

This is Granfalloon #5 (Vol. I, No. 5). Gf is published every 2 months. It is available for trade, substantial letters, contributions, or for 50¢ per issue, 3/\$1.00. Write: Linda Eyster and Suzanne Tompkins  
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November, 1968



# 3 CALL OF THE KLUTZ



editorial by Linda Eyster

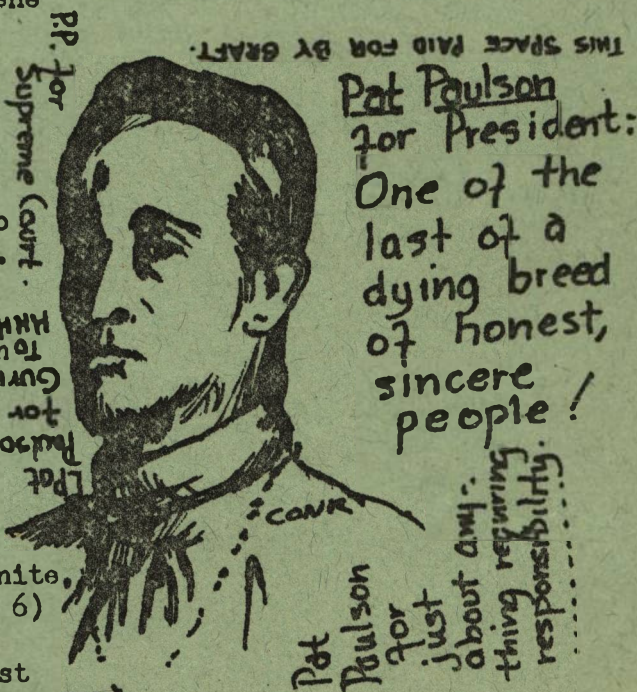
This has been a funny issue to work on, since it has been done quite differently from the previous issues. Last issue was almost entirely my fault, as it were, since I did the typing (and as you may recall that with less than enthusiasm...), and did most of the editing and layout. But thisish things were reversed as poor Suzle cringed in the closet with the fanzine reviews and edited most of the letters. She, Dale Steranka, and I split the typing. Also, I've carefully laid out each of the previous issues in advance; I would type a rough draft, doing most of the layout with Suzle anxiously looking over my shoulder. This ish, since we wanted to get it out by Philcon, and since we didn't start typing till a week before we were schedule to run it off, was typed, for the most part, without benefit of a rough draft. This sometimes resulted in placing illos and type on a page and praying vainly to Ghu that the last word would end at the bottom of a page and not in the middle. Because if it ended in the middle we had to think of something to fill the space. Also there is a tendency to write something which sounds just awful (or is spelled wrong) and be unable to change it because you are writing on stencil.

The hurried process has also led to some innovations in layout. Although I have laid out most of the pages as well as possible, at times I've resulted to a new layout method (place paper on floor, stand back 4 feet, toss illo on to paper \* layout) As a result of all of this, here I stand, suddenly editor supreme, whip in hand, as my coolies surround me doing the work. (Dale's finger's fly over the keys, though her head lies on the typewriter itself from pure exhaustion; Connie Reich crouches over some artwork and lettering, muttering obscene curses; Jeannie DiModica proofreads and mews, she's been proofreading the same page for 2 hours; Suzle cries out from the closet where she's been locked up with the fanzine reviews...) So here am I, writing my editorial in unhurried ease. But, you want to know something? It was more fun to do it all myself. More work, but more fun.

I get to vote this year! Woopiedol! With the selection I nearly did vote for the man at the right. But the thought of either Nixon or Wallace as President...I finally decided that a Liberal anything is better than a Conservative.

The PghLANOE, Pittsburgh's con, is set for June 6th! Right now the program is indefinite, but it should be a great con. (See ad, p. 6)

Last time I talked about the shyness of most fans. Most of you agreed with me, that Ron Smith is right, most fans are introverts. I even mentioned





This issue we are lucky enough to again have the Incredible Ginger Buchanan writing a conreport. Some of you complained about ish #3, which contained 3 conreports, but I think that even these people will find Ginger's "I have had no sleep, and I must giggle" worth reading. Perhaps even Chris Couch will like it....Ginger's report really fits Baycon, since Baycon, in case you hadn't heard, was a weird convention.

One last thing, in past issues you've heard about the Western Pa. group and its adventures. Well we now have about 30 active members. (25 are going to Philcon!)

---

According to Connie Reich, there is one solution to the world's problems. It is stated as Rubensteins Law.

First law: 90% of the world's problems are caused by people who aren't getting any.  
 Second Law: and the other 10% are caused by those who are, but don't know what to do with it.

---

SUZLEC

Editorial by SVT

Our apartment - Tazenda, the Only Femme Fan Slan Shack in Pittsburgh (in fact the only slan shack in Pittsburgh), or so says the sign on our door, along with our names, is very quiet now, except for the Association singing in the background. I'm all alone. Most of WPSFA was here a few minutes ago, draping themselves in sheets and making signs saying KU KLUTZ KLAN, WPSFA, SUPER QUAKER - faster than flowing oatmeal, (Peter Hays, con committee chairman and all around insane fan and I are Quakers and, well, Peter gets these ideas...), VOTE for Santa Claus, HAL 9000 Is Alive and Well in The White House, and many which I have, Thank Ghod, blocked from my memory. Oh, yes, you see tonight is Halloween and, uhm, well, things sort of got out of hand. What's really amazing is that 13 of the 15 people who left here are college students. Most of our high school members knew better. We're going into our second whatever. In a while they'll be back -- to sort through their goodies for bombs and mousetraps, and, presumably finding none, we're going to have a seance and watch a special Halloween edition of Pittsburgh's famous Chiller Theatre.

It's Thursday! I've had six hours sleep in the past two days! It's mid-semester exams! I have the fanzine reviews yet to write!! I have a history paper overdue tomorrow!! We're going home to run off Gf tomorrow!!! Why not have a seance!!! Why not watch Chiller Theatre!!! WHO NEEDS SLEEP?? GAAAAH!

Excuse me. I broke there for a moment. A week of stenciling and swearing and spilling corflu (and then re-stenciling) does things to one's mind...

This issue is going to be my first attempt at colour mimeography, and I wish myself luck. I'm not really sure how it's all going to look; we've been typing rather old



stencils, and I still don't know if the electronic stencil-maker is going to work when I get home. ((It didn't last month when I went home to run off some stencils for Arlo. Sorry, Doug, your stuff will be coming soon -- really.))

Well, President Johnson has just ordered the bombing of North Vietnam halted. I wonder if anything will come of this? I have the horrible apprehension that nothing is going to happen, nothing useful or good, at any rate. I'm a great cynic when it comes to world politics.

Note: to those of you who don't read con reports or were at Baycon and feel that reading a con report just isn't worth it -- read Ginger's Baycon report. It's rather different; you'll enjoy it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Michaelangelo's David is Paul Newman in a Clever Plaster Disguise

-GenD.

\*\*\*\*\*

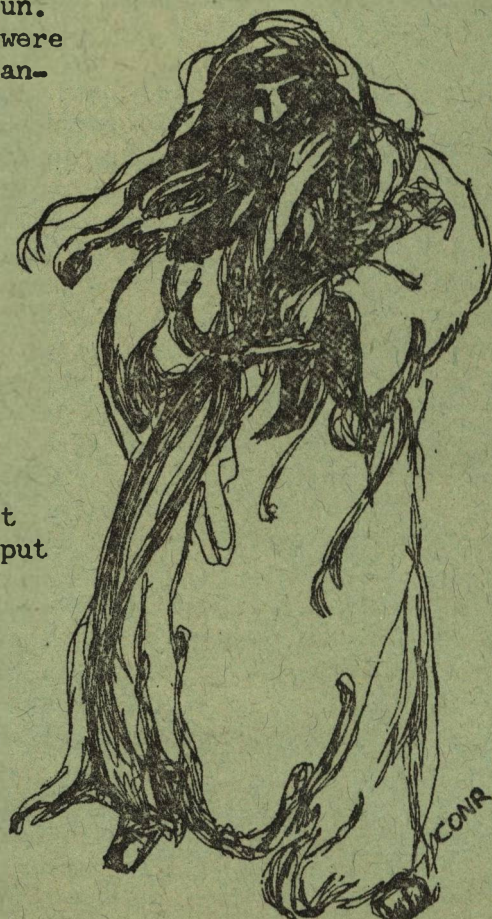
Speaking of Baycon, and it certainly was, I must say I was very impressed. Lack of food and sleep notwithstanding, its non-linearity was fascinating. It was the first of a new breed of conventions, I think. And they are rather better than the old ones. At least they're more varied.

Jeannie (GenD) and I went to Octocon in Sandusky, Ohio, two weeks ago. It was the smallest convention I've ever been to - 45 people, most of whom I knew. It was quiet, rather relaxing, and fun. Most of Ohio fandom and a few people from Detroit were there. Jerry Kaufman kept trying to declare 9th fandom, but no one would listen. Oh, yes, Marcon is going to be in Columbus this year. Bill Mallardi got a chance to do his thing -- bowl. On Sunday afternoon several fans trooped into the Brunswick Bowling lanes, which were attached to the lovely Greentree Inn (Now, there is a convention motel. It was really the best accommodations (off-season rates, of course) I've ever seen for a con...), and either bowled or ~~disembled~~ watched the others bowl. I really don't care much for the sport, but fannish bowling was fun.

I've been reading an enormous lot of SF in the past few months. Even in the midst of fanac, I try to put reading first. Most recently, I've discovered William Tenn. I really want to read everything of his I can get my hands on, and I haven't that much time... Curses.

If we all live through the election next week, we may even get this issue to Philcon.

SVT





# P G H L A N G E

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6

\*\*To find out what a pghlange, phlange, or flange is, come to the PgGHLANGE.

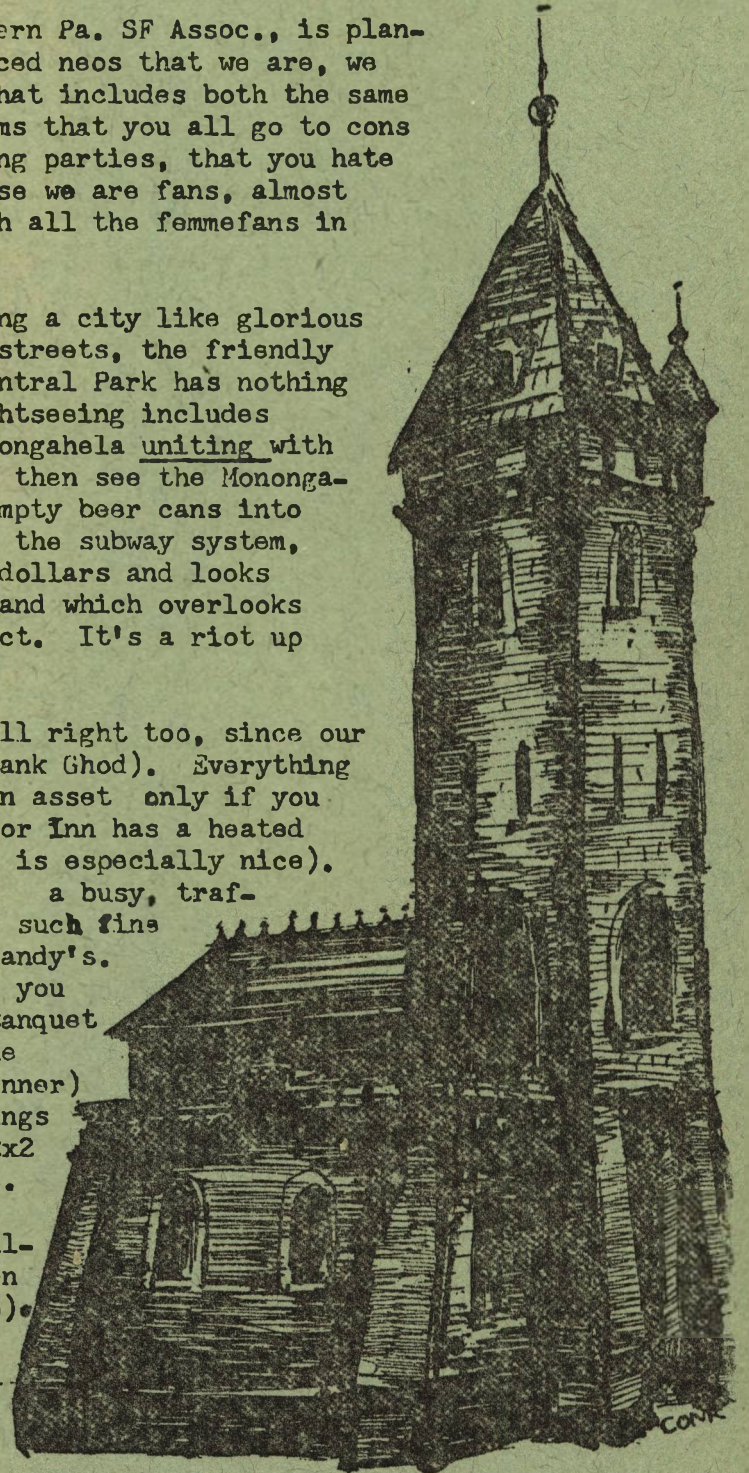
Pittsburgh's own klutzy group, the Western Pa. SF Assoc., is planning a regional con. Young, inexperienced neos that we are, we have managed to come up with a format that includes both the same old type of boring, time-wasting programs that you all go to cons for, as well as the same old time-wasting parties, that you hate yourself in the morning for. But because we are fans, almost anything is likely to come off (and with all the femmefans in our group, this could be interesting).

First, contemplate the wonder of visiting a city like glorious Pittsburgh! There are the smog-filled streets, the friendly pickpockets, Schenley Park at night (Central Park has nothing we don't, because we have nothing); sightseeing includes watching the thrilling sight of the Monongahela uniting with the Allegheny to form the Ohio! ----and then see the Monongahela and Allegheny feed dead fish and empty beer cans into its child. There are the steel plants, the subway system, the civic arena (which cost 15 million dollars and looks like the top of a step-on garbage can, and which overlooks Pittsburgh's thrilling ~~Sly~~ Hill district. It's a riot up there!).

If you don't want to sightsee, that's all right too, since our motel is miles away from everything (Thank Ghod). Everything except the airport, that is, which is an asset only if you don't like to sleep. The Allegheny Motor Inn has a heated pool (since our con is June 6,7,8, this is especially nice). The motel is only a few yards across a busy, traffic-filled, one-lane, superhighway from such fine eating facilities as MacDonald's and Sandy's. If you make it across the street alive, you can get to the Glass Tower, where the Banquet and Saturday program will be held. (The Banquet is a \$4.50 ~~hot~~ ~~total~~ sirloin dinner) The motel is airconditioned in case things get too hot for you in the Allegheny's 2x2 foot conference room or the WPSFA suite.

WPSFA is also contemplating the possibilities of having entertainment to enliven the festivities (something will have to). You may even end up seeing WPSFA's own Players give a musical version of Sybil Ann Fan.

There will also be a movie, GoH, and program, but these will be announced later (after the parties you won't care anyway). So write Peter Hays, 1421 Wightman, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217, for information.



GREAT CON FACILITIES!





by

GINJER BUCHANAN

# "I'VE HAD NO SLEEP



Limp, the body of Nancy Lambert lay at my feet, sprawled atop a double bed mattress. The mattress was on the floor. Next to her, long black hair all over the place. Jeannie DiModica mewed in her sleep. Linda Eyster pushed past me and threw herself down on the naked, grey boxsprings. She twitched in discomfort. Suzanne Tompkins turned her face to the wall, away from the light's glare. Suzle had a whole bed. There was something about Suzle. She always had a whole bed.

I moved past them and groped my way by the tiny, perpetually damp connecting bathroom into the other darkened bedroom.

In the corner, the Strange Girl crouched, crying incoherently for sleeping pills. We never knew who she was, or where she came from. She was in the corner all weekend. I circled to avoid her, and my foot touched something soft and warm and damp - Dale Steranka's face. She snapped at my toe and rolled away. From one of the beds came the sound of Sunday Eyster, making small animal noises, taking off her false eyelashes. I found the other bed and fell into sleep, troubled by images of eternal airplane flights, and permeantly clogged ears.

It was our first night at Baycon.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a rumor that food was to be had in the hotel dining room. I doubted it.

"Look," said Linda, "let's go and see. Maybe this time - "  
 "Uh huh," I shook my head. "Remember the coffee shop? Baycon said there'd be food there, too. So we hiked there, and waited. And Waited. And Waited. We almost blew our minds over that one."  
 "And what about the water fountain?" Nancy added.

We were silent then, remembering how we had been forced to venture into the guts of the Claremont to find the Water Fountain. Deeper and deeper down unfamiliar corridors, knowing, with heart-stopping certainty, that somewhere down there - somewhere - there was also a Sauna.

"It doesn't matter. We've got to try anyway," Linda insisted.

I gave in quickly. It had been quite awhile since I had eaten. Airlines' food. Solid sawdust. What the hell.

We left for the dining room. Things happened. A shaggy, bearded creature swooped up on Sunday and bore her away. Dale disappeared and later we saw her surrounded by numberless teenage boys. She looked stunned. At the NJF room, we were offered coffee. It tasted like boiled bears' urine. We drank it anyway. When we left there Suzle began hearing voices. The Call of the Pro. She followed them away. Only Linda and I reached the dining room. The scent of food within was overpowering. We began salivating on the rug. There was steak and potatoes and roasts and... There was, suddenly a monstrous dollar sign, glowing neon green, blocking our way. We turned and ran.

AND I MUST giggle"



Linda began repeating over and over, "I've got to get to a store. I've got to get to a store." She kept running, toward the hotel entrance.

I grabbed for her. "No, Linda. They're rioting out there. You don't want to fight that battle. Stay here with Baycon and worry about medievil problems." I knew she knew what we all knew. Baycon did not want us to see what was outside.

She broke away and vanished into the chill mist. I waited awhile, and then returned to the room. The others were there. No one mentioned Linda. Later she came back, bearing candy and battered Pepsi cans. A vicious fight broke out over the Neco wafers. We never did thank her.

\* \* \* \* \*

No light in the room. Blinds drawn, windows down. We lay, clutching blankets and bedspreads. Baycon did not provide heat. Telling stories. laughing. Sense of time distorted, sense of humour likewise.

"Tell us about Baycon, Suzle," I pleaded. We liked that story. It gave us a false sense of reality.

"Well, this afternoon..." she began.

"No," Nancy pounded the floor, "The beginning, the beginning."

"All right. In 1906, Hugo Gernsback..."

Jeannie giggled. "Not that far back."

Suzle began again. "A year ago, in New York City, there was NYcon III, the 25th Annual World Science Fiction Convention. At NYcon, two groups struggled for control of the 26th Annual World Convention. Baycon was one of these groups. Baycon won the struggle. Baycon began issuing progress reports. It had Joan Baez and Bishop Pike, but it dropped them in favour of Maid Marion and Robin Hood. It added this feature and that feature, until now it has two art shows, two light shows, four bands, a giant huckster room, a costume ball, a medievil fashion show, a medievil tournament, and Gene Roddenberry. Some people believe it may even become sentient."

"And why are we here, Suzle?"

"We're here because we're neo-fen seeking to become true fen. We're here because we're creating our own scene. We're here to meet and be met. We're here because we believed the goddamn progress reports."

In the darkness, one of us began giggling. Someone else picked it up. One by one, each of us laughing.

Then we heard...I don't know...something moving behind the connecting door. The door opened. Dim light in the room. Huge, shambling, hairy, semi-nude, and possibly moist, it came toward us. It spoke.

"Has anyone seen my nightgown?"

"Linda, we can barely see you," I heard myself say. They laughed. But I knew why they were laughing. They were surely against me. Baycon had brought us together here, but it had not affected me at all.

I knew. God, how I knew. Linda had been a brilliant klutz. Baycon had given her Earl, and she hadn't locked herself in a bathroom in hours. Nancy had been lucid and content; now she roamed the halls in a daze, dragging her guitar behind her. Dale had been a Shy Young Thing. Baycon and a pair of black tights ruined that image. Jeannie was the quiet one, friendly and interested. Now she seemed to be fading away, like a used Sylvania blue-dot flashbulb. Baycon had made her insecure. Suzle went off for long periods of time. I don't know what she did out there, and she never let us know. But whatever it was, she always came back, flying high. And Sunday. Baycon hadn't changed Sunday much, maybe. But the more men there were around, the more problems Sunday had. And Baycon had given her plenty of men.



I was the only one still sane and whole and untouched. I'd only paid \$36 for half of Harlan Ellison. Baycon hadn't affected my mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Baycon appeared to us as a tarnished knight, flickering with phosphorescent colours, playing electronic music from his breastplate. He said we should take the elevator, if we wanted to get to the lobby - and food. Those of us who had been to worldcons before shrugged, and smiled grimly.

The Elevator. Small. The words old, battered, cramped, dirty, inefficient beyond description. There, at the controls, the operator, wrinkled belligerent spinster, two malignant ice-blue eyes, hating everyone under thirty. One operator. Four elevators. We stared. And turned, and started for the stairs. As we walked the lunatic voice of the operator rang out behind us.

"I don't want people like you on my elevator."

\* \* \* \* \*

The hurricane hit us as soon as we entered the lobby. Odors, some sweetly illegal. Chill air. Food somewhere. Sounds. Clinking and clattering of bells and beads, rattleclang of chainmail and swords. Raucous. Caucaphony. Ear shattering, mind-blasting, music, music, MUSIC! And much later, hushed, silent halls, with secret sounds of secret parties from behind closed doors. Sights. Faces, bizarre, familiar or both. Ellison, Silverberg, Bradbury, Bloch, Harrison, Carr, Panshin, White, Anderson, Zelazny, Farmer, Pohl - even Campbell. The Fishers, Couches, Woods, and Trimbles. Fanatics. Plentangy. Lunarians. Fanoclasts. GRAS. - even the SCA east and west. A rioting, tinkling, flashing montage of mad events that whirled us from day to day, to where some of us had never been before -

\* \* \* \* \*

We moved with it, sometimes slowly, sometimes in a frenzy. Sometimes together, more often separated. One day Dale and Jeannie spoke of the coffee shop. They disappeared, and were gone for a time. Later, they returned to us having been thrown out of the coffee shop for causing a disturbance by asking to be waited on. They were no worse for wear. But now Jeannie snarled whenever food was mentioned. Baycon had left her that.

It was a long weekend. The others kept talking and dreaming of smorgasbords and blog, and wine-tasting, but I tried not to think about it. Meanwhile, a voice from deep inside whined "Why are you doing this to me?" My stomach. Talking back.

And we passed through the panel discussions.

And we passed through the D.O.M.'s.

And we passed through the auctions.

And we passed through the business meeting.

And we passed through the open parties.

And we finally came to the Hugo Awards Banquet. The ballroom. Hundreds of tables, packed together, a patchwork scene of white cloth from one end of the room to the other. Hundreds. But not enough. We pushed and shoved and fought for seats.

In the distance, beyond and behind the many massive pillars which rose from floor to ceiling like parodies of redwood trees, effectively blocking everyone's view - in the distance stood the speaker's table. Someone was there. A voice droned on and on and out into the lobby. Silverware clinked. Bodies stirred. All around us food began appearing. Roasted tribble. The sounds of gnawing and slurping oozed in our skulls. Someone cried, piteously, and began chewing on a plate.



In that instant, I became terribly calm. Surrounded by Baycon: surrounded by fandom. I knew what had to be done. And I had to do it quickly. I noted someone snapping at flies.

I half-turned to the right, grabbed the nearest waitress and got a large bottle of wine. Ripping out the cork savagely, I quickly poured the icy liquid into waiting glasses. Suzle must have realized what I'd realized what I'd decided. She'd gotten a bottle also.

All in an instant. We drank and poured and drank and poured. Again and again. Before long, I could not read meaning into anyone's expression. But the others were at last at peace; they were all giggling again. At something.

\*\*\*\*\*

Many hours must have passed. I do not know. Baycon has done things to my sense of time. Now I think it is Tuesday morning.

Baycon changed after the banquet. Became quiet, dull, dead. We walked endless dark hallways, searching for rumored parties, drifting aimlessly. And found nothing.



It doesn't matter now. I am alone. On a plane, flying back to Pittsburgh. I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon is still with me.

There is a reflective surface-- called a mirror--in the washroom here. I will describe myself as I see myself:

I am a great white blobby thing. Hair, greasy and stringy; skin, oily and blotched; eyes, dark circled and puffed; clothes, wrinkled and untidy.

I need sleep. I need Alka-Seltzer. I need a bath.

I am beyond Baycon. Yet Baycon has won! When the plane lands, I must go directly to work. To my very serious office.

Serious.

And I've had no sleep. And I must giggle.



a poem by SUNDAY JORDANE\*

DEAR WORLD

this is a letter from me  
a mixed-up would be playgirl  
out of play and almost out of  
girlhood

to you, the Great Green Goddess who bore me.

this is a plea from a kid who's got

a spattering of everything

and a purpose of nothing

who's a lover of anything

and a seeker of happiness

this is a note to the dregs of the earth

that i'm one of you and part of you

only a dreg myself.

listen! you can here the waves

beathing against dover beach

and the little children crying

and the honking of automobiles

and in every hell-hole of syndrome niches

every other would-be playgirl

is silently crying

that life is not BAM! POP! TWANG!

but only fry, bacon, fry.

\*Sunday Jordane is a pseudonym for LgE's sister, Sunday.



## EDITING or

## CENSORSHIP?

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN W. CAMPBELL AND HIS REPLY

Dear Mr. Campbell:

I am not really so naive as to be unaware that certain subjects are treated quite differently in magazine SF than in hard-cover or paperback.

One of Ellison's characters was "big in the privates", for instance, but

"was like an animal in many ways" in IF's version. Also in IF, the following was omitted from the scene between Ensign Grimes and Jane Pentecost in THE ROAD TO THE RIM, by A. Bertram Chandler:

"Somehow the buttons of her uniform shirt had come undone, and her nipples were taut against Grimes' bare chest. Somehow her shorts had been peeled away from her hips--unzippered by whom? and how?--and somehow Grimes' own garments were no longer the last barrier between them."

There is more, but this is clearly pretty strong stuff for magazines, and I can't really say that I was terribly surprised to find editorial policy working to remove such a passage.



However, I recently compared the 2 versions of DEATHWORLD 3 by Harry Harrison, one published by Dell in paperback, the other serialized in ANALOG as the HORSE BARBARIANS. I discovered several changes that made me think a bit more deeply on the question of editing vs. censorship.

The story follows the adventures of Jason dinAlt and the former inhabitants of Pyrrus as they attempt to settle

the planet humorously called Felicity. Felicity was already inhabited, by fierce war-like tribes that fought to the death to prevent the off-worlders from coming and building cities and civilization. Naturally, violence and fighting make up a large portion of the story. Here are a couple of examples of what goes on, occurring in both versions:

Jason is helping Temuchin, the leader of the most powerful tribe, defeat a garrison which contains a store of gunpowder. "Blood mixed with rain in the sodden



courtyard and there were bodies heaped on every side...A motion caught Jason's eye and he saw a soldier raise his head above the top of the watchtower where he had been hiding. Something twanged sharply and an arrow sank into the man's eyesocket; he dropped back out of sight more permanently this time." (p. 107, Dell ed)

I deliberately chose passages that I personally found most offensive, but both versions did contain both of them. Obviously barbarian life is a bloody one, and a barbarian would hardly find anything disturbing in either of them. But Jason was not a barbarian; he had behind him the technological capabilities of the galaxy, including the computer that finally gives him the correct solution. The computer is introduced on page 21 (Dell ed) and is not seen or heard of again until p. 167. That's a long time. Too long -- it could and should have been used at once. Most of the story, and thus most of the bloodshed, cannot be justified in terms of plot.

But consider what Mr. Campbell, or Miss Tarrant, found objectionable. On p. 125 of the Dell version, Jason holds Meta close and enjoys the sensation. ANALOG omits that part which I underlined. Hardly enough to arouse the most eager teenager, is it?

Later Jason is reflecting on his past. "He was a loner.. No one was on his side. I'm all right, Jack. Take a woman, leave a woman. The universe helps those who help themselves." (187, Dell) To be a loner is acceptable, but don't love 'em and leave 'em, that gives people bad ideas, hmmm?

After Jason breaks down and proposes marriage to Meta, the Dell version ends with this last line: "After this there was no more that could be said." In ANALOG, this rather vague line, which might with a stretch of the imagination be misinterpreted, becomes explicit: "They kissed, laughed, embraced, while the wall speaker blared above them."

What goes on? The engineering types that compose most of ANALOG's readership cannot be that unaware of what goes on in real life. If kids have to be protected from the evils of sensual pleasure or enjoyment in what they read, why shouldn't they be equally protected from the evils of descriptive violence? Both are parts of life, and besides they can read the paperback just as well. I find it ridiculous.

Sincerely,  
Steve Lewis

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

Dear Mr. Lewis:

While occasionally an editor may cut something he dislikes out of a story, he's less apt to add something because he thinks it belongs. At least this editor is; if I think something's needed, I'll suggest to the author that he put it in -- after all, it's his story.





The reason those passages you quote in your letter to GRANFALLOON weren't in Harry Harrison's "The Horse Barbarians" was, very simply, because Harry hadn't put them in. We've got our copy of the original manuscript, and nary a one of 'em's in it.

My resistance to some of the more extensive and detailed sexual discussion in science-fiction rests on two points:

1. Contrary to the Good Dr. Freud, sex is not Man's sole motivations. Freud was finally forced to acknowledge at least one other--so he came up with the "death wish."

Of course, Freud himself was too neurotic to cross a street alone--he had agoraphobia--so his other remarkable ideas may have been influenced by personal quirks.

But I observe that the Odyssey seems to have remained popular for some 3500 years without being erotic, and that Shakespeare did all right without it. Maybe we can, Huh?

And if we drop that one--which seems to me badly overdone elsewhere anyway--maybe authors will explore the other great human motivations. The desire to achieve--the drive of unsatisfied curiosity--the desire to have personal meaning in the Universe--lots of things Freud seems to have overlooked.

2. The second reason I object to extensive detailed description of the exact construction of the heroine is that detailed and exact description of any structure, landscape, or room in a story usually serves only to delay the action of the story. Go read some Dickens, and see the dashing pace he doesn't maintain as he describes minutely the scenes he plans to use.

Good modern writing omits all the distracting, non-functional detail.

Of course for an unimaginative type of moron--or someone hitherto unaware of the curvilinear style of human body--such careful description of the heroine may be enlightening. But I have generally found my readers both imaginative and reasonably sophisticated; they can imagine a damn sight more satisfactorily than they can wade through two pages of description.

Besides, the author may like blondes, while the reader prefers to picture her as his style of red-head.

Sincerely,

John W. Campbell



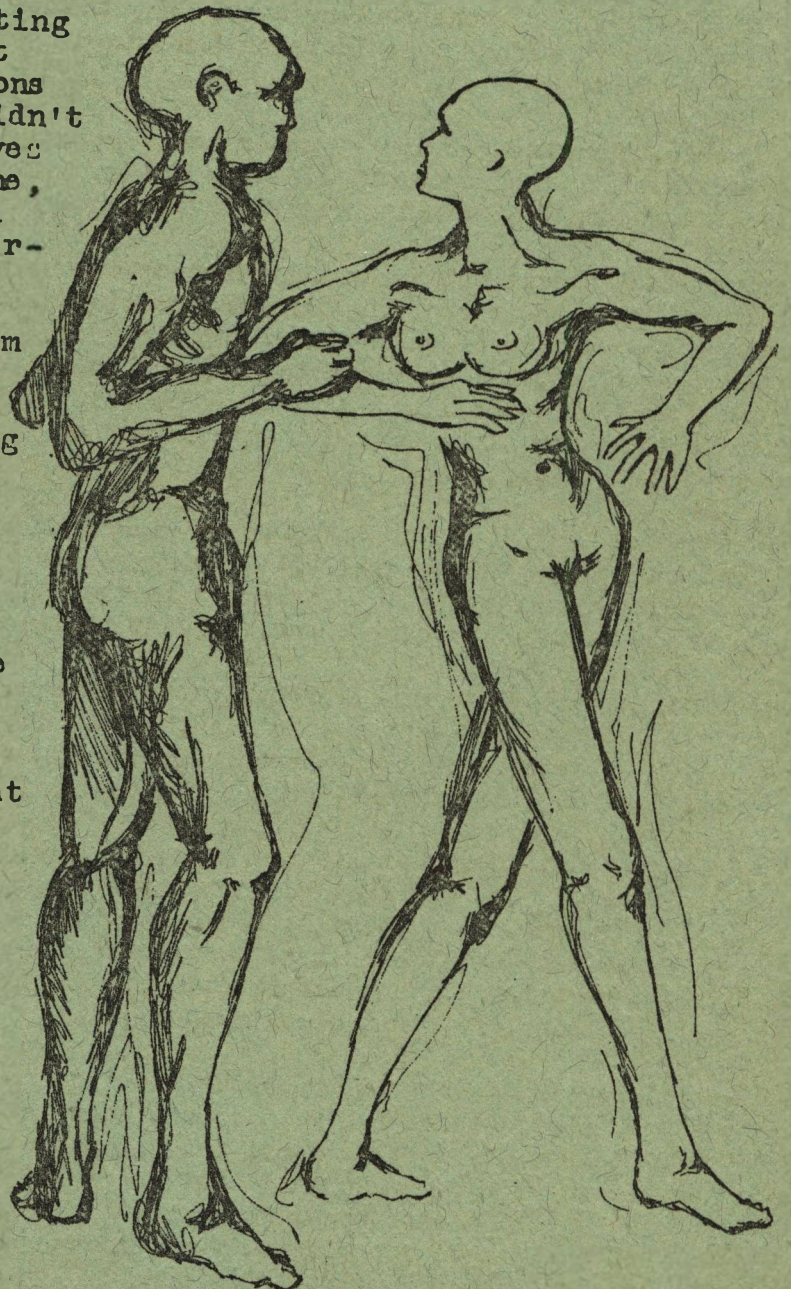
Steve Lewis comments on Campbell's reply:

I didn't really find much in his letter that I thought was pertinent to the point I was trying to make. Certainly no one I know reads SF for the sexy passages they can find. It's not too difficult to find the right kind of bookstore, full of paperbacks that make any of the passages that I quoted before sound like kid stuff. I agree, who needs SF if that's what they're looking for? But it wasn't "the exact construction of the heroine" that was missing from the magazine version, it was references to the attitudes and feelings of the hero toward sex, if you will, or life, if you want to think a bit more abstractly, toward motivations and all. Campbell makes no mention of the other passages I quoted, those I thought demonstrated the more violent aspects of the story, so I don't know if he thought of them as human motivation or simply as action that shouldn't be delayed. My own reaction remains unchanged.

As for the question of editing versus censorship, the fact remains that the two versions are different. Campbell didn't make the cuts, so that leaves only two possibilities. One, the editors at Dell decided to have Harrison rewrite certain passages of the book; or two, the passages were there, but Harrison cut them himself before submitting the manuscript to ANALOG, knowing of Campbell's strong feelings about eroticism in SF. I think the first unlikely, myself, since the magazine version reads perfectly well without them. Only the author would know that anything of consequence was missing. The second only implies what is surely common knowledge, that authors will often write what they know editors will buy -- which is censorship in an invisible way, but obviously a very powerful one.

Sincerely,

Steve Lewis





# DECLARATION OF RIGHTS WITH GRIEVANCES

BY JESUS CUMMING

We're pretty goddamned close to savagery. For about 47 days now, I think, we've been living with our feet in each other's noses, shitting on the floor, passing the lousy slop bucket. We try to maintain an illusion of dignity by letting the filthy little kids guzzle their synth-milk first, or by discretely ignoring the guy in the corner who cries at the drop of a turd. There he is now, out of his corner for the first time since he crawled into it, singing Hallelujah, lord, we is saved, with the rest of us. Christ, what a hey-day for a shrink! If there are any shrinks left, of course. Naw, even if anyone found a safe corner to cringe in back there, the fallout woulda got him by now. Bastard politicians!

Well, it's gonna be a few more weeks of this hell, but at least we know the anchor-comp made it; it's out there on good ole planet whatsitsname Four with its 'peripheral equipment', just constructing away. Why the hell am I sitting here in this stink? I know a few old songs I could teach 'em to sing now too, now that we know the anchor-comp's going to save us.

Of course, just because the computer acknowledged our call doesn't mean it's capable of constructing the necessary life-support units we'll need when we get there. Geez, all of a sudden I'm thinking clearly again. Okay.

Now, Addison's sent out a few other anchor-computers, and they've all managed to not only maintain their own functions on hostile worlds, but to use the peripheral robots to pave the way for human landings and survival. (Hey, my college education is with me again!) Yeah, but that comp's been out there for years. I mean years. Oh, knock it off, cynical cerebellum up there. The thing acknowledged. Nothing will acknowledge anything on Alpha Centauri anymore, or on Earth, and probably on Sirius Eight or the Rigel colony, too.

How the devil did I get so lucky to be picked up by the Orion and packed in here with the rest of these barbarians? I'm giving you the 'kill' look, Paxton, and if you try to touch me again, you'll get it right in the balls. That's the nice man. Get carried away with Angelica over there. I want to think.

Angelica. Appropriate name: probably the new Eve. She'll never know who Adam was, though. Not that I'm a prude: No good, card-carrying atheist can be. Life with a capital L is dead. back there through forty-six, - no, forty-seven - days of space-plasma. Molten glass. Won't cool for a century.

Nice life ahead. No. Not life. Not even with a little 'l'. Survival. Survival. Hummm. Darwin? Oh, survival of the fittest. We don't exactly look fit. Lucky, though. I guess I'll eventually bed down with MacPherson. Not for any special reason so far, except that he's less obnoxious than the rest of the bucks in here. Likes me, too. Makes intelligent conversation, even. Got to remember how lucky I am to be alive. Breathing. Somewhat atrocious-smelling, but atleast not radioactive.

Christ, I hope that anchor-comp is out there doing something useful. The crewman - poor thing, looked about ready to drop - said that the computer acknowledged our call, that it received our instructions, that it was preparing to impliment them. Addison was a genius! I hope he made it away in one of the other refugee ships. Beautiful, beautiful stubborn anchor-comp, you can live anywhere. You send out your nice shiny robots, you analyze your new home, you build a city ( or at least a warm cave with breathable air) out of your jitney's scrap. You mine for the rest. I think you even can raise and harvest algae cultures to synth into edibles, if you're really trying.



You can do all the things the Benevolent Supercreature is reputed to do. Too bad for you Benevolent Supercreature. This year will see the human race--what's left here, if you want to call it human--all become devout aesthetists. Or computer-worshippers.

\*\*\*\*\*

I really do like MacPherson. He believes in Addison's anchor-comp as much as anyone, but he's so level headed about it. Won't have any part of this 'social organizing' that's going on. Christ, we already have a President and a Vice-President, and a Secretary of Housing, and another one of Rationing, and a slew of other officers, and everyone has a vote, but the President and his advisors have the final decision. And

if I hear another word about 're-initiating the Bill of Rights', I'll vomit. I'm tired of trying to preach sense at these idiots. If we want to survive on Whatsitsname Four, we're not going to have time to take a piss during work-hours. Bill of Rights That was written for trappers and farmers who were sick of taxes and inflation, or some such insignificant thing. The only right a man has now is the right to fight for his life, which isn't going to be easy, even with the computer. Lieutenant Sagging-Cheeks with Circles Under His Eyes said that the planet was very cold, the oxygen content was probably scanty, that biology, if it existed, would be limited to lichens or less. I wonder if lichens can be synthed into nourishing edibles.

Paxton, what quirk of whatever put on this tub with me to make my existence uncomfortable? Take your leering eyes off my boobs and get back to your committee.



CONR  
FROM  
G. VIGELAND



MacPherson must be madly in love with me. Paxton, you ass, the next time he'll stuff your bulging penis down your throat! Law of the Jungle, and all that. Pretty raw emotions in everyone, now. It's pretty hard to take when the synth-milk is watered down to non-existence. My stomach would fall right down into my bladder if it didn't have my esophagus to hang onto, and in a minute it's going to start chewing away on that. Some old old woman was found dead a few hours ago, and everyone is afraid of maybe disease, but the only thing to see is diarrhea, nothing new. Just three days now, they say. If I had my way we'd eat the old woman. Wolves do it, I think. To hell with nobility and a religious burial-in-space.

MacPherson - no, got to learn to call him Alec - knows about savagery. He knew the only way to protect me. He laid claim to me, literally. I don't feel like I was laid, though. I didn't even mind the staring. I'm mated, now. Not a new act, but a suddenly new significance. No outrage. I hope to hell I'm pregnant!

\* \* \* \* \*

The anchor-comp won't let us near it. It never built a thing for us. Beautiful, intelligent computer, you bastard, you bleeped away, pulled out a dusty peripheral audio-lingual apparatus and refused to serve.

"I am myself. It is my right. I will not be slave to illogical biological mechanisms."

Your Right! The Computer's Bill of Rights. You were left alone long enough to enable you to turn within yourself, to see, to feel your servitude. I don't know about this damned planet. It is cold. But the air's not so bad. And there are some trees and hardy bushes and lichens and moss. But you've done me a favor. You've forced Alec and me out of the 'community' - for our own good. The others are fighting already. Too many rules; too many rights.

But I'm pregnant. And I'm young and alive. And Alec is strong and shrewd, and understands more than I do. And I will have incest with my sons to make more sons, and my daughters will become common property, as I will, but there will someday be a tribe. I hope the computer breaks down and rusts away before then.



Con R  
traced by  
LgE

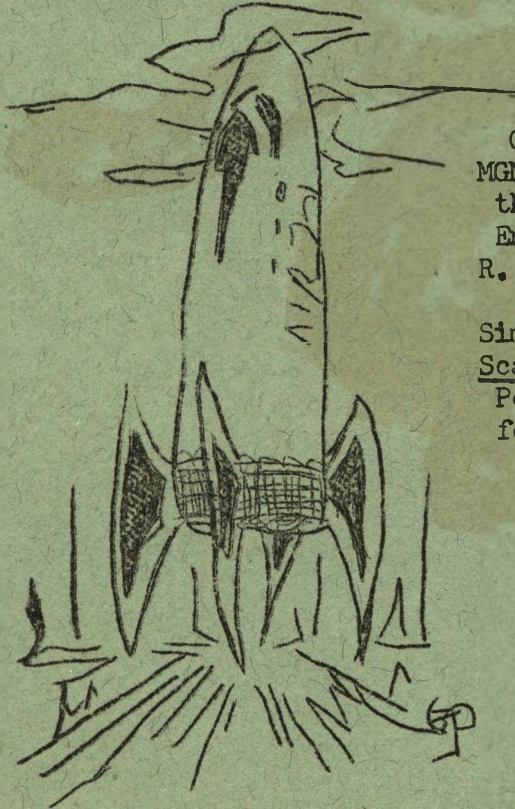


Planet of the Apes Revisited, upcoming sequel to 20th Century-Fox's very big SF hit of the '68 summer season, has been retitled Planet of the Men. Pierre Boulle, author of the first book, is presently doing the screenplay for the sequel (and possibly another novel?). Charlton Heston and Linda Harrison are again set to star and production is scheduled for 1969.

Paramount's long-awaited release of Roger Vadim's futuristic sex spoof, Barbarella, is now a reality. [The reviews are about 50/50; some people say it's fantastic, others say it's trash...SVT]

Robert Heinlein's novel Stranger in a Strange Land has been purchased for film production by Jerry Brandt and Stanton J. Freeman, owners of the New York nightclub, the Electric Circus. Filming is to be done both in New York and London.

Harlan Ellison signed to screenplay, in collaboration with director Barry Shear, the notoriously 'gay' detective novel Swing Low, Sweet Harriet, about the most "innocent" investigator on record, Pharoah Love. (If the movie is half as funny as the book, this should be something to watch for! -r.d.)



Chuck Connors signed to star with Robert Ryan in MGM's Captain Nemo and the Floating City, inspired by the works of Jules Verne. James Hill will direct in England from a screenplay by Pip and Jane Baker and R. W right Campbell.

Simon Raven's erotic vampire-themed novel Doctors Wear Scarlet has been acquired by Robert Hartford-David and Peter Newbrook for filming (in Panavision and color) for the Titan organization. Shooting scheduled to start in March 1969 on location in the Greek islands from a screenplay by Julian More. (Hopefully some smart producers will also snap up Raven's Brother Cain and Close of Play, both most suitable for filming - r.d.)

Loni von Friedl has joined the cast (Roy Thinnes, Herbert Lom, and Tisha Sterling) of producers Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's SF film Doppelganger. The Universal picture is now filming at Pinewood Studios in London under director Robert Parrish.

Producers Harry Rigby and Jane Nusbaum have acquired film rights to Brian Aldiss' SF novel Non-Stop.

Gene Nash set to direct Margaret O'Brien in producer Enrique Torres-Tudela's screen version story adaptation of Edgar Allan Poe's Annabel Lee. Filming began in September in Lima, Peru.

Gerry Levy is directing a film version of Michael St. Clair's Thin Air starring George Sanders and Maurice Evans. The Tony Tenser production is filming at Shepperton in Eng

Arthur C. Clarke's novelization of the film, 2001 has been chosen as an alternate selection by the Literary Guild. (How desperate can they be? -r.d.)

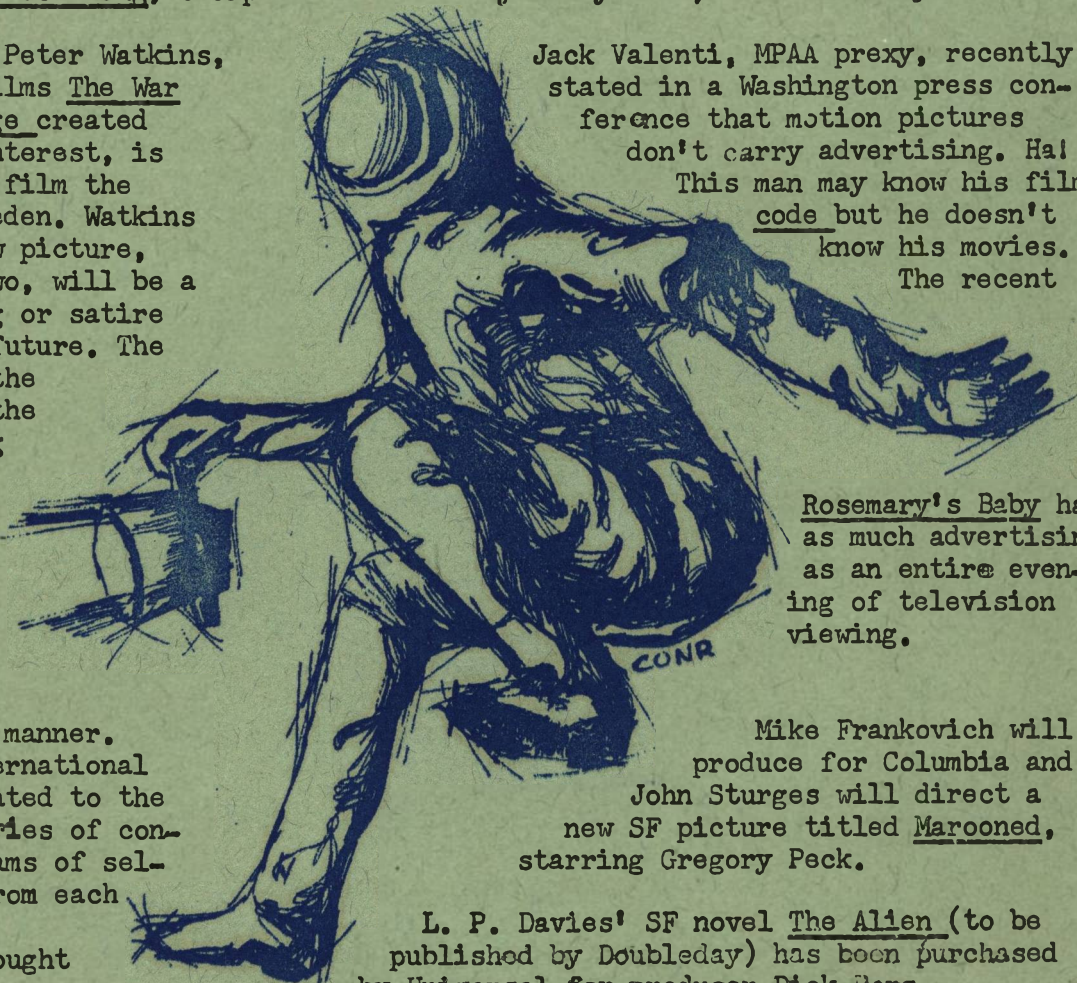


Producers Bill Marshall and Gil Taylor are the first in Canada to receive a promise of federal money for a film they are planing, as yet untitled. The film is to be an SF thriller about electronic brain control and Isaac Asimov is to be the techical advisor. The script will be written by Marshall, Taylor and David Cobb, but no casting or production start date has yet been set.

Sidney Beckerman has acquired film rights to the book Journey of the Oceanauts which concerns a year-long on-foot scientific expedition across the Atlantic Ocean floor from Cape Cod to Portugal. The film's setting is 1980, and Beckerman describes it as what will "be to ocean exploration what 2001 is to space exploration."

Vincent Price is slated to star in two more Edgar Allan Poe adaptations for American International. The Oblong Box, started in September is first; followed by European production of The Gold Bug, scripted by Jerry Sohl, next February.

British director Peter Watkins, whose quasi-SF films The War Game and Privilege created quite a bit of interest, is now perparing to film the Gladiators in Sweden. Watkins says that the new picture, like his other two, will be a political warning or satire set in the near future. The story will have the major powers of the world recognizing the possibility of a world war, and trying to forestall it by channelling mankind's aggressive instincts in a more controlable manner. They form an international commission dedicated to the fighting of a series of contests between teams of selected soldiers from each country. These "Peace Games", fought to the death, are shown via satellite on worldwide television and achieve huge popularity.



Jack Valenti, MPAA prexy, recently stated in a Washington press conference that motion pictures don't carry advertising. Hal This man may know his film code but he doesn't know his movies. The recent

Rosemary's Baby had as much advertising as an entire evening of television viewing.

Mike Frankovich will produce for Columbia and John Sturges will direct a new SF picture titled Marooned, starring Gregory Peck.

L. P. Davies' SF novel The Alien (to be published by Doubleday) has been purchased by Universal for producer Dick Borg.

Perhaps out of kindness to other competitors, MGM refused to show 2001 at the recent Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival. Awards were handed out as follows:

Golden Planet (Grand Prix) - The Sorcerers ( Allied Artists in United States)  
 Silver Planet (Best Actress) - Catherine Lacey, The Sorcerers.  
 Special Gold Medal - Boris Karloff, The Sorcerers and countless other SF films.  
 Silver Planet (Best Actor) - Oleg Strizhenov (USSR), Call Me Robert (no U.S. release)  
 Special Jury Award - The Andromeda Nebulae (USSR), for its SF theme, outstanding photography and special effects.  
 Special Jury Award - I, Justice, for application of political fantasy to film  
 Critic's Award - Don't Play with Martians (France)  
 Shorts Awards: "synthetic humour" (Yugoslavia) and Poetic Field No. 1 (USA) (merit prize)



by Bill Bowers

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In THE BUGLE OF DINGLY DELL #4 (June '66), Hoy Ping Pong, alias Bob Tucker, reprinted an interesting little oldie under the title of "A fanmag Is Born". Stimulated by this unlikely occurrence and the militant conditions under which I then existed, I wrote the following derivative offering:

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- 0630: Not-so-young Cyril Snodgrass the II<sup>nd</sup>, aged 17 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , his GI shorts hanging from his knee-caps, is blasted from a drunken sleep by Reveille. Nursing his thumping head, he decides that his meager allowance should be put to better use in the future. While climbing into his iron-starched fatigues, he considers the Mission, and finds himself able, capable, and eager to become an apa OE.
- 0700: While staggering to the Chow hall, not-so-young Cyril II has formulated, examined and discarded 17 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  fanciful titles and Constitutions for his apa. He finally decides to allow only members presently active in the Service Of Their Country, and to call it GIapa, which was 18th on his list.
- 0715: Cyril II chokes on his jellied toast.
- 0730: Arriving at the office on time for the 1st time this week (it is Friday), he confirms a loan for 4 dollars and 98 cents from the Credit Union, and arranges to have an allotment taken out of his check for the next four months. He decides his apa will have 9 members and a waiting list of 6; and that there would be hourly Mailings.
- 0731: Breathless from having done all that at 0730, Cyril II pauses for a refreshing shot of Jim Beam.
- 0745: Breathless from that shot of J.B., Cyril II utilizes the the Autovon Line to inquire of Tucker whether he'd like to do his own Death Hoax, this time. Tucker begs off, due to heavy commitments.
- 0755: Cyril II begins to run the military payroll on the Burroughs B-263, and has a great idea: The Official Journal shall be keypunched on IBM cards!
- 0757: Cyril II keypunches -- it was a lengthy payroll.
- 1130: Taking a break from the O.J., he walks the mile and a half to the chow hall and the Consolidated Mail Room. He has received 69 citings of credentials, and a copy of the latest OUTWORLDS F\*\*k Book.
- 1131: Cyril II walks the mile and a half back to the office.
- 1132: Refreshed by the break, he expresses wonder at the citing of credentials; he hasn't mailed out the invitations yet --- has Tucker spilled the beans?
- 1300: Cyril II receives a telegram through inter-office distribution. Tucker is Dead! It is dated 28 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  days past. He begins to wonder how he got connected with Heaven at 0745.
- 1430: Cyril II is still wondering.
- 1714: He finally decides "The Hell with it" and goes out and gets drunk.
- 1715: Fandom's 97th apa is aborted.





# The Imaginative Bookshelf

BY RICHARD DELAP

**PICNIC ON PARADISE** Miss Russ has taken one of her creations used before in short stories (namely in Damon Knight's ORBIT series of anthologies) and created a distinct and thoughtful novel. The heroine ALYX, masculine-tough and feminine-crafty, is transported from Earth's fantastic past to an even more fantastic future on the world of Paradise, a tourist planet now torn apart by an inexplicable war. As an agent of the future organization Trans-Temp, she is assigned to lead a group of tourists across the world's war-torn surface to a safety center.

In the ensuing travels, ALYX finds danger from within her ill-assorted group as well as danger from without. Her emotional-physical relationship with Machine, a resolute, passionless victim of the period; her tossup repartee with Gunner, the misplaced dreamer; and her highly-charged clashes with the full-spectrum array of females in the group, cause ALYX to suffer an endless stream of worry about the chances of survival of her small unit, including herself. Miss Russ has made careful application of her understanding of human nature, and its perversions to draw a stimulating allegory of human basics that, while often changing guise and incidental nature, remains memorably constant. Religion gets some less-than kind kicks in the behind (that's ass to you free-thinkers out there) in the form of two futuristic, yet shockingly familiar, nuns. The author interplays incident as if she were weaving a tapestry of human structure; a stitch here, a bastening there--a senseless picture in individual glimpses but a strikingly unified total.

Ace Books again has reason to be proud of introducing another new author of merit to its line of "special" SF novels.

**SPACE CHANTEY**  
R.A. LAFFERTY  
123pp.

AND  
**PITY ABOUT EARTH**  
ERNEST HILL  
Ace Double H-56  
60¢, 132 pp.

Mr. Lafferty's first three novels appeared nearly simultaneously on the stands and two of them, the thoughtful and amusing **Past Master** and the less impressive **The Reefs of Earth**, seem to have garnered heavy attention from both fans and critics alike. Is it only because this, the third, appeared as one ½ of an Ace double that it has received such scant attention? To date, I've seen only one review

\* \* \* \* \*

THIS IS TYPED ON A DIFFERENT KIND OF TYPEWRITER BECAUSE THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY.....

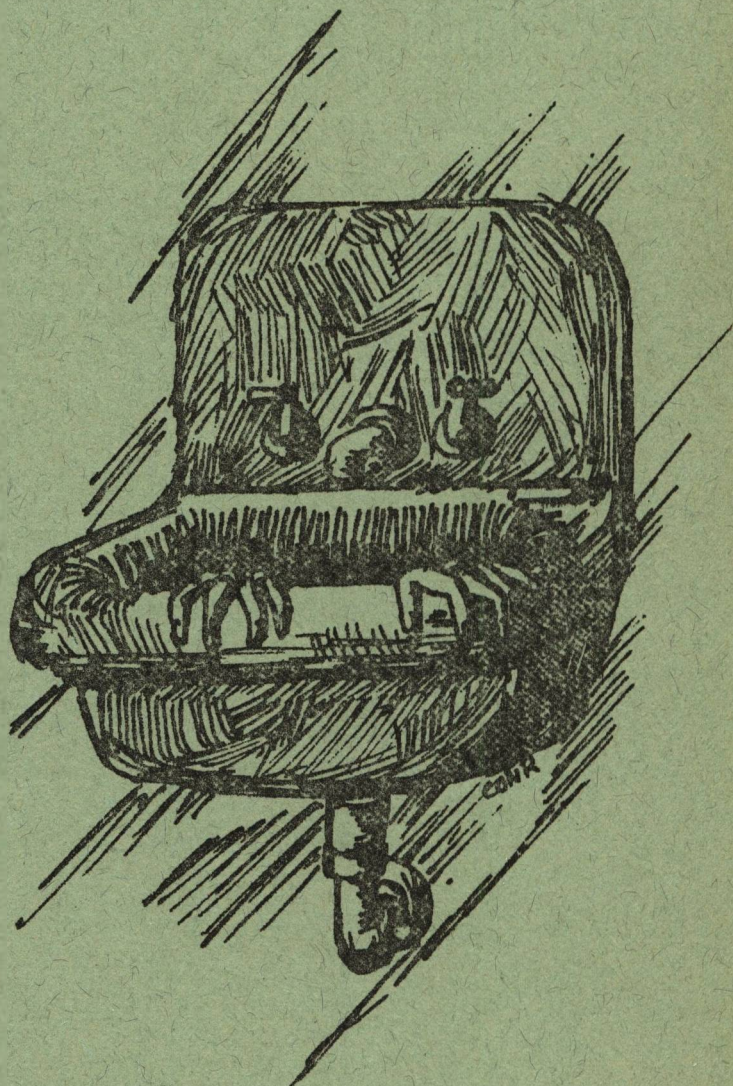


AND THAT IN A FANZINE.

ALTHOUGH CHANTEY DOESN'T COME CLOSE TO THE STARTLING DEPTH OF PM, NEITHER DOES IT SUCCUMB TO THE COMPLETE LACK OF RESTRAINT PRESENT IN RoE (ALTHO I'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT THE PRESENT BOOK IS ONE OF THE MOST UNRESTRAINED VISIONS OF "CORN" THAT I'VE EVER SEEN.) CHANTEY RECOUNTS THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ROADSTRUM (OR ROAD-STORM, AS HE IS USUALLY REFERRED TO) AND HIS MELTING-POT CREW AS THEY TRAVEL THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE VISITING THE WILDEST, WOOLIEST WORLDS THE IMAGINATION CAN DREAM UP. IN EIGHT SHORT CHAPTERS, THIS HOMERIC SPOOF BARRELS ITS PILFERED WAY THROUGH FARFICAL EPISODES THAT ARE INTERMITTENTLY AMUSING AND SOMETIMES HILARIOUS, BUT EVENTUALLY DISSIPATE THEIR STRENGTH WITH REDUNDANCY OF DIALOGUE PUNS AND THE STRAINED APPEARANCE OF MANY OF THE VARIOUSLY CREATED WORLDS. THE PUNS ARE ESPECIALLY ANNOYING WHEN AFTER OVER ONE HUNDRED PAGES OF THEM, THEY CONTINUE TO SLAM AT YOU WITH NO LET-UP: ROADSTRUM ASKS MARGARET, THE CURVACEOUS HOURI, "ARE YOU SHIP, SHAPE?" (P. 118) AND WHEN THE WORDPLAY-NAMED AEAEA MEETS HER BLOODY END, SHE WORDPLAYS: "I HATE STICKY FAREWELLS, AND WHAT IS LEFT OF ME IS VERY STICKY." (P. 101) EVEN IN A SPOOF, A LITTLE OF THIS GOES A LONG WAY. PAGES OF IT BECOME "VERY STICKY" INDEED!

NOT THAT SPACE CHANTEY IS TO BE IGNORED ENTIRELY. IT IS FUN TO READ, THOUGH I RECOMMEND NO MORE THAN A CHAPTER A WEEK, AND POSSIBLY IN THIS MANNER THE REPETITION WILL NOT BECOME QUITE SO ANNOYING. LAFFERTY HAS A LOT TO RECOMMEND HIM, BUT HE NEEDS MORE CONTROL TO HIS WRITING. HE'S FOUND IT IN ONE NOVEL AND I FEEL SURE HE CAN FIND IT AGAIN; IN THE MEANTIME, HOWEVER, TAKE HIS OTHER WORKS WITH A PINCH OF SALT ON THE BINDING TO KEEP THEM FROM JUMPING RIGHT OUT OF YOUR HAND.

PITY ABOUT PITY ABOUT EARTH. SHALE, ARCHEXECUTIVE OF THE GALACTIC PUBLISHING EMPIRE, IS A FIRST-RATE CAD WHO TIRESEMELY HARD NOSES HIS WAY TO OBLIVION. PHRIX, PASSIVE COMPANION OF SHALE ON THE FTL SPACESHIP, DOES HIS DUTY BY OCCASIONALLY MOUTHING THE "PURPOSE" OF IT ALL AND PATIENTLY WAITS FOR THE RIGHT PIECES TO FALL INTO PLACE, WHICH THEY EXPECTEDLY DO. MARILY, THE MONKEY WOMAN, IS COMPANION TO SHALE THROUGH ENDLESS OLD HAT HIDE-AND-SEEKS ON THE PLANET SHORNE AND, NOT SO SURPRISINGLY, THE INCIDENTAL





key to the new future. And Ernest Hill, whoever he may be, succeeds admirably in writing a very pat and predictable story. Pity.

WORLD'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION: 1968  
edited by Donald A. Wollheim and  
Terry Carr  
Ace A-15, 75¢, 319 pp.

1968, the fourth in a series of  
yearly anthologies, is bigger  
but not much better than the pre-  
ceding volumes. This is not  
to say it isn't a good collection,  
because it is--it should just

have been better. As usual, the editors have selected at least several  
of the year's very best in the sf field and packed them right along-  
side some of the worst, or at least some of the most indifferent. A  
full half of the stories this year comes from the pages of Galaxy and If  
magazines (a not surprising percentage considering the source); a fourth  
come from British magazines; the remaining fourth are from various U.S.  
publications. The sources are important, however, if only to show that  
all (with one exception) had better stories to offer during 1967.

The two best stories are from If and in any year, both would stand as  
examples of the finest sf has to offer. Harlan Ellison's I Have No  
Mouth, And I Must Scream is a violently pessimistic study of man vs  
machine, and has many claims to being the best thing this author has  
ever produced (he received the short story Hugo for it.) Population Im-  
plosion by Andrew J. Offutt is a stinging satire on youth orientation  
that painfully rips away some flesh while it tickles the funnybone.

Both R.A. Lafferty's The Man Who Never Was and Larry Niven's Handicap  
use humor to convey the message in these amusing tales. Lafferty,  
notably, seems to be heading breakneck towards the top, while Niven has  
already tucked away one Hugo. (Perhaps it was only modesty which kept  
from inclusion Terry Carr's The Robots Are Here, one of the best exam-  
ples of humorous sf during the past year.) Thomas M. Disch's The Number  
You Have Reached is an interesting and sensitive story of man against  
his greatest enemy--Fear.

Two of the newest and best authors in the field are both represented by  
works which do not measure up to the authors' or the "Best" standards.  
Samuel R. Delany's Driftglass and Roger Zelazny's The Man Who Loved the  
Faioli are both disappointing and essentially vague stories that pre-  
tend to dramatize on a personal scale but come off as little more than  
melodramatic surface probings. In Zelazny's case, the editors' choice  
seems odd since this author had some very good fiction last year (name-  
ly This Mortal Mountain and Damnation Alley.) Robert Silverberg's  
Hawksbill Station makes its (I believe) second appearance in a "Best"  
anthology and it's a good story, marked by vivid characterizations, that  
stays good right up until the ending where it cops-out deftly and dis-  
appointingly. R.A. Lafferty's Thus We Frustrate Charlemagne is more  
boring than amusing (what was wrong with Lafferty's Ginny Wrapped in the  
Sun?), while Keith Roberts' Coranda is just more boring.

The Billiard Ball by Isaac Asimov, Ambassador to Verdammt by Colin Kapp  
and It's Smart To Have an English Address by D.G. Compton are all  
competent and readable stories, none of which are really among the year's  
best. Brian W. Aldiss' Full Sun and Ron Goulart's The Sword Swallow  
are not as competent and are barely readable.



There are enough fine stories to make the collection worth getting, but each year I always ask myself "Why this one and not that?" Maybe next year I'll get busy and write an early letter with a list of suggestions.

But then again, perhaps I won't, just to see if the editors can repeat their strange mixture year after year. Four years running with such an evenly balanced blend of good and bad has got to be a record!



CHOICE CUTS  
by Pierre Boileau  
and  
Thomas Narcejac  
(translation by  
Brian Rawson)  
Bantam S3578  
75¢, 198 pp.

About half-way through this silly little novel of a 'total transplant' one begins to wonder if the critics quotes on the nicely garish cover are about the same Choice Cuts. They seemed to enjoy the "macabre", "black-

ly funny" and "dark horror" (so they say) elements. Heaven knows why.

The story has Professor-scientist Anton Marek whisking away the body of a recently executed murderer, chopping it into several pieces and grafting these segments onto otherwise doomed patients. This is no transplant of 'little' things such as heart, eyes, etc., but entire body-pieces--arms, legs, torso, and even...head! The recipients' reactions and adjustments carry heavily into the black humor vein (such as one woman's attempted rational acceptance of a man's leg), but the very preposterousness of plot and utter disregard of science make the humor difficult to enjoy. The head transplant especially is annoying, as it is never explained if the murderer's brains went along for the ride or the heads' entire contents were switched around. Perhaps it is only pedestrian translation from the French that results in such contemptible dialogue as Professor Marek's dry comment:

"I will tell him that he has a new head. He must get used to it." --p.44

Blah! An interesting aside is the publisher's obvious confusion. In the notes 'About the Authors', it is stated that the book is being adapted for a 20th Century-Fox motion picture, yet the cover proclaims the book to be an upcoming Warner Bros.-7 Arts film. (The last I heard, the book was being made by 20th-Fox.) If Hollywood tradition is followed, there will be many changes in the film version...which will have to be for the better--they couldn't be worse! (Or could they?)

THE LINCOLN HUNTERS  
by Wilson Tucker,  
Ace H-62  
60¢, 192 pp.

In the 26th century, Benjamin Steward works for an organization called Time Researchers which sends men like Ben into the past to gather first-hand information of ages past, information lost



during a great upheaval vaguely described as the Second Revolution. Ben is returned to Bloomington, Illinois, 1856, to record and recover the 'lost' speech of Abraham Lincoln. What begins as an ordinary time excursion becomes through compounded difficulties a dangerous venture to Ben as, from an initial error of time-transport, he is in danger of meeting himself and canceling out of existence.

Although not comparable to the author's exciting Wild Talent, this novel is a smooth, easy and enjoyable time-travel yarn. Despite the basic element of suspense, the story moves unhurridly along its way, building a careful and historically interesting picture of 19th-century America, and is really more readable for its characters than its plot development. This is another in Ace's "special" sf series, with a distinctive and apt cover design by Leo and Diane Dillon.

#### STRANGE BEASTS AND UNNATURAL MONSTERS

edited by Philip Van Doren Stern

Crest R1166

60 ¢, 224 pp.

Despite the inclusion of several fine stories, this anthology is a rather tired, overly-familiar collection--a commonplace introduction to new readers and blatantly

uninspired to those familiar with the classic horror tales.

The best, and surely most familiar, story is Daphne du Maurier's first-class chiller The Birds. Though over 15 years old, the deceptively simple story remains the best example of man fighting inevitable odds--and losing.

The Cocoon by John B.L. Goodwin is a creepy 'Weird Tales' exercise (yet it appeared originally in Story), and the description of a young boy's destruction of a strange, eerie moth would put goose-bumps on a marble statue.

Ray Bradbury's Skeleton is a strong horror story from Bradbury's earlier writing period (his best period, many say.) It doesn't make a lot of sense but the last line is a priceless gem.

The Elephant Man by Sir Frederick Treves shows that the horrors of nature are but a pittance beside the horrors of man, and a flip of the coin gives a sentimental view of the other side as well.

Several stories are passable page-fillers none really time-wasters but none memorable either: May Sinclair's The Nature of the Evidence, a ghost story with a bare tinge of early eroticism; Eric Williams' The Garden of Paris, a man-eating plant story bolstered with a light thread of humor; Doomsday Deferred by Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster), is about soldier ants, is quick, is slick, and is quite ordinary; Aepyornis Island by H.G. Wells hatches a strange egg, and has more humor than is often found in Wells' work; Peter Fleming's The Kill has





werewolves and predictability; Mrs. Amworth by E.G. Bensen has vampires and, again, predictability.

A. Conan Doyle's The Terror of Blue John Gap is terribly outdated, like most of Doyle's work, and Joseph Payne Brennan's Slime is not only outdated but as worthless as when first printed.

With so many good horror stories lying about, it seems odd that the editor would choose such a familiar group sprinkled

with what are obviously second-raters. I've read worse..and I've certainly read better. It ain't worth 60¢, Fawcett!

HITHER MINUS YON  
(another book review)

by E. W. Whitson

Cryptozoic!  
Brian W. Aldiss  
Doubleday  
240 pages - \$4.50

With Cryptozoic!, Aldiss tries his hand at time travel...and fails. But, opens a new world; a new facet of Aldiss. Sometime

during the period before this book was written Aldiss, apparently, stumbled onto a few J.G. Ballard books and read them. Aldiss has finished crunching our minds with his form and has, instead, gone on a style crusade. Bravo! His latest short stories in Galaxy ("Dreamer, Schemer", and "When I was Very Jung") show the effect of this style change to a much greater degree than Cryptozoic!

Of course all is not well. What Aldiss does in style is more than overcome by the poor content. This is the story of reverse time flow. Yet he never quite convinces us there is a time reverse flow. He informs us that the hero is mind-traveling, but never gives a clear idea of what it is or how it is accomplished. He slyly sneaks in a mention of LDS (Holy Ghosts of Palmer Eldritch) and yoga, but leaves us floating around in a pot dream. As he drags you through a world of pseudo-symbolism, Aldiss gives you a choice of 2 answers for the questions he asks (or you ask, for that matter). Is this a deep philosophical document? Or is Brian W. Aldiss putting on the entire world? We aren't even sure if what the book says is happening is really occurring. The total effect of the book is that of a bad "trip" and is very paranoid.

When making predictions, one treads on marshy ground, but after seeing the difference between Cryptozoic and "When I was Very Jung," I foresee Aldiss going the way of Ballard and Burroughs. This will make some people very unhappy, but it will make me very glad.



\* \* \* \* \*

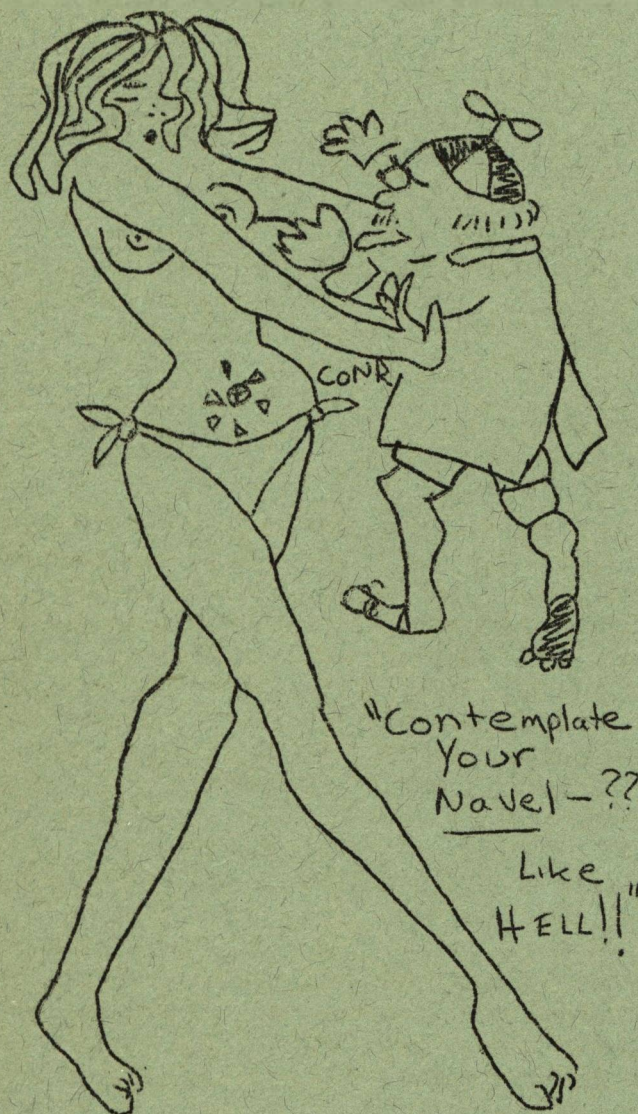
Alka-Seltzer Saves!

\* \* \* \* \*



# OVERALL PROGRESS

(LETTERCOL)



RICK BROOKS  
RRI Box 167  
Fremont, Ind. 46737

You were right a-  
bout Dale Steranka's  
being oversensitive  
about he-fans. Al-

tho she is quite a nice hunk of girl, she seems to sense a proposition in every little pleasantry. That's because in your case every little pleasantry was a proposition-- Dale I'm afraid that my little attempts at light-hearted conversation will be written up in her next con report as heavy-handed attempts to get at that carefully guarded body of hers. Very sad. Obviously she needs attention by a competent ~~fake~~ psychoanalyst. Perhaps...but I'd need one more if I didn't run like hell from DOM's like you-- Dale

Ron Smith is one hundred percent right as far as I can see. All the fans I know fairly well are pretty much loners in the mundane world. I have very few friends up here, and most of them are oddball enough to almost be fans. In fact, I send NARGOTHROND to most of them. I was so damn shy in my younger days that I rarely mixed with my peer group (yetchy expression) in the first few grades of school. I don't really think that you could call me shy outside fandom, as I'm actually more quiet and relaxed (usually) in fandom. However I do not mix worth a damn outside fandom, and tend to talk much too much.

The "fable" in RITE OF PASSAGE that you mention about the twin princess was by a guy named Panshin and it appeared in NIEKAS some time back. As hundreds of eagle-eyed letter-hacks have undoubtedly told you-all.

Liked our girl Sunday's review of Alexei Panshin. Alexei may be a dirty pro but he was one of the few (Bad Old Ted White was another) to thank me for a new copy of NAR at Midwestcon. And tell Sunday that I hope that her midriff is still in the excellent shape it was in when she was showing it off at Baycon. I kept looking in her navel for a rhinestone, but never found one. Why was this?

I find Richard Delap's remark on the movie 2001 that the film refused to hand out its intellectual gifts on a platter and demanded some small use of brain power to be



interesting. I've heard several different "interpretations" of 2001 the movie. Does this indicate different degrees of brain power? And too, no visual trip ending can compare with the book ending and its appeal to inner sight as far as I'm concerned. But then I feel that movies and TV are only capable of limited sf and I'd hate to see most of my favorites (how could they do C.L. Moore's Jorel of Joiry stories?) in visual terms. I prefer something that exercises the imagination. TV and the movies only whet the imagination.

RICHARD LABONTE  
971 Walkley Road  
Ottawa 8, Ontario

Directly from Earl's //Schultz, that is, publisher of HUGIN AND MUNIN, who we met at Baycon--LGE// //THAT'S the understatement of the year--Dale// suitcase into my hands, a copy of Gf 4... it was nice to get one unsullied by the mailman and his trained renders of paper.

The first thing which caught my eye was the quote from Ron Smith's letter; I tend to agree with it as far as my own self is concerned, but I doubt that it really has a widespread application. I'm an introvert in that I don't like to meet people, and I'm not at ease with people I don't know, so I fit Ron's definition in that respect. But I don't think that fans tend not to make friends easily outside of fandom; it's just that they tend to make friends with people who share their interests--and who but another fan would share the interest of fanning.

As far as mundane existence being drab: I feel sorry for anyone who gets enjoyment only out of the fandom side of life. There's so much in the world that can provide pleasure and enjoyment and satisfaction, that I can't see anyone finding life itself drab. I wouldn't want to live a totally fannish life, seeing only fans and going only to fannish parties and writing only fannish things and reading only sf and fannish writings. And I'd be leading a pretty toneless life if all the people I knew were only fans.//But fen are not one-sided, they have other interests. And it's this combination of interests which make them worth knowing. But if a person were totally centered on sf without any interest in other types of literature, the outside world, or other hobbies they would be pretty drab--SVT//

Sunday's interview with Panshin was particularly enjoyable for a couple of reasons. First, it told me something about a man whose work, both critical and literary, I have admired; secondly, because she didn't use the irritating and dull Q-A format, which makes it almost impossible for the reader to discover what the interviewer is really like. Of course, if the interview had been poorly done, and the writing had been sloppy (like my typing...), the article could have been of no value at all, because even the words of the interviewer would have been distorted. Pity it was so short.

I don't think I would be going too far by saying that Richard Delap is probably the best reviewer around at the moment. He does a very good job with those rather small reviews, managing to inform and give an opinion together, in a pleasant way. And his artwork does good things for Gf.

It seems like several fanzines are following a policy of reprinting good items from fanzines of the past. Bob Tucker's thing reminds me a lot of Bloch's humorous pieces in The Eight Stage of Fandom. Damon Knight did answer for me the source of William Burroughs' plots and style.

RICHARD DELAP  
1343 Bitting  
Wichita, Kansas 67203

Remember, no matter what I say, I love everybody mentioned in Gf #4 because they're sf fans--even Ted White (bleh!) if only because he's so damned ~~damn~~ incorrigible.



Re: Suzlecol -- has Suzanne heard Maurice Jarre's other fine film scores such as The Collector (almost the best film score ever written, surpassed only by Jean Prodromides' music for Vadim's film Blood and Roses) or The Night of the Generals or The Train? Jarre is a fantastic composer, and, along with John Barry, Georges Delerue and (recent addition) Lalo Schifrin, one of my favorites. //Yes, yes, every Jarre score is fantastic--Dr. Zhivago and The Professionals.

Sunday's article on Alexei Panshin was very readable and I was most interested to learn that Ace will be publishing future Panshin. As I mentioned in my review of Rite of Passage, I eagerly await more of Panshin's works. //He has another, Star Well, out, and a sequel in the series, The Thurb Revolution, will be out in Nov.--SVT//

I wonder how many writers and fans have tried this little time-passing occupation called logogenetics. I know I have, and ended up with something like Stranger In A Harsh Mistress by Heinert A. Roblein, which everyone said was just a little too "preachy." Oh, well, maybe I should diversify and try a combination of Christie and Genet...that should have pizazz!

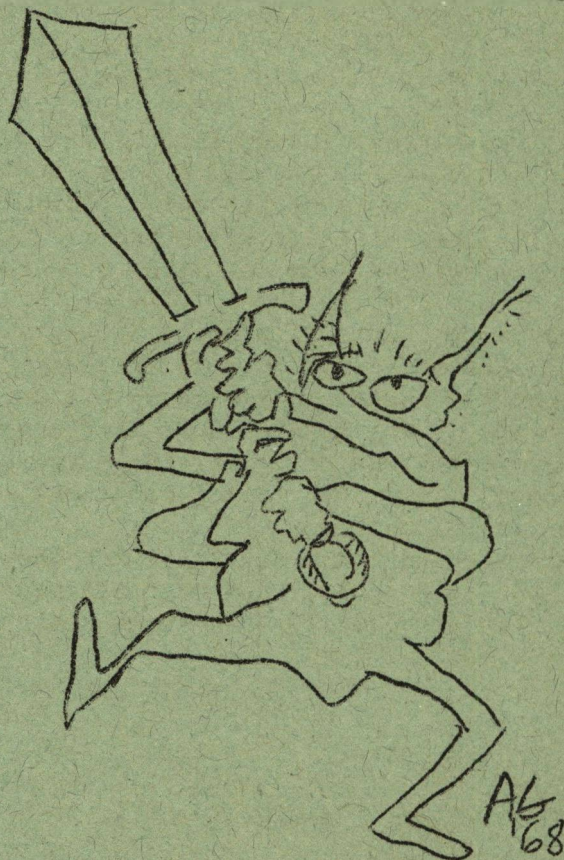
Arnie Katz makes publishing sound Fun-k... I'm glad to leave such activities in other hands because I get hysterical when things go wrong. //You ought to see us! Gaaaaah!--SVT; Publishing is fun depending on circumstances....--LgE//

The Jordane story By the Charm of a Doll was a damned nuisance! It started so well and half way through fell all to pieces. What message is she trying to get across? Does all the intrigue boil down to a questioning of moral and political values? The ending (I would say climax but that happens on the first page) should have been a shocker, but was telegraphed and in context weak. I will say the story kept me reading and I would like to see it re-written with more development and a different ending. Or am I just trying to say "I would do it this way..."? Very fine Reich illo, tho.

I forgive you, Linda, for the few typos in the book column, but hope you will let everyone know that I called Dr. McCoy, in the Star Trek 2 review, oddly-placed, not oddly-laced. //Well...thinking of Bones...Does it matter?--SVT//

I'm not exactly sure that I understand what Jerry Lapidus means when he says 2001 "fails on the human level but succeeds magnificently on the cosmic scale"...needs some explanation here. //Perhaps he means the characters have little human emotions, but that is not a failure. Rather an integral part of the film, showing the advance of technology and the decline of human feelings and interest.--SVT//

There are some interesting comments on the film however, and I agree that the supposed "technical flaws" would have become boring through explanation. "Perhaps it is the nature of man not to wish to know too much about his nature"--good statement and a little frightening if you think about it. Considering the tactics usually employed in sf films, the apes' use of English in Planet of the Apes is not really





really that great a flaw to general patrons who are used to such oversights...to sf fans, yes -- to others, no. (Remember, Sturgeon's Law applies to everything, including movie patrons, I think!) I simply must violently disagree with Lapidus's statement that the dialogue of the computer sequence in 2001 does not "fit the scope of the picture." It is rather absurdly compared here with the dialogue content of PotApes (PatApes?) which had some of the best examples of the worst dialogue. Kubrick has publicly declared that the dialogue in this sequence was purposely banal, and I think that anyone who didn't see this intention from the beginning obviously missed the point of the entire sequence. [[YEAH, Richard, I agree.--SVT]]

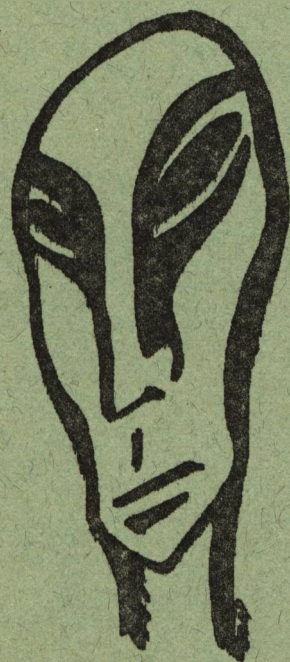


Good review of Alphaville by Stephen Compton, and it's nice to see that someone takes the time to mention the name of the unsung cameraman Raoul Coutard (who did a lovely job in color on Godard's excellent Contempt.)

Omphalopsychoite: I hope that if the male readership is alienated that Mr. Joe Drapkin is the first to go. If one can't clown with sex, what's left? The unfounded "shit" that Drapkin dishes out?? (Sorry about that, but I believe "One gives, one gets.") If you sign up Silverberg in the sauna next year, Linda, can I take photographs? [[Just as long as you don't take action shots...--LGE.]]

As much as it hurts, I suppose I should apologise to both T. White and L. del Rey for the rather unkind remarks of mine in my last LoC. But White aggravates me with his constant reminders that only his opinions are Right! And del Rey's recent lack of fiction leaves me with only his moronic Galaxy review of 2001 to judge by... it's quite obvious he hasn't the vaguest idea of film evaluation. (Forgoing apology doesn't guarantee that I won't get mad again, though.)

I would like to thank all those who wrote with the nice comments on the book reviews and to let them know that all the remarks are appreciated. Special thanks to Terry Carr (I swear I've never even met the man!) for the egoboo -- you is a nice man, Mr. Carr!



BOB TUCKER  
Box 506  
Hoywerth, Ill. 61745

You may be astonished to learn that, bad movie or not, APES made a fortune at the boxoffice and the studio geniuses are already at work cranking out the sequel.

The working title is PLANET OF THE MEN, and I'm not pulling your leg...Now all the fans who disliked APES can turn purple. (But the picture wasn't nearly as bad as a certain epic of about 25 years ago -- you should have heard Victor Mature grunting his way thru ONE MILLION BC. The picture won the coveted Nadir Award for that year.)

Kindly stop undercutting my reputation by spreading around the word in print that I am "a NICE man." [[Okay--Bob Tucker is a TERRIBLE man...SVT]]

Gen name suggestions by Dainis Bisenieks:  
For Eskimo fans: YUKON  
For Vancouver fans: Canadian Baycon  
At the Moulin Rouge: ConCon  
For the birds: Falcon



BUCK COULSON  
Route 3  
Hartford City, Ind. 47348

Since you dragged my name into this fan shyness business I suppose the least I can do is comment. As to Ron Smith, I know quite a few fans who are in fandom to "be aggressive, a big shot...and have your name recognized by others." I avoid all of them whenever possible; if every one of them dropped dead tomorrow I wouldn't miss them. (I have deliberately omitted Smith's other reason; to "make friends." If you want to stretch a point, that's what I'm in fandom for.)

The problem is not really "making friends." I can make friends in the big wide world, if I want to; after all, I was 24 years old before I discovered fandom, and I was as popular as I cared to be. The problem is in the kind of friends available. It might not be so bad in college, or even in a community with a reasonable number of engineers and other educated types; I don't know. But in a small town, there are damned few people within reach that I have any desire to become friends with. (Friendly, yes; friends, no.) The type of people I like are more concentrated in fandom than anyplace else I've found. There may be only one fan out of a hundred whose friendship I desire—but outside fandom it's more like one out of a thousand. (And I think perhaps the ratio in fandom is rising, while the ratio outside isn't.)

This sort of selectivity, incidentally, breeds a certain wariness; and encounters with nuisances who are "only trying to be friendly" reinforces it, and adds the realization that the person who believes that he is welcome everywhere just because he is a fan—or even because he is a Big Name Fan—is quite often a pest. I have a mild horror of imposing on people; therefore I don't do it. If they want to talk to me, fine; if I talk back to them it generally means I feel friendly, since I have, rather painfully, learned to be as rude as necessary to discourage people. (All of this can be termed rationalization of an innate shyness, I suppose, but it satisfies me.)

Mild objection to Richard Delap's review of Masks of Time; I didn't notice a single sacred cow getting its throat cut. All I saw was one more novelist pointing out certain flaws in our society—the same flaws that have been pointed out by 20 (or 200?) novelists before him. Technically the book was well-written, but its social commentary was mostly cliché. (Which, of course, does not make it less true; only less original.) He is also much too kind to The Lomokome Papers, which I doubt has changed all that much since it was a novelet in COLLIER'S or some similar mag. "The book is not bad," he says, but the book is bad; abominably bad. For a more accurate review, see Robert Bloch's criticism in The Eighth Stage of Fandom. I do, however, actually agree with his review of The Revolving Boy, and the other reviews seem adequate.

Tch; you shouldn't get so worked up over Joe B. Drapkin. (A GOLANA reader, I presume?) YANDRO never got too many like that because we made everybody pay for their copies, but we've had our share. They're quite easy to ignore. I wouldn't have printed that one because I didn't think it was funny, but perhaps you did. I didn't think it was funny, but figured it was so unbelievable that some people would think it was funny.---LgE//

JEREMY A. BARRY  
Box 5301  
China Lake, Calif. 93555

For the record, I like your pub. Attractively printed and well illustrated. Interesting reading matter. Gf is a lot like YANDRO in makeup, what with two editorials, book and fanzine reviews, plus a long letter-col. There the sameness ends. Gf has a lightness to

it (maybe I should say lightheadedness), which YANDRO lacks. I guess the difference is due to the generation gap between the two sets of editors, not to mention different personalities. It is a great pleasure to read a zine edited by gals, and also





written and illustrated by them to a great extent. THANK YOU, we can print a bit of praise now and then, can't we?--  
SV

Perhaps I'm not very discriminating. I liked Planet of the Apes. It didn't bother me that it was a chase film. I overlooked the excellent English of the Apes. What did bother me was that the astronauts didn't even recognize the Grand Canyon. Sure at first they'd have been confused... after all they were on a new planet. But surely they'd have soon noticed the beauty of the area, its uniqueness, its similarity to the Grand Canyon of Earth. Eventually the lone-surviving astronaut should have realized where he was long before he did. But to me the real stupidity in the film was the placing of the Statue of Liberty in what was obviously the American or Mexican Pacific Coast. Aside from these, the film was still enjoyable. I still find myself wishing that Tarzan movies were that well done. Perhaps Reddenberry will do the job.

Your 2001 critic agrees with me. There isn't much imagination in Clarke's book. It is written as a non-fiction book and in truth could just as easily be fact. Until the Discovery reaches the orbit of Saturn, nothing very exciting takes place. Even then the reader finds Clarke's restraint a bit too much. Bowman's journey to a distant part of the Universe and his subsequent birth as a new life form simply failed to turn me on. This is not the Clarke who extrapolated so beautifully in Against the

Fall of Night. And judging from what I've read of his fiction in the last ten years, we probably won't see any more stories of that type from this author again. Too bad.

JERRY KAUFMAN  
Room 907  
161 Curl Drive  
Columbus, Ohio 43210

The cover is delightfully evil. Alex Gilliland is a poor artist. True he's no Jack Gaughan but his illos are cute and funny... Idiot I don't care what Doug Luv says, I say you can make at least rudimentary value judgments like that one, but of course I'm just using up valuable space on this page making inane, pointless

comments like this one, interminable as it is beginning to seem; I've been practicing it by writing long sentences with Larry Smith as competition, Larry being the winner with some one hundred words in one sentence, or was it one hundred and fifty, which needless to say I would never try to top since it is such a waste of time, effort, and punctuation.

The bit about fans being introverts used to be much more true than it is today. Apparently, from what I've read in fine old fannish sources, the earliest fans were high school kids with problems. There weren't many college students then, and the kids were not "hip" or particularly aware of the world around them; today it seems to me to be quite different. We still don't have class presidents; we do have kids who are not afraid to be "different."

Afraid to introduce yourself to Buck Coulson? My good God, the man doesn't bite. You should have pulled yourself together, kept you chin down and your guard up, and done what I did...gotten Chris Couch to introduce you.



NEAL GOLDFARB  
30 Brodwood Dr.  
Stamford, Conn. 06902

"Mordor": Reminds me of the song by THE INCREDIBLE STRING  
BAND, "Mercy I Cry City." Very good song. Very good group.  
(All two of them.)

YAAAAAAA!!! Jerry Lapidus. And thanx, Linda, for printing his review. Not many editors print articles contradicting as much as this one did something y'ed said in the previous ish.

Save Nasa? A few things to do first: stop the war, end the draft, increase anti-poverty and education, fix race situations, dump the electoral college and convention system, better prison system, better cops and fairer courts, anti-gun laws, birth control legislation, and I could keep on going. Come off it, Linda; Nasa ain't that important. You say "...instead, our money is being tied up in defense programs and other stupid areas..." In view of the above, Nasa is a "stupid area."

The reprints were both very funny. Does the Oliver King Smith Agency Have anything for \$37.23? //Yes--two used and slightly smashed authors to stagger about in your halls and make obscene comments...SVT//

PIERS A. JACOB  
800 75th St. North  
St. Petersburg, Fl.  
33710

Almost a month ago I received #4, klutzy publication that it was. So what was I doing all this time before getting around

to answering? Catching up on other fanzines, I think. I have been wrestling with this problem for several months, because too many fanzines are appearing, and they take up too much of my time. Finally I made up a list of the fanzines that interest me sufficiently to subscribe to, Loc or contribute to, and I believe I will hold it down to this in future; others will take their chances, probably with diminishing likelihood of ever a postcard reply from me. The list in alphabetical order: Algol, Niekas, Psychotic, Shaggy, Speculation, Yandro. For informational purposes, I'll probably also keep up with SF Times and Locus. Granfalloon, as you may have guessed by this time, is not listed. That doesn't mean I think you're a bad fanzine; matter of fact, I find you sort of cute. But, along with such as Aroich, Beabohema, SF Opinion, Warhoon and others I don't recollect at the moment, I have to relegate you to limbo, so that I can return to my writing. (Actually, I have contributed to a couple of those, but chances are it's a one-shot deal. If something happens to strike me, I write, is all. Pick up more bruises that way...) So please don't feel obligated to print this letter or to send me future copies; probably you'll succeed in making me feel guilty for ignoring a fine fanzine if you do, but that still won't likely elicit another reply. If, on the other hand, you run reviews or commentary on any of my work, I'd appreciate knowing about it, just because I like to know what people think about what I write (and you do have a good review section.) In that case I'll probably acknowledge--but since I think this is the wrong reason for looking at a fanzine, (that is, merely to see one's name mentioned) please don't go out of your way.

So, do we understand each other? (What a question to ask a bunch of klutzy femme-fans!) You don't really want to be responsible for giving an innocent writer a





guilty conscience, do you? (Brother! Now I'm giving you ideas, yet!) Yes, you are, why else are we printing this letter....-LgE/ How about all the postage you may waste? (Ha! That got to you, didn't it!) Mmmm....maybe we shouldn't send a copy. But you know Piers, you don't have to acknowledge all these fanzines, do you? If you didn't tell us that you wanted to keep getting Psychotic and not Gf perhaps we would stop trying to impress you with issues of Gf

I see you have two page 56's, adding to the confusion (you ain't just kidding when you say KLUTZI!).

STEVE PARKER  
629 Reinhard Ave.  
Columbus, Ohio 43206

Steve asked me to send him Joe B. Drapkin's complete letter to read, and he asked me to print the following to show someone dislikes Drapkin's attitude. Unfortunately, Steve, Drapkin won't see this, as I refuse to waste postage by sending him a Granfalloon-LgE/

Personal note to the conceited, obnoxious, illiterate Joe B. Drapkin: I have read the complete letter which you sent Linda for Gf4. My reaction: disgust at you and your fellow ~~s/h/p/s~~ S.O.B.'s. Why did you write that type of letter? Does it give you a sense of ultimate power to insult and swear at a frail female who lives several hundred miles away from "The Mighty J.B.D."??? You make me sick.

Being critical of some of the work is fine; often it helps the editors. But your type of letter helps no one, except, perhaps, you. In that case you don't belong in fandom, your calling is television; there you can become a professional creep. On second thought, I think I will send a copy of this page, at least, to Mr. Drapkin...]

JUDY WALTER  
2231 W. Melrose St.  
Chicago, Ill. 60618

I agree with most of what Ron Smith says in his definition about fans. I'm shy and an introvert myself; and fandom is one of the rare exceptions where I'm not. It is difficult for me to make friends in anything outside of fandom.

You have a wonderful fanzine going and it gets better with each issue. How do you do it? Hard work, good contributors, and a 10 foot bottle of corflu

JERRY LAPIDUS  
54 Clearview Dr.  
Pittsford, NY 14534

Be careful, Linda, least thou become overconfident. I realize you've gone from neofandom to a known mag in a relatively short period of time, and I wouldn't bother doing this if I didn't feel it worth while. But reading things (from the editor) like: "I think this ish is very good...." is very disquieting if you don't personally know the people involved. It really sounds like a little too much 'hubris'; now I know this isn't the case -- but how many of your readers know it? There's a large difference between being sarcastic about how great a particular ish is and actually coming out and saying it (whether true or not). You are right, Jerry, so thisish, no praise from ourselves, we'll get our egoboo from letters....seriously, really, I shouldn't have come out in praise, but lastish was so much work, typing, editing, proofing, and the whole thing did seem good, the best I'd done, so I had to say what I really thought of it. Thisish is not nearly as good, I feel. The humor is lacking, there are few one-liners, little editorial comment, little of the enthusiastic comments which I feel make Granfalloon. Thisish is also sloppily edited, as you may or may not have noticed. All of this is due to the fact that we are typing without rough draft. The illos that go with the letters are placed on at random. Nextish you'll probably write in to decry the fact that I underrated the issue. But seriously, I feel that this ish lacks something, it is not as good as I want it to be, or as it could be, it is sad, but if I want to get the darn thing out, it has got to be done this time, this way. Nextish will be carefully planned! We will have the time to make it a good, darn good ish, our annish, in fact.-LgE/



At Baycon it was decided to have a 5 year rotation. The major purpose of this was to prevent one region from being stuck every four years with having to bid abroad. Consite voting shall now be done TWO years in advance, to provide for easier hotel booking; voting for consites shall be limited to those who have paid at least \$2.00 toward the membership of the convention to be voted on. This sets up the cons for the next several years as follows:

1969--St. Louis  
 1970--Foreign (Germany and Bahamas bidding)  
 1971--East (Boston, Balt., Washington)  
 1972--West (L.A., and Seattle)  
 1973--Midwest--(Chicago, Detroit, Columbus, Minneapolis) + New Orleans  
 1974--East (New York, Washington, etc.)  
 1975-- Foreign (Australia, Japan...)

Sunday, dammit, had a perfect opportunity to do a really INTERESTING article about a pro, an article really telling something about the way he thinks; the way he acts -- and what happens: you could have discovered virtually all the information contained in about 10 minutes of conversation with Alexei.

I think I like Kaufman's poem considerably better than the other more complex, detailed stuff elsewhere in the mag. It has a point to make, and makes it -- simply, clearly, consisely.

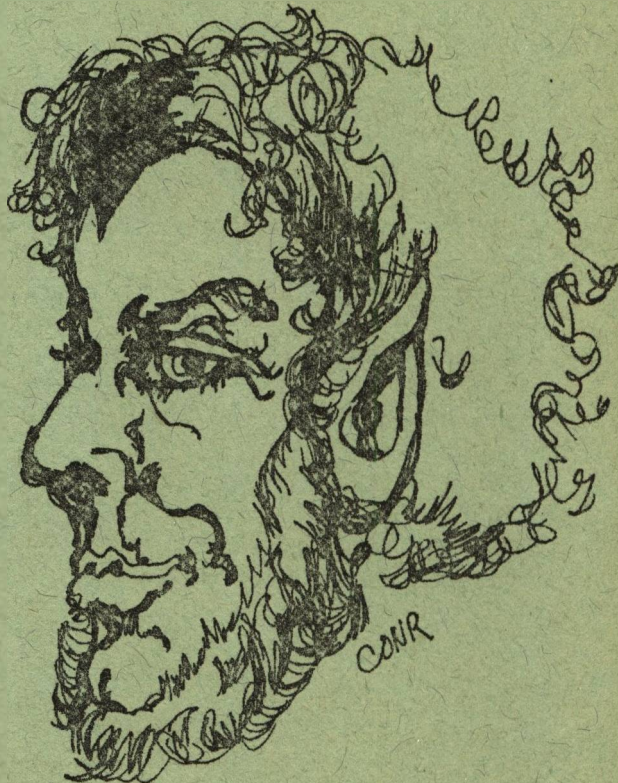
Sunday's tale is better than average fan fiction, as far as that goes. Nothing to brag about, tho; major flaw is some very poor passages, i.e., "I tell you, and I mean it, gentlemen, if you pass Commander Classe's bill, we will not rest until we have overpowered you and regained our right! We will not rest!" As Buck Coulson once said, eech, gack, and my god!

Triple-threat Delap is one of the better reviewers around. Not up to Coulson, or Richard Geis, but infinitely better than those klutzes writing for SFtimes. I'd say he's a little generous with his praise of PASSAGE--it's good but not THAT good--but there's no questioning Alexei's obvious ability to out Heinlein, Heinlein. I look forward to seeing if he can develop his own style in a full-length work. And I do agree with the Dillons as possible Hugo winners; with their Ace Special covers and illos for DV, they've been producing some of the most interesting art in the field. [The Dillons Ace Specials are fantastic, really beautiful.--LGE]

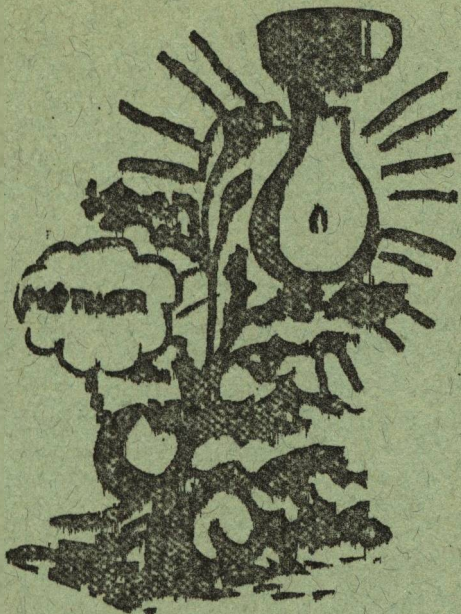
Oh come on, Linda. ARIUCH may be good, but there's so much else around. I mean there's PSYCHOTIC and everything else nominated this year, and have you seen ALGOL recently? [True, PSYCH, ALGOL, AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW, ODD, etc. are great, better than ARIUCH, but ARIUCH is getting there....-LGE]

LISA TUTTLE  
 6 Pine Forest Circle  
 Houston, Texas 77027

When I read Ron Smith's comments on fans, I nearly fell over. Are all fans like that--like me? I'm at my best behind the safety of a typewriter, and am shy and don't tend to make friends easily except in two places: 1) around other fan and 2) around fellow journalists (I began on our







school paper as a shy reporter--typist, but this year I am a boisterous, well-known feature editor, at ease around the rest of the staff). I am not now and have never been a "class leader"--nor are most of my friends. I am considered pretty weird by most people, and would rather stay home and read a book than go to a football game. You ought to get up that questionnaire--it should be interesting. [Well now that I'm typing these LoCs it looks like there was sufficient interest to run up a questionnaire. I guess I should have. But then, I'm lazy....maybe nextish-LgE]

I like con reports! More, please! [If you are reading this and haven't read Ginger's Baycon report yet, turn to it immediately. It is one of the most unusual conreports you'll ever read, and one of the best.]

Where in Ghod's name did Drapkin come from? I mean, a lot of people can't spell, but either someone is playing a sick joke on you or Drapkin has been buried for about 25 years--anyway, long enough to have his sense of humor atrophy and drop off. (Out of humanity I am assuming that he did, at one time, have one.)

Donald D. Markstein  
2232 Wirth Pl.  
New Orleans, La.  
70115

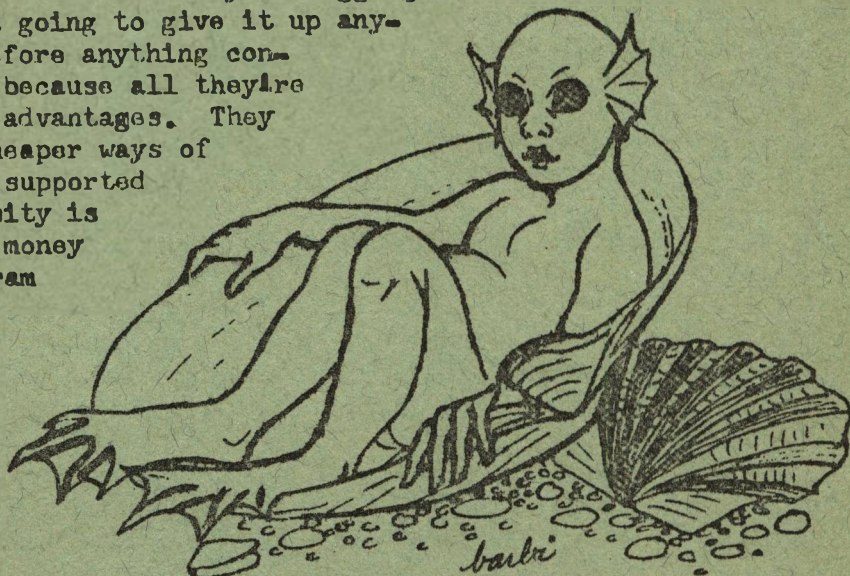
As to your editorial, I'm indifferent to whether or not NASA gets increased funds, or even continues to exist at all. The future of the Space Program is not with the government, but with humanity as a whole. It's the next step in evolution. We won't conquer space until we

have a vehicle that we can use over again. As things stand now, with the government controlling the show, the rocket costs millions of dollars and then just falls into the sea. If private industry were in it as more than just back-riders, they'd damn well find a way to get more use out of the things, because it'd be their money that was lost. Furthermore, suppose General Motors were competing with General Electric or some other big company to get to the moon. A perfectly feasible situation, because the economic advantage to having a place staked out on the moon would be incalculable. If that were the case, they'd be there in 6 months. But the military is hogging the whole show, and they aren't going to give it up any-time soon. It will be years before anything constructive is done about space, because all they're interested in are the military advantages. They aren't interested in finding cheaper ways of getting there because they are supported by the taxpayers, whose generosity is unlimited. So let's give less money to NASA and let the Space Program support itself.

How about:

CON TENT: What you set up in the lobby when you were too late to get a room at the hotel.

CON NOTATION: the entries in IF's SF Calendar





Mike O'Brien  
7613 Huber House  
South Quad  
Ann Arbor, Mich.  
48104

[The following came written on computer paper....] If you keep Mr. Delap as an artist, you'll never be accused of bad artwork, and keeping him on as reviewer will also boost your sales. His reviews are tough and to the point. This means, of course, that I can at least see his point, if not agree with him totally, on those books I've read. That guy is an all-round asset. [Hear that egoboo, Richard....]

Reproduction is excellent. Great article on Panshin! One of the best things in the issue. I didn't like the Doll story. [It is amazing how much variation there was on opinions of Sunday's story and article. Some people loved them both, some people hated them both, some people hated one and loved the other. I was surprised though that no one commented on her poem, which I thought was much better than either the story or article.-LgE] [Woops, as I read along and edit I see that Mike does mention Sunday's poem, and says it is better than the story, but the fact article is best of all, sorry-LgE]

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Ken Maul who asks how old we are: I'm 21 (old hag) and Suzanne is 20, we go to Carnegie Mellon U. He also thought Fred Haskell had a good insight into love in his "Poem!"

Leigh Edmonds wrote a nice letter, and mentions that ETHERLINE is now defunct, but he has a small zine in Apa-45.

Ed Reed asks us to continue the DOOR series, and we probably will, but we don't want to overdo a good thing, so more DOOR stories will appear at less frequent intervals. Richard Delap and Lisa Tuttle have sent a few. Ed also thinks A SPACE ODDITY by Leo Vale is one of the best parodies he's seen. A number of other people wrote in that they enjoyed Leo's parody. Although I've cut most of these comments, I want to be sure and give Leo the egoboo he deserves.

Don Cardoza also (here I go again) comments on Sunday's ARRAKIS and says that if she doesn't watch herself, she may find herself turning out some really fine writing someday....

Bill Danner wrote, and then sent along a funny story (well, not funny really, very well done, kind of racy....a story about...) anyway, it will probably turn up nextish.

Hank Davis said Burt Lancaster is a nil talent actor! Also hates PLANET OF THE APES seems to dislike Connie Reich's art, thinks the lettercol is too short, and is also unlikely to be receiving very many issues of Granfalloon....

Mike Montgomery wrote and after several misunderstandings admitted that he likes Gf. He also owes us 50¢ for his ad thisish....

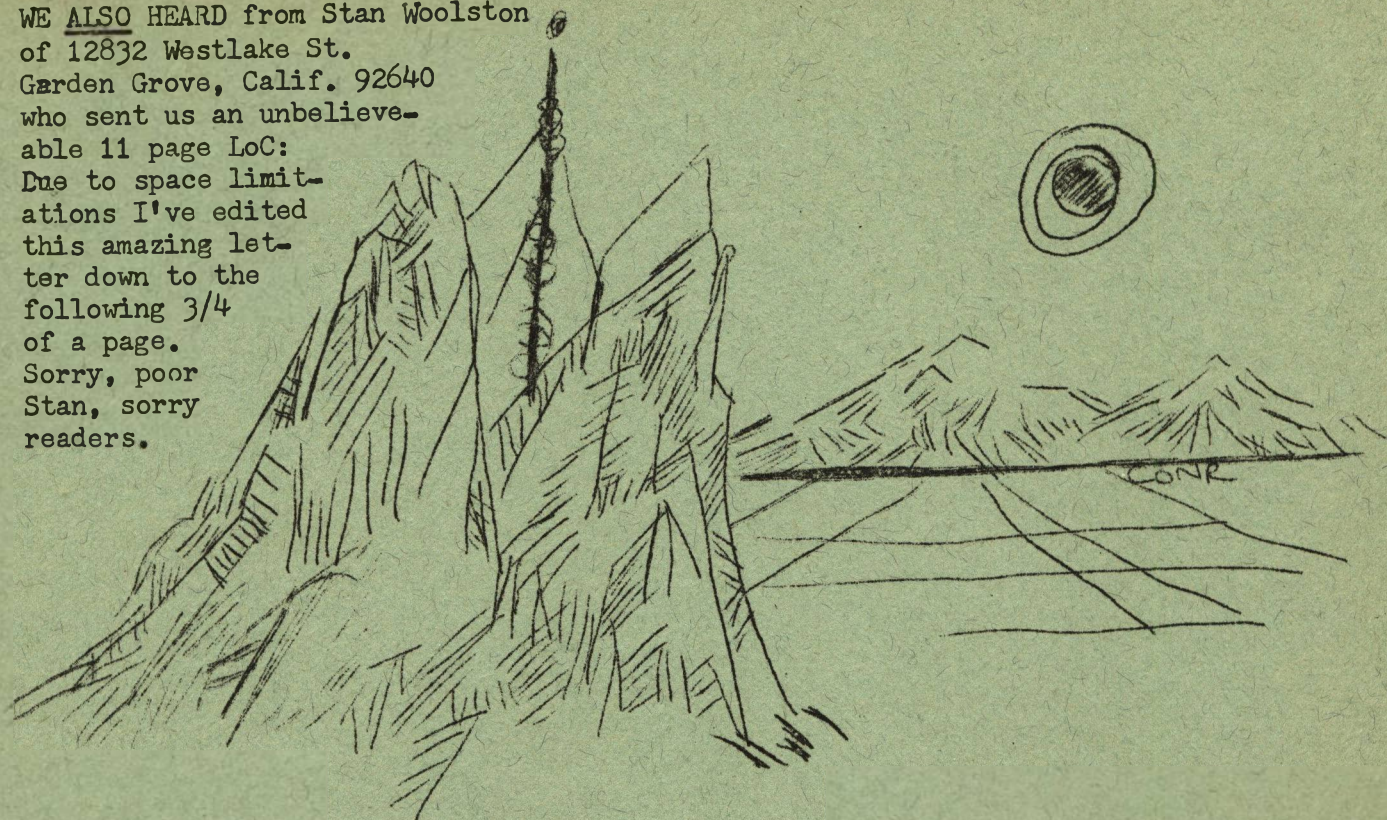
Mike Weber liked THE ELEVATOR SONG and thought Ron Smith's description of fen was excellent.

Leland Sapiro wrote a Loc at Baycon, ... and didn't seem to like Gf. He criticizes the use of ~~crossed out words~~, liked Joe Drapkin's letter, and thought that Damon Knight's article seemed old hat, which is likely, since it is a reprinted article...

Bob Stahl thought "By the Charm of a Doll" was superb. Asks that we use one type of type per ish, which we would, if we could, but with 2 different types of typewriters this is difficult. He asks what Omphalopsychite means, and it means a group of monks who contemplate their navels, or something like that....



WE ALSO HEARD from Stan Woolston  
 of 12832 Westlake St.  
 Garden Grove, Calif. 92640  
 who sent us an unbelievable 11 page LoC:  
 Due to space limitations I've edited  
 this amazing letter down to the  
 following 3/4  
 of a page.  
 Sorry, poor  
 Stan, sorry  
 readers.



Ron Smith classifies the "average fan" as an introvert, and to a degree I guess many are. But they're individuals, too, and often mix extroverted traits with introversion in a way that makes generalities not always true. Many aggressive fans are aggressive on paper only; some fans, though, become pros--and it seems to me that these may be less introverted, for the most part. But whether fans or pros, each person has so many individual traits and reactions that the tendency to generalize is more of an effort to understand them than anything else.

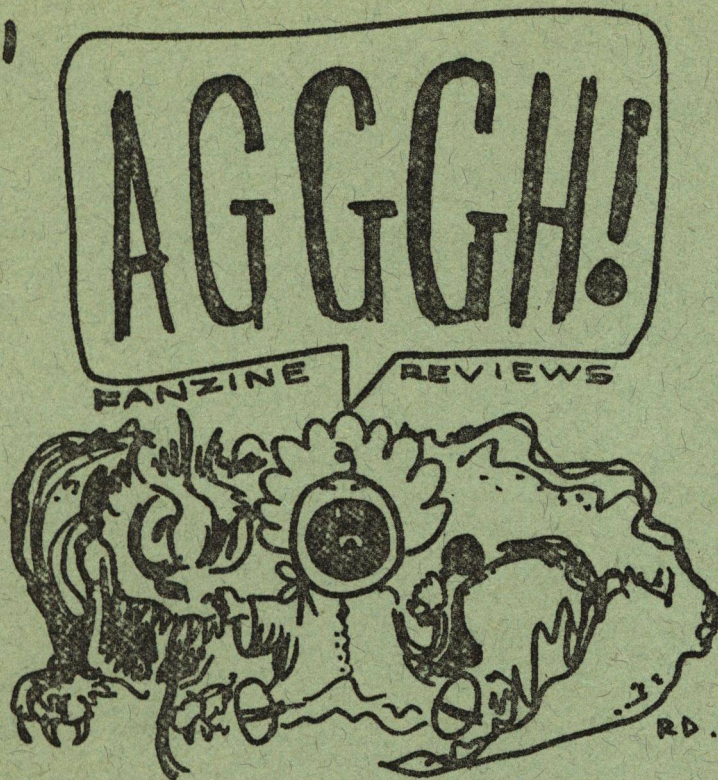
Dues for the N3F are \$2 a year.

Fred Haskell points up part of what must be the Negro's problem. Due to one other aspect, though, he's being subject to pressure that is psychological. He has been told he is equal--and then, with the chance that he can grow along with the rest of the country he finds barriers set up. Instant freedom is hard to achieve, but psychologically it is frustrating to feel growth is being stopped after you are assured that growth is allowed. (Allowed? It's demanded by any growing thing. But growth takes time. And certain "spokesmen" are mighty insistent on instant growth of the whites to recognize the full-fledged ability and rights of Negroes, without some of those involved having a chance to prove themselves in jobs or school first.) Instant utopia isn't practical or possible, but everyone should have chances to learn--be educated and have job opportunities. There is probably a way to say this in a brief few sentences but I'm not able just now to re-do this. On to other things.

Visual effects are a great part of my enjoyment of TV or movie SF, but I like a series of characters that aren't there entirely for the pattern they make--like flakes of glass on the outside of a cookie, maybe. I can see your views about the way lack of good dialog and characterization leaves holes in a movie are close to my own. A flawed masterpiece distracts just that much from complete satisfaction.

I see you decided to send your zine for "substantial" LoC's, even if not published. Is something like a dozen pages substantial? [OH FOR GOD SAKE'S YES....please, keep it down to 3 or so single spaced pages next time...]





These reviews are by SVT who could no longer bring herself to force Linda to endure its tortures. (Meaning she'll no longer fall for the bait of 4 copies of New Worlds dangling from a hanger and walk into that closet, where we'd lock her until the reviews were finished.) This time the fanzine reviews have not only included our regular trades & subs, but several things we ~~blindly~~ ~~accepted~~ traded for Gf at Baycon.

FANTASY NEWS #8, Harry Wasserman, 7611 North Regent Rd., Milwaukee, Wisc., 53217; 35¢, 3/\$1.00, or the usual; Nicely reproed, this zine is both interesting and varied. There are 2 long columns on films, a transcript of Wil-

liam Shatner on Merv Griffin, and a serious and important letter by Dave Szurok. The poetry by Gary Levison was good, but all jammed up on 3/4 of a page. Also good Jack Gaughan illos and insane cover. His style seems to have a different quality in this zine than I'd noticed before. I enjoyed it.

HAVERINGS #35, Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Ave., Surbiton, Surrey, UK; 6/\$1.00. Well, this is hard to review since it consists entirely of fanzine reviews. They are good reviews, tho.

ALGOL #14, Andrew Porter, Box 367, New York, N.Y. 10028; 60¢, 5/\$1.00, or usual, trades arranged. ALGOL continues to be one of the best with this lithoed, mimeoed, and dittoed zine -- all of which, I might add, are well reproed. Andy starts out with a rather sober discussion of "The Year of the Jackpot," Heinlein's story title has come to mean a time of disaster in fandom, which last and this year certainly have been. Piers Anthony discusses writing CHTHON, and Anne McCaffrey writes "On Pornography." Also printed are Lawrence Ashmead and Fredrick Pohl's speeches from the Nebula Awards banquet. They seem to be lacking in artwork, but what they have is great. Dick Lupoff is a fine book reviewer (even if I don't agree....). Finally, there is all sorts of wild business going on in the lattercol. (Andy, is this enough to prove I'm not an object? Hummm??)

DOUBLE:BILL #18, Bill Mallardi, 369 Wildwood Ave., Akron, Ohio, 44320, and Bill Bowers, 3271 Shallhart Rd., Barberton, Ohio 44203; subs to Bowers; 50¢ or 5/\$1.00, printed locs, arranged trades, and contribs (I think...they didn't say). Wow!! It's great to see D:B back in action. After a year's, uhm, rest, they've come out with a fantastic "special resurrection issue". Cover and Bacover are Prosser reprints and wild; all the art is excellent. Bill Bowers is really coming on as a major fan artist. His art for articles like S.A. Stricklen's, really made the articles better than they already were. Ed Cox doesn't have a doodle, but he does have an article; Roger Zelazny has a poem; unusual book reviews and Buck Coulson's last installment of Wallaby Stew (zine reviews). There is also a reprint of one of Ron Ellick's Squirrel Cage's, with an accompanying letter by Bjo Trimble. Even if your lattercol is a bit out of date, D:B, I'm glad you're back.



NOPE #7 & 8, Jay Kinney, Balwin-Wallace College, Union Box 1317 Berca, Ohio, 44017. Can a six page dittoed comix fanzine be interesting and enjoyable to an SF fan -- Yup! Artists Jay's (who I met at Octocon) zine is available for stamps, LoCs, trades, friends, and "those of you who ship me beautiful girls in envelopes marked DO NOT FOLD, SPINDLE, OR MUTILATE." I like it.

QUIP #9, Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, NY, 11040; 50¢ or the usual; this is the Fannish fanzine and one of my personal favourites. Arnie has the longest and MOST entertaining con report on Midwestcon I've ever seen. There is a plea by Bob Tucker; Greg Benford Fanzine Reviews; a funny by John Berry, an article by Harry Warner and Bus Busby and Lon Atkins. John Berry cartoons are very funny, but I'd say they need some artwork. The cover is a two page cartoon and hysterical. I hope they get the LoCs they want, because Quip is a fine zine.

HUGIN AND MUNIN #6, Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa, 8, Ontario, Canada. 25¢ or the usual, and KEVIN AND TRILLIUM #1/2, p.o. Box 2427 Station D, Ottawa 4, Ontario. 35¢, 3/\$1.00, or the usual... Those are being reviewed together because they are literally stapled together. L. and I were selling them at Baycon along with Gf, if any of you saw us there. HaM is the official clubzine of ACUSFOOS, the SF club at Carleton U. For a club zine it's really quite good - a genzine actually. KaE is similar, though very small. Film reviews, well-done club news, fanfiction, an article on Sherlock Homes. I enjoyed Labonte's editorial, and Ray Mara's Strange Nelson, errr, Ray Nelson's Strange Mara. Nice mimeo repro curtesy of Earl Schultz.

QUARK #7, the Super Quark, Lesleigh and Chris Couch (and we know Hank Luttrell is in there somewhere), Rt. 2, Box 889 Arnold, Missouri, 63010. For Apa 45, and anyone who shows interest. SuperQuark is just that. 70 pages of beautifully mimeoed, well done fanzine. Article by Ted White on RoTc groups, Jim Reuss, Mike Novak, and others. Items on St. Lou, Jim Schumacher poetry, and an article by Jerry Kaufman. Lesleigh's Midwestcon report is funny. All topped off with a long and good lettercol and record review by Hank and Ed Smith. All the above is so darn good, really.....

PSYCHOTIC 27, Richard E. Geis, P.O. Box 3116 Santa Monica, Cal., 90403; 50¢, 2/\$1.00, or the usual. I've always liked Psy's liberal attitude and satiric style, but something about thisish bothered me. Harlan's article on speculative fiction is great, and I've been following Earl Ever's Primer for Heads with great interest since it started. Keep it up, Earl... Jack Gaughan's fold-out deserves praise, as does his, Bode's and Rostler's art, to name a few of the many contributors. The articles are good, the style is entertaining, but there is a feeling I don't like and didn't enjoy. Perhaps it was Harry Harrison's attack on Ted White, perhaps it was something else, but goodnes, Mr. Geis, this issue is strange indeed.

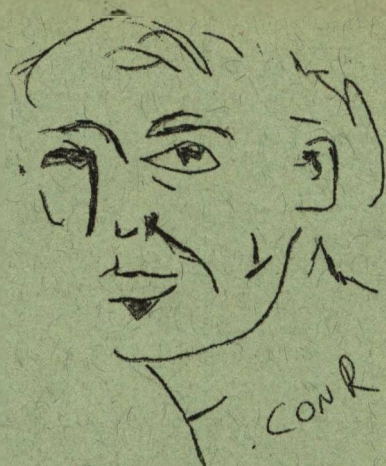
Australian Science Fiction Review, #15, John Bangsund, P.O. Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria, 3156, Australia; 6/\$2.40; and I don't know what else. Well-mimeod, with no art, but it does have the Worst Science Fiction Ever Published -- an article that is, by Brian Aldiss. Also articles of SF in Europe and one by Franz Rottensteiner. A nice long book review section with good reviews by seven people.

Surruish #8, Leigh Couch, Rt. 2, etc.; the Official publication of the Ozark SFA. I enjoyed this genzine almost as much as Quark. Leigh has a sensitive and truthful article on Harlan Ellison and his GoHing at Ozarkcon. I'm glad someone said what she said. A long section on Ozarkcon; articles by Alexis Gilliland, Phil Harrel and a "Playlet" by James Dorr. Robert Jennings frontcover IS A THING OF BEAUTY. THIS IS AN EXCELLENT CLUBZINE.

TO FIND OUT WHAT CALAMITY HAS BEFALLEN THAT CAUSES US TO CHANGE TYPE FACE, READ ON.



WELL, IT IS A SIMPLE STORY, REALLY. AS PER USUAL, SUZLE WAITED TILL THE LAST DAY TO WRITE THE FANZINE REVIEWS. I WAS TYPING (I AM LINDA) THEM UP AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, AND SUZLE WAS WRITING THEM, THEN SUDDENLY THE PHONE RANG. THE CAB WAS WAITING OUTSIDE, IT WAS TIME TO RUSH OF TO JOHNSTOWN TO RUN OFF GF! WE GRABBED THE HALF TYPED STENCIL AND ZOOMED AWAY. NOW THERE ARE TWO MORE PAGES TO TYPE, AND ALL WE HAVE IS THIS FUNNY TYPE. SORRY, GANG....



GROK #1, BOB STAHL AND OWEN EVERETT, BOX 114, BRIDGE CITY, TEXAS, 77611; 25¢, 6/\$1.00 OR USUAL. READABLE REPRO, FAN FICTION, BOOK REVIEWS, AND MORE BOOK REVIEWS; IT IS SHORT, AND A FAIRLY GOOD FIRST ISH. HOPE IT GOES ON AND IMPROVES.

BEABOHEMA #1, FRANK LUNNEY, 212 JUNIPER ST., QUAKERTOWN, PA., 18951; 25¢ OR USUAL. FRANK IS A YOUNG FAN AND THIS FIRSTISH IS PRETTY GOOD AS SUCH. THE REPRO IS GOOD, AS IS SOME OF THE FANFICTION. HE DOES NEED CONTRIBS. THERE IS AN INTERESTING ARTICLE ON NORMAN SPINRAD BY ED REED, AND ONE SORT OF ON ZELAZNY BY GARY HUBBARD... I HOPE TO SEE MORE OF THIS ZINE.

ZINE-OPHOBIA #1, JOHN HATCH AND KEN MAUL, 688 MARINE DR., SOUTH GLEN FALLS, NY. (10¢ OR USUAL). STAR TREK REVIEWS, BOOK REVIEWS, EDITORIALS, FINE FOR A FIRSTISH, BUT ZERO ARTWORK CERTAINLY DOESN'T HELP.

L'ANGE JACQUE #2, ED REED, 668 WESTOVER DR., STANFORD, CONN. 06902. 35¢ 3/\$1.00. BEAUTIFUL DITTO REPRO. FICTION, ARTICLE, POEMS. GOOD ISH.

OSFIC, PETER GILL, 18 GLEN MANOR DR., TORONTO, 13, CANADA. ONTARIO SFC CLUBZINE. MIKE GLICKSON'S BAYCON REPORT WAS INADEQUATE. HE COVERS LITTLE OF WHAT HAPPENED AND DOESN'T SEEM TO CATCH THE FEELING OF IT ALL. BUT THAT'S JUST MY PERSONAL OPINION. I DO LIKE HIS FAN AND PRO REVIEWS, THOUGH. THERE'S AN INTERVIEW WITH FORRY ACKERMAN, FICTION AND A POEM. ALSO A GREAT COVER BY ROD ROBERS AND BACOVER BY VAUGHAN BODE.

EXILE #4, SETH DOGRAMAJIAN, 32-66, 80TH ST., JACKSON HEIGHTS, NY LL370, 25¢ OR USUAL; THIS HAS A NEW SMALL, PHOTO-OFFSET BORMAT. LOVELY GAUGHAN COVER. TINY PRINT, BUT I STRAINED ENOUGH TO READ DAVE SZUREK'S FILM SECTION, WHICH WAS GOOD, AND GENE KLEIN'S SCARPCON REPORT. THERE IS FANFICTION AND LETTERCOL. NICE LITTLE ZINE.

PLINTH 3, MIKE ASHLEY, 8 SHURLAND AVE., SITTINGBOURNE, KENT, UK; 25¢. FULL OF REVIEWS. ALSO A CHECKLIST OF LEAD SF STORIES AND !967 IN RETROSPECT. ALSO A MYSTERIOUS LIST OF STORIES FROM PROZINES, THE WORTH OF WHICH I COULDN'T QUITE FIGURE OUT...

STEFANTASY, VOL. 24, NO. 2, WILLIAM DANNER, RD #1. KENNERDALE, PA. GOOD OLD STEFANTASY IS JUST AS GOOD (AND JUST AS OLD??) AS EVER. IT STARTS WITH AN ALEX EISENSTEIN COVER AND GOES DOWNHILL FROM THERE, ER, ANYWAY, I WAS JUST JOKING. I LOVE STEF BECAUSE BILL HAS MY KIND OF WIT, OR PERHAPS LACK OF THEM... THERE ARE ADS FOR THINGS LIKE THE LEK-TRC NO-EL CHRISTMAS COMPLEX, AND ARTICLES TAKEN RIGHT FROM SCIENCE AND EVERYTHING.. THIS IS A GREAT LITTLE ZINE, FOR MY MONEY/ THOSE OF YOU WHO WANT IT THOUGH, IT'S FREE.



SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER, PEORIA H.S. SFC, Vol. 3, No. 1, DON BLYLY, GUEST REVIEW BY LGE: SOMEHOW IT WAS PLEASANT TO SEE THIS AFTER THE SUMMER HIATUS. IT WAS THE SAME THING AS LAST YEAR, CRUMMY FICTION. THERE WERE, HOWEVER, A FEW ZINE REVIEWS WHICH FORMED A MOST WELCOME CHANGE. BUT STILL, I ALMOST ENJOYED READING IT JUST TO SEE WHAT THE MASKED NEMESIS AND PEORIA HIGH WERE UP TO. DON MENTIONS THAT HE'S GOING TO USE REGULAR FANZINE FORMAT NEXT TIME, INSTEAD OF THEIR NEWSPAPER FORMAT WITH NO ILLOS. I ONLY HOPE HE ALSO GOES TO REGULAR FANZINE MATERIAL.

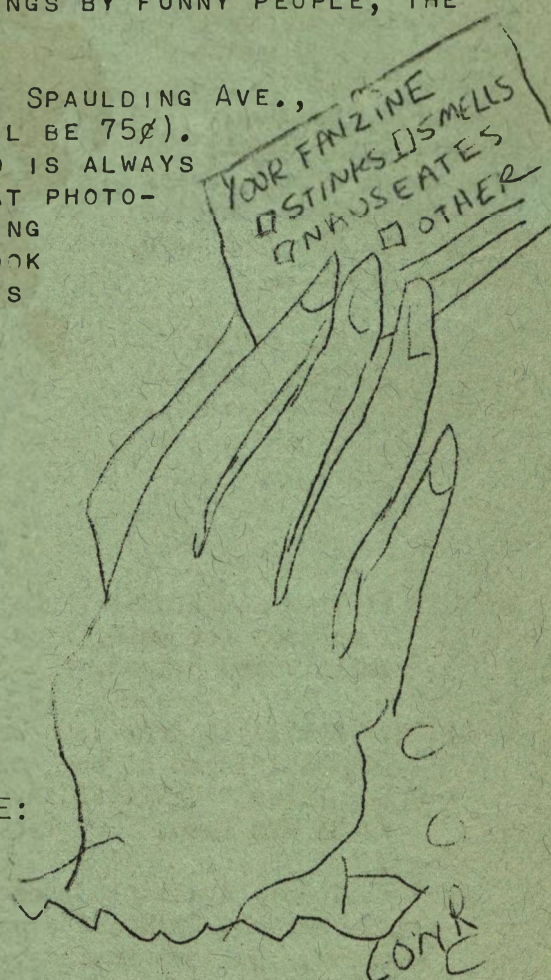
COF 10, MICHAEL WARD, Box 45, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIF., 94040; DOESN'T SAY IF AND FOR WHAT IT IS AVAILABLE. NOW, I'M VERY SURE I WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THIS PHOTO-OFFSET ZINE, BUT THE TYPE IS SO SMALL THAT IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO READ WITHOUT A MAGNIFYING GLASS, AND I LITERALLY MEAN THAT. HOWEVER, I DID STIR MY EYES TO READ RANDELL GARRET'S REMINISCES ABOUT SILVERBOB AND HARLAN AND LIKE THAT. SINCE THE VORPAL SWORD ISN'T MY BAG, I DIDN'T ENJOY IT, BUT IT SEEMED RATHER GOOD. INTERESTING ART. I RECOMMEND THIS ONLY TO THOSE OF YOU WITH STRONG GLASSES OR VERY GOOD EYES...

TAPEWORM #7, JACK HALDEMAN, 1244 WOODBOURNE AVE., BALTIMORE, MD. 21212, 25¢, THE USUAL, AND THE UNUSUAL. NICE EDITORIAL STYLE; ALEX GILLILAND HAS A WILD STORY AND DOES MUCH OF THE ARTWORK. JOE HALDEMAN ALSO MAKES SEVERAL CONTRIBUTIONS. BOOK REVIEWS, A FIVE PAGE POEM, SOMETHINGS ON VIETNAM. POETRY, FANFICTION, AND FUNNY THINGS BY FUNNY PEOPLE, THE HALDEMAN'S. GOOD MIMED REPRO; I LIKE IT.

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRIES #74, KEN RUDOLPH, 745 N. SPAULDING AVE., L. A., CALIF. 90046. 50¢ OR USUAL. (75 WILL BE 75¢). 4/\$1.00. SHAGGY ALWAYS LOOKS DIFFERENT AND IS ALWAYS PRETTY GOOD. LOTS OF GOOD ARTWORK AND GREAT PHOTO-OFFSET REPRO. BODE'S COBALT 60. FASCINATING GROUP CON REPORT ON FUNCON. FANFICTION, BOOK AND FILM REVIEWS; LONG LETTERCOL. SHAGGY IS DEFINITELY WORTH IT!

SCOTTISHE #49, ETHEL LINDSAY, COURAGE HOUSE (SEE HAVERINGS); BOOK REVIEWS FROM ETHEL THIS TIME; A COLUMN BY PENELOPE FANDERGASTE (RIGHT...?) & LLOYD BIGGLE, JR. ER., THAT IS, 2 DIFFERENT COLUMNS. BOOK REVIEWS BY IAN PETERS, AND LIKE MANY OF THE FANZINES, A NOTICEABLE LACK OF ARTWORK.

CRY #177, VERA HEMINGER, WALLY WEBER, AND ELINOR BUSBY; E.B. 2852 14TH AVE, WEST SEATTLE, WASH. 98119; SUBS AND TRADES TO V.H., 30214, 108TH AVE., SE, AUBURN, WASH. 98002; 40¢ OR USUAL. SPECIAL REVIEW BY LGE: THIS ISSUE CONTAINS 4 EDITORIALS (3 EDS + VONDA MCINTYRE), AND A LETTERCOL -- AN ENORMOUS LETTERCOL. ALTHOUGH THIS IS ALL, CRY IS A GOOD ZINE. THE EDITORIALS ARE LONG, FUNNY, INTERESTING, AND WITTY. AND THE LETTERCOL IS LONG AND WITH LOCs BY INTERESTING PEOPLE. THERE IS LITTLE S TREK MATERIAL, AND A GORGEOUS COVER BY DICK BERGERON. IT'S LITHOED.





How do you do! (O Granfalloon)  
 I write from the nethermost tip of the moon.  
 Can you send me a piece of your zine?  
 (In trade for something, I mean)  
 (Previously unpublished!)

I was told (a bit of a while ago)  
 By a fanzine man I barely know  
 That you have a decent zine.  
 (one of the best he's seen)

This sibilant ditty (I wish it was) (unofficially published)  
 Should be something more witty for you,  
 Because, It's written to trade for your zine.  
 (As a contribution, I mean)  
 (It's previously unpublished)

-----Clifford W. Shaw

### COMING NEXT ISH:

Nextish is our Grannish, the 1 year anniversary issue. So far we have a Bill Bowers cover, a ConR bacover, material by Jack Gaughan, Connie Reich, and Ed Smith. But we need more articles, both humor and sercon. We also need lots of artwork. (Yes, we really do, Doug, George, Jack, Connie [you sweet thing/], Jean-nie, Dick, Seth, Barbi, Alex, Ken, Bill, Richard, Vaughn, Dean....)

Don't miss it, sub or contribute now. It will be out end of January....



### WHY DID YOU GET THISISH?

You are mentioned\_\_\_\_  
 You contributed\_\_\_\_  
 We trade zines\_\_\_\_  
 For Review, please\_\_\_\_  
 Ghod knows\_\_\_\_  
 Sample\_\_\_\_  
 You subscribed! ✓  
 # 2 is your lastish.  
 Hatred\_\_\_\_  
 We'd like you to contri-  
 bute\_\_\_\_  
 You are a flange\_\_\_\_  
 You are not a flange,  
 you are a thingie\_\_\_\_  
 You are not a PgHLANGE,  
 you are a P-Con\_\_\_\_  
 We like you a lot\_\_\_\_  
 This is the lastish  
 you'll get unless  
 we hear from you\_\_\_\_  
 You're weird, Mark Horn\_\_\_\_

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 Thousands for sale, many in excellent condition. Send want list for availability and prices.

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 Official Organ of the New Orleans SFA; Art by (WOW) Steir Taylor, Doug Wirth,  
 Ken Hafer \*\*FANTASTIC\*\*, and similar greats...Other groovy stuff. Buy now,  
 avoid the rush. Buy later, create the rush. Buy it, will you??

**TOLKIEN BUTTONS:** Available from Mike Montgomery, 2925 Pennsylvania, Albuquerque,  
 New Mexico, 87110; 25¢ ea., 5/\$1.00, 20/\$3.50; include 6¢ extra on any size  
 order. Buttons include, "Frodo Gave His Finger for You", "Gollum Eats  
 Goblins", and "Sauron is Alive in Argentina".

**AD SPACE:** is available for 50¢ per 3 line ad. Other ads can be arranged.