

My mother was the only person I can say that I've ever loved, and now she is gone. Like a crystal ball, I shattered into a million tiny fragments when I heard of her death, and again I shattered when I attended the memorial services.

Many years ago she knew that her heart wouldn't last long, but she never complained during the many years that she and I lived alone. She wanted me to have the chance to be something and not just another nobody as she imagined herself. She was not a nobody; not to me.

She was the major influence in my life. Most of my values, my fears, my prejudices, were hers. I was a part of her and she was a part of me. We loved each other as much as any two people could love each other, and she wasn't stubborn with her love for she was in love with every living creature and every growing thing on the Earth.

My mother had a deep rooted belief in God, and I hope that her belief was not ill-founded.

She had open-heart surgery in early February of this year, after a heart specialist proclaimed loudly to a group of doctors after examining my mother, "My God, this woman should be in a hospital."

My mother didn't want that. The bills were piling up, and she was afraid of the cost; maybe the fear was of something else, but we all agreed that the best thing for her to do was have the operation, get the valve fixed, and then come home to enjoy many more years of life than she could otherwise.

During, or shortly after, that surgery, she died for the first time. She said that she saw Jesus with his arms out-stretched, beckoning her to come. She told him no, that she had things yet to do. Jesus released her, and the doctors were able to revive her after about five minutes of frantic work.

She came home to us later that week, but, because of difficulties, was returned to the hospital. Shortly after that the local hospital transferred her back to the hospital in San Francisco where she'd had the original surgery so that the doctors could redo the work that they had done.

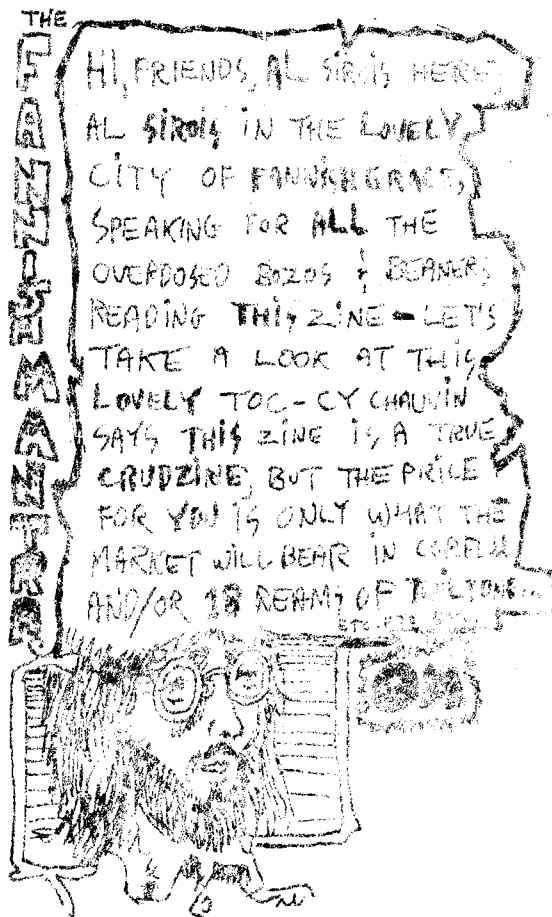
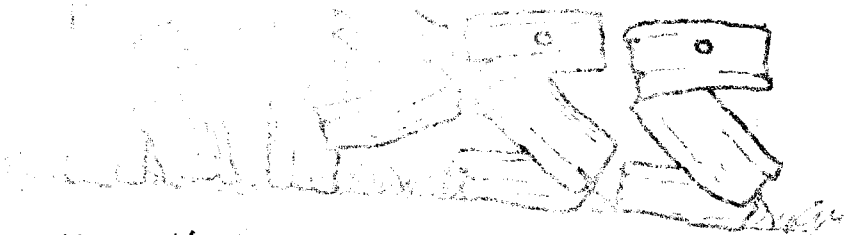
My mother told me good-bye when she left, and maybe I should have gone to San Francisco too, but I was in danger of not graduating this year as it was, so we decided that I would stay home and not miss any more school. The good-bye was final, but I didn't realize it at the time.

On Tuesday, March 4, 1975 my mother died for the final time. God had come to claim his child.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Myrta Ann Myers, born Myrta Ann Bates, who was, and still is, my mother.

KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACE
SHIP #32, Science Fantasy
Press Publication number
is in the thirties some-
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KPSS is available for
75¢ or the usual from
Mike Bracken, ~~Box 802,~~
~~Fort Bragg, CA 95437.~~ 3918 North 30th, TACOMA, WASH 98407
KPSS is a quarterly publi-
cation (so what if I'm a month late, already?). This issue dated April, 1975.
My phone number is (707) 964-0110.



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Notes of thanks go to the following people:

Anonymous for a \$5 contribution towards
the publication of this issue

Chris Hulse for getting most of the elec-
trostenciling done

Bud Webster for getting the covers offset
and Fandom for being my friends.

In the transference from print to film, the most any rational person could expect from Fred Haines' cinematic version of Hermann Hesse's hallucinatory work, STEPPENWOLF, is some dazzling translations of those passages which teeter on the edge of reality: protagonist Harry Haller's dreams, his persual of the "TREATISE ON THE STEPPENWOLF", and of course the interior visions of The Magic Theater; all of which we receive with wit and originality.

We are doubly blessed when so much of the sombre, brooding quality of the book persists in the film due to the efforts of writer/director Haines and the quality of Max Von Sydow's performance as Haller (Von Sydow is one of the actors that wouldn't be worth a pound of wheat germ on a stage because his voice is no mere expressive than that of a hundred other Broadway hopefuls. Only the scrutiny of the camera can reveal the expressiveness of his face).

The scenics of Basel, Switzerland also provide a good measure of that claustrophobic atmosphere one felt surrounded Harry's life, Dominique Sanda as Harry's sexual alter-ego Hermine and Pierre Clementi (done up like Joel Grey in Cabaret) as mentor Pablo/Mozart also provide first-rate performances. Of special note is the role of Goethe (I don't know the actor's name) which is played like a demented madman and comes off more memorably in the film than in the book.

Carla Romanelli also stars.

* * * * *

TWIN

I'm not sure what HARRY AND TONTO says. I'm not sure if it says any one thing. In fact it's stead it seems to be a gentle, tongue-in-cheek love/shove at America via a parody of Steinbeck's TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY.

The cross-country odyssey of retired teacher Harry (Art Carney in a role that at last allows a large public see him do something other than Ed Norton. It's not that we couldn't believe the rave reviews of his stage work; I think it was always obvious that Carney was an immensely gifted comic as evinced by the mileage he got out of the simple sewer worker character he did for so many years. It's just that now we can see with our own eyes some of his range and diversity) and his cat Tonto is a loose, rambling account of almost Pickwickian adventures.

"Pickwickian" is a particularly apt adjective since HARRY AND TONTO, like Dickens' large volume, doesn't seem to be going anywhere. This could prove irritating to some chess players who insist on guessing what the next move will be.

The real purpose behind Paul Mazursky's film, again like PICKWICK PAPERS, is to illuminate a little of the life across the country today. Through Harry's eyes we watch the American family unit, the young, the old, salesman and buyers (even a token Indian, courtesy of a show-stopping appearance from Chief Dan George).

Along with the redoubtable Chief comes a host of impressive appearances (some of them are billed, cheatingly, as stars) by the likes of Ellen Burstyn as Harry's independent daughter, Slim Pickens as a pleasantly persistent health salesman, Geraldine Chaplin in a eccentricly memorable bit as Harry's old sweetheart.

Larry Hagman as the phony-semi-debauched son in California is simply remarkable in the short, but accurate depiction of a very real father/son relationship. Possessed of one of the finest "fuddles" since Cary Grant, it was fascinating to see some depth in his portrayal.

HARRY AND TONTO ought to be seen by damn near everyone...and twice at least.

* * * * *

If you have never lived in a small town, Richard Winner's little opus DEATHWISH will probably be the only one you'll see as a "recruitment film." Others may take its questioning of the old "Big City" ethic: "at all costs, defend yourself."

Winner's film, on closer inspection, is too fuzzy, too capoutish to stand up and say this; which may be for the best, considering its persuasive nature. DEATHWISH doesn't try to really tell us anything; Winner is content to raise questions only and so the movie is both weaker and stronger than say something really outrageously conservative like DIRTY HARRY or John Wayne's McQ.

Granite-faced Charles Bronson is a one man vigilante squad after the combined murder of his wife and rape of his daughter (the latter being the most repellant along these lines since the graphic rape in A CLOCKWORK ORANGE). Toting a revolver around the Big Apple nightly becomes increasingly important to Bronson after an initial period of nauseous self-disgust. He takes to reading about the doings of the mysterious "Vigilante" with quiet pride like he just drove Ike Clanton and his boys out of town.

This is indeed the heart of the film: the contrast between the America of today and that of the American frontier. Winner's questioning of the perhaps overly-codified system of current justice is apt during these times, but deserves further probing. Must we at some point turn around and take matters into our own hands (a thousand pardons, Matt Dillon?) or should we wait to see what possibilities the future may bring? Or perhaps we ought to be prepared to sacrifice everything, including lives, and be happy with what we've got.

The film doesn't provide answers, but perhaps at this stage of the game that's too much. Its questions are provoking enough to provide thoughtful moments sandwiched into a cleverly-produced mass-appeal package (violence, revenge and a peculiar brand of heroism).

Vincent Gardenia, Hope Lange, Stuart Margolin also star.

* * * * *

There is no comedienne currently working in films better than Barbra Streisand, but FOR PETE'S SAKE is a rather limp, little vehicle to showcase her abilities.

Barbra buffs, such as myself, will enjoy it, but in actuality it is a rather thin comedy that would go nowhere without Ms. Streisand pushing it.

Director Peter Yates handles action thrillers like BULLITT and THE FRIENDS OF EDDIE COYLE consummately but his comedic flair is often pedestrian and cliched and (most damning of all) T.V.ish in that mid-60's sitcom fashion in which the comedy is provided entirely due to an unnatural situation rather than an outgrowth of character's facets.

Streisand is the archetypal screwball wife who cooks up an involved plot to raise enough money for her husband to invest in some Pork Bellies stock. We know Barbra can carry this material off because she's done it so frequently it's becoming tiresome. Henry of FOR PETE'S SAKE is basically from the same mold as Judy Maxwell of WHAT'S UP DOC? and both of them are related to, but never as good as Doris the hooker in THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT.

Michael Sarrazin is condescendingly husbandly with a bland smile thrown in for variety and locks throughout as though he'd just wandered onto the set like a confused tourist. Estelle Parsons is adequately detestable as Barbra's incredibly bitchy sister-in-law but rarely funny.

Didn't Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz do this sort of thing umpty-ump years ago?



Some time past the midway point of AIRPORT 1975 some of the passengers note that the already damaged 747 jet is losing gasoline as it runs off the wing by the buckets and someone communicates this depressing little bit of sensationalism to Norman Fell who replies Buster Keaton-deadpan-style, "I told you I didn't want to hear about it!"

Viewers who survived this "disaster" film (a peculiarly appropriate modifier here) may have the same general feeling about this movie and in the name of human decency are, of course, excused from this review. Others however may take heart, for AIRPORT 1975 is a very funny movie, however this is mostly unintentional since I have the feeling that if screenwriter Don Ingalls

and Director Jack Smight (and if that name doesn't indicate heavyhandedness I don't know what does!) and really pulled all the stops out they'd have had a film that would've had Mel Brooks churning in impotent envy.

Credit ought to be given immediately to George Kennedy's super-human effort at retaining a straight composure and not laughing out loud at every unbelievably silly utterance the script gave him. However the presence of a hysterical edge to his voice betrayed a lack of seriousness that, after due deliberation, is really rather commendable. We could at least laugh even if George couldn't.

I can't remember ever having been so forcefully struck with Charlton Heston's inability to deliver a corny line ("Climb, baby climb"???); a talent which is becoming increasingly important these days (Robert Redford should offer classes on it; he does it better than anyone). I always liked Heston, but for no particular reason and I'd have to be a much bigger fan than that to even bother considering his performance as anything but cliched and dripping with corn.

Karen Black looked smashing (gad!) but seemed about as hysterical as a high school sophomore at her first prom, and I still don't know what having Gloria Swanson play herself had to do with anything.

Helen Reddy's celebrated debut ought to be marked with a simultaneous wake at which Gloria Steinem quietly mumbles over the departed the Pateroster in Yiddish every November second.

If you fell for this turkey in any way whatsoever give yourself minus 100 points.

Oh yes, Jerry Stiller as a passenger who sleeps through the entire catastrophe (you know what I mean) has the best line: "ZZZZZZZZZZ...."

* * * * *

The "teaser" on the poster of MAN ON A SWING runs: "Clairvoyant. Occultist. Murderer. Which?" and it's too damn bad that director Frank Perry (DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE) and/or screenwriter David Zalag Goodman never tells us "which?". The reason for this final mid-air suspension of the audience is that MAN ON A SWING is based on an actual occurrence in a small Connecticut town which is some small reason for exoneration of its peculiar ending. Even so, the duration of the film is a thrill to

watch, mostly because of Joel Grey's performance.

I'm still not sure whether Joel Grey is a great actor. I'm certain though that he has more performer wattage in him than any five actors in films today. He's electric and in this one he sizzles like S^r. Elmo's Fire. Automatically funny and frightening, batty and bewitching, sly and open-faced innocence, Grey turns himself on like hot and cold running water. No scene in which he appears is not totally dominated by him.

Cliff Robertson as Police Chief Tucker is stolid and dependable (a euphemism for "typical"). His part is quieter on the whole than Grey's and harder to judge but he seems to carry it off well and convincingly albeit with little flare. On the other hand, Dorothy Tristan as Mrs. Tucker can be taken or left at will with little or no effect on the picture. She was competently terrified and bewildered when confronted with oddball Grey but no more so than what any score of actresses is capable of.

Goodman and Perry tell their story in a straightforward manner and the account of Chief Tucker's attempts at solving the murder of Margaret Dawson later abetted by eccentric clairvoyant Franklin Wills (Joel Grey) has a clean dramatic tension that only infrequently plods.

Tucker/Robertson leaves the film convinced that Wills has hypnotized a dupe to murder two girls so that he can crash in on his self-proclaimed clairvoyant powers. Wills/Grey leaves the film with an ambiguous smile. We leave the film a bit mystified and immensely entertained.

* * * * *

THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK is certainly the most uneven film of any merit we are likely to see for awhile; sloppy, sentimental, frequently gimmicky, subtle like a nymphomaniac the movie is a long vacillation between the poles of first-rate storytelling and a plain out-and-out sermonizing that would make Reverend Ike's smile crack like porcelain dentures, and yet the movie does have merit.

The four things that save TIOBJ from being the total, all-out HINDENBURG it deserved to be were first-rate performances from nearly everyone, the character of Billy Jack (really one of the best movie "heroes" to come along), the emotionally provoking final third of the film, and finally a certain moral integrity, by which I mean a tendency to place the uniqueness of one's own vision over that of the studio's or the audience's for that matter.

Unfortunately viewers must cut through about two hours of quasi-philosophical crap to arrive at those merits. During the interminable tangents run all over the place like decapitated chickens, characters of little or no relevance to story or theme traipse by as though someone just pulled them off the street, Selective Service style, and the whole film appears to have been edited by a lineal descendant of Jack the Ripper.

The story is told in flashback with Freedom School founder Jean (Delores Taylor) recounting the events leading up to a recent Kent State-like holocaust at her school. The object of her recitation is a young woman reporter who bears a mile resemblance to Lois Lane, though somewhat blander if that is possible. As she listens dutifully, may: apostolically we wait through the entirety of the picture for her to spring sort of last-minute O Henry style relevance.

She doesn't.

Laughlin and Taylor's real sin is one of ambition; although a noble ambition it all but does them in for two reasons.

Firstly, the Laughlins have their fingers into so many sociological pies they become inundated with their own material, causing the movie's excessive length (just ten minutes shy of three hours) and its plethora of meaningless subplots.

Secondly, the Laughlins have such an over-whelming love for their pacifistic message that, in an effort to insure that the entire audience understands them fully

they opt for the road of didacticism and, purposely or not, insinuate the same sort of intelligence that television executives have been assigning us for decades.

In the end, it is the offscreen naive optimism that is the reaffirming factor in THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK. TROBJ's heart was properly aligned; its vocal cords just didn't work correctly and its limbs were insufficient to the task at hand.

* * * * *

Ken Shapiro's GROOVE TUBE is being advertised (tackily) as "funnier than SLEEPER and BLAZING SADDLES put together". For the most part this is lamentably untrue because so much of the humor is of the NATIONAL LAMPOON-lets-just-see-how-cute-and/or-tasteless-we-can-be brand, which started out as an amusing and new irreverence, then quickly buried itself in repetition.

This humor only works well just once: the Koko the Clown sketch. The idea of a children's performer taking secret requests from the little ones for selections of licentious literature is funny, but the position of the sketch toward the front of the film doubtlessly aids in the audience's reaction.

Shapiro is on better ground when he's dealing with traditional, wacky material like the opening parody of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY and the Kramp TV Kitchen bit.

This latter piece is easily the best, the funniest, and the most classic of anything in the movie and I honestly can't remember ever seeing an audience laugh so helplessly at anything in a movie. People literally fell from their seats, in pain from laughter, when the Kitchen helper tries to follow the moderator's instructions (if only they could have gotten Ed Herlihy) to pit olives and Bing cherries then put the olive pits in the cherries and then the repitted cherries into olives.

Shapiro is responsible for just about the whole shmeer: Producer, Director, Screenwriter with Lane Sarasohn, Star with assistance from Richard Belzer and a cast of black-out players. Curtis Mayfield has composed a fine, upbeat number, "Move On Up" for the credits but for most of the other music Shapiro gets credit.

A few times the urge to dazzle overcomes Shapiro and he just goes Hogwild with camera and color tricks that have little to do with the material at hand and certainly don't add any comedy.

"The Dealers" skit we could have done without. Whoever wrote this originally had some funny material but because Cheech and Chong have popularized almost the same material it now seems unoriginal.

GROOVE TUBE is not for everybody and part of the time it doesn't seem to be for anybody: there are funny parts, witty parts, tasteless parts, and parts that are simply boring.

* * * * *

The real trouble with ODESSA FILE is, beyond some introductory notes, we never know just how much of Frederick Forsyth's novel is based on fact and how much he dreamed up himself and if we are to believe in his theory that we must never forget the past (and this is true at least in part) then we ought to be able to distinguish between truth and fiction. In fact, one might make a good argument that if Forsyth really wanted to write a book that followed his own idea than he ought to have stuck to facts. Perhaps Forsyth had no business making the story into a novel.

Kenneth Ross and George Markestein adapted the book for the screen and came up with a version that, while it crackles with suspense, unfortunately borders on the edge of cardboard villainy. You see, the Nazis look like Nazis in this movie...and that's just the trouble. Instead of looking for average men, whoever was in charge of casting decided that Nazi was a physical description, not an ideology. The only thing missing is a case of monocles.

Ronald Neame manages to keep the movie moving and the suspense sizzling and without the plethora of cliches in his earlier THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE.

John Voight is the standard-bearer as the blameless reporter Peter Miller. Voight still hasn't matched Joe Buck but ODSSA is the best thing he's done since MIDNIGHT COWBOY and he handles a German accent as naturally as he did a Texas one.

Mary Tamm is Voight's girl friend and is wonderful if, for no other reason, because she doesn't go berserk with fear more than once or twice (usually justifiably) during the course of the film. She seems to be a promising personality but it's hard to tell on the basis of one film (she had a minor role in 1972's grotesque TALES THAT WITNESS MADNESS and was dispatched in a manner so revolting it would put Grand Guignol to shame).

The ending is a hokey cop-out and Maximillian Schell as Nazi Commandant Edward Roschman is a little too one-dimensional (which isn't to say that I find the film's representation of Nazi villainy as too evil to believe; to the contrary it pales the truth. In fact, Roschman's dispatch of the Jewish prisoners is disturbingly reminiscent of testimony heard at the Calley trials). The one-dimensionality here is more a case of obvious actorish glee at portraying a butcher.

Perhaps it is still too soon to portray these kind of characters roundly and not late enough to totally understand what came over (or comes over, if Frederick Forsyth is to be believed) the German people's souls some forty years ago.

* * * * *

CHINATOWN is the best thing Roman Polanski's done; it represents Jack Nicholson's most fully realized portrayal (and Faye Dunaway's most lackluster); it boasts a highly complex but thoroughly entertaining screenplay courtesy of Robert Towne (THE LAST DETAIL) and will probably be the one movie this year that will be regarded as a classic in the years ahead.

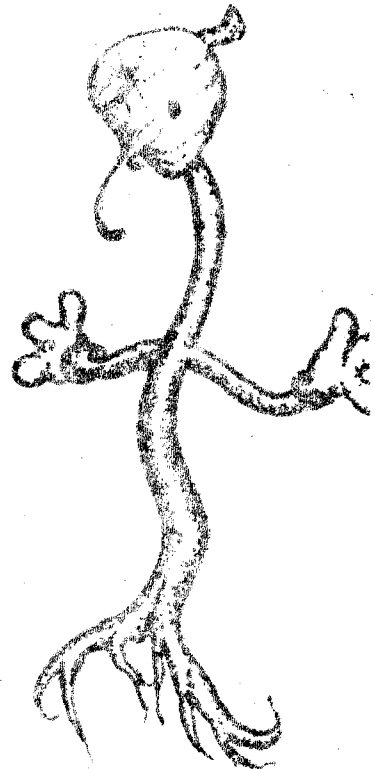
There's a tight hand in evidence here, both in writing and directing and the extraneous is strictly verboten; every allusion, from the confusion of the word "albacore" for "apple core" to the name of John Huston's character, "Noah Cross", fits neatly in. Stray sentences like "as little as possible" or "you can't always tell what's going on" gain meaning in the light of what follows or what has gone before.

All of which adds up to a film that strictly follows Alfred Hitchcock's off-the-cuff dictum that the modern movie must be seen at least three times. CHINATOWN deserves that and many more viewings.

Jack Nicholson's thirties Los Angeles private eye whose nose quite literally gets him into trouble is quite likely the best treatment of this timeworn but traditional film hero since Bogart told us what the stuff of dreams were made of.

But Nicholson isn't Bogart: they're mutually tough and ensitive but Nicholson's Jake Gittes is vulnerable in a way Sam Spade never was: the fate of Evelyn Mulwray actually produces in Gittes the reaction of dazed pain.

John Huston as the incredibly lecherous father of Dunaway (there's a subplot, as confusing as the other subplots, con-



cerning incest which seems to be straight out of Faulkner or any reknowned depicor of "Southern decadence"), Noah Cross is a well-contrived character and plays well against the three-dimensional J.J. Gittes. His presence in the film is something of an in-joke whcih critics have made so much of, it is no longer worth mentioning.

* * * * *

Television gave birth to at least three great, comic geniuses: Milton Berle, Steve Allen and, perhaps the most natural comic of all, Sid Caesar.

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS is a patchwork quilt of the very best sketches that Sid Caesar, Imogene Coca, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris (and whatever happened to Howard Morris, anyway?!) performed in the early fifties.

Of course its small wonder that a program like "Your Show of Shows" should have been a success: besides its top-notch cast it boasted a cumulative writing staff of the people we now think of as the quintessence of modern comedy, with Woody Allen, Mel Brooks, and Neil Simon heading the list.

And TFYSOS is a good showcase for that talent: Imogene Coca trying to explain how she drove the car into the downtown liquor store; Carl Reiner tearing a supposed rival's clothes to shreds, Howard Morris as Uncle Googie, and, centrally, Sid Caesar.

Now here was a man who could make us laugh by chewing a piece of gum, and this was the keynote of Caesar's humor: he was funniest when he was simplest. He could get a laugh with a roll of his head.

But when he strained for the funny stuff, his excesses were unfunny (the parody of the German professor).

No comedy/variety show on the airwaves compares to the material or performances that convulsed television audiences twenty years ago.

* * * * *

Speaking of the good old days, if you still have a chance to see THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! grab it because it's a really fun sort of movie. Like TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS, it is a patchwork affair, composed here of the best number's from MGM's vast gallery of movie musicals.

It is given a semi-documentary look by having a host of stars (Frank Sinatra, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Lawford, James Stewart, Fred Astaire, Donald O'Connor, Mickey Rooney, Debbie Reynolds, Gene Kelly, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minelli) give each other an unending succession of professional slaps on the back, but commentators like Minelli, Stewart, Crosby, Rooney, and Astaire manage to come across pleasantly anyway.

All of Kelly's dance routines, and the Busby Berkeley numbers make this worth seeing, even without the other wonders from the dream factory. After all, MGM "did it big, did it right, gave it class."

* * * * *

"They searched the world...until they found each other." If that has the unmistakable ring of "Love means never having to say blecchi!" you're wrong, for THE DOVE is far worse than LOVE STORY.

Where LOVE STORY was syrupy, THE DOVE drips chicken fat; where LOVE STORY was banal, THE DOVE is as original as news of Nixon's resignation; where...well, why go on, you get the drift.

The pity of the whole thing is that the movie might be half-way watchable if we didn't have to listen to Peter Beagle's and Adam Kerr's unpardonable screenplay dialogue. It frankly amazes me how, after umpty-ump years of experience, Hollywood can still grind out this kind of sub-mediocrity. I don't advocate censureship, I merely



have a deep-rooted feeling that Messieurs Beagle and Kerr should be marched out early some morning and given a choice of what color kerchief they'd like before they are summarily shot.

You see, without that dialogue we could hear Joseph Bottoms' clean-cut, goodguy gone berserk attitude. It's that unending clutch of "I love you"'s, delivered with the fervor of a turtle in heat, that does one in.

The proof of my silence-is-golden theory is proved by the fact that the picture is stolen by a "psychotic" cat and beautiful oceanic cinematography, neither of which, in case you need to be told, has a spoken word between them.

THE DOVE is based on the presumably true account of Robin Lee Graham's round the world adventures. I have never read Graham's book from which the movie is based, but it seems apparent that someone has romanticized the end product exceptionally. The film is chock-full of little goodies (like marrying with a Cub Scout ring) designed for little old ladies to chuckle at and murmur, "isn't that cute?"

The storm followed by the calm is the most overworked plot device a sea story can use, appearing in everything from "Popeye" to MOBY DICK. Just once I'd love to see or read a book about the sea that has to storms and no

calms. I grant you it might not be very exciting, but it'll be so damned original no one will notice.

In short, unless you possess the constitution of a bowlful of jello, skip this silly-putty version of life and love across the world.

* * * * *

WISH ME THIS GRANT

BY
DON
D'AMMASSA



Among the names growing steadily more familiar to SF readers in the 1970's is that of G.L. Grant. In his early thirties, Grant shares with Gardner Dozois the dubious honor of having sold his first professional SF story, only to be rewarded by having years of his life promptly scooped up by the military. He spent part of his military service in Qui Nhon, Vietnam, yet another dubious distinction judging by my own brief stay there in 1969. Grant has taught American literature for several years now, has studied drama in London, and has sold to other markets than SF, such as THE LITTLE MAGAZINE.

Although he has not attracted a great deal of attention within the genre, he has sold fairly widely. His first story, "The House of Evil", (F&SF, December 1968) is a delightfully farcical look at the supernatural horror story. Using exaggerated attention to detail and archaic language structure, he unfolds the story of an SF writer who encounters and becomes one of the Undead, henceforward improving his writing ability.

"The Summer of the Irish Sea" (ORBIT 11, 1972) is an entirely different animal. Written from the extremely narrow view of a man being hunted across the English countryside, we catch glimpses of a world where peace has, ostensibly, been achieved. But "without war there must be an outlet", and man has channeled his aggressions into other avenues. Criminals are conditioned to act as prey in stylish "foxhunts". Grant subtly indicts an entire society through a single incident.

The author's ability to shock through quiet understatement was demonstrated again in "But the Other Old Man Stopped Playing" (FANTASTIC, April 1973). World War III has apparently killed everyone except an Old Greek shepherd and his flock. Nikos has been a failure all of his life, and now finds happiness only by continuing to care for his sheep. But the sheep begin to disappear mysteriously, until Nikos finally

lays a trap and confronts Pan himself, last of the gods. Pan admits his own failure as a god, but asks: "Can you tell me who is the biggest failure...?" Nikos has no answer.

"Come Dance With Me on my Pony's Grave" (F&SF, July 1973) was Grant's cathartic expiation of his Vietnamese experience. A crippled veteran struggles to understand his adopted Asian son, and the boy's strange relationship with a pony. The supernatural powers, the adopted boy, the mood and treatment of this story, all correlate with Micael Bishop's "The Tigers of Hysteria Feed Only on Themselves", published the following year. Bishop's story also results from his military experiences, and the degree of similarity between the two stories points out clearly the confusion that arose in the minds of US forces stationed in Vietnam. It is not, however, one of Grant's better stories. The characters are finely drawn, but the motivations and conflicts among them are neither clear nor ultimately resolved. The narrator's admonition, "some men must be tolerated" if not liked, is not borne out by events.

"Abdication" (AMAZING, 1973) reminded me a great deal of Barry Malzberg, a comparison I find far from odious. The first man ever to live on the moon becomes President, but is then defeated for re-election by an enormous margin because of his opposition to the space program. He admonishes the world: "...do not dream until you and the world can handle the dream." The implication that mankind is not ready for space travel falls on deaf ears, however, and the ex-President is reduced to a comic figure in the eyes of the public, a tragic one in the eyes of the reader.

"The Magic Child" (THE NEW MIND edited by Roger Elwood, 1973) goes further toward establishing a detailed setting than Grant's previous stories. Overpopulation and pollution have forced the world into a City society, a setting found increasingly in modern SF. Society has, as a result, become stultified, dependent, rigidly ordered. Imagination is a commodity that must be licensed by the state. Education has been replaced by conditioning. "Without the City there'd be starvation, wars, disease, people who look different and act different---". Onto this backdrop, Grant has placed a wholly disappointing story. A married couple are secretly harboring their retarded boy, refusing to turn him over for the state's euthanasia. His misunderstanding of their cautions results in their accidental death at his hands.

"Weep No More, Old Lady" (FUTURE QUEST edited by Roger Elwood, 1973) also centers on an unusual child, this time a young genius who is surrendered by his parents to the government as a participant in a research project. The boy has reached a learning plateau, and the government wants to know whether this can be overcome by an experimental pill. The pill succeeds, but the boy becomes prematurely aged, perhaps even senile. The story is far better than the previous, but hinging as it does on the surprise ending, it remains slight and unmemorable.

Not so "The Rest is Silence" (F&SF, September 1974), my personal favorite of Grant's stories. A stylized version of the battle between realist and romantic, idealist and pragmatist, this is one of the best plotted and thought out pieces to appear in 1974. A group of young teachers find themselves in sharp conflict with their superior, who brooks no gainsaying. Marty, the most sensitive, decides that he has an obligation to resign from the profession rather than submit to such restrictive supervision. The others convince him he should bend, tolerate the man until he acquires tenure, then strike out on his own feet.

Marty apparently accepts this and subsequently invites all parties concerned to a party. After a series of delightfully hallucinatory sequences, the narrator discovers himself alone in a courtyard with Marty, the rest of the young teachers, Marty's uncle, and the dead body of the supervisor. Marty reveals that he is one of those rare people who can, once in their lives, set free a series of small pocket universes. Having avenged himself on his tormenter, he is also determined to save future idealists like himself from the pernicious arguments of his pragmatic friends, each of whom he casts loose from the universe in their own small worlds.

Grant's reservations about members of the teaching profession appear again in "The Key to English" (F&SF, May 1974). Students at an experimental private school discover that most of their faculty consists of androids, but when they learn the truth, the students themselves are replaced. Since the nature of the school's mystery is apparent early in the story, much of the shock of the shock ending dissipates halfway through.

"Everybody a Winner, the Banker Cried" (ORBIT 13, 1974) is another of Grant's more successful pieces. There has been a third war, and two of the dying victims meet in the ruins of an amusement park for one last ride on the ferris wheel. Although the ending appears downbeat, it is actually quite the opposite, for even as they slowly die, vomiting, amidst the wreckage of the world, their spirit remains undimmed.

"To Be a Witch in Three-Quarter Time" (FANTASTIC, February 1975) appears to be set in a world very similar to that of "The Magic Child". To escape the drabness of her world, a young woman fantasizes that she is capable of entering another world. Or is it just in her mind? Grant's subjective style fails to work as well in this story as in most of his other work, unfortunately, and neither his setting nor his characters work very effectively.

The last of Grant's stories available to me is "When Two or Three Are Gathered" (AMAZING, March 1975), yet another story about the teaching profession. This appears to be a reaction to the old apothegm, "Them that can do, them that can't, teach." Education through media has become so pervasive that the conventional method of teaching has been outlawed. Old Stan continues to teach bootleg classes until the government cracks down and arrests him. Again the story appears to be downbeat, until one realizes that Stan exits laughing.

C.L. Grant has not written anything yet which indicates he will become one of the major writers in the field. He has, however, demonstrated effective treatment of mood and characterization. For the most part, his stories are quite short, which hampers full development of his settings and plots. As he continues to write and develop his skills and his own confidence in those skills, he is likely to improve sharply. It would not surprise me at all to be nominating C.L. Grant for a Hugo in a few years.

DOWNSTAIRS BY

THE TOWERING INFERNO:

According to some well founded definitions (notably Aldiss in BILLION YEAR SPREE) FRANKENSTEIN is the first science fiction novel. More importantly the Frankenstein figure, the monster, has reached such mythic proportions in the literature of science fiction that it has become an archetype and writers as diverse as Asimov with his robotics and Aldiss in his FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND have seen the need to react against it.

The monster, evidencing how man's knowledge turns against him, represents one school of sf. This critical-didactic view may be frustratingly revealing. Usually, however, it is banal as in THE TOWERING INFERNO.

THE TOWERING INFERNO is a staggering movie. Just to read the credits gives you an appreciation for the enormity of the undertaking and an amazement that it could be coordinated as well as it has been. The movie is not Hugo material although it is likely to net an Oscar for its special effects.

But the movie asks us to believe that a skyscraper--that paramount symbol of American achievement--is a demon in disguise. Despite actual precedent of some spectacular high-rise fires--the Empire State Building, notably--the movie asks us to believe that such a fire can flare repeatedly out of control. Finally it begs that a building that meets all building codes is nevertheless unsafe for human occupation.

The central character of such a situation is the building's architect. He is the single person who is responsible for the creation of the skyscraper. Paul Newman plays this part with such joyless somnambulism that you wonder who had to force him to do it. True, he is excused from responsibility in not previously detecting shoddy workmanship because he was off somewhere in the hinterland. But this explanation is a cop-out. What self-respecting architect would design the tallest building in the world (138 floors) and then go off to the woods.

A supporting character in such a situation would be the builder. As a contractor, William Holden displays stony resolution. But we are asked to believe that he would risk his whole career by refusing to face facts and by overlooking details in the specifications where his son-in-law (Richard Chamberlain) and other spineless individuals defaulted.

But because The Glass Tower is a demon, the lead in this movie shifts to that other box office attraction, Steve McQueen, who gets alphabetical billing to the left of Newman. McQueen is the fire captain and he does take charge of the movie if not the fire. Unfortunately with the film's multitude of

ROGER D SWEEN

characters and reliance on a succession of cliff hanging sequences, the captain does not manage the situation. He reacts to it, and so despite his energy in running all over the place to fight it, he fails to gather and integrate information and the fire runs out of control.

The solution, an obvious one, is saved to the last. It never occurs to the architect who ought to know his building or to the captain who ought to know his business until the eleventh hour how they can douse the fire.

The crowning ignomy is then revealed. The fire captain who has been portrayed right along as being in the right says, "One day ten thousand people will die in one of these fires unless you architects ask us how to build them." "I'm asking," says Newman. Here is a resounding indication of the moral bankruptcy of much of contemporary literature. It takes the architect, the symbol of man reaching for the skies, and says he doesn't know what he is doing. He has to go through a humiliating experience until hat in hand he is made to call upon a fireman for help.

Why is it that the writers, directors, and producer of this movie when they could build a story on the conflicts of building the world's tallest building, have chosen instead to use the conflicts of its destruction. In literature you are free to have things come out as you wish. What explains the preference for malaise, for Frankenstein's monster?

EARTHQUAKE:

I pointed out in my review of THE TOWERING INFERNO that the choice of conflict in the dramatic arena is the author's. And I questioned the choice of a destructive conflict to a constructive one. Another suitable confrontation, however, is man against nature, a situation which can get to the root of man's humanness. A movie such as EARTHQUAKE could be exceptionally powerful in the dramatic sense because it pits man against catastrophe. The movie, sadly, degenerates into cop-out after cop-out, substituting spectacle for drama.

EARTHQUAKE is what is known in the trade as a blockbuster (no pun intended). The movie operates on a crass commercialism that substitutes box office projections for drama. It packs in all the super-studs it can, linking them together by coincidence in a story that is less than the sum of its parts. Charlie Heston invariably gets to expose his bod, and we are on our way pell-mell from cliff hanger to cliff hanger.

Man against earthquake begins in science. There is an early interlude when an eager grad student tries to get across to his superiors a warning that a 7-point quake is predicted. We are asked to believe that these scientists never want to consider evidence, that they are so authority bound only fear motivates them, and that their work is without goal. Cop-out number one.

Big, beautiful Heston is a construction engineer. He is therefore a logical choice for central character; who else should know the problems of building in an earthquake zone. And at first it seems he is diligent about overcoming the dangers since he insists that a builder follow his specs and not the minimal ones of the city's. However, when it comes to the crash, he tools around Los Angeles in his jeep saying, "Maybe we shouldn't have built those forty story buildings after all." Cop-out number two.

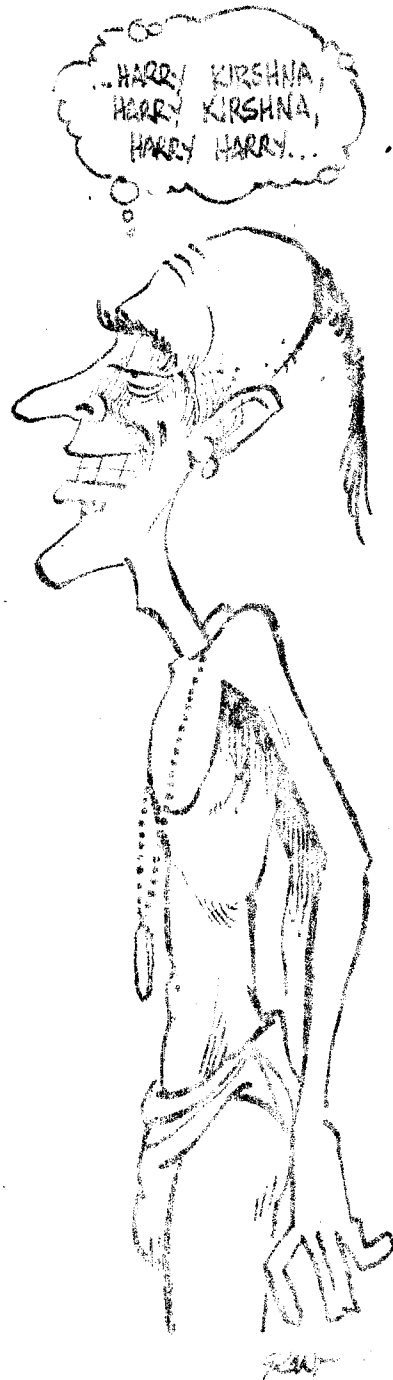
Heston does show he has a head on his broad shoulders when he solves a seemingly impossible rescue problem. But otherwise he is overshadowed by the less charismatic but steady acting of George Kennedy as a dedicated patrolman of the LAPD. Kennedy's credentials as a morally outraged upholder of the law are established in an opening chase scene when he is after a hit and run driver. He is so insensed by the petty bureaucracy of the county police that he lets fly at his antagonist and winds up dismissed from duty. Thus he is freed for numerous acts of heroism when he alone from his precinct survives to give the neighborhood a hand.

The love triangle involving Heston is too tired to be a central plot. Ava Gardner as his bitchy wife is a travesty of her former self. Sweet, young Genevieve

Bujold does well with what little space is given to her. The disgusting part is that for some unknown principle Heston cannot exercise the same reason with which he solves physical problems to unravel his own life. The movie takes its ultimate cop-out and drowns him. (We should be used to seeing Heston sacrifice himself after BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, OMEGA MAN, and SOYLENT GREEN, but the theater audience was quite vocal over this latest abortion to the plot line.)

Other story incidents are incredibly second rate concerns.

As for the earthquake's twenty minutes of tremor, they are interesting, but you can't make a movie out of shock alone. The added device of sensurround failed to impress the audience, acting as an irritant rather than a stimulant. Such acoustical tricks can only vary with individual theaters. I found the vibration caused my chair arm to resonate slightly, a sensation somewhat similar to leaning against the kitchen counter while running the garbage disposal.



TWO
GLANCES



John Killian Huston Brunner:
Taking a Brief Glance
by Wayne W. Martin

Too Brief a Glance
by Don D'Amassa

Word reaches me that Don D'Amassa has insisted that I present an article supporting my statement of John Brunner's "super left liberalism". Well, I'm no Alexi Panshin (more than talent separates us, too). I don't don't particularly like taking a shot at, what some may likely consider a weak point, my favorite author. None-the-less, it has been issued unto me ...a challenge. In the tennis game of fandom, Don has served and I must return a volley. In more intellectual terms of chess; Don (taking white) has opened King's pawn (KP) to King's row-square 4 (K4). I counter with...

JOHN KILLIAN HOUSTON BRUNNER:
TAKING A BRIEF GLANCE

by Wayne W. Martin

Before any overly anxious reader decides to take exception that the terms "leftist" and "liberal" don't actually go together, I'll make a few points of explanation of usage. In the actual sense of leftists, such as the Soviet Union loyal communists, liberalism is often far from a manner of common practice. Generally considered leftist, communists are not tolerant of others in most cases.

In reference to Brunner, liberal must stay (in: regards to his writing). Leftist; well take Robert Heinlein ~~(please)~~. He is generally considered a "right winger". From that perspective, of standards of American concepts of what a left winger is, I put Brunner in that group. Super; "super" means (in my context) greater than the typical.

I should also point out that this term "super left liberalism" refers to what is found in his writing and I do not necessarily ascribe these characteristics to him. I do not consider John Brunner a liberal (though I rather think he may consider himself one, maybe not). A liberal is supposed to be tolerant of others, but from many indications, such as his letter in NOTES #9, he is not tolerant of Christians for one thing. Strange: before me is a paperback (Ace) of his THE WORLD SWAPPERS. In the "John Brunner writes of himself" section he says "Out of sumpathy with: intolerance of all kinds..." At least he was

thinking of himself as a liberal then. The list goes on though, "...the beat generation..." so his tolerance wasn't complete then, in spite of the comment in the same sentence.

That aside, the point is his writing...

Regardless of what he may have thought of the beat generation and now of Christians (mainly stemming from the tendency of some Christians to act in rather un-Christianly ways) his writing in recent years has been heavily slanted in leftist and liberal directions.

One of the principal leftist assertions is that Western civilization is destroying it. You may remember what Krushchev said one time, that they (referring to themselves) would bury us (referring to us). In his novels, Brunner has shown the west deteriorating on its own, without the aid necessarily of war and outside impetus. STAND ON ZANZABAR, JAGGED ORBIT, and others depict the west on its merry way downhill. The system is bad and it's ruining us, while that very well may be true - it is a leftist view (in regards to the West) as opposed to the right. His extremes in, say THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN, goes further yet than most American or British leftists normally do.

In STONE, he opens both barrels against Christianity, using it as the force that causes the ill. His Godheads are portrayed as little more than extortionists. While the left tends more towards atheism (the official position of communist governments), few actually go as far as portraying the Christians as an active, potential menace.

Leftist positions presented in a manner of greater stress, tending to be slightly over-stressed: super leftist. He may not actually believe Christians to be that great of a menace, but remember, the question concerns his writing.

Liberalism abounds in Brunner's writing. In his futuristic novels, Brunner demonstrates an apparent outrage at intolerance perpetrated on minorities. In STONE again and in THE WRONG END OF TIME (he features a leading character who is gay in the former) he hits on points of prejudice against homosexuality.

The lead character of STONE is heterosexual, but retains a friendship with a gay Jew and is highly distraught when the friend is beaten by Godheads. Later Godheads raid a gay church.

In JAGGED ORBIT, blacks have established their own governments outside of the jurisdiction of White controlled America. From the injustices suffered by blacks, they have turned to set up their own control of themselves -and do better for themselves than the whiteman had done for them. A liberal view.

His characters also display liberalism in respect to pre-marital sex and in DRAMATURGES OF YAN, the leading male lives with one of not quite earth-human women (he makes some interesting comments on the sexual relationship with a woman of a slightly different anatomical structured sex organ.) The guy doesn't hold her in lower regard for her alien form, either. To me, that reads liberal.

All told, most of Brunner's writing is tinged with that liberalism. The only intolerance Brunner tends to advocate within the stream of his fiction is an intolerance for the intolerant.

This isn't, obviously, an in depth analysis. It is a random glance through a few samples of his work, that out of its randomness should emerge a few basics. I have presented what has easily emerged from these samples to support my statement. I've responded to Don's move with KN to KB3.

TOO BRIEF A GLANCE

by Don D'Ammassa

Wayne Martin's substantiation of his characterization of John Brunner as a "super left liberal" demonstrates not only a lack of supporting evidence but a total misunderstanding of liberalism and conservatism as systems of thought. There is also an apparent lack of perception in his assumptions that the terms mean the same thing

in Europe as they do in the U.S., and that communist governments are universally atheistic as a matter of policy.

Wayne defines "super" in this context as "greater than a typical"; "left" means "such as the Soviet Union loyal communists"; and liberals are characterized as "tolerant of others", with no further definition available. As near as can be gleaned from this fragmentary piece, therefore, Wayne's working definition of super left liberal is a more than usually avid supporter of policies similar to those of the Soviet Union, though more tolerant than the communists. Wayne apparently doesn't mean this to be an absolute definition, but since it is difficult to figure out exactly what he does mean, this will have to serve. Now on to his specific points, the aspects of Brunner's work which he considers to be evidence of Brunner's "super left liberalism".

1. Brunner feels that western civilization is destroying itself. In Wayne's own remarks about Khrushchev, he points out that the statement was "We shall destroy you" rather than "You shall destroy yourselves." The position that the West is destroying itself because of its own decadence is essentially a conservative position, not a liberal one. George Orwell, a staunch anti-communist, showed us this in 1984. The John Birch Society, George Wallace, Ronald Reagan, the American Conservative Union, YAF, and any number of conservative societies tell us this same thing at every opportunity. Hardly evidence that Brunner is a liberal.

2. Brunner indicates (in THE JAGGED ORBIT) that Blacks might well manage better if they were left to govern themselves. Wayne seems not to have read newspapers or watched TV news in quite a few years. The liberal position is integration, not separation. Black separatism is another essentially conservative position. Send them back to Africa, and such.

3. Brunner is not disapproving of pre-marital sex. Recent polls in the U.S. indicate that very few people are, and there is no particular correlation with political views. And even if there were, that would make Robert Heinlein a "super left liberal", a point I'm sure Wayne would never try to defend.

4. Brunner defends homosexuals. Wayne may not be aware of the fact, but homosexuality is perfectly legal in England, and is almost certainly going to achieve the same status here shortly. Basic human rights, such as Brunner points out in THE STONE THAT NEVER CAME DOWN is no more a liberal than a conservative position. No political philosophy that doesn't accept the right of humans to live is likely to be as popular as conservatism or liberalism.

5. Brunner is anti-Christian. Now we know, friends, thanks to Wayne Martin, that all non-Christians are liberals. That list obviously includes such "liberals" as Joseph Stalin, Idi Amin, Julius Caesar, Rabbi Korff, and Ayub Khan.

6. Brunner defends miscegenation. If writing a story in which a human and an extra-terrestrial have sex makes one a "super left liberal", we once more have Robert Heinlein in that category, viz THE GLORY ROAD.

Wayne plainly doesn't even understand his own arguments. He refers to Brunner's autobiographical remarks in THE WORLD SWAPPERS about his "sympathy with intolerance", and then refers elsewhere to Brunner's "outrage with intolerance", thus contradicting his own argument. Of course, Brunner's remarks seem to be tongue in cheek in the former case, but if that validates the latter statement, it invalidates the chain of statements about hippies and Christianity that Wayne makes elsewhere.

Brunner does have very sharp criticisms of Western Civilization and the U.S. Some of his charges strike me as a bit overstated, particularly in THE SHEEP LOOK UP, to

which Wayne doesn't even refer. But labeling a man is always dangerous, particularly when the labler has no clear understanding of the words he is using. Wouldn't Wayne resent being called an ultra right wing reactionary capitalist pig, based on a misinterpretation of his remarks? I think so.



"Your all-purpose axe is also useful in disposing of serpent-like creatures you suspect of being venomous."

-Astronaut's Handbook, 17 ED p247.

IN SEARCH OF ELDORADO

Here's D'oeuvres for "The Silmarillion" by Ben Indick

For those readers who love Tolkien's writings, and must impatiently await the long-delayed posthumous appearance of his unpublished works, a temporary treat has been made available by T-K Graphics Publishers. Marion Zimmer Bradley, an established science fiction pro, eschewing pseudo-Tolkienian romances, has written two brief tales which actually lie within the Tolkien epic itself, faithful to the content and the style of the master.

The longer of the two, "The Jewel of Arwen", is part of the pre-history of the Ring, (based upon a single paragraph in the Appendix, Vol III, page 333, H.M. 2nd Edn) and is appropriately treated as a "new translation of separate extracts from a little-known and untitled book of lore." It discusses the background of the gem which Arwen Evenstar would one day give to Frodo, to bring him aid when "the memory of the fear and darkness troubles..." It is couched in the literary manner of the saga-tale, courtly and laden with suggested mystery, and slips gracefully into the form and even characters who will later populate the History of the Ring. Its footnotes strike an interesting contemporary note, as Ms. Bradley, in a science fictional vein, offers possible explanations of some of the magical elements, in terms of poisonous radio-active substances and even lysergen-type hallucinogens.

Her second voyage into Tolkieniana is less formal in style and content, with neither footnotes nor explanations. "The Parting of Arwen" is solely concerned with the final meeting of Arwen with her father, Elrond, leader of the Elves, prior to her final and irrevocable renunciation of Elvish immortality for life as a mortal, wife to Aragorn. Tolkien mentions this last moment in their lives together poignantly but briefly; Ms. Bradley, obviously moved, empathetic to the noble and beautiful Arwen, depicts the actual scene. It is not unusual in fantasy literature for a fairy creature to become mortal: L. Frank Baum usues the device in "The Enchanted Island of Yew", but it is reversible; Hans Christian Anderson uses it in "The Little Mermaid", where it is permanent. In neither case is the full drama of the moment of conversion explored in depth, and, as stated above, it is brief in Tolkien as well. Perhaps it is the woman in Ms. Bradley, seeking more than the stately, dignified, nearly silent roles Tolkien accords his feminine characters; in the brief pages of her tale, which reads as smoothly as though it were a lost chapter by Tolkien himself, she allows us to share the grief as well as the love in this parting of father and daughter. It complements and is a worthy tribute and addition to a masterpiece of fantasy and literature. Until, at last, we can read "The Silmarillion", we may be grateful to Marion Bradley for a lovely echo and even amplification of a book we love.

M.Z. Bradley: THE JEWEL OF ARWEN, T-K Graphics, 40pp, incl. prefaces and notes.

\$2.00 Illustrated by Jean Brill in woodcut-style rather fancifully. No copyright date (1973, I believe)

M. Z. Bradley: THE PARTING OF ARWEN, T-K Graphics, 10 pp. \$0.75. Cover artist unidentified; a pity as it is a fine piece of work.

(Of parallel interest by the same author and publisher, is her non-fiction essay on JRRT, "Men, Halflings and Hero-Worship", 1973, 54 pgs, well illustrated by Judith Weiss, \$3.00)

STRESS PATTERN by Neal Barrett, Jr. DAW books #128, November 1974, 160 pages, 95¢
reviewed by John Robinson

Like many DAW books this is no big thing for your memory file. But it is entertaining, and you may find an amusing idea or two dropped ~~casually~~ ⁱⁿ your lap.

Andrew Gavin is marooned on an alien planet after the ship on which he is travelling comes apart. Gavin manages to ~~acquire~~ ^{secure} sufficient supplies to survive for a couple weeks -- until some creature from beneath the surface gobbles capsule and contents down and heads for the depth. Earthman alone on an alien planet.

So Gavin finds some local inhabitants, travels aboard one of the fantastic giant worms, meets other weird humanoid creatures, turns a wet dream into reality, fathers the first known baby on the planet (the usual birth produces an adult, both mentally and physically), and finally encounters the "brains behind this stupid planet." Good fun.

THE GALACTIC REJECTS by Andrew J. Offutt, Dell #3361, November 1974, 157 pages, 95¢
reviewed by John Robinson

What could have been a very good juvenile comes out merely competent. Three psionically talented people (like the character in the previous book) are marooned on an alien planet.

Earth is at war with Azuli, and our heroes are on the lookout for their enemies. But all they find are friendly natives, possibly descended from early Terran colonization but now separated from Earth culture completely. This is a slow-developing civilization. There's no future shock here.

Offutt develops both his characters and the local people and customs well but fails to maintain characterization once the malevolent aliens appear. It becomes "capture the castle." The three prevail over several hundred and the peaceful Berans are transformed into a more violent people.

A good book in its developing stages, THE GALACTIC REJECTS fails for want of melodrama that leads to forced action.

HEROVIT'S WORLD by Barry N. Malzberg, Pocket Books, 160 pages, 95¢ reviewed by John Robinson

It used to be that I looked to the Nebula Awards as the best indicator for well-written sf. When the awards committee declared this book was not sf it added one more discouraging bit of evidence that the Nebulas are no longer best considered.

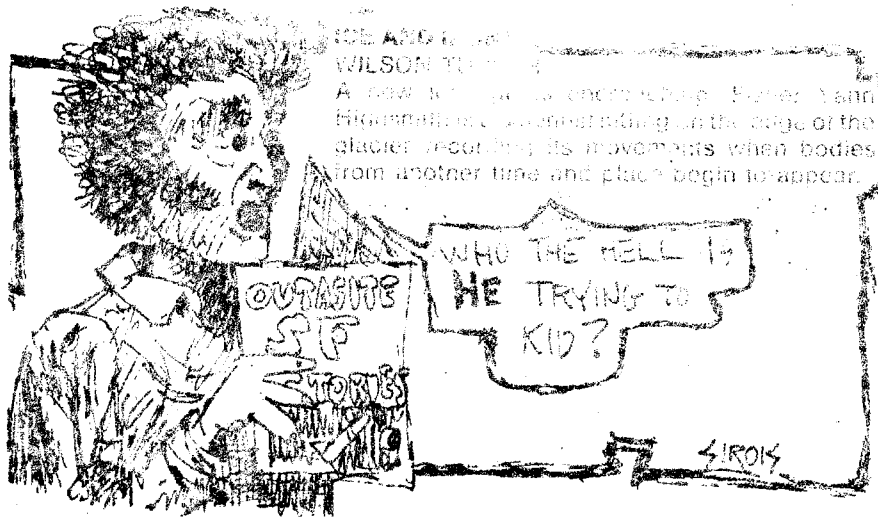
HEROVIT'S WORLD received the greatest number of nominating votes for 1974. The writers appear to have liked it best. But a decision was made to disqualify the book.

If you're familiar with fannish chatter about the field of sf then a lot of what is found in this book will be familiar. However, I must comment: "How true, how true."

CLONE by Richard Cowper, Avon, September 1974, 192 pages, 95¢ reviewed by John Robinson

Here's a fun book that shows you can combine satire and slapstick in sf and succeed. One member of a set of clones roams around suffering from amnesia. He meets an assortment of strange creatures including intelligent apes, bureaucrats, the Anti-Vasectomy League, and angelic Good Samaritans (who, like other Samaritans, offers him poison to end it all) and, last but not least, the rest of the clones of his set.

It's urban chaos as good as any I've encountered.



PATRON OF THE ARTS
by William Rotsler,
Ballantine, July
1974, 210 pages,
\$1.25
reviewed by John
Robinson

This turns out
to be an overextend-
ed space opera with
several good touches.
Brain Thorne, one of
the eight richest
men on earth, loses
his love and heads
off to Mars to try
and recover or for-
get her. After much

ado about practically nothing, he discovers the secret of an art technique as intergalactic transportation. This was better in its shorter version.

STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS by Harry Harrison, Berkley, October 1974, 190
pages, 95¢ reviewed by John Robinson

Dick Lupoff does this sort of thing better. School chums chase after the heroine, encounter racism, aliens, super-science and their own homosexuality. Where is Ova Hamlet when we need her?

CENTER FORCE by T.A. Waters, Dell, December 1974, 1975, 95¢. reviewed by John
Robinson

There are many small bits that require a lot of chewing. This book whizzes right along as its hero bikes around the wilder parts of an America after things fell apart. Waters uses the I Ching for chapter titles and sometimes it fits. I almost found this book plausible. It's also quite readable.

UNPOPULAR PLANET by Evelyn E. Smith, Dell, January 1975, 335 pages, \$1.25.
reviewed by John Robinson

Droll, droll, droll. Although this book occurs in the future tense the hero describes the action with all the asides of a down and out Victorian gentleman.

Nicholas Piggot is having troubles with the authorities because of a rival for his love. The rival, a Magnate, arranges for Piggot to be framed for acting VIOLENTLY. But Nicholas, a non-musician with a drinking problem, is saved by the blue dragons who call themselves Business Beings.

Weird? I'll say it is, and tongue in cheek adventure as well. This is about the best buy for my money I've found in several months. It could be the sleeper of the year.

HELLSTROM'S HIVE by Frank Herbert, Bantam Books, April 1974, 312 pages, \$1.50
reviewed by Mike Bracken

David L. Wolper's movie, THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE, was the inspiration behind this never-a-dull-moment story of the Government vs an insect-like hive of humans.

Nils Hellstrom is the character this story revolves around, a movie maker and leader of the Hive who, because of his abnormal upbringing, is hard to pin

down by "normal" standards. But Hellstrom is not what this story is about; he is just a centerpiece, used to compare the Outside from the Hive. He is the medium, via his movies, through which the Hive is trying to subvert the rest of the world into accepting, or joining, their insect-like existence.

The characters in this novel, the major ones at least, don't seem to be drawn fine enough, but are hardly cardboard-cutouts. Of course, many of the Hive members can't be well-defined because, by their very nature, they aren't whole characters. In this respect Herbert does well. It is in the characterization of the Outsiders that Herbert seems lacking. Perhaps it is only me, but I can not find a character that is complete by my standards, though this could be caused by the fact that all the Outsiders used in the story were merely the puppets of a Police State. I can't be sure.

The ending of this book is not what I'm used to. The Hive wins the battle temporarily but the ending leaves me unsure of who wins the war; a sort of "reader, take your choice".

Over all, though, I find this an enjoyable book to read, and recommend it to others.

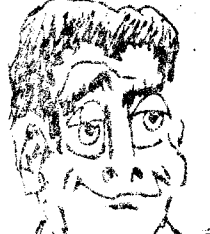
TOTAL ECLIPSE
JOHN BRUNNER

They, whoever they were, came to their moon and made a vast crater into the largest telescope imaginable. But they've been dead for a hundred years. Jan, Karen and Igor travel thousands of light years to probe the secrets of a highly sophisticated civilization with just one hope—that this knowledge will prevent the same thing from happening on earth.

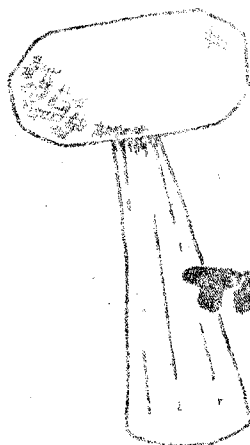
LC 75-14042
ISBN 0-385-09596-8

May, \$5.95

"I WAS ONLY WORRY, I DON'T CONSIDER, I DON'T NEVER APPROPRIATE THE FUNNY..."



SIRUIS



THOR'S

MARTIN

by Steve Beatty

"The usual" means that the fanzine is available for trades, contributions, or letters of comment. All zines are mimeo and irregular unless otherwise noted.

Zines intended for review should be sent to 1662 College Terr Dr, Murray, KY 42071.

ABBA ZABA 1, 2; Nov; 2pp offset each. (10¢ or the usual; Simon Agree, 25157 Atwood Blvd, Newhall, CA 91321) This is better than LE VIOL (reviewed in this column recently), but only because it is legible and shorter. It is mostly an announcement that he will continue publishing, plus some scribbling and poetry.

A FLYING WHAT? 2, Nov, 23pp (20¢ or the usual; Joe Walter, Box 1077, Fort Bragg, CA 95437) Interesting little fanzine with some potential for improvement. The best part of this issue is two Fort Bragg fannish adventures, getting an electrostencil made and mimeoing a zine on Baby Gertie. There are also reviews and a few fanzine listings.

ALPHA & OMEGA 8; 25pp. (30¢ or the usual; William C. Wagner, Box 108, Glenolden, PA 19036) With two short stories, a Lazarus Long parody, and a serious article (on the place of universe-origin myths in SF and fantasy), the only thing that distinguishes this from the run-of-the-mill mediocre small fanzine is the way the editorial and letter column are intermingled. Actually, it is not as bad as that may sound. The article, in particular, was thought-provoking.

APA-50 #4; Feb; 49pp mimeo, ditto, and offset. (bimonthly; dues \$2/year; Chris Sherman, 700 Parkview Terr, Minneapolis, MN 55416) This is an APA open to people who were born in or after 1950 or are named Roger Sween. The nominal purpose is serious discussion, but of course the members write about whatever they want to. And there are some interesting people on the as-yet short membership list. If you qualify, you can probably get a sample mailing free for the asking.

APA-H 39; Feb; 12pp. (monthly; dues for printing and postage; Steve Beatty) Although real people are permitted to contribute to APA-H, we prefer that members be hoaxes. APA-H is struggling to get back on its feet with a new Official Editor after a lapse of several months, and could use some new blood. Sample copies are free.

GLAAP 3; 19pp ditto & mimeo. (Ed Learner, 2365 Wyandotte Ave, Cuyahoga Fls, OH 44223) The full name of this group is the Cleveland Association of Amateur Pressmen. They too are trying to get started again. Although Learner is the nominal OC, Mike Glycer did most of the work. This mailing was heavily infiltrated by APA-L and APA-H members.

DEVLINS REVIEW 1; Feb; 24pp. (50¢; Robert Coulson, Rt 3, Hartford City, IN 47348) Big name fan and grouchy reviewer Buck Coulson has taken the fmz reviews out of YANDRO and put them here. The entire zine consists of short reviews or opinions of a huge number of fanzines. The second issue will be the last. Recommended for fanzine freaks, now that Irvin Koch has stopped doing this in MAYBE.

DON-O-SAUR 39; Dec; 22pp offset. (bimonthly; 25¢ or the usual; Don Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct, Westminster, CO 80030) A very readable personalzine written by an interesting person and good writer. But if you don't find Thompson interesting, you wouldn't like his zine either.

ELANOR 18; Dec; 31pp ditto. (every month or two; to members; Jim Carletom, 745 Vallejo St, Brea, CA 92621) This apa is loosely connected with the Mythopoeic Society. Discussion centers around fantasy authors such as Tolkien and Lewis. There is also some amateur fantasy fiction. I believe a sample copy may be obtained free.

E-STARIAN EXPLORER 1; Dec; 10pp. (letter of comment or 25¢; Wayne W. Martin, 4623 E Inyo, Apt E, Fresno, CA 93703) This is a first issue, so I guess I should be kind to it and encourage its editor. I have no idea what kind of a fanzine Wayne wants to publish (maybe he doesn't himself yet), but #1 included personal anecdotes from Wayne, a book review by Warren Johnson, an explanation by Joe Walter of how fandom causes ulcers (as if we didn't already know), and Mike Bracken talking about Baby Gertie. Although the issue as a whole seems rather aimless, all of the material was worth reading, and I'm looking forward to #2, which will probably be fairly good, whatever it will be.

ETERNITY ROAD 1; Dec; 8pp offset. (25¢ or the usual; Larry Carmody, 40 Shortridge Dr, Mineola, NY 11501) The editor (who also published ARMAGEDDON) calls this a personalzine, but it is given over mainly to short reviews. A zine like this could fill an empty niche in fandom. Send a contribution and help it grow.

FANTABULOUS CRUD; 13pp. (Joe Walter, Box 1077, Fort Bragg, CA 95437) Personal-type ramblings by John L. Robinson, Mike Bracken, Dave Sell, and Sheryl Birkhead. Interesting reading, at least if you know the people.

FANZINE FANATIQUE; unnumbered and undated; 6pp. (usual; Keith Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancs., UK) Fanzine reviews, mostly British. Since most of the British fanzines seem to be ceasing publication, there isn't much to this zine.

GODLESS 8, 9; fall, Jan; 37, 51pp. (75¢, 3/\$2, or the usual; Bruce Arthurs, 2401 W Southern, B-136, Tempe, AZ 85282) A very good general-contents fanzine. #8 features a long article by the editor analyzing Roger Elwood's impact on SF. Arthurs describes Elwood's editing activities, then raises several questions: Is Elwood a good editor? What influence does he have on the field? Does he have consistent standards, or a too-broad range of tastes? Because of the large number of books he edits, does he give too little time and effort to each one? Are his story length limits too restrictive? Do his religious beliefs inhibit writers who submit to him? The amount of SF published has increased, but has this caused more to be written, or is Elwood dipping farther down into the barrel? Arthurs has a well-written essay

going into each of these questions in detail. He discusses these points rationally, without going into screaming hysterics as some others have done.

An informative Discon report highlights #9. The book reviews are also notable. The letter column is the kind that makes you want to write a letter to comment on the comments.... Highly recommended.

GONZO 18; Dec; 7pp. (12/\$2 or ?; Mike Bailey, Box 48563 Sta Bentall, Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3, Canada) This skinny little thing can't make up its mind whether it's a personalzine or a club/newszine. Not recommended.

GRANFALLOON 19; Dec; 50pp mimeo & offset. (annual; \$1 or the usual; Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA 19076) This issue contains an editorial describing Linda's fannish dreams, a Don D'Amassa article summarizing another little known author, an art portfolio, an interview with Roger Elwood, a book review, and some amateur fiction, so it could be considered a typical genzine. But then it also has Jodie Offutt telling how to make donuts, and an autobiography from Mae Strelkov. Not quite what I was expecting from a Hugo award nominee, but still very readable.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 12; Nov; 21pp. (trades and letters; Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, VA 23605) Chronicle of what arrives in Ned's mailbox, including many fanzine listings. An useful source of addresses and miscellaneous information.

THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE; May 1974; 102pp. (\$1.50; Barry Gold, 2471 Oak St, Santa Monica, CA 90405) A collection first published in 1958 of the writings of Charles Burbee, BNF of the 1940s and 1950s. Burbee analyzes all aspects of fandom--the FIAWOL philosophy, the "whoever wants it done has to do it himself" attitude, fanzines, clubs, feuds, etc. Sometimes the more things change, the more they stay the same. Thus "The Ideal Fanzine," written 25 years ago, contains a perfect parody description of today's first-issue fanzine. I heartily recommended this collection if you are interested in fandom in and of itself. But don't be mislead--you won't find anything about science fiction here. A trufan like Burbee hardly ever reads the stuff, especially if he collects it.

KABALLAH 4; Sept; 22pp offset. (40¢ or the usual?; Gerard Houarner, 25-33 48th St, Long Is Cy, NY 11103) KABALLAH primarily covers fantasy. The articles and letters discuss topics such as why fantasy is or is not widely read in America. There is information on the semiprofessional fantasy fiction zines. Although mainly sercon, there are a few convention notes.

KARASS 10, 11; Jan; 15pp each. (about monthly; 4/\$1 or the usual; Linda Bushyager, address above) A news magazine covering both fandom and SF itself. Indispensable.

KRATOPHANY 6; Dec; 35pp. (50¢ or the usual; Eli Cohen, 2920 Victoria Ave apt 12, Regina, Sask. S4T 1K7, Canada) The most interesting feature of this well-produced fanzine is Eli's editorial telling of his immigration into Canada and finding a job. There are also an incomprehensible comic strip, a few amusing personal-type columns, and a review of an encyclopedia with each volume considered as an individual book--that has to be seen to be believed. (By the way, when I say that a fanzine is well-produced, I'm talking about art, layout, and reproduction--those things that I don't notice unless they're outstanding or awful.)

LAUGHING OSIRIS 2; 37pp offset. (75¢, 6/\$4, locs, or contributions; Lost Queen Press, Box 3, Fort Thomas, KY 41075) This new fanzine is very appealing visually--it has fantastic art, skilled layout, and impeccable reproduction. The contents are equally good. Although slanted towards fiction of the Lovecraft vein, LO covers all aspects of SF. Recommended.



I CAME BACK, BUT I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE'S GLAD I DID
by Michael T. Shoemaker

I was gone, zip, gafiated and nobody ever knew it, or even noticed for that matter. (This is some indication of my fannish status. On the other hand, maybe I never had any all to gaf.) Calvin Demmon records in SYNDROME #1 how he was elevated to BNFhood by his gafiation, but I have gafiated twice and this has yet to happen to me.

It all started when I decided to clear out my backlog of 16 recent prozines (after all, I have to maintain my Trufan status). That took three whole days (man, there was a lot of garbage in there!). Being sick of the loc a day routine, and having enjoyed the three day break, I decided to extend my pleasure. Also, my run-in with the megaphone mouthed midget from the West, and various fanzine items, were making me a believer in the Stathis-correlary: most fans are assholes. So I was tired of wading through the dung. I declared a moratorium on fanac while I submerged myself once again in Conrad. This heavenly state lasted from July 31 until August 11, at which time I broke down and wrote to a fan whom I liked a lot.

After this, I noticed that my pile of books for Immediate Reading was growing unwieldy. I remember a long time ago when this stack was up to 44 and through diligent reading I blitzed through it in a month and a half. But now...what to do... 121 sure is a lot...at the rate of one a day...that's four months! The mind boggles.

Thus, as I attempted to catch up, I gafiated for my second time. Which brings me up to now, August 20. This fanzine came in the mail some time ago and it says: "Last one until you loc this one." So commanding, so final, like the creak and crash of the dungeon door slamming shut (that's called aliteration, all you poets out there). I gulp, and tremble, and my hands are wet: I feel myself in the grip of aome Van Vogtian force. I glance up (to the ceiling) at the backlog of unanswered fanzines. I shudder and jerk into manic production. Lessee, 7 or 8 locs a day and maybe I'll be caught up in a week. Reading through these fanzines it doesn't look like things have changed much while I was gone. Same old fandom. Gafiating without telling anyone has its advantages: no need to renew contacts.

When I get all these locs out of the way (uh-huh, sure), I have a lot of article ideas that I am just dying to write. But wait, what's this, three more prozines have already piled up! I'm going nuts... there, I'm back again; nothing like a ten-hour gafia to calm the nerves.



Mike almost didn't live to finish his annish, and I almost didn't live to finish anything. But leave us begin at the begining.

MIPTON
THROUGH
THE
PLANNER
BOXES

by
Joe Walter

It is six thirty pm; I have just finished dinner and am wondering what to do. I was planning on writing a couple of letters, but all the postage stamps are in the glove box of my mother's car and I can't get the damn thing open.

Solution: go over to Mike's house and goof around.

"Mem, I'm going over to Mike's for a while, okay?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"You complain all day about driving my car around with the tank empty, and you keep praying that you'll make it to school tomorrow, and now you want to waste more gas by driving over to Mike's. That's why not."

"Alright, I'll call Mike and see if he'll come and get me."

"Why do you need to go over to Mike's anyway?"

"To do some work for Mike's annish."

Mother, hardy soul that she is, is completely inured to fandom. When she hears an out of place word she simply ignores it and assumes that I know what I'm talking about."

"Can't you work on it here?"

"No. To set my typewriter up I'd have to do a major job of excavation on my room and I don't quite think I'm up to it at present."

And with that I turned to the phone. Of course I got no answer, and again of course, Mike drove into the yard just as I was hanging up the phone. Out the door I went.

"Okay Mike, let's go."

"Huh, where?"

"To your house, where else?"

"Oh, okay. If you're going to come over to my house, bring your typewriter."

So I packed the fourty-five pound monstrosity out to his car and away we went.

Mike was going a little fast as he turned into his driveway and he narrowly missed running up on the walkway. It was then that I received the first inkling of the fact that something was wrong.

"Shiiiiit!!!"

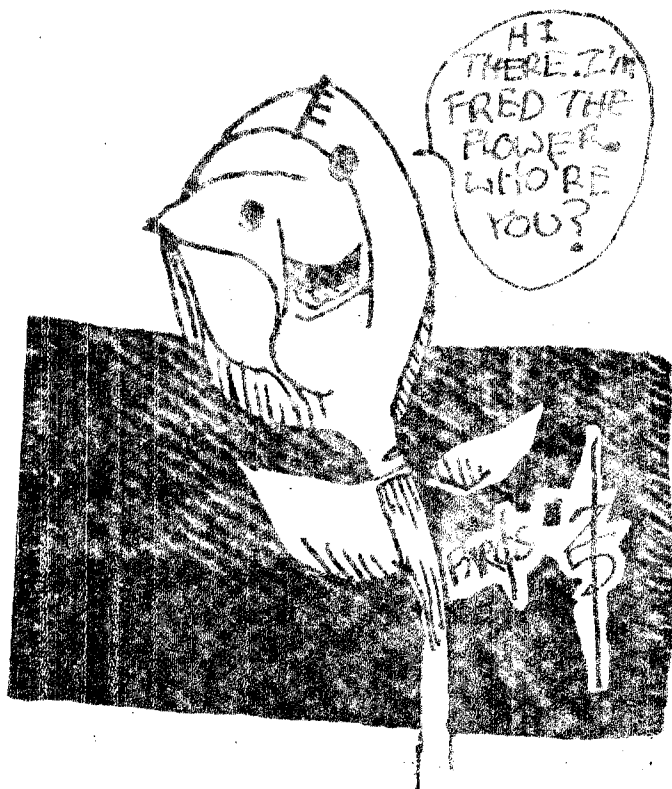
"What's wrong?"

"No brakes, what do I do?"

"I don't know. Stick it in Park."

Which Mike did.

(Continued on page 33)





A

FABLE

by Bruce D. Arthurs

Fandom is a way of life.

Damn right, kid. Don't let any of those mundane freaks convince you otherwise,

I won't, oh most holy and revered BNF.

And don't let 'em tell you that "sci-fi" (gak) is any juvenile nonsense, either. You and me, and all the other fans know better. Don't we?

Uhh...yeh. If you don't mind, though, there's one thing I've been meaning to ask you about.

Ask away, kid.

Well, uhh...I know all about s-t-f, but, uhh...what about s-e-x?

SHUT YOUR FOUL MOUTH, YOU ROTTEN KID!

I...I...I'm sorry. I didn't mean to...

Sorry, kid, it's just that you shocked me for a moment there. Us old-time fans aren't used to language like that. If you intend to stick around in fandom, kid, there's one thing you got to remember.

What's that?

"Sex and science fiction don't mix." 4E Ackerman said that, a long time ago, but it's still true today.

It is? I mean, it is, but...well, there's this girl who lives down the block from my house, and, uhh...lately, she's been coming over to watch STAR TREK with me in the afternoons...

DAMN IT, KID, WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE! Christ, first you admit to thinking about... s-e-x, and now you just admitted to watching STAR TREK! What are you, kid, a trufan or a fakefan? You have to be one or the other; there's no in between in fandom.

Why not? Besides, we've both seen all the STAR TREK episodes a dozen times before, we just like to sit in front of the tv and talk, except when we stop to watch the commercials. I like talking to her. I like her; for that matter.

Kid...kid, get out of my house.

But...

OUT!, kid. I'm not going to have a fakefan, and a Trekkie sex fiend to boot, in my fabulous fannish house!

All...all right. I'll leave. I'm sorry it ended on this note. I'll bring back all the old pulps I borrowed tomorrow...

Mail them.

sigh All right, whatever you say. But I think you're wrong, all you old-timers! Science fiction and...you know...do mix, sometimes.

For the last time, kid. OUT!

Okay, I'm leaving. Besides...it's almost time for STAR TREK to come on, anyway.

TIPTOE THROUGH THE PLANTER BOXES by Joe Walter, continued

About this time we were passing the tree (which for some inscrutable reason is smack in the middle of the driveway) and doing about ten miles an hour. The car was in Park but there was no discernable cessation in movement, there was simply a grinding noise as the gears tried to mesh. The back fence was approaching rapidly when our hurtling flight was interrupted by four very large planter boxes filled with dirt (and soon to demise plants). Planter boxes one and two (while in the process of being crunched) threw the front of Mike's car into the air, causing it to come down on top of planter boxes number three and four. Three was also crushed, but number four (being rather stubborn) refused to give way (thank god) and brought Mike's car to a shuddering halt propped precariously atop planter box number four.

"Damn. My first wreck. And in my front yard even."

"Don't feel too bad about it Mike, at least you don't have to pay some slack-jawed moron to tow you home."

"Oh, shut up! Why do you always have to ruin a good mad by cracking a stupid joke?"

"Sorry. Shall we check to see how extensive the damage is?"

We got out and checked everything. The car was unmovable due to planter box number four, plus the wreckage of planter boxes one through three which kept the front wheels off the ground.

"Mike, I hope you have a jack."

"Why?"

"So we can move your car."

"Why?"

"Why not?"

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place."

"Mike, just get the jack."

For the rest of the night we cleared debris out from underneath the frame, body, and oil pan while the neighborhood applauded. (We'd had to borrow the jack handle.)

Bankruptcy is a biggie these days. Not necessarily an embarrassment, it is gaining popularity as the "thing to do" among college graduates about to embark on the life of the wage-earner, with large student loans to pay off. It is an attractive way out for young marrieds who have treated their BankAmericards and Master Charges as sources of ready cash and overextended themselves.

As I look at the two-foot stack of un-logged fanzines on the corner of my desk, it occurs to me that it might be possible to apply the laws of bankruptcy to my fanzine obligations.

I've obviously overextended myself, taken on more debts than I can dispose of within 90 days, 6 months, or even an 18-month long-term basis.

It started during the Christmas season, when I kept accepting fanzines from the post office even though I let them pile up. Oh, there'll be extra time--when the first of the month rolls around.

They kept coming, and by the first I was so far behind, I knew I couldn't get out from under.

I'd like to go before a judge--duly appointed by the Secret Master of Fandom--where I'll declare my debts to faneds, and make a statement of my resources (time). Obviously there's no way I can catch up and the judge will declare me in bankruptcy, discharge my debts and I'll be a free mann--er, woman--~~person~~! person!

I'll have a clean slate. I'll just throw out the stack and begin anew with next Monday morning's mail.

There'll be a few hard-nosed publishers who'll cut me off because I haven't been motivated to Do Something. But the majority of them are pussycats who'll keep on sending samples of their merchandise to my door in the hopes I'll pay off.

And I will, I will.

But eventually I'll get behind again. Not intentionally, mind you! These things just happen, you know. Other unexpected obligations pop up. Things won't really get too bad before next December. Between now and then I can keep up with the Joneses--and the Warners and the Braziers and the D'Annassas.

After that I'll just take another bath.

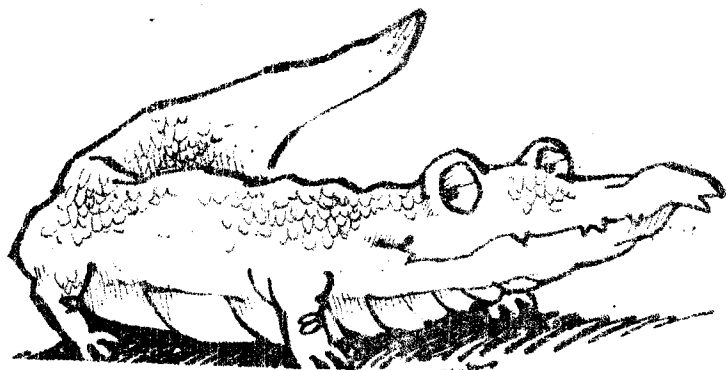
Either that, or wash my hands of the whole scene.

I really don't want to do that, though. I'd rather make a good confession once a year, do a little penance, and partake of the banquet of fandom.

TAKING A BATH

BY

JODIE
OFFUTT





THE GREAT YAWN ARTIST
by Jen Inouye

Jim S. Introv was an old-time fan.

He did not know he was an old-time fan. He always told the younger people he was a neo-fan. But no one believed him. One day, when he was drunk at a convention, Jim S. Introv told everyone that he was from Mars. Everyone believed him. Jim S. Introv said he wasn't married.

His wife didn't believe him.

One evening, when Jim was 22 (plus thirty), Jim realized that he had accomplished very little in fandom since his entrance in the Golden Thirties and Fourties. He had been wandering around an unknown, and had done nothing, achieved practically nothing, and decided that, on that night right before the Great Con of All Cons, that he was going to become a Big Name Fan.

He wore a deep-blue suit with poka-dots on the back. On one of the

"...And I got a Kelly Freas and a Vaughn Bode. C'mon up to my room and I'll show you!"

big dots were the words, I AM THE MOST BORING FAN WHO EVER LIVED. That would raise their attention, he thought (and yawned).

When the convention came, HE would be the rabble-rouser, the thinker, the sercon fan...the big shot, the big name fan-addic. He laughed. I THINK, THEREFORE I AM.

Soon, the con rooms became crowded.

A few eyes stared at his poka-dots.

"Do you publish a fanzine?" asked someone.

He turned around. It was a gorgeous, young girl. Images of Lolita sprung into his mind. But...oh, don't be so ridiculous.

"No. I'm too bored." He began to shout so as many fans on the floor could hear him. "I've been in fandom even before you kids were bored. I was a good friend of Stan Linterstein, the Great Pulpster and author of Lindberg's Air Stories. And let me say that fandom's gone downhill. I know. And I'm bored.

"I hereby challenge any fan thirty dollars that he can't make me unbored with fandom."

HA HA HA HA HA HA came vocies.

"What do you get when you cross-breed a science fiction author with an ape?"

"A retarded ape."

HA HA HA HA HA HA

"Lat's have no Polish jokes," said Jim. "I'm partly Polish."

HA HA HA HA HA HA

Jim realized that he was the prime-rib of attention at the con. Soon, all the fanzines would write about him...he would become a celebrity. It was almost like publishing a fanzine.

Publishing a fanzine...

The thoughts ran about briefly in his mind. Never thought of that before--

HA Ha ha ha ha ha ha haaaaaaaaaaaaaa

"Do you want to hear a boring joke?" said a neo. "Well, why do science fiction authors eat dinner?"

"Hmmm," said Jim S. Introv (skl).

"Well, they have nothing better to do."

"WHAT?"

"Wait," said Jim. Let me figure that out." He whispered. Why do...

He laughed. It was funny. It's a summary of all he's been through in fandom. Or so he thought. Things so boring in his life, that it was almost funny.

"Kid. Here's \$30.00 in cash. Go buy yourself a coupla subscriptions."

"GEE WHIZ! GOLLIE GILLICKERS! HEY--"

"Cut it out. You're boring me."

"Sorry."

"That's all right. I'm going to see A BOY AND HIS DOG. Want to come?"

"No," said the neo. "I'm too bored."

The girl appeared from amidst the crowd.

"Have you ever read amateur fiction?" she asked. "Well, at the end of every fantasy, an amateur writer always ends it by having the protagonist wake up. And it was all a very bad dream."

"Yes. I was the one who established that plotline back in the old days."

"Oh. So you're the one."

"Yeah," he answered. "Yeah."

He woke up. It was all a bad dream.



NOTES FROM THE UNDERTAKING OF AN ARTICLE

or

Embodiment in Fanwriting

by Chris Hulse

October 30: Mike's KPSS 10 arrived today, along with a note from Mike. He's soliciting for contributions to his first annish, and has asked me if I would be kind enough to be one of those contributors. Well, I certainly will be; in fact, I'll shoot off a card tomorrow to let him know. Now down to business: lessee, how about a story? "With a rotary-powered burp and a salacious tweak of his left bicuspid, Joe Phann burst into a stupor." Along those lines. Of course, it will need a little polishing. (N.B.: insist on using a pseudonym to protect yourself from all those fans you've panned! "Wright S. Mart" seems satisfactory as a nom de plume; "George Eliot" would be ever better, since it's worked so well before-- hasn't it?)

I'll have to get back to this line of thought later.

November 7: How the hell did I ever imagine I could hack out an article for Mike? I've got 85 unread hardbound books and at least that many unread paperbacks. I have fanzines to read and fanzines to loc; I have homework from four classes each night, long-term assignments, a two-year old to contend with, a wife who needs constant loving attention ... two cats, migod, forgot the cats. Hmm, let's see, any other pressing items? -- yes, but those I try to ignore. I've tried getting H. A. Kriter, who lives in my mailbox, to ghost-write an article, but he keeps telling me to fuck off. "Fuck Off, Hulse!" See! I'll have to get back to this later. I think I'll go read a book, or make some storm windows. Or something. Gotta think some more about this article.

NOVEMBER 13: How about trying to write a humorous article? I've got it: I've been babbling to Donn Brazier about an article called "The Basic Neofan's Implements and Guidelines", or some such. Maybe after Donn sees the article in KPSS I'll gain Donn's everlasting grateful devotion and respect for not submitting the article to him. I'd include the following 1/

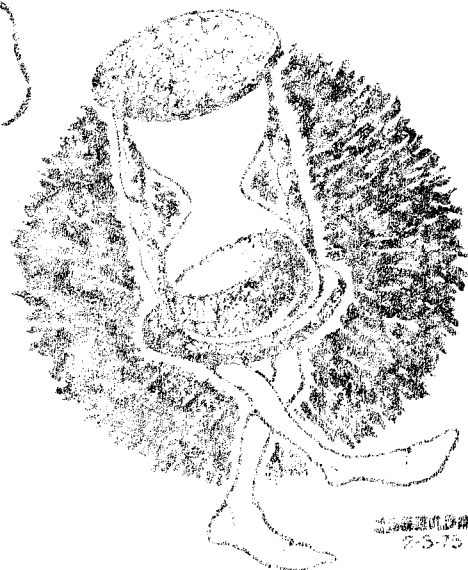
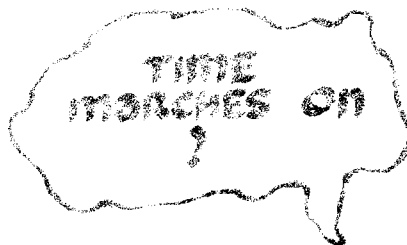
points:

1.) The fan must have the most illegible rubber stamp possible.

COROLLARIES: (a) The rubber stamp must either be so small as to be impossible to read, or so large and warped as to never make a true impression.

(b) The rubber stamp's ink pad must be a second-hand item; it must never have been and must never be reinked more often than once every 5½ years.

2.) The fan must use a typewriter that was owned by a friend or by parents -- or, preferably, a stranger's grandparents -- and was constantly abused, and when not abused,



then ignored. The a, s, d, f, i, k, l, : keys shall stick whenever they are struck. At least three other keys shall be inoperative; desirably the e, i, and u keys. If the typer is over 50 years in age it is permissible that the typer may have had one service call during its first year of use.

3.) Each letter the fan writes will say at least five times "I liked it a lot," or its derivatives; namely, "It was good," "Seemed to have a lot to say," or "Can I have your mailing list?"

4.) & etc., etc.

Not bad. But, I meant to write a humorous article. These points have too much verisimilitude. I've got to think of something funny.

I'll have to think about this.

November 20: I can't wait for this term of school to come to an end. It always seems like the work begins to mount to unbearable proportions towards the end of each session. I always try to get the term projects and extra-credit items done at the beginning of the quarter but they always end up being done the last week they are due. Well, not so with Mike's article, I dare say. I've got a complete month in which to decide what subject I'll write about, and in what form I'll write it. I have a month to think, and think...

December 22: Has it really been that long? Omigawd. Mike's zine should be out in a few days -- he's told me once it's already on a late schedule -- I've got a two-week vacation from school now, but... the article was supposed to be for Mike's anniversary. A special issue. *sigh*

I'm going to write Mike and tell him the whole story; I'll tell him exactly why I couldn't write an article for issue #11 of KPSS. I'll detail everything so he'll know I'm not just another loud-mouthed insincere fan who couldn't plug in an electric mimeograph machine even if he knew where the plug-in was. Yah; be honest, be up-front.

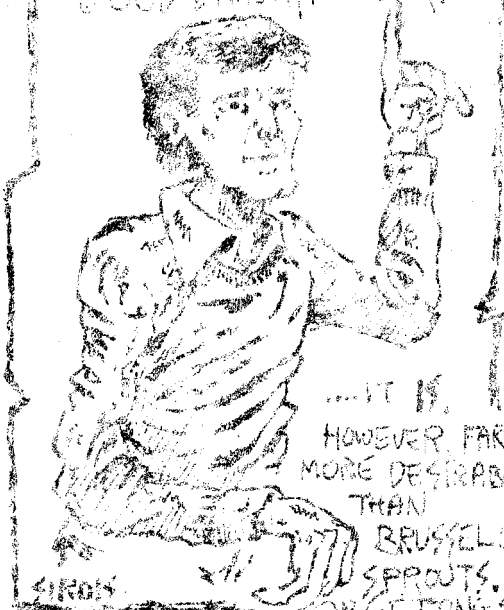
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However, that article; I probably could have written it ... but, I just didn't have the time to think about it...

FANDOM IS NO
SUBSTITUTE FOR A
GOOD DRAUGHT BEER!



...IT IS
HOWEVER FAR
MORE DESIRABLE
THAN
BRUSSELS
SPROUTS.
OR GETTING SHOT

4/10/15

WORDS FROM

Bob Coulson, Route 3, Hartford City, IN 47348

A few comments on KPSS #10.

"Pulp fiction" really was different from that of the slick magazines and hardcovers (weren't no paperbacks in them days - or not very many, anyway). It featured more action and less thought, and a writing style with shorter, choppy sentences - more impact and less interest in beautiful expressions and sophisticated use of words for their own sake. It was cheap - the author got less money, and the magazine purchaser paid less - and the good old American tradition of labeling everything by what it cost promptly decided that it was therefore trash. (Much of it was, as far as that goes.) The science fiction and fantasy magazines were never typical pulp products, basically because the editors - and some of the writers - enjoyed the field and delivered more than they were paid for. (They still do; I know more than one author who uses a pseudonym for the writing that provides his/her living, but puts his/her own name on the science fiction books that are done for the love of it.) But they still followed the action-adventure tradition, which is why some of today's crop tend to look down on it. It wasn't Literature, as defined by academic tradition. (What they write isn't, either, but they don't know that.)

Just to pick a few nits, I can't find any stories that Jack Williamson ever wrote for the "pulp AMAZING"; when he was writing for it, it was bedsheet size, and since Martin has already defined "pulp" as "merely a size and shape of magazine"I suppose I could have missed one, though.

Paperbacks are already looked upon as "lesser" than hardcover books by the academic Literary types and fellow-travelers. They always have been.

Indick is a bit before my time; I didn't discover science fiction until the late Forties, and fandom until the early Fifties.

I'll go along with Joe Walter's wanting to know why Harlan Ellison's opinions are so important, but he spoils it by totally missing the point of the statement. Harlan didn't say that everything Heinlein wrote was juvenile; he said younger fans are turned on by the Heinlein books that are juvenile. (I assume that Joe does realize that Heinlein wrote 13 novels specifically for a juvenile audience? Or that most of Norton's books are written and marketed for a juvenile audience? The paperback reprints never mention the fact, but the hardcovers do, and it is common knowledge, after all.) The proper response to Ellison's comment is not an attempt to define a juvenile novel -which has already been done better than Joe does it - but a resounding "So what?", spoken with as much of a contemptuous curl as you can manage. If you feel particularly roused, you can even say that Heinlein's juveniles are better than X's adult novels, picking whichever author you feel will most

OTHER WORLDS

offend Harlan. Whichever author you pick, you're likely to be correct.

Joe's ideas about pro authors are a little strange, too. He says pro authors aren't qualified to criticize one another because they don't share each other's styles or methods -- but fans are qualified to criticize. Any given fan thus shares the style and method of every author in the field, is that it? Or does he think ~~that~~ fans read science fiction while the pros only write it and never read it? Or was he thinking at all when he wrote those two paragraphs? ((Probably not.)) I think I'm basically on Joe's side -- though from what he wrote I can't be sure -- but I hate to think what someone who disagreed could do to that letter. (It's an unfortunately perfect example of what Harlan was talking about.)

Sam Long, Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

Have you ever noticed how many Mikes are in fandom? I was remarking the same thing to Mike Gorra in a letter just today, and observed that besides yourself and him, there are also people like Glycer, Sohn of Glick, Kring, and Shoemaker, just to name a few.

((I know, and I've been havining this fantasy of being the OE of an apa where the only qualification for membership is that you be named Mike -- or put out a one-shot written, illustrated, edited and published by Mike fans.))

Thanks for KPSS, which arrived, much to my delight, today. Twas a rather sercon annish, cu ne? Your abruptly-beginning autobiography was interesting. The picture of you on the back was familiar for some reason. I think it's because you look a little like me, especially around the shoulders and in the general outline of your face; but your face actually resembles my brother more than it does me, especially as his glasses are round (and rimless) while mine are squarer and horn-rimmed. I remember the old Freddy the Pig books, and how I used to enjoy them in elementary school. I never got the slightest bit interested in rock-&-roll; and I am not quite 12 years older than you are. I entered fandom indirectly when I was in college. A friend of mine wanted me to write for his zine, so I did; and learned about fandom from that. I dropped out of fandom then for several years until, in 1969, my interest in publishing was re-awakened, and in 1970 I joined fandom in earnest in London, and have been an actifan ever since. I've always enjoyed sf, but have become a "nut" about it only recently, due to fandom.

Onward. Don D'Amassa's articles on authors are excellent, and this is no exception. Don evidently likes David Keller, and his enthusiasm shows. Keller sounds like a very sympathetic character.

Pat's ~~book~~ was interesting, but was it fannish? He does a good job of telling a tale with dialog and using realistic dialog, but, so you went to the next town, got in a fight, and came home. So what? The telling was good, but the tale wasn't. It wasn't fannish or sercon.

((Question: does it have to be either? Can it not just be? In fact, define the fine line between fannish, faanish and mundane. I find that I can't do it and so, Pat's little article just is.))

Dave McDonnell did a very good job of his article on Bradbury. I congratulate him. But since I haven't read the book (~~tho~~ I've read some of the stories, I'm ~~sure~~ sure), I can't make any comments on them, save to say that Bradbury's a great one for atmosphere, and McDonnell brings this across in his synopses.

On the lighter, Donn Brazier's "how-to" was chuckle-at-able.

The book reviews were also good. I've got to agree with Harry Warner, and wonder with him, why RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA didn't cause more of a sensation (that's not the right word--"get more attention" is much better) among fans. Ed Connor reviewed RINGS OF ICE in his zine, and I wrote and said that I might have to read the book just to find fault with the meteorology in it. You see, apart from the ice

caps, there's not enough moisture in the world to raise the oceans more than about a foot. And the women meteorologists I've known (both forecasters and observers) do not hide from love and sex...

Speaking of paper airplanes, I remember some years ago, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN held a paper plane contest. One chap sent in a folded dollar bill, saying "It doesn't fly very far, but it sure goes fast."

Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Dr, E. Prov., RI 02914

Lots of interesting material in this issue, though in many cases I disagreed with what was said. Unlike Steve Beatty, I find KYBEN a very interesting fanzine, though everyone has his own tastes. Steve also feels that the Elwood interview in NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT should clear up fears about Elwood's domination of the anthology market, where actually it reinforced my own. Maybe we feared different things.

I also disagree with Harry Warner that real or imagined symbolism detracts from one's enjoyment of a story. I enjoyed Blish's A CASE OF CONSCIENCE far more once I realized the philosophical underplay on the symbolic level. A story should be able to stand without its symbols, but with them it succeeds even more completely.

Lastly, I disagree with Wayne Martin's characterization of John Brunner as a "super-left liberal". If he'd care to support his label, I might respond a bit more precisely.

I agree with much in KPSS as well. I too found RINGS OF ICE an outstandingly good novel, even from a writer that I normally enjoy. I do think, however, that both you and Wayne make a strategic error in confining your reviews to plot summaries and brief descriptions of whether or not you liked it.

David McDonnell had some interesting things to say about Bradbury, but I think he could have had a much more effective article if he had done more to compare the stories to each other. There are underlying themes in Bradbury's fiction which, when pointed out in relation to several of his stories, reveal a great deal more about the individual pieces than might otherwise be obvious. His fascination with grotesquery is just one example.

D Gary Grady, 3309 Spruill Ave Apt 5, Charleston, SC 29405

Your editorial was remarkably well written. It really shows the power of undersatement. And I detected no self pity. ((Good.))

One thing I wonder about, though. Does a doctor ever tell a mother "your child will never walk" because this will make her set out to prove him wrong? Suppose he says, "Your child will walk, but you'll have to do this..." Think about it. Do people respond more to duty or to challenge? (This may not apply at all to you, but has happened to people I know.)

ARRRGH!! I never saw the Freddy the Pig stories. See, my former wife gave me the nickname "Piggy" which has stuck to me like dried snot. The amazing thing is, I'm not at all fat. I could stand to lose, maybe, 10 pounds. Probably not that. Some people have even accused me of being skinny. Anyway, I have been given all sorts of pig gifts by a number of people. The wife of a photographer I knew in Iceland gave me a hand-embroidered pig pillow. Another girl in Iceland gave me a pig poster purchased in England. A guy I knew gave me a Danish pig poster and a pig postcard from Switzerland. An Air Force officer gave me a jacket patch with a wal-

rus jumping into the air and yelling, "Gina!" I have leather pigs, plastic pigs, you name it. But I never got to read the Freddy the Pig books. I feel deprived.

Pat Myers' piece was too long. Otherwise, it was entertaining. If he could learn to skip over things...

I did not like McDonnell's Bradbury piece at all. His sexual interpretations strike me as naive. On the other hand, it's as good as most "serious" literary criticism.

While I'm being uncommonly nasty, I'll take a jab at your review of RINGS OF ICE. If you had left out one sentence it would have been a good review. With that sentence, though, it suddenly becomes screamingly funny. To me, anyway.

"Anthony's six characters are more like what you would find if you grabbed six people off the street," you say. Weeelll, let's see. We've got one guy who is totally terrified of rain, another who is a schizophrenic transvestite, a woman who "became a meteorologist so that she could hide from love and sex" (a rather cruel jab at the weather men, that), a diabetic vamp, a palsied thirteen-year-old locked in a restroom with a cat by her parents, and a demented bastard. Of course, I must remember that you're from California. Perhaps that sort of populace is what you normally find on the street. Hmm.

Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501

Overall KPSS 11 was fresh looking and easy to read; the illos were okay; the pix of you at the end was a keen idea. But it was the content that was excellent. My favorites? Pat Myers "Volkswagen Weekend" is exactly the kind of rich, intimate, involving anecdote-type material I enjoy most when getting acquainted with new people. He certainly helped me to see you three (Joe, Mike, Pat) in perspective and in interaction. Besides that, his ear for dialogue is sharp. (Was it accurate, too, Mike?) ((Wellll, he overdid the so-called "fight", but it was close enough.)) In a letter to Joe I suggested that the kind of article I'd like to see come out of Fort Bragg was the kind that...that...well...that Pat wrote. Perfect.

McDonnell's "Bradbury in Depth: The October Country" was a well rounded, thoughtful examination of one of my favorite Bradbury books. Now I want to read it again and resavor my previous pleasures. A nice compliment to David's talent. It's good to see a critic give his opinion and then back it up. Suffice it to say, I didn't get bored or restless. He even writes with care for the subtleties of language.

D'Ammassa's analysis of some of Keller's works and themes was excellent. The more Don writes the better his work seems to get.

I could not help but be impressed with Beatty's fanzine reviews. I've been struggling to capture just the jaunty flavor he did for a week; my admiration is great.

Now to your life on the Editor's Page. That was heavy stuff: universal, revealing, intimate, involving. I admire you for your honesty. (Of course you left out a lot but this was basically an external biography in re fandom.) Your style is conventional and easy to read.

All in all, I'd say this was the giant step forward for KPSS. (There's nothing wrong with that name. In fact, the first time I heard it I thought it was clever; still do.)

This is Patrick Myers filling up a couple of lines at the bottom of a page of Mike's lettercol. Hope he doesn't mind (he's in another room right now). If he does mind then you won't be reading this at all. Bye.

((Aw, yer mother was a postage stamp Pat. Get outta here.))

Bud Webster, PO Box 5519, Richmond, VA 23220

I don't really know what to say about the Editor's Page, other than it moved me, which I suppose was your intent in writing. I might question your possibly exposing too much of yourself to the general public; however you know who you're sending this thing to, and it is, after all, your page to do what you will with. I know that I probably couldn't say those things about myself, or wouldn't. Nobody's business but my own and those I consider friends. But, there again, you know the people you send KPSS to, and I can say that I feel I know your motivators a bit better now. If that makes any sense. It did not go for nothing. (Boy, for not knowing what to say about something, I can sure be verbose as hell.)

Chariots of the Frods I really enjoyed. I have a bit I do at fan gatherings and friends' houses about Eric von Dankeshoen (or von Dunkendonuts or von Dankenhoben or whatever) that I plan to do up as an interview, unless I decide that that particular thing has been overdone. Which it has.

Von Daniken's main problem is that he takes a somewhat valid idea and attempts to prove it by some of the most ridiculous pseudo-scientific examples this side of George Adamski. Von Daniken's main problem is that he more than likely actually believes it all.

Von Daniken's main problem is that he is an incredible nincompoop and not capable of teaching first-level high-school hooey.

((That's a lot of main problems, isn't it? Must be that late night typing...))

Volkswagon Weekend sounds like some of the things Dyson (roomate) and I have done in and about Richmond, Charlottesville, and the surrounding environs. Except we try to stay out of trouble as it is too possible that we could hurt someone. We decided that any fight we get into, since we do like to fight and are fairly easy to provoke, is going to be over in a matter of nanoseconds. Also since we are easy to provoke and like to fight (way down deep) we decided to never get into a fight unless absolutely necessary. To protect people we know that are unable to protect themselves ((sounds like Batman and Robin)), to defend ourselves against bodily beatings, and that's all. And if it's a choice between us getting hurt and them getting hurt,...well, that's not really a choice, is it? One blow is all it should take, and we have to get it in first and fast. And we never fight American karate people, it isn't worth the effort.

Sam Long's Night...was not much improvement over yours, I think maybe it scanned better.

Bradbury In Depth was the highlight of the issue for me. I've always liked Bradbury, but sometimes it's just too hard to wade through all the damned rhetoric and poetry. I recently re-read MARTIAN CHRONICLES and was a bit limp from the effort afterward. I have to kinda get up a lot of momentum to get through a book of his stuff.

I'm glad I didn't see Donn's article when LotSA was in the planning stages. I'm afraid I'd have taken it too seriously. Or not seriously enough. Anyway, I enjoyed the hell out of it. (Maybe I should reprint #1 with a page upside down...)

The book reviews were nice, but I rarely let reviews influence my reading. Unfortunately, I never seem to allow my reading to affect my reviews, either...

Roger D. Sween, 319 Elm St, Kalamazoo, MI 49007

Your introductory editorial lacks the grippingness of Breiding's model, but it is nevertheless well structured, and I take it, frank. I must say, though, if everyone had let you go through school at your accelerated pace you'd be through

at 12 or 13 and off coping with UCLA or some such place now.

((I really don't think that it would be so hard coping with college if I had gone through school differently. Right now, in the 12th grade, I seem to have educationally stagnated - I dislike school, or at least the teaching methods. In fact I was turned off to school some time ago by teachers who couldn't handle a group of students that learned at different speeds, and by others who just didn't give a damn about anything. As it is, I really don't want to continue my education after high school, at least not by the conventional means. As I said, what's wrong with being in UCLA at 13?))

The rainbow of colors was quite effective and gives me ideas for library publications.

((The rainbow of colors was unintentional (looked nice though) --the white paper was free and the rest was caused by buying colors out (when they ran out of yellow I bought green, etc.))

When I first heard about KPSS, I thought the title sounded childish, but now I have come to like it and I don't think you should change it.

Steve Beatty's fanzine reviews are apt, generally accurate, and to the point. I would like to answer one comment, however, when Steve says that STAR FIRE's poor typing and spelling "can convince potential contributors (myself included) to send their work elsewhere." I don't think SF is out begging for contributions: Bill has a number of steady contributors. As a regular writer for SF myself, I have been singularly impressed with Bill's editorial relationship with his contributors. In my experience it is a relationship that is refreshingly unique and in my own mind serves as a worthy model. Bill encourages his contributors with an earnest concern that is so enhancing and rewarding to the writer that they can't resist him. I do wince a little at each of the piteous typos, but when I consider the overall effect of STAR FIRE and when I get one of Bill's hearty letters, I forget such minor matters. Due to Bill's attentiveness, I have branched out in an entirely different type of writing than I had ever considered suitable for fanzines or possible from me. My only hope is that Bill will continue in the business and that he will overcome thereby those clerical nuisances that seem now to obtrude, but which are really so insignificant and readily mastered.

You know, I consider Don D'Amassa one of the best fan writers going. Not only are his style and content incisive, but he is far more productive than others that are customarily nominated for the Hugos. Evidently his reading is prodigious and his ability to link together disparate elements in a writer's career is helpful. His article on Vance Aandahl in MYTHOLOGIES #2 is a good example of what this type of article can be. There he not only ties together thematically the content of Aandahl's writing, but he specifies the examples and where they can be found. Both these approaches are abandoned in his article on David Keller. We fail to see just why Keller is worthy of attention and what distinguishes him better from his mediocre stories. And we don't have any way of establishing these considerations for ourselves since presumably Keller is by and large "out of print". I haven't used the various indexes and bibliographic tools in order to determine whether or not this is true, but I question D'Amassa's reliance on his memory and personal awareness to determine the status of Keller's availability at the book store. But what rankles a library type like myself is that D'Amassa seems to assume that because Keller is op, no one can ever get to him. What about libraries?

Larry Downes, 21960 Avon, Oak Park, MI 48237

I have here in my hot little hands a copy of KPSS #11 (that is, I think I have a copy; damn this cheap liquor, any way), and aside from the unthinkable sin of misspelling my name, it is a pretty good zine.

Your editor's page only proves what I've been saying for years. All fans are a-

like. Changing around five or six sentences of said editorial can give you the life story of 90% of all fans; myself included. All fans come from broken homes (as a matter of fact, these days, almost everyone comes from a broken home. This is the age where divorces exceed marriages, you know), and were deemed "child prodigy" at an early age, and then somehow managed to keep it up. I too had a high reading capacity and was asked to skip grades; but didn't. But then there is that one time you look at yourself and ask, "Where did the rot set in?" Suddenly, you realize what a godawful waste of time school is, and apathy becomes your motto of life. Almost instantly, from the time you decide that a "B" is not flunking, you will also suddenly realize why everyone else referred to your favorite teacher as a "senile old creep." They seem to sense the fact that you don't give a damn any more almost before you do, and immediately turn on you. Fickle bastards.

Of course now you're in a new situation. You become used to failing tests (getting a "C"), and people no longer refer to you as "boy wonder" or are envious of your intelligence. You see what it's like not to be a teacher's pet, and go through immense emotional turmoil which, if you're not a particularly strong person, can lead to lots of fun things like ulcers and migraines.

Meanwhile, you were so busy increasing your mental capacities before that you realize you have no social life, and spent even longer wondering why last night's homework just doesn't seem to want to be done. By this time, anyway, you're on a one-way street that leads right to fandom. Fandom doesn't solve your problems, but it gives you less time to worry about them. Hm, nice to get that out of the system.

I totally disagree with Margaret Basta's review of PROTECTOR. PROTECTOR was one of Niven's most boring novels, and calling THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF and RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA stiff competition is like comparing moldy bread to tainted meat and sour milk. They all stunk. It's just that RWR stunk a little less than PROTECTOR, which stunk a lot less than THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF. The first might have been a decent book had not Clarke been so neurotic about people believing his science, and going into such great depths comparing it to accepted concepts. It read like he was attempting, and not succeeding, to convince himself. If he didn't believe in it, why should we? The latter is hardly worth discussing. TMWFH was one of the worst books I've ever read. Its "style" was that of a Jr. High School hack, and the plot was dull and confusing, as well as trite.

Henry Bitman, Po Box 968, Azusa, CA 91702

Harry Warner's review of RENDEZVOUS was of interest. The novel is overrated in some areas. As a writing performance it's okay. But I can't really believe in Rama itself--what happened, what is implied, and what is brought into sharp focus. I read through the novel once. Maybe I missed something or maybe my mind wasn't in sharp focus, but I don't see what all the fuss is about or why it should win as best novel. As to being well written--yes, grade B+ or A. But the plot and content rating is less than that to me. To me it's closer to a nonsense rating. It's rather a standard "outsider" story. I saw a sf movie on tv a couple of times like that, and not inferior to RENDEZVOUS; maybe better. Warner's review is well written and enjoyable. But the comparison of Rama as representative of the universe is not a true analogy, just a vague idea or notion--coincidental nonsense!

Sheryl Birkhead, 23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20763

As soon as I started in on your editorial, I wanted to sit down and start this, but figured it would probably be best to sit on it and wait a bit. I'm glad I did. Yeah, fandom is a funny place. For all those who are "outsiders" elsewhere it some-

how is a homey place.

Congratulations on making it to an annish! That is quite a feat and one which many zines never make!

Now, somewhere along the line someone mentions that maybe Pat is a hoax. Okay-- I'll go along with that -- maybe he is--but regardless, I enjoyed his writing immensely and can only hope you jokers keep up the running around (hopefully without getting yourselves killed-- something which was in doubt this last article! At first I thought it might be a little long, but as I got into it, I enjoyed the whole thing (be curious to see if you get any comments saying it IS too long?!))

I said I liked (or at least I better have said it) the last night before the Worldcon-- and I like this one too-- phooey on those who don't.

Denn-- well, what do I say? I have yet to read anything written by him which I have not liked--- and that is still the case.

What cons ARE on your social agenda? Just thought I'd ask.

((I'm not sure, but I think I'll be at Westercon this year. And that's the only one I'm making any plans for. If things go according to plan (heh) I may be dropping in on a few at the last minute.))

Wayne W. Martin, 4623 E. Inyo, Apt E, Fresno, CA 93702

I got your annish today. FAR OUT! A shame really (that you're going to a quarterly schedule). If you're able to put something of that size out, though, it'll be worth the waiting each time.

Don't believe Michael Shoemaker. According to Don D'Ammassa, my zine has the worst name ever. Besides I like it. It's rather appropriate that your zine -- your paper space ship that you fly to everyone's mailbox in-- has you as its Knight.

Don D'Ammassa's article on Dr. Keller was interesting. My favorite Keller story was "The Flying Fool". I don't know, maybe I've just got strange taste.

Rey Tackett tackle Von Daniken, hmm. Well he's right about one thing. As he said about Asimov's claim that Von Daniken (V.D., yup) is a CP, crackpot, "it takes one to know" one. Crackpots they may be, but you can't rule out the possibility they're right (or that their idea is, even if their "evidence" isn't accurate).

Ole Patrick Myers does it. That's the best faanish article I've seen about you guys. I think I'll put him on the Hugo nomination ballot. There's no doubt about it, that boy's good--even if what he puts down is verbatim of what happened, he had the sense to write it up.

Sam Leng's Twas the Night Before Worldcon was pretty good, but I still think yours was better. It sounded better, somehow, when read aloud. A better ring. His Rudolf was great though. You ought to do a one shot collection of these things.

That was a great piece on Bradbury. David McDonnell has a few pretty good insights into the masters writing. The critics who take Bradbury to task for the unscientific qualities of his writing ought to take a closer look at the science of some of those who use it. The Farmer quote is, of course, true enough. But there's nothing wrong with that. While the scientific -nonparable- story is great, it by no means has to form the only kind of science fiction.

Heh, heh, Dwain Kaiser, "as long as someone remembers them". I like that. Unfortunately, I don't remember them, as I've never seen one of the pulps. I just know I've seen quite a bit of good material that originated there --and I don't deny there was crud. I've seen things like "The Meteor Monster" too. But it wasn't all bad as some people seem to think, either. And what was bad, wasn't bad because it was pulp.

Dwain is definately right in his comment on criticism. I received a hype letter, add from a magazine of criticism stating they are devoted to improving science fiction and that they were only interested in intelligent readers who can read straight forward critism. I'm afraid they're beat before they've started. They can't improve anything unless they affect sales and if they only want intelligent readers, they

won't affect sales, because the fiction most prone to criticism is already read by people who don't give a damn about that criticism anyway.

One thing though, writers are not better able to judge the merit of a book--they are better able to describe ~~what~~ it is that they find meritorious or lacking merit in a book. Their judgement of it, if it is good or bad, is still subject to their taste.

Chris Hulse says that readers are "more sophisticated today". That isn't true. It's just that the more sophisticated readers are more vocal than those who still like the "trash". As you can see if you've noticed the reprints of Flash Gordon on the newsstands (if they haven't sold out by the time you get there).

Donn Brazier makes a point about the wood pulp paper (though, there is a very good reason why I didn't mention it.)

Brett Cox says I'm treading on thin ice, but that's the whole point. There's no purpose in saying something everyone agrees with. One day, I'll step out onto the open water. The object is to avoid getting soaked, and as far as I'm concerned, I ~~did~~ didn't. Brett makes the mistake of equating what he personally thinks is better with a necessary fact. It isn't. I personally share the opinion, but that doesn't make a fact.

Ben Indick, 428 Sagamore Ave, Teaneck, NJ 07666

Congratulations on arriving and surviving in fandom for a whole year. I am personally very gratified (being the paternal sort) at the growth shown here, which was predictable from your early precocity (heck, you're still in "early precocity" at 17). KPSS is large and attractive, as well as varied in content.

I read your autobio with initial wry expression, thinking you were having fun with Bill Breiding's autobiographical style. However, I realized it was on the level after all, which made aspects of it quite somber. Nevertheless you seem to have made a good adjustment. I think your new dad cares, and you have a lot of strength.

Anyway, my only suggestion, in a writerly way is that you might, for your own practice, have done more with the bio, to polish it, to find more of yourself in it. I think a certain inconsistency of approach is what gave me initial uncertainty. Anyway, reading your account, and Bill's in STARFIRE causes me to wonder whether my early life was so tranquil or so bad that I have erected mental shields over it, blotting it quite away!

Four cheers for Don D'Amassa. To us old Kellerites this is a welcome article for a neglected genuine SF great (representing, it is true, a school of yesterday). I shall not comment on Don's comments other than to caution readers that Hyperion's moskovitzian collection, LIFE EVER LASTING is well worth the price, and many of its stories are hardly "mediocre" (indeed, the title novel is one of the book's weaker entries). I have a long essay on Keller and have been debating making a small book of it, along with a rare Keller fiction. I fear I would drop a small bundle as there seems little interest in a Keller revival. DHK was a personal friend of mine and I may yet do it... who knows...

Roytac's article was pointed and funny, and exactly what I would figure this quiet and very sharp faned to do. Even without reading Von Daniken, I agree with Roytac!

No complaints about McDonnell's RB piece. I couldn't agree more about the man I consider the incomparable stylist of today's fantasy writing (although he has been writing less these past years. After all, OCTOBER COUNTRY is very early Bradbury.) I would suggest, however, that David ~~prune~~ prune such an article. Its length is better suited to a discussion of five Bradbury books than to the individual stories of one book which should be familiar and easily obtained. He also tends to reveal

endings-- a NO-NO!

Now, as though to illustrate a lesson in the How-to-do-it of fan writing, is Donn Brazier's essay. Note its brevity, its directness, its personal quality while saying something. EG: how to make your own mimeo machine, in the third paragraph: funny, seemingly good do-it-yourself and concluded with the eye-twinkling disclaimer of the paragraph's last line. A grand and comical article. Any article by old Bone is a feather in a faned's cap, but I must admit KPSS has kept its pages straight and unsmearcd!

((Well, almost unsmearcd; I blew about half the copies of one page in KPSS 10, but I can blame that on Baby Gertie's temper...well, can't I?))

Seeing Harry Warner's review of Clarke (and by the way you should immediately complete reading 2001! Shame!) reminds me I met a woman yesterday - a pianist at a local-type kidplay ((I'm not sure about that last word, but it looks like what Ben wrote so you figure it out.)) - who knows Clarke! He even called her from London last time he left Sri Lanka or whatever they call Ceylon now. And she is not an SF fan. There is NO justice.

I liked Dwain-Kaiser's mention of my Time Trip - he caught its intent perfectly. But I especially appreciated his mention of old Joe Kennedy, who, is, if I slighted him, not just a "school teacher" but a professor in a N.E. college; I read his poetry in ATLANTIC but was unaware he had achieved such eminence. It was Mrs. David Keller who apprised me of Joe's poetasting. Still, the letter I last recieved from him was, I must admit, not the same wild-eyed young fan of decades before. Some things do change.

Your Grande Finale has a nice young-fan air about it, which is correct because you're not an old-fan! (Although I agree with Donn that fandom is a good country, exciting and exasperating, but always alive, argumentative, with room for young and old.) I am embarrassed to admit you doudled the final pages and I have received two of your photos ((so, I've found a form of torture that works, huh?)), depriving some needy fan of them! ((You gotta be kidding.))

In summary-

A good issue, indeed a proud annish. And, of all things, I neglected Sheryl, who is a great favorite of mine! I keep waiting for her to get into professional art-ways, which she might enjoy more than her biochemistry, but, at the same time, happily, she is a generous donor to fanzines, with a gentle humor and a lovely line indisputably hers!

Terry Jeeves, 230 Bannerdale Rd, Sheffield S11 9FE, ENGLAND

Liked the open style editorial. Personal details can often turn one off, but you put yours across nicely. We have a book club over here too, but since they only seem to choose reprints...and of books or stories I have either got, read, or which turn me off, I just haven't bothered to join it. D'Amassa's piece on Keller was also right up my street. I am not (nor ever was) a great Keller fan, but at the same time, I always (quietly) enjoyed his stories as they came along (I'm a first fandom bod, taking up sf in the early 30's) and my favorite is "The Doorbell" ...as a kid, this had a nasty effect on my sleeping habits...the thought of fish hooks in my tummy being hoisted upwards by a giant electromagnet turned me off. Good story though. The Daniken thing was also good but that style is one which doesn't appeal to me.

The VW piece had some lovely accompanying illos. Nice. As for the dialogue though...sorry, wake me when it finishes.

Note that Beatty's review of TITLE 31 says all the UK zines are folding...this is all the fault of Dave Rowe's column. Dave couldn't keep his zine going...decided to fold...and extrapolated this to all other zines. In actual fact, ERG is now up to No. 50, and just starting its 16th year. TRIODE after a 14 year gap has resumed publishing and No. 20 is now out...plus of course such zines as WARK from the

Pardoes, Checkpoint (ditto) Skelton's Inferno, Lindsay's Scottishe and also Haverings. Of course there are others, but this off the cuff summary shows that UK fandom is not vanishing beneath the waves.

The Bradbury thing wasn't my cup of tea...it may have been superlative, but I can't stick Bradbury's writings...too much like a sf tilted section out of READER'S DIGEST... 'Picturesque speech and Patter'. a bit now and then is OK, but Bradbury serves up a whacking great dollop of the saccharine in nearly every item...I gag. Come to think of it...that's where Bradbury ought to be... 'IN DEPTH'.

Again, I enjoyed the book reviews (but ERG does have a mention of a scientific inaccuracy in 'Rama'...Letters..ghood...ghed. There wasn't a thing in the issue I didn't like...apart from the Bradbury..and it wasn't the article I disliked, only the author it covered.

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

My first, and, according to the very threatening note on the back, last copy of KPSS sits here next to a very nice glass of tequila requesting some sort of recompence from me if I want to avoid the humiliation of being stricken from the mailing list without so much as a by-your-leave. And when a fanzine looks up at you with a wistful Birkhead cover, it's a hard man indeed who can keep himself from at least a few words of acknowledgement.

I've heard of KPSS, mostly by seeing it reviewed in other fanzines, along with the circle of newer fanzines that it belongs to, but somehow or other I've escaped its notice for a full year. This sort of thing is no longer surprising, with the incredible proliferation of fanzines nowadays. Ol' Don Thompson published something like 29 issues of his fanzine before he sent me one and let me in on the secret that he's one of the top five writers in fandom. I envy Harry Warner for knowing the days when it was possible to know all the fanzines being published and respond to them all if one desired. I could no more answer each fanzine that arrives here than I could squeeze twenty six hours out of a day. (In fact, combining those two feats would be the only way of even staying in the same place around here.)

KPSS is not exactly a dynamite looking fanzine, what with its too-thin paper and merely competent artwork and mimeography, but it was enjoyable to read, and that's what really counts in any publication. The economics of publishing in an inflationary economy force most of us to settle for less than we'd like to accept (Donn is right about having a very good paying job that makes no demands on one's time...either that or winning a half million dollars in a lottery, as I intend to do a mere week from this very day) but such is life. If we only distributed perfection, I wouldn't be able to mail out any of these locs, right?

Much of your material interests without provoking useable short comment. Your life story, for example, is a fascinating account, but other than spending as many pages telling you how completely opposite my history has been to yours, I don't see much to say about it. You've overcome a lot of difficulties, and are to be commended for the way you've handled yourself. I never lived in a small town, unless you count Toronto, a mere three million, never had family upheavals, or the problems of peer group acceptance. I was always a solitary kid, but never had to face up to abuse or prejudice. So I was interested in your editorial. It's a fascinating account of a lifestyle that's foreign to me.

Don's article on David Keller seems slighter than most of the series of similar pieces he's done in that it relies more on story summaries without too much in the way of critical response or judgement. Perhaps Don wants merely to present the evidence of the stories and let the readers draw their own conclusions about any underlying themes in Keller's work. That's a valid approach, but I'd have enjoyed the article more if Don had drawn a few more conclusions from his research.

Raytac takes Von Daniken apart deftly, with a few spare but effective motions of the scapel. The whole Von Daniken phenomenon is a part of the general swing towards ready acceptance of weird psychic/new cult beliefs on the part of the public, and it says as much about the man himself. But then I never did have a very high opinion of the average man.

I read Pat's loooooong story, despite it's lack of title. ((It had a title, maybe you got a bad page?)) At about a third or less of the length, it would have been a much better item. As it was, he included far too much detail that wasn't written well enough to make it all that interesting. The basic idea was sound, but it was padded far too much to be consistently readable.

Steve's fanzine listings are okay for what they set out to do. As a buyer's guide for someone who's followed the column long enough to get an idea of what he enjoys, this would be fine. But they certainly aren't reviews, by any stretch of the imagination. From this first exposure to Steve's preferences, I'm hard-pressed to assess his critical standards. Many of the zines I enjoy most, he recommends, while others that strike me as worthy of praise for many of the same reasons, he seems lukewarm towards. Since he doesn't really give any reasons for most of his judgements, it's hard to tell where we diverge. Maybe more columns will give me the answer.

Sam's parody is excellent. For pure enjoyment, one of the best things in the issue! Although I gather I owe my own appearance therein to your original version. One might quibble with the inclusion of Gordie Lickson in the naming of the beer barrels, since the others are all fanzine people, and while Gordie qualifies as a drinker, he doesn't as a fanzine person. Buzz Dixon, or Bill Hixen might have been a better choice there, just for the thematic integrity of the piece. (I took a grad course in Pomposity, you know; I'm not naturally like this, I have to work at it.)

I note that Dwain Kaiser's loc (now where has he been for the last few years?) was wrote to the accompaniment of a bottle of California Burgandy while my own is the result of some excellent Mexican tequila. I wonder why KPSS inspires letter hacks in this way?

((Maybe it just looks better with your eyes crossed?))

Dwain's comment about the temporal stasis that seems to envelope fandom is very interesting. In lieu of a stasis (little obscure pun there) I'd support the cyclic theory of fandom. We seem to be doing many of the same things now that were being done when I first entered fandom, but that hasn't been a constant part of fanac during the last nine years. A local fan, writing a synopsis of fandom for an essentially non-fan audience made the statement that most of the essentials of fandom had been worked out by the end of the 40's. He asked me if I could invalidate the conclusion, and really I couldn't. The Hugos didn't start until 53, but that was all I could think of. Perhaps the recent brouhaha over semi-professional fanzines, and the dramatic rise in the size of worldcons could be considered new developments, but really they are just different in the order of magnitude. Possibly the new peer group FAAN awards are new, but again, they're really just a variant on Hugos and egoboo polls which have been around for decades. In basic nature fandom hasn't changed much in recent years, and I for one am quite happy with that situation.

Richard Brandt, 4013 Sierra Drive, Mobile, Al 36609

I enjoyed the analysis of THE OCTOBER COUNTRY, which I feel is much needed as long as there are people who haven't read the book. Its pages house Bradbury's most affecting tales, and reliving them with another reader was a pleasant experience, even when we arrived at different conclusions. (And the Hitchcock Hour production of "The Jar", although probably ranking among the 10 best at least, was a disappointment to little old cinematic me; probably because subtlety is lost on TV men.) Also

was impressed with D'Ammassa's piece on David H. Kellow, although I've read little of his work (yes, so little is extant); largely because I, and probably most other fans, knew next to nothing about him or the Man... People are almost uniformly interesting.

Little slice-of-life tales like "Volkswagon Weekend" pop up increasingly in fanish zines these days, it seems. The story was good, but might have been better if Myers were more skilled as a writer. It may be that the only way to truly appreciate such a tale is to hear it told orally, with all appropriate intonations and gestures; all I know is I've enjoyed much more than Myers' account the stories I've heard in the back of my Physics class. (By the way, one of my acquaintances was absent for a couple of days and returned a married man. He learned the sad truth, as expressed by his next-seat-neighbor, that, "That's what happens when you get married, you fall behind on your homework." We're all growing up too fast these days.

Of the remaining various and sundry and short pieces, I'd say I liked Brazier's note the best. I'm not sure any hopeful faned should take any advice about how to publish a fanzine. If anyone cornered me and asked me what to do, I would probably tell him, immediately, not to do any of the things that I'd done.

Al Sirois, 533 Chapel, New Haven, Conn, 06511

I enjoyed the STARFIRE editorial; and yours, while not quite as well written, was every bit as enjoyable. I like to know people, and I feel as if I am getting to know you -- editorials like this one are, therefore, valuable. I enjoy, also, the general tone of KPSS.

Don D'Ammassa does his typical concise and informative job - he's just about to become my favorite reviewer, especially since I met him this past weekend at BOSKONE XII (which was a FINE con), and recently got a copy of his perzine MYTHOLOGIES, which is quite good. I am amazed at the amount of data Don carries around in his head. He is possibly Fandom's best critic of SF.

Roy Tackett's "Chariots of the Frods (frauds?)" doesn't cover any new ground-- and I don't give a damn about Von Daniken and his asininity-- but was nicely written anyway.

And what the hell was that Birkhead thingie? It was good, but what was it? And can we see more so that I can figure out what was going on?

((It was just a piece of a letter. An interlude. A moment from her life. Hell, I don't even think she knew what was going on.))

Didn't much care for "VW Weekend" -- it wasn't too well written and I got bored by it. It was, simply, too long, loose and sprawling.

Sam Long's "Night Before Worldcon" actually yanked a few out-loud laughs out of me -- very witty and well done. Yeah!! It's always the season for good stuff like this, Xmas parody or not. "Rudolf the Wet-Nosed Neo", tho, was rather strained.

David McDonnell writes very convincingly and competently -- I like what (and how) he sets up. Hope he does more work for you ((So do I.)) -- he's a good man to have, it seems to me. The piece, tho very long, is easy to read and informative. It ends a bit abruptly, but you can't have everything.

Donn Brazier sure knows how to put out a quality zine...

The book reviews seem good, except for Basta's -- she doesn't really seem to know what to say. Hell, ya can't review a book in under 20 lines...17 for one review, 12 for the other. I liked Harry Warner's review of RAMA tho I didn't much like the book.

Thanks for the photo -- in return, here is a self-portrait of the artist as a young turkey:



Terry Floyd, 506 Holman Lane, Canyon, TX 79015

"Aha!" Bracken says as he tears open the envelope, "Another late loc from some fafiafan!"

Well, yes, this is rather late and there have been many times since KPSS #11 arrived that I've wanted to sit down and write a nice long letter to commend you on your monumental annish, but there was always that Chemistry book sitting over there with my mentally disturbed teacher's promise of that Big Test tomorrow or that unspeakably boring turn-of-the-century "classic" novel I've been assigned to read. In other words-- There Ain't Been NOTIME!!

But now there is and I promise a long loc to make what ammends I can for a fanzine that I thoroughly enjoyed.

September 7, huh? For some strange reason, that is one of the most important dates in my life. You see, on a cold, rainy 9/7 in 1958, I was brought into this world in Friona, TX and since then, I do not recall ever seeing a drop of rain on my birthday. On the whole, you've had an exciting life compared to mine, what with a fight around every corner and a comfortable balance of fantastically understanding teachers and unforgivably bitchy ones. I don't believe I've actually cared for any teacher I've been forced to put up with save for only one, who is the only one who recieves my zine.

Don D'Ammassa's piece is well representative of his usual writings: a tightly woven, painfully researched outline of a notable/forgettable, new/old writer. D'Ammassa has a strange way of making you like or dislike a writer whose work you have never seen before. In this case, I find myself with an uncanny desire to seek out and sample some of Dr. Keller's writings. I am likewise affected by his articles concerning various publishers, to which he seems to expose the fact that each one has its own individual personality, a point which he appeared to stress in his epitaph for Lancer Books in GODLESS #9.

I am by no means a Von Daniken convert, supporter, or admirer, but I am getting somewhat tired of reading the endless and now familiar criticism that's heaped upon

him, even when it comes from someone as knowledgeable and well-meaning as Roy Tackett. Sure, he's a crackpot pseudoscientist who's made a bundle by exploiting native religions and Biblical accounts, but he has done one important thing. He has popularized the concept of 'visitors' and all the cheapjack films of the '50s couldn't do that. There have been a few intelligent attempts to do this (remember 2001?), but I suppose that it took the sensationalism of a near fanatical Von Daniken to make the bulk of us begin to at least consider the possibility. Doesn't say much for the reading public, does it?

Pat Myers' account of your Willits Weekend gave many insights into the type of characters that frequent the Fort Bragg area for those who read between the lines. For one thing, any car that breaks down as often as Joe's must be a Chevrolet (Am I right?) ((Yup...but it's my car that breaks down all the time; and it's a Pontiac.)) and Patrick's Volkswagen...Well, that explains it self. The ocean air must have affected your brains. Have you never heard of Ford ((Ain't he the President of something or other?)), the greatest manufacturer of four-wheel drive pick-ups in the U. S. (or anywhere else, for that matter)? International and Dodge come right behind in that order. Chevy should be at the very bottom of the list. Things must be terribly expensive over there; \$50 is outrageous when, for less than \$20, you can get the best that La Joya's Hotel can offer. ((Good Lord! Terry Floyd's a pimp!?!)) And for 5 bucks or less, but in questionable health and surroundings, the lesser-known "hangouts" do business.

Don't get a swelled head, but that massive Bradbury analysis is one of the very best critiques I've ever read of RB and his works. THE OCTOBER COUNTRY was an excellent choice, containing a rewarding sample of the earliest Bradbury along with some fine examples of his later work.

Although McDonnell's piece was obviously well-researched, he did omit a few small details. Hitchcock's TV adaption of "The Jar" also netted Bradbury a Mystery Writers award for (I believe) Best Dramatic Presentation. "The Crowd" was likewise adapted to TV, though less skillfully, as an episode of ABC's short-lived anthology series, JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN. I'm not sure that I agree with the placement of the McDonnell article, with Sam Long's very faaannish poems serving as a lead-in to this deeply sercon look at a writer who, though being a former faned, is not seen too often in fmz (and not nearly often enough, unfortunately). And this was followed by yet another faaannish piece by Donn Brazier.

Such things as cold sandwiches, bare feet, jazz records and bheer must be suitable for fans according to Brazier, and I see no reason to argue with him. He uses irony quite well. I've never gotten an issue of TITLE with a page upside down and the bit about "brushing hands over page 24"---TITLE's maximum page count is 24.

I liked the picture on the last page. You don't differ too greatly from what I had you pictured as looking like. I'm on our own newspaper staff here, but try to do as little as possible, leaving time for fanac and homework. Besides, if I said what I wanted to say to the faculty through the paper, it would never get past the Supervisor's desk, much less the editor's eyes. Of course if the editor was also a fan, things might be different. Although fanzines are free of censorship, fans seem to feel more strongly about free speech than any mundane.

((Terry, bullshit! As long as what you write is not libelous, slanderous, or contrary to the law, there is no way the Supervisor can stop you from having your article printed; in other words, they (the administration or faculty) can not censor a high school newspaper. This is according to a recent Supreme Court decision that says a student can sue if a teacher, principal, or member of the school board takes away a student's civil rights. And I found this out because, as Editor of our High School's newspaper, I just went through a suspension of the paper, and a whole big deal about what the high school paper can and can not print.

((The only thing they CAN do is stop the newspaper completely, which is within their rights considering they pay the teacher's salary to teach the class and pay for all, or most, of the materials involved. As for whether or not the article gets printed is basically up to the author and the Editor. So if you want to write an art-

icle damning the faculty or what ever, just stay away from those trouble spots I mentioned and they'll have a hard time stopping you from printing it (though you may get a hassle, so be prepared).))

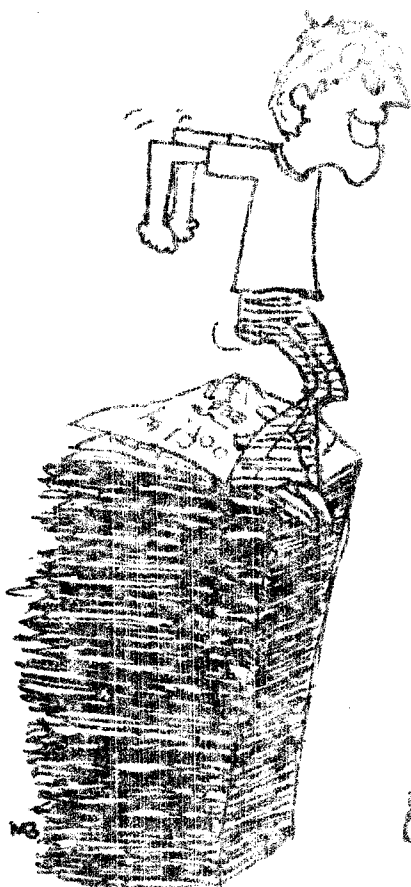
I had originally intended this to be much longer, but sitting a few feet from me with a contemptuous smile on its binding is an unspeakably boring 1904 novel that must be read by Monday with a test to cover it on Tuesday. Why is it that today's sf and mainstream novels are more mentally stimulating and thought-provoking (not to mention more entertaining) than the supposed "Classic" works of the early 20th century authors?

This letter column could go on forever if I let it. In fact there were so damn many letters I doubt if I could find 'em all on top of my desk (which happens to be loaded with the remains of two monthes of near-fafiation); I know I can't find 'em all on my desk so here's a list of the people I heard from that I can remember:

Donn Brazier, Bruce D. Arthurs, Brad Parks, Tim C. Marion, Jodie Offutt, Jerry Baker. Craig J. Hill, Chris Hulse, Simon Agree, George Perkins, Dwain Kaiser, Steve Beatty, Mike Kring, Bill Breiding, James Shull, Joe Walter, and Yvonne Crytzer (Good Ghu! A Femme Fan in Fort Bragg! For all you kind people out there, Fort Bragg Fandom is happy to introduce its first neo-femmefan. She'd like to receive fanzines so if you all'd be kind enough to do so, so resides at 627 Stewart, Fort Bragg, CA 95437.)

That's all I can remember, doubtlessly there were many, many more.



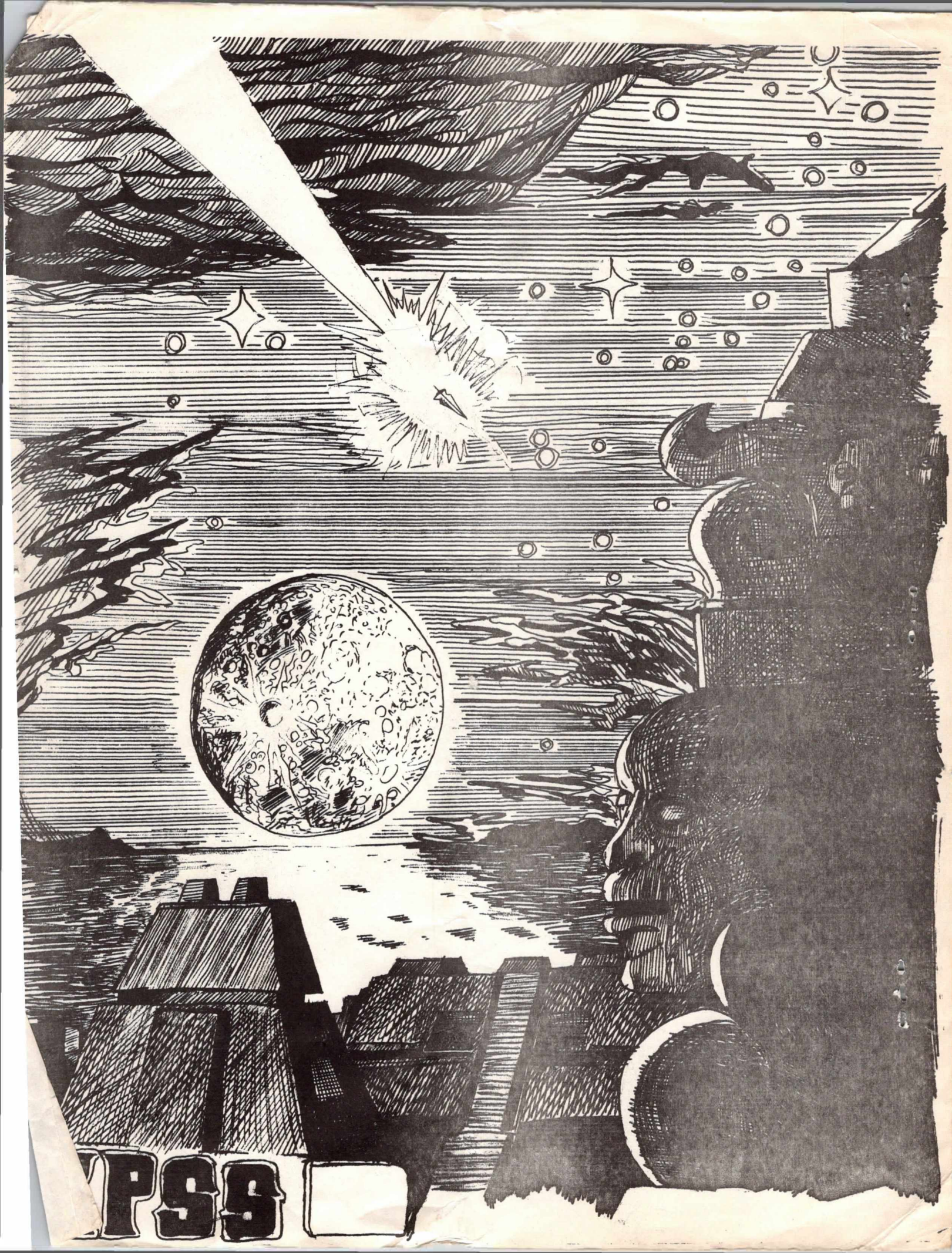


And now, ladies +
gentlemen, Joe Phann
will jump from the
top of the world's
BIGGEST fanzine
into an unopened
can of mimeograph
ink!

why you recieved this issue: ☐ you contributed an article or art

If this box is checked,
this is your last is-
sue ☐. If this box
is checked, it might
be your last issue
but I haven't made up
my mind yet ☐.

- ☒ ~~we trade~~/ I'd like to trade
- ☐ your fanzine is reviewed within
- ☐ you LoCed/I'd like a LoC
- ☐ you are mentioned
- ☐ you subscribed
- ☐ I need articles and art for next issue and thought
you might be able to help me out
- ☒ this is a sample, please respond



TPSS