, with perhaps a more strict format. Right.

The code on the mailing label will probably adhere to tradition in that the code letter will mean what you want it to mean. The interpretation had best coincide with what I want it to mean, however. Most people shouldn't have to worry about the code, though. If you're a writer, I'd like to get some material from you. If you're an artist, etc. But no one should take this request for material as a demand for anything. Even when I ask for material specifically it's subject to my control, so don't get pissed off if I ultimately reject your neatly written beauties.

A number on your label means that issue is the last issue you've paid for. A triple-X means this is your last issue; it means you'd better do something fast. A ? means I'd like to hear from you in some way, I don't know if you're in existence, are you still writing a column for me, even though it hasn't appeared in six issues straight, do you still want to receive B/B, etc. A ? may be only a step away from the triple-X.

A COA effective May 16: ALL MAIL should go to my home address. That's Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951.

Until the COA goes into effect, if you can be sure mail will arrive prior to the move I'll make away from university, my address will be Box 551, Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. 18015. As a safety precaution, however, it would be better if all 3rd class mail went home...starting whenever this is read.

This is the special Late Issue of B/B. Back issues of B/B are available. Yes indeed. issues 3-9 are 60¢ each, 10, 11, 12 and 14 are 50¢ and the special Bob Shaw issue is \$1.

My watch says today is the 11th. Of April. It's Easter.

Page 1 had the beginning of the editorial "Bellowings; on page 6 starts Terry Carr's "Entropy Reprints; "I Sing the Duper Electric" is on page 23; "Turnip Country" is on 25; "Cum Bloatus" is on 32.

Artwork is by Joe Pearson--1; James Shull--3,32; Grant Canfield--5,28,33; George Metzger--6,10,15; Cynthia Goldstone--7,9,12,13,16,17,18,19; Jeff Cochran--8; Richard Bergeron--11; Gray Morrow--22; Jay Kinney--23; Tim Kirk--25,41; Mike Gilbert--26,27; Jonh Ingham--34; Jeff Schalles--35,42,43; Dany Frolich--36,40; Bill Rotsler--38,39.

Cover is by Derek Carter and bacover by Jim McLeod.

I used a lot of artwork in this issue.

All the artwork for "Entropy Reprints" was from Terry Carr's LIGHTHOUSE file.

TAKE UP MY STETHOSCOPE AND WALK When I was receiving money for the BoSh issue I received in the mail a card with money and a request for the special issue from a person who neglected to include her address in the letter. Now, it's hard for me to send copies of anything to people when I don't know their address, and it's hard to ask that person what her address is when I don't know where to send in inquiry.

The months haven't passed without some small effort on my part. Not to say that finding out this address was foremost on my mind at all times, but I did write to a few people I knew would have the address of this person if they would also let me have it, so I could send the copies of B/B the person had requested. And my heart didn't wrench without pain when I flipped through my file box only to notice that one card held a name but no more, and I knew this person was checking her mailbox every day in quiet anticipation of the Hugo-nominated fanzine she had sent hard-earned money for.

However, most requests for the address were either ignored, or held from me in delighted glee, the withholder knowing how bad I'd feel, letting this paid subscriber go unanswered.

So, is there one person in my vast readership who knows the address of Joni Stopa. Or Jon Stopa, for that matter; I'm not picky. Supplying me with the address of the Stopas won't win a free issue of B/B, but you can bet you'll be on my mind when I say my prayers at Vhristmas.

THE LAST WOMBAT IN MECCA Andy Offut is a strange character. I think I've been in his favor twice, and those two periods were strange segments of life, when I look back on them now. Having Andy Offut like you (and one way of having him like you, it seems, is to write his name in lower case letters) is like knowing God is on your side. You don't have to walk along looking over your shoulder for the gathering storm clouds. With Andy Offut it's not necessary looking through the fanzines he writes for looking for a put-down of yourself by him.

Andy had an article in the third issue of B/B. Everything developed when I was the greenest of neos. Piers Anthony had written a contest article in B/B 2 and suggested I get contest stories from Andy and Robert E. Margroff. I remembered the three of them had collaborated on a story in ANALOG, which had appeared

a few years earlier, and I thought it would be nice to have a special issue of BAB--the MANDROID issue. Piers sent a brand new contest story, Andy sent one and Rem came through just as I was finishing the stencils of the article by Andy, making it possible to have a frontspiece added to the end of the special section.

It just happened that Faith Lincoln was active in those first few issues of BAB. Leo Doroschenko was doing those reviews, some of you oldsters may remember, and at the time of the MANDROID issue, which Leo never knew about until I sent him his copy, I had a review by Faith of The Ring by Piers and Rem and a review of a short story by Offut which had appeared in IF. It was a short story. It was in most ways non-offending, and wouldn't have attracted attention if it weren't for the fact that Leo thought he recognized an idea lifted from another series of stories (as Leo was apt to do in the Faith Lincoln days) and he decided to write a review of the story.

From just after issue 2 had been published, I had a review of The Touch to be printed under the Faith Lincoln byline. That was included in #3's review section. Only thing was, the Ring review (written over a period of about four months, conceived before the Offut review) was sent with the review of "The Defendant Earth" and that made Andy the third authour to be "killed" by the Killer Review, the type of review Faith...etc.

Offut got pissed by the whole thing, saw me as the editor out to frame him, the person who wanted to devote an issue to three people and have articles written by those three people with reviews tearing them down in the review section. (I confess that I'm ignorant, to this day, why Andy thinks anyone would conceive of doing that in any way other than an accidental manner. Perhaps I'm too naive for the world of grown-ups.)

Andy wrote me a clever note. At the time I didn't understand its cleverness and accepted it as really an Andy Offut loc. I excerpted part of it, not knowing fanzine editors were duty-bound to print His every word. I was once again guilty of gross ignorance.

Months later I received a letter from Andy saying Al Snider had written saying I wasn't such a bastard at all. In reality. When the truth was gotten at. Did I know I was an arrogant son of a bitch? Etc. Some of the letter commented on a previous issue of BAB. Some of those parts were printed. Andy got pissed because I didn't print all his words. I haven't heard from him since; I feel



as though I've taken a Great Fall. I mean, I'm now (and have been since the Fall) on the outside looking in. All the better fanzines have articles by Andy Offut. In his letter before the final split he said he had a few topics for articles in mind. One about "Killer Reviews," blah, blah,... At the time I was still in that ignorant state of grace. Go ahead and send them, I said.

I learned later, in a letter in CROSSROADS, how I'd offended him.

I learned in The Essence that he didn't appreciate reviews unenthusiastic with his work.

It looks like one day I'll be able to read all the notes Andy has written as background for every story he's written/will write, and probably those that won't sell, as a bonus.

Every now and then a reference is made to my insidious nature. Always where he suspects I won't be reading, however.

Andy apparently believes his words are golden. It used to be that he wrote honest to God articles, some interesting, some not so interesting, but they were always articles. I read them.

Irvin Koch has a penchant for publishing fan fiction or poorly written fiction by pros. Andy Offut has the previously mentioned background material all over the house. The only type of article Andy has appearing in fanzines any more is his extrapolation of various cultures to be used in stories, the articles made up or mostly based on prewritten notes. He discovered the fanzines gulped his notes up for publication, and now that he recognizes some people value his words as much as he does, Andy is sending his notes to every corner of the globe.

Andy's self-feeling of goodness has infected people other than himself. And I believe that's why I fell from his eyes. I edited his letters intended for publication. I printed Killer Reviews that have always plagued him. He knows critics find great fault with his books, "but see how the people really dig them. I've sold 25 books since last August 4th, and the four girls in my secretarial pool are subtyping four novels as I write this letter."

I sense that other people are feeling weary of Andy's self-righteousness. Were Andy the ability to write with the forcefulness of other authors extending similar sympathies to fans, the situation might be different. But Andy's far from being a Harlan Ellison, no matter how many great pornographic novels he might sell.

I wrote a letter similar to this section of "Bellowings" to Dave Lewton when Andy wrote a hostile aside directed to me in a letter to Lewton's LETTERZINE, but the next issue never came out. But: I'm tired of writing explanations to every fanzine in which Andy feels the urge to come at my back with a knife.

So, with this explanation, I propose to write below my answer to anything Andy should write about me in the future, if he feels like continuing in his present attitude toward me without knowing what the fuck he's talking about:

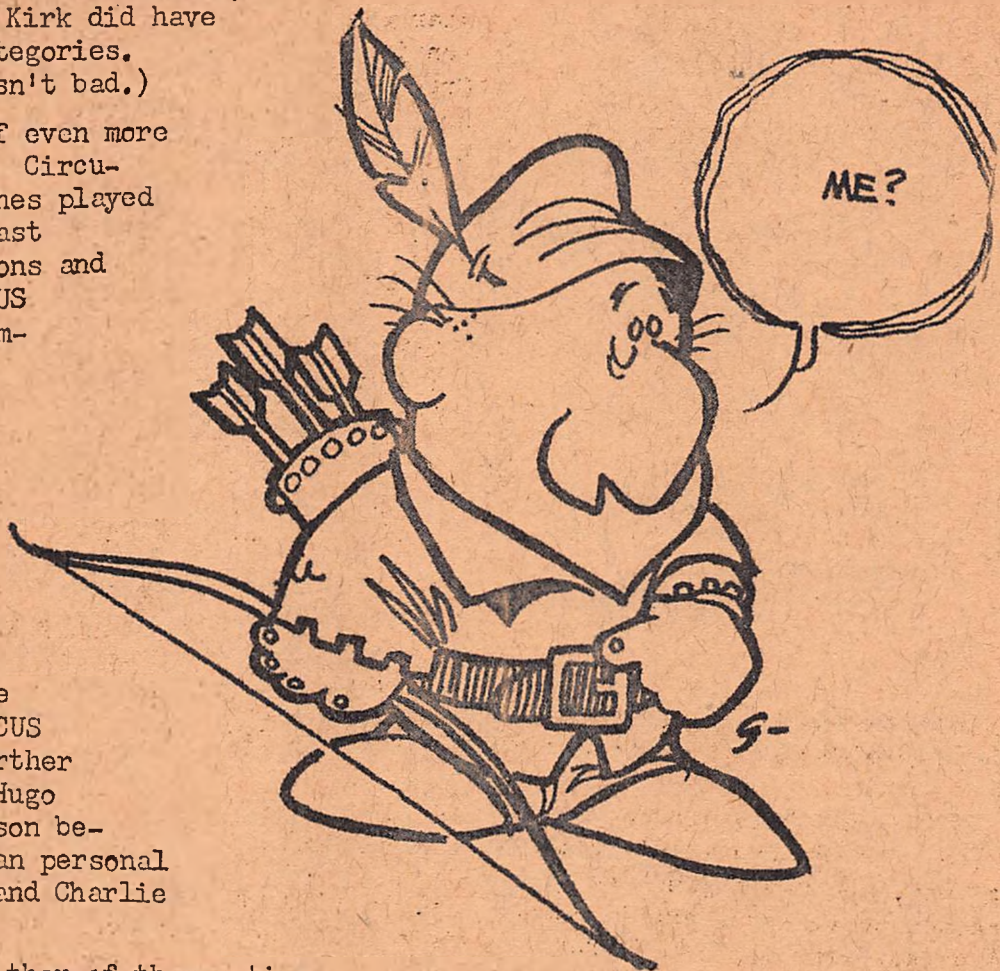
Andy, Eat Shit!

IT TAKES A LOT TO LAUGH, IT TAKES A TRAIN TO CRY I usually don't take more than a passing interest in the Hugo awards, for some reason unknown to me. I like to see my favorite sf rewarded but too often other factors cause one of the nominees to receive the most votes.

Last year was sort of an exception, since BAB became a Hugo-nominated fanzine. A day or two after the awards I called Alexei Panshin, who had been to the Triple Fan Fair in Toronto. I knew I had no chance for the fanzine Hugo, but

I was anxious to see if **SPECULATION**, Harry Warner and Tim Kirk did have a chance in their categories. (Two out of three wasn't bad.)

I find myself even more apathetic this year. Circulations of two fanzines played important roles in last year's Hugo nominations and awards. **SFR** and **LOCUS** cover far greater numbers of Hugo voters than any other fanzines, and the weights of opinions of the two editors of those journals carry a weight greater than the remaining fanzine fandom combined. The growth of **SFR** and **LOCUS** could forshadow a further degeneration of the Hugo award. They could soon become nothing more than personal awards of Dick Geis and Charlie Brown.



I can see neither of them voting for the **JEFFERSON STARSHIP/BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE** album in the Dramatic Presentation category.

And that's a pity.

I enjoyed Philip Wylie's **NAME OF THE GAME** episode immensely, but it did cop out in many ways, as Juanita Coulson has mentioned in **YANDRO**. To me the Paul Kantner album was so much more unified and uncompromising. The album is composed of totally escapist music.

Only trouble is, I've yet to become a member of Noreascon.

STORE BOUGHT-STORE THOUGHT This issue of **BAB** and all future issues, as far into the future as I can see at this time, will be gently wrapped in 9x12 envelopes. From the way certain issues came back to me, when those issues were undeliverable for one reason or another, I got the idea the condition of the copies that were delivered wasn't something to be joyous about. Those who got 13 and 14 had their **BABs** sent in envelopes, and the same privilege will be accorded everyone in the future. As a result I can start printing some intense covers and not worry about them being shredded in transit.

I can also send some terribly printed covers through the mail. Perhaps I'll relate the story of the printer who ripped me off by overcharging me for shoddy work on a James Shull cover, while I was away at school and the work had to be picked up by my mother, and... Well, maybe the story will be told in the next "Bellowings" along with the Shull cover drawing, hopefully one of the not-so-bad copies on your cover. Something not to be missed, definitely.... F..L..



ENTROPY REPRINTS is a perambulating column of fan reprints plus introductions that I started doing last year for Joyce Fisher's fanzine POTLATCH, and which I've continued in Greg Shaw's METANOIA. The column continues to appear in these fanzines, and from now on will be in BEABOHEMA too.

The reprint that begins on the page to the right is F. Towner Laney's long, meaty and gossipy article on the early days of dianetics, which later became Scientology. As a look behind the scenes of a phenomenon that has grown enormously since, it's very interesting; as a piece of fanhistory it's even more so; as an example of Laney's writing it's excellent. The article was originally published in Helen Wesson's FAPAZINE THE UNSPEAKABLE THING #5, April 1952, so it's one of the last things Laney wrote for fandom. It's probably also the longest single fanpiece he did, of course with the exception of AH! SWEET IDIOCY, his magnum opus, and it shows that Laney was at his best

in the longer lengths, where he had room to say his piece in a leisurely manner and embroider it with the anecdotes and sarcastic asides that were his hallmarks.

Hubbard had introduced dianetics in 1950 to a world that wasn't exactly prepared for his quasi-science; his book Dianetics became a bestseller for a time, though, and caused much controversy, to which Laney alludes in his article. It caused heated argument in fandom too, particularly at the worldcon in Portland in 1950 but also with innumerable articles in just about every fanzine published around that time. Most fans pooh-poohed dianetics and considered Hubbard's new brain-child a spiritual descendant of the Shaver Mystery; Laney thought about the same, until he began to get into the subject, and then he did one of his characteristic abrupt about-faces.

Sid Coleman read this article when I got out the fanzine to reprint it, and he made a good comment. He said, "It's very amusing: Laney is obviously impressed as hell with dianetics, and he keeps falling into dianetics jargon without even noticing it, but every now and then he remembers he's F. Towner Laney the Insurgent, so he makes a sarcastic remark." Some of Laney's sarcasm in this article ranks with the best Insurgent wit; a few other remarks strike me as awfully cheap shots. In that sense I guess the article's a good sampler of Laney, then, because he was by no means always right, or even fair.

Laney's story of the ad he put in the Daily Mirror seeking partners for training in dianetics has another side to it, by the way. Charles Durbree, in an article on Laney in INNUEENDO #11, told about the same period of Laney's life as he'd heard it from FTL, and it was mostly concerned with sex. Durb quoted him as saying, "You see, modern society has now reached a state where a young man who wishes to screw has only to announce this wish in the public prints, and immediately he is mobbed by many ladies who also wish to screw." So you can do a little reading between the lines during that portion of the article.

There are any number of typical Laney quirks displayed or hinted at in this piece, for that matter, but mainly it's just a very good, thoughtful and humorous, thorough article on a controversial subject. When you read it, you'll probably understand why Laney is considered one of the best writers in fanhistory.

-- Terry Carr

DIANUTS AND DIANETICS

THE
PERSONAL EXPERIENCES
OF F. TOWNER LANEY



I first became aware of dianetics as a possible target for satirical articles. The "I Am" utterances of The Man, the incredible statements pro and con by fans (who, being fans, knew nothing whatever of what they were talking about), and above all, dianetics' original presentation in the pages of a popularized pulp fiction magazine -- all these things made of it a prime target for the lampooner.

I was so excited about the anti-dianetics articles I was going to write that I was already jotting down lines for them by June 1950. (This is what is known as going at something with an open mind.)

Meanwhile, the book, Dianetics, was the leading non-fiction best-seller nationally, and the subject was already becoming one of the current fads, like canasta. In July, I wrote Forrest J Ackerman and offered him his choice of several fantasy books I still had as a swap for the Hubbard work. It developed I still had enough credit with him from an earlier, forgotten deal to pay for the book, and a copy of this tome plunked into my mailbox within a week.

In the first hundred pages or less, Hubbard made so many sweeping, brash, almost elated statements of an extreme fuggheadedness that I bogged down on any possible article. Just a list of the more extreme quotations would have filled a dozen pages this size.

When I finally got past the point in the book where Hubbard was just beating on his chest, I became interested more or less in spite of myself. After all, there was little that ran especially contrary to what I remembered of conventional psychology. Then when the man came right out and said, in effect, here is what you do, try it yourself and find out, it went quite a way toward dulling the recollection of the insensate boasting in the earlier part of the book.

At this stage in the game, I had quite a confab with G. Gordon Dewey on the general subject of dianetics; and learned that he and Pete Grainger had tried a bit of mutual auditing out of the book and had apparently cured Dewey of a recurrent heart pain. Dewey, of course, was highly agog about the whole thing.

Several weeks fell out of my life. In early September of 1950 I was still reeling from a great personal tragedy, and more or less casting about for something totally new to dig into and try to get myself on a more even keel. Dewey asked me if I'd like to hear Hubbard lecture on dianetics. Naturally I did, so I found myself a breakfast guest at his house the next morning to be sure to get down to the lecture hall at 8:00 o'clock.

It developed that this lecture was part of the Hubbard course for professional auditors, which Dewey was taking. The lecture was nearly two hours, and, after a rest period, was followed by an auditing session on the stage.

Whatever the faults of dianetics, L. Ron Hubbard is without exception the best lecturer I have ever heard. He speaks entirely without notes, and turns out a polished, coherent and fascinating lecture -- full of meat and with scarcely any diverging from the subject at hand. He fills his discourse with quotations from here and there, apparently through the use of recall, and can only be criticized for a rather annoying habit of vocalizing his pauses.



The first lecture I heard was, I believe, Political Dianetics. It was a bearcat, a rapid and by no means unthorough limning in of future possibilities.

The auditing demonstration used as a subject a young lady who was taking the course and whose case could not be opened by the student auditors. Hubbard put her in reverie, and broke a late life lock which apparently had been keeping her case from opening -- which definitely had put her into a nervous breakdown. The key phrase was: "Your mind is going, going, going..." and her reactive computation was that she was losing her mind. The actual occurrence, however, was a scene when she was in a hospital for a physical condition, had been told to rest, and her husband came in to visit her only to catch her feverishly working on the books of her business. Worried about her anyway, he flipped his lid and gave her a good chewing out, the general theme of which was that she was there to rest and relax and she wouldn't do it, her mind kept going, going all the time, etc. The gal being under heavy sedatives at the time, her reactive bank

picked this up like a magnet catching iron filings, and, though of course I didn't dig it at the time, this phrase unquestionably restimulated something from earlier along a chain and reintensified it.

The entire demonstration made a profound impression on me. Here was a sample auditing session, and it worked just exactly as it said in the book it would work. While it could, by consummate actors, have been faked, the odds against such a faking were incredibly high. It might be possible to fake one or ten sessions with certain selected and previously prepared subjects, but to fake session after session? For student auditors and subjects to fake sessions one after the other? Fake all their results? Nah-h.

The result was, for me, that I took the rest of the week off to attend Hubbard's lectures. All were terrifically good, and there were other auditing sessions, usually another auditor who was nowhere as good as Hubbard, but who still was unquestionably getting impressive results.

I also horsed around with Dewey and some of his cronies, going out for coffee and gabfests with them. The atmosphere around the Hubbard Dianetic Foundation of Los Angeles can only be described as frenetic. I heard loads of gossip and dirt -- one of the early big wheels of dianetics had turned against Hubbard personally and tried to get the Foundation away from him and had been kicked out and was out on his own with a rival outfit; there was all sorts of blather about the "Casa de Guk," and the chemical running of a case (meaning a heavy stoking with vitamins); gory tales about the psychopathic woman who had wandered in off the street, mingled with the students, taken the course unbeknownst to the Foundation, and been thrown into the heeby-jeebies by a student auditor, gone screaming down the street, and how it had taken Hubbard 24 hours of non-stop auditing to bring her out of it...on and on.

There were also endless testimonials. I talked with no one who was not thoroughly obsessed with what dianetics was doing for him. All manner of psychosomatic symptoms were apparently being knocked out; amateur auditors were getting their subjects back into the pre-natal period, or were going there themselves...on and on.

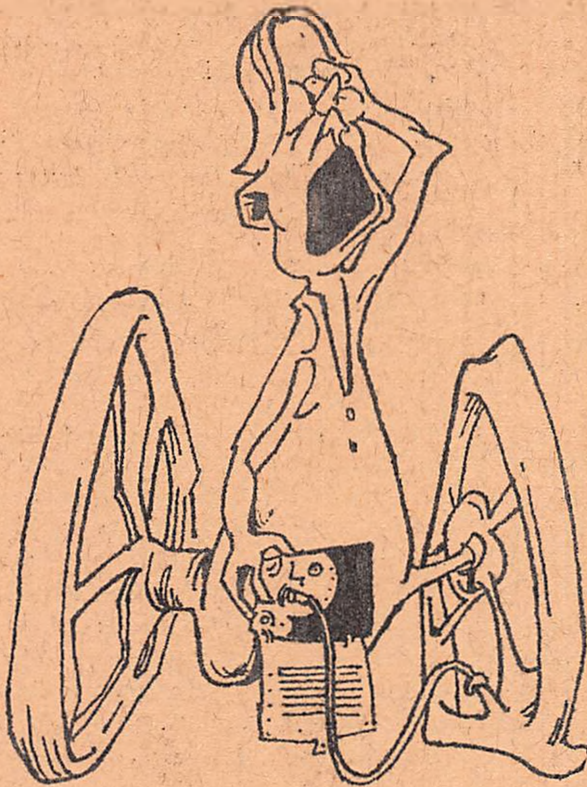
A disturbing element, however, was the constant reiteration that the book was no damned good, that it was not possible to audit from the book successfully in most cases, that it was all obsolete, that the new techniques developed right here in LA during the last month had advanced dianetics a decade... Well, what the hell, I thought. The guy has certainly gone off half-cocked if this is true -- yet, on the other hand, there is plenty of objective evidence floating around that he does have something. I saw it myself.

Very amusing, too, was the attitude of the students towards Hubbard himself. A majority of them plainly regarded him with awe and worship. They'd sit there and watch him lecture with their mouths open and their eyes shining and their souls sticking out like warts on a toad. I doubt if they heard anything he said -- they were just soaking up the great man's miasma.

I had a field day making snotty remarks to some of these people. I was particularly annoyed by the way they kept running up to get Hubbard to autograph their copy of The Book, Dianetics.



"Hell," I said to one guy, "my great-grandfather had a copy of the Bible that old Jesus H. Christ himself autographed at a tent show at Dubbling Springs, Arkansas back in 1859."



"Yes, but can Hubbard walk on water?" was a sure-fire standard, as was Burbee's line: "Why, it takes longer to make a good witch doctor!"

That, of course, is the only sensible way to treat fuggheads -- tromple them underfoot.

A substantial minority of the people around the Foundation were anything but fuggheads. These people were approaching dianetics objectively, and with intelligence. Despite some of Hubbard's very unscientific, sensational statements, they were treating the subject as a science. I liked these people, and wanted nothing more than to get right into the thick of things with them.

I have always been interested in psychology and psychiatry. Here, by ghod, was an apparently workable system of psychology which a man could learn in a short course and really do something with. I knew dianetics could undoubtedly help me

personally, and it further appeared that there was an opportunity to tear off some substantial money by training and setting up as a dianetics practitioner.

I immediately was red hot to take the course and become a professional auditor myself. The catch was the \$500 the course cost. In the first place, I didn't have the money. Even if I had had it, I would have hesitated a long time to sink that much into an untried venture. After all, dianetics was new. Its acceptance by the general public was too faddish to give promise of holding up, and there was an ominous undercurrent of anti-dianetics rumblings from conventional psychiatrists.

At this stage in the game I got my brainstorm. I put an advertisement in the "Strictly Personal" column in the Los Angeles Daily Mirror. I forget the exact wording, but the general import was that I was a 36-year-old widower wishing to explore dianetics and other things with a young lady from 21 to 40. My idea was a mixed one. Mainly, though, I wondered if I could contact some gal who wanted to take the so-called team training with me, and who could be induced to finance most or all of it.

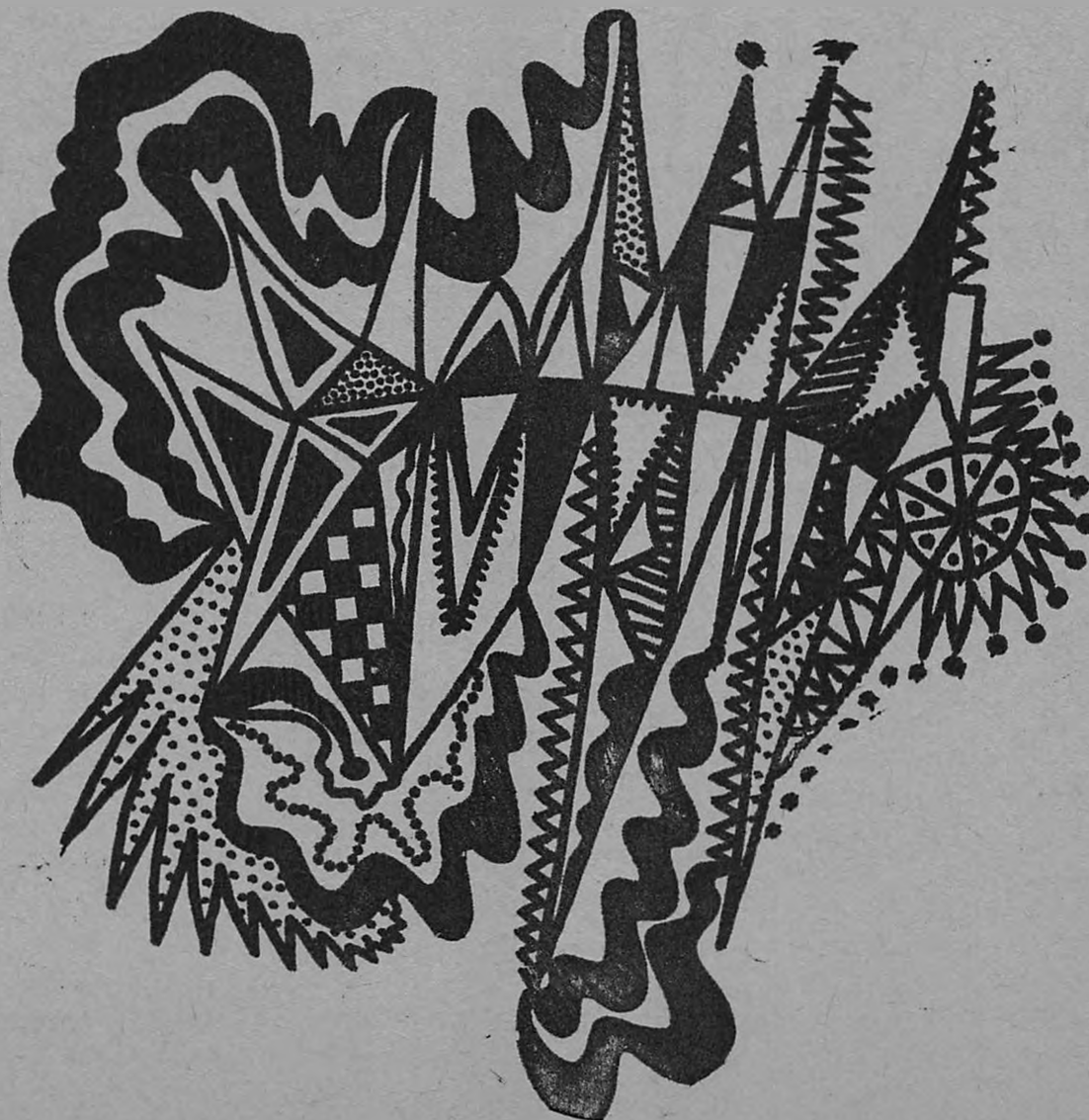
The "Strictly Personal" column had been the subject of a lot of talk among my friends and acquaintances anyway. It was and is a dignified, lonely hearts sort of thing. Having a reasonable amount of the Pandora complex in my nature, I was quite frankly curious to learn what kind of women patronized such a medium of introductions.

The story of this advertisement and its aftermaths would make an article in itself. I received around 25 replies, and followed up all of them except for a couple which gave no address or phone number. Some of the gals I was able to

eliminate merely by talking to them on the phone. I met around 15 of them personally, most of them only the one time. With three or four very blatant exceptions, these were averagely good-looking, averagely personable women, 30 to 35 years old. They very definitely were not the "dogs" I half-expected to meet through such a medium.

For the most part, they "saw through" the dianetics part of the ad. They were looking for a man; ergo, I was looking for a woman. Three or four wanted dianetics with a man thrown in. One just wanted dianetics. At least half had never heard of Hubbard and his doings.

I had several discussions with the young lady who just wanted dianetics, but it came out in the wash that she really didn't want to go ahead with any actual



auditing or training. Like many of dianetics' most vocal exponents, she just wanted to talk about it.

After a month of interviewing, the field narrowed down to two women from the ad.

One was a petite five-footer who liked jazz and a number of other things I did. She had tried mutual auditing out of the book without much success.



FLOWER KIDS

The other was a definitely psychopathic young lady with whom I got very disturbingly embroiled. I realized immediately that she was far too unstable to get mixed up with dianetics-wise. On the other hand, she was for the most part a very facile and entertaining conversationalist with considerable charm, and her psychology was utterly fascinating as a case. I dropped around to see her once too often. She developed a pseudo-ally computation around me very suddenly, and I was right up on the horns of a dilemma.

The sensibly selfish thing for me to have done was to scram but fast. On the other hand, she had a very bad record of attempted suicides -- one but a couple of months before I met her -- and she was so wacky that I was afraid that if I brushed her off she might try it again. I talked the matter over with Dewey, and found that not only was it quite practicable to use therapy on her directly aimed at breaking this computation but that he was willing to help. While I did not feel especially responsible for her pseudo-ally identification, I simply did not have what it would have taken to give her a kick in the puss with its possible repercussions when it was possible by giving her some therapy to ease her out of it with no kickback at anyone.

This led me into a fantastic two months in Never-Never Land.

Dewey put her through several exploratory auditing sessions in my presence and we took her to the Foundation, where she was given a very thorough psychological inventory and interview. On the strength of this examination, it was decided she was too dangerous to mess with. That is to say, she could have been audited successfully, but to do her case any real good it would have to be done by a real expert.

Her case was entirely too involved to more than hint at it here. She was so totally lacking in attention units that 98% of her personality was reactive. She was almost never in her own valence. There was a strong pattern of bisexuality, ranging from 100% hetero to 100% homo, depending on which of two alien valences she was in at the time. The specific overt behavior pattern that was wrecking her was a pronounced case of agoraphobia (fear of spaces) which held her in such thrall that she had left her court apartment no more than a dozen times in a year,

and had gone for a week or more at a time without even being able to go out into the courtyard alone. Her whole being was such a mass of engrammic chains that one never knew when some common phrase would throw some new chain into active, even violent, restimulation. Her case was made virtually untouchable by a piled-up, criss-crossed mass of "don't get rid of it's," "keep it's," and the like. If you began to get close to something, one of the great lie factories of our time would go into action.

And so on.

I only put her into reverie once. A chance remark of mine touched off a chain, and put her into such a state that I felt it incumbent to take a chance. I audited her for nearly three hours, and managed to break a couple of late-life locks on the chain. I also ran the incident (i.e., my chance remark) as an engram and got a definite reduction on it. How much good this session actually did I do not know, but at least it put her back to where she was before my chance remark put her into near hysterics.

I straight-wired her a great deal, and through straight-wire alone, reduced the late-life incident which had keyed in her agoraphobia (the desert highway accident in which her father, whose valence she was in most of the time, had been killed) to such an extent that she was able the last month I was seeing her to move around in the open without any especial difficulty.

This, incidentally, I hold to be a great boon which dianetics, even as practiced by as inept a person as myself, bestowed on this young lady. The reduction of this agoraphobic lock enabled her to leave her apartment to work (she is a piano teacher) instead of doing it all at home, and thus made her much more self-sufficient economically.

There remained the ally computation. It took quite undianetic means to get shut of it. At the time she had answered my Mirror ad, she had also answered one from a 60-ish old gentleman, a Viennese emigre, who loved classical music.

She'd not met him personally, due to his lack of a car and her own terror of stirring out-of-doors. I'd read his letters to her and seen a very fuzzy snapshot of the old gentleman. It came to me one day that he seemed very similar in appearance and actions to my "patient's" old piano teacher, a very restimulative character to her and one who obviously had been the victim of an even worse pseudo-ally computation than the one I was saddled with.



So I got into my Machiavellian facet, and promoted a meeting. I took her to

the old gentleman's apartment (about a fifteen-mile drive) and on the way over deliberately worked her into the right valence. In a way, it was a dirty trick, but I had neither the means nor the willingness to fix her up with the full therapy she really needs, nor had I the skill myself to undertake it personally. There was the further factor that my constant association with her was not only holding me away from my friends much more than I wished but was having a cumulative bad effect on me.

Her reactive mind latched onto the old boy like a stamp collector to a mint 10¢ '47. Two weeks later I saw her for the last time. She would tend to re-establish her computation towards me each time I saw her, although less each time, and finally I was able, with profound relief I assure you, to bow out for good.

I should have liked to follow the case further and learn if the agoraphobia came back, but I was afraid it was too risky. I understand she left town in the spring of 1951, so I guess dianetics helped her a little.

In the meantime, dianetics generally was burgeoning like a hopped-up mushroom. When I first went to the Foundation, it occupied a two-story stucco building on a side street just off 7th opposite Westlake Park in Los Angeles. The main floor held offices, a common central hall, and an auditorium capable of seating about 100 people. Upstairs were about a dozen or fifteen auditing rooms, and the balcony for the auditorium -- a narrow gallery around three sides of it which seated another 30 or 35 people. I don't know what the lease of this building may have been, but it was a well-kept, modern business block with a value, I should guess, of at least \$75,000 considering the size and quality of the building and its location.

At this same time, the Foundation also rented a large old house, somewhere on the West side, I believe. This was the famed "Casa de Guk," where the preclears and students went for "chemical processing," the dosage with vitamins coupled with techniques which made the cases partially self-running. This place also had certain more bagnio-esque characteristics, according to the gossip current around the Foundation. How much truth there may have been to this gossip I do not know, since I never went out there.

By November, the Foundation had taken a large property on the SE corner of Adams and Hoover. It was a monstrous, rambling structure -- a great rabbit warren that apparently had been set up originally as a private boarding school or something of that sort. It had spacious grounds, a number of classrooms, offices, and endless auditing rooms. The grounds were spacious and well-kept. I never did go into but a small portion of this establishment, so cannot describe it too well. However, it was apparently two large, separate buildings, both with many wings added to them, with covered walkways leading hither and yon from one portion to another. I'd estimate this property as being worth probably \$50,000.

Since both these buildings were well furnished and equipped, it is easy to see that the physical plant of the LA Foundation involved a substantial amount of money.

The staff also was growing by leaps and bounds. The Foundation was frantically hiring its better students as fast as they could qualify as professional auditors, and paying, I imagine, no less than \$300 per month to start. (I was offered an auditing job at this figure, provided I took the course and qualified.) This was not good pay at all, but considering it gave one the opportunity to work right where the new dianetics discoveries were being made and in close collaboration with Hubbard, Dessler, van Vogt, Dewey, and the rest of dianetics' best men,

the pay was not the only emolument.

I decided on a wait-and-see policy for myself. If dianetics came through its mushroom stage and retained (or rather obtained) public approval, I determined that I would qualify as a PA, take a job with the Foundation for a couple of years, and then find a PA in private practice (with a going establishment) who would take me into full partnership on the strength of my Foundation connection, or else go in with someone who had a private sanatorium, taking a full share in the business in exchange for being a staff auditor. All this, of course, turned out to be a pipe dream.

You will notice that I said "qualify as a PA." It was not, I learned, strictly necessary to take the course at \$500. The latter part of the course consisted of a sort of internship -- doing supervised auditing under fandom's own G. Gordon Dewey, who had progressed from having the best Herritt collection of all time to being one of dianetics' best auditors, and holding the position of supervisor of student auditing. If two people went into partnership and took one of the so-called team training courses (i.e. learned auditing through doing it to each other under supervision) either one could, if considered qualified, take the internship portion of the course pretty much for free (in consideration of the fact that they would be doing free work for the Foundation's paying preclears, some of whom took student auditing for a cheaper rate than a PA would have cost) and, if qualified, be certificated in a short while just as though he had taken the course.

It also developed that it was not necessary to take this team training from the Foundation itself. Many of the first two classes of auditors were by this time certificated and trying their hands at private practice. Some were doing quite well, some getting by, and most of them quietly going broke.

There was, for example, a young married couple, Bud and Virginia Southwick, who were both doing remarkably well both dianetically and financially. They had a large two or three bedroom flat high in the hills of the Silverlake area, and used it as a processing center. It was here that Dewey and I took my agoraphobic pre-clear a number of times.

They had quoted me a very reasonable price on team training, so as soon as I got out from under the ally computation, I started casting around for a team training partner.

There remained from the Mirror ad the petite five-footer. I'd kept in touch with her, in fact dated her three or four times, while I was "in the clutches" of the ally computation. I discussed team training with her a number of times, and also felt out a number of other people. After the embroglio with the agoraphobic,



I had learned enough caution to want to be thoroughly conversant with anyone that I'd undertake any dianetic projects with.

The little gal and I finally decided to take team training with the Southwicks, and started putting by our money for the purpose, so we could pay cash. She was, I might add, going to put up three-quarters of it, in recognition of the fact that I had explored the field very thoroughly and had very solid inside contacts with the Foundation through having known both van Vogt and Dewey for several years before dianetics was ever heard of. Well, it sounded good, anyway.

In the meantime, two things happened, either of which would have put the kibosh on team training, at least for a while.

The first, and most important, was that I met the lady who eventually did me the honor to become my wife. She not only had little use for dianetics, but in fact takes a rather dim view of psychiatry generally due to the fact that she had operated a student cooperative at Northwestern University which was occupied almost entirely by psychology majors, who had turned out to be the most thorough-going collection of semi-psychoes she'd ever seen. (Her anecdotes of this period sounded like an inside view of the LASFS.) Since Edith and I enjoy a large number of common interests, the more I saw of her, the more dianetics began to take a back seat. It was simply being crowded out.



There were, moreover, very ominous signs of impending trouble in the Los Angeles Dianetics Foundation. The first was the child neglect rap pinned on Hubbard by the Los Angeles Police. The official (Foundation) story was that Mrs. Hubbard started to take her baby somewhere in the car, found she'd forgotten something, and dashed back in for it. When she returned, two minutes later, her car and child were surrounded by police. This was in front of the large Foundation establishment at 2700 South Hoover. Hubbard, according to the news story, "gallantly" took the blame, and paid a small fine in Police Court. The local press went wild -- the most conservative account I saw being nearly a third of a column. Someone or other told me that there were almost constant police stakeouts around the Foundation premises. I know from my own observation that I never went to the Hoover-Adams location without seeing a stakeout nearby. These could well have been traffic stakeouts; the intersection is a bad one and it moreover is just out of the heavy traffic area where many drivers will start to speed. There is also a bend in Adams at this point and a good deal of shrubbery that makes it a good spot for a semi-blind stakeout.

On the other hand, there was a consistent, if somewhat unpublicized, anti-dianetics campaign in full cry. For one thing, something or other in dianetics is contrary to the Bible -- I was told once what it was but forgot it. This coupled with dianetics' success had most of the fanatical sects, wouldbe healers and the like virulently opposed to Hubbard. Of more serious import, the conventional

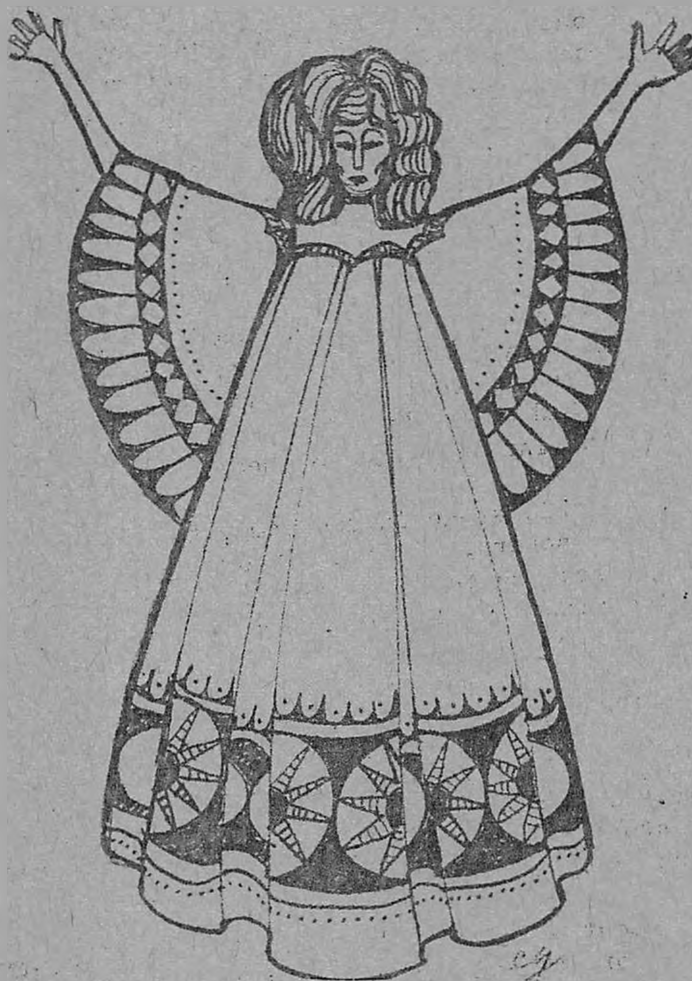
medical profession deplored and fought dianetics right along. You cannot blame it all on the vested interest motive either -- Hubbard's rash statements and the odd antics of many of his followers gave these men a plethora of ammunition. And then the same segment of the public which gives at the best a dubious support to any form of psychiatry (because it is "tampering with the mind") were solidly opposed to the Hubbardian theories and practice.

I have no doubt but that the Los Angeles city government was pressured a good deal to crack down on Hubbard. Those stakeouts might very well have been aimed directly at the Foundation.

Many of Hubbard's followers seemed to think so. But after all there is a certain type of mind that likes to imagine it is being persecuted by Society. This has led to subjective worries about police surveillance and the formation of offbreed religious sects, science fiction fan clubs, and other similar groups of fuggheads.

Still, screaming headlines about the Hubbard child neglect rap had a very chilling effect on dianetics locally.

There were obvious signs of impending financial troubles. The Foundation was spending money faster than it was coming in (and don't ever think it wasn't coming in by the bucketful), and interest in the book was beginning to wane. Not long after the child-neglect rap, retrenchment set in, and the Foundation gave up the Hoover-Adams labyrinth and confined itself to its original quarters off Westlake Park. This particular move was a healthy sign, because it meant that some effort at last was being made to correlate outgo with income.



And in the spring of 1951, several very interesting and highly worthwhile publications were issued by the Foundation. The best of these was a transcript of Hubbard's most recent lectures on auditing, a meaty little volume that gives simple and minute instructions on the latest techniques. Any reasonably intelligent person can audit successfully from this. There was also a pamphlet of dianetic results -- giving statistical figures with sample case histories from the first hundred cases reduced by the Foundation. Personality profiles before and after, IQ's... This pamphlet showed that every case showed a very marked flattening of the peaks on the personality profiles, and that most of them showed a statistically significant rise in IQ after auditing. There are by no means anywhere near enough cases, nor for that matter a sufficient lapse of time, to make this conclusive proof as to dianetics' worth -- but there is more than enough to show that Hubbard does have enough to warrant a thorough-going and serious study over a period

of years and with thousands of cases. The results show clearly, in my opinion, that whatever Hubbard may or may not claim for dianetics, there is enough likelihood that he has stumbled upon a short-cut for obtaining mental health to make it criminal negligence on the part of society not to investigate enough either to prove or disprove once and for all.

There was also the case of the flunked-out dianetics student who made the spectacular cure. This woman took the auditors course, and was so poor at it that the Foundation refused to certificate her. So she went back home to Long Beach and started auditing anyway. She happened to get hold of a bedridden man who had been an invalid for some eight or ten years and who had not been outside of his own bedroom for months. This man had tried every kind of practitioner he could find -- legitimate doctors, Christian Science, faith healers, hypnotists, osteopaths, chiropractors, and so on. At the time she started auditing him, he was under the care of a conventional M.D. Inside of a month the man was out looking for a job. The payoff is that when the Foundation sought to get the case history to publish, it developed that the woman had taken such poor notes and was so stupidly unaware of what she was about that she was unable to furnish a case history. All the Foundation could get was notarized statements from all concerned. To me this was and is a definite indication that dianetics is -- or at least can be made into -- a reasonably foolproof tool which anyone can use, particularly in the combatting of psychosomatic symptoms. The great question which arises, of course, is whether or not the man had a relapse. If engrams or locks were actually released, it is highly doubtful if he did. Even if it worked as a materialistic faith cure, the chances are it would keep the man well. A few hours of auditing a month seems to me a slight price to pay for health.

In April and May of 1951, I was still highly interested in dianetics, still seriously considering going into it as a life-work, but still watching very warily for developments. I had dropped the idea of team training with the little five-footer, because Edith and I had serious plans with each other. Nevertheless, I fully intended to take the training one way or another as soon as the new art or science had shown definitely that it would pass through the mushroom stage successfully and into a period of healthy growth.

At this stage in the game, the marital bust-up of Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard blazed into the papers. I do not know what sort of coverage this was given nationally, but in Los Angeles it made front page banners. The scandal, in Dewey's words, killed dianetics locally, for the time at least.

I am not able to give much on the situation. Mrs. Hubbard's sensational allegations are, of course, a matter of public property to anyone who cares to look up the newspaper files. Hubbard never put much of his side of the story into print, striving for the sake of dianetics to hush the thing up as much as he was able. I have been told, in confidence and not for publication, Hubbard's side of the story. There are angles in it which would be far more sensational than anything Mrs. Hubbard gave to the press.

About all I can say is that two people were involved and that some of the blame for the splitup can legitimately be laid to each of them. Their domestic embroglio was their own private business, and the sensational treatment of it in the press was yellow journalism at its worst. Thousands of Americans have divorces every year, and in my own opinion it is a gross unfairness to any divorced person and a well-nigh criminal offense against any children involved to blazon the details over the front page. A simple, legal-type notice of the mere fact of the separation or divorce is enough.

A lot of people got sadistic pleasure out of the Hubbard divorce scandal.

"Huh," they said. "This guy is supposed to be able to make supermen out of everyone and he can't even order his own domestic life!" And so on.

I can't see it that way myself. Of course, Hubbard himself invited this type of reaction by his own wild claims; he'd have been nowhere near so vulnerable had he kept his writings on a more sober, factual basis. On the other hand, I guess no one ever saw a bald-headed barber, an auto mechanic stalled by the side of the road, or a sick physician.

Still, how can one expect analytical thinking out of people's reactive minds?

My last direct personal contact with dianetics was in May 1951, when I dropped by the Foundation one evening shortly after the Hubbard divorce scandal broke, and shot the bull with Dewey for a couple of hours. He told me the inside story of this, or rather, some of it; and also regaled me with the fascinating tale of the man being audited who loved horses -- loved them in the most literal and primitive fashion. So far as I know, this man's interest in science fiction was entirely secondary.

I interviewed Dewey on January 30, 1952, and filled myself in on the current picture. A brief resume may be of interest. All branch Foundations are closed, and were closed months ago. (The LA Foundation actually closed in late May or early June of 1951, but maintained a nominal existence until September, due to some quirk in its charter. At the time it went out of business, Dewey was the #3 man therein, second only to A. E. van Vogt and Frank Dessler; and Dewey finished auditing the last batch of preclears.)

There is now only one Hubbard Dianetics Foundation, and it is located at Wichita, Kansas. Hubbard is there, directing it in person, and it is devoting itself largely to research and advanced training. There is a fair-sized staff, including several from Los Angeles, and the pay is very good (no, I won't tell you how much). The Foundation now licenses local centers, with which it has no other connection. The van Vogts operate the only licensed center in the Los Angeles area.

There are at the present time in the greater Los Angeles area approximately a dozen people whose chief activity is dianetics. About half of these are making a living at it, though it is doubtful that any of them are doing as well financially as the salaried auditors at Wichita. It would be invidious to name names in this connection, but it is legitimate to state that Mrs. Forrest J Ackerman is probably one of the most successful local auditors. She not only did very well locally, but in the course of the Ackermans' recent trip abroad, Mrs. Ackerman audited extensively and successfully in both England and Scotland.

Locally, the incredible play given the Hubbards' personal life put a definite quietus on the whole subject. Prospective preclears are few and far between -- many are scared off. Dianetics locally is growing chiefly by word of mouth; a preclear is pleased with the results of his/her auditing and tells a friend about it. The growth is very slow, but it is solid and healthy -- not the frenetic mushroom-



ing of 18 months ago.

Dianetics is far from dead, here or elsewhere, but it will be years (if ever) before it gains widespread recognition. It is my personal opinion that many of the dianetic techniques, theories and approaches to the general subject of mental health will in time infiltrate more conservative psychiatry and become a part of it.

The mushrooming of dianetics* had, in my own opinion, as much to do with killing the golden goose as anything else. Whatever Hubbard's abilities and attainments (and in my book he is a genius), there is no question but that the widespread public acceptance of the book as a bestseller caught him with his drawers dragging. The early days of the local Foundation consisted of a frantic scramble. People were coming in by scores begging for auditing. There were no auditors available. The Foundation was running night and day trying to train auditors, and incidentally process them sufficiently that they'd be able to use something besides their own engrams to audit with. Every time anyone turned around, a new need had arisen -- more space, another typewriter, another employee. Money was pouring in like a golden rain, but it was pouring out, and much of it into ratholes.

Had Hubbard had any auditors besides the original handful from Elizabeth, it might have been possible to cope with the flood. Aftersight is easy, but there should have been a trained nucleus of at least 200 competent auditors available to distribute nationally at the time the various Foundations were started.

* One byproduct of dianetics' unwholesome overnight growth was the welter of idiots who passed through the Foundation more or less and then by their own assininites gave the brave new science a black eye.

Rotsler tells me of a fellow, homosexual (watch that punctuation!), who went through the auditors' course and was certificated as a PA. He hung out a shingle and sat there without a single patient until he went broke. One of the chief decorations of his office was the gift of an artistic boy whom he loved. This lad had made a nude plaster statue, life-sized, of his own buttocks and presented them to his -- uh -- friend.

When I first was around the Foundation, I saw this fuddydudgy little idiot (taking the professional course, no less) whom I recognized because I'd seen him at the LASFS a couple of times. I never did know his name. In January 1952 I was on business in the office of the Pacific Indemnity Company. The receptionist being out at the moment, this ex-LASFS, ex-dianetics character came over from his desk to find out what I wanted. A woman came in behind me, slipped on the slick floor, and did a terrific pratt-fall. Half a dozen of the other Pacific Indemnity employees came rushing out from behind the counter, helping her up, seeing if she were hurt.... But this little dope stood there, bleating over and over in a shrill, babbling sort of voice, "I'm available as a witness I'm available as a witness I'm available as a witness..."

Of much more serious import were the gross lapses I witnessed on the part of prominent dianeticians in connection with the auditors' code. One of the cardinal points of this is never to discuss a case by name. Over and over I have listened to these people discuss the details of someone whom I had met. PA's talking among themselves professionally is one thing -- but I was not a PA, nor were many of the other witnesses from time to time. I'm inclined to think that it was too much of a transition for most of these folks to make from ordinary jobs to a profession, with its higher standards.



The incredible advances in techniques during even the first month at the local Foundation brought into glaring relief the fact that the book itself was premature. Half of it was obsolescent at the time I first read it.

A slower, more conservative launching of dianetics would have been far more successful, both because there would have been more auditors available and because the mere training of these men and women would have brought into being the advances in auditing which made the book obsolete so quickly. If this had been coupled with a rigid censorship over Hubbard's enthusiastic editorial utterances, dianetics would have had a reasonable chance of being considered seriously by the medico-psychological profession.

Hubbard is wonderful when he sticks to facts and theories and postulations. He is lucid, logical, and makes good sense. When he starts to extrapolate, he is just somebody beating on his chest and making verbalizations. The redhead is not a scientist. He lacks the temperament to go plodding through long series of experiments, and the patience to let something develop over a period of time. Hubbard's great forte is brilliant intuition. Teamed with people who would take his intuitions and prove or disprove them, he would not pull so many croppers. Without some sort of censor, however, he tends to go off half-cocked. Even as keen an intuition as Hubbard's can go wrong sometimes, and when he does slip it is no half-way measure. Censoring Hubbard is easier talked about than done. For one thing, he is such a whirlwind dynamo of energy that he is not easily kept up with. And there is the further fact that his personality is such that he tends to sweep people off their feet. He is far more intelligent than most of his associates, partic-

ularly on a basis of reaction speed (I mean to say that he comes up with a right or nearly right answer while most of the others are still groping), and he couples this with a winning but insistent personality. The result is that his co-workers spend a great deal of time spinning like dervishes in the wind of Hubbard's passing.

A very revealing Hubbard anecdote is told by Art Widner. In 1940 or 1941, Art was the dazzled audience of a terrific session between L. Ron Hubbard, John W. Campbell and R. D. Swisher. Swisher, one of the most brilliant men ever to pass through fandom, has been on the faculty of M.I.T. for well over a decade. Campbell isn't exactly dull, either. It seems that Hubbard had gotten some stf story idea involving a city suspended in the sky, and was discussing the pseudo-science he would use to suspend it there. Campbell and Swisher were having a field day showing L. Ron why his theories were untenable. As fast as they'd demolish a Hubbardian idea, he'd come back with another one. At the end of four or five hours, Hubbard's city was still in the sky with its colors flying merrily.

That's Hubbard, the brilliant, intuitive theorist. Team him with an equally brilliant tester and experimenter, and dianetics will get somewhere.



I SING THE DUPEE ELECTRIC

ARNIE KATZ



People who hear strange unearthly voices usually keep the matter to themselves, unless they either want to be a national curiosity or an inmate in a funny farm. Likewise, my strongest impulse is to keep my secret locked securely within my bosom. After all, no one likes to appear before his fellows as a total nut.

Yet I remember reading once that all truth is contained within the pages of fanzines. If I can't unburden myself to you, my fellow fans, then to whom can I tell my weird secret.

Without further preamble, then: my mimeograph sings to me. In fact my mimeographs, and I have had several, have all sung to me. If the music that they have made for me does not quite have the charm of the songs of the sirens, neither is it quite down to the level of the rhythm section of Grand Funk Railroad.

I remember my first mimeograph. I started my fan career as a dittoing fan. I was given a used ditto which had been lying in a corner of the envelope factory with which my family is intimately connected. I've heard of off-brand products, but my ditto was so off-brand the local stores couldn't even tell what it was, much less fix it, once it finally broke down.

That ditto ruined any taste I might have had for the fanatic of masters and fluid, so my next machine had to be a mimeograph. It was a Sears Tower Mimeograph. I called it the Tower of Power and hoped for the best. It was one of the better Sears mimeos; automatic inking and feeding and hand-cranked, it was a classic machine of its type.

I noticed one day, while happily cranking out an issue of EXCALIBUR, the fanzine Len Bailes and I published before we started QUIP, that my mimeograph was playing a tune for me. Full of the vigor of neofannishness, I broke into lusty song. "Who's the leader of the band that's made for you and me? M-I-C, K-E-Y, M-O-U-S-E!" Not a great song, but a good song, and not totally out of keeping with my fannish status of that time.

After getting quite a bit of work out of the Sears, I finally decided to

get a better machine, a silk screen model if possible. So I sold the Tower of Power, not without a few qualms, to Fred Lerner and bought a Rex Rotary M2.

The M2 is just about the most primitive silk screen mimeograph available in the U.S. and also about the cheapest. It has, therefore, figured in fandom to the point of earning for itself a small niche in fannish legend. Maligned though it has been, the M2 has never wavered in popularity. There are always fans who want a silk screen machine for between \$50 and \$100, and there are always dissatisfied M2 owners thrilled to part with their machines for that price. There have been quite a few of the things in New York fandom over the last decade. Mine worked a little better than most of the others I saw, but even so, it didn't set the world on fire.

Its feed tray took a stack of, at maximum, 200 sheets of paper, and if you got it to take even that many, you said some nice words to Ghu in thanks. The only thing automatic about it was the feed, as ink had to be squirted out of a tube by hand onto the ink roller.

I called it the Arnie Rotary, putting abroad the notion that the previous owner, the unknown and somewhat mysterious Rex, had engraved his name upon it. While I wasn't going to take the trouble to affix mine similarly, I was going to replace his name with mine in referring to the machine.

Like the Tower of Power, the M2 sang to me. It played the old folk song which begins, "Take This Hammer, Carry It To The Captain." I would sit in the mimeo room in the basement of my parents' home, cranking away and singing right along with the machine. It was an appropriate song. Running off a 100-page TAPS-zine was like working on a chain gang.

The Arnie Rotary only whet my appetite for a better machine. I scouted through Buy-Lines, the local weekly specializing in want ads. You can buy everything from furniture to toys to mimeographs in its pages, and I not only sold the Rex but found a Gestetner 260 for \$185. My brother drove me out to see the machine and helped bring home what is now my mimeograph, the instrument on which FOCAL POINT, LOG and POTLATCH are produced.

I didn't give this machine any cutsie nickname when I got it, though I am now considering "Calvin W. *Biff* Demmon." I probably won't, though. The Gestetner 260 is the kind of superdreadnaught of a mimeograph which one calls "Sir," and tries to jolly along.

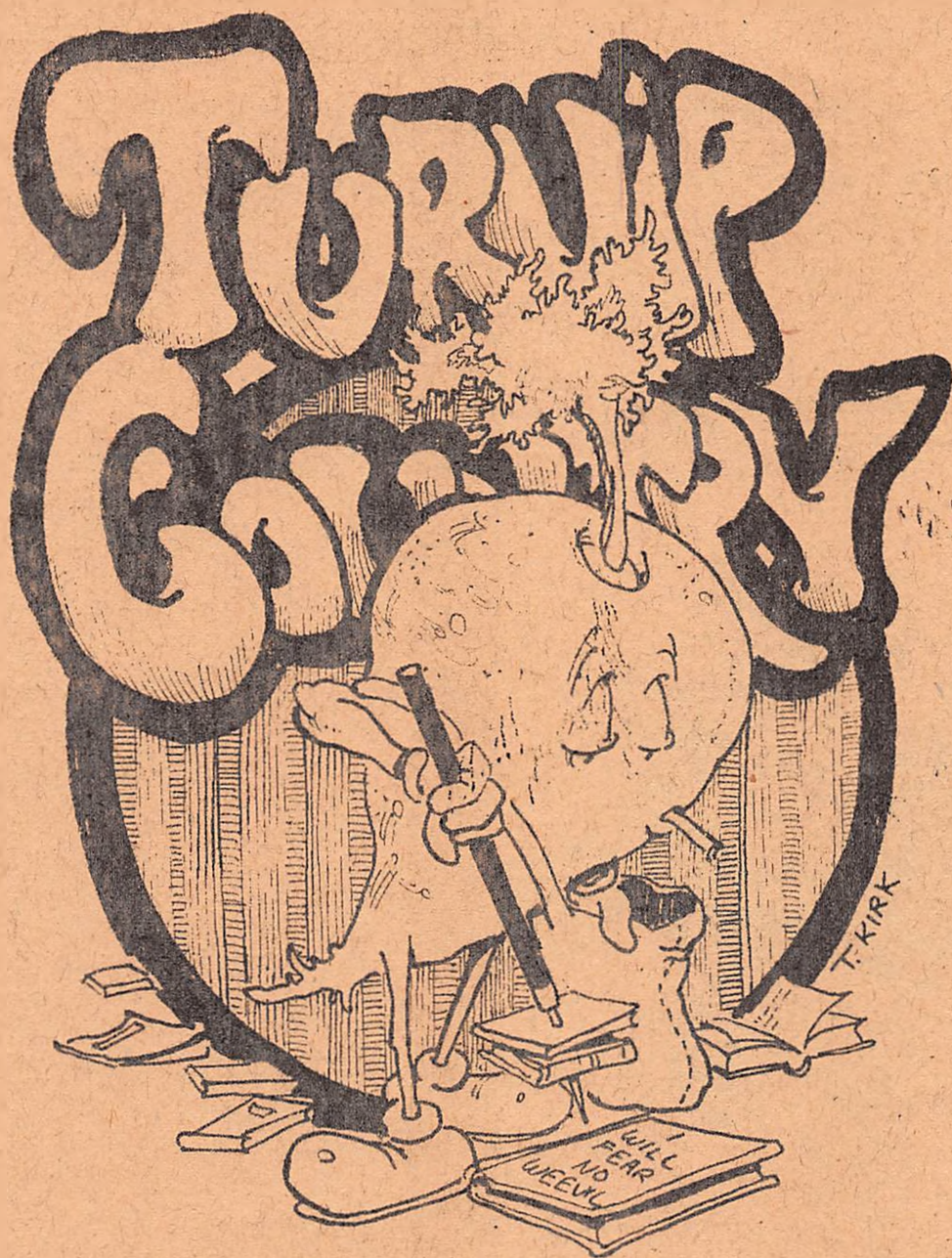
I hadn't thought of the music of the mimeographs for some time, but as I ran off a recent issue of FOCAL POINT I realized that my mimeograph sings "I've Been Working on the Railroad" in two-part harmony.

It is indeed a thrilling experience to stand there, watching the Gestetner 260 spew forth copy after copy of page 4 of FOCAL POINT while it serenades you at the very same time.

I mentioned this phenomenon to Joyce, who was helping me run off the fanzine, and she said that the Gestetner also sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Surely, the Gestetner silk screen duplicator is the fan's best home entertainment buy!

---Arnie Katz



BOOKS

A for Anything, by Damon Knight, Walker, \$4.95

Many years ago, Damon Knight wrote a novelette entitled "A for Anything," a thoroughly competent albeit not exactly profound or brilliant gimmick story built around the idea of the chaos resulting from the invention and distribution of a simple device that will make an exact copy of anything, including itself. The novelette, set in the then comfortably distant future of 1971, ended with the inventor of the device, called the Gismo, and his family being trundled off into slavery by a cunning hardhat named Krasnow. Subsequently, the story was expanded into a novel, The People Makers, by adding a detailed examination of the consequences of this ultimate technological innovation three generations later.

With this latest edition, the novel has reverted to the original title. A few short stories may surpass it, but among his longest works, at least, A for Anything stands as Damon Knight's finest piece of science fiction, in this reviewer's opinion.

The first three chapters are still the original gimmick story, ably constructed, to be sure, but far from impressive in this day of vastly higher standards in the field. However, it is the remaining eighteen chapters that constitute the meat of this novel. Given a situation in which every person has immediate access to practically any necessary commodity, substance or manufactured item, what are the consequences for society? Economic collapse, chaos, anarchy; obviously. But more: The one thing that the Gismos cannot provide is services, yet because of the limitless bounty of the Gismos, there is no way to pay human beings to perform services. The alternative is to compel them to do so. In a Gismo society, manpower becomes the only valuable commodity. The result is a slave society, with power being wielded by those strong enough, ruthless enough and clever enough to rise to the leadership of armed bands and carve out empires amid the

ruins of modern society. Naturally, after the initial period of anarchy struggle, those who have managed to consolidate their positions at the top of the heap become a conservative slave-owning aristocracy, deeply oriented toward the preservation of the status quo.



The fourth chapter of A for Anything begins the portrayal of such a society, three generations after the Gismos. The central character, Dick Jones, is heir to the great house of Buckhill (his father, the Man of the house, is equivalent to an 18th Century Duke or Count). Buckhill, an estate in the Poconos, is one of the dominant houses in the northeastern (former) USA. The society in which Dick Dick formed his outlook on life is one in which 98% of the population consists of slaves (called "slobs") who are not considered people supporting in luxury the 2% who are free men; a society of noblesse oblige in which a young gentleman passes his time in such

pursuits as hunting, target shooting, tennis and riding, and receives a commission in a "good" army regiment as a right due him because of his family name; a society with all the trappings of the aristocratic European states of several centuries past, including the code duello. And a society which, inevitably, is becoming rotten and decadent.

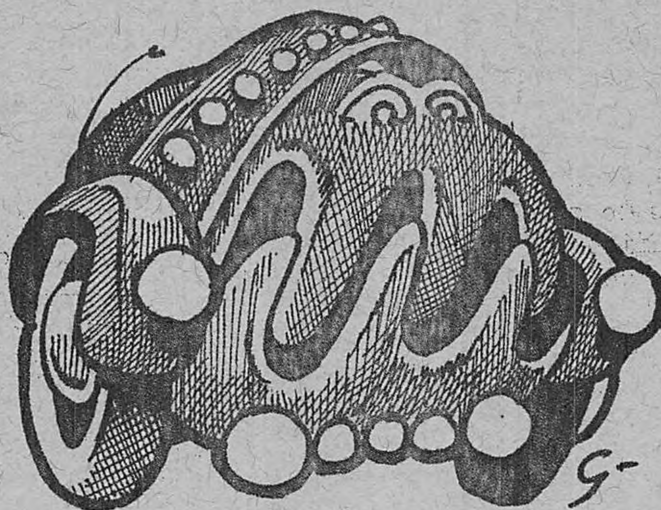
The young master Jones discovers this decadence when, shortly after his sixteenth birthday, he is sent to Eagles, a mountain-city in the Colorado Rockies, to fulfill his four-year military obligation. He discovers a very different milieu there, contrasting with the idyllic, Old Plantation existence he had known at Buckhill. The urban society of Eagles is an extreme patronage society, in which a newcomer has no opportunity to establish himself unless he has a patron,

a friend. He attaches himself to a prominent woman in the capacity of a gigolo of sorts, and learns to survive and prosper in Eagles society. Before long, Dick, now a commissioned officer, becomes involved in a conspiracy of intellectuals against the Boss of Colorado, Number One, a modern-day Caligula who sleeps in lonely terror at night because there is not a single soul whom he trusts and amuses himself by watching on private TV monitors while slobs are hurled to their deaths down a deep pit. Meanwhile, there is also a slave revolt brewing, engineered by fugitive slaves living on the lower, uninhabited levels of the city. The conspiracy is uncovered, most of the conspirators are executed, and Jones escapes to the lower levels of Eagles, where he is taken in hand by the leader of the slob uprising.

This sets the stage for the philosophical crux of the novel, a dilemma which Knight poses superbly and which has much relevance for contemporary situations, in particular the future of South Africa. The slob uprising succeeds, and its leader, the Old Man, is offering Dick the opportunity to be one of the leadings figures in the new government of Eagles (for reasons which are perfectly valid but too involved to go into for this review). Their problem, the Old Man realizes, is what to do now that the revolution has succeeded. The simplest answer would be for the slaves to become the masters, enslaving their former overlords, but he recognizes that "That would be the old system all over again, only worse. Because we'd be poor freemen, and they'd be worse slaves." The second possibility that had occurred to them was to lift the existing restrictions on Gis-mos and disseminate them all over the land, thereby instantly emancipating all remaining slaves without harming or depriving the freemen of anything really essential. Unfortunately, that isn't workable either, because it would have the same result as the original distribution of the devices: chaos, bloodshed and the eventual emergence of a new strong-arm aristocracy. The only alternative to the cycle of slavery and rebellion is for the former masters and former slaves to work together as equals in a new society. Dick, like the Old Man a "moderate," agrees with this, and even condescends to attempt to think of the former slaves as persons (given his background, this is not easy for him).

Now, Knight could have copped out and ended the novel, with former young country gentleman and former slave walking off arm-in-arm into the sunset. As the writer of the tale, Knight could have pulled whatever strings were necessary to resolve the question on this upbeat note. However, he instead allowed the brutal logic of events to play itself out. It is one thing for leaders to agree intellectually that slaves and masters newly released from the old order should come together in harmony and work as equals. People, however, are moved by emotion, and while the Old Man and Dick are preparing to usher in the millenium of cooperation, thousands of newly freed slaves in the streets of Eagles are beginning to realize that there is now the opportunity for revenge against those who were only hours ago the untouchable dispensers of life and death. It begins with acts of insulting assault, such as a slob throwing a gob of grease in the face of an aristocrat, but soon the violence becomes more serious as the mob grows both bolder and nastier. The disciplined ex-slobs of the Old Man's rebel force attempt to intervene to protect the freemen and their property, but as the hysteria of the rioters mounts they are overwhelmed. Soon Eagles is the scene of a





general massacre of former masters, including women and children, and when that is done the mob continues its rampage, smashing and destroying everything in sight. In order to survive, Dick disguises himself as a slob and runs with the mob. Eventually, reaching a TV-phone outlet, he gets through to Buckhill, only to make the horrifying discovery that the slaves there have revolted and murdered his entire family.

Eagles is laying largely in ruins by the time the surrounding aristocratic houses launch an airborne counterattack. The mob resists with what weapons it has, but hopelessly: the trained soldiers of the slave-holders crush the rebellion. Dick Jones himself shoots and kills the Old Man, and manages to identify himself to the invading force of freemen-led troops. As the novel ends, he is preparing to return to Buckhill, hunt down the slaves who massacred his family, and take his place as Man of the house, hardened now by his ordeal and no longer a "moderate." It is a profoundly depressing conclusion, for obviously the slave-holding society remains what it was at the beginning--corrupt and unstable--and there will inevitably be future revolts and future bloodshed. It is a truly vicious circle. Knight's point appears to be that it is a circle that cannot be broken because the only way to break it is through the idealistic compromise and cooperation that won't work because people are people. The horrible part is, he's probably right.

A for Anything poses this philosophical and social dilemma in an extremely well-written story marked by excellent background and atmosphere, generally good characterization, superb pacing and some vivid action. By all means buy the novel.

---Ted Pauls

I Am Legend, by Richard Matheson, Walker, \$4.95

This piece of science fantasy written in 1954 by one of the better writers of SF in that period holds up as well today as any good horror story does, from Lovecraft and friends through similarly realistic introspection by the hero, one gets a strong impression of Harlan Ellison's charged horror pieces, and the effects are much the same.

The plot is awfully simple, with few innovations on the theme, which is vampirism. Robert Neville is the last man on Earth, or at least the only one

he knows of. Everyone else is either a vampire (in a sense of a living creature infected by vampirism) or a member of the undead. The importance of the difference is that the brains of the unkilld vampires have deteriorated while the others are human but for their blood-craving, fear of religion, susceptibility to daylight, etc. The point of view is strictly scientific, and we are asked to accept no magic. In the beginning we are presented with the fact that vampires exist, and follow the efforts of the hero to explain all the effects of vampirism in medical and biological terms. Whatever aspects of the legend Matheson can't rationalize to his satisfaction are disregarded in this version. Basically, vampirism is the result of a virus which has existed throughout history, but spread to a world plague as a result of meteorological conditions coming from nuclear warfare. Is everything really believable, including the explanation that Neville was immune because he had once been bitten by a vampire bat carrying the disease in diluted form? Well, yeah, believable enough. The book mostly describes Neville's life pattern, going out in the day to kill the vampires, hiding and feeling sorry for himself at night. The psychology is also believable enough. The climax comes when a woman appears in the manner of all the Last Man stories. But she shows symptoms of vampirism herself, and so...

The plot is simple enough that to say any more would make reading the book useless. The conclusion is rather neat--I'll find no Meanings as Walker's jacket notes seem to imply--and the 122 pages will make a fine night's reading if you're in a credulous mood.

--Gabe Eisenstein

Records

All Things Must Pass, by George Harrison, Apple Records, \$\$\$

This is not George Harrison's first solo album (that distinction belongs to Wonderwall Music, an album of instrumentals (which I haven't heard) from approximately the Yellow Submarine period), but rather his first since the Beatles broke up. Of the fabulous four, John and his friend Yoko have gone totally around the bend; Ringo is lost somewhere singing 20-year old songs; Paul, struggling with his genius muse on his solo album, produced some half-baked studio work and two fully realized songs (but let's not be hasty, he's got another album in the works); only George has produced a truly good album.

In fact, a great album. George, not having Paul's talent (nor his do-it-himself attitude), assembled a number of fine musicians, like Eric Clapton, Klaus Voorman, Badfinger and even Ringo, to name just a few, plus some song-writing from none other than Bob Dylan, and produced this monster project, three records: two of his songs and one of jam sessions at the studio.

The two main records contain a total of 18 cuts (only seventeen songs--one is done twice)--15 songs by Harrison, one by Dylan, and one collaboration. The album is incredibly even in quality--you listen to each song and think, "Gee! This is a good song!" There is not really a brilliant song on the album (though there are several excellent ones), but the range in quality top to bottom is very small. It's a funny thing, but I have always liked George's stuff. Almost without exception, every song on all the Beatles albums (which I've listened to a million times, at least) which George wrote I liked. Even for a Beatles fan that's a pretty good record. And this album was no disappointment; it is full of great music.

I guess the best thing to do is just run down the songs:

Side 1 strikes me as the least of the four sides, as it is hit hardest by

the album's major failing, the tendency for the songs to go on too long. The first song is the Harrison/Dylan collaboration, "I'd Have You Anytime." As one hearing will probably tell you, Dylan did the words and George the music. Both did a fine job. It is a slow, soft, beautiful song about sharing in love. Next is one of the album's gems, "My Sweet Lord." Most of you have probably heard it; it's getting a big play on the radio as a single. Some fine guitar work really gets the listener involved in this paean to the Deity. Which deity is a good question, though; the background singing (by the "George O'Hara-Smith Singers," a rather transparent pun: the voices are all George, multiple tracked) changes from "Alleluia" to "Hare Krishna" to "Vishnu" to "Maheshwara" and probably other Hindu gods I don't recognize.

"Wah-Wah" is one of the lesser songs. It has some fantastically heavy guitar reminiscent of "Helter-Skelter" (on the Beatles' white album--a song I am fascinated by, although I don't like it). The tune is okay, but inappropriate to the rest. "Isn't It A Pity" closes the side with its first appearance, seven long minutes' worth. It's a pretty good song with an important message, but it goes on and on.

Side 2 I think is the best side on the album. It opens with "What Is Life," which sounds to me like 1950's rock, but it is extremely well done, a light, rollicking song that asks "What is my life without your love?" Bob Dylan's number is next, "If Not For You." (It's also on Dylan's own newest album.) I'm not that familiar with Dylan, but even I can see it is very typical of him. It's a love song like its predecessor, and a fine one. George goes country next with "Behind That Locked Door," which is nothing more than a cowboy song. As much as I dislike that sort of music, I like this.

"Let It Down" is, I think, my favorite of all. It starts out really heavy with the instrumental intro, then all of a sudden goes quiet. The tune is really pretty, and you can feel the tension building toward that heavy sound, which reoccurs in the chorus. A really excellent love song, "Run of the Mill" closes the side; it is another moralistic song (one of George's favorite veins), but pleasantly done, with George's knack for internal rhyme helping the message, "It's you that decides."

Side 3 begins the second record, perhaps slightly the better one. "Beware of Darkness" is a rather strange, almost eerie-sounding song, as befits its title, and again is enlivened by internal rhyme. A rather obscure song. One matter I want to take up (for which this song is as good a place as any) is George's tune-writing. All his songs are very pleasant-sounding, but never seem to attain greatness. For instance, the bridge on this song starts out "It can hit you/It can hurt you" and you feel that one more turn, one more chord change, I don't know what, will transform the song into a great one. But it doesn't come--the song remains merely good. (More on this a little later.) "Apple Scruffs" is a country song, complete with harmonica, and a tribute to some loved ones. A fun song.

"Ballad of Sir Frankie Crisp (Let It Roll)" (this is getting ridiculous. First "Let It Be," then the Stones' "Let It Bleed," now George's "Let It Down" and "Let It Roll." What next?) is very reminiscent of some kind of music. I can't place--church music perhaps? It does have some nice organ. "Awaiting on You All" is a sort of gospel revival song, sung to a real rock n' roll beat. Interesting. "All Things Must Pass" is in the spotlight as the title song, and bears its load well. With an echo of "Let It Be," it is a rousing, heroic-sounding song on a transience leading up to the great line, "But it's not always going to be this grey." Once more, another turn will make a really great song; but

again, it fails, falling to the rather bland-sounding chorus. Despite this, it is really a fine song, one of the album's best.

Side 4 starts with another of my favorites, "I Dig Love." I don't know why I like it; again, it is reminiscent of music I know, yet don't know. This is another really fun song, with good organ playing and a lovely lilt. "Cute" (in a complimentary sense) I think describes it best. "Art of Dying" is totally different. It is a heavy, rapidly rhythmic song with a powerful tune on the subject of dying, immortality and reincarnation. An excellent song.

"Isn't It a Pity" makes its second appearance, and goes on for nearly five minutes more. Yes, George, it is a pity, and a shame, "how we break each other's hearts and cause each other pain," but twelve minutes is a bit much, don't you think? Lastly, there is "Hear Me Lord," a very moving, slow and totally sincere prayer--as good as any you ever learned in Sunday school. It is also distinguished by a fantastic change-of-pace break in the chorus (which has an echo of "The Long and Winding Road"). A truly fine way to end the album.

Ah yes, the third record. It goes by the clever title "Apple Jam" (with an appropriate photo on the sleeve) and contains five selections from the studio jamming from the period of recording the other four sides. Side 5 has a looong rhythm piece called "Out of the Blue"--good drumming and sax-playing, rather slow; a faster paced piece, "Plug Me In," and "It's Johnny's Birthday," which sounds like a birthday song on some kid's show (and somebody was playing with the speed). Side 6 has the jazz-like "I Remember Jeep" and "Thanks for the Pepperoni," which is very similar to the background of the Beatles' "Roll Over Beethoven" (some of you may remember that). I must say I was not impressed by it; in fact, I was bored stiff. You musicians may like it better. (I might have liked it better had I been able to watch it, a la Let It Be.) This "bonus" is of mild interest, no more.

A word about the packaging--it is superb. The three records are boxed like an opera, in heavy pastel-colored sleeves with the lyrics printed on them. The list of songs and contributors is in the front cover. (My only complaint is that the times of the songs are printed only on the label.) A very nice (if somewhat quirky) black-and-white photo of George occupies the front cover. All in all, it is one of the most beautifully put-together albums I've seen in a long while. My congratulations to Tom Wilkes and Barry Feinstein of Camouflage Productions.

This is, as I said, a great album. Despite all my criticisms, all the songs are really good, worth listening to. ALL THINGS MUST PASS is by far the best thing any Beatle has done alone, and is, in fact, better than most of the albums they did together. It is an album to be bought, and listened to. It belongs in the collection of not only every Beatle fan, but every rock fan, every music fan, as well. If you buy one album this year, you would not go far wrong to get this one. It is a fine achievement which assures that George Harrison, the forgotten Beatle, will continue to be an important force in popular music.

--Donald G. Keller



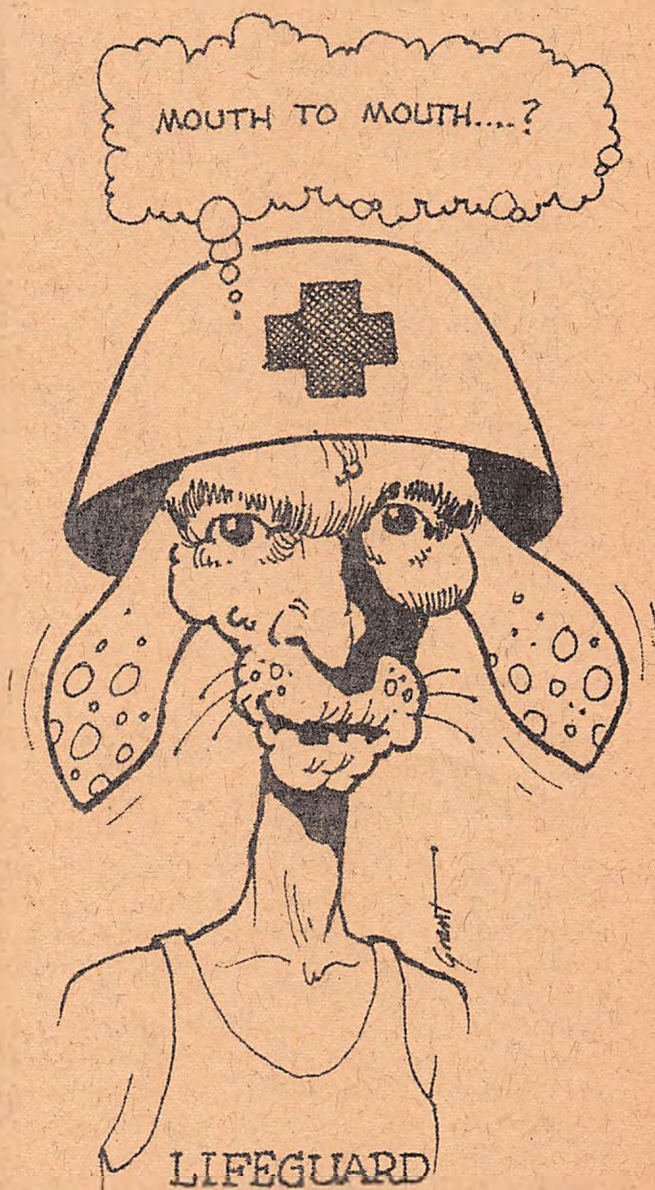
Alpajpuri
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Eugene, Ore. 97403

Ach, Michael Glicksohn, mein lieber Herr... You refrain from giving us some inside dope on what the universe looks like through your mind's eye because you believe that "that sort of introspective analysis and discussion really has no place in a science fiction genzine..." Honestly, these Gen Zeen editors are getting more and more uppity every day... I sigh and shake my head, for I do simply not understand a man who will devote as much time, energy and love to a fabulous fanzine as you have to Energumen, and then refuse to put in it anything really basically vital to your existence on this planet and energy plane. That's my hang-up, of course; and no doubt you deal with that sort of thing in some other way, like in conversations or correspondence or personalzines, but... but... I hope you'll reevaluate Frank's editorial policy and decide to open up a little more in these pages... (Boy, it's a tricky business, this Interpersonal Relating... Makes a game of four-dimensional Japanese chess seem like bingo in terms of complexity and vitalness... Ah well.)

I've come to the recent conclusion that (ta-da!) I'm not a very subtle person, I fight for total clear comprehension of ideas, am frustrated by hazy thinking and thought-structures I'm unable to grasp. In dealing with people I find myself remarkably unperceptive in picking up on their motives and goals from

subtle hints & suggestions. I think one of the basic qualities of the human personality is that it has to communicate most everything. (People who lack "self-control" will babble on for hours and will (*gasp*!) give away what they're thinking--others with stronger defense mechanisms and shields are practically revered by this society.) A person who is depressed and withdrawn will act that way in a usually unconscious effort to signal to people around him that he desires comfort and cheer. Interpersonal action involves little direct verbal communication; we use our entire beings to communicate feelings (how close we stand/sit together, facial expression, inclination to smile and related displayed enthusiasm to make it a happy intercourse between the two personalities). I haven't had such a thorough exposure to People that I can function efficiently on this level. I'm certainly learning, but everything takes time... And I find that many of my moments of utmost stress occur when I have no clear idea how someone proposes to relate to me. I will often attempt to precipitate "unstable" situations; for example, sometimes giving the other guy the chance to be with the chick alone, anything to avoid a three-some. That I do this has occurred to me just recently, and I'm surprised to find how insecure I am, how much I fear unresolved reality-possibilities. Well. We learn something new every day we're truly awake. I was most recently shaken from my neutrally secure womb of fanaticism and books by a wonderful young woman who has found her greatest happiness with someone else; now that I've been drenched with cold water by her presence I just hope I can hold on to this real world of fire & ice without slipping back into the desensitized death of waking sleep...to be poetic about it...

Dan Osterman reiterates the position he held when we were corresponding a while back. He's more thoroughly turned off by the blackness in the world today; I seem to have withdrawn from it, and thus do not feel it as strongly as I might. Dan, being in my opinion an artist of tremendous potential and acuity, is more sensitive to the forces of anti-beauty than I am. My approach to the matter is that I cannot ever give up the hope of communicating with (=loving) my "enemies." I suppose that if I were in a different environment I would make good Jesus-freak material... I'm trying hard not to force my trip on anyone (moderation), but as we all know, once someone is shown his particular light it is difficult to dissuade him from attempting to draw others up to show them what he's found. It's all a matter of degree; I've had deadlock dis-



cussions with Objectivists, since I would prevent a person from committing suicide on the premise that he is not "well" (in my standards); yet I'm frustrated by the actions of busybodies who try to run others' lives for them. Where's the line of compromise?

I think Dave Lewton may have misconstrued some of my intentions in the last letter I had in BAB, but that's hardly surprising considering the incoherence of my prose. I don't dislike all of Osterman's artwork; and when I reject a piece for Carandaith it's either for artistic or philosophical intolerance, but I'm careful to keep those separate. A lot of the artwork of his that I disagree with intellectually or emotionally appeals to my aesthetic sense, and vice versa.

I don't think that people who do things differently from me are immature--that's too great a generalization. But when I go through changes, and I feel like I've moved in a positive direction, that I've learned something, that I've expanded my perspective of the world just that much more, then I label this process "maturation" and I refer to stages behind me "less mature" than where I am now. The human mind is of inconceivable complexity but still it takes the average person some twenty or thirty years to accumulate enough information on a hit-&-miss basis to become an "adult" (whatever that is). There are millions of paths, and some of us move more swiftly than others on some of these paths, though usually by sacrificing other areas. (For example, I've always been relatively intellectual/rational, and I've covered a lot of ground (I think) philosophically; but here I am twenty years old and I'm just learning how to love.) "Immature" is a pretty loaded word, though--as I tried to say before, few people will react positively if you refer to them like that, they'll close their ears to anything you might say. Me included, when I'm not living up to my World-Wide Reputation as a Paragon of Slan-nishness... And after all, most lessons in life must be learned the hard way in order for them to make a deep enough impression on our minds to stay with us. I just don't seem to be able to kick the habit of beckoning other people to the Lights I've seen, and quite frankly I don't think I should. I just have to improve my methods of doing it.



It might help you to understand me a bit better if you realize that in almost every case, my attitude and approach to other people and the world at large are directly indicative of the kind of behavior I wish to have broadcast at me. I love in order to be loved (as well as to attain the love high); I criticize to be criticized. I haven't spent as much of my life as I might in contact with other personalities, and as a result have missed out on a lot of the group-preening I should have participated in. (Most animals tend to one another's cleanliness out of instinct. The other guy can always see more of you than you can. What you are aware of in yourself you perceive much more thoroughly, while others see a larger surface area in less detail.) I feel blind to myself, and thus I try to get people to tell me about myself. One of the ways to do this is to create an atmosphere of mutual comment, to tell other people what I see of them, and if I'm lucky they'll reciprocate.

For me the utopia would be a race of beings in total mindlink, such as the bird folk in van Vogt's The Voyage of the Space Beagle. (One massive per-

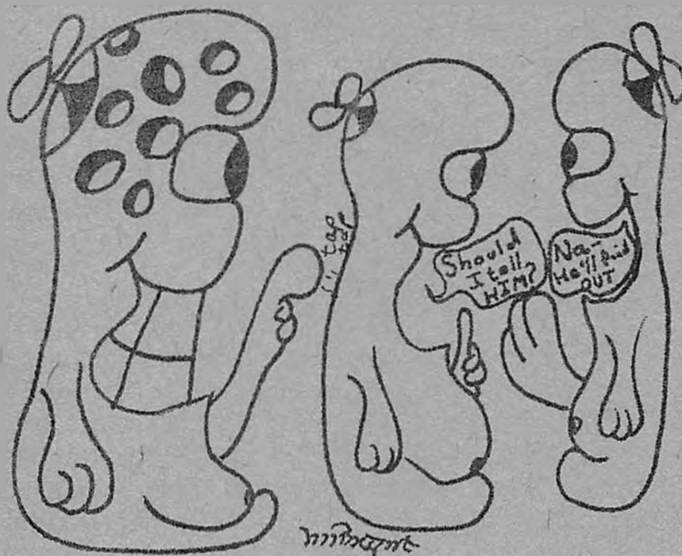
sonality might become bored after a while, is the only hangup.) In striving for this ideal without telepathy the human race has gone two ways. Some people group together in the mold of one absolute dictator or policy, as we find in forms of various degrees in the societies of Hitler, the Russian oligarchy, corporate controllers, and so on. Other people, far in the minority, I fear, attempt to free their minds and love one another, thereby intensifying communication and allowing greater voluntary mergence into one consciousness. The quality of Youth alone possesses the vitality (energetic idealism) to create the latter sort of love-synergy; I hope against

all the history books that the current flux of Youth will break the pattern and reset the clock of human consciousness and progress. (I don't mean simply Young People--youth is to be found in people of all ages, as is superannuation...)

God Damn, I Declare! Have You Seen The Light!

I wish people wouldn't use negative titles for their work. Linda Bushyager's Granfalloon editorial "Call of the Klutz" and Jeff Smith's BAB column "I Really Don't Know Much About Music" are two examples. I'm not saying those are apt, though I could be convinced, I think, in Jeff's case; it's just that if you draw the reader's attention to the possibility that your writing just might be crap, then you have to work 'specially hard to attain and perpetuate a high quality of material lest you fall victim to your own prophecy. More than you would if your column/editorial/whatever had a positive or even neutral title.

Gary Hubbard's column "The Cracked Eye" was this time far superior to his previous installment, which I considered excellent. Gary has a true feeling for poesy-of-content (my latest on-the-spot contribution to the Dictionary of Literary Terms). Gary speaks of things which strike home rather forcefully, and although my reactions tend to lie on a purely subjective level I do have some specific comments to make. The beauty of the changing of the seasons is a subject that's been assaulted by poets and authors and artists for millenia, and there's still much to be said. (I think of each new person's impressions as a new addition to the library; as long as humans--and all sentient creatures--continue to exist and feel and procreate, the Collection will remain incomplete.) My immediate feeling is that spring is my favorite time of the year, but on contemplation I think that's only because Oregon is bursting from grey to green all around me and I'm caught up in the whole process of rebirth--particularly as it applies to my life right now; a lot of things in me are awakening, re-awakening, and I find I can smile. Far out. But autumn brings the beloved wind, and the depth of a warm night, and the stars and heavy low moon are swept across the darkness of the sky by witches and tree spirits... Yes, I suppose my deepest loyalties lie in the fall. But notice the way the mind of man is reflected in the rhythmic transmutation of our earthly environment--spring is for laughing and loving, summer matures the growing spirit, fall turns inward to self-contemplation in the quiet, winter sleeps her womb deathness... And then!:





I've come into contact with two different angles of approach to human nature. From one side, we should try to be gentle and pacific, at all times, in all situations; from the other, a healthy mind discharges accumulated pressure (emotional frustration caused by the very living experience) through acts of explosive feeling. I'm a little undecided which is Right, but I place more instinctive faith in the latter viewpoint. Anger doesn't have to be destructive--it's just the opposite, in fact, when used as a vehicle for emotional communication. I suppose the pacifist philosophy might just rule out physical violence, not expressions of anger, but I think a lot of expressions of anger are violence of a class of its own. Arguments and fights are the same thing, just manifested on two different levels. The philosophy of physical pacifism must be based on an ultimate respect for the healthy body, because that's all that's at stake. A person who never got angry or perceived others' anger would be emotionally atrophied, methinks. Who knows--

When I was in L.A. I participated in an encounter group that concentrated on freeing emotional expression, and hence emotional sensitivity. Often you never really know your true feelings about someone/something until you let your mouth do the talking. When you hear yourself say something straight from the heart, without altering it according to the rules of what you're supposed to say, you get a really heavy flash that that's what you're really feeling deep inside, and then it all comes out. More than once someone in the group would start talking about what a bitch of a day it's been for them, and as they kept saying more and more what they really meant they found themselves doing super-heavy raps about their parents, or their lovers, or a feeling of personal deficiency, or something. I was amazed what an effective purgative it is to let it all hang out, so to speak, and share with other people things I usually kept to myself. I learned (I think) some things about how I work, and what I could achieve in interpersonal relationships if I were a little more together, and such, but carrying over the general philosophy of the encounter world into the Real World was difficult. (Almost as difficult as trying to carry the spirit of fannishness into the Outside...) In the group everyone knew that everyone else was trying to be sincere--it was pretty easy to distinguish game-playing--and usually mistakes and inarticulations were "forgiven." A lot of fast friendships in the group were begun by people telling each other that they really bugged them or something. In everyday life, however, I can't tell someone they're getting on my nerves without their drawing up

and saying (in effect) "Well, if you're going to be like that, I'll cut off communication!"

In real life, I generally try to soothe out conflicts & act as moderator and compromiser where possible; in the group it was better to bring problems out into the open as immediately as possible, the idea being for personalities to relate to one another with their true feelings. Good friends just naturally fall into an encounter-type relationship, in which each person knows that the other has his/her best interests at heart, even when criticising. But we are not three billion good friends on Earth, there's so terribly much progress for this race to make before reaching up to the next level of evolutionary maturity...

Greg Benford's column--another beabohemian fascination. For a long time I've been striving to decide how I shall direct my life--outward into mass sociopolitical movements, or inward to myself and my close friends. Both areas are urgently in need of attention, but for the time being my hurdles of prime personal importance are those involving my own Growth and my relations with other people. So I remain an adherent to the Benfordian philosophy of life. Except that as futile as it often seems to become involved in mass movements, national issues and such that have an awfully large inertia, I cannot release my grasp upon the news media--I watch the NBC television news regularly, and occasionally scan a newspaper or news magazine. I know that I'm but a minute cog in the gargantuan Systems which move our society, but as such I'm personally affected by decisions made on that mass scale by the people and institutions in power. I'm involved with the draft (or I was, anyway), with social economics (I have to get a job), with ecology (I want to breath and eat poisonless air and food), and so on. From a purely mathematical standpoint, voting in national elections is virtually useless (decisions rarely hang on single votes); more important are the campaigners and information distributors who affect large numbers of potential voters. But when I turn 21 I imagine I'll probably register and vote if only for the amotional satisfaction of doing something. That, of course, will probably be my greatest contribution to politics... My primary interests will probably remain closer to home. Whatever the drift of the political breeze, the people remain essentially the same in their desires and needs--I think I can be more effective (and affective) at the...grass-roots level... But what about the taxes I pay, money of mine taken from me to support the War or the SST? Greg's very job probably depends heavily on government grants--it seems to me any truly far-sighted man would at least attempt to insure the perpetuation of his income...

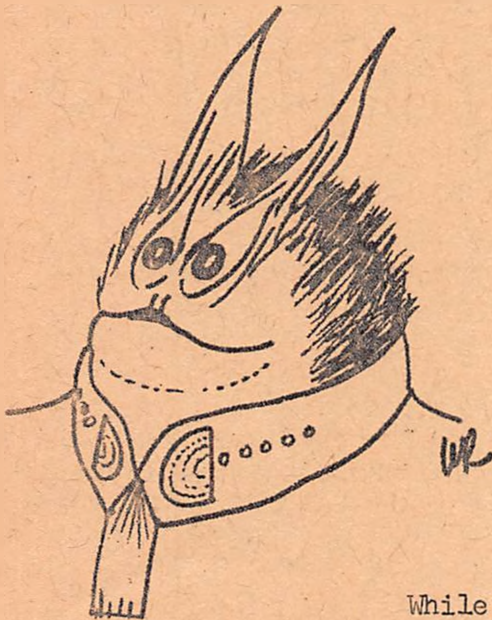
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Harry Warner, Jr. I was happy to see a good example of faan fiction in the Bob
423 Summit Ave. Shaw issue. There have never been ample supplies of fiction
Hagerstown, Md. about fans, and almost no good ones have been appearing for
21740 the past year or two. One curious note that rich brown prob-
ably isn't aware of: there once was a fan who was or at least
was reliably reported to be the son of a wealthy man. He was Harry Honig, who
was briefly active in science fiction fandom on the Pacific Coast during my early
time in fandom. There were reports of specially constructed glass cases in which
he could put his prozines on display in his home and similarly fabulous things.
The only nit that I can pick with the actual fan history in this story involves
Jack Wiedenbeck, who was never much of a collecting fan at any time, just a fel-
low who liked the Slan Shack inhabitants and loved to draw for fanzines, and he
was completely inactive in the 1950's, less likely to buy fanzines than ever be-
fore, assuming that he ever did buy some.

Bob Bloch forgets one important Shaw: James Shaw, whose Ulysses and Finnegans Wake are now being cited as having something or other to do with New Wave

styles of writing. Shaw is the Scottish translation of the Gaelic family name Seogh, which is more frequently rendered in literary histories as Joyce. No, I am not one of those erudite people with vast quantities of such trivial facts tucked away in memory. I just happen to be reading Arland Ussher's "Three Great Irishmen" and he mentions the fact that two of them were not only fellow-townsmen but also namesakes in that sense.

I liked Gary Hubbard's column or overgrown epigrams or whatever you call this sort of thing, until the final section. I am not and have never been at any time a policeman, there's never been one in my family, I've had one unpleasant encounter with one policeman in the course of his work, but I object to the statement that police are in general sadists and bigots. They aren't in the Maryland and Pennsylvania cities where I know policemen or have had a chance to see them in action frequently. Gary also seems to imply that underpaid professions in which the work is hard are the ones that attract the worst people as employees. I don't think that this is so. The bastards conceal their real selves more conscientiously in the high-salaried, important kinds of jobs but I'm not sure that this is necessarily good for the people who must deal with them.

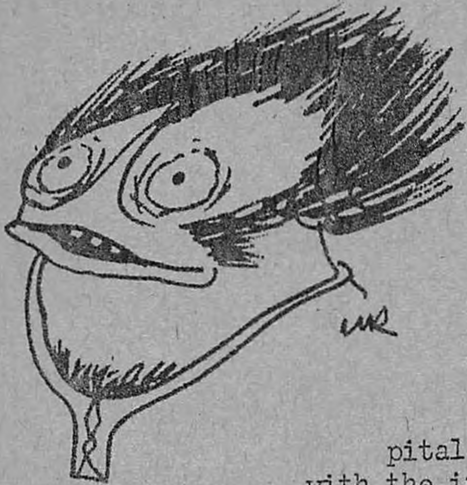


The new interstate highway system may be making it easier to find areas approximating the "communes" that Greg Benford finds in such trouble. Those superroads are determining factors in where small towns will turn into big cities and the directions into which big cities will throw out their next suburbs. Meanwhile the population stabilizes or even dwindles in sectors not easily reached in the interstate road system, leading to an excellent chance that you can get a home there and won't feel too overcrowded for at least another decade or two. If it takes twenty minutes or longer to reach the nearest interstate highway interchange, an area may escape the worst of the population explosion, unless it's unlucky enough to be chosen as the site for a new industrial plant or military facility, of course.

While you're re-reading Catch 22 to find out its prophetic successes, you might also dust off a copy of 1984. All these prime time press conferences and messages to the people about the latest setback or success in Asia, the system of keeping a limited war going so the major powers can have a good reason for keeping up the military establishment, many other delightful features of today are right there in Orwell's story, although the movie version softpedaled some of his better guesses.

I hope that George Hay's labors and toil on behalf of prozine circulation are successful. But I can't help continuing to wonder if the only possible salvation for the prozines both at home and abroad doesn't lie in building the subscription sales. I know how this has been demonstrated to be impossible by various editors. But surely it would have been easier to find two people in Cheltenham who would subscribe to Galaxy than to arrange for two copies of the magazine to be shipped to a newsstand there.

It's useless to argue today about the influence on music as a whole of Lennon, McCartney, the Beatles or even amazing Grace. Those influences don't become evident until everyone who lived through the influencing has long been dead and gone. A generation ago, it was Duke Ellington and Charlie Parker who were



being described as the seminal influences in just the same way. Today it looks as if their admirers were wrong, but it's still too soon to be sure about them. Today's celebrities will acquire numerous imitators and a lot of people a few years later will use their music as starting points for their own departures, and then a century later we'll have some knowledge of whether they really were major influences on music as a whole or just a few talented persons who were popular for a decade or two.

The roommate luck was excellent for this hospital stay. Most of the time it was a man nearly my age with the intelligence of perhaps a six-year-old and the bravery in pain of a pulp magazine hero. He was so preoccupied with survival under the strange circumstances that he didn't bother anybody but the orderlies. The last few days it was an elderly man who has been in hospitals for various ailments so often that he knows exactly how a roommate should behave.

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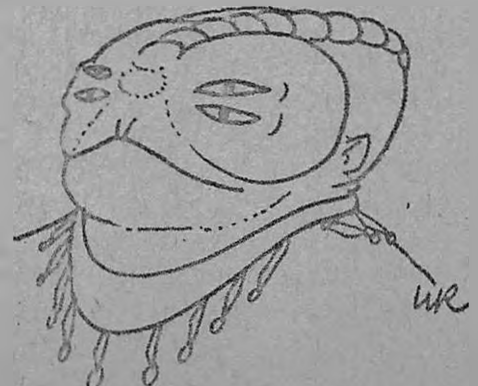
Leigh Edmonds
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Moonee Ponds
Victoria, Aust.

As I said in my last letter, I don't dig Dylan. The latter part of the review of his "New Morning" by Gabe Eisenstein could be correct though I doubt that the record could be that good. The first half, however, worries me.

In particular the statement, "In terms of pure art the Beatles have never had hope of more than second best," is disturbing. Maybe I'm a little biased towards the Beatles as they've always been my "fave rave," but I don't think that they can be discounted just like that. In fact, I feel that it is Dylan who can indeed be discounted, "just like that." Admitted that the Dylan tracks Gabe mentioned have been good but to say that nothing in the Beatles' works matches them is nothing short of blind folly. Can it be that Gabe has never sat down and really listened to tracks like "Strawberry Fields Forever," "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," "Girl" and "Tomorrow Never Knows"?

I have the distinct feeling that Gabe judges music strictly on the value of the lyrics (in which case the four above songs are comparable). If he were to listen to the music he would find no end of Beatle songs that far outshine Dylan-- "You Can't Do That," "Rain," "We Can Work It Out," "Please Mr. Postman," "There Is A Place," "Taxmen," "Good Morning, Good Morning," "Within You, Without You" and so on for a long, long time and capped off by the whole of the second side of ABBEY ROAD.

Dylan, it seems, has been in control of the happy knack of playing the kind of music that the youth of the US (and the rest of the world) has wanted, not the best music but the words and the music that best suited the temperament of youth. Thus we have a case where Gabe says that he regards "I Want You" as the best popular song ever written about a woman. In fact he says he believes it to be the first mature love song. Reading the lyrics and listening to the music it all makes me wonder just how mature Gabe is. Either that or Gabe and I have matured (if



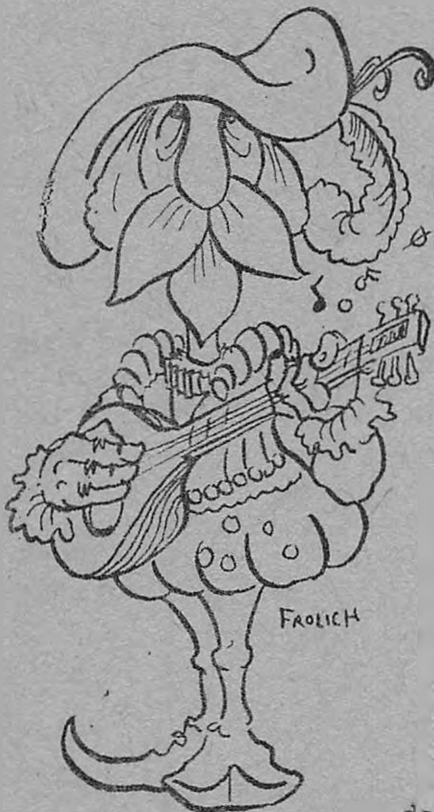
I can claim that honor for myself) in different ways. I would have chosen the Beatles' "Girl" as the first "mature love song":

"She's the kind of girl you want so much
it makes you sorry,
Still you don't regret a single day."

A far simpler, a far more direct and a far more heartfelt approach to the subject. Also, the Beatles' music is relevant to the subject whereas I can't consider Dylan's as that.

If you want some mature "love songs" try some Leider--however, classical music isn't part of this letter.

Hmm, it seems that I am going to have to mention classical music. "Dylan was as shattering as Beethoven or Bach a few years ago." No, no, no; he was never that good, never. Gabe, please go and play some Beethoven and some Bach and get involved in them properly, don't just mess around on the surface and think that that is all they have to offer. I admit that getting below the surface is difficult because after having listened to popular music for a long time you really don't know how. But please try it, it will be worth it. In trying to compare Dylan with Beethoven and Bach you should be aware that Dylan was never more than the most superficial of artists. All there was to be had from him has been on the surface, delving below this has shown nothing so that it is easy enough to assume that it is the same with all music.



Ever since the end of their first period (HELP!) the Beatles have been able to express themselves in depth and they were even able to do this to some extent earlier. This is why they have always been so far beyond the rest of the Rock and Roll field.

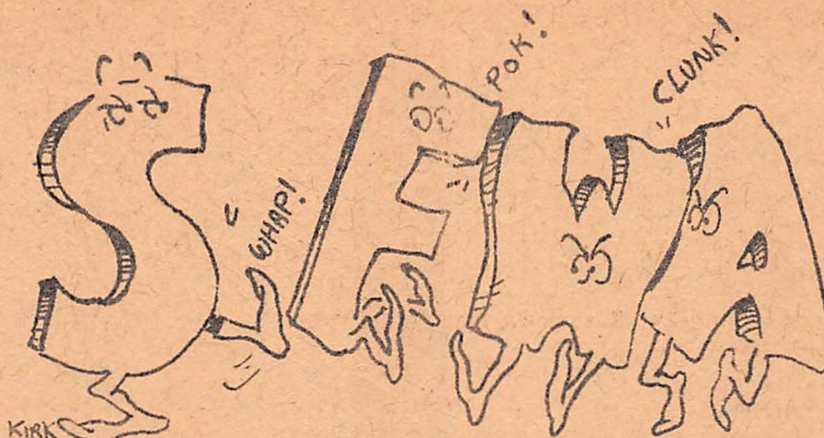
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David Wm Hulvey
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22801

Keller, the Airplane is fine, but not that fine. They're basically pretentious with their sermons--however witty, however hip--about the Revolution and

Human Consciousness. Even now, with the Jefferson Starship album washing the shores of my ears--I can't get over the feeling that a truly great poetic talent, musical talent is becoming a fossil of time because of its ideological idiocies. The Airplane express the smallness of secretian leftist inanities with the fanfare of great sounds, but a superficiality that is more arrogant for its beauty. They live the special madness of being politicians of the street and musicians of the cerebral mindpulse, all at the same time. I don't deny the sexually potent Slick interpretation giving birth of a San Francisco sound that shook the rock world from 1965 till now. Yet their mindgames are becoming staler and

staler as they scramble to tap the latest trend on the far left for musical directives. Now, they are going to hijack the first starship--a retreat into nihilism I've rarely seen expressed, even on the most miserable commune. The idea of running away to some unknown point in space to escape reality on the Ultimate Trip is so narrow, so defeatist, so entirely dead that the undertaker will bury it with



the forgotten "proletarian" novels of the past 30s without a footnote in history.

((I responded to Dave's letter, including the larger part not seeing print, offering an argument. For one, I can't really see that hijacking a ship to get away from the Earth entirely is so much of a defeatist attitude. There are too many ways of escaping from the reality of this life by staying on the earth, not worrying about more dangers from travel through space. And what if it is a defeatist attitude at that? 4000 people aren't going to make a hell of a dent in the attitudes of the other $3\frac{1}{2}$ billion sharing the globe. 6 billion by 1990? Hijacking a spaceship to get away might be likened to rats escaping a sinking ship. But then, not many ships do travel without lifeboats, do they?

Anyway, I got an answer.))

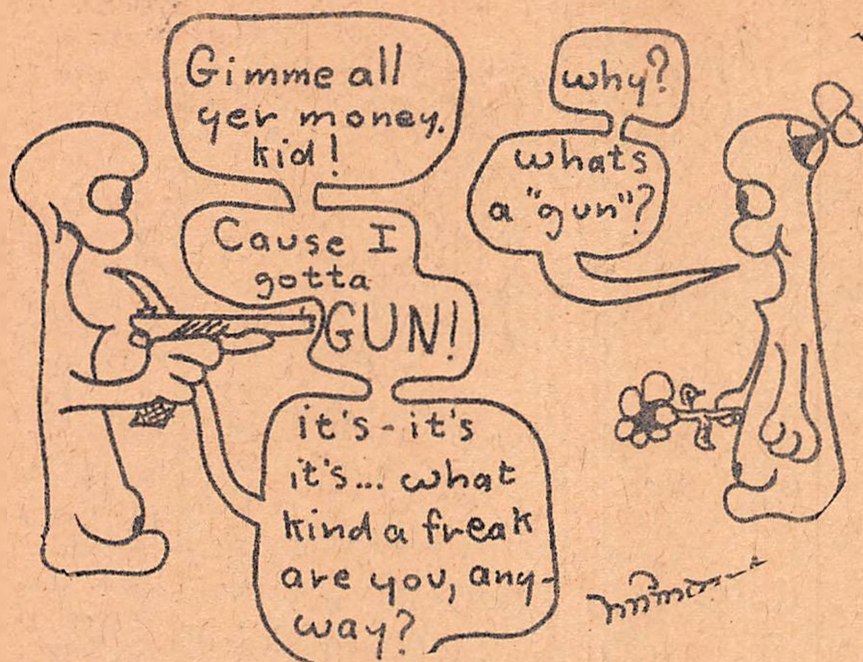
Jefferson Starship is a subtle joke on you and I and the guys who may not know it--both left and right. There are people who quite literally take the album as gospel of sorts. Their bible of the cosmic orgasm for freedom. "Wouldn't it be groovy to fuck in space?" she sighed. "Far out," he said. "Wouldn't it be really right on to suck on Uranus?" she sighed. "Far out," he said. "Wouldn't it be swell to live all naked and free on another world?" she sighed. "Far out!" he exclaimed, "but I really couldn't get my allowance from mom and dad anymore, not after that."

What? Yes, Frank, I present the gist of a long dialog or multilog or whatever log to you. It sounds like somebody's trying to put me on, doesn't it; but no, they really want to go on that Fantastic Voyage to the life-style of unfettered freedom and non-hassles, if mom and dad will foot the bill, of course.

This is why I can't dig the beautiful music of the Jefferson Airplane. They have some people really spaced out on their trip--no matter what--as long as the bourgeois reality is kept.

Besides, as Kurt Vonnegut said--Philosophy 101--"You (are) what you pretend to be, so exercise discretion in your choice of pretense."

The Airplane sang: "We are obscene lawless hideous dangerous dirty violent and young." Anyway, all the people who come in contact with the Airplane are going to expect a certain type of person to greet them, no tough chore of keen distinctions is presented. It is much easier to relate to a person on a shallow, superficial level than as the complex human beings they really are. The social image of the Airplane reflects back and filters through to them. It's a proven psychological technique to tell a healthy person he is sick to the point that he



really believes it himself. Worse yet, the Airplane are caught in an Image thing that just won't quit. As genuine rock "stars"---a word I rather loathe---they must perform for their audience. It is easier to treat the audience in the accepted way, to build a wall of the surreal between you and your listeners, to be everything they want you to be, than to honestly give of yourself as unique human beings. This is primarily the fault of the capitalistic rock corporation system that rips-off the youth revolution and counter--alternate if you're being semantically choosy--cultural

movement. Profits are taken the best way possible. In the Airplane's case, by pandering to the idealism--perverted at that--of the so-called "now" generation.

Besides, speaking as a former New Leftist, I know the power of the word, especially sung in a suggestive pattern. Spiro does it too, for example, his book Speaking Frankly (horrible, but no pun intended), the records of certain haggard C&W singers and the pronouncements of underground right-wing newspapers. They have their barbed-wire cliches and glib rhetoric also. Dig this piece of crud I chanced to hear the other night: "Now don't give me no lip/See this cannon on my hip/Well, now let me jest tell ya, boy/It ain't no toy!/I wear ah hat jest like a Mounty/An' I'm the sheriff of Boone County."

So, artistically seen, the Airplane work is superior to most of the polemical statements made today via the mass media. Yet, as is the case throughout history, the political novel, the stylized partisan polemic, dies a slow death as the political system it proposed to propagandize for becomes obsolete. Remember the proletarian novels of the 30s? Ezra Pounds poetics? The various fascist, racist and ultra-rightist works of Nazi Germany? (Outside of the historical curiosity of Mein Kampf.)

The difference today is that no one really knows what the New Left is, even the camp followers themselves. Why one day the SDS said Lenin was in, the next Mao and perhaps next week any combination of the two or Marcuse and Murray Bookchin. Needless to say, we made our own heroes of the moment, the Chicago Seven and Angela Davis. And don't forget the Soledad brothers and General Hershey Bar. It's really very difficult to say such a mercurial movement, so changing, so decentralized--no, let's not mince words, so anarchical--could produce artistic statements of enduring merit.

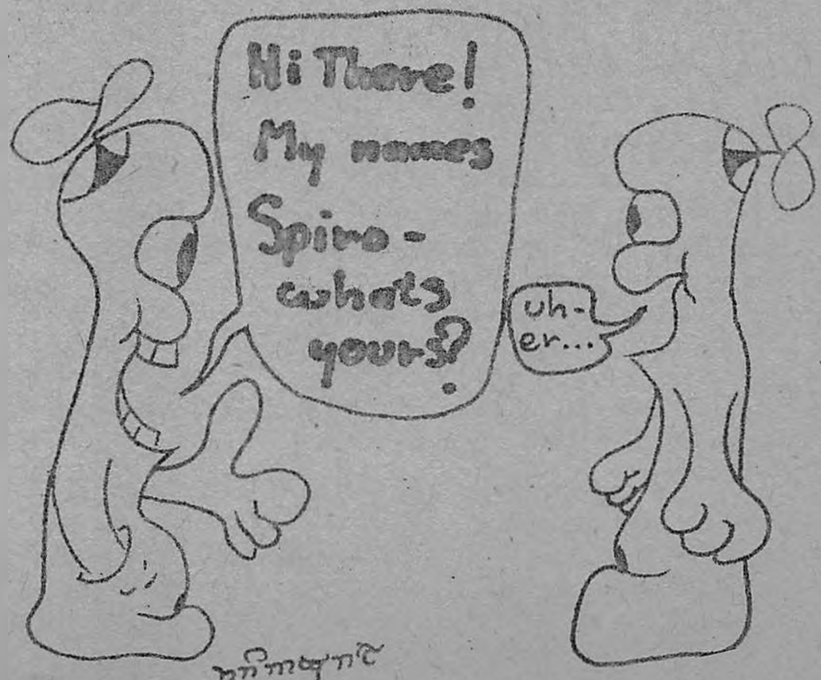
Even so, in accord with Jonh Ingham's GF 11 loc proposal, I could, in good conscience, with only a minimum of scruples, vote the dramatic Hugo to such a work as Jefferson Starship's fiction. My narrow-mindedness, as you so kindly call it, is restricted to questioning every premise to see its intrinsic consistency; that is, whether or not it says something meaningful or is just another wolverine dung

pile of politico excrement. As it stands, I believe I'm still prejudiced to the left because of several encounters of recent weeks; the most ludicrous was with a young redneck who heard me doubt the "intrinsic consistency" of his favorite C&W record. I believe I said (and this, the record I quoted earlier, "that shit really sucks...etc." I know, it was downright rude and stupid, but then I got a lecture on the value of policemen, how they are an oppressed minority (by the "niggers" and "heepie peeverts," yeah man) and that they "got thar own way ah doin' things." It was my word against his, because he didn't believe in the necessity of reasoned argument, or the niceties of scholarly debate. I departed after opining that the police sure had a hard job, what with all these politicians wanting them to clean up the streets--by any means necessary. Wow! That sounds familiar, and I don't mean about environmental pollution... Remember Rizzo? Er, Mayor Rizzo, is it?

Space Program--it can have some valuable antipollution applications from the satellite program, but the moon landings are just about fulfilled in their usefulness, for the time being. I'd rather see the program resumed later, after the pollution problem gets some of the massive technical involvement that the Great Face-Save Race did. There may be a useful capability of the technological expertise of our nation. But I forgot, the Russians are now depolluting their rivers--an' it would be jest plain Un-american to not beat 'em to the punch. The United Way is faster, cleaner and sweller than any biospherical machinations Over There. Yes, Frank, you might say I'm severally cynical.

Strange you should say that "everybody is against you." I mean, not everybody disdains the freaks or the police. You're being as oversensitive as the neck --who had a lot more reason to refute me, after all I came on pretty strong with the gutter language. The majority of the people in America fear, rather than hate, the hippie. They don't understand, just as I don't really understand the police. I lack the courage to buy a police officer a drink just as the lady wouldn't allow me in her house last summer--as the friendly car pool had dried up--because of my "uniform" of hippiedom. I only wanted to make a short call to say I'd be late for work, but she screamed and yelled "rape." I left rather quickly. I ran, in fact. Her old man was coming with the proverbial shotgun. But, I'm not ready to give up completely; life style is not a thing to be accepted by all; if "they" just tolerate it, that's enough for me.

Some people do try to accept the alternate culture's life-style. A lot of "good liberals" do, that's who. They don't really succeed, but then I don't want perfection overnight. That can wait. The important process of social interaction is vital to maintaining the communication, what little there is, between these liberals and the left. They are the William O. Douglasses who can save our asses if worse comes to not-the-worst. If the social fascists--Spinrad's Freep term--win, then kiss



this goodbye. Also, not everyone accepts Satanism, or Nazism, or the military life-style, or sexual perversion (define as "perversion" what really rankles you about relations, like the corpse-lovers, or whatever) or many other subcultural groupings--not least of all--SF fans. Are we, or any of those others, free to hijack the first starship just because some people don't dig on our life-styles? Or shall we just consider the source and ignore the mundane or whoever-it-may-be's rantings? Earl Evers is the freak, in the finest sense of the word, a really up-front fellow, of fandom who lives in the same apartment with mundanes and straights, yet he only chaffs mildly at his existence.

Only if out-and-out fascism seizes power in American society could I contemplate a desperate measure such as the hijacking.

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Jeff Smith I did not write "/Shaw/ had a long novelette in the American
7205 Barlow Ct. magazines with what is generally regarded as his best story, 'Light
Baltimore, Md. of Other Days' (ANALOG, August 1966)." I don't know if it was you
21207 or I who mistyped it, and I don't have a copy of the beginning of
 the article, but it should have read something like: "/Shaw? had
a long novelette in the May 1966 NEW WORLDS, 'Pilot Plant' and returned to the
American magazines with what is generally regarded as...etc." It certainly isn't
a serious mistake, but it does make me sound dumb, and I can do without typos.

Also, it might be nice to mention that the comments in double parentheses on the last page belong to me, not you. I should have initialed them or something, but at least one person was wondering what you were talking about in the middle of my article. ((That one person should have known better. I never interrupt articles or reviews, and it's becoming a rarer and rarer event, it seems, for me to comment on a letter. For the worse/better.))

Mike Glicksohn's comments on book reviewing are interesting, particularly to a book reviewer. Let's just briefly haul this out again and then put it away: There are damnfew critics in sf, but a hell of a lot of book reviewers. I consider Alex Panshin a critic, and James Blish, and sometimes Algis Budrys and Joanna Russ. The trouble with all of these people is that they have deadlines. Budrys has twelve columns a year to do, Blish eight, Panshin six and Russ four. To get the full critical benefit of these people we should tell them: "Write only when you have something to say." Then we wouldn't have to read the book reviews they write when they don't have something to say.

Anyway, back to the rest of us book reviewers. What we do is read a book, and write down our impressions of it. Sometimes we are perceptive, sometimes we aren't.

Mike says that since Leon Taylor very much disliked The Black Corridor and Darrell Schweitzer very much liked it, "as soon as I read that book I'm going to look with disfavor on the entire future review output of one of those fellows." That bothers me. Even taking into account that it was (probably) said semi-facetiously, it still bothers me. What Mike is doing is denying Leon and Darrell--and all the rest of us--their individuality. He is saying that when he reads CORRIDOR he will then decide which of them is correct--not just on this one book, but everything. One of them he will then adopt as his food taster. Actually, he will adopt both of them, one as a friend and the other as an enemy trying to poison him

I Also Heard From: C. Lee Healy, Justin St. John, Larry Propp, Darrell Schweitzer, Mike Glicksohn, Rick Stoker, Ken Scher, George Senda, Cy Chauvin, Jeff Schalles, John-Henri Holmberg, Donald G. Keller and Paul Anderson.....

