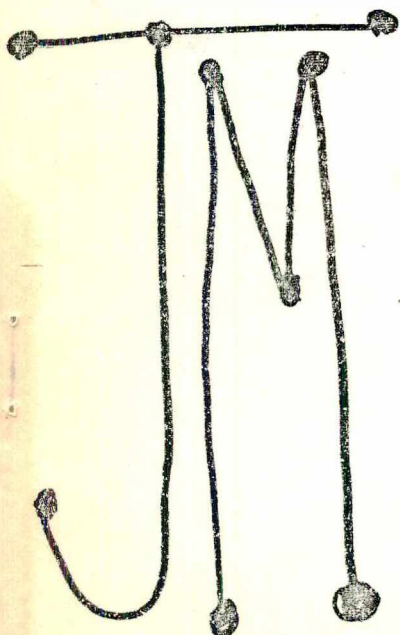


THE INVISIBLE FAN



THE
BUY & 10-IAL
ELECTION YEAR
ISSUE

\$17.76-\$19.76

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Illos: Front Cover---Joe Mayhew
 Pages 6 (lower right) and 21---Steve Miller
 Pages 2,3,4,5,6,8,9,11,12,13,15,18,20,23---Alexis Gilliland
 all unlabeled rubbish---da editor
 Back Cover---Ray Ridenour

The Invisible Fan is published for no good reason whenever the hell I feel like it. It is done in xerox because I don't have the manual dexterity to do anything else. This, of course, limits the kind of artwork that can be printed, but what the hell, you get what you pay for.

Send any contributions, insults, etc, to

The Invisible Fan
 c/o Avedon Carol
 4409 Woodfield Road
 Kensington, Maryland
 20795

Even the best laid plans...

Originally, somebody had hassled me about the acute need for a fanzine in the DC area that gave WSFans a forum for their utterly worthless opinions and fantasies, and one that would come out in time for the Hugo Nominations. As you can see, it didn't happen. In fact, there aren't even any articles here about stories that came out this year, nor are there any pieces by those people who talked me into putting the rag together.

But there may be, in future. If there is a future for this zine. I'll do it again if and only if those people finally do give me their articles. And I'd like to do that, because I have some great artwork from Steve Stiles to go with one of those articles, and a few other people had told me about some fine ideas that never materialized in time.

I was willing to hold out, you see, for only so long. I held out, since October, dammit, but no more. I'm leaving for California in a few days, and I won't be back 'til after WorldCon, and I don't want to have to come back to this. So this is it.

What is?

Well, for a start, there is Steve Brown's sneak preview of Miami; romantic scenery and bazarre inhabitants--they may have agreed to take us, but will they welcome us with open arms?

Then there is Steve Miller's somewhat painful look back at his stay at Clarion, and perhaps a warning to other would-be writers who don't realize what they're in for.

Alexis Gilliland's observations about the Middle East Crisis were written when it still *was* a crisis, but it's still fun to read. Then Dave Kogelman suggests for those of us who hadn't thought of it yet, a method of paying for cons without doing any honest work. More Gilliland: "What's it mean, Alexis?"

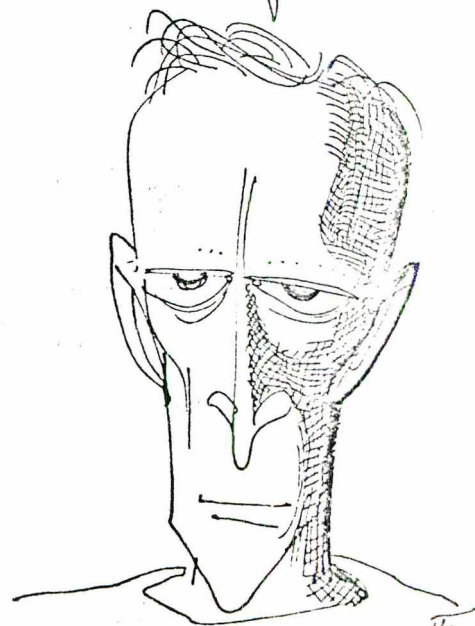
"It doesn't mean anything. It's just the way I see things."

And Gil Fitzgerald's complaint about the appearance of women in modern fantasy. And more for the neofan--an explanation of the Fringe Fan by one of their own--Mitchell

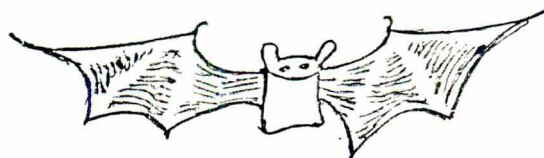
Hellman, himself a sleazy landmark of old Baltimore. This is followed by the words of another Baltimoron; Sue Wheeler on Disclave 76, and what went wrong, or didn't.

And finally, the letter column. (What? How can you have a letter column in the first issue of a magazine? Well, you can't, obviously.) Letters are my favorite part of any magazine, so I insisted on having one. If you don't like what I did to you, too bad. Of course, you can always spend 13 cents on a stamp and let me hear your own worthless opinion (which is no better than mine, damn you), and thereby give me an even worse excuse for doing it again. If you dare. But I don't know what these people really write like, since I hardly ever bother to read anything that doesn't look heavy and political--so I just made them up from impressions I got from my little scans of one lettercol and another. They aren't really meant to reflect the writing of the alleged authors.

THE PROBLEM WITH BEING
SUPER-INTELLIGENT IS THAT
YOU GET SUPER-BORED.



notes...



TURKISH BAT

#72

Someone was supposed to do a column for this rag about television, but it never materialized, which is to be expected, I guess. So anyway, here's my impression of Media for recent memory:

\$19.99 worth of SF: As everyone has noticed by now, the science on this bargain sale item isn't exactly the sort of thing one would forgive in Analog. In fact, they make mistakes that would embarrass a third-grader. Like all of those noisy explosions in outer space, among other things. So let's just forget the science aspect of it altogether, since they obviously didn't give it much thought themselves. So how about the characterizations? The acting? Uh, better not talk about that either. Well, what about the ideas? Now, that's something different all right. You can't say they've just got the same old tired stuff going. Not when they get saved from a black hole by God herself (I can hear you screaming), or things of that nature. Alexis says those ideas were never tried before "for good reasons," but I can't help thinking that there are writers around who could have made some of them work. But then again, those writers probably have much better things to do. Anyway, it's a helluva lot of fun to watch in color.

"Hey, Alexis, did you know there's 1999 fandom now?"

"That's deplorable. No, it isn't deplorable. It's...unliterary."

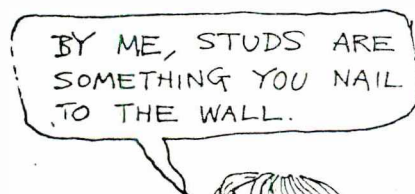
On another front: I see by my TV set that they now have on sale an electric wok. But you gotta give those folks credit. They really gave it some class by having it advertised by Pat Boone.

I watch Tom Snyder with awe and wonder. I wonder how he does that. The man was absolutely built for TV. He is without a doubt the undisputed master of the commercial segue.

The Bionic Person: OK, I kinda like to watch this stuff, just to be entertained, if you dig, but still, every time I see one of them do something Bionic, I can't help thinking, "The closer he gets, the better you look." Quite frankly, I can't see what's so great about the ability to move in slow motion, hear strange little beeps (or do they make those little beeps?), and see crosshairs in the middle of your field of vision. Anyway, I'd much rather watch Trench yell at Harry O, but he got cancelled.

Oh, yeah. In ECSTASY, spring, 1976, (vol.1, no.1), there's a story called Far Out by Tom R. Kovach, about this stud who picks up this alien woman at a party and she gets him pregnant. I know I've seen it somewhere before, and I wish someone would tell me where.

And then I read some underground comic called Rock and Roll Madness, which was a whole lot better...



WorldCon City--1977

a report on SunCon city from our world-wide correspondent...

Steve Brown, in the Circus

MIAMI--spend a week there, and you'll know why they sank Atlantis.

There is, in Southern Florida, a placid electric-blue bay dotted with a myriad tiny islands festooned with lush sub-tropical vegetation. It is a beautiful area. Ridiculously, impossibly, Walt Disney beautiful. Rising from these islands like a fetid cancer is a city resembling an Art-Deco cemetery. Every building that isn't yet another shade of off-white is colored a tepid pastel green or pink. Monstrous ungainly shapes lurch over the top of harmless palm clusters. Art-Deco is difficult to stomach at the best of times, but imagine wandering outside in the morning--bleary-eyed, it's time to go to work and you haven't had enough sleep--and the first thing you see is a thirty-storey building shaped like a 1930ish radio microphone. Every corner you turn uncovers a fresh visual indignity.

The characters are a match for the set. I spent most of my waking time immersed in thousands of native Miamians. They can be divided into seven major categories--all but two variations on the theme of Long Island Jew:

- (I) Terrifyingly Senile Li'lol'Ladies
- (II) Implacably Indestructable Battle Cruiser Matrons
- (III) Gigolos
- (IV) Bullet-Proof Princesses
- (V) Freezingly Intellectual Career Women
- (VI) Mom, Dad, & the Kids

(VI) Seminole Indians

P.S. The ethnic mixture of Miami is 70% Long Island Jew, 20% Cuban and 10% Seminole...and *nothing* else.

(I) This is the largest category, typified (she was *not* an exception) by the L.O.L. walking through a dense crowd, viciously swinging a heavy oaken cane and screaming: "Get outta my way Goddamnit! I don't see so well! Get outta my way!" There are a dozen like her on every street corner. Long-Island Jews seem to explode in all directions once they get past the age of 70--and they all come to Miami to die.



Someone on the show mentioned to me--as I was marveling at the gaudy houses we were passing by--"You're looking at the culmination of a thousand dreams. There is a whole class of people in America who aim their entire lives toward the goal of retiring and moving to Miami." And here they are.

(II) They sweep through the crowds like a barracuda through minnows. Imperious prow with a gigantic superstructure and rudder assembly. The most fearsome ships on the waters--they glide serenely by, expecting (and getting) instant obedience for every whim. Usually seen in the company of (IV).



(III) Tall, willowy, long dark shags, droopy moustaches--wears very expensive jeans and sandals and cheap peasants shirts. Early to mid-20's, *always* seen in the company of (II).

(IV) Appears everywhere (apparently spontaneously)--always carefully coiffured and made-up--dresses like a virgin whore, little-girl nipples shamelessly evident under all that crinoline. Surrounded *at all times* by a forbidding entourage of no less than eight--containing no less than two examples of (II) who are constantly impaling with a vicious stare any luckless male who might happen to cast an admiring glance upon those beckoning nipples.

(V) Bushy-haired (an Isro), always wears jeans, leotards and open sweaters. She is full-hipped and heavy-breasted, and wears wire-rimmed glasses. She keeps her thin mouth closed to display the obligatory sardonic dip at the corners of the lips. Possessed of a massive but no more than functional intellect. She will analyze and vivisection everything in sight with contemptuous abandon. Normally a type to whom I am strongly attracted. But the ones in Miami were too high powered. I kept a very low profile.

(VI) The bulk of every Circus crowd. Anonymous and omni-present. They live, breed copiously and die--leaving no trace. A life-style that I find (congenitally lazy fool that I am) hypnotically narcotic. I periodically find myself sinking into this sort of ennui, and I have to force myself to do something drastic--like run away and join the Circus, for instance.

(VII) They come in groups. The women (apparently as matriarchal as Long Island Jews--very few of which I ran across, and all of those fit into one of the categories) are very large and dressed in blindingly colorful robes with really wild prints and designs, counterpointed with

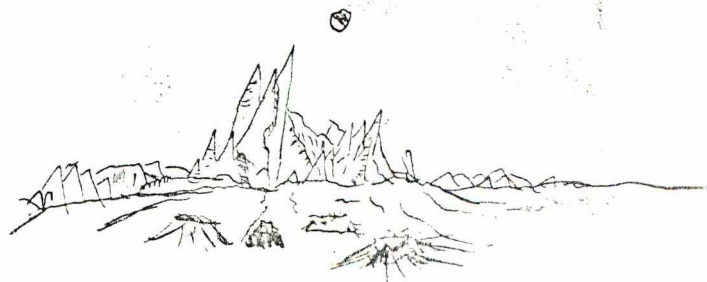
carved-mahogany faces that never move or change expression. The men dress anonymously (jeans & T-shirts) with waist-length braids--and that same face. I was fascinated by those faces (in the old, literal meaning of the word). Never have I seen a face that seemed so ancient. I felt that if I could but decipher those cheekbones, map out and analyze those tributary wrinkles, and see through those crushed-agate eyes--then I'd never need look any further.



In those hazy minutes between wake and sleep, I'll always see the faces of the Seminoles as they glide unperturbably through the flashing crowd.



A Circus-eye view of Miami, the people insisted on stereotyping themselves--but I calls 'em as I sees 'em. Sometimes I felt as though I were trapped in a Neil Simon play.



Egobruise

by

Steve Miller

It was the worst of times, it was the best of times; at once it was the sanest and the craziest of times...

Arriving in Seattle with a three day bus ride behind me, I barely had time to find my room, unlock and unlimber my typewriter, and change clothes, before I got drunk.

The ride had left me with a dread of Post House Restaurants and an empty stomach, a stomach I neglected to fill when I arrived in Seattle. I'd felt myself lucky to get a ride out to the U. of Washington from the bus station with a local family whose son had been my seat mate for the last eight miles of my journey. That saved the eight dollars and ten cents I had in my pocket for more important things than a taxi ride; in fact, I'd almost decided to walk the whole distance carrying typewriter and suitcase until the ride was volunteered.

I was dropped off behind Hansee Hall --our dorm and home for Clarion West, 1973, and walked in to cries of "Here's another one," and "Where'd you park?" When I allowed as how I'd taken the bus from Maryland and gotten a ride to the University, I earned instant recognition for desire, and for probable tendencies toward insanity.

I then was introduced to Vonda McIntyre, got my keys, found room A218, opened my typewriter up, and fell on the bed, nearly exhausted. It had taken me two days to discover the best way to sleep on the bus and I hadn't been able to catch up on lost shut-eye in the remaining day of travel. I didn't sleep, being too excited (read nervous).

I then sat for about five minutes, letting the room take up my full attention--if I concentrated I could convince myself that I really was in Washington state. After that I changed, found the stairwell, and descended into a party.

At the start of the party I was 1) tired, 2) hungry, 3)nervous, 4)dumb. I munched on pretzels and potato chips (courtesy of Mark Mumper, I believe), and found I had enough energy to lift glass to lips.

Scene from the movie "Egobruise": twenty to thirty men and women ranging in age from seventeen to thirty are standing around in a room which looks left over from a Baronial Hall set for Wuthering Heights. There is an eight foot fireplace, worn out Oriental rugs, wood (not veneer) paneling, and a very high ceiling. Scattered discussions are in progress and an occasional snobbish phrase such as "novel-in-progress," "already have sufficient writing credits to..." etc. comes from the group. Our hero is leaning against a convenient wall, nest to a convenient table on which is a collection of empty beer bottles and cans (all his) and a partially filled wine bottle within convenient reach (note, conveniently for our hero, the general feeling of the group is that the wine bottle with which he is filling up his soggy cup is his as well).

A tall, angular woman enters the room, led by a shorter woman with very short hair. Hero recognizes shorter woman as Vonda. The taller woman is introduced,

immediately encircled by desperate would-be writers, and rescued quickly by Vonda. Joanna Russ gives an awkward smile, says something inane, and leaves. It is obvious that Joanna is suffering from: hunger, thirst, nervousness, and exhaustion.

The conversation turns to praises of Joanna's works and a depabe springs up--new wave/old wave rears it's head and hero departs.

Cut to shot of clock and then to hero standing in front of toilet hoping to get sick. Show clock at ten minute intervals from midnight until four-thirty when hero decides not to be sick after all and manages to sleep.

In a few words: the workshop. Joanna Russ came first, convincing us all that we could not only write, but that we could write right now. Harlan Ellison came second, and he convinced us that we could almost write, but not quite. Ursula Le Guin came third, and she was a balm for bruised egos with her considered criticism and feel for "the story you really meant to write." Peter Beagle came next and talked practical details--scheduling of a life around writing, paint yourself into such a corner that your hero has to invent a great device or be a magician to get out, etc. Jim Sal-lis was fifth, providing a foil for Beagle by discussing the writing of short stories rather than of novels. And finally Terry Carr arrived on the scene with details and warnings and talk about contracts and copyrights, and he didn't care what kind of story you wrote so long as it was successful and saleable.

Six weeks worth of workshop is a long time. People fall in and out of love, lust, and hate. The workshop sessions tended to get technical and particular, making them difficult to discuss without reliving the entire workshop. I got battered for my lack of ability, flattered for the range and depth of my ability, bothered by Harlan for my failed character and poor science, and praised by Ursula for good characterization and story line. I wrote and turned in six complete stories in six weeks along with a number

of shorter assignments; I turned in fewer stories than some and more than others, my stories were better than some and worse than others. Egobruise which struck almost everyone there: our dreams of instant recognition were just that.

DELIVER ME FROM TEMPTATION, LORD,
BROTHER GEORGE SHAVES HIS LEGS...



The class sessions took up all the time from 9 am to noon, five days a week. Lunch occupied the next hour or so, followed by the afternoon session for those interested in special problems or topics. Otherwise the afternoon was usually reserved for reading the manuscripts that had come back from the xeroxing office during lunch. Manuscripts were turned in at nine, xeroxed while we were at lunch, read during the afternoon, criticized in class (it was hoped) the following day. Evenings, nights, afternoon, and any other time you can think of were reserved for writing.

Definition: Block party--an event occurring continuously at Clarion West. Block parties consisted of writers not currently writing because A) they couldn't B) they were done their stories and had read the scripts C) they didn't want to look at their typewriters any more for a few days. Activities included Frisbee flying (no later than 4:00 am), mock Ping-pong, talking, talking, sitting with back to the wall and watching everyone else, talking, wrestling, and occasionally, fist

fighting. Beer was a feature of the block parties.

Clarification: Fist fights. There were a few violent and potentially violent confrontations at Clarion West. Imagine the pressure inherent in placing twenty-eight would-be writers together in very close quarters for more than a week--in fact six weeks. After two or three weeks most people have adapted, but there is a lot of egotism in such a collection of writers, and the atmosphere can go from friendly to abrasive to hostile in just a few words, especially if someone is, or feels, targeted. The sexual tensions are also high as writers seek whatever esteem they can salvage after having a story trashed by the entire group. There were a few more men than women, there were several men bent on conquest, and the situation became known to some as "The Game." The Game also caused hard feelings (yes, I know, but the pun is not intended).

Scene from the movie Egobruise: Our hero is sitting at lunch in a section of the cafeteria supposedly reserved for the college Orientation program. Clarion has adopted the room and has given permission to the Orientation people to use the area if they can find room. Monty Python jokes are flying back and forth at one table, our hero is at another, sitting beside a tall blonde woman with hair down to her waist. They are deep in conversation. She is not a writer--you can tell by the sanity visible in her eyes. She is in charge of orientation. Enter a short man with a strange combination of accents.

"Miller, what are you doing? You know we don't allow you to speak to women."

"Huh? Oh, this is Harlan; Harlan, this is Carolyn..."

"Miss, I think you should know that Miller here is, well, considered dangerous." Harlan is looking serious, making



official-sounding noises, and standing alternately on the right and the left leg as he speaks. "You see miss, we don't think it's safe to let him loose. We chain him every night and triple-lock the door."

Carolyn bursts out laughing, places her hand on my wrist, and replies, "Thank you for the warning, I mean really. But I think the situation is under control. He's only bitten me once and the doctor promised me that I won't get rabies..."

Harlan shrugs his shoulders, murmurs, "We try, we try, we..." and goes off to find another place to sit.

There were writers at Clarion, beside the official writers-in-residence, who knew what they were doing. Russel Bates had some publications behind him, and Bubbles (Mildred Downey) Broxon was writing saleable material. The majority of writers there went from one level of potential to a higher level of potential without quite crossing the barrier; some got worse and one or two gave up entirely. Why give up after spending at least three hundred and fifteen dollars, plus transportation and six weeks...?

A scene from the movie: The little alarm clock fills the room with a sharp, heavy, tic, tic, tic. The electric typewriter sitting on the desk in the ten by fourteen room is going whirrrrr, whirrrrr, whirrrrr. Sitting in front of the desk with a Pepsi at his right hand is our hero. On his left is a pile of paper.

Camera pans in to show thickness of pile, eventually does close-up to show the page number: 15. The clock shows the time: 4 am. The page in the typewriter is almost finished when our hero demurely says, "Oh shit. He can't do that Steve, he's not that dumb. Maybe if someone tries to sneak it past him, but..." With a sudden motion the page is pulled out of the typewriter and crumpled up. Page 14 is picked up, three lines at the bottom crossed off with a red flair. Page 15 now becomes a blank sheet of fresh paper. Name, title, page number go on, and then there is a silence of several seconds. Typewriter makes clacking noises (a strange electric) stops. Starts. Stops. Sits there and goes whirrrr as hero thinks a minute. Carriage whirls as page is plucked out of the machine with some force. Page is shredded, page fourteen is shredded, page thirteen is shredded, page twelve is shredded. Two bottom lines on page eleven are crossed off.

Clock is shown again, now at five-ten. Outside the darkness is wearing off. The page number in the typewriter is seventeen. Each time the first paragraph is completed it is read over and then a new page seventeen replaces it.

Clock at six twenty-two. The story is now finished. Now it needs to be typed over. Total number of pages? Fifteen. Clock spins, shows 8:55. Birds are chirping and behind the hero are noises of people in the hall. A knock on the door.

"Come in?"

"Good grief, didn't you get any sleep?" Susan Purviance asks.

"No, did you?"

"Yeah, I got to bed at seven-thirty."

"Well, wait a second, I'll come down with you."

Exeunt both, to class session, feeling energetic and looking as fresh as week-old sauerkraut.

It got that way sometimes. I, at least, had the ego-boost of seeing the poetry columns I was doing for an Owings Mills newspaper as they came in the morning mail; additionally I'd taught SF at a University level (UMBC) so I at least

felt competent occasionally. For some, however, this was the first time that they were expected to produce writing on a schedule, and it was rough. For many, myself included, it was the first time that we were in a group that didn't see *wanting* to be a writer as exceptional, that didn't get overawed by some small facility with words. Damn it, here we were expected to *be* writers rather than act like writers...a reality switch that was hard to take. One of our number wrote "creative writing" and was unable to make the mental adjustment to writing something for sale. The point was made by each of the writers-in-residence at one point or another: if what you write doesn't sell, who is going to read it? Who will it affect? Who will care about it if it doesn't see print?

Crazy times, sane times: At Phil Haldeman's house I sat three feet from Harlan while I read "The Deathbird" for the first time, this on a Saturday night I think. During the week he'd dumped on one story of mine, was neutral about another, was there to answer questions at midnight when I'd needed help. A teacher. I read the story and talked with a friend who was being hassled by one of the pushy men...and we went outside to talk. The dusk was not quite settled down over all of Seattle and there was a little light at the tip of the mountains we could see. I touched my finger from my lips to her forehead after a complaint she made, immediately we were embracing and instantly laughing, both of us realizing "under an apple tree, for god's sake, I don't believe it..." ...and later at Phil Haldeman's I played his pinball machine and won while Harlan tried the same machine and lost three times before he won a game...We lived there, explored Seattle, got to know each other, learned to write a little bit better, learned to offer better criticism, discovered the Baskin-Robbins and a coffee house called The Last Exit To Brooklyn...We explored the campus, and some of us went mountain climbing,

and some to the rain forest; some of us became writers, some of us proved we could not be writers, and some, like me, kept on trying, keep on trying.

Would I go back? Phyllis Eisenstein asked me that two years ago at Marcon, Al Sirois asked me at Infinity and at Disclave 1976, would I go again, is it worthwhile?

I would go back, if I could afford it and if I were accepted--too many good things happened, too many bad things happened to give up the chance if it came again. But here, a scene from the movie Ego bruise:

Our hero is just getting home from Clarion West. He has a three day bus ride behind him, but this time he ate lots of fruit and cheese bought on the way. On the way he's met several people he will write to for several years, including Slick Pearson, a woman whose family races stock cars in the West. Having had a homecoming with roommates etc, he goes to his parent's house where he is plied with questions: Well, have you decided you can't do it? I bet you didn't sell anything, did you? When are you going back to work? Your car sure was dirty, and we washed it for you. Don't you ever clean it? When are you

getting a real job?...

Older brother, recently returned from the great state of Viet Nam asks, "How was it?"

"It was pretty rough. Some days I wrote for twenty hours. I had stories that no one liked at all. If you hadn't sent me money for my birthday I would have run out entirely. There was an awful lot of competition and bickering--everyone wanted to be top dog, I guess. A friend of mine came close to a nervous breakdown...but I learned a lot."

Cut to calendar flipping off the months and years as hero sends off stories and book reviews. Cut to pile of rejection slips. Mound of rejection slips. Mounds of rejection slips.

January 1976 shows on calendar. Opening envelope, hero steps back as a check flutters down.

Attached note: Your review has been accepted for publication: the enclosed check for \$..."

Cut back to Older Brother asking question. "How was it?"

"It was pretty rough. I don't know if I can do it. All the workshop proved is that I've got a chance."

Lots of Ego bruise along the way. It's pretty rough.



Gilliland looks at the Middle East

It is theoretically possible to provide a homeland for the Palestinians, a province for Syria, the return of Sinai to Egypt, physical security for the Lebanese Christians and secure unthreatened borders for Israel. It is presumed that this would result in greater stability for the Middle East in general, although that may not be the case.

The first step is audacious. Israel permits Syrian occupation of Lebanon in return for the exchange of Palestinians in Gaza and the West Bank for Lebanese Christians on an all-for-all basis. Syria agreeing to this, also makes the Palestinians citizens of Greater Syria, while Israel, agreeing to this, permits the establishment of the state of Palestine, the Christian state of Palestine, in occupied territories.

It is worth considering the advantages which would accrue to all parties in such a deal, before rejecting it as an outright fantasy.

The Palestinians would be free of Israeli occupation, becoming, for the first time since 1967 Muslim subjects of a Muslim state, and for the first time since 1948 citizens of any state. The PLO, an artificial and subsidized terrorist organization would not achieve the independent statehood it sought, but for the Palestinian masses this would matter less than the relief of at last finding a homeland.

Syria would get the territory of Lebanon, a substantial gain, and by exchanging Christians for (mainly) Muslims would do much to assure future domestic felicity. There are two additional advantages. In the short term avoiding the choice between humiliation in Lebanon or war with Israel. In the long term avoiding the prospect of waging a war to the death against a nuclear power; which Time reports Israel



has now become. By declaring, with Egypt, that the rights of the Palestinian people to a homeland has been achieved, Syria also achieves a de facto peace with Israel without extending recognition to Israel in any way.

The Lebanese Christians are presently losing a civil war for the control of Lebanon, and are probably unable to sustain a breakaway Christian state within Lebanon. They have suffered heavy casualties and face the prospect of annihilation or total subjugation. By moving to the West Bank, Gaza, and the Golan Heights, they will be able to establish, in Palestine, a Christian state accept-

able to Israel as a neighbor and acceptable to the Arab nations as a free Arab state where there was once Zionist-occupied territory.

Egypt, in return for its declaration that the right of the Palestinian people to a homeland has been fulfilled, will get back all of Sinai, except the Gaza strip. If Sharm el Sheikh should prove to be a sticking point, Egypt could lease it to the US for a radar tracking station or similar non-belligerent use.

Territorially, Israel would sustain immense losses. Sinai and all the occupied territories of the 1967 war would pass from her control forever. Strategically, however, she would confront a relatively unarmed Egypt, and the new, friendly state of Christian Palestine, which would serve as a buffer between

Jordan and Syria, although the Lebanese-Israeli border would now be the border between Greater Syria and Israel. Politically, Israel would face an Egypt that had no territory to recover, a Christian Palestine antagonistic to her Muslim neighbors, and a Greater Syria strongly preoccupied with consolidating the newly won province of Lebanon.

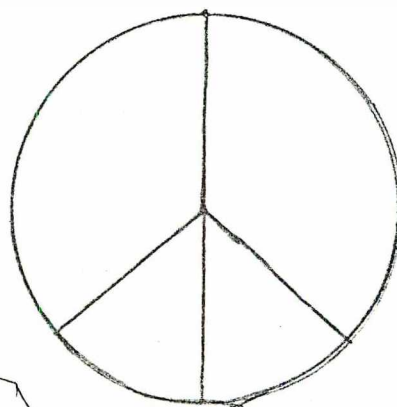
Granted that Iraq, Lybia and others might continue to support Palestinian irredentism, this would lose much force, and would eventually become a chronic irritation rather than an acute threat. The fact is that, for the nations and peoples directly involved, all emerge as winners.

No other Middle East scenario can make this statement.

QUICK--WHAT IS THIS?

Question Of The Month:

Can you remember what this symbol originally meant (before it became known simply as "The Peace Symbol") and where/what it came from?



Huckstering for Beginners

by David Kogelman

Fandom is a way of life, but it's an expensive one if you like to go to cons in style. Between paying for a room so you can have a place to unwind and to party, eating in restaurants so you can satisfy your desire to consume gourmet food, and drinking in the bar, it's easy to blow a substantial wad of bills at a con. And, if you're a truly hardcore fan, you try to get to as many cons as possible--so it's necessary that you either have a healthy income from the real world or find a way of making cons pay.

Being something of a con artist all my life, I opted for the latter a little over a year after I joined fandom. Having been a member of the great horde on unemployment, and previously having led a sleazy life as a New York cabbie, turned law student and private eye, huckstering just seemed like a natural for me. I took some friend's books on consignment, dug out part of my own collection, and headed for my first con as a huckster. That first experience was successful enough that I made expenses. I also found that I had more fun working in the huckster room than I did attending most parts of the programming, so I decided to keep it up.

That led to a confrontation with the basic problem that most hucksters have; where to find used books in sufficiently large quantities and at low enough prices that selling them at conventions will be profitable. You can't keep getting them from your friends, since most fans can't be parted from their books with a crowbar; and certainly not for the price that a huckster can afford to pay. So, you start looking for hole-in-the-wall bookstores in your neighborhood, and if you're lucky you find a few that can provide you with a

moderate supply of books, though they may be a little high priced. But sooner or later, if you keep buying from them regularly, the amount of books they have that you want becomes smaller and smaller as you keep depleting their stock without replenishing it. Or, if you get hit with two or three cons in a month, you just can't get enough books from one or two local stores to have a decent stock on hand when you get to the second or third con.

All hope isn't lost, however, because it's usually a hundred or more miles to a con from your home base. I enjoy driving the back roads and taking in the scenery, so I'll leave a day early and stop in as many towns as possible along the way in my never-ending search for more books to sell. On the return trip, which is usually on a Sunday, there are usually plenty of flea markets and garage sales to check out if you stay off the main roads and interstates. The dealers I meet there enjoy rapping and are friendly (A necessity in successful huckstering). They're often glad to do any extra business they can, so if they seem at all interested in doing business on a regular basis with me, I give them a list of the authors and types of books I'm looking for, in hopes that if they come across any of them, they'll contact me.

That helps sometimes, but most of the time I just spend several hours a week--as well as on weekends--going to as many used bookstores, garage sales, and flea markets as I can. It helps to have a friend along for company. Sometimes I'll come back empty-handed after several hours of running around; other times I'll hit a run of good luck and come back with car-full of old Analogs and Ace doubles. But no matter what my luck is, I always have fun, even if it's just because I've

been driving around in nice countryside with the wind blowing my hair into my eyes.

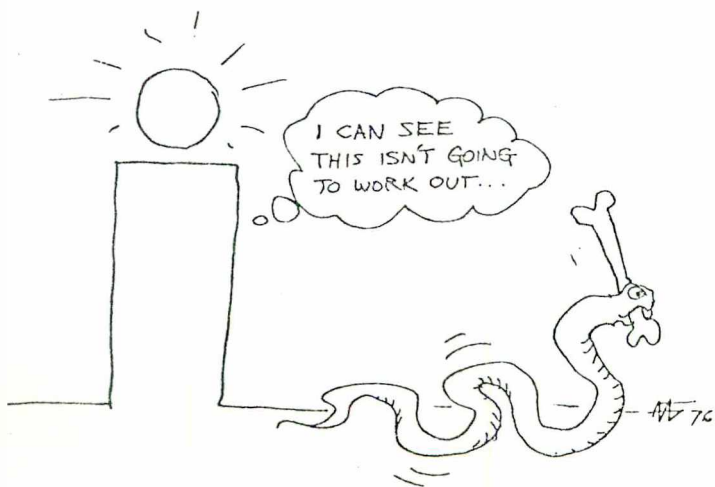
Although there's no wind to blow the hair into my eyes in the huckster room--unless the air-conditioner is trying to bring the Ice Age on a little sooner than most scientists expect it--huckin' at the cons is fun too, even when I don't make expenses. The people I meet and the raps I get into make time go by happily and easily since I'm a people junkie by nature. If you know anything about people, have any insight at all, you know how entertaining they can be while just acting natural, especially fans.

We're a decadent lot at best, and when you get to meet over half the fans at a con, a lot of weird things happen. I was just minding my own business at Balticon, talking to some book addicts, when a moderately sophisticated-looking ape suddenly appeared in front of my table. Not wanting to be unfriendly, I offered her a banana and a copy of The

Planet Of The Apes. She took the banana but she hit me over the head with the book and walked off in a huff, model and year unknown. At least she had the good taste not to want the book. Who said apes ain't educated?

After a full day of insanity like that, and with only two or three hours of sleep--if that much--I'm usually ready to crash, but I don't. After a shower and a good meal, I'm ready to make the rounds of the parties, get to talk to the people I met that day and those who didn't come by my table. I drink and party in the fine fannish tradition that is part of our way of life. That's what cons are for. Sleeping is for after the con is over. If you sleep during a con, you just might miss some fannish happening that you'll end up hearing second-hand, wishing you'd been there.

Stop by my table sometime, and I'll fill you in on the previous night's nefarious activities. But don't be surprised if I sell you a book while I recount the latest Tucker story.



We are not responsible for misspellings, typos, poor grammar, or any improper use of the language appearing in this magazine. All such offenses can be credited to IMB, XEROX, Websters, and a host of others who ought to know better.

Nor do we accept any blame for the quality of anything in these pages. These things are purely the result of the materials we have to work with, and it is our editorial policy to place all such responsibility where it belongs--with the biological parents of the writers, artists, or what have you.

The Evolutionary Obsolescence of the Macho Society

-By Alexis Gilliland

Rapid changes in the environment have the effect of leaving a formerly well-adapted species high and dry. The English sparrow, which ate horsemanure, has suffered a great reduction in numbers as a result of the introduction of the automobile.

In the human environment, shaped by technology and heavily dependent its rapidly evolving weapons system for success in its intra-societal competition, changes have the same effect. The invention of agriculture, for example, made available a surplus of food, which in turn made possible cities, governments and armies.

Given two modes family life: one matriarchal, and aimed at stabilizing the population by limiting the number of births, the other patriarchal and aimed at maximizing population size by imposing on the women as heavy a procreative duty as they can bear. It is obvious that as long as the number of people in the tribe was limited by the hunting and gathering food supply, neither system had an advantage over the other. Maintaining the status quo in the face of high mortality rates imposed a procreative load that was close to maximum in either case.

The invention of agriculture, by making armies possible, tilted the advantage to the patriarchal type system. The matriarchal system lost out on the field of battle and was replaced. The machismo of ancient Rome, a pro-masculine bias which was shared by their women, contributed to the success of Roman arms, and to the present prevalent Latin attitude.

Put crudely, a man proves his virility, his manliness, and his essential virtue by getting as many children on as many women as possible. Latin America has an overall population increase of 3.5% a year as a direct result. In Roman times, this would have sent armies and fleets in all directions, hell-bent on the conquest

of neighbors, who if no longer matriarchal, were at least less macho.

Times change. Armies and fleets now require capital investments of a high order, and this capital formation is incompatible with a rapid population growth. Machismo is no longer the moral imperative it was in Roman days.

The most modern weapons systems, such as the cruise missile, require a skilled, disciplined and highly educated labor force, with an host of...not cavalry, but supporting industries. Virility, strength and eye-hand coordination are subordinate to the bureaucratic virtues of cooperation, humility and patience. An army of women, working, can create weapons that will destroy an army of men without them.

Once again, for the first time since the invention of agriculture, the military balance between matriarchal and patriarchal societies is in potential balance. In a world where numbers translated into strength, and more numbers meant more strength, machismo was a virtue encouraged by the state to help ensure its survival. Today, machismo exists from habit, and the history which evolved the institutions which gave it encouragement may be considered as evolutionary adaptation to a vanished environment. Automobiles have arrived; there is no more horseshit for macho sparrows to eat.

Does the 3.5% annual increase in population enjoyed by macho nations pose any threat to their survival? The answer must be yes. Chronic weakness in a state, for whatever reason, is a threat to that state's survival. The macho state, inseparably wedded to self-destructive institutions, waits the judgement history imposes.

A caveat is in order at this point. History may not agree with me. Reform is not only possible, but is more common than revolutionaries imagine possible. Certainly any system that does not depend on thinking for its success has great staying power.

De-fantasizing the Frazetta Female

or:

That's Not How It Was In The Good Old Days

-Gil Fitzgerald

This past semester I've been taking a course at Hopkins entitled "The Motif of Honor in Western Literature" but which turned out to be a look at male honor in masculine Western civilization. My professor blithely ignored the female half of the human race, apparently assuming that women have no honor. Needless to say, the class degenerated into open warfare between me and Dr. J. Finally I got so bored with the futile task of attempting to prove to a fifty-year-old, WASP Southern bigot that even the texts we were reading disproved his stance, that I took to sewing SCA costumes during class, only putting my harmless feminine occupation aside long enough to make a snide comment when his sexism became too outrageous.

The problem is, most fantasy and sword-and sorcery writers foster the same innaccurate notions about the role of women in barbaric/feudal civilizations as my dear Dr. Turkey. Female characters in fantasy or sands tales who do more than provide a motivation for the hero's exploits and a relief for his randier instincts after the derring-do has been done, are few and far between. John Norman has gone so far as to state that that's the normal way of things--but I won't go into John Norman; I've already discussed his books at some length in Kolvir 5 (PLUG!). Other authors aren't so blatantly sexist, but they can't seem to conceive of a heroine who is more than decorative. The typical female found between the covers of a fantasy novel is a barbarian answer to the Cosmo girl: beautiful, boluptious to the point of defying the laws of gravity, given to wearing little or nothing, and gifted with a mane of flowing hair. In short, a Frazetta female. Or a Gorean slave girl.

The trouble is, barbarian women--at least Germanic and Celtic women--weren't like that. Oh, they may well have been beautiful, but they were first and foremost tough. They had to be to survive.

Irish myth gives us a fascinating portrait of Celtic womanhood in two dissimilar heroines of the Cuchulain saga. The first is Aoife, an Amazon whom Cuchulain defeats in combat and then rapes. She comes to love him--only to learn that he has left her, pregnant and abandoned, to marry Emer. Dishonored, she bears his child and rears the boy to avenge her--sending young Conlach under ageas not to reveal his name or parentage to Tara, where Cuchulain kills the young stranger, realizing too late that he has murdered his own son. Hardly the harem beauty is Aoife, but a hard, embittered, strong woman, whose skill with weapons is necessary for her survival. Emer, the maiden for whom Cuchulain deserts his warrior mistress, is an aristocratic lady, beautiful, skilled in all of the housewifely arts, and intelligent. Cuchulain courts her with a series of riddles, a battle of wits from which neither emerges the victor. Yet this charming, intensely feminine creature is not adverse to taking her dagger from its sheath and going at it with Fand, the goddess who has stolen her husband. A Celtic woman fount for what she wanted, feeling dishonor as keenly as her man, quite capable of taking care of herself in almost any situation.

Tacitus gives us a brilliant picture of an early British queen when he describes Boadicea's rebellion against the Romans. Her husband dead at the hand of the conquerors, having been stripped

and beaten along with her young daughters, Boadicea mounted her chariot and rallied the Iceni and their allies, reminding the chiefs that the Britons had fought under a woman war-leader in the past. She rode at the head of her army in battle, and when she knew that defeat was inevitable she chose an honorable death to the ignominy of being paraded as a captive before the populace of Rome. A natural Gorean slave girl? Not Boadicea--or her less-famous counterpart, Cartimandua.

Viking women were hardly fragile flowers. Who do you think kept the farms running smoothly while the men went off a-Viking? Who do you think rallied the old men, the children and slaves if the local Hagar the Horrible decided to raid closer to home? Viking woman was strong and capable, and the laws reflect the respect that was rightfully tendered her. Icelandic sagas and laws show that once a woman married, she could own property--in fact, she became the owner of 1/3 of her husband's property automatically, and she could own land and goods in her own right over which her husband had no say. The divorce laws were liberal, protecting the wife from being cast aside in favor of a more luscious young female--unless she was caught in repeated acts of adultery, she retained her property after a separation, and frequently got 1/3 of their joint holdings. Many states still don't have such liberal community property laws. Moreover, she could divorce him for infidelity, and she could leave him if he attempted to take her out of the country against her will, without losing her property rights--in many states here in the US, A woman's refusal to accompany her husband is labeled desertion and he can sue her for divorce. If her husband beat her, a Viking woman was entitled to the same weregeld that her husband would demand if he were the injured party.

Even Beowulf, that paean to the warrior virtues, does not reduce its women to ciphers. Wealhtheow, Hrothgar's queen, is portrayed accurately. She is

treated with dignity and respect by all who speak to her. She has some power over her husband's men, for she tells Beowulf that the carousing soldiers obey her commands. Her counsel is not despised by her husband, and she is not afraid to speak up in front of the whole court, as she does when she urges her husband to reward Beowulf lavishly but to remember that his first allegiance is to his own sons and heirs. That she holds property in her own right is apparent when she herself makes gifts to Beowulf, and promises him greater rewards in the future if he will act as a mentor to her young sons. Perhaps most significantly, she is praised for the same kingly virtues as Beowulf: generosity, graciousness, loyalty, discretion. The virtues required in a queen are no different than those required in a king.

I'm not asking too much, am I? All I want is a little accuracy. That shouldn't be impossible. Hell, if I can do the research, so can they. In case anyone's interested, a good place to start is with Myles Dillon, The Celtic Realms and Paul Duchauillu's The Viking Age. Read those two books and then tell me barbarian women were happy harem girls.

Take that, Dr. J! And that...and that...And...



Just Because Davy Crockett Wore Buckskins Doesn't Make Him a Fringe Fan

-Mitch Hellman

I shouldn't be writing this. By having my maunderings published in a fanzine, even one so ectoplasmic as TIF, I am destroying my credibility as a member of fandom's great unwashed - the Fringe Fans.

What is a Fringe Fan? A Fringe Fan is most easily distinguished by what she does or doesn't do. The most important all-around characteristic of the Fringe Fan is Free Will. The Fringe Fan does basically what she pleases, without the sense of hell-driven obsession and obligation that pervades True Fandom. For example, the FF has no intention of reading Dhalgren - she'll wait 'til Kubrick or Woody Allen makes a movie out of it. The FF doesn't donate blood to the Red Cross so that the light of Heinlein's countenance will shine down upon her at the WorldCon - she figures she's paid her pound of flesh buying Time Enough For Love, and what does Bob want anyway, blood? Better he should ask for a pint of Jim Beam.

A Fringe Fan doesn't:
Play Dungeons and Dragons.
Bid at art auctions.

Have friends in 48 states and seventeen countries that she can crash with for the night on the way to or from far-off cons.

Avoid John Boardman - until someone sets her straight.

Stay up all night, too often.

Go to Dead Dogs.

Get on Linda Bushyager's mailing list, let alone be mentioned in her rag.

Fringe Fans do:

Talk to David Gerrold, at least once.

Get picked up and fondled by Asimov only because they don't know any better and are flattered by his attention.

Buy Vulcan Crystals.

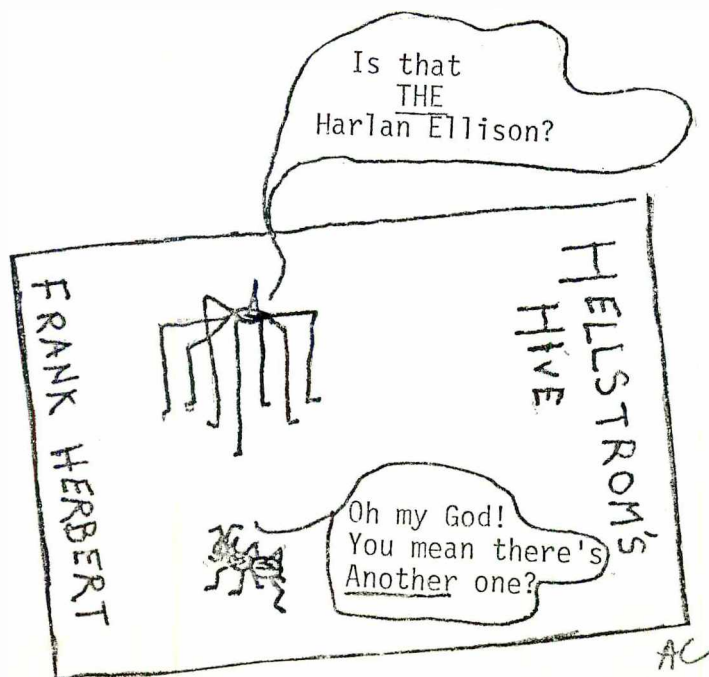
Buy the reprint of Little Fuzzy to see what all the fuss is about.

Get laid - o boy! Fresh flesh!

Lust after Heidi Saha. (sure it's pretty, but is it Art's?)

Dream of being a candidate for TAFF, becoming a SMOF, or joining Harlan Ellison's small circle of true friends.

Actually, my credibility as a Fringe Fan hasn't been jeopardized - fringe fans don't read fanzines either!



Disclave Digression

by S. Wheeler

Now that I have been volunteered to write this article, I will attempt to offer something other than the usual travelogue or gossip column smothered in a sauce of light chatter and served up as "a con report."

The Disclave con suite is always a reminder that the personalities of the chairmen can be impressed upon a con. This party has always had an air of friendliness and warmth (explains the popularity of the windows, too). The Great Cookie Conspiracy helps make it one of the best parties at any East Coast regional.

I was unable to attend programming Saturday, but I did get to the Goh speech and several panels Sunday.

Phillip Klass was Goh, and I deeply regret being asleep in the con suite when I was introduced. Mr. Klass is an accomplished speaker who, after a number of anecdotes, discussed the evolving of science fiction from a literature of

hope and inspiration to fear from an "intellectual orgasm" to the reflection of Madison Avenue burlesque. No longer is SF concerned with positive dreams of possible immortality, galactic empire, and time travel. Instead it has turned to the negative dreams of escaping into alternative futures, futures that have rejected present technological trends.

The apparent conclusion is that SF is now, rather than guiding our literary predictions, reflecting society's fears of technology.

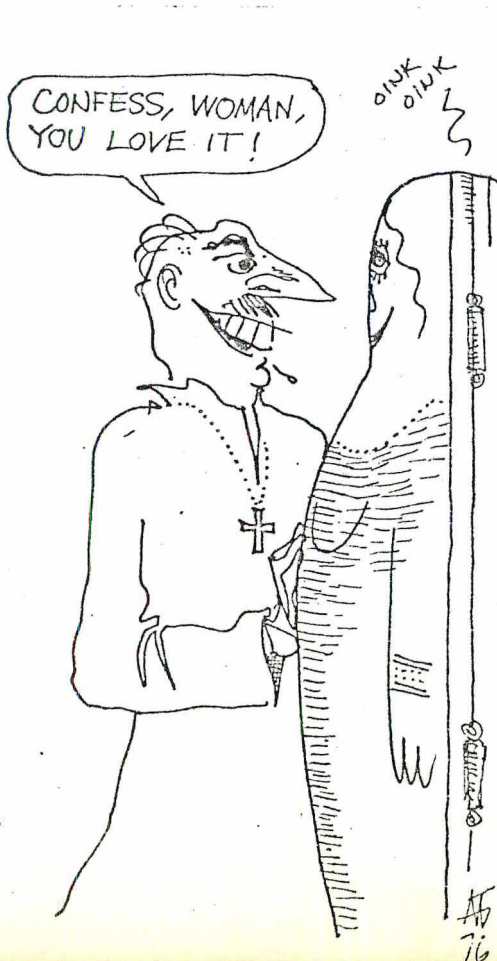
Mr. Klass does not share these fears (nor do a number of others in SF; refer to any number of Analog editorials). He feels that after reversion to the simple "natural" way of life has been completed, someday our current technology will be revered.

In sharp contrast to the professional polish of the preceding speech and the following panels was the women's panel, which included Ted White. The idea of attempting it on different topics appealed to me.

A male friend of mine later expressed the opinion that there should be no separate women's viewpoint, that this only adds to the polarization of the sexes. Yet, he went on to say that, at Clarion, it was found that the stories written by women who attempted to depict characters whose sex could not be distinguished were literary failures.

There is and always will be a world-view shaped by uniquely female experience as long as we are the child bearers.

However, the women's standard was fumbled at Disclave. This was partially due to the fact that the very characteristic that made the idea appealing made the reality inherently weak. A single focus on one general topic was needed. Instead, the panelists were handed a list of poor questions which did not even interest them.



In addition, panel members threw out statements of opinion without elaboration, foundered a few minutes with a question, digressed into chattering about foolish statements in the newspapers, and, in short, rambled.

The panel did decide that an ideological treatise is not a story; that SF gives women more opportunity to suggest changes, that SF offers a wider focus and more room to handle human relationships; that women in SF are less likely to fall into stereotypes typical of other genres.

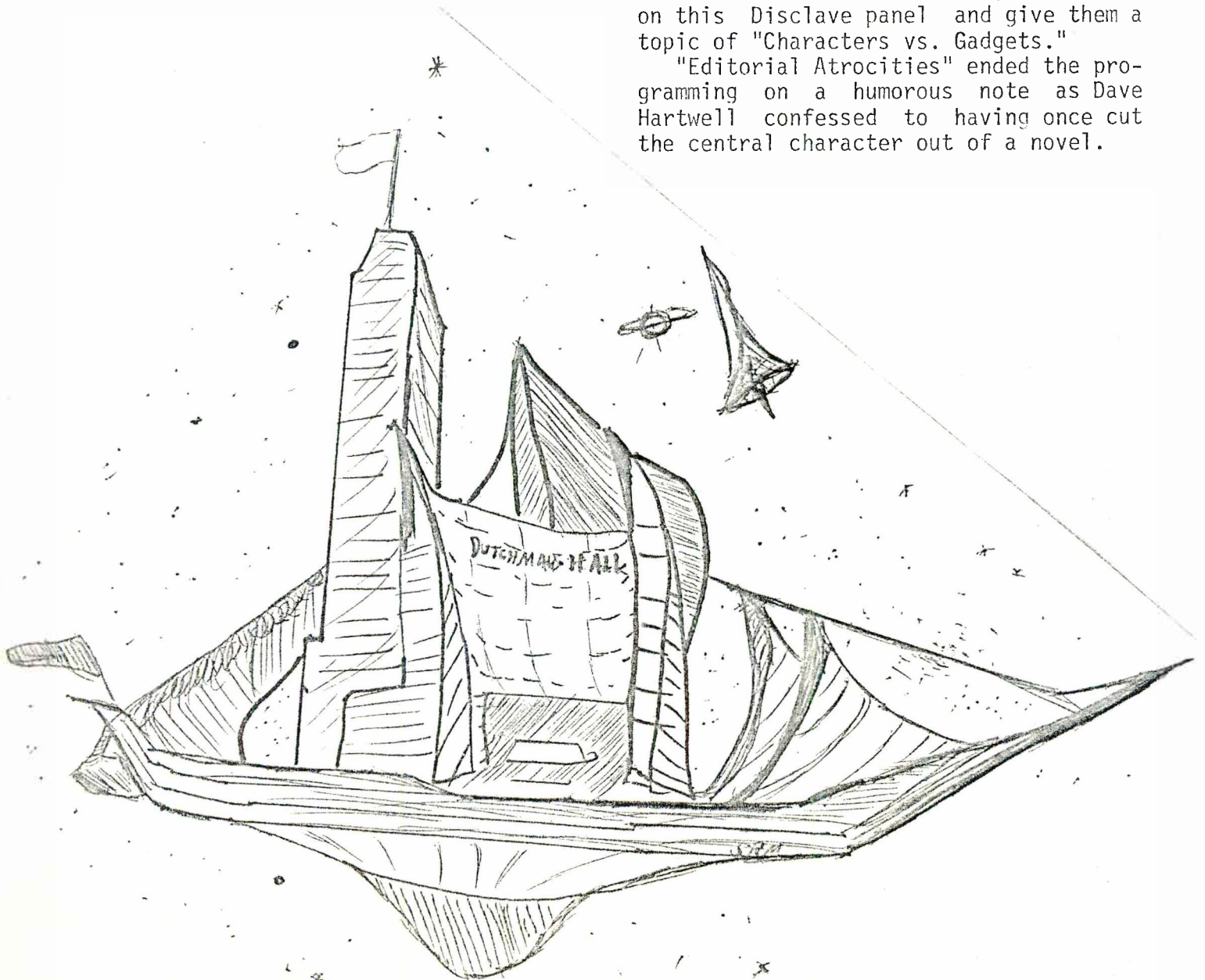
The next

The next two panels, all male and all professional, the latter explaining their improvement over the women's panel, were on the importance of character in SF and editorial atrocities. I came in late to these, as I had actually decided to give up and spend the rest of the week-end with the pinball machines, but was side-tracked by the spirited discussion.

The Character panel mainly served to re-emphasize the fact that a panel does need a focus. Their conclusion appeared to be that SF is not a literature of characterization but of technology.

It might be more interesting to set up a panel with Phillip Klass, the women who write sexless characters, and those on this Disclave panel and give them a topic of "Characters vs. Gadgets."

"Editorial Atrocities" ended the programming on a humorous note as Dave Hartwell confessed to having once cut the central character out of a novel.



NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE NOISE

We did not receive the following letters:

Mike Glickson

I'm really sorry that I can't really find the time to adequately LoC your zine, since you were kind enough to send me a copy, but I have about 1,497 others to do, and I must feed my hamsters.

You might be interested to know that my hamsters are now completely addicted to India Pale Ale and lately they've been sniffing it out for me. Last month I was walking by a package goods store, and Tucker, my oldest hamster, started making a lot of excited noise, flew off of my shoulder, ran straight into the store and jumped up and down on one of the boxes behind the counter--a case of IPA.

But back to your zine--what ever did you cut those stencils with, a ping pong ball? My ghod, it was certainly a noble effort, but I hope you figure out what you're doing before you try something of this sort again. By the way, my hamsters really found your back page tasty.

Bill Hixon

I know I promised to write you something but I've been very busy and I died of cancer last month but I swear I will have something out for the next issue. The last one looked really great and I especially loved Dan Stefan's cartoon pictorial con report from Non-Con--especially the one of everyone leaving when they heard the cops were coming. See you at SFLAGGCon.

Richard Delap

I just got an anonymous letter from someone complaining about my review of Mal Warob's Rollerbabies. Apparently I forgot to mention that I was reviewing the book; I haven't seen the movie yet.

Joe Mayhew

I will not even bother to comment on the appropriateness of a four paragraph discussion of Dahlgren appearing in the middle of Mike Shoemaker's review of The Female Man, but I must point out that, in those four paragraphs, Shoemaker uses arguments to refute Delaney based upon "facts" about Catholicism which are totally fabricated. There are no facts about Catholicism.

Susan Wood

Why in the world did you let Mike Shoemaker review The Female Man? I do believe he has proved pretty conclusively that he doesn't know a bloody thing about being a woman.

Harlan Ellison

I never want to see your fanzine again.

In utter disgust,

Steve Davidson

I found Jerry Pournelle's article in last month's issue quite interesting, however, Dr. Pournelle never explains why his hypothetical astronaut would end up falling on the ground when her feet went out from under her. I wonder if someone could explain this for me.

Dr. Pournelle's reply:

If Newton's law of Gravity applies here (although of course, we can only speculate, as Newton's Law is only an unsubstantiated theory), I think that we can assume that, having no visible means of support, our astronaut would, indeed, fall right over.

Harry Warner Jr.

I think your zine had some good articles in it, but the mimeo was so muddy I couldn't be sure. I almost enjoyed Joanna's Lusts of a Teenaged Rape Victim, but I couldn't read the last two paragraphs at all. It occurs to me that

your zine would also improve greatly if you learned the ancient Puerto Rican custom of proof-reading. I believe that Moshe Feder went there to study under the masters, and you might be able to pick up a few tips from him.

Jackie Franke

Come gather round writers wherever you
pen
And admit that you owe quite a lot to
the fen
And be nice to us now, the chance won't
come again
For your Karma will follow where you
go
And you'll really be glad on that fate-
ful day when
Loving fans give you the Hugo!

Jodie Offut

Thanx for sending me your zine. I'd like to ask you a question, and I honestly don't wish to offend anyone, but why don't you let Don Miller do the job since you obviously can't?

I never would have believed that in this day and age anyone would dare do a fanzine in Hecto, but that's obviously what you did- Yech!

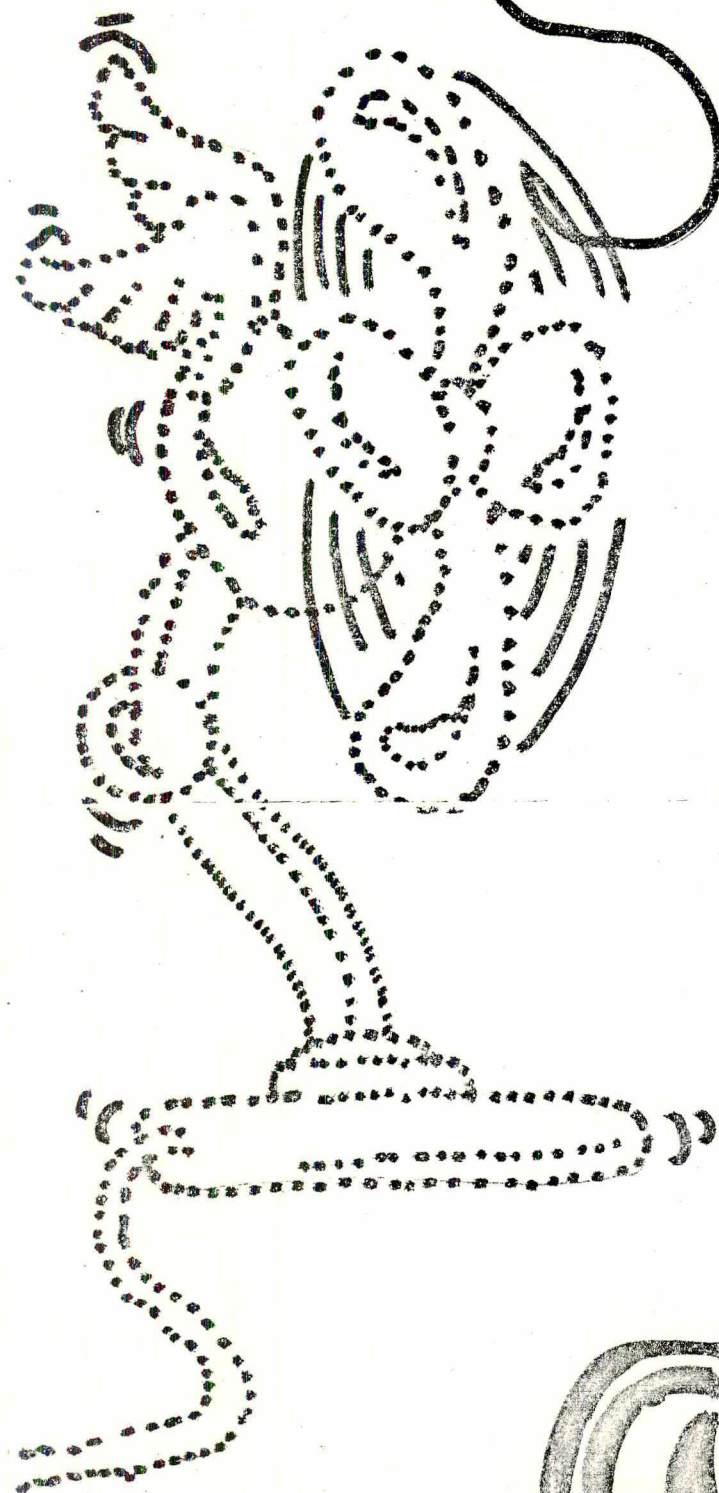
Bob Tucker

Rooooouggghhh! Your zine is without question the Bali Hai of fandom.



We also did not hear from: Jeff Smith, Bill the Galactic, Ken Keller, Eliot Shorter, Debbie Notkin, Jack L. Chalker, Loren MacGregor, Patrick Hayden, Darrell Schweitzer, Don D'Amassa, Dave Weems, Ben Indick, Tim Daniels, Grant Carrington, Jim Goldfrank, Ted White, Dick Geis, Ed Smith the Phantom Fan, Bob Madle, Taral Wayne MacDonald, Ro Nagy, Joni Stopa, Victoria Vayne, Bill Bowers, Buz Busby, Mae Strelkov, Piers Anthony, Phil Paine, Harry Harrison, Linda Bushyaeger, Ross Pavlac, Frank Rotenstein, Arnie Katz, Stanislaw Lem, Freff, Tom Whitmore (same person), Hunter S. Thompson, Roul Duke (also the same person), Ralph Steadman, or anyone else.

SMOOOC



IS
THERE A
WINDOW
OPEN?

