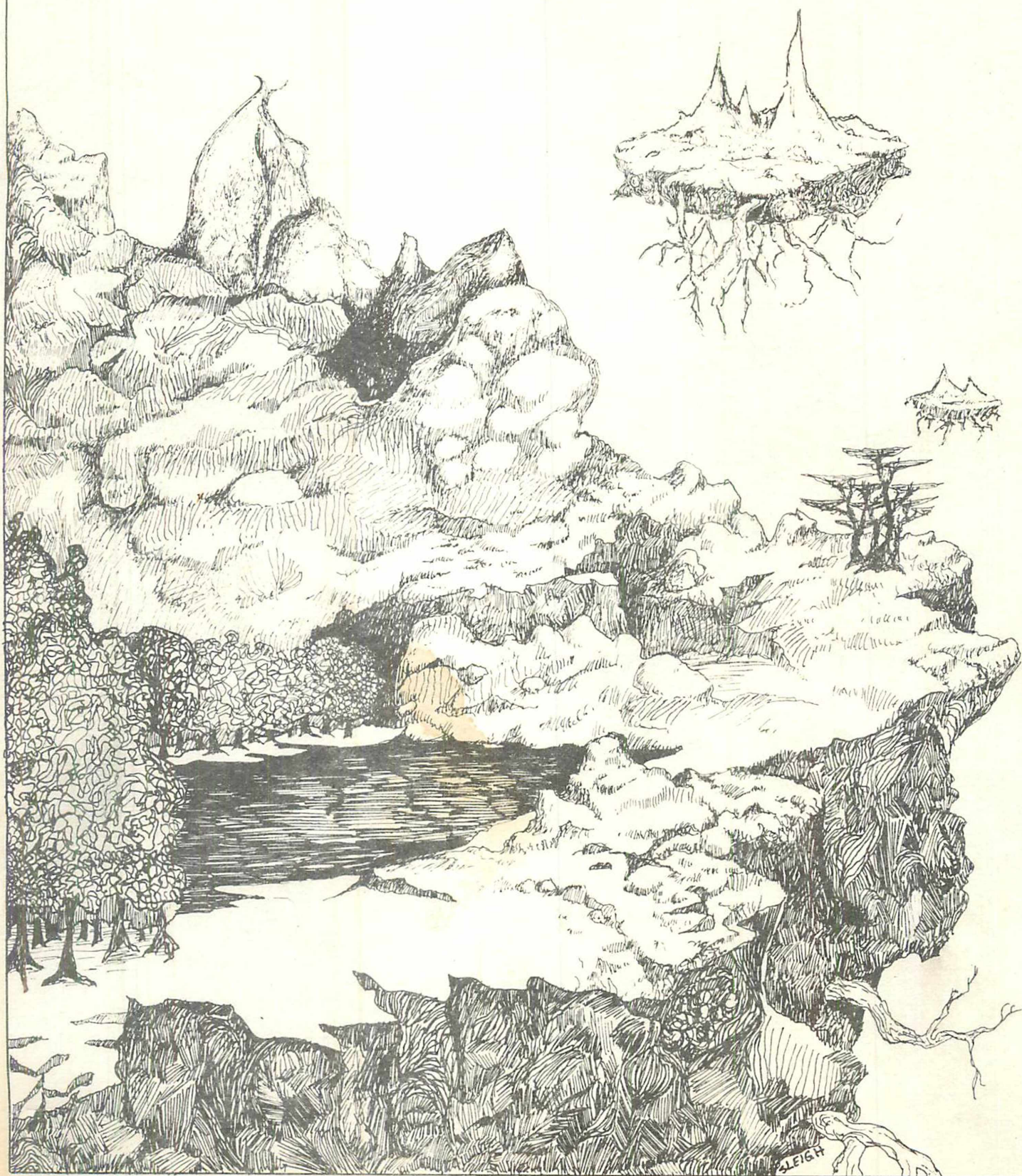


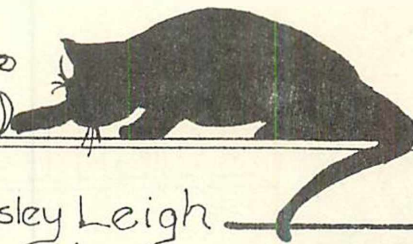
## GRAYMALKIN







# contents



Getting Familiar = Denise Parsley Leigh	2
Caterwauling = Stephen Leigh	7
A Sort Of Con Report = Roy Lavender	11
Handbill of the Harlequin = Jessica Amanda Salmonson	13
Two Poems = Steven Federle	13
I Beg Your Pardon, But Aren't You Me = George S. Howard	14
Ya Pays Y'r Money; Ya Takes Y'r Chances = Allen Curry	16
The Deus Ex Machina = Advertisement	18
A Brief Examination of Sexual Contact... = Suzanna Stef	19
The Con Report Without A Snappy Title = Denise Parsley Leigh	21
Reviews	24
Locs = Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Ira M. Thornhill, Eric Lindsay, Mike Glicksohn, Terry Jeeves, William I. Cavin, Reed Andrus, Robert Coulson, Robert Bloch, Don D'Ammassa, George Laskowski, Arthur Metzger, Ro Lutz-Nagey, James Dean Schofield, Donn Brazier, Ned Brooks, Harry Warner, Jr, Scarecrow	27

<u>Artists:</u> Dottie Bedard	= 43
Allen Curry	= 6, 31 (Curry/Gold)
Marla Gold	= 8, 31 (Curry/Gold), 38
Terry Jeeves	= 35, 41
Jeff Kleiman	= 13, 20, 23
Shari Lang	= 13
Stephen Leigh	= Front Cover, 2, 10, 16, 18
William Rotsler	= 11, 15, 25
Nancy Soellner-Federle	= Back cover, 6
Lee Stevens	= 19

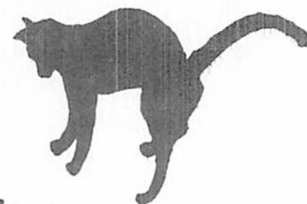
—— Headings and Contents Page = Stephen Leigh

GRAYMALKIN Vol 1, No. 3 is edited and published by  
Denise Parsley Leigh at 121 Nansen St; Cincinnati,  
Ohio 45216. Available for trade, contributions of  
material, locs, editorial whim, or \$1.<sup>00</sup> a copy.  
= all rights returned to contributors after publication.





## getting familiar



11-28-78: Ghod, such a meloncholy mood... I've just completed George R.R. Martin's *A SONG FOR LYA* and that reading set the mood I'm in. I came out of his world and turned on Joni Mitchell's *BLUE* so that I could contain/enhance the mood...sometimes I like to feel depressed. It's usually a time for the purging of my soul either to Stephen or my journal, usually to Stephen. He lets me ramp and rage, go through my crying jag and then holds me till I'm finally drained of any emotions other than my love/lust for him. This time I was so disgusted with my inability to articulate my feelings that I pushed him aside and got out my journal and made myself write down what was going through this weird-ass head of mine. The thoughtjumble that follows is the result of this exercise.

...I find myself in such awe of people like Stephen and George Martin who can express themselves so easily on paper. If I can talk to someone in person I find it very easy to bare my soul. I trust people, for the most part...or at least I tend to trust my first impressions. I don't know which is a better ability. Steve is always jealous of my way with people and I'm always jealous of his writing talents (the grass is always greener, la, la, la). Somehow I think we're both improving a bit with practice. We have fandom to thank for that.

Stephen just interrupted me to read his article for this issue. He talked a lot about killing and death. A close friend's father recently died...suddenly and senselessly...and Steve expressed the emotions that I felt but couldn't quite put into words...The sorrow for our friend, the uncomfortable feel of the whole situation, not really knowing what to say and what I *did* say sounded inane. What can you say to someone, *anyone*, who's just lost a loved one?

...When I was twelve years old my sister, Mary Beth, died of leukemia. She was six at the time and had suffered for about three years. I've always felt guilty about her...not so much the fact that she died as the lack of time we had to get to know each other. I remember feeling jealous of the attention she was getting from my parents. They spent so much time with her at the hospital and I was too young/immature to understand their feelings, their loss. Then, when she died I remember not being able to cry. I kept thinking about petty things, like what to wear to the funeral and getting mad at my father because he thought I was too young to shave my legs and wear stockings and thinking about the attention I would get at school. The nuns always announced deaths over the p.a. system and everyone was really nice to you. I was never really that popular.

As I've grown older and hopefully more mature, I often think about Mary Beth and the way things were. *Now* I can cry...



...My grandfather died of cancer when I was eighteen. We all loved him very much but were somewhat relieved because he was in much pain. Also, he was fairly old so it didn't seem quite so tragic. We had a good old fashioned Syrian wake, almost like a family reunion. It was almost pleasant.

Grandpa was one of the kindest, most truly "christian" people I've known. I always felt that no matter what I did to make the rest of the world think ill of me my grandfather would see through to the part of me that was good, if a bit different, and never condemn me for my actions. Oh, he would scold me and tell me to try to be better, but none of the low cuts to my ego that I got from others. He always seemed to understand my feelings of rage and love and could comfort me. Sort of like Stephen. I really miss him now...

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember playing a game with a girl friend. We called it boyfriends and girlfriends, for lack of a better name...it seemed appropriate at the time. We would strip to underwear and wrap cloth around our bodies to make exotic togas and fantasize about having movie star lovers, like Kookie Burns or Tab Hunter or whoever was popular at the time. Sometimes we'd both be girls and do the whole courtship routine...sort of like Barbie dolls with real people and the traditional imaginary best friend of childhood.

But sometimes we would take turns pretending that the other was the guy and make out with pillows between our faces so we wouldn't actually have to kiss or see each other. We would caress each other's sexually immature bodies and press against the pillows, wishing the other was real.

Then my friend, in a moment of religious fervor, went to church and confessed all, or at least her version of what happened. The priest told her that what we were doing was immoral and that our souls would be damned to hell if we did not cease. We had committed the ultimate in mortal sin...sexual exploration. (As I recall there was nothing more sexual than what I described above...no touching of the "private" parts. Hell, we didn't even know they existed.)

My friend told me of the priest's decision and urged me to go to confession and cleanse my soul. Being the good, scared Catholic that I was, I rushed to the church and proceeded to tell the priest my sin...apparently tamer than my friend's (I was two years younger than she) or else I had a more open minded priest...and he told me not to get too upset about it but to be cautious about the handling of my body. I said my penance and left, wondering what my friend had said that made the priest want to damn her/us to hell. Maybe I hadn't got the story straight.

Nevertheless, we never touched again. I remember missing our game and wondering what was wrong with me. It was like she was ashamed of what we'd done and couldn't bear to be near me.

I never really understood, and we had a casual friendship from then on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lots of my friendships have died...many since discovering fandom. Mundane friends and family think that Stephen and I have entered into some weird cult...

somewhat like the Jonestown group. There's something very funny/tragic about that whole incident. People make jokes about death. For example, at Chambanacon George Martin, Alex Eisenstein and myself were sitting around talking about 7 a.m. and came up with an idea for a Jonestown in '82 bid for the worldcon...with H. Beam Piper and Robert E. Howard as pro guests of honor, grape kool-aide to be served in the con suite. (Sorry, folks, it had been a long night.) This is very sick humour but we thought/think it was funny...like Steve's Elvis Presley imitation...(read Caterwauling) you should see his impression of Pope John Paul I..a real scream.

Nervous reactions to death?

End of Entry

12-1-78: Welcome to Thanatology 101...first assignment will be to visit the county morgue and view an autopsy...anyone still enrolled after that will be invited to participate in the next one, or be the subject of same.

Whew...since last issue it seems like all I've been doing is going to cons... After Iggy there was WindyCon, a first for me. Bill Bowers, Marla Gold and I drove to the Chicago area on Friday night and made a stop at the Gold-Franke household in Beecher, Illinois, fully intending to complete the trip to the convention. Ten hours later we crawled out of bed and headed for the hotel. The con was fun...lots of good people to be with, like Eric Lindsay, Mike Glicksohn, Suzi Stefl and many others. I found myself wanting to spend as much time as possible with Eric as it wouldn't be long before he'd be heading back for Australia, but I really didn't spend nearly enough time with him...two days is not very much time to get to know someone, but we tried. I even made it to a few panels this convention. Tucker, Scithers, Rusty Hevelin and Bob Shaw presided over a Fannish Legends panel...very enlightening for a neo like myself. Finally found out the truth about Claude Degler...could he be Scarecrow, Rex Oz in disguise?

Then there was OctoCon (the *real* one in Sandusky, Ohio). Bowers, Marla and I (sound familiar?) arrived Friday night and I don't think I went to sleep until midnight Sunday. OctoCon is basically one big party...no programming or huckster rooms, just lots of good people to be with and lots to eat and drink. The Haldemans attended the con this year and I think they really enjoyed the relaxed atmosphere. There was a poker seminar between Joe, Mike and Sid which went on for what seemed like days right off the con suite so everyone wandered in and out of the room to keep tabs on who was winning. Bob Tucker made it this year, to the delight of all. This is one con that I always hate to have end because it seems like the people I want to be with most are always there and I hate saying goodbye. (If you see Susan Applegate ask her about the story we wrote about Eric Lindsay late Saturday night in the con suite. I understand that Glicksohn may be interested in printing it...I certainly wouldn't.)

Between OctoCon and Conclave we had Eric Lindsay staying with us...talk about your instant friendships. Eric is one of the dearest, most loving people I've met in fandom...somehow making my first year and a half much more meaningful. At Conclave I think we all finally realized that this was the last time we'd see him for a couple of years (unless maybe we can talk him into coming to hear Bowers' speech again, Real Soon Now.) and I *know* Eric was feeling low, so the rest of us were feeling for him...hell, we love the guy (hear that, Eric?) and Steve and I fully intend to take him up on his offer to stay at his place in Australia. He'll



probably have five-hundred fans knocking on his door the next time Australia wins a worldcon bid. Somehow I think that as long as no one messes with his book collection Eric will welcome us all.

As for the rest of the convention, Ted Sturgeon was GoH and I was delighted to present him with a hug and kiss from Bea Mahaffey. Sturgeon has always been my ghod and I've always felt that anyone who could write as well as he does would have to be one hell of a guy...fortunately I was not disappointed. The only regret that I have is that I missed the GoHspeech, which I've heard was excellent. But what detained both Stephen and I was probably much more fun...

My newly adopted niece, Dotti Bedard, was on a Rocky Horror Panel and did surprisingly well. Shocked the hell out of us all when Glicksohn asked her a question to the effect of 'why, if Frankenfurter was such a great lover, did he make Brad and Janet breathe so hard (come) so quickly?' Dotti undauntingly replied "Because he was a speed freak." That's my niece who said that...

Speaking of Dotti, you may notice a drawing or two of hers showing up from time to time in this zine. The kid's not bad...especially when you consider that she's only ten years old. I can't draw competently at *my* age...so, I hope you like Dotti's work as much as Steve and I do. (Maybe Bowers would like some contribs for the next issue of *OUTWORLDS*.)

And speaking of contributions...most of the artists in this issue are familiar to you...Jeff Kleiman, who did the cover for the last issue has consented to let me use some of his drawings for the interior. Jeff is a starving graduate-assistant at a well-known university and has bargained his artwork for promises of prophylactics. It seems they're a lot cheaper here in cincy. So, anyone wishing to help the cause please send contributions (preferably unused) c/o my address and I'll see that he receives them. (*ohmygosh, what have I said? Jeff will probably kill me...*)

Also, the Roy Lavender con report was sent to Bea Mahaffey for Art Metzger's *LAUGHING OSIRIS*, but at the time rumour had it that the zine was dead, so Arthur gave the report to me. He also contacted George S. Howard for permission for me to use his article. Well, it turns out that the rumours were false, but by then it was too late for me to give the articles back to Arthur so my thanks to you, Art... the sacrifices you have to make for friends... I *did* offer to do a Conclave report for him but I really couldn't think of anything to write that was printable, so some time Real Soon Now I'll have to go to a con and attend most of the programing... how about next years MidWestCon, Art? Huh?

Anyway, my thanks to everyone who contributed. Any new voices out there who want to be heard? I'm not really looking for fiction. To quote Bowers "If it's printable, it's probably sellable" so try a more lucrative market. But I *am* interested in artwork, poetry, con reports and other various articles so send on.. if I like it I'll print it.

If you like the graphics of this issue you have Stephen to thank for it. He did most of the paste-ups and all of the headings, not to mention typing his own article. It's really nice having a live-in contributing editor who refuses to be a contributing editor. Ex-graphic design majors are hard to kill. Also, Bill Bowers acted as technical advisor...thanks, Uncle Bill.

(Ohmyghod, I promised Steve you'd do five pages of editorial...don't want to end up with a blank page at the end, and I hate using "Why you are getting this zine" as a filler page...what to write, what to write. Oh, I know, Denise, why not tell them about your trip to California to visit Nancy and Steve and MUCKING FOREARM. I know you promised them you wouldn't print it, but you didn't promise not to talk about it, did you? Rationalize. Hmmm.)



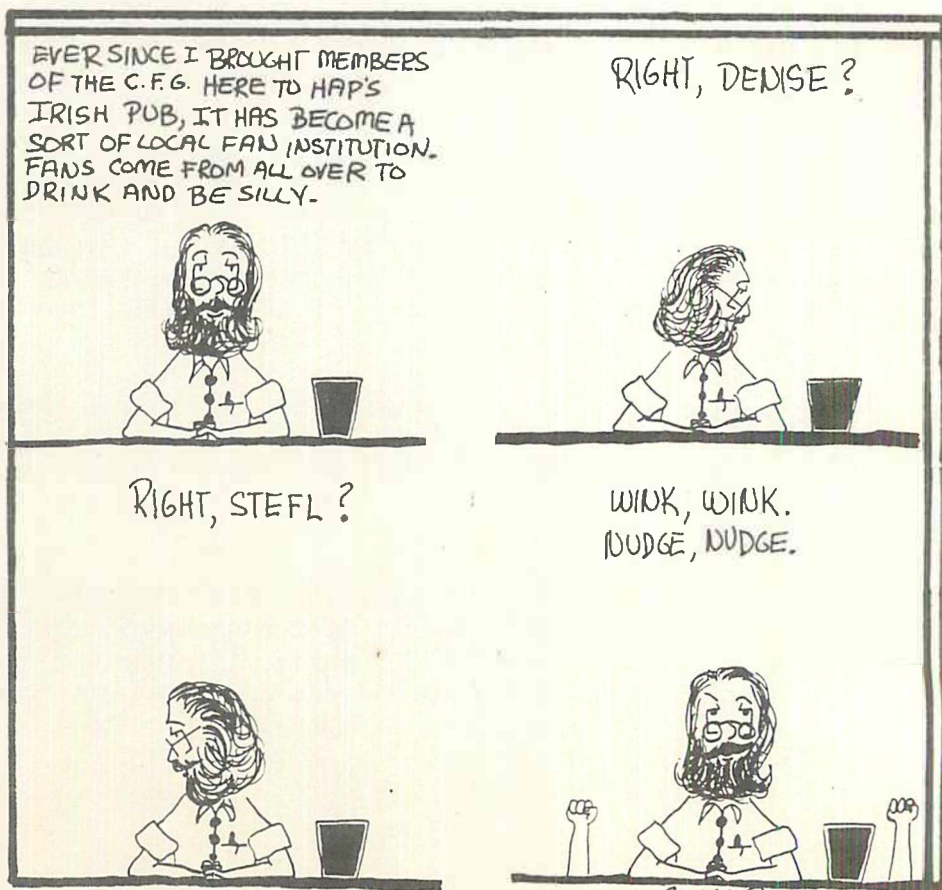
Well, the whole thing started when Steve and Nancy and Steve and I were driving through the steets of San Francisco and some turkey pulled out in front of us and called us fucking morons. You can't print that, they told me, so we decided to come up with another name, thus the birth of Mucking Forearm. Oh, it was a beautiful piece of work. We all sat around one night, drinking wine (which is probably the only reason we did it) and started writing down things--sort of impromptu, you know? Steve Federle wrote some perfectly awful poetry, and Steve Leigh wrote some perfectly awful sf and Nancy Soellner-Federle did some little ditties like the one in the upper left-hand corner, and I made up a poem about Mucking Forearm which I won't bore you with, unless you're bored already, then maybe I could dig it up 'cause it probably wouldn't make any difference, now would it? No? You don't want to see it? I don't blame you. I told the

parrenthesis you wouldn't like this. (They love it, keep going, stupid.) Who are you calling stupid? I created you...I'm typing this editorial. [[Like hell, you are... I'm doing the typing.]] Who was that? (Must be the typewriter...you know how conceited those IBM Selectrics are...especially since this one belongs to Bowers.) This is getting ridiculous...I'm not going to put up with this. It was a stupid idea in the first place to tell them about Mucking Forearm...it's not even fannish!!! (Aw, come on, Denise. Sure they like it.) No, as editor of this fanzine I refuse to talk anymore about such a stupid topic.

[[And I refuse to type anything more if you continue in this ~~stupid~~ vein.]] See, I told you it was stupid. (What does he know...he's only a dumb typer) [[Stupid parrenthesis!]] Knock it off you guys.

Now that I think I have things under control again maybe I can get on with the final remarks...This is the New Years Eve in Cincinnati issue and will conclude this volume. You'll notice that the cover price has jumped to \$1.00--that's because of the rising cost of printing and postage. Hope we don't lose anyone...

Enjoy...(Yes, enjoy) [[Me, too.]]





# Caterwauling

by Stephen Leigh

## BANG, YOU'RE DEAD

The following are simple random thoughts generated by an asinine funk that has decided to take up temporary residence in my typewriter, forcing me to be maudlin. The typewriter is prone to such psychic attacks -- it is, after all, one of those temperamental, romantic, and melodramatic Germans -- and to exorcise the demon, there is only one worthwhile course of action: vigorous pounding of the keys. Very occasionally, this pounding forms recognizable words, and even more occasionally, those words make mild sense. Given an infinite amount of monkeys and an infinite amount of time... but I'm only one Homo Sapiens with one typewriter and a very limited amount of time. Don't expect Shakespeare.

\*\*\*

Earl and I, back in the days when we were both collecting rejection slips for mediocre stories, used to joke about our tendencies. Earl was Italianesque with his writing, lusty and lewd and optimistic, his visions imbued with light and air, crisp and brilliantly painted in pastels. His tragedy was that of the Renaissance; romantic, sad but not horrible.

I killed people.

It was an axiom that in every last one of my stories, someone died. I was that Germantic Melodrama referred to above -- Wagnerian, and with the same lousy sense of story-telling that Wagner brought to his librettos: if you can't think of anything else to do, kill a few of your characters (or if desperate enough, do a total job and ring the curtain down on the entire world). The crash and thunder of Götterdämmerung lurked in the background of all my early submissions. I was a remarkably casual killer, stalking the pages with my deadly SCM automatic weapon.

Of the twain, I received the first acceptance, a story in which I slew everyone but the protagonist, and I left him in dire straits. Even if you *have* read my stories, you've never read this one -- Ted White and I had a mild altercation... well, actually I had a mild altercation with the void into which all letters disappear, as White never answered letters, and the end result was that the story now occupies a revered space in my file cabinet. I haven't sent it out since. It probably wouldn't sell again, and about the only thing I find attractive is the title (ask me sometime). But it was the first indication I had that the sf world preferred the deadly aim of my typewriter to Earl's more pastoral visions. Pessimism with cowboys and indians triumphant again. After all, it was the good guys that generally got it in my stories. They were, to borrow from Anna Russell (in her description of Wagner's Siegfried), "Very strong and very brave and very *stupid*."

It's easy to kill stupid characters. They deserve their deaths.

What appalls me more than anything else is that their deaths affected me so little. Why do I find it so easy to kill, even in the fictional sense? Why does the slaying of my creations seem logical and consistent?

Huh?

\*\*\*

The band was once accosted by a lady who asked if we could do Elvis Presley -- this shortly after his death. The drummer and I looked at each other, said "Yes", and promptly fell to the floor in the early stages of rigor mortis. It should be

Through Denise's insistence, I gave what I'd originally written for this issue of GRAYMALKIN -- a con report on Iggy -- to another faned. I told Denise, well, I'll write you something else. That may have been a mistake. Now is not the time I'd have chosen to write a column. Mortality keeps gibbering and clawing at my face as I try to think.

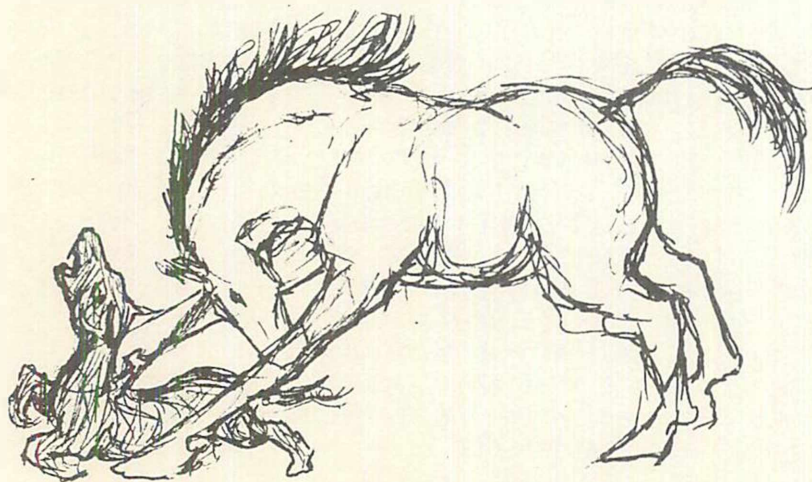
noted that the lady did not find this humorous. People without a sense of humor should be shot.

\*\*\*

An aside that may or may not have any bearing on the main thrust of these thoughts: I've been in very few physical fights since grade school. In that last fight, many years ago, I discovered how dangerous my anger can be -- I was sitting on my opponent's chest (this is a good position, nearly as fulfilling as the Missionary), and I suddenly found my fist hammering at his face. The kid was bloody, streams of red running from one nostril and the corners of his mouth and a wash of pink smeared across one cheek. It was as if I'd suddenly awakened. I sat there with my fist raised for another blow as he whimpered in pain beneath me, and I realized that I couldn't hit him again. I got to my feet, feeling oddly frightened, and watched him run home. I didn't feel particularly victorious. And again: a few years ago, the band of which I was a member was playing a job at a country club in Columbus. The manager of the place was giving us a very rough time about removing our equipment after the gig. He was rather surly and ill-mannered about it, and we responded in the same coin -- he was a former Marine sergeant used to immediate obedience, and his hired help was no more kindly disposed toward him than we. I began whistling "Whistle While You Work", and was ordered to cease and desist; our sergeant wanted no singing or whistling -- he wanted us to *work*. So I began whistling "The Bridge Over the River Kwai", joined by the rest of the group. This is known as intimidation. He was wroth, and proceeded to use some colorful language. I replied in kind: "Mother-fucking son of a bitch" was the phrase that caught his attention, I believe -- I'm not overly creative when it comes to cursing, but anything subtle would have been wasted on him. He said (and he *really did!*), "Come over here and say that, prick", pointing to the floor in front of him. I have only rarely been as angry as I was at that moment. Every muscle in my body was trembling with tautness, and as the controlled portion of my mind dove for the fox-hole it keeps handy for such occasions, I nonchalantly walked over to the dear man, stood under his nose, and nodded my head at him. I wanted *so* badly for him to strike me, to give me some excuse for being physically abusive. I *wanted* to fight. With extremely precise enunciation, savoring each word, I repeated to him what I'd said.

He walked away.

I didn't know whether to be disappointed or relieved.



doorstep.

Nine people generate a lot of urine.

You know, my temper frightens me. It takes a *lot* to make me lose control of myself, but once past that point...

Now, that was an entirely childish scene between two supposed adults, and I didn't even have the excuse that I'd been drinking. I've seen two ten year old kids repeat that scene without significant deviations -- with the possible exception of the language, and even then, ten year olds seem to know more than I did at their age. The realization started to become apparent about the time that the band (yes...) was urinating on the country club



\*\*\*

An incredible number of people have just died in the mass murder-suicide in Jonestown, Guyana. The only truly amazing thing about this is that we won't remember much of it in five years. Death seems to be as transient a way of being remembered as living.

\*\*\*

I just did a quick survey. Of the stories I've had published or accepted for publication, fully two-thirds of them involve violent death. I suppose I still kill people, though the percentage is coming down somewhat. Mortality stalks my characters like the mad reaper. It isn't even planned--most of my stories aren't plotted in advance. They tend to grow organically, usually with some vague ending in mind and always with an eye to whatever statement I'm out to make, but I've never sat down and thought: "Well, I think I'll knock off old Knud." And what happens? With consistency, too. I begin to realize that my mental set isn't quite as 'civilized' as I might think, that there is still a lot of childish machismo in what I write. I guess you never outgrow playing army.

\*\*\*

A friend of mine, in the height of the anti-war fervor nearly a decade ago, remarked that he could *never* kill another human being, no matter what provocation. I was tempted to agree with him, but being a professional skeptic, I reflected on that for a few moments, and found I wasn't so damned sure. I told him of my uncertainty, pointing out a few cases where I knew that my temper had run away with me. No, he said, he was certain of himself, beyond any doubt. He could never kill another.

This, folks, is known as bullshit.

\*\*\*

Quick, name me a well-known sf novel in which there are no violent deaths.

\*\*\*

I received a call yesterday from Steve and Nancy, good friends who reside in California. They were back in town--Steve's father, who had been in good health and had never had a heart condition, had been struck by a sudden heart attack and died. I didn't know what to say, how to reply to the news; I wanted so badly to give him some comfort, some indication of support but couldn't find the words. I stammered and stuttered the traditional condolences. It was far worse at the visitation (and how I detest them), for I had to deal with the visual contact. I hated the cloying atmosphere of infectious weeping, the forced grins cemented on agonized faces, the lame and innocuous conversations that never once revolved to the subject matter everyone wanted to avoid, the covert glances at the coffin and its silent burden. I wanted, alternately, to be loudly rude, to cry, to steal quietly away, to... We talked about Steve's poetry and Nancy's classes, not about his father. As I was leaving, Nancy remarked that she couldn't feel sad, only bitter.

Yes.

I had an image of some deity (I'm agnostic--you take your choice of gods) sitting before his cosmic typewriter and blithely, unconcernedly, typing in the demise of characters in the universal farce.

\*\*\*

A young man was in a wine store, reaching up to look at a bottle of a well-known (if not respectable) brand of wine, when he was startled by a clerk, asking "What type of wine are you looking for, sir?" As the young man turned to look, his hand knocked over the bottle of wine, which landed squarely on his head, doing great damage. The young man grinned as he staggered drunkenly and replied, "I lean to port." So saying, he keeled over and died.

Ever since this incident in the wine shop, humor in the face of death has been known as Gallo's humor.

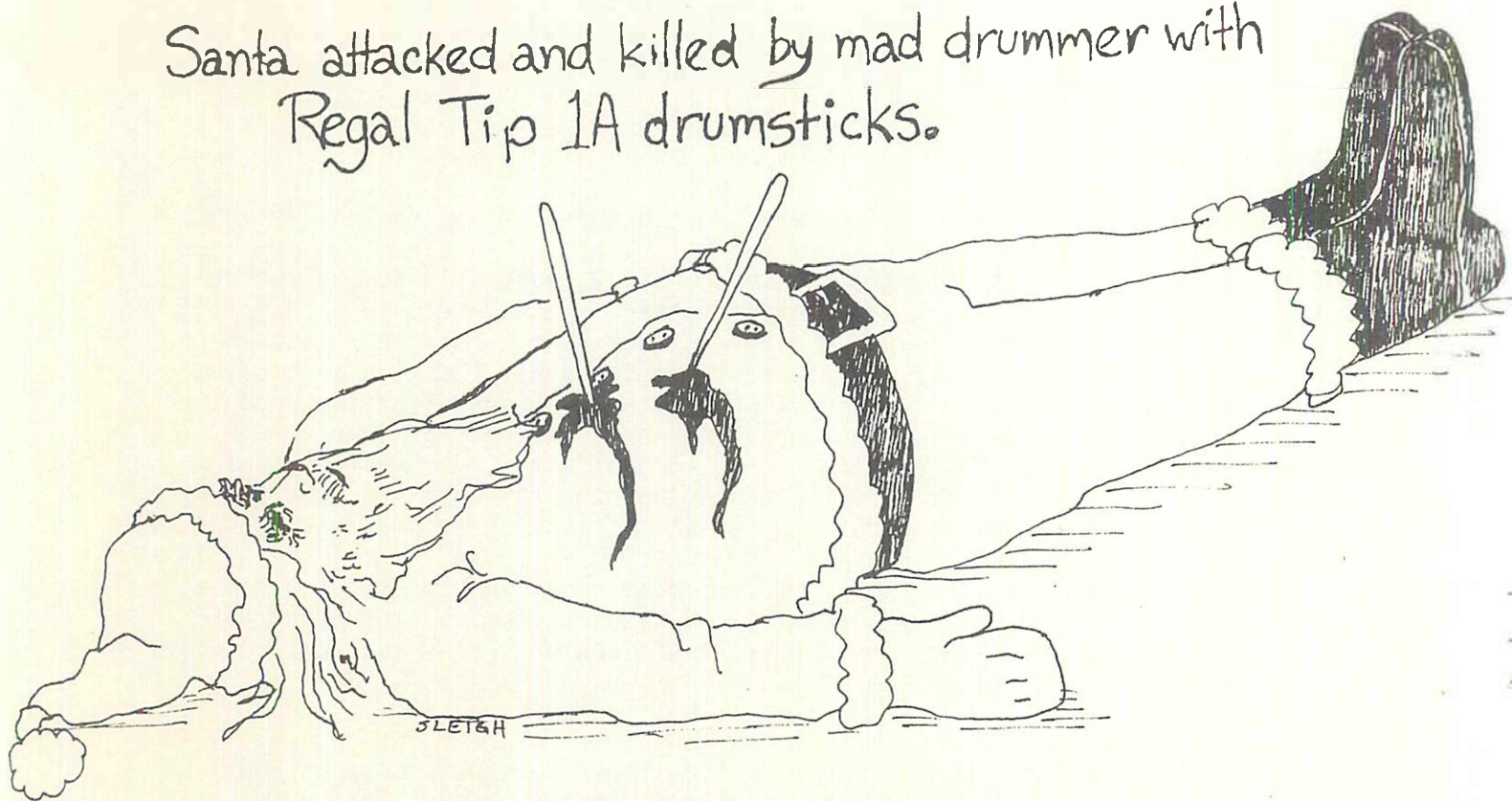
\*\*\*

A group of us decided to do a student film, the title of which was *The Decadent Funeral*. We procured a coffin from a fraternity that used it once a year to hold the beer for their Halloween party, enlisted the help of several friends, and transformed an attic into a somewhat art nouveau version of a funeral parlor. We knew it was a good imitation when we could smell the overabundance of flowers. The mourners filed by the casket one by one as we filmed; grieving, weeping, wailing. Gabrielli filled the air with fugal horns. Then a song began, far more modern, and the mourners began to laugh and shout and sing along with Nilsson and a chorus of Senior Citizens: "I'd rather be dead/Than wet my bed." To us at the time, it seemed apropos.

\*\*\*

I reproduce below a christmas card I once sent out. It depicts *Great Moments in Christmas Music*. I still find it humorous, and I sometimes wonder at that.

Santa attacked and killed by mad drummer with  
Regal Tip 1A drumsticks.



OK, typewriter, do you feel better now? (Sure, Steve, you know how it is... you get into those moods sometimes yourself, and then I have to put up with the crap that comes out on the paper. Turnabout is fair play, after all.) Yeah, yeah, I suppose so. Sometimes I'm just dead tired...

\*\*\*



# A SORT OF CON REPORT

ROY LAVENDER

We arrived in Phoenix Wednesday evening and already the con was in full swing. The con com was just beginning to realize that they had created a monster. However, the family reunion atmosphere was there and no manner of omission by the committee could spoil that. Where else could you meet so many people with a common interest, yet from such diverse backgrounds? And all of them capable of reading -- most of them pretty well read.

In one of his speeches Harlan called it a family picnic. In a very real way, I feel the same. Certainly it is more friendly and enjoyable than our family reunions when I used to go.

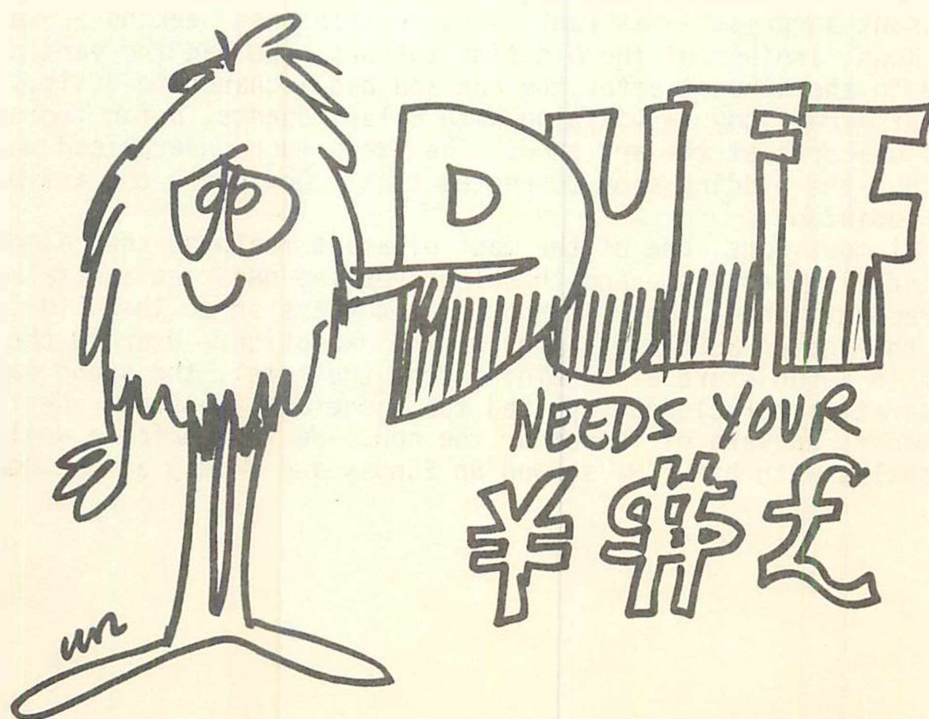
We sat in on a panel on Women in Science Fiction Through the Ages. Deedee was invited to sit in and I stayed in the audience. The others were Susan Wood, Eleanor Busby (wife of the MC, F. M. Busby) plus another lady whose name I missed. I was amused when Star Trek was praised for having women crew members who were "more than just sex symbols." How many episodes included one of those women crew members falling for Captain Kirk?

Then the panel damned television for producing a non-reading generation. That part I can agree with. I remember a Trekkie con that I attended. When I tried to talk science fiction with some of the attendees I got blank stares and, "Science fiction -- what's that?" The few fans that I did meet at that con were mostly friends from other (pre-Star Trek) cons. We avoided the main crowd and held our own sub-con in the corridor behind the security office.

Harlan was at his very best at Iggy. Of course he talked about the ERA, but quietly and sensibly. Plus at least a dozen other things, including reading from his manuscript for the movie version of I ROBOT. It was great. If the studio powers can be convinced to keep their illiterate, money-grubbing hands off of it, they will have a block buster. Star Wars with a plot. The GWTW of the sf world.

I did not go to the Harlan roast. I dislike such attempts at humor by the mentally bankrupt, even when carried out by Hollywood pros. From the comments I heard later, it was the right choice.

The rumor mill had it that the con com was planning on 4000 and 6000 showed up. Certainly the hotel was in about that fix. When we walked in around 9:00 PM



Wednesday night we found registration still open and reeling from more than 1000 of the pre-registered and 300+ walk-ins.

There was no program Wednesday and the coffee shop closed early, so we just kept on greeting friends and visiting until they opened again in the morning. Then went to bed for a while.

The hotel elevators were quick to catch on that there was a science fiction convention in the place. There were five elevators and when I got six 'ups' with no 'downs' I began to suspect something. I let the desk know and they found an elevator service man to coax them back. He wasn't very successful. I'm convinced the elevators had an alternate route.

Throughout the con there were unmistakable signs of internal conflict among the con com and a few classic examples of ineptness. Fortunately, most of the glitches were handled promptly and had little effect on a most pleasant and enjoyable con.

The con program leaflets were one of the small -- but persistent -- irritants. In the leaflet with eight panels, five and a half panels were devoted to things like, no signs to be taped on the hotel walls, there is a corkage fee -- and similar earth-shaking items. One and a half columns were program -- done in a microscopic type that was completely unreadable under any but the very best lighting conditions. There was a half panel of film program in the same type size, but there it didn't matter that it was unreadable -- the actual program had no connection with the announced ones anyway.

In the real world of film program I did realize one of my minor ambitions. At this convention I did get to see THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARY. I've been to at least a dozen cons where it was shown and somehow missed it each time.

And we saw the premiere of "Watership Down" -- a beautiful film. Totally free of the Disney influence. A fairy story, true, but like my grandmother used to tell them.

I did get sucked into a small part of the Awards program and made the presentation of the First Fandom award to E. Hoffman Price. Since he wasn't at the con, Deedee made the acceptance for him. We called him first thing the next morning. When he learned that we would be coming to Octocon he said "No, don't tell me any more. Save it for Octocon."

We got to meet John Myers-Myers at Iggy. Very briefly, up in a hotel room. He is older than anybody and quite feeble, so he didn't get down to the main floor at all. In fact, I don't think his name was mentioned to the main con membership.

(Another pleasant surprise -- at Fantasy Faire this past weekend -- we met G. (Harold) Warner Munn, another of the old time authors. We had the very pleasant task of driving him to the airport after the con and had a chance to visit.)

Memorable moments from Iggy -- visiting with Bilert Sundts, a fan from Norway. Seeing Kate Wadey's unicorns at the art show. They were much underpriced when they were first put up, but the bidding soon corrected that. Obviously the art buying fans agreed with my opinion.

And as usual at most cons, one of the most pleasant features that almost always happens... arriving back home and thinking over the neos met and talked with. Then suddenly the recognition -- "Why, in another ten years or so that kid is going to be one of the 'name' authors." Iggy was no exception. Wearing the con badge while looking in a gun store a few blocks from the hotel, the young man sweeping up in preparation for closing spotted the badge and inquired. He turned out to be an avid sf reader, unaware of fandom or the con. We talked for a while and I left the program booklet with him. He showed up Sunday and Monday at the con.



## HANDBILL OF THE HARLEQUIN

-- Jessica Amanda Salmonson

Mirth is what he brings  
to lighten up these days of plague  
Puns are in the songs he sings  
this juggler balanced on one leg.

No clown with tragic painted face  
nor wine with magic potion lace  
can so beguile or make you smile  
or quite so well, in any case.  
The Harlequin is what he's called  
a combination jester, skald  
so if you need some sadness freed  
or misery you'd have unwall'd

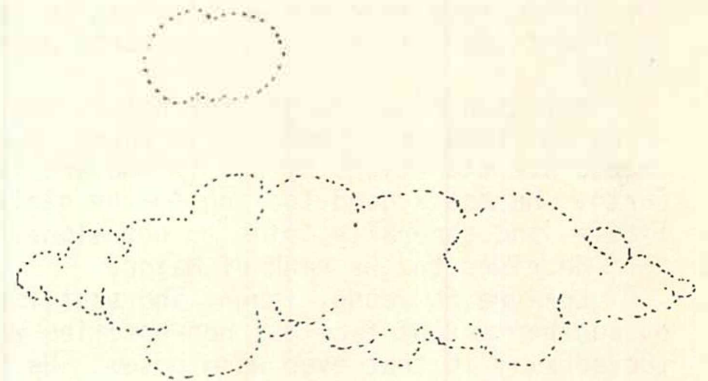
just come to hear his songs  
Forget your children lost to war  
Laughter eases pains and wrongs  
so laugh! ha ha! forever more!

## WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MOON

-- Steven Federle

the moon rose over the bay  
when dark waters, provoked,  
shattered the moon like a jewel;

it was then  
that ten thousand stars were flung  
across the fiery night-waters,  
the glittering wind-ripples  
of winter



## TRANSITIONAL

-- Steven Federle

disembodied  
beyond fear we watched in wonder  
flashing lights on white towers  
forgotten birds reeling through bright  
trees  
stars with clouds coalescing, sinking  
deeper and deeper until

the sea heaving in consummation broke  
loose  
plummeting torrents plunging like knives  
bleeding streams reaching the incarnate  
sun  
sandless shores reaching the very pines  
where we slept last winter

# I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT AREN'T YOU ME ?

GEORGE S. HOWARD

I've read Joe Haldeman twice now. Each time I've sat alone in the kitchen late at night as the wind whistled through the crack in the storm door and I've sipped cold beer and chained-smoked Kents. Lately I've had the nagging suspicion that this is not the way to handle the man.

When you read Haldeman what you need to do is buy some very nice red wine, a lid of mediocre grass, and sit next to a beautiful athletic girl. When you finish the second chapter, turn to her and say, "Would you like to fuck?"

After that you need to go kill something. Be indiscriminate and when you're done, blame the government for making you do it.

Does all that sound derogatory? Well, it's not meant to be -- not completely, anyway.

Haldeman is good, very good indeed. Like I said a moment ago, I've only read him twice. The first time it was FOREVER WAR and the latest experience was MIND-BRIDGE.

After I read FOREVER WAR I felt someone had finally dealt with intra-galactic warfare with a proper amount of sense. That is, a proper amount of disgust. Poor old Mandella was the victim of a brutal system of over rule, the product of a teeming bureaucracy that was as mindless as it was headless.

So I thought until he reappeared under the pseudonym Jacque LeFavre in MIND-BRIDGE.

Haldeman might deabte the point, but if he does I don't think he has much of a leg to stand on. Mandella is young, tough, and sent into a series of nearly impossible situations by people who are safely tucked away in the bosom of Mother Earth. He has a good-looking Amazon girlfriend and he smokes a little, drinks a little, and generally tries to get along.

He rises to the rank of Major.

LeFavre is young, tough, and sent into a series of nearly impossible situations by another set of faceless non-entities who are still (until the end, anyway) tucked away in that ever warm bosom. He has a good-looking Amazon girlfriend, and although I don't remember him smoking, he does drink a little, and he generally tries to get along.

He rises to the position of prized translator to an obnoxious race of one called the L'vrai.

It was after I read MINDBRIDGE that I started to worry about Joe Haldeman. Not about him personally, you understand. I'm sure he's getting along fine. What I'm starting to worry about is what he's saying and why he's saying it.

To begin with, both his protagonists have joined an elite, highly-trained military or para-military force. They both take their orders with a grain of salt, bitch a bit, but in the end they do their duty. God, how they do their duty.

When the action gets heavy, Mandella and LeFavre both become Clint Eastwood in a space suit.

What Haldeman has accomplished in two books is to make the Green Berets admirable again by the simple act of humanizing them. Hard to be wary of men who dislike their superiors, smoke dope, drink alcohol, and good-naturedly lust after persons of the opposite sex. Especially when they are young and on the surface seem to have a fairly reasonable outlook on life and the universe.

Haldeman's experiences in Vietnam no doubt shaped all this. When LeFavre says to his mate, "I don't like the looks of this," as events begin shaping into



a suicide mission, I can see Haldeman turning to a buddy and shouting over the roar of a descending chopper exactly the same thing.

The message is clear: now that we're here we can gripe, but we still have to buy at the company store.

The first question that arises, and probably the most useless one, is why are they there in the first place? I don't remember a draft in FOREVER WAR, and LeFavre joins gleefully.

The question is useless because if no one had joined there wouldn't be two very good novels.

I suppose what has started to grate is that neither Mandella or LeFavre ever really feel guilty about what they are doing. They just keep dropping the hammer on scores of thingies while wishing they were home on the range. And somehow they seem a bit too successful not to be enjoying what they are doing. Deep within their freaky chests beats the heart of a John Wayne.

As a counterpoint, I do remember what a friend once told me. He had been active in the anti-war movement before being drafted and sent to Vietnam. Afterward he said, "Sid, it's hard to be sympathetic with the little bastards when they keep shooting at you."

Those of you who had to go off and kill people for the sake of the Theiu estate in Hawaii and the Ky heroin enterprises might think all of this a bit high-handed since I was never a guest star in the incredible little passion play. And you might be right, because I can listen to war story after war story, but I can never really be sure what it was like, no matter how detailed my imagination gets.

All I can say is that I'm a prime example of why football should be a mandatory sport everywhere in the world. On a warm September eve in Ponca City, Oklahoma, everything in my knee snapped and came unglued in one stomach-wrenching moment.

The deadly white card went 1-A only briefly, then it blinked 1-Y and here I am.

The leg still hurts now and then, but I am around to feel the pain; I can still walk on it.

I'm not bragging, just wishing a hell of a lot of other kids tore up their legs making tackles instead of having a claymore do a much more efficient job on them.

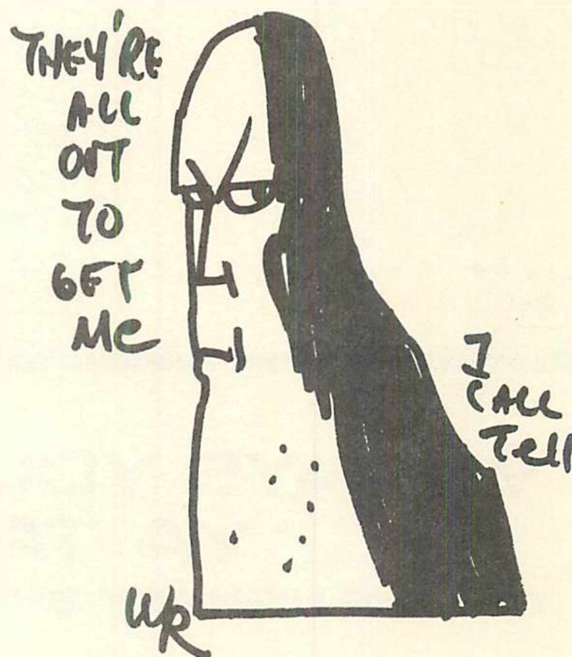
I'm beginning to sound maudlin.

Beyond his hip warriors, Haldeman has begun to paint a picture of the future that is somewhat frightening. It's evident the buggar thinks everyone ought to be of one mind -- literally.

In FOREVER WAR, the Taurians are and the humans become. In MINDBRIDGE the L'vrai is and as LeFavre lies on his deathbed there is a lot more than a hint that the humans are heading down that trail themselves.

It is big government at its mightiest. No one to argue points and parenthesis, no one fucks around at tax time. I lean toward heavy doses of Socialism, but this is a bit much.

It could be that Haldeman is the ultimate communist. One dwarfing Marx on such a scale that I simply can't handle the scope of it. Something akin to looking at a penny at arm's length and then suddenly bringing it to within half a centimeter of your eye. The vision becomes such a great black mass that it blots out everything else and assumes a vaguely frightening omnipresence.



Slow down, Joe. Let the rest of us try to focus.

Anyway, I'm glad he's around. Since I've gotten into Science Fiction, I've grown tired of straight-laced people roaming around the stars, acting like it was 1955, no matter what century the author said it was. I'm happy to see some fairly freaky dudes and ladies being allowed, or at worst, coerced into the great beyond.

In the end, what may bother me most is that I can identify with the members of Haldeman's killer elite. They talk like me and in their off time do things I do.

It is the crux of the problem that is growing here by leaps and bounds. In other words, I want my cake and would like to eat it too. The only thing is that it's looking more and more indigestible all the time.



## **YA PAYS YOUR MONEY; YA TAKES Y'R CHANCES**

**OR: THE HIGHWAY SHELL GAME**

**BY: ALLEN CURRY**

My job is about eighteen miles from home; not that great a distance, but a round-trip of nearly thirty-six miles a day through a good deal of city traffic is hardly my idea of joyful motoring.

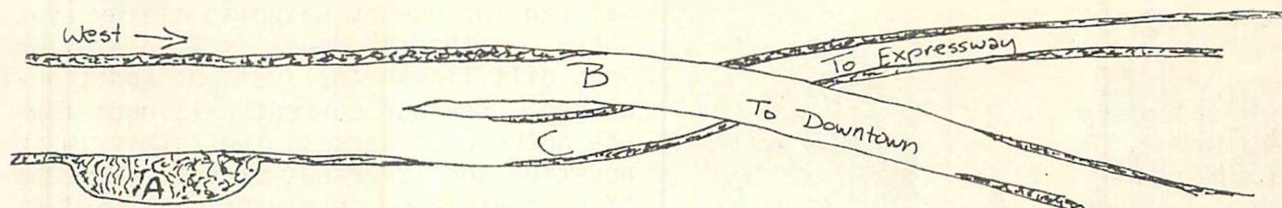
Everyone is familiar with the experience of city traffic, the jams, the maniacs trying to cut in front of you, the delicate fragrance of hydrocarbon colognes as they disintegrate your nasal hairs and deviate your septums. Thus, perhaps, a bit of understanding and forgiveness should be spread like a veil across the image of those of us who sometimes infringe a bit on the speed limits. After sitting for an hour or more ringed by fuming motorists and their thunder chariots, is it any wonder that an open stretch of highway takes on the temptation of a beckoning lover begging for attention?

I confess to guilt at such times. The sound of radials whining, the free and only partially polluted air whipping through my hair and washing the heavy traffic odors from my head, are the catalysts to trigger a reaction from my ankle and send my hand to the stick reaching for the Datsun's 5th gear.



Generally, I try to keep my speed down for various reasons; safety, tire rubber, gasoline, and, of course, the P\*O\*L\*I\*C\*E\*. But on that last item, I've been driving for about twelve years now without ever receiving any moving violations. My good fortune while driving on borrowed time has been positively irreverent.

The diagram below and accompanying relation of an incident will serve as prime example.



Traveling west on Columbia Parkway, I can take the ramp labeled 'B' and drive home through town, or the ramp labeled 'C' and take the expressway. The area labeled 'A' is a large pull-off spot, and is frequently occupied by one of those curious city government cars decorated with the blue flashy-flashies.

Coming up Columbia Parkway at a somewhat illegal rate of speed in the far right-hand lane, I happened to glance at the pull-off and saw . . . OHMYGHODACOP . . . Needless to say, I did not pass unnoticed. Oh, but no. He was very definitely aware of a small green blur that went by.

With a cloud of 30 weight and a hearty "HI HO BLUELITE", he was in motion and rapidly closing on my Datsun's little ass.

Ya know that despairing, crawling feeling you have when you find a hair in the restaurant butter... and it looks as if it matches the hair from the arm pit of the grotesque waiter/waitress standing behind the counter and picking his/her nose...? Right! You know the one I mean. Apparently the same nerve clusters are stimulated by the vision of a cop appearing in your rearview mirror.

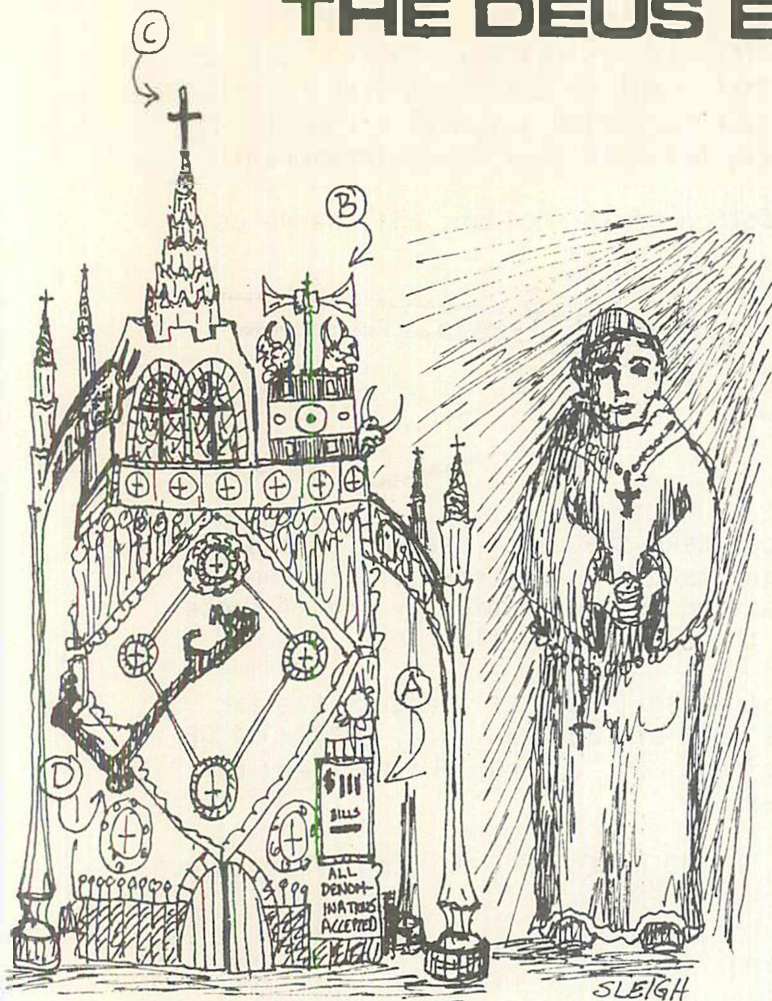
The only thing that saved me was the fact that the next lane to the left was nearly bumper to bumper with the commuters doing their conestoga wagon routine. I was ahead of the column. Cincinnati's finest was not. At the last possible instant, I turned left into the next lane (employing my turn signal, of course) and buzzed toward the downtown area via Ramp 'B'. The cruiser, on the other hand, was locked into the right-hand lane and forced to follow Ramp 'C' to the expressway.

Now this whole episode could have been laughed off as a lucky fluke, a joke of the deities, except for the fact that it has now occurred *three separate times*. You must admit that is stretching the patience of even the most long-suffering of guardian angels almost to the breaking point.

Just from my own inefficient cipherings, I would say my luck credit rating has all been exhausted. *My* luck? Hell, I've expended all the luck in Cincinnati and its surrounding countryside.

The thing that really worries me, causes me to awaken sweaty and trembling in the night... somewhere there's a neurotic cop... giggling softly to himself and wiping the drool from his chin... undergoing frustration therapy... chomping at the bit to be back in the saddle.

# THE DEUS EX MACHINA



ACT NOW, and we will send a collection of chalices -- yes, all the famous chalices: St. Thomas a' Beckett, Pope Innocent II, Pope Gregory the Great, and the HOLY GRAIL ITSELF.

## TRUE USER TESTIMONIALS:

"Since I began using the DEUS EX MACHINA in my humble church, our collections have increased by 40%. I swear by the DEUS EX MACHINA."

--Father William O'Bowers, SM: St. Iguana Parish, Ypsilanti, Michigan

"The DEUS EX MACHINA has restored my confidence in the mysterious workings of the Lord. Now I know that no matter how boring my sermon, the DEUS EX MACHINA will be pulling in the dough."

-- Archbishop Flannery; Diocese of St. John of Soup

The DEUS EX MACHINA is guaranteed by Schwartz, Schwartz, and Schwartz (principal stockholders of the Holy Trinity Corp.) to compensate for two venial sins for each \$1.00 contribution or five venial sins for each \$2.00 contribution. For the modest fee of \$50.00, the DEUS EX MACHINA will eliminate all traces of one (1) mortal sin from your soul -- guaranteed in writing. Satisfaction is yours, or your money will be refunded by the Holy Trinity Corp.

A NEW HORIZON IN PRAYER! A NEW INPUT TO GOD! MUST BE SEEN TO BE BELIEVED, SAYS ST. THOMAS!

The DEUS EX MACHINA is approved by the Vatican for use by Catholic clergy everywhere. Cathedral model is also available in a gilt finish for a slight additional charge. See our current catalogue for the Notre Dame series, the latest in innovative and luxurious prayer. Remember: "Your conscience is cleana with DEUS EX MACHINA."

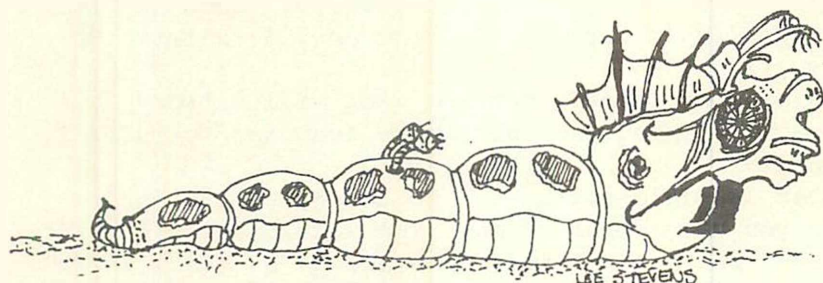
## Operating procedure:

- 1: insert coins (A)
- 2: insertion of tithe activates the grace horn (B) which broadcasts assorted prayers while the Great Cross (C) whirls about, drawing in grace from the atmosphere. If no grace is available from Christian sources, it will borrow from other cults.
- 3: when the DEUS EX MACHINA has completed your prayer, it will make the sign of the cross with the Holy Hand (D). Caution: please keep palm well-greased.

Yes, American ingenuity coupled with the great faith of the clergy has created the DEUS EX MACHINA. No longer does praying have to be boring. No more knees worn out by kneeling. No more long hours wasted doing penance. Instant redemption is yours.



(It should be noted here that GRAYMALKIN at present does not intend to be forum for fiction. Nor does the piece below purport to be such. The author has vigorously denied allegations and innuendoes concerning the veracity of the events reported below. We have been unable to prove her wrong. It must be assumed, therefore, that this article is in the main a scientific study of the mating habits of these exotic creatures.)-swl



## A brief examination of sexual contact among telepathic broddls.

by Suzanna Stefl

On a small sandy planetoid, two broddls squirm slowly toward the same point. They must cross paths, for the innate ability to move in any but a straightforward direction has been denied their species.

\* \* \*

"Woe is me.... I'm so utterly alone. Surely I shall die of loneliness. Little have I seen but grains of sand... quintls and quintls of sand. Will I ever see another? Alas... doomed am I to this lonely existence. I wonder, does any Saviour of Broddls cross that great Sand Path of the Stars? Needy am I, dear S.O.B., for some companionship, no matter how momentary... I yearn for someone to share with... that's all. Is it really too much? Pray, listen. Then what joy would be mine. I--

"Wha-- who are you? I sense a mind-touch, yet I see nothing."

"I am I. Who are you?"

"Oh! I am also I! Shall we really meet? When?"

"In a hair's breadth."

"Oh, lovely lippls and other sweet crawly things! How long is that? My prayers are answered!"

"You must be very young indeed, not to know: not long, not far... it couldn't be, else our minds couldn't touch. How old are you, my dear?"

"Lecher! Old enough to know what's on your mind. So let's hasten!"

"Patience, my love. To make it good will take some time. You will soon come to realize this. Ah, the sweet innocence, idyllic purity of youth!"

"There... I can just see you with one facet of my lens."

"Where! Oh, yes! Oh, I too! I see you humping nearer... joy! Joy will soon be ours! But... you are already tinged with grief. Why?"

"Alas. Even so. Soon enough we must part... but let us not dwell overmuch on the sorrow of our passing. Rather, let us look toward the touch-time of contact. Our happiness shall be preserved as long as possible."

"Pass? Part? You seem so wise, so worldly. Knowledgeable. I will accept your Truth, though I know it not... but feel how I tingle! From the tip of my ansex to the tail of my oviduct... hey, Big Boy, how'd you like a piece of tail?"

"Tease! Stop squirming, youngster. How about a little 'sex first?"

"Oh, you... I thought you'd never ask. See how each band of my girth vibrates? I hasten to greet you!"

"No! No! Slow down! you're coming too fast!"

"But... I can't help myself... Such a virile vision... how ripe your age..."

so experienced on the sandpath of life... my hormones overcome me!"

"You're not so bad yourself, Sweet One. You have the cutest little wiggle."

"Oh, you do say the nicest things. You really boil my fluids."

"Yes, I know."

"Charmer. And such a gorgeous hunk. You don't know how it affects me to sense your, er, appreciation."

"Oh yes I do, you young flirt! And just what do you think your quivers are doing to me?"

"My body tingles, my mind is tangled, and my 'sex doth vibrate. Soon we will be ansex to ansex. Joy! Rapture! Unalloyed happiness! come now... faster! Oh my love... barely can I contain myself!"

"No! Curb your impatience. Slow down. Don't you see what will happen? Listen: I've been around and I know... please... we must come together to fulfill our immediate destiny. Please, you'll--"

"What shuddery roundness... what palpable softness. To touch, to... but?"

"Yes. See? Abysmal sorrow... you came ahead of me. Too late; you are passed from me... I can no longer reach you. Yet again I must come around by myself. Always in youth it happens thus. Now we must age another orbit to meet again, to renew what almost was yours. Oh harsh misery, to love and lose.. I love you... I love you..."

"And I you! Oh pity, pity... hang it all, I love you! I'm so sorry. Please don't go. Oh, how I wish I weren't made this way, to walk the straight and narrow sandpath of life, to see only what's up front. Just once I'd like to turn around or stop, but now I know and it's oh, too late. Next time I'll know better... no matter how long it takes, when next we meet, I'll contain my eagerness, hold back my youth, and savor each joy slowly, playing it out just right... Oh, can you not stay this onward march?"

"Can a lippl fly? Neither can a broddl veer his path. Ah, my love, to come so close... sorrow grips my girth and crushes my hearts over what might have been. Goodbye, my love. Remember me!"

"Don't go! Please, don't go. I want you. I'm sorry. I ache with despair. See how languishes my ansex? I wish--"

"Now you are gone. I've lost you, lost even your mind-touch. I'm lonely once more. Surely I shall die. Naught can I see but grains of sand... quintls and quintls of sand, and I, crawling, crawling ever onward. Will I never see another like me? Wait! Almost I feel--!"

"Who are you?"

\* \* \*

On this planetoid, as in the Universe, life proceeds.





# THE CON REPORT WITHOUT A SNAPPY TITLE

DENISE PARSLEY LEIGH

On Thursday, August 31st, Steve, Marla Gold and I boarded a plane in hot, humid Cincinnati and headed out for hot, dry, Phoenix via St. Louis.

We arrived in Phoenix around 1a.m. where Pat Mueller, who had stupidly volunteered to pick up arrivals at the airport, met us, only to have to wait for forty-five minutes or so for our luggage and then was late for a concomm meeting she was supposed to give a report at...

...but arrive we did, finding Bowers amongst the famous short people that he tends to hang around with to make himself look taller (Mike Glicksohn and Eric Lindsay, to name two) and aquired a key to his suite in the Adams where he so graciously allowed us to spend the night.

The next six hours were spent renewing old (well....not new) friendships, meeting new people and staring at all the pros that were wandering about. And there were a lot...much too many for a neo like me do do anything but gawk at. If only I had the nerve to ask for interviews. Maybe next time.

...and then to bed...for all of three hours. Contrary to popular opinion, Bowers did not keep us awake all night with his snoring. I hardly noticed the walls quavering.

I just looked over the program booklet, which is almost incomprehensible, and realized that I hardly went to any of the panels that were listed...I spent most of my time ducking in and out of them, never really knowing what the topic was or who was on the panel. It really was my own fault...the program booklet was so hard on my eyes that I usually took my chances and went to what I could find. Two hotels was a bitch...Spider Robinson was reading a new story at the same time, or a few minutes apart from when Chip Delaney was being interviewed... I was torn between the two, but happened to be at the Hyatt so I heard Spider. Well worth it. Spider and Jeanne are two of the nicest people I've yet to meet in fandom and the fact that they are GoH's at Confusion is one of the reasons I'm braving the January snow to fly to Ann Arbor. I *did* catch the last half hour of the Delaney interview but was somewhat disappointed. Maybe if I'd made it for the beginning...

Either Friday or Saturday night, the program booklet doesn't say which, Ellison was to read the movie script for *I, ROBOT*. This was my first glimpse of the Ellison act so I was all set for an enjoyable evening with Harlan. After an hour and a half of listening to Harlan carry on, (he *is* very entertaining) I left when there seemed to be no hope in sight for the reading. I am told that he eventually got around to it and that it was worth waiting for, but I just couldn't take anymore of the Don Rickles routine...there were friendlier people to be with.

I guess I spent most of my time being with friends, some of whom I could have saved airfare on and visited at home. But that's really why I went to Iggy...I go to cons to be with people, not for the programming, although that has to be part of it. Some very strong relationships have been formed for both Steve and I since the worldcon and probably wouldn't have gotten off the ground if we had stayed home.

The humidity in Phoenix was in the hotels...I had to go outside to dry off. We were always going outside..to the artshow (I never did find the other art room.) and the huckster room, where I managed to spend more money than I could afford, to an authentic Mexican restaurant that was only two blocks away, or so Cavin informed me...and just wandering back and forth from one hotel to the other. We were staying in the Hyatt (mistake) and most of our friends were in the Adams but the Hyatt had the Atrium which ended up being a general meeting place for most of us...you can imagine the problems. The hotels had these neat decompression chambers in the lobby. You'd go from a temperature of say 75 in the hotel to one of 115 outside and then come back in to a sort of antechamber in the foyer which was kept to around 85. That way you didn't pass out immediately when you hit the airconditioning. And then there were the elevators...line after line of waiting fen to go from one floor to another...and they didn't always work. There were rumours of people getting stuck in elevators and a maintance person at one hotel apparently lost a finger or something when he was trying to make a repair...really a lot of fun.

Along about a year ago, when I was in my early stages of neodom, Bill Bowers extracted a promise from Steve and I to go to Phoenix to hear his FGoH speech. At the time we made the reservations this was the only reason we were planning to attend...just to lend moral support to Bill. I wanted to be there in case he collapsed after the speech, which he didn't and we were all really proud of him. Stone sober, too...the entire weekend. I never could have done it. And it was a damn find speech. I was sitting in the third row, feeling very awkward among the potential Hugo winners, cheering Bill on (quietly, of course) wanting to cry because of what it meant to him and being happy because all of the practice speeches really did pay off...and wishing I had a hair clip to smuggle up to him to keep back that lock of hair that kept falling into his eyes.

...and then, wonder of wonders, a miracle happened. Harlan congratulated Bill on his speech, which was not anything like the anti-ERA speech that people who didn't know Bill expected. I decided that Harlan Ellison really *is* human... he seemed to be genuinely moved (at least for about ten minutes) by Bill's speech and actually seemed like a nice person. But alas, the call of the stage finally got to him and he went into his schtick...a very *good* one, but nevertheless a schtick. I wonder if fandom will let Harlan "go quietly" on his way? I also wonder if Harlan really wants us to.

And then on to the Hugo's! I was absolutely delighted when the Robinsons received a Hugo for *STARDANCE*...two such nice and talented individuals deserve to win.

The rest of the presentation is a bit of a blur, but everyone knows who the winners and losers were so why bother...

...Afterwards we met Bill and took him to the Adams bar for a much deserved drink. He was incredibly calm and very much relieved. Then, Bill and I went up to the Hugo Losers party and, as it was almost over, there were few enough people there<sup>3</sup> that one could actually talk. Bill and I met Steven Donaldson, who reminded me of a "southern gentleman", and Bill introduced me to William Rotzler, who I was delighted to meet. He actually *asked* if I would like to use some of his drawings in *GRAYMALKIN*! Nodding my thanks and clutching the artwork to my breast, I kissed the ground he walked on and floated off to another party.

Oh, there's so much I've left out! The masquarade Saturday night was excellent ...one of the first I've attended. Suzi Stefl and Dotti did a notorius pun, which was somewhat lost due to a misreading by the announcer (something about a Girl and her



Cologne) and Lord Banes Fowl was priceless. But my favorite costume was the centaur, a truly phenomenal feat, and even feet...how he stood on those malformed stilts for so long is beyond me.

And then there was the Ellison roast, where we sat with Bowers at table one, way off in a corner so he wouldn't have to sit on the speaker platform. It was fun but not worth fifteen dollars. They could have skipped the banquet as the food was atrocious, even for banquet fare, and charged five bucks to see the roast. Maybe then it would have been worth it.

And then on what I believe was Saturday night there was a bed orgy in the CFG suite...we didn't invite Tabakow. Nine fully clothed fen spent about five hours, at least, getting drunk and making lousy puns (Steve actually outpunned Glicksohn a couple of times...Mike must have been *very* drunk) and generally waiting for ANF so we could go to bed. I mean sleep. Eric Lindsay really did get away with tickling the females in various unticklish places but no one really seemed to mind. It was fun. Good, rauchous, glorius, dead tired, tequilla drunken fun, and I wouldn't have missed it for the world. Eric supposedly took pictures of the bed-con and I'm not sure if anyone *really* wants to remember that night quite so vividly, but we shall see...

Monday night was the dead dog party and Steve and I changed our plane reservation so that we could stay another night. We fully intended to stay up all night but ended up falling asleep in the CFG suite...though how anyone can sleep with Lou Tabakow's graveling voice in the same room...

We left Tuesday afternoon amidst many tearful goodbyes and promises of I'll write to you and maybe I'll call, or see you at the next con...five glorius days of con going...never mind the political problems or the concom inadequacies, or the sleepless nights or the expensive hotel bills...it was a good first worldcon.





## 2 reviews

THE MAGIC GOES AWAY by Larry Niven -- Ace Books, 1978; \$4.95

Even though I've not been feeling well of late, Denise stopped by my apartment one evening and forced me to promise that I'd do a review for this issue of GRAY-MALKIN. She's indeed shameless, forcing me to sweat and strain over my typewriter when Dr. Gruber says that bed rest is imperative... is this what happens to nice people when they become faneds?

So... THE MAGIC GOES AWAY. This is a large format and profusely illustrated paperback. It sits on the racks and preens its cover by Boris, hefting nicely in the hand when a speculative buyer picks it up. Ahh, appearances. After a moment's perusal, you find that the book is rather cheaply bound, and that much of that heft is due to the number of interior illustrations, a Sandra Miesel essay that occupies the last twenty pages, and the thickness of the paper stock. And that price is \$4.95 -- an entire weekend's beer money with a cheap movie thrown in to boot. Still and all, it *is* by Niven, which generally indicates a pleasant if not strenuous read. So you buy.

THE MAGIC GOES AWAY isn't a novel -- at least, I seriously doubt that it totals the 40,000 words that is the lower parameter of novel-dom. More likely, it is a novella. Nearly every page has at least a quarter-page illustration, and this fleshes things out considerably. As for the artwork -- by Esteban Maroto -- it varies from good to excellent. A few of the drawings are rather crudely done with a very bold line; these compare badly with the finely-detailed illustrations elsewhere -- was Maroto told to knock off a few quick ones to fill gaps, or was he simply skimping on the time put in on the project? The man's *good*, if a trifle prone to the thin body, big breasts, and full ass school of fantasy -- why don't the women in fantasies wear clothes? Is it against their religion? Doesn't it get cold of a winter's night? Anyway, the artwork is more than satisfactory, and Maroto's treatment of Niven's tale is fairly literal, though I enjoyed the more surrealistic interpretations he gives to the scenes involving sorcery.

Niven's tale is an interesting one. TMGA takes place in either our historical past (fourteen thousand years ago, by the author's own admission), or in a very similar alternate universe -- take your pick. In this time, the gods have died, and the magicians are failing, for the *mana*, the fuel for magical works inherent in the land, is being used up -- sort of a psychic oil shortage. If a magician stays too long in one area and says too many spells there, the mana disappears and the magic no longer works -- you have to move on. You take Orolandes, a greek swordsman just returned from sinking Atlantis, and a covey of magicians including one beautiful woman for Orolandes to enjoy, and you go in search of the last remaining god with the vague idea that through this god, you can bring the moon down to the earth and have use of all the mana that this satellite of ours contains. Logical enough. The tale moves on with its attendant complications -- disagreement between the mages, a horde of neo-vikings, a roc -- and it moves perhaps a bit too quickly and sketchily. But it's not a bad little tale at that. I began to wonder at a few terms involved. Those who cannot do magic are called 'mundanes,' and the Norseman that captures the company is named Poul. Do I detect the faint whiff of allegory here? I'll have to think about that...

And after the story is an essay by Sandra Miesel, "The Mana Crisis," which does a good if somewhat biased job of placing Niven among the other fantasists, and which traces the roots of TMGA to the other stories in the Warlock series. For historical relevance, I recommend you to her; besides, that essay saves *me* a lot of trouble since I can use it for research. I'm not feeling well, you know -- don't you, Denise?



I can recommend this book for those that need an afternoon's reading -- it took me three hours to read, all together, and that with the necessary appreciation of the artwork. It's enjoyable, and even has its own little moralistic view interwoven with the story, done with enough skill that you don't trip over it every time you turn the page. Good.

And now I'm going back to sleep. Don't wake me until it's time to take my next pill, please. And keep that damned faned away from me.

-- Lee Stevens



*BLIND VOICES* by Tom Reamy -- Berkley Publishing Corp., 1978

"But Denise," I said, cowering into a fetal ball on the shag rug, "you said that if I did the review of *THE MAGIC GOES AWAY*, you'd be satisfied. I'm sick, you know. In fact, you're probably picking up my germs now. I'm going to sneeze..."

Denise laughed. Her body looked hard and masculine in the black boots, corset, and fishnet stockings. The thick coils of her whip moved sinuously as she twitched her hand. Her ankles wobbled as she tried to walk on the high heels of her boots. "I want more," she sneered. "Steve just read Tom Reamy's *BLIND VOICES* and thinks you should do a review." The whip cracked just over my head, and I shivered.

"Wgbbble Srggl du th rewwwth?"

"Take your thumb out of your mouth when you speak to me, slave." Denise snapped the whip again, raising a welt on my thigh.

"Why doesn't Steve do the review, then?"

"He's working on other things, or at least he'd better be -- I need him to make some money. Besides, that wasn't a very long review of *THE MAGIC GOES AWAY*."

"It wasn't a very long book."

Denise raised the whip.

"Ok, ok. Let me crawl over to the typewriter. I think I *might* have the

strength to do something. You'll probably find me collapsed over the Adler one morning, though, and my death will be on your hands."

She chuckled uncaringly and tossed the book to me. She put a robe over her Rocky Horror outfit, coiled the whip into a briefcase, and left me.

Ohmyghad! Why did Reamy have the atrocious timing to die now? Didn't he know how good he was?

*BLIND VOICES* will inevitably be compared to Bradbury's *SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES* -- bowing to the inevitable, then, let me say that *BLIND VOICES* is the superior work. The basic structure of the two novels is nearly identical: a

carnival/freak show comes to a small Midwestern town of an earlier decade, shrouded in a cloying aura of possible evil. It is slowly discovered by a certain few of the townsfolk that the tricks performed and the freaks aren't staged fakes and people in costume, but real magic and actual monsters. However, where Bradbury is content to let SOMETHING WICKED fall into a rather simplistic and typical good vs. evil fantasy, BLIND VOICES aims higher than a juvenile audience. The characters are fuller-fleshed, the events that befall the townspeople more harsh and realistically believable. For those that insist on explanations for everything (and I'm not one -- I'm content with fantasy), there is a quasi-theory for the powers of Haverstock, the carny owner, and Angel, his fosterling -- psionic powers with a dash of ESV, umm, that is, extra-sensory vivisection.

And another difference. Reamy's characters are sexually aware -- if there's anything missing in Bradbury's romanticism, it's the lack of sexuality. SOMETHING WICKED takes place in a pre-adolescent vacuum. Mind you, there's nothing explicit in BLIND VOICES. All the sexual scenes take place offstage or are very well-handled (perhaps that's a bad choice of words...), designed to further the plot, not to simply titillate the heavy breathers. It's a simple fact that beyond a certain age, most people will think of sex occasionally -- perhaps even \*gasp\* indulge -- and Reamy's characters are more three-dimensional for that.

It's a book that didn't even cause me to rue faults until long after I'd read it, the true sign of a very good book. There are a few minor flaws here, but not knowing what stage the book was in when Reamy passed away, it's difficult to know whether they derive from lack of revision. For instance, a few loose ends dangle from the end of the book when you finally finish it. Tiny Tim, a midget, is running for help when he encounters a cat fight. He manages to protect himself by crawling into a convenient tin can, but... that's the last time we see or hear of the character. What happened? There's a roustabout that -- it is heavily implied -- is killed by Haverstock, but nothing of that man's fate is given in the ending, where Finney and Jack's conversation wraps up the novel. And the ending itself has a rushed feeling, a first draft feeling. I suspect that Reamy never had the chance to finish the novel as he intended.

But these are all minor flaws, none of which affect the main thrust of the story, the excellent writing, or the major protagonists. By the ghost of Joseph Conrad, this is a Good Book, one well worth reading and then reading again, one that might well see itself nominated for Hugo and Nebula this year. I don't know that it truly deserves either award -- but then only rarely does the book that I feel most deserving win. Nor would I be greatly wroth if BLIND VOICES were a posthumous award winner for Reamy.

Ah, what might have been...

Ok, Denise? Will you leave me in peace now? Don't send roses to the funeral. I hate roses.

-- Lee Stevens

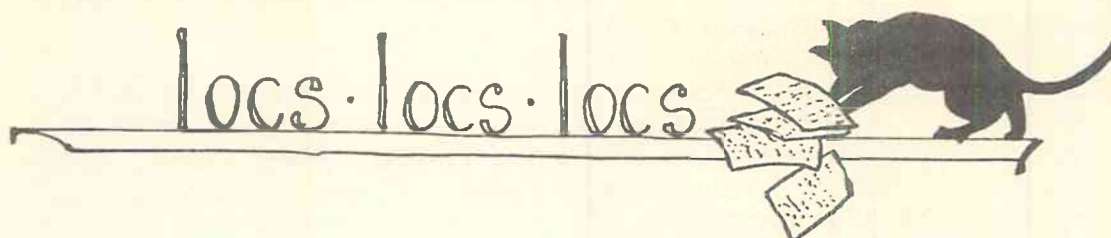
*OTHER PLACES, OTHER TIMES*, by Randy Bathurst; published by William Bowers, P.O. Box 3157, Cinti., OH 45201; \$2.50

This is *not* an advertisement or a bribe for material. Knowing its publisher as I do and the fact that I'm after Randy to do a cover for my zine (something about a dead cat) has nothing to do with the fact that I like this book. The thing is it's a damn good coloring book. Randy's drawings of aliens are *fun* to look at-- better still, color.

With a cover price of only \$2.50 you can afford to buy two--one for the vault and one to decorate. Let's show Randy...he doesn't believe we can color.

--DPL





Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Box 5688, University Station, Seattle, WA 98105:

Thanks for your note, for liking my poem, and for G#2, which has a perfectly excellent cover...and bacover. Most of the art inside is pretty reasonable too, especially Stephen's. You should bump him in the buns a couple times until he does you some more stuff.

Re flirting. You say you do it with men and they assume you're an easy Leigh; but you don't do it with women because they (men?) assume you must be a lesbian. What's the difference if they assume you're willing to fuck every big cock you see, or if they assume you hop into bed with women?? It seems that either way they're making disgusting assumptions, *as if it were any of their business*. The ones that must think negatively (or judgementally--it would be all right if you *did* fuck everything in sight, certainly it shouldn't *matter* as long as no one gets hurt by it) probably aren't the ones you need support from anyhow. So flirt with men and women both for gosh sakes; be as warm as you want to be to everyone and ignore equally those who think it means "whore" or "dyke". If you let either one upset you, then you slander the honest whores and dykes...and if you are more comfortable that some men think Easy Lay than with the ones who think Lesbian, you degrade lesbians by suggesting it's *okay* that they think you're a whore (so you'll continue to flirt) but it's *not* okay if they think you're a dyke (so you wait for women to be friendly first). Or something like that. If we let any of these names keep us apart--whore, dyke, frigid--and influence our honest feelings and behaviors, we'll never be anything but what others make us or make us *not* be.

In Stephen's piece, I was most interested in his brief insights into a Catholic school life. I know many Catholic women (or ex-Catholic), including one of my two roommates (the other is Jewish), and have a varied and interesting look at how girls are treated and taught. I'd like to know more about how boys are treated/taught by contrast. Doesn't sound that much better actually...and is it true the priests get the little boys? It's true they get the little girls... One fascinating thing about a Catholic upbringing is that it seems to produce nuns and lesbians in equal proportion. The most intelligent, attractive, kinest, creative gay women in my life have been, as a generality, ex-Catholics, followed by Jewish, which is almost as strict a faith. (If there are as many lesbians coming out of non-Catholic environments, they come out of it devoid of the tools to love themselves even if they *do* overcome the sexual hang-ups the church would lay on them...)

Can't say I liked Dale's poetry that much, though I tried. Also don't know what to say about Bill's notes, except that I agree artists need much more feedback than they receive and I, too, try to see that they get it. When working for

egofeed, artists sometimes go hungrier than writers. And some of the best artists disappear from fandom as a result.

*((Ghod, what to respond? Someday I'll learn to think before I write (maybe). I basically did the editorial in G#2 to get a reaction...most of the "reactions" I received were what I expected...except yours...and I really should have expected that. The point is, I agree with you completely, and since that editorial I think I've grown up a bit in my relationships with other women. I'm learning to be physical with women I love...Suzi Stefl had a big part in that because she's affectionate with everyone and made the first move...and wonder of wonders I found out that I could be affectionate back without feeling the least bit self-conscious about what other people might think. So, thanks for bringing home to me what I was in effect saying... And as for Catholic schools...I don't know any girls who were "gotten" by priests and Steve doesn't know any guys either... maybe Cincinnati is too conservative, although I have noticed some correlation between the number of gays and nuns/priests that come out of Catholic schools... but for the most part everyone I've dealt with seems to have survived in one way or another...many agnostics, by the way, and many die-hard religious fanatics. Steve says that sometime he'll do an article on male Catholic education, but refuses to comment now because he'd go on for days.)))*

Ira M. Thornhill, 4214 Loyola Street, Apt. A, New Orleans, LA 70115:

Yes, yes, yes! I agree with them all...you've a truly excellent zine here. Quite impressive for a second issue.

Stephen Leigh is as interesting as everybody says...no small task; and I look forward to reading many articles and columns by him in future issues.

The Bowers speech represents (for all of us who would've dearly loved to've been the one's to publish it, but weren't) an impressive bit of one-upmanship. If you keep up this sort of thing you'll find yourself publishing an Important Zine before you know what's happened. Beware! Or, at least, be aware.

All of the talk in the lettercol about your activities(?) at MidWestCon makes me wonder if you might've been the young lady sitting with Mike as he ate in the hotel restaurant while the banquet was going on (Joan Woods and I left the banquet and found Mike eating there with a Female Person--and it occurs to me that said Person might've been you). If you are, then it's very possible that you're at least indirectly responsible for me being able to spend a couple of hours talking with Joan without her chasing off after Mike...and I owe you a debt that I'll never be able to truly repay. Just remind me to kiss your feet or hug you for hours or something when we meet at the next con. Or, if it wasn't you, just forget the whole thing. *((Sorry, Ira, I wasn't the ~~girl~~ Female Person you saw with Mike at MidWestCon...but you did meet me there...I was trying to interest you in a copy of G#1 and you blatantly informed me that you had stolen a copy from under my arm as I was walking past the pool. And then you have the nerve to ask me for a copy??? I fully expect you to hug me for hours when next we meet anyway, and if you really don't have a copy of G#1 I'll try to round one up for you...but they're somewhat scarce as I literally gave most of them away at MidWestCon)))*

I, for one, am easily able to understand exactly what you mean about being affectionate and touching. I'm pretty much the same way. And if you think that



it's caused you problems (or caused talk about your 'flirting') you should spend an hour or so thinking about the kinds of reactions that a male with similar leanings encounters. If I'm seen hugging a female friend, then I'm trying to get her into bed (only sometimes true, and lately less and less frequently). And if I'm seen hugging a male friend (or, horror-of-horrors, kissing him) I'm assumed to be gay and read about it in strange persons' apazines for months afterward. And so it goes. Bah! I say, and Bah! yet again. I'll continue as I please and damn the unfeeling fools who never learned the joys of touching and being close.

*(((Another candidate for membership in P.W.W.T.B.P.)))*

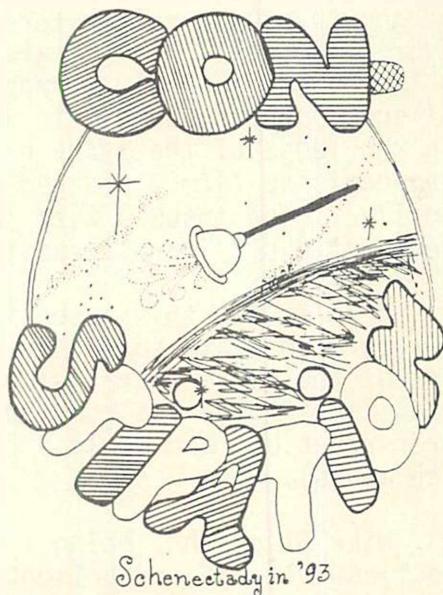
Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia:

...Christ, now what can I say! The easiest bits first, as usual, I guess. I loved the quality of the printing, and that you were willing to go to the trouble and the expense of using a heavy paper to avoid print showing through the page, and I thought the contents page was beautifully handwritten, and wish I could do as well, or even half as well, which I can't, despite having read all sorts of books on how to improve your handwriting to the point of legibility, or even to the half-way legible stage, and I didn't like the illos on pages thirteen and twenty seven, but I figured if I stuck it in this sentence you might not notice my small protest.

I've never had cats or dogs as pets; it doesn't fit well with the wandering life-style I seem to be living these days, but even as a child I had no pets. Well, one, a white mouse, but that hardly counts, because I was into vivisection at the time (oops, I'm being influenced by Robert Bloch it seems). Nor do I see them as an investment; more of a liability.

A home is a liability also. It confines you to a district, to a set of social circumstances, to an income sufficient to maintain it. It is very restrictive, and I speak here as a home-owner myself. It is also, in my experience, worthwhile. No more landlords who hate pets, room for books (well, at least more chance of fitting most of them into your abode), the end of thin walls and neighbors who hear your every move, as well as ones who are into playing Pink Floyd at 3 a.m. on a stereo that rivals a trip hammer in volume. I congratulate you, and hope that you find extra happiness in your home.

I can't see why people would think that you are a flirt. I mean, just because you invite all sorts of strangers to drop up and see you sometime, and just because you started the CFG orgy at Iggy, and molested the elevator boy, and the night manager, and went skinny dipping in the Civic Plaza fountain (I do think you should avoid doing that at midday--you could get sunburnt), it certainly isn't reasonable for people to think that you are a flirt. No way. I'm sure you have long passed the flirting stage. (And I hope Stephen isn't reading this.)



Bill Bowers' delivery leaves something to be desired (especially by Bill I imagine), however I've now read or listened (mostly both) to three of his "practice" speeches, and he stands (quivering like a lime jello about to meet Joe Haldeman) revealed as one of the finest speech writers in fandom. Of course, anyone who takes three months to come up with a single pun is, in the course of time, bound to do somewhat better than the spontaneous speaker, but Bill has a real touch in producing material that entertains and amuses his friends, while retaining a serious purpose. The same serious purpose that had long motivated Bill and (less apparently, and with less success) many other fan editors; to produce a work of art, a fanzine that is recognizably QUALITY.

So, Stephen, you think you could have been a politician? I doubt it. I don't believe that you possess the deviousness and the cynicism required for success in that field. Although, judging only from your quiet behaviour at cons, I could justifiably wonder about your statements on your verbal ability (I don't for a moment doubt that you could write political speeches; it is whether you could deliver them I doubt). The point of the statements you make is that you loved the argument, and politicians do not so much argue as persuade and compromise. Ah, but you are harsh, in a subtle way, with those who wear the cloth. Not that I can blame you, although I never experienced a religious upbringing myself, and had decided by age 10 or earlier that religion was good on stories but a little sparse on facts and evidence. Then we come to the last page, evoking so well the ghosts of journal writers--you don't mention Evelyn or Peyps, but my own firm favorite Boswell (slyly aware that his audience is somewhere on hand as he writes up the London journal, scrappy notes that are all we have recovered from the Holland journals, bombastic and self important in the Corsican adventures, and in his knowledge of the ~~great~~ great Dr. Johnson). Ah, there is a fine piece, and the way one is so firmly plunged into ruin by a scornful female voice is all too familiar. The trouble with setting out to impress the populace is that some of them just don't impress easily enough.

Despite all this I see in some writing a pattern, and that pattern is that a writer can state some "truth", and eventually it is accepted, and it becomes part of the conventional wisdom, and a hundred years after the author is mouldering in his grave, forgotten by all bar a few mouldy scholars, his or her very words reach out and mould a civilisation (and youthful exuberance rebels against such words).

Mike Glicksohn, being a fine fanwriter, says much that I wish my loc had said, about how pleased and delighted I am that you, Denise, are the sort of person who can quickly make friends, and about how close we all came to missing the both of you because of the elitist attitudes that exist to some extent in fandom. It doesn't help much that the elitism is our protection against people who don't fit, and that it exists because we want time to see our friends--our attitude does often appear elitist and aloof from outside. Like Mike, I am too shy to go up and start a conversation with a stranger, particularly a stranger who is selling fiction (I believe I owe several of my friendships with authors to the fact that, when I started talking to them, I hadn't realized they were favorite authors).

Why include two page lls? Just wondering. (((Eric, dear, if you'd read the zines you're loccing you'd know why there are two page lls in G#2...however, I refuse to number the covers to please Scarecrow.)))



Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3:

When you published *one* fanzine I could put it down to a temporary aberration caused by overexposure to the likes of Bowers and Curry and the other Publishing Giants of Crazy Cincinnati Fandom. Now that you've done it a second time, however, I'm led to believe that you may be suffering from some serious disturbance! If you ever do it again, I'll know damn well you're a helpless pervert...just like the rest of us!

This is a pretty good second issue, Foxy Lady. The cover is quite striking. In fact, it's a case of something being greater than the sum of its parts. When one looks at the individual drawings they really aren't as good as they might be but somehow they combine with the calligraphy to produce a very good effect. My only suggestion would be that next time you try to work the name of the fanzine into the cover somehow...

The interior artwork is hardly impressive but the layout is neat and the printing is crisp and there are some nice graphics. Perhaps you can give Bowers some advice so he can spruce up the next OUTWORLDS...if it ever appears, that is.

I don't remember pushing cake into Bowers' beard at MidwestCon but perhaps I did. I mean, have you ever lied to me about anything else you've claimed I've done? And he did it to me at Autoclave several years back so perhaps I was merely evening up the score. Hmm...now that you've mentioned it I do have a slight recollection of such an incident. I'm sorry I can't bring it more vividly to mind: I'm sure it was a most enjoyable experience.

I know how tricky it can be to work with some letterhacks. I tend to make a lot of typos because I don't reread my letters after I've finished them, for example, but I also try and include witty pieces of wordplay in my locs. I've lost count of how many times some helpful editor has defused what seemed to me to be a clever pun or an amusing piece of language because he or she didn't realize that's what it was meant to be. In this year's Autoclave Program Book, for instance, Leah weakened one of my lines by changing a very carefully-chosen word because she thought I'd just typed it incorrectly. Still, having been on the other side of the blue pencil I know how difficult editing *any* manuscript can be and as a general rule it's advisable to correct what seem to be mistakes. Except in *my* letters, that is!

If indeed you do have a reputation as a flirt (and I for one don't really think you do) it must surely be only among the cretin fringe of fandom whose opinions aren't worth beans anyway. Only people who don't know you would interpret your innate friendliness as flirtatiousness, just as some fans have assumed that since Harper is willing to be physical with his male friends he must be gay. Don't let such ill-informed opinions worry you at all. Why, there are even some fans who think I'm a male chauvinist which will show you how totally inaccurate



much fannish thinking can be! The people who count know what sort of person you are (and love you for it) and it would be a great loss indeed if you changed one iota or abandoned even a scrap of your natural affection in order to appease the niggerly little minds of fandom. I've got an odd reputation in some areas of fandom--and it's about 5% accurate--because I enjoy being physical with both my male and my female friends but I'll be damned if I'll stop being me just because someone else is too uptight to admit to loving his or her friends and acting on that feeling in public.

Nothing to say about Bill's Third Practice Speech (although didn't it do a wondrous job in preparing him for the real thing at IGGY? I was never so proud of him as I was that night) which certainly is anything but darb. It's quite fascinating to look back at what Bill had to say and realize that to a degree Harlan said some of the same things in *his* Iguanacon speech. At least in as far as the recognition of and affection for one's roots goes. Now if only *Bill* would beg us to allow him to "go quietly" on his way...

It's kind of difficult to imagine Steve engaging in verbal pyrotechnics. As an essentially shy person who has never really been all that deft at argument or rhetoric I tend to believe that other shy, quiet people are equally inadequate where oral skills are concerned. (No salacious hidden meaning I assure you.) To hear that a fellow shy person *used* to be the Harlan Ellison of his high school and abandoned those skills to concentrate on mastering the written word is enough to shake one's foundations and drive one to drink. (Thanks, Steve.) Perhaps now that Steve has learned his craft as a writer and will probably be soon receiving requests to appear on panels and give speeches he'll regain his former facility and become a welcome addition to the programming at conventions.

I bought a *LUCIFER'S HAMMER* at IGGY partly because I'd heard several people say it was really good and partly because the authors were there and I could get it autographed. Since returning from the worldcon, though, I haven't had the time to read it because I'm still trying to catch up with the pile of fanzines I've accumulated recently...every damn one of which seems to have a review of the book which is less than favorable. (Some are downright insulting from their opening remarks.) I'm avoiding reading any reviews at all until I've had a chance to peruse the book myself so I expect to return to pages 12-13 of *GREIGHMAUDLIN 2* sometime around the advent of Haley's Comet...

Who'd have thought ol' Twinkle-Eyes Metzger would have been such an uncompromising fanzine reviewer? Does a good job, though, even if he is a little harsher than some of us who regularly o.d. on the things. (*(((Arthur's column will hopefully resume next issue...he was too busy getting out his own zine this time.)))*)

Droll; very droll. Having a cat in the lettercol logo and having my letter right underneath it. I have the perfect rejoinder for that in the form of an "Animal Crackers" Saturday strip I'll be reprinting in the next *XENIUM*. See if you can't borrow someone's copy and have a friend read it to you, cat lover! (*(((You'll notice that I took your comment to heart and made certain that your letter wasn't under the .lettercol heading this issue....)))*)

Speaking of *XENIUM* I eagerly anticipate the fall appearance of the true story of my "lost weekend" at this year's MidwestCon that you advertise here. I assume Bowers will be publishing it (he never could remember how to spell *XENOLITH*)



Real Soon Now...along with the next *OUTWORLDS*, the replies to Dave Locke's Fanwriter Symposium--and the final issue of *DOUBLE:BILL*, of course. (My only regret concerning that evening and my conversations with you and Bill is that I didn't take advantage of my obvious state of disconnection from reality to do something to enhance that 5% of my reputation that is actually true. If I had, though, you wouldn't still be making light of it so I can rest assured that nothing untowards happened except my peculiar tendency to totally forget my lucid and articulate conversation. Rats...) (((Someday, Mike, Bill and I will sit you down and tell you all about it...))) (((Maybe.)))

Reed writes good letters; it's too bad he folded his fanzine because it was one of the more enjoyable ones I used to get. Someday I too hope to get to meet him but I'm pretty sure it'll have to be when he comes out of his hole in the wall in Utah. I just don't see myself doing much more than flying over that state on my way to somewhere interesting. Like Wyoming or Idaho or...

It's disgraceful to think that there's a fan *anywhere*, even in a pesthole like Cincinnati, who doesn't know Harry Warner's address off by heart! What is fandom coming too when such essential information isn't committed to memory as part of one's neofannish catechism? I suppose next you'll be telling me you've forgotten the rooster who wore red pants and don't know who sawed Courtney's boat!

Whoever sent that weird postcard from Barrington, Illinois was undoubtedly a genius: because that is *clever*. I bet he tore his hair out coming up with it...

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Road, Sheffield S11 9FE, England:

Many thanks for the two superb issues of *GRAYMALKIN* which landed here today... I was a bit crogged by two editions, parts or whatever one calls them...and more so by the two addresses...so here goes with a brief LOC.

Full marks for layout, production, appearance and general 'This ought to be worth reading' look about your zine. Dammit, you have achieved in two issues what I still strive for after 20 years of publishing *ERG*...it just ain't fair.

Liked both covers...but preferred that on the first issue by House. The interior artwork also excellent, but nevertheless I venture to mail you an illo or two to show I appreciate your zine.

I was interested to read the piece about Betty Boop, but think the writer tends to attribute reactions, and even design into what simply happened to be an entertaining cartoon. I doubt whether women *really* weighted up that Betty Boop was not likely to be a threat to the men in their lives...if that were true, then how did Mae West, Garbo, Crawford, Davis and other stars of that ilk ever achieve popularity? By the standards applied to Betty Boop, women should have boycotted them by the bucketful. Again, who looks at a cartoon as escapism from depression. People look to them...and the films...as happy laughable events in a drab existence ...not escape as much as something to cheer them up...in much the same way as a cheerful word or a joke may cheer one up yet not be escapism.

The Switzer piece...sorry, not my cup of tea. Over (or under) my head.

Enjoyed the reviews...and was particularly interested by the comments on

LORD FOULS BANE...they presented an angle I hadn't thought of...namely pot-hunting via review copy and Big-Name-Association. Sounds very valid.

William I. Cavin, 1775 Wayne Madison Road, Trenton, Ohio, 45067:

At last, here it is. This will be on G#1 only so that hopefully I'll have enough time to finish a loc for Bilbo before hitting the sack. I can't remember. How long has it been since you gave me #1. First complaint: common with a few other fanzines I've read lately there is no indication when it was published. For the same reason, to satisfy my chronological curiosity I hope you will print the address *and date* of any locs you see fit to print. *((Okay, this was written on 11-23-78 and I gave you G#1 at Midwestcon '78...I see no reason to print the dates on everyone's loc...but I have decided to date each issue from now on...Satisfied, Cavin?)))*

I had mixed feelings upon receiving your gift. Surprise. Disappointment because you didn't tell me you were doing a fanzine while others seemed to have known about it from the beginning. Disappointment, too, in myself for letting others pass me by. A milkd envy of those lucky few who seem to "fit" right in; who abandon their neo stage with the very first convention; who seem to become fanzine publishers almost overnight (and a pretty good one, too.). Above all the other feelings of course, I had that nice warm feeling when someone gives you an unexpected gift, that grateful feeling of knowing that someone likes you enough to give something of themselves. When friends and close acquaintances give me a fanzine, I know they're saying here I am, what do you think of it/me. And the gift touches me. It really does--enough that I want to respond, make some kind of reply of friendship. Unfortunately, I am not very good at responding in the way a fanzine editor likes, with locs, artwork, articles, reports, etc. I also have this *slight* tendency to procrastinate. (One day, real soon now, I'm gonna read my Suncon and Iggiecon progress reports and find out what's goin' on.)

So far I have not said much about G#1. Part of the problem is I keep getting stopped by the cover. I don't even know if I like it that much but every time I look at it I stop and keep on looking for several seconds. Without ever reading the contents of G#1 I was impressed by your first effort. (Having a pro writing for your first fanzine is pretty impressive, too. Howdja do it?) I really feel for Steve and the trouble he had relating at his first convention. Someday maybe I'll write about my first con impressions/activities. They were completely different from Steve's. Did not particularly care for the Barrell Switzer interview. This one was rather mediocre compared to the usually fine job he does. Ms. Soellner-Federle's piece on Betty Boop while slightly pertinent seems to be reading too much significance into a cartoon meant for kids. I usually prefer to take things at face value and not get bogged down in deep analysis of the simpler joys.

*((Will the real Bill Cavin please stand up? Is this the Bill Cavin I've come to know and love over the past year and a half? Writing a loc??? I have to say that I am indeed pleasantly surprised. Your's is one of the nicest locs I've received...maybe because it's one of the few I've received from local friends...and it means that much more to me because you're one of the people who've 'brought me up' in fandom. You were at Haps Irish Pub that fateful night when I just happened to wander in to hear some drunken Irishman play his guitar and watch him drink his Guinness. I know I don't tell you very often, and I probably don't call*



*nearly often enough or come to visit, but I truly do appreciate your friendship and am grateful for all the attention you've given me in my initiation to fandom. Much love...denise)))*

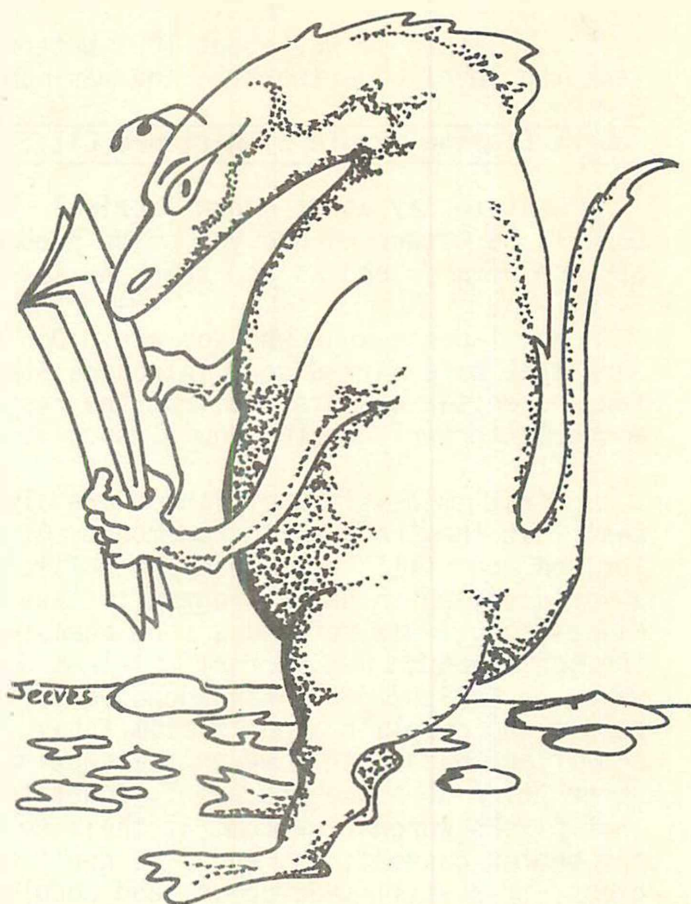
Reed Andrus, 1651 E. Paulista Way,  
Sandy, Utah 84070:

I probably should be concerned that this loc is late, but knowing that you just got back from the Big Swing to Californee and Iggy, and being the human-istically inclined soul that I ~~being~~ *fake* am on all counts, I let you get some rest before invading your mailbox. Gee, I'm getting callouses on my hands from patting myself on the back.

Actually, I've been busy, as you have read if you received B7B. Our first snowfall of the season came early this past week, (9-20-78) along with freezing temps, and I've been forced to get the trenches dug in the front yard if I want to complete the sprinkling system this year. Unless we get an Indian Summer, I've blown it. And, adding another number to my list of Never Thoughts: "Never thought I'd get involved with D&D, but damned if I haven't. So you can tell Tabakow that one reason I should be brought back to MiddieCon is that I am the premier Dungeon Master between Denver and Los Angeles (but don't tell him there's *nothing* but desert out there either). (((Sorry, Reed. I typed this without noticing the 'don't tell Tabakow' part...but Lou never reads fanzines, anyway...))) I think I can guarantee you novices some danger and treasure if ever we get a game going. We use a different combat system out here, a tad more complicated but also more realistic. One of my friends uses what is called a "Calypso" system, in which *everything*, even the length of the corridors is randomly generated. He's just a bit more nasty than I, however, so count your blessings. (((How 'bout a game of D&D by phone? After the four-way conversation we had a while back I think we could pull it off...but we'll make sure we use Arthur's phone.)))

But if I can make it out there next year, I don't want to hear promises of keeping your hands to yourself. I prefer physical people since I am one myself. And I see it as a measure of trust between you and Steve that you can "flirt" without having to worry about negative reactions from him.

Actually, I think Steve and I will get along famously. We both had similar experiences with debate. I fooled around with it all through high school and carried on one year in college. But the greatest embarrassment came when we went for a meet at Regis College in Denver, and I blew one match by confusing a writ of *habeas corpus* with *corpus delecti*. I still remember wondering why the opposition sat back with a smirk on their faces after I gave my rebuttal speech. As a salesman I do confess to being a bit outgoing, but that has been a *learned* characteristic rather than inherent. And if and when I quit this job and get into an executive



position somewhere I'll probably go back to being a quiet, self effacing, modest hulk ~~of perfection~~ who sits quietly in a corner reading. What Art used to do before he began selling TV's.

... Issue #2 was about 100% better than the first in terms of content, and kept the level of artwork to the maximum...

Robert Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348:

What to say about a new fanzine? Well, if you got your mailing list from Bowers, he either warned you of my probable reaction to neofanzines or he's not as much of a friend as you think he is.

No, I don't know who you are. Don't recall seeing you at Midwestcon, and I'm sure that Dale Tarr didn't introduce Steve to me, or vice versa. However, being a fanzine editor exempts you from the restraints of politeness or common decency among letter writers (as you'll soon discover. Fanzine editors need thick skins.)

First impressions of fandom are always interesting. Mine are so far in the past that they're hard to remember. At my first convention, I knew nobody when I arrived and still knew nobody when I left, but it was fun. (It also happened to be a Worldcon, which has a program to take care of ignorant neofans.) At my first Midwestcon, I was refused a room because I had a black girl with me. Fortunately, the con moved to a different hotel--and different town, for that matter--the next year, or I might never have gone back. (That was in 1953, and I tend to sneer at people who complain about racism today.) Of course, it wasn't the fault of the con committee; Ohio hotels weren't accepting blacks that year. (Though the con committee never tried to argue the point; I got told by the committee a couple of years later that blacks weren't welcome at their selected hotel.) But Midwestcon is till one of the better conventions, and if I don't have a lot in common with the current Cincy group, it's still made up of good people.

"...the aspiration for constant happiness" isn't just a middle class myth; read your own material in here. (Though probably you're in the middle class, most fans are.)

I enjoyed the interview parody; more parodies and fewer real interviews is a goal worthy of effort.

And I really did like Steve's conreport. I have some of the same problems at parties--tho mine are diminished by a number of friends (one can't be in fandom for 25 years without picking up *some* friends) and a general disinterest in making more. (If someone wants to talk to me, they can come to me--and they do, which is the amazing part. Fans are mostly introverts, but eventually they get desperate.) *((My original mailing list came from Art Metzger, but Bowers did donate a few addresses for the second issue...and I still haven't been officially "introduced" to you although I did spend some time at the Peoria in '82 party at Chambanacon and you were there...next time I'll introduce myself.))*

Robert A. Bloch, 2111 Sunset Crest Drive, LA, California 90046:

Yes, I do remember now--and must apologize for my own obtuseness. Sometimes people confuse me at conventions, because they tend to approach in numbers, one after another, and I get lost in a welter of names and faces which can only be sorted out later, in retrospect. But I'm missing the point--which is to congratulate you on the very evident progress displayed in your second issue--glad to see other readers enjoyed the first as much as I did!



Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, E. Providence, R.I. 02914:

Yet another new fanzine appears in my mailbox, but in this case anyway, the contents seem good enough that I'd be interested in seeing more. I don't understand how Glicksohn can put up with the countless first issues of bad fanzines saying the same thing over and over. It's pleasant to see anything new, particularly when it's relatively well written.

I have to agree with Glicksohn on the relative shyness of fans. I've been around fandom for 12 years now, and I still feel out of place at many conventions. The interaction between people in print and people in person is entirely different. At conventions now I really don't feel particularly uneasy with people I barely know, but I am reluctant to initiate things on ground I'm not certain of. This has been diminishing somewhat, partly just because I'm beginning to know a larger number of people at cons fairly well, partly just because as a function of maturation I've grown more at ease in social situations. I also have a fairly healthy ego, which doesn't hurt at all.

Donaldson's fantasy trilogy seems to be a major point of contention in fannish circles lately. I really don't understand how so many people can have such diametrically opposed reactions to the book (volumes 2 and 3 are far superior incidentally)...Certainly the book borrows from Tolkien; nearly every epic fantasy in the last 20 or more years has done so. So what. There is still a clear superiority of Donaldson over, say, Terry Brooks or Lin Carter or Niel Hancock. Personally, I enjoyed Donaldson far more than LotR, because the former seemed to deal with human emotions, rather than idealistic abstracts. Covenant is not a particularly admirable character, but I suspect that many readers fail to realize he is mentally diseased, as the result of both the translation to another world and the leprosy from which he suffers.

Well, you can't argue tastes very well, I suppose, so I'm just going to go on enjoying it despite those who don't. I read, incidentally, that he is at work on a second trilogy set in the same fantasy world. *(((I still haven't read volumes 2 and 3 of the Donaldson trilogy, but personally, I enjoyed LFB. I did think the time jumps from the 'accident' were a bit hokey, however, and I've been told he continues with the same idea in the other volumes...that seemed totally unnecessary to me, but other readers seem to like the idea...definitely a matter of taste.)))*

George "Lan" Laskowski, The Lanshack, 47 Valley Way, Bloomfield Hills, MI 48013:

Indeed, you have a very nice looking zine. The repro, the graphics, arrangement, artwork, all show a bit of the professional touch. Very impressive.

...Was Bowers' *Third Iguanacon Practice Speech* given on Sunday? I thought it was given on Saturday. Oh, well, short memory on that con. But I do remember the speech. What he says about fanzine publishing is true. The artwork really has a lot to do with the success/failure of the zine. But not just the art itself: how it's used, where it's positioned, how it's juxtaposed or set off from the writing, all contribute to this as well. And if you can have artwork or illustrations drawn specifically for the article it's on the page with, or have a piece of art in your files that can perform the same function, you are all the better for it. I've been learning by doing, as Bill did. You've got the advantage of Bill teaching you about fanzine pubbing. And it looks as though you have taken good notes. The poems by Dale Tarr and the illo by Steve on page 9 is a good example. They fit; they all fit together. Gooooood editing and layout!! *(((Actually, Bill has been very helpful ...anytime he tells me to do something I just do the opposite...so far it's worked.)))*

*Caterwauling* by Stephen Leigh was beautifully written and I concur with his feelings. It was lovely reading, but I have no comments on it.

The review of *LUCIFER'S HAMMER* by Lee Stevens was very well done. I must agree with what he says. It is commercial. Many of the characters are one-dimensional with little motivation, expected, of course, in such a massive work. It is handled well, the SF plot and the disaster aspects, better than most authors could do. The book was okay. I could have put it down at any time and forgot about it. I finished it mainly for the Hugo voting. It didn't excite me all that much.

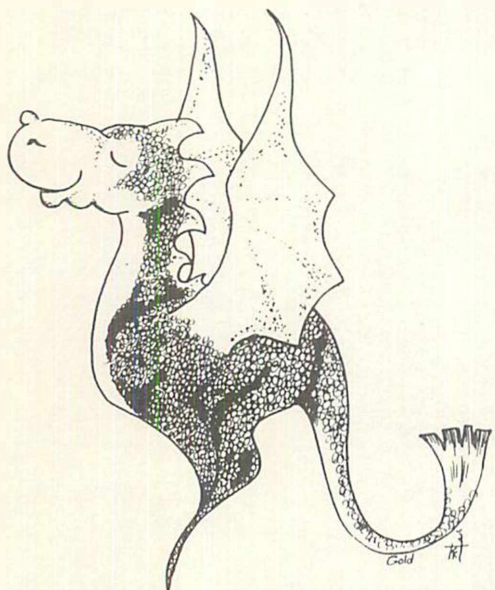
Speaking of Madeleine L'Engle, how long ago have you read *A WRINKLE IN TIME*? Do you remember the first line? Stan Schmidt pointed it out to Dean McLaughlin and me. Dean read it first and burst out laughing. I read it and did the same. Go look it up if you forgot--I'm sure you'll break up too. *(((I confess, it's been a couple of years since I've read AWIT...I'd forgotten the line, or didn't take note of it at the time. I won't reprint it here...everyone will have to look it up themself.)))*

I'm not sure, but that postcard might be from the Fifth head of Cerberus (wasn't that a Wolfe?). *(((I think we'll have to ask Eric Lindsay if the Scarecrow is aboriginal in nature.)))*

---

Arthur Metzger, 1171 Neeb Road, Cinti., OH 45238:

---



See, I really do know how to write letters of comment, it's just that very few people have ever given me the proper incentive.

Nice cover...that sure looks like Bowers up in the corner. Nice heading and contents page too. I tend to favor hand-lettered tables of contents, even though I very seldom use them myself.

...Steve's column was easily the best thing in the issue, and I very much enjoyed reading it. It was sort of like an insight into God--but that's a different story. *(((Steve's the DM in our D&D game...very ghod-like.)))*

Enjoyed the reviews, but I hope to see more from you in future issues. Someday you'll probably get me to read some L'Engle--I'm sure I'd like her books, but I haven't gotten around

to any of them yet.

An excellent letter column for only your second issue. How is our campaign to bring Reed to Midwestcon going? Maybe if we sent Lou to Salt Lake first. With reduced airfares, one-way tickets can't be all that expensive.

All of the artwork in this issue (G#2) is nice, but somehow none of it is as meaningful as the drawing on page 18 of your first issue. It just lacked the deep, biting satire, the feeling of futility, conveyed by that excellent piece. *(((Smartass.)))*



Re Lutz-Nagey, 3773 Parkdale Rd., Cleveland Heights, OH 44121:

...Welcome to the Fondlecon. I can't remember when a women in fandom encouraged fans to be physical. That seems somewhat akin to an Eskimo asking for snow.

But I also understand your thoughts. When I first got into fandom and made my first friends, I was amazed at the amount of physical contact. Not necessarily sexual, just physical. Reaching out and touching. As I grew to know my friends better, I found myself reaching out and touching. There have been some cons... long weekends of friendship and fun (as well as long weekends of friendship and shared sorrow) where physical contact [Hand-holding, kissing, hugging friends of both sexes] was frequent and, most importantly, comfortable and natural.

And those Mondays back at work...the Job. Suddenly I was thrust among people that I had to spend more time with than I can with my best friends. And I wasn't allowed to touch them. Any of them. Obviously men were out. I was married so women were too. Pre-conditioned actions of society. And those Mondays ...I remember feeling a certain intellectual rage that I wasn't allowed to touch people I had to work closely with because Cleveland is a cold, conservative town and the company wouldn't stand for it.

Fuck the company. I tried touching some of my co-workers once. They all jumped, for one reason or another. Some, I guess, they might have thought it sexual (it wasn't) but probably because it was so out of context. Like I said, society pre-conditions its members.

On the other hand, I also remember one ConFusion when a fan was going over-board in the contact department. He was grabbing and hugging everyone in sight. Including people who didn't know him. Finally, some of the complained to me. It was explained to him that perhaps he ought to wait and get to know the people before he got physical. He became depressed and then suicidal. Various Ann Arbor fans talked to him through the night and into the morning.

Odd. I was reliving that experience and it suddenly occurred to me. The people who had complained to me about this overly physical stranger started the Fondlecon the next morning. The con had been held at the Ann Arbor Hilton and the management had gone out of its way to fuck up the con. Sunday after the con, a group gathered in the hotel lobby. Good friends all, they sat and held hands... the tired ones even laid across the laps of others. The collection of people grew larger. Fondlecon was born. Randy Bathurst later made up Fondlecon nametags...a teddy bear with some of its stuffing squeezed out of it.

The hotel staff, of course, was shocked. We thought it fun.

Keeping a journal *is* really pretentious, you're right. (((Re: Caterwauling))) Also, I think necessary....

...The earliest "journal" I have is a tape my dad made of me when I was five or six. I had a bad speech impediment. It was hard to understand me. But after years of special private tutoring, I overcame the problem. And as the years passed I forgot just how poorly I talked as a youngster. Until my dad sent me the tape when I was 21 or so. There was no special reason why he sent it other than he had sold his reel-to-reel recorder and I had just bought one. I don't think he knew what was on that tape. I certainly didn't.

It was like lightning had struck me, when I played the tape back. *That* voice was *mine*? Time had erased just how painful a time that had been for me. Kids laughed at the way I talked. It explained some parts of my personality. Lin heard the tape too and learned and understood something new about me too.

All because my dad had made this journal for me...

Watch out for Rex Oz aka The Barrington Bomber. I happen to know for a fact that he's no longer in charge of page numbers. To the best of my knowledge, he's been ostracized by the Board. (((Well, Ro, at least fans will know that you really do loc fanzines. The Fondlecon at Confusion sounds interesting...wish I'd been there. As for keeping a journal, I always kept a 'diary' when I was a kid. I remember writing down the daily 'events' and then when something juicy happened writing at the end of the entry that I was just retelling a dream, in case my mom happened upon the diary. At present I am trying to keep a journal...sometimes I go months without an entry and then I'll go full force for a long time...as is evidenced by the first part of my editorial this issue. I'll have to investigate the information you gave me about The Barrington Bomber...can I trust you?)))

James Dean Schofield, 2501 Nettie Street, Butte, MT 59701:

...At least one copy of *GRAYMALKIN* was sold because of the sign atop the stack of zines which proclaimed the new faned had for a tutor one Bill Bowers. It so happened I was trying to flesh-out the name since he was FGoH. Pulling my mental file on that name revealed...BOWERS:BNF/*OUTWORLDS*...and very little else. My second motive was a simple desire to see fanzines produced somewhere other than the Pacific Northwest (or Southwest if you are from that country to the North).

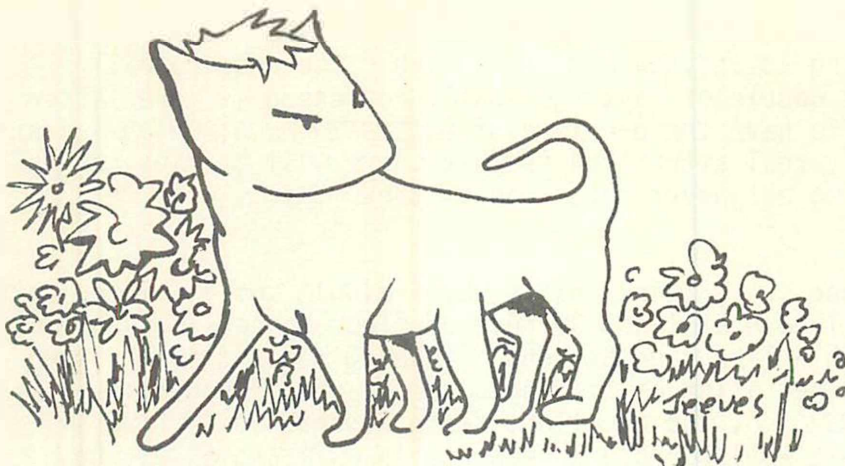
...Your editorial in #2 struck a cord with me, a member of A.P.T.B.P. (Allow People To Be Physical). I generally have little trouble making acquaintanceships in groups of total strangers, although the urge to make physical contact rarely appears. I maintain my space (which does not mean I'm spaced). Nevertheless, I support, encourage, cheer those folks able and willing to use body language overtly in their attempts to communicate.

Reading Bowers' Practice Run #3 satisfied the first reason for buying *GRAYMALKIN*. The notes don't convey the same personality as Bowers' actual Iguacon speech.

The admission in *Caterwauling* that someone would weed the ability for waxing wildly before an audience surprised me, for I have always felt that was one talent one should cultivate. Many of us, myself for instance, lack that fundamental skill of verbalizing before a crowd (any group of more than five people). Even hollow speeches tend to cast off bits of wit and wisdom as the speaker plays word games for fun and profit.

Lee Stevens is wrong when he states *LUCIFER'S HAMMER* is an outgrowth of the authors' last collaboration, *THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE*. Between the two novels mentioned was a quaint little piece called *INFERNO*. *INFERNO* was also painted on a vast canvas in short choppy strokes resulting in a work designed to project motion. The lineage of the triad is quite clear. By the way, *INFERNO* had one hell of a lot of characters. (((Glad to know that someone bought the zine because of Steve's sign at Iggy...Bowers still doesn't believe me...maybe he will now. I have yet to read Lucifer's Hammer or Inferno but I love Niven and will probably read them just for that reason.)))





Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley,  
St. Louis, MO 63131:

GRAYMALKIN has a neat cover. Since I'm not up on my "graymalkin" legend or whatever it is, I have no way of knowing whether the shape of the over-all design refers to a crumpled boot or a map of Minnesota (where the graymalkin lives?).

It's rather strange, but I've never read of anyone admitting to "aggressiveness".

Everyone has no hesitation in confessing to shyness. Even the ones I've met at the many cons I've attended who seem the brassiest imaginable no doubt confidentially admit to being wallflowers. Now, me, for instance; I'm shy, and if you don't speak first to me, I won't speak to you. It's rather agonizing to be lonesome in a crowd of people.

Bill Bowers in his *THIRD PRACTICE SPEECH* speaks of "the graphic chaos of a Donn Brazier." I wonder if that line was ever delivered from the podium? Anyway, what ever happened to Irv Koch? As I see it, my fanzine style is more convoluted than chaotic. It comes from having a dread of leaving things out. White space is enjoyable in other fanzines, especially if they contain nothing memorable to read. But white space in my own productions are "holes" to be filled up with something--anything. And that way I leave out less. (((I am s-l-o-w-l-y learning to fill up white space in GRAYMALKIN...especially since I am starting to get material to fill it with. Thanks for sending me FARRAGO 8--the "holes" are filled up nicely.)))

Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23065:

I think I meant to write a loc on #1, but failed to somehow. So it goes... I thought I would have more time when I quit doing a zine myself, but it doesn't seem to work that way.

I agree with the comments about the Covenant character in *LFB* - I had already read it when I got the freebie - but I am not sure his leprosy can be dismissed that easily. Perhaps it is really unfair to judge the thing from the first third - it is pretty clear that the Chronicles are no more a trilogy than LotR, but rather a very large novel that is published in 3 pieces for convenience. The leprosy obviously means more to Donaldson than to the reader, at least the average reader who has no experience with leprosy. I hope Stevens does another review when he has read the whole thing.

GRAYMALKIN #2 was a great improvement over #1, at this rate you'll be in contention for a Hugo soon!

I am trying to remember if I have the *STRANGE GLORY* that Arthur Metzger disliked so much... I don't think so, can't find it anyway. I don't much care for this review, after reading it I still am not clear *what* he didn't like about the book. Oh, well, if it's as bad as he says it will probably turn up on the Marboro remainder list for \$1.

Seems like everyone is going to IggyCon but me... I had the urge to call the airline and start packing a couple of days ago, but I repressed it, even after seeing a report that they were to have the premiere of *WATERSHIP DOWN*, which I just got around to reading. The only real attraction is that there will be fans there that I have known for a long time but never met. One of these days I will get to a west coast con.

Good luck with the new house... I think that's why I didn't loc #1, I couldn't make out the handwritten COA. I have at least 50 feet of floor-to-ceiling book-cases, and it still isn't enough - like "Lee Stevens" (I bet I'm not the only one who doesn't believe in him!), I get a lot of reading done at lunch. Recently *WATERSHIP DOWN*, Kleists *MARQUISE OF O*, the excellent Keith Roberts collection *PASSING OF THE DRAGONS*, the great Pohl/Kornbluth remnants in *CRITICAL MASS*, the Chalker novels. Right now I am working on a collection of Gore Vidal essays. For some reason, the plain plastic cover I carry these pbs to work in leads many people to think I'm reading a Bible, I don't know why. The only reason for the cover is that in cooler weather I carry the book in my jacket pocket... Several people have backed out, excusing themselves for interrupting my devotions! *((Lee Stevens has declined to do another book review of the Covenant Chronicles because he says he still feels the same way after reading volumes 2 and 3. Poor Lee, he's really rather ill, you know. But contrary to what he said in his reviews this issue, I did not beat him with a whip...I merely sicced my cats on him...he hates cats...allergies, you know. Maybe that's why he's feeling so sick? As for WATERSHIP DOWN at Iggy...I never made it to the premier. I've since heard the movie is almost indecipherable, especially for children.)))*

---

Harry Warner, Jr., 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland 21740:

---

That front cover on the second *GRAYMALKIN* grabbed the attention hard of a non-art-oriented person like me. I hate to think how much work must have gone into lettering all those repetitions of your title, but the surrounding decorations are marvelous, a sort of fanzine equivalent of the strange faces and decorations that stonecutters liked to put onto gothic buildings in Europe for several centuries. I also liked the back cover, and with a heroic effort I have refrained from reading symbolisms into it as the artist did into Betty Boop.

Your new address has an Oriental sound, as if you had suddenly moved into a Fu Manchu novel where you would find trapdoors opening suddenly in front of the refrigerator and secret panels yielding to the brush while you're repainting the living room wall. It doesn't sound natural for a big city, either. House numbers in big cities always seem to be in four or five figures nowadays in the United States, although in the case of England, that nation is so small that streets apparently dead end at the seashore before house numbers get much beyond 300 or thereabouts.

I'll try to keep your touching tendencies in mind if we ever meet and I'll do my best not to grow too alarmed. Already I've begun negotiations with Gil Gaier involving the first time we run into one another at a con. He is famous for his bear hugs and a couple of broken bones caused my surgeon to decide I have slightly fragile bones. I'd hate to spoil Gil's pleasure in the hug he always gives a newly met fan by a crunching noise as a dozen or so ribs crack under the pressure. He has already agreed to make it just a little bear hug and I'm trying to negotiate an even less perilous bargain.

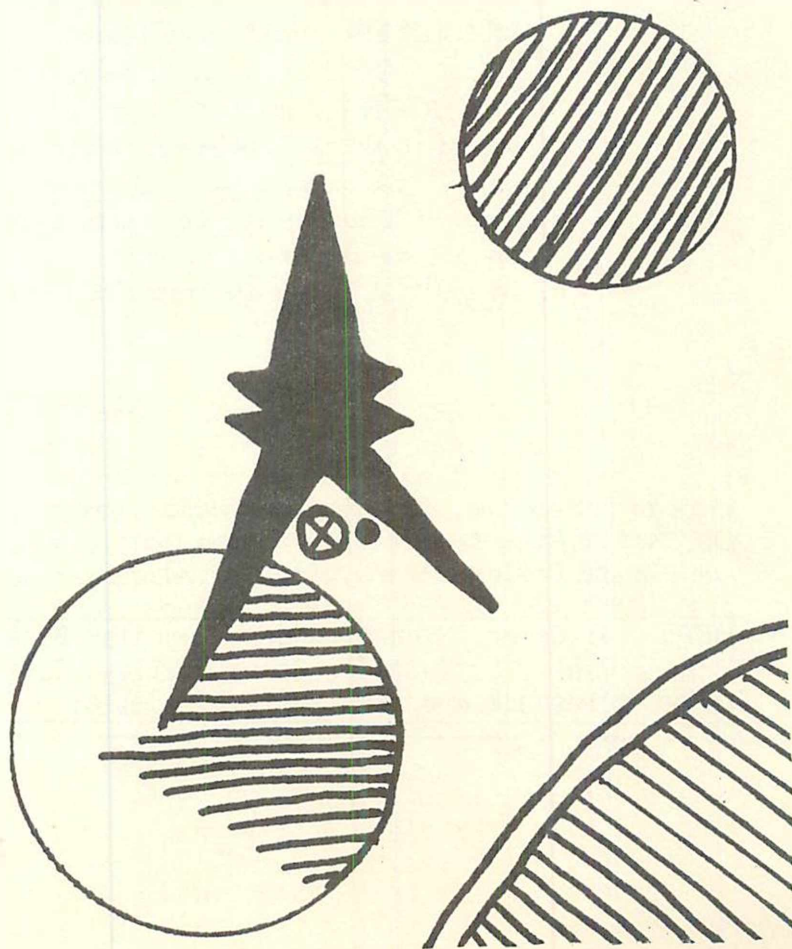


Bill Bowers' article or speech draft or whatever it is stirred up a barely dozing guilt complex. I'm among those loc writers who are lax with regard to the artwork. Normally I forget to say anything about it until there's only about an inch of unused space on the second page of the loc; this time I managed to do things differently but I'm sure my comments on *OUTWORLDS* have been guilty of neglecting the artists. Of course, there's the sheer mathematics of the situation: if a fanzine contains ten different pieces of writing and thirty pictures large and small, it's easier to find different and relevant things to write about the text than something original about each of those thirty pictures.

I envy Stephen's former ability to talk on his feet fluently. It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, you know, even if he believes he no longer is as good a talker. My brain doesn't function as fast as my mouth can run, and that's one reason I've learned to distrust my ability at viva voce discussions. Then there's the fact that I can sit at the typewriter and write in just about the same style and quality no matter how I feel or what mental turmoil I may be in. But I'm useless as a talker if I have an upset stomach or something has just recently angered me. So I'm sure that I seem like a hopeless conversationalist to some fans and as an adequate one to others, just because they happened to get to talking with me at different times. I have one strange peculiarity: I feel more at ease talking to someone on the telephone than face to face. Maybe it's because I know I won't see a look of boredom or disgust slowly spread over his face, and what's more, I rarely degenerate into a mumbling sort of talk on the phone, while I have a bad habit of getting slovenly with my diction when I've been talking face to face with someone for a considerable length of time.

That postcard which you reproduced on the last page undoubtedly signals the return from gaffiation of Claude Degler. There are all sorts of clues. He often used Don Rogers as a pen name and Rex Oz is a sort of verbal anagram of Rogers. Claude Degler was undoubtedly beginning a new goodwill tour of fandom in Barrington in search of a fan who used to publish a fanzine called *Le Zombie* when he wrote the poc. The first paragraph clinches the identity of the writer. Only Claude Degler could have thought up a committee to accomplish something fannish, just as he used to do by forming locals of the Cosmic Circle in every nook and cranny of this nation.

I still have my suspicions about the real identity of Lee Stevens, but I liked the review of *LUCIFER'S HAMMER*. I haven't read that new novel but so much in the review was perfectly applicable to *THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE*, which I did read; after all, that older book was the disaster novel to end all disaster novels,



and it wasn't recognized as such because the disasters happened to the other guys.

The entire issue was a pleasure to read for the perfect reproduction and the good appearance of the pages. I don't know a thing about the aesthetics of fanzine makeup and layout, and I'll leave it to Bill Bowers, Mike Glicksohn, and the other authorities on that topic to figure out why it looked so good.

And did I tell you the last time that there are Parsleys in this area? I assume that's your maiden name. One Parsley living about a dozen miles from town used to be county clerk, and he has a few relatives with the same family name scattered around this general area. I don't think it's a name that turns up everywhere, so maybe some of the local possessors of it are your seventh cousins removed four squared times or something. *((Parsley is my maiden name and if what my father tells me is true we are all related somehow or another. He's originally from the hills of West Virginny, but ancestors came from the German, English, French areas of Europe...you tell me if we're related. And as for The Barrington Bomber being in reality Claude Degler...well, if he is we certainly don't want to give him much fannish exposure. But I still have my doubts so I'll continue to print his pocs.)))*

Box 69, Barrington, Illinois 60010:

1

Dear DPL: Nice, but you still don't have numbers on those covers. Just think how much thicker ~~GRAY~~ - ~~MALIKIN~~ could have been. Page 11, however, was a joy. Am I correct in assuming that 'A' stands for "AT RIGHT," and 'B' for "BEHIND 'A'"? You must learn to think however, when you write your contents page. For example, "Getting Familiar--An Editorial Too." The reader is led to expect an earlier editorial on p 1 or the front cover. Or, "Poems--Dale Tarr--Nine." A German critic of verse has crept among us.

SCARECROW, REX OZ

*((Dear Scarecrow, aka The Barrington Bomber: Thank you for your two-page poc. Now that's hard to do! Is it true that you've been ostracized by the Board? Are you Claude Degler in disguise? Please rush your answer before next issue.)))*

---

WAHF: Gil Gaier, Michael Roden, Jennifer Bankier, Michael Harper, Dottie Bedard, Michael Banks, Suzi Stefl, Donna Qualley, Sarah Goodman, Ben Fulves, Steve Perram, Harry Andruschak and Carolyn "C.D." Doyle.

---



02 44 40

02 44 40

