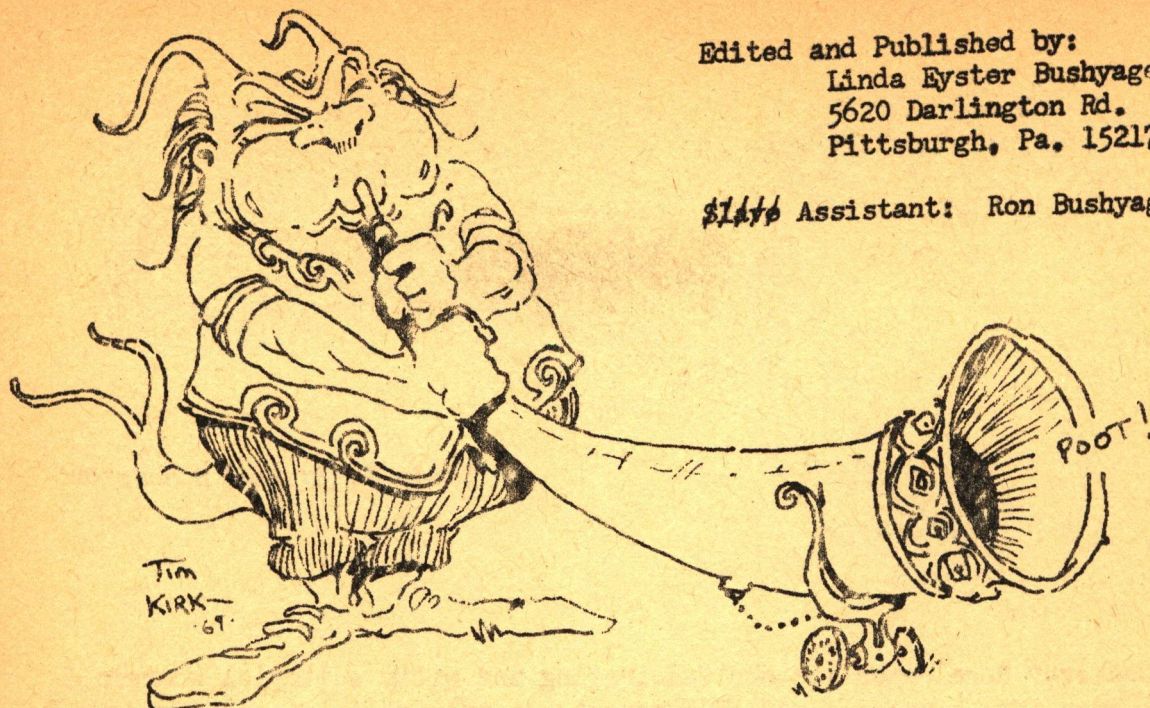




Edited and Published by:  
Linda Eyster Bushyager  
5620 Darlington Rd.  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217

~~State~~ Assistant: Ron Bushyager



Granfalloon is published several times a year and is available for trade, substantial letters, contributions of art, articles, fiction, or humor. Also for MONEY: 60¢/issue, 2/\$1.00, 5/\$2.00.

### C O N T E N T S

Call of the Klutz	editorial by LeB	3
Ravished	review (?) by Piers Anthony	6
Chewing Gum	true confession by D. DiNucci	10
The Brotherhood	poem by Mike Gilbert, illo by ConR	11
The Alien Rat Fink	book reviews by Richard Delap	13
Star Trek - last word	LeB comments, illo by ConR	18
Gunky	fanzine reviews (?) by Jesus Cummings	19
SF Mag Review - '68	by Richard Delap	21
The Klutz Cries	sob, sniff by LeB	37
Mike Gilbert Strikes Again with a beauteous art portfolio		
Omphalopsychite	lettercol	40

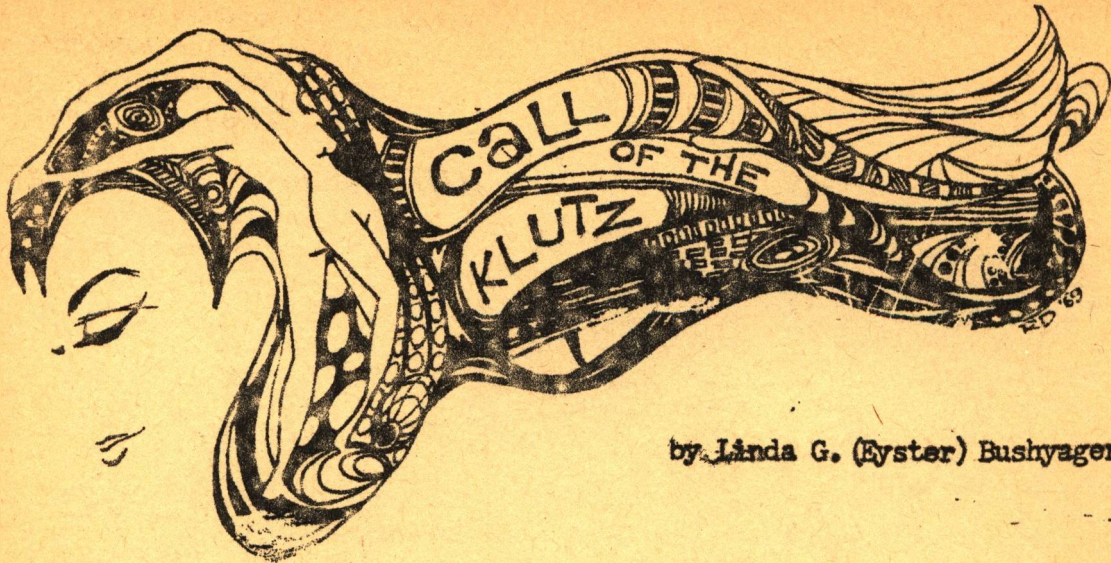
### A R T

Richard Delap - front cover, 3, 13, 14	J. Kevin Erwin - 27, 49
Connie Reich - 10, 11, 17, 18, 47	Doug Lovenstein - 14, 31
Mike Gilbert - 21, 37, 39, 43, 44	Pauline Palmer - 42
Bill Bowers - back cover	Steve Fabian - 24
Terry Romine - 35	Eddie Jones - 4
Howard Green - 15, 36	Jeff Schalles - 30, 33
George Foster - 46	
Dick Flinchbaugh - 5, 6	
Tim Kirk - 2, 8, 19	

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by Linda G. (Eyster) Bushyager

Hello funseekers! Here ~~comes~~ another fascinating and witty editorial wherein I try to ~~add out~~ cram into 2 pages a PgHLANGE report, Pittsburgh gossip column, and (you have to have one!) plea for material.

Pittsburgh's now infamous regional, PgHLANGE, should have been called the Klutzcon. Boobos, mishaps, and unforeseen events occurred, but fortunately, everyone had a ball.

Perhaps you read the Locus account of the con committee's airport reception for GoH Bob Silverberg and his wife, Barbara. Unfortunately, they had arrived ahead of time, so Barbara had to go back to the airport to greet Ginger Buchanan, Greg Moore, Suzle Tompkins, and co., with a cheery "Welcome to Pittsburgh."

We should have hung a "WPSFA LIES" sign in the lobby. Almost magically, the movie PRIVILEGE multiplied and metamorphosized into METROPOLIS, THE RAVEN, and several others. The roast beef dinner became a buffet breakfast (?). The WPSFA suite, composed of three rooms, served as an ~~at the~~ at the mass sleeping room, party room, TV and huckster room -- sometimes at the same time in the same room! And there were the incidents of the missing room reservations, the missing con committee, the minor legal infractions, the vibrating beds,...all too numerous to describe.

But as I mentioned, everyone had a good time. The parties were lively, the pool cool, the fen enthusiastic. The Friday night party was one of the best I've ever seen. Lin Carter, Lester Del Rey, Charlie Brown, Jerry Kaufman and others participated on the fine panels. Fen came from Canada, New York, Michigan, and even Wisconsin -- including Richard Labonte, Jerry Lapidus, Elliot Shorter, Fred Lerner, Alex Eisenstein, Bill Bowers and Mallardi, and many, many more.

The PgHLANGE II committee of Ginger, Suzle, and myself (we "volunteered" at the last meeting) plan to obtain a hotel for at least 200 people next year (this year we had 130). By planning now, we hope to avoid most of the ~~1166~~ minor changes.

I'm running thisish off on my brand new 1940 A.B. Dick mimeo. I hope it comes out well. Granny was delayed by several factors -- graduation, job hunting, job finding, job losing, job hunting...but I did get the Technical Writing job at U.S. Steel (although my title is Engineering Technician...I haven't figured that out yet).



Thisish should be out before St. Louiscon. Nextish will appear in (?) November! A Roger Zelazny story and several other goodies are already on hand, but contributions of humor, fan and sercon articles, and artwork would be very much appreciated.

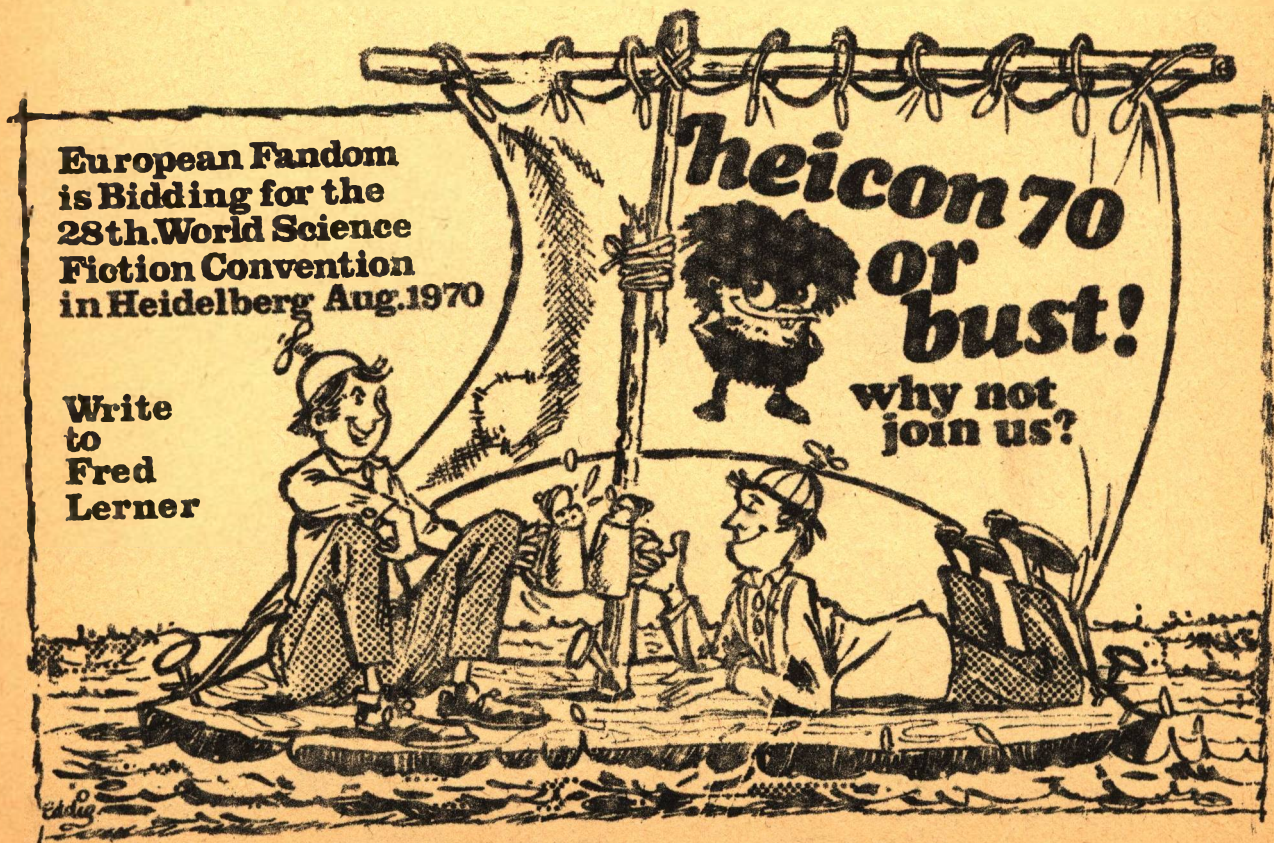
This and future issues will contain articles and artwork originally scheduled for the now defunct TRINITY. Pat Weinstein sent me a pile of material (mysteriously slipped under the door) and said he/she/it is gafiating. "Hooked," and "Gunky" come from this source.

As you can see from the title page I will be (or am, by the time you get this) married to Pittsburgh fan, Ron Bushyager. A Carnegie-Mellon graduate and Computer Programmer for Westinghouse, Ron was dragged into a WPSFA meeting by ConR several months ago. We plan to wed August 23rd and honeymoon in St. Louis for the Worldcon.

**TOTAL DISBELIEF** ∴ Suzie and I were stunned to receive answers on the FAN POLL which appeared lastish. I'm sure that Bob Tucker, the author, never expected answers! One would think that people ~~that~~ ~~who~~ who would answer Yes, No, and Maybe to questions like "Are your parents younger than you?" would at least follow directions to tear off the lower back corner of the back cover and affix initials or mail their answers in a plain envelope without postmark or return address. But our ~~shameless~~ returnees left their names in plain sight. ~~Still and I know the they are and the contemplative calling a list of names for 1961~~

As for Suzie, she is alive and well and working with the Red Cross for the summer. Plans for her mine, Imyr are coming along well, and she plans to have it out by St. Louiscon. Write her at 331 Stonycreek St., Johnstown, Pa. 15901. She needs articles and humorous contributions.

**WANTED:** The addresses of fan artists Bill Rotsler, Steve Stiles, and Adkins. And thanks to all of you who were kind enough to answer my last inquiry about addresses.

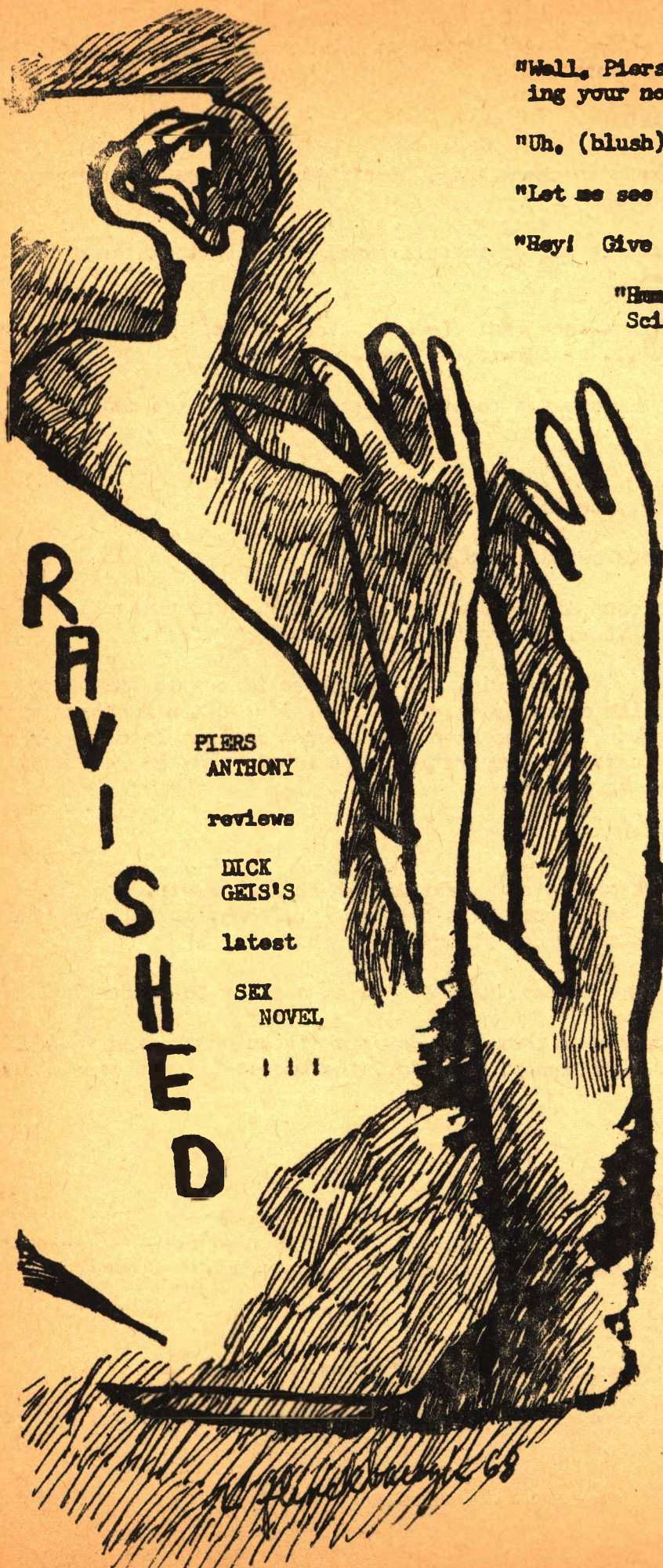




5







# RAVISHED

PIERS  
ANTHONY

reviews

DICK  
GEIS'S

latest

SEX  
NOVEL

!!!

"Well, Piers, whose business are you poking your nostril into this time?"

"Uh, (blush) that is --"

"Let me see that book you're hiding!"

"Hey! Give that back!"

"Hum. RAVISHED, by Richard Geis.  
Science fiction, I presume?"

"Not exactly--"

"Say! I recognize that name, dimly. Doesn't he put out a crudzine, or something?"

"Geis publishes SF REVIEW, a future fanzine Hugo winner. Now just let me have that book back--"

Not so fast. You're acting mighty strange. Why aren't you standing up straight? And what's that lump in your pocket?"

"\_\_\_\_\_"

"Speak up, Piers. You're concealing something--"

"I'll report you to the Secret Masters' Guild for disciplinary action if you don't turn loose of that book right now!"

"In a moment. I want to look at this."

"I'm warning you--"

"Not a bad package. Attractively bound paperback format on good stock, well printed, tasteful new-wave cover--"

"And a postscript by Harlan Ellison. All very literate. So you know it's all right.  
OW GIVE IT BACK!"

flinkmeyer 68



"And a blurb on the author. Say—I didn't know Geis had written sixty books! 'Adult novels...' Oh-oh. That's a euphemism for --"

"Bastard! You had to mess in!"

"I always do. Now I know I have to check this. Can't have you reading pornography behind my back, you naughty boy."

"It's not porno! It's a realistic philosophical sexual novel that explores certain extreme aspects of character--"

"A rose, Piers, by any other name--hoo man! Look at these words! 'C\_\_k,' 'C\_\_t,' 'F\_\_k,' 'S\_\_t,' 'P\_\_sy,' 'A\_\_s'... a four-letter free-for-all!"

"Now who's using euphemisms! I dare you to step outside those quotes and say that!"

"THAT!"

"Anyway, some have five letters, or three."

"To think that Richard Hugo Geis would stoop to this!"

"Don't be uptight. He has to earn his sordid living somehow. Otherwise he wouldn't have the lucre to produce SF REVIEW, assuredly a money-loosing effort."

"There is that. If SFR folded, GF might win. So I suppose if sex is the price of SF REVIEW, we'll just have to lie down for it. Actually, I've often wondered what made Dick so penetrating. I mean, does he have some secret insight into the fannish psyche, or is it merely that insidious preparation that lubricates the sheets of his zone and seduces unwary writers to orgy?"

"Now don't get cute!"

"Curiously, Dick does not spout off to any great length about himself, and his background remains shrouded in censorship. It behooves us, then, to lay bare the private, so to speak, and erect a seminal structure of conjecture."

"I begin to comprehend. You want to read RAVISHED -- as a favor to fandom."

"Right. Fandom deserves to know that though by day Dick is an upstanding fanned, by night he prostitutes his talent for money. In fact, the Decent Literature clubs are hard-on his heels--"

"His heels?"

"Let's discuss the book now, shall we?"

"Very well. The text is more literate than one might expect from outside descriptions of the sex-book field. We are promptly introduced to the prostitute Linda--"

"Who?"

"Oops. Sorry. Freudian slip there. The prostitute Bobbi, who--"

"Watch that stuff, Piers. Freeze up in the klutz like that too many times, and the fanneds might boycott you."

"Yeah...(sigh)"



"This business of insulting the faneds who publish your crap--"

"To the prostitute Bobbi, her brown eyes relaxed and interested, her shallow breas hanging loose and pointed in her sleeveless green dress. She is dangling her luscious nipples at Randy, who just blew in wearing faded blue jeans and battered sandals. Boy and girl have just met, and we are about to follow them through 250 pages of sexual variety."

"You mean to say there's some characterization here? Not just one Fanny Hill exploit after another?"

"Fanny Hill was a good deal more literate than you might think. Considering how long ago those pseudo-memoirs were written--"

"All right! But we do get down to the hard-core sex pretty soon, don't we?"

"I'll say! This is no Lady Chatterly's Lover, in fact not even a Candy or a Man From Orgy, but it has plenty on the ball."

"Balls, you mean."

"Which reminds me. One of the key instruments of characterization, if I correctly interpret the conventions of this book, is the, uh, masculine member."

"You mean the cock?"

"Penis, wise guy. I was trying to be discreet. To avoid words with pejorative undertones. It isn't necessary to use gutter terms to--"

"Fuck it, man. Make your point."

"You see, the length and diameter of the penis is an invariable signal personality. A large member--"

"Cho! The good guys don't wear white hats, they have tremendous muscular penii, just bursting with enriched, wholesome, nourishing delicious semen, every climax drawn out powerfully, every vigorous sperm a winner."

"Yes. And--"

"I'm way ahead of you. The bad guys are short, flabby, pale-white, ineffective-- not to mention the rest of their bodies. A runty penis leads to oddity, social maladjustment, mental illness, incest, and matricide."

"How did you know?"

"I have one. How big is this guy Randy?"

"Nine-and-a-quarter inches when erect."

"Painfully good! As Harlan would say."

"But Bobbie takes him in."

"Deep, that girl."

"Very. Later a bad guy--five inches-- uses a dildo on her--"

"A what?"





"A dildo. There's a nice description in the text. He shoves it in a good ten inches, maybe eleven--"

"She must be tied down."

"She is."

"That sounds like perversion."

"I told you--he's a bad guy. That makes it all right."

"~~As~~ so. Just how much--variety--is in this novel?"

"Well, let's see. There's male-female, male-male, female-female, male-female-male, oral-genital, anal-genital, maybe some onanism--"

"I'm surprised there's no oral-anal!"

"Well--"

"And you claim it's not porno?"

"Sex is not porno, per se. It depends how it's handled."

"For example??"

"For example, the homosexual episode, male. Randy is picked up by an English Professor--"

"An English teacher! I'm an English teacher. Are you implying--"

"Now take it easy, Piers. This man is really very literate, very sensitive. And Randy himself is a writer. The point is, a queer is not necessarily evil, he's just different. The author does not condemn this one at all; he just shows him as he is. The matter is handled objectively. This homosexual is a tortured yet basically decent individual. That's what I meant about it not being porno: you get to appreciate the feeling of the outcasts. It isn't just sex."

"Still, Geis could have picked on some other profession."

"He does. His people come from all walks of life. Randy has anal intercourse with a widow--"

"And she's basically decent. I know."

"Well, yes and no. She's lonely and confused--out for some experience to fill a void in her life. So she demands to be degraded, then condemns him for it. You can see the emotional catharsis functioning."

"And it's all that way? All-rounded?"

"Yes. The emphasis is on the graphics, but the rest is there. The plot isn't much--elements of it are too pat, and the climax episode is wanting in finesse, since it purports to show progressive deterioration of personality when actually complete breakdown has already occurred--"

"Well, you don't read a sex novel for plot!"

(Continued on page 17)



CHEWING GUM

by D. DiNucci

Hooked. Chewing eighteen packs a day. Lost three teeth—a bicuspid, a molar, and the best damn incisor for opening bottles. My other teeth are showing signs of rot. My mouth retches with smells so vile that shit tastes like candy to me. My gums have blisters on blisters—swollen twice their normal size. My jaw muscles have the strength of a German shepherd's, maybe even as strong as his dog's. My face has been distorted—my hair thinned, my earlobes drooping. Another stick. Time again for another and another. Groaning, breathing heavily. My body twitches for relief. Shaking, sweating. The blood of my deflated body is thick—close to the surface. Sugar—I must have sugar. Juicy fruit, Beechnut—ah, sweet relief.

I was only 10 when it all began. A plump, healthy child. I was sent off from the security of my home—sent off to face the drugery of the cruel world. School—wretched school. Hated it. Despised the old bags who called themselves teachers. I must be strong. I must fight back. Defiance, sweet revenge. Like hell I won't chew gum in class. Conventional rules are for the weak. Mlusk, slurp, chomp. Put the fourth stick in. Sore jaws—tired. But I must be strong.

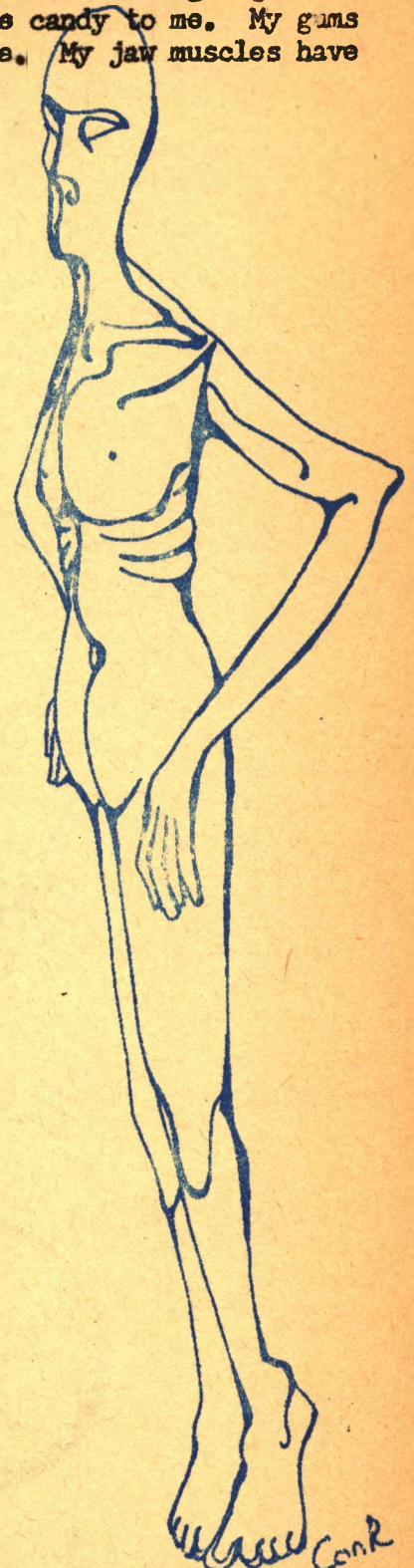
High school—black leather jackets, long hair, tight jeans—standing on the corner with the gang, chewing gum. Sus pended from school—three days this time. Got caught with a pack of Sour Grape in my pocket. The kids admired me for standing up against the establishment. They too wished they were strong, or at least given a vacation from what the teachers taught them to be truths.

My reputation spread. Some feared my appearance; others my defiance. Others basked in dreams of having a leader. I saw replicas of myself on other corners. Other non-conventional loners. The street corner society—burning gum, quitting jobs, schools, society. My people. Strong, distinguished, individualists. Tomorrow we steal, tomorrow Sally becomes a prostitute, tomorrow we meet again. Drab clothes. Mentally tortured. Gum. Always gum. Others join the group. Other groups appear on the scene. Money. Sleep. Gum...Blessed life. Beautiful grocery store, drug store, 5 & 10...

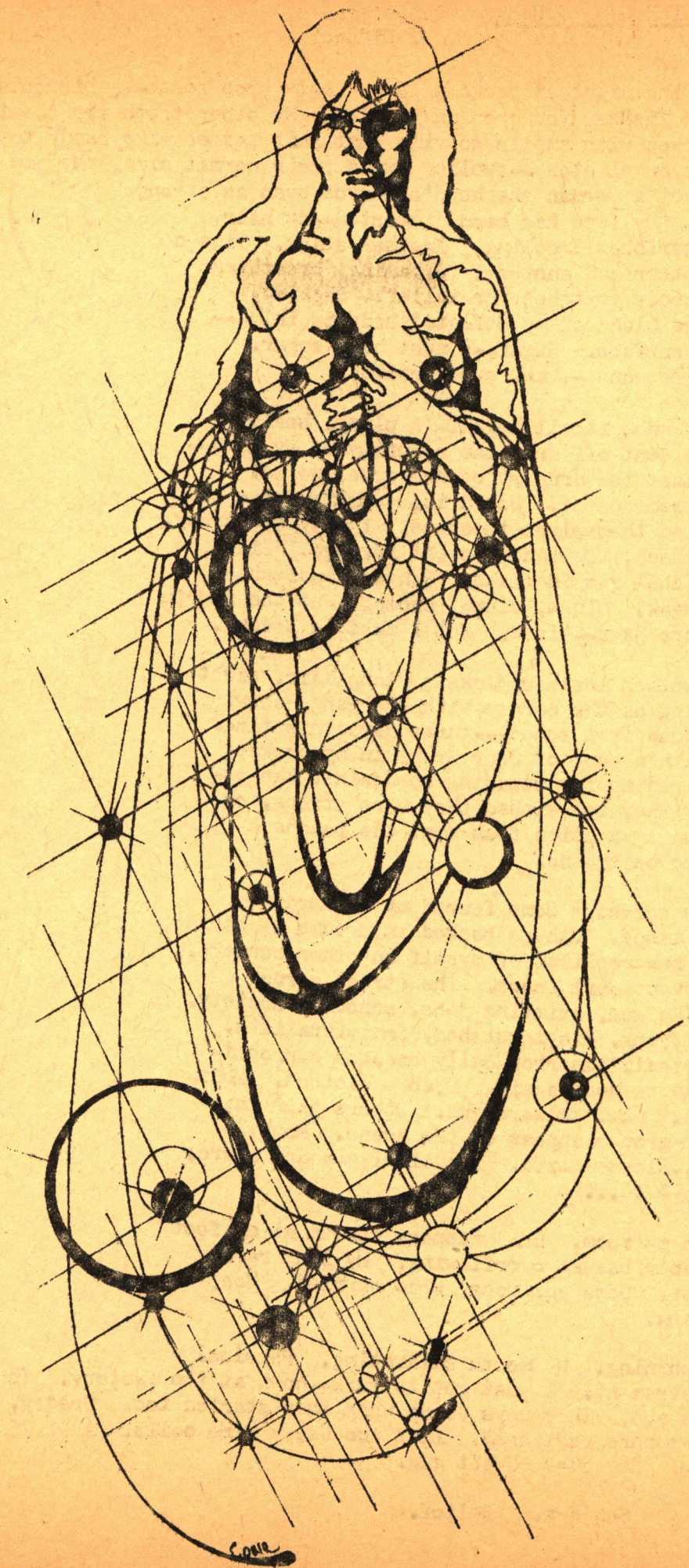
Alone, 18, in my room. Gum wrappers thrown at my feet—my waste paper basket overflowing. My gang rarely see each other. Some got jobs, some married. Most thin, withdrawn.

My eyes are burning. My mouth salivating. Physical signs of requirement. I must get to work—down at the factory. The older ones—they too chew gum. They were young when they started too. Greasy, dark surroundings. Gum wrappers scattered. Lift the heavy wire coils. A \$1.75 an hour part-time job. Buy gum. Sweet gum.

Chew. Mlusk. Schlurp. Relief.









## THE BROTHERHOOD

In the empty theatre illuminated  
 By the silvery glow of a pale moon  
 A fair maiden reposed  
 On a bench carven of coral,  
 Her ivory breasts bared by the cut of her gown  
 Which in the caressing zephyrs shaped itself to the contours  
 Of her graceful form.

Music welled from the surrounding wood  
 And the moon glittered upon the theatre encircled  
 By columns fashioned of crystalline sard.  
 From the forest emerged a curious horde  
 Led by one playing the pipes of Pan;  
 And to the lilting strains of his reed pipes  
 The host danced down the hills to the theatre,  
 Leaping and wheeling on their hooved feet.

They circled thrice the woodland amphitheatre  
 Then leaped within, dancing round the seated maid,  
 Their hooves rhythmically clicking on the floor of stone,  
 Entreating her to join their dance.  
 When she refused they quickened their steps  
 And he with the pipes leaped and whired about her,  
 His notes going higher, the music livelier  
 And mesmerizing as he persuaded her  
 To join the dance of the fauns.

She stood and the music ceased;  
 The piper laid aside his pipes  
 And brought forth a belt of fair garlands woven.  
 She stepped from her raiment and he clasped the girdle  
 About her slender waist.  
 The music resumed and she danced with a will,  
 Her small feet twinkling as the moon mouted higher.  
 She twirled about, her white legs brushing  
 The dark, shaggy thighs of the creatures of myth.

The moon reached now its zenith, but they danced on,  
 The maid and this mirthful brotherhood,  
 Until the moon descended in its arc to silhouette the hilltops.  
 At this sign of impending day  
 The horde danced away, taking with them the fair maid.

Goatherds say that on an eve of a crescent moon  
 A maiden dances with fauns to the Pan-pipes' tune.





# the alien rat-fink

OR "SHOOTING AT THE STARS"

BOOK REVIEWS

RICHARD DELAP

THE GOBLIN RESERVATION

by Clifford D. Simak, Berkley S1671, 75¢, 192pp.

Today, the psuedo-humor available with every laughtrack on the television, and the supposed laughs stemming from the casualness of offhand sex and violence in most entertainments, have conditioned too many people (especially youngsters) to laugh about three seconds (or sentences, depending on the medium) ahead of schedule. Bring in a situation that could possibly lead to humor and the audience is there ahead of time, already responding to something they feel will undoubtedly be happening soon. Simak's latest novel takes advantage of this type of audience by promising humor of the predictable mold with lead-in situations that are often not followed through. Simak's book fails on both counts: his suggested humor will satisfy those who need no more than pedestrian lead-ins to be amused (a satisfaction that, still, is the author's failing), and will also frustrate those who are looking for a complete if simple piece of entertainment.

Earth has become a "galactic melting pot"; trolls, goblins, banshees, and other similar creatures have been found to really exist. Into this setting is introduced Professor Peter Maxwell. He returns to his old stomping grounds at Time College to find that his friends are mourning his death. It seems that a double had returned before him, living his life and dying under rather mysterious circumstances. Maxwell has returned from an unsuccessful dragon hunt and, along with Alley Oop, a Neanderthaler, and Ghost, who is one (literally), stumbles onto a strange plot that involves Artifact, a six foot block of great interest to the alien Wheelers. The Wheelers seem determined to go to any lengths to take possession of Artifact, and Maxwell, innocently involved, becomes just as determined to find out why.

Simak keeps the plot moving along simple lines with his characters drawn in a like manner. The stereotypes wouldn't be quite so annoying if the action were lively enough to keep them jumping through unexpected hoops, but everything is so predictable that the reader is hard pressed to keep from skipping chapters after the opening sentences, knowing full well what lies ahead. Simak also shows little confidence in his ability to hold interest, for he devotes an entire chapter near the end to condensing the preceding action, making sure no one missed anything important (Ha!), and setting the stage for the final battle for the Artifact.



The strained-for humor occasionally breaks loose, usually in some flashy dialogue that merely points up how listless the rest has been. The characters, too, are forgettable, but occasionally shine briefly, especially the goblin, O'Toole, whose antipathy towards the aggravating trolls sometimes spills over into genuine humor. Then, Simak pours on enough of his sticky sentiment to cancel out even that little enjoyment, enough to gag the most sweet-toothed ... one more description of sunlight falling through leaves and I'd have screamed! And, at the end, Simak tops the whole thing with the sharp sting of satire in the closing line that proves to me that the author knew what went before was hackwork and wants to tell his audience that he did know.

Simak has done much better humor than THE GOBLIN RESERVATION. Perhaps he is hinting when he has one of his characters say: "Cut out the clowning. You are forcing it too much." Don't force it, Mr. Simak. If it's not there, don't write it. Please don't.

### THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS

by Ursula K. Le Guin, Ace 47800, 1969, 95¢, 286 pp.

This new addition to Ace's "Special" series creates a world that often seems to be a complicatedly vast mixed metaphor. Le Guin keeps the reader off-balance not only with the one-sex people of the planet Winter, but with the atmosphere of the surroundings as well, and the reader is just never quite sure what to expect. When one feels sure of something, the author throws a curve that takes the reader away in an entirely unexpected direction. It is to Le Guin's credit that the story doesn't fall apart under such treatment, but instead holds together extremely well - despite the shifting viewpoints and occasionally unbalanced pacing.

Genly Ai has been on Winter (or Gethen, as the natives call it) for two years, while the Earthship he arrived on is circling the sun with its crew in statis. He is there to convince the Gethenians that their world should ally with the Ekumen, a co-ordinating power of the inhabited worlds. Gethen is divided into two major nations, Karhide and Orgoreyn, monarchy and bureaucracy; and in Genly's visits to both it becomes apparent that the subtleties of politics and power are basic no matter how intricate or bizarrely different the element of present reality. Interwoven with Genly's journeys are stories and legends, the relevance of which is not always immediately apparent, but which slowly emerges as inevitably as the changes wrought on Winter by the visiting Earth envoy. (Although these asides contribute a halting effect to the plot at times, each one becomes so clearly important in retrospect that the reader is ready to forget his earlier mystification and annoyance.) And throughout this erudite dissection of the process of change is woven a binding thread of emotion, a sort of anti-romantic romance that will turn the reader's idea of "love" upside-down and inside-out, spreading it out like a detailed map of completely unfamiliar terrain.



The characters are fantastic creations, especially the Gethenians (and most specifically,



Estraven, the "prime minister" of Karhide), seen through Genly's eyes as an unnervingly convincing mixture of male and female gestures and features. The reader, along with Genly, is so susceptible to ingrained patterns of thinking that even a full explanation of the Gethenians' sex habits cannot fully alleviate the shocking humor of such lines as -- "The king was pregnant." (p.99)

But the real star of this book is Winter itself -- bitterly cold, encrusted with ice and snow; and so much a part of life is the deadly climate that snowfall is not simply "snow," but each type of snowfall has a distinct name. The weather is as unrelievedly the same to the alien Earthman as is the sexual nature of the inhabitants. Both, in reality, have as many various sides as our own world; it's just that the scale is so different. It is one of the most vividly imagined creations of SF in some time, its detail fascinating, its whole so convincing that it will have hypochondriacs skittering to their doctors with convincing symptoms of pneumonia. A very enviable accomplishment, and one that is sure to win Le Guin deserved kudos.

Almost as good as Winter is the language the author has created. She has invented terms to signify various aspects of the Gethenian world -- not too many to become unnecessarily confusing, not too few to lack the scope of an alien culture -- with results that lead to the reader's total captivation. Kemmer (to my mind, a quite lovely word), dothe, kyorremy, and the names of various towns and cities (Erhenrang, Mishnory), and the days and months (Thern, Netherhad) become such familiar words that they are likely to stay in the reader's mind for a long while. The quality of the writing is always excellent, and sometimes approaches the brilliant -- a long trip across Orgoryn by van is one of the most terrifying, exquisite pieces of artistry I've ever read, and the climactic 81-day trek across the stormy mountains is beautifully sustained.

Miss Le Guin has written  
3 novels previously, all  
published by Ace, and  
all of which I  
passed over for  
no acceptable  
reason  
I





can dredge up at the moment. I plan to rectify this omission soon, and in the meantime can recommend THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS as a very good introduction to a fascinating talent.

### ORBIT 3

edited by Damon Knight, Berkley Medallion SL608, 1968, 75¢, 224 pp.

The third and best of Mr. Knight's collections of never-before-published SF tales, ORBIT 3 presents nine new stories, several of which are memorably good and including one which is near unarguable excellence. Two of the stories recently were awarded Nebulas, reason enough to buy the book if only to assuage curiosity about what the SF writers themselves consider the "best" in the field.

Richard Wilson's "Mother to the World" is a story of the last man and woman in the world. Old hat, Nothing left to say, you say? Knight calls Wilson's new twist "...a rather unimportant technicality anyhow," and as much as I respect the editor I must strongly disagree. The "twist" is the mental retardation of the woman, and without it there would be no new story at all. But for whatever reason the story is liked, there is no denying that it is a precise, careful and deeply moving piece of craftsmanship.

Can SF involve itself with fantasy and still be SF? It can, and does, in Kate Wilhelm's "The Planners," in which scientists, monkeys, the SPCA, experiments, concrete reality, asexuality, concrete fantasy, and subconscious realizations blend into a drugged sea seen by a drowning man. It's a strong, unsettling, and unpleasant story, a credit to the author's ability to slip a knife silently between our ribs... ah, far more satisfying (and merciful!) than the slow, devious tortures some authors persist in giving us. (The Wilson and Wilhelm stories were the Nebula recipients).

"Bramble Bush," the last-published story by the late Richard McKenna, is a strange visit to a planet where the natives perceive their surroundings in quite a different method than do the visiting Earthmen. It's a good story that is still somewhat confusing despite editor Knight's efforts to clarify.

In "The Barbarian," Joanna Russ brings back Alyx, that time-worn adventuress from a lost past-history, in another episode of blended magic and suspense. It's a very good series -- including the recent novel, PICNIC ON PARADISE -- and this zingy tale of Alyx and the fat man who claims to have made the world is a welcome addition.

"The Changeling" by Gene Wolfe is an unusual, eerie fantasy of a man's return to his childhood home (no, it's nothing like Bradbury) where he finds that changes are relative...and the search for reasons -- a bizarre trap. Message and mood combine well in this very odd tale.

The book's least appealing story (to me, anyway) is Doris Pitkin Buck's "Why They Mobbed the White House," a short, silly little spoof on the current computer syndrome, telling of the day when computers are used not only to process but to prepare income tax returns. It's possibly an amusing idea, but it stiffens up with an overdose of starchy style.

Knight says that Philip Jose Farmer's "Don't Wash the Carats" is "...a sort of literary Rorschach test" -- and he couldn't be more right! For what it's worth, it seemed to me to be quite concerned with Man's ability to deal with the superfluous; but whatever, it's ferociously fast and furiously funny.





I can't say there's anything about James Sallis' "Letter to a Young Poet" (which the title succinctly describes) that strikes me as outstanding; yet it does have something -- a distraught sense of calm, perhaps, or vice versa -- that makes it pleasant and at least readable.

And last, John Jakes' "Here Is Thy Sting" is a long novelette about literal death, and one man's search for the head of a ring of body-snatchers, a search that brings him face to face with death ... several times. It's very slick, galloping along with its load of diverting amusements that does not quite prepare the reader for the final fusion of subject matter and characters.

ORBIT 3 is bigger than 1 or 2, and the reader will be mightily entertained if he lets it just carry him along its path. Get it.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### RAVISHED (continued from page 9)

"And Ellison, in his postscript, seems to be reading a mythological framework into the whole that hardly seems to be Geis's intent. Rather, it reflects Ellison's current project. But overall you get a pretty substantial picture of a way of life. I think more people should read this type of thing, just as an education."

"Are all sex novels like this?"

"No. No more than all SF novels are similar. I'd say this is a superior effort."

"Would you recommend more material like this in SF?"

"I'm not sure I would. The thing is, SF doesn't need this, and this doesn't need SF. They're two different types of writing. To splice them together artificially -- well, the result would be no better than a western converted to SF. Pointless, really."

"How about alien sex? Man-Martian, Robot-Venusian, and so on? Can't have that in a straight sex novel!"

"Hum, you're right. Tell you what--let's you and I get together and write the definitive modern sex-SF novel. Show Sturgeon and Farmer how it's done..."

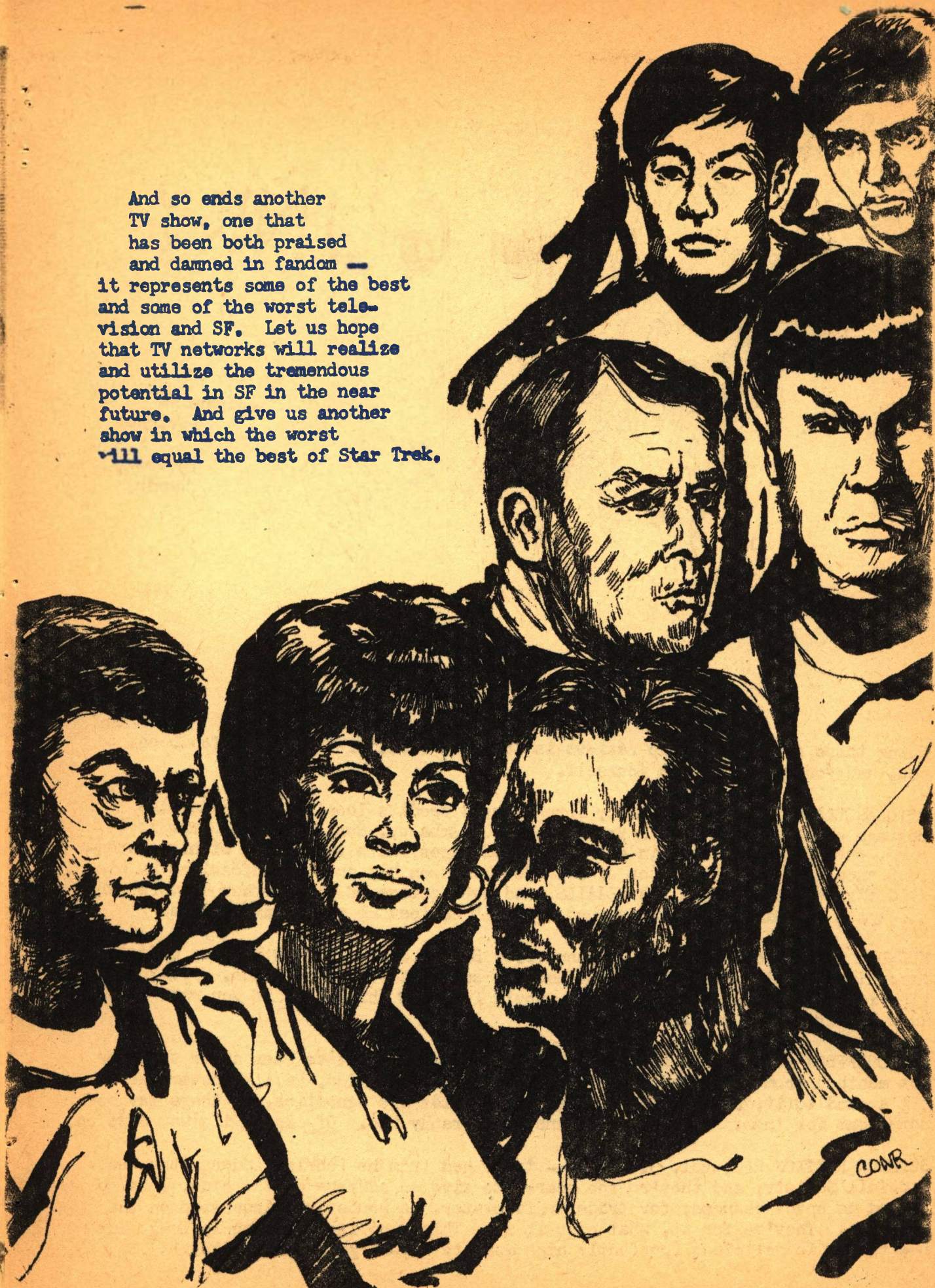
"And Geis. Bet we know a trick or two he doesn't..."

"Yeah...and our hero's penis will be four inches long..."

\* \* \* \* \*



And so ends another  
TV show, one that  
has been both praised  
and damned in fandom —  
it represents some of the best  
and some of the worst tele-  
vision and SF. Let us hope  
that TV networks will realize  
and utilize the tremendous  
potential in SF in the near  
future. And give us another  
show in which the worst  
will equal the best of Star Trek.







# GUNKY!

--phanzine  
reviews

by Jesus  
Cumming

Doing these stupid phanzine reviews is too much work. I'll throw a few bones to you, and you can pick them yourself.

SPICKENELLA #3 -- A Vulcan Plot; irregular; 4 credits local, 14 credits plus postage elsewhere; to be had from the Put-On Embassy, Schtarbase 2. Here it is gang, our HERO decked out in over a hundred pages, with the expose of his scandalous ancestry, beefcake fotos of over 300 hairs on his chest, confessions by his avid mistresses with ALL the DETAILS, and cuts galore of those other "actors" who steal all the time on the show when we COULD be leering at our ~~man~~ Vulcan!

MUDWORM #6 -- from Fru-Fru Sardemann, P.O. Bocks, Sanddune, New Mexico; ~~strange~~ irregular; twenty cents, or if you have no sense, for contributions. Fru-Fru's zine is as fruity as his name. Why should I review this, eh? If you want to know how it is, go buy it.

GRANDBUFFOON #6 -- to be had (if you can, let me know. I've been after them for for months) from Klutz and Klotz, Carmel U., Sulfurdioxide, Pa.; whenever they get around to it; an atrocious price. These kids are agnostics, so there may be some hope for them. Lots of smut, and pornography too. Gf is on its way ~~down~~ up.

SCIENCE FICTION RAG, vol. 3, no. 6 -- to be had from the Peoria Kindergarten Show-and-Tell Society; and they're too scared to give an address on the zine, or else I need me specs changed; for trade or firewater. A wonderful discussion on the Now Wave. They're for it, what ever it is. This zine is ridiculously long, but the fanfic is delicious (perfectly high quality paper, great for spitballs).



WERE, vol. 4, no. 2 -- to be had (and I mean be HAD) from Wetbed and Pepper; at Box ?, someplace out there in Washington State; sooner or later (mostly the latter); free if you give them something, but they're pretty vague about what they want (heh, heh!). I can't tell you anything about this one; I only read the Table of Contents. But it's great! Great!

QUACK #8 -- to be had from the Sofas, in Arnold, Minn. for Uppa Mailing #17, free if you give them something, but what they want means work, and I know that won't interest you. It is cool! It is groovey! It is tone-on-tone with contrasting paisleys and a yellow cavalry stripe! It is too much! A crudzine.

CRY # 178 -- sob...sniff...whimper...63, moan, editorial columns by 63 editors which...groan...mumble...describe how the other 62 forced them to write this column...whine...simper...chuckle...sup-sup...sup-sup. And by the time you've wrung it out, it's illegible.

NEXT WEEK...MAYBE #3--to be had from J. Laffatus and Mike Badly, in the city of Brotherly Slaughter, Ill. irregular but lucky (they can't use "rhythm") at a price. I took this thing down to the U. of Plottsburgh in the hopes of having it put under the electron microscope, but Herr Kludge was out, so I haven't been able to read it yet. It LOOKS good. There was something closely resembling a word on page 14, but I can't be sure. Wothehell. Run down to Herr Kludge with your copy and read it anyhow.

HUG'EM AND MUG'EM #6, to be had from ACOOSFOOLS, or some ridiculous Canadian Club (heh). It looks like they've been into the wine cellar too. Brilliant, though. Truly a work of art. One might even say plastered. Picasso might approve, but Arnie Klutz, never. (Has something happened to Xflphijtak Pickles? Ask Arnie Klutz.)

SO-YOU-WISH #7 -- to be had from Mother Sofa, same address as Little Sofas, same schedule, and same price. Same material too, same contributors, same artists, everything is the same. Genetics, you know.

PLINK-HO #10 -- to be had from many places, most of them inside the Neutral Zone; often; for whatever you can blackmail out of them. This bunch will keep us informed of whenever we can see our HERO in any old used TV shows or movies that he was in before he entered our lives, and better yet, tells all about the old TV shows and movies that he was on recently that we missed! But it's not really that good. It won't talk about the hairs on his chest, or on his eye-brows, or on his <sup>CENSORED!</sup>

TIGHTBUM #54 to be had from the NFFF (I can't spell that out, or the ed will give me another "censored!", heh, heh); for lox (which taste rotten with bagels!) regular and monthly, which can only mean celibate, sterile, or lucky. This is a piece of a phanzine, merely a letterscrawl. The publishers insist that it is deliberate (masocistic, aren't they?), But I suspect that the Post Office just ripped out the good parts and hung them on the walls, and this is all the NFFF can get through. A pity.

BEHIBIDDILOBA #4 -- to be had from some luny or loony Quaker on Jupiter, I think. Nasty phanzine with that babbling Peers Anhorny who hates zines so much he sends them contribs--a fate worse than death. Nasty Abe Lincoln writing nasty book reviews, and worse yet, some nasty made her up. It's irregular, so there are pregnant possibilities of that.

BUGLE # 10 -- to be had from someone in Texas, free if you support the Dullestcon bid. Too gaudy. Took it to Herr Kludge, but microscope is missing. Can make out some pretty pictures, though.



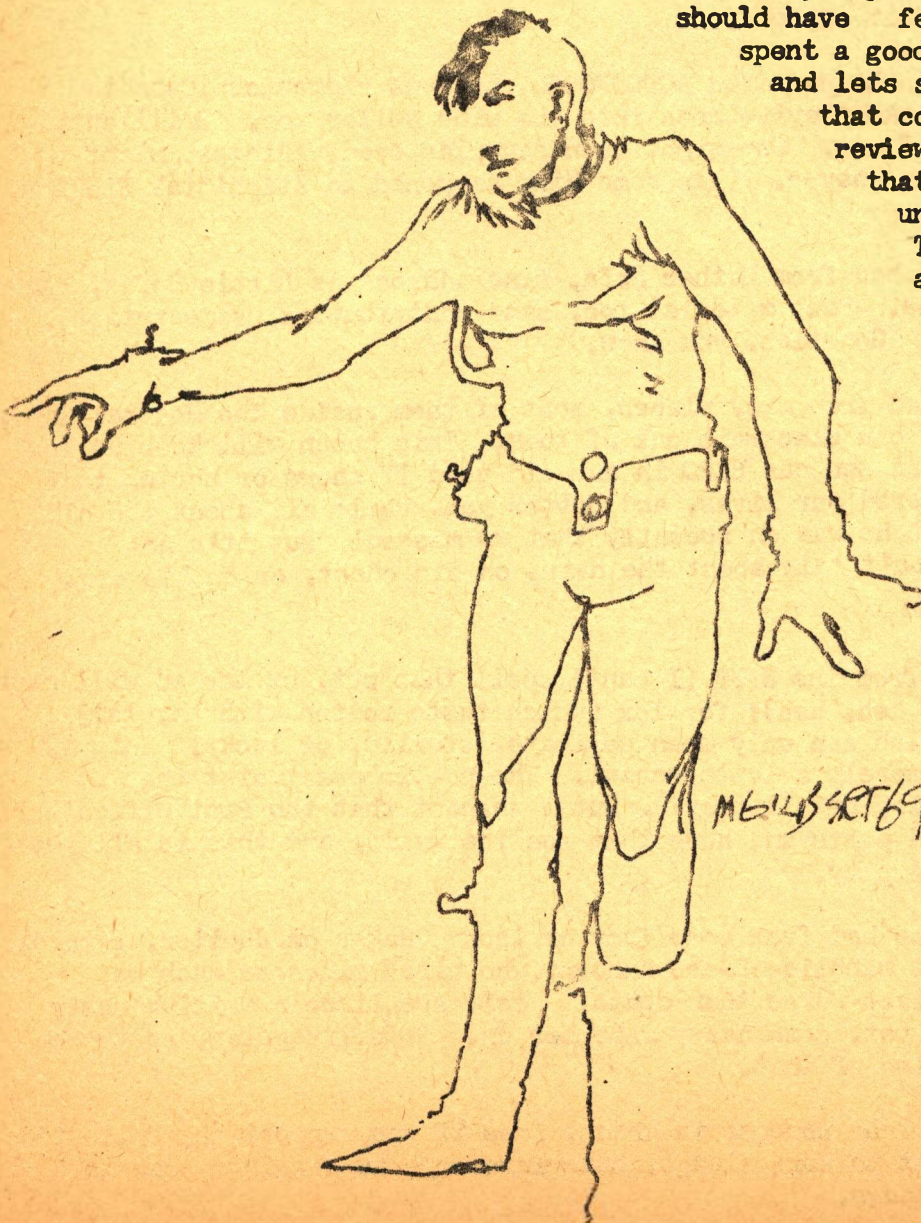
SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE REVIEW - 1968

(or: SFWA's gonna lynch me...really  
they are!)

(CONCLUSION)

by Richard Delap

AMAZING STORIES (bimonthly) - The number of new stories keeps increasing with each issue, some good, some horrendous. Probably the most striking revelation this year comes with a review in the Sept. issue by "Leroy Tanner." Those curious to know if Tanner is really a pseudonymous Harry Harrison should have few doubts now. Harrison spent a good bit of time in Denmark and lets slip his knowledge of that country in the "Tanner" review...or are we to believe that "Tanner" is really an unknown Danish reviewer? The typesetting errors are still a plague, and the general layout is even worse. But perhaps there's hope?



JULY: Short Novel:  
HOUSE A-FIRE by  
Samuel R. Delany--  
In this excerpt  
from the novel  
NOVA, stunning  
characters move  
through the intricate,  
31st-century web of plot that  
plays off psychology rather than  
incident. This is  
Delany in delicious  
style and it's a  
shame the entire  
novel didn't measure  
up to this.

REPRINTS: "Locked  
Worlds" (1928)  
Edmond Hamilton.



"This Is My Son" (1955) by Paul W. Fairman;  
 "The Genius" (1955) Ivar Jorgensen (a  
 pseudonym for Fairman?); "The Impossible  
 Weapon" (1952) by Milton Lesser.

Feature: "London and Oslo Letter" by  
 Brian W. Aldiss (info on Scandanavian SF);  
 Science: "Killer Apes -- Not Guilty!"  
 by Leon E. Stover.

SEPT. -- Short Stories: "Where's Horatius?"  
 by Mack Reynolds -- A combination observer/  
 filmmaking unit travels back in time, giv-  
 ing the reader a combination history lesson/  
 sf story with a rather bland outcome on  
 both counts. "Manhattan Dome" by Ben Bova--  
 How to solve N.Y.'s pollution problem with  
 a mile-high dome, and the answer's so simple  
 it's rather impressive. "Idiot's Mate" by  
 Robert Taylor--Impressive "first" story of  
 a man condemned to battle-to-the-death on  
 a lifeless world for substituting "right"  
 for "rules." Poetic and allegorical, with  
 much of the early fire of Zelazny but with-  
 out the recent unfathomable obscurity of  
 that author. "Time Bomb" by Ray Russell;  
 a shaggy-dog story of a time-machine; un-  
 fortunately, the dog's teeth are merely  
 plates that do a lot of loud but useless  
 clattering.

Reprints: "Paradox" (1927) by Charles  
 Cloukey. "The Patty-Cake Mutiny" (1955)  
 by Winston Marks. "Labyrinth" (1936)  
 by Neil R. Jones. Feature: "Sao Paulo Letter"  
 by Walter Martins. Science: "Naked Ape or  
 Hairless Monkey" by Leon E. Stover.

NOV. -- Short Stories: "Power of the Nail"  
 by Harlan Ellison and Samuel R. Delany.  
 Round aliens and flat prose; a bitching  
 man/wife ecological observatory team; and  
 whichever author thought of the stupid end-  
 ing to this piece of junk is getting soft  
 in the head. "The Monsters" by David R.  
 Bunch. This simpering little lecture, that  
 isn't SF...or much of anything else gives  
 us the dragons of today. "Try Again" by  
 Jack Wodhams. Do circumstances trap us into  
 what we are, or is it the other way around?  
 Moot point, perhaps, but a thoughtful prob-  
 ing is made in this chilling story. "This  
 Grand Carcass" by R. A. Lafferty. When

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Give the "Moon Walk" a Hugo for best  
 Dramatic Presentation!  
 \* \* \* \* \*



the parasite grows larger than the host, it moves on to new feeding grounds, and moves on, and on, and... Lafferty takes an old idea and makes it as refreshing as cold beer. Very good.

Reprints: "The Dwarf" (1959) - Ray Bradbury. "The Traveling Crag" (1951) - Theodore Sturgeon. "The Last Day" (1953) - Richard Matheson. "He Who Shrank" (1936) - Henry Hasse. Science: "War is Peace" - Leon E. Stover.

ANALOG - monthly: Rounding out what looks to be one of the least impressive years of its long history, Analog contained only 2 stories (not including serials) I could remember several months later. The most agreeable thing is P. Schuyler Miller's book review column, which is refreshingly succinct. The science articles are of varying interest (usually to varied engineers). Campbell's editorials are infuriating; he is biased and opinionated, neatly sliding around questions which might give credence to an alternate viewpoint. Disgusting.

July: Serial: SATAN'S WORLD (part 3) by Poul Anderson. Short Novel: "Hawk Among the Sparrows" by Dean McLaughlin. A U.S. jet pilot is flipped back in time from 1978 to 1918. Paradox questions are ignored as the pilot spends a great deal of time filtering kerosene for his plane so he can spectacularly knock down a few Germans. World War I setting is convincing, story isn't.

Short Stories: "Null Zone" by Joe Poyer. Editor's blurb: "Could it be that there is a very good use for garbage..." I take it he's referring to this muck about military tactics in Vietnam. It's not even good quality garbage, and useless. "To Sleep, Perchance to Dream.." - W. C. Francis. Despite a similarity to another magazine's story in this period, this story of the first prolonged space journey isn't nearly as good. Routine writing and cop-out climax kill it. "Winkin, Blinkin and nR2" - R. C. FitzPatrick. The police use an "emotion detector" which helps them catch criminals by picking up electronic brain-impulses. The bank jobs baffling the police are minor compared to the reader's bafflement.

Science: "Icarus and Einstein" by Robert S. Richardson.

August: Serial: SATAN'S WORLD (conclusion). Novelettes: "The Baalim Problem" by Bruce Daniels. This one's a good try about the discovery of the first alien ship and the efforts of humans to discover its makers, but it's too simple and lacks that certain touch of believable detail to make it convincing. "Specialty" by Joe Poyer. The title refers to an Andes-born man better suited by his Earth high-altitude years to adapt to the moon's environment; but Poyer still lacks the knack of creating real characters in this very dull story of gas production on the moon.

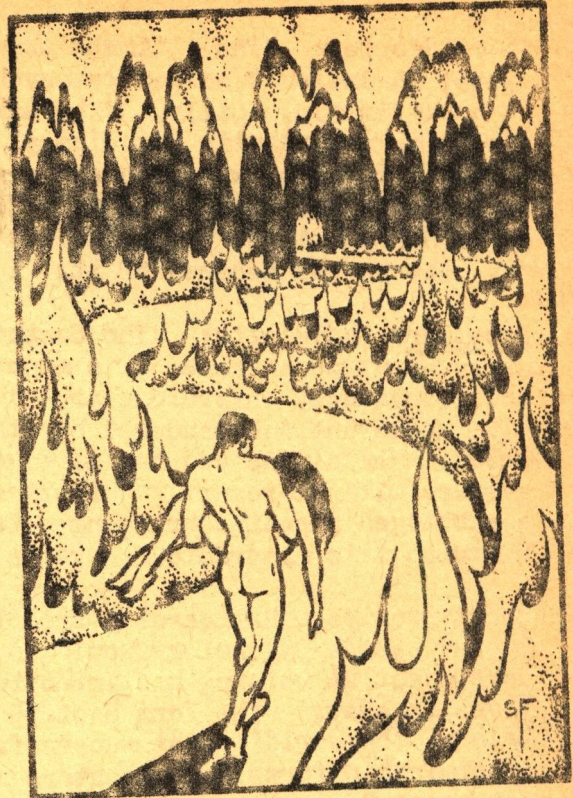
Short Stories: "The Fuglemen of Recall" by Jack Wodhams. Experimentations in memory-transfer are the subject of this odd story that is rather successful due to the author's effective technique of using alternate viewpoints. "Appointment on Prila" by Bob Shaw. Passable tale of a mother ship and six modules exploring a strange double-sun planet. When seven modules return to ship, which is the alien? Shaw hides his trickery with spelling, which may or may not be quite fair. Science: "How the Soviets Did It in Space" by G. Harry Stine.

September: Serial: THE TUVELA (part 1) by James Schmitz.



Short Novel: Hi Diddle Diddle by Peter E. Abresch. The title conveys all attitude of this simple, often funny satire about a heax-- all those UFOs are really "spacecows" and Earth is their pasture -- that gets way out of hand...the surprise ending is too silly, though, and should have been scrapped.

Short Stories: "The Powers of Observation" - Harry Harrison. Yugoslavia is the setting for spies and sabotage in a story that starts out well, with a strange Russian who makes too-deep footprints on a sandy beach, then descends to a tepid farce about robots. "A Flash of Darkness" by Stanley Schmidt. A robot exploring the wastelands of Mars solves an interesting scientific problem. Too bad the author quits here and leaves too many threads dangling. "Parasite" by Michael Chandler. ESP powers will prod government in 'rest as long as they can be used to further the correct ends says this tasteless tale with a "catchy" ending that is meaningless. Science: "Steamer Time?" by Wallace West.



October: Serial: The Tuvola (conclusion). Novelette: "The Pirate" by Poul Anderson. A supernova leads to the discovery of a once-inhabited world now ready (or, almost ready) for human colonization; but Anderson's emotional impact is lost in heavy, overloaded pacing.

Short Stories: "Mission of Ignorance" by Christopher Anvil. A seemingly unqualified Second Lieutenant wonders why he has been sent as Earth's representative to the Galactic Embassies. The reader wonders too...but the answer is unsatisfactory. "The Steiger Effect" by Betsy Curtis. Galactic trade hits some snags when the Earth-machines left on an alien world don't work once the traders have left. The story's loaded with even more snags, and the whole thing is just plain drippy. "Underground" by Lawrence A. Perkins. If you're going to start an underground revolution, the way to do it is to shake the establishment up a little bit. Perkins takes this literally; he shouldn't have. Science: "Taking the Lid Off" by William T. Powers. "Funny Coincidence" by John H. Pomeroy.

November: Novelettes: "The Infinity Sense" by Verge Foray. Are psi powers a step forward...or back? Interesting theory on mutant "consciousness" which gets lost among the mundane characters, gratuitous violence and distressingly sloppy writing. "The Rites of Man" by John T. Phillifent. Another tale of visiting humanoid aliens (this time concerned with the psychological effect of them on humanity) culminating in the aliens' entering the Olympic Games in Peking. Unimaginative and too long. "Split Personality" by Jack Wodhams. 2 story elements: a man who is literally split in two and the mysterious



disappearance of the first ships embarking on interstellar travel -- never blend together, and the author's crowbar technique doesn't help.

Short Stories: "The Ultimate Danger" by W. Macfarlane. A sort of LSD planet in Analog's answer to psychedelia..not unlike a floating cork posing as a battleship. Silly. "The Alien Enemy" by Michael Karageorge. Except for a (melo?)dramatic but clumsy flashback, this story of a defeated world unfolds at too slow a pace and created boredom. Science: "The Shots Felt 'Round the World" by Edward C. Walterscheid. Film Review: 2001 by G. Harry Stine. Campbell didn't list this on the contents page, which may show he was ashamed of it. I call it a pea-brained review.

December: Novelette: "The Custodians" by James H. Schmitz. A disjointed story about an invasion of a manmade Earth asteroid. Despite startling and scary invaders, characters are flat and the plot goes in too many directions. "The Reluctant Ambassadors" by Stanley Schmidt. Insipid "first contact" story. The aliens and humans take years to make contact, and so does the author, without result. "Pipeline" by Joe Poyer. Sub-moronic tale of a sabotaged pipeline bringing water from the Arctic to drought-stricken America. Plotwise it's miserable. Poyer's my choice as worst writer of the year!

Short Stories: "A Learning Experience" by Theodore Litwell. This tale of (very) simple psychology would be far more enjoyable if the author were more adept at keeping his intentions from the reader; instead, page one gives it away. "The Form Master" by Jack Wodhams. Surprisingly amusing tale of the world's most successful con-artist who outwits a world of interminable forms and computers until the establishment catches on. Science: "Situation of Some Gravity" by Joseph F. Goodavage.

FANTASTIC -- bi-monthly -- It's hard to tell who does what with all the pseudonyms floating wildly about these pages, but FANTASTIC, along with AMAZING, seems to be moving to more new stories. The typos are equally evident and the magazine is put together with a flour glue. Fritz Leiber offers a little hope with some good book reviews, then Forrest J. Ackerman squashes it with his moronically kiddie-oriented nonsense.

August: Short Stories: "The Two Best Thieves in Lankmar" by Leiber. The newest Fafrd/Gray Mouser story pits them against 2 scoundrels of 'the deadliest species.' Action, magic, sex, and naughty humor, expertly blended, make a spicy-sweet cake. "Fault" by James Tiptree, Jr. The fault lies in the clumsy flashbacks rather than the idea -- a man slipped in time and out of sequence with the world.

Reprints: "Horror Out of Carthage" (1939) by Edmond Hamilton. "When Better Budgies are Built" (1952) by Bryce Walton. "No Head for My Bier" (1950) by Lester del Rey. "The Supernal Note" (1948) by Rog Phillips. "The Frightened Planet" (1948) by Sidney Austen. "You Could be Wrong" (1954) by Robert Bloch. "The Wrong People" (1953) by Ralph Robin. Feature: "Edgar Rice Burroughs' THE PRINCESS OF MARS" by Charles R. Tanner. The editor says it should be heard rather than read. Maybe...not read, anyway.

October: Short Stories: "The Sound of Space" by Ross Rocklynne. I get disturbed by an SF sermon as blatantly insolent as this; a study of ignorance cannot be made interesting by patronizing stupid characters. Awful. "The Dragons of Telsa" by Arthus Porges. (Mistitled "Tesla" on cover and contents-page) Trapped away from their ship on a world of dragons, two men survive.. with bits and pieces from an old issue of ANALOG I presume. Yech.



"Oaten" by K. M. McDonnell. Adjusting to the concepts and sociology of an alien race will never be easy, but somehow I think it will be more dramatic than pictured here. "Where is Mrs. Malcolm?" Susan A. Lewis. A quite slick "first" story that asks: would an alien really be able to land on Earth unnoticed. Heavens, that poses all sorts of interesting possibilities.

Reprints: "Lords of the Underworld" ('41) - L. Taylor Hansen. "The Monument" by Henry Slesar (1956). "Between Two Worlds" ('55) - Milton Lesser. "Bandits of Time" ('41) by Ray Cummings.

December: Short Novel: The Broken Stars by Edmond Hamilton. Drekk space opera that screams for an original touch, so Hamilton introduces a character named Count Obd Doll (I don't mind having my leg pulled, but don't pull it off!). Junk.

Short Stories: "Ball of the Centuries" - Henry Slesar. Trivial fantasy about fortune-telling. The ending aggravates rather than startles, which I think, was somehow Slesar's intent. "The Prophecy" by Bill Pronzini. The editor says the "old theme" (end-of-the-world) and "predictable ending" have a "wholly chilling and original point of view." Much as I hate to say it, he's nearly right. I liked it.

Reprints: "The Mental Assassins" ('50) - Gregg Conrad. "The Disenchanted" ('53) - Wallace West and John Hillyard. "The Usurpers" ('49) Geoff St. Reynard. "The Collectors" ('53) - Gordan Dewey. Verse: "The Rhyme of the SF Ancient Author" - J. R. Pierce (interesting). Film Review: 2001 - Laurence Janifer. Simply a page-filler, not a review at all.

FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION - monthly - F&SF continues to hit out in all directions, sometimes striking oil, sometimes lost in a dustbowl. Joanna Russ temporarily takes over the book reviews and in December shows exactly how good reviews should read, better than Merrill (who is probably the best reviewer around) usually is. Gahan Wilson's cartoons continue to delight, and Isaac Asimov's articles continue to inform the reader of interesting facts. F&SF is pushing hard to grab back that Hugo...chances look good!

July: Serial SOS THE ROPE (part 1) by Piers Anthony.

Short Stories: "The Psychedelic Children" by Dean R. Koontz. A world where ESPers are hunted and destroyed by robot police gets a good build-up that is shot to hell by a smug ending which, it seems, is dreamed up from sheer desperation. "Key Item" - Isaac Asimov. If a computer becomes as complex as a human, then must treat it with a human respect. Ordinary. "Ultimate Defense" by Larry Brody. The legal hassle that ensues when a lab-created "man" is accused of murder has the same interest as a real episode -- part lively and involved, part tiresome banality. "The Sublimation World" by J. G. B\*\*\*\*\* - John Sladek. If you abhor the fuzzy stories by you-know-who, this unmerciful put-on (down?) will get you where it hurts, in the funnybone. If you like you-know-who -- well, read this and learn. "Beyond Words" by Hayden Howard. The No-Speech movement story of 3 dropouts who try to live in complete physical isolation and silence. I hardly think the outcome will surprise anyone, but it's readable. Reprint: "Remote Projection" (1910) by Guillaume Apollinaire (translated by Remy I. Hall, Introduction by Sam Moskowitz). Science: "Little Lost Satellite" by Isaac Asimov.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you ever try to type while a cat sits on your lap biting your wrists?



August: Serial: SOS THE ROPE (part 2) Novelettes: "Death to the Keeper" by K.M. O'Donnell. O'Donnell's penchant for writing inexplicable stories in no way mars the enjoyment of this one which gives the reader a good half-ton of fat to chew on. Forget cutlery; use your fingers! "Soldier Key" - Sterling E. Lanier. The first story of Brigadier Fellowes, a venerable old fellow whose smoking-room stories are straight out of Grade-B movies. This concerns an encounter with a monster crab, and Lanier's bright, wry touch keeps it in proper perspective. Amusing.

Short Stories: "The Devil and Jake O'Hara" by Brian Cleeve. The second of a series, this side-splitting farce has the Dark Majesty and his sidekick Belfy playing fall-guys to a mere mortal, and the fires of Hell couldn't equal the suffering this put-upon duo goes through. Excellent. "The 12th Bed" by Dean Koontz. A very effective parable about a robot-controlled "hospital" ward, with 12 beds encompassing the entire history of humanity littered with defeat yet retaining the spark of life. Fine. "A Sense of Beauty" by Robert Taylor. In a confrontation between a woman and an alien, the author discusses both cultural worth and its evaluation. It doesn't quite come off and I'm not sure exactly why.

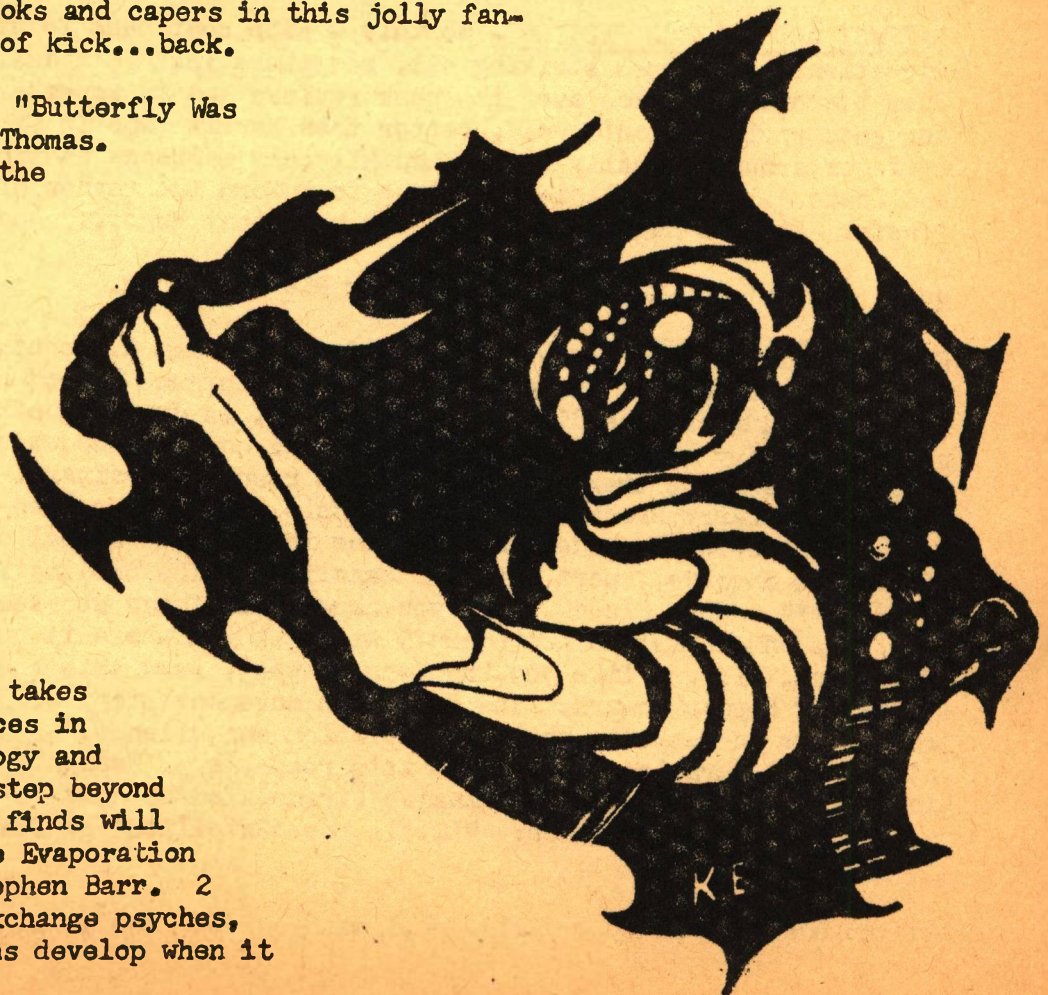
Film Review: 2001 by Samuel R. Delany and Ed Emshwiller. A poet's and artist's view, both reactions are well-written, without slipping off into perplexity or oversimplification. The best SF-zine review to appear on this. Science: "The Terrible Lizards" by Isaac Asimov.

Sept.: Serial: SOS THE ROPE (conclusion). Novelette: "Ogre!" by Ed Jesby. An ogre, who literally rises from the Earth, and a bookie, whose history is equally muddy, battle their way through crooks and capers in this jolly fantasy with lots of kick...back.

Short Stories: "Butterfly Was 15" by Gilbert Thomas.

Concerned with the generation gap and the manipulation made possible by it. And if you think I mean the young using or controlling the old, you'd better read this.

"Harry's Golden Years" by Gahan Wilson. Wilson takes the great advances in medical technology and moves a single step beyond today. What he finds will chill you. "The Evaporation of Jugby" by Stephen Barr. 2 men manage to exchange psyches, but complications develop when it





passes beyond a game for two. Passable if a bit obvious. "A Scare in Time" by David R. Bunch. This time Bunch personifies Time. I still can't figure out what he's up to. Confusing. "The Moving Finger Types" by Henry Slesar. Everything is a movie scenario..and getting a peek at the script ahead of time is not necessarily a good thing. Routine. Verse: L. Sprague de Camp. Science: "The Dying Lizards" by Isaac Asimov.

October: Novelettes: "The Meddler" by Larry Niven. This blood-and-thunder detective spoof (with shape-changing aliens thrown in to keep the blood boiling) never seems to bring its elements together smoothly, and just zips along until it stops. Big deal. "The Fangs of the Trees" by Robert Silverberg. A valuable plantation of almost-intelligent trees and the owner's decision to save or destroy them during a plague are the props for this bland moral lesson. Mediocre, with heavy sexual allusions.

Short Stories: "Time Was" by Phyllis Murphy. This one's about a man who saves time and saves time and, finally, saves just too much. Not really bad, not really good. "The Wide World of Sports" by Harvey Jacobs. A strange revolution during a ball game is seemingly on a much larger scale than the story actually being told. Interesting. "Coffee Break" by D. F. Jones. "Truth-serum" coffee beans cause some UN delegates to act very much out of character. It's a trifle, but a funny one. "Try a Dull Knife" by Harlan Ellison. I don't think Ellison is serious about this (after all, "Dull Knife" and Eddie Burma??) but psychic-vampires are still a bit hard to accept. The story is ultimately cool, hard, and improbable. "The Ghost Patrol" by Ron Goulart. There are so many characters in this story of a haphazard exorcism that, with the exception of "Mom Levin," none are ever more than names.

Reprint: "Segregationist" ('68) by Isaac Asimov. Verse: "Dance Music for a Gone Planet" by Sonya Dorman. Science: "Little Found Satellite" by Isaac Asimov.

November: Short Novel: Once There Was a Giant by Keith Laumer. The 'giant' has an edge over his normal-sized companion (maybe even a double edge) in this uncluttered and relatively believable story of a strange trek across a bitter-cold world.

Novelette: "The Kings of the Sea" by Sterling E. Lanier. Brigadier Ffellowes returns in another old-fashioned horror tale delivered with a light touch. No crabs this time, but some mighty 'fishy' goings-on in a gothic Swedish chateau. Short Stories: "The Devil in Exile" by Brian Cleeve. Continuing Cleeve's serial about the Devil, this story left me crying tears of laughter. The Devil uses television (station KERSS) to gain back his rightful position in hell. "Coins" by Leo P. Kelley. A post-blast world where every decision is made by the flip of a coin makes and interesting, if undeveloped, setting. "A Score for Timothy" by Joseph Harris. A ghost story, with an author writing after death and a black-mailer who is set on sharing the profits. OK for its type. "Investigating the Curiosity Drive" by Tom Herzog. "Curiosity is Man's most basic urge" is soundly trounced in this annoyingly silly bit of leg-pulling. "Young Girl at an Open Half-Door" by Fred Saberhagen. A sad and touching (but never maudlin) tale of a visitor from the future, returned to save the treasures of our era from destruction, but unable to save the most valued treasure. Very well done. Science: "The Planetary Eccentric" by Isaac Asimov.

December: Novelettes: "The Indelible Kind" by Zenna Henderson. Another leisurely walk on the familiar "People" treadmill. Nothing new here (understanding teacher, young boy, dramatic rescue) but if you like the stories, this follows the pattern well. "Gadget Man" by Ron Goulart. Bizarre



study, of political control tactics in an odd California (as if it wasn't odd enough already!), that cannot overcome the stilted dialogue or patly contrived ending.

Short Stories: "Prime-Time Teaser" by Bruce McAllister. The last man on Earth is a woman who tries to be the entire human race in one body, but who finds that she is, after all, just one woman. Psychologically strong, dramatically not so much. "The House of Evil" by C. L. Grant. A take-off on the traditional horror story...not funny enough to be really good, but not bad enough to be awful. It's one of those limbo stories that just hangs there on the page. "Miss Van Winkle" by Stephen Barr. Very funny Freudian spoof about a young girl, minus her superego, who pulls a "Sleeping Beauty" routine, and the young man who knows exactly how to wake her up. "A Report on the Migrations of Educational Materials" by John Sladek. Mr. Sladek is proving himself to be one of the abler humorists in modern SF. The title tells you precisely what it's about. Very good. "The Worm Shamir" by Leonard Tushnet. A legend traced to its source leads to a startling chemical discovery ending in a dry comment on Man's ability to war, or not war, or war again, ad infinitum. Tushnet ties it up well.

Verse: "Lost" by Dirothy Gilbert. Science: "View from Amalthea" -- Asimov.

GALAXY -- monthly -- continues to publish the widest variety of well-known SF authors. Not always the best stories, mind you, but 194 pages a month is a big load and fluctuating quality is easily understood. Algis Budrys covers the books (and often doesn't know when to shut up) and Willy Ley ranges science from comets to octopi. A new feature, "Galaxy's Stars," gives readers some welcome (if brief) information about the authors in each issue.

July: Serial: A SPECTER IS HAUNTING TEXAS (part 1) by Fritz Leiber. Novelettes: "There is a Tide" by Larry Niven. Another "Neutron Star" type story using extrapolative science to good advantage as man and alien vie for a priceless "Slaver" object. "Factsheet Six" by John Brunner. A mysterious clairvoyant wreaks havoc on Big Business in this sinister and excellently handled sf deviation on an old horror theme. One of Brunner's best.

Short Stories: "McGruder's Marvels" by R. A. Lafferty. An amusing (but serious) little allegory that should especially please those who feel they're working for "peanuts." "Bailey's Ark" by Burt K. Filer. In a dying world Man has the power to save only himself, but one man is movingly compelled to save a bit more. Well done. "Dreamer, Schemer" by Brian W. Aldiss. A strangely constructed story about a psychoanalytic "live-in" theatre of the future. Not very interesting. "Seconds' Chance" by Robin Scott. Espionage of the future gets a relatively broad burlesquing in this light, amusing piece of nonsense. "When I Was In the Zoo" by A. Bertram Chandler. Although Chandler manages to work a real ocean-ship into this UFO tale, the attempt at humor is never more than that...an attempt.

Film Review: 2001 by Lester del Rey. I don't know what made del Rey think he possessed the qualities to evaluate a motion picture...suffice to say, he doesn't as this inexcusable piece of floundering shows. Poor. Science: "Interplanetary Communications" by Willey Ley.

August: Serial: A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING TEXAS (part 2)

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Come to PgHLANGE 2! Pittsburgh's BEST regional convention!



Novelettes: "Among the Bad Baboons" by Mack Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds falls into that common trap of using dialogue to deliver background, and he falls deep into it here. Characters are stupid, alienated from their riot-torn world as well as from readers. "The Star Below" by Damon Knight. The 3rd "Thorinn" fantasy shifts toward SF, bringing in a talking, intelligent "crystal," but this open-ended segment of the series is too inconclusive to stand alone.

Short Stories: "Going Down Smooth" by Robert Silverberg. A 'dirty-mouthed computer' on the wrong side of insanity...I think Silverberg must have enjoyed writing this quasi-serious put-on. It does pack a wallop. "The Time Trawlers" by Burt Filer. Ships with "nets" spread into the future to draw back suns and worlds; but the plot gets mucked up with aliens, routine skulduggery and an everything-hunky-dory ending. "Hemeac" by E. G. Von Wald. The inroads of computer technology are traveled to their Frankenstein results in this simple exercise in quiet horror. Good. Science: "In Australia, the Rain..." by Willy Ley.

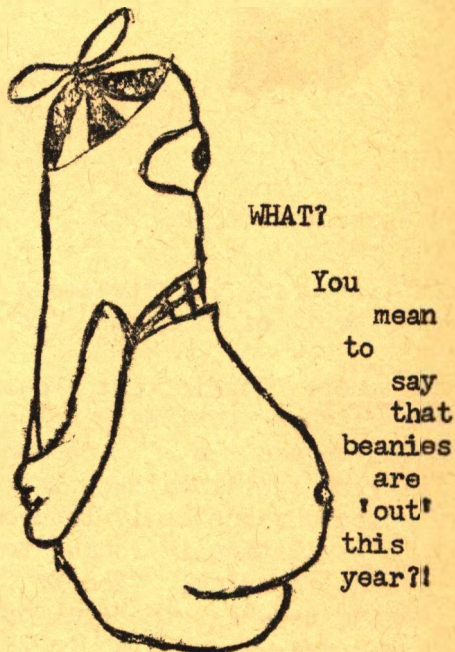
Sept: Serial: A SPECTRE IS HAUNTING TEXAS (conclusion).

Novelette: "Nightwings" by Robert Silverberg. First of a new series with a strange, fascinating picture of a future Earth, beautiful and tormented, living in fear of the inevitable. Excellent. "The Listeners" by James E. Gunn. An intelligent, superbly constructed story about a Project formed to listen for radio signals from space, and the Director of the Project. An ingenious interweaving of psychological and material motives makes this story a sheer joy to read.

Short Stories: "When I was Very Jung" by Brian W. Aldiss. I might say Aldiss is doing an elaborate pun, or a take-off on Tennessee Williams. I might say anything but, honestly, I just don't dig it...was I supposed to? "Find the Face" by Ross Rocklynne. The story of the richest woman in the universe looking for her dead husband's face among the stars. The author uses it to make a simple statement and does it well.

Non-Fact Article: "The Wonders We Owe DeGaulle" by Lise Braun. This supposed tour of the 1998 world studded with catastrophes and the emergence of Lemuria is a waste of 7 good pages. Science: "Mission to a Comet" by Ley.

October: Novelettes: "The Villains from Vega IV" by H. L. Gold and E. J. Gold. A completely wild, insane farce. The BoP (Bird of Perdition) which spouts Gothic clichés at the most inopportune moments, is probably the funniest story prop in SF history. Read, enjoy, have a ball! (lovely Hannes Bok-ish illos by Jack Gaughan) "Thyre Planet" by Kris Neville. If you can accept a lead character named Bullflower, maybe you can also accept this insipid tale about instant travel-or-death Transportation Booths. I thought it was miserable. "Criminal in Utopia" by Mack Reynolds. One always recognizes a Reynolds story..the word Zoroaster is in it somewhere. This time around we find a thief in the computerized world of the future, with a trick-up-the-







sleeve ending. "I Bring You Hands" by Colin Kapp. Mechanical hands cause only part of the problems in this tale...mechanical minds cause the rest. It's pretty interesting up until the climax which fizzles. "Behind the Sandrat Hoax" by Christopher Anvil. The methods and madness of discovering the Truth are the base of this tale, set on the deadly deserts of Venus. Anvil's technique consists of using a series of interrelated messages. Strange.

Short Stories: "All the Myriad Ways" by Larry Niven. Not a very original variation on the alternate worlds theme, but Niven squeaks through with some slick writing that greases the pig in fine style. "Homespinner" by Jack Wodhams. If you can't see the ending to this story of a wife who changes everything but her mind, you might like it. Unfortunately, I didn't manage to stay quite that ignorant. "A Visit to Cleveland General" by Sydney Van Scyoc. Physical well-being is guaranteed in this fully-automated hospital..but what happens when Man is psychically scrambled by advanced medical technology? Terrificly scary! Non-Fact Article: "The Warbots" by Larry S. Todd. "The history of armored war from 1975 to 17,500 A.D." They should have

published the illustrations by the author and forgotten the prose. Science: "The Orbit of Explorer I" by Willy Ley.

November: Novelettes: "Perris Way" by Robert Silverberg. The second of the "Watcher" series is not quite as captivating as the first. Plotting seems to adopt a conventionalized pattern, and loose ends will hopefully be explained away later. "Building on the Line" by Gordan R. Dickson. 2 spacemen, one badly injured, are stranded on a barren, freezing world. This stylistically rough story creaks along well enough until it switches to sad preaching. "Eeetz Ch" by H. H. Hollis. Another story of scientists seeking to erase the line between man and dolphin. Leisurely paced, without strong dramatic scale, it is ok of its type.

Short Stories: "Keep Moving" by Miriam Allen DeFord. An irreverent tale of a future America with its citizens living and constantly moving in automobiles. Good try that is marred by some shaky reasoning and less-than-believable detail. "The Market in Aliens" by K. M O'Donnell. The exploitation of aliens by a crass humanity is an idea that could make a good story (has, in fact, several times before), but here peters off into nothingness. "Locust Years" by Douglas R. Mason. A bit confusing unless read very closely, but a most unusual attack on the meaning of Time that should catch your interest. "The Tell-Tale Heart Machine" by Brian W. Aldiss. Downbeat examination of possible direction technological advance -- here, heart transplants and synthetic animal life -- can move human emotion. Actually, it's sudsy melodrama. Science: "My Friend, the Nautilus" by Willy Ley.

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Well, Ron, how do you like working on a fanzine? Huh, my love?



December: Novelettes: "The Sharing of Flesh" by Poul Anderson. Anderson does a bit of moralizing in this story of a lost colony among the stars whose religious cannibalism turns out to be a necessity, but it's a lively tale nevertheless. "Subway to the Stars" by Raymond F. Jones. A 'train' station in deepest Africa (an intergalactic transport system) is the setting for this story that occasionally falls through its own holes. But the train-wreck sequence is terrific. "A Life Postponed" by John Wyndham. A determined bachelor and an even more determined girl are the subjects of Wyndham's proof that you can have your cake and eat it too. If that sounds ridiculous, so's the story. "Spying Season" by Mack Reynolds. Politico-oriented, SF spy story that spends most of its time moodsetting with extraneous detail and crawling with overweighted theorizing. Dammit, Reynolds keeps plotting his stories like a checker game.

Short Stories: "One Station of the Way" by Fritz Leiber. A simple, relatively effective morality tale on a cosmic scale, with a symbolical questioning of the motives of evil and good. "Sweet Dreams, Melissa" by Stephen Goldin. The author preys upon the reader's sympathy, and rather too obviously, in yet another story (is there no end?) of the computer with a personality. "Jinn" by Joseph Green. A staid, mostly dull version of mankind's difficulties in meeting the threat of a new, genetically-evolved race, the Jinn. Science: "The Discovery of the Solar System" by Willy Ley.

IF --- monthly --- Everything from a novel "condensation" to a novel "extract" to fan-oriented articles to a special paean to STAR TREK to a letter column to a monthly listing of fan gatherings ... surely nobody is going to like it all, but editor Pohl is going to make damned sure that something hits everybody at least once during the year. With all the variety, IF is put together very neatly with clean layout, lots of good Gaughan illos, and some of the best cover paintings of the year. And Pohl's regular series of "first" stories has paid off well this time around.

July: Serial: ROGUE STAR (part 2) - Fred Pohl and Jack Williamson.

Novelettes: "The Sleeper with Still Hands" by Harlan Ellison. When Man has a check to keep him from warring, how far will he go to destroy it? Is war Man's nature, or peace? These are pretty deep questions, but Ellison gives it a good whirl. "We Fused Ones" by Perry A. Chapdelaine, Sr. The author has here the ingredients for a sharp horror story and intelligently uses them to produce a highly imaginative tale --- human beings captured by aliens and built into computers --- not of despair but of hope. Quite good. "The Maschine" by Burt K. Filer. Bouncy little adventure story with a catchy alien...a biobot (biological robot), used on the metal-poor world of Isolde in place of machines. Fast, slick, good.

Short Stories: "The Soft Shells" by Basil Wells. The 'shells' of the title are humans who land on a world where the hard-shelled inhabitants are equipped to survive. It takes 8 pages for the men to decide to leave..about 7 pages too many. "Gone to the Graveyards, Everyone" by Paul M. Moffett. A 'first' story, this one discusses the necessity of war, with an aptness that would come off better with more room to develop the idea. Good idea that doesn't quite come off. "The Hides mof Marrech" by C. C. MacApp.

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Ron, where did you go? Hey, Ron? Ron?

(sigh)



Improbable, rather silly but sometimes funny tale about the future, holding popularity of fur coats, and why. "In the Oligocene" by John Thomas. To what ends a man will go (and go, and go!) to win a lovely woman is shown in this bitter little twist on the time-machine story. "The Cure-All" by Win Marks. Mr. Marks perverts the idea of astronauts bringing back an incurable "bug" from another world, and the result is amusing.

August: Serial: ROGUE STAR (conclusion). Novalettes: "Getting Through University" by Piers Anthony. Following up '67's funny "In the Jaws of Danger," Anthony again applies a known field (dentistry) on an intergalactic scale, and comes up with another rib-tickling recit de farce. "Last Dreamer" by A. Bertram Chandler. Meanwhile, back at the Rim Worlds, Chandler really stretches reader credibility with a mysterious planet, a dragon, a witch, etc., etc... Passable, I suppose, for Chandler fans. "When the Old Aliens Left" by D. M. Melton. Corporate intrigue, a suspicious (and sexy) woman, and a missing body are the standard elements in this mediocre mystery with irrelevant science-fictional trappings.

Short Stories: "In Another Land" by Mary Urhausen. Seemingly a weird combo of ideas culled from McCaffrey's RESTOREE and Sturgeon's VENUS PLUS X, this little thing manages to twist itself out of the expected predictability. "First" story. "Merlin Planet" by E. G. Von Wald. Magic vs. math on a planet where magic seems to have the upper hand and most of the inhabitants live in surfdom. Disappointingly routine. "Song of the Blue Baboon" by Roger Zelazny. A brief little allegorical (?) piece that is too vague to be very understandable and too ostentatious for concern...forget it. "West is West" by Larry Tritten. Shameless exploitation and pants-off spoof of the Western-formula. Sometimes strained, but as often funny.

September: Novalettes: "Bulge" by Hal Clement. Slow but solidly constructed 'hard science' story of an attempted energy steal from an orbital Earth asteroid. A battle of wits between sharply defined characters adds the needed excitement. "Flesh and the Iron" by Larry S. Todd. Yet another man-against-machine story; this time the battle is literal, with the robot wearing a chain of human skulls and the man seeking the mechanical parts of the robot. Pretty good. "Star Itch" by Thomas J. Bassler, M.D. The problems and perils of adapting to an alien ecology get a thorough examination in this intriguing (but occasionally 'textbook-ish') "first" story. "Dreambird" by Dean R. Koontz. About the Pheasant of Dreams (so-called for its LSD-like ability to create hallucinations), this story is no more than a slapdash fusion of bad mystery and sad SF. Poor.

Short Stories: "Dream Street" by C. C. MacApp. Also deals with hallucinations, this time caused by an alien bear-like creature, and ending on the moot question of "who dominates which?" Confusing and not very convincing. "Love Conquers All" by Mack Reynolds. Would you believe, hallucinogens again?...What kind of world would we have if everybody really loved everybody else? Swallow such an aphrodisiac? well, I don't



I'm not  
pregnant -

that's  
how big  
a pill  
I  
hafta  
take.



know... "Like Banquo's Ghost" by Larry Niven. The story of an Alpha Centauri-aimed spaceship from Earth, but told entirely from an Earth vantage point. Definitely speculative, and with an intelligent point put across smoothly. Feature Poem: "The Elf In the Starship Enterprise" by Dorothy Jones. 'Star Trek' fans might dig it...good Nimoy/Spock Finlay illo.

October: Novel Condensation. THE PROXY INTELLIGENCE by A. E. Van Vogt. Galactic vampires and other such nonsense in an incredibly sloppy (not entirely due to heavy editing, I think) and poorly-plotted story that jerks its cardboard characters around in a most trite and tiresome manner. Horrid.

Novelettes: "High Weir" by Samuel R. Delany. A brief study (chiefly dialogue) of identity in both cause and form. Characterizations are incisive, though the science is non-existent and the background of Mars merely a prop. "Deathchild" by Sterling Lanier. This story of a pathogenically lethal baby is beautifully written and quite suspenseful, with a confincingly logical climax that is slightly marred by a last-minute and rather silly romantic angle. "Or Battle's Sound" by Harry Harrison. This one is concerned with future combat tactics, but is mostly dull and lamely excused with a final, less-than-masterful moral dilemma question. "Pupa Knows Best" by James Tiptree, Jr. The sharp humor and very witty dialogue do not disguise the serious side of this tale of Earth-alien contact and the clash of religious principles. Very good.

Short Story: "Paddlewheel on the Styx" by Lohr Miller. The youth of the author (13) can be used to excuse the pretentiousness of this "first" story -- an attempted rescue on boiling Mercury -- that smacks of textbook prose while aspiring to a Niven-ish 'hard-core' technique. What's the editor's excuse? Feature: "Report on Japanese SF" by Takumi Shibano.

November: Short Novel: CREATURES OF LIGHT by Roger Zelazny. Zelazny switches from Eastern religion to Egyptian mythology, and I suppose the incompleteness and lack of form is merely a less-than-satisfactory result of being an excerpt from a longer work. Serial: THE COMPUTER CONSPIRACY (part 1) by Mack Reynolds.

Novelette: "The Perfect Secretary" by Mike Kirsch. When a secretary has designs on her boss, that's soap-opera. But when the secretary is a computer-with-personality, it is still soap-opera. (?) Anyway, I liked it.

Short Stories: "Where the Time Went" by James H. Schmitz. Not enough hours in the day? This explanation reads more like self-gratified wish-fulfillment than a story. Silly fantasy. "Now that Man Is Gone" by James Blish. Another exercise on the last-man-and-woman theme in the very far future. This simple, quiet, and moving story shows its not dead yet. "Wizard Ship" by F. Haines Price. An ape-like, alien primitive is kidnapped and taken aboard a starship in this brawn-against-brain story that suffers from some jarring lapses in logic. Fair "first" "Bookmobile" by Charles L. Harness. A preposterous put-on about the Earth's loss of reading and writing. It might make a good speculative article, but as a story it just doesn't work.

December: Serial: THE COMPUTER CONSPIRACY (conclusion) by Mack Reynolds.

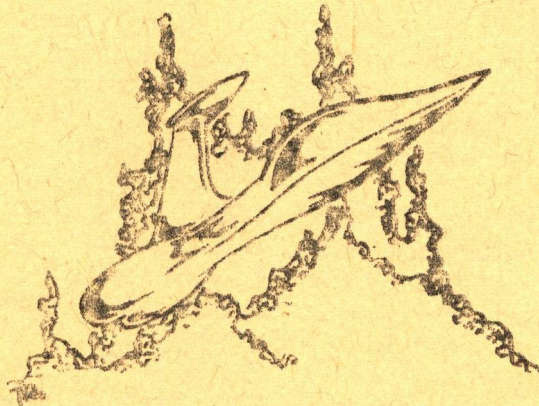
Novelettes: "The Starman of Pritchard's Creek" by Julian F. Grow. A terrifically busy, frivolous and fantastically funny Puritan-spoof. Grow makes a delicate female appalling, a disgusting child delightful, a loveable idiot hero, and a mad scientist in a nutshell. "The Tin Fishes" by A. Bertram Chandler. The mystery angle of this tale (underwater aliens plagued with marauding starfish) is poorly handled, as clues are misleading (they are



only partial. It all ends up as a really tired take-off on the current popularity of spies and intrigue and such.

Short Stories: "The Holmes-Ginsbook Device" by Asimov. Books and sex take the brunt of this learning spoof -- not unlike 'behind-the-barn' jokes. Far below Asimov standards. "The Canals of Santa Claus" by Bram Hall. Predictable but passable planet-is-creature story (a 'first') that would improve if the last 4 paragraphs of flat emotionalism were cut. "The Comsat Angels" by J. G. Ballard. Actually makes sense -- a religioso-angled story that is shocking, very contemporary, and good. "The Pawob Division" by Harlan Ellison. A hard-boiled egg story (about aliens giving a gift) that, due to cracks, almost drowns in its blubby effervescence. Fortunately, it's very short.

WORLDS OF FANTASY -- one issue -- I don't think this zine will make it past the first September issue. If this area of the country is any gage, I see why; copies sat untouched for a couple of months before being returned to the publisher (if that's what they do with those unsold, uncreased copies.) The green easy-eye paper would have been far more welcome if there had been something printed on it worth reading...the stories were nearly all bad and, sadly, there's no HENRY KUTNER around today to save the show. Jack Gaughan's cover and the sloppy logo were not assets.



#### Novelettes:

"The Mirror of Wizardry" by John Jakes. Even battling crystal-

anged rocks and an evil sorcerer, Brak the Barbarian is still a very pale imitation of the Conan-type s&s hero. It just lacks pulse.

"However" by Robert Lory. Mixing such elements as flying dragons, a peg-legged hero, and bottles of catsup, Lory comes up with a souffle that sinks to the bottom of the bowl from a heavy hand. "As Is" by Robert Silverberg. You'd feel very lucky if you picked up a used car that sported a cornucopia trunk, wouldn't you? It's when the original owner wants it back that the trouble begins. Fast and funny; best in issue.

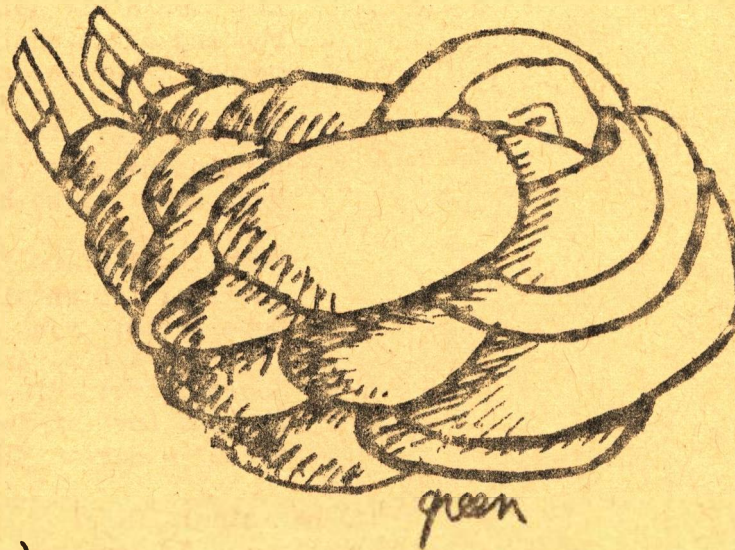
Short Story: "Conan and the Cenotaph" by Lin Carter and L. Sprague de Camp. Another pastiche on Howard's Conan -- this time fighting a slime-monster -- that is mere incident rather than story. Dull. "Death is a Lonely Place" by Bill Warren. Pity the poor vampire, a victim of recessive genes, who finds salvation through true love. A masochistic mess. "What the Vinters Buy" by Mack Reynolds. A deal between a hedonist seeking the Ultimate Pleasure and a devil who plays his cards with weary professionalism make a dull story. "After Armageddon" by Paris Flammonde. Superficial allegory, about the last man on Earth, that tackles too big a subject too vaguely.



"The Man Who Liked" by Robert Hoskins. A Bradburyesque tale stating the obvious — Good and Evil are simply flip sides of the same coin. "Delenda Est..." by Robert E. Howard. A barbarian advancing on Rome is visited by a ghostly prophet and this ghostly shadow of Howard's talent would have been better lost and forgotten. Poor. Feature: "A Report on J. R. R. Tolkien" by Lester del Rey. Strictly a page-filler, written to cash in on Tolkien's current popularity; merely says that Tolkien is groovy.

FINAL WORD (before the scaffold drops) will be a list of the black jelly-bean stories (that means the best, whadya think?) of the year. Scream cry, stamp your foot all you like...but I calls 'em as I sees 'eees.....

BEST NOVELS: 1. PAVANE by Keith and SYNTHAJoy by DG COMPTON Roberts (Doubleday)  
2. PAST MASTER by Lafferty (Ace). 3. THE FINAL PROGRAMME by Moorcock (Avon). 4. SEASON OF THE WITCH by Stine (Essex) 5. RITE OF PASSAGE by Pan-shin (Ace) and SOS THE ROPE by Anthony (Pyramid) and PICNIC ON PARADISE by Joanna Russ (tie)



Novellas:  
1. "Sunbeam Caress" by Redd. 2. "Stranger In the House" by Wilhelm 3. "House & Fire" by Delany 4. "The Consciousness Machine" by Saxton 5. "Lines of Power" by Delany

Novelettes: 1. "The Listeners" by Gunn. 2. "A Quiet Kind of Madness" by Redd. 3. "Factsheet Six" by Brunner. 4. "The Starman of Pritchard's Creek" by Grow. 5. "The Selchey Kids" by Yep.

Short Stories: The following choices for short fiction are from the SF magazines only; there are also some other fine choices from such original anthologies as THE FARTHEST REACHES, ORBIT 3 and magazines such as PLAYBOY. 1. "A Visit to Cleveland General" by Scyoc. 2. "The Devil and Jake O'Hara" by Cleeve. 3. "The Devil in Exile" by Cleeve. 4. "Squatter's Rights" by Hank Davis. 5. "The Edward Salant Letters" by Jerry Juhl.

Editor's note: I must apologize to Richard and the readers for several things 1) the delay in getting this issue out which unfortunately dates this fine column 2) changing Richard's wording in places to cut some of the material — 20 pages is a lot! — but I hope I didn't cut any of his opinion or thoughts. and 3) being too lazy to correct all the typos, you may find several overtypes, I hope they don't bother you.

Thanks go to Richard for this excellent summary of the mags of 1968. —LeB

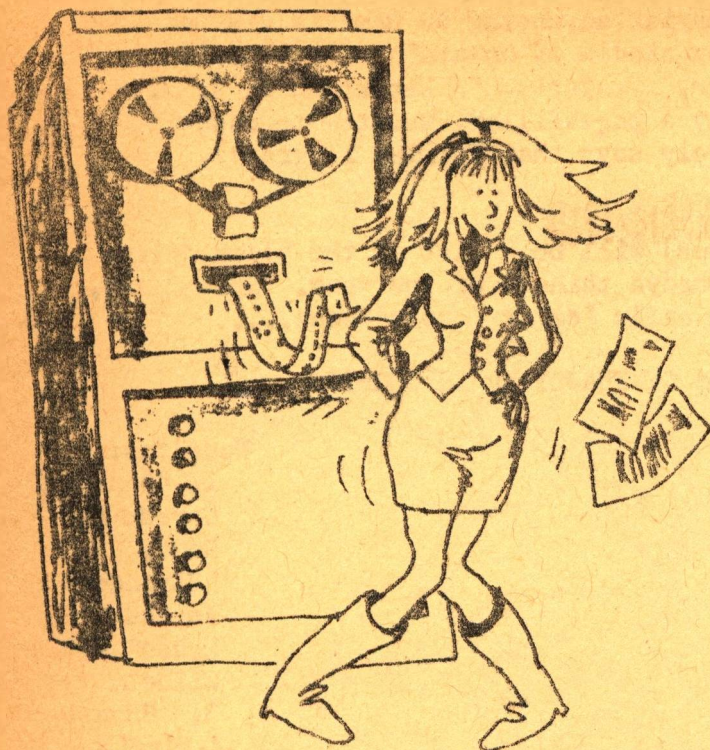


## THE KLUTZ CRIES

or

Whoops! How to Bring  
An Editorial Up-to-date  
when your fanzine is  
three months late!

by Linda Eyster Bushyager (LeB)



"whoops."

I must apologize for the ~~most~~ unavoidable delay in your receiving thisish. My editorial really needs updating, as I am now Mrs. Ronald Bushyager. Ron has been a big help in proofing, running off stencils, and teaching me new swear words.

I could claim that I delayed publishing just to give you the Hugo results, so here they are:

Novel: STAND ON ZANZIBAR - J. Brunner

Novella: "Nightwings" - Bob Silverberg

Novellette: "The Sharing of Flesh"

- Poul Anderson

Short Story: "The Beast that Shouted Love at the Heart of the World" - Harlan Ellison.

Drama: 2001

Fan Artist: Vaughn Bode

Special Hugo - to Armstrong, Aldrin, and Collins for the best moon landing ever.

Pro Magazine: F&SF

Fanzine - S.F. Review

Fan Writer: Harry Warner Jr.

I guess the results are not too surprising. I just hope that Delany will get a well-deserved Hugo in the near future, and that Vaughn Bode will return to fan and more pro artwork soon. His show at St. Louiscon (with Jeff Jones and Larry Todd) was fantastic!

St. Louiscon was an exciting convention with excellent art show (WOW) Eddie Jones, Tim Kirk, George Barr...; a miserable hotel staff (Curse you, Chase-Park Plaza); wonderful con committee (Thanks for making a great con, in spite of every possible difficulty to Joyce and Ray Fisher and the rest of the committee.); a fine costume ball (with me and Ron as 'Fuzzy Pink's'); interesting panels (including slides, movies, and Dick Lupoff on computers); wonderful Jack Gaughan; sweet Eddie Jones; Fandom's Worst Hall of Fame (the hotel won, which gives you an idea of the service -- with all that money, LASFA's building fund should be able to get a nice ~~place~~ place); and the St. Louis arch (it's neat, you can ride up and look out, even).

My major disappointment was that Richard Delap never showed up. I'm convinced that he's a hoax. Anyone who writes prose, reviews, and also draws, and who never shows up at a con must be a hoax!

Next year's con will be in Heidelberg. Boston in '71. ~~Winnipeg 11/11/71~~



If you are interested in a Charter Flight to Helicon write: Don Lundry, RDI, Hightstown, N.J. 08520. It will be a 3 week trip (Aug. 7-Aug 30) arriving in London, departing from Frankfurt, leaving from New York, \$190.00 or less (round trip) which is about 300\$ cheaper than most flights. It is definite and a deposit is wanted by December. If anyone knows of any other flights, please let me know, as Ron and I want to go, have the money, but only have 2 weeks vacation.

Nextish will be the 2nd annish, out in January (cross my heart). There will be a Zelazny story and another art portfolio. Each issue will have a portfolio or foldout, and all artists are urged to send me work for the portfolio (4-6 full pages) or regular fillers, covers, full and  $\frac{1}{2}$  page illos (no larger than  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10"$ ). And coming up in May is a special "40th Anniversary of the first SF fanzine!" Bob Tucker will be writing a special column discussing how and why he entered fandom and how he wrote and published his first zine. How do you get a big-name-fan like Tucker to write an editorial-column-article? First you must persuade him to co-operate; if he is reading this it will be his first knowledge of the article.

Since this is so outdated, so are my zine reviews. But I would like to mention several zines. Nextish there will be a review column.

ALEPH NULL - Mark Barclay and Mark Gawson, 4232 N. Kedvale, Chicago, Ill. 60641, 50¢. Good repro for firstish but dull material, typos, and poor layout detract.

AKOS 1 & 2 - are both out from Janet Magson, 321 West 105th St., Apt. 5C, N.Y., N.Y. 10025, 3/\$1.00. Eli Cohen is also editor. Good mimeo and interesting contents make this readable zine well worth getting.

ID - Jim Reuss, 304 S. Belt West, Belleville, Ill. 62221, 50¢. One of the best new zines. Excellent mimeo, fine articles, very entertaining.

BEABOHEMA - Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown Pa., 18951, 60¢. Keeps coming out in huge 90 page issues with fine articles by pros and fans, fair repro, and some good illos. Only question is, when will Lunney learn to edit and layout material?

ICENI 5 - Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana, 47137, 4/\$1.00. Another well done new zine. With Delap, Kevin Erwin art, and editor Roehm's enthusiasm, this makes a fine zine.

Did you ever notice that crudzines always arrive in beautiful condition while ODD and SF REVIEW show up half-eaten by vicious post office employees?

CROSSROADS - Al Snider, 1021 Donna Beth West Covina Calif., 91790. Rapidly becoming the focal point of controversial fans. Piers Anthony, conventions, and others have been recent targets.

THE THIRD FOUNDATION - Lee Klingstein, 1435 So. Bundy #4, Los Angeles, Calif., 90025. (woops, Lee just married Barry Gold) My only question is, why do people bother to print 83 issues of a crudzine like this, no illos, rotten repro, unbelievable contents.

DOUBLE HILL - Bill Bowers & Bill Mallardi, 2345 Newton St., Akron Ohio, 44305. The best of all the zines I've mentioned here. Fantastic! Repro wow! Art great. (#22 - \$1.00, sub for 22-25 \$2.00). Also get the SYMPOSIUM - \$3.00 to read 94 pros - a must!



AND...IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING...WHY YOU GOT THIS IN OCTOBER:

\_\_\_Your subscription ends with this issue and I thought I'd wait as long as possible to send it so you'd realize how much you miss GRANFALLOON, and would re-subscribe.

\_\_\_You are a subscriber with at least one ish to go, and I feel guilty.

\_\_\_This is a sample, so it doesn't matter if its late.

\_\_\_You contributed so you deserve a copy, even a late one.

\_\_\_You're in APA-45, and since this is going out with the mailing, its right on time.

\_\_\_YOU ARE BOB TUCKER and you are mentioned on page 38 and you had better read it.

\_\_\_You are mentioned, and I thought you'd eventually like to know.

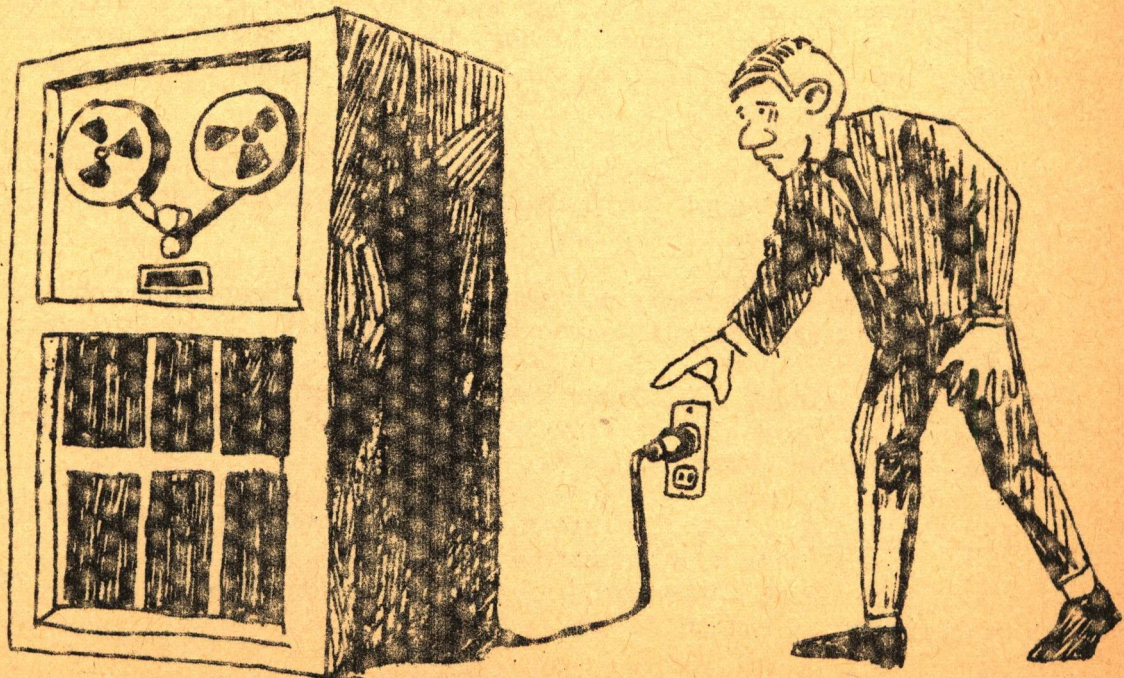
\_\_\_We trade and you've been sending me copies of your zine and I finally felt envious, guilty, and dumb enough to get the ish out.

X I think we trade, but you've been even slower than I have in getting an issue out, so you'd better send something soon, or you may not get the next Gf.

\_\_\_Pittsburgh fandom loves you! (But why don't you subscribe anyway, Bob?)

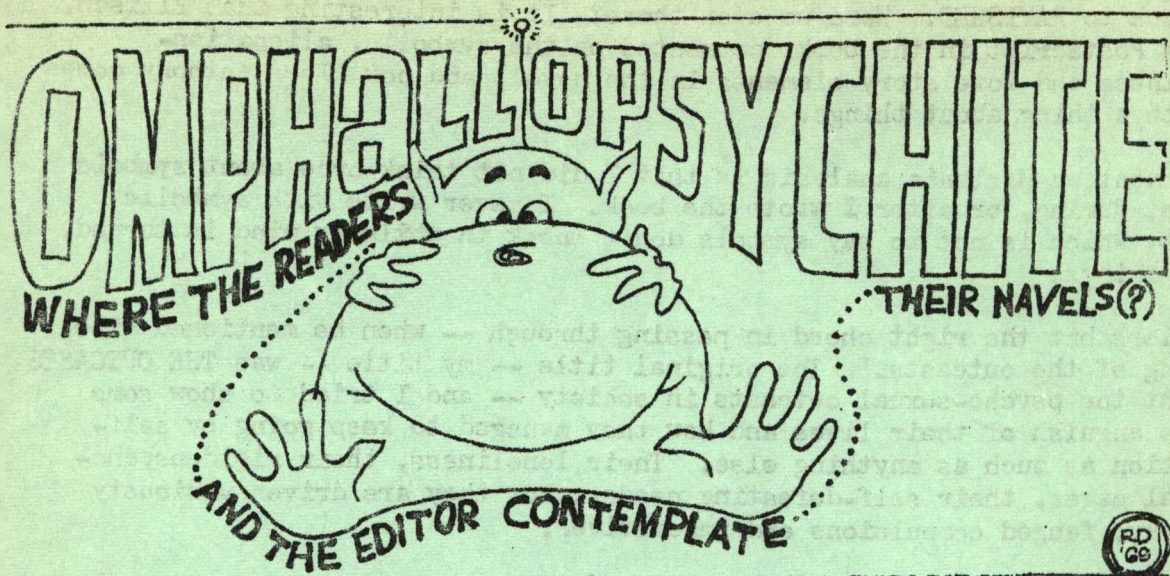
\_\_\_You are Pittsburgh fandom, Harlan Ellison, Richard Delap, or my husband.

\_\_\_I don't know, so you must.



"I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT PLUG MR. ROGERS!"





### RICHARD E. GEIS

I thank you for all the mentions and egoboo in Gf6. The striking Bowers cover was obviously symbolic as hell, but what does it mean? I'm a sucker for scratchboard stuff. [So am I. Please Bill, more!]

Piers played an interesting but transparent game of having his cake and eating it too, with his story and postscript. I can see why the story was rejected 17 times. YOU should have made it 18. It was a credible idea and scene for the display of the idea, but poorly written..poor poetic-and arti - ness. Some of the dialog, especially the girl's was incredible. It must have been an EARLY Anthony story. The Gaughan illo was lovely, though.

[Dick also included a letter-article on this issue and the following:]  
 HELP! I'VE BEEN PIERSED! PUNS! A review set up to perpetrate puns!  
 And at the expense of my book. Not only that, this man has the effrontery and the backery to purloin my Dialog editorial style to do it in.

Ah, well. I'm flattered. Keep on imitating, Piers. You do it quite nicely.

To get to the uncovered meat of his comments--I should mention that I'm breaking his imagined the-hero-must-possess-a-big-penis rule in a book for Brandon House (EVEN WE MUST LOVE). (I suspect my title will be changed - they often are.) Not only does the hero have only 3 inches, the heroine likes it that way. Not only THAT, but he's only 5'6" tall. (No, he is not 10 years old!)

One of the things I like about writing sex novels, aside from writing sex, of course, is that I can throw almost anything else I wish into them in the way of characterization, background, philosophy, social comment... There is only one real taboo in the sex novel field: thou shalt not write about cops-and-sex. Therin lies the road to the clanger! One publisher issued THE SEX LIFE OF A COP some years ago and was prosecuted, convicted, fined something like 50,000 dollars and given 15 or 20 years in prison. A higher court eventually wiped all that out, but the court costs must have been massive. The industry got the message. Today you can write about incest, miscegenation...anything...except cops!



But back to RAVISHED. Were we ever there? It is interesting that Ellison, in his Postscript in the book, commented on the symbolic, alienation-loneliness and love story elements in the novel, and now Piers Anthony comes up with a thing about things.

My comment on Harlan's analysis is that I did not think once about symbols before, during, or after I wrote the book. I never write with symbolic intent; which is not to say symbols don't sneak in while my mind is turned. Pesky things.

But Piers hit the right chord in passing through -- when he mentioned 'the feeling of the outcasts.' The original title -- my title -- was THE OUTCASTS. I meant the psycho-sexual outcasts in society -- and I tried to show some of the anguish of their lives and how they managed to keep going by self-deception as much as anything else. Their loneliness, their rigid psychological cages, their self-defeating needs...how they are driven viciously by murky, fanged compulsions and imperitives.

Randy came alive in RAVISHED because there is a lot of him in me and in someone I know well. There is a lot of him in most men; the wish to be FREE, to have no responsibilities, no obligations, to be able to pick up and GO whenever you wish, to have no emotional claws in your mind from others who NEED you.

Randy's sex life is fantasy-wish, of course: the giant cock that women love to have thrust deep, and love to suck. Sure. The superb orgasms are largely fantasy, too, yet the other sexual elements -- the attitudes, the pressures, the techniques, the needs, are all real, so that there is a mixture of reality and fantasy in the sex scenes. Each reader must decide how much to believe.

I tried to say something about the evil results of a dominating mother and sexual repression. It's a theme which runs through many of my books.

And, by the by, the book count is now 67. I don't glory in that stat, though. It's just a natural result of writing continually for 10 years...no, 11, now. 11 years! God, that makes me feel tired.

Finally, I wonder if this review-and-comment isn't sort of pointless? How many fans who are reading this have read RAVISHED? Six? Seven? [One problem is the availability of sex books. Or rather, where do you get them? I tried the local bookstore, then the department store. My usual sources of books don't carry 'sex books' (except for CANDY and others which have gained such a wide reputation they are almost 'respectable'). So what do you do if you are a rather shy girl of 22? You go to the local used and dirty book store downtown. There, in the back of the room, is a section entitled "Over 21 Only"! Quickly checking to see if you have your driver's license you warily tread into the 'forbidden section! Dirty old men stare. Executives browsing on their lunch hour smile. You glance at the shelves (covertly, shyly...trying to read the covers while not really looking at them so the DOM's and others won't suspect you are looking for a sex book). You see books you don't believe ("How to Mate a Horse" by I. M. Aching and "Sweetheart" the story of a Lesbian and her Homosexual lover ((you figure it out))). You back out, still looking for "Peggy Swenson" or another Dick Geis pseudonym. A clerk idles up to you. "Do you have any (the words Dick Geis sex novels hovers on your lips)...errrr (the man smiles, or rather leers at you, knowing where you just were)...errrr-cook books. He sighs, disappointed. You spend the next ten minutes blushing into a copy of THE FRENCH CHEF, before you make your ~~escape~~ way outside, hoping no one from the office saw you. -LeB/



BOB SILVERBERG

Thanks for Gf6...I hope this won't be my last issue. I need not re-iterate the terms under which I'm willing to become a cash customer; but I will modify them to the extent of saying that if we don't get to the sauna at the Disclave, I'm willing to discuss possible other arrangements. (Nude swim-in at PgHLANGE?) Anyway, keep the mag coming and we will undoubtedly find a morally acceptable way of getting me into the sub list. [Sorry I missed the swim-in at PgHLANGE, why didn't I see you at the orgy in the con suite? Maybe this year. Meanwhile, why don't you contribute something? How about a special article for the '40th anniversary of fanzines' issue? (something about how you started in fandom, what made you start and stop fanzine pubbing, and how you got to be a pro --in 25 words or less, of course) OK? by the way, Bob, we really can't keep meeting like this -- Barbara and Ron are bound to find out sooner or later. -LeB/

PIERS ANTHONY

It's too bad I'm on good terms with Gf and Richard Delap, because I have some dandy pretexts to get good & nasty, and opportunities like that don't just grow on Klutztrees. Ah, well, life is ever unfair.

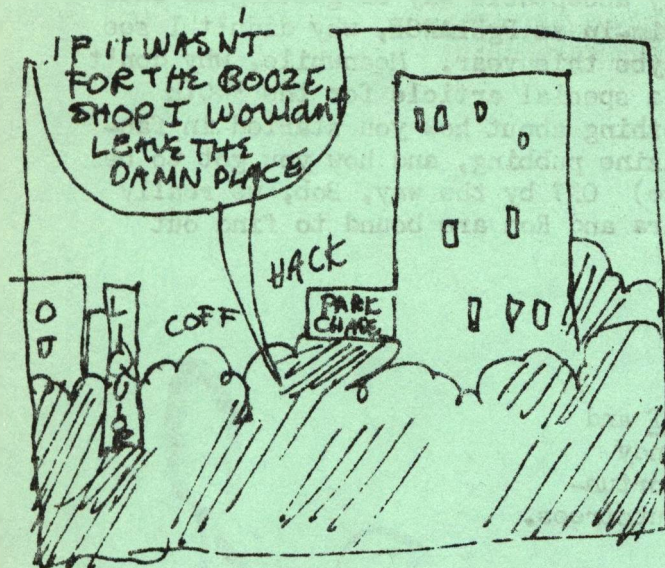
[Piers goes on to complain that I cut his letter in the last two issues, sorry Piers, here I go again, but aaagggggghhh, this thing is already 3 months late and something like 40 pages long not including portfolio and the rest of the lettercol. So please forgive me, and think of all the letters I cut out altogether. Besides, it's the important part of your letter that you and everybody else wants to see printed, and it follows. -LeB, who else?]

Now for Delap: I find his reviews of 2 of my novels, and though I feel he overrated SOS THE ROPE, I'm sure he'll be pleased to learn there will be a sequel soon, since the British publisher (FABER & FABER) has made me an offer based on my summary, entitled VAR THE STICK, and you can make of that combination the same kind of confusions some (not Delap) have made of SOS. So anyone who likes SOS will have a chance at VAR in maybe a couple of years when a U.S. publisher buys it. There is also the possibility that the editor of a rival fanzine (if I tried to mention DOUBLE: BILL here, you'd cut it, right?) and I will collaborate on yet another SOS variant, we'll see. [Wrong. I love D:B, and both Bills. I know Bowers has a lot of writing talent, hope the collaboration works out. And by the way, buy a SYMPOSIUM and sub to D:BI/





In the drawings below and on the following page MIKE GILBERT gives his impressions of St. Louiscon and the wonderful Chase-Park Plaza Hotel.



# ON THE PINEL

THERE MUST BE 3 MILLION PEOPLE OUT THERE  
HOW CAN ANYONE FOLLOW JACK?  
LET'S GO BACK TO THE BAR

OMNIVORE is another matter. Let's tackle the general commentary first, then get on to Delap's little quibbles. He damns me with faint praise on my use of flashbacks, and thereby misses a major point. The flashes were not merely inserted as crutch or buoy; they are the story. He considers them, collectively, to be the best of the novel, so I presume he would approve a novelette consisting of them alone, with all the Earth-frame-work followup omitted. Well, news for you: I feel the same, and did just that originally.

The Nacre story was all of it, running between 12,000 and 20,000 words (there were several versions), and I considered it to be my best work. I showed it to every magazine editor around—and every one bounced it. Some bounced it twice, so it wasn't just an oversight. One even lectured me on the size of the paperclip holding the ms together. (Think I'm joking? OK, I name him: Avram Davidson, then of F&SF.) The novelette was thus a prime example of my claim that the editors, not the writers, are the limiting factor in the SF field. I was forced, after several years, to novelize the piece in order to sell it at all.

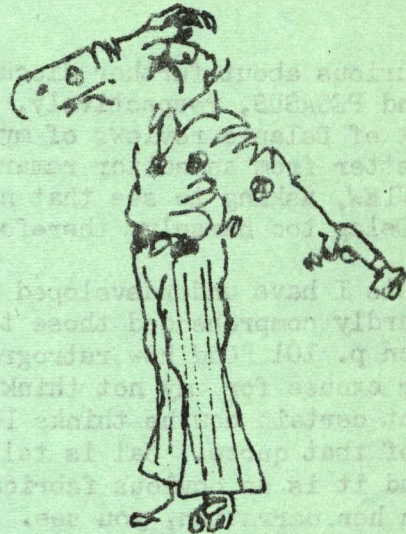
How to expand it? I am artistically inclined, literally and figuratively, and am acutely concerned with the esthetics of my novels. There is an overall frame, a scheme of balance — whatever you wish to call it — in every novel I have written. In CHTHON this was more important



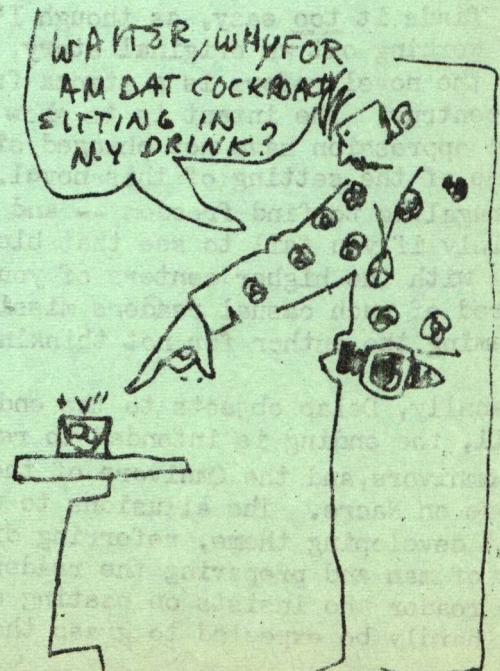
than the content, while in the others it was reversed. OMNIVORE was awkward, because I refused to shovel in garbage to extend an episode already complete in itself. I wanted to keep unity, even enhance it -- yet I had to add at least 40,000 words. So I put it into a larger framework, like a jewel into a setting.

I also attempted to develop fully the characters of my trio, and to prepare the reader more effectively for the revelation of the manta's nature. Each character was introduced individually as he told his part of the story. First Veg, the simplest one, seen from the outside: his fistic nature, his inner gentleness, his vegetarianism, his love for Aquilon. By knowing him well, the reader better understands his actions on Nacre. Second, Aquilon: her great beauty, outside and in, her awful distress, her immense artistic talent. She, the sensitive feminine viewpoint, sees things differently in the Nacre episode, and the style of that section is intended to reflect that. Finally Cal, the tortured intellectual, almost a caricature of the anemic genius, but real, real to me at least. Delap finds him lecturesome; well, this is Cal's nature. The others will talk considerably on special subjects; Cal is always vocal. I feel my characterizations are accurate; anybody can talk at length when his particular hobby is the topic. Since the introductory scenes are essentially interviews, the characters can only reveal themselves through dialogue, and why not?

So I chide you, Delap, for missing the point that this is not a novel with flashbacks (I disapprove of flashbacks myself) so much as a story with specially designed character studies for the nuances. The magazine editors found the story too complex for their understanding; with those introductions it becomes intelligible to the average reader (you and you, kid), as it seems it wasn't before. I think that had you understood this, you wouldn't have rated the conventional sword and science adventure SOS THE ROPE above it. SOS type pieces are painfully commonplace and admittedly easy to grasp; OMNIVORE



GET THOSE DAMN COCKROACHES  
OFFA MY SF.





has never been done before, to the best of my belief, and I'm sorry you were bypassed by the best of it. If you are not willing to work a little in order to discern the difference between routine and finesse, and are blind to the contrast in styling of the two novels, you should hang your head in shame as a reviewer.

Perhaps this offers some hint why Delap's rankings of the best novels and stories of the year seems almost inversely related to their true worth. Delap does good reviews--but they are good more because of the energy and cleverness of his expression, rather than any real insight into their themes and structure. Stylistically and plot-wise, for example, the story he rates as best for the year, Redd's "Sunbeam Caress," is appalling, and I am not afraid to predict that a decade from now Delap will agree completely. (Make a note, fans, and challenge him on this when that time comes.)

Anyone curious about further discussion of SOS and OMNIVORE can check SHAGGY and PEGASUS, respectively. And I should say that perhaps the most important of Delap's reviews of my novels is one I have not yet seen. I have a letter from an editor remarking on the review of HASAN appearing in an SF REVIEW, asking to see that novel for possible publication. Let's not use Delap too harshly, therefore; he may be worth money to me.

Delap feels I have underdeveloped values of extrapolation (?)...I feel he has hardly comprehended those that exist in the novel. He calls out Cal's comment on p. 101 "Odd how retrogression and advancement sometimes coexist" as a poor excuse for my not thinking things out clearly. Interesting. OK -- I'm not certain how he thinks I thought things out, but I can clarify the context of that quote. Cal is telling the story of how he came to be what he is, and it is an obvious fabrication to Aquilon, indefensible. This occurs in her narration, you see. She doesn't know what did happen to him, but knows from a number of clues that he is lying. So if his words lack conviction....I don't know, but I think Delap has fallen into the trap of assuming that the inadequacies portrayed in a character reflect those of the author. Naturally, then, he misses the point.

Next he tackles "...how easy it would be to transpose that for today!" (p. 114) He finds it too easy, as though I'd merely transposed history into SF instead of working out an original story. Yet the passage to which that comment in the novel refers is a stanza from a poem by Coleridge, dating back about a century. The intent is to show that the fundamental problems of freedom and oppression have not changed since then, and will not change by the time of the setting of this novel. Even in OMNIVORE's time man is still struggling to find freedom -- and still climbing into heavier chains. Certainly if you fail to see that bleak theme in OMNIVORE, you have been reading with the higher centers of your brain turned off. One could become tired of such casual readers missing such carefully fitted themes -- and blaming the author for not thinking!

Finally, Delap objects to the ending of the novel, without being too clear. Well, the ending is intended to really drive home the point: that man is an omnivore, and the Omnivore of the title, and is every bit as savage as those on Nacre. The allusions to which Delap takes exception are parts of that developing theme, referring directly or obliquely to the innate savagery of man and preparing the reader for the final proof -- but of course, the reader who insists on casting out such references as unclear thinking can hardly be expected to grasp their larger import.



In short, though OMNIVORE is simpler than CHTHON, it still is not a simple or shallow novel. And, er, Delap—I recommend that you approach my next, MACROSCOPE, with extreme caution. It really is complex.

And one more minor irritation: Delap calls my novellette "The Alien Rulers" (true title: "A Piece of Cake" — the editor changed it, thereby torpedoing it's developing theme) an ordinary SF tale that succumbs to the sin of predictability. Really? How many readers actually did predict at the time I developed the cake-slicing analogy that the political situation would match it exactly? I'd be interested in hearing. (Through GRANFALLOON, of course; don't write to me.) I don't believe this particular situation has ever appeared in SF before, and would be happy to/corrected if wrong.. I was so intrigued by this suggestion how to solve the major problems of the world (and that is what the story is about, after all) that I summarized it and submitted it to that GALAXY Vietnam-solution contest. Never heard a word on it thereafter, and don't know whether that contest ever had a winner — but I think my suggestion just might work. It does work for children, after all, and what are nations but uncontrolled children?

I sent a copy to Delap; good thing I wasn't rough on him!



LOOK BOY, DON'T KNOCK MY FINGER!

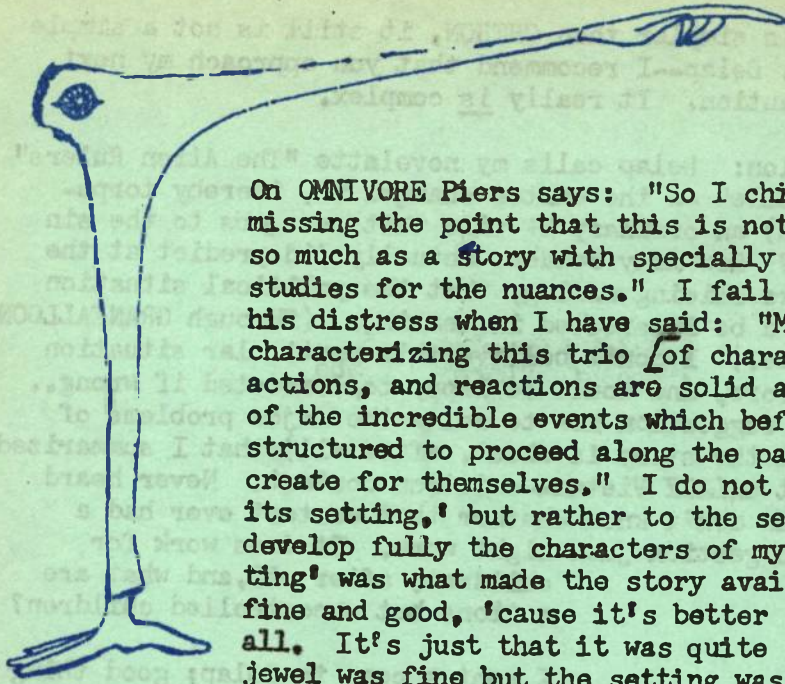
#### RICHARD DELAP

Just a few remarks re Piers Anthony's comments on my reviews of his books in Gf6.

First, Pier's comments are of vital interest to me as a reviewer (or to anyone interested in the author and his works and opinions thereof). I may see what Piers has tried to say in his fiction, as well as gaining understanding into why he failed to come across with his intentions (to me, anyway). I have never said I was faultless or exceptionally perceptive as a reviewer; I write to the best of my ability my impressions of a piece of fiction, and if I fail in the author's opinion to see the true worth of his results I can't help but wonder if the fault is entirely mine.

If a book is intended specifically for the intelligentsia, the erudite connoisseurship of the specialist, or whatever, shouldn't the author and publisher be compelled to state this fact and thus prevent mass misinterpretation? Does the reader and reviewer still have the right to make his own value judgments and express them publicly (as long as he also states that these opinions are his own)? And does the author have the right to voice his opinion that a reviewer has made an incorrect value assessment? May the reviewer use rebuttal against the author's rebuttal against the reviewer's...ad infinitum? Yes, yes, yes, and yes! (if you can get it all published, that is).





On OMNIVORE Piers says: "So I chide you, Delap, for missing the point that this is not a novel with flashbacks... so much as a story with specially designed character studies for the nuances." I fail to see the reason for his distress when I have said: "Mr. Anthony excels in characterizing this trio [of characters]. Their habits, actions, and reactions are solid and believable, and each of the incredible events which befall them on Nacre is structured to proceed along the path that such people would create for themselves." I do not object to the 'jewel in its setting,' but rather to the setting which "was to develop fully the characters of my trio." If this 'setting' was what made the story available to the public, fine and good, 'cause it's better than having nothing at all. It's just that it was quite obvious to me that the jewel was fine but the setting was distracting, thus making the whole less appealing than it might have been. As I said, better than nothing, though.

[Unfortunately, as most writers know, rewriting is often a disheartening task. You reach a point where the story is completely stale, you can't work on it except to add an extra word or change a spelling. It is finished. To try and go back and expand or drastically change the work is almost impossible, unless you start all over again. If you do try to graft on some extra parts, they are often not as good as the original. This is probably because the author has lost interest in the piece. This sounds like the problem Piers faced. -LeB]

I question Piers's remark that OMNIVORE is "still not a simple or shallow novel." Is he implying that because it is not simple or shallow that it is, conversely, a complicated and full novel? Lack of one quality does not necessarily guarantee the presence of its contrary value, does it? I shouldn't think so.

Perhaps the "serious quality" I found in SOS THE ROPE wasn't there at all...or was it there inadvertently and Piers just hasn't seen it yet. Whatever, I still think SOS is the better book. Despite my stubbornness, I feel I have learned a great deal from Piers's remarks -- yeah, not to discuss artistic worth with published authors! -- and am looking forward to MACROSCOPE and VAR THE STICK (er, you suppose you could change the title on that last one? Agh!).

[VAR THE STICK sounds like a title for a Dick Geis sex novel. I thought SOS was a more enjoyable book than OMNIVORE, perhaps because the reader doesn't have to work so hard to understand; but I thought both were rich in thematic importance, fine characterization, and reader enjoyment. -LeB]

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ron, why are you lying on the floor gibbering to yourself? Just because the mimeo is underlinked on one side of the page, and some of the electronic stencils aren't dark enough and you are running the machine by hand. That's no reason to gibber. And just because there are a lot of typos, and the machine is leaking ink all over and...because....gibber.....gibber....sob.. "



HOWARD GREEN

One thing I as an artist must take issue with is that you nominated Vaughan Bode for the Hugo Award for Best Fan Artist. HOW DARE YOU! Shame on you Woman!!

SF has always been sort of laughed at by mainstream people and it's half-baked artists like Vaughan Bode who promote this kind of put down. For years people like Jack Gaughan, John Schonherr, Paul Lehr, and recently Mike Gilbert have tried to bring SF artwork up to a level that could be respected by anybody in any field. Then along come 3rd rate comic book artists like Kelly (Mad Magazine), Freas, and Vaughan Bode and bring the quality of SF art down to comic book level. Comic book art has no place in serious Science Fiction.

But as long as people like Bode keep getting nominated for Hugo's, SF fan artists will never occupy a place of respect in anyone's mind. Only by bringing SF artwork up to the competitive level of Milton Glaser, Bob Peake, Daniel Schwartz, Mark English...etc., will SF artwork be respected.

Thanks for listening to me mouth off, but I get very sick of hearing people put down SF because all they've seen is a cheap 'B' movie or an old comic SF magazine.

[While it is true that much of comic art is perfectly awful, I think you should be careful in damning all of the field merely because it is 'comic artwork.' One reason so much is bad is that it is drawn for kids and set in a certain stylized manner typical of comic books. But Vaughan Bode is no '3rd-rate comic book artist' he is a 1st-rate artist who utilizes comic book style in a new and exciting way. His creatures show more imagination and rapport with SF than many of the stylized works set in an 'SF-artwork' manner (alien beasts, alien moonscape, spaceships, you know the style - typified in the 50's and still around gracing an occasional Analogue or If). If you have seen Bode's magnificent exhibit at St. Louiscon, you will probably agree with me that his work outshone any other art at the con - even the auctioned off Gaughans and exquisite Barrs at the artshow, good as they were. Imagination, beauty, drawing skill, and perhaps more importantly -- theme and idea all make Bode's art special. Evidently his appeal is quite wide in fandom since he was nominated as both pro and fan artist, and won Best Fan Artist. Bode is no mere comic artist or comic fan. His ties are with SF and SF fandom. I for one hope he will soon return to fan art and continue with pro work. Fandom and SF in general needs more such talented artists. And talent and imagination such as Bode's can only enhance SF's reputation. -LeB/

HARRY WARNER JR.

I became hoarse from silent laughter over the faasn poll and wondered which of you have contrived such a masterpiece. The hint in the final question escaped me, and it was only a moment ago when I glanced at the contents page that I realized the source. [Bob Tucker -LeB/

'The Skeleton of the Leaf' should have sold long ago, and it is aided immensely here by the superb illustration. Still, I had the same reaction that comes on each of the rare occasions when I enjoy a short-short SF or fantasy story. Immediately I start to wish desperately that the author hadn't thrown away the idea that made it a memorable short-short on a one- or two-pager.



I bet you are surprised. You were waiting for the rest of Harry's letter, I'll bet. But here it is October 4th, almost the 5th, and I've decided, rather abruptly, I admit, to end the issue. (It's too damn long already.) Sorry, Harry, to cut your letter in half. And sorry too, George Senda, Pauline Palmer, Bill Linden, R. Willingham, Bruce Gillespie, Ken Scher, Mike Deckinger, Mike O'Brien, Jerry Lapidus, Louis Fallert, Don Markstein, Bill Kunkel, Mike Weber, Mike Montgomery, Neal Goldfarb, Richard Labonte, and others whose letters don't appear. Please keep writing, I enjoy and need your comments. The lettercol will be longer next time, though!



### WOW - COMING SOON - PgHLANGE PORTFOLIO

Connie Reich will edit this artwork portfolio. Excellent mimeo and offset reproduction of darn near every major fan artist will make this a Collector's Item, suitable for framing (no staples!).

Proceeds will go to Pittsburgh's regional convention, PgHLANGE II held in July. The originals of artwork will be mounted and auctioned off at the con, with proceeds from the auction going to TAFF.

If you are a fanartist and Connie missed you, contact her at Box 193, Carnegie-Mellon Univ., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213. All art must be in by Jan. 1.

Anyone who writes Connie now, pledging to buy the portfolio, will receive a special reduction in price. Watch for further information in Locus and Granfalloon.





-BOWERS-