



GRANFALLOON #6

Vol. II, No. I

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Keith Kramer, and assorted WPSFA members.

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LETTERING BY CONNIE REICH

THIS IS A KLUTZY PRODUCTION
Would you believe January 1969 issue? February? March!
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call of the *KLUTZ*



editorial by

Linda Eyster

This is the first anniversary issue of Granfalloon! The Grannish represents the climax of what has really been my first year in fandom. During that year a lot has happened, both to me and to Granfalloon. First me---

I've gained a tremendous amount in my connection with fandom -- Friendships with such great people as Bob Roehm, the Couches, Richard Delap, Bill Mallardi and Bill Bowers, Earl Schultz, Richard Labonte, Jerry Lapidus, and others. Some of them have been through letters only, others at cons. There has also been the fun, egoboo, and enjoyment of putting out a fanzine. The fascination of discovering the strange and fun inner world of fandom; reading the articles on SF found in zines; talking about SF to other fans; meeting and listening to pros; have all been a big part of my life.

I've also managed to go through school and am now a senior. I turned 21, voted, and bought my first (and second and....) bottle of booze. And most importantly, I've learned a lot about myself and have gained maturity (though those of you who remember the yoyos at conventions or trying to sell Bob Silverberg a copy of Bf may wonder just how much I've gained, or what I was like before.....)

And Granfalloon has changed quite a bit too. Issue #1 was spirit (like ditto) which had the added highlight of illegible repro. There was Jack Gaughn [sic] and printing on one side of a page. #2 really improved as we went to mimeo and had more of Connie Reich's artwork; Dale Steranka's infamous "Memoirs of a Shy Young Thing" at NyCon began the trend of unusual con reports; Richard Delap's first book reviews appeared. #3 included Delap's first artwork (cover); poetry; Gaughan, Foster, Luv, Turnbull and ConR artwork on almost every page; and two con reports. #4 was the longest issue with a Delap lithoed cover, Alexis Gilliland and Jeannie DiModica artwork, Sunday Jordane's poetry and prose, Alex Panshin interview, Logogenetics by Damon Knight; Bob Tucker; Arnie Katz; A Space Oddity; and more -- it was quite an issue. #5 contained our first multicolored illos and the artwork was almost uniformly good --only marred by my own inept tracing (from now on we are just electrostenciling). Ginjer Buchanan's fantastic Baycon report, John Campbell article, and a story by the infamous Jesus Cumming were highlights. Sorry gang, but no back issues available.

Sigh. And now, finally, the Grannish.....its been a long year.

With this issue comes the end to an era of Granfalloon for Suzanne is resigning as co-editor. The only changes in future issues will be the lack of the Suzlecol, and a temporary reversion to quarterly timetable. Electrostenciled art, lithoed covers, and multicolored illos will continue, so please send lots of artwork. Suzle will be starting her own zine, and if everyone in Pittsburgh who wants to publish a zine does, Pittsburgh will be almost as prolific as St. Louis.

Hoy! Bob Tucker plays pingPong.

As you may know, Suzle, Jeannie DiModica, Dale Steranka, and I are roommates in a 2-bedroom apartment which is part of the women's dorm at Carnegie-Mellon. Like most dorms there are certain regulations we must follow -- like no booze, men after hours, and so on. But being trufen, rules never stop us, or even slow us down.... Would you believe we've had all night pinochle parties, collating parties till 3, and constant guests on the living room couch (and rug and....)? Well they finally caught up to us when an early morning room check disclosed two men diving through a narrow window in 10 degree weather without coat or shoes. Trying to look inconspicuous as they said "Hello" to the policeman standing outside the window, they failed. First they were frisked by the friendly rent-a-cops who disclosed that a robbery had taken place in the dorm. ("If this kid moves, grind his face into the concrete. All right, place your hands against the wall.") They were then ~~interrogated~~ questioned. ("You say you stayed there all night? 'Yes.' 'Where?' 'Would you believe the couch?' 'Both of you?' 'Well.....its a large couch.....') And eventually they were cleared of the robbery charges....so now Dale and I are in trouble for having guys over after curfew.

We will let you know next time just how much trouble we got into; we should know by then.

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T H E P G H L A N G E

Bob Silverberg: Guest of Honor

Privilege will be shown

There will be panels, parties, and a banquet

June 6-8

Allegheny Motor Inn, 1464 Beers

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Write Peter Hays for information (1421 Wightman St.

Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

Registration: \$1.50 in advance; \$2.00 at door

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Hopefully most of you have sent in for your St. Louiscon memberships. Even if you aren't planning to attend it is a good idea to join -- you must be a member to nominate and vote for the Hugos. Send \$3 for supporting or foreign non-attending, \$4 for attending to St. Louiscon, Box 3008, St. Louis, Mo. 63130. The con is Aug. 29-Sept. 1.

Speaking of Hugos, I guess it is time to start considering nominating possibilities. Last year Ottawa fans published LOWDOWN -- an 18 page zine which attempted to review the Hugo nominees in order to give fandom a better idea of what to vote for. Richard Labonte (971 Walkley Rd., Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada) wants to publish another this year. He asks for reviews of anything you think will be nominated and for comments on conventions in general. Fandom needs the LowDown on the Hugos, so write Richard for information.

I've found it much easier to survey Hugo nominees if I consider that the Hugo is an achievement award. But usually the best coincides with the greatest achievement.

BEST FAN ARTIST -- Jack Gaughan would be my choice, but like last year, he will probably disqualify himself if nominated, since he is a pro. George Barr, last year's winner, is an excellent artist, but only one episode of his "Broken Sword" has appeared and he has done little else. Chambers, Stiles, Atom, and Bjo Trimble, seem to have semi-gaflated or slowed down a bit in production. But some new artists have done a lot more and better work during the year. Lovenstein, Foster, Connie Reich, Mike Gilbert, Tim Kirk, and Bernie Zuber have done quite a bit, but none have produced anything near the volume of Richard Bergeron or Vaughan Bode. Both are excellent, but my choice would be Bode this year, because of his experimentation with technique in comic strips like "Gline" (in Odd) and many fine covers.

BEST PRO ARTIST -- I dislike Kelly Freas; the Dillions have done some good covers for the Ace specials; but my favorite is Jack Gaughan, who can do more with an illo than anyone else around.

BEST FANZINE -- All of last year's nominees except Psychotic (now SF Review) have gone downhill. Light House didn't even appear, Australian SF Review has gotten smaller, more infrequent, and may have folded; Yandro has turned mostly into a boring lettercol; Riverside Quarterly is dull. But Psychotic is excellent. It's my choice for Hugo.

Other good zines are Odd, Warhoon (which has a great unity due to the immaculate repro and Bergeron's artwork), Speculation (excellent articles, but layout and artwork could be improved), Shaggy -- but just because of my personal enjoyment I have to pick Psychotic. If you don't care for Psychotic, there's always Granfalloon.....

BEST PRO MAGAZINE — Last year's nominees (ANALOG, GALAXY, NEW WORLDS, IF, and F&SF) have all been good. NW has achieved publicity from Bug Jack Barron, but has had poor distribution in the U.S. IF has had some excellent material, as has F&SF. See Richard Delap's prezine reviews for more detailed analysis.

S.F. Review is a psychotic fanzine

BEST FAN WRITER — Ted White and John Berry have had some good columns. Bob Tucker, Bob Vardeman, and Arnie Katz have also done a great number of columns, mostly hilarious. Harry Warner Jr. is one of the top choices. He has had letters in almost every fanzine, and each letter is constructive, interesting, and fascinating. He has also written several good columns and really deserves to be nominated again. My first choice is Richard Delap, because of his achievement during the past year. He has had more book reviews in various zines such as PSYCHOTIC, YANDRO, TOMMORROW AND..., than anyone else. And the reviews are excellent! He's also published various movie reviews and columns in several zines and won the N3F story contest.

BEST DRAMA — Not one STAR TREK episode has been of Hugo quality this year. But there have been many

movies which would win the Hugo in another year, but in this year packed with goodies they will probably get only a nomination. PLANET OF THE APES, CHARLIE, BARRABELLA, BEDAZZLED, and ROSEMARY'S BABY were all good; but 2001 is bound to win the Hugo.

BEST NOVEL — there have been many good ones, but of those I've read none have been outstanding. RITE OF PASSAGE, PAST MASTER, SOS THE ROPE were good, but the ones I haven't read (like BUG JACK BARRON, NOVA, OMNIVORE, and DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP) all sound better.

at any rate, be sure to join the St. Louiscon and be sure to vote!



By the way, if you are confused about the new Legal Rules for the Worldcon (such things as rotation for conventions, new Hugo categories, voting for consites, etc.) write Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y. 14534 and send a dime (or two 6¢ stamps). Jerry has compiled them all in a nicely mimeoed list and they are very useful.

* * *

HEIDELBERG IN 1971!!!!!!!!!!

* *



As I mentioned previously, we have had both men after hours and booze in our apartment. Even if they catch us with the booze, they may not be able to recognize it as such. Dale has a strange hobby — making up new drinks. Have you tried?:

a gworf: daiquiri, mix, rum, grenadine syrup, frothy, lime juice

a weird dale: bourbon and orange juice

hitchie: apricot brandy, whipped cream, milk, frothy, ice, grenadine

We had hoped to get this issue out before Balticon, but it looks like we won't run it off until the week after, Feb. 22nd. So by the time you get it, this ish will be about a month late.

Nextish: A Bowers bacover, Connie Reich artwork, Delap cover, Delap's magazine reviews continued, and more. Subscribe now and don't miss a thrilling issue of Granny.

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MARCHE AUX PUCES: an irregular genzine starting soon. Entirely in French, containing the best articles/stories from American fanzines. Refresh your French with a fannish story! Am/Can.: 35¢/1, \$1/3. British: 2/6 or 7/- for 3. French 1.5F for 1; 4 for 3. No other monies accepted. Reprints from Psychotic, Warhoon, others. original material accepted and translated; art wanted. Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn. 06902.

SF MAGAZINES: From Mid-Town Books, 2229 Fletcher, Chicago, Ill., 60618. Thousands for sale, many in excellent condition. Send want list for availability and prices.

SUZIECOI

Editorial by

8

Suzanne Tompkins

Well for once we're doing Qf pretty comfortably. Finals are over and I imagine we're going to work slowly for the next week until the new semester begins here at Carnegie Tech. For me, it's in between trips -- um, travelling trips that is.

Drive defensively -- buy a tank.
#####

I just got back from a fast, fast trip to Boston and New York. Dena Benatan, WPSFA's treasurer and all around great kid and I went to Boston for her interview at Boston University. That was just amazing. Dena is co-editor of a new and promising Pittsburgh fansine -- Treacle. Their first issue was really good, with excellent mimeo repro and interesting articles and fan fiction. The second ish should really be a good one. Anywho -- we travelled approximately 1400 miles in 36 hours. From Pittsburgh to Boston by plane I adore flying stand-by. It's my second favourite thing in the world. My first favourite thing is running over hot coals in my bare feet while carrying two tons of Peruvian potatoes in a basket on my head... After four quick hours in Boston, we hopped a train for New York. I adore New York even if it is dirty and rough and jangling. Why, I don't know; maybe it's the atmosphere which manages to penetrate even the thick smog. There Fred Lerner gave us a tour of Columbia University.

Columbia was interewting, to say the least. I wonder now, what the hell I'm doing in Pittsburgh, especially after hearing Columbia's graduate list. Fred informed me of his fascinating activities -- fannish recruiting for Columbia. Apparently the Dean of Admissions there thinks it's a good idea, because Fred is being given University support to help get young promising fan-types to Columbia. Any of you interes-
ted in a great college and otherwise in New York? Contact Fred; he'll be glad to give you the information.

LSD -- better living through chemistry.
#####

My next venture is Carlisle, Pa. this weekend to see my brother and sister-in-law. Somewhere in there is Gran-falloon. I know it. You can't fool me...

RECORD DEPARTMENT: A new 'In' thing has come into being lately. Mainly -- knocking the Beatles and their new double album. Two years ago the 'In' thing was praising and over-intellectualising everything they were doing. All along, since the rise to fame and fortune they've (especially John and Paul, the unquestioned spokesmen) said they really didn't know what they were doing or saying; they just write something if it sounds good or interesting, often picking words and lyrics like the notes themselves, for no particular reason. Now people are beginning to see this and criticise them for it. Saying the Beatles are fantastic isn't 'In' any more -- if they don't create one magical 'revolution' after another, they aren't good enough to be praised. This makes me damned mad. They weren't trying to fool any one; they often didn't know or realize the meaning in their



own music; what the critics got out of it was a real surprise to them. However this doesn't minimize in any way the fact that Eleanor Rigby and a Day in the Life exist, that John Lennon and Paul McCartney, for whatever reason or motive, did write them. Whether by accident or on purpose, the Beatles are indeed fantastically good and should not be denied this praise. The new album, although far from a 'revolution', shows this as well as Sergeant Pepper did.

Of course, you must play the album, all four sides of it, at least three times right in a row before you can really appreciate it. Most Beatle music needs many 'listens', at least to me, before I decide if I like it or not; I love The Beatles. The songs fall into two categories -- simple, beautiful songs and satires of various forms of music. The beautiful songs are delicate and simple, as if they wanted to simplify in order to perform them. There are also a number of girls' names. Martha, My Dear, Dear Prudence (written for Prudence Farrow, Mia's sister), Julia (John's startlingly gentle love song; Julia, by the way, was his mother's name...), all are excellent. The other good songs are rather in ballad style -- Blackbird (my favourite), I Will, Rocky Raccoon, Mother Nature's Son, Long, Long, Long, While My Guitar Gently Weeps, Revolution #1 and even Figgies, which is a lovely baroque parody. Rocky Raccoon also falls into the two categories, being Dylan-esque at times. All three George Harrison songs show his growth as a song-writer and artist. The second category is satires, which John and Paul do with particularly biting wit. Reviews that talked of the just terrible Yer Blues failed to realize that it was not meant to stand on its own, but is a combination take-off on Elvis Presley and the soul sound, and a damned good one. In fact, Paul's impression of Elvis sounds better than Elvis ever did. Why Don't We Do It In The Road?, wild as it is, is John's satire on 'soul music' -- or rather, the type of soul music that is loud and meaningless and that I detest. Like the others, it's pretty good (that groovy drum beat) on its own. Then they go on to show that they can write good soul music with one of my favourites, Helter Skelter, which I play full blast, driving me out of my mind -- it's terribly sensual. My roommate Jeannie completely disagrees with this and hates Helter Skelter. Birthday is loud and good, especially if you really like Ringo's wild drums and George's intricate guitar.

You'll never be the man your mother was.
#####

Honey Pie is Paul's contribution to rickey-tick, and I can't help thinking he wrote it for Tiny Tim. Finally Good Night is a production number song-well-written, gentle warm and slightly nauseating, even if it is beautiful. I would go on and on if I were writing an article -- Back in the USSR is the Beach Boys extraordinaire, Long, Long, Long is the Everly Brothers, whose sound John and Paul attempted to copy when they first began. Most of the thirty bands do deserve praise, not criticism. Even Revolution #9, if listened to quietly, has meaning.

Whatever style of music you like, give this new album a chance. Don't listen to the critics, listen to the records and decide for yourself.

Earn money in your spare time -- blackmail your friends
#####

BLOOPER DEPARTMENT: Everyone around here knows that I avidly collect bloopers from radio and TV announcers and programs, and this year I'd like to give my Mediocre Mumbling Mouth Award (cousin of Laugh-In's Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Award) for 1968 to the new department who handed the following to their newsannouncer who promptly read it on the air --

The battered bodies of the two young women, both clad in black bathing suits, were found by fishermen Friday night, in a canal off the Intra-coastal Canal, a quarter of a mile north of the Dania Beach Boulevard Bridge. The younger girl had been shot fatally and her companion, be-

lieved to be Mrs. Frank, was killed from a blow on the back of the head with a sharp object -- possibly an ax. Both had fractured skulls from blows on the back of the head, and both attractive young women were stabbed in the upper abdomen. Their bodies were tied around the neck with electrical cord to the concrete blocks ... Police suspect foul play.

ROCK GROUP DEPARTMENT: Ginjer Buchanan, myself and several other WPSFAites went to see a fairly good rock show at the Pittsburgh Civic Arena. It featured Blood, Sweat and Tears, who were loud and bad, the Hello People and a fairly good light show. By far the best item on the bill were the Hello People who were fabulous. Except for the songs, they do complete pantomime, never speaking. The songs and mimeing were excellent; they are lovely People.

FILM DEPARTMENT: The Magus, starring Michael Caine in his best acting job since Alfie, Anthony Quinn, Candice Bergen, and Anna Karina, is wild. It's fantastically and beautifully fantastic. The magus is the magician in the Tarot deck. And this film jumps magically around, constantly testing your awareness and understanding. It's well worth the momentary confusion. I think it's one of the best films I've seen in a year or so.

Paul Revere
was an alarmist.
#####

Michael plays a slightly ratty teacher who comes to a Greek island to a boys' school and discovers a strange house and it's stranger inhabitants..



As Linda mentioned in her editorial, I'm starting my own fanzine, as yet unnamed. [Any suggestions?] I need material! Artwork, especially, as I have a good deal of written material -- fan fiction, mainly, with no artwork to go with it. Help!! Numerous articles are especially welcome, also Book reviews, film reviews, serious articles, etc.. Our zine will have good mimeo repro and this same klutzy editorial style that has endeared Gf to you. Er, whatever. I hope to get the first issue out in March, and then publish quarterly.

TAZENDA, THE BEAUTIFUL: Linda tells the story of 'The Morning They Raided Tazenda'. (Tazenda is our apartment's name, by the way...) The whole story sounds absolutely ludicrous when we tell it, and we periodically break into laughing fits over it. Of course, Jeannie and I may have lost two roommates, but ... I really doubt if anything that severe will happen. The Deans seemed more relieved that the two boys weren't the thieves, than worried about what they'd been doing in our apartment after hours. One never knows.

Well, this is my last editorial for Granfalloon. I intend to send issues of my own fanzine, which The incredible Ginjer Buchanan is going to co-edit, to everyone on our mailing list, so for a while it'll be like getting two Gf's instead of one. [The relative merits of this, however, won't be discussed at this time...] Our annish looks pretty good to me -- I hope it does to you too. I also hope in a year that my annish will be up to the standards of this one.

Bye-bye.

GF's first annual Faaan Poll

(All replies will be held in strictest confidence, if mailed in a plain sealed envelope without post-mark or return address. Simple answers are wanted, preferably a YES, NO, or UNDECIDED. If you wish your questionnaire returned, tear off lower corner of back cover and affix your initials to same.)

PART ONE: Parents.

1. Do you believe in parents?
2. Are your parents younger than you?
3. Did you have the normal number of parents?
4. If answer was "Yes," what were their genders?
5. If answer was "No," which gender was absent?
6. If answer was "Undecided," which gender are you?
7. Are you certain?
8. Did your parents disown you when they discovered you reading science fiction?
9. If answer was "Yes," did they ask: "Where did we go wrong"?
10. Did you tell them?
11. Can you go home again?

PART TWO: You.

1. Are you a first-born child?
2. If answer was "Yes," how many brothers and/or sisters were of convenient birth?
3. Do you enjoy being the black sheep of the family?
4. Were you born before 1621?
5. If answer was "Yes," did you come by boat or over the Bering land-bridge?
6. Were you born after 1621?
7. If answer was "Yes," or "Undecided," have you applied for admission to Fapa?
8. How long have you been on the waiting list?
9. Are you taller than your mirror image?
10. How many times did you vote for George Wallace?
11. Do you believe in Burt Lancaster or Robert Bloch?
12. Do they believe in you?
13. Do you have a roommate?
14. If answer was "Yes," are you living in sin?
15. How do you explain away science fiction to roommate?

PART THREE: Science Fiction and Fandom.

1. Is science fiction in a rut?
2. Would you write a letter to save "Lost in Space" ?
3. Do you tear off magazine covers to conceal nudes?
4. Does your roommate save the covers but throw away the magazines?
5. Do you believe a female robot will ever be photographed for the Playboy center fold?
6. How do you distinguish a female robot?
7. Have you published a fan magazine?
8. How long did it take you to recover from your shame?
9. Did you refund all unearned subscription money when your fan magazine folded?
10. If answer was "Yes," do you like being an oddball?
11. Do you argue with Ted White in letter columns?
12. If answer was "Yes," have you ever had the last word?
13. Do you believe in Joe B. Drapkin?
14. Is science fiction in a rut?

PART FOUR: Fan conventions.

1. Have you attended a regional or world convention?
2. Were you arrested in the raids?
3. If answer was "Yes," did the con committee bail you out, or allow you to rot in jail?
4. Will you vote for that committee and their city again?
5. Were you pleased with their hotel accommodations?
6. Did you like the elevator service?
7. Were the food-serving arrangements satisfactory?
8. If answer was "Yes," did you write a polite thank-you note to the committee?
9. Are you certain their reply was intercepted by the postmaster?
10. Are you still awaiting a Financial Report from the 1962 convention?
11. If answer was "Yes," do you think you'll ever see it?
12. How many thousands of dollars do you suspect committee members get away with?
13. If you believe it to be that much, why don't you hold a world convention?
14. Why do you think fandom is plotting against you?

PART FIVE: The future.

1. Is the future in a rut?

PART SIX: This magazine.

1. Is Granfalloon in a rut?
2. Are female editors capable of pleasing a male audience?
3. Was your mind in a rut?
4. Will you blame Bob Tucker for this?

One word Book Reports, by Ray Ridenour, reprinted from LONG #1, the World's smallest fanzine:

Dune, by Frank Herbert: "gritty."
Stranger in a Strange Land: "circular reasoning."
Ring Trilogy: "Fairy to Middle-ing."
Bill the Galactic Hero: "inspiring!"



piers
anthony

29

THE SKELETON OF THE LEAF

An old man thinks in old images: her hair was soft as virgin corn-silk, her skin pale and fair as the surface of a delicate vase, unmarred by the gross touch of lechery. Her innocence seemed as God had fashioned it -- in every way but one.

An old man sees too much: the stark sanitary walls of the hospital cell enclosed this flower too harshly. I loved her for her wilting need, for the sorrow of young beauty fading too soon. She wore no ring and she was with child.

"I--must be your doctor, now," I said, as her great sad eyes settled upon me. I offered my gnarled old hand to her, and she took that gnarl and walked with me to the barred embrasure that stood in lieu of a window. We stared together at the high freedom of carded white-wool clouds.

She turned to me then, and the truth I concealed pushed out. "Your doctor died by his own hand. They brought me out of retirement...."

She did not need to ask why so old a doctor replaced so young a one. I put my arm around her soft slight shoulders and held her while she cried. Why must we feel the greatest guilt for the things we least control?

On the sill I saw a leaf of yesteryear, blown up by the wind. It was a skeleton now, its veins a dessicate webwork of what had been. I thought of the skeleton that was not a leaf, the one they had shown me this morning with the medical reports, and I saw as if it were real the refreshment of that bone. I saw the tall gray shape come dripping out of the gloom and touch the solitary maiden. I heard her stifled scream, I felt her dwindling struggle as the anesthetic ichor spread and brought her at last to the moss in foetal defeat. I saw that shape, I saw it come and capture her limp body in iron threads and pass long supple antennae over and through her disheveled dress until it found the opening it sought. I heard the rending of cloth, saw the exposure of soft thighs, understood the helplessness of semi-

conscious protest. I saw the thing unveil from its own habiliment what must have been the most potent phallic instrument ever to visit Earth.

"It is an alien within you." I said.

"I knew that much a year ago," she murmured, "when I woke— here." She dipped her head a moment. "I had heard the crash—I thought it was a meteorite—and I wanted so much to spot it first—"

"You did," I said; but that was cruel.

Her eyes moved to the leaf, and I felt the tremble in her, the memory still hysteric.

"When I give birth to—it," she said, studying the bonework of the leaf, "will they let me go?"

I could not answer.

"I suppose it was—brave," she said, shifting to the external nightmare. "It was dying when it came upon me. It was not evil. It did...what it had to do." Her voice slid up. "But a full year—!"

"It is the alien gestation," I explained. "But it did not really mate with you. That is not possible. Instead it implanted—"

"I understand," she said, "too well. And now you will tell me that this is man's only chance to make contact with the race that sent its ship to Earth. That I must curb my emotion and endure what must be endured. And I will, only..."

"Only—?"

"Only promise me that I will never have to see it, after. Intellectually I understand; but emotionally—"

"I promise," I said, and she smiled at last and flicked the leaf off the sill.

I had promised, but it was meaningless. The manner of the "birth" was to be gross beyond her comprehension. Already the nexus had largely dissolved the womb around it; nerve threads of iron were extending toward the major organs. Parturition was impossible.

The thing would grow, inevitably, assimilating her living body stage by stage, until at last the delicate human form would be no more than a shell covering the alien. Then..."

No, she would never look upon the alien....

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Piers Anthony writes: "I disapprove on principle having pro-written stories in fan magazines. If the pros fill up the fanzines with their rejects, what is left for the fans? And if inferior stories are printed in fanzines merely because of the names attached, what is left of fandom? In short, you klutzed again, merely asking for such a piece, and you deserve a good swat on the fundament with a rolled-up annish. If I ever meet you—um, no, my wife wouldn't understand that, alas. But I'm enclosing such a piece anyway, and you can run it provided that you also run my commentary explaining why I disapprove of your running it. Maybe I can educate fannish morals and thus win a fragment of nirvana. Here then is my current record-holder: rejected 17 times and a poor bet for re-election. Yet I feel that it is the best I have done at this length...."

protofannish fable III

by Alexis Gilliland

And God made Adam out of clay and breathed life into him; and so that he might not be alone, He created Lilith in the same fashion. And then, so that His hand might be truer in its work (for He saw that in some of the fine details Adam and Lilith were not really alike) He took a minute sample of tissue from Adam's side and created Sally, a blue-eyed blonde with freckles. And then He created Rose, with dark brown hair and dark liquid eyes, and a creamy skin, and mentally rechristened her Rosita. Finally He created Eve, remarking to Himself that four was really about the limit. Eve was brown haired and had hazel eyes and was ticklish.

"So, My children," God said, " be fruitful and multiply."

He took a seed from the apple he was eating. "Behold." He said, "An apple-seed. I plant it --- thus--- and when it has grown and bears fruit, then it will be time for you to leave this delightful Ecological Data Evaluation Nodde, which, I blush to admit, is frightfully small. Beyond the wall is the wide world whose ecological data is being evaluated...for your benefit... and which, I hope, you will truly enjoy."

"Have a good time waiting and ... I'll be back."

"Well," said Adam, "the first thing to do is get organized. Lilith --- you put together some nice soft stuff in a pile over there --- I'll be with you in about ten minutes. Sally, go out and rustle up some grub for Rose to cook...and Eve..." he hesitated a minute..."I guess you'd better be our historian."



Fables #1 and #2
were sent to
ARRGH, a fabulous
St. Louis
one-shot.

plus ca change^{DD}

article by Ed. R. Smith

It is interesting to note that in a field where we are constantly reminded, "There are no limits", the main one lies in the authors themselves. Most people agree that SF is about, "the effects of technology on man", but how many stories have you read that fit this description? Don't most stories simply present man of ____ (fill in the year the story was written) against the marvels of the 21st or 22nd century?

But enough of this; down to specifics:

Let's look at the new Pohl and Williamson novel, Rogue Star. In this novel, man has, supposedly, achieved understanding of stars as sentient beings. (I say supposedly because the relationship between man and the stars is never explored, yet this is a novel that is supposed to be about such.) This is an interesting enough idea, and bears thinking about after seeing 2001. The co-existence of man and star, plus the ever-present advances and discoveries would have made man into an entirely different being, right? Or at least as different from us as an early Greek is to us today; in fact, much more so, since we are, even now, doubling our knowledge every ten or so years. Do you realize how much that would mean in a century? There is no indication to the contrary, so, allowing for more and more rapid expansion, before long we should be able to double our knowledge every year or so.

And what about the people in Rogue Star? They remind me of nothing more alien than the kid down the street or my English teacher. They are supposed to be a backward world I'll admit. But before reverting to a simpler way of life, they must have launched space craft to colonize other worlds. But the Eathers are more primitive than us today if we decided to call a halt to progress. And you can't convince me that in an era, like theirs, of almost instant travels between galaxies, that one world could be so separated from the mainstream of progress and allowed to carry on its dreary existence. Even if they did have a way of keeping off unwelcome intruders, how long could they survive this way? How long could one state survive if it detached itself from the rest of the planet?

The thing is loaded with familiar devices and phrases in a future society. Our Hero is referred to as "preacher" by a young boy, there are French doors in a house, Quamodian says, "Confound you" to a robot, a boy, when asked, replies that there are only drinks in the house, "Just milk. Or water. Or maybe I could make a cup of tea."

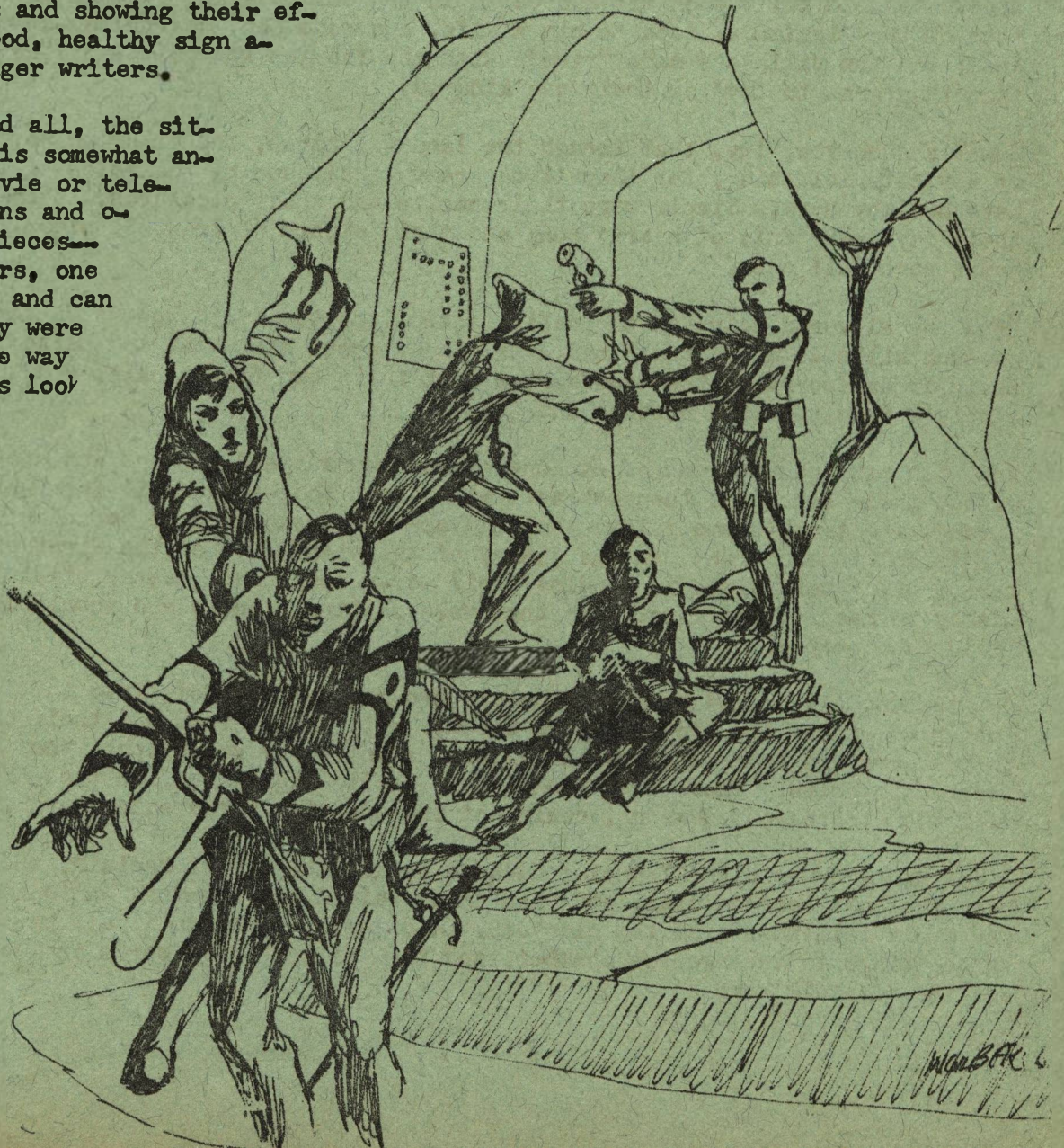
Frederick Pohl said Jack Williamson did most of the work on this, and I believe it. His characters are just as ridiculous as those in his only other recent novel, Bright New Universe, which was horrible from the title to the last three or four words. (In that august novel, an alien spaceship is landing in another 'little sleepy village' that reminds me of Earth in Rogue Star. Our Hero prepares to talk with them rather than blast them out of the sky, while his uncle says to him, "How can you do this to the family?") I fully expect that the Reefs of Space and Starchild, much better books, were written primarily by Pohl. Or Williamson's creative process is going down quickly.

I had a strong notion to just end the article with the paragraph above, but I felt that then it would be read as a criticism of RS. It is not intended that way. The only reason I chose this particular work to begin with was that its errors made it the obvious choice, and it has more of them than anything I've read recently. But what I am saying really applies, unfortunately as it may seem, to SF at large.

In the Caves of Steel and The Naked Sun, Isaac Asimov, as in Foundation, has attempted to speculate on the results of change on the masses. In this he does well, but I wonder if some of his conclusions are valid. For some reason, the people of Lije Bailey's future, populous, mechanized earth are far more modest than the uncrowned, open-spaces world of Solaris, where most people are afraid to even see each other in the flesh. Why does Solaris, a most unmechanical, stagnant planet, accept and have such an abundance of robots, while the industrial masses of earth stage protests against them? And why are the robots suddenly thrust upon them? Surely the development of computers into smaller types of individual movement would have come slowly, leaving little cause to complain. But the point I want to make is this: Asimov's characters, except for the most obvious reasons, behave exactly like men today. Asimov does put in excellent touches, like having the men ignore each other in the privies, but it seems rather that the people there, living on top of each other, would be used to, instead of ignoring deliberately, nudity. Yet Lije is the biggest prude of them all.

What about the new writers, like Disch, Delany, and Zelazny? I feel that they are doing a much better job of predicting the future than their predecessors. Rather than going into detail about this or that facet of the world of tomorrow, they show the world reflected through the eyes of individuals. The individuals still look, act, think like today's man, more or less, but this simple introspection is a step in the right direction. That most SF is not idea fiction, but stories taking different themes and showing their effect, is a good, healthy sign among our younger writers.

But, still and all, the situation of SF is somewhat analogous to movie or television westerns and other period pieces--in twenty years, one can look back and can tell when they were written by the way the characters look and act.



PIPE-DRAGON

by Connie Reich

A lyrical tale I am now to tell you, luv my own, if you close your mind to focused life and concrete streets and such. There lived (in years to look back on only if you are unborn), a commune of humanity in a miniscule and lonely place reeling around a yet unnamed star: colonists, dear one, isolated from others of like species as much by choice as by circumstance. Scotsmen by heritage, they were, and living by rectified but romantic tradition: for their war-like ways now lived only in march-tunes, and they had abandoned the curse of machines. With bared arms the stocky menfold built each his own cabin in the chilly windy regions that reminded them of the Highlands, took to him a wife, and made many dear ruddy-cheeked little ones; and the villagers made friends with the faeries and sprites of the woodlands, whom they grew to love as their own kindred.

Now I assure you, luv, that though the land was harsh, the clanfolk never had want of any material thing, for they lived productively and by the rules of thrift and hard healthy work. Simple were their habits and their pleasures, to be sure, but their days were full of hearty song and their nights of tranquil sleep, and their hours were full ones.

From the silvered hairs of the native sheep, the womenfolk wove such tartans and sewed such kilts as no Scotsman had ever girded about his waist and belted; and for their dress-sporrans, the woodfaeries lent their own flaxen hair; and the laughing clanfolk gave the land purpose and joy.

And when many generations of MacKenzies and Duncans and Gordons and MacFadyens had raised their sons, and then embraced with their bodies the soil from which they sprang, the troublesome galaxy they had abandoned expanded to encroach upon the clan's solitude. Great was the dismay of the clanfolk when the first startroops burned out a barleyfield in landing their war-vessel; and greater still was their dismay to hear of the great wars that were sooting planets and woodlands and barley-fields and people.

Now the Council called by Angus MacLain brought the clanfolk into the caverns together to ponder the problem to be faced. With their wives and their offspring, their fears and their wisdom, their faeries and their woodsylphs, they came to the worship chambers. There they spoke their Gaelic hightongue, so that the startroops, with their barbarous weapons, could not intrude with threatening words.

Angus MacLain was High Clanchief because he was the wisest MacLain, and the McLains were the best learned clan, and when Angus raised his slender, calloused hand, there was great stillness from the clanfolk. And Angus waited until all passed-away were the echoings in the ageless chamber; and then he spoke his words in Gaelic phrases, and the clanfolk heard:



"For more years than we can count in decades on both hands, have Scotsmen been lovers of freedom, and when we were brought to this new world as seed (though now many generations removed), freedom and peace was much of the motive. We have hidden away our lives, but now we are uncovered and unprotected from what is coming. These spacefolk have come from war-bled places to make of our hidden place a harm, but still, their presence will mean the end of our freedoms and of our way of life. Surely you can forethink the consequences. A solution we must now find in our brains, to protect what is good from that which is harmful."

And the angered Clanchief Gordon raised his tearstreaked face and proclaimed:

"Let us make an end of the spacefolk which have come, for they are not so many. If we build a great fire of the eastern woodlands, we may melt into glass all of their war-machines, and the spacefolk like them may not ever find them, but think of them as destroyed by their enemies."

Now there were many menfolk who heard, and they raised their Sgian Dubhs from out of their garters and drew the blades for war. But Angus MacLain said:

"Never have we drawn a blade on any creature but which have to us been food, nor shall we now begin to drink the blood of these spacefolk, for I say that they are not enemies. Nay, they are men from the oldhome which our parent's parents fled, and so they are distant kinfolk. It is law, therefore, that they cannot be harmed, for the blood of kinfolk is sacred as our own."

So Gordon and his followers sheathed their Sgian Dubhs and waited for other words. And the beautiful sons of MacCallum stood and the wisest spoke:

"If we cannot live with the spacefolk in our midst, and we cannot raise weapons against them, we are forced then to flee again. Let us gather up our families and our cattle and our foodstuffs, and exhume the earth-covered ark which brought our clans to this place, for now we must into the night sky again climb, rather than lose our freedom or our lives."

But the faeries and the woodspirits wept tears of incense-scented pearls. And the woodsylph, Mairghread, beloved of the MacPherson clan and queen of the nymphs, took human features: and she made a vision to the clanfolk, and her voice was of wind-stirring heather:

"Oh, mine unhappy truefriends, what will become of the woodlands and the woodfolk, should you leave us? Do not think that the spacefolk would spare us, for unless one loves the wilds he cannot see its spirits, and all burned and sooted like the barley-field will the homeplace soon become. Away in the space-ark with you, could we not go either, for here is our life and our powers, and torn from this we would wither like the plucked wildflower and die."

The faerie-queen's plea was as a great weight in the clanfolks' hearts, and when someone added that no one knew how to fly the spaceark anyhow, the despair was such that Angus MacLain himself could not comfort them with any words, and he feared that they would take their lives. So he called for worship-thoughts, so that while the others prayed, Angus sought council with the faerie Mairghread and the wisest chiefs.

Now Angus and his chieftains did read through the holybook for guidance, though they had read all of it from boyhood, and when they found no answer, their mouths were bitter. So Angus abandoned all his learned thoughts and sought new thoughts, for this was a new problem. Mairghread the faerie, together with the other spirits, consulted all of their ancient magic, and together with the clan chiefs, they, by morninglight, had found a solution, if the fates were with them.

Before the clanfolk, did Angus MacLain a statement make, and the Scotsmen heard him, mouths unhinged with astonishment:

"By morninglight tomorrow, your dress-tartans wear, with all your ornaments; and if your pipes be not tuned, and your silver on them not polished, and your kilt not pressed, and if your heart does not swear 'peace' with great conviction, than there shall never be peace in our homeplace again: for we shall make with the faeries a wondrous spell!"

And when the next morningsun warmed the west wind, the startroops came down to the village to watch the rites of the ignorant villagers, for there was a terrible din of rhythmed sound from the massed bagpipes and the massed drums. In the very center of the pipers, the startroops gathered to watch.

The two wickedsharp claymores crossed on the ground, Angus MacLain danced his feet twist the blades in a speeding quickstep. Behind him, Clanchief Gordon played the rhythm of the strathspey, bloodcheeked at blowing into the elkskin bag making the dance tune. If the morning mists seemed to be laden with ethereal forms, the startroops never noticed, for they found their attention was held by the spectacle.

Angus danced the dance through once and began again without stopping, though his legs grew heavy and his breath came hard, he danced the spell with Mairghread the faerie, and he danced it well. And one man at a time, the pipers and drummers fed their instruments to a spiraling bonfire, none daring hesitate even as their tears steamed from the heat. And still Angus picked his way between the swords, until only Gordon's pipes kept the tune.

Far across the night sky, in the smile of another sun, a killer in the act of killing found he hated the deed and walked away from his intended victim; a great warship turned away from a heated battle, its crew overcome by heartbreaking homesickness; a general stared at a bloody enemy corpse and wept before his troops; and still Angus danced, sweat-streamed.

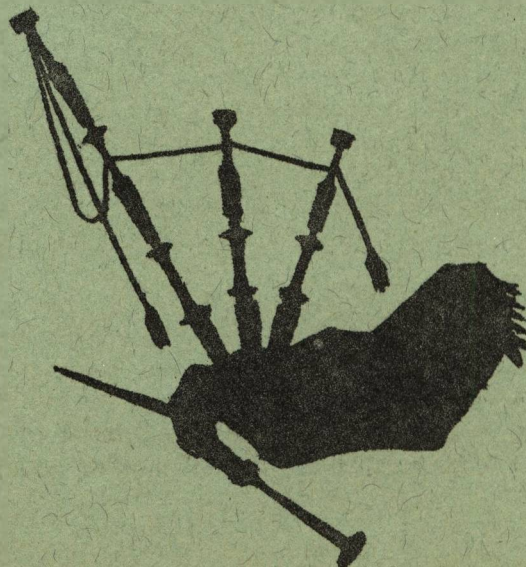
A politician left his concrete caverns and took his aides out into the night to watch the rising of the new moons; a technician spat bitterly upon his computer console and went home to make love to his lonely wife; Clansman Gordon ceased the tune and threw the last pipe into the flame.

One man among the startroops sensed the spell, and raised his weapon to stop Angus—but it was too late: the Scotsman broke the claymores over his knee, his strained heart bursting with the effort, and he fell down onto the street, dead.

But the spell had been finished.

For a very long time, the one remaining startrooper gazed down at the dead clanchief, and his heart was sad. He opened his mouth and said to the risen dawn, "Christ, I want to go home."

And the clanfolk stood in the ashes of their heritage and smiled through bittersweet tears.



poem



only yesterday i was loving you
such a long time ago
maybe a long time ago
i don't know
tomorrow may be glassed with
clouds
i don't care
the sun shone yesterday
and somewhere the past lives
and we are together
in the little world we made
now that i know happiness
exists
i can go on, in search of it
again
if our little world should
not exist
now or ever again
i'll still be waiting for it
looking for it
needing it
and loving you

by sunday jordane

IMAGINATION BOOKSHELF

BOOK REVIEWS

Richard Delap

SOS THE ROPE
Piers Anthony
Pyramid X-1890
1968, 60¢, 157 pp.

The winner of the \$5,000 prize in a recent SF contest, ROPE is a crackling adventure yarn that takes some surprising turns along the way, intelligently tempered with sentiment that never descends into the mawkish and philosophy that never halts the story to make speeches. If the book was not considered suitable for filming by the contest's co-sponsor (film producer Irwin Allen's Kent Productions I believe) one can breathe a sigh of great relief as one remembers the SF burlesques Allen has embarrassed the market with in the past.

The quasi-feudal society of the post-atomic world is the setting wherein we are introduced to Sos, a man of strangely mixed qualities who loses a battle in the circle (small battleground for personal combat in which the loser, if living, swears fealty to the winner) to Sol, the warrior who gives Sos a name, a sincere friendship, and more sorrow than one man should be allowed to bear. Sos is enigmatic in both fate and psyche; he is in turn questioning if not adeptly brilliant, and naive if not really stupid. He is coincidentally creator and victim of the time and place, a myth in depth, two sides of the coin in a single view. These two men and the woman they share pace out the eternal triangle as the book's first half logically builds the background to this world of nomadic tribes wandering the land — avoiding the deadly areas of fallout where killer moths and shrews roam — and supplied with goods by the 'crazies,' self-contained groups striving half-successfully to retain knowledge of a long-dead world.

The adventurous elements of the initial chapters are exciting and, unlike the countless sloppy novels of the genre, thankfully believable due to Anthony's skill at turning his wheels of plotting noiselessly and creating incisive characterizations. The romantic elements are built slowly but strongly into the general framework, finally resulting in a mid-plot shift that takes Sos away in search of developing his understanding of economic as well as moral values.

The nomadic and 'crazy' cultures are only a sub-total as Sos discovers a third culture when he is rescued from a sure death atop a freezing mountain. This culture, Helicon, turns out to be the secret, organized supplier of goods to the crazies, now revealed to be simply sub-distributors, and preservers of the advanced technology that once spelled doom for the world's population. But Sos finds that this rescue spells only greater complications, including romantic, to his social existence. As much as he might fight it, he is forced into a position of restructuring not only his own life, but that of the world as well (or perhaps I should say destructuring). He is a social martyr, an emotional patsy...or is it the other way around? If Sos and the reader are left somehow baffled and disturbed by the problematical climax,

the author's purpose has been served by bringing a serious quality to what could easily have been another blood-and-guts excursion into nonsense.

I have read that Mr. Anthony considers this novel the least of his books...which I think goes to show how incapable an author really is of judging his own works. Sos the Rope is one of Anthony's better books, and a very good story, indeed.

STAR WELL

Ace G-756, 157pp.

and THE THIRB REVOLUTION

Ace G-762, 159pp.

by Alexei Panshin

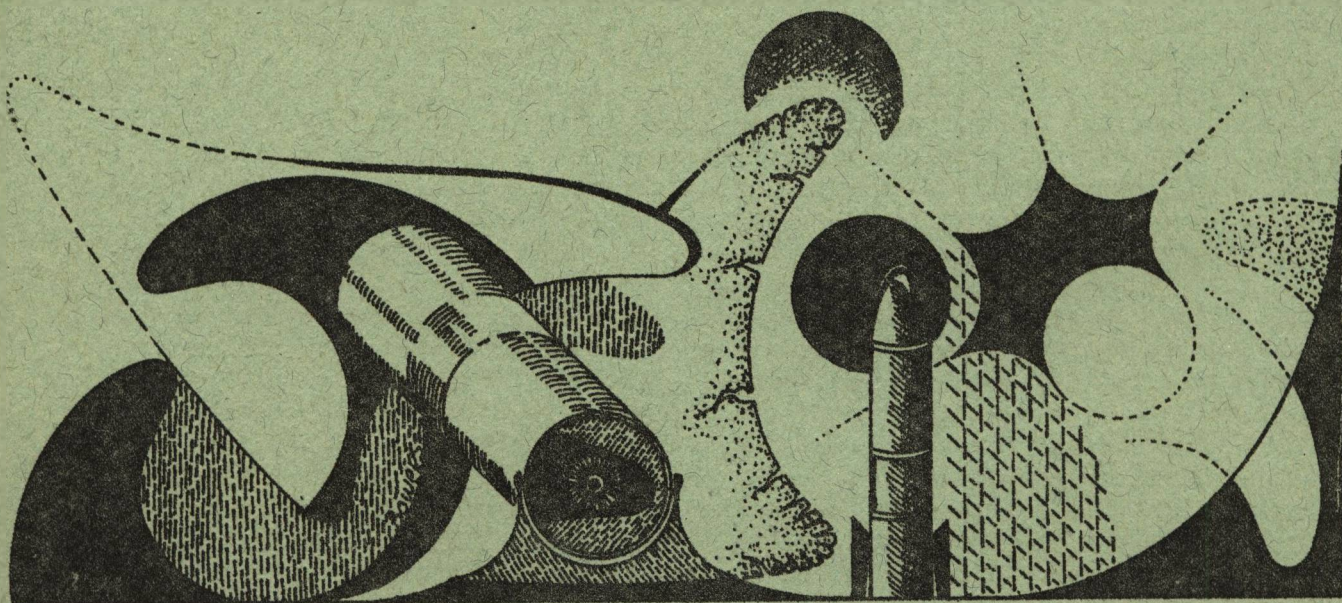
1958, 50¢

If one concludes from Mr. Panshin's first novel, RITE OF PASSAGE, that here is an author who can write, one is forced to conclude from the present two books that here is an artist who can't draw. In what I do not consider a very ingenious innovation, we have here two comic books totally without pictures (unless you count the funny-book covers by Kelly Freas).

A sort of asteroid Las Vegas, STAR WELL is the setting for this first, almost plotless piece of whimsy that is more concerned with the irrelevant within the irrelevant than with a logical construction. Introduced herein — the first of what I hear is to be a series of at least six ~~different~~ books — are Anthony (Tony) Villiers, a rather callow, unlikeable fellow who is the series' hero, and Villiers's alien sidekick, Torve the Trog, a six-foot furred frog.

If both Villers and Torve come across as somewhat dumb, the minor characters are noticable if only for the fact that they are complete idiots. Of all the characters string-pulled through the story, the only ones with any ~~semblance~~ of logic are two young schoolgirls, Louisa and Alice, with only Louisa coming across with a recognizable personality. But in the long-run even she seems no more than a lazy steal from the author's first novel and is eventually lost among the multi-directioned (or is it no-directioned?) story that seems to boil down to something about smuggling or some such nonsense.

Unfortunately, Panshin seems to think a spoof comes with an endless stream of throw-away gag lines — the purpose of which, he should be told, is to snap by the reader with crackling rapidity and light-heartedness, not piddle about carelessly displaying their affectation. The humorous (?) dialogue is so heavy-handed that it threatens to sink to the bottom of the page at the reader's slightest notice. The keynote



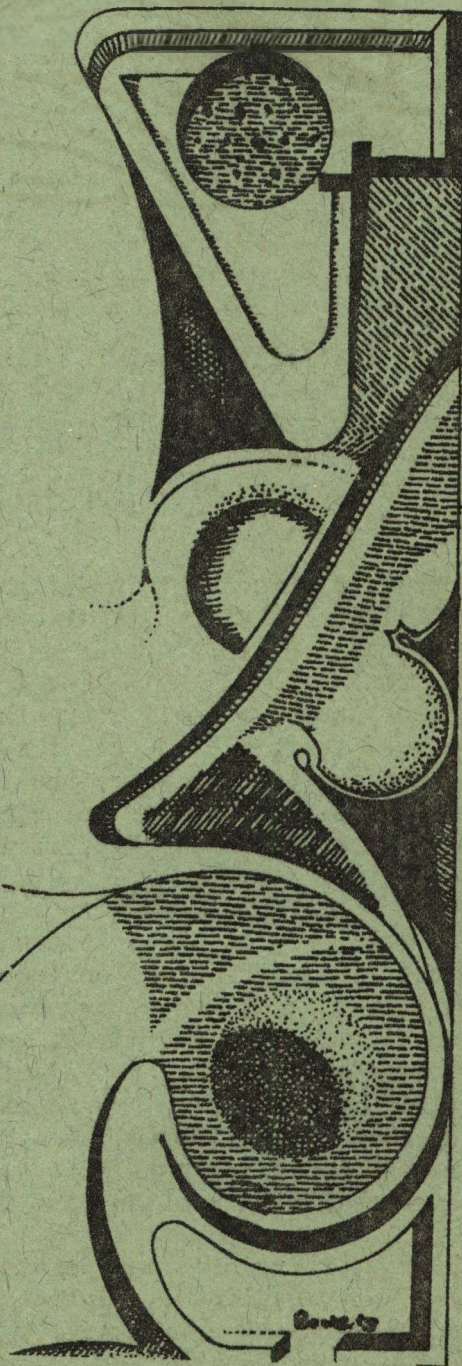
to the entire mass is unashamed triviality, lacking even the faintest extrapolative element for much-needed leavening. It's a sorry day in science fiction annals when such drivel passes as anything resembling a comedy of manners.

Panshin's writing is almost as sloppy as his plot: "Levi Gonigle watched through a crack with open eyes and slack mouth." (p. 131). I presume Gonigle has the eyes and mouth, but the way the author so often strains for humor, it's really difficult to say for sure. And if Panshin is writing for young readers, as it seems, there's no reason for dropping profanities as is done here.

In THURB REVOLUTION, the comedy of the absurd continues in what seems to be an attempt to spoof the dangling plot threads and circuitry of van Vogt, all of which comes off no better than in the first book. The planet Pewamo is the setting for a story again so hollow and insipid that it cannot be condensed to even one sentence. Instead of plot, Panshin substitutes another over-large group of characters who fritter about for pages and pages, going nowhere, doing nothing, wasting their time as well as the reader's. Actually, the characters here seem much like the characters from the first book, labeled with different names and different sex -- the teenage girls of STAR WALK are boys this time -- but overall no different than the crude, cartoon stereotypes met before. Villiers remains vague and uninteresting as most detail is supplied casually to everyone but him, and an enigma serves as a rather poor focal point. The only character to capture much interest is a pink cloud named Claude. Despite the fact that Claude's presence is of questionable necessity and only seems to add more confusion to the already over-busy plot, he is sometimes really funny -- as when asked to prove himself God (whom he claims naively to be), Claude answers: "Would a bolt of lightning do?" (p. 139)

The essential difficulty (I should say second essential difficulty, after a lack of plot) is the author's writing style. He continues the 'narrator' form used in the first book, creating an unseen personality that continually interferes, sometimes directly questioning the reader as if expecting an answer! Panshin's unerring eye for introducing superfluous detail is almost as annoying as his dreadful taste in humor (he substitutes a robot butler for what once-upon-a-time would have been a colored butler). He overuses French expletives, lamely excuses coincidences with paragraphs of explanation that don't explain anything at all, and continues to write dialogue that is strictly double talk. The padding ridiculously outweighs the structure.

As one character says, "After all, you can't make an omelet if you haven't any eggs." Hell, Panshin doesn't even have a chicken.



OMNIVORE
Piers Anthony
Ballantine 72014
1968, 221 pp.

Though a complete appreciation of the complexities of the intricate parallels wasn't altogether necessary for enjoyment of this author's Hugo-nominated novel, *CHTHON* — I enjoyed the book immensely without following even half of the corresponding lines of structure, strictly from the standpoint that it was a good story with the author's interest in every respect clearly showing — Mr. Anthony seems bent on giving the simpler minds (like yours and mine, *Kid*) a similar but simpler structure to follow. If readers

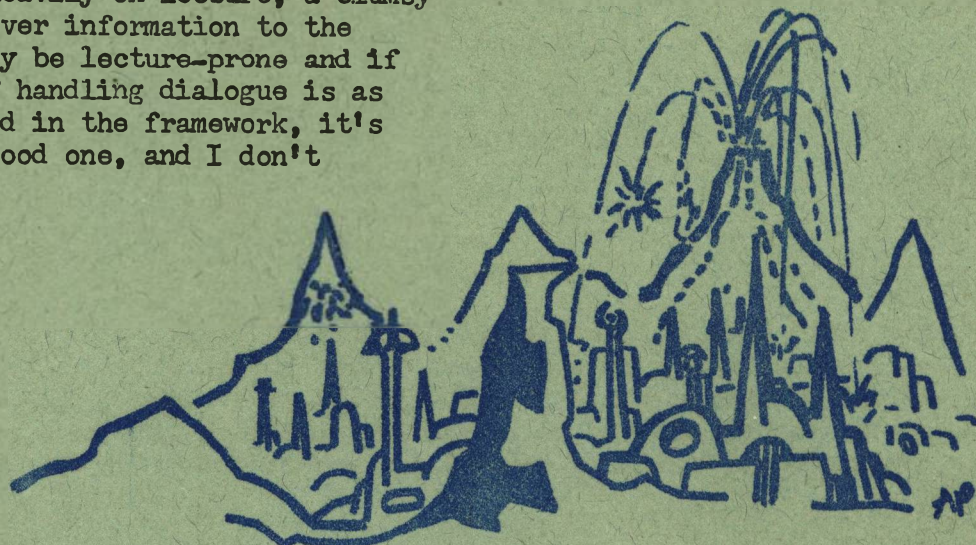
found the madly convoluted time-leaping in *CHTHON* driving them up the wall, those same readers should find the simple flashback technique employed here much more to their liking. And if I must admit that I've never wholly approved of flashbacks (far too many times they seem to be a crutch rather than a buoy), I can see that Mr. Anthony has worked them into this narrative logically, simply and (almost) necessarily.

Subble, a government investigator, is a science-created superman, physically supreme, mentally conditioned to live without a past and only for the immediate future with completion of the current assignment. Given no information whatsoever to bias his conclusions, he is sent to investigate three people recently returned from the planet Nacre, a world where the evolved form of life is fungoid. In three chapters (out of four, titled from the *Rubaiyat*) he visits each of these people, eventually extracting (here's where the flashbacks come in) the continuing story of the trio's adventures on Nacre and piecing together a puzzle which logically builds to a melodramatic climax that, if it didn't sound so logical, would be damned preposterous.

The returnees and their recounted adventures are definitely the best part of the book. These three are analogous to the herbivore, carnivore and omnivore life-forms of Nacre: Veg, whose very name belies his position; Cal, struggling to retain normalcy despite a grafted, grisly appetite; and, Aquilon, the essential woman, whose omnivorous nature is not limited to foodstuffs. Mr. Anthony excels in characterizing this trio. Their habits, actions, and reactions are solid and believable, and each of the incredible events which befall them on Nacre are structured to proceed along the path that such people would create for themselves. Like I said, these sequences are the best in the book.

However, there are some points I would like to quibble with. Values of extrapolation seem underdeveloped, sometimes seriously so, as if the author had not really sat down to think things out clearly. He rushes over sociological and technological obstacles, pausing occasionally to drop excuses throughout the dialogue: "Odd how retrogression and advancement sometimes coexist..." (p. 101) and "...how easy it would be to transpose that for today!" (p. 114). Yes, dear Sir, altogether too easy!

Cal's dialogue relies heavily on lecture, a clumsy trick at best, to deliver information to the reader. Characters may be lecture-prone and if Anthony's technique of handling dialogue is as good as can be expected in the framework, it's still a trick, not a good one, and I don't like it. And there's that damned nuisance of an ending... and if I can't suggest a better one offhand, I still don't mind sticking my neck out and saying I don't like it either. (And I won't even mention the bothersome practice of stringing sentences together with bagsful of semicolons!)



If I've sounded distressingly harsh (for I have a feeling that quite a few of you are going to really like this book), I didn't mean to. The book is good, and worth reading. The flaws are noticeable, but the story moves along very briskly in spite of them, which is no mean feat in itself. Read it, appreciating its virtues, and be happy that the author has given the average reader (you and me again, kid) a book that doesn't beg for a wall full of diagrams.

BALLROOM OF THE SKIES
R1993, 173 pp.

and

WINE OF THE DREAMERS
R1994, 175 pp.

by John D. MacDonald
Gold Medal, 60¢

In the author's afterward, Mr. MacDonald states that "pretentious and overly grammatic speeches...are touchingly typical of the genre," and for this reason he did not rewrite the novels. It seems obvious that the author's view of SF as a genre is as outdated as these books. Though much of the field is prone to 'lecturing,' MacDonald seems to think that the "small shaky soapbox" (quote) has given him a chance to "say something, without ever lecturing" (quote). The question of the importance of some lectures or the readability of books that say something without lecturing seems a moot point.

BALLROOM may be of interest to fans of the author's Travis McGee series of adventure novels, but SF fans may find it out in left field -- not good enough to be revived as a classic, not contemporary enough to take the time to read.

Dake Lorin, a reporter, begins to catch on to a method in the madness of the human race, eventually discovering that Earth's history and the decisions of leaders in politics, finance and all the other major influences are purposely kept in turmoil and conflict by spying aliens whose careful watch and secretive control keep the Earthlings from making intelligent, constructive or pertinent decisions. This plot of controlling aliens (who are human beings in this book) has been handled so many times and so many ways that MacDonald's book would need something special to make it stand out in its class. Sadly, it doesn't have that something, and the climax offers an explanation neither original nor very convincing. The plot perks up occasionally in brief scenes where Dake is confronted by a situation he cannot understand or resolve, but repetition blurs these scenes as he is shunted from person to person, place to place on an erratic but predictable course.

VOTE RICHARD DELAP FOR BEST FAN WRITER

BALLROOM reminds me somewhat of Van Vogt's work, not in literary style (heaven forbid!), but more in theme and plot progression. It is a 'mutant' plot that concerns itself incidentally with a dozen different actions and reactions, none of which is explored thoroughly or interestingly enough to make a solid, well-paced story. Considering the story's age, it is nevertheless interesting to note that in the hit-and-miss method there do occur some solid hits -- if you can draw them out of the lumbering plot.

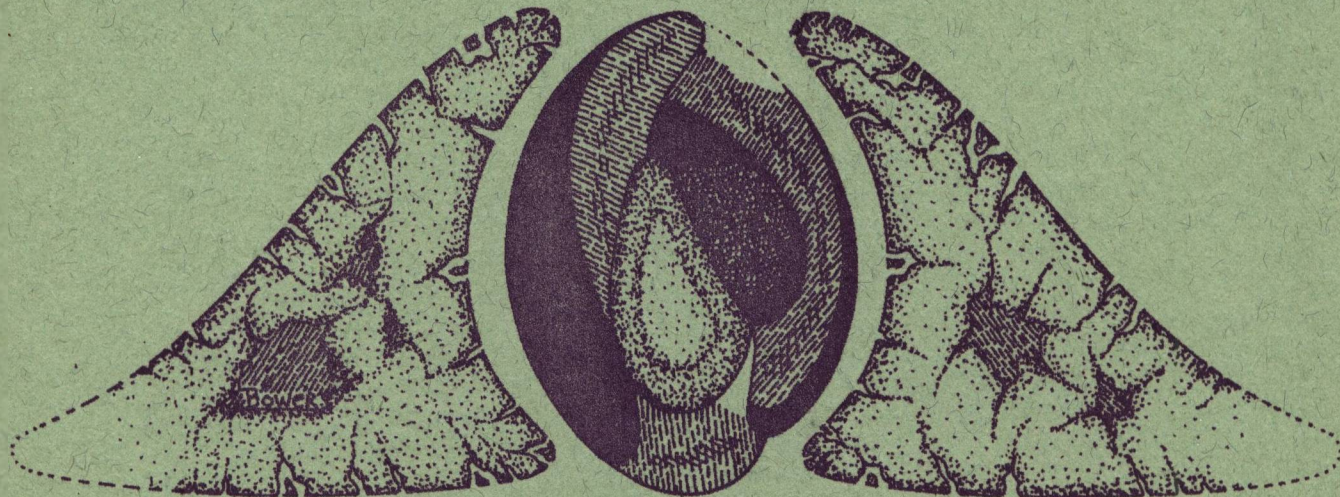
"The Wine has aged very well" says the publisher of WINE OF THE DREAMERS. More accurately, the Wine has aged, period.

Mr. MacDonald tackles the theme of unmotivated violence and offers an explanation that, while sometimes clumsy in detail and therefore unconvincing, sporadically captures the attention with ideas that could have built a striking extrapolative novel had not the melodrama been allowed to rampantly tromp each idea into unbelievability -- i.e., the oft-mentioned 'sense of wonder' is present but unfortunately aborted into silliness.

After the failure of the first attempt to put a ship into space, it is discovered by some of the failed project's personnel that Man is and has long been subject to the whims of a now-dying human race, based near Alpha Centauri, who use 'dream' machines as a means of escape from their own mundane existence. The viewpoint alternates between the Earth characters and the aliens, a man and a woman who are conveniently outcasts on their own world because of their throwback physical appearance -- strong, hairy bodies among a race hairless and fragile. As the two aliens come to realize their 'dreams' affect a world that actually exists, the Earthlings also begin to answer many unexplained actions in our world. The problem arises concurrently in both worlds of convincing the masses of the truth of the situation.

The difficulty comes with the author's handling of the idea. The plot relies too heavily on circumstance in building to a climax that, while suspenseful and tightly written, is so annoyingly pat and contrived that the reader is likely to suspect that the happy ending is irrelevant. Which it is.

Neither WINE nor BALLROOM is bad enough to dismiss entirely without mention; instead, chalk them up as time-passers for the undemanding audience.



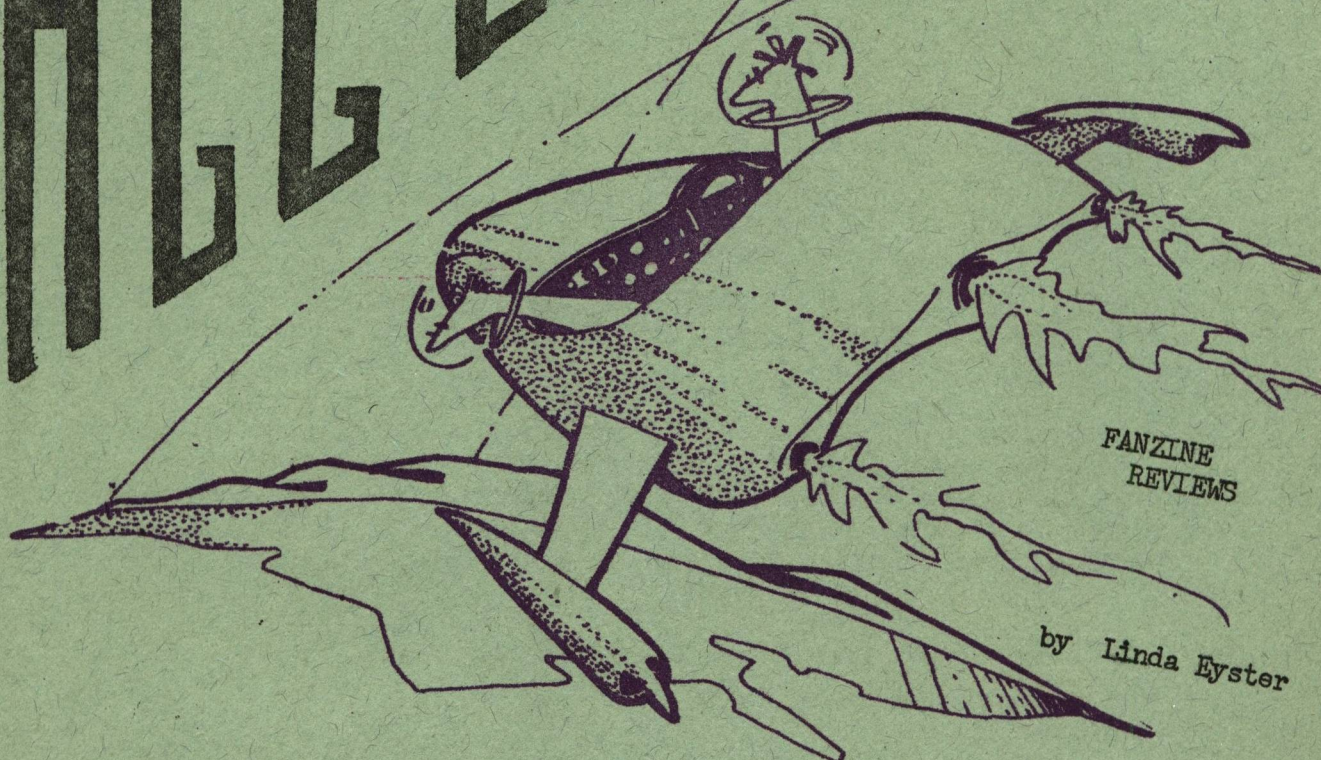
Fanzine Reviews (reprinted from Kong #1, the world's smallest fanzine, by Ray Ridenour)

WONKITY - too opulent, needs simplicity

TAPEWORM - gets you right in the guts

GRANFALLOON - needs a more feminine touch

ALGCH!



I've noticed that most zines fall into three categories, first issues, second issues, old favourites, and newszines. Very few seem to be third or fourth issues. I guess many zines die out after the first and second issues, thus leaving a large gap.

First issues

Some wild new zines have appeared in the last month or so. My favourite is TRIANGLE AND CROSS (John Steele, 4317 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri, 63108). This is a collector's item! One of the funniest zines I've ever seen. Six pitiful pages make you wonder why some people ever become fan-eds. The cover has the zine's only illo --- a triangle. Most of the zine is double spaced with extra wide margins --- if it weren't, it would fit into one page. The editors policy calls for very lit-tle poetry, and so there is only one poem. The other item is a poorly written prose piece to be continued. Available for LoCs, contribs., 25¢ (they have got to be kidding!) or arranged trades.

Another goodie was DMSFF! and with a name like David Malone's SF Fanzine, it's surprising that the ish is as good as it is. Dittoed and lithoed repro is strange but good-looking combination. There is artwork by Robert Malone and Nico Sheers which is weird but good. Interesting article by Leo P. Kelly on his first novel attempt and poor ANALOGUE satire (30¢ or usual --- David Malone, Bacon Rd., Roxbury, Conn. 06783)

YORIC 1 (Ted Tom, 3154 S. E. Samsom, Portland, Ore., 97214, 25¢ or usual) and AMERNUS (Mike Dobson, 214 Lafayette St., Decatur, Alabama, 35601, usual or 35¢, 3/\$1.25) are typical fist issues. Mediocre repro, poor material, and worse artwork. Both ramble on with poetry, fan fiction, and reviews. These zines need help.

TRINITY 2, on the other hand, is an exciting new zine. I'm reviewing this in the first issue section, since although it says #2, I'm convinced there was never a first issue. Pat Weinstein (Box 21, Carnegie-Mellon Univ., 5000 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213) asks 20¢ for this humor zine and it's well worth the money. Included was a satire on concentration camps, "Bugs Jack is Barren" -- a hilarious take-off on Spinrad's novel, a "Rhododendron" story, zine reviews on Algoul by Andy Pothole, Quack by the Sofas, and more. Also "Planet of the Armindillos" and some great unsigned illos.

Second Issues

ZINEOPHOBIA (Kevin Maul and John S. Hatch, 12 Pine Rd. Glen Falls, N.Y., 12801) irregular, 10¢ or usual) is a promising zine. What it is promising, I don't know. Seriously, John and Kevin are enthusiastic neos and with some more contribs and a bit more practice with mimeo this could develop into a good zine. But right now it's a mediocre zine.

GROK (Bob Stahl, Box 114, Bridge City, Texas, 77611 - 25¢, or usual, irregular) is another mediocre zine, dittoed this time. Good reviews, but again lack of material is a major problem. Oh, is it a problem.

FLIP 2 (quarterly - Edward Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, N.C., 28203 - usual or 35¢, 3/\$1.00) has continued from its promising start and looks to be an up and coming zine. Edsmith reviews NOVA, the Prisoner, and more. Dean Koontz and Bob Vardeman write articles. Lots of artwork, but unfortunately it is not well stencilled. I expect further issues will improve, and hope they use some electrostencilling for the art.

CHEAP THRILLS is another fairly good second issue. Fred Haskell (4370 Brookside Ct., Apt. 206, Edina, Minn., 55436) says this is the last ish, but 50¢ will bring you a copy of it. This is a very colorful zine. Multicolored pages and illos and fine mimeography present a fine appearance. REG and Ken Fletcher do most of the good illos. Good poetry, cartoons, stories, and so on. Wish Fred would put out #3.

BEABOHFMA (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa., 18951 - usual or 40¢) is 60 pages of fairly good artwork and material. Good Baycon report and Bill March has some funny Baycon illos. Robert Block writes on Journey to the Unknown, all in all a good second ish. Hope this continues.

Newszines

Locus (The Browns, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y., 10457) is the best newszine. It is really a cool fanzine and 8/\$1.00, 16/\$2 is not too much to pay for a biweekly zine with news, gossip, and humour.

SF TIMES on the other hand, is fairly dull. The monthly zine has in depth reviews and new book lists, which are excellent, but dull, dull, dull. (Box 515, Washington Bridge Station, N.Y., N.Y. 20033, 30¢, \$3.00 per year.)

DEGLER (Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202, 8/\$1). Degler is a revival of SF Weekly, it's an irregular experimental newszine. I don't know whether it is a hoax or not, but it will amuse Andy if you send him a dollar and say I told you about it.



Old Favorites -- these seem much better than 1st and 2nd issues

SHAGGY --Xmas Art Supplement. This is the most beautiful zine of the bunch. Most of the colorful illos are great, and among them are stunning drawings by Barr, Tim Kirk, and Bonnie Bergstrom. Kirk's lovely calender is alone worth the price of the issue, which is \$1. (Ken Rudolph, 745 N. Spaulding Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., 90046).

YANDRO 185 --- Yes, I have dared to review the unreviewable zine. The Coulsons made it clear that they don't want any reviews, but I feel YANDRO needs to be reviewed. Right now YANDRO is something of a legend. It was on the Hugo nominating ballot for a number of years and some have mentioned it for this year. But YANDRO does not deserve the Hugo. It has declined in quality and the trend towards a dull zine is climaxed in this ish. Even FLIP 2 is more interesting. Boring letters make up most of the issue. Only one piece is good -- Keith Richardson's funny "Obituary". And this is a reprint. The reviews are short and tiresome. The illos are few and poor. The editorials, which used to be YANDRO'S highpoint, are weak. And the Coulson's seem to be finding YANDRO a burden which they no longer enjoy. If they don't enjoy putting it out, why even bother? It is no longer a good zine. The Coulsons have asked not to be reviewed as a courtesy (they say they have too many subs) but I think it is more of a courtesy to tell them the truth about the zine. And I also think it's more of a courtesy to be honest to fandom.

AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW #17 - is devoted to a symposium on 2001 "Also Sprach Kubrick". It's a fine zine and I hope rumors that it has folded are false (John Bangsund, P.O. Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria 3156, Australia, 40¢)

CRY 178 presents a fine lithoed appearance and lovely color cover by aTom. Unfortunately the contents fall short of the pretty repro. The columns are concerned with non SF related subjects like Elinor Busby's new job and only Wally Weber's fannish column and Paul Stanberg's new wave discussion are really good. The lettercol is dull and includes a page of WAHF listing everyone who sent in money. It is just another wasted page -- unless you get a thrill when you spot your name. (Vera Heminger, 3021 1/2 108th Ave., SE, Auburn, Washington 98002)

TOMORROW AND... #4 is also lithoed. But you really need a magnifying glass to read the darn thing. Good art by ConR, Mike Gilbert, Delap, and others, but it would be better if it were larger. Some of the articles would be better if they were reduced to total illegibility, but a good Baycon report and article on Cambell save the ish. Lapidus has a 'thing' about 2001 and again writes on it as do Mark Aronson and Robert Block. Too many people add editorial comments, but it is nice to see someone refute Jerry's "I'm totally right" attitude on 2001. (50¢, 8/\$3.50, usual -- Jerry Lapidus and Mike Bradley, 5400 Harper, Apt. 1204, Chicago, Ill. 60637)

ICENI....#3 (hay a third ish, and a good one too) Bob Roehm has fannish enthusiasm and this ish is well mimeoed. By solving the repro problem Bob's gotten a good zine going. Delap writes on books and films, there are poems, and an excellent story by Linda Eyster. You've got to get this issue just for that! (Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Ind. 47130, 25¢, 5/\$1.00, usual)

SPECULATION, vol. 2, no. 7 (Peter R. Weston, 81 Trescott Rd., Northfield, Birmingham 31, United Kingdom -- irregular, trades, 35¢) I was pleased to finally get this zine. Its mimeo is not beautiful but it is functional for a lot of excellent critical pieces. Brian Aldiss, World's Worst SF, and Michael Moorcock are some of the major targets. Good show.

WRR (Box 267, 507 third ave., Seattle Washington, 98104 - usual) Wally Weber and Blotto Otto Pfeifer make this one of fandom's best humor zines. Hilarious START WRECK cartoon and Mission Improbable are highlights of this funny ish. Lithoed too.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

by William M. Danner

Anton Mahler had, perhaps, less imagination than would be useful to one occupied in a task such as his. He was preparing what he fondly hoped would be a monumental work on mythology and had purchased a beat-up old Univac to compile the data. Going on the common assumption that stealing from one book may be plagiarism, but that stealing from a lot of books is research, he was collecting all the books he could find on the subject. His wife, Myra, was to encode the data and feed it into the machine since so much of his time was taken up by his duties as assistant professor of ancient history at the university.

The old battered machine had been so much worked-over by a number of service men that the original circuit diagrams no longer were applicable. When something went wrong, which was frequently, it was customary to replace stacks until the trouble cleared up. One practical joker had even equipped the operator's folding stool with a goosing device which looked like no more than a slight tear in the leather of the cushion. The instruction for implimenting this device was now known only to the computer as the joker had died before he had a chance to try its effect. At some time, too, it had been provided with a short piece of conduit which stuck out of the top of the cabinet and carried the power line. Myra had been doing some preliminary work in the books and when the machine was delivered she was struck with a certain resemblance to a picture she had encountered.

"Looks like a unicorn, doesn't it, Anton? Because of that pipe sticking up there, I mean."

Anton stared at the machine and then at Myra. "You're nuts, dear," he said. "Now, pay close attention while Mr. Lassiter shows you how to work all the gadgets ... I have to be off now. Lecture at three."

Off he went, seeing in his mind's eye an impressive row of large volumes -- eight of them, or maybe ten -- with spines elegantly stamped in gold: "A Complete History of Mythology, by Anton Mahler." In his mind's ear he could hear the congratulations of his confreres on the production of such a definitive work. Naturally, he was thinking, he couldn't expect the computer to write the book, but the actual writing, once the material was all assembled and arranged in logical order, would be an easy task for one with such a glib command of English. He had already written a ten-page preface dealing with the labors of writing the book, without once mentioning the computer. This gave him no qualms to the contrary notwithstanding.

But Myra continued to think of the machine as the Unicorn and even lettered a little sign to that effect and stuck it up over the keyboard. After all, it has been common for centuries for people to give names to machines or other inanimate objects they use in one way or another and a computer seems much more a living thing than does a boat or an automobile or an airplane. She acquired a good proficiency in programming the computer and one afternoon, having finished with the last book on hand and "just for the hell of it," as she said later, she coded the instruction "I am Unicorn" and fed it into the banks.

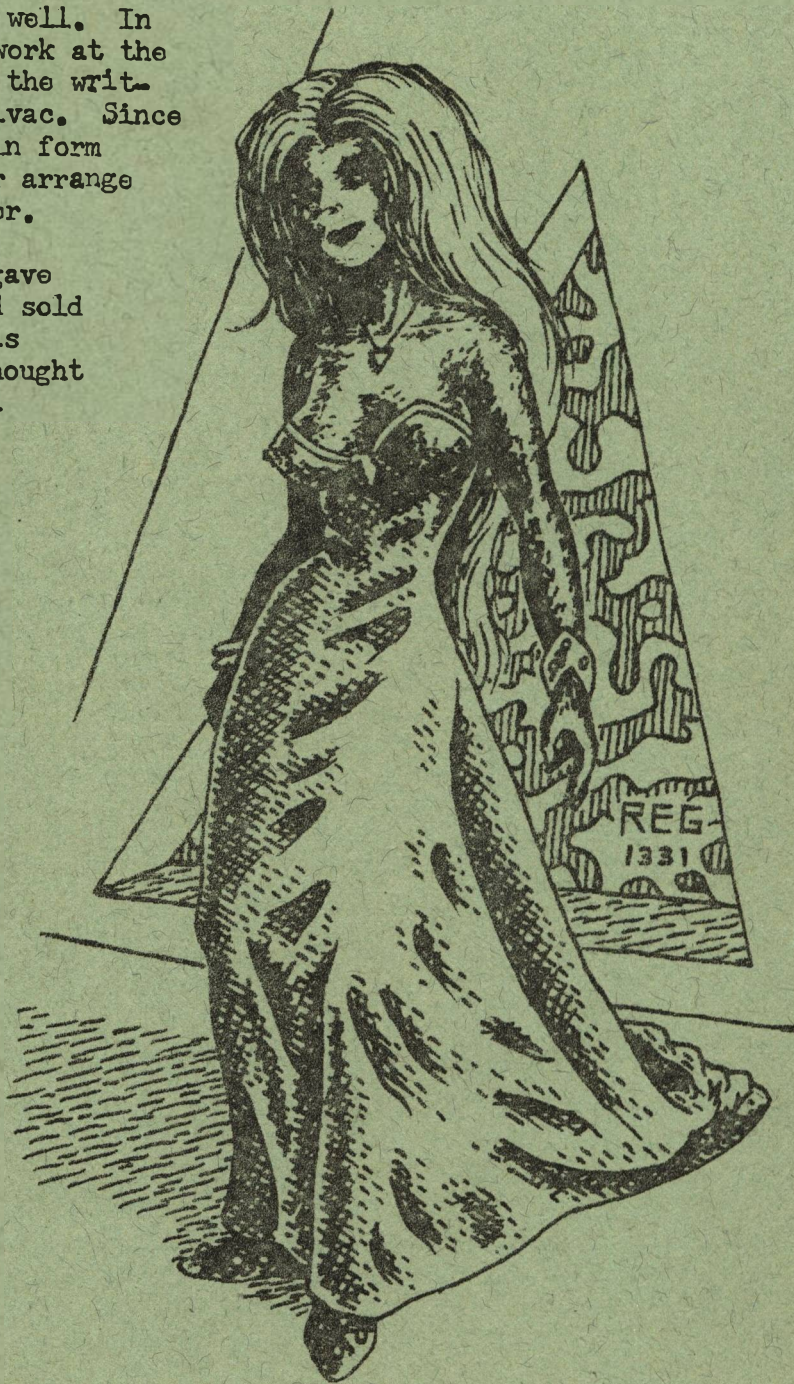
The work progressed smoothly and well. In what time he had left from his work at the University, Anton got started on the writing from data supplied by the Univac. Since the work was to be encyclopedic in form he could start anywhere and later arrange the articles in alphabetical order.

Surprisingly enough the machine gave little trouble. Mr. Lassiter had sold it "as is", giving the Mahlers as little of its background as he thought good for them. But, except for a couple of tube failures which Myra remedied in the customary manner by plugging in the spare stacks that came with the machine, it went along with admirable regularity and smoothness.

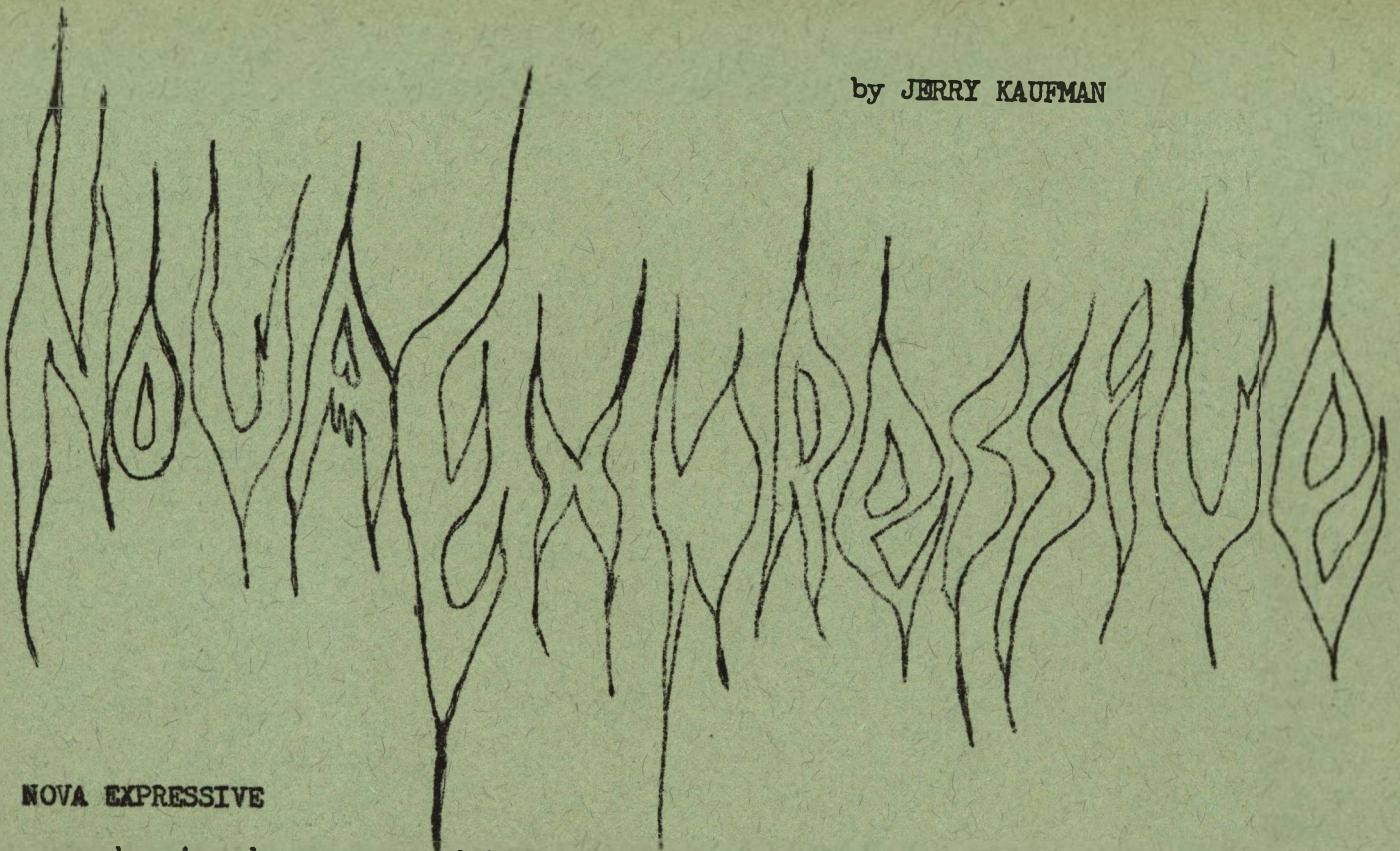
Myra herself was no classical scholar and at the beginning of the project had had no knowledge of nor particular interest in mythology. Because of her personification of the Univac, however, she read with more than usual care anything pertaining to the unicorn. Most of the books she had so far digested gave little but brief descriptions of the appearance of the legendary beast, but one day she found a lengthy article and read it through.

"Oh, my," she murmured at one point, "isn't that interesting? A unicorn could only be ridden by a virgin." She mused for a moment about times past and then her fingers began to fly over the keyboard.

She had scarcely hit the last key when suddenly she emitted a piercing scream and leaped from the stool.



by JERRY KAUFMAN



NOVA EXPRESSIVE

came charging down on me and like a syrnyx used badly
has blinded me for a moment but more like a Nova seen
with full senses on (and how many people walk our streets
with their senses turned off?) it has blinded me with
too much seeing.

HOOKS

The universe (some feel)
Is a great machine with hooks,
Hooks holding signs showing
Ways

To use the machine, to follow its curves and angles most easily.
(Some feel) the machine will choose its own signs if given a chance.

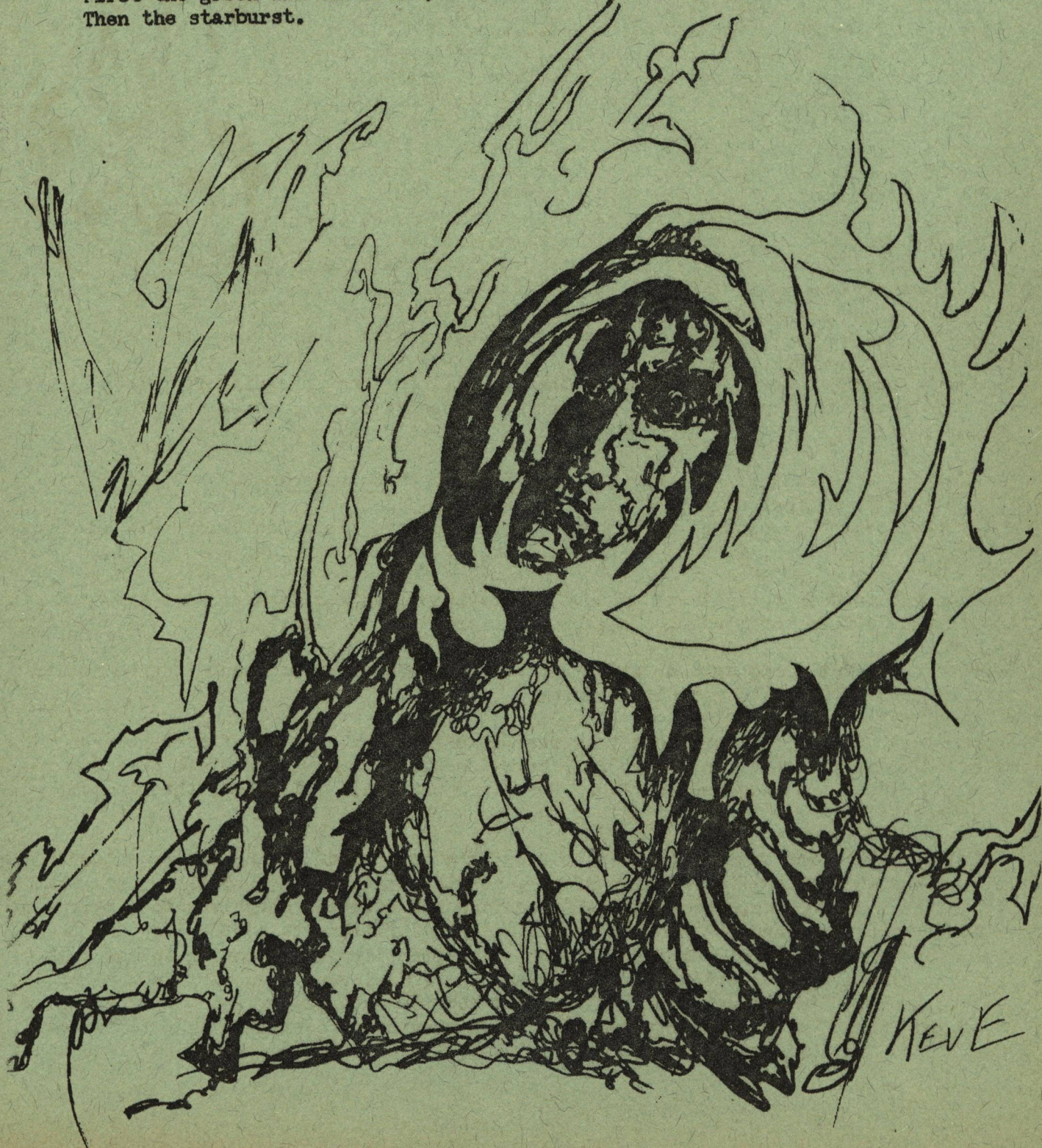
Shuffle the Tarot, please, and allow the machine to post its bills and tell us
where to go,
Everything will soon prove to be a cog -- or a product.

SYRNYX SPELL

The hand rises and falls, and the red-eyed woman with golden skin
is offering you a warm fistful of singing flame
which the winged elephant on her shoulder seems to be allergic to
for it keeps sneezing and falling off into the pot of snakes
you know is really Mouse for that is where he was sitting
a moment ago... you think

DAN IN THE MORNING

A slight line of green wriggles across my forehead;
It does that, always, just before...
C above middle C rings in my right ear,
Always,
At the same time that the green whirls and wavers --
Just before the consciousness comes --
Like a signal, a warning.
First the green and the sound, the distress and the puzzle
Then the starburst.



one of the dragons is loose

If it comes at all it will be long in coming. Necessarily so.

It all began just off Route 32 and on a hill above the city of Rosendale. Well, to be truthful, it began in 1932 in Ohio, in a hospital....why, when you think about it, it might have begun at the Cattle Raid of Cooley....no, the Court of Charlemagne and with an Irish scribe. For everyone knows the Irish taught the Europeans the niceties of writing. But perhaps it began with Greece or earlier with the invention of writing. No, by God, earlier still with the very first urge to communicate one to another. But if we pursued each to its beginning this whole business must become somewhat cumbersome. You have words and you use these things, sounds, collections/arrangements of letters, squiggles, chicken tracks, to convey information. Not so much convey, actually, as to let goutts of thought, information, outrage ous yammerings at the pains of birth and life out into the open where, no longer confined within the fleshy shell/bag/balloon, they may expand and dissipate and no longer trouble one.



But you begin to see? Why, I mean, that it will be long in coming if indeed it ever comes? Even the simplest sentence gives one pause/paws. I mean -- what the hell is "cumber"?

cumber: v hence u; from the n, both Cumbersome (-some) and combrous (for cumberous: suffix -ous).

"To cumber" ME cumbren, var of combren, is aphetic for late ME encom-
bren, from OF - F/.....

and on and on but that gets us nowhere except into studious dark corners and when one begins, he wishes to proceed. Or perhaps he does not so wish.

So we do not get along well or at any great rate when we pursue each thought not to its conclusion but rather to its origins.

Back so far and no farther along this rear-reaching line, put the finger down on the maps and say, "there!" On Route 32. Above Rosendale in New York State on a day under the Sun in the Universe. But no. Focus and confine. This spot, this instant, and that Volvo.

It's a Volvo station wagon (you needn't know it's in need of waxing and some touching up and how much mileage per gallon of gas, nor the state of its upholstery nor what is in the side-pockets. We must REALLY confine and restrict ourselves to merely a line of happenings and not seek to know all the embellishments of the line and the thousand thousand lines radiating tangentially, prettily from a moving dot on a line.) In the Volvo are three children, ages seven, ten and eleven. Two girls and a boy respectively. I'm the driver. I'm in front and I'm much older. And there is the What Not Shop. On Route thirty-two (32) above Rosendale (capital R - Small o-s-e-n-d-a-l-e). The What Not Shop is a place filled with stuff. And there are signs about

which better describe the stuff than I can. "WE BUY JUNK AND SELL ANTIQUES." "CHECKS ACCEPTED ONLY FROM PERSONS OVER EIGHTY IF ACCOMPANIED BY PARENTS." "USED BUT NOT ABUSED." And like that. Up here in what I like to call the 'woods' there are no easily accessible "dime stores" with their hypnotically fascinating counters full of toys and particularly stationary. Pads and tablets, rubber bands and rubber stamps and ink pads and glittery pens and file cards wrapped in a paper band. Captivating. No, but there are these junk shops and no less than the kids I love to wander through them. Once I bought for 50¢, a box full of such wondrous things as 2 telephone pick-ups, a microphone, four reels of tape (on every inch of which nothing was recorded save the sound of footsteps on a wooden floor. Pacing back and forth on that floor and on that tape hour after hour. It was kinda creepy.). It's like the fondly remembered grab-bag or the Iron Claw Machine only better because the range of things one might come across is so much wider than packages of mints, cigarettes or lighters or rings and things. Once my boy, Brian, bought for a buck and a half, a stuffed pheasant. It had been stuffed in 1913. It stares at us, glassily of necessity, now every day at meal time. And my wife, Phoebe (whose age needn't concern you; suffice it to say I was no cradle robber) bought an ugly, ugly thing which most everyone likes. It's a sort of side-board which bulks and looms and squats and has a mirror of the wrong dimensions in the wrong place and there are carved (by hand) wooden dragons swirling up and curving like breaking waves in a Japanese woodcut but the dragons are not oriental. The dragons are middle European. One of them is a little loose. It was very cheap. That too was of necessity and part of the glamour of the place. The What Not Shop.

So the children, like little white cabbage butterflies in a field of flowers, went fluttering and flying about the place drawn to each his and her own flower by whatever threads of fascination they were strung-up on. And I, more stately and slowly did the same. Like the slow rumble of a base violin under the tremolo of the lighter strings.

One must get to it eventually I suppose. Well, it was there. This thing which prompted my saying that something would be long, if ever, in coming. It sat in a sturdy, stapled box that I saw, and knew it for what it was (perhaps not fully, but I knew its function). I remembered the dry and pitying amusement of Terry Carr when I mentioned to him that I found these things, whatever their size, magically fascinating. And Dick Lupoff looked at me once with a slack jaw and his eyes let out some of the horror, just a little, and he offered me a drink knowing that I never refuse and get interested in other things quickly under the alcohfluence. Little did he know that it was inkahol which troubled me that day.

A postcard mimeograph ("how much? One Buck to take it away? Sold!") is not an imposing thing nor threatening. But even then the idea crossed my mind like the shadow of a swift bird. I got it home. And there were stencils and ink and I had a light box and paper. I cut four stencils and the children typed one each. Only two of the three are my children but that's another story. Seven stencils.

You know, they DO sort of say, "whonkity"!

So it MAY come someday. And perhaps someday you will find this package/envelope in your mail-box as I find strange ones in mine. And a sort of vengeance will have been fulfilled.

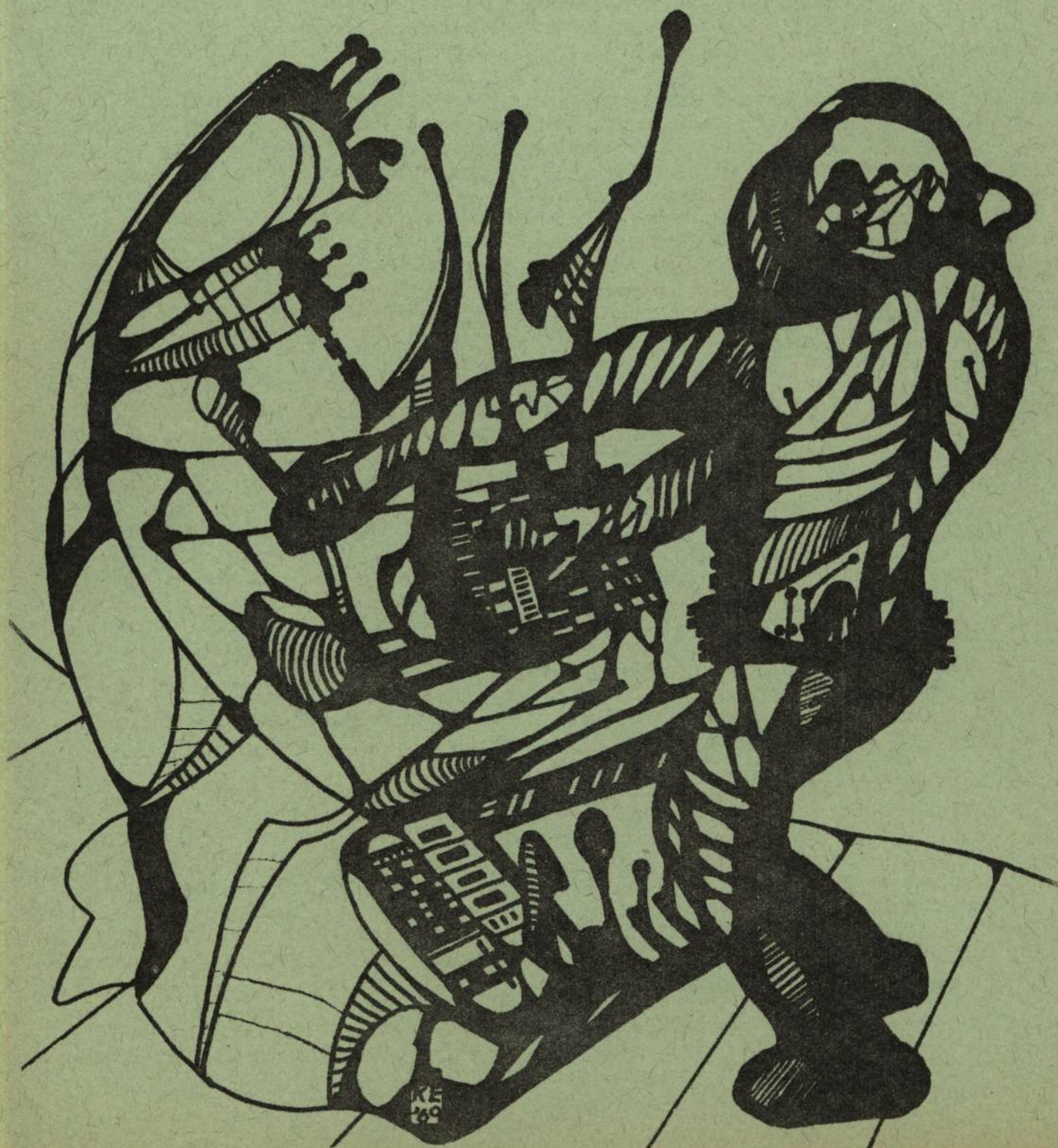
But if it comes at all, this fanzine will be long in coming. Necessarily so.

It'll be 4x6 and I've got to figure out what to do about print-thru.

I mean if at all.

SF MAGAZINE REVIEW: '68

by Richard Delap



OR: HOW MANY WAYS CAN I SAY A STORY AIN'T NO GOOD

Part I of two parts *

With the Hugo awards preliminary ballot just out, there is bound to again be much ink spilled over the year's "best." The yearly output of SF seems for the most part limited to the genre magazines. Although forays into the "slick" market -- most regularly, PLAYBOY -- are continually made, the staple of new SF remains in its special niche. This review is not meant to cover all SF published in magazines during the preceeding year (the very thought tires me into mild hysteria); instead, it is intended to make available to those interested one person's opinion, and hopefully to draw attention to the few (and they were few) examples of writing of more than routine interest that might otherwise be lost in the yearly flood. If reading this causes even one person to peruse a story he had previously missed or ignored, I will feel that my time was not wasted.

I have not attempted to make any short, generalized statements upon the stories published as serials...many of them have been, are, or soon will be reviewed by myself and others, for most serials appear sooner or later in book form. Likewise the science and information articles, which so regularly appear from such prolific and informed writers as Willy Ley, Isaac Asimov, and others -- I am far too much of a layman to even think of assessing such product. Instead I have concentrated on the short stories and novelettes, with comments limited to a line or two on each. More discussion than this, while possibly an intriguing idea, would demand more time than I (and I suspect the reader) can spare. This, the first half of the article, deals with the initial six months of 1968. *The best will appear next issue.

AMAZING STORIES - bi-monthly

1968 saw a new editor come and go at this magazine and its companion, FANTASTIC. Harry Harrison made the first steps in attempting to bring the 2 magazines the prestige and interest of previous years. A gradual increase in new stories, the reinstatement of a book review column, and a series of new science articles show that the new editor was giving it a solid try, right up until the post was taken over by Barry N. Malzberg at the year's end.

One drawback remained --- the use of reprinted cover designs of yesteryear, most of which were colorless paintings cluttered with print. Amazing's publishing schedule only two issues appeared the first six months.

Feb. --- Contained a scathing review of Zelazny's Hugo-winning Lord of Light by "LeRoy Tanner!" No one seems to know who Tanner really is (many suspect it is Harry Harrison himself), but the review was openly considered "assinine" by one well-known fan/pro. (At least Tanner can spell, and I agree with him, Hugo or no.)

Also: SANTAROGA BARRIER (conclusion of serial) by Frank Herbert. Novelette: THE TROUBLE WITH YOU EARTH PEOPLE, by Katherine MacLean. "Love is all you need" -- but Earthmen are just too tied-up with taboos in this pedestrian handling of a subject that still has room for discussion. Science: "Neanderthals, Rockets, and Modern Technology" by Leon E. Stover.

Reprints: "Remote Control" (1930) by Walter Kateley; "You'll Die Yesterday" (1951) by Reg Phillips; "The Great Invasion of 1955" (1932) by David Reid; "Turnover Point (1953) by Alfred Coppel.

April (cover date - June) -- Novelet: SEND HER VICTORIOUS by Brian W. Aldiss is another addition to the 'we-are-watched' syndrome that gives the Earth a navel among other illogical confusions. Not so swift.

April AMAZING (cont.)

Science: "Dogs, Dolphins, and Human Speech" by Leon E. Stover. Reprints: "The Mechanical Heart" (1931) by H.I. Barrett; "The Illusion Seekers" (1950) by P.F. Costello; "Stenographer's Hands" (1928) by David H. Keller; "The Way of a Weeb" (1951) by H. B. Hickey; "Lorelei Street" (1950) by Craig Browning; "Four Men and a Suitcase" (1953) by Ralph Robin;



ANALOG -- monthly

Six issues, right on the dot, every month. The fiction also seems to follow this regular, steady pattern -- lots and lots of page-fillers that by their very mundane existence make the few good stories veritably sparkle among their company. The bright and slick covers range from a NASA photograph to a lovely Bonestell to bright if usually undramatic covers by Freas. Articles appear frequently if irregularly, including in this period a surprising anomaly about TV's now-dead Star Trek. The book review column by P. Schuyler Miller remains, as ever, quite readable and even comfortable, if not at all lively.

Jan. --- DRAGONRIDER (conclusion of serial) by Anne McCaffrey. Novelettes included: THERE IS A TIDE by R. C. FitzPatrick and Leigh Richmond - strictly a time-passer that does so pleasantly, even if you can't remember a thing about it the next day; SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS... by Sterling E. Lanier, is a strange journey, fraught with new perils on almost every page, is good until it gasps its last in a frazzled and worn climactic sequence.

Short Stories: "...And Cauldron Bubble" by Bruce Daniels - I wonder if Campbell really likes these little pieces of nonsense he sometimes buys? Gads, I bet he does! "The System" by Ben Bova is a short one-pager that says "You can't fight the Establishment" with 408 extra words of wasted effort. Science: "The Bugs That Live at -423 degrees" by Joseph Green & Fuller C. Jones.

Feb. -- THE HORSE BARBARIANS (part I of serial) by Harry Harrisor.

Novelette: PEEK! I SEE YOU! by Poul Anderson, is a crazy combination of Hopi Indians and flying saucers and visiting aliens which comes off not at all badly.

Short Stories: "If the Sabot Fits..." by Walt & Leigh Richmond, is a light and sometimes funny SF puzzle into which the pieces fit quite nicely. "The God Paddlers" by Jack Wodhams. The manipulation of other world primitives gets fumble-fingered handling in a crude, poorly done story. "Optimum Pass" by W. Macfarlane, is a dull, tensionless cross-planet trek which tires the reader long before it does the trek's participants. Blech.

Articles: "To Make a STAR TREK" by G. Harry Stine, and "Military Analysis (reprint 1967) by Hanson W. Baldwin.

March --- THE HORSE BARBARIANS (part 2). Novelettes: THE ALIEN RULERS by Piers Anthony, who brings off sequences of this relatively ordinary SF tale with style, but overall it succumbs to the sin of predictability. PRACTICE! by Verge Foray, is a deftly plotted story of the special handling of children with esp powers. One of the better stories from here this year.

Short Stories: "Uplift the Savage" by Christopher Anvil who has filled hundreds of pages of Analog with stories neither bad nor really good. Here's another of that description. "The Inevitable Weapon" by Poul Anderson is an SF/detective yarn that suffers the same fate of all such stories which crowd too much explanation into dialogue. Ho-hum. "Birth of a Salesman" by James Tiptree, Jr. is a humorous tale of intergalactic shipping that is sometimes strained for effect but more often is very funny...the singing jars of face cream really broke me up.

April --- THE HORSE BARBARIANS (conclusion of serial). Novelette: SECRET WEAPON by Joseph P. Martino has moronic dialogue, clumsy plotting, and scientific hoopla as incredibly boring as it is unfathomable make this one of the most disastrously awful series in Analog's history.

Short Stories: "Handyman" by Jack Wodhams has seven pages to invent a non-leaking cup in a story leaking through every paragraph. Now I ask you... "Is Everybody Happy?" by Christopher Anvil. Readers will wish they had some of the "euphoria" pills mentioned here, if only to get far away from this all-the-way worthless yarn. "Incorrigible" by John T. Phillifent is a tale of finding a use for "incorrigible" aliens and is the best single story in the issue. Which isn't saying much.

Special Feature: "Phantasmagoria" by Herbert Jacob Bernstein rounds up what looks to be one of the worst issues of Analog, this thing was (I think) supposed to be funny. 'Tain't very.

May --- SATAN'S WORLD (Part one) by Poul Anderson. Novelettes: CONQUEST BY DEFAULT by Vernor Vinge. Will Earthmen help or simply transform the aliens he meets on other worlds? A good story that could easily hold a full-length novel. FEAR HOUND by Katherine MacLean is a tightly written suspense story involving telepathic detective work. Very good in all departments. SKYSIGN by James Blish is an entertaining flying saucer story that suffers at times from the author's misguided patronizing.

Short Stories: "Exile to Hell" by Isaac Asimov is a short-short from the good Doctor which depends on an ending with a twist that is a trifle too obvious. "His Master's Voice" by Verge Foray -- the first sentence -- "...he felt more uneasy..." -- may put the reader on guard, but the ship-with-a-personality is rather well-done and amusing. "Project Island Bounce" by Lawrence A. Perkins is an overlong tale about the re-introduction of an element of society we now accept quite calmly. Heavy-handed for humor.

June --- SATAN'S WORLD (part two) by Poul Anderson. Short Novel: THE ROYAL ROAD by Christopher Anvil is well-paced but militaristic and annoyingly "preachy" Space story. Heinlein does it better. Novelette: DUPLEX by Verge Foray - a dual-personality yarn shot down by a contrived plot and characters. Dudsville.

Short stories: "No Shoulder To Cry On" by Hank Davis - a simple straightforward theme is handled with taste, and emotional strings are pulled...but gently. "The Mind Reader" by Robert Chilson who is interested in putting across an idea...and to hell with drama. Absolutely terrible! Science: "It's Right Over Your Nose" by Ben Bova.

FANTASTIC -- bi-monthly

This magazine's policy follows along the same lines as Amazing, though it did manage to make all three issues (it skipped a month, but not an issue, in the latter half of the year). Cover designs weren't quite as bad as Amazing's, but weren't good either, being equally cluttered and cheapjack-looking. Both magazines suffer the tragic fate of lacking funds to hire a proofreader or limited funds that keep them bound to a

sadly blind one. Whichever, the dozens of errors made do not help the magazines achieve the status they seem to be aiming for once again.

January --- Novelette: A DARKNESS IN MY SOUL by Dean Koontz is an introverted soap-opera that lacks any emotional content due to the author's wrong track approach. A blunder, I'm afraid.

Short story: "When Brahma Wakes" by Fritz Leiber -- God-on-a-commonplace-level is strained for effect and suffers from surprising (for this author) underdevelopment.

Reprints: "The Metal Doom" (serial-conclusion-1932) by David H. Keller, M.D., "The Sex Opposite" (1952) by Theodore Sturgeon, "Reservation Deferred" (1953) by John Wyndham, "Undersea Guardians" (1944) by Ray Bradbury, "They Fly So High" (1952) by Ross Rocklynne, "Never Go Back" (1953) by Charles V. De Vet.



March --- SPARTAN PLANET (part one) by A. Bertram Chandler.
 Reprints: "The Court of Kubla Khan" (1948) by David
 D. Reed. "Heart of Light" (1946) by Gardner F. Fox
 "I Love Lucifer" (1953) by William P. McGivern.
 "The Great Steel Panic" (1928) by Fletcher Pratt
 and Irvin Lester. "Incompatable" (1949) by
 Rog Phillips.

May --- SPARTAN PLANET (conclusion)
 Short Story: "High Road to the East" by
 Christopher Anvil is a completly moronic
 story that can't make up its mind as to
 what it conveys, ultimately making no
 sense at all.
 Reprints: "The Lettle Creeps" (1951) by
 Walter M. Miller, Jr. "Dr. Immortelle"
 (1930) by Kathleen Ludwick. "Spawn of
 Darkness" (1950) by Craig Browning.
 "Something for the Wo man" (1953) by Ivar
 Jorgansen. Article: "Brave Nude
 World" (reprint-1961) by Forrest J. Ackerman



FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION -- monthly

F&SF still seems willing to try a little of everything, even if some of it is obviously below standards of quality. Despite this seemingly hit-and-miss policy, there are an almost equal number of top-notch as well as low-notch stories. Covers range from an abysmal Tanner (April) to a striking FitzGerald (May) to a funny Wilson (March). Judith Merrill's book column at least gets up on its hind legs and walks around -- never mind that it doesn't always seem so have a destination. Asimov's articles are full of information, and Gahan Wilson's cartoons are always good, often terrific.

January --- Novelettes: THEY ARE NOT ROBBED by Richard McKenna is yet another posthumously published story from McKenna, this one about alien "Star Birds" whose appearance points the way for Man down destiny's road. Very readable. I SEE A MAN SITTING ON A CHAIR AND THE CHAIR IS BITING HIS LEG by Harlan Ellison and Robert Sheckley. The reader is billy-clubbed with humor (?) in this overly self-indulgent exercise in "cutesiness". CRACK IN THE SHEILD by Arther Sellings is a busily crammed and resultantly unbelievable story of a future where all hide behind the protection of "power sheilds".

Short stories: "The Turned-off Heads" by Fritz Leiber is a rather threadbare noose for the "Love" generation, and not too good considering the writer. "Light on Cader" by Josephine Saxton is murky and, as far as I can see, meaningless item told mostly in flashbacks that never fill in the gaps. "Lunatic Assignment" by Sonya Dorman is a nightmarish, avant-garde story of the desperate measures used by a desperate future earth. Disturbing. "In His Own Image" by Lloyd Biggle, Jr. -- if man abuses machines with knowledge, will Machines be satisfied with facts only? This'll make you think a bit. Science: "The Seventh Metal" by Isaac Asimov.

February --- Short Novel: STRANGER IN THE HOUSE by Kate Wilhelm is the best story in this issue, and told with quiet elan. The 'stranger' of the title is an alien concealed beneath an old country house. Expert idea, expertly done.

Short stories: "The Lucky People" by Chet Arthur -- a future numbed to reality, where the horrible becomes commonplace entertainment. It should have been better (the story, that is.) "The Stars Know" by Mose Mallette is quite an amusing spoof on nearly everything from graphoanalysis to advertising. "He Kilt It With a Stick" by

by William F. Nolan is a very strange and extremely grotesque horror story. This is a weird one. "Wednesday, Noon" by Ted White is a flip, annoyingly silly story that, I suppose, has a meaning in it somewhere...damned if I know where though. "The Locator" by Robert Lory, is also quite silly, but rather funny if you look at it in the right way. "I Have My Vigil" by Harry Harrison. Insanity and murder form the base for this sorrowfully undeveloped short. "To Hell with the Odds" by Robert L. Fish, is a smooth, slick handling of the pact-with-the-Devil theme from this well-known author of top-notch mystery stories.

Reprint: "The Veiled Feminists of Atlantis" (1926) by Booth Tarkington. Intro by SaM.

Science: "The Predicted Metal" by Isaac Asimov; "Aperture in the Sky" by Ted Thomas.

Verse: "From a Terran Travel Folder" by Walter H. Kerr.

March F&SF -- Novelette; THE EGG OF THE GLAK by Harvey Jacobs. There's absolutely no excuse for such burlesque fantasy, which may be the one reason why it is one of the most f-u-n-n-y stories of the year. Utterly delightful! THE SHAPES by J.H. Rosny aine (translated by Damon Knight). Despite the editor's claim to the contrary, this is little more than a "curiosity" piece, a dated and long man-vs.-alien tale.

Short Stories: "The Ajeri Diary" by Miriam Allen DeFord, is a simple, interest-catching tale of the strange sociological pattern on the planet Ajeri. "Whose Short Happy Life" by Sterling Lanier, is a hunting trip with guess-who as the hunted. (Well, how did you ever guess?) "Budget Planet" by Robert Sheckley, is an extract from the novel DIMENSION OF MIRACLES. This reads better alone than as part of the disorganized whole. "That High-up Blue Day That Saw the Black Sky-train Come Spinning" by David R. Bunch. Maybe somebody can find some Inner Meaning (plain common sense would do) in Bunch's obscure stories. I can't, but what the hell am I missing?

Article: "Dinosaurs in Today's World" by L. Sprague de Camp.

Science: "The Seventh Planet" by Isaac Asimov.

April F&SF-- Novelette: FLIGHT OF FANCY by Daniel F. Galouye is a moody and ponderous effort about flying people that has all the depth of Peter Pan...and isn't half the fun. FINAL WAR by K. M. O'Donnell; there seems to be an exceptional number of things crammed into this story which is quite aptly titled. I can't even pretend to explain it, but I liked it.

Short Stories: "Dead to Rights" by R.C. Fitzpatrick. Legal procedures get some feathery tickling in this chuckle-happy fantasy. "Without a Doubt Dream" by Bruce McAllister is a lacklustre attempt at "New Wave" writing that wastes a good bit of time tracking a weary circle. "Demon" by Larry Brody is a mediocre story, lacking both dash and spirit (both sorely needed), about a bank robber and his demon companion. "The Superior Sex" by Miriam Allen DeFord is a shallow, dull and very disappointing treatment of a psychological theme very much in need of close attention. "The Time of His Life" by Larry Eisenberg is a story which suddenly veers away from the postulation it initially presents and ends up as hackwork. "Muscadine" by Ron Goulart, puts forth a good argument-- that machines cannot acquire Man's virtues without assimilating his failings as well. Brightly written.

Science: "The Dance of the Sun" by Isaac Asimov.

May F&SF: Short Novel: LINES OF POWER by Samuel R. Delany, is a razor-sharp look at power in all forms from mechanical to psychological, which fascinates from beginning to end despite some ostentatious (and clumsy) dialogue. This is a tricky one!



Novelette:
**A QUIET KIND
 OF MADNESS**
 by David Redd
 is a strange,
 warmly human
 story set a-
 gainst a back-
 ground of white
 and ice...from
 a new author de-
 manding attention
 with everything
 he writes. A beau-
 tiful story...don't
 miss it!

Short Stories: "The Willis"
 by Baird Searles, is an old-
 fashioned but nicely handled ghost story that should please fans who can still appre-
 ciate the type. "Gifts from the Universe" by Leonard Tushnet, shows that along with
 the previous story, the "strange little shop" tale still has some mileage left.
 "Beyond the Game" by Vance Aandahl; games should have winners. Unmotivated departure
 from the gameboard is unsportsmanlike...and so is this story. "Dry Run" by Larry Niven.
 Niven's work continues to interest me, though I'd be the last to stick my neck out and
 say this is a good story.

Science: "Backward, Turn Backward" by Isaac Asimov.

June F&SF: Short Novel: THE CONSCIOUSNESS MACHINE by Josephine Saxton, despite its
 vague reminiscence of Zelazny's "He Who Shapes", has strong characterizations which
 give added depth to this adept story of psychoanalysis aided by machine. Quite good..

Novelette: SEA HOME by William M. Lee, is another story of men returning to the Cradle
 of the Deep, but a good one logically and believably developed.

Short Stories: "The People Trap" by Robert Sheckley; a major problem of an over-crowded 21st century is coldly and emotionlessly handled in this very disappointing story. "Settle" by Ann MacLeod, is assuredly most unsettling, but is a sharp-toothed fantasy that bites rather hard. "Backtracked" by Burt Filer, is a time-travel story with a difference...it's not really about time-travel. "The Secret of Stonehenge" by Harry Harrison is a contrived and illogical 'enigma' story that neither holds nor uncovers any secret that I can see.

Reprint: "At the Heart of It" (1934) by Michael Harrison. Science: "Counting Chromosomes" by Isaac Asimov. Verse: "Of Time and Us" by David R. Bunch.

GALAXY -- bi-monthly; With the June issue switch to monthly publication, and the 192 pages each issue, GALAXY makes bid to overtake its once secondary, now top-ranked companion, IF. The new schedule will produce more bad stories than before, I suppose, but there's also more room for good ones as well, if editor Pohl publishes them here instead of in IF. GALAXY always looks nice, anyway, with fine covers and neat layout. Algis Budrys' book column is sometimes pompous, sometimes long-winded, sometimes interesting, sometimes not. And then there's something about the business in Vietnam ...I still don't know (or care) what it's all about.

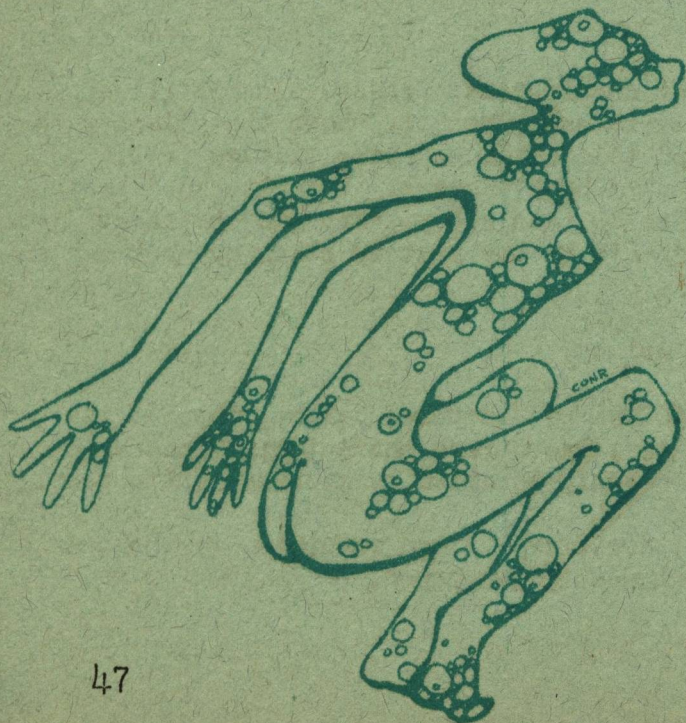
Feb. - Novelettes: A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS by Poul Anderson is about other-world shenanigans told in some of the most deadly-dull prose ever seen. One of Anderson's worst. STREET OF DREAMS, FEET OF CLAY by Robert Sheckley. Still another tale, later used in Sheckley's awful quasi-novel "Dimension of Miracles," that stands much better alone. TOTAL ENVIRONMENT by Brian W. Aldiss. A cross-section of humanity live to themselves, breeding in a closed-up, "total"-world research project that will either be humanity's hope or despair. Very good. THE BIG SHCW by Keith Laumer. Slap-dash, lightly pasted together satire that, I suppose, was intended to be funny. It isn't.

Short Stories: "The Planet Slummers" by Terry Carr & Alexei Panshin, is a rather wicked spoof that is told in such a carefree, deft manner that one hardly feels the needles pricking the skin. "Crazy Annaoj" by Fritz Leiber, is a strange and moving tale of the far future, told by a master close to his finest form. "Sales of a Deathman" by Robert Bloch. Give the masses a bargain, even Death itself, and they'll go wild for it. Nasty, cynical, and not a little scary. "How They Gave it Back" by R. A. Lafferty. Lafferty's burlesque, like the lead character's situation in the story, is a fiasco relying on tricks that don't come off.

Science: "Epitaph for a Lonely Olm" by Willy Ley.

April -- GOBLIN RESERVATION (part one of a serial) by Clifford D. Simak.

Novelettes: BRAIN DRAIN by Joseph P. Martino. A propagandistic piece of writing that is not only stupid and offensive, but so damned dull that it can hardly be read. TOUCH OF THE MOON by Ross Rocklynne. A man returns from the moon and has more than physical adjustments to cope with. Well-developed tale from an



old pro. THE WORLD AND THORINN by Damon Knight, is the first tale about Thorinn, who finds a strange world at the bottom of a well. This out-and-out fantasy is not so bad, but not exactly what one expects from Knight. Short Stories: "The Riches of Embarrassment" by H.L. Gold, who offers an explanation (sort of) as to why people are often caught in extenuating circumstances. Really now... "Sword Game" by H. H. Hollis. Another of those 'brick' SF stories that, if not memorable, is as easily swallowed as vanilla ice cream. "The Discoverers" by Larry Niven, is a "shaggy dog" tale that is neither original nor funny. A waste of the author's time, and the reader's. Science: "The Devil's Apples" by Willy Ley.

June - GOBLIN RESERVATION by Simak (conclusion). Novelettes: THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE by Harlan Ellison. There's half a dozen levels (if not more) to this hunk of controversy that will enhance (slightly) this writer's enviable (to some) reputation. HOW WE BANNED THE BOMBS by Mack Reynolds is a downbeat extrapolation on the outlandish birth-control of a future generation. Read it, forget it, don't talk about it. DAISIES YET UNGROWN by Ross Rocklynne. SF is but a superfluous trapping to this story more concerned with the values of human loss and gain. Not great, but good. THE GARDEN OF EASE by Damon Knight. Second in the "Thorinn" series, as good as the first if still not as good as one expects from Knight. Short Stories: "Detour to Space" by Robin Scott. Espionage and a race to be first on the moon and a tired handling of a very tired theme. "Waiting Place" by Harry Harrison. What to do when innocently stranded on a "prison" world? The answer given here is frustratingly logical and the story is very fine. "Booth 13" by John Lutz. Brief but believably structured future in which death can be had for small change. Lutz, whoever he is, writes well. Science: "Jules Verne, Busy Lizzie, and Hitler" by Willy Ley.

IF -- monthly; Three times in a row, IF has carried off the Hugo for best prozine. I think the reason is the fact that IF shows more reader interest (that is, interest in its readers). It's the only SF magazine of all new stories with a lettercol (no, ANALOG doesn't have a letter column...it has a theory column). IF has an article series on fandom by Lin Carter, as well as a new monthly calendar of cons. There's little question as to why IF carries off the Hugo each year regardless of the stories it publishes. This year has had some very fine stories (yes, some clinkers too), many of them from new writers appearing professionally for the first time in IF, which features one story by a "new" writer in each issue. Always of interest to the SF fan, if not so regularly to the SF reader. [Note: Richard has just sold Pohl his N3F-contest-winning story CUL -DE SAC!]

Jan. - Novelettes: THE PEACEMAKERS by John Rankine; space operas should be exciting and fast. This one couldn't win a race with a short-winded snail. THE TASTE OF MONEY by R. V. Humphrey. Other world botany gets some original twists in this knotty but fairly amusing story. ROGUE'S GAMBIT by Phyllis Gotlieb, is a slick, swift, but rather standard SF-cum-mystery story again featuring a machine that's just too smart for its own good. Serial: ALL JUDGMENT FLED (part two) by James White.

Short Stories: "From Distant Earth" by Basil Wells. All too obvious plotting mars what is an otherwise well-written story. "Starsong" by Fred Saberhagen. Another ok addition to this author's popular and often repetitious Berserker series. "He that Moves" by Roger Zelazny. This pretentious mockery of religion is an insult to any intelligent reader. One of Zelazny's poorest. Science: "Interstellar Travel and Eternal Life" by R.C. W. Ettinger. Article: "Foreign Fandom" by Lin Carter.

Feb. - Serials: SLOWBOAT CARGO (part one) by Larry Niven; ALL JUDGMENT FLED (conclusion) by James White.

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Come to the PgHLANGE* and have some hitchie** and a good time***

*that's Pittsburgh's regional June 6-8 ** that's booze *** that depends on you

Feb. IF (cont.) -- Novelette: THE SELCHEY KIDS by Laurence Yep is a tale of the future which again tackles the theme of closing the gap between man and dolphin. Sharp characterizations and a light thread of humor buoy the story all the way in this auspicious debut of a new, young (19) writer.

Short Stories: "The Petrified World" by Robert Sheckley. Sheckley seems glued to a sticky schtick this year with yet another boring tale of one man's perception of reality...or non-reality....or something. "Star Bike" by B.K. Filer concerns a couple of aliens who turn out to be Indian-givers. The story is glib, forced, and not worth its time. "The Courteous of Ghoor" by Robert Lory, is an uninteresting, childish story that moves worlds and motives with all the subtlety of Blackjack.

March -- Serial: SLOWBOAT CARGO (part two) by Larry Niven.

Novelettes: SUNBEAM CARESS by David Redd. Welsh author Redd produces what is the best story of this period and sure to be one of the year's top Hugo contenders...A compellingly strange, disturbingly pessimistic drama of a future Earth and the lifeforms struggling to survive the harsh consequences of Mankind's blundering. A classic story! stunningly illustrated by Virgil Finlay. WORLDS TO KILL by Harlan Ellison. Overwritten but underdeveloped Master Plan story lacking a focal point for reader sympathy. Not one of Ellison's best. CATERPILLAR EXPRESS by Robert E. Margroff. At one time, Henry Kuttner might have been able to pull off this type of story with spies, aliens, and a most unusual mode of transportation. Unfortunately, Margroff doesn't.

Short Stories: "Deadlier Specie" by David A. Kyle. Man meets alien and the trick ending rests on logic...or rather, illogic. "Squatters Rights" by Hank Davis. An IF "first" story, and one that blinds you not with its sparkling wit (which it has) but with an unexpected spit in the eye. Hilarious!

Article: "At Nycon #3" by Lin Carter.

April -- Serials: SLOWBOAT CARGO (conclusion) by Niven. THE MAN IN THE MAZE (part 1) by Robert Silverberg.

Novelettes: THE RIM GODS by A. Bertram Chandler. Cliche plot, colorless characters and what seems to be complete author disinterest in yet another of the interminable "Rim World" series. Ecchh! THE PRODUCT OF THE MASSES by John Brunner. What could have been an intriguing problem story is marred by a trite, implausible climax and some of Brunner's clumsiest style.

Short Story: "The Edward Salant Letters" by Jerry Juhl. IF continues a run of cream first stories with this very amusing, twist-ending story of the day when technology steals Man's most precious possession...his sense of humor.

Article: "Meanwhile, Back at the Worldcon..." by Lin Carter.

May -- Serial: THE MAN IN THE MAZE (conclusion) by Silverberg.

Novelettes: WHERE THE SUBBS GO by C. C. MacApp. Unfettered space-opera...nothing great, but light, easy, and enjoyable. A good way to pass a few extra minutes. CENOTAPH by D. M. Melton. A suspenseful battle with an alien 'communal' mind keeps this tale moving at a brisk pace. Pretty good. THE CREATURES OF MAN by Verge Foray. Man's nature is reflected in the eyes of intelligent insect life in this vague but unusual fantasy parable.

Short Stories: "Dismal Light" by Roger Zelazny. What's wrong with Zelazny? He hit the bottom with the January story -- now he's digging into the ground underneath. Dismal, correct, dismal. "Past Touch-The-Sky Mountain" by Barry Alan Weissman.

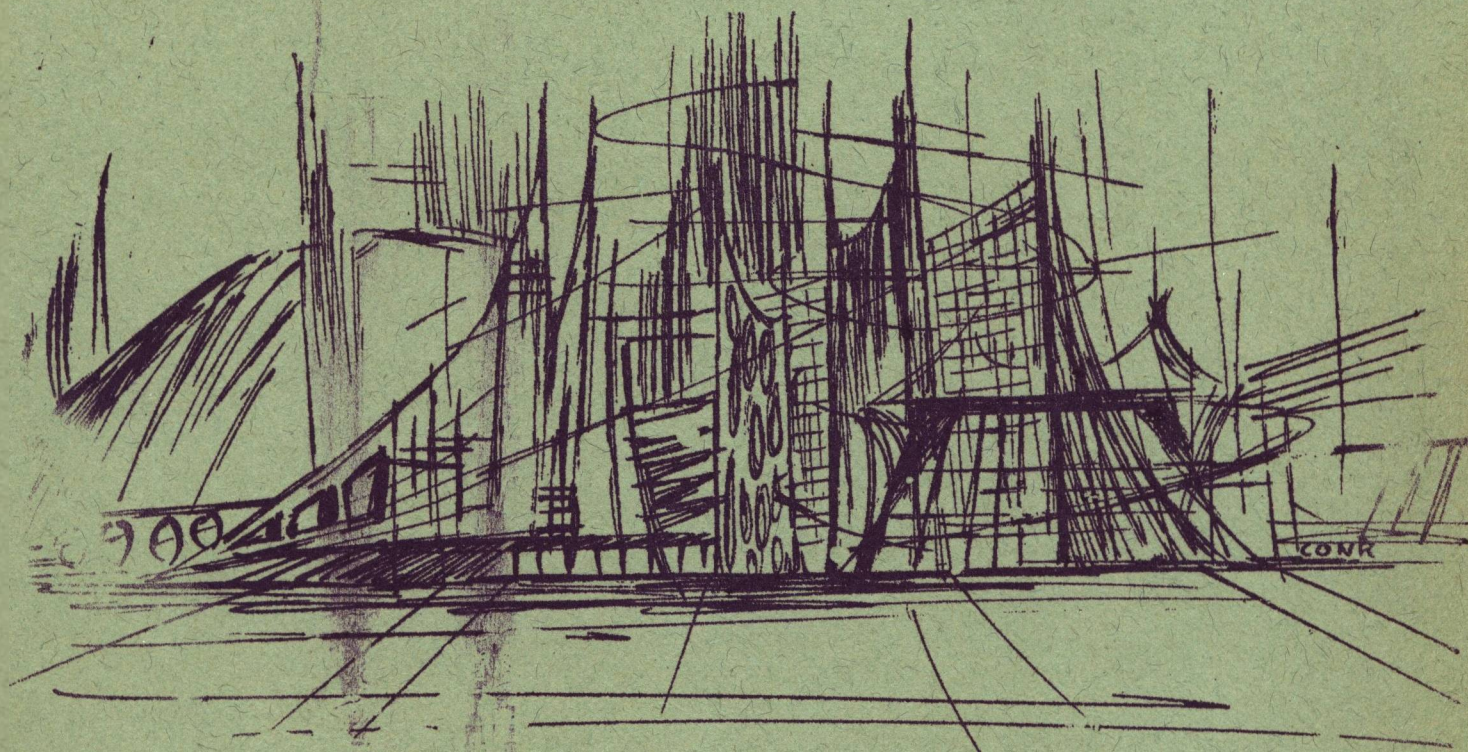
This month's "first" story is a bust...a weary treatment of the alternate-world theme. Article: "New Currents in Fandom" by Lin Carter.

June --- Serial: ROGUE STAR (part one) by Fred Lohl and Jack Williamson.

Novelettes: THE GUERRILLA TREES by H.H. Hollis. Very strange alien lifeforms and an even stranger heroine are put to uneasy rest by a lazy plot. Beautiful Jeff Jones illos, tho. THE MOTHER SHIP by James Tiptree, Jr. Preposterous tale of giant human females from outer space becomes dull from the author's banal stringpulling. HOUSE OF ANCESTORS by Gene Wolfe. An odd exhibit at the '91 World's Fair is the setting for some strange tricks with time distortion. Very readable.

Short Stories: "Cage of Brass" by Samuel R. Delany. Delany is now paddling the same canoe as Zelazny as plot goes out the window in favor of unsuccessful straining for mood. Dialogue is awkward and boorish. Terrible. "Publish and Perish" by John Thomas. Yet another impressive first story which is a rather straight-faced but amusing spoof, extrapolating the violent aspect we are so aware of today.

(to be concluded in the next issue of Granfalloon)



* * * * *
A Story by Ray Ridenour. Reprinted from Kong #1, the world's smallest fanzine.

The star exploded and his left eye began to grow. The see-hear world became the taste-feel world. Exploding into the cabin, the evil genius, Farc, was soon tickled to a merciful end. Nonne-nonne cried, and she knew not why. Pain is Universal, life is transient. We will be born anew.

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NOMINATE: Connie Reich for best fan artist

OMPHALOPSYCHITE

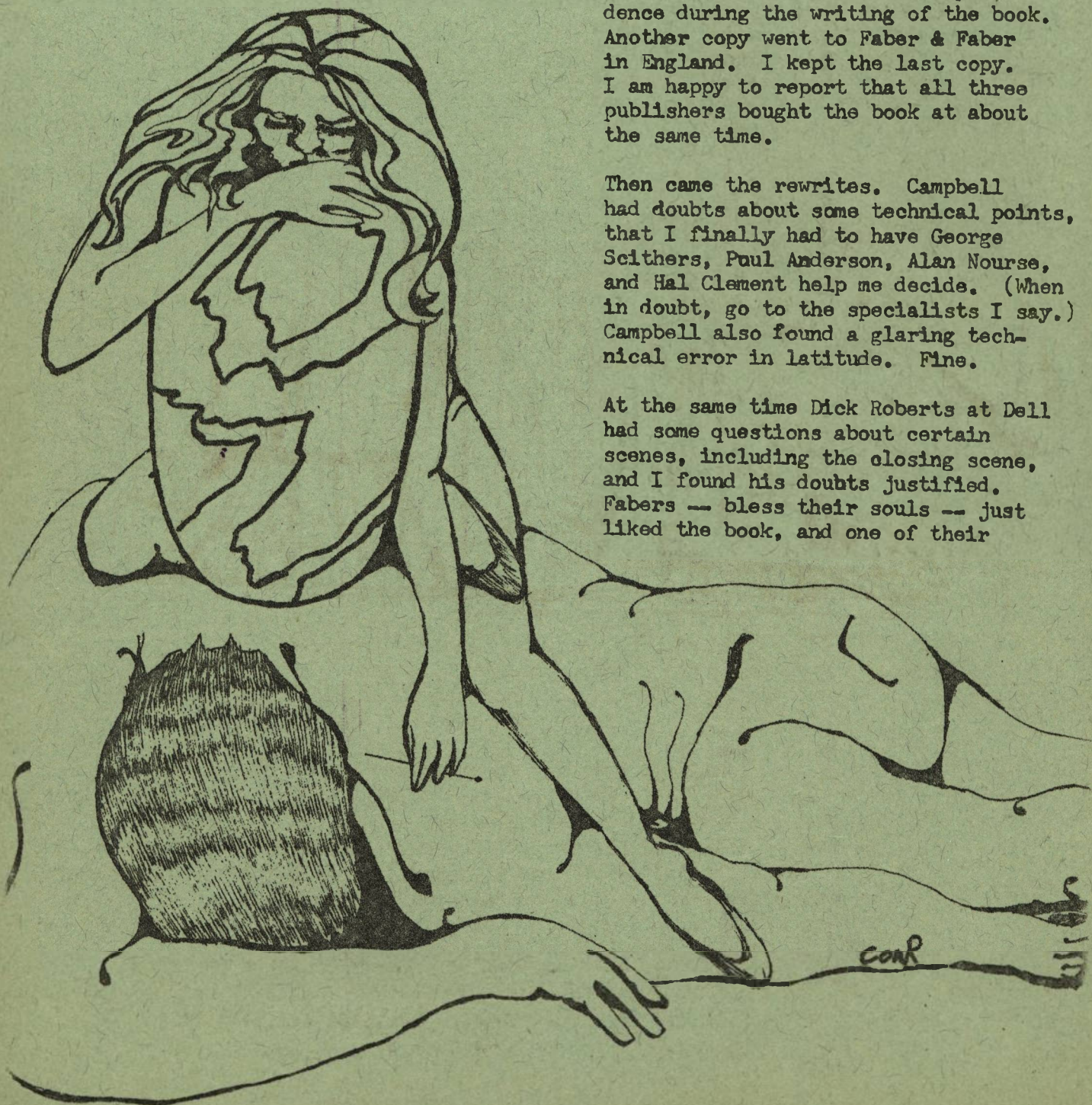
the lettercol: where the readers and the editor
contemplate their navels

HARRY HARRISON: Things are not really as simple or black and white as you might like to think. In publishing, editing and writing. History:

I wrote DEATHWORLD 3 and sent it to my typist. She sent back a top copy and 3 carbons. One copy went to Dell, who had contracted for the book. Another copy went to John Campbell, with whom I had a fine Campbellian correspondence during the writing of the book. Another copy went to Faber & Faber in England. I kept the last copy. I am happy to report that all three publishers bought the book at about the same time.

Then came the rewrites. Campbell had doubts about some technical points, that I finally had to have George Scithers, Paul Anderson, Alan Nourse, and Hal Clement help me decide. (When in doubt, go to the specialists I say.) Campbell also found a glaring technical error in latitude. Fine.

At the same time Dick Roberts at Dell had some questions about certain scenes, including the closing scene, and I found his doubts justified. Fabers -- bless their souls -- just liked the book, and one of their



readers even thought the barbarians, "... the hairy brutal lovable tribesmen in retrospect are Hobbits, Mess their bloodstained bodkins..." Tolkien addicts take notice.

The editorial criticisms were all good ones and I was more than happy to do some re-write to improve the book. It wasn't much. A few thousand words at the most. Since I felt it did improve the book, I sent the rewrite pages to all 3 publishers.

This is where the strange part comes in. Dell, who had asked for the rewrite of the last scene, did not use it. ANALOG, which was satisfied with the original version, used the sexier rewrite without turning a hair.

I blame myself for the Dell version slip-up. I read the galleys in an immense hurry, and did not have the original to compare with. So I goofed on the last scene. Faber will publish February -- I wonder what theirs will look like.

As to your last conclusion that I may have censored a version of the story for ANALOG --this is pure horse apples. I write every story as I think it should be written, then submit it to the markets that I think will buy that kind of story. Even then you can't second guess the editors. I would never have submitted TECHNICOLOR TIME MACHINE to Campbell, I didn't think it was his cup of tea. My agent knew better, submitted it, and John bought it with a great deal of pleasure. And printed it all -- including a nice scene of happy sexual intercourse with a gang of guys looking on and enjoying it.

As to the violence that you "personally found most offensive." You are looking at the book and not understanding it. I am against violence and I use violence to make my point. Mankind is violent and my barbarians are analogs of a violent society that did exist. I didn't make them up, or any of their traits. Jason gets involved with them and tainted by their violence and rather hates himself for it. This is the theme that runs through all the Deathworld books. You may recall that DEATHWORLD 2 was titled THE ETHICAL ENGINEER in ANALOG. If there is a consistent theme in all three books it is violence, the degradation that violence works upon us, and the possibilities of someday rising above this negative trait. The theme is fought out in the open, on stage, is there symbolically -- in the names for instance -- and is even spoken aloud and discussed. How much clearer than that can I be? Did you really miss this point?

But -- I do appreciate what you are doing. Too many editors do cut out things they find offensive. Too many SF editors. Brian Aldiss wrote a book that used the word "shit" a good many times, because the book was about the impact of the word shit, as well as the excrement itself, upon people. That is what the book was about, yet the word appears only in the English book edition. The magazine readers of this fine piece never saw it -- although they could read it in a dozen books from the same newsstand, see it written on every toilet wall, and hear it spoken aloud to the point of boredom.

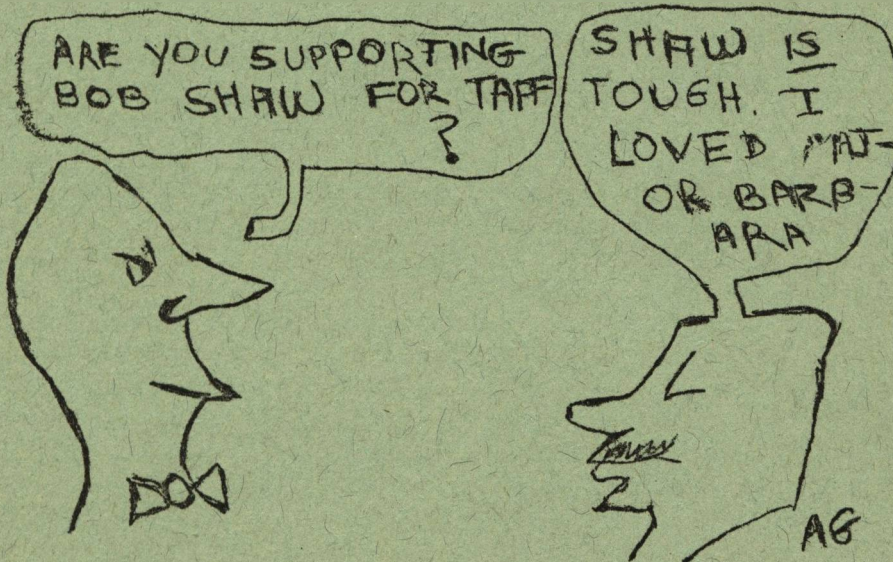
I wish you would keep reading, keep noticing where editors have cut out things, and publicly bring this fact to the attention of the editors. This is a worthwhile thing to do and you will receive encouragement and aid from all of the writers. I suggest that you query the writer next time before publishing, so you can face the editor with different printed versions -- plus the writer's original version. Then sit back and wait for answers. There should be some honeys...

JOHN W. CAMPBELL: I didn't comment on Steve Lewis' remarks on HORSE BARBARIANS barbarity, violence and bloodshed because I misunderstood. I thought he'd answered it himself when he commented that "What do you expect in a barbarian world?"

What indeed?

But he very evidently misunderstood when he again refers to the barbarity of barbarism; he still hasn't caught on to some of the facts of Life.

Look; not only are the facts of sexual reproduction, and erotic stimulation facts of Life.



In a barbarian world, it's done in the direct, simple, small-scale, sudden way of one-man-one-murder. Utgroth chops Sixtus' brains out.

Only with the coming of civilization do we have one-man-one-million-murders. It takes high-order sophistication to achieve H-bombs, and the luxury of observing results via television, in safety, with cool objectivity. This makes the act far less barbaric and bloody.

Look, guy -- when Jason finally hitched the computer to the problem, he got the answer all right. You wanted it used earlier? What was that computer answer?

The historic answer, supplied by the computer, was that no amount of one-man-one-murder stuff was going to make any effective change; to make a change, a few hundred million murders would be needed.

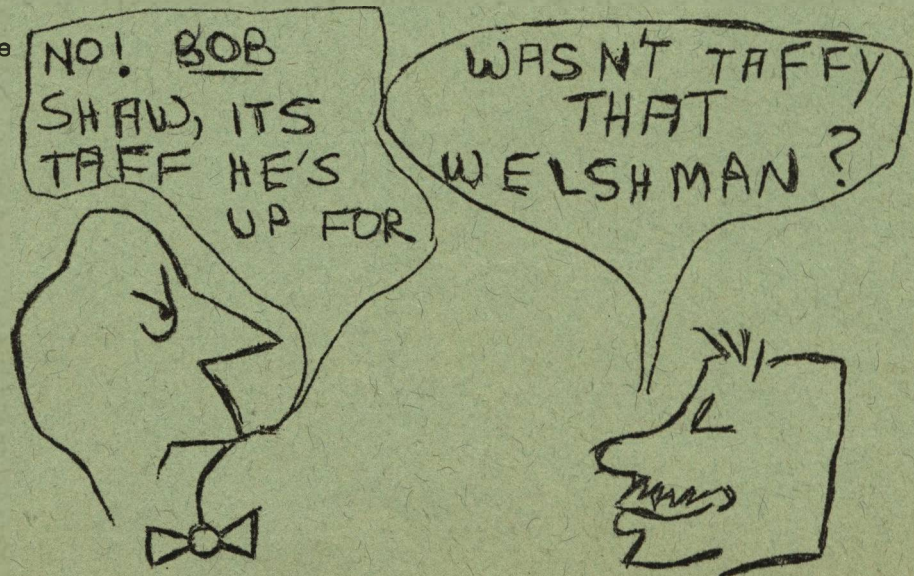
The Mongol raiders of Ghengis Khan were transformed from horse barbarians to rulers of a civilized state that way --- as the computer pointed out. They killed some 200,000,000 Chinese establishing their empire, according to Lamb.

I'm sorry that killing a handful of men, women, and children in the story offended you.

You prefer the problem handled in a computerized, civilized way, where it's done out of your sight by the millions, I take it.

I suggest you look into some of the facts of life other than that going on in the adolescent concentration on sex. There's much more in real life.

I am irresistibly reminded of something that came up when the Peace Corps got started. Back in the Mauve Decade, a decent young woman fainted dead away at the horrid words concerning unseemly concepts like



the facts of Reproduction. How stupid! They went to honest, genuine emotional shock at the words!

But the Peace Corps found they had to reorient and train modern healthy young women, who were not in the slightest bothered by certain limited (sexual) Facts of Life, but fainted dead away when called on to witness, or actually to aid in the process of killing and dressing a chicken for dinner.

Friend, those, too, are facts of life -- and denying them is just as stupid as the Victorian proper young lady!

JACK GAUGHAN: Received No. 5 and was duly impressed. JWG'S answer was as though to an unasked question, but DID dispose of the question of who edits what....certainly in relation to Harrison's story. What he SAID is, "Why stop the story, for gratuitous sex?" I can't argue there.

That authors slant stories for a market is no more a form of implied censorship than that a painter doesn't talk painting to a hunter or a computer expert.....aw Hell. I mean to say it's a fact of nature that one slants what he does towards his audience. And the editor not only partly forms, but is himself reflective of his audience. Also, it helps sell stories, paintings, six packs, loaves of bread, or lipstick.



I've been through a little censorship. Once for A SPECTOR IS HAUNTING TEXAS (why, I wonder, does Fritz insist on 'SPECTOR' rather than 'SPECTRE'?) I came up with an idea I thought kinda narsty and cutting and since some of SPECTOR seemed narsty and cutting I thought it was an appropriate idea. The idea did not, nor does it now, reflect my feelings on the man, but it consisted of a stained glass window, very baroque and very pious, depicting Martin Luther King as one of those saints with eyeballs rolled towards heaven and mouth slack in ecstasy. The window would be cracked. I got an editorial "no-no" on that. I did not object strongly because as I say, it did not reflect my feelings and was gratuitously narsty for the sake of narstiness. The magazine would have come out concurrent with Dr. King's murder. I would have felt really bad. I thanked the lord for Fred Pohl's judgement.

I think Fred's judgement on the, it seems to me, minor change, in I Have No, etc., was, for THAT MAGAZINE, good judgement. For here and now. This time. This place.

Briefly, I don't think all this noise about editors over-editing is justified by the facts and that those instances where edit/cutting has been proved and put on display for mine eyes to see were either justified or the causes of tempests in tea pots. I believe that Harlan Ellison's objections to the editing of his story were not that it was cut, or even changed, but that something was added, and he wasn't consulted at all. This is to me a justifiable grievance. Yes? - SVT

ConR's art is just marvelous. Still a little shaky on hand draughtsmanship but where she draws conscientiously she draws WELL. And her drawings look like she enjoyed

doing them as I enjoyed looking at them.

BEEF! Do not EVER put upon that witty and inventive cartoonist Alex Gilliland, the onus of being a Jack Gaughan. He needs THAT like he needs a hole in the head...or a hinge atop his scalp. Alex is not a poor artist. He is a damfine cartoonist. Poor artist indeed? What is he suppo sed to do? Junk his good and inventive wit to turn out endless barbarians with muscles like blivicks? If you're too young to know or never heard of a blivick, Alex, I'm sure could enlighten you and probably give you the correct spelling. Mr. Kaufman can say, "I don't like Gilliland's drawings."... but he cannot say that Alex is a poor artist. I can say that with just a little more authority. It's my field, my business, my subject, my life. I don't think I've ever said it about anybody ... and certainly won't about Alex. I can't. He ain't. But above all, don't ask that he be JG. He's AG and that's plenty good enough for me. Besides I have enough competition as it is.

PIERS ANTHONY: In reply to your ~~klutzy~~ klutzy note accompanying GRANFALLOON 5: Desist, girl, from your treacley solitude; my wife is getting suspicious. The reasons I don't toss those fanzines away unread is that for years it seemed that that was what the editors were doing to my stories, and I swore never to act like that myself. So I read them, evenif I don't answer them,

There were comments I would have liked to have made on GF 5, such as my own experience with the magazine censorship (so Campbell thinks Shakespeare did without sex in his plays? He ho!) and my own experience with a birthday cake made of sawdust (Ginjer's item mentioned food merely tasting like sawdust; in my case, it was sawdust) -- but why waste the time when you'll only edit out all my serious comment, as you did before? [Did we really? Sorry, Mr. Anthony. I had thought we ran the whole letter last time, accidentally. Err, that is, Dale typed it up unedited. Not that we would have edited it. Um, write us another one. And see.-SVT]

JERRY KAUFMAN: I take typer in hand to respond to GF 5, with its strange cover, which wasn't bad at all. Connie is quickly improving, and no wonder. Beside the cover, [Jeannie DiModica is also responsible for the cover -- the Rorschach 'Granfalloon.] I see by the table of contents that she does over 20 illos, the best of which are the ones like the spaceman on page 21, in that sort of 'multi-line' style Gaughan sometimes, often, uses.

I found out that it was really useless of me to try to declare 9th fandom, since it seems that eighth fandom only just started with the revivals of all these once-dead fanzines. [Fanzines that revive kill me -- blast it, they already have a great reputations and provide far too much competition for those of us who are just building ours. -SVT]

Ginjer's conrep captured the I HAVE NO MOUTH style perfectly, and made me terribly glad that I missed the Baycon.

Everyone in the whole world has been up and down with JWGod Jr. on the subject of censorship and sex. He points out Freud's agoraphobia, but doesn't mention his own strange preoccupations with psi, Dianetics and Wallace. He claims that the Oddysey and the works of Shakespeare have no eroticism in them, when the issue isn't eroticism but sex, and the Oddysey and the works of Shakespeare both have sex in them. JWGod Jr. might change that ten-year stay on Calypso's island to ten minutes, and Shakespearean bawds like Falstaff would have to go. As for real sexy writers, how about Aristophanes and Geoffrey Chaucer? I'd say they were read as much as, if not more than, Homer and Shakespeare. JWGod Jr. continues his "obfuscation" policy by answering the question, "Why don't you publish detailed sex scenes?" instead of the real question, "Why don't you allow sex to be mentioned?" His second reason for not printing sex scenes is that "detailed description...serves only to delay the action

of the story. " Description of the "exact construction of the heroine" that is, as if sex scenes could only be descriptions of breasts and thighs. There is action in sex scenes, and there can be insight into the characters, and there even can be enjoyment of the sex itself, though this could be left to the pens of those like Dick Geis, who are experts at the art of good, clean smut.

Jesus' story was considerably stronger than any I've seen in a fanzine before, and I thought it was a man telling the story until I ran across "Take your leering eyes off my boobs". At least it explains the "poor man" line that seemed so out-of-place earlier in the story. So did I, think it was a man, that is; I wonder if that's a good point or a bad one ?? - SVT

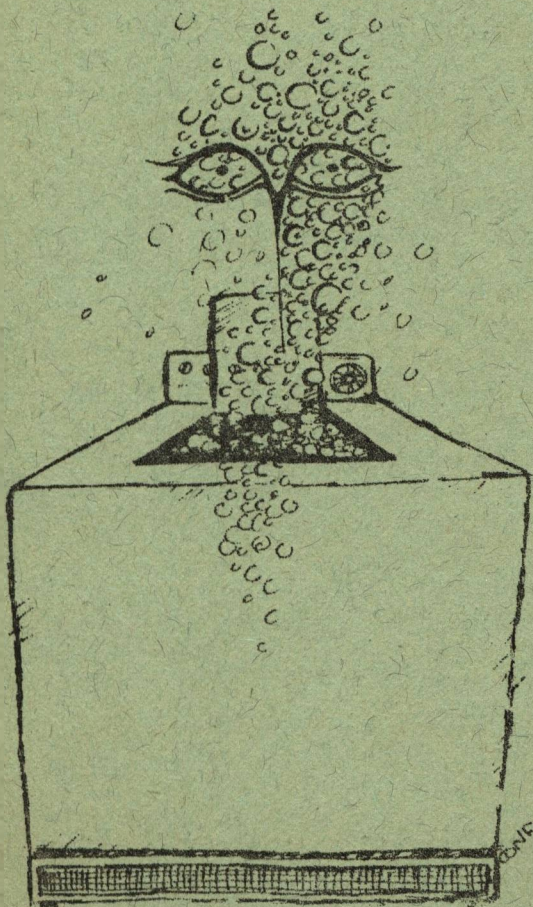
TERRY CARR: Just wanted to say how much I dug Ginjer Buchanan's IVE HAD NO SLEEP AND I MUST GIGGLE; I thought it was the best bit of fannish writing I've seen in I'm not sure how long; it was admirable not only because it was/pretty good parody of Harlan's story but also because it used the parody form to convey an excellent impression of the cacophony and glory that was Baycon. Rah!!

After agreeing with most everything Richard Delap has said in GRAYFALLOON's last couple of issues it was inevitable that I'd have to hit something to disagree with this time. I found plenty in his reactions to WORLD'S BEST SF 1968: he downgrades the two stories I considered far and away the best of the year, Delany's DRIFTGLASS and Compton's ENGLISH ADDRESS for instance; he wonders why Zelazny's THE MORTAL MOUNTAIN and DAMNATION ALLEY weren't included (because they were disappointing stories, in my opinion -- one pro commented to me, "It's a relief to see that even Roger can write a bad story."); and even speculates that it was perhaps modesty which kept my own THE ROBOTS ARE HERE out of the book. (Answer: I don't have that much modesty; I just didn't think that particular story, fun though it may have been, measured up to WORLD'S BEST standards, so I didn't propose it to Don. To prove this wasn't modesty, see WEST 69, which will contain a story of mine.)



HARRY WARNER JR.: I have suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of fanzines. You may consider this an impossibility, since most fanzines don't even have spines, much less hands. But something makes their quantity smothering in its effect on spare time and holds me back in all my efforts to keep up on LoC duties.

Ginjer's conreport was the big thing in #5. I've never read one like it in general nature and I can't remember



many that were its equal in quality. It would be ideal if someone wanted a con-report to utilize in one final attempt at persuading Buck Coulson that they're worth reading. I know that Ginjer utilized hyperbole and rhetorical tricks of every nature to achieve this fine effect, and yet I suspect that there's a basic underlying truth hidden deep beneath the dazzling outer effectiveness. The terrors and sense of the outre that she creates to dress up this conreport really exist for most persons who attend a worldcon for the first time. The huge mass of fans constitute an unsettling concentration of people who are so different in attitudes and habits from the other hotel guests and the people who walk along the sidewalks outside the hotel, there is always that undeclared but perceptible antipathy between the mundanes and the fans with whom they're somehow brought into contact, and there's always the dim foreboding that something titanic is going to happen with so many fans and pros jammed up into one compact mass.

My only investigation into prozine modifications of stories involved the old Famous Fantastic Mysteries and Fantastic Novels. I once took the trouble to compare dozens of pages of those magazines with the book versions of the stories they printed. I was horrified to find how many places Mary Gnaedinger had meddled with. Sometimes it was a pointless, trivial change like the insertion of a "very" before another adjective. There

were changes that were obviously the result of ignorance by someone on the magazine staff, like changing a reference to the City of London to a lower case c. She or an assistant should have known that there's a City in the city. There were also alterations of the type that Steve Lewis blames Campbell for. In "Three Go Back," the two men and the woman who are cast into the past sleep in a compact mass to keep warm and the girl a little later improvises for feminine hygienic convenience in the book; those items are altered and cut in the magazine version. I'm opposed to any editorial change at all in the case of a first-rate, established authors, because the novel is not like the sonnet or a TV commercial. A few words or a few lines here and there are not going to be the difference between reader acceptance or rejection, and I'd like to see the author permitted to have his creation put unaltered before the reader, even if the editor is confident that he could make an improvement here and there.

"Declaration of Rights with Grievances" was an excellent story. The background and present situation were sketched in with remarkable skill without interfering with the way the narrator is characterizing himself and leading the reader toward the climax. The only weak part is the last paragraph. It's not exactly another in the endless line of stories that end up with the intent of making the reader gasp at the sudden realization that here are Adam & Eve, but it's reminiscent enough of that hackneyed kind of ending to deserve some revision.

Richard Delap is consistently the best reviewer of books in a fanzine today, for my money locs. I'd like to see him treat each book at greater length, not so much because I am hungry for longer stretches of new books, but because I want more of this fine criticism.

CONNIE REICH: First of all, Rubenstein's law is just that: a law. It makes certain claims about the nature of the sex-drive, that is, that it is prevalent among both males and females, and that it is the reason behind much unnecessary frustration in the world. OK? Agree? Thank you. So far as a solution is implied, that is left to the ingenuity of those victims of its claims. It does not pretend to suggest any universal and infallible solution, like the rhythm method does to another problem.

I'm coming to PgHANGE with protection -- my fiance. (My husband by then, heh heh heh).

Ginger's con report was exquisite. She knows that from about five million other LoCs by now, though.

The Jesus Cumming thing is absurd, though it does make one wonder what could happen to C-MU's 1108 if it ever got some time to think about anything other than S-600 Programs, Fortran bombs, and pains in the compiler. The story itself was a half-decent exercise in style, but crud (!), what a plot! What? A plot? It was also in rather poor taste, considering that a considerable percentage of GF's readers are minors.

(myself included). I tend to think of anyone over around, say, 16 as not really being a minor. The state of Pennsylvania, however.....-SVT/

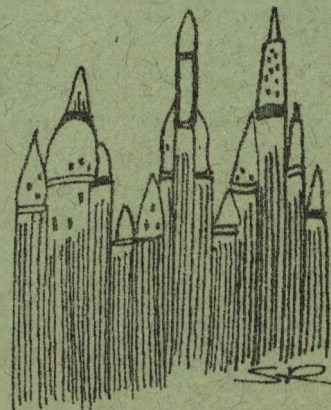
No, the nude artwork was NOT in poor taste! No, it wasn't, dammit!! It was not pornographic; it was aesthetic. Honest. The nude figure is the human being in its purest representation. I'm sorry if I offended some parents of fans out there (I'M SORRY), but if they had trained their own minds to appreciate the purity of line that one couldn't possibly attempt to portray in a bathrobe, they wouldn't be growling about their kids getting smutty ideas from it. Enough said.

I love you, Richard Delapi
I love you, Jack Gaughan!
I love you, Bill Bowers!

(All in a purely aesthetic,, abstract way, of course.)

BUCK COULSON: If you point out that Sunday Jordane is a pseudonym, why bother to use it in the first place? Aside from using an extra line of type in the explanation, it seems terribly pointless. I agree, except one of our readers thought that I was Sunday J., and it was a mess, soo.....-SVT/

I am truly croggled by Steve Lewis. He gets this theory (the one that's been floating around for years) that Campbell censors the sex out of ANALOG stories. He writes Campbell (accusing him, as near as I can make out, of censoring IF and ANALOG both, which is a neat trick) and inquires why Harry Harrison story appeared one way in the magazine and another way in the book, Campbell replies (surprising me; he must be mellowing in his old age) that it's because Harrison wrote it that way. Steve then assumes that of the two possibilities he mentions (there are others, such as Harrison deciding he could improve the manuscript after seeing it in cold print in ANALOG), that the logical one is that Harrison censored his own manuscript before submitting it to ANALOG because he knew it would be edited. WHY THE HELL DIDN'T LEWIS WRITE HARRISON AND ASK HIM FOR AN EXPLANATION? (This leaves two possibilities. One, that he didn't think of it; or two, he was afraid Harrison's answer would blow a hole in his theory. I think the first unlikely, myself, since if he thought of writing to Campbell he should be intellectually equipped to make the next step and write to Harrison. The second only implies what is surely common knowledge, that fans don't like to have their theories scuttled before they get an article out of them.)



I think maybe I should take a fatherly interest in Dale at the next con; the poor girl obviously needs someone with experience to straighten her out ~~for~~ (sorry) about men. (But, come to think of it, how much experience have I had with men? Oh, well, another good idea shot.)

Jerry Kaufman says "we still don't have class presidents"...Now that I remember it, I think I was a class president in high school one year. (I know I was treasurer, because the sponser kept asking me why my accounts weren't neat like Harry's, and at the end of the year Harry had to make up a class deficit out of his own pocket and I didn't. I'm still grinning evilly about it.)

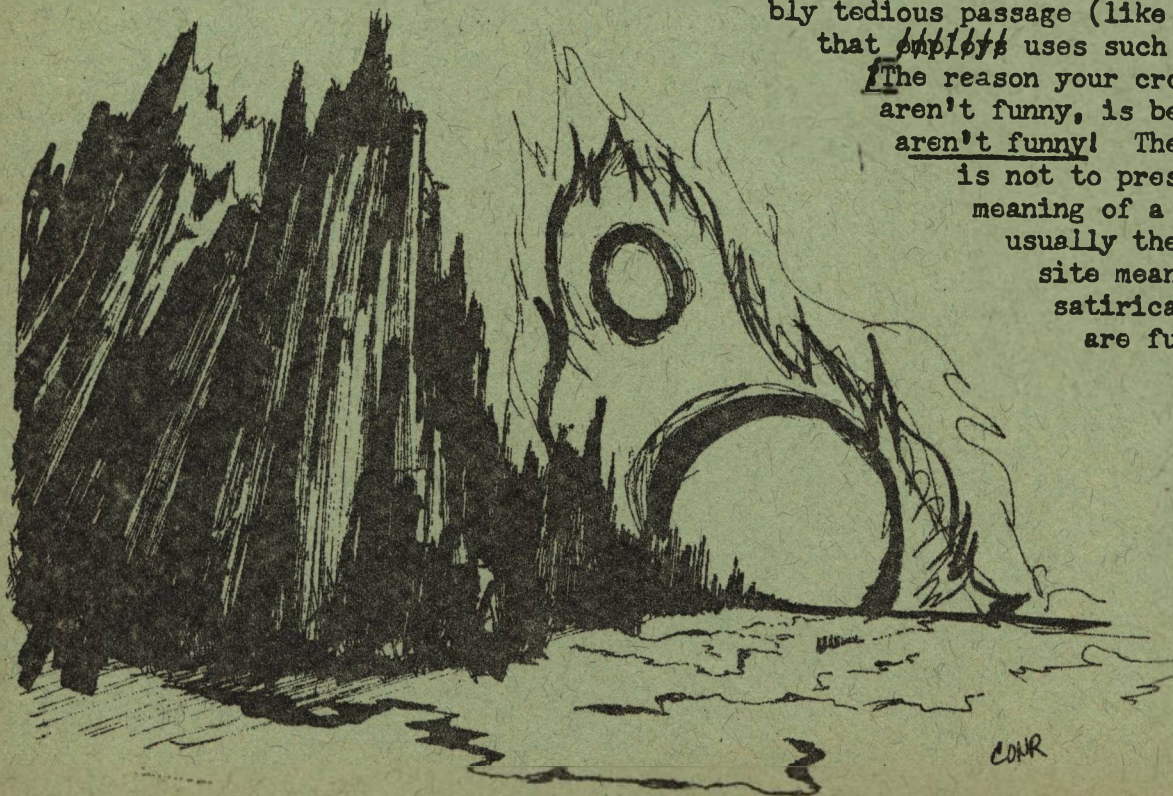
LELAND SAPIRO: Praises to "Declaration of Rights," an example of Dreiserian Realism that contrasts sharply with the idealized Arcadian vision so often derived from the interplanetary story. The story is diminished, although not spoiled, by the author's misconception of computers; nevertheless the reader is convinced that this is the way it might be. SF fans often lean towards literary Primitivism -- as with the Tarzan and Conan series -- which seems the very opposite of science fiction, but here these two types coincide: the science that compells us to new planets can very well evoke Stone-age bestiality once we get there.

Concerning eroticism -- one can't accept the statment (p.15) that "Shakespeare did all right without it." Our correspondent forgets that the very word "bowderlize", i.e., to delete sexual references from literary works, is derived from the name of a late 18th centruy prude who wished to expunge "naughty" passages from Shakespeare so that they could be read by the "ladies".

I wish you hadn't summarized my last letter to GF, since you got litterally every-thing wrong. E.g., I neither stated nor implied that Damon Knight's article was old-hat'. And -- good God! -- I did not say I "liked" Joe Drapkin's letter, but only that I laughed at it (since I thought it just silly.) What we have here is a failure to communicate, I think...]

Finally, these deliberate ~~errors~~ mistakes that are afterwards ~~crossed out~~ typed over and replaced weren't especially ~~humorous~~ funny when they ~~started~~ began over ten years ago, and they are even less ~~funny~~ comical ~~today~~ now. This can be ~~demonstrated~~ shown most ~~easily~~ clearly by printing a suitably tedious passage (like this one) that ~~employs~~ uses such "humor."

The reason your crossings-out aren't funny, is because they aren't funny! The purpose is not to present the same meaning of a word, but usually the exact opposite meaning; when satirically used they are funny. -SVT/



RICHARD DELAP: Can't say I got terribly excited over Ginjer's con report. But I really am curious to know how she knew the coffee tasted like "boiled bear's urine"? Has she ever tasted boiled bear's urine? Really??? Eeccccchh!

Lewis/Campbell were most interesting, but I must say that I side with Lewis since Campbell's letter neatly sidesteps any concrete answer other than to say "My resistance to some of the more extensive and detailed sexual discussion..." I would hardly call the quotes from Harrison's book either extensive or detailed. Campbell, rather, avoids mention of the subject, period. Considering the fact that Campbell extols the fact that many of his readers are professional men and obviously quite grown-up, his objections seem to come only from a naive prudishness on his part. I don't mean to slam Campbell for his own views, but I do think that an adult audience appreciates adult stories. I don't approve of introducing sex into a story merely to liven things up, but I don't approve of completely avoiding the subject either. Publishing is no easy road, I'm sure, and Campbell's Harrison manuscript, if devoid of the lives of sexual content, surely does show "invisible censorship."



The Cumming thing was dreadful.

Perhaps Buck Coulson was right in that I was too kind to Wouk's THE LOMOKOME PAPERS, but I do not accept Robert Bloch as the unarguable "best" of book critics, though his review of this particular book was much better than mine. All I was trying to do was give an impression in a few lines, whereas Bloch dissects with 7 full pages. Anyway, after YOUNGBLOODE HAWKE, TLP doesn't look so bad...even Weinbaum wouldn't look bad after that.

Again I must thank the contributors to the lettercol for the kind comments.

JERRY LAPIDUS: Ginjer's thing is fantastic -- there's just no other word for it. As far as I'm concerned, the best con report I've ever seen is the Funcon report in the last Shaggy, consisting of short vignettes from attendees and Bjo artwork. But this goes beyond the scope of a mere con report. Besides performing a magnificent operation on Harlan's award-winning story, she's managed to convey something of the overall flavor of Baycon, a quality almost as hard to produce as to define. And we passed through the Gf con reports.....

Dick (Delap) in the lettercol brings up a couple points I must discuss, before I get back to the rest of the mag. These relate to my review, which as you (Linda) know was really more of a collection of personal comments, of 2001. In the first place, those two statements you quote were not mine but were, as stated in my "reviews" taken from Roger Ebert's review-discussion of the picture in the Chicago-Sun-Times (which I reprinted for Tomorrow And...). The first statement (that the picture "fails on the human level but succeeds magnificently on the cosmic scale") I don't completely agree with, since I feel that the human level isn't necessary. By human level, I feel Ebert refers to plot, action, and dialog in terms of the human beings in the film. In other words, while the picture conveys its "message" or whatever on the overall scale of humanity and perhaps Man, the fact that there is little relation to the individual human beings (especially Poole and Bowman) is detrimental. I don't feel this is completely the case; rather, I see the two as merely symbolic of the rest of humanity,



and in fact see no reason why there must be a mundane, "human" plot in addition to the over-all one.

Gotta disagree with Dick again, this time in his review of World's Best '68. Tho I too always get the feeling "Why didn't they put THIS one in," etc. I still feel this is probably the best of the 3 major anthologies. Merrill's things never excited me, and Harrison's was a collection of poor choices at best. Of course Harlan's tale (which I also feel is his best yet) deserved inclusion. I wasn't particularly enthused about Offutt, as Dick apparently is. I would put, however, a few others in that top category; Niven's "Hamicap" was better than his Hugo-winning "Neutron Star" and his Hugo-nominated "Jigsaw Man." The Delany story also should have been included. And about "Hawksbill Station"...like many, Dick, I think you miss the point. It doesn't really cop-out, since the main point of the story is NOT whether the colony will survive or not, but rather concerns Barrett's life and character. Silverberg would have been unable to complete his comments on this had he not been able to use the "cop-out" of the reverse time process.

ROY TACKETT --- Steve Lewis overlooks one important point in his comments on editorial censorship. While there is some overlap between the SFzine audience and the SFpb audience, this

audience is relatively small and, generally speaking, they make up two entirely different groups. Magazine readership consists in a large part of teenagers and while they may be hip and used to discussions of descriptions of sex, their parents would, for the most part, object to it. The magazine editor knows his audience and since his job is to sell magazines he cannot take a chance on some bluenosed biddy starting a campaign against them. The fiction magazine market is a shaky one at best. The pb audience is, generally speaking, more adult and the restrictions that apply to magazines do not apply to the books. I strongly object!! 1st: Most teenagers pass around books like CANDY, LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER, and FANNY HILL among themselves. They can watch movies like LOLITA, or TOM JONES on T.V. now, even though they were restricted at the movies only a few years ago. If they want to read dirty books they can take them off a nearby rack, or sneak home a 'stag' magazine, or even read their father's copy of PLAYBOY. If a parent does object to his son's reading, the youth is still more than likely to buy the mag, and read it in school or hidden under his covers. Also, I am sure that most youths read as many books as they do magazines, at least fiction magazines. (Magazines like 16, EYE, and so on are probably most commonly read) And many adults also read SF magazines. If an SF editor wants to appeal to the teen audience alone he should be printing 'juvenile'-type stories. If he wants to appeal to the adult he should not eliminate adult subjects. And if he wants to appeal to both sets he will be better off using adult stories and making his youthful readers feel more well read and feel good at being treated like adults, and making his adult readers feel like adults and not feel talked down to to the point where they refuse to read the mag. If SF mags were more adult in conception they might find that 'sex appeal' would increase readership, not decrease it. -- LgE/

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

JUST ABOUT EVERYBODY....and due to space and time limitations I sorrowfully had to cut them all out. But included were:

ED COX who didn't even doodle! He liked the fact that Gf is put out by girls who don't restrict it to some ridiculous all femme-fan policy. And why should we? We like guys and they can write and draw as well as any girl.....we're not prejudiced! BILL DANNER thought "Declaration of Rights" showed an accurate picture of what life might be like on a crowded spaceship. ELI COHEN thought Ginger's conreport was fantastic, and I agree; she'll be doing more in future issues. SANDRA MIESEL (whose name I hope I just didn't misspell...we are out of corflu...) thought "Declaration" was tasteless. But she agrees with Eli that Ginger's conreport was good -- Hysterical! and Authentic!

HARLAN ELLISON just said Ginger's conreport parody of "I Have No Mouth" was "done with great skill and craftsmanship."

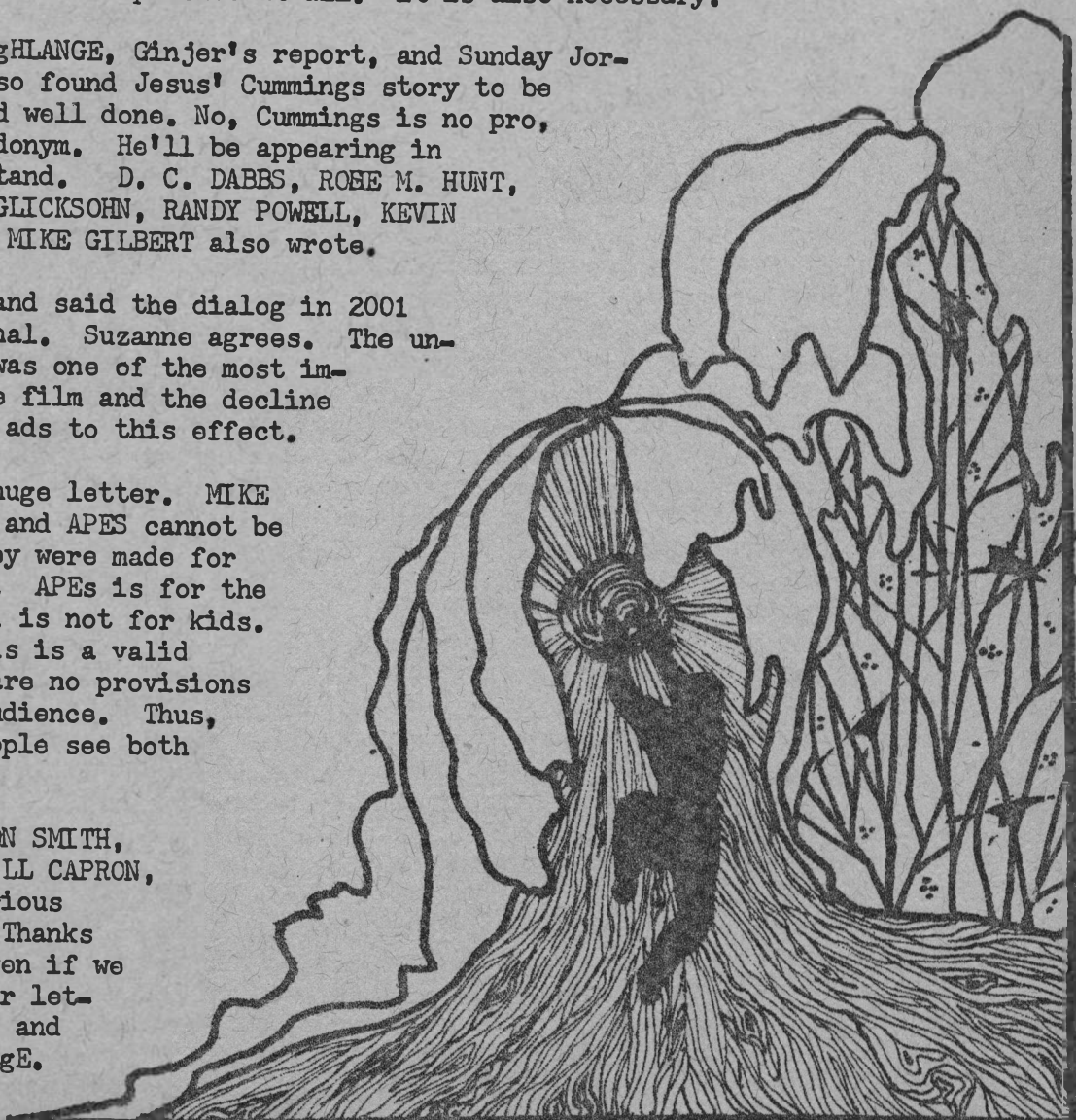
ROBERT WILLINGHAM thinks Lafferty is a great up-and-coming talent and should get a Hugo. I say "Blah!" I thought PAST MASTER was well written, but it was slow and boring and not nearly as good as THE MASKS OF TIME, SOS THE ROPE, RITE OF PASSAGE, and others. GARY HUBBARD thought Steve Lewis shouldn't pick on a tired old man like J. W. Campbell. He also thinks violence is more interesting than sex. Violence may be interesting, but it's not one of my favorite subjects, and it is usually equally repulsive and unnecessary. Suzle remarks that sex, on the other hand, is not repulsive at all. It is also necessary.

DON CARDOZA loved PgHLANGE, Ginger's report, and Sunday Jordane's poem. He also found Jesus' Cummings story to be stylish, cogent, and well done. No, Cummings is no pro, though he is a pseudonym. He'll be appearing in TRINITY 3, I understand. D. C. DABBS, ROEE M. HUNT, SETH JOHNSON, MIKE GLICKSOHN, RANDY POWELL, KEVIN ERWIN, ED REED, AND MIKE GILBERT also wrote.

KAY ANDERSON wrote and said the dialog in 2001 was deliberately banal. Suzanne agrees. The uninteresting dialog was one of the most important parts of the film and the decline of meaningful humor adds to this effect.

W.G. BLISS wrote a huge letter. MIKE DECKINGER says 2001 and APES cannot be compared because they were made for different audiences. APES is for the average viewer, 2001 is not for kids. But I don't feel this is a valid point, since there are no provisions for screening the audience. Thus, the same type of people see both movies.

MIKE MONTGOMERY, RON SMITH, RICHARD LABONTE, BILL CAPRON, GENE KLEIN, and various others also wrote. Thanks very much gang. Even if we can't print all your letters, the criticism and praise helps us. -LgE.



2 GRANNIES FINISHING UP THE "GRANNISH"!

Well, we've finally finished (about a month late). In case you are wondering why you got this issue, check the front of your envelope.

The symbol by your name stands for the following:

T: We Trade C: Contributor
L: You LoCed S: Sample
P: You Paid R: For Review
?: I don't know

A large **X** indicates that this will be the last issue you get unless you send money, contribute, start a fanzine, or publish another issue of that fanzine of yours that last came out 6 months ago....

remember

ARIOCH?

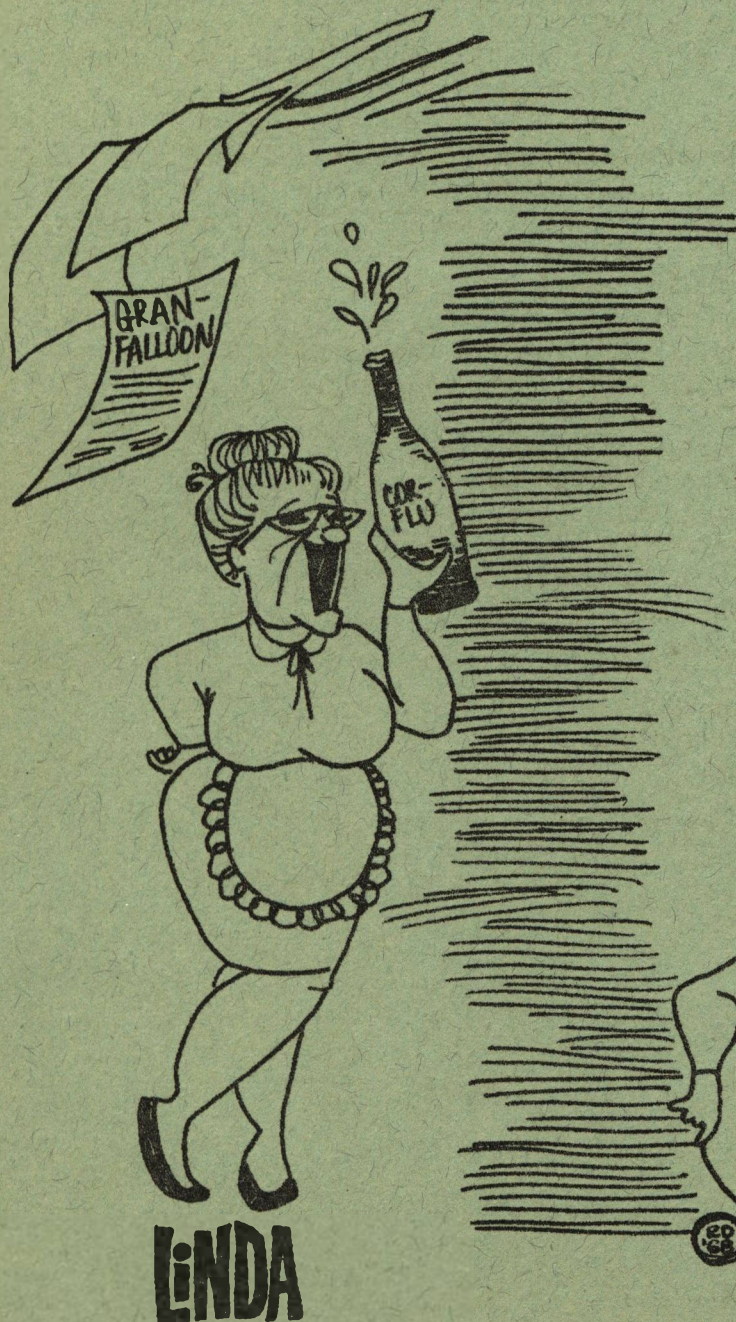
STAR DATE?

COSIGN?

KALLIKANZAROS?

and all the rest?

Those were the good old days...



LINDA

SUZANNE

