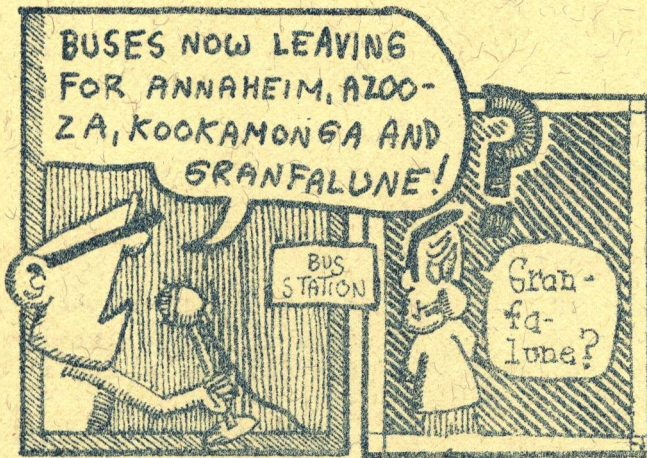




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## GRANFALLOON #14



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Available for 60¢, 4/\$2.00, all for all trades, articles, artwork, or substantial letters of comment. Back issues #10, 11, 12, and 13 can be purchased for \$1.00 each. Also, covers and folio sheets from back issues are available for two 8¢ stamps. Sorry, but no extra covers or folios are available from this issue. This is November 1971. Vol. 4, No. 4. All rights reserved to the authors.

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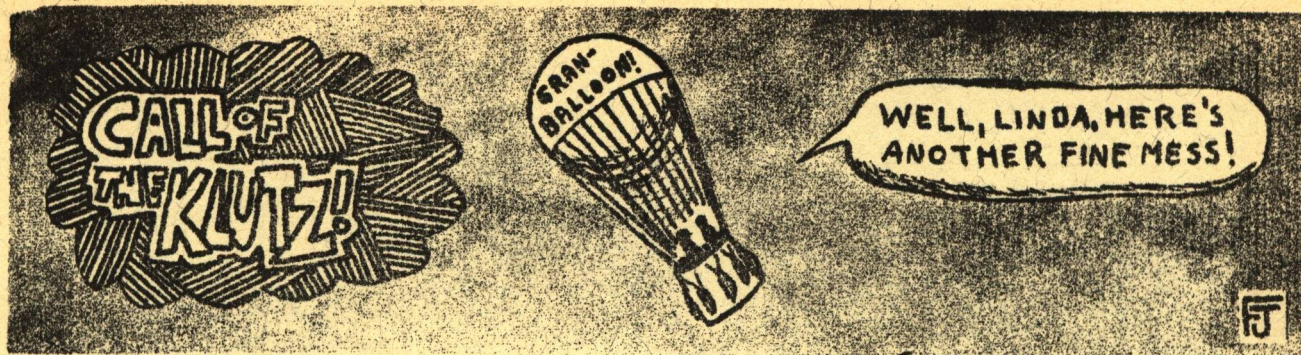
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this is a klutzy production

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### THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR

Recently I finally had the pleasure of reading The Enchanted Duplicator, the classic fannish allegory written by Walt Willis and Bob Shaw in 1954. I was overwhelmed. It is funny, whimsical, charming, witty, poignant -- a true delight -- and if you consider yourself, in any sense, a fan, it is your duty, no your privilege, to stop reading this fanzine, cram a dollar bill into an envelope, and write Arnie Katz for a copy. Compliments go to Arnie for reprinting Duplicator. This is one publication that should never go out of print. Arnie's address: 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201. Duplicator is enchantingly illustrated by Ross Chamberlain.

The simple story in Duplicator manages to convey the spirit of fandom and depict the development of a trufan. Jophan, a citizen of the Country of Mundane, is visited by the Spirit of Fandom who persuades him to seek the land of Trufandom and the Enchanted Duplicator which can produce a perfect fanzine. During his quest, Jophan meets many dangers and temptations including the hekto swamp, glades of gafia, hucksters, Typos, and Magrevoos. And of course, Jophan reaches his goal and discovers the true meaning of fandom.

Reading Duplicator gave me a warm, glowing feeling. I'm sure every fan undergoes the same quest Jophan does; and I'm sure every fan will enjoy resting from the quest for a moment to enjoy a refreshing bite of this faanish ambrosia.

### IF/GALAXY

Rising printing costs have forced the regular price of a 12-issue Galaxy/If subscription to \$9.00. So Galaxy has started a special promotion for fans to sell subs at \$7.00 and keep \$1.50 profit, or sell a dual sub for \$14.00 and keep \$4.00 profit. Since I feel it is worthwhile to help the prozines, I will send in subscriptions for anyone at the \$5.50 or \$10.00 (for both) actual price. If anyone is interested in selling subs for fun and profit, write me and I'll mail you the order coupons.

And if you are interested in Amazing and Fantastic, which I think are the best pro mags, you can order a 12 issue sub for only \$5.50 -- their regular price. (Add 50¢ per year additional postage for Canada and pan American countries; and \$1 per year for all other countries.) Mail to: Fantastic/Amazing, Box 7, Oakland Gardens, Flushing, N.Y. 11364.

As you should have heard by now, F&SF won the pro magazine Hugo. I was very disappointed that Amazing did not win. Its improvement over the past 2 1/2 or so years has been exceptional. And at times, Fantastic has surpassed Amazing. So I hope Amazing gets its deserved award next year. Let's vote, gang!

## THE HIGH COST OF CONVENTIONS

Regional and Worldcon membership costs have gone up quite a bit in the past few years. But then, all prices have gone up. Still, Worldcon memberships seem to have risen at a large rate, especially the supporting memberships. Noreascon charged \$4, \$6, and \$10, and L.A. Con is charging \$6, \$8, and \$10 for supporting, attending, and at-the-door memberships, respectively. Admittedly, cons are costing more to put on. With all-night movies every night, large parties, room costs, printing expenses so on, it is reasonable to expect a reasonable registration fee. And I can understand why cons charge a lot more for at-the-door memberships, since they can plan much better if they know in advance how many people are coming.

Still, if 2000 people attended Noreascon at an average cost of \$8, the con committee had \$16,000 to work with (wow), plus profits from the artshow, auctions, and huckster's tables. Are expenses that high? I've heard that Noreascon had an unexpected profit, so maybe registration fees are too high.

In my opinion, the supporting memberships are the most out of line. After all, the supporting member only receives progress reports and the program book. Do these really cost more than \$4? British fan Ethel Lindsay recently said she won't be able to get an L.A. supporting membership because of the high cost. And I've also received letters from other fans mentioning the high cost. Someone suggested having a \$1 Hugo membership. Thus, a person could nominate and vote for the Hugos, but not get the progress reports. I don't really think this is the ideal solution, but it gives us something to think about.

## THANK YOU

As you, hopefully, will notice, I am trying something new with this issue -- having artists illustrate specific articles and columns. This has the disadvantage of taking more time. I have to get the articles, mail them to the artist, get the art to Alpajpuri (who lives in Oregon), and type the stencils. But there is one beautiful advantage -- some great artwork that actually fits the articles. So I'll give it a try. I hope you'll let me know what you think.

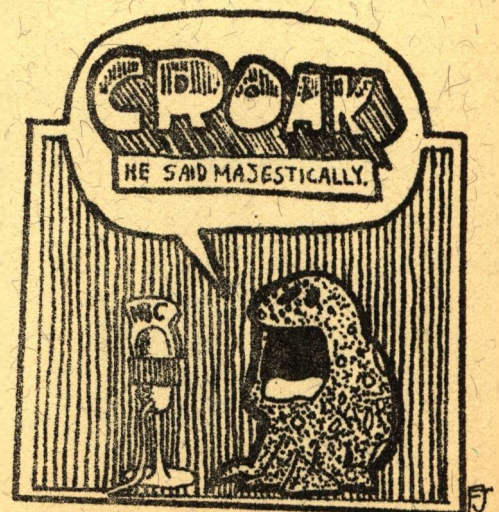
Special thanks go to all the artists who have helped with this issue. Jay Kinney was kind enough to rush few a couple fine cartoons. Sweet Tim Kirk drew some hysterically funny illos to accompany Don D'Amassa's uproarious "Learning to Live in Lawton." Steve Fabian, one of fandom's nicest guys, drew the illos for the second chapter of Ted White's TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES. And, of course, I'd like to thank all the other artists and contributors.

## BACK ISSUES AND THINGS

For some reason I have very few back issues of #13 left. And only a few of #10, 11, and 12. So all back issues are now \$1.00 each.

But I do have extra copies of the covers and folios from the past few issues. So if you would like specific drawings, or a general sampling, send 2 (two) 8¢ stamps.

Next issue will have columns by Arnie Katz and Mike Glicksohn, book reviews, a cooking column (which will be a regular feature), a Walt Simonson folio, Elman covers, and more.

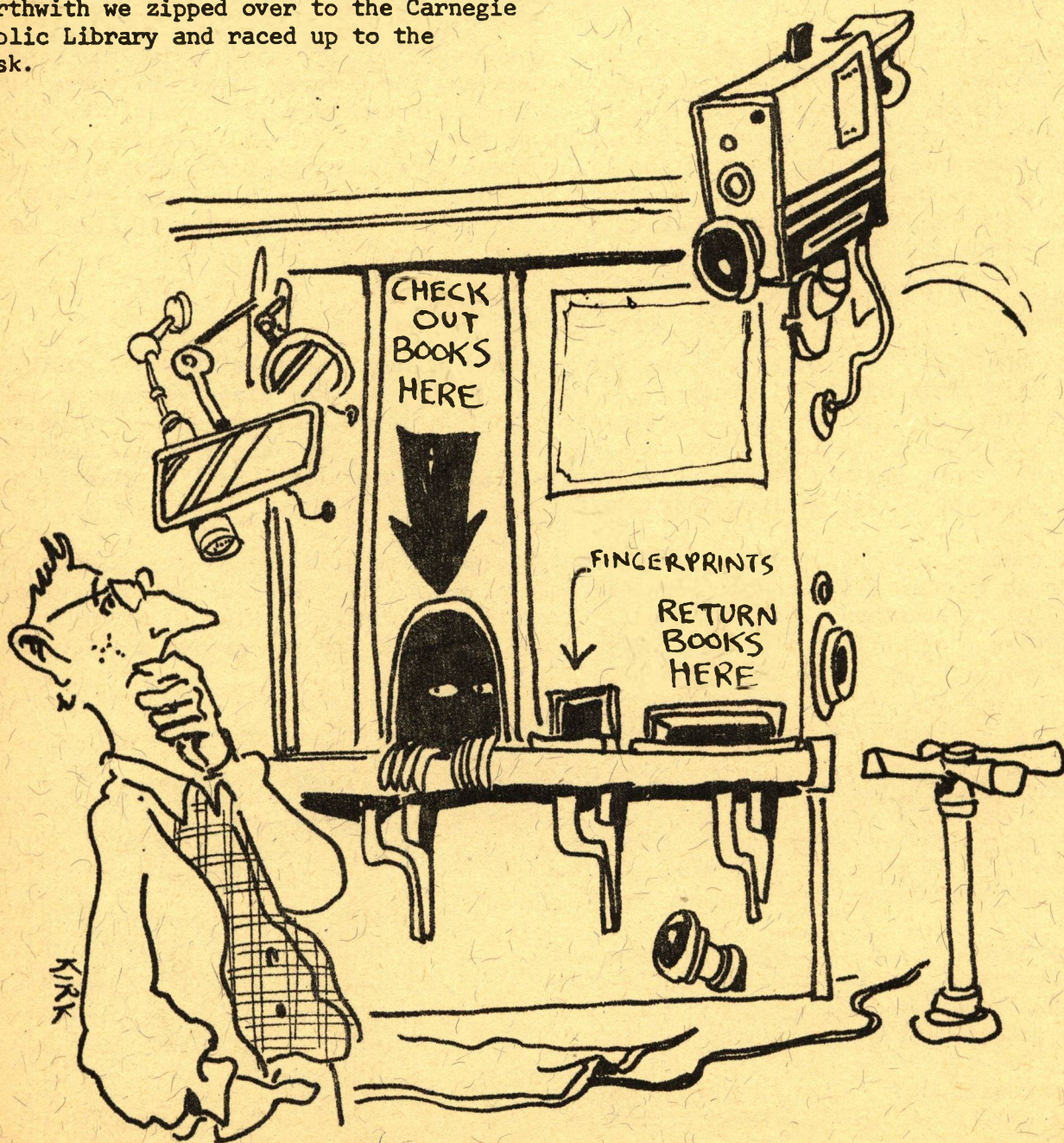


# Learning to Live in Lawton

If nothing else, I have one thing to thank the Army for: it taught me to stay out of Oklahoma in the future, particularly the Lawton-Fort Sill area. All Army towns have their drawbacks, but Lawton seems to have done its field work well for it has gathered all of them into the same small area.

LIBRARY: PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB THE BOOKS!

Shortly after our arrival in Lawton, my wife Sheila and I decided to visit the local library to discover how we might acquire a library card. This seemed a reasonable request, so forthwith we zipped over to the Carnegie Public Library and raced up to the desk.



A pretty little girl with a big smile came over. "May I help you?"

"Yes," I drawled the word to show my Okie sophistication and team spirit, simultaneously inflecting the word to sound as literate as possible. If you think this is easy, try it some time. "I'd like to take out a library card," I said. Then added with a grin, "I presume it's due back in two weeks or I pay a fine." The grin faded a bit. I hadn't been here long enough to realize there is no such thing as a sense of humor in Oklahoma. For fun they shoot dogs.

My wife smoothed things over and we were moving along swimmingly when she asked: "Do you own land here in Lawton?"

"I think there's some of it on the bottom of my shoe," I remarked. No grin. Sigh.

"No. We're just stationed here temporarily." Without Sheila, I would accomplish nothing.

"Well, is there a landowner in town who will vouch for you?"

I glanced up at the sign that read: Carnegie Public Library. Books for all. I looked back at her. She paled. "Well, I'm not supposed to do this, but I'll give you a card anyway."

Suitably encarded, we examined the stacks. "My God," said Sheila. "We have more books than they do." But I'd already spotted a rack titled SCIENCE FICTION and hastened thither. It was SF all right. Practically a complete collection of Avalon trash, plus a sprinkling of "real" novels with titles that sounded like SF: Stars Fell on Alabama, The Big Sky, and Haunted Pass. But all was not lost. There was a rack of paperbacks. I hastened over. Sure enough, Paingod by Ellison, which Sheila wanted to read. Orbit 8. I didn't even know that was in paperback. I gathered an armful and walked to the desk.

An elderly matron had replaced the pretty young thing. I stacked up the books and grabbed my wallet as she started removing the due cards from their pockets. Finally I found the little troublemaker and thrust it forward.

"Oh," she said indignantly. "You have a card."

"Yes," I said. "I'm a card carrying reader."

She glanced down her nose. "If you have a card, you cannot take out these books." And she promptly began putting the little cards back in.

"Whoa," I said appropriately. "I don't get it. I have a card. I'm entitled to take out books."

"You don't understand, sir," she explained. "Those books are for people who do not have cards. Our motto is: Books for all. Not just for members."

She was right about one thing. I don't understand.

by Don D'Ammassa

*illustrated by Tim Kirk*

YOU WON'T CREDIT THIS

"Sheila," I said one day. "I feel as though I'm being unfair to you. I'm always buying books, records, games, and things, and you never spend any money on yourself."

"So," she said warily. She knows when I'm up to something.

But this time I wasn't. "Let's go buy you a sewing machine."

"So that I'll make those pants you wanted, right?" she answered. I must admit, that was one element of my decision.

But off we went to the sewing center. Now, I must explain one thing to you. In an Army town, you CANNOT buy anything on credit unless you are an E5 or above in rank. In other words, a non-commissioned officer. At this time I was not. My credit reference could be the best in the world. I would still not get a one month delayed payment in the city of Lawton.

After a moderate wait, during which I stared at the piranhas in the tank just inside the door, I was admitted to the rear of the sewing center. After suitable discourse, I picked the machine I wanted and we sat down to work out the contract. Everything was very friendly down to the big question: Where are you employed? But I was ready for it. "Oh, I work for the government."

"Out at Fort Sill?" she inquired.

"Yes, I have an office job there."

She wrote it in and we all signed. I got my copy and was told to come back in two days. Two days later I walked in to get my sewing machine. I was met by the manager.

"You're in the Army, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"What rank?"

"Speck Four."

"There's a bit of a problem here. Finance wants you to double your rate of payment so that you'll finish it up before you leave the service."

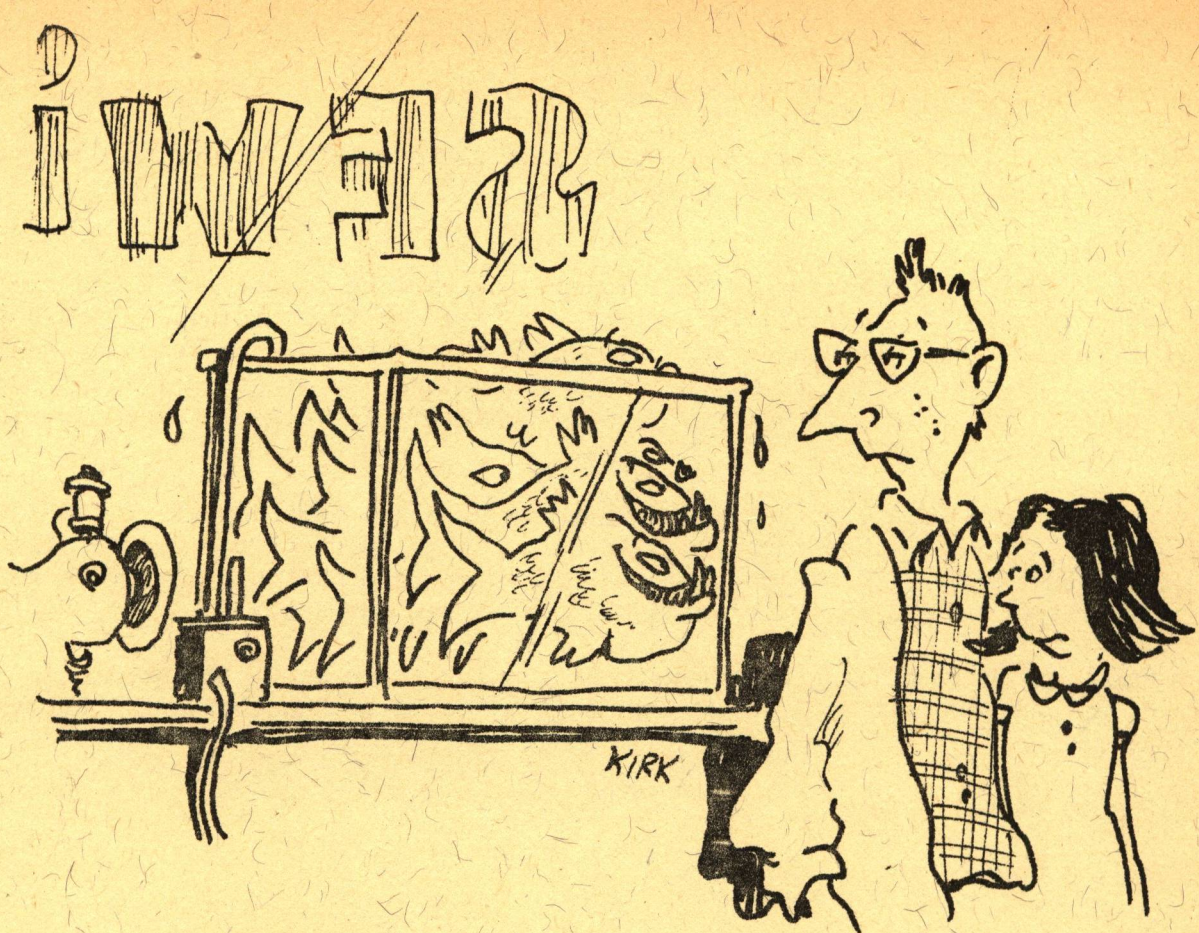
I fingered the copy of the contract I held and said nothing.

He hemmed a bit. "Let me check again." He disappeared into inner sanctum. A bit later: "Well, I'll have to make an exception in your case."

A small victory for our side.

BUT YOU ALREADY SAW THAT!

One of the first things I had to do here at Fort Sill was to register my car. Knowing the propensity of bureaucrats, I assembled the following: Car registration, drivers license, military identification card, insurance policy, insurance policy holders' card, ownership papers, my wife's license, her ID, a list of relevant numbers such as motor number, year and make of carburetor, previous year's registration, birth certificate, social security card, temporary registration sticker, orders assigning



me to Fort Sill, promotion orders, certificate of auto inspection, and a few other odds and ends. Then I very carefully drove up to the little building where such nefarious activities are conducted. A sign struck my eye. I wiped my eye and found no injury, and proceeded to read the sign:

"To register your POV (privately owned vehicle) follow these simple steps:

1. Take three copies of the pink IBM card. On the first, fill in blocks 1,2,3, and 8. On the second, fill in blocks 4, 5, 7, and 9. On the third, fill in no blocks but sign on line 3. DO NOT SIGN ON LINE 4, MARKED SIGNATURE!!! Use black ink only.
2. Take one set of blue IBM cards. These are made with carbons already in them. Use a black ballpoint pen and press down firmly. Fill in all items.
3. Take one copy of USAFACFS Form 32, "Application for Registration of POV." Do not fill in unless block 3 of first pink card you filled out is over \$1800. Do not fill in block 7 unless block 9 of the second pink IBM card you filled out corresponds EXACTLY to block 2a of the blue set.
4. Take 9 copies of USAFACFS Form 1344. Fill out all odd-numbered blocks plus numbers 1, 3, and 5. Do not sign. You must sign this in the presence of the registry clerk.
5. Take one paper clip and attach the blue set to your drivers license and registration. Set them aside.
6. Use a second paper clip to attach your insurance policy, notification of date of expiration of insurance policy, and owner's certificate.

7. Use a third paperclip to attach USAFACFS Form 32 ON TOP of USAFACFS Form 1344.

8. Check all entries for completeness, then take all of these, plus other documentation to the clerk at the appropriate booth.

Well, it only took forty minutes to fill in all the various forms, and I had all the proper documents, so I soon filed inside and was faced by four booths. I found the one marked Second Class Citizens E6 and below for those with social security numbers ending in even digits. The line was short, I was second, so it was only 48 minutes before I reached the counter and thrust my documentation forward. A bored looking WAC corporal gathered them up.

As I looked on with dismay, so help me, she threw away all nine copies of USAFACFS Form 1344 which I had so laboriously filled out. "They're obsolete. Here, fill out these new ones." Yes, kiddies, the Army had replaced form USAFACFS 1344 with form 1455. Said forms, of course, were not available at the entrance.

Cursing madly, I began filling out forms. And wouldn't you know, in the middle of the ninth, my pen gave out. I groped around in my pockets. Another pen! But this was a felt tip.

"No, it has to be ballpoint."

"Well, could I borrow one, miss?"

"Corporal."

"Could I borrow one, corporal?"

"Mine's a Bic, it only writes blue." I said something unmilitary and the man behind me in line (who had forethoughtedly carried with him a folding chair) loaned me his. "I never come into one of these places without a chair and a dozen black ballpoint pens," he told me.

Twenty minutes later, I braved her wrath again. "Here you are," I said.

She shuffled papers awhile. "Let's see your ID." I showed it. "You married?" I confessed. "Wife's ID." I handed it over. "Wife's license." I handed. "Marriage certificate." I gulped. "That's all right," she said. "Just send us a photostat within thirty days or your registration is revoked." I waited. "Do you have an extension certificate on your insurance?" I thought.

"Yes, it's right there. See? Starkweather and Shepley renews your insurance policy."

"Yes," she said. "But when does it expire?"

"When I stop paying or die."

"You don't understand. I need an actual stated date for this form. The form won't go through the computer without a date."

I accepted the logic of this statement. "I have it in here somewhere," I said, indicating the three inches of documents I still held. "Couldn't you continue to process me while I look for it?"

"I suppose."

I shuffled through it, occasionally handing her documents as she called for them, stalling, because although I didn't have her stupid certificate with a date, I did have a wristwatch and an idea. It was almost quitting time. The man behind me had long since given up.

Finally she handed me back a variety of documents and picked up a yellow bumper sticker. "Now, just that date of expiration and you can have this."

"But I showed it to you already."

For the first time, she was ruffled. "No you didn't."

"Sure I did. Remember? Just after you asked for the last five digits of my motor number and just before you asked for the color of my eyes."

She blinked. "But..."

I forged on.

"It was 31 May 1972. Right?"

"Actually, no, I..."

"It was at the bottom of the page. I can find it again for you if you like. It'll only take a few minutes."

She glanced at the clock. "It's almost quitting time."

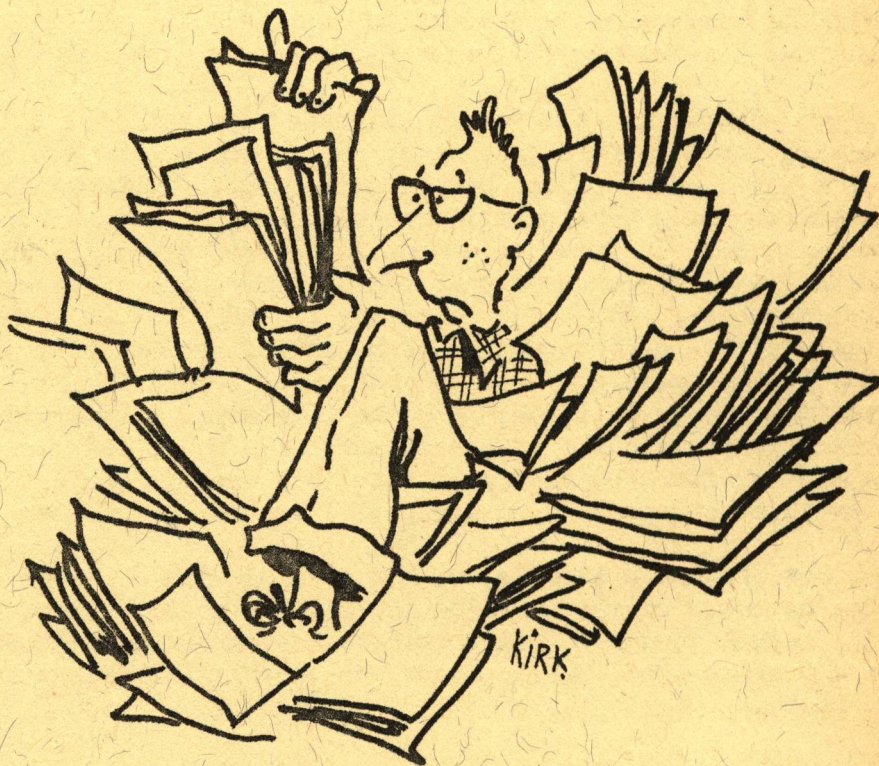
"Gee, I'm sorry. I won't keep you any longer than I have to. Here it is." I handed her my insurance policy. She set down the sticker to pick it up. I picked up the sticker and shuffled it into a wad of paper.

"I don't see any date," she muttered.

"I'm sorry. I guess that isn't the right one after all. Let me look again."

"I have to close this window."

"But I don't want you to get into trouble for issuing this to me," I waved the yellow sticker, "without getting all that information." She glared at me. "I didn't..." "Maybe I left it in the car," I said. "I'll be right back." But when I came back a few minutes later, the window was closed. But the sticker was in my hand and is now on my car.... You just have to learn to speak their language.





Show me a copy of the April 1926 AMAZING, and all you'll get out of me is a big yawn. Before I entered fandom and got a bellyful of scientification, I used to have a real interest in old prozines. Often Len Bailes and I went shopping together and spent our allowances on 1950's AMAZINGS and FANTASTICSS. These magazines had two outstanding virtues which compensated somewhat for the insipid quality of the stories; they had interesting features, and they were the only ones we could afford.

Later, after I had learned to exercise some critical judgement in my reading fare, working for Sol Cohen gave me access to the entire run of AMAZING and FANTASTIC. I can't say I was thrilled by the experience. Perhaps this was because I have never developed the reverence for the pulps that so many other fans have. Undoubtedly, there is much in those telephone book sized magazines which is of considerable merit, but I encountered them too late for them to have much of a hold on my consciousness. Show me a mint copy of THE OUTSIDER AND OTHERS, and you'll hardly get a flicker of interest. I'd be as interested in it as I would be in any reasonably old and passingly scarce book. Or perhaps I'd be a little less interested than I would be in a subject which interested me. Weird Horror in general, and Lovecraft and cohorts in particular, have never had much of a hold on me. Some people may find the fiction of nameless amebooid shapes in the cellar absorbing, but I am curiously pleased to say that I am not one of them.

Ah, but show me a fanzine, an old fanzine with a bit of a rust mark underneath the staples and a little browning and feathering around the edges, and you have me. I will travel across the city (across the country, if necessary), endure the company of a boorish clod, and in short, do anything necessary to add good old fanzines to my hoard.

I can easily remember the moment when I crossed the line, when I stopped being the blase fan of my neohood and was transformed into the old fanzine freak I am today.

Significantly, it was wily old Hoy Ping Pong, browning and feathering around the edges himself, who lured me into my old fanzine mania. Tucker, I have always believed, acted with premeditation that fateful day at the 1965 Mideestcon. He wanted someone to read the old fanzines, laugh at the old stories, know, if only vicariously, the old fans he had known so well and now were all but forgotten by the average young fan of 1965. He called me over to his van and exposed his -- fanzines. Not a few fanzines, but boxes and boxes of them. Some were in envelopes, some in folders, and some were carefully stacked loose.

And the prices! Whole runs of major fanzines went for a dollar; decade-old FAPA mailings were priced at 50¢. I bought as much as I could, and I wish I could time travel back and buy more. Even so, the booty from the Great Tucker Fanzine Sale formed the nucleus around which I have built my collection.

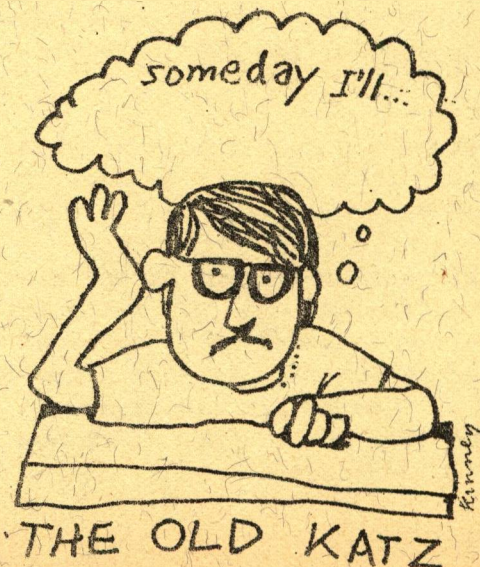
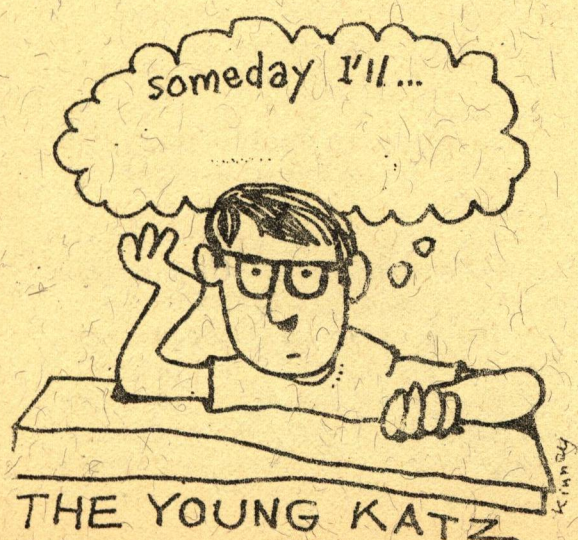
Through what for me were dark years of fandom, years during which I published QUIP for a circulation of perhaps 125 and an audience of perhaps half that, I expanded my collection. Each time I added a precious INNUENDO or HYPHEN was an occasion for gloating. And as I read the classic fanzines, longings overtook me. When I read in an OOPSLA! circa 1953 that a selection of pictures of the Chicon II were available from editor Gregg Calkins, I wanted to dash off a letter and get a set. I sometimes wonder if Greg has kept the photo of "Dave van Arnham" and "Betty Jo McCarthy" he was offering, and even more, I wonder what Dave Van Arnham and Bjo looked like almost 20 years ago.

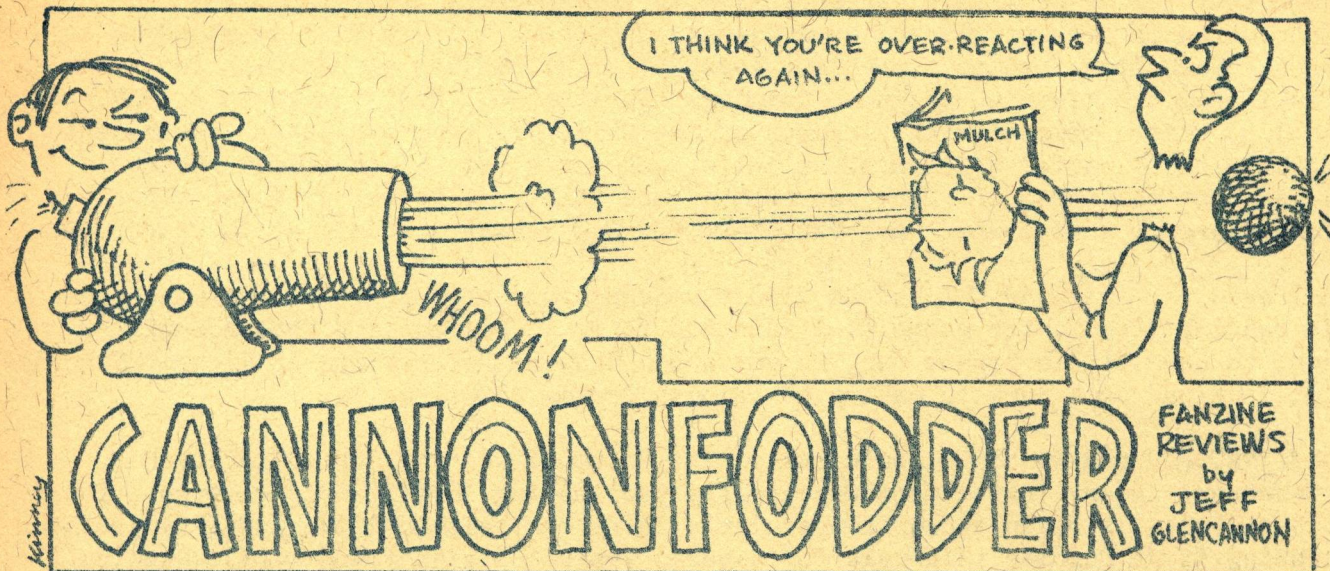
When I read the old zines, I had an almost unquenchable urge to be part of the scene. While reading HYPHEN, for example, I faunched to be in Belfast for the Ghoddminton Season, to hear Willis make a pun, to watch Bob Shaw eat everything in sight. Surprisingly, I've had some luck in making my faanish dreams come true.

I read INNUENDO and wished I could run a fine column like "All Our Yesterdays" by Harry Warner. Every installment was totally fascinating, brilliantly written. And then, suddenly, it began appearing regularly in my own beloved QUIP, and I've now been publishing it at regular intervals for several years. I also found myself wishing I could somehow have been a contributor to that august fanzine. To have my name linked with the same fanzine which had printed Burbee, Willis, Brandon, and the rest. This fall, INN #12, with an article by me, will be published by Terry Carr, once again operating from the Barea, and this desire will be fulfilled.

How well I remember my frustration at having arrived too late at the Fanoclasts to have been a VOID Bhoys. Certainly, elements of QUIP derived from the feeling that I had come on the scene out of my appointed time. And then at the vague end of the New Year's party that ushered in 1969, I found myself rooting around in Ted White's dirty basement with him and Johnny Berry, trying to find the traces of the half-finished VOID #29. A week and many stencils later, I had been baptised a VOID Bhoys, able to toss out second-hand vaudeville routines on an equal footing with such as Ted White and Terry Carr.

Yet I knew, even when my outlook was at its rosiest, that the desires kindled by HYPHEN were never to be quenched. The Wheels of IF are too sedimentary to play ghoddminton these days. If Willis still makes puns, I fear they are no longer for fannish ears, and if a tree falls in an empty forest, is there a sound? And Bob Shaw, how will I ever see him wolf down pound after pound of food, eating his gentle hosts out of house and home. No, I shall never see Bob Shaw eat... Wait. Bob Shaw is coming to visit Joyce and me about August 30th. So it may have actually happened by the time you read this. Why that's fantastic! I hope he appreciates our extra large dinner plates!





Before I take a look at the recent fanzines, I'd like to give a few words of thanks to some people who have been kind. First, thanks to Jay Kinney, for his fine heading which expresses my philosophy perfectly. Kind words are also due to the editors who sent me zines for review, and to those who sent me copies of the zines I reviewed last time. I hope that my snarls and grouches in this column won't scare off editors from sending their zines. Please send zines to: Jeff Glencannon, 5049 Tacoma, Philadelphia, Pa. 19144. (I'd like to ask Frank Lunney and Dan Steffan if they could send me copies of the zines I review, since I used Linda's copies.) Also, I appreciate the kind words that so many of you had for the last column. And, of course, Linda deserves blessings for the work she has done typing the column and supplying copies of a few zines I did not receive.

But the most thanks must go to Harry Warner for giving me what I most need, criticism, and coincidentally, for giving me a theme to base this month's column around.

You may very well be right, Harry. I may be too harsh on some of the neofans. I am, in general, a harsh reviewer, and I find very few zines that I like from cover to cover. (If nothing else, there's always a Darrell Schweitzer piece to get the adrenalin flowing.) However, I've always felt that criticism, even if phrased harshly, is better for a fan than the sort of meaningless pat on the back that too many reviewers give. Too many reviewers forget that "When everybody's somebody, no one is anybody," and when everyone is praised, the praise loses some of its meaning.

Besides, there are such things as crudzines, and if I am going to review them, I'm going to call them what, to my eyes, they are. As always, I reserve the right to be dead wrong.

Some crudzines improve, and become excellent zines. The encouragement they receive helped, but, so I'm sure, did the criticism they got. For example, BEABOHEMA. In my previous incarnation, I received BEABOHEMA #2. The details have faded from memory, and the fanzine is long since lost with a whole collection. The flavor lingers on. This was an almost absurd crudzine. Badly written and with an almost incomprehensible basic idea. I am now reviewing BEABOHEMA #17. If I didn't hate cliches, I'd be tempted to say "You've come a long way, baby." It has. For those

of you who didn't notice, I have a weakness for Jeff Smith's writing, and he does his usual fine job on a record column which manages to touch on JESUS CHRIST, SUPER STAR, blast BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE, and then examine and make real the emotions behind the Carly Simon song, "That's the Way I Always Heard it Should Be." I might argue with each of his points, but Jeff has the talent of making you see what he is hearing, even if it isn't what you are hearing. Lunney's editorial is competent and interesting, and Piers Anthony has, for this issue at least, ceased being counter-vershul and has given a quite valuable look at fannish and pro bibliographies. And Terry Carr pops up with another Entropy Reprint, this time two pieces from Hannes Bok. Not perhaps the best choices Terry has made, they fit nicely nonetheless, with the spate of art criticism now sweeping fandom.

These are good, but the star piece of the issue is, surprisingly enough, a piece of fiction. When Linda loaned me the zine, she mentioned that, ordinarily, she doesn't read fan fiction, but she found herself reading the story in this issue. It is part of a column, "The Cracked Eye" by Gary Hubbard, and I don't understand what it is doing in a fanzine. Ordinarily, when you come across a piece of first rate fan fiction, you find it in a fanzine because it is such a specialized work that no one outside the field would buy it. This piece is not specialized at all. It is the story of a shy, virginal young office worker (male) who is attracted to a dumb, unattractive, but available (because she is there) girl in his office. The story is his dreams, his wonders about the simple mechanics of seduction, his desires, his confusions. Hell, if you are male and have ever been shy, you know what the narrator is feeling, but you haven't seen it put down so well on paper. It hurts a little, but it is well written, and I don't see why Hubbard didn't send it to THE NEW YORKER or PLAYBOY. The rest of the magazine is also worth getting.

(BEABOHEMA #17 -- Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa. 18951. Available for \$.50, or preferably, a loc or contribution. Also available for old fanzines.)

Lunney started with a neofannish crudzine, and with experience and work, turned it into a damn good zine. Unfortunately, there are also the Frank Johnsons. Johnson publishes SCHAMOOB. And he still hasn't learned much. The problem is, Johnson can't write, and what is worse, he can't edit. Couple this with sloppy layout and lousy mimeoing, and you don't have too much. The zine shows promise, but its been promising for 10 issues without delivering improvement.

Even Jeff Smith can't save this one, though he is here with a column on old SF movies, not his best writing by far. Even bad Smith shines above the rest of the review section. Joel Zakem may be the worst rock reviewer I've seen. He can't write, he doesn't seem to be able to say anything but "goshwow," and his comments are so insipid that I am utterly unable to guess if he can hear. He spends paragraphs on a technical introduction of the ROLLING STONES, yet utterly fails to tie STICKY FINGERS in with anything the STONES have ever done. He does the "capsule comments of every single goddam song" type of review which, for the albums he covers (?) is like doing a review of the potatoes and carrots in a beef stew without ever telling how the thing tastes. And he has sufficiently little sense of continuity that it would be possible to read the sentences in his average paragraph in any order whatsoever without hurting the paragraph.

He also reviews books, which almost makes Leon Taylor's rambling, over-detailed discussion of YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN look good. Almost. Johnson also does a book review and fanzine reviews. Badly. There is also a piece of fiction, "Dr. Kleiber" by George Wagner. A fantasy, with an interesting idea and setting (in post Civil War Pennsylvania, a man has multiple bodies). Had Wagner been a better writer, it might have been fairly good. If you are a completist, you might want this, but it probably would be better if you forgot I mentioned it.

(SCHAMOOB #10 -- Frank Johnson, 3836 Washington Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, 45229; \$.50, 3/\$1.00, contrib, loc, trade. He wants artwork, but stencil it yourself. What he did to Jack Gaughan and Ron Miller's work was murder.)

After 10 issues, you can pretty much tell how a fan is going to progress. Sometimes a first issue can tell you quite a bit as well, such as the first issue of Dan Steffan's LIZARD INN. It is a good zine, though not, by any means, a great one, nor do I think Steffan thinks of it as such. There's room for improvement, especially in repro and typing. But it is interesting all the way through, and there's some very good work in it. Steffan's editorial manages to be both a typical first fanzine editorial and something worth reading. Jerry Lapidus does perhaps the best fanzine reviews around, the sort of long, detailed ones I try to do, but he does them right, and perhaps more kindly than I do. Linda Bushyager has a serious discussion on the running of regional cons. While occasionally a bit too strident, it is well thought out and presented, and I'd say that even if she weren't stenciling this. There's a Rotsler portfolio as well. But what pleased me most was the Assistant Editor's column, a two page rambling rap in a distinct, weird style. I don't know who Kurt Shoemaker is, but I want to read a lot more of his stuff, and I would like to toss his column at anybody who starts discussing the FIAWOL/FIJAGDH confusion. He runs both sides of the discussion up, down, around, inside out, and upside down, and while I'm not sure how serious he is about any of what he says, I do know that some Terry Carr of the future is going to consider reprinting this piece.

Gafia can strike at any time, but Steffan looks like he'll be doing good work for a long time. Not great, maybe a bit overpriced, but worth getting. (LIZARD INN #1 -- Dan Steffan, Woodfield Rd., Cazenovia, N. Y. 13035; \$.60, 4/\$2.25, trade, loc, contrib, review.)

Sometimes you can tell other things about a first issue as well. Take GODLESS #1. B. D. Arthurs is another neofan on a crusade, the old crusade of introducing SF to the literati. He's got a new slant, though. He wants to educate fans on "good literature" so that they will be able to talk to "those people who do appreciate good writing, the intelligentsia, the educated people, college professors, and people like them." I wish that weren't a quote, but it is. I also wish that Arthurs knew what he was talking about. He may consider that his dreams would be fulfilled if a "book by Lafferty or Zelazny or some other good science fiction writer will appear on one of those 'recommended college reading lists.'" It is a shame that he's never heard of the courses in SF that are being given at some colleges.

For someone who talks so importantly about "good literature," Arthurs writes LOUSY book reviews. Reviewing five books on a page doesn't give much room for detailed commentary, it's true, but he could do a bit better. He could, for example, stop apologizing every time he finds himself enjoying SF that is not "great literature," "class," or which does not give "any great social lesson." And when someone states that a Vance Bourjaily characterization is, in his reading experience, "the best representation of a victim of society since Hugo's Jean Valjean," I wonder if it is his experience or his taste that is lacking.

He publishes fiction too, "Bounty Hunter" by William L. Rupp. It is trite, competently written, and dull. And Alex Vitek has a column on the same "Literature and Science Fiction" topic that Arthurs loves, which shows a little more knowledge of what's happening.

From the quotes above, you might gather that Arthurs could be called a snob. He is. He is also, judging from an article he wrote, a self-righteous, pompous prig. I don't particularly want to know the sort of guy who, when he discovers that a class-

mate has handed in a plagiarized SF story as a term paper, writes all over fandom to get details, and who then gloats gleefully that the plagiarist has gotten an F, was almost kicked out of school, and has a mark on his record which will follow him the rest of his life. Maybe the informing was excusable, maybe even commendable. But the gloating, the sneering "And all because he was too lazy to exert himself in a piece of honest work," with which he ends his piece sickens me more than a little. Do we really need this sort of character around?

If you dumb slobs want to be educated, you might take advantage of Arthurs' gracious attempt. (GODLESS #1 -- B. D. Arthurs, 815 N. 52nd St. #21, Phoenix, Arizona, 85008; \$.20 (next issue \$.35), loc, contrib, review.)

Then there is the sort of first fanzine which you just can't tell about. It's bad, but there is promise which may or may not be fulfilled. Last column's ALPHA AND OMEGA was like that, and so is PGHOENIX ONE. PGHOENIX is not the sort of total neofan zine that ALPHA AND OMEGA was. It is a clubzine, with everybody in sight grabbing a stencil and sticking something in. (The club is WPSFA -- the Western Pa. SF Assoc. -- Pittsburgh's group. They are suffering from the fact that almost everybody of note and/or experience has left for other locations.) Some of the contributions are good, some are insipid, some are incomprehensible, and some are just unreadable due to the poorest job of mimeography since I stopped trying to turn cranks. There are reviews, scattered comments, some bad fiction, and a carefully done, very funny exchange of letters between a parent and a pet shop owner over a hamster that turned up pregnant. (No author given.) Jeff Schalles has a funny bit of faanfiction. The rest is chattergabble and notes by a lot of different people who blend into one fairly enjoyable gestalt/personality.

It might mean that you'll have to get a pair of glasses for the eyestrain, but it's a fanzine worth getting, to encourage the group, for the hamster letters, and for the Jaff Schalles cartoons that pop up here and there. (PGHOENIX ONE -- Marvin D. Kilmer, 3100 Ridgeway Drive, Library, Pa. 15129. Available for money (but Kilmer doesn't say how much) and comments. I suppose contribs would be accepted too, though I don't know about trades.)

Bill Kunkle is not a neofan, RATS is not a first fanzine, and I can't comment on the changes and improvements he's made. RATS is an enjoyable zine. Small, light, faanish without making a fetish of it, well written and edited, and quite a surprising amount of content for 24 pages. Bill and his assistant editor and soon-to-be-wife, Charl Komar write the standard chatter about their personal and fannish lives. (I've almost given up trying to say anything novel about the standard fannish editorial. They are rarely done badly if the writer can write at all, and there are very few people like Rosemary Ulliyot who can make them something special. So from here on, I'll just mention editorials unless they call for special comment.) Faanish fandom's peripatetic column, Entropy Reprints pops up here too, this time with Bob Leman's "My Life With Dogs." My non-fannish spouse, Lori, grabbed the issue just to see what strange things these fanzines were, and she is still giggling about the Leman piece. So am I. And Bill is reprinting, with some editing, Ray Nelson's SF oriented radio program "Cosmic Circle" from KPFA. You may not agree with Nelson, but if you have not totally gotten away from SF, you'll be interested in the sorts of things he says. I don't think I agree that Science Fiction is essentially a Victorian (in the good sense of that word) art form. You might not feel that the most important thing about SF is that it has a hero. But you'll probably get some good mental exercise just chewing around Nelson's positions. Add a cover by Ross Chamberlain, who is still the best unknown artist in fandom (Ross, damn it, don't wait for editors to drag drawings out of you. SUBMIT THEM.) and cartoons by Rotsler and Atom. If you haven't guessed by now, I like this sort of zine, and I especially like RATS. Get it, and write letters to it. Faanish fanzines never get enough feedback.

(RATS #10 -- Bill Kunkle, 72-41 61st St., Glendale, N.Y. (and Charl Komar); \$.25, loc, trade, art, or old fanzines.)

And now to renew acquaintances with a couple of the zines I reviewed in the last column. I suppose I gave my biggest rave to the last issue of PHANTASMICOM. The latest issue, #7, is now out. Almost any issue would have been a let-down after #6, and it might not be fair to compare the two. I will, I know, seem to be blasting #7, which is, if not great, a solid enjoyable zine. There are, unfortunately, two Darrell Schweitzer pieces, neither up to his usual standards (which means bad, son), but they can be ignored, as usual. (Does Darrell ever make you long for the return of Stephen Pickering?) PHANTASMICOM continues to run the best book reviews in the field, though a dialogue review by Keller and Smith doesn't quite make it. And Keller and Smith keep on writing fascinating editorials; I wish they had taken much more space for them.

However, the main part of the zine is a long fragment of a story by William Morris. It is, apparently, just an attempt to introduce people to Morris, with a selection apparently unavailable to the general reader. Possibly, to a fantasy fan, this is as valuable and interesting as the Tiptree interview of the last issue, possibly more so. I'm not a fantasy fan, particularly not of this type of fantasy, so it was a blank to me. Also included are fanzine reviews by Jeff Smith. I like them, and to return the compliment, I'd like them even if Jeff hadn't said such nice things about me.

#7 isn't #6. Very few fanzines are. It's still a zine worth getting. (PHANTASMICOM #7 -- Donald G. Keller, 1702 Meadow Court, Baltimore, Md. 21207; \$.50, contrib, and trade. #6 is also still available. Try and get both.)



Also around for a second look is ENERGUMEN, this time #9. And in this case there is little change in quality from last issue. NERG continues to be one of the best fanzines around, as well as being one of the best looking. However, I notice in this issue something which I realize, in retrospect, was true of the last. The Glicksohns go to extremes. The material they publish is, almost without exception, either excellent or godawful. Of the nine articles in the issue, only Ted Pauls' and Andy Offutt's can be called average. Ted's column continues to have something missing. It is entertaining, but after I read it, I always have the feeling that I wouldn't have missed it if it were left out. I think that Phil Muldowney has managed to pin down what it is that bothers me when he says "there is still a certain formality about his relaxation; like a priest trying to tell a

dirty joke, it somehow doesn't quite fit." And Andy Offutt's piece is another "Day in the Life of a Writer" type column. Unlike some critics, I find this sort of shop talk fascinating, but I wouldn't classify it as among the great stuff that NERG runs. Its just enjoyable.

Rosemary Ulliot's column is her usual small masterpiece, and Mike Glicksohn's editorial is standard Glicksohn, which means among the best editorials around. Paul Walker conducts an interview with Bob Silverberg which, if not the sort of "X-Ray of a writer's soul" that the Tiptree article in PHANTASMICOM 6 was, manages to show the professional side of a very professional author to the reader's (well, this reader's) extreme enjoyment.

Then there are three extended criticisms: Susan Glicksohn's of the Peter Wimsey books, Leon Taylor's of Farmer's BEHIND THE WALLS OF TERRA, and Bob Toomey's of Blish's BLACK EASTER and THE DAY AFTER JUDGEMENT. And I can't see how any editor who could run Susan's masterpiece could run the other two.

I am not a Peter Wimsey fan, at all. This is a personal blind spot. Too many people whose taste I trust enjoy Wimsey for me to consider it anything but. I have heard and read any number of them try to explain what it is they see in a series of books that I find totally boring. Until now, the descriptions I have gotten have usually left me with a totally blank expression and a "Well, if you say so," attitude. Somehow Susan has made me see what it is she sees in the series. I still don't agree, but at least I finally can vaguely understand. I have never seen this particular author handled so well.

Leon Taylor continues to annoy me. He was, in the SCHAMOOB piece, long-winded and over-detailed. He is still long-winded, but now he has replaced his minute details with strings, streams, gushes of metaphors and "fancy language." He has gotten so high on his own verbiage that, just occasionally, you see a glimpse of the soles of his shoes as he floats by. Maybe, just maybe, you can understand what he means when he uses phrases like "there are moments when truth kowtows to maybe, when the literature of if fulfills a vacuum that the journal of the 5 W's leaves." (Though "fulfills" is obviously not the words he wants, and it wasn't until the fourth reading that I was able to understand "the journal of the 5 W's." (Who, what, where, when, and why, in case you were wondering.)) What I doubt you will be able to understand is why he had to express that idea in that overblown way. And that's just a sample, one that is repeated, line after line after line. Taylor never comes near enough the book to give you any idea of what it is he dislikes about it, not to mention what it is about.

Directly following the Taylor piece is the latest installment of Bob Toomey's column. Last issue he took three pages to say nothing about Fred Brown. This issue he takes five pages to say nonsense about FAUST ALEPH-NUL. I agree with Toomey that this is a bad book, though not always for the same reasons. What I disagree with is Toomey's total misreading of what Blish is trying to say. But that is disagreement, not criticism. Criticism is pointing out the sloppiness of Toomey's writing and thinking.



Criticism is pointing out that he manages to botch almost totally his quotation of Gertrude Stein's deathbed scene, that he confuses the ideas of hubris and original sin and calls them synonymous, that he mangles the conception behind modern astrophysics, and his metaphors misfire repeatedly, that he misreads the motives and actions of most of the characters he mentions, that he totally scrambles what Lucifer says at the end of the book, that he attempts a running joke on the names of Gertrude Stein, Frankenstein, and Einstein which is out of place and doesn't work, that he consistently misspells technical terms that are part of his argument (and they are obviously misspellings, not typos), and that he takes three times as much space as is necessary to fail to say what he is trying to say.

In contrast to the last two pieces, we have Ted White's article. Ted, when he is writing calmly and without passion, is a beautiful writer. In this piece he outdoes himself. He starts by discussing the idea of "mosaic writing," the relatively unstructured discussion of fragments of ideas that lead up into a surprisingly unified article. Then he gives an example, starting with lawnmowing, going on to Elmer Perdue, from there to the history of the word "sercon" and a discussion of the sercon/faanish controversy, from there to a discussion of the relation of pros and fandoms. I don't agree with all his points, and I won't attempt to summarize them here. But the general impression of the column is summed up in Ted's own words: "Fans who wrote unpretentiously and well, for the love of writing well." Ted's done that.

Needless to say, this one you should get. Even with its flaws, NERG is probably the best fanzine around. (ENERGUMEN -- Mike and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. #205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada; \$.50 (no checks or stamps), substantial locs, contribution, or arranged trade.)

And that is it for this installment. I've probably made more friends and enemies and I hope more friends than enemies. There was a lot of good material this month, and some wretched. And, as always, the views and opinions in this column are mine, and not necessarily Linda's. Thanx again, and, until next time...

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#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Jeff didn't know how to fit in a review of GRAPHIC ILLUSIONS, so I thought I'd add a mention. This is an interesting zine -- partly a comics zine, partly a SF zine. It deals mostly with graphic illustrations. The major feature of interest to SF fanzine fans is a beautiful folio by George Barr in collaboration with various artists: Wendy Fletcher, Tim Kirk, Bjo Trimble, Alicia Austin, Cathy Hill, James Shull, J. Nielson, and Jeff Jones. George gives a brief descriptoon of how the drawings were done, and it is fascinating. Steve Fabian has a fine cover and Steve Ditko has an unusual comic strip. Also, the issue includes an interesting article on EC comics with illustrations by Al Williamson, Roy G. Krenkel, and others. This lithoed zine is quite enjoyable, and worth obtaining for the Barr folio, if for nothing else. It also pointed out an intriguing fact to me. We SF fans rarely see comics zines, and most comics fans ignore SF zines. Yet the two aspects often have common interests, and border-line zines like GRAPHIC ILLUSIONS have a great opportunity to present the best from both fields. Unfortunately, the best is often a rarity, and borderline zines often show up the worst in both fields. So its a real preasure to run across something like this. Since this is evidently a one-shot, GRAPHIC ILLUSIONS won't be filling the gap between SF and comics. Still it is worth sending a dollar (\$1) to Robert Gustaveson, 6060 Longridge, Van Nuys, Calif., 91401. And since I only heard about this through a fluke (and Jerry Kaufmann). I wonder how many other comics-oriented zines are publishing material of interest to SF fans.

# TROUBLE ON PROJECT CERES

..... by Ted White .....



## CHAPTER TWO:

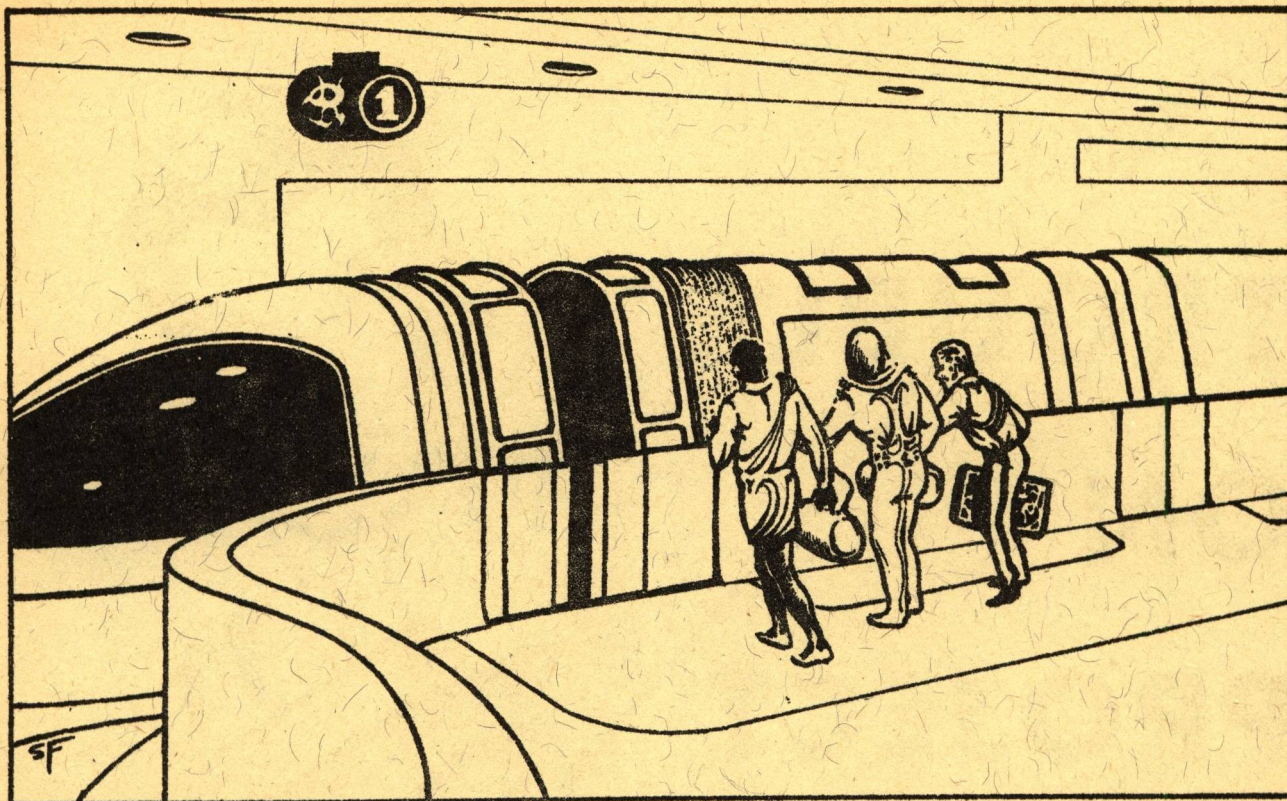
*(Chapter I of CERES appeared last issue along with Ted White's description of how the novel was written and the first two chapters were deleted by the editor. CERES was published by Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pa. (\$4.75).-LeB)*

"Wow. Where is everybody?"

It was a good question. "We seem to have missed the rush," Don said, answering Stinky.

The tube station was really deserted. Our voices echoed on the plastile walls like mournful ghosts. The confetti of candy-wrappers and scraps of paper scattered on the concrete floor reminded me, for no reason I could think of, of the fallen leaves of autumn. The light was harsh and cheerless, and there wasn't a single scribbled line on an advertising poster that I hadn't read at least five times before.

illustrations by Fabian



Stinky had come along to help us with our bags, and he'd been very restrained, generally acting in a completely un-Stinky-like fashion. We had maybe ten minutes until another train came in, so now he put the bags he was carrying in a pile in the middle of the platform and made fingers-to-the-lips motions at us and gestured for us to follow him. Very melodramatic.

I didn't really feel like joining him in some new gag he'd thought up. It was funny; yesterday I'd been bursting with enthusiasm for the hot dry sun of Nevada; right now I felt like I was heading home to attend a funeral -- something I really wanted to avoid. It was eating at me.

But Don was following him, so I set down my bags in the same heap and joined Stinky where he was pointing at a corner of the wall. It was a place where the station wall was indented for some reason, forming a depression less than six inches deep and about a foot wide. It seemed to have no purpose but to trap dirt where the cleaners couldn't get at it. Stinky was rubbing at a spot about three feet up from the floor, on the right-hand side of the indentation. When he had the grime cleaned off, we could see, neatly lettered: "P.S.D-J., 9/3/90, I'M HERE AT LAST."

"I used a special pen," he said, fishing an odd-looking pen from his pocket and gesturing with it. "Nylon tip, and a special ink that molecularly bonds with this type of plastic. Very handy for plastile, actually -- my father has been suppressing it from the market for five years for fear of the graffiti it might unleash upon the world."

"If they find it, they'll just change the tile," Don said.

"Well, you'll notice I didn't exactly make it prominent," Stinky replied. Which was true; he'd lettered it in a precise hand, but the letters were small and you couldn't say this was a spot anyone stared at very often. It didn't constitute major vandalism in my book.

Stinky took a dramatically contrived look around us -- there wasn't another soul on the entire platform -- and then dropped to his knees to add, "P.S. "S" D-J., W/D.M. & L. MCC., 6/1/91; STILL HERE AND COMING BACK AGAIN."

He was just finishing the new inscription as the train pulled in, its air cushion hissing and sending the confetti of litter flying. He jumped to his feet and grabbed my hand with his own thick paw. "Listen, Larry; no sweat, now. You know how they are in Washington. Lotsa talk, and then it blows over without meaning a thing." pumped my hand nervously. "Right? See you this fall!"

Then he was energetically clapping Don on the back and shouting all the appropriate collegiate things while I hefted up my bags and the shuttle train's doors slid open.

My last sight of him before we pulled out was through the train window. His back was to me and he was scuffing his way through all the new-blown litter, his hands in his pockets, shoulders hunched. His hair was violently red.

"Funny guy sometimes, that Stinky,"

"Yeah," I said. It can take a while to find out who some of your friends are.

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Our station was the last stop on the shuttle, and we were the only passengers going back on this train, so we had the car to ourselves. This was the last day they'd be running a full schedule out to the Multiversity; soon most people would be gone -- Pacific has no summer programs at the Oregon campus -- and the trains would come less frequently and with fewer cars. I settled back in my foam seat and let the acceleration push me deeper into it, as if somehow I could lose myself in a private cocoon. To my right, through the tinted window, the station walls merged into a blur of grey, then melted into the blackness of the tunnel. The only sounds were the soft rush of the air-conditioning and a sort of subliminal roar from the buffetting passage of the air outside.

"Hey, really -- stop worrying. If there was anything to really worry about you'd have heard it direct from your father," Don said to me. "Snap out of it."

I mumbled something noncommittal and Don settled back with a paperback book. He knows when not to be pushy. I glanced over at him and caught the back cover blurb; I couldn't see the book's cover. "TWO PATHS TO ARMAGEDDON," it said in big black letters. That struck me as a bad omen. A science fiction book. I wondered if it was about famines and hunger and experimental farms, or whether it was just another escape thriller. Strange that despite the way SF is forever calling all its shots wrong and getting outdated too quickly, it is still three jumps ahead of us. Maybe one of those people knows something he isn't talking about.

Don Meisner is a tall guy, and when you see him during gym workout it's always a surprise to find out he isn't really a stringbean. His face is thin and angular, he has a sort of thin-lipped and dour look a lot of the time, and he's tall, so you want to think he's tall and thin. He isn't. At six-six he tops me by an inch and a half, but he's broad-shouldered and thick-chested. He tells me his folks came over from Germany in the early 1800's, and made it out to Iowa by oxcart, back when that wasn't something everyone was doing just yet. They've been a family of farmers ever since, and right now Meisner-Carlssen is pretty big in wheat and corn in the midwest. I mean, they're in both the Commodity Exchange and the New York Stock Exchange.

"Good peasant stock" is what Don calls himself, and in some ways I guess Don is a lot closer to that old stereotype than you might expect him to be. He's quiet, although

not quite taciturn, and if you don't really know him you might take him for the plodding sort. Of course he's one of those guys who gets what he's plodding for, which is something else again. I think it boils down to confidence. Most of us aren't that sure of ourselves yet -- let's face it: I'm not -- but Don is. He doesn't have to make a big deal of himself, because he knows where he's at. He's a comfortable guy to know, sometimes.

Unfortunately, from my point of view right now was not one of those times. I've known Don since he first hired on to the Project, three years ago, for a summer job. I'm pretty sure I picked Pacific because that was Don's school -- although at the time I was pretty worked up about its excellent curriculum, of course. Don's like family to me; we don't run around jabbering to each other all the time we're together because we're past that stage. But sometimes I get to wondering just what he thinks of me. Does he regard me as a pretty decent guy, a good friend, or am I just "Dr. McCombs' kid," a brat he tolerates out of politeness?

I mean, when you're born into the same family, it doesn't really matter whether you like each other or not; you're too close for that to be important. Take my kid brother, Andy. He's a snotty little brat, very cocky and rather ignorant. But if I saw him being bulldozed by some bigger kid, I'd just naturally do the Big Brother thing, because that's who I am, after all.

With Don, that is not an operating factor. He may take his meals with our family, and share my bedroom, but our blood flows in separate veins, and he is under no obligation to feel any familial affection for me. So we have this relationship, and it's only at dark intervals that I question it, because I am, let's face it, not 100% secure about myself. But most of the time I presume he likes me, because it would be hard on my ego to accept the alternative.

Still, it is a fact that Don is selectively sensitive, and right now was not one of those times that he chose to tune in on me. He wasn't worried about the public antics of a bunch of Congressmen in Washington, so why should I be? What's with this moody McCombs-type, anyway, all wrapped up in a last-year's model Blue Funk on a festive June first?

Maybe it's just that Project Ceres is part of my life, and not just a summer job.

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We rocketted out of the tunnel and across the White River, the windows polarizing a dark green as the sunlight slapped against them, bright beams of light dappling down through the high pines and redwoods and dazzling my eyes with their random patterns. Then, moments later, we dropped down into Puyallup and another dismal underground station. The train paused under antiseptic lights and four women who looked like afternoon shoppers boarded our car. One of them was talking about a wonderful bargain in Early Lettuce she'd just picked up -- "Can you imagine? It was grown right in their garden! In natural soil!" -- and periodically she'd display this wilted head of stunted Boston lettuce, waving it about to make her point. Then another 17 minutes of tunnel, and we were in -- or under, anyway -- Tacoma.

We had to fight our way off against the people who couldn't wait a chance for seats, and the station was full of people rushing about. We surrounded ourselves with our luggage and rushed the line, gaining yardage with every down.

Tacoma is a major station on the intercity tubes, lying between Portland and Seattle as it does. It took us 15 minutes just to get up to the landing stage on the station roof. Fortunately, a cab had just discharged its passengers and was still waiting.

We made an immediate grab for it, settled in our bags, and Don punched out his family's street co-ordinates. We made good time; it wasn't much past two in the afternoon and rush hour was just beginning. The cab set us down in the courtyard of one of those new sprayed-plastic twenty-story co-ops in just seven minutes. You can see where the travel time goes: making connections.

I let Don outfumble me with his credit card, since this stopover was his idea anyway. When he'd fed his card into the cab's slot it let us out and lifted off immediately. I guess its central office had a new fare for it.

"Hey Don!"

I looked up. It was a girl's voice from somewhere overhead. I squinted against the sun and made out a yellow head of hair flagging the breeze from a balcony on what looked like the tenth floor.

Don grinned and waved. "That's Jo," he told me.

"Your sister," I said, not really asking a question. I'd been hearing about her off and on for the last three years. She seemed to provide the bulk of Don's family anecdotes. Like, when she was five she took her mother's credit card and managed to run up a bill of \$1,970.00 seeing half the state of Washington by local aircab. Or the summer when she was eight and she'd been put in a modern summer school where her psychological need for self-expression in finger-painting class had led to an unexpected need to repaint the ceiling of the classroom. A brat, from all I could make out. One of those kids whose parents substitute money for parental control. I gathered she was looked down upon with distant fondness by her older brother and regarded with indulgent chuckles by her parents. I would have been just as happy to skip this part of the trip.

As we took the elevator up I asked, "How come we had to stop off here, anyway? More stuff you need?"

Don gave me a look of surprise which seemed genuine. "Didn't I tell you? We're picking up Jo."

"Picking up Jo?" I said.

He did a comic take, looking around the elevator cubical. "Must be an echo in here," he said, his voice a passable impression of Jonny Whyser's (I try to avoid the Johnny Whyser show as often as possible, myself, but lots of otherwise intelligent people like him). "Yeah, didn't I mention it? Surely your parents said something in a letter...?"

"Don't tell me," I said. "Let me guess: we're taking her somewhere."

"Right."

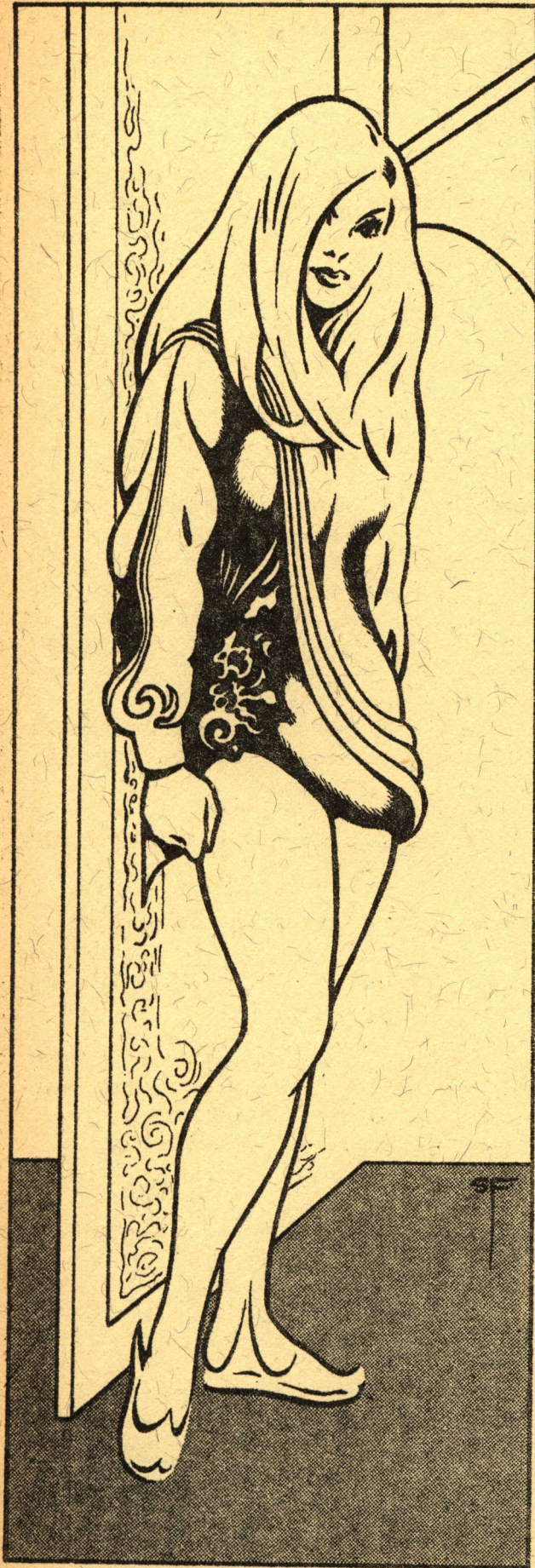
"We're taking her where it's hot and dry and your skin turns to shoe-leather."

"Right."

"We're taking her to where the nearest chop-shop is five hours away, and the holoviz gets two channels only -- one of which is Spanish and the other Channel 13."

"Right."

"For all summer?"



"Uh-huh. Get used to the idea, Larry. We've got a mascot."

Oh, wonderful, I said to myself. Just wonderful! A pesty kid-sister-type messing around and underfoot. Mind you, Barbara has never been a lot of trouble, but she grew up in the McCombs family, where there has never been more money than discipline.

"How come?" I asked. "Your parents unload her on you?"

"Well, I've been talking about the Project for three years, now, and I guess it was her own idea, actually --"

The elevator crawled to a stop and slid its doors back at last. We manhandled our bags out into the mosaic-tiled corridor. Almost directly opposite a door was standing open.

And leaning against the jamb, waiting for us, was one of the cutest blondes I've laid eyes on since my subscription to KISS was discovered and cancelled.

"Hi, Stinkpot," Don said.

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She was a little tall for a girl, around five-ten, and her hair was straight and almost waist-length, very pale and liquid-looking, with red and golden tints in it. (She later told me she didn't use any of the popular hair-kits; she was very proud about it being her own natural hair, as is. I guess that's reasonable.)

Her eyes were a very pale blue, almost colorless and very direct and penetrating. Like Don's. Her nose was straight and her face narrow. She was slender, but without that four-days-into-starvation look that all the teen models seem to have. She did not look like a kid-sister.

She straightened up as soon as she saw us, and wrinkled her nose at Don in return to his greeting. "Hey," she said. "Come on in. I'm all packed, just a few things left to get together. You want a snack or something?" She looked back over her shoulder at me as we followed her into the living area. "Don's forever eating."

"Listen to that," Don said. "She's all packed, but she still has some packing to do. Is there some sort of a Law about Kid Sisters? Hey, Jo -- this is Larry McCombs."

Jo ducked behind a wall of ivy. "Just a minute," she said, laughing, "and I'll be back. Hi, Larry!"

"The kitchen's this way," Don said. "Best we beat the retreat. Once she's all set she'll notice you're here." He started punching buttons and flipping cupboard doors open. "We might as well kill the time with something to eat, you know?"

As I squeezed the peanut-butter-and-jelly from a nearly empty tube over a slice of bread, I said, in a low voice not intended to carry, "Ummm...Don.?"

"Yumph?" His mouth was full.

"That's, umm, your kid sister you've been telling me about?"

"Umph," he said around another hunk of sandwich.

"Old friend, I don't consider that fair warning," I said. My mental image of an overweight kid of eleven in messy pigtails was down in flames.

"Fair warning for what?" demanded a female voice. Jo poked her head in the door. "Has my brother been telling stories about me again?" She pulled up a stool and joined us at the kitchen counter.

"First things first," Don said, after clearing his mouth with a healthy swig of soya milk. "Let us observe a moment of formality. Larry McCombs -- Jo Meisner. Larry, the kid sister. Sis, Larry. Okay?"

Jo swiveled on her stool and stuck out her hand. "Hi again, Larry," she said, laughing. It was a firm grip. "I'm sorry to be rushing around like this, acting like I'm crazy or something. I bet you think all those stories of Don's are true, now. But I'm really excited. Don's told me so much about you, your father, and the Project -- well! I can't believe we're finally going!"

"We never will if you don't get your packing done, kid," Don said dryly.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I'm all finished," Jo said brightly. She flashed me a grin that seemed to share a common secret with me: We both know Don, don't we?

It was, I decided, not nearly so rotten a day as it had seemed an hour or so ago.

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We took another cab through the afternoon shower to the airport, and an airbus to Las Vegas. I think we all felt a little out of place among the other passengers on the airbus. Even before the winds had tilted from vertical takeoff to horizontal flight, the man on my right was talking with the woman next to him about how much money he intended to spend on A Good Time, and from her replies I gathered they intended to wipe out their life's savings; apparently an annual even they both looked forward to.

"But, Ned, you keep your eyes on the tables and away from those slinky-looking girls this time," she said.

"Aw, Milly, you know I don't chase girls down there. But that girl, she was the croupier."

"All I know is, she had you so dazzled that you lost nine hundred dollars on her table in ten minutes. Do you realize how many dimes that is? I could have enjoyed myself all day on one of the machines."

"Let's not get into that again, huh, Milly?"

"Well, this time I'll hold the money, and we'll budget it out per day."

"Yeah," he said disgustedly, "and you'll hit a machine you know is loaded and waiting for your next time, and you'll blow it all right there. No, thanks. We'll do like last year: pay our hotel bill in advance and split the rest between us. We'll see who comes out ahead."

Don and Jo had the seats on the other side of the aisle, so I had to suffer through this bickering for the whole flight.

I've been in Las Vegas maybe fifty times in my life, and mostly just to get from one place to somewhere else. I've wandered around in my free time, when they let me, and I've watched a few floor shows, caught a few of the big entertainment acts that headline the casinos. I prefer them on the holoviz. Maybe it's true that everyone on holoviz is laundered for mass-consumption, but if their Vegas acts are the Real Them, I'd sooner not know it.

There's this feel to Vegas. It's a town devoted to just one thing: taking the money out of the pockets of all the Neds and Millies. Sort of gritty.

One time my father found me feeding quarters into a slot machine in the supermarket, and he undertook to show me a few facts of life. He took me over to Joe Mossley's garage. In the back was an old nickel slot machine, kind of beat up and missing some of its enamel paint. It had dust on it; it hadn't been used for years. Dad reached into his pocket and took out ten rolls of nickels.

"Here," he said. He gave me a roll.

I fed them all in. I turned up three winning combinations: twice I got two nickels back; the third time I got back five. When I fed them back in, they were all gone. I'd spent about seven minutes.

"Try some more," Dad said, giving me another roll. I fed it all in. Things worked out about the same. In the next hour I managed to give the machine all ten rolls of nickels and my arm ached from pulling the lever all the time.

Then Joe unlocked the back of the machine and my father showed me the weights hung on the rollers. "Take a good look, son," he said. "Notice that this machine is designed to be set for precise odds. Right now it's set for 84% house odds. You know what that means? Eighty-four out of every hundred nickels is going to stay in this machine. But this is an old machine. Joe, what's the going house percentage now?"

"Depends," old Joe said, wiping his hands on the seat of his pants. Runs from 90% up. Out here in the sticks, maybe 90-92%. In Vegas, I'd say 94% or better.

But it did give me some money back," I said. "I could've quit then. Those percentages are total percentages -- evened out. If I put three nickels in and got five back and quit, I'd be ahead."

My father pointed at the window in the front of the machine, filled with nickels

and labelled "Jackpot." "But you didn't quit, did you? The more you put in, the more of an investment you had in continuing. The inveterate player thinks of himself as 'loading' a machine for a payoff. If he sticks with it, he figures, he'll pass the point where the machine has to pay off."

"But they do pay off, don't they? Sooner or later, I mean?"

"Sure, but you figure it out, son. If the house is keeping 90% of all the money that goes into that machine, and the jackpot -- on a nickel machine, anyway -- is twenty dollars, how much will you have to 'invest' for it?"

I did a little fast mental arithmetic. "Aw, Dad! A hundred and eighty dollars? That can't be right!"

He smiled and shook his head. "That's the fact, though. Oh, you might be lucky and hit it on your third nickel. The machine doesn't differentiate between your money and the money put in by the guy before you. That's what some people count on. But it doesn't really matter. They usually end up putting it all right back in again. And the law of diminishing returns says that even if they have a lucky streak, they'll end up losing in the long run."

"I don't get it," I said. "Don't people know this stuff?"

"Some do, some don't. Most don't care. It's a fetish with these people," he said.

I thought about that while I suffered through the trip sitting next to Ned and his wife. There was something small and mean and unpleasant about them, and I couldn't get it out of my head that it was because of their grim determination to "have fun" by standing in front of a machine designed to take your money away from you -- human and "slinky" and female; or one-armed and standing on a pedestal -- and feeling it. The airbus was filled with these people, and the air stank of their tense excitement.

It's no wonder Nevada wants to find another way to make money.

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*(Editor's Note:*

*I hoped you enjoyed the first two chapter's of Ted's novel enough to seek out a copy of the hardbound edition published by Westminster Press. I believe the novel stands as a whole without the deleted chapters, but these chapters provided a good introduction to the major characters and would have added to the book.*

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

*I'd like again to thank Ted for letting me publish the chapter's and Steve Fabian for doing the excellent illustrations. I'd also like to apologize publicly to Steve for forgetting to mention that hero Larry McCombs is a black. Somehow I forgot to tell this to Steve before he drew the illustrations...sigh. I'm also sorry about the messed up repro on some copies of the opening TROUBLE illustration. I hope to have better luck with it this time.*

*By the way, if you wish to receive a copy of Granny 13, containing Chapter I of CERES, please write soon, as I only have a few copies left. These (and back issues #10, 11, and 12) now cost \$1.00. - LeB)*

the lettercolumn

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# omphallopsychite

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As you'll recall, last issue I decided to eliminate the lettercolumn, because I was typing page 58 and was exhausted. I thought no one would really mind. Boy, was I wrong! Every letter I received asked "where's the lettercolumn?" Well, gang, you brought it on yourselves. Since you all wanted to read those letters, here they are: first the letters from last issue (discussing Gf12) and then the LoCs on Gf13.

This seems a good chance to add a few comments I neglected to make in my editorial. First, I want to thank Alpajpuri for generously doing the electronic stencils and for lots and lots of advice on layout, mimeography, and artwork. Paj has been a real doll. I'd also like to recommend his fanzine, CARANDAITH. A giant, multi-colored happening. You'll enjoy it. Copies are available for 75¢, 4/\$2.00 from Paj at 1690 E. 26th Ave., Eugene, Oregon 97403.

Another zine you'll enjoy is THE ESSENCE. Editor Jay Zarembo is attempting to use innovative layout with solid written material emphasizing graphics. The latest ish, number four, is lovely to look at. But the layout fails when you try to read the text: double columns are interspersed with single columns, and it becomes very hard to determine where the letters and articles are continued. Still, with a little effort you'll figure it out, and enjoy some meaty ideas on artwork, layout, and graphics. Send 50¢ to Jay Zarembo, 21,000 Covello St., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303.

I'm trying a bit of new layout in the lettercolumn, influenced by Paj's ideas and the spectacular layout in THE ESSENCE and OUTWORLDS. I hope it works well. I also hope you'll enjoy the artwork specifically drawn for articles. -- LeB.

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*Rick Stoker, 1205 Logan St., Alton, Ill., 62002*

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I received quite a shock when I read Gf12 and saw that you'd published my review of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. Frankly, I was hoping you had forgotten the whole thing; only some odd sense of ethics or twisted moral values managed to prevent me from telling you to burn it. What can I say? On one hand, I am now perfectly aware of all the book's faults, but if I went around correcting and revising every opinion I expressed six months ago, I'd have no time for anything else. Let's just say I did enjoy the book, but I cannot state or imagine why I could overlook so many faults; it must have been a severe case of the Heinlein Mystique combined with anticipation of the novel for so long. And after spending six or seven dollars on the book, I couldn't take kindly to a disappointment. So I probably didn't want to see that the book was bad.

Having read the many other, negative, reviews of EVIL, I see they are right, and I admit every fault, both in my review and the book itself. But to give that Rick Stoker of six months ago his due, I refuse to change my opinion on one thing: for whatever reason, I did enjoy reading EVIL and did not find it the least bit boring. Remember, too, that it was written at a time when my ambitions were to imitate Ted Pauls and Richard Delap who, as Ted White so aptly puts it, "grind out review after review." Since then my whole outlook on fandom has changed to the faanish side.

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*Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, N.Y., 14534*

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"Future historians are going to lump all of Heinlein's previous works into one pile and say, 'those are the books he was writing to warm up for I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.'" Rick Stoker has GOT to be kidding! Now Linda, certainly it isn't a requirement that every opinion presented in a fanzine be one the editor would agree with. But hell, you know as well as I do that IWFNE is incredible crud, probably the worst book Heinlein ever wrote (and I've read his stuff for many years, most of it at least twice). Stoker's rave review here is just so much idiocy it isn't even worth refuting, and I think almost anyone who's forced himself to read the novel has got to agree with that. So why bother printing it? Obviously Stoker sees none of the problems in the novel other reviewers have mentioned -- the questions of Eunice, what happens to Jake, the cutesy interpersonal constant dialogue, the repetitive dialogue and action, etc. A waste of space, totally.

The obvious difference between Gf11 and 12 is the difference in layout and reproduction. While 11 tends to be rather loose in both areas, 12 is one of the best issues graphicwise you've put out yet. The layout and choice of illos is generally more logical and pleasing to the eye -- less clashing of styles in the use of single artists in two-page spreads. One of the biggest problems I've seen in fanzine layout recently is a seeming inability to view layout in terms of two-page spreads, which is how the magazine appears to the reader. With the single exceptions of the front

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and back covers, you're always looking at two pages in the normal reading of the magazine. It seems as if most fan editors don't really consider this, don't balance pages. So where single-page layout might be very good, the magazines don't usually hold together in terms of layout and design. Thankfully, you seem to have recognized this situation, in at least many cases, and the results show it. (Hopefully my layout has improved. Alpajpuri has given me lots of advice on balance, such as having illos balanced with respect to a diagonal line envisioned through the two side-by-side pages. I also try to have the illos face inward so the reader's eye is not carried away from the page. Paj has also been urging me to use more whitespace, and though this is an expensive procedure, I'm going to try it, since the results are very worthwhile. So I hope to have more experimental layout in future issues. But since I type directly on stencil, I doubt I'll ever pull off the spectacular layout of OUTWORLDS or DOUBLE:BILL. And I refuse to justify margins. I believe layout, artwork, and written material are of equal importance. Yet being a full-time employee and housewife leaves little time for fanac. So while I may struggle for the perfect fanzine, I can't spend enough time to achieve it. Further, a fanzine can only be as good as the material received. When I receive fantastic artwork and contributions, I can get fantastic results. But contributions range from poor to excellent, and I find myself rejecting the worst and accepting some of the average and all of the excellent I can get ahold of. Sometimes it is frustrating to get a marvelous piece of artwork that fits well into a mediocre story. Or to have average illustrations crop up in an excellent article. Look critically at any critically acclaimed zine, from SFR to OUTWORLDS to LOCUS to ENERGUMEN to ALGOL and you'll find godawful pieces interspersed with average and excellent. Naturally, the excellent pieces dominate, and the poorer ones are rare, but they are there. No one forces an editor to use such material, but it is hard to resist the temptation to accept some material for a variety of reasons: encouraging a new artist, printing a review of an important book, publishing something a lot of people would like to read, sparking a bit of controversy, and so on. So while fanzines try for perfection and a balance of wonderful & entertaining artwork and articles, perfection is tempered by the realities of time pressures, cranky mimeos, lack of material, editorial misjudgement, and ripping electrostencils. In GRANFALLOON's case, I hope the result is generally enjoyable, usually of better-than-average quality, and gradually improving.-LeB)

Your Heicon report was excellent, aided nicely by the accompanying Kik illos. This process of getting artists to illustrate stories and/or articles seems to be coming back into style. You've done it a couple of times here, Mike Glicksohn's done it with Rosemary's column in ENERGUMEN. It usually works out for the best, too, because very entertaining artwork adds a dimension to the written material and it usually brings out styles and techniques not often seen in the artists. Alicia's work in ENERGUMEN certainly did this; so did one of Jack Gaughan's full-pagers for Harlan's stories in TOMORROW AND...4. Even Tim's work here seems to be in a slightly different style than most of his fanzine work. Very good, both the idea and the work itself.

You and Mike discuss exactly the situation I've mentioned before -- it isn't that there aren't any good fan writers (although it might be true that currently there are no greats of the Willis-Shaw-Tucker mold emerging), but that most good writers are writing for only one or two fanzines. And since fandom has gotten so diverse that few people receive even most of the 'important' fanzines, it's often easy to be unaware of good writing going on in the field unless mention is made of it elsewhere. YANDRO, for example, is a perfect example. I know a number of fanzine producing fans unwilling to pay for other fanzines. Since the Coulsons don't trade or give copies for locs, circulation is quite low, and many interested and active fans

just don't get the magazine....so when Liz Fishman made the Hugo ballot, we got lots of "Who?" questions. A similar situation occurred with Tom Digby who writes for Apa-L and THIRD FOUNDATION. (I still feel that for a writer to be to be nominated, he should have appeared in a variety of fanzines. This year's selection should be somewhat easier -- we have Rosemary Ullyot, Terry Carr, Sandra Miesel, and Arnie Katz who have done much in many zines. I'd consider them the major contenders, but you may wish to consider Mike Glicksohn, Susan Glicksohn, Joyce Katz, Ted White, Ted Pauls, Richard Delap, or Jerry Lapidus. And of course, there's Harry Warner, Jr. I was extremely surprised that he was not nominated this year. Does anyone know why? Harry? Did you withdraw your name from nomination? - LeB)

Enjoyed John's thing on fanzines immensely...and I wish he'd write more of this sort of thing than the more "faanish" writing I've seen from him. It's always fascinating to see someone else's view of a period, particularly from a view so different from my own. I think I begin to understand the fascination with ALL OUR YESTERDAYS among the people Harry described. To me, that volume is great fun in reading about old time fan happenings, but to the people involved, they get Harry's view of events they knew and participated in. It seems funny to read about all the fanzines and happenings in John's article, since they were the big thing just as people like you and I, Linda, were getting active in fandom. I remember reading about all the revivals in the YANDRO fanzine reviews, remember my enthusiasm when Geis, Rudolph, Fisher, and Bergeron actually sent me their semi-mythical publications. Goshwow!





J.M. Weiss '71

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Hank Davis, Box 154, Loyall, Ky., 40854

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Delighted, yes, delighted to see Rick Stoker's review of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. Not, alas, that I agree with his opinion of the novel, but I have been getting more than a little tired of the strident put-downs of the book, most of them emanating from the usual mob of Heinlein-haters, such as John Boardman. The book, dammit, is not all that bad! It deserves no awards, and it doesn't deserve to sit on the same shelf with most other Heinlein novels, but I found it sorta fun after resigning myself to the absence of a plot. Also tiresome is the repeated whine that IWFNE would not have been published if written by anyone except Heinlein. Worse novels have been published in other years, as were several this year. And I doubt that such weeping and wailing would have arisen if anyone but Heinlein had written it. Brian Aldiss's REPORT ON PROBABILITY A has less plot and is not even readable.

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Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209th St., Queens Village, N.Y. 11427

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My main beef with the whole issue is Rick Stoker's review of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL. It's so rare that one finds anything complimentary said about the book that this review should make interesting reading. Unfortunately, I found it too flawed for that.

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First, I disagree that Johann does not want to die. He does. He realizes that the brain transplant will probably fail, but he takes it anyway for (and Heinlein makes this very clear in the book) he feels that he has nothing to lose and he might as well try it. If by "devoid of demagoguery" Rick means that Heinlein did not appeal to our emotions, he's right; but I fail to see what is so great about that. I could not get involved with any character or situation or even feel any sort of realism in them. The characters were stage players performing for us, merely performing.

To say that Heinlein provided "social comment by the extrapolation of environmental problems and violence in the cities" is an extreme overexaggeration. The social comment that Rick alludes to was no more than window dressing with no attempt made at a well thought out extrapolation. It seems, at most, an afterthought, and, as such, failed in its purpose as "social comment." I also disagree with Rick's statement that Heinlein has answered the question of homosexuality, because I don't think he ever approaches it; indeed, I wonder if he ever tried to. Sure, Johann eventually becomes a woman and engages in sex, but he/she quickly goes back to his/her learning stage again. It's a question that is never resolved. Rick's observation that Heinlein never writes sex, fits in nicely with this.

I also thought the circumstances under which Eunice was made available for the transplant (she was killed in one of the rough sections of the city while taking a shortcut to donate blood) were amazingly false and artificial. The fact that this happened off stage didn't help to alleviate this feeling either.



W. H. G. '71

Another gripe: I can understand how Eunice's mind was transplanted into Johann's; but how in hell did Jake Solomon's mind get there too? It seems that if we follow Heinlein's reasoning we should have all been one mind a long time ago.

With all of the proceeding, it should come as no surprise that I disagree with Rick's statement that I WILL FEAR NO EVIL is an impressive finale to Heinlein's career. But I do concur with Rick's hope that Heinlein can come back and write a greater novel. If he doesn't, it's going to be alot harder to call him "a great author of SF."

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David Hulvey, Rt. 1, Box 198, Harrisonburg, Va. 22801

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Can it be possible that Granfalloon and Beabohema, two of my favorite zines, are becoming honest-to-ghod faanish insurgent pubs? I've noted the change in this ish with a great deal of approval -- honestly, I've stopped reading the reviews, except for Delap, who is not my favorite reviewer, but at least has definable literary standards -- and applause, especially for Arnie's contrib. (*Actually, no. I have always held faanish and sercon writings in equal esteem. I still read SF (yes, I do!). I enjoy conventions, convention reports, faanish dialogues, interviews with professional authors, a bit of good fan fiction, book reviews, and editorials. I like faanish fanzines and genzines, and sercon zines. I intend to keep Granny a genzine, and I hope it will be enjoyable for all fans. And if Gf has more seemingly faanish material now, it is simply because more people are writing it. But past issues also had lots of faanish material. -LeB*)

All you need are ENTROPY REPRINTS from Terry Carr, a few lovable freakcols from Earl Evers, and some faanish wisdom from Paj (gee, aren't his locs always so up front and well written? Harry Warner's heir apparent to the locsmith tradition If only it could be). Be assured, the faanish insurgency is moving into its next stage of development: a stage that could include Gf, as well as POTLATCH, LOG, FOCAL POINT, zEEn, NOPE, WARHOON, Paj's efforts, and EGOBOO. Wow! That sure is an impressive lineup of faanish talent. Since SFR has died, the way is open for these delightful zines to take the fore, and send directionless fandom down the path to truTuckerism. Yes, mail-line the corflu, toke the toad, splatter the egoboo, and don't bogart that zine; passitovertome. (*Terry did promise a column, probably a REPRINT, but with his dismissal from Ace and move to California, it will be delayed a few issues. I agree that Paj is quite a good letter writer. He too has promised a future article, and I'm looking forward to it. You forget a few other faanish zines: CIPHER, A-FAN (your own zine, kid), METANOIA, RATS, and BEABOHEMA. Again, I don't think Gf fits into this category. No, it is still a genzine with some faanish aspects, along with ENERGUMEN, ASPIDISTRA, and Paj's CARANDAITH. Genzines with more emphasis on sercon matters include OUTWORLDS, THE ESSENCE, and PHANTASMICOM. -LeB*)

Ah, but to Mike Glicksohn I must make a special note. I know I probably embarrass him with my continual utterances to the beauty and usefulness-expanding of ENERGUMEN, but nonetheless, I proceed to laud the gemstone swellness of his col. It's

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condemned as anguished, gauche, and bad form to discuss one's origins -- as from the mundane world to fadein-fandom -- yet Mike does it well, and without the acute self-consciousness one would expect. Maybe he violates some unwritten, but cherished fancode by revealing the depths of his neogasm before the Cleveland Tricon. No matter. I enjoyed the comments, and not from voyeuristic impulses either. Simply, it was interesting and eye-opening to compare his trials at Tricon with my similar star-eyed misconceptions at my first con. Now, I wouldn't dare hoist myself to the airy heights that the Boy Wonder has attained in the great brotherhood of fandom by clever guilt by parallel experience, since the fallaciousness of that ploy would become quickly discernable and loathsome. However, he did take a suit to Tricon for the same reason that I took a tie, white shirt, cuff links, tie clasp, class ring (yes, I was proud of ole Bilgewater High) and of all possible worlds -- a silk handkerchief embroidered with my name (with a golden-colored fringe yet) to the '70 Philcon. And of all further misfortunes, I too found the deficiencies in my SF reading painfully real -- in my case, a notable lack of pre-68 prozines. Dig this, I'd never really understood who Cordwainer Smith really was, or what he did, 'til that con. Now, I consider myself a budding diehard fan of his (and I believe I may make my major in Soc, even...) The pain. The pain, Mike. And the nostalgia. How you can voke nostalgia in a neo like me is a supreme accolade to your writing ability. BWOF? It would take more than an elegant proof that  $\log_5$  is irrational to confirm that, but only one WINDS LIGHT TO VARIABLE.

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*The Grand Master (W. C. Fields) is on trial for shooting a gambler while they were playing poker. He speaks:*

*"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!"*

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*Mike Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada*

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Alicia's front cover is most appealing but the lettering for the title is quite distracting because of its sloppy irregularity. Am I correct that you added the title after the drawing had come? The position of the lettering is fine: if a title was needed, that's a good place for it, since it leads the eye nicely into the cover. But the differing slants of the letters and the different baseline they appear to be on spoil things. Considering the difficulty in laying out square set letters on a smoothly curved baseline, I think it would have been more impressive if you'd had the title hand-lettered by some local talent. (*I plead guilty. But what local talent? -LeB*)

Andy Offut most likely felt the shock waves at the Apollo launch (ground and atmospheric) not the sound waves, but his is a moving piece with an eloquent message. I think I liked it more than Jodie's report in OUTWORLDS.

I've mentioned to Arnie Katz that I sometimes fear I may be drummed out of fandom for my happy childhood and successful high-school career. I was never much of a

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pariah (I thought they were all from the Amazon, anyway). Edited the school year-book, captain of the soccer-team (does that count, Arnie? I was, and am, too small for football), and beaten out by one vote on a staff of eighty odd for valedictorian (for which I blessed the heavens; public speaking always did and still does terrify me). Of course, I never had a date til I was in second year university, and only had one friend; but I was on the science club executive and...

Egads! A three-month wait to see what Johnny Berry says about me! Quick, what do I have to do to find out beforehand? I have 789 paperbacks, 114 hardcovers, 1262 Marvel comics, 76 original pieces of pro SF art; they're all yours for a xerox of

the next part of John's article! Does Ron lust after my wife? She's on the next plane to Philly! I may even part with (sob!) the last dozen IPA left over from Lunacon! Anything! (*Are you available?*)

I found Ron Miller's story disappointingly weak plotwise, I'm afraid. The old pull-the-plug-and-destroy-the-menacing-machine ploy died with pre-superhero Marvel comics, and for me it spoiled the story. The ending, which is all there is to the tale, after all, depends on it and it rings so patently false that any impact hoped for is lost.

The problem with locating fanzines is that so much time elapses between writing the loc and having it appear and having a chance to correct misunderstandings. If someone writes a loc and three months later it is published, and three months later a reply appears which misunderstands the original, then by the time the misunderstanding has been explained, nine months have passed. Frustrating to say the least. Its been on my mind lately and relates to the fact that my objections to the Fan Cartoonist Huger have gotten much stronger since I wrote.



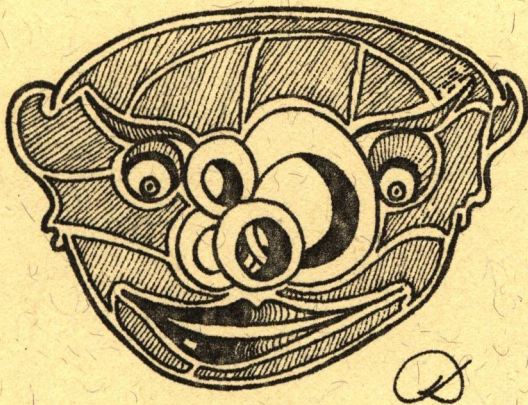
*Grant Canfield, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, Calif. 94118*

You said you would definitely classify me as a cartoonist in any artist/cartoonist category split. I thought that was interesting. I don't know if I agree with you or not. I am certainly as intrigued with the cartoon medium (in its contemporary sense) as I am with "serious" art, as practiced by those you classify as "solid artists." But I certainly don't think of the cartoon medium, as you apparently do, as a "lower" artform. You say, "I'm afraid you guys/cartoonists, specifically Rotsler, Ingham, Kinney, and Canfield, just can't stand up against the competition from solid artists like Austin, Fabian, Gilbert, Barr, etc." I guess that depends on what we're competing for. I presume you are referring to Hugo competition, in which case you may be right. In other, perhaps less backwater, competitive arenas, however, I don't think you will find the cartoonist held in such low esteem.



Money, for instance. Consider the financial rewards available to the successful cartoonist in: advertising, animation, syndicated strips, or freelance magazine cartooning (PLAYBOY, the top of the market in this field, pays \$300 and up upon acceptance of a black-&-white-with-wash spot, and \$500 and up for full-page color work). Consider Johnny Hart or Charles Schulz. Consider Buck Brown or Charles Rodriguez or Gahan Wilson. Consider Jack Davis or Joe Orlando -- what are they, artist or cartoonist? Probably they demonstrate equal facility in either medium, and certainly

show considerable overlap. Back to the old problem: where is this interface, and does it really matter? Forgive me for waving the Banner of Jack Markow, but I'm just trying to point out that cartooning is not necessarily a baser artform than "solid" or "serious" art, whatever that is. In fact, in today's Real World, the cartoonist often enjoys a popular and critical advantage over his brother Artist. So. I guess it depends, like I said, on what competitive arena you're talking about, Hugos or money or success or personal enjoyment or whatever, and what is the competitive nature of the co-competitors, and we all know that competition is the lifeblood of America, etc..... (I didn't mean to imply that I, personally, think cartooning is a lesser art than the "serious" art. I don't, although I tend to enjoy "serious" art more, myself. What I was thinking of is that most people consider "serious" art better than "cartoons", and thus automatically tend to rate "serious" artwork higher than cartoons -- making it more difficult for a cartoonist to compete in the Fan Artist Hugo. - LeB)



Audrey Walton, 25 Yewdale Crescent, Coventry, Warwickshire, England

Ron Miller's views about the form in a work of art determining its ability to awaken aesthetic emotion has sparked off the following: Before we can have an aesthetic emotion about anything, we must first have some degree of understanding in relation to it -- even a delight in a pure vermilion blot showing up in sheer beauty within us; so, although the idea of a language of color may be repugnant to some who maintain that the effect of color is abstract and therefore cannot be captured by any other form, I see no valid reason why the idea should not be explored. Besides, such a language might even help people to enjoy aesthetic pleasure more fully, so might prove a great boon to the human race which has a deep-seated need for imaginative release. The well known cliché that beauty lies in the eye of the beholder is only partially true, because aesthetic emotion is not just a matter of seeing something, because we bring the whole of our personality to bear

upon the art we see; all our past experiences influence what we actually see and feel at any given moment. Therefore, the difficulties in trying to establish a language of color would be enormous, perhaps, impossible, merely because no two people see the same thing or experience the same emotion when they look at any given object. However, it would be interesting to try to do such a thing.

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*Dick Geis, P. O. Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403*

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Your zine is one of the best five or six being published, you know. This business of continuing articles is a sure way of keeping readers. One thing about fan historians -- they always tend to see influences and catalysts where none existed. As with Berry's saying ODD was the beginning of a cycle...as if somehow I took my cue from ODD or was impelled or inspired to come to life as a fan editor again as a result of reading a copy. Well, sir, I had never even heard of ODD when I decided to resume, and it was issues and issues of PSY before I saw my first copy of ODD. This is not to put-down Fisher or ODD, just to set the Record Straight.

I liked Ted Pauls' review of the Awful Malzberg Book -- DWELLERS OF THE DEEP (sounds like a Taine novel). Curiously, Justin St. John sent me a review of that book which was similar in its description of awfulness, and I didn't believe Malzberg could be that bad, and returned the review, pending confirmation by seeing the book myself. Well -- soon after that I folded SFR, and somehow I never did get that double for review, so I never had the doubtful pleasure of attempting to read it. For a man who writes a fine review and good nonfiction, Barry seems to be suicidal in fiction. See his UNIVERSE DAY from Avon. I'm reviewing that one in my new column titled "Science Fiction Review" in the L. A. FREE PRESS (Ahem!) Nice having 95,000 readers instead of 1500 or so.

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*(Now on to letters regarding Gf13. There'll be no listing of We Also Heard From names and thoughts this issue, since there are just too many names. Thanks to all of you who wrote, though. I'm going to try the technique Geis used in SFR: cutting up locs and mailing them to the appropriate people so that contributors will get more feedback. To facilitate this please type all letters on one side only. OK? - LeB)*

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*George Barr, 869 Irolo St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005*

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I read Ron Miller's initial article, and can only agree with most of Alex's rebuttal. I came to the conclusion that, if Ron Miller exists at all, and is not a hoax created to say the things that some older fan daren't put under his own name, (or merely to stir up controversy and make for an interesting lettercol) he is: (a) presently attending or recently graduated from, a standard college course in Art Appreciation, and is mouthing the catch phrases and cliches learned therein, and (b) one of the more courageous (and/or foolish) young men in the world for allowing his own adequate,

but hardly memorable, illos to be published even in the same zine with his damning critique of everyone else. By the rules he himself sets out, his own work suffers incurably.

I haven't seen all of the letters which must have followed his tirade, so I have no way of knowing if I'm merely repeating what everyone else has said. But the determining factor in a magazine or paperback cover is, first, last, and always, whether or not it SELLS THE BOOK. As much as we might wish otherwise, art has little or nothing to do with it. I mean by this, of course, the "ART" Ron Miller speaks of. What will sell a book is very seldom what you would want to live with hanging in your own home. A painting on a wall must have depth and subtlety sufficient to keep it from becoming dull. Every time you look at it, it should offer something new, something worth exploring. The Dillon's covers were this type of art. Almost any one of them would have been more than successful as a gallery painting. But a paperback cover must be able to deliver its message in a single glance, because unless it does it will likely not get a second one. It must above all be eye-catching, and be able to compete for attention with all of the other hundreds of books displayed alongside it. Admittedly, that doesn't make for great "ART," but it certainly demands skill in one of art's aspects. Kelly Freas is probably SF's all-time master at this. Almost without exception his covers shout their message to you, demanding to be picked up, insisting that you read the book to discover what the cover illustrates. That they do not qualify as gallery art is not a damning observation. Few gallery paintings could sell a book. One is not inherently better than the other; they are painted for different markets, for different audiences, and for different purposes. And Freas, Frazetta, Gaughan, Jones, Emsch, Powers, Lehr...all succeed far better at their assigned tasks than the majority of the contemporary artists I see displayed in prestigious (and fabulously expensive) galleries. I seldom find a painting in one of them that I could honestly say I'd be willing to live with. This could, of course, be merely my own lack of taste, but I'll stand by it.

If Ron Miller had studied honey to the point of being able to recognize the different strains by taste, then applied those rules to maple syrup, he could not be more wrong than he is in his judgement of SF art. It is a different animal altogether, and one he obviously knows nothing about.

A point on the comment that SF art is rooted in the past and does not reflect today's tastes... HOGWASH! What appears on the covers of the books and magazines is determined by what the public will buy! This is not just collectors, the buffs, the afficianados, the fans...it is the buying public. They determine by the power of their buying power what will or will not be used. Whether their taste is good or bad, whether it meets with the standards that a small, (self-appointed) elite group have decided is "today's image," is immaterial. It is still A taste, and by virtue of the fact that it exists in a large segment of the buying public, it is TODAY'S TASTE! To assume that one group, and one small group at that, have the power to decide what is "today" and what is not, is arrogance beyond belief. If SF cover art did not reflect today's taste for a considerable number of people, it just would not exist in the form that it does. I am not saying that all of the artists are good. I am certainly not implying that the cover art is as good as it ideally could be. But! It will change when the buying public stops buying! And as long as they DO buy, obviously the art is doing its job. By what other standards should it be judged?

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*Jerry Kaufman, 417 w. 118th St., Apt. 63, New York, N.Y. 10027*

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Alex Eisenstein is pretty nasty.

John Berry runs the gauntlet, and everybody in the line scores on his aching body. It is amazing just how many of his predictions are dead wrong. For instance, when he says that there won't be a wave of fannishness, and there's RATS, POTLATCH, AFAN, etc., etc. A swing to small fanzines is underway (the death of SFR, with Geis' note about the dangers of bigness is one influence). But then there seem to be a number of places in which John will prove to be right, like about Canadian Fandom, all six of them. Well, maybe ten.

One of the best lettercols I've read in a long time. If all fanzines had such tightly edited lettercols, we'd be spared a huge amount of squiff, quibble, burble, and letters like this one. Of course, then we'd never see Norm Clarke in print. Would we?

Jeff Glencannon's reviews are pretty nice. Without 100% agreement, I found him expressing many of my reactions, and I think he promises to develop into a worthy reviewer. And in a field in which there ain't no critics, about two good terse reviewers, and about two good lengthy reviewers, he's welcome. (I still haven't decided if anybody is actually needed; I am of six minds on the subject, and haven't taken a vote yet. My opinion of the moment depends on which mind is in power at the time, making me seem capricious and changeable as the Dow Jones average. Which I am.)

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*Jeff Glencannon, 5049 Tacoma, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104*

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I suppose it is only fair for a fanzine reviewer, particularly one as opinionated as I am, to give people a chance to have a target to fire back at. For this and other reasons, I'll be putting out AMERICAN METAPHYSICAL CIRCUS, starting fairly soon. The first ish will probably be mostly editor-written, but contributions will be welcomed. (The zine will be mainly oriented towards rock, but articles on anything may pop up.) I'll be using two-sided xerox reproduction, so please send only suitable line drawings. I hate the hassle of bookkeeping, so there will be no subs. Issues are available on request, though some stamps, an old fanzine or two, or locs will be welcome. And especially praised and blessed from above will be anyone who sends in an address label with his request, so that I don't have to be bothered with that particularly annoying chore.

John Berry has the talent for keeping a cool head when everybody else around is at the boiling point of zinc. With the current turmoil in fandom, it helps to have somebody who can look at and critically admire both sides. John's comments on Arnie are perhaps the most perceptive that I have seen, and, had I seen them before I wrote my review of POTLATCH, I would have incorporated some of his insights and done a considerably better job. Also, I agree with John about Canadian fandom and the increase in the type of writing Sandra Miesel calls "creeping Canadianism."

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Dave Emerson has a long, well-written, but somewhat wrong-headed article on the JEFFERSON STARSHIP. (Translation: I disagree with it.) I have three main points of argument with Emerson, all essentially tied to differences in interpretations. I think he repeatedly misinterprets songs, and builds points on his interpretations that just don't hold up.

I think, for example, that his assumption that the first side of BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is a prologue to the second part seems to me to be totally unjustified. The second side seems to be solidly aimed at a unity and no prologue is needed. True, some of the themes are similar, but Emerson is right when he points out that the AIRPLANE and the STARSHIP have used similar themes throughout their existence.

I question Emerson's interpretations of "Triad," specifically his tying it in with Heinlein. (In checking my file of ROLLING STONES, I discover that I do not have the quote he mentions. Possibly this is what Crosby said, but it still seems to be forcing the lyrics and ideas of the song.) And I totally reject Emerson's interpretation of "Wooden Ships." It is strange that this song, which is perhaps the most SFish of all the Airplane songs is the one that Emerson misses. "Wooden Ships" is not the pastoral/revolutionary song that Emerson implies. It is very specifically an "after Atom War" song. The reason for the wooden ships is that technology has shrunk so far that those are the only kind left. And far from being a song which brings people together, it is very definitely a song in which the togetherness is rejected by the survivors, who must hold on to their apartness.

On a deeper level, I question if BLOWS was influenced by SF to any noticeable degree. Emerson makes an easy, but no longer entirely accurate equation of SF and the idea of space travel, or the idea of mysticism. A few years ago this might have been accurate, but the two ideas of space travel and mysticism have become pervasive in our culture. Perhaps, almost certainly, SF gave them the initial impetus, but space travel, maybe even SF, has become part of the culture in the same way baseball has, so that people can use metaphors derived from it without having any direct tie in with the source. (To take one example, and perhaps not the best, a considerable number of people have read STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND and been influenced by it who were not influenced by the science-fictional aspects of it at all.)

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is heavily influenced by space travel, and by a particular form of pseudo-scientific mysticism quite prominent in the acid culture. However, I question if there is any real SF influence on any level higher than second-rate STAR TREK.

I'd question most of his other examples of SF-influenced rock in the same way. PINK FLOYD is an exceptional band, and one much influenced by the idea of space flight. Much of its music comes across as musical interpretations of space flight. But the SF aspect of it seems less pronounced. The Atlantis legend is becoming a part of the same counter-culture mysticism which has also produced the astrology craze, the Tarot reading, and, perhaps, now the Jesus movement. (Please note that my use of 'mysticism' is not necessarily a negative term, just a descriptive one.) And, while "Space Odyssey" is not immediately familiar to me, certainly the BYRDS "Mr. Spaceman" is a comment on the Apollo program rather than SF.

I'd question most of his examples, but one he got right on the nose, and again, this is one he dismisses with a figurative wave of the hand. You see, TO OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN'S CHILDREN by the Moody Blues, is, in fact, what he claims BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is. CHILDREN is a SF novel in the form of a record. It is

carefully built, entirely unified, and obviously SF rather than spaceflight-influenced. The model for the album seems to be Stapledon, at least it uses Stapledon's trick of starting with a small personal scope and expanding so that by the end it is treating the whole human race as a person. It begins with the Apollo program ("Higher and Higher" with its direct reference to "tranquility," unmistakable in context), proceeds to the first moon base ("Floating"), with flash pictures of the human race as a slowly awakening child ("Eyes of a Child, Part 1 and 2" and "Never Thought I'd Live to be a Hundred," an interesting comment on man's fear of extinction, among other things.). The scope expands as we see first interplanetary, and then interstellar travel. ("Beyond" which surpasses even PINK FLOYD in its musical evocation of spaceflight, and "Out and In."). We see man spreading out through the Universe ("Gypsy" and "Eternity Road" both of which may be either pictures of other races met by man, or pictures of man as viewed by older galactic races), and then a gathering together again of man, a by-now triumphant but lonely and much changed Man. ("Candle of Life," part of "Sun is Still Shining" and "Never Thought I'd Live to be a Million") Finally, Man returns home, triumphant, almost god-like, a unified creature. Why does he return? To await the next species to become sentient, to join with it and befriend it. Man is now God, but Man is lonely. ("Watching and Waiting" and particularly the lines:

"Watching and Waiting for a friend to play with  
Why have I been alone so long...

Soon you will see me, 'cause I'll be all around you  
But where I come from I can't tell.  
Don't be alarmed by my fields and forests  
They're here for only you to share.")

This, not BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE, is the album that should be on the ballot.

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*John Kessel, Box 6836, River Station, Rochester, N. Y. 14627*

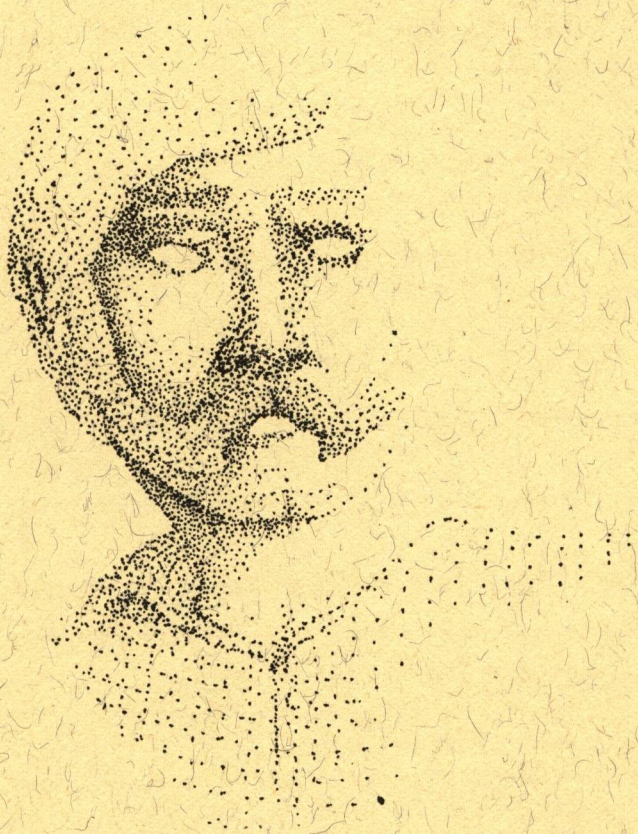
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David Emerson's article on BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE is fine in its description of the science fictional nature of the album and of many songs that have preceded it (although he omits a few good examples, such as King Crimson's albums), but I am somewhat less impressed with the total effect than the author seems to be. First of all, the album is musically pretty mediocre -- it is all done on one level, which is VERY LOUD, and there is no subtlety. The Airplane has done much better work. Second, the album is politically vapid, if not asinine. Kantner rails against the "Empire" as though it were composed of inhuman monsters who have deliberately brought the U.S. to the sorry state it is in today; he does not realize that although people are often fools, they are still people. I doubt him very seriously when he says: "We're not the way you used to be," and you don't solve the problems of the world by hijacking a starship to spread your paranoid dreams to the universe. However, this is more or less irrelevant in light of the third criticism -- that the album isn't even very good as SF. Heinlein did it all much better in METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN thirty years ago. It's all too derivative. Now if you're looking for an album to give the Hugo Award to, I suggest you listen to a copy of "Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me the Pliers" by the Firesign Theater, which has about twenty times as much innovation, and is much better SF. (Note: No Award won the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo.-LeB)

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Soon after I became active in fandom I began to hear all sorts of good things about Buck Coulson and YANDRO. I have now had the opportunity to see several issues of this zine, and I was beginning to wonder if it was only me who was grossed out by the atmosphere of uncalled for disdain and scorn which hovers over virtually all of Coulson's opinions. The man is capable of hating SF REVIEW, presumably for its many feuds, yet he shows the same attitude in his own writing. Admittedly, I don't even know the man, and he certainly has a right to his opinions, but I think much of his nastiness is uncalled for. Anyway, for that reason I was glad to see Bob Tucker's article on Coulson. I still can't understand why so many people like the man. I'd be interested in seeing the reaction to the article.

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*Buok Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348*

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I enjoyed the Tucker article, though I do tend to feel that the "Editor's note" at the end was a wee bit of a cop-out. After all, I should think the editor was the one person in fandom whose opinion the article did reflect. Your letter that came with the fanzine did reassure me, however, since you say you don't feel the article is completely justified; thus I assume this means that you feel it's mostly justified.

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I would like to point out one rather obvious error in the article, however. My review of SPACE AND TIME, while listed under "Big-hearted Buck on fanzines:" quite obviously has little to do with my opinion of fanzines and rather exhibits the vast regard in which I hold comic books and comics fandom. (As I've said many times, some of my best friends are comics fans, but....) I do think Tucker should have recognized this, especially since he didn't mention my regard for comicism elsewhere in the article. However, the man is 70 years old (or so it was stated on his recent TV appearance; personally I'd never have guessed that he was a day over 65) and I suppose these minor errors will begin to creep in. Overall, I have to admit that he has captured the essence of my personality in a way that no other fan writer has achieved. *(The reason for the editorial note was two-fold, first as a satiric note of my own in giving a TV-editorial type "the opinions stated are not necessarily..." and to protect myself in case anyone took the article as a serious put-down of Buck and wanted to argue (I'd rather they argue with Bob Tucker). What I didn't know then was that Buck would take no offense and instead thoroughly enjoy the article: he and Bob are good friends and often kid one another with satiric put-downs. -LeB)*

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Dave Hulvey rites again...

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Jodie Offutt writes a beautiful article. She writes much better than her husband. The crayons were described in a very evocative manner. I could feel/see the whole scene as if I were there. Her effort contrasts painfully with the Alex Eisenstein piece. Jodie Offutt says her argument without resorting to verbal barbs. I'm simply carried away by her gentle, humorous style. Eisenstein turns me off with his know-it-all, ram-it-down-your-throat lectures. Jodie, on the other hand, kindly tells us all what fools we've been to hassle so much about the lack of art comments; but so nicely that I end up thanking her for the education. Fandom needs more like you, Jodie.

Sandra Miesel should write more goodtime fannish stuff. She is such a good critical authoress that half the time I don't understand what she is stabbing at, and the rest of the time I'm vaguely suspicious that she is putting us all on. I mean that my intellectual powers don't quite extend themselves in her scholarly direction. She's excellent as a critic, no doubt, but she only manages to leave me in awe. For example, I wouldn't dare disagree with her, why, I can see the rebuttal now; either a crisp, two sentence smasher or a three page barrage -- each guaranteed to send me scurrying to the nearest gopher hole. I'm just afraid, is all, or was. Now that she's written this piece in your zine, Linda, I know her Achilles Heel. Yes, Sandra, you too have done strange things to ladders on the painting detail. I recently found that my ladder just wouldn't balance evenly on the Good Earth, so I, armed with the Fighting Spirit, placed a stone under one leg of the lopsided ladder. Of course, the roof was very steep, and the ladder couldn't convince itself to stop sliding down in the general direction of the ground. However, There Was Work to Be Done, so I prayed to Bokonon, and raced up the ladder to the top -- where I was to drip paint on those below. Well, the ladder slipped. I froze. Suddenly, the ladder slid off the roof completely, and down I went. Down. Down. Down. My ass hurt. *(I'm very impressed with Sandra's writing, which is why I'm pushing her for Fan Writer this year. I suppose Rosemary Ulliot or Terry Carr deserve to win, but Sandra deserves a nomination. So I plan to nominate Sandra and vote for one of the others, who undoubtedly will be on the ballot. Sandra will have an even better column next ish. Upcoming are also columns by Mike Glicksohn, Ginjer Buchanan, and Don Keller. -LeB)*

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Physically this issue maintains the high production standards you've established lately. The mimeography is excellent, with sharp clear printing and superb art repro of which I'm entirely envious! The only fault I find is in using the blue ink for illos with large solid areas. The blue is most effective for titles and line drawings, but the solid blue areas have little visual impact for me. Your interior artwork is mostly excellent with the two DiFate's impressing me the most, but doubtless some critics will accuse you of using too much "useless filler art." Oh well, you can't please all the Jerry's people.... However, the Faddis portfolio is without a doubt the best justification for folios I have ever seen, and the strongest evidence of all for the oft-heard claim that Connie is one of the few artists in fandom. That last drawing alone is well worth the price of the fanzine! *(Mike, your excellent locs and funny articles may soon get you a fan writer nomination. I very much appreciate locs like this one, it is chock full of criticism -- constructive criticism. Mike mentions mistakes I've made, tells why they are bad, and gives suggestions for improvements. Thanks, Mike. As for the blue illos, you are right about the solid illos, I discovered that the blue was not dark enough to make solid areas effective. Live and learn. Gradually I hope to use more color work and experiment a bit, but for now I'll just use the blue occasionally, when I think it will improve the appearance.-LeB)*

In general, I enjoy your layout, primarily because it's the sort of layout I use myself. Sure it's simple and basic, but to me it's attractive and few of us have the time, skill, or money to try the layouts of a Bill Bowers. But there are one or two minor gaffs this issue, I think. Your use of the Gilliland to open up Alex's article was extremely effective, but why not corflu out the initials and printing? It adds to the mystery of the thing (I'm sure many readers aren't aware of how you did that layout) and, I think, is less distracting. The same is true of the Eisenstein on page 8. Had you removed Alex's initials, no one but you and Alex would have known you'd flipped the illo and you wouldn't get letters from clods like me complaining about it! *(Is this why they call me a klutz? Never again, Mike.)*

My other quibble is more serious: your use of fillers in the middle of an article. I find it most distracting and upsetting to have to read two or three unrelated lines at the bottom of a page and then to have to go back and pick up the thread of the article at the top of the next page. This error in judgement was most prominent in Ted White's piece. I'm a W. C. Fields fan, but when I'm reading a fascinating account from Ted White, being interrupted by a totally irrelevant Fieldsian line is nothing short of infuriating. I notice that you generally try to begin each new page with a new paragraph, but filling in the last few lines with filler is a solution far worse than the problem itself. Then on the next page a totally unrelated Delap short-short completely breaks the mood established by Ted's intro, and for a few seconds until we turn the page, we're not at all sure if Ted's first chapter is going to follow or not. Using filler at the end of an article is one solution to the layout problem (though not the best), but I'm afraid I can see no justification at all for using it in the middle of a piece. In all honesty, I think you've spoiled perhaps the most important contribution you've had in Gf. *(At the time I considered Ted's introduction a separate piece from the chapter itself, so I thought I was putting the filler at the end of the article. But now I see that they should not have been interrupted. I'll try to eliminate this problem in the future. Again, I appreciate this type of criticism, because I can correct my errors, and improve future issues. One good thing about these mistakes, it at least gives Granny room for improvement. How boring to have a perfect fanzine!-LeB)*

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This didn't really spoil the article, I guess, but it did detract from it. Maybe I'm over-reacting here, but when a fanzine of Hugo-quality has such inconsistencies, it's upsetting. Re-reading that paragraph above, I surprise myself at the vehemence it contains. I hadn't realized how strongly that technique had effected me. I'd be very interested in hearing Ted's reaction to your presentation of his material.

Enjoyed your editorial on the horror stories of the Lunacon. Your article in LIZARD INN was sound, and we'd be better off if all regional consoms had to read it before setting up their cons. (*An article on regional convention problems...see CANNONFODDER for a review of LIZARD and the address.-LeB*)

I've always had a strong affinity for Alex Eisenstein's writing because he's one of the few people I know who writes more pompously than I do. In addition, he's usually well informed, presents strong and consistent arguments, and, as often as not, shares my viewpoint. His arguments against the fan cartoonist category parallel my own already-expressed viewpoint. However, in his attack on Ron Miller (Word of Warning: Linda, avoid these feuds or you'll regret it. Signed: Dick, Frank, and Mike.) Alex unfortunately succumbs to a tendency to substitute insult for argument, both in his choice of title and in his opening paragraph. Since the rest of the article is an articulate presentation of Alex's strong opinions clearly based on his considerable knowledge of the field, it seems a shame that he chose to lower the whole tone of his piece by the use of such uncalled-for personal invective. When the air clears from the first barrage, Alex has written an intelligent and thoughtful rebuttal to Miller's articles, and has done so in a most convincing manner. But I wonder how many people will allow his initial name-calling to obscure that fact when they read it? (or -- perhaps -- if they read it?) (*Several other people wrote on this and asked why I didn't delete the first paragraph. What they didn't realize was that the first two paragraphs already had been edited. Having deleted most of the name-calling, I left in a sentence or two of the minor stuff to give the flavor of the opening. The rest of the article was also edited quite a bit, though not for specific name-calling.-LeB*)

John Berry's prediction of the folding of FOCAL POINT as a newszine is, of course, remarkably accurate. And I think he may have been right about Dick Geis! He says: "I don't think Dick Geis will disappear from fandom as he did after the first cycle of PSYCHOTIC/SFR..." If this isn't a prediction of the end of the second cycle, what is it? John merely seems to be saying that Geis will remain active, and important in fandom after SFR folds a second time. And this seems to be exactly what will happen!! Is John D. Berry the real Secret Master of Fandom?

Tucker's attack on Coulson, which has various subtle suggestions of being satire that get wiped out by the sudden passion of that last paragraph, is a very disturbing piece to read. In the past, I have felt that Buck Coulson held some pretty far-fetched opinions (his attitude to the Fan Fair II struck me as surprisingly childish) but I'd imagine that it's probably pretty easy to paint a poor picture of most fans by culling through their fannish writing and picking out isolated quotes. But even if Coulson has said more than his share of things that strike one as fuggheaded, I question the propriety of launching a full-scale attack in a major fanzine. (Perhaps some fans question my right to make such remarks: however, the feud that unfortunately developed in ENERGUMEN was based on certain fundamental issues in fandom, and did not start out as a personal attack on one fan by another.) The obvious next step is an article quoting statements of Tucker's made over the years that put him in a poor light. And you'd be obligated to print it. But is it all really necessary?

Ted's piece is superb. Both the honest introduction and the first chapter which follows. In those first few pages he's already included more ideas and concepts than one finds in the usual "juvenile" and is presenting his background effectively and without ostentation. I look forward to a paperback of the emasculated version. (In the next *ENERGUMEN* Andy Offutt has an article called "Extrapolation Problemation" about the difficulty of extrapolating into the near future and having reality overtake you before the book sees print. Ted has a perfect example, comic books are already 25¢ and I'll bet every youngster who reads the book will snort with derision when he sees that!)

Delap's review of *ECLIPSE OF DAWN* was most perceptive. Which means I felt exactly the same way about it.

Jeff Glencannon is a new name to me but I hope he'll be a regular columnist for you. He shows a surprising knowledge of fandom for someone I've never heard of (which doubtless reflects more on my degree of obscurity than on his) and fits fanzines and contributors into the broad spectrum of fandom and fan publishing in a very effective way. Few reviewers have the knowledge or insight to do this, tending to treat each zine as an isolated entity, so Jeff's column is a refreshing and interesting addition to *Gf*. (*Actually, Jeff's been around fandom for quite a few years, but has the disconcerting habit of dropping in and out.*)

*Gf* usually inspires me to comment and this particular issue is especially provocative and interesting. My remarks have a tendency to be negative but this in no way means I didn't appreciate and enjoy the issue. In fact, I can think of no recently read fanzine that gave me as much pleasure as this issue. It's far more interesting to have someone take a strong stand you disagree with, than to have him merely echo your own remarks on a subject.

Keep up the excellent work and we may well be on the ballot together next year! Excellent. Superb. Brilliantly witty. Er...just practicing for the next letter for some comments about my column. And, he stated as forcefully as possible, if you eliminate the lettercol again after I send in my usual speedy and magnificently written loc, I shall be mildly disappointed...maybe.

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*Greg Benford, Physics Dept., Univ. California, Irvine, Calif. 92664*

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Ted White's troubles with Westminster are fascinating and convince me even more that editors are hopelessly adrift in the SF field unless they spring from it. My own agent, Henry Morrison, is sure that book editors these days want action-centered juveniles with not too much science, and this is indeed what juvenile editors wanted 20 years ago -- but they were wrong then and they are even more wrong now. Heinlein made a fortune disproving them and yet few recognized the fact. They still believe Heinlein is popular solely because he was a story teller. Bullshit; he wrote whole books with background and plot well-balanced and throughout, and few have bettered him. I recently talked with a lady book editor for Holt Reinhart who had never read anything by Heinlein, yet told me she wanted "Heinlein-type juveniles!"..

Ted's first chapter moves along well and does establish a solid background; I hope to read the rest of *TROUBLE* soon. It was a shock to encounter Jim and Greg Benford,

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the Terrible Twins, as fictional characters. I wonder whether they will appear in later chapters; probably not. Still, I would like to see how Ted really represented Jim and me -- whether the twins in this book are at all like us or not. Tuckerism is to me a bit irritating when it's just random -- when, say, a "Boyd Raeburn" turns out to be nothing like the original -- but it would be damned interesting if anybody ever tried to get Boyd's personality down in print accurately. This would add another dimension to the work, rather than a random selection of false triggerings from a familiar name.

John Berry's articles are interesting where they are specific; general shots at the future are less likely to be true, unless one believes there is some mysterious dialectic working itself out through fandom. I rather think his prediction for me -- less active and writing more diversified stuff -- will prove true just because it's true of most fans; as they grow older they do less. But I've been in fandom for 16 years and have flares of activity as my life situation changes and I think there are many fans who will carry on this way -- Rotsler, for one, Geis for another (his flares are brighter than most). We have lifetime fans now, steeped in tradition, and beyond the scope of John's methodology. As for the fanzines he left out, I imagine OUTWORLDS, ENERGUMEN, and GRANFALLOON will run out within 2-3 years, with G first to go, E next, and Bowers holding on for the longest. *(What do you want to bet? I've been reading SF since about the second grade to the almost complete exclusion of other reading matter. Since entering fandom over four years ago (after having started an SF club without knowing about fandom in 1966) I've become something of a FANatic about it -- attending five Worldcons, 19 regionals, and countless club meetings; running PgHLANGE 2 and helping with 1 and 3; buying a selectric typer, Gestetner mimeo (brand new), mimeo stand, and color change unit; and even marrying a fan. Have I really burnt myself out? Is there nothing left for this actifan except gafia? Come now, Greg, I haven't even won my first Hugo yet or pubbed my first pro story. Hmmm...you say on second thought you don't want to bet? -LeB)*

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Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Md. 21740

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Of course, I liked Andy Offutt's paean to the Apollos, because while I get old and crusty and cynical about most things, I feel myself continually more excited and naive in my reaction to the space flights. Maybe I'm the only remaining person in the nation who still hopes that each manned landing on the moon will be the one that will turn up some evidence that we aren't alone: disturbances in the dust made centuries ago by another race of explorers, or something of that sort. But I don't think it would do for me to go to Cape Kennedy and watch the takeoff. I wouldn't believe it if I saw it with my own eyes. I can realize that it's happening when I see it on television because I'm also old enough to have seen the coming of television and this is a futuristic device itself that makes convincing the more recent intrusion of tomorrow on today.

Richard Delap doesn't mention another thing that Silverberg has going for him. It's the fact that Silverberg now writes about real adults who react to problems in adult ways, chewing over the moral consequences of the situation and fighting conflicts within themselves about what to do and behaving in contradictory ways just as most real adults do in real life. A lot of pros who are older than Bob still create

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as main characters teen-agers in the disguise of older persons, who react without hesitating and can't admit to themselves between the start and finish of a novel that they were wrong at this junction and at that one. I hope Silverberg doesn't carry out the awful threat he uttered in FAPA recently: to cut down sharply on his writing, turning out fiction in the future only when he feels in the mood. I think of Rossini and Campbell and various other people who stopped being creative just when they'd scored personal breakthroughs into new heights of accomplishment, and I'd hate to see Bob added to that list, no matter how illustrious the company.

Jeff Glencannon has me wondering about a pen.name or a hoax...He seems entirely too aware of the past twenty years or so of fandom for a comparatively new or long semi-active fan. I liked the thoroughness with which we went about his fanzine reviews, although I feel he's a bit too stern with some of the publications. (*Did I mention Jeff Glencannon was a pseudonym? It is. But Jeff really falls into the semi-active fan category, and I doubt you'd recognize his real name either. -LeB*)

Connie's full-pagers are very disturbing in a good way. I mean, she obviously meant them to disturb the person who looks at them, and succeeded to an absolute degree. I also was very impressed with the full-pager for Coddled Eggs. I can't remember seeing much, if any, Elman art before, and resignedly I predict yet another turn of the screw next year when we're in agony, trying to decide whom to nominate for fan art Hugo purposes out of all deserving artists. (*That was Elman's first fanzine appearance. Elman is a non-fan who was shown a fanzine and decided to submit some artwork. I have no idea what he thought of the results, as I haven't heard a word from him. (Hey there, Elman). All I have is an address, a phone number, and a name, Elman -- I don't even know if it is a first or last name. I do have a bit of his artwork left to print though, including covers which will appear nextish. Hugo nomination time is coming up soon, and I too am in a quandry. I tend to feel a bit of the "spread the wealth" idea is good. If a person has just won a Hugo I feel another person should be given the chance, especially if the two are equally deserving. Thus, I'd pick Steve Fabian for Fan Artist over Alicia, who did a fine job this year, since she just won the Hugo. Rotsler and Gilbert did not make as fine a showing this year as last, so nominations for Grant Canfield, Kirk, or Jonh might be more in order. Woops, I take that back, Rotsler has done a lot of artwork this year (I just glanced through a few fanzines). Fan writer is full of possibilities, as I mentioned: Terry Carr and Rosemary Ulliot in a tie for winner, followed closely by Sandra Miesel (nominate her!), Arnie Katz, and Harry Warner, Jr, with Mike Glicksohn & Jerry Lapidus tagging along, and Ted White, Ted Pauls, Joyce Katz, Susan Glicksohn, and numerous others dragging behind. I still have read little, if anything, by Tom Digby or Liz Fishman and I doubt anyone that invisible in fanzines is really worthy of the award (some people will, have, and do disagree with me). Fanzine? OUTWORLDS wasn't as good this year; ENERGUMEN shines (my choice); LOCUS (not my choice last year, and definitely not this year); S. F. COMMENTARY seems to have replaced SPECULATION as the best sercon zine; FOCAL POINT has been quite enjoyable as it's undergone the transformation to genzine...hmmmm, there have been a lot of good fanzines this year, but few really outstanding ones. I'd consider ENERGUMEN and FOCAL POINT worthy of a nomination, but can't, at the moment, decide on any other zines. I feel GRANFALLOON has been especially good this year, and it's certainly been the best year so far, and I think maybe it is even worthy of a nomination (?)....*) I hope some of you think so too. More recommendations nextish, when I've looked through my collection. Pro Magazine should go to AMAZING! Dramatic Presentation: THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN or perhaps the latest Firesign Theater record, I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS. -LeB)



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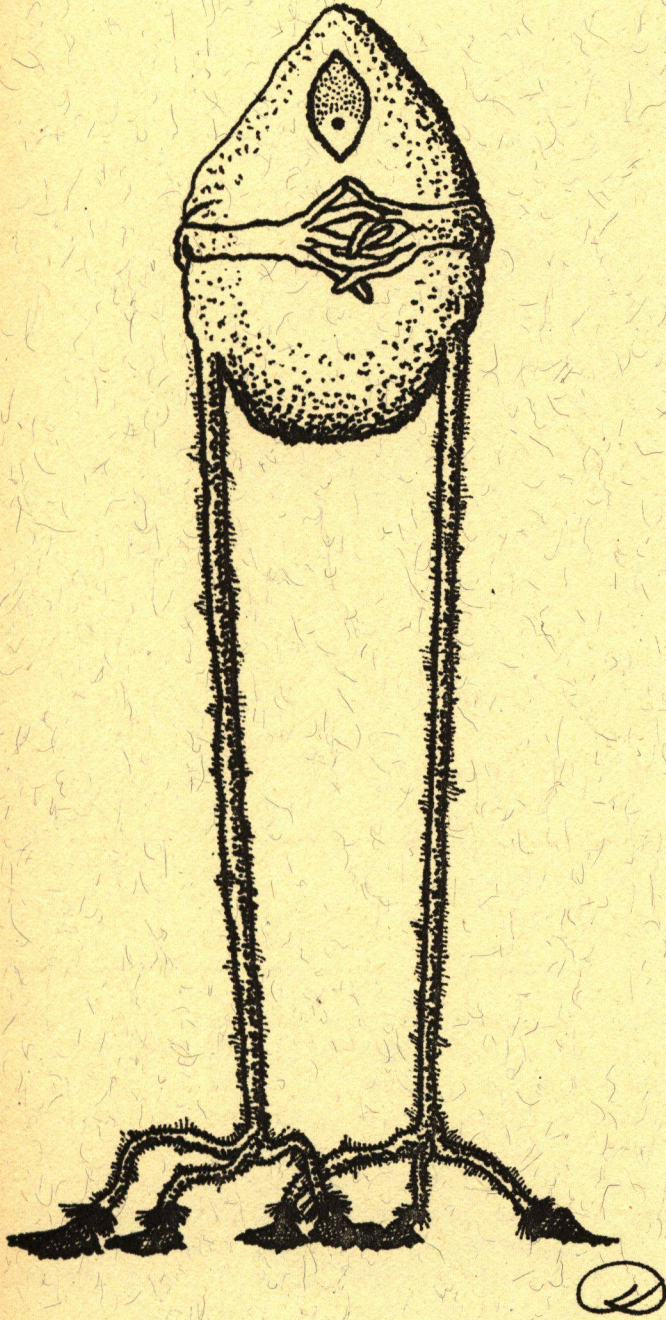
*Andy Porter, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201*

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Alex Eisenstein, who at times shows classic symptoms of fuggheadedness, has cleared the air with his interesting and knowledgeable attack on Ron Miller's aesthetic principles. He provides a cogent and clear-headed response to the call for a separation of fan cartoonist from fan artist; no need to add anything to his article. I find I agree with Alex on much, if not all of his article. He is certainly accurate in regard to Kelly Freas' work, though I would tend to quibble with his attitude towards the Dillons. And, of course, he is dead on target with regard to Richard Powers, who has, by his own estimate, done over a thousand covers for SF and other paperbacks in the last 20 years. I collect Powers' artwork, and his full mastery will be on display at Noreascon. I urge you to rush in, checkbook in hand after I've gone through the exhibit. (I did, but my checkbook would have looked like a rubber ball if I'd bought one of those paintings. Good paintings, though.-L) Andy, you also ask (in the rest of the letter I'm cutting) how to get hold of Connie Faddis. Write her at 5737 Kentucky Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15232. -LeB)

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## THE LAST WORD AND A NOTE TO ARTISTS:



It is now November 4 and I find myself running behind schedule, as usual. With luck, copies should be in the mail by the end of the month. Nextish will be out in late January.

Artists: Recently I received a drawing which I accepted. By chance I happened to see a matchbook -- that had the same drawing. And in the past I've received and printed work which, I was later told, was "copied" from somewhere else. I realize such cases are rare, but let me emphasize, in case you were wondering, Gf uses original artwork only. If you have used an idea you've seen elsewhere, let me know (and if possible send the original) since I don't want to break copyright laws, and I also don't want to print copies.

Also, all originals will automatically be returned to artists. Please use pen and ink (or felt-tip), black on thin white paper (no cardboard!). Thanks.

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