

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER
SPACE SHIP Issue 10
October 1974

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER
SPACE SHIP is an at-
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Understanding the mailing label: S means you subbed to this issue,
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means that this is your last issue. If there's anything else on the
mailing label, you'll have to figure it out yourself.

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ART

Simon Agree: 5, 8, 13
Sheryl Birkhead: Cover, (logos)
1, 2, 10, 15
Mike Bracken: 1 (bottom)
Don Ensley: 14
D. Gary Grady: 3, 6, 11, 16, 17

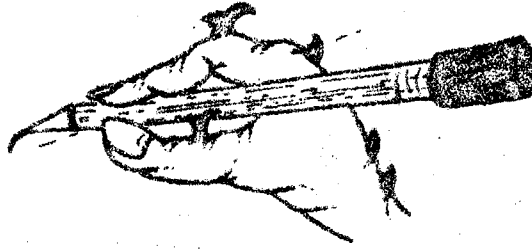
Unfortunately, John M. Rob-
inson's Twin Orbits and In Search
of Eldorado did not arrive in
time to be included in this is-
sue. Sorry, hopefully next time.

Next issue, #11, will be
my first annish and I'm
hoping that all of you out
there will contribute to make
it the best issue ever.

Scheduled, so far, is a
Cover and folio by Sheryl
Birkhead, and some interior
illos by Grant Canfield, D.
Gary Grady, and whomever else
I can talk into it. As far as
articles go, I'm hoping that
John M. will return with a
couple of lengthy columns,
Steve will return with his
zine reviews, and I hope I
can talk a few other people
into submitting articles. Read
on!!



Editor's Page



by
Mike Bracken

Oh, the pains of being a fanzine editor.

In mid-August Simon Agree sent me a quick note stating that he was hitch-hiking down to LA and wouldn't be able to do my electrostenciling for awhile. Later, after I'd gotten the art prepared for when he returned, I recieved a notice of his CoA to Newhall. He wouldn't be able to do any more electrostenciling.

Sudden panic.

I wrote to a number of fannish friends asking about electrostenciling in their area and most of them replied giving me a list of prices and other pertinent information. At the same time I was asking around here in Fort Bragg.

The word was out that a church in Mendocino (about 15, maybe more, miles away) had an electrostencil so off Joe Walter and I went in search of the mysterious Gestetner.

It took, all total, about a week for everything to jell properly but we managed to talk the church's secretary into doing the electrostenciling for us at a price of two dollars a sheet (much cheaper than any place else I've found).

The Gestetner has nine holes and Baby Gertie has only four. Of course, this doesn't matter when I have to cut up the sheets anyhow for the small illos, but when it came to running off this issue's cover I found that I had to alter the top of the electrostencil sheet in order to make it fit onto my machine. A bit of a hassle I assure you, but not enough to worry about.

I'd like to thank everyone who replied to my requests for help and I'd especially like to thank the Presbyterian Church of Mendocino and Joan (last name unknown) who did the actual electrostenciling.

The electrostencil caper helped to delay this issue somewhat, but it wasn't the only cause. I attend high school during the day and work afterwards and on Saturdays. This doesn't leave me much time to work on KPSS and so I've spent a few midnights typeing away. Unfortunately, because of this lack of time, I haven't been able to justify the columns as per usual and I hope you'll all bear with me until the time comes when I can get back to justified columns.

And I've been using quite a bit of each paycheck trying to get my car on the road (I can't drive it until I've got insurance).

Next issue (#11) will be my first anniversary, due out in late November or early December, and I'm looking forward to something special. I have a few things planned for your enjoyment, but I'm in need of more articles and more art. I'm also trying to get the columnists to lengthen their columns.

I'd like to take the opportunity now, to invite any and all of my fannish friends to visit me here in Fort Bragg, whether just passing through or here intentionally. Or even just give me a call. My phone number is (707) 964-0110.

If proper warning is given I might even be able to talk the parents into letting you stay the night.

Anyhow, the issue you are about to read was run off using both the high school's mimeo beast and Baby Gertie (who, by the way, has a new ink pad thanks to Chris Hulse).

I hope the repro is better because of it.

I'd like to take the chance now to plug a friend's zine: A FLYING WHAT? Available from Joe Walter, Box 1077, Fort Bragg, CA 95437 for 20¢ or the usual.

The first issue was sent out along with KPSS #9, as you all know, and the second issue is being sent out by itself to the readers of KPSS (Joe needed a ready-made mailing list so he copied mine).

If you haven't ever seen a copy of AFW? write to Joe and ask for one.

The contents of AFW? are pretty much fannish with a touch of sercon.

note to me:

Mike,

Lady from church called,
called Joe, Joe called back,
you call Joe.

Mom

Now do you understand
what it's like around here?



TIME

by Ben Indick

Mike Bracken was wondering to me how the burgeoning fan and fantasy field of today compares to that of three or four decades ago, when I was his age, or thereabout.

Well, I must admit first that I was hardly active in the fan field in the late thirties, when I first began reading sf, but it might be of some interest to reminisce in general.

As all parents like to remind their kids today (and probably did even in my own prehistoric time), the kids are very spoiled now. You want to read some sf? Well, you can't find a newsstand - they don't exist anymore - but, go into any five-and-dime, or supermarket, or drugstore (except mine - no books - they used to get stolen too much) and there are racks of science fiction novels, anthos, etc. Or, if you are broke, go to the public libraries, and there will be shelvesful of sf books, and maybe a run of ANALOG as well. It really is no sweat.

In the thirties and fourties, though, the only sf to be found was in the pulps, which were stretched on clips across the fronts of newsstands, along with love, railroad, sport, western and other pulps. There were maybe a dozen or more extant at any one time in the sf field, and a few in the weird and fantasy fields as well. In addition, there were the peripheral fantastics - the SECRET OPERATOR 5, G-8, Shadow, Spider, etc, which did not trade in fantasy, but whose plots were so wild that the sf fan read them as well. Indeed, before I ever read any formal SF zine, I had done an apprenticeship in G-8 and The Shadow. Since we kids didn't have much mazuma, which was the contemporary term for bread, we rarely bought any; somehow, one would get bought, and pass the rounds, soon losing covers, title pages, etc. If one were lucky enough to have a used book or back issue store in his town, he could buy old issues (often lacking covers or title strips, indicative of issues returned to the dealers as unsold - the covers or titles got them their credit from the publishers) for a nickel or dime, and even return them for half that against a new purchase. When no issues of anything were going the rounds, the libraries offered little help. Generally they would have HG Wells, and maybe two or three Verne; the Balmer/Wylie WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE books had respectability and might be found, but little else that a young fan might recognise. A young Moskowitz might, if he were already the walking encyclopedia of later years, but no one else would.

In this time of the late thirties, Fandom already was alive, but in no wise like today's widespread field. I learned of it only when I was nearly twenty and heading into the Army. How I learned, I do not recall. Perhaps someone saw my name on a letter to FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, my favorite pulp, and sent me a zine. Even as today, once one recieved one, he would soon get more. I learned of NFFF through its energetic secretary, Walt Dunkelberger, and one of the brightest spots of my military travels was his weekly newscards, FANEWS. These were mimeod cards, and sometimes, rarely, letters. They frequently featured covers of forthcoming pulps, and sometimes photos of fans (I was in one such). The fanzines that reached me, then and after my military discharge, when they began to grow, were not much different from those of today. Most were in mimeo, some in ditto, and a few in typeset. Feuds were common, and there was a reminiscent admixture of the antic and the serious. In fanzines as in much else, the more things change, the more they stay the same. I occasionally had pieces or letters in a few, but the editors of those, and myself as well, eventually lost interest and drifted from the field. Some returned later, but I think the oldest actifans are not active anymore. Some older fans, like Donn Brazier and myself are probably more active today than we were in thosedays (although Donn was known and active then, mine was no name to conjure with). One of my favorite mutty zines was put out by a highschooler from Dover, NJ, name of Joe Kennedy, called TTTT, which stood for some silly name or other; it was wacky and fun, but Joe left the field. Last I heard from him he was teaching in New England, publishing in strictly non-fantastic fields. He took two years to reply to my letter (he had used it as a bookmark, and then forgotten to finish

the book). He laughed at old times but was uninterested in them now. Gerry de la Ree, who did fine fanzines then, is very active in sf circles, publishes excellent booklets, but has no desire to resume fannish ways.

Does one finally get tired? Or is the oldtimer removed, by choice or temperament from the younger set? If my statement is true that zines are really not much different (except physically, for today's printing techniques are superior and available, and kids do have some spending money) the oldtimers should still feel at home in the field. Perhaps they've said all they have to say, have heard it all before.

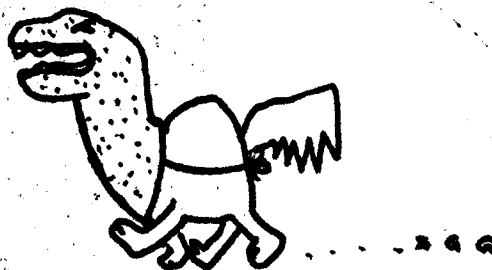
Then again, some of us still are here, enjoying the yong folks, admiring their earnestness and their effort. It takes all kinds, doesn't it?



Still, I am not as moved by the racks of shiny-covered pbs as I was by the garishly covered pulps; abstract art, which I admire in museums and my wife's work, does not affect me as much as the no-nonsense pulp covers did (even when I was ashamed of their style). The verve of the Shadow, of Merritt, of Bok and Finlay covers gracefully parlaying their lurid contemporaries, do not seem as evident to me in today's mass of buck books. (Maybe it is the price, which even in my ultra-wealthy dotage, sets me off, accustomed as I was to struggling to find a dime, or, as they became in the forties, a quarter.)

However, for those of us who enjoy the give and take of active minds, Fandom is a nice country, and we are loathe to leave it. I cannot predict the course of future science fiction - it has changed, as we all know, greatly in these several decades; however, I do believe Fandom will persist, and that its essence will not change greatly. It will continue to mirror the parent field, and will simultaneously be a sounding board for fans who desire to be heard; they will feud, they will admire, they will pan; they will put out gorgeous magazines as well as crudzines; most of all, they will persist and remain part of a brotherhood of minds.

((About the same time I asked Ben to do an article on past and present fandom I also asked Tom Reamy to do a similar article. Here, now, is what he said: "I'd like to write an article for you (...) but I don't expect fandom has changed enough in the last fifteen years to be worth a comment. The cast of characters has changed to a great degree, and there are a few minor (and superficial) changes, but nothing basic I would guess. The more it changes the more it stays the same, as someone said but I forget who."))



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE WORLDCON

by Mike Bracken

Twass the night before Worldcon and all through the land,
not a being was stirring, not even a slan.

The fanzines were stacked in boxes with care,
in hopes that a BNF soon would be there.

The neos were nestled all snug in their beds,
while visions of Gestetners danced in their heads.

And femfan in kercheif and I with a nightcap,
had just settled down for a short evenings nap.

When out at the pool there arose such a noise,
I sprang from my bed losing my poise.

Away to the door I flew like a jock,
I ripped off the hinges and broke off the lock.

When, what to my sleepy eyes should be seen,
but a miniature mimeo and eight paper reams.

With a little old SMOF so lively and quick,
I knew in an instant that it must be Tom Swift.

More rapid than Apollo his followers came,
Inebriated, he shouted and called them by name,

"Now Porter! Now Geis! Now Reamy and Coulson!
On Brown! On Bowers! On Conner and Glicksohn!

Into the elevator! to the end of the hall!
Now dash away! Crash away! Smash away all!"

So out to the elevators his followers flew,
with bags full of zines and the good wishes of Ghu.

And then in a twinkling, I heard in the hall,
the prancing and scuffing of each little paw.

As I drew in my head and was turning to port,
out from the bathroom he came with a snort.

He was dressed in brown tweed from his head to his foot,
and his clothes were all wet from the drowning he'd took.

A bundle of stencils he had flung on his back,
and he looked like a huckster just opening his pack.

His eyes - how they twinkled from the drinks he was filled!
and his speech, for the banquet the next morning, was billed.

The butt of a cigarette he held tight in his teeth,
and the smoke, it circled his head like a wreath.

He had a plump face with a big round belly,
that shook, when he giggled, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolley trufan,
and I snickered when I saw him in spite of the ban.

A wink of his eye and a shake of his arm,
and I knew that I had no reason to alarm.

He said not a word but went straight to his work,
he filled all the one-shots, then turned with a jerk,

And laying his thumb aside of his nose,
and giving a nod, out the bathroom he chose.

He sprang to the pool, to his team gave a whistle,
and away they all ran like the down of a thistle.

But I heard him explain ere he ran out of sight,
"Have a nice Worldcon, and to all a good night."



1974 HUGO WINNERS!

((I seem to have a mysterious benefactor (I have an idea as to who it is, but nothing positive) who sent the results of the Hugo Awards to me from DISCON II.

((The following is a list of the nominees and winner (in capital letters) in each category.))

NOVEL

The People of the Wind (Poul Anderson)
RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA (Arthur C. Clarke)
The Man Who Folded Himself (David Gerrold)
Time Enough for Love (Robert A. Heinlein)
Protector (Larry Niven)

NOVELLA

"Death and Designation Among the Asadi" (Michael Bishop)
"The White Otters of Childhood" (Michael Bishop)
"Chains of the Sea" (Gardner Dozois)
"THE GIRL WHO WAS PLUGGED IN" (James Tiptree, Jr.)
"The Death of Doctor Island" (Gene Wolfe)

NOVELETTE

"City on the Sand" (George Alec Effinger)
"THE DEATHBIRD" (Harlan Ellison)
"Of Mist, and Grass, and Sand" (Vonda McIntyre)
"He Fell Into a Dark Hole" (Jerry Pournelle)
"Love Is the Plan, the Plan Is Death" (James Tiptree, Jr.)

SHORT STORY

"THE ONES WHO WALK AWAY FROM OMEGA" (Ursula K. LeGuin)
"Wings" (Vonda McIntyre)
"With Morning Comes Mistfall" (George R.R. Martin)
"Construction Shack" (Clifford D. Simak)

EDITOR

BEN BOVA
Terry Carr
Ed Ferman
Robert Silverberg
Ted White
Donald A. Wolheim

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

"Genesis II"
 "The Six Million Dollar Man"
 (pilot)
 "SLEEPER"
 "Soylent Green"
 "Westworld"

PRO ARTIST

Vincent DiFate
Frank Frazetta
KELLY FREAS
Jack Gaughan
John Schoenherr

JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Jesse Miller
Thomas Monteleone
Guy Snider
LISA TUTTLE (tie)
SPYDER ROBINSON (tie)

FANZINE

ALGOL (tie)
THE ALIEN CRITIC (tie)
Locus
Outworlds

FAN ARTIST

Alicia Austin
Grant Canfield
TIM KIRK
Bill Rotsler
Arthur Thompson (ATom)

FAN WRITER

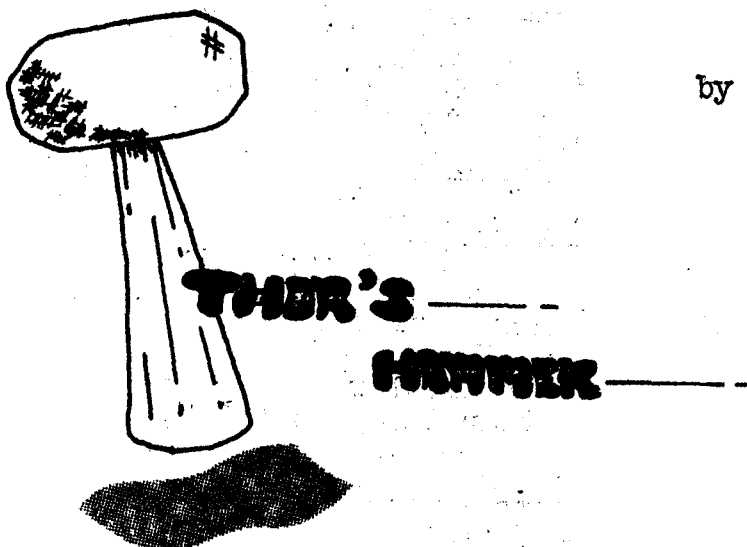
Laura Basta
Richard Geis
SUSAN GLICKSOHN
Jacqueline Lichtenburg
Sandra Meisel

GANDALE AWARD

Pöul Anderson
L. Sprague de Camp
Fritz Leiber
J.R.R. TOLKEIN

"Executive privilege is having the master key to a pay toilet."

by Steve Beatty



"The usual" means that a fanzine may be obtained for a letter of comment, a contribution, or in trade for other fanzines. If no frequency of publication is given, the zine is presumably irregular. All are mimeo unless otherwise specified.

ASH-WING 14, May, 49pp (\$1 or the usual; Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave SW, Seattle, WA 98166) This issue did not really catch my interest. There's nothing new about a fan describing his apartment, another telling of a trip to Virginia, and a neofan telling how he got interested. Other fans have written on these themes before. A 9-page S&S story (with the supernatural predominating over the swordplay) by Ross F. Bagby is pretty good for amateur fiction. The letterhacks seemed to like the previous issue. Worth getting if you don't have to pay for it.

BREAKTHROUGH 4, August, 32pp (35¢, 3/\$1, or the usual; Henry Bitman, Box 968, Azusa, CA 91702) Devoted mainly to amateur fiction, but there are two articles: one by the editor on whale stories and one by Don D'Amassa on Robert Abernathy.

GEGENSCHNEIN 13, 14, 15, 16, March through May, total 61pp in microelite type (40¢, 3/\$1, or the usual; Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia. He works for a bank and can accept payment in any currency) There are lots of letters and reviews and a few articles, but Eric's own writing interspersed among them makes these issues look like a personalzine. Some fanwriters can turn out brilliantly constructed, memorable essays that stay on one subject. Eric doesn't do that, but he does have quite an agglomeration of readable, informative paragraphs. When he talks about producing the zine, he goes on for longer lengths. This is the best Australian fanzine I get. (Not just because it's the only one.)

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 11, June, 21pp (approx. monthly; the usual?; Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, VA 23605) Every few days Ned sits down at the typer and lists the mail he has recieved. His interests include fantasy artists and book collecting. ICITM is useful to me for the fanzine listings.

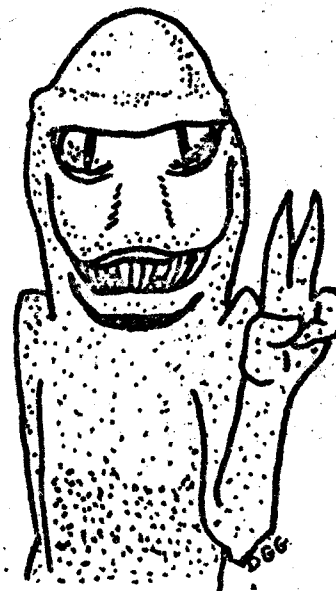
KALLIKANZAROS 8, August, 50pp (\$1 or the usual; John Ayotte, 3555 Norwood Ave, Columbus, OH 43224) The longest feature in this issue was a seminar called "Lifestyle 2000: Designing for the Third Millennium." Most of it wasn't terribly interesting to me, but I certainly wouldn't go so far as to say that it shouldn't have been printed. Some portions were informative, most were well organized, and a fanzine can print anything that's within the editor's field of interest. The Strugatsky's Inhabited Island is reviewed by Patrick McGuire, who seems to be an expert on Russian SF (he's had material on it in NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT), and there is another Don D'Amassa article, this one on H. H. Hollis. The editorial gives an intriguing glimpse at dog show fandom. The lettercol makes me wish I'd seen the previous issue.

KYBEN 8, August, 25pp (35¢ or the usual; Jeff Smith, 1339 Weldon Ave, Baltimore, MD 21211) Judging by the contents, this should be a genzine, but most of it is written by the editor, and is typed continuously with articles not clearly separated, so it looks more like a personalzine. Several medium-length book reviews, Hugo Awards discussion, Jeff's adventures with his weird colleagues, and an article by Cy Chauvin telling what he doesn't like about THE ALIEN CRITIC. Amusing cartoons of collating parties by Bob Smith.

LE VIOL (??), 10pp ditto (hopefully unavailable and not to be continued; Bruce Townley, 2323 Sibley St, Alexandria, VA 22311) This is the worst crudzine I have ever seen. It consists mainly of letter excerpts and fake letters. The only part worth reading is Tony Cvetko's piece on the life of a fanzine staple. I don't know why I got a copy of it; maybe because he stole two sentences from a letter I wrote to him, and attributed them to Robert Silverberg.

MICROSCOPIUM 5, June-July, 13pp (40¢ or the usual; Sandra Dodd, Route 1 Box 399, Charlotte Ct Hse, VA 23923) Although it says it's the official fanzine of the Southern Virginia Science Fiction Association, this skimpy zine seems to be mainly concerned with SF movies and TV. There are stills from Planet Earth; also a reprint of a Ben Bova editorial from ANA-LOG. Not recommended.

NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES 32, June, 28pp offset (monthly; 70¢, 12/\$7.50, or the usual; Sam Konkin III, Box 294 Stuyvesant Sta, New York, NY 10009) Mainly disputes between



various libertarian political factions. Also includes RENAISSANCE, John J. Pierce's sercon zine, which has part of an obscure essay translated from Russian and the results of a Paul Walker poll. Best part of the zine is a 4-page portion of an interview with Heinlein—almost worth getting for that alone. The good appearance easily obtainable with offset is spoiled by the use of too many type-faces.

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT 7, August, 22pp (approx. monthly; 30¢ or the usual; Denis Quane, Box CC East Texas Sta, Commerce, TX 75428) This frequent zine concentrates on the science in SF. This issue has an article by Donn Brazier on scientific bases for invisibility, one of which also furnishes an explanation for the "slow glass" in Bob Shaw's "Light of Other Days." Reviews by the editor of SF, detective, and mystery books. Reviews and discussion of Russian SF, especially the problems of translation. Recommended.

PREHENSILE 12, August, 98pp offset (approx. quarterly; 50¢, contributions, or trades to both editors: Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar, CA 91342, and Milt Stevens, 14535 Saticoy #105, Van Nuys, CA 91405) This big zine has articles and features from all aspects of fandom—serious book reviews, articles, fanish anecdotes, fanzine reviews by Mike Glicksohn, nice long lettercol—you name it, it's here. Lots of good art by many different artists. Highly recommended.

TABEULIAN 15, September, 16pp offset (reliably monthly; 20¢ or the usual; Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 330374 Grove, Miami, Fla 33133) This fascinating little zine does not pretend to be a typical fanzine. It has short features on science, education, or whatever interests the editors—sometimes even science fiction. TAB has a large circulation outside of SF fandom, and they reprint short items from other fanzines. The editorial says, "Read this issue...and see if you get 20¢ worth of useful information or amusement from it." Try it.

TITLE 30, September, 23pp mimeo & xerox (reliably monthly; circulation limited - sample for 25¢; Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr, St Louis, MO 63131) This is one of fandom's most interesting phenomena. A large part of each issue is made up of discussions among the readers. Articles and essays in this issue touched on such diverse topics as defunct fanzines, really alien aliens, the Rack Monster, and an anachronist tournament. But you have to see the zine to really get the full flavor. Recommended.

ZYMURGY f, August, 21pp (approx. quarterly; 35¢ or the usual; Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105) After taking in the fascinating 3-color offset cover, it was somewhat of a letdown to turn to the cheap mimeo paper. But what's printed on the paper is still good. No one article stands out, but there are several good short pieces. They make this issue look like a personalzine written by several people. The zine has a definite personality, but it's hard to get across in a review. I like it. Unfortunately for the cover it was mailed folded. (What kind of a review was that, anyway?)

THE PULP GRIPE

by Wayne W. Martin

Have you ever read or heard anyone complaining about something they refer to as "pulpish" or "pulp fiction"? Chances are that you have on many occasions. It seems that when someone wants to put down something, be it fiction or art, they often do so by sticking the old reliable "pulp" label on it.

But where is the major complaint with pulp? It is often associated with the buxum beauty being eaten, or otherwise molested, by a bug-eyed-monster - BEM for short. More often you will find that people stick a "pulp" label on any action-adventure story that they don't happen to like.

A general feeling is that if a story is pulp it is no good and in many cases the belief is held that anything that is no good is pulp. This is ridiculous in many ways - most basically "pulp" was merely a size and shape of magazine that contained the material in question.

Of course there were a lot around that earned their fair share of blasts about trash, but they in no way represented all of the pulps. You can't afford to get cocky about what's hanging around today either: cast a peek at some of the paperbacks on the stands. If some of them are taken as representative of the whole, it isn't hard to imagine thirty years from now, some fancy self-proclaimed "slick-sf fan" blasting that cheap "pocket-book sf".

As for the absurdity that pulp stood for poor quality, let us take a look at one pulp magazine. I find that it was in 1943 that ASTOUNDING left the pulp, so let us take a look



at pre-1943 ASTOUNDING.

In 1942 we saw Van Vogt's Weapon Shop, while it meets most criteria for pulp -- including publication in a pulp magazine -- it was good. In fact, it came in #13 in the SFWA voting for the Hall of Fame where it proudly resides. In 1942 there were two stories in ASTOUNDING of special note: Isaac Asimov's Nightfall -- voted numero uno into the Hall of Fame -- and Theodore Sturgeon's "Microcosmic God" -- voted number four. Both pulp fiction.

In 1940 there was another pulp writer. Fellow named Heinlein, Robert A., who had The Roads Must Roll in ASTOUNDING. It was voted into a tie for the number seven spot. And in 1938 Lester del Rey had Helen O'Loy and in 1934 saw John Campbell's -- as Don A. Stuart -- Twilight; both ASTOUNDING pulps in the Hall of Fame.

As it goes, numbers one and two, and four of the other top fifteen stories in the Hall of Fame were written when pulp fiction was the thing of the day. Obviously that proves that pulp fiction is bad. After all, what does the SFWA know? Anyhow, what it does show is that the judged quality of the best pulp and the best non-pulp is not significantly better, one way or another. Likewise, changing away from pulp did not produce fiction significantly better.

It is funny, that in hearing complaints about pulp fiction, I have never heard anyone cite Sturgeon, Asimov, Heinlein, or a lot of others as examples. And least you think ASTOUNDING the only pulp with good writers, I should note that the pulp AMAZING had people like Ray Bradbury, Eando Binder, John Wyndham and Jack Williamson.

Indeed, the only real fault that pulps had that isn't had today is poor packaging. And those who gripe about the poor quality of the pulp fiction are either ignorant of the time or too lazy to put forth any effort to remember the good parts. It's so easy to echo complaints that you hear without thinking about them.



Bruce Anthony, 5701 Trans Co, Fort Lee, VA 23801

I disagreed somewhat with Robinson's views on ZARDOZ. About the only thing good about Charlotte Rampling's performance was her fantastic face and body (she really drives me to the cold showers); her acting could have been done just about as well by a store mannequin. And the storyline was much more complicated than I think John realized. Did he notice that Zed ended up fathering a new human race, for instance?

Ben Endick, 428 Sagamore Ave, Teaneck, NJ 07666

Sfaark is a (?) person; however, there is really no reason to assume he speaks pidgin-Martian, which is the only reason I can see for translation into pidgin-English. ((But what if he speaks pidgin-English to begin with?)) His Martianness must come from within itself. I have no complaints about his observations, though. All too true.

I never liked Dailey's books; he always talked too much, and damn if he didn't do it to poor Simon too. I'll give him a downer!

I congratulate your fertile John ((M.)) Robinson for reviewing Kubrick's filmbook. It seems to me the fanpress has ignored this interesting and valuable book. One might add that since it appeared, there has also appeared a frame-by-frame FRANKENSTEIN. Can we expect, one day, a frame-by-frame GODZILLA MEETS THE GIANT SQUID WOMAN?

Roy Tackett, 945 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107

John M. Robinson's MARTIAN CHRONICLES: I was lightly amusing and is a fairly accurate overview of American politics although he neglected to mention the nut fringe.

Reamy's item: also traditional are fans who pontificate on the traditions of fandom.

John M. Robinson, again. Mighed, he's on every other page. Obviously SLEEPER didn't need a special award since it received the Hugo. I am probably anticipating since Robinson says he'll have comments on WESTWORLD in KPSS 40 but I wasn't overly pleased by that one. It was simply one more version of FRANKENSTEIN, one more piece of anti-science propaganda. There are still vast numbers of people



in this world who equate science with black magic. Some of them make motion pictures such as WESTWORLD. The message is that there are things we are not meant to know and these things will kill us if we fool around with them. My own experience indicates that what is passed off as "computer error" is "human error". We have built these fantastic machines...the problem is most people are too dumb to be able to use them properly. The only thing WESTWORLD deserves is solid condemnation by the science fiction field.

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla 32925

I'm afraid John Robinson was rather twitlike and not nearly subtle enough in his SPARK hit; but Agree's interview was both amusing and enlightening. I've always suspected a Plot to Conquer the Earth; which is why I formed the Front for the Liberation of Armadillos and Wombats (FLAW)—to fight that menace. Robinson's book reviews were much better than his attempt at fiction.

Poor ol' Sheryl. The obvious solution to her problem is to get rid of her animals. Cats and even dogs may be fannish, but they ought not to be allowed in the slanshack.

Terry Floyd, 506 Holman Lane, Canyon, TX 79045

Robinson's piece seemed a little too cliché for him. I've liked everything he's done so far, but this turned me off. Probably because I've seen almost exactly the same thing in both READER'S DIGEST and TV GUIDE.

I liked that humorous interview, though. And I always like Sheryl Birkhead's adventures.

Grant Canfield, 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117

Although the repro is still not terrific, it is at least acceptable, which is to say readable. I have nothing more to say on the subject of mimeography. I am not, after all, Mike Glickson. I don't even have a snake. Or a beard. And I am literate. And taller than a chair. And my teeth are real.

Joe Walter, PO Box 1077, Fort Bragg, CA 95437

I felt that I must add on to what Wayne W. Martin and you (the ed of course) said in the lettercol of issue 9.

I am becoming overly concerned about the "powers that be" self-styled as they are.

Some persons might think that the person best qualified to criticize science fiction would be a pro author, but I hold that that idea is totally wrong. The ones best qualified to criticize sf are the ones who read it, the fans. They are the ones who should

decide what is fit to read and what isn't (which in fact they do, the publishers will only print what will sell, and the fans buy only what they want to read).

A pro author is qualified to speak only about his own work, and not about that of other authors, simply because other authors write differently than himself and do not share his style, method, or ideas.

Mike said that some people are putting down the younger sf readers because, in Harlan Ellison's words, "They're turned on by the juvenile novels of Andre Norton and Heinlein...". Two points I would make here, one: Just what makes Ellison's words so important in the first place? And two: What are the prerequisites for a juvenile novel?

How can Ellison make a sweeping statement like that without getting his ears pinned back? I would not class I WILL FEAR NO EVIL and STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND as juvenile novels, and I would most certainly not class TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE under that category. When it comes right down to it how do you class a juvenile book? I would class REVOLT ON ALPHA C by Robert Silverberg as a juvenile book, but not for the reason you might think. Actually, REVOLT ON ALPHA C must have been a very difficult book to write as it had to portray the inner conflict of the main character, as he must make a decision which goes against everything he's been taught, and this had to be written in a language that was easily readable by younger persons. As far as Andre Norton is concerned, her plots may be repetitious and very slightly juvenile, but I would class her as one of the best writers in the field simply because she writes in the first person as a man (in most instances) and carries it off superbly.

Do away with sapce operas? Who wants to read longhair, loaded with great philosophical meaning, type sf all the time. When I come home from work or whatever at the end of the day, I'd just as soon relax with the latest Perry Rhodan adventure or begin rereading some 'Doc' Smith.

So the basic thing I'm trying to say is, "If I like it, I'll read it." and everyone else should try to be the same way.

Well, I'm sorry to say that the lettercol is quite short this time around but I just haven't had the time to go through everything and sort out the good stuff. And besides that, most people sent quick notes or 50% illegible letters (Hi Wayne).

So I've relegated the following people to the Also Heard From's: Simon Agree, Steve Biggs, Sheryl Birkhead, Sutton Breiding, Chris Hulse, Wayne W. Martin, Brad Parks, Ted Peak, John Robinson (the New Yorker, not the Californian), and Bud Webster. (And, four hours after typing the above, Jodie Offutt.)



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MUTATED MUMBLINGS

(MM is a suppliment to KPSS 10 and contains CoA's, last minute notes, and various other things. Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Bragg, CA 95437. A Science Fantasy Press Publication. Press #22.)

CoA's

Simon Agree, 25157 Atwood Blvd., Newhall, CA 91321

Bill Breiding, 424 Central Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117

Sutton Breiding, 424 Central Ave., San Francisco, CA 94117

D Gary Grady, 318 Forest Hills Dr., Wilmington, NC 28401 (until the USS DEWEY comes to port and then his address will be USS DEWEY (DLG-14), FPO New York 09501.)

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As a note of information for the repro freaks, only page four was run off on the high school's mimeo beast. Baby Gertie and her new ink pad did the rest.

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(This is a supplement to K252 10 and contains CoA's, last minute notes, and various other things. Mike Bracken, Box 802, Fort Press, CA 95437. A balance between Press Tabulation Press #12.)

CoA's
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D. Gary Grady, 318 Forest Hills Dr., Wilmington, NC 28401 (un-
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