



GRANFALLOON 13

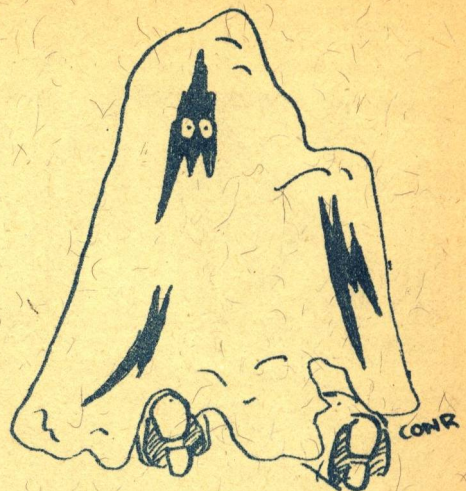
GRANFALLOON # 13

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PIZZA?

C O N T E N T S

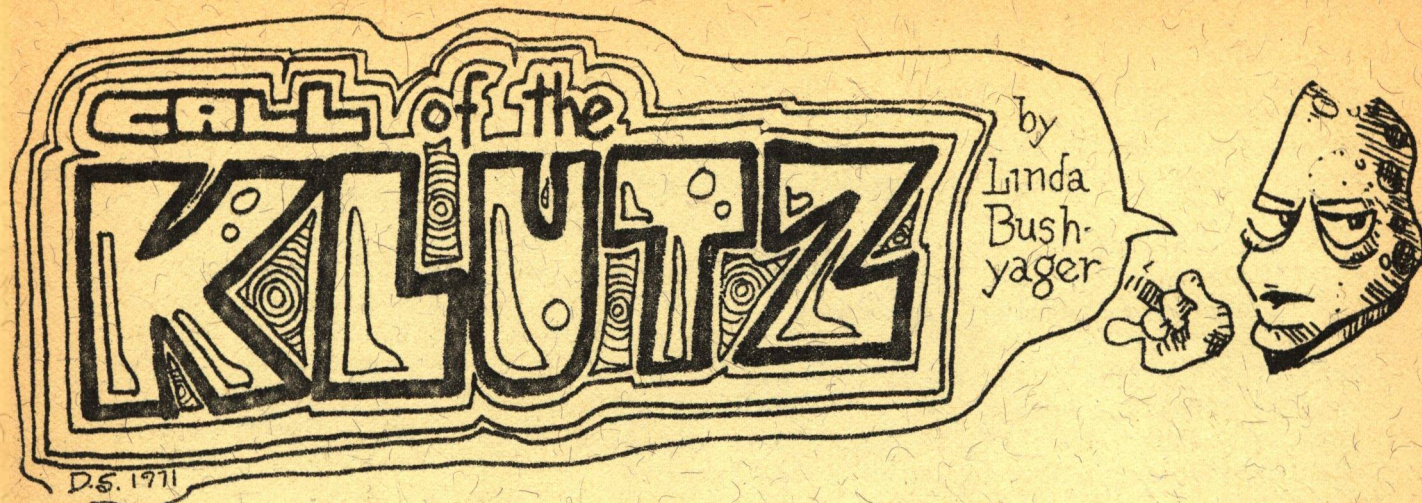
Call of the Klutz	2
<i>Linda gives the traditional editorial</i> To Hell With Ron Miller	6
<i>Alex Eisenstein is mad about art</i> I've Seen the Future and it is Scruffy	11
<i>John Berry concludes his tarot reading</i> The Sweetheartists	16
<i>Jodie Offutt uses crayons!</i> The Heart in Hartford City	19
<i>Bob Tucker discusses his hero</i> The Trouble with Trouble	24
<i>Ted White has problems. What's new?</i> <u>Trouble on Project Ceres</u> - Chapter 1	28
<i>the original opening of his novel</i> Jefferson Starship - The Woodstock Nation	35
in Outer Space - David Emerson grooves Chatelaine	40
<i>Sandra Miesel tells a housewife's tale</i> Coddled Eggs	42
<i>Rosemary Ulyot is herself wonderfully</i> The Alien Rat Fink	45
<i>Richard Delap reviews books</i> Cannonfodder	52
<i>Jeff Glencannon shoots down fanzines</i> Why You Got This	58

A R T W O R K

Steve Campbell - 25
Grant Canfield - 3,57
Vincent DiFate - 14,15
Alex Eisenstein - 8
Elman - 21, 42
Steve Fabian - 28,29,32
Connie Faddis - 1
Carol Ferrairilo - 9
Jack Gaughan - 49
Mark Gelotte - <u>front cover</u> ,16, 37
Mike Gilbert - 56
Alexis Gilliland - 5,6,7
Howard Green - 11
C. Lee Healy - <u>Back cover</u>
Terry Jeeves - 50
Tim Kirk - 22,45
Doug Lovenstein - 4,36
Jim McLeod - 39
Ron Miller - 35,40
Joe Pearson - 23
Bill Rotsler - 19,51,52
Jeff Schalles - 12,13,18,44,53
Jim Shull - 58
Dan Steffan - 2,20,38

ART PORTFOLIO OF THREE DRAWINGS - Connie Reich Faddis

Well, this is a klutzy production run on Joan Eunice Johann Sebastian Bach Smith



FAN CARTOONIST AWARD

In the last two issues I discussed the possibilities of having a Fan Cartoonist Hugo category. Mike Glicksohn, Grant Canfield, and several others expressed interest, but also doubt about the feasibility of dividing the category. Then Alex Eisenstein wrote a compelling argument against this award, which appears as part of his "To Hell with Ron Miller" article this issue. After looking over the arguments I decided that they were right -- not only is a fan cartoonist category not really needed, but also it would be impossible to divide the award when several artists would fit into both categories.

TROUBLE WITH PROJECT CERES

This issue also includes the first chapter of Ted White's new juvenile novel. This chapter and chapter two (appearing nextish) were deleted by the editor. I just read the novel as published by Westminster Press and recommend it highly. With or without the deleted chapters, it is one of Ted's best books. The story concerns several college students who spend their summer working on Project Ceres, a desert reclamation project. The hero, Larry McCombs, is black. And here is where Ted excels -- he depicts Larry as a human being and yet convincingly shows the problems of racial prejudice. Thus, a typical juvenile adventure story becomes a novel of deep meaning; yet the themes are handled subtly and add to the excitement of the plot.

An ideal present for any children you know, this book is also an interesting novel for adults. The deleted chapters add greatly to the book by providing a good introduction to the characters and situation. But even without them, the book is still quite good. It is available for \$4.75 from Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

If you have any comments on the book as a whole, or the deleted chapters, please send your comments to Ted White at 1014 N. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, Va. 22046.

A NOTE TO ARTISTS AND CONTRIBUTORS

Any artwork will be returned upon request. Also, I often receive requests from new fanzines for material and like to send excess material I receive to them. In this case I also request the return of unused material and that the contributor receive a copy of any fanzine his work appears in. If you do not want your material passed on, please let me know. Since I have an overflow of fiction and book reviews, please do not send material of this nature. Thanks everybody!

CONVENTIONS

New York and Washington, D.C. are contending for the 1974 Worldcon. Recently we attended both the April Lunacon and the May Disclave. A comparison of these two cons appears to demonstrate just what can and does go wrong at conventions and how to put on a good con, be it a regional or worldcon.

Lunacon was held at the Hotel Commodore. The hotel management was apparently not prepared for fans: they kept telling fans not to congregate, not even to wait for elevators, and re-rented several fans' rooms at midnight (including that of con committee chairman, Al Schuster). Needless to say, no rooms were blocked. The elevator operators criticized fannish dress and refused to stop on the function room floor. The con committee did not arrange for union projectionists; so movies were canceled on Friday night. Also, the committee provided no free parties, and only one pay bar, on Friday. The program was dull. But the banquet was not.

We were eating our first course when we noticed how quickly the waiters took our food away. Jerry Lapidus wondered what would happen if we hadn't been finished eating. We consumed the main course in nervous haste. Desert arrived a minute or so behind the other tables', and then we found out about premature food removal.

"I'm not done yet," said Ron, watching a half-full plate of ice cream disappear.

"Sorry," snapped the waiter, and hurried off, with the food.

I had just ordered tea, since the waiters had neglected to bring it during or after dinner. As I sat drinking tea, the waiter came and took away the sugar.

"I'm still using that, sir." I said.

He reached for my cup. I held on. He grabbed it and pulled.

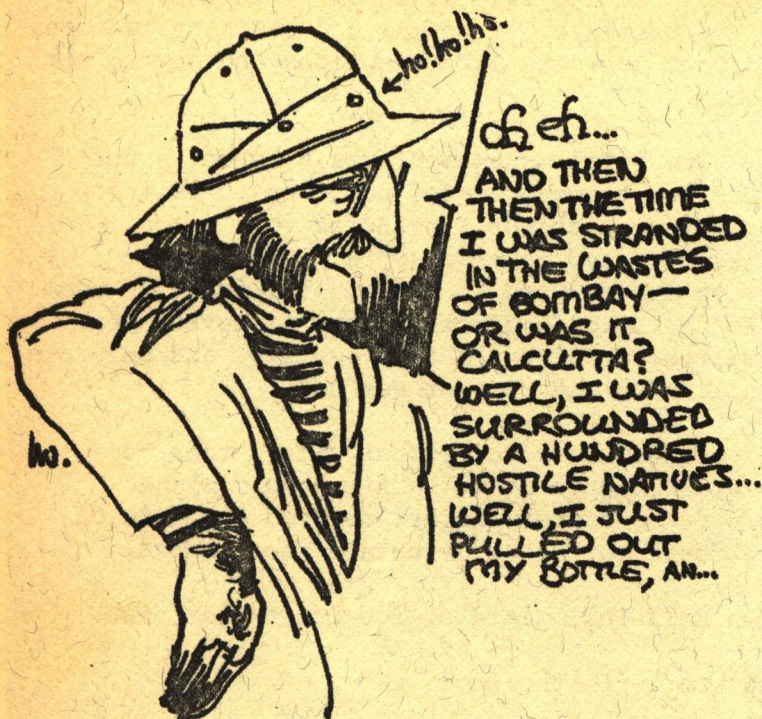
"I'm still drinking this tea!" I was now shouting and holding onto my cup with all my strength.

Complaints to the hotel elicited the response, "Sorry, but your con committee requested that dinner be finished in an hour and that all dishes be removed, even water glasses."

I noticed that the head table had managed to retain their coffee and water glasses. Frank Dietz said he was sorry, but seemed completely unconcerned. And, of course, the committee had done nothing to stop the hurried service which was obviously occurring.

Disclave was held at the Shoreham. The rooms were huge and the fans had been blocked on one floor. The hotel management was so friendly that I heard of not one hotel complaint. The con provided free open parties both nights in an ample suite. The door to the suite was left open and yet no complaints were received.





The program was interesting and included such unusual items as Jay Kay Klein's always funny slide show "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody" and a hilarious midnight Gardner Dozois-Joe Haldeman panel.

Why do some clubs find it so hard to put on a fun con? When we held PgHLANGE, we found the hotel eager to have our business and worked hard to provide good facilities and block rooms. Of course, the PgHLANGE con committee was interested enough to talk to the hotel to arrange this sort of thing. The need for blocking was indicated and the hotel representative was surprisingly knowledgeable and interested when we discussed the behavior of congoers, details of space needed, and so forth.

We also expected to run the con at a slight loss or break even, rather than make a huge profit by providing as little as possible. We held frequent con committee meetings and had started planning almost a full year before the event. Of course, one hopes that the committees responsible for long-established conventions take even more care with their conventions. When they don't, one wonders why and hopes that future committees will learn from the mistakes of others.

I GOT A JOB AND AN INTERLEAVER

After six months of unemployment, I was hired by the Franklin Institute here in Philadelphia as an Editor. I edit air pollution abstracts.

So, of course, the first thing I did was ^{buy} an interleaver attachment for my mimeo. Hopefully, this handy gadget will eliminate the offset problem. I hope eventually to buy a color change kit or two.

GESTETNER OWNERS

Help! When I got the interleaver, my Gestetner salesman noticed I used A.B. Dick ink, made for Gestetner machines. He claimed the ink would harm the machine, by causing the gasket to deteriorate in the ink gun and a leak to form. Inquiries to Bill Bowers, Mike Glicksohn, Charlie Brown, and Elliot Shorter produced some information -- this shouldn't happen, and no one had ever heard of it happening. However, no one had actual long-term experience with A.B. Dick ink. If any of you have a Gestetner and use A. B. Dick ink, or have information, please let me know. I would really appreciate it. Thanks!

COMING NEXTISH

Nextish will have several fascinating things, including a wonderfully weird and creepy Ron Miller folio, an article by Don D'Amassa on the delights (?) of living in Lawton, Oklahoma where the library won't lend books, the second chapter of TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES, an article by Terry Carr, and hopefully another Mike Glicksohn column.

FAN CLUBS

Since Ron and I were used to WPSFA (The Western Pa. SF Assoc.) in Pittsburgh, we found the Philadelphia group (PSFS) a lot different. WPSFA meets at Carnegie-Mellon Univ. once a week and is composed largely of college-aged kids. Several members are former CMU graduates (like us), high school students, and young professionals. The oldest member was Ron (30) and is now Ginjer Buchanan (25?) and the youngest was about 16. The meeting consisted of an hour or so of utter chaos with people talking, wandering around, and yelling; followed by 15 to 45 minutes of "formalized meeting, where everyone talked, wandered around, and yelled; followed by a similar session in the snack bar. Totally informal, and fun.

PSFS, on the other hand, is strictly business. After the first few minutes of people quietly wandering in, the meeting starts. "Old business," "new business," and so on. A few people talk out of order, but Sandy Meschow attempts to keep things in restraint. Then a speaker gives a talk on a serious subject. Recent speakers have been Lin Carter, Tom Purdom, and Jack Chalker. Finally, everyone goes to a nearby restraunt where they talk over beer and hamburgers. Also, most of the members are older, with a few college and high school age members. A number of the members are married and have kids. In short, PSFS is far more sedate than WPSFA.

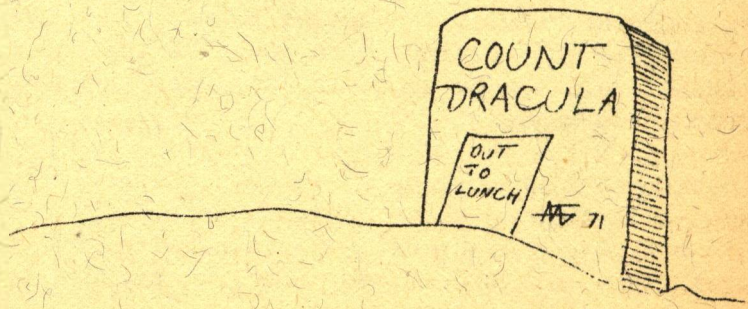
Now the funny thing is that I used to complain to Ginjer that WPSFA was too un-organized, too juvenile. After one meeting, where several members carried Ginjer around the room, I told Ron I wanted to stop attending WPSFA meetings. But I couldn't go through with it.

But now, after having attending several rather staid PSFS meetings, I find myself very much missing Ginjer, Suzle, Topher, Keith, Steve, Crazy Ed, Stu, Mark, and the rest of the gang. WPSFA was wilder, true, but more informal and friendlier. It was a smaller, more intimate. The weekly meetings and small number of members (15 or so) allowed one to become familiar with everyone, and learn everyone's names. PSFS's monthly meetings are too large (30 to 40 people) and infrequent to establish similar relationships. And Ron misses the weekly meetings even more than I do.

So I find myself wishing I could witness Ginjer being carried off. Or hear the sweet refrain of "HAHA, HOHO, HEHE" shouted at the top of WPSFA's loudest lungs.

Alas, poor WPSFA, I knew it well.

And forgive me, Ginjer, you were right, an informal meeting is much, much better.



TO HELL WITH RON MILLER

--- HIS ARTISTIC SNOBBERY AND AESTHETIC ABSURDITIES

by Alex Eisenstein

FIRST, THE FAN CARTOONIST HUGO:

I would like to dissuade you from your intention of proposing a "Fan Cartoonist" Hugo category. First, there is no reason to push for a new permanent category; the present rules allow any Worldcon committee to establish up to two different one-shot categories. I feel strongly that no new award, either permanent or temporary, should be instituted unless evidence indicates that a distinct mode of artistic endeavor is being ignored because it must compete, under a less specific category, against one or more other, more popular modes of expression. I am afraid that what you and several others really want is to create a new Hugo so that Bill Rotsler can win one. But the Hugo rules are not formulated to minimize competition or to favor particular groups or individuals, but rather to promote fair competition by minimizing all factors extraneous to ability and accomplishment.



Actually, little evidence exists to show that fan cartoonists have been slighted. The nominations of Steve Stiles, Arthur Thompson, Bjo Trimble, Doug Lovenstein, and Bill Rotsler certainly indicates the opposite; and two out of the four awards have gone to Vaughn Bode and Tim Kirk, each of whom exercises a very cartoonish approach to all his work, serves to confirm the notion that cartoonists are not being snubbed. Furthermore, I'm not convinced that fan cartoonist is fundamentally different from other fan art: creative visual fantasy concepts are often featured in cartoonish, as well as in "serious" or "realistic" works of art. Shall the cartoonist be excluded from the regular fan artist award? No matter what the theoretical intent, exclusion from the regular award would be the major practical effect; fans would tend to pigeonhole all the cartoonists, and fine creative artists like Tim Kirk and Grant Canfield would suffer.

Some cartoons, like Rotsler's, embody stronger literary elements than graphic; this is especially true of those cartoons depending on captions to convey their humor. On this basis, one might differentiate "literary" from "graphic" cartooning, yet, how would this be standardized? But no criteria could be applied, since this is purely a subjective judgment. Also, no cartoonist is strictly literary or graphic.

The fan artist Hugo hasn't even existed long enough to allow any meaningful conclusions (only since 1967). It is just too early to start subdividing the category -- if ever. Also, contrary to popular belief, the proliferation of award categories is not an especially desirable circumstance: the more awards, the greater the chance for duplication; the greater the degree of duplication, the less meaningful the awards.

If, after all the above, one still feels that Bill Rotsler deserves a Hugo, I may declare with equal justice that a number of artists who have worked in the field very richly deserve to have at least one Hugo, like Chesley Bonestell, Mel Hunter, Wallace Wood, and Richard Powers. If any group of artists within the SF milieu really deserves a special Hugo, surely that group is the small but select one of astronomical artists. In 16 annual awards, astronomical artists have received only four nominations -- three for Mel Hunter and one for Chesley Bonestell. Among individuals, who "deserves" a special award -- Rotsler, who has had many years of direct egoboo from fandom and who has many years of life ahead of him, or Bonestell, who is obviously past his artistic prime and is over 80 years old? Well, of course that's not a fair question, logically speaking -- but it's an eminently just comparison, on an emotional scale with the rally-call of "Rotsler deserves a Hugo."

But this is not a plea for support of a Special Award for All-Time Best Astronomical Artist. If I wanted such a temporary category, the only people I would need to convince would be the members of a future Worldcon committee. You could, of course, do the same for a similar one-shot cartooning category, but the only real reason for doing so would be to give Rotsler an award.

NOW FOR RON MILLER:

I see that Ron Miller continues his insipid and high illiterate -- as well as downright ignorant and largely unperceptive -- depreciation of his betters. Since Miller's own work is consistently mediocre, displaying unvarnished photo-cribbing, augmented only by fragmentary cuttings from standard op designs and/or quaint gravure prints, his behavior hardly seems becoming.

Miller's evaluation of Steve Fabian demonstrates that he can't distinguish between mimicry and the synthesis of re-creation. Fabian is like a sponge; he eclectically absorbs a host of influences, mingling them back at you in unexpected places. The cover for Gf 11 is a case in point, note especially the tiny Tim Kirk type figures and mount in the middle distance. Miller also complains that much SF art, like Fabian's, remains mired in the pulp style of the 30's (a generally false accusation), yet his own most forceful work in GF is a drawing that incorporates a multitude of clocks and clockwork stuffed into the cut-away cranium of a girl's formal portrait -- an image redolent of unreconstructed Dadaism, wandering five decades lost from its native milieu of originality and daring like a creaking warhorse blundering



through the blitz. He dismisses Frazetta's technique as "outdated" (by about 500 years in some respects, to be sure) and chides Barr for generally "working to death a popular technique." He also criticizes Barr's stereotypical overchromatic color usage" in the cover for ZOTHIQUE. However, I feel this criticism is totally invalid. If anything, the coloring was too limited and washed out, employing only a strong red against a few pale tans and yellows, rather than a gaudy, garish, "overchromatic" flood of nonintegrated hues. I gather that Miller thinks "chroma" means saturation (color intensity), but actually it means "color" to me. Even if this new usage is accepted in art schools, it is obscure in the context of the discussion aimed at laymen. He also refers to "limited palettes" and "eight basic raw colors," yet does not define them. I am very uncertain of the latter, for I cannot see how he arrived at eight. A color wheel has three primary colors, three secondaries, and six tertiary-

ies. Or does he mean basic pigments? Even so, I can't arrive at eight.



Miller seems adamant that SF artists should become accomplished colorists, controlling chromatic subtleties. I cannot reconcile this attitude with his preemptory dismissal of Frazetta, who is undoubtedly the ablest and most creative colorist now being published; his continued non-recognition of Schoenherr's existence (as Mike Gilbert points out), an artist with a very special facility for the color and texture of rock, masonry, and old metal; and his worship of Robert McCall, whose only saving grace is a conscientious concern for minute physical detail, not solely consistent with the solid rendering techniques and the lifeless color he uses.

While I'm sure I could select a number of dull or even wretched paintings to prove Freas and Emsh were poor colorists, I'm equally sure I could find twice the number

to refute it. For more in this vein, read my article in ENERGUMEN.

Ron names several paperback artists including Kossin. He executed a number of fine interiors for GALAXY in the early '50's, but aside from the TIME MACHINE cover that Miller mentions, and the GALACTIC POT-HEALER cover, he has done little recent work. While some of his work shows fine development, it was only seen in spots. Syd Mead may do fantastic work for U.S. Steel magazines, but he is also far better paid than SF artists like Freas or Gaughan. Ron Miller can scream "Art for art's sake!" all he wants, but until someone pays a commercial artist what he is worth, and gives him

time to employ his craft at peak quality, he will never turn out works of fantastic quality. (Hannes Bok was an exception here, but then Bok was a law unto himself. Miller fails to recognize Bok's tremendous technical expertise and genius.) I heard that Mead takes two weeks to a month to finish a painting. Meanwhile, Emsh, Freas, and other SF cover artists take two to three days at most.

Valid criticism can be formulated without wholesale slaughter or snobbish appeals to external success in the mundane world. Ron Miller could serve the field, and all of us who are deeply interested in it, so much better by introducing us, on a much more intimate level, to the work of Syd Mead and others. He could describe and discuss that work more closely and carefully, perhaps even obtaining reprints, or reproductions of some kind, to distribute along with such an essay.

Jack Gaughan wanted to know the source of Miller's quotes in Gf10. I'm surprised at you, Jack, don't you know Clive Bell when you get a whiff of him?

Aside from the "toney" quality of Gallery Expressionism, what do the Dillons offer on the covers of Ace Specials? I do admire Leo Dillon's early work for GALAXY and I fully appreciate the technical mastery he demonstrated -- and just as often discarded -- even then. But his excursions over the years into primitive types of portrayal, apparently in search of more primal modes of expression, do not communicate much to me and strike me as artistically futile. They are, however, "toney" as hell -- or at least people like Terry Carr seem to think so.



SF illustration, like all forms of fantasy art, must adhere to an essentially realistic portrayal. The surrealist painters adopted a tight, academic style to capture, without unintentional ambiguity, the strange and marvelous creations of their dreams -- to make those dreams vivid and real outside the misty confines of their own minds. SF art should be similarly handled -- the graphic treatment should never obscure or overwhelm the main purpose and subject matter of the art. This does not limit the manner of portrayal to photographic or academic ultra-realism, nor does it negate the viability of all highly stylized presentations, it merely excludes those that, by their level of abstraction, totally dominate or even preclude clear and be-

lievable depiction of the outre. Obviously, the Dillon covers for the Ace Specials are ruled out, but even the Dillon of yesteryear largely lacked specific SF content. The work was eminently successful though, simply because they were very well done. But the point of this discussion is that, basically, the Dillons were never very strongly SF oriented; in fact, the more opportunities a story provided for delineating fantastic subject matter, the further they would shy from realistic or convincing representation. This tendency has blossomed into the penchant they now display for the sort of primitivistic quasi-abstractions that have accomplished such marvels of customer-empathy for the whole line of Ace SF Specials. (I'm still using the term "primitivistic" in its technical, nonpejorative sense; those who miss the distinction should consult a general reference work or text on art.) Why such perverse illustrators should be clarioned as the aesthetic messiahs of the '70s totally eludes my power to rationalize the follies of Man -- or Fan. And, by the way, I've already read Terry Carr's vehement defense and apologia of the Dillon art, which appeared in a recent FOCAL POINT.

I don't think SF art is too nostalgic for its own past, especially not for the '30s and early '40s. I wonder if the people who disagree have ever really seen the covers and interiors from that era, or examined the work produced by Frank Paul, Leo Morey, Howard Browne, Bergey, "Lawrence," Schneeman, Hubert Rogers, or the rest. Many of them were the dominant artists of their periods, or men who garnered praise in the letter columns and even more general acclaim, for their largely undistinguished work. The major fault of much of today's SF art is that it is too contemporary; witness the Wolotsky cover on the latest F&SF (May, 1971), which depicts (in style and color reminiscent of a number painting) an interstellar traveler garbed in an Apollo moonsuit. Though this work is but the latest instance in a long history of such lack of imagination (even with that specific subject: in the fifties, John Pederson produced a cover for IF that showed an Earth-orbiting astronaut clad in the original, blue-rubber, plexiglas domed full-pressure suit fabricated at the time for the Navy by B. F. Goodrich). And nowadays, Walotsky and other illustrators with like deficiencies are promoted and applauded far beyond their true worth even as mainstream craftsman.

Mike Gilbert says that fans want Kelly Freas, implying that Freas art is barely adequate, a dull staple, like plain peasant porridge, to be consumed in great, indiscriminate gobs by the tasteless masses. Does this deprecation derive from an impression that much of his latest work has been uninspired, and often hampered by hurried execution? I'll concede those points if offered, but I doubt that Jack Gaughan (or Mike Gilbert, for that matter) can afford to throw the first stone. Also, Freas's magazine work from the '50s are all paintings that speak for their stories with grace, charm, felicity, and even gusto, where appropriate; in addition, many of them can stand alone on their purely internal expression of realized fantasy, or on the intrinsic visual delightfulness of form, color, and texture that inheres to each. Today, Freas has reached the heights of his technical mastery, yet rarely achieves the creative sparkle he demonstrated so often a decade ago. Nevertheless, that's hardly sufficient reason to mark Freas as the lowest inch on the yardstick! Can a man's best effort be forgotten?

For those who find 2001 the most original SF visualization of the age, I pose the following question: do you really believe that the technological creations of the film would have been the same if, for instance, Wallace Wood and Jack Kirby had never existed? Or that much of the end sequence would have been worked out in the same manner had Ed Emshwiller never been a leading SF illustrator and never gone on to film *Relativity*?

* * * * *

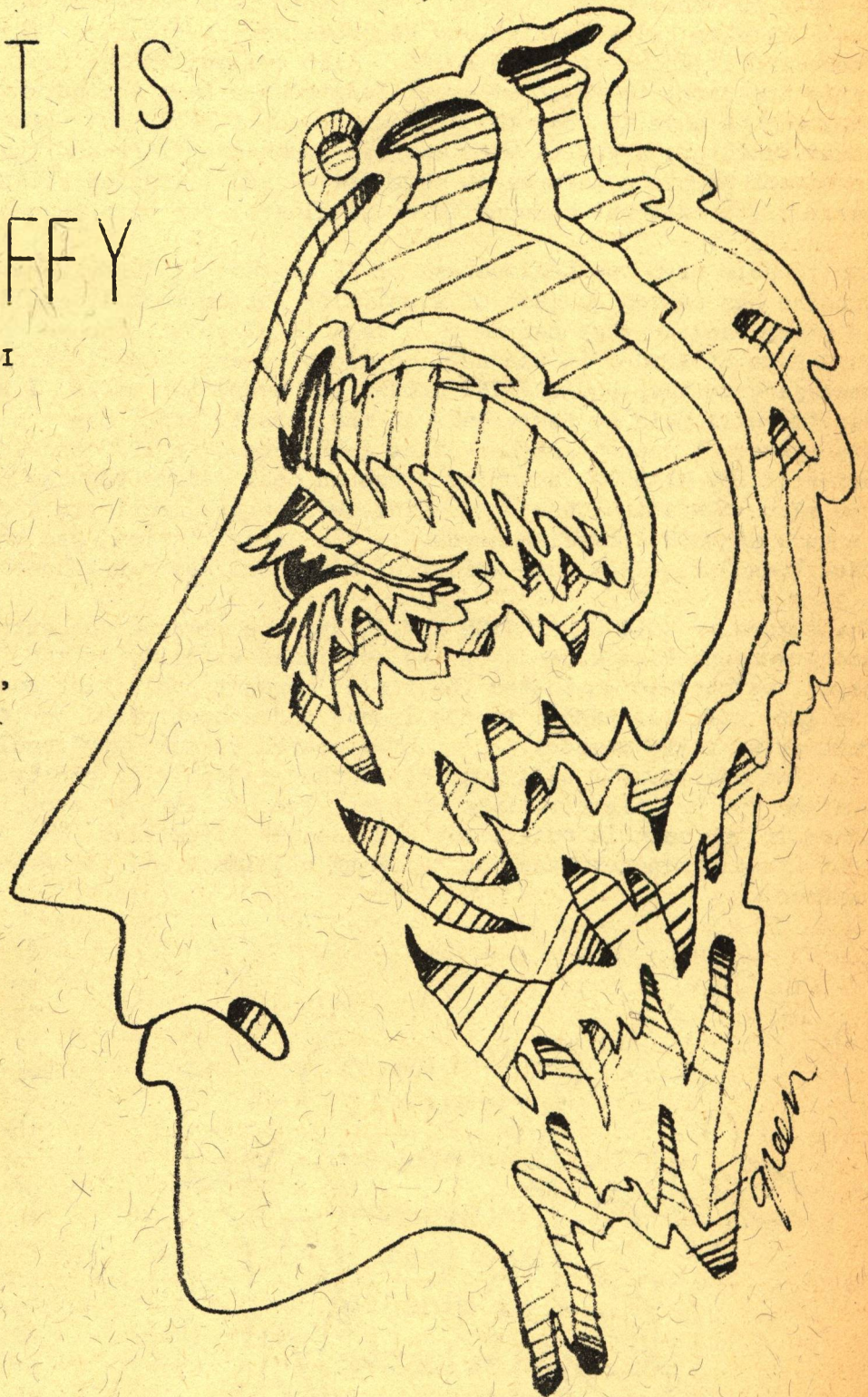
SUPPORT TORONTO IN '73. WASHINGTON IN '74. AUSTRALIA IN '75. SWEDEN IN '76.

I HAVE SEEN THE FUTURE AND IT IS SCRUFFY

PART II

All right, philosopher,
what's going to happen
in fandom in the next 5
years?

I don't really see a vast
upsurge of fannishness led
by FOCAL POINT: I suspect,
rather, that the culmina-
tion of the Bob Shaw
Fund with Bob's visit
to Boston will mark
the high-water mark of
that brand of tru-
fannishness. FOCAL
POINT's virtue is
that it appears fre-
quently, dispenses
some news, and reaches
a lot of people. (I
mean its virtue in
terms of influence; it
has the obvious virtue
of publishing a lot of
excellent material.)
LOCUS has the same very
basic virtue, but the
two fanzines play to
different audiences;
FOCAL POINT appeals
mostly to those who were

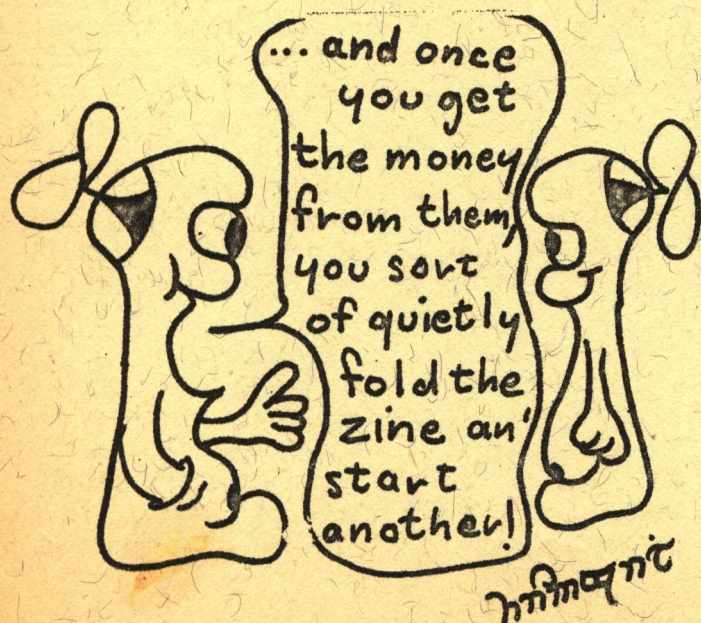


JOHN D. BERRY

never very interested by LOCUS and to those who have become disillusioned by Charlie Brown and Dick Geis's brand of fandom. FOCAL POINT's great vice is that the fanzine takes fandom and "fannishness" too seriously. Go and read an article by Charles Burbee (of which the editors of FP have thoughtfully provided an example with "Big Name Fan," in FOCAL POINT 12.5), then compare it with any fannish article recently written by Arnie Katz. For all that Arnie is a competent writer, often a very good one, he takes being fannish and humorous very seriously. There's a contradiction there and it shows in FOCAL POINT. Also evident is the fact that both Rich and Arnie are prone to react at great length when they encounter something they dislike. They may be able to keep that tendency out of FP in the future, as they throttled off their desultory argument with Charlie Brown over TAFF and the BoSh Fund, but you have to accept people's natures as they are -- and I imagine FOCAL POINT will continue to reflect its editors' personalities as always, for both good and ill.

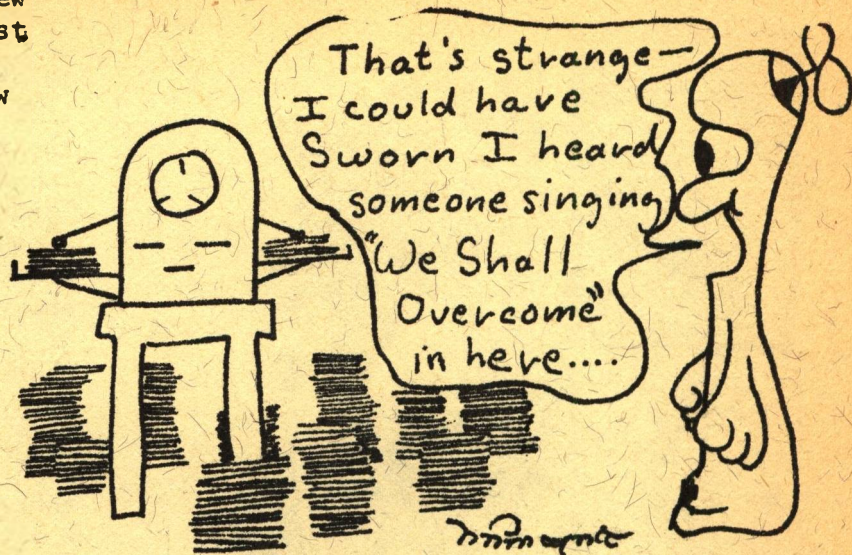
The trouble with the seriousness of FP is that it turns some people off, so the fanzine has served as less of a unifying factor than it could have done. There is no other fanzine that serves as a real focal point, though, and I think that will be the shape of fandom in the next couple of years. Considering the herculean labor necessary to keep FOCAL POINT coming out every two weeks, I predict that this fine fanzine will fold by early 1972 at the latest, and I can't see anybody rising to take its place. I suspect rather, that fannishness in 1972 and later will be molded primarily by WARHOON, assuming Bergeron does resume regular publication after getting the mammoth Willis issue out. (This will prove ironic to those with long memories, because WARHOON's earlier heyday, in the early sixties, was considered one of the "New Trend" fanzines that were replacing carefree fannishness with serious discussion.)

The future of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and the immense concentration on professional SF among current fans depends on the continued vitality of the SF field. When the pro-zines, which then dominated the field, weren't publishing much worth talking about in the late fifties, fandom turned inward and concentrated on itself and on the non-SF interests of its members. I'm not prepared to make any predictions on the future of SF. The one thing I will predict is that fandom will continue to grow and change whether the pro field thrives or not. The big influence on fandom that has not been there in the past is rock music and the new lifestyles, the "hippie movement" if you want, that has penetrated the thinking of almost all young people to one degree or another.



If you regard "the hippies" as just a fad like "the beatniks" over a decade ago, you'll draw parallels with the influence "beat" thinking had on fandom in the late fifties. I don't regard it as just a matter of cycles, so I won't draw those parallels. Clearly, the U. S. today is not the comfortable, stable, slightly bland environment it was 12 years ago, when a number of creative young people who had encountered fandom put their efforts into it for the lack of any better outlet. The sixties have seen

a boiling flood of new ideas and new passions, and the young --where most of fandom's recruits come from-- have become involved. Although few people can define their own lifestyles for certain against the bewildering flood of ideas, often contradictory, that come at them -- perhaps even because they cannot -- there is a pervasive feeling of solidarity among the young and hip. "Brothers!" cries a young radical, and nobody wants to be left out, even if he is more into drugs and non-violent communal living and wouldn't really want to throw bombs in the streets.



One of the common factors I've found among some of the fans I know best is a feeling of being caught between the hip life and the straight, of not fitting easily into either camp. It's true that a lot of people really do think in terms of two camps: "them and us." Being hip has become a stereotype instead of freedom, and perhaps a lot of the people who were attracted to fandom because of its emphasis on individualism and on judging a person on his merits, and who are attracted to the pursuit of new lifestyles for the same reasons, don't feel comfortable with the "hip" stereotypes. Yet they don't feel a sense of community with middle class culture either. There's nothing that makes SF fandom by nature a middle ground, yet for at least a number of people I know, it does serve that purpose. But I'm not sure that can be applied throughout fandom; in fact, I doubt it, considering how many fans I know who do represent one stereotype or the other, despite their vaunted individuality.

If the hold of SF on fandom declines, perhaps fandom will slip farther and farther into the subculture. If it does, there will certainly be enclaves of resistance; there are fans who have no interest in "hippies" and who will continue to carry on their brand of fandom even if they are reduced to an isolated few. (Perhaps FAPA will become such a conservative bastion.) I imagine that fanzines will be filled with discussions of the subculture -- and of fandom as a subculture. Since fans are traditionally an analytical lot, there will be a great deal of analysis of the changing nature of fandom. Most likely a lot of it will take the form of arguments, because it's more than just Dick Geis's fault that fanzines have turned to excessive controversy -- that's the way our whole society has been going.

I guess you can see that I feel fandom will be less of an isolated group than it has been. The waves in the outside world will affect it more than ever. I feel incompetent to predict as far as five years in the future because I don't know what will happen in America during that time, and I don't feel up to prediction on that vast a scale.

The fun part of an article such as this is the part where the author makes predictions about specific people and fanzines. This is the part I'll reread and laugh over five years from now; the other part will just inspire chagrin and amazement that I could have straight-facedly believed this rot and gone so far as to commit it to paper. Well, let's see now. Harry Warner will still occupy about the same position in fandom, although he will most likely have given up trying to write a letter of comment on



every fanzine. I'd like to stand by Arnie Katz's prediction, made in 1966 and still unfulfilled, that Harry may be publishing a top-quality genzine by 1976. It seems inevitable, although it's possible that he'll never work up the energy to sit down and do it. The fannish surges in Indiana and Texas will ebb and fade away except for a couple of people, as will Minneapolis and Oregon fandoms. It's hard to say about Boston; I would once have said it would fade as a fan center, but there always seem to be a number of fans there, active in some form or another. The degree of their importance will depend on the individuals who are there five years from now, their talent and their energy. California will hold an even bigger proportion of fandom than it does now, and I suspect that fortune will throw together enough young, talented fans in the Bay Area to make it a center of fanzine activity as well as social fanac. Los Angeles will have at least the variety of fans and approaches to fandom it has now --and it will suffer as much from the perennial maladies of Southern California and the LASFS. New York will hold a number of active fans, but little unified effort except on a social level: I expect the

Fanoclasts will continue as a focus for the fannish fans of the city, but I think that many of them will have succumbed to the urge to go west, to California, and that most of those who are left will only publish occasionally.

Harlan Ellison will continue to exercise an influence on fandom and will probably ride back on the crest of a new project. George Clayton Johnson may well be one of the BNFs of California fandom, if he stays interested. Ted White will still be writing a lot of fan-related material in AMAZING and FANTASTIC, if they survive, and in the fanzines if they do not. Somehow I don't think Dick Geis will disappear from fandom as he did after the first cycle of PSYCHOTIC/SFR; he'll continue to exert a large influence, and he'll be regarded as a BNF in much the same way he is today.* Charlie Brown will fold LOCUS and retire mostly to social fanac. Arnie Katz will be one of the fannish few in New York. Bill Rotsler will continue much as he has, although his flood of cartoons for fanzines will probably become less in the next couple of years. Greg Benford will write some funny stuff, but he won't be as prolific again as he has been this year, and his writing will probably be relating other things to fandom, rather than dealing strictly with fannish material. Perhaps he'll write more about SF.

Foreign fandoms will play an increasing role in fandom in general. Logically that would mean that fanzines would once again become the principal means of communication, as they were in American fandom before long-distance travel became so commonplace, but I suspect that most contact between North American and overseas fandoms will take

* This article was written before SFR folded. That's one wrong prediction. -LeB

place at conventions. Most written communications will deal with those conventions or the issues brought up at them. By 1976, European fandom should have developed a large number of people interested in fandom for its own sake, rather than just as an adjunct to professional SF; perhaps one of the best fannish fanzines will be published on the Continent.

a

Canadian fandom will be/well-established force in fannish affairs, and Mike Glicksohn will be considered a BNF by many. If he continues publishing, *ENERGUMEN* will be one of the leading fanzines of 1976, perhaps already past its heyday and coming out at increasingly infrequent intervals.

That's about as far as I feel like stretching my prophetic powers. It's impossible now to say whether my predictions will come true or not, but what I'm interested in is your pointing out the areas I've neglected entirely, the forces I've forgotten to take into account. The lettercolumn of the next issue of this fanzine, if anybody comments, should provide a much more interesting look at the present and future of fandom than this article.

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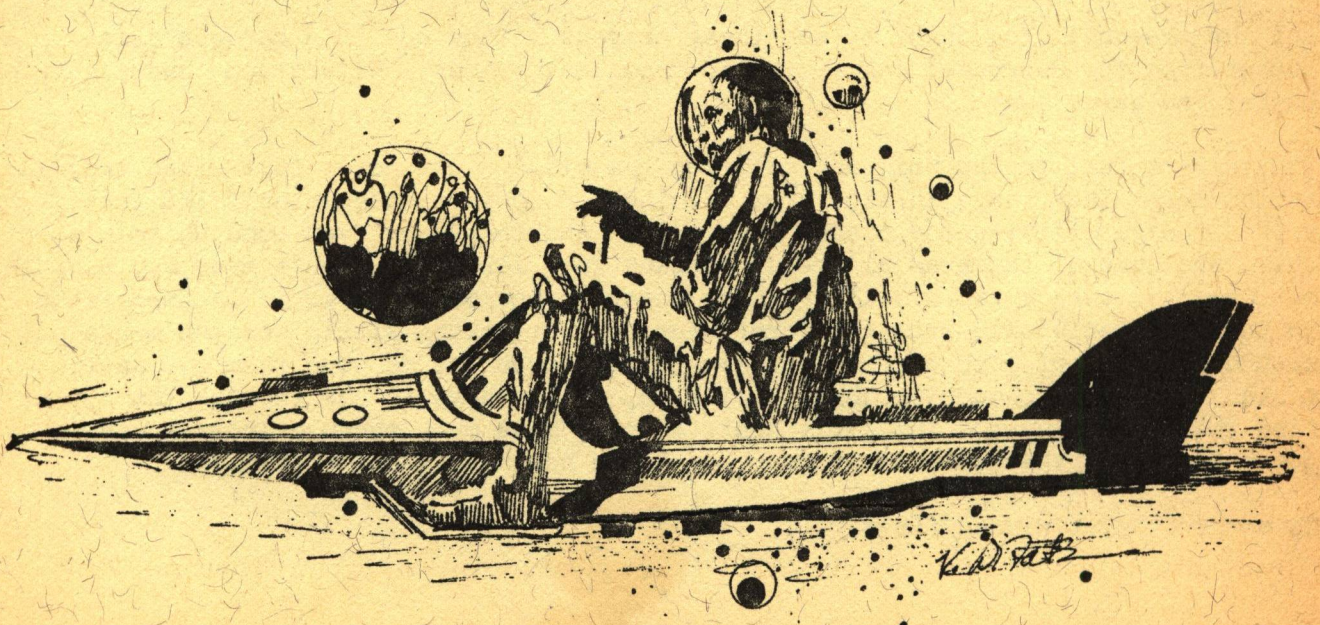
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*

BEABOHEMA - Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951
EBOBOO - John Berry, 35 Dunsenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y. 10708
ENERGUMEN - Mike Glicksohn, Apt. 807, 267 St. George St., Toronto, 180, Ontario, Can.
FOCAL POINT - Arnie Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201
LOCUS - Charlie and Dena Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10457
NOPE - Jay Kinney, 215 Willoughby Ave., #1212, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205
SFR - Dick Geis, P.O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403
WARHOON - Dick Bergeron, 11 E. 68th St., New York, N.Y. 10021
METANOIA - Greg Shaw, 64 Taylor Dr., Fairfax, Calif. 94930

(Editor's Note: The above fanzines were mentioned in parts I and II of John's article.

John: One area you left out is the future of GRANFALLOON. Please let us know. I am really interested in that one. Also, what about Pittsburgh fandom? Now that everyone is moving away -- us to Folsom, Ginjer and Suzle to N.Y.C., etc. -- what will happen? And what about OUTWORLDS, RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, SPECULATION, and so on? Would you like to write a further installment? -LeB)



THE
SWEETHEARTISTS



BY
JODIE OFFUTT

The other night I was coloring some pictures with my daughters to help them pass the time while the male members of the family were at the movie. They'd gone to see TORA! TORA! TORA! These girls are really going to have to catch up when they advance to the FemLib age. Boy! Not only are they discriminated against because of their sex (You wouldn't like this one, it's a war movie!), but they are also the younger pair in this family of two pair --kings over queens, (Besides you're too young!). The Libbies have a challenge when they get hold of these two.

Anyway, we were coloring --well, I was-- I'm glad I didn't get a phone call...
(Hello?...Are you busy?...No, I was just coloring...Oh, with the kids?...
Well, no, by myself...Oh...The girls were coloring with me, but they
wanted to watch Andy Williams, and I haven't finished my picture yet,
so...Well, I won't keep you...)

Or something like that. I finished my picture. Two, actually.

And the crayons! You ought to see these crayons. They are in a cardboard ice bucket from the Carrousel Inn --a relic from last summer's Midwestcon, and a sorrier bucket you never saw.

The thing's full to the brim and split on two sides. And not a full-sized Crayola in the lot. They range in size from 1/2 inch on up to a staggering 2 1/2 inches, with a few fat first-grade pieces thrown in. And there are even some Whitman's in there and some of those awful greasy excuses from Jerry's. (Don't ever buy anything but Crayola, take my word.) There's no paper on any of them, so it is impossible to tell the Periwinkle from the Cornflower without making little scratch marks all around the edge of your picture. They wouldn't even let me pour them out on the table. No, no, too much trouble to pick up, so you have to paw through the bucket to find the one you want. The girls don't seem to have much trouble locating theirs; I guess they have the sizes memorized, but I was having a time, I tell you.

No wonder they finished first.

With this medium to work with, I was trying to shade and make highlights. I started thinking of all the talk about comments on art (and lack of same) in the fanzines lately. And I came up with a theory about why people are so reluctant to comment on graphic art beyond 'I like Barr's stuff' or 'That Gilbert cover sure is great.'

THE JO THEORY

To begin with, I never met an artist I didn't like. Really. I hadn't paid much attention to artwork in fanzines (in fact, I hadn't had much truck with fanzines) until we went to St. Louis. That was my first con, my first contact with anybody --anybody in Science Fiction outside of the printed word and picture. I'll never forget walking into that Huckster Room for the first time. The whole place smelled like an attic.

And the art show! My god, the art show. I kept going back again and again. It was beautifully well-presented. I met George Barr and Tim Kirk; a sweeter, nicer, friendlier pair I can't name. (I still have my Barr nametag. And Andy, too; he wore his in Cincy last June.) Jack Gaughan was the GoH and I liked him just from reading his little article in the program booklet. I enjoy whatever Gaughan writes. Too bad he doesn't write more, but I guess we can't completely milk his talents.

Then there was the guy I met in the elevator. Don Staton. We introduced ourselves because we each had KENTUCKY on our nametags. (Believe me, there weren't many who could proclaim that!) Don was a college student down in Western Kentucky, and he had some pictures in the show. One of his --one I'd already admired, so I was delighted to meet the artist-- was my favorite; the one picture there I would have liked to bring home with me to hang on the wall. It was titled "Flowers for Alger-non," but I thought of it as "Charly," because I'd just recently seen that movie. Don told me "Flowers" had been a favorite of his and he'd followed its progress from short story to movie and had painted his version of Charly.

I loved it. There was Charly, standing small and stooped on a street corner, with his hat over his eyes and his coat thrown over his shoulder. It was done in dull blues, grays, and browns...sad and muddled. I thought it was a perfect Charly. I have wished over and over that I could have afforded to bid on and buy it. I don't even know if it sold or not. Nor have I seen or ready anything by/about Don Staton since.

There's Dany Frolich in New Orleans, who doesn't do nearly enough of his Frolichs for the zines. And that beautiful Kelly Freas....

They are a nice lot, the artists I've met. I look forward to meeting others.

I began to pay more attention to artwork, George's beautiful flowing lines. The delightful expressions Tim puts on his "people." Austin's intricate Bearsley style. Fabian's majesty. Gilbert's scratchboard magic. Rotsler's quickies that always make me laugh. Schull's trees.

But comment on that art? Compliment, yes. Admire, enjoy, yes. Criticize? Who the hell am I to comment to any extent on the art in a fanzine?

Ron Miller talks a lot about art (GRANFALLOON 10 and 11) in artsy terms many of us can't relate to without looking up words. Mike Glicksohn, in just one short paragraph, gives Miller a critique of his work that might be of some value to him. We don't often see that. And I think I know why.

At the drop of a pencil we will plough right into a writer. Most of us do not hesitate to go on at length and in great detail about what is wrong (or occasionally right) with a writer's current effort. No matter that our syntax is wrong or that commas are used out of place. We don't like a novel or a story and we rush to typer to pick it apart, comparing one writer to another, a writer to himself.

Yet, the best we can come up with about any given piece of art, for the most part, is noncommittal: "The Fabian folio was great." -- "I really dug that Austin bacover." And so on. If we don't like the artwork, we just don't mention it. Why? Simple mechanics.

Elementary, my dears

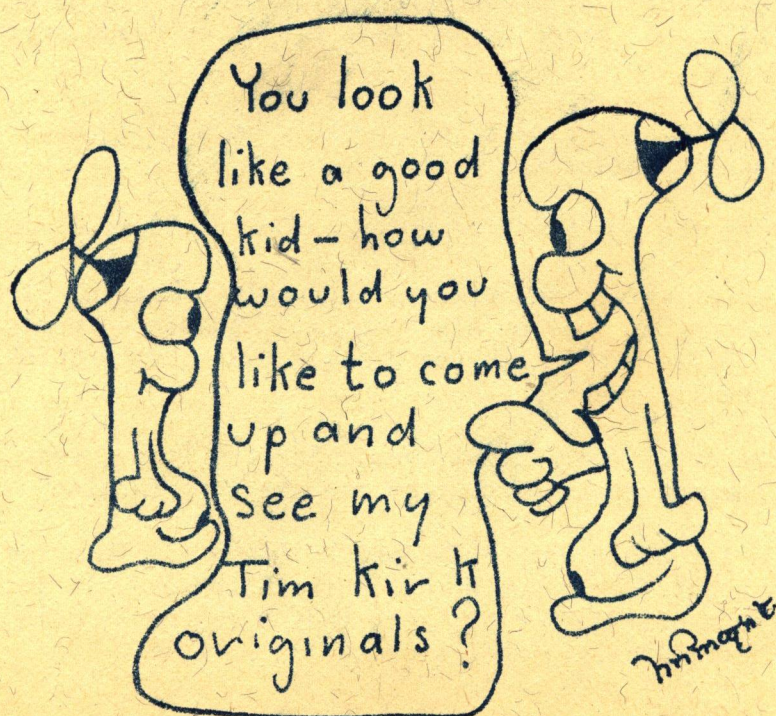
The primary tools we are given to work with in school are pencil and paper. We are taught from Grade One on how to make letters, then words, and then sentences with periods at their ends. Stop signs. Technically, we are taught to write. The key to the learning process is reading and writing. Armed with this skill we feel qualified (?) to pass judgment on another's writing.

We are not taught to use a pencil or brush to make lines that turn into pictures.

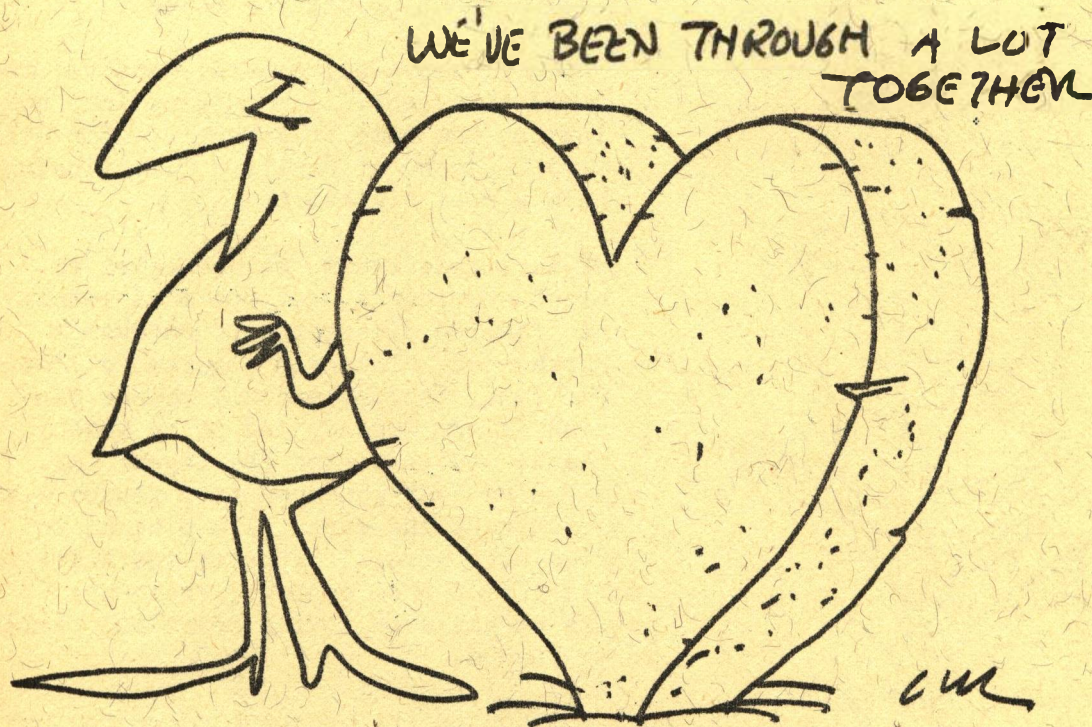
Those of us who do, do so out of interest. Which brings about study (usually individual study), which may lead to a (partial) development of talent, then creative talent. The key word is interest.

Since we are, as a matter of course, taught to write and not to draw, we'll jump on a writer without a second thought simply because we can do the same thing he has done: pick up a pen and put words on paper and link them into sentences and paragraphs. And we'll stand in awe of an artist because we cannot do what he has done: pick up a pen and draw a picture.

That's it, all you sweetheart artists. You have our appreciation and admiration, but not much in the way of useful criticism. I suspect a lot of writers would gladly change places with you.



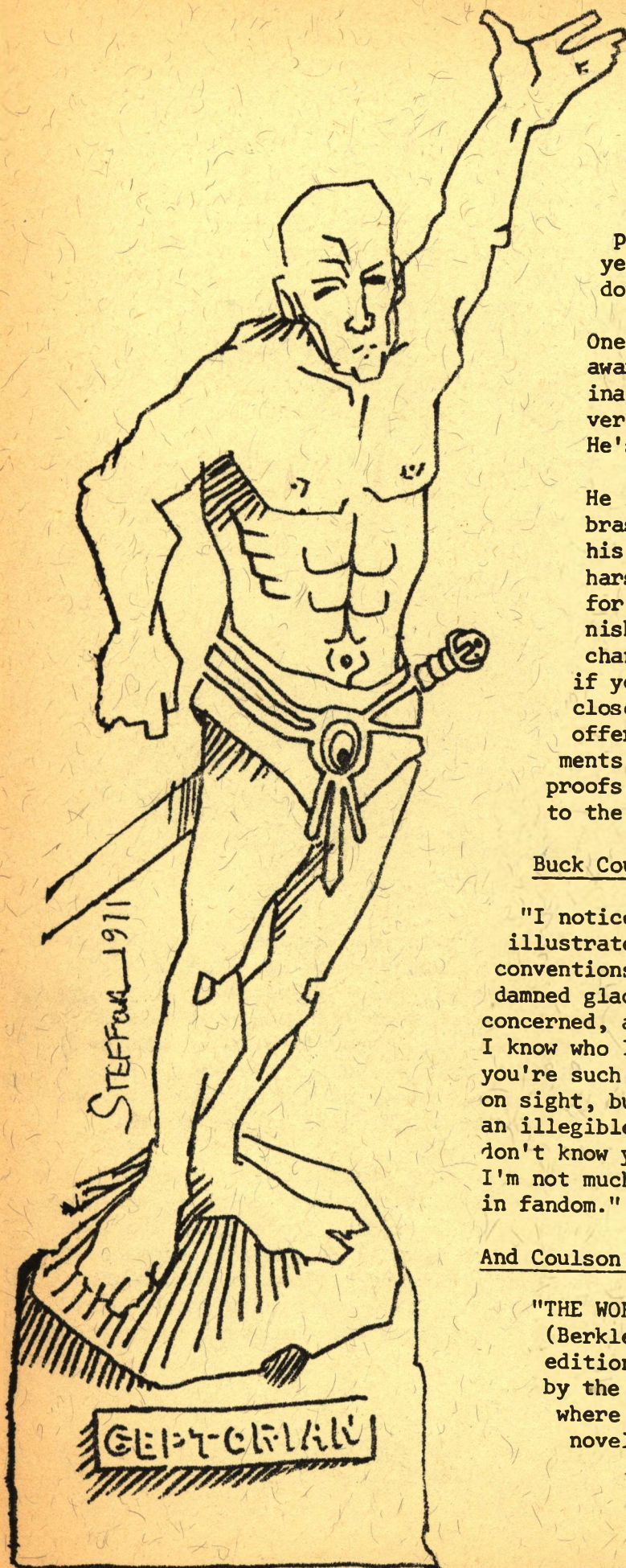
the heart in hartford city



One of the smaller and less notorious awards (less notorious because no one has ever tried to buy it) presented annually in this microcosmos we know and love is a gift called The Big Heart Award. (Or perhaps it is the Big-Heart Award; that crazy hyphen haunts me.) The point of the award should be obvious from its name, but only fools judge stakes and awards by their points: the award was once given to me, and everybody knows what a blackguard I am. (If you don't know, a number of fans in Los Angeles will quickly tell you.) Some awards in some years should have been called the Big Head Award, but that is yet another pointed stake we'll not bury here.

Forry Ackerman presents the award, after balloting on a small list of nominees. The most unusual facet to this award is that the process of selecting eligible nominees and then selecting a winner isn't available to just any joker in fandom. The fact that you, Joe Fann, are sufficiently intelligent to make an X in a square means nothing here, although there are any number of other polls and ballots in fandom where you may proudly display your ability to draw an X. If my experience in the past few years is a reliable guide, only those jokers who have won the award in previous

bob tucker



years may vote on next year's winner. We jokers hang together that way, and favor our own. Ackerman circulates a small list of nominees to previous winners and asks them to vote; the winner is then presented the award at a worldcon. The sole criterion seems to be: who has displayed the most heart during the past year? Who has done the most for fandom without profit for himself?

One man, above all others, deserves the award this year. I'm putting into nomination the name of Robert O. (for Oliver) Coulson, of Hartford City, Indiana. He's a real big heart.

He is a modest man, seldom given to brash statements, and one must search his fanzine diligently to uncover a harsh word. This man's splendid love for fans, fandom, and all things fanish is now legend, and if by some chance you've missed the legend (or if you've just wandered into fandom with closed eyes and ears), I'm pleased to offer here several extracts and statements lifted from context; these are proofs of his ever-loving heart and claim to the award.

Buck Coulson on the brotherhood of fandom:

"I noticed at Pecon that the trend toward illustrated and/or 'humorous' name-tags at conventions is in full swing, and I'll be damned glad when it dies out. As far as I'm concerned, a name-tag is to identify people so I know who I'm talking to; you may think that you're such a big name that everyone knows you on sight, but I don't. And if you're wearing an illegible or spurious name-tag, I not only don't know you, but I'm quite happy that way; I'm not much interested in the various clods in fandom."

And Coulson is a lover of fine books:

"THE WORLD OF NULL-A, by A. E. van Vogt (Berkley, 75¢). A specially revised edition, it says, with a new foreword by the author. I read the foreword, where the author explains that the novel is a dramatization of identity.

However, I read the story once, years ago, and once is enough. This may well answer all of Damon Knight's objections to the original version, but if it does you won't find out from me. It's on the market, it is a new edition, and it is a classic as that term is loosely used. If you want to try it, fine. You probably should, if you're a newcomer to SF. But I have better things to do."

"BEYOND ALL REASON, by John Macklin (Ace, 60¢). It certainly is. One more crappy 'supernatural' volume."

"ENGLAND SWINGS SF, ed. by Judith Merril (Ace, \$1.25). You know I didn't read this. I did sort of skim through it, looking for interesting spots. I didn't find anything, except for one or two items I'd read before. I liked Keith Roberts' "Manscarer" somewhat. Otherwise there are 28 items, total, in here, most of them from Moorcock's NEW WORLDS, and they do absolutely nothing for me except put me to sleep. Mostly I don't understand what the authors are getting at, and when someone kindly does explain the point of one to me, my reaction is "He got paid for writing 3000 words about that, when half a dozen is all the subject is worth?"

"THE TWO SIDED TRIANGLE, by Bernhardt J. Hurwood (Ace, 75¢). Hurwood has extended his writings on weird people to include some of the weird ideas about sex possessed by more or less normal people. Quite interesting, and it does make me wonder (even more) whether the human race as a whole is worth bothering about."

And finally, a few warm and tender lines commenting on Delaney's QUARK #1: "I would not say all of this is uniformly bad; some of it is worse than others. The only really readable contribution is Ed Bryant's "Adrift On A Freeway," which isn't much of a story but is an interesting idea. The rest is garbage."

Big-hearted Robert Coulson also keeps a fond corner in his red-blooded organ for fan editors and their sterling literary productions. Frequently, he will devote as many as six pages of his own journal (YANDRO) to terse but captivating reviews of other fanzines, in a Herculean effort to give them the circulation boost he feels they deserve. He reveals his fondness for fanzines in a review given to Ethel Lindsay's HAVERINGS: "The best fanzine reviews going. Nothing else in the mag; just fanzine reviews. They're the only ones I read, as a rule. (Why should I read reviews? I've got the



damned fanzines themselves, threatening to topple over on my head at any minute.)"

Big-hearted Buck on fanzines:

Speaking of SPACE AND TIME #10, he said in part: "My reaction to this amateur comic book was 'oog!' but Juanita informs me that the drawing isn't much poorer than that in some professional comic books. (The writing couldn't be, considering the writing level of most comics.)"

An extract from a review for EPILOGUE #3: "Fine reproduction but poor layout; it's occassionally difficult to recall who's writing what, and I'm not even sure who the editor is. (Not that I care, really.)"

On ZEEN numbers 9 and 10, he said in part: "If any of the rest of you wondered who the hell Tom Digby was when his name turned up on the Hugo ballot, he's in here -- and presumably in other similar fanzines. (He isn't all that great, either.) Largely ran humor, which I don't generally read. (There are two basic types of fan humor, and this type I don't like.) Earl's own stuff remains interesting, but I get terribly bored by all the other writers."



Two sentences taken from a review of Bob Vardeman's SANDWORM SONG-BOOK quickly reveal Coulson's fondness for music: "These are (the) winners in Vardeman's contest to write filk songs about DUNE. About all I can say is that I'm glad I don't have to read the losers."

OSFAN #15 and 16: "By and I think mostly for the St. Louis club. The club seems to have discovered sex; I never saw so many ugly nudes in my life as decorate issue #15. Mostly the mag consists of light humor (so light I don't even feel most of it) and news of club affairs. (The numerous party reports, con reports, trip reports, etc., discouraged me from reading too much of the mag, since I generally dislike this sort of thing.)"

And finally a review of a brand new fanzine sent by a hopeful neo, a beginner who needed circulation and sought the good word. This review for PHUCET #1 is, in itself, a splendid example of the outgoing warmth and generosity of an established fan toward a newcomer, a hearty welcome to the magic land of fandom and fanzines which the N3F Welcome Bureau would do well to copy.

"This is the era of the lithographed crud-zine, and PHUCET is an outstanding example. It does have an excruciatingly bad comic strip, as well as mediocre verse and fiction. Note to the editor: don't send any more issues because they won't be acknowledged."

Don't you feel the warm companionship for a neo?

But the great heart of Hartford City also likes beautiful movie stars: "Oh, I don't know. I think Sandra Dee would make a pretty good Dunwich horror." And he sometimes offers trenchant opinions on the current prozine scene: "Well, you can't bring back MAGAZINE OF HORROR, and a Hugo might help convince Sol Cohen to keep AMAZING going a little longer. Vote for AMAZING; it's been sick." But above all, Coulson retains a certain sense of fitness, an editorial integrity, and in the following reply to a reader's letter he explains why he manfully resisted temptation thrust upon him by a devil: "When I received the letter I didn't know who Tom Digby was, either; it was only later that I noticed his name in several apas. I was tempted to run "Who the Hell is Tom Digby?" interlineations all over this issue, but decided it would smack too much of Ted-Whiteism."

Robert O. Coulson makes friends.

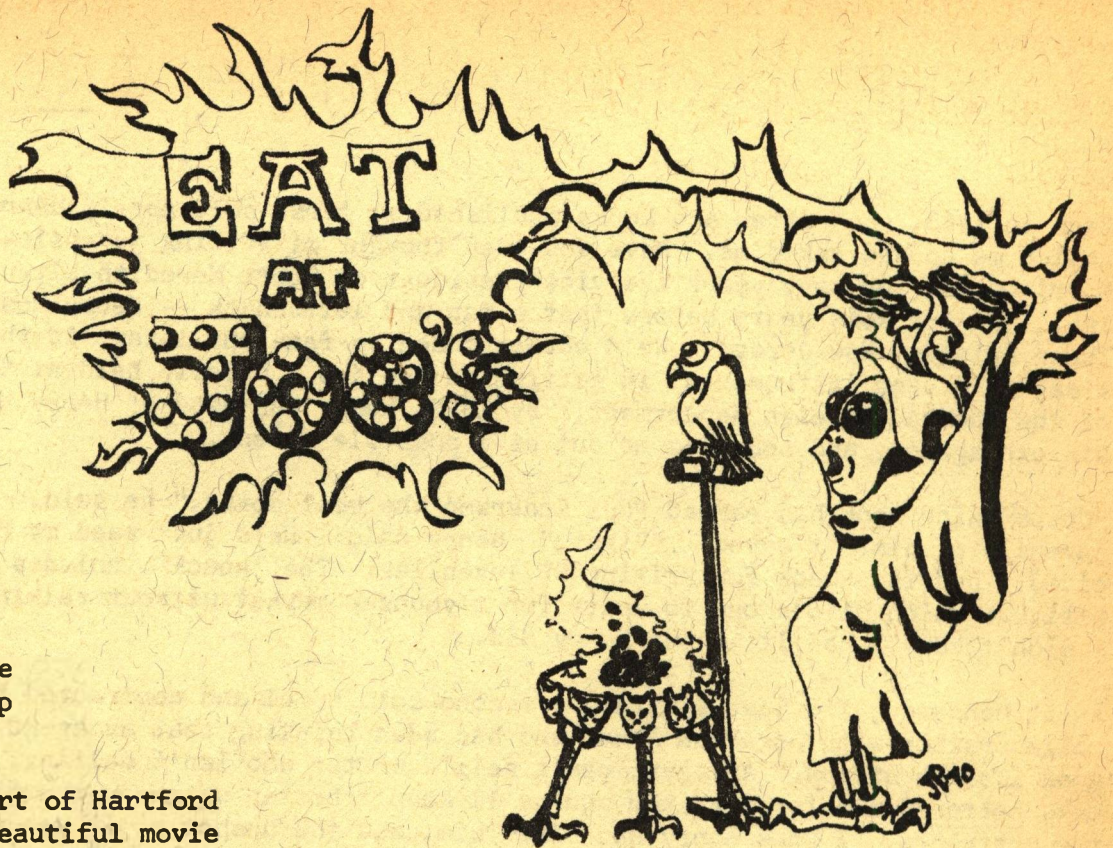
I respectfully urge all his friends and admirers who will be privileged to vote in this year's Big Heart Award to choose him as the recipient. He deserves the trophy (and the lifetime subscription to PHUCET which accompanies it) because his heart is filled with an expanding warmth for all of fankind. Rest assured he will have my vote, for I was one of those clods at the Pecon wearing a spurious name-tag.

(Editor's note: The above does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the editor or staff.

We welcome comments on this article and recognize our responsibilities to present opposing points of view from responsible sources.)

* * * * *

Who the hell is Tom Digby, anyway? Does anyone have his address?



THE TROUBLE WITH TROUBLE

Back in 1965, soon after Ace books published my first solo novel, Henry Morrison called me up and asked me, "Have you ever thought of writing juveniles?" Henry Morrison was for many years the vice-president of Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., and for some years before that a fan and letterhack -- Henry Moskowitz of Three Bridges, New Jersey. We'd corresponded as fans and later, in the early sixties, he'd been instrumental in getting me the job I briefly held at SMLA, as head of the one-man foreign department. By 1965, Henry was head of Henry Morrison, Inc., his own agency, and sounding me out as a possible client.

"Guess which book has earned Poul Anderson the most money," he said. "That Winston juvenile of his?" I asked. "Right," Henry said. He'd just read my book and decided I had the knack for writing SF juveniles. The 'knack' includes that special attitude which allows one to write for a younger market without talking down to it. I didn't know I had it -- but Henry did.

As it happened, I'd just written my second solo novel and contracted for a book in collaboration with Dave Van Arnam and had been thinking that an agent might be a good idea about now. An agent can't sell a writer who isn't selling, but he can make better deals for a writer and he'll keep a better watch on the fine print in the contracts. I knew Henry and liked him, and the upshot of it was that he became my agent and I wrote and sold -- through him -- my first juvenile novel, SECRET OF THE MARAUDER SATELLITE.

It was an enormously successful book. P. Schuyler Miller called it the best juvenile SF novel of the year in ANALOG, the mundane reviewers raved about it, it was selected for the prestigious New York Public Library list of Books for the Teen-aged, and to date it has gone through five printings and made me lots of money. Why, even a curmudgeon like Piers Anthony allowed it should have won the Nebula that year -- although of course it didn't, since the SFWA, like almost everyone else, turns up its nose at 'juvenile' books. But it seemed I had a good thing going, and I immediately began working out an elaborate near-future history into which the first book fit. Since MARAUDER SATELLITE was set in 1984, I began working out the events of the following years, assuming with some optimism that no cataclysms would wipe out civilization and that space travel would grow apace -- spurred on, in fact, by the discovery of the alien satellite of that first book.

The second book was to be TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES, and I began work on it in 1967. It was to deal with desert reclamation, and I began amassing reams of papers on the subject and on the geological problems of the area I'd chosen -- the Amaragosa Desert in western Nevada. As with the first book, the science was worked out with physicists and others in related fields. My idea in writing a juvenile is to be more painstaking than I am with an 'adult' novel -- these are the books which will endure -- for many years -- in the libraries of this country.

Like the first book, CERES was to be published by Westminster Press, a Philadelphia company. The editor who had dealt with MARAUDER SATELLITE retired, but her successor, Barbara Bates, appeared as intelligent and easy to work with. At her invitation I taught one year at the Philadelphia Writers Conference and toured Westminster (where the success of my first book was such that I felt like a visiting King -- red carpets appeared as if by magic everywhere). I liked Mrs. Bates: she had a common-sense approach to things which allowed us to get along quite well.

The book came along slowly. I wrote three chapters and then got bogged down with other, more pressing contracts. One was from Crown for another juvenile, NO TIME LIKE TOMORROW, a book which was to appear on Crown's inaugural list for their new line of juveniles, but which came out a year later, due to the editor's peculiar notion of her job. (After I had written the book, she suggested 'a few changes,' which boiled down to a demand for a totally different book. Henry and I did battle with her and emerged with a book which compromised, satisfying none of us fully.) (But, oddly enough, it too has become a 'success' -- the only book Crown has published in its juvenile line which has made money for the publisher, earned out its advance, and -- already -- has paid additional royalties.) Because this was for a different publisher, I made no attempt to fit it into my future history, but instead used it as a work of fiction in CERES -- a book the characters have read.

In 1969, I picked up the threads of CERES again, and decided to rewrite the first three chapters and press on from there. I finished the book with great satisfaction and delivered it to Westminster in February, 1970.

Much of my satisfaction lies in the nature of the book and of its characters -- but to spell out the details here would be to spoil your enjoyment of the book, if you should ever read it. So I will say simply that the book deals with a number of presently controversial subjects, many of them never before mentioned in a juvenile novel, let alone a juvenile SF novel -- and that I think it does so very well and without false sensationalism.

I remain convinced that, as I wrote it, the book is the best thing I've ever written, and that even in the form in which it will be published, it should shake a lot of heads.

But, the book as it will be published will not be the book I wrote. And this leaves me feeling angry, frustrated and sad.

I delivered the manuscript, as I said, in February, 1970. I heard nothing from Westminster until late spring, when Mrs. Bates called me to complain about its length (65,000 words -- too long, too long!) and the inclusion of a character ("Stinky") who appears only at the book's beginning. He was, she said, too



TED WHITE

well characterized! Bit players, I gather, should be faceless and recede into the wallpaper. She wanted to remove him and condense the first two chapters into one. I objected, and fairly strongly. A month later she wrote me to say, in effect, "You win; Stinky stays."

I heard no more until late October, when Westminster sent me the galleys for proofing. (Most hardcover houses do this; it's a courtesy every author appreciates and all should demand.) I unwrapped them with pleasure and settled back to read them -- and was thunderstruck! Where were the first two chapters?

The book opened with chapter three --renumbered as chapter one-- and went on from there! Oh, a few clumsy attempts had been made to shoehorn in a few relevant facts from the first two chapters -- a sentence or two here and there, mostly on the first two galleys -- but the entire opening of the novel was missing. I read on, hoping to find they'd simply rearranged the chapters and that those missing first two would crop up later as flashbacks. No such luck. Gone -- completely gone -- and with them, the introduction of all the protagonists, the planted lines which pointed to the ultimate resolution. The latter was absolutely crucial, since without these buried clues the resolution would come as a complete deus ex machina -- which in fact, it did, as the book now stood.

I fired off a hurt, angry letter to Westminster and called my agent to tell him I wouldn't allow the book to be published in this form.

What followed was a heart-rending farce. Perhaps an author's work seems important only to the author, but I was dealing here with a book which I had every reason to believe would be more successful than the two which had come before it. These books are the books which I intend to be my support in my old age: my retirement annuity, you might say. They must be good; they must stay in print; they should earn comfortable royalties for the foreseeable future.

I lost one night's complete sleep, and portions of others. I ran up a large phone bill and I lost the ability to digest my food for days -- simply because the book which I wrote and which I believed in had been so callously tampered with -- and totally behind my back!

Mrs. Bates informed me that it was her "editorial judgement" that the book would be better off without the first two chapters. I asked her about a number of specifics omitted from the book because of this. She had no good reply -- her vaunted "editorial judgement" had overlooked these points, each and every one (they ran to several pages of single-spaced typing). It developed that she had shown the manuscript to several librarians, and they advised lopping off the first two chapters. I was awed by the gall, the conceit of these people, taking the casual advice of unqualified bystanders on my book.

I said I wanted the book back -- or it must include the first two chapters. Henry said he would back me on this, if it was my final decision. However, the cost to me would be enormous -- a matter of three thousand dollars or more, either for the book's return -- expenses already incurred in setting it, scheduling it, etc. -- or for resetting, rescheduling, a different binding (added signatures would mean a thicker spine), etc. I don't know if these are accurate figures, but they were the figures quoted to me.

* * * * *

"I dealt myself four aces, when he turned up five aces. Now I'm a liberal man and I don't mind nine aces in the deck, but drat it all, I knew what I dealt him!"

-- W. C. Fields in "Tillie and Gus"

I was caught: I knew that I didn't want to make a compromise on this book. It was too good to deal with as I'd dealt with the Crown book. I also knew that if the only available alternatives would cost me several thousand dollars, I could not pursue them. I had just moved to Virginia, I had a new daughter to provide for, and I was nearly broke. I stayed up all night wondering what I should decide. The pressures were all on me to give in, to believe that I was wrong and that the editor was right. If I made waves I would alienate a publisher. And if I didn't, I knew that I could never again deal confidently with that publisher. Unfortunately, I had no clause in my contract guaranteeing me final say-so on the book -- it would mean, if I chose to fight, a costly lawsuit. Henry was willing to press such a suit -- if I decided I had to do it. But naturally he was not enthusiastic about it.

I agonized, and my stomach churned. At issue was not only the book but a relationship with an editor I had trusted -- and her betrayal of that trust.

And finally, I copped out. I stipulated that if certain pieces of information -- such as those necessary to justify the book's resolution -- were added in, I would let the book be published without the first two chapters.

I am not proud of myself. I compromised: again. What I felt was a really good book is now not a book in which I can take genuine pride. It has been castrated, to fit the editor's idea of how long a book should be, and an anonymous librarian's notion of where it should begin. Its structural integrity has been weakened, and its characterization thinned.

There is only one thing left I can do, and that is to see these first two chapters appear in print -- here, if no where else. So here they are: put them together with the rest of the book and allow for a few duplications and you'll have the whole book.

The rest, published by Westminster Press, is already out. Check your local library, or Dick Witter's F&SF Books on Staten Island for a copy. I think it's a book you'll still enjoy.

(Editor's note: Chapter 1 appears in this issue, chapter 2 will appear nextish.-LeB)

* * * * *

He opened the door.

Before him, an expanse of blackness waited with the allure of a cold, black night. It was a raven's wing, dark, jet, flung open to a panorama of feathers blended in a murky sleep. It was heavy ebony, roughened with millenia of blind loneliness, creeping into and around itself, desolately self-consuming but burning with malefic hunger. The heaviness of coal, the bitterness of sloe, a Cimmerian well of screaming gloom. It waited only to strike out and sensed with warring greed the open square of light which played naked before the mad, crouching appetite.

With sadistic glee, he threw in a flashlight with nearly exhausted batteries and closed the door.

-- Richard Delap

* * * * *



TROUBLE

ON

PROJECT

CERES

..... by Ted White

CHAPTER ONE:

I had my bags packed and ready for the shuttle out, but a quick check with Don had him still cleaning up his quarter. He takes more time than I do, and he does a neater job. But on the last day of school I am filled with a wild desire to be up and out, and what I lack in neatness I make up for with enthusiasm.

So -- anticlimax. Hurry up and wait. I had maybe half an hour to try to relax a little, and unwind enough to look for the loose items I'd overlooked the first four times around. I even had time to consider wading through a print-out of the national edition of the New York Times. So naturally at that point my earcomm buzzed. It was Stinky.

"Hey, Larry, my man! You loose?"

I debated shucking the clip from my ear. Technically I was already free. Third term was over and my grades were posted. Vacation had begun promptly at 24:01 this morning. In fact, the only reason I still had the thing on was sheer habit. Ear-

comms are school property. So like I say, I could easily have pretended the comm has been turned in, buzzing in a drawer in somebody's desk in Admin, and left it at that. I could have ignored it. Instead I sighed, thumbed the switch behind my earlobe from 'receive' to 'transmit', and said, "What's hanging, fella?"

"Nothing much, really. I've got a few to spare, and I thought I'd slope over -- kill the last hour with you, maybe...?"

I looked around the room. My quarter was as clean and empty as it had been the day I moved in. The bunk was shoved up into the wall, with only the end still showing, making like a built-in easy chair. My desk was cleared out and pushed in flush. The study-center was closed, the video screen dead. Functional. Empty. Waiting. Like it had never been used.

I had nothing to do until Don showed up. Why not?

"Why not?" I said, in a tone of voice which was probably not all that inviting.

Not three minutes later, the door slammed open and Stinky was rampaging all over the room.

I should explain that Stinky is not his real name. His given name was Patrick Sumner David-Jones, and his father is Bernard Jones of the New York Joneses. He stands all of five-eight, and the three inches of flaming red hair on top fools nobody. He is, he delights in repeating, the absolute runt of his family. "Nobody's been less'n six-and-one-half in my family for four generations!" is his proud boast. I assume it isn't a vitamin deficiency, because nobody has more energy than Stinky. What it is, I suspect, is something more to do with the fact that nobody else in his family has been red-headed in four generations either, and that fact preys on his mind at odd intervals. During one of those intervals, you see, he told me all about it.



illustrations by Fabian

We call him Stinky because of the outcome of an interesting lab we were running on the conversion of conventional sewage (the school's) into an algae farm. Somehow -- don't ask me how; I wasn't within twenty feet of him when it happened -- the kid ended up sitting in the middle of the raw sewage tank, nothing but a lot of red hair showing. It took him a week to lose the smell, but the name never wore off. It doesn't bother him. Very little does.

So here it was, Vacation Day, the first of June, with everybody piling into the shuttles and glad to be off campus at last, and Stinky comes barrelling into my room, seeking company.

"Whew!" was his first comment inside the door. "Looka this place! Whatta mess!"

I gave him a chop on the biceps to slow him down a little. "Not my quarter," I said, which was true.

"Oh," he said, sweeping a space free on one of the other bunks. "The Twins, huh?"

I nodded. "With luck, they'll be out of the infirmary tomorrow, which is cutting it pretty fine."

"Couldn't you do a little straightening up for them?"

I laughed. "Number one: Nobody messes with anyone's quarter in this room. Last time it was tried, was Ditch Day, and the repercussions are still being felt. Number two: Every wrinkle in that spread you're now ironing out was probably part of an elaborate topographical map they were working on. I wouldn't be surprised if they got your number within the week, fella."

It only seemed like Stinky practiced the art of levitation to move himself off that bed, but he was fast. "Sheesh, those Twins!" was all he said.

I guess it's a credit to the Benford Twins that their reputation could achieve such fast results with Stinky. Actually, they're pretty nice guys, and strictly vicious only when aroused. The last time I saw them seriously plotting against anyone was when the Administration tried to put them in separate rooms. Greg or Jim by himself is plenty, but no one stands a chance against the two of them. It took a deranged planting machine to lay them low -- and then it was funny how they both sustained the same injuries.

Stinky bounced twice more around the room, and I was wondering why I'd let him in when, just like that, he plopped himself down on the end of my bunk that was now a chair, and began playing with the buttons on my study-center. Before I could say something fittingly cutting, the screen was glowing with the masthead of the Times. Slowly it began to pan downwards and the news unrolled beneath.

Since this was what I'd had in mind just before he'd buzzed, I stopped framing clever remarks in my mind, said something dumb and forgettable, like "Oh yeah....I was meaning to have a look at that..." and leaned over Stinky's shoulder to scan the headlines.

Mostly they were concerned with the stuff of the masses: An HST down in the Indian Sea, four-hundred fifty dead; food riots in Cairo; Charlton Byard divorced by eighth wife, planning to marry ninth (some people never learn when to stop); the latest scandal in the National Public Care program as revealed by Senator Martin of Alaska (staunch foe of poverty and of the poor); Marvin Kinsman says he's making a comeback next fall on holovision, prime-time; the usual junk that I sometimes think they just keep printing and reprinting all over again to keep the people who like that sort of

thing happy.

The news was mostly buried in the science section: a new valve that counteracted the Schneiman Effect for heart transplants on the moon (maybe we'd find a way to bring native-born Lunies to Earth yet): the successful landing of the Third Probe on Mars; the discovery of another one of those ancient alien satellites, this one wrecked on Titan; a major cut-back in federal funds for Project Ceres...

"Wait just a free-loading minute there, fella!" I said, and I reached over Stinky's shoulder to hit the print-out button.

With a finely calculated speed that always gives me the frustrated urge to grab and yank (although I never do), the thin print-out sheet began curling out from the machine.

I swung the desktop out from the wall, and elbowed my way into sharing the seat with Stinky, who had been uncharacteristically quiet. I spread the paper out on the desktop and began to read it.

TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES --

Washington, Jun 1 -- Representative Juan Smith (D, Puerto Rico) of the House Subcommittee on National Resources Development announced today a major cutback in funding for the Nevada desert agricultural project is imminent.

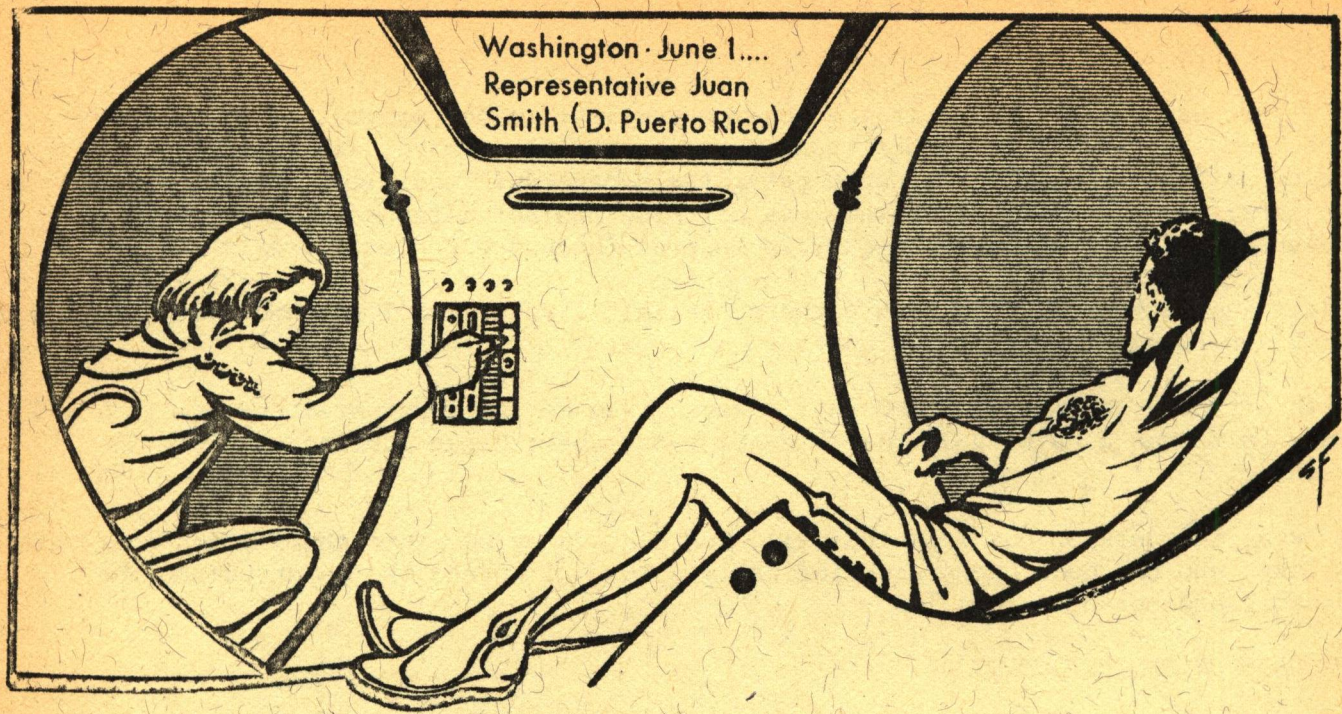
Project Ceres, as the project is known, is one of several experimental programs designed to provide new sources for agricultural commodities, both for national consumption and export. At present, Project Ceres has been extant eight years, during which time the test area, located in the Amargosa Desert, northwest of Las Vegas, has undergone a dramatic flowering.

However, "Project Ceres is the least promising and most expensive of all present projects," Congressman Smith said today at a press conference in his office. "Reports from both our test farms in the Gulf of Mexico and the new vertical farm in Manhattan are far more encouraging. The coastal shelf offers abundant farming area with few problems inherent in a desert-reclamation project. The most obvious difference is the lack of difficulty obtaining water." When the laughter died down Congressman Smith added that "The initial outlay in terms of both time and funds is far lower, and sites are more easily available. In my judgement, Project Ceres is primarily a boondoggle by which private interests in the state of Nevada hope to lure Federal funds."

Representative Postal (R) of Nevada has issued the following reply: "My distinguished colleague from the Island of Puerto Rico has only to visit the great American southwest, a trip he has heretofore not made, to realize that this vast area, if transformed to workable farmland, promises far greater rewards than any other project now under consideration.

"Eight years ago, we launched one of the most heroic undertakings known to man: the transformation of an inhospitable desert into lushly yielding farmland. Today we are on the brink of a major success.

"The plight of this nation's food reserves does not bear repeating. Today we serve half the world, and tomorrow we will not be able to feed ourselves. To crush Project Ceres can have only one result: the starvation of the peoples of our world. Congressman Smith must surely be aware of this. I am sorry to say that his an-



nouncement strikes me as one of political motivation -- and I must emphasize that this is too serious an issue for anyone to play politics with. I entreat Mr. Smith and his committee to reconsider, and to give this important project their strongest support."

Dr. Edward McCombs, Administrative Head of Project Ceres, was in Washington earlier this week to testify before the Smith Subcommittee, but could not be reached at this time for a statement.

As I stared at the thin print-out sheet a film passed over my eyes and my vision wavered. I screwed up my shoulder and rubbed my sleeve against my face.

"They sure make a lot of noise in Washington, don't they?" Stinky said.

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So maybe I should have said earlier that my name is Larry McCombs and Dr. Edward McCombs is my father. And that Project Ceres has been a central part of my life. I was just ten when they set it up and put Dad in charge; Barbara was eight and Andy was three. We've grown up with the Project.

In 1983 --the year I was ten-- food prices went up again for the first time in seven years. It didn't mean much to me, but Mom sure squawked. That was a turning-point year in a lot of ways, I guess. Things had been running along at a pretty even keel since 1976, when, Dad says, we finally got in an administration which knew something about running the country. Prices didn't go up much, we weren't fighting any wars anywhere, and we rebuilt a lot of our cities. It was a pretty good time for me, although being just a small kid I didn't expect anything else -- I took it all for granted. Remind me to tell you about Chicago in the 1960's sometime. It would stand your hair out straight.

But nobody's perfect, and nothing lasts forever. In 1983, comic books went from 20¢ to a quarter, and we abolished our last farm-support program.

The way it started, I'm told, is the Depression of the Thirties, which Dad says Grandad worked his way through on a plot of land in Georgia with a plow and his wife and three of my uncles. Farm supports never touched Grandad.

The Depression drove a lot of men off the farms and into the cities, and those who stayed behind had to find better, more efficient ways to do their farming. Grandad got a mule. Then came World War II, and even more men were drafted off the farms, and the whole science of agriculture was brought into play. Grandad died of a heart attack in the sun, walking behind his mule with the plow, in 1942. He was 49 years old. He lived on a diet of peas, greens, and hog jowls. That's one ethnic delight I can do without.

By the end of that war, we had the most efficient farming methods in the world. Not only could less men get out a greater yield, but the same land supported a better harvest. When Grandad died, they almost lost the farm. Two of my uncles had already left home, but Uncle Paul and my father worked it so's Dad could get through college with a degree in Agriculture. When Grandmother died two years later, they sold the land to a combine and Dad went into civil service, which was the best place to go then.

A man can't farm a few acres on a shoestring and expect to get anywhere. But a corporation can buy up hundreds of acres and mechanize the farming, and show a tidy profit. Which is what happened, of course. And somewhere along the line they started over-producing.

In school they teach you about the laws of supply and demand, and it's really pretty simple: If you grow lettuce, say, and if more people want your lettuce than you've got lettuce to sell them, then your price will go up. People are willing to bid against each other for that lettuce. Scarce items bring better prices. But suppose you overproduce lettuce. You've been making so much money selling lettuce that you figure if you grow more you'll make lots more on it. But then supply exceeds demand -- there's more lettuce than people want to eat. Suddenly you can't hardly give it away. So you lower your prices until it becomes irresistible to people, or you stockpile it and maybe give it away at a dead loss. Or -- and this is farm support -- the government steps in and buys your lettuce from you at a fair market price. The idea is to keep you from going broke, because if you do, who will grow the lettuce next year? But lettuce doesn't keep that well, even irradiated, so the government says, "Listen, why don't we just pay you not to grow lettuce this year?" This was the Soil Bank program. Dad says a lot of chislers cashed in on that one, while the small farmers went right on going broke.

Dad says the big thing when he was a kid was living in New York City and eating California produce in the winter. That was before the SSTs and the HSTs, of course. When you've got a hypersonic transport that can fly a sub-orbital path from New York to Tokyo in two hours, you can start shipping produce all over the world.

Which is what happened, of course. In two hours a farm in Illinois which grows a thousand acres of lettuce can ship the stuff fresh to almost anywhere in the world. And suddenly we didn't have any more surpluses. Suddenly we had a market for everything we could grow. Suddenly farming was one of our major export industries. Just like that. It happened in 1983.

In 1984 they brought down the first of those alien satellites, and started taking its technology apart, piece by piece, looking for new and usable stuff. But by then Project Ceres was almost a year old, and for all the ways that alien artifact might revolutionize our future lives with solar-powered can openers or like that, Project Ceres had to be more important. It was simply all that stood between us and starvation.

That sounds like a lot of dramatic nonsense, because our country has always been so rich in natural resources that we've never thought much about running out of anything so basic as food. But the world's population doubled in the last thirty years, and it will double again, very soon. And, as Professor Carr likes to point out, "We're pushing as hard as we can to feed the current three-point-four billion people on this planet. What we're going to do with the next batch, nobody knows." There's only one answer, short of imposing birth control on the entire Asian continent by mandate: find new ways and new areas for growing food. And, while you're at it, find new food to be grown.

All of which may help to explain why the Pacific Multiversity offers a major curriculum in agriculture, and why I'm majoring in Agricultural Science. Somebody has to be working on the problem of where our next meal is going to come from.

* * * * *

"They sure make a lot of noise in Washington, don't they?" Stinky said. "Politicians, I mean. Put one in front of a camera, give him a reporter to talk to, and he puffs up to twice his normal size with hot air."

I crumpled the sheet in my fist. "Mr. Postal's a pretty nice guy. I've met him," I said. My voice sounded hollow to me.

"I was thinking of the other guy -- Smith. Why d'ya think he wants to cut back on Ceres, anyway?"

"I suppose he thinks it will impress the voters back home. Curbs on federal spending and all that. After all, what do they know about deserts in the Caribbean?"

"He's a jerk," Stinky said loudly. Then, "But, hey! Your father was in Washington. Think there's any connection?"

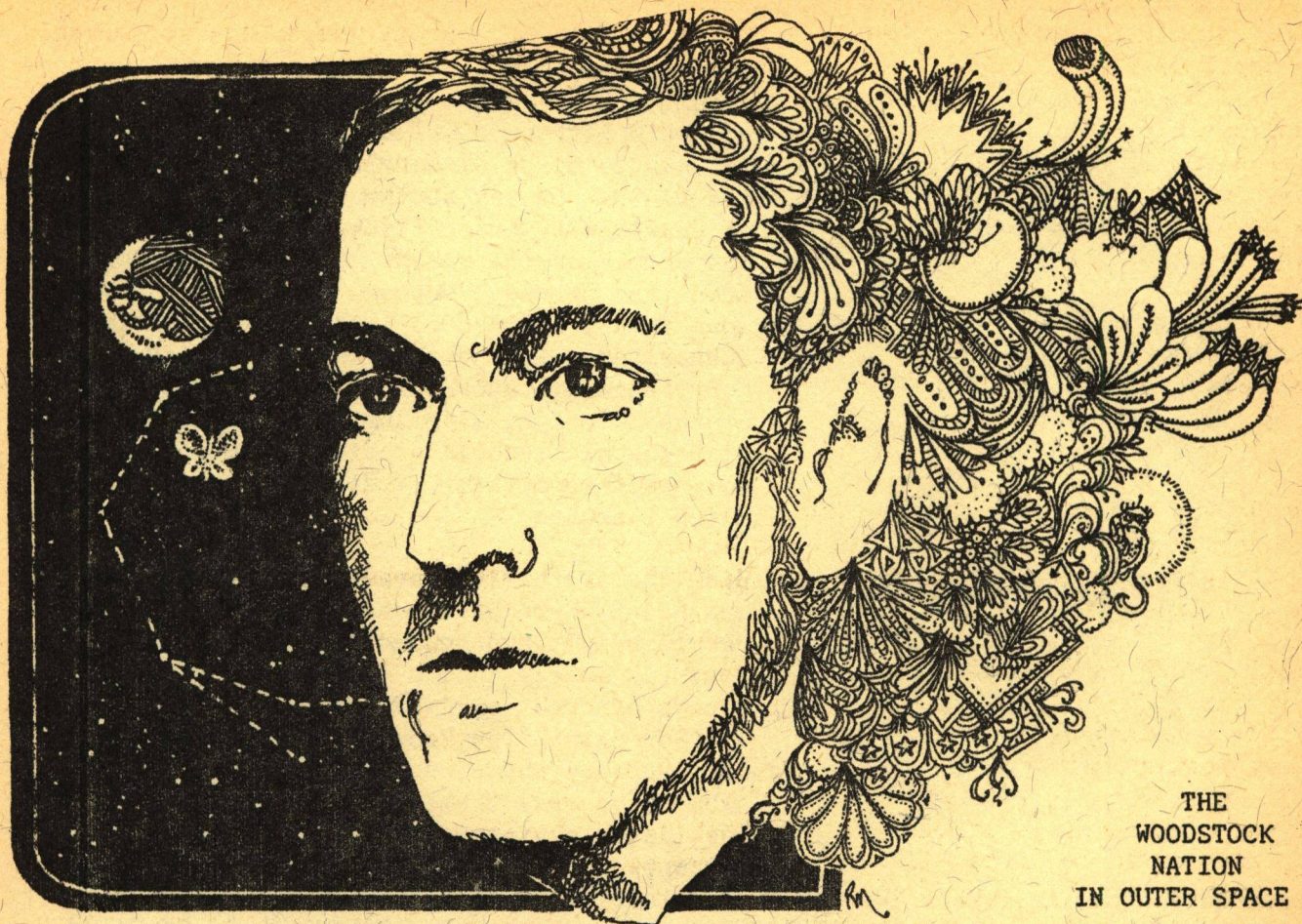
"I dunno," I said, wondering if there was. I shook my head. Great news. Just the thing to go home on. There was a knock at the door and Don Mesiner pushed in after his bags. He's a year older than I am, and as blond as I am black.

"All set, Larry. Oh, hi, Stinky. Thought you'd be the first one out of this place." He threw his bags down and sprawled back on Jim Benford's bunk. "Whoosh! Funny how there's always twice as much to pack as I brought. Say, why the long face? Is Ol' Pacific too dear to bear parting with?"

I made a production out of straightening the rumpled print-out sheet for him. Stinky remained completely silent as Don picked out and scanned the appropriate item. He stared at the sheet for no more than thirty seconds before jumping up to drop it back into my study-center hopper. With a brief hum the sheet was chemically erased and ironed smooth for reuse. The print was gone and the paper was blank. I wished the news it had contained could be dealt with as easily. "Cheer up, old buddy," Don said, clipping me on my shoulder. I was staring at the hopper where he'd dropped the sheet, and trying not to really think about what was bothering me. "They're not going to mess with Ceres' appropriations, and you know it. After all, there's only about 4 big farm combines ready to step in if the feds back out, and you know how they'd like that. Why do you think the sales of desert land packages have been frozen the last 6 years? Man, the speculators are waiting like vultures! Take it from me, Smith is just angling for publicity."

I tried to shrug my way back into a cheerful mood. "Well, the summer's still open."

"And I'm all packed. Come on. Let's slope!" So we did.



THE
WOODSTOCK
NATION
IN OUTER SPACE

by David Emerson

JEFFERSON STARSHIP

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE, by Paul Kantner (RCA LSP 4448)

This rock album was nominated for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo. Under the name "Paul Kantner" is the phrase "Jefferson Starship." Don't they mean Airplane? Kantner is a member of the Jefferson Airplane, isn't he? But wait, this isn't really an Airplane album; not all of them are on it, and there are lots of non-Airplane people instead -- David Crosby, Jerry Garcia -- maybe "Starship" is the right term after all. It's new, right? And a starship is a space-age extension of an airplane, certainly. The front cover looks like it's straight out of The Arabian Nights, and the back cover could have been painted by the surrealist Magritte. It's a foldout cover and on the inside is a moonscape, with various alien-type artifacts strewn about, and Kantner's head looming above the horizon. In the booklet included with the album the lyrics catch your eye: "STARSHIP...astral navigators...trionic physics...interstellar...interplanetary!" Could it be, you wonder, science fiction in a rock album?



Play the record, and all doubts are dispelled. Yes, friends, it's true: this is an SF rock album. Even before you put the record on, you're pretty sure. The inner sleeve, which is usually blank or carries advertising for the record company's other releases, is full of drawings by Grace Slick and poems by various people on the album. One of these contains the phrase, "orphans of the sky." It's more than coincidence: Robert Heinlein is acknowledged in the credits, along with Kurt Vonnegut, Buckminster Fuller, Theodore Sturgeon, and A. A. Milne. And those strange hieroglyphic symbols scattered around the cover and word sheet -- do they represent an alien language?

Side one is fairly conventional (except for one point where Paul wonders if he should "go to bright Andromeda"). "MauMau (Amerikon)" is mostly just a rehash of the Airplane's "Crown of creation"¹ and "Volunteers"²; Rosalie Sorrells' "The Baby Tree" could almost be a nursery rhyme, and is consistent with the album's general theme of escape to a more idealistic environment; "Let's Go Together" combines this escape motif with the feeling

expressed in the Airplane's "We Can Be Together"³: a gathering of the counter-culture. The final cut is actually two songs, one a bouncy, joyful tune, "A Child is Coming," presumably about the baby of Kantner and Slick; the second part is a quiet, reflective repetition of the words, "it's getting better," with Crosby adding an antiphonal effect with complementary lines: "getting better...to be born/getting better...like a mornin'..."

Side One, together with the first cut on side two, forms an extended prologue to the continuous suite of the second side, which is the story proper. The function of this prologue is to set the scene and give the motivation for side two, to communicate a feeling of this-place-is-not-for-us-we-must-leave. And leave they do.

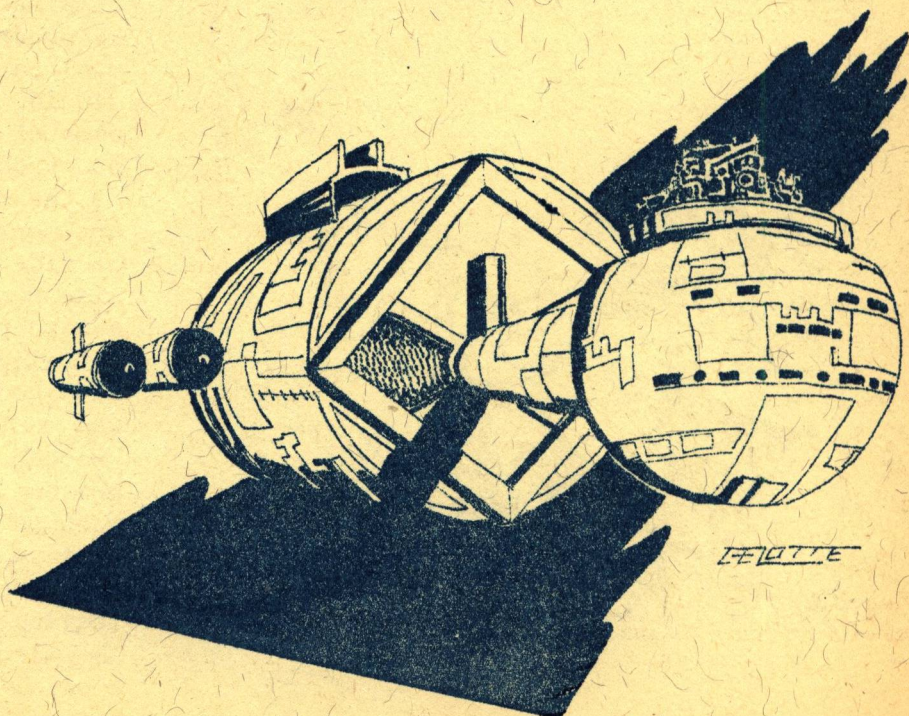
Although side two is audibly continuous and thematically interconnected, it is divided into various sections, listed as separate in the contents. The contents also places the title, "Blows Against the Empire" above side two only -- perhaps indicating that the album really starts here. The SF begins with "Hijack," which briefly reminds us of the prologue by use of drug and repression images, then starts speculating about a starship being built in orbit around Earth in the decade 1980-90. This possibility instills hope of escape in the counter-culture, who somehow take over the ship and convert it to their own use, gaining the long-sought goals of peace and freedom. It is interesting to note that this song contains the lines, "More than human can we be" and "the lights in the night are ...stars." Having begun with a driving rhythm based in Paul's modal guitar and Grace's piano, "Hijack" changes tempo after its lyrics are finished, and drops into a steady, softly-beating march-like pace featuring rhythmic guitar strums and conga drums overlaid with moody piano improvisations and an occasional splash of electric guitar. The feeling is of floating through the darkness and watching the stars glide by; the electric guitar could be comets flashing past.

Indeed, the next song (after a half-minute of electronic effects called "Home" and suggesting engines and machines aboard the ship) is "Have You Seen the Stars Tonight?" The words are those of a young swain asking his lady if she'd like to go up on the deck and look at the stars with him. Musically, this is the best song on the album, probably because of David Crosby's co-authoring and harmonizing, and Jerry Garcia's pedal steel guitar. The rhythm, instrumentation and key are identical to those at the end of "Hijack," adding to the effect of unity and continuity.

There follows another construction of electronic music and sound effects, simulating blast-off and stardrive. In the middle of it, words are heard vaguely, as if echoing from far off, giving the impression of vast distances in space and time: "three thousand (light-) years..." Immediately afterward, "Starship" picks up where "Have You Seen the Stars Tonight?" left off, paralleling the bridge between "Hijack" and "Stars Tonight;" soon, however, it steps up the rhythm and subtly alters the chordal structure to become its own song. This final cut deals more with the ship itself than the previous songs have, mentioning "hydroponic gardens and forests" and a few types of people they might have aboard. It builds to a climax of freedom and escape, and then completes the idea of total departure in a sequence from "irridescent" to "transparent" to "absent," which may be an allusion to Star Trek's teleportation devices, or may be somebody's psychedelic fantasy. Once the lyrics are through, the excitement of the song de-escalates back into that same slow-march motif with piano, congas and modal acoustic guitar, getting calmer and calmer, ending with a few quiet piano chords and a feeling of peace and tranquility.

Incredible, you say. Unheard-of. No, I assure you, it has been heard of before. In fact, Kantner's album could almost have been predicted on the basis of previous instances of SF in rock.

Ignoring the likes of "Flying Purple People-Eater" and such drivel, we can assemble a rather impressive roster of intrusions of SF into popular music. The Mothers of Invention made an extensive list of their influences on their first album, FREAK OUT,⁴ and included many prominent SF writers.⁵ The semi-mythical legend of Atlantis has inspired songs by Donovan ("Atlantis")⁵ and Cream ("Those were the days")⁶. Pink Floyd has been called an "interstellar band," and plays songs like "Astronomy Domine" and "Set the Controls for the Heart of the Sun."⁷ The Moody Blues' TO OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN alludes to making 6--foot leaps on the moon, flying through space, and living to be a million. The Byrds have done two whimsical SF songs -- "Mr. Space-man"⁹ and "CTA-102"¹⁰ -- and one,

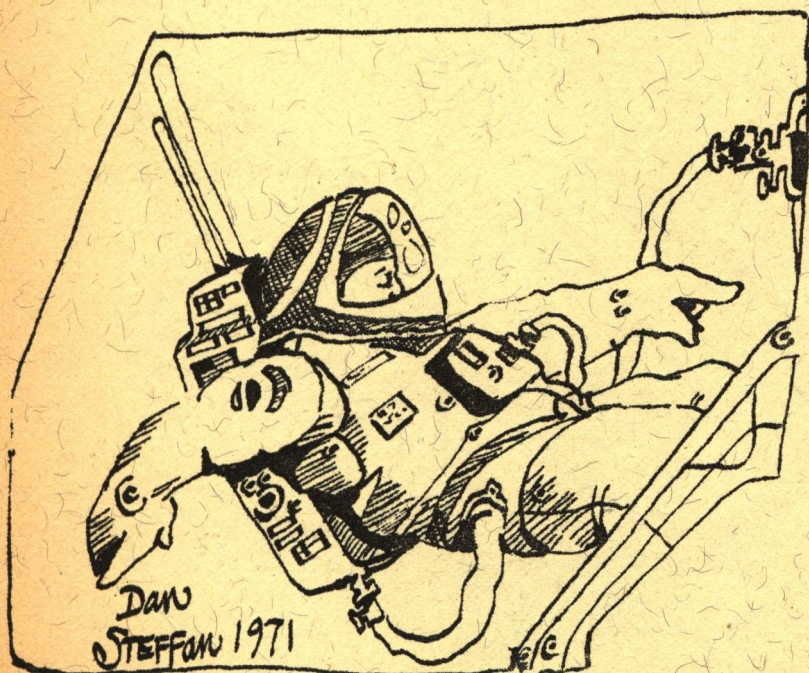


called "Space Odyssey,"¹¹ which is direct retelling of Arthur C. Clarke's "The Sentinel," upon which 2001 was based. Doubtless many readers know of other examples as well.

The three Byrds' songs were all written by James Roger McGuinn (who, by the way, is still interested in what he calls "space music and futuristic music"),¹² but it should be noted that they were all done at a time when David Crosby was still a Byrd. Crosby may have been into SF all along, or he might have gotten it from McGuinn, but the net result is an influence which he has carried to CSN&Y, and now to the Kantner album. He once wrote a song, "Triad," using Heinlein's concept of water-brothers as a solution¹³ to the eternal triangle, but the Byrds wouldn't do it because it was too far out.

Crosby, Stills, and Nash did a song on their first album¹⁴ called "Wooden Ships," which depicted a group of people escaping the nuclear holocaust and the subsequent radioactivity by staying at sea in wooden sailing ships. The song is mostly concerned with the feeling of freedom and escape, but also creates vivid images of people dying of radiation sickness, and of men on the shore wearing metallic decontamination suits. This mixture of the Woodstockian ideal of freedom with SF themes is the essence of Blows Against the Empire.

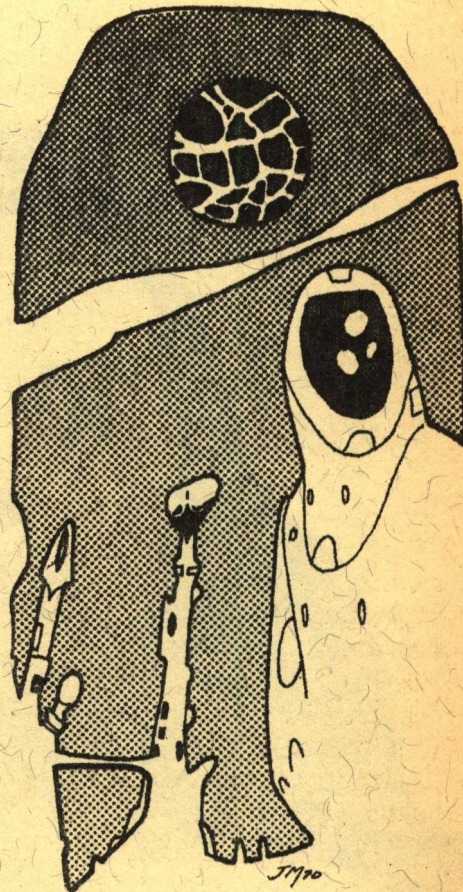
Of course, the most direct influence on the Kantner album is the Jefferson Airplane itself, which has used SF more than once. Crown of Creation contains Crosby's "Triad," and a song, "The House at Pooneil Corners," which predicts a nuclear war destroying "everything except silence" and producing "bizarre mutations in the surviving life: 'the cows are almost cooing/turtledoves are mooing.'" And on Volunteers, they do Kantner's adaptation of Crosby and Stills's "Wooden Ships" and preface it (in the word sheet only) with a descriptive paragraph datelined "(UPS) EARTH JULY 1975." By the time of Volunteers, the Airplane had grown to be a large social entity, including more performers on stage and a considerable number of camp followers off stage; these were listed on the back of that album under the heading, "NEST" (cf. Stranger in a Strange Land, again).



These various influences converge, consolidate, and culminate in BLOWS. Crosby is present not only as a musician in the recording studio, but also as co-composer of parts of the album, and (subtly) as the sailor of the wooden ships which are mentioned explicitly on side one and implied by side two's mention of lakes aboard the starship. (Crosby actually does own and sail a 60-foot schooner.) As was mentioned, a lot of the "Wooden Ships" feeling is present in the album, as is much of the Volunteers sentiment -- we can be together, living on the farm, we are leaving, got to revolution. The electronic music and special effects were foreshadowed by Spencer Dryden's "Chushingura" on CROWN.

Kantner's album is also heavily visual. The front and back covers, the inside spread, the inner sleeve all bear directly or indirectly on the album's concept. The eight-page libretto, with words to all the songs and then some, is full of fantastic, surreal illustrations by Patti Landres and Grace Slick. Grace also did most of the artwork on the inner sleeve and the drawing of Paul on the inside spread, in which his hair seems at first glance to be feathers, but on closer inspection turns out to be marijuana leaves. Kantner wants to make the thing even more visual, by doing a film or videotape version of it; that would probably also be a group venture, with most of the same people as on the album, especially with Crosby and Garcia.¹⁵ So we have that to look forward to.

Hopefully, this will not be the last such major effort to bring SF into rock music. Kantner's success may inspire Roger McGuinn to do some more SF rock with the Byrds, or maybe there will be a movie of "Wooden Ships."¹⁶ And with "rock operas" being all the rage these days, we might end up with a cross between Star Trek and Hair, or a rock version of Aniara. Now that a precedent has been set, the sky is no longer the limit.



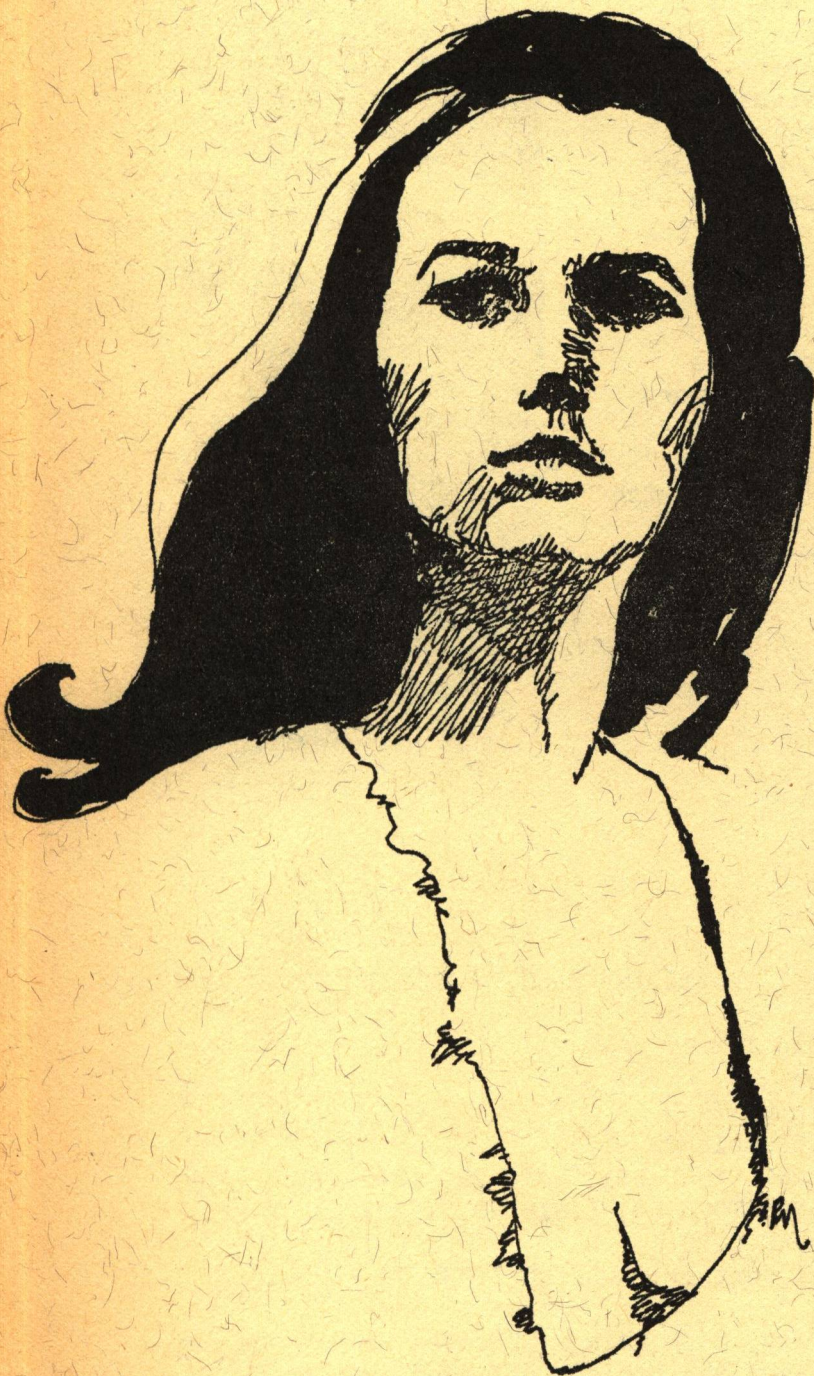
Notes:

- 1 - On CROWN OF CREATION, RCA LSP 4058.
- 2 - On VOLUNTEERS, RCA LSP 4238.
- 3 - On VOLUNTEERS.
- 4 - FREAK OUT, Verve 65006.
- 5 - On BARABAJAGAL, Epic BN 26481.
- 6 - On WHEELS OF FIRE, Atco SD 2-700.
- 7 - McDonough, Jack, "Pink Floyd -- the Interstellar Band," ROLLING STONE 71 (Nov. 26, 1970) p. 20.
- 8 - TO OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, Threshold THS 1.
- 9 - On FIFTH DIMENSION, Columbia CS 9349.
- 10 - On YOUNGER THAN YESTERDAY, Columbia CS 9442.
- 11 - On THE NOTORIOUS BYRDS BROTHERS, Columbia CS 9575.
- 12 - Interview with Roger McGuinn, ROLLING STONE 69, (Oct. 29, 1970), pp. 28ff.
- 13 - Interview with David Crosby, ROLLING STONE 63, (July 23, 1970) pp. 20ff.
- 14 - CROSBY, STILLS, AND NASH, Atlantic SD 8229.
- 15 - Interview with Grace Slick and Paul Kantner, ROLLING STONE 70, (Nov. 12, 1970), pp. 24ff.
- 16 - According to fandom's walking library, Mark Owings, "Wooden Ships" was being made into a movie, but for some reason the project has been abandoned.

* * * * *

If you want to join NOREASCON send \$6 attending, \$4 supporting before August 10th to Noreascon, Box 547, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. Registration will be \$10 at the door. Thw Worldoon will be Sept. 3-6 at the Sheraton Boston Hotel. Clifford Simak is GoH, Harry Warner, Jr. is fan GoH.

châtelaine



Why another personal column? Call it creeping Canadianism. Call it a ploy to counteract my pedantic image. I've brooded on that for months, ever since Marcon V. Ever since the time I stepped on the Christopher Inn elevator with Jerr Kaufman and declared my intention of withdrawing to peruse Cumont's IDEA OF THE AFTERLIFE IN ROMAN PAGANISM. Immediately an awed stranger exclaimed: "Why you must be Sandra Miesel!" Wan acknowledgment. Stammered explanation that I simply wanted to inspect a campus bookstore purchase.

So from time to time I shall lay aside the exegete's burden, salve my pack sores, and ply you with accounts of that decidedly alien environment my household. Now, Gentle Reader, allow me to introduce the remainder of our continuing cast: my husband John, the deceptively straight wereplatypus; Marie-Louise the Chirp, age five, whose stated ambitions are to rule the world and marry Harlan; Anne-Louise the Mite, age three, whose characteristic friendship gesture is to pull up her jersey and display her paunch; Mighty Peterfink, age two, whose technique of ingesting peanut butter sandwiches makes strong men blanch; and finally, our black cat of Many Names, whose behavior fluctuates between torpor and berserkergang.

All of which is prologue to a tale of an especially blue Monday or "How I Spent My Lundi de Pasque."

It actually began Thursday before Easter when Mite injured her left ankle. Amen, amen I say to you: children inevitably chose holidays to maim themselves or contract the plague. It did not seem serious enough at the time to warrant trekking to a hospital emergency room. But Monday morning, sibs in tow, I took her to the pediatrician and thence to an x-ray lab. Verdict: not a sprained ankle but a broken leg. Proceed to hospital, checkbook at the ready.

However that is a ten mile trip and by now the troupe stood in sore need of refreshment. We stopped home for lunch while I made arrangements to stash Chirp and Peter. I strapped the progeny in and looked for my keys...what keys? My keys were still in the house, behind doors locked, chained, barricaded, and bespelled against burglars. But hark! My purse clinked suspiciously when shaken. Out of its lining tumbled two housekeys -- to the chained back door.

Unwilling to break a window, I borrowed the next door neighbor's ladder to beseige a bedroom window. The neighbor was apprehensive, ostensibly for my neck, but perhaps for the ladder as well. It had never been quite the same since I had borrowed it to paint the outside of our house.

Once on the garage roof I readily dismembered one of Mite's screens. In theory, one can extract components of these storm window screen combinations intact. That theory was not formulated clinging one-handed to a hot, steep roof. Nevertheless, I plunged triumphantly over the sill with no additional damage save a footprint on a freshly painted wall and some peculiar bruises on my pelvis.

Then the ghastly realization: my keys were nowhere to be found. Nowhere. Not even in the diaper pails. All my frantic -- and it must be admitted profane -- rummaging produced were more back door keys and John's set for his car.

But his car was still in the garage while my keyless one sat blocking the driveway. Unpacking the children, installing their carseats in the other car, repacking the children eroded my last vestiges of sobriety. I eased John's car across the grass and won free via the neighbor's driveway.

Mite's leg was attended to surprisingly fast -- the time it took to read 40 pages of RINGWORLD. (A paperback in purse or pocket is a sovereign charm against delay.) It took longer to wait for an orderly than an orthopedist. Hospital rules required that an orderly carry Mite to the main entrance, so I could carry her two blocks back to the parking lot on the opposite side of the building. I assure you the child is a mite in name only!

It never for an instant occurred to me to summon John home. We liberated women pride ourselves on resourcefulness and indominability. Besides, his laboratory is thirty miles away.

Oh yes, my keys reappeared that evening. They had been on the dining room table all the while, lurking in the bottom of an Easter basket, superbly camouflaged with artificial grass.

If only I had remembered to put out that milk for the house elves...

sandra miesel

CODDLED EGGS



ROSEMARY ULLYOT

April was a wet, nasty month in Toronto. Winter and spring were combining forces to give some of the most miserable weather in the history of Muddy York. I had just moved into a hateful new apartment and my bed had not arrived. Never believe the promises of department store salesmen.

I had been sleeping on the floor for ten days. As a consequence, my whole body ached, my love life suffered, and I was having trouble sleeping. After the third sleepless night, someone suggested I try a mixture of port and brandy as a sleeping draught. "What a terrible thing to do to good brandy," I thought. "On the contrary," the gentleman, a doctor, assured me. "You buy mediocre brandy and Canadian Rot Gut port, mix 'em, heat if you like, and drink. I guarantee you will be carried off in the arms of Lethe."

"Lethe was a river and I want to sleep, not forget," I grumbled. Because I have a horror of sleeping pills and because my work was suffering from lack of sleep, I decided to try my frustrated poet's home remedy. I went out and bought some good brandy and Spanish port. "Just because I can't sleep doesn't mean I have to ruin the palate my father tried so hard to cultivate," I thought.

Brandy is a marvelous drink. Fine at the end of a sumptuous dinner at an expensive restaurant, but better when you're at home with your loved one sitting in front of the oven, pretending it's a fireplace. Port, on the other hand, is a beautiful, ruby red spirit so sweet it is guaranteed to make strong men vomit and women sleep. I mixed the ingredients in a large snifter, put them on to heat and dug up an old copy of THE TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL from a crate. I drank the mixture, finding it quite palatable (the brandy cuts the sweetness of the port, or something) and fell asleep just as Mrs. Graham was telling Gilbert Markham of the horrors of strong drink.

I was rudely awakened by the jangling of the telephone. I fumbled for my glasses, stumbled to the phone, and croaked a hello.

"Oh Rosemary, Rosemary, guess what!!"

"God damn it Susan," I roared, "it's two o'clock in the bloody morning!"

"Oh who cares," she chortled flippantly. "Rosemary, Richard just called, we're on the Hugo ballot!"

"Good for you," I mumbled.

"Aren't you glad?" she asked.

"Ecstatic" I snarled.

"You don't sound very happy," she pouted.

"I'm happy, I'm happy. Look, can we gloat about this at dinner on Sunday? I want to go back to bed. And I'll probably have to drink that whole bloody bottle of port and read all of Anne Bronte's rotten book before I can get back to sleep. AND IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT!" I concluded loudly.

"Go to bed, Rosemary," Susan soothed. "Oh, and by the way..."

"Yes...?"

"You didn't make the ballot."

I said several unprintable things to the dia] tone.

The next day was Saturday, and, miracle of miracles, the bed came. I spent most of the day in it. Sunday, Susan and Michael came for dinner.

"Aren't you honored and proud to have the Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom and editor of a Hugo nominated fanzine gracing your humble abode?" Michael queried.

"No." I answered, putting more glaze on the ham.

After dinner, while Michael was watching the hockey game and Susan and I were washing the dishes, I asked her what she and Michael were going to wear to accept their Hugo, should they win.

"I don't know. Tweetie, what'll we wear to accept our Hugo?"

"What do you mean our Hugo, Woman," Michael answered, turning from the television set. "Remember, it's my fanzine."

"But I'm co-editor," Susan wailed. "It says so in the masthead, so it must be true."

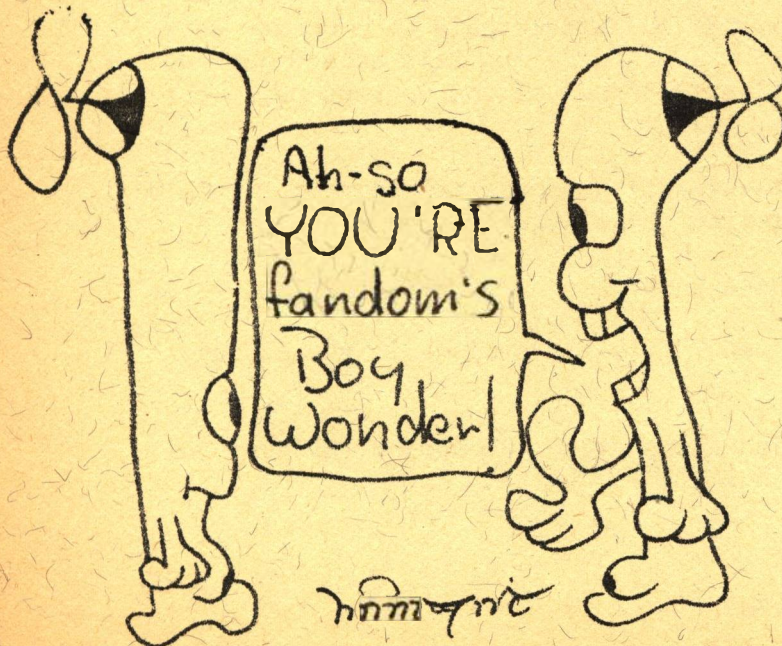
"Yes, but it's my fanzine," Michael reiterated.

You publish it with her Canada Council grant," I pointed out.

"Yeah," Susan crowed, "what do you say to that?"

"Go back to the kitchen and finish the dishes and let me watch the hockey game in peace," he answered.

"Male chauvinist pig!" I snarled, throwing the dish cloth at him. Just to get even, Susan and I didn't give him any of the brownies we made.

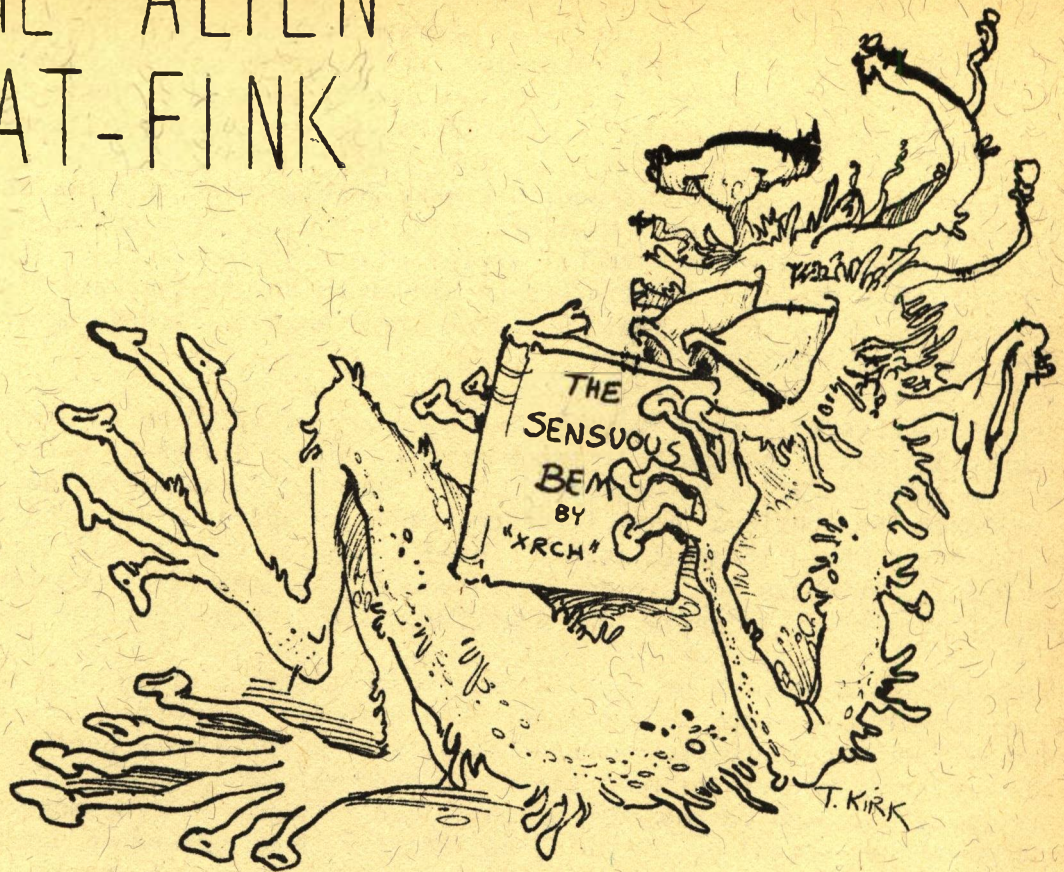


THE ALIEN RAT-FINK

BY

RICHARD

DELAP



THE E.S.P. WORM
Robert Margroff
and Piers Anthony
Paperback Library
63-357, 1970, 60¢
159 pp.

SF is not all predictions of ecological and technological disaster. Year after year the market is sprinkled with forays into humor -- who can forget such fantasy delights as deCamp/Pratt's *THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER*, Lafferty's *PAST MASTER*, or even MacDonald's *THE GIRL, THE GOLD WATCH & EVERYTHING?* Such books as these show that humor is not necessarily restricted to one 'type' or 'style,' but has forms as varied (perhaps even more so) than drama.

The thing about humor is that people seldom react to it in any like manner. What will have one reader rolling on the floor in hysterics will leave another bored and restless. To reach the largest audience with humor it seems necessary to avoid 'in' references which confuse un-in readers, to avoid subtle undertones which only annoy those reading the material 'straight' -- i.e., to keep it on the level of simple uncomplicated pratfalls and literary custard pies, thereby confusing no one and at least satisfying the custard pie lovers.

THE E.S.P. WORM is custard pie. It hits you in the face again and again, over and over and over: splat, splat, splat! If you're queer for custard pie, this may be ok; otherwise long before the end you're going to be screaming for a change -- chocolate pie, strawberry pie or, in desperation, maybe even a few good clouts with hard-tack.

The hero, Harold Prodkins, cousin to the President of the World ("Freddy"), finds his heretofore meaningless position as Earth's Minister of Inner-Galactic World Affairs commanding his time when the first extraterrestrialologist, Prodkins finds the alien, Qumax, is only a child, resembles "the biggest, ugliest cabbage worm since the dawn of cabbage worms," exhibits an unhandy ability to control human minds, and is the biggest headache ever in Prokins' otherwise uneventful career.

Together these three escape from Freddy's sneaky imprisonment in a series of prat-fall adventures -- splat, splat! -- before being picked up by a spaceship, captained by a three-foot roach, to be carried to Qumax's homeworld. There's a frantic battle when the ship is attacked by Strumbermian pirates, and the three are kidnapped and taken in the "rat" infested Strum ship to "Frankenstein's Castle" on the Strum world -- splat!

Once there, Prodkins is forced to prove the humanity of Earthmen by engaging in a game of gravbop, which he wins by imagining it as only a different version of Solar Pool, a game in which he is an expert. Splat! And the Galactic Police arrive, having followed the 'residue' that lifeforms leave in space, a nice touch of science for those hard SF afficianados. Need I mention that little Qumax does get home safely, Prodkins and Dilsmore get married, and the final chapter is a 14 year jump to the future to prove that everything did work out for the best.

The basic plot seems no more or less idiotic than dozens of other such trivias, but in the long run the book is far less. The humor is crowbarred into graceless sentences -- "Her baggie bulged outward as she sat ... providing her torso with all the lithe luster of a pregnant marsupial frog recently trodden on." (p. 13) -- and unnaturally balanced on the edge of tasteless ridicule -- "The monster had (the Prunian monkey-woman) by the tail, his massive thumb poking up under it. The other hand was yanking her skirt off." (p. 81). The characters are unrelievedly of the same mold, hastily drawn and painted in comicbook colors. Prodkins especially is a miserable hero, not stupid enough to be truly funny, not smart enough to be even vaguely interesting, but only a flat and lifeless amalgam of pasteboard excuses.

At 159 pages, custard pie becomes ungodly bland and, no surprise, eventually sickening. Splat, splat, agh!, splat.

THE ECLIPSE OF DAWN
Gordon Eklund
Ace Special 18630
1971, 75¢, 221 pp.

Of the new SF writers introduced during the last year or so, Gordon Eklund seems to have inspired the most laudatory comments. His fine story "Dear Aunt Annie" has been extremely popular and will surely place high in the "Best" yearly anthologies. The fact that his first novel is generally a

bust should not, however, be very surprising to those who have noted that his few stories often tend to display a love of isolated dramatic incident too emphasized for the surrounding material. It is a self-indulgent weakness that many debut writers exhibit, the kind of accidental spark which may perk up an otherwise routine short work but distorts a novel-length with pointlessness, creating increasing annoyance and finally utter dissatisfaction.

In setting the scene for a political campaign in 1988, Eklund seems determined to not give the reader too much information in ungainly lumps and so scatters it throughout the book with such randomness that even his protagonist, Jacobi, remains without a first name until nearly half-way through the book. Jacobi is asked to travel with California Senator and independent Presidential Candidate, Robert Fitzgerald Colonby, to gather information for a proposed book. But Colonby usually proves more difficult to assess than his associates -- his mistress, Denise, who

finally garners the majority of Jacobi's attention; his wife, Agnes, and mentally deranged children, Beverly and Robert, Jr.; and the usual assortment of militarists, intellectuals, and odds-and-ends "groupies" of the political school.

Early it is revealed that this is to be the "first real election since 1972," and the reader finds this campaign follows a disastrous civil war in which most of the East Coast lies in ruins, certain areas are so polluted that masks must be worn outdoors to preserve life, and dangerous "Insurgents" still plague the land with raid-and-destroy efforts.

Jacobi's tie to this campaign is not only with his book, however, for his sister, Susan, claims to be receiving messages from aliens on Jupiter, communications which promise assistance for mankind the moment he can reach out for it. To this end, the Japanese have a starship moving towards Jupiter and Colonby uses Susan in his publicity, claiming to believe her story and its promise of "salvation" for Americans who have weathered these years of horror only by accepting cannibalism and other such nasties into their daily lives.

The interrelation of these characters -- and others far too numerous to mention without becoming as overcomplicated as Eklund does -- hinges eventually on how separate they remain even when their ambitions tangle and coincide. Jacobi, whose own hang-ups include an undercurrent of implied incestuous love for his sister, sees this early and thinks: "People go through life searching for a companion, someone with whom they can communicate, but when they find that person, when the communicating and confessing are over, there's nothing left. It's like being with a replica of one's self -- it's frightening, dreadful, and ultimately lonely." (p. 53) But can it be any worse than the attempt to communicate, especially when the attempts become as disastrous and ugly as Eklund pictures here?

It becomes increasingly difficult to get involved with any character since each one, in his way, is obviously insane. As an outsider, the reader can only be a voyeur, horrified or repelled, or fascinated by the perverse psychology which, however interesting moments of it may be, is calculated to keep him at an uninvolved distance. It all finally boils down to a question of whether the aliens really do exist or are merely a product of Susan's childlike imagination, a symptom of her withdrawal from reality. As narrator, even Jacobi seems reluctant to reveal the truth of the matter and takes no overt stand for most of the book: "...if they were only an illusion, the product of a sick mind, then humanity was doomed. I prayed to the (aliens), my lips moving like fire." (p. 61)

That Eklund has some definite social comment to make is clear, and several individual scenes have a scary directness that brings to sharp focus the indictment in the general theme, especially a church service which pinpoints a recognizable mixture of pointless religion, useless hero worship, and sick patriotism. But the exposure of the facades, mixed motives, and emotions behind political ambitions do not, in themselves, form a unified dramatic structure, and Eklund eventually seems to realize this by pulling everything together with a psychotic lasso of murder and melodrama. While it can't be denied that he has reasonably set the scene for such action, he has forgotten that the reader must be kept interested until the denouement for that denouement to have much dramatic effect. The buildup, for all its emotional displays, has no emotional depth or perception and not a lick of suspense. Like the America he describes, Eklund's novel is "dim, chaotic, peopled by phantoms of destruction and death" (p. 162), a phoenix that remains in the ashes, never to rise again. It's not really a novel at all, more like an outline in its concept of dramatic highlights connected only by implication or brief chapters of "history." As a writer, Eklund seems sure of what he wants to say but too excited by his own ideas to say them with any resemblance of clarity, unity, or structure. Given time to settle down and see his concepts as a total unit rather than a piecemeal construction, he may someday write something very good. I hope he will.

THE FUTURE IS NOW
edited by William F. Nolan
Sherbourne Press, 1979
\$6.50, 248 pp.
INFINITY TWO
edited by Robert Hoskins
Lancer 75166, 1971
95¢, 237 pp.

As most readers are aware by now, anthologies of original stories are The Way to present new work, magazines having been reduced to second-string position over the past few years. There are a dozen stories in each of these volumes, one a passable but much overpriced hardcover, the other the second in a new and noticeable series of paperback originals.

There is nothing basically awful about Nolan's THE FUTURE IS NOW. The majority of stories are reasonable entertainments, the kind of fiction that makes a couple of hours slip quietly away and leaves the reader with the same feeling that comes after an evening snack of crackers and milk. But \$6.50 seems awfully high for a bit of temporary satisfaction and, with the exception of one story, there's nothing left here for breakfast the next morning -- once it's consumed, that's it, it's all gone, nothing left! I could recommend a paper edition but I'll warn you to check your finances before investing in a permanent copy.

The book's best offering is Terry Dixon's "Hate is a Sandpaper Ice Cube with Polka Dots of Love on it." The small band of charlatans (as Dixon calls them) of the New Wave will instantly know they've been shafted, as they have shafted so many ignorant readers, when they read this debut story by an angry young man who hopefully may help reduce this interminable spew of garbage. Read it and laugh -- or, if you're one of those writers, weep.

Nolan's own "Toe to Tip, Tip to Toe, Pip-Pop as You go" has, as Nolan puts it, a "kind of nutso approach" in describing a wacky future in which the Drug Culture has had its way and society has amazingly pulled through and adjusted...or has it? The language is clever, the detail consistently funny and, yes, it is nutso.

Robert F. Young's "The Ogress" tells of a hunt for a cannibalistic giantess and turns symbolism inside-out by using it in a disturbingly direct dramatic context, while Young's relatively simple story rattles some well-hidden skeletons with vengeful purpose. "Jenny Among the Zeebs" by Frank Anmar is a freewheeling farce, about a rock group from Mars, with a smooth but pretzel-shaped integrity.

There's more potential than actual development in Tom Purdom's "A War of Passion," a story of a struggle to preserve sex and sanity in a world of sex and insanity, immortality and war. Dennis Etchison's "Damechild," with its starship fleeing a dying Earth, has a surreal quality that conveys the elements of madness and hopelessness with much success, but it's doubtful that many readers will find such a depressing tone much to their tastes.

Norwin Corwin's "Belles Lettres, 2272" is a funny and slightly bitter satire of the critic's function. The late Anthony Boucher's "A Shape in Time" shows that Fredric Brown wasn't the only writer adept at the short-short, while Ray Russell blunders the same format in "The Darwin Sampler," which makes Darwin's Adapt-or-Die a literal base for life in the future, but winds up with a decidedly weak punch.

Many writers have predicted a future Life-by-Computer for mankind, even more have elaborated various resulting revolutions. Raymond E. Banks, however, takes this old theme and gives it a distortion in a funhouse mirror, and "Walter Perkins is Here!" is a very strange, unsettling story that really isn't so very funny after all.

Earth is threatened by a "spreading cancer" of aliens in "Earthcoming," but author Richard C. Meredith is less interested in Earth's destiny than in his repetitious series of ship's maneuvers made by the aliens attempting to land, a dreary method to detract the reader from a poorly imaginative plot.

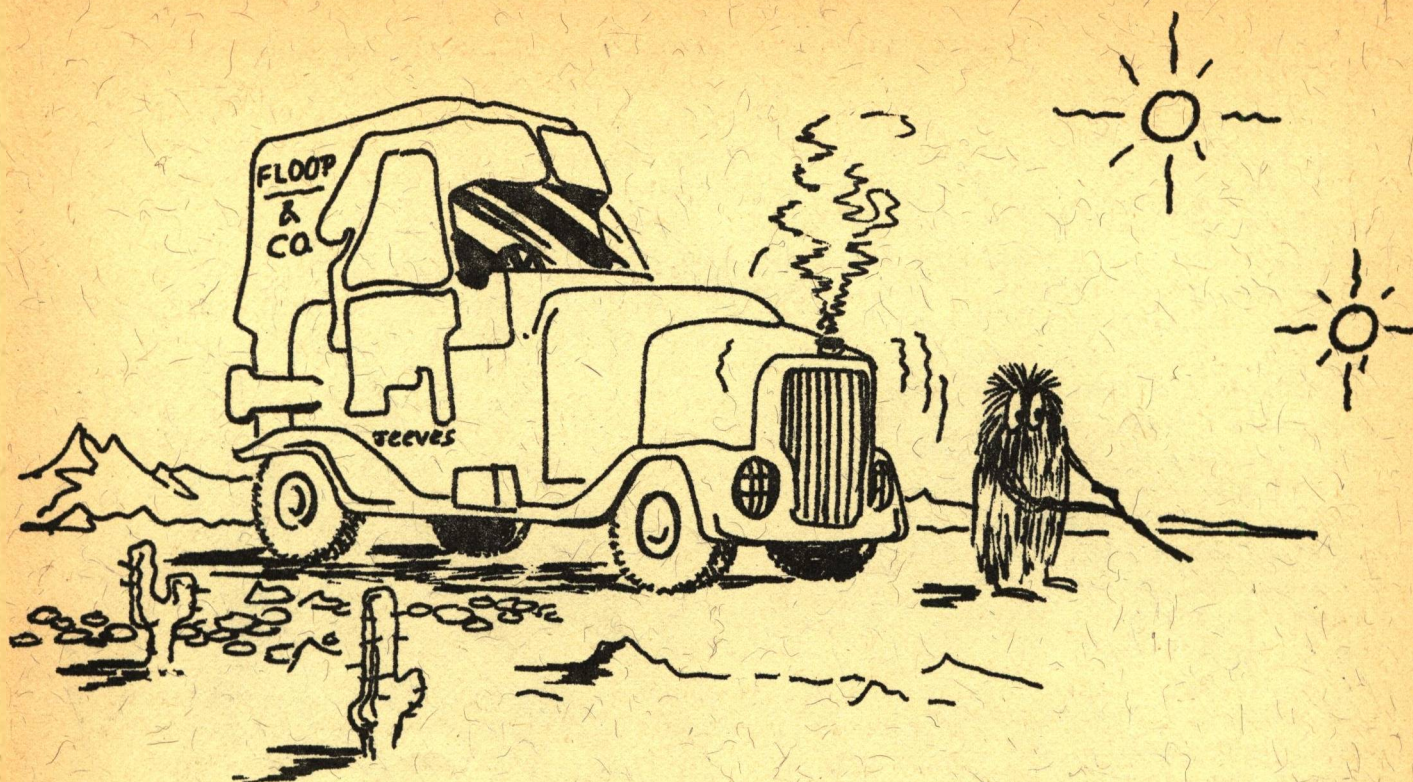
The book closes with Ron Goulart's long novella, "The Whole Round World," another of his wall-eyed glimpses of the future, half 50's Grade-Z Hollywood, half modern nostalgia spoof. As is too often the case with Goulart, there seems to be little actual forethought or real determination in his writing; and while his eccentric millionaire (whose scrambled-egg brain has been transplanted into a gorilla's body) is a sometimes funny creation, the balance of characters is the usual stock-in-trade bumbling hero and sounding-board supports. There is a heavy emphasis on American frustration and delusion, especially sexual, some of it funny, some not, most of it indicative of why Goulart is one of the most annoying writers today. He's talented, adept with humor and sly innuendo, but just too damned enamored of trivia for trivia's sake.

As I said, the book is mostly easy, light reading, and I suggest the paperback edition (whenever it may be released). But \$6.50? Aww, c'mon...

INFINITY TWO has a very enviable lineup of famous SF writers, as well as being a showcase for some newer talents. I didn't like all of the stories (do I ever?) but the average is high enough to convince readers to snap up each new volume as it appears. ORBIT began as a paperback series and became the best anthology in the field; INFINITY and editor Robert Hoskins, if not blazing a new trail, are at least landscaping it with some eye-catching displays.

Among the best stories is Robert Silverberg's fascinating "In Entropy's Jaws."





A quickfire succession of double-take surprises, up to and including the final mind-rattling paragraph, Silverberg's efforts to break both his hero and the reader away from the stiflement of "linear time" prove more successful than many attempts of the New Wave, which has also tangled with this dangerous Medusa. There may be some slight quibbles about a lack of complete break with linearity -- but then Silverberg wants us to understand his story and this is not something I would put him down for. It's a noble experiment and, as far as I'm concerned, a successful one.

"Anything that can go wrong, will" -- Poul and Karen Anderson play with this theory in "Murphy's Hall," showing their concern about man's reach for the stars and then proceeding with a daring plan to make it smell of optimism. You might call it 'symbolism' (though it is much too solid plotwise for that), or you might call it oddly-slanted 'hard' science (yet it is much too esoteric for that, too). Whatever you call it, it's a startling study in contrasts that puts the reader to a test of clear thinking. That it is also wildly entertaining is mere gravy.

A steel-edged, farcical review of the Adam and Eve (and God!) tale, Michael Fayette makes "The Monster in the Clearing" a slickly proportioned modern fable with a definite wicked slant. Since man may today more easily conceive of God as a sort of super-computer, this story may elicit more response than it would have in foregoing years.

With tongue-in-cheek flapping like a flag on a windy day, William F. Nolan shows there still is some mileage in those corny SF plots of yore, if you treat them as amusingly as he does in "Gorf! Gorf! Gorf!" Arthur C. Clarke also shows a bent for humor in "Reunion," a vicious or welcome joke (depending on which side of the fence you roost) that for all its obviousness is still quite funny.

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"Ron, I've finished typing the last stencil, dear. Would you like to help me proofread so we can run them off? Ron? RON? Oh. Why is he always in bed when I need help? I know its two in the morning, but where's his stamina?"

Ed Bryant, a new and steadily improving writer, adapts the wheels-within-wheels idea in "The Road to Cinnebar," in which a labor organizer doesn't have quite the effect on a city's people that he expects. James E. Gunn's "The Technological Revolution" is a story of Man Against Machine, but with a woman protagonist and a fantasy, rather than SF, motif. Housewives, especially, may find it turns them goosepimpily, but anyone should enjoy it to an extent.

Different strokes for different folks -- as the saying goes -- even to the very end. K. M. O'Donnell's symbolism in "Elephants," as in many of his previous strange little nips at human complexity, conveys emotions which impress the reader almost subliminally, and he is one of the few authors who can really do it well. "Converging timelines" are a part of Howard L. Myers' explanation for "The Other Way Around," a mixture of Arthurian legend, Stonehenge, and a time-traveler who becomes/is Merlin the Magician. Trivial and a bit assuming, perhaps, but still fun.

Among the lesser entries, J. F. Bone's "The Scents of IT" has a cannibalistic alien society, a seduction-minded male, a virginal female human, and a weak spectrum of power struggles in as watery and wilted a comedy as ever punched through to a predestined conclusion.

Russell Bates' "Legion" tells of a man recovering from a horrible auto accident but is sadly in need of that element of surprise. Anthon Warden's "Timesprawl" offers a tired twist on 'conformity' and, as do many debut stories, carries an annoyingly pretentious tone.

All told, however, I think Infinity Two has sense of freshness and wonder that will make this series one of the most popular in the expanding market of 'original' anthologies. Recommended.

* * * * *

"Linda, I'll be working on Saturday and Sunday."

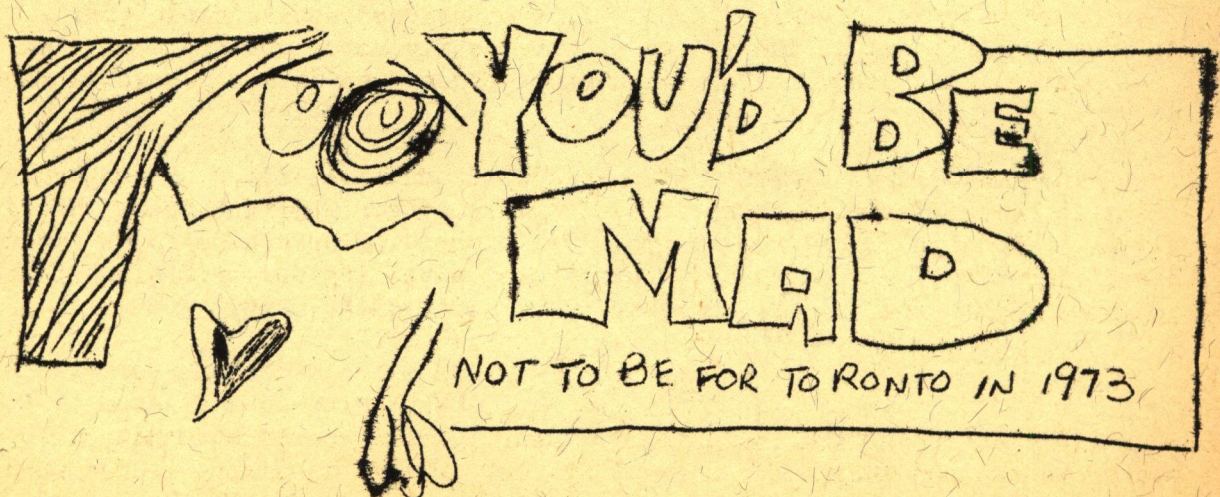
"But Ron, I thought you were going to help me proofread."

"Sorry, but you know how important this project is."

"Well, I guess you can proofread tonight..."

"I'd like to, but its my bedtime. You ought to come to bed too."

" But, nine o'clock?"



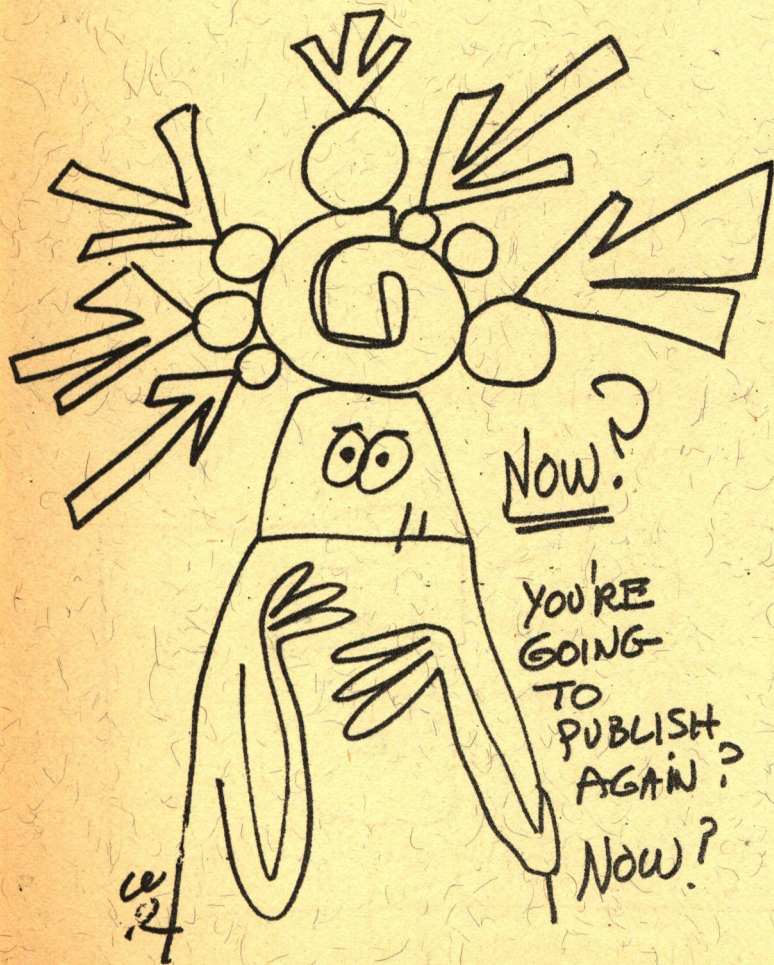
CANNONFODDER

Fanzines come in all shapes, sizes, colors, qualities, orientations. They come in the small personal-size and the large, Super-King. And they come dressed formally, with almost professional layout and illustration, or casually, with few illustrations and mostly type, or just plain sloppy. They come and come, and for some reason compounded out of masochism, ego, and a desire to exercise my rusty writing muscles, I'll be reviewing them for Gf. So, please send any fanzines for review to Jeff Glen-cannon, 5049 Tacoma, Phila., Pa. 19144. *(In addition to the regular trade copy which comes to me. - LeB)*

I won't be reviewing everything I get, by any means, but I'll try to respond in some way to all zines received. If you want to send me a zine you don't want reviewed, please mark the zine NOT FOR REVIEW, and I'll find some other way to reciprocate. I will not review newszines, comiczines, horrorzines, or zines that are exclusively Tolkein-oriented. But enough of the ground rules, let's get the game started...

Not all rock groups can be superstars, that's the reason for THE YOUNGBLOODS. Not all SF books can be Hugo winners, that's the reason for Ace Doubles. And I guess a similar reasoning explains INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS #6. A great zine? Hell, no. At the same time, not a crudzine, by any means. Just a simple, average zine, nothing spectacular, but enjoyable, worth getting, worth publishing. Competent. Good looking.

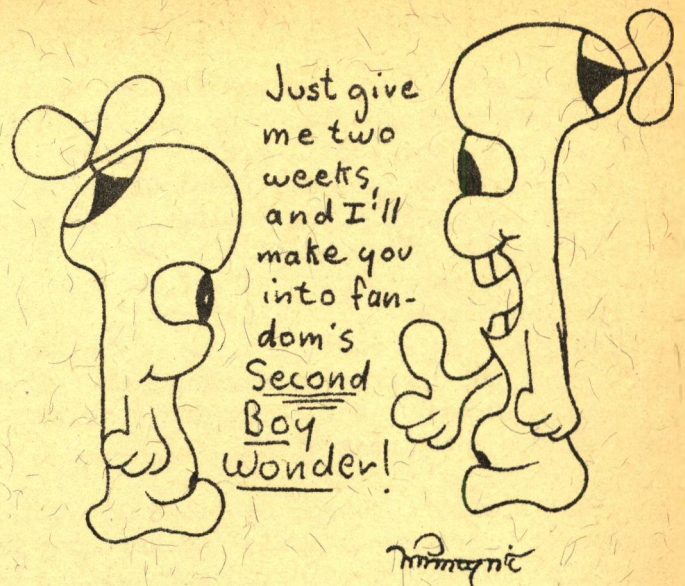
To my considerable surprise, the best thing in the issue is a set of four poems by "tobey." Usually



fan poetry is wretched. I usually don't notice it, but a couple of lines from the tobe pieces caught my eyes, and I found myself reading the poems. I discovered myself looking at a frightening mirror. I know what those fears feel like, I know they are real, and I didn't expect to find them in a fanzine.

Jim McLeod, the co-editor, runs a regular discussion of art in fanzines called "The Draughting Schtick." I don't know where all this discussion of fan art has come from, but it seems like every other zine has a column by some artist or another. While McLeod's comments show a lot of clumsiness, most of the column is not his work, but letters received from Grant Canfield, Jerry Lapidus, Paj, and Sandra Miesel. The various artists' letters give one a picture of the art of fanart through an artist's eyes, and in the reflection on the retina one sees a picture of the person who does the work, what he is like, and what he sees when he draws. With apologies to Linda, probably the best fan art discussion I've seen in fanzines.

Most of the rest of the zine is unremarkable, just general chatter and such. There is the inevitable Darrell Schweitzer poem, but as usual, that can be ignored. Arnie Katz has a short column, "Quiet Days in Brooklyn" about a mysterious bookstore, which would have been much better if he had expanded it. There are eleven pages of book reviews, ranging from bad (by Gerald Bishop -- and why does he only review books that are three years old and very familiar?) to delightfully destructive (by Lisa Tuttle -- who does seem to like one thing, Dean Koontz), with a special "Secondhand Shelf" section, in which Bob Stahl reviews currently out of print books.



JEFF GLENCANNON

All in all, an enjoyable piece of work, worth sending for. (INTERPLANETARY CORN CHIPS, Jim McLeod and Dale Goble, 9109 Kendrick Way, Orangevale, Calif. 95662. Trade (two copies), LoC, or written contrib (each bringing in two issues), art (issues as long as art is in files), or 50¢ if necessary.)

The Katz's are a busy faanish family, what with publishing FOCAL POINT, a newszine, LOG, Arnie's personalzine (and one of the best, but if you aren't on Arnie's mailing list, the only way you'll get a copy is if you know a fannish Dan Ellsberg), and POTLATCH, Joyce's personal faanishly-oriented genzine, the fourth issue of which is being reviewed here. The dominating personality in POTLATCH is Joyce, but Arnie pops up quite a bit, which ordinarily is no reason to complain. Terry Carr is also here, with "Entropy Reprints," which I believe was the first column to regularly reprint old fanzine pieces. In this issue "Carl Joshua Brandon's" transposition of a Saroyan story into faanish terms, "The Daring Young Fan with the Three-Speed Mimeo," which, when read with the Marion Zimmer Bradley piece in ENERGUMEN (see below) goes a long way towards explaining and justifying the high regard so many fans have for the faanish fanwriting of the fifties.

Joyce has a short, sharp, emotionally well-lighted picture of the events surrounding her recent marriage to Arnie and her conversion to Judaism, done for the sake of Arnie's parents. She also appears with a humorous wifely moan about what happens when Arnie gets the mail first. Both Katz's collaborate on the story of Joyce giving Arnie a haircut. And Joyce ends the issue with a thoroughly unclassifiable anecdote which is probably the best thing in the issue.

ly
The problem with the zine is, surprising/the two pieces by Arnie. Arnie is usually a damn good writer. I am sure he considers "My True Confession" very funny, piercing and devastating. It isn't. Half the time Arnie's demolitions work, but in this latest contribution to the Ted Pauls/Fanoclasts/SFR/faanish/sercon tag-team match, he manages to drop the bombload up his own bomb bay, and it hurts. That is bad, but in Arnie's column, "The Golden Bagel" he makes a total ass of himself. His main points seem to be: a) there has been no letter column in the prozines except the ones in the Ultimate publications for some years; b) fandom has become more sercon recently; c) the first has caused the second, because the lack of letter columns has driven the types that would have been letter hacks to the fanzines, for want of any other place to publish their comments; d) these fans and the recurrent serconnishness is destroying fandom, and that the fans should be tolerated, at best, for they are "ersatz fans."

Now maybe this is a Katzian put-on. It seems incredible that Arnie could mean all this, since it just does not make sense. In the first place, the letterhack type of column disappeared, for all intents and purposes, with the death of the Thrilling Twins (STARTLING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES) in 1955. (Amazing had a small letter column in the early sixties which did introduce a few people to fandom, most notably Arnie Katz, but it was small enough to be ignored.) During the period of 1955-1968, many of the faanish fans entered fandom, most of them, in fact, and faanishness became a major part of fandom. Why was there no deluge of serconnishness then? Furthermore, the resurgent serconnishness has come when there is, in fact, a decent letter column in both AMAZING and FANTASTIC.

This is the level, unfortunately, on which most of this discussion is being conducted. I find it very annoying when Arnie tries to read me out of fandom for liking sercon material, or when Ted Pauls tries to blast me for liking faanish material. I like both, and will continue to like both, when well done. I enjoy book reviews, since I do read SF. I also enjoy faanish cattter and even back-stabbing. I like lots of things, and resent being stripped of my beanie for liking any of it.

Despite my blowing off steam at Arnie, POTLATCH is a damn fine zine, and worth trying to get. (POTLATCH - Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

available for Locs and contriBs, arranged trades, and maybe for 35¢. I'd write to Joyce and ask her how you could get a copy.)

The Glicksohns are almost as busy as the Katz's. Mike edits ENERGUMEN with Susan's assistance, and Susan edits ASPIDISTRA with Mike's assistance (good ol' togetherness) Both are fine jobs, and both are being reviewed here, ENERGUMEN 8 and ASP 2, to be precise. Ladies first, so let's get to ASP, an ecology-centered discussion zine for the most part. If you like to dive into the middle of an argument, or are worried about pollution, you'll want to get ASP for that. The discussion is good, though with a considerable amount of tail-chasing and undergrowth clearing that should be through sometime soon. In an ecology oriented zine, you don't really expect to get recipes for tuna fish, but Mike has a food column that is worth publishing. Like many fans, I am interested in good food and food preparation, and I wonder why there aren't more columns like this. Mike also includes a totally non-ecological column revealing Susan's Sinister Midnight Hair Ritual which ends with one of the worst puns I've seen in the whole batch of fanzines. Rosemary Ullyot also avoids ecology for her usual light, freaky chatter. Rosemary is distinctly someone I Want to Meet. Hell, she's almost as crazy as I am, and one of the best anecdote/chatter-gabble essayists in fandom.

Rosemary also appears in ENERGUMEN, as do both Mike and Susan, all three enjoyably. Dean Koontz is the latest author to contribute to their running series on the trials of being an author, and I, for one, was interested in hearing shop talk and discussions of things like the editorial policies at Dell (confused, to say the least), the price for writing a porn (\$650 on the average), and the effect that the depression is having on writers (publishing is still making money, but the conglomerates that own the houses are robbing them to make ends meet elsewhere). Ted Pauls has retreated from his feuding to give a WOKL-like report of Lunacon. It's good, but I still can't understand what Ted is doing on the Hugo ballot. Sandra Miesel has a long piece on Poul Anderson's THE BROKEN SWORD which I just couldn't get into, and Darrell Schweitzer mumbles something about the New Wave. I'm still not sure what, or why, or whether he liked, disliked, or thought about it. This, plus a letter column would make ENERGUMEN a well-packed, interesting zine. However, in the fifty well-laid out, uncrowded pages of NERG there are three more articles, two exceptional and one, well, so who's perfect?

The Glicksohns have added Robert Toomey to their list of columnists. Judging from his first column it is hard to see why. He spends two-and-a-little pages supposedly discussing Fred Brown, a writer who I wholeheartedly agree deserves more discussion than he has received. The only problem is that in this space (enough for Brown to have written two hilarious stories) Toomey says almost nothing but that he likes Fred Brown and wishes he could discuss something he has written, but doesn't have the room. He lists a couple of novels, only pausing to describe one, WHAT MAD UNIVERSE, and that in a way that doesn't even make sense to someone who has read it. He barely mentions that Brown has written and is best known for his short stories. All in all, this is an appreciatiion that I doubt Brown will appreciate.

Arnie Katz's appreciation of the fan work of Terry Carr and INNUENDO is on a considerably higher level. Arnie's LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS fanhistory column displays his considerable writing talent at almost his best, and Terry Carr certainly deserves the study. (There are undoubtedly going to be fuggheads who will criticize Arnie for 'writing about a Fanoclast' or 'trying to influence the Hugo balloting.' They should be ignored in silence.) But Arnie's reprint is not a piece by Terry, not even a Carl Brandon piece. This suprised me, since he spent a lot of time discussing Brandon's work (I hadn't seen Terry's Entropy reprint in POTLATCH at the time). The reprint is Marion Zimmer Bradley's "Way Out West in Texas," a serious, poignant

piece of faanfiction, describing what happens when a young male fan meets a femfan he has been corresponding with for some time, and discovers that she is older than he thought, with a daughter closer to his age; it would have been an easy professional sale, were it not for the in-group references. In fact, it could probably have won an award, and may be the best piece of serious faan fiction I've ever seen.

Along with this issue of ENERGUMEN comes *The Last Word*, a supplement ending, as far as the pages of NERG go, the Ted Pauls/ Ted White go-round. The Pauls piece is somewhat subdued, as dull as the previous pieces have been, and doesn't say much. The White piece is well-written, interesting, and flawed badly by the fact that Ted assumes something that, from all I know and have heard of Ted Pauls, is absurd. This is that the reason he started the discussion/feud was to gain himself enough notore-ity to win a Hugo. I find that even less believable than my suggestion above about Arnie and Terry. Is does give Ted W. a chance to explain why he doesn't believe that Ted P. deserves one, something I do agree with, but which I felt had nothing to do with anything in the discussion. This whole mess is making no one look good, and a lot of people look like asses. I wish they'd all shut up and go back to enjoying what they enjoy and stop putting other people down.



All of this in one zine. Do I have to tell you to get this one? Or ASP? (ENERGUMEN #8/ ASPIDISTRA #2 -- Mike and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard St., Apt. 205, Toronto 150, Ontario, Canada. Availabe (NERG) for substantial Loc, arranged trade, contrib (no poetry, fiction, or book reviews) or 50¢; (ASP) for contrib, Loc (especially on ecology), or 25¢.)

When I first glanced through PHANTASMICON #6, I thought I had it classified, at least tentatively. I figured it was the same level as ICC, above. Competent, but nothing to rave about. I then read it carefully. And found a surprisingly excellent fanzine. The rest of the review is raving. I don't know if this issue was a lucky accident or what, but I've rarely read a fanzine that I have enjoyed more.

Want to know what it feels like to be a writer? Not the sort of piece that appears in ENERGUMEN, as good as that is, but what it feels like inside your bones, liver, heart, and guts to be a writer, a still scared guy who still isn't sure what he's doing and who's getting checks from editors that he feels he should be asking autographs from. Want to see what a person looks like from the inside? Well, somehow the editors have managed to get an interview with James Tiptree, Jr., and it reads like they gave him a dose of sodium pentathol. It is an incredible experience reading the thing, and I am stunned.

You may be a book review hater. I don't like most of the reviewing in fanzines, and even the people generally considered the best,

leave me cold. Ted Pauls is dull, and I've never yet read a Delap piece where I felt I had the same reactions he did. The editors include a book review column, twenty pages of it. Not one is dull or badly done, all look as if the reviewers put a professional amount of time and care into them. They are long. They need their length.

Add a farewell editorial by Jeff Smith which makes me want to know him as a person (which is very rare for fan writing, usually all I want to meet is the funny story teller, or the wise discussor of strange topics), a five page series of cartoons by Mike Archibald, and a brief editorial by Don Keller, and you have a zine that is well worth the money, time, and reading.

(PHANTASMICON #6 - Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Md., 21207. Available for trade, contrib, Loc, or 50¢.)



Bill Wagner is a neo. Neos publish crudzines, a particular sort of crudzine. Bill Wagner publishes ALPHA AND OMEGA. What do you think ALPHA AND OMEGA is? It is an almost perfect example of a neoish crudzine. Wagner didn't miss a single one of the mistakes, from double-spacing to bad fan fiction to begs for contribs, to badly written, dull columns. It is so bad that you almost expect it to be a hoax. It is bad enough that Darrell Schweitzer's fiction is not the worst thing in the issue (and this is bad even for Schweitzer). It is the type of rotten zine we all published once upon a time, and the sort which deserves more charity than I gave it above. It is a zine which Wagner will probably grow out of and regret.

But there is one thing I didn't mention. Buried in the rubble is a piece by a Hugo winner, a very valuable piece of fan history. Harry Warner contributes an article, a biography of Herbert Haussler, the winner of the E. E. Evans Memorial Award at Heicon, and perhaps the first German fan. This is a valuable piece of writing, and it is a shame that it will be missed by a lot of fans who will get the zine somehow, take one look, yell UGH CRUDZINE and toss it on the "Read only in Emergency" pile.

For this one article alone, and for the encouragement that neos deserve, it might be worth sending for this. (ALPHA AND OMEGA #3 - Bill Wagner, 56 Briarcliffe Rd., Glenolden, Pa. 19036. Available for contrib, trade, review, Loc (I assume though he doesn't mention them) or 25¢.) *(Editor's note: By mistake I gave Jeff the wrong issue of ALPHA AND OMEGA to review. Number 4 is now out and it is quite an improvement. Bill has learned something about layout (no more double spacing), has made a start at getting decent artwork (although it is still hand traced; please use electrostencils, Bill), and has gotten a bit more material. The zine still needs lots of work, but is no longer a total crudzine. -Leb)*

That's it for this installment of "Cannon Fodder." To spare Linda any hassles, let me say that all opinions in this column are mine, if they are anybody's, and she does not necessarily agree with or even understand them. Since Linda supplied me with these fanzines, except for ENERGUMEN, I'd like to ask any editor whose zine I reviewed in here to send me, if convenient, a copy of the zine for my own files. Until next time...

It's July 22nd, and the last stencil is typed. I hope to finish everything by PgHLANGE, but if I don't get the electronic stencils soon, the issue may not be ready for several weeks.

And if you are one of those people who is now wondering where the lettercolumn is, it isn't. The reason is that here it is, a week or two from PgHLANGE, and the zine is already 58 pages. A 10 or 15 page lettercolumn would just be too much. However, I appreciate all the letters received, and the lettercolumn will be back nextish. In fact, I'm going to try and print this issue's column nextish, or some of the letters. Besides, if I hadn't said anything, I bet you wouldn't have missed it.

WONDERING WHY YOU GOT THIS ISSUE?

- ☒ You paid money.
- ☐ But your subscription is going to run out with this issue, please resubscribe.
- ☐ You are a contributor.
- ☐ We trade fanzines.
- ☐ This is being postmailed to APA-45, and you're the lucky member to get a copy.
- ☐ We trade fanzines, but I haven't received it lately, so unless I hear from you, this will be the last ish you receive.
- ☐ I'd like to trade fanzines.
- ☐ Would you review this zine?
- ☐ I don't know.
- ☐ This is a sample.
- ☐ A book you publish is reviewed or mentioned.
- ☐ A book you wrote is reviewed or mentioned.
- ☐ Would you like to contribute?
- ☐ You always think of great one liners. Would you mind sending me a few? I never can think of any for the WAHF column.
- ☒ I know that you believe you understand what you think I said, but I am not sure you realize that what you heard is not what I meant.
- ☐ This is the last issue you will receive unless I hear from you.

WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO
STOP MEETING
LIKE THIS...



Shelly

By the way, back issues are still available. Send 60¢ each, 4/\$2.00 for issues #9, 10, 11, 12. Also, response was good lastish for extra copies of covers and folios. If you'd like copies of this issue's cover or folio, or back issues, let me know. Covers from Gf11 and 12 and folios for those issues are still available. Send two 8¢ stamps, and if you want anything specifically, mention it, and I'll see if I can find it.

