

# OUTWORLDSeven



MY GOD—  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHERE  
IT'S BEEN...





...FROM WILLIAM'S PEN : XXV -- *Bill Bowers*



[WILLIAM ROTSLER]

...seeing as how we are picking up a number of new readers with this issue:

I. : Who am I?

In the beginning, we must realize that Life is but an endless series of numbers; several such numbers have been attached to my person. I guess this is to neatly put me in my proper 'place' in the various Government & Other files that have knowledge of my existence. But--and I want to make this one thing perfectly clear--I am not any one of these numbers... (although these particular numbers I'm talking about ARE, indeed, me), and I tend to resent their very existence.

But, for the Record, here are but a few of the Numbers that, were it not for me, would have very little meaning:

299-38-4153	-----	SOCIAL SECURITY
33-470-43-374	-----	SELECTIVE SERVICE NUMBER
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I believe that it goes something like this: "Getting to know you better..."

At any rate, you have just been informed of my #1 Touchy Subject. Remember that.

...you know, in the process of penning a self-introduction, I must constantly remind myself that most (but probably not all) of you know me/know of me/or have heard of me somewhere along the line. And I'm not sure of how/or why/or to what degree this knowledge came into existence. Therefore, I must be somewhat generalized.

As always, my well-known (but certainly false) modesty hinders my relating to you the 'true greatness' that cringes behind this modest publication. This self-effacing front I have created, you must understand, does not mean that I lack balls (I now have five ... for the Selectric); rather, it means that I somewhere picked up the old-fashioned notion that it is far better to demonstrate greatness, than to proclaim it. Just one of those things, you know...

----- [William Rotsler]; Bill Bowers

The Sordid Details: Born of Holy Roller-WASPish parents on 20 July, 1943. Totally unexciting childhood & youth ... mostly withdrawn & shy; I've since come to prefer at least the 'withdrawn' portion of it. My obsession with the printed form of communication, and the possibilities that it still has (graphically, as well as that inherent in the Words themselves...), was generated not only by this shyness, and the curse of glasses inflicted at the age of 7 or 8 (I disremember which) ... but also by the fact that the Old Ones (I love them still; but their life is not mine) considered TV to be Evil as well as immoral -- therefore we didn't have one. Naturally, I felt persecuted and deprived at the time, but since then have come to the conclusion that such an experience now gives me a bit of an unique outlook on my generation--the large majority of which were raised on the boob tube. [Sidelight: I mentioned this factor in an early N'APazine--and it generated a Roger Zelazny story, which ended up appearing in *Double: Bill*.] Time passed, and I was drafted on a Friday the 13th. I successfully beat the draft by the drastic method of enlisting in the U.S. Air Force (a fly-by-night outfit) where I served my sentence from 30 November, 1964 until Labor Day of 68 in such exotic and delightful places as Texas, western Missouri, and the Philippine Islands. I was mildly disillusioned--upon my exit from this vacation--to find myself faced with: The prospect of deciding between Horatio & Milhouse. But I did; rationalizing my decision by saying that I was voting against one, rather than for the name I X'ed. However, the old luck turned (for the better): I am now a married D.O.M. (Joan was born in '49.) We did the deed at St. Louiscon ... feeling that you could apply the term 'fanac' to most anything. (I sometimes suspect that she married me because of my BNF-status, but since that ain't too flattering, I tend to dismiss that explanation.) Compared to most examples around us, we've had a remarkably happy and mellow marriage; neither one of us, however, is any too happy with the State of the Country/World. Joan, being younger and all, is the most idealistic. I'm an old man/fan, and tired. But I try. Oh, yes. I/we have moved the last three Novembers in a row; this is a trend that's going to come to a screeching halt.

So much for the basics.

I entered fandom in mid-61 thru the *Fantastic Universe* fancolumn, and published my first fanzine (a genuine hectoed product) in September of that year. At least that is the date it carries. I have attended the Worldcons in Chicago, D.C., San Francisco (Pacificon II), Cleveland & St. Louis, plus a number of regionals. But I don't consider myself a con-fan, per se; enjoy them though I do, I'd much rather put the money and time into seeing what I can do with *Outworlds*, rather than attending every possible convention. Weird, ain't it?

For most of the 60's, I was associated with Bill Mallardi and something we called --originally enough--*Double:Bill*. It was expensive & irregular & head- and heart-ache producing, but mostly it was fun. I'd do it again; and there ain't that many things I would go that far with. I seem to recall getting on the FAPA-waiting list prior to my entry into 'the war', operating under the theory that by the time I got out of one I'd be in the other. Shows you the validity of my theories.

And thus...here I am.

## II. : Where am I?

Make no mistake, I've been in apa's before. Two tenures in the N3F's N'APA, and a spell in the mundane NAPA. And rather mundane it was. In those good old daze of 62, this was before the liberation of *anything* ... I ran a story by Earl Evers (yes, the very same Earl Evers who...) containing a naughty word sans astericks. The reaction I received from the kindly but bigoted old ladies there in residence convinced me that future publishing ventures should lie elsewhere...



...and now, at this late date, I find myself firmly 'in' that crusty old group: The Fantasy Amateur Press Association. But despite the way the saying goes, I haven't come here to die; not when I've only just begun to get my things together.

In all honesty--as well as quite frankly--I approach being one of the chosen few with considerably less enthusiasm than I would have brought to the organization two years ago...or even when I revived *Outworlds* in January of last year. It's not that I want to be uppity, or even perverse--it's just that my 'direction' has changed several times since I was put on the 'list', and is still changing. The last year or so, it has just been a matter of endurance, and being too stubborn to drop off. For this reason, I'm inclined to support the proposal of advancing a few waiting listers in before their turn -- even knowing that if you'd have done it over me, I would have been hurt.

I'm inclined that way...but I'll vote against it. Logic plays no part here.

Where I am, is where *Outworlds* is at. Of necessity.

As of now, I am running Ow thru FAPA (despite previous plans and announcements) simply because I can't manage two fanzines...doing them the way I have to do them. So current plans call for four issues to be FAPAized this year; at the end of the year, I may pull it out and start a separate fapazine, drop out of FAPA entirely, or keep it in for another year. This decision will depend to a large extent on you...fapa-people.

...you see, rightly or wrongly (and I argue both ways, myself), *Outworlds* is an intensely personal thing to me, and being such, I require a rather high level of response and a tangible reaction. (Tangible in the sense of something sent to me, or in print somewhere ... rather than a "I like your fanzine" at a convention.) I have been getting that reaction 'outside', and if I can't find it in here, I'll go back out into the cold -- exclusively.

By the by, in case that's not clear (believe it or not, I sometimes am not)--the above should not be construed as being a 'threat'; only a policy of sorts.

I approach FAPA with some ambitions and goals; with some hesitation, as well. It is something new. But I intend to use the organization/membership for certain reasons, in certain ways, and remain willing to be used in return...provided you do it openly.

I'll try to do the same.

### III. : Where are we going?

I discussed, fairly extensively, my own goals and ambitions in D:B 21; since it's still in print, I won't recant them here. My/Joan's goals are in the process of being worked out, but to a large extent, they involve the preceeding sentence, and the next:

The 'we' in the Question are *Outworlds* & I. The answer is for you...

To the faithful, the non-fapans who have been with us before, I can say that *Outworlds* will remain the very same *Outworlds* you've known and loved: No fixed editorial policy as regarding slant or subject of material, no fixed format or repro method, and no slackening of my interest in you...despite my seeming inability to communicate with you by letter or postcard.

The same old thing.

...will that be enough?

### IV. : Where we have been...

...might be covered in Year ONE, which will be published in conjunction with *Outworlds Eight*...but which will fill the page numbers left out between *Six* and *Seven*.

I do things that way.

----- BILL BOWERS

----- Bill Bowers



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 Edited, Designed & Typed by BILL BOWERS, for your listening enjoyment.  
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OUTworlds' INwords



[GRANT CANFIELD]

-----  
ALPAJPURI : 1690 East 26th Avenue : Eugene : OREGON : 97403  
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...I find myself distinctly uncomfortable at your change to all-offset, and I hope said change is only temporary. It's certainly not a rational reaction: It's obvious that offset printing provides much darker & cleaner repro, and releases you from the hassles of printing it yourself (I presume you send it to a professional establishment...); but I find offset just a trifle cold and impersonal. This seems to be a common feeling among fans, and I've been making some haphazard attempts to analyse it.

Alpajpuri; [Grant Canfield] -----

I think it's a natural fear of The Machine. Most fans are oriented towards the printed word, for example, and it's not surprising that most fanac, including much interfan correspondence, is done with the typewriter. I type most of my letters, except those missives addressed to non-fans, who would be insulted, and to those people on who I wish to make a particularly personal impression.

The more remote a function is from basic human imperfection, the more of a challenge it is to the human ego. City living grinds away mental health. Computerized multiversities leave students frustrated and depressed. Hand-made furniture, dishes, and clothes on the other hand, are always more comfortable to own -- they're engrained with the personality of the creator. People are not geometrical, we are irregular amorphous blobs and must maintain a like environment if we wish to remain (or become) stable. As concerns printing, the more personal modes which require more personal attention are preferred by the soul: Ditto is funky, mimeo usually has a casual air. But almighty offset, in all its holy Perfection, makes us feel just a little cut off from the human beings who produced whatever it is we're reading. This is undoubtedly symptomatic of our unfamiliarity with the mode. Mundane newspapers and magazines are impersonal as a rule, and we associate the mood with the mode in true Pavlovian spirit. At least, that's how I seem to react.

Consider one end of the spectrum, for a moment. I doubt if there's ever been an offset personalzine. The current crop of Fannish Fanzines seems to be consciously relying on its unsophisticated graphics, its inherent artistic mediocrity to produce a stronger bond between the zines and the readers' hearts. The editors of such zines are interested primarily in reaching out to all their readers as individuals, on a casual basis, as opposed to throwing out pieces of artficed Image. They deal in people.

I certainly don't wish to suggest that they have a monopoly on said interest. It is the intended business of all fanzine editors, of course, with the possible exception of individuals such as Lee Sapiro... But that's about all the Fannish Fanzines are interested in, and as *Outworlds* attempts to straddle a wider area of appeal its focus of attention must waver from the personalities to spend a fair amount of time with other things. Like presenting excellent artwork, producing justified margins, and working on original and refreshing layout.

I'm hardly trying to convince you to change *Outworlds* into a dittoed personalzine... You seem to be pretty set in your ideas about what you want it to be, anyway. ...But I would urge you to consider the effects of what you're doing on your readers' psyches alongside their intellects and capacities for aesthetic (artistic) appreciation. It's possible to counteract the impersonalization of offset printing, zum Beispiel, with more casual layout, artwork and written material. Much of which you already have--I'm probably worrying about nothing, and perhaps this doesn't apply to you at all, but as they say in the old country, a stitch in time is worth a pound of cure.

...I do have a few specific comments on *Outworlds* 6. For some time I've considered publishing a fanzine with sideways text, but have always held off because I didn't think it would be very easy to read. Now I find I was right. A magazine with a horizontal binding is structurally flimsy, making reading an awkward task, also since the vertical area of attention is so great. (A magazine typed sideways and bound at the ends, to make an elongated strip instead of an approximate square, is almost as difficult to cope with; it's hard to take in so much at once, from side to side.)

[I beg to differ ... Jerry Lapidus' *Tomorrow* and... #5 just arrived--in the sideways-elongated format...and it turned out rather well, in my view. \* Back to *Ow* 6... I approached the whole thing with some hesitation -- more so than any previous issue. But it was simply one of those things I HAD to do, once, and now that it is done, it is there for all to see, and I can move on

to other things... \* Incidentally, Paj... Neither Jerry's or my last issues were the ultimate in extended reading surfaces. Several years ago, in a zine whose name I can't recall, Paul Wyszowski stapled across the narrow, or top edge of 8-1/2 sheets ((ala Tomorrow and...)), but the text was so typed that as you flipped over each page, you had to read vertically down two 11" pages --or were they legal length? Now THAT was difficult reading...! BILL]

A handy hint for producing justified margins: When you add spaces to a line, do it between tall letters [b d f g h j k l q t y]. If you let optical illusion work for you you're that much ahead... (Conversely, if spaces are to be subtracted from a line, it should be done between low letters [a c e i m n, etc.], although this only really applies to work done on typewriters with proportional spacing or with a half-space key like mine, with which spaces can be subtracted.) And again, justifying does make text impersonal--you will notice that the only part of *Trumpet* that Reamy left unjustified was the lettercolumn, for this very reason no doubt -- but I don't know if you're concerned with such subliminal influences.

[ ...my own self-developed method of justification dictates that something other than the size of the letters should determine where those extra spaces should be inserted: The very 'rhythm' of the words, as I read them. \* ...unfortunately, the Selectric doesn't permit fudging in extra characters.]

The artwork was very good... I'm pleased to see that Jeff Cochran is finally Making It Big in the fanzines... My un-favorite was C. Lee Healy's centerspread. The planet and starscape in the background were fine, but I thought the spaceship trail and the man were just a little rough... Mike Gilbert's scratchboard work is always delightful to peruse, as, I might add with something of a twinkle, are Rotsler's girls. And of course Steve Fabian's coquille boards... The aspect of Steve's work which I find discomforting is his use of hard, sterile blacks & whites (perhaps relating to the Fear of The Machine mentioned earlier), but with coquille board he blossoms into something I can more readily digest. I suppose because that's how I envision the world -- in mottled shades and fuzziness around the edges. Steve's a technical engineer or somesuch, isn't he? I imagine it's that kind of hard, precision perception which leads him to develop such a clean and cold style...

As for the written material--Alexis Gilliland's piece on conformity in fandom was d'lightful, to be sure, though I'd express a little less enthusiasm about Slenlike Fen. A glance around most any convention will take in a great number of fans subject to the low human vices of social conformity and unoriginality... Fans seem to be basically human, contrary to popular belief, perhaps our chief saving graces being our relatively high intelligence ratings and our remarkable tolerance. I've been to many fannish gatherings in public places, and it's always interesting to note the curious expressions on the faces of onlookers. A group of people encompassing longhaired hippie freaks, suit-&-tie businessmen types, young and old, weirdos and just plain fokes, all very obviously together, bonded together by something deeper than clothing, hair and skin, digging each other in spite of individual costumery. 'Course, if these innocent bystanders came close enough to hear the kind of things we talk about they'd freak out even more, but not too many have that experience for very long. Fan groups in restaurants, for example, seem to be separate from other patrons, if not at first, due to fannish aloofness (introversion), then certainly after a few minutes when nearby diners begin to leave or move...

Greg Benford's Thoughts While Typing is, as usual, relaxing-yet-stimulating to read, and provides a nice goal for would-be writers like myself--in fact, I'm thinking lightly of doing a column to send around to fanzines called Thots Whilst Trypping ...



HANK DAVIS : Box 154 : Loyall : KENTUCKY : 40854

[On Ow V] -- Gaaah! I don't even want to think about how much work you went to in putting that thing together... The last thing like this that rocked my mind was the *Yandro* with the conservation stamp pasted in each copy (and since Ow V, another such *Yandro* has come), and the *Odd* with the green color added by hand to eyes on the alien on the cover. But this hadda be more work.

Speaking of *Odd*, I enjoyed Jerry Kaufman's article on same, but had the feeling that I wouldn't have grooved on it at all if I hadn't seen the issues he was writing about...sort of like Alva Rogers' *REQUIEM FOR ASTOUNDING*... A useless, and pointless book, unless you have seen the issue he is talking about on page x.

Ignore Earl Evers. I've ignored Earl Evers since he gave Thomas Burnett Swann a bad review. There are unpardonable sins...

WOW for Mike Gilbert's induction comic strip; even if I am overcome with jealousy because they let him keep his boots. I was permitted only socks on my feet. This had me in stitches, tho.

Well, now the bad part... I've decided that I must be out of step, for I keep seeing praise galore for Ted Pauls' reviews, and they just bore me. He adopts a style that I find serious, too serious, and stilted. Way too formal. I don't think that it's a matter of disagreeing with his opinions and consequent dislike of the reviews, for I agree less often (estimate--I haven't done a statistical check) with Paul Walker and I find his reviews interesting to read. Ted's writing is just too stodgy, using ten-ton bricks for words. And, though it is a minor thing, he is addicted to two phrases: "By all means," and "add this to your library". In Ow V, he puts them both together at the end of his column.

And, as an example, I liked Goulart's *AFTER THINGS FELL APART*. And I, too, find most of his short stories "pointless and dull". But Ted's review was so musty...

He might prove me wrong, though. His column for Ow VI shows signs of loosening up. Not enough, but I begin to see the light coming through the chinks between the bricks... And, interestingly enough, I couldn't disagree more with his opinions of *FOURTH MANSIONS*.

I'm also inclined to suggest that if he is harsher on Dean Koontz's sf because he and Dean are "freakohippyleftists" together than he would be if Dean was, say, chairman of YAF, then he should not review Dean Koontz at all... But he was, I suspect, merely indulging in flamboyant rhetoric and hyperbole...

Fabian's portfolio dedicated to Asimov is gorgeous. So what else can I say? I can't place any of the illustrated scenes in stories by the Good Doctor, and suspect that Stephen was trying to capture (pardon the art-appreciation-class-for-little-old-ladies-cliche) a mood of the Asimov universe, as he did with tha A. Merritt one. More! Please.

If Jeff Smith really goes ape (free plug for Norman Spinrad's novels, through use of that bit of anthropoid slang which I heard for the first time in 1958!!!! and can you really believe that 1958 is where it's at????) over pubic hair, he probably hasn't gotten past the front of Ow VI yet. Wowie. Things have changed since the ladies in *Amazing* and such in the fifties, who cunningly held their forearms so as to leave the nipples to the viewer's imagination. I chuckled to think that, had you sent this zine to me a year ago, I supposedly would have been unable to take it out of Viet Nam with me... We weren't permitted to take porn back to the U.S., lest it corrupt the civilians, I guess, and in the case of photos, they were going by the absence/presence of pubic hair as setting the borderline between porn and mere ol' innocent *Playboy*... Of course, I could have just mailed it home... I got some Essex House books back to the World that way...

----- Hank Davis

(Imagine andy offutt drafted through a computer foul-up or somesuch and he winds up in Viet Nam, the country with the shape of a recalcitrant turd. At the end of his "tour", he is heading home, but hey! what does customs find in his footlocker but a stack of evial pornography. "Aha," sez they, "we must confiscate this, lest it return to the land of the free and the home of the surtax and corrupt maybe even Trisha Nixon." "Hey, now," sez offutt, "you can't take those away from me. I wrote them!" "Sure, troop....," they say. Fade out.)

It doesn't really bother me so much that Greg Benford's column this time hopped around so much; but some of the snippets, I thought, could have stood some development. And the last and longest section was the one I enjoyed the most...

Nice backcover...whoops, that's the front cover snuck around from the front. Very sneaky, you denizens of Barberton. Humm, THE SWORDSMAN OF BARBERTON? Nah.

-----  
JERRY KAUFMAN : 1485-1/2 Pennsylvania Avenue : Columbus : OHIO : 43201  
-----

I'm not sending in the poll. I looked it over, and found I couldn't make any choices. I liked each issue, and the whole run of issues. If I were to look at the crown of an emperor, and found that each side of the crown had an exquisitely worked gem, I'd not be able to pick between the diamond, the ruby, the emerald or the star sapphire. I'd like each for its own special merit, and I'd like them all together on the crown.

*[Jerry...that's undoubtedly the best cop-out I've gotten yet, on the poll!]*

It is too bad all the artwork couldn't fit into the new format. The Rotsler photos and the Fabian portfolio contradict the rest of the side wise layout. I liked the feeling of it, once I trained my eye not to travel all the way down the pages.

Your letters are excellent this issue. Several of them were worth a more valued title, like "column", just to show the writers how much you really appreciate them.

Mae Strelkov, for instance, never fails to be an open and truthful human. I wish she would come to the US. I'd like to meet her. Of course I can't say I always agree with her. Mae, about this separation of word from word referent...you say the Church has done this for years in the pulpit. I think you're right if you talk about the writings of the Fathers, but the sermons I know of are very concrete. If you have PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN you might want to look at the sermon that young Dedalus hears. It's an anti-masturbation (at least I remember Dedalus taking it that way) sermon, and done in the most minute and concrete fashion. Every pain, torture, smell and horror is listed. Perhaps this is only a quibble, since the problem does exist as you state it, but more in the political arena.

I met Earl Evers, once, Mae, and he was no computer. He looked more like a visionary. He was thin with a small thin beard and wide burning eyes. Maybe they've burned out by now, or maybe they light his way now.

Sorry, Harry, for getting you down. Maybe Odd will reemerge from the clods that engulf St. Louis. If Ray Fisher gets away from the city maybe it will. It won't be a fanzine anymore, I suspect. Hank Luttrell told me some of the changes that would come, but why spoil the surprise?

Mike, your reasoning on the popularity of Lesbian pornography is that the stuff is popular because it's strange and different. How about books about male homosexuals? Are they very popular among males? My thought is that Lesbian books are popular because the men put themselves in the place of one of the girls, or even both at once (or is that too complex for the average reader to hold?). I think Andy Offutt should wriggle into this discussion.

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Hank Davis; Jerry Kaufman -----

MICHAEL GLICKSOHN : 267 Saint George Street; Apt. 807 : Toronto 180 : ONTARIO : CANADA

Well...er...um...it sure is *different* but is it *Outworlds*? There's something about the appearance of #6 that doesn't ring true for me. I think it's related to that thin, light-weight paper you used: No matter what heights of experimentation were scaled with previous issues of Ow, we could always depend on the solid, substantial feel that identifies a fanzine. This issue looks and feels like any of a dozen underground magazines. I hate to say it, but it just doesn't feel fannish! And to me, that was a large part of the attractiveness of Ow. It was there as a challenge to the rest of us; the perfect example of what could be done with that generally ill-considered beast, the fanzine. Take away the look and the feel of a fanzine and you lose a lot of the charm and personality, no matter how good the contents might be. I do not mean to imply that to be appealing a zine has to be badly reproduced or poorly laid out -- far from it. But compared to #5, this issue of Ow has lost something and I feel just a bit sorry about it.

I can see where you have tried to make the front cover as independent as possible so that it stands on its own without the necessity of opening the magazine to view the entire work, but for me it doesn't quite come off. The lack of balance is too distracting. And when the cover is spread open, the overall impact on me is not great. I certainly don't think this is one of Mike's better works, having a hurried somewhat sloppy appearance. On the other hand, Mike's piece on page 205 is one of the finest drawings you've had in these first six issues as I indicated in the poll. It has a brooding sense of power along with a haunting feeling of strange familiarity that is really impressive. This, I think, would have made a much more effective cover illustration. The Schulls, the Fabians and the Canfields are also superb pieces. Grant is one of the fastest rising artists on the fannish scene and to my mind, he's the best artist whose work is currently appearing regularly in fanzines. I can see that Hugo for Best Fan Artist becoming even tighter in years to come!

Ted Pauls continues to be the most readable reviewer around. His analysis of *FOURTH MANSIONS* is delightful in its sharpness and wit. I thoroughly enjoyed the book but could never accept it as one of the great breakthroughs in literature since *FINNEGAN'S WAKE*. Ted has done an excellent job of exposing the book while at the same time exposing the critics who would have us believe that they alone possessed the insight required to decipher the complex symbolism of a modern masterpiece. Ted assuredly deserves a Hugo for his always excellent writings.

Mae sounds like an incredible person. I've often enjoyed her streams-of-consciousness that pass for letters but you and Joan seem to bring out the best in her. She writes with such an outpouring of warmth and humanity that I scarcely like to disagree with her but I really can't let one of her statements go without a protest. Now I'm second to none in my admiration for the appearance of Ow (although I've been a bit rough on you this time around) and I've said so many times, but I still can't buy that to say a fanzine was "almost too beautiful for comfortable reading" (Boy that phrase is sure getting typed a lot -- this makes the third time it's appeared) is "the nicest compliment any fanzine can hope, ever, to get". To my mind, although I do strive for beauty in my own fanzine, the highest compliment you could pay a fanzine would be to say, "It was almost too readable to need to be beautiful". When both compliments can be paid, then you've got a worthy Hugo winning fanzine.

Fie on Mike O'Brien, fie!! I spend hours selecting and laying out art that relates to the surrounding text and he has the gall to say it never occurred to him that this might be done. Do you think those drawings just materialize, Mike? Hand-chosen, every damn one of them. Of course, sometimes the connections to the text are somewhat tenuous but often there's a quite obvious tie-in between the two.

----- Mike Glicksohn



I'm delighted with Jerry Lapidus' whole-hearted support for Toronto. When fans start talking about "our" bid and saying "I think we have an excellent chance" it proves that our campaign has been successful. It's exactly this sort of personal involvement that we have strived for. And we shall see which of the two approaches will be successful come September.

Not being all that well-informed about the technical aspects of art, I enjoyed Jack's letter and explanation of the technique of glazing. Now that I know just what a complex process is involved here, I can only stand even more deeply in awe of Jack's own talents and versatility since I have many times seen him produce this same glazed effect with nothing more than a bottle or two of IPA!

If Greg Benford is serious about how the "Year's Best" anthology is built up, I find that disgusting. That anyone would willingly set his name to something he knows to be a lie and a deceit is incredible to me. I thought I was pretty cynical, but that shook me, I'll admit. Maybe I'm just a little dense today and failing to see a little healthy facetiousness, eh Greg? Please?

*[...Mike, of course, is the husband of Susan Glicksohn -- publisher of the excellent fanzine Aspidistra. I think Mike also publishes something...]*

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SANDRA MIESEL : 8744 N. Pennsylvania Street : Indianapolis : INDIANA : 46240  
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Egads! What further permutations of novelty lie ahead for Ow? Scrolls? Punched cards? Holograms?

But I'll have to make a point of showing #6 to my mother--since she thought Bill Rotsler's occupation amusing. Now my Mama is not your typical gray-haired Mama. Not when she thinks Harlan is... (I hesitate to quote her exact word, but what the devil): "Cute".

What, Jeff Smith, did generations of Greek hetaerae depilate themselves in vain? Look me up at a con sometime, Jeff, and I'll tell you what sort of momento Caroline Lamb sent Lord Byron.

Alas, metaphors alone doth not good writing make (much less salable writing). So have no regrets, beautiful nacreous Michael O'Brien. (For those of you who aren't already aware, Mike is a right-hand spiral ribbon of pale pink nacre.) The extravagantly sensuous approach makes life more interesting, but that's about all that can be said for it. Unlike those who rely on chemical adjuvants, I don't attribute some transcendent mystical significance to my perceptions.

So much for the hors d'oeuvres, on to the entree. I mean to review your reviewer reviewing other reviewers. Now then someone can review me and we can start an infinity of reflections... But seriously, I feel I have a legitimate complaint against Ted Pauls' remarks on FOURTH MANSIONS since I too, had made public statements about the book's symbolism. And his dismissal of attempts to analyze the symbolism and meaning of any work of art strikes at what I believe to be my own field of competence. Indeed, how do we extract meanings and what assurance have we that our interpretations are correct? Traditional art forms yield to comparison with the use of symbols in the originating culture. Private symbology is virtually impossible to understand unless the artist has offered some explanation or other compelling personal evidence is available. Thus the precise medieval iconography of a Flemish altarpiece is easily read -- the works of Venetian master Giorgione were no better comprehended by his contemporaries than by us.

Given an author as silent and inaccessible -- for all practical purposes -- as Lafferty, valid interpretation must rely on the work itself. This is one of my objec-

Mike Glicksohn; Sandra Miesel -----

tions to Ted's review: Its careless and cavalier treatment of the text. The cyclic theory of history on which the plot depends was most certainly not propounded by Teresa of Avila! THE INTERIOR CASTLE cited several times in FM is a book of mystical theology and not history. The theory is described by one "Arpad Arutinov" in the heading to Chapter VI. "Arutinov", "Endymion Ellenbogen", "Audifax O'Hanlon", et al., all came from the same source--Lafferty's labyrinthine little brain. (I do trust, Ted, that you noticed about half the chapter-heading quotes were spurious?)

"Something good is to be said for every faction, including the fascists" is Ted's personal opinions speaking, not Lafferty. In ascending order the author rates the non-human groups--Toads (Communists), Pythons (Liberals), Falcons (Fascists), and Badgers (Conservatives). The concept of the Badgers owes something to Mr. Badger in THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS: Auclaire's storerooms, for example. There is also a human group of effete secularists (Dogs) represented by Michael Fountain. These are the Intelligentia and therefore suitable prey for Miguel Fuentes who claims to act for the plain "earth-people". Fountain's group denies the existence of the Monsters and is trying to force human history into a descending spiral in the name of elite perfection. (cf: the Astrobe Dream in PAST MASTER.)

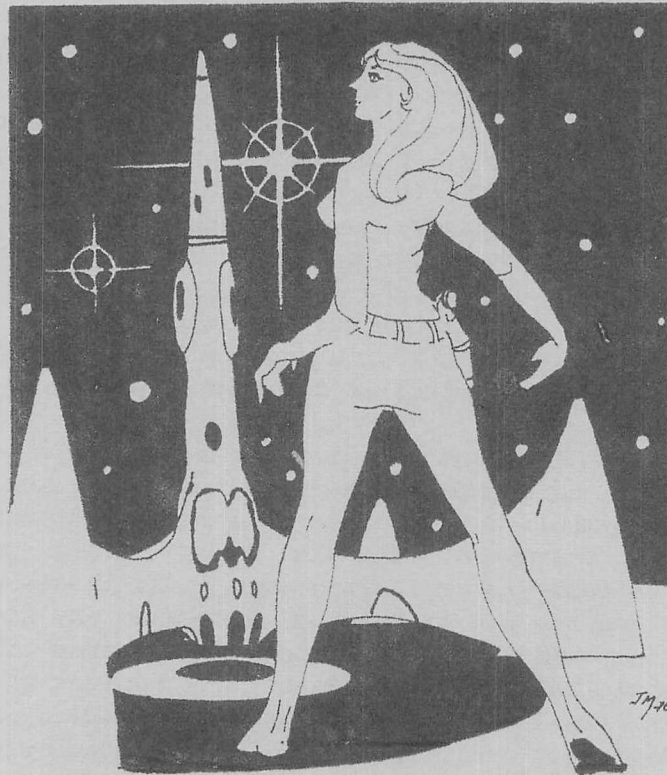
Being able to summarize the plot of FM does not necessarily prove understanding of the novel. John and I *did* understand it on first reading -- and he has no special knowledge of literature or symbolism. I made the mistake of proclaiming this with rather arrogant ebullience in *Energumen*. (But the marks of Alex Panshin's boots are fading nicely, thank you.) Lafferty is expressing certain attitudes and opinions in FM (and PAST MASTER). I am not making any of this up or seeing any significance that is not there. While I don't know what Ted's educational background is, I doubt that he habitually thinks in scholastic categories or readily recognizes the Catholic symbols and allusions permeating FM. In Judith Merrill's YEAR'S BEST #11, Lafferty describes himself as a conservative Catholic. This is a fact, not a supposition, and central to my thesis. He likes the Middle Ages and Chesterton (cited as a "prophet" on page 118). He deplores liberal prelates, avante garde theologians, Chardin, and Joakim of Flora (Chapter V). Didn't anyone realize that the automated chapel sequence in PAST MASTER was satirizing a real phenomenon which obviously annoys Lafferty? One of the main themes in FM is the mystery of election. The four Monster groups stand outside the economy of salvation. The patricks, like the Overlords in CHILDHOOD'S END, have never been "called". They are trying to convince the Almighty of their worthiness. The Pythons are trying to reach a higher stage of existence by their own efforts. But Foley, "the commonality of mankind, the simplicity", does attain it and becomes the first New Man. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the cornerstone." (Compare inadequate self-made sanctity and the real kind in Gertrude Von Le Fort's SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD.) Lafferty has confidence that the "nourishing interior weirdness" of ordinary people will put to nought the schemes of elites.

The animal symbols for the four groups of course come from the Lion, Ox, Man, and Eagle symbols for the Evangelists which in turn are taken from the Four Living Creatures in Ezechiel and ultimately derived from the Babylonian symbols for the Four Directions. So Hank Stine was justified in calling them "primal entities". Interestingly, these symbols exercised an almost hypnotic fascination for medieval Irish artists and are the commonest motifs in their illuminated manuscripts.

Of course, all those references to water and fountains in FM recall St. Teresa's famous analogy of the soul as a garden fed by different sources of water.

My insistence on real meaning in Lafferty extends only to FM and PM. I have no particular opinion on his other novels and stories. Lafferty's writing reminds me of the reconstructed windows of Wells Cathedral. Crazy quilts of stained glass fragments in lead frames. I don't think Ted was fully tuned in this time -- but surely Lafferty doesn't give one faint damn whether anyone ever understands.

I WENT TO THE MOON THE OTHER DAY... -- Jodie Offutt



[JIM McLEOD]

I went by way of Flordia, the same way everybody goes to the moon.

Some very nice people helped me go. Joe and Nita Green asked me to stay at their house on Merritt Island before I left. W. E. Crutcher arranged for me to get through the gate at Kennedy Space Center. I'm indebted to them.

There's a sign down there in Brevard County: *UNITED STATES SPACEPORT*. I went out to our spaceport the day before I left--just to get my bearings. I saw the little toy missiles we used to use and the one Shepard took his short trip in ten years ago. Freedom 7. (I watched on television that time.) They look as though they belong in county fairs for children to ride for a quarter or 35¢.

I went in the building where they put our Saturns together -- Vehicle Assembly Building, they call it. The Pentagon would fit comfortably inside it; so would the Statue of Liberty. The VAB covers eight acres and has a 10,000-ton air conditioner. It is very big, our spaceport body shop.

How many tanks would fit on a baseball infield? I don't know, but I had a good look at our Crawler, the transporter that moves the space ships to the pad, and the top is about that size. It slides right under the Saturn in the VAB. Then drives off with it. What a sight that must be--to see this tank-looking gray thing lumbering down its 6-lane highway at one mile an hour with 363 feet of white Saturn and Apollo balanced on it! It doesn't turn around for the return trip from the pad. The driver runs around to the back side and the reverse driver's seat to drive it back at top speed -- 2 mph. The transporter weighs six million pounds and has four double-tracked crawlers. Each track has 57 tread shoes and each shoe weighs about a ton.

Jodie Offutt; [Jim McLeod] -----



I like our Crawler. It's a tough-looking monster. It was a little hard for me to appreciate the size with nothing but Florida sky to relate it to, but it's hefty enough to do its job. I could tell that.

Then I went up on the pad. Pad B. (Pad A had Apollo 14 parked on it that day so they wouldn't let me go up there.) It's windy on launch pads. When I was there the wind was whistling through some loose wires or screens, making eerie music. The kind of music you might hear in a science fiction movie during the first scene on an alien planet when all's quiet but the wind. You have to be careful walking around on our launch pads or you may trip on the railroad tracks. I did, a couple of times. *Railroad tracks!*

I leaned over very carefully and looked down 42 feet into the flame trench. It was blackened from some other Saturn pushing off some other Apollo. I could see for miles around from up there; but each sweep of my eyes ended by flickering back to that other pad, about a mile and a half away, where Apollo 14 sat waiting. Pad B was just a ghost of a bygone launch, waiting for its turn to come around again.

I wished it luck and left.

There are railroad crossings all over our spaceport. I like that. Railroad tracks are rusting away all over our country because they're obsolete and antiquated and nobody uses them. But there are jobs at our most highly technical facility that can be done only by railroad cars on railroad tracks. It's right, somehow.

I went out later, about midnight, to look at Apollo 14. I stood on the Bennett Causeway on the bank of the Banana River with cars and campers and a few tents around me and looked 12 or 15 miles up the river. I could see it--from that distance I could see it--all lit up by 40 high-intensity searchlights

I didn't notice the stars that night.

The next day--Sunday--I went out to the spaceport about three hours before it was time to go. There is a place for me to sit with a roof over my head. And a big clock, like a football scoreboard, marking time for me. Beside the clock, on a tall pole, our flag blows--straight out. This is the press viewing site.

Across the river, only three miles away and closer-looking than that, Apollo 14 stands straight and tall, gleaming white in the sun. I can see USA on it.

The mobile launcher--bright red--is beside it, guarding it, holding it with nine arms. To the right, parked about 7,000 feet away, is the gray gantry -- mobile service structure. This ten-and-a-half-million pound tower was snuggled up to Apollo, too, till last night when it was rolled away on its tracks.

The gulls are flying lazily around Apollo and over the river. They don't seem too concerned. About 70 or 80 miles away, to the north, is a rain cloud.

T-02:20. The transfer van carrying the crew is coming down the road to my left with an escort: Three cars with flashing lights and a helicopter overhead. I see photography apparatus and gear of all types, from the simplest to the most complicated. There is an Air Force tracking unit complete with a television, color cameras and taping equipment--and operated by three or four men. Tripods are standing at every available vantage point.

T-43:03. The red arms of the mobile launcher are letting go of Apollo, one by one, then four by four. The raincloud is closer now and the wind is picking up. (Don't rain on my trip!)

T-32:43. People are moving out across the sand/grass. Others are stretched on the ground in the sun, some are listening to radios. They're eating, talking, dozing in the sun. And one rude, vulgar man even has the discourtesy to read a book. He is from South America, a guest in my country, in my spaceport. (I hope we have the good taste not to invite him again.)

T-08:02. The clock has stopped! The dark, heavy cloud is nearly overhead and I smell rain.

I take a walk, go to the bathroom, get a coke, smoke, wait, watch the clock that has stopped without running down, take its picture, wait...ten minutes...fifteen...twenty-five...the clock is frozen at T-08:02 ... forty minutes...fifty...an hour...and it starts again!

Everybody else cheers. I sigh.

I walk across the sandy grass to a spot where I can see both the clock and Apollo 14.

T-02:47. Apollo doesn't move, hasn't changed. It looks just as it did yesterday.

T-01:32. I'm getting rained on. The wind is blowing against my left cheek.

T-00:56. There's a knot in my chest. I'm glad for my raincoat. Everybody is quiet.

T-00:10. I can feel my heart breathing. My hair is wet.

The loudspeaker behind me says, "Ignition".

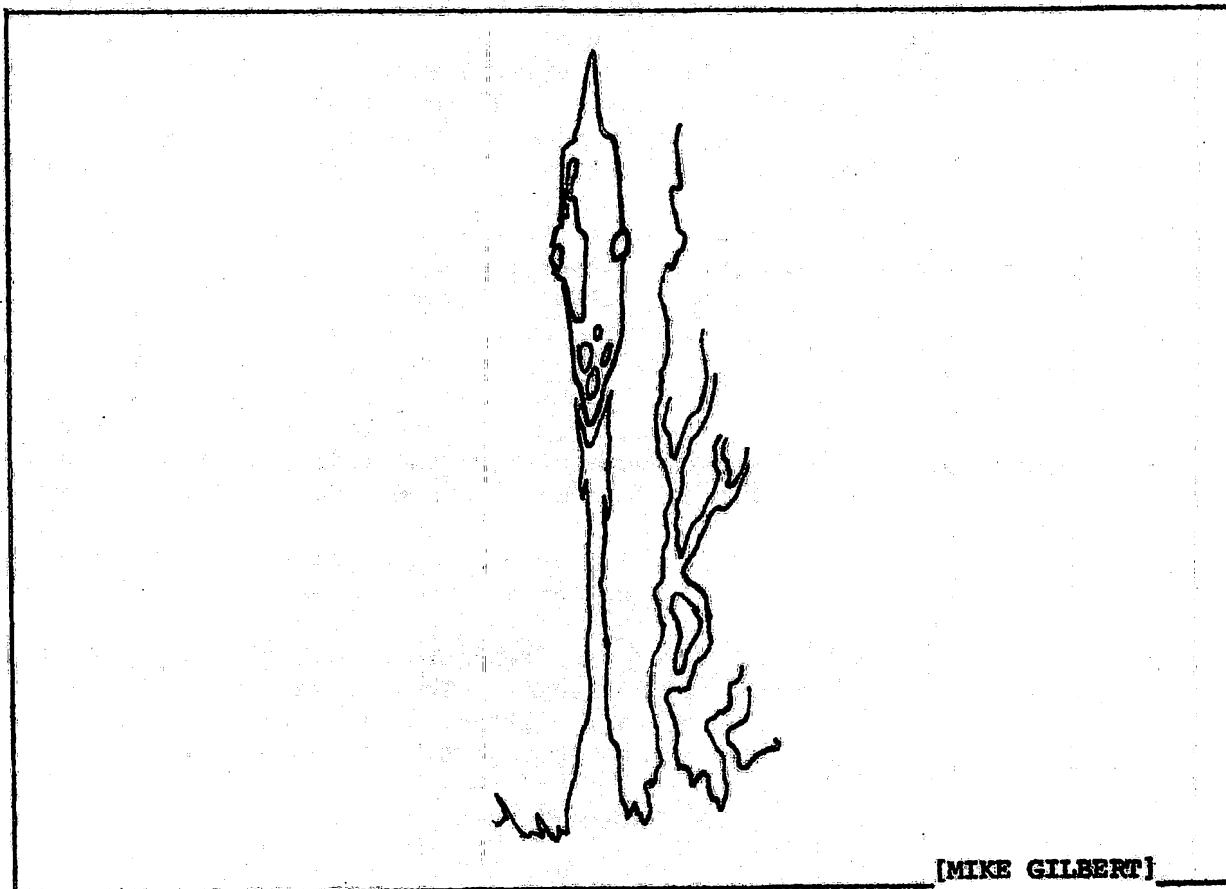
I see white smoke, then fire! Yellow. Orange. Red. It looks like the sun. My hands shake holding the binoculars. Then I hear the noise, feel it--in my chest, under my feet, inside my head and I shake all over, blink, and Apollo moves, hesitates, hovers and shoots like a rocket straight up into that gray cloud and is gone...and a part of me went with it.

I shiver again, take a deep breath, look at the now-naked Pad A with the white smoke spreading from it, then back at the clock:

T+01:30.

I walk back to a car, quiet, subdued. The vice president is talking somewhere from a loudspeaker. I ride back to Cocoa Beach with a car full of people. I look out the window ... part of me has gone to the moon.

----- JODIE OFFUTT



[MIKE GILBERT]

NOTES OF A GALACTIC OBSERVER -- *John D. Berry*

[ALEXIS A. GILLILAND]

The other night I went over to Kepler's Books. Now Kepler's is the major paperback bookstore in the Palo Alto area, or in the Stanford area, or however you want to define it (Kepler's is in Menlo Park, as a matter of fact). You can find almost any pb you could desire there -- but not quite any, because they didn't have *THE IMPROBABLE IRISH* when I was looking for it -- and you can also find a comprehensive assortment of magazines, newspapers, and underground publications. The whole store is divided up into sections, numbered and categorized; one large expanse of shelf is called "Sex", and in that section all the books are out of order. I was not looking for "Sex" though; I was looking for the *I CHING*, so naturally I sought out the section entitled "Zen & Existentialism". It was my great desire to follow Sandi Gerber's advice and get the Blofeld translation of the *I CHING*, in the handy cheap paperback form, so as not to corrupt my Western mind with the scholarly obfuscations of James Legge and Ace Books.

Finally I found the *I CHING*, arranged alphabetically after the "How To" books, but there was no Blofeld. No little Dutton paperback, crying out to be bought. No, instead there were only several copies of the Ace version (translated by Donald Wollheim from the original in *Amazing Stories*), glaring at me with their purple covers and their Ace blurbs in pseudo-Chinese form. "Bah!" I may even have muttered aloud.

----- [Alexis A. Gilliland]; John D. Berry



"This is out of order," said a woman's voice beside me. "This doesn't belong here. Why do people do these things?"

I looked to my right and found a short, black-haired woman standing next to me, fingering a book called **MARXISM & EXISTENTIALISM** or something of the sort and looking very peeved. She looked up at me and asked, "Why do people put books back in the wrong place? Would you do something like that?" I thought of the "Sex" section. The woman scowled and put the book on the shelf across the aisle; I believe that was a Greek history section. "I practically own this store, you know," she said.

Once she had started talking to me, she didn't stop. Evidently she has something to do with Stanford, and she spends long hours browsing around through the stacks of Kepler's Books. She asked me what I was looking for. When I told her she burst out, "Oh, no! You want the Wilhelm translation! It's the only one! All the others are crap!" I told her the Blofeld version had been recommended to me. "No! It's Wilhelm! Believe me, there's no other. I know." How does she know? "All the experts recommend it. I know a professor, an authority in Chinese philosophy who knows all about the field and he says that Wilhelm is the only one." And the person who recommended Blofeld to me knows something about the field, too. "But he's an authority. Don't you believe me?" Not necessarily. "You're a student at Stanford? And what are you studying?" History. "History of what?" Just history. "You haven't specialized? You're an undergraduate, then!" Yes. "See? I know everything. Now, if you're going to get the **I CHING**, you want to do it right, don't you? You want to get the best version? Get the Wilhelm."

By this time I was leaning against the shelves and had decided to continue this weird conversation. I was curious about this woman who had so selflessly decided to give a proper education in the **I CHING** to a perfect stranger. "I'm very opinionated," she said, which was true. She was really fairly attractive, although a good deal older than I. I would guess she was in her late thirties. She had deeply-tanned, leathery skin (well, not "leathery" maybe, but the kind of texture possessed by someone who has been tanned most of her life); slender, finely-shaped hands; and a long face with delicately-molded features and an intensity that never quite seemed to be directed entirely outside herself. Her eyes conveyed the intensity; sometimes a little madness. Her black hair fell not-quite-straight to her shoulders, and she leaned forward a bit. She wore slacks, a jacket, and a big bag hung from her shoulder.

The conversation wandered on from the **I CHING** to the bookstore itself. "They have books here that you can't buy in the United States." I hadn't realized Kepler's Books had seceded from the Union. "Come on, I'll show you." We wound our way to the front of the store, where she picked up a Penguin paperback of some sort and showed me the notice on the back that said "For copyright reasons this book cannot be sold in the United States!" "They have lots of Penguin books," she said, pointing to another nearby. It was **THE CHRYSALIDS**, by John Wyndham. "I guess the authors won't let them be published in the United States." I pointed out that John Wyndham has had numerous books published in this country; unfortunately I couldn't remember if **THE CHRYSALIDS** was one that had been published by an American company under a different name. I thought it had. "Well, this one can't be bought anywhere else in the U.S.," she said adamantly, holding up the first book. She was probably right. But she had stumbled into a field that I knew something about, and I was curious about the Wyndham book. So I went over to the desk and picked up the guide to "Paperback Books in Print". While I was flipping through it trying to remember how Wyndham was spelled, she came over, went behind the counter, and pulled out a volume in grey dust-jackets.

"Here it is!" she cried, brandishing the thick book. "The Wilhelm edition. It's not out in paperback; you can only get it in hardcover." I found "Wy---." "It costs six dollars, and it's worth it if you want to get the **I CHING**." There was Wyndham. **THE CHRYSALIDS** wasn't listed, though, and none of the entries mentioned alternate titles. "You're persistent, aren't you?" She put the Wilhelm volume down beside me. "Watch my

bag," she commanded, as she walked off towards another part of the store. I flipped to the "Ch--" section, but the title wasn't listed there, either. I sighed and closed the pb guide.

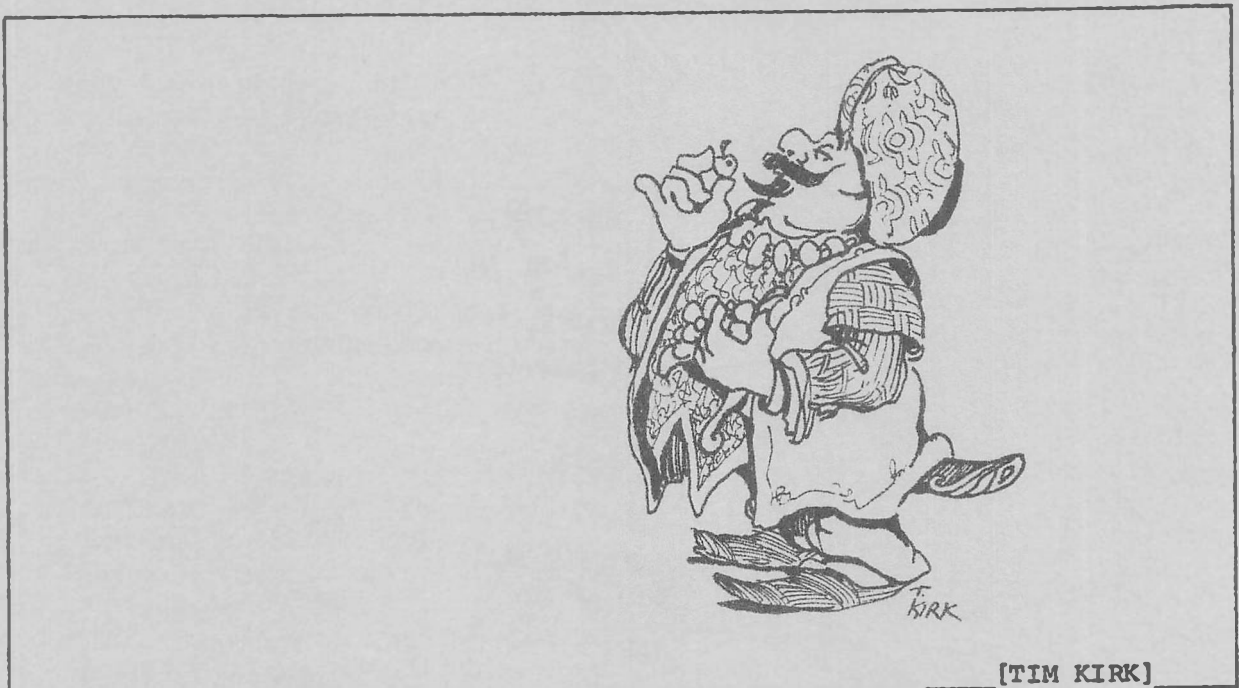
I opened the I CHING and looked at it. It was a very nice-looking book. I checked the copyright date and started reading the forward, to find out when it was translated and how. It took me a while, but I determined that it had been translated originally into German, and from that into English. Then I looked at the inside flap of the dust-jacket, where it told me the same thing. I should've looked there in the first place.

The woman came back and handed me a thin booklet in black and yellow, called A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO THE I CHING, by Willard Johnson. I put it aside and continued reading the original. She wandered off again.

I was reading a passage chosen at random from the book when she came back and looked over my shoulder. I commented that this was interesting stuff. "Here, let me show you a really interesting one." She flipped through the I CHING trying to find her passage. "Ah, here it is! It's about the superior man. It'll tell you all about the superior man--which I take to mean the superior woman, too. Here, start here and read this." I dutifully began reading about the superior man and Richard Wilhelm's condensations of the whole Chinese commentarial tradition on the I CHING. "I assume you're a superior man, if you go to Stanford." I smiled, and she wandered off again.

I spent a long time reading random parts of the I CHING, and I was impressed by both the wisdom of the book and the excellent job done by Wilhelm in translating and organizing it.\* The woman didn't come back; she had disappeared into the back of the store. I wondered if she was trying to pick me up, but I decided that if she was, she would have to put a little more effort into it. Finally I got tired of reading through the I CHING; I'd spent a couple of hours in the store and it felt all used up. I bought the BEGINNER'S GUIDE..., which looked interesting; a postcard; an underground paper; and *Zap Comix*. Then I went out and drove away.

----- JOHN D. BERRY



[TIM KIRK]

\*I finally got into the Ace edition that I have, a little bit, and I was appalled. It reads like an Ace Book -- and not a "Special" either.

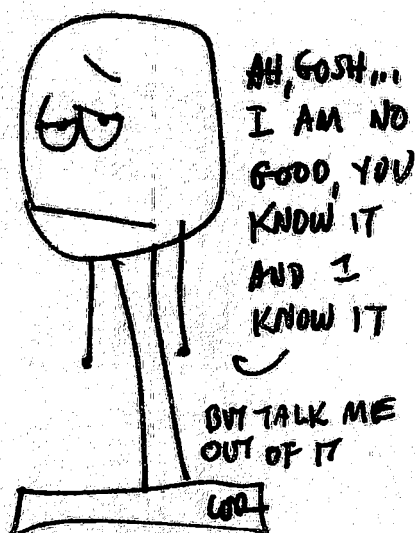
----- [Tim Kirk]; John D. Berry

**How to be a Berkeley Fan:**

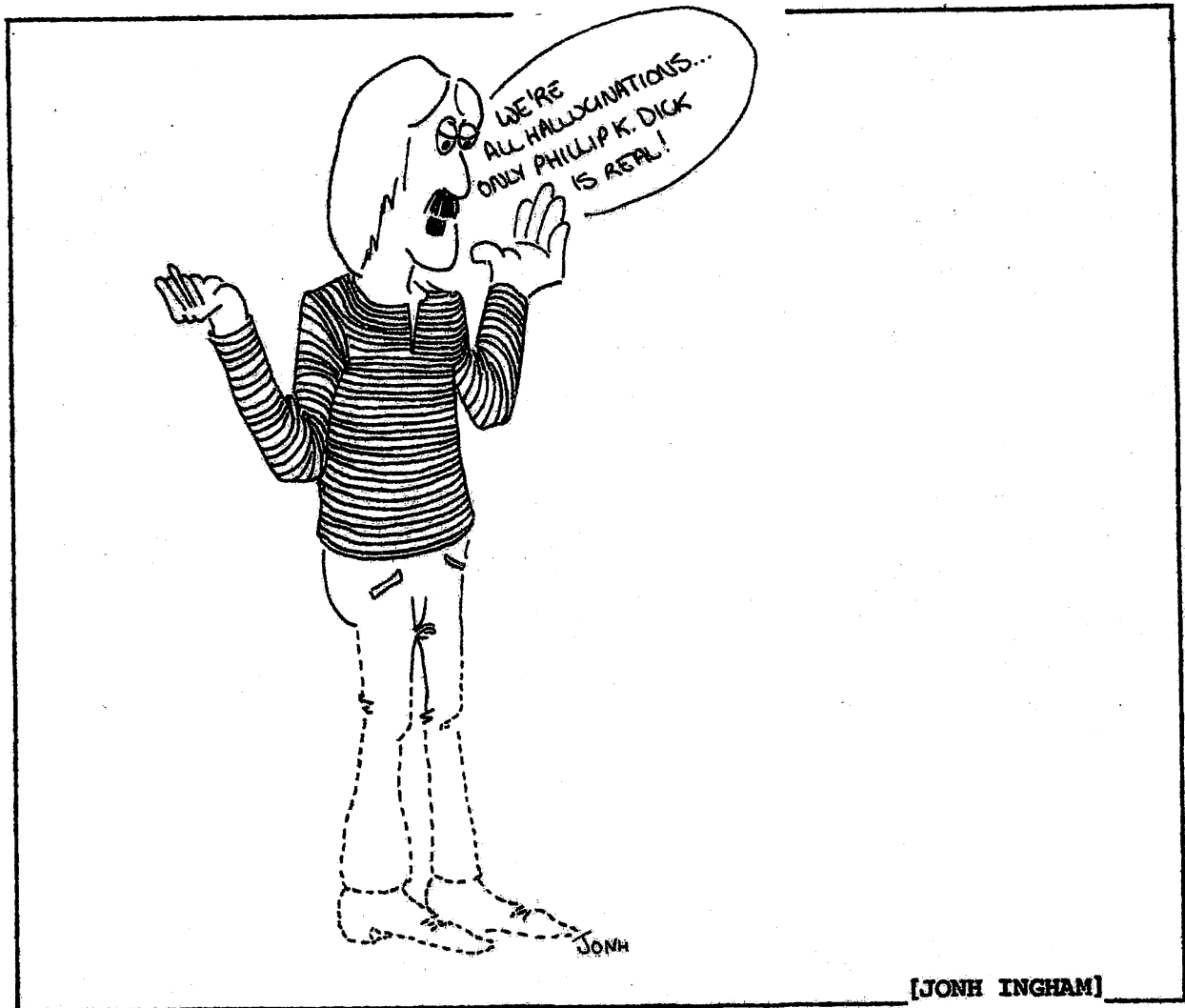
Frown a lot. Either wear your hair very long or shave it all off--no compromises. Drive a little foreign car that nobody can identify, or else hitchhike everywhere. If anybody asks, deny reading either *Locus* or *Focal Point*. (Should someone find a copy of either one around your house, snatch it from him, crying "That shit! I told them to stop sending it." and throw it away.) Find an Eisenhower jacket and wear it constantly -- even in bed. Cultivate a dreamy, dislocated expression; occasionally don't finish your sentences. (The ideal state is to have everyone watching out to be sure you don't wander out into traffic.) When TAFF is mentioned, say "Yeah, isn't it terrible about Don Ford winning?" Be very serious about films. Sample sentence: "I've been trying to get beyond *Z* for a year now." Always have wood ships, organic rasins, old doorknobs, etc., in your pockets. Occasionally leave some of them at a friend's house for safe keeping. Don't read any prozines. If someone is reading *New Worlds*, say you look at *If* every once in a while to catch all the really subtle head stuff they're running these days. Spend a solid week in Donaho's pool, refusing to come out, and then never go back in. Praise: "This fanzine is really in the here and now." Put down: "Does Geis put out this thing?" In word of the year: Organic. Never go to a con more than fifteen miles away. When meeting a pro author for the first time, stare at him intently for thirty seconds and then say slowly, "I see it, yeah, now I see it." and move away, distracted. Every once in a while let someone see you burning a stack of fanzines. Cultivate an obscure rock band, tout them as "the new Beatles" and a month later, when they come up in conversation, say "Plastic. Lost it all." and change the subject. Have a theory of fandom that compares Ellison to Napoleon. When they pass something ineffable to you, say "No man, don't want it to bring me down."

Never, never go to Los Angeles.

**THOUGHTS WHILE TYPING... -- Greg Benford**



[WILLIAM ROTSLER]



[JONH INGHAM]

One aspect of Samuel R. Delany's work has always bothered me: His characters seldom seem like adults. Instead they resemble elderly adolescents, with what this society thinks of as "restless" life styles and an unwillingness to be tied down to one situation, one place, or another person for any length of time. They are wanderers.

Most of Delany's stories are quests, either physical or emotional. Protagonists search for something that always seems to be over the next hill. They carry little of the range of emotion I have come to associate with fully realized adults.

This may be because Chip Delany himself is a wanderer, sore afraid of the strings and oddments of any form of routine. He has few possessions. He doesn't even own a typewriter most of the time; when he reaches a new city, he usually manages to borrow some decrepit machine on which to tap out his novels. He carries a small, rather erudite library. His mother keeps his Hugo and Nebulas. His clothes are few, his personal effects virtually nonexistent.

It seems to me that as time goes on this oblique view of the world will come to be a limitation, and a strong one. Sf has always appealed to the adolescent in us, if only because it is cloaked in dreams. But there are emotions and motivations that well from the deeper springs that most of us share as we age. The problems and insights of 35 are not those of 25. I wonder if Chip will continue to speak to us after we have settled into our niches, reading by fire-light and watching our children go off to school.

[Jonh Ingham]; Greg Benford



*Clipping Service:*

Should the Maharishi work for NASA?

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi obtained most of his fame in this country through the Beatles' flirtation with his teachings on transcendental meditation. The brief affair probably did the Maharishi more harm than good. This seems a pity; and is the more so because science seems rather belatedly to be cottoning on to the fact that teachers of meditation--who, after all, have been at it for thousands of years--are on to something. Recent Japanese research has shown that while Zen monks are meditating, their breathing rate, oxygen consumption, and skin resistance decrease. Now, Robert Wallace, of the Center for the Health Sciences, Los Angeles, has tested several students of transcendental meditation, and has found that they, too, undergo similar physiological changes while meditating.

Because the Maharishi's methods are so easy to learn, Wallace suggests that transcendental meditation may not only have therapeutic value in relieving mental and physical tensions, but may also be useful in situations where a state of mental alertness combined with low oxygen consumption would be valuable, such as in certain diseases and during space travel.

[*Science*, vol. 167, p. 1754.]

Who says the revolution isn't succeeding?



[JEFF COCHRAN]

I went to the annual meeting of the Plasma Physics Division of the American Physical Society again this year, in Washington, D.C. (Or, considering the state of national politics, Washington, D & C.) I flew into Dulles on November 3, marveling once more at the green fields and varicolored trees that passed beneath the wings. It is easy to forget, living in California, that the East is so fertile and filled with life. Even the notorious Washington slums didn't appear all that bad to me; the feeling of crowds is considerably lessened by the absence of tall buildings, so tenements don't seem to dominate the streets.

Greg Benford; [Jeff Cochran] -----

The meeting itself was much the same as always--some new ideas, a few surprises, a lot of dull ten-minute talks, and the corridor conversations that yield most of the really useful information anyway. I spoke on some work I had done and tried to piece together what was happening in the rest of the country in the entire field of plasma physics. It is incredibly hard to stay well-informed about physics, because advances are made so rapidly and the background required grows larger every year. Hannes Alfvén -- who had won the first Nobel prize ever given to a plasma physicist two weeks before the meeting, spoke on his pet speculations for the future of the field. Alfvén is an odd sort, given in recent years to looking beyond the immediate horizons of science and trying to guess what goals are worth taking on. He recently proposed that the space program be altered to send an unmanned probe to the asteroids, since they may hold the key to understanding the composition of matter as it existed at the time the solar system was formed. I think it's a pretty good idea, myself, but of course it's not new. (One of the most irritating aspects of this Golden Age in planetary physics is the lack of credit given to the men who had these ideas decades ago. Recently I read an article about using Phobos and Deimos as stopovers for the Mars expeditions, in hopes that they contain recoverable water in the rocks; the water could be used as fuel. I imagine the author thought he was being quite avant garde, but this idea was used as far back as the 1940s by science fiction writers.)

Alfvén's speech concerned antimatter. Why, he said, should the universe be all ordinary matter? This seems to be an odd asymmetry. Perhaps distant galaxies are antimatter; more, maybe some local stars are. If so, there must be an interface between the ordinary and antimatter parts of the galaxy, where the two types meet and produce gamma rays. Maybe one could explain the gamma ray flux that way. Personally, I don't think so: The flux would be too high to agree with experiments. But Alfvén did propose some interesting approaches and new calculations, including one I think I might get around to doing: Given an antimatter meteorite, how far could it travel through an ordinary matter galaxy, and then how far would it penetrate into Earth's atmosphere? The Tungus meteor of 1908, which devastated vast regions of Siberia, has been explained by some as an antimatter meteor. (Most think it was a comet, though. A few believe it was an alien spaceship with nuclear propulsion. Me? I dunno.) It would be an interesting problem, and might even prove useful.

The rest of the meeting I spent listening to papers given in one or another of my specialties. (Man does not live by cake alone.) But the sessions are tiring, so I took the time to visit the WSFA meeting at the Gilliland's, see the National Galleries (the French impressionists there are incredible; the best collection outside London and Paris), and stumble through the nighted city in search of rude amusement. The weather held good and I enjoyed the open feel of the city. I dropped by NASA headquarters for some information and was aghast at the hollow echo of footsteps down the halls; legions of offices stood vacant. They have taken terrible budget cuts at the hands of the Nixon economists. Heads were falling, as well as the late autumn leaves.

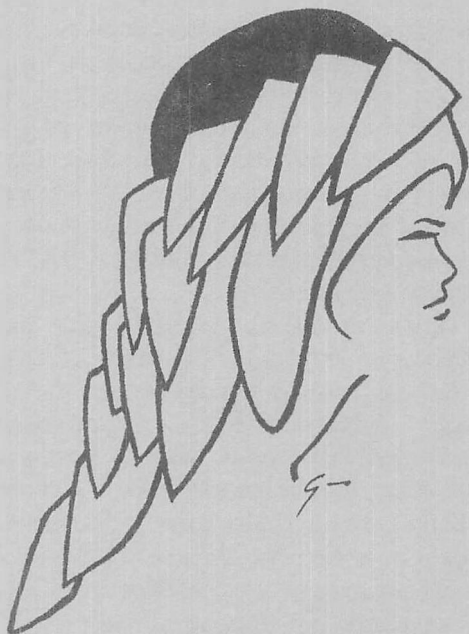
There was a more ominous note: At each federal building, signs on the glass doors said PLEASE DO NOT USE THIS ENTRANCE. I trailed around until a doorway carried no sign --stepping inside, I passed by a guard with a magnetometer. There had been a series of bomb threats and the security forces were forcing people to enter by only one door per building, so they could monitor. It was an interesting illustration of just how badly the bombers had shaken the government: Set off one explosion, and then any threat you wish to make is credible. The guards were strained, tense, the lobbies of granite sullen. I remembered the casual anarchism of Berkeley, so far from these cloistered steel and glass palaces of the bureaucrats, and Dick Ellington's friend, who always takes his leave with the friendly salutation, "Don't forget to smash the state!" Washington was another place, indeed.

----- GREG BENFORD

----- Greg Benford

-----  
Bill Wolfenbarger -- '...from another William's Pen'  
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WORLD NEWS: 1970



[GRANT CANFIELD]

*September 22:* Loretta now in her sixth month. Baby is due December 10th. Over coffee and doughnuts last night she suddenly jerked back and said he (she's thinking it's a boy) turned a somersault and that "he" moved her body in such a way that "he" wanted her to turn one too. O Wow, I thot. Time is running out.

*September 23:* Thruout the course of the day Loretta has been moved forceably by her unborn. She jerks, and it overwhelms her. And while preparing our breakfast she got dizzy and had to sit. Oftentimes I absently gaze at her swelling belly and the whole universe zaps me in the eye.

This evening she has been separating beads before work at Brokaw Hospital in Normal, Illinois, and we got into a fantastic discussion of Poe and Coleridge and Doyle and The Hardy Boys.

Time passes slowly.

*October 8:* Loretta's twenty-second birthday, and she'd opened her presents--a couple of maternity tops from Goodwill. This made her very happy; God bless her.

*October 12:* My birthday. My sweet Loretta bakes a delicious apple pie with candles stuck in it with fingered lettering which reads "happy birthday bill", which this year (my twenty-seventh) I prefer to cake.

Bill Wolfenbarger; [Grant Canfield] -----

**October 24:** Loretta Hamrick and I are married. We spend a very beautiful and peaceful honeymoon at Lake Bloomington in a blue tent where we spill champagne; where we cook our meals out in the open breeze near lake water's edge; where bright yellow leaves of Indian Summer surround us in the woods. We are so very happy.

**December 8:** Loretta's water broke at one a.m. When she told me we put our arms around each other. We're getting very excited now...

**December 9:** Her first pain comes at 12:20 a.m. and we realize the Moment is drawing near. Pains are spaced from twenty-four to twenty-seven minutes apart. Then, near two a.m., is the first pain spaced ten minutes from the last -- and "it's time".

I left without my hat as I run down Front Street, Bloomington, to telephone in a laundromat; I call our friend Rich Wunderlich, then I rush back to wait with wife and her jumping belly.

Five minutes later Rich is at our door, and we take Loretta in Rich's "red-ass" truck to Brokaw.

About ten minutes later we're at Brokaw and they've taken Loretta away, and I'm answering questions for a secretary's printed forms while Rich waits in the lobby tired and nervous. Rich leaves soon afterwards; he must get up again for work only a few hours away.

I see Loretta going thru Hell in the delivery room -- they gave her a little gas for the pain---(that's how she wants it)---they've just given her an enema and the Moment is so near...

Waiting alone in the father's room. My eyes are dilated.

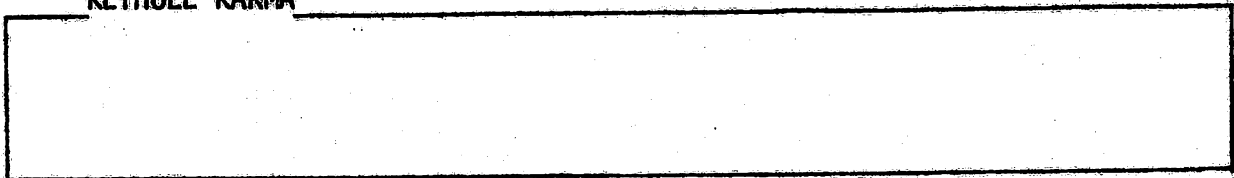
A short while later . . . (oh yeah?...) our man, "the little brown man from India", Dr. Patel, greets me -- congratulations you have a baby girl; six pounds ten ounces; wife and child are doing fine -- stick around, he says.

Baby named Sara Dawn Wolfenbarger born 3:15 a.m. congratulations; wife and child are doing fine.

Congratulations (as Dr. Patel shakes my hand, Indian brown against my Western white) baby girl, wife and child are doing fine. Skyrockets blow in my head--I realize again that all my prayers to the Good Lord have been answered. Doing fine. A mere bare moment in eternity. My sweet Loretta and my sweet little Sara. My family carted thru the white hall and I kiss my wife and I kiss my daughter, twenty minutes alive into the world.

----- BILL WOLFENBARGER

#### KEYHOLE KARMA



So many thots inside my skull they spill out thru the pores in my brain and surround the floor and hang around the legs of my little writing table. Lying in bed with my wife my sweet Loretta, one dream piled mercilessly atop the other, merging with other dreams previous and with thots and feelings old and new. My head filling itself with a grand manner so pronounced I can't take it any longer so I go into the kitchen and get some cold milk and then I'm wafted into the living room with the typewriter before me, fingers itching, ready and eager and demanding to get out some words.

----- Bill Wolfenbarger



A problem arises to my mind: How to make it sensible by getting it straight in my head when it all needs straightening; when it all tumbles out from subconsciousness to consciousness, without trying to lose anything.

So I sit for a while, letting it settle itself out; I know it will come to me. It's the problem every writer faces. Tears and fears and hopes and joys springing themselves restlessly thru the mind, seeking, i.e., *demanding* their release, demanding their right to birth. And writing, you know, is like a surgeon going into a delicate operation; he's got to know when to use forceps and when to apply gauze. Every man has his limit, and when you don't apply what you've got, you get restless and grumpy and brooding and highly dissatisfied, and sometimes they lead to ulcers and heart attacks. So you got to get it out. It all comes out, one way or another. If you're cool about it you can learn how to recognize it and, therefore, what to do with it; if not, you are heading for disaster.

Thots on my mother, lonely, tired, wanting so much to see her first granddaughter, helpless in Missouri while me, bride and child in Illinois; so anxious to meet my sweet Loretta and Sara Dawn, seven weeks old. Our visit next May or June so far away--

Me, anxious to get my stories out, completed, anxious to get on with my karma which I saw in a vision in 1951 when I was nine years old: That is to tell stories on paper.

New dreams of my old dreams, where I wandered trance-instilled thru California, sleeping on the beach at night. . . Shivering in my thin corduroy jacket in Winters shaking sand from my face each morning, waking to the *mana* of this planet, sun and sea. Or tossed into nightmares and shook/shocked myself shivering awake to sand or stars and spectral moonlight.

And my dream tonight of our old friend Jess Gilbert, just a wild country boy at heart, now living in the city of Dallas Texas, altho currently in Poona, India, on his second trip following Meher Baba who says he is God and has "oceans of love" and who, therefore, hath departed his body two years ago this February. In the dream he was in our place drinking coffee and running around, eyes wide with thots to Baba, getting up early in the morning (which he does, every morning) to meditate and to continue some yoga and proclaim his karma to the Void. Yeah, that boy is one of them Holy Fools, just like the old dudes you'd read about in the Old Testament, having visions and dropping everything to speak with God in the desert or by flowing waters or in the valley of the shadow of death. But Jess writes marvelous Zen-type poetry for a release of his own, though it may or may not be his own design, yet I surely feel he has no choice in the matter; he's always got a big beautiful shit-eatin' grin on his face which spreads from ear to ear because he has finally become aware that he is the gate-keeper and that Loretta and I (and now little Sara Dawn, too) must sojourn across the fields to reach him there, at the gate.

Little Sara Dawn loves to play with me and falls fast asleep clutching my little finger -- I'll sing her favorite lullaby, Bob Dylan's *All the Tired Horses*--and before you can say halifax she's deep in angel dreams, and the Sandman playfully tosses sand into her eyes from that vast, eternal desert of Sleep, that Avatar of the Dunes, and sings songs to her.

My own dream melody is transfixed with Loretta's breathing in sleep, sure and swift, balming fire and river, as my own humble consciousness seeps into the Hills of Hanolos, and once again my subconsciousness merges gleefully into that mold and force of Wizard Abra who had long flowing white hair and deep dark eyes who wrote many many incantations in a huge book and prospered spiritually in his time, who wandered those same Hills of Hanolos seeking further unity to all things and finding conformation.

----- BILL WOLFENBARGER

PAPERVISION -- *Stephen E. Fabian*

[DANY FROLICH]

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Part 1 -- an Introduction  
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The fact is, it is not easy to write well just as it is not easy to draw well, and I don't intend to worry about giving a professional-like performance here, only a clear one. I hope the editors and some of the readers will join in and help.

I am going to write about the world of art as I-see-it, and I would hope for some feedback reaction to add body and soul to the series. I do NOT intend to instruct anyone as to what IS and what is NOT great art. I do NOT intend to tell you who IS and who is NOT a great artist. And I certainly don't intend to insult you with propaganda designed either to elevate my own rank as a fan artist or that of another. I also have no intention of generating feuds for the enjoyment of the idiot element in fandom.

But, no doubt, in the course of writing Papervision I will make some negative commentary regarding an artist's work or attitude. And that raises a few questions in relation to Hugo nominations and competition. Is it ethical for me to criticize a fellow fan artist? Particularly those artists who are most likely to win nominations?

----- [Dany Frolich]; Stephen E. Fabian

It is my feeling that if I thought in terms of hoping for a nomination (as I once did) and winning the Hugo, I would remain silent, for I believe it IS unethical for one nominated artist (potentially) to criticize another during a contest, and this contest never terminates. But I choose to write this column without binding myself with restrictions, and I value that freedom more than I do any possible prizes. In fact, my whole effort in drawing is not motivated by any prize-winning goals. Such things are nice to get of course, but I started drawing before entering fandom a few years ago and I shall be drawing when I leave it. My interest is DRAWING, not competing.

It also occurs to me that by criticising any of your individual "beloved" ones I am apt to lose more votes than gain them. So be it. I shall try to make all criticism constructive, with only one guideline:

-----  
I have yet to meet a man, whatever his situation in life, who did not do better work and put forth greater effort under a spirit of approval than he ever would do under a spirit of criticism. ----- CHARLES SCHWAB  
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I'm also aware that you can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can make a fool of yourself anytime. I thank the Bowers team for that wonderful opportunity.

In relation to the whole body of fan art I have a somewhat lower level of appreciation than a good many of you. Perhaps it's because I don't know any of the artists. Knowing the artist is indeed a big factor in the communication and degree of appreciation one can achieve from artwork. And yet, without that personal knowledge I DO look at illos and generate feelings and evaluations about them. You ALL do. What is the truth of those emotions and attitudes? How valid are the appraisals?

In this Papervision series I hope we can discuss enough theories, ideas, and opinions to help us gain a better insight into the world of art and artists and thereby lead some of us to a greater enjoyment and sympathetic attitude to it all. I believe that to be a worthwhile endeavor. We can never get to know all the artists whose work we see, but we can certainly improve our own ability to recognize the merits of good work, and increase our capacity to enjoy it.

In relation to the articles and letters I've been reading in the fanzines recently, written by some of the fan artists, I am somewhat disappointed. Mike Gilbert, Bill Rotsler, George Barr and a few others have made an effort to give fan artists a bigger part on the fan stage. To be honest with you, I believe those efforts have been more harmful than helpful to the cause. Primarily because the essence of their prose seems to belabor one erroneous theme: The poor neglected, abused, hardworking, lovable, unheralded fan artist is NOT getting his due glory.

Nonsense. Except for SFR (Geis considers most art commentary unworthy of print) the other fanzines contain letter columns containing a reasonable proportion of positive reaction to the artists. What negative response there is, is printed by the editors to show that here too, the old axiom exists, that you can't please everybody all the time. And that helps keep the head from swelling beyond normal size. Does anybody care about the artwork? As far as I can see there's a lot of caring, and the quantity of fan art that gets published (at least 10,000 illos a year) substantiates that both supply and demand are in a normal healthy state.

What about the abuses fan artists get? Well, there never was a time when fandom didn't have its share of thoughtless fans and editors. Contributors must always be on guard against their brand of lunacy. But the abuses don't begin to compare to the benefits available to the many artists. I sympathize with George Barr and his article in Jay Zaremba's *The Essence*, but I wish he had told us of some of the fine things fans and editors have done for him, just to properly orient the "treatment" bit.

Stephen E. Fabian -----

And what about Mike Gilbert--who is out searching for new answers to new problems and the like? Truthfully, that's a fine attitude, except I don't know what those problems are because he's never defined them, so obviously it will be difficult to recognize his answers. But never mind, I still enjoy his work. He has criticised Alicia Austin for being Beardsleyish and me for being Cartierish. Make no mistake about it, Gilbert's pen work shows the influence of Gaughan, and his scratchboard the influence of Schoenherr. The degree of their influence is increasing in his work. I think that's fine; he's improving. But what about his criticism of others who have or prefer different "teachers"?

No fan artist ought to be condemned for his or her sphere of influence,

-----  
The greatest genius will never be worth much if he pretends to draw exclusively from his own resources. ----- GOETHE  
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The comic tragedy would be to believe that Mike is his own original genius while others are copycats. The influences marking any one artist's work reveal to us his personal preferences and are a compliment to the artists who provide that influence. The problems that exist for each artist are related to his goals. Some may actually be handicapped by the continuation of their influences which may be chaining them instead of freeing them. Others may draw simply to derive the pleasure there is in achieving pictures comparable to their own favorite artist's work. Still others may be in the process of learning from their influences and may go on to be their own masters and teachers. At what point in time are we looking at a fan illo? The artist's beginning? Middle? Has he settled to a given peak with a given style?

Brief statements about old answers, copycats, experimenting, etc., are deceiving to a non-artist reader. ALL artists show the influence of one or more preceding artists. Your inability to recognize that influence does not indicate the discovery of a new, original, and unique genius. That type comes around rarely and I doubt that you and I would recognize him if he did show up. Chances are we'd pan his work. I'm sure that if we were to delve deeply behind every fan artist, bar none, we would find the artist behind the artist.

Bill Rotsler has classified my work as "dated" visions. Others have said it. Others have also used the words "imaginative", "creative", etc., even "timeless", to describe my artwork. A mixed reaction, to be sure. Rotsler has also written that Austin deserves a Hugo. On what grounds? He does not elaborate. I am looking at the last four Austin illos I have received. One is *The Essence* cover which shows a knight on horseback with a castle in the sky. Another is the SFR cover with a girl standing in profile. Another is a wizard and beast on the 2nd Noreascon progress report cover. A *Dal-lascon Bulletin* shows an Austin illo featuring spaceships in the sky. I have also seen fornication scenes, (erotica?) goatboys, etc., and I enjoy most of her work. But surely these visions are not new, not unique, and in fact some of her visions predate some of mine? Even her influences predate mine. Beardsley did predate Cartier, Bok, Finlay. [A tear falls for Finlay....he is gone....forever.] I find this dating of visions deceitful. Credit to Austin, her merits lie in other factors of her work, and the degree of merit is your business to decide.

No, no, no. If you must "JUDGE" artists against each other, at least be honest enough to use the tools of inspection and dissection equally to each of them with equal fervor. That is, unless you prefer the game of campaigning for friends or joining "movements".

Certainly all the fan artists deserve encouragement, and applause for the good work they do. But, if we are to elevate their status (our status?) in the fan world, can we do it by simply asking for it? Or by praising each other as geniuses? Is there no more goal to this than forming a mutual admiration society?

----- Stephen E. Fabian



I prefer a different course for Papervision. I believe that discussion of ideas is most important, that criticism and commentary on specific illos and artists may be interesting and necessary, but of secondary importance. And that talk about which artist is best, worse, etc., is of least importance.

--That differences in philosophy and opinion do not need to end in condemnation of any one kind of art in favor of another. To suppress any kind of work and refuse to see its merits and the meaning of its appearance and activity is wrong. Absolute condemnation of any one kind of art is harmful because there is no bad kind. There are only poor and bad examples, and each kind if pushed to its ultimate point may produce a masterpiece.

--That great art will never be easy to comprehend and appreciate except for those who have been trained to the point of understanding what it signifies, and whose imaginations are sympathetic to it.

-----Art Critic-----

A dignified little old lady was among a group looking at an art exhibit in a new gallery devoted to contemporary painting. When one strange looking painting caught her eye, she inquired, "What on earth is that?"

The gallery attendant smiled condescendingly, "That, my dear lady is supposed to be Mother with child."

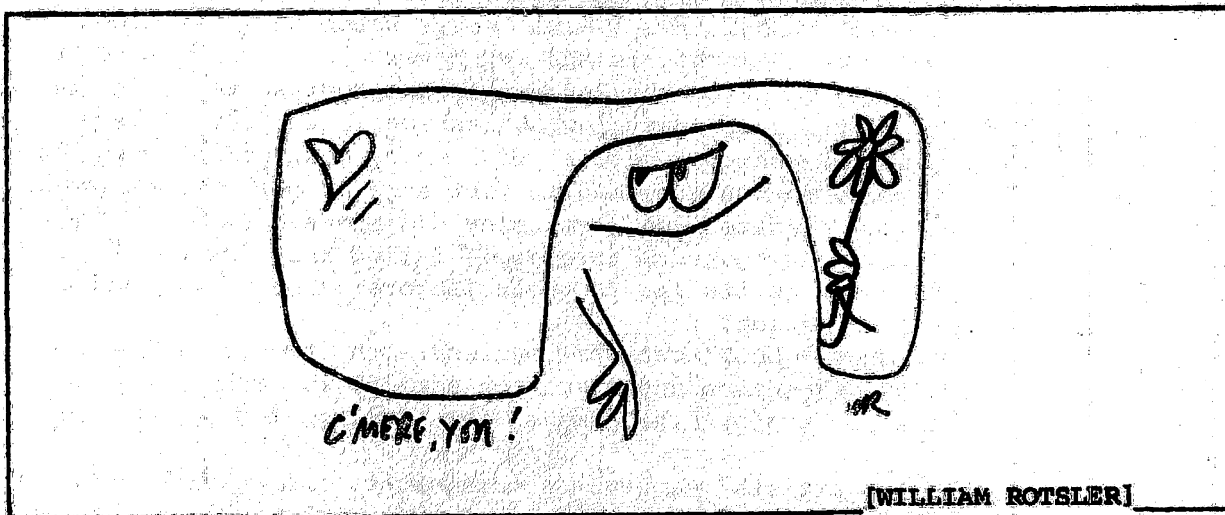
"Well, then," she snapped, "Why isn't it?"

No communication in that bit is there? But don't be too hasty to blame the little old lady. There's room for improvement, always. In the artist. In his artwork. And in the observer. There is obligation on both ends of the painting. I'd like Papervision to be the platform on which you and I might exercise that obligation.

Well, what do you think about all this. This Papervision introduction? I'd like to know. Particularly in the areas of disagreement. Or perhaps you'd like to elaborate on a point or two? Digress into a related area? Speak up and be heard. Only please, no campaigning.

-----Hugo-----

No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave. ----- COOLIDGE



We would prefer that comments, particularly extended one, be sent directly to--  
STEPHEN E. FABIAN : 6 Gorham Lane : Middlebury : VERMONT : 05753

FREEZE-DYING AND RELIGION -- Alexis A. Gilliland



[WILLIAM ROTSLER]

I had a chance to listen to a radio program on quick freezing after death, with the "promise" of resurrection when medical science had advanced to the point where the individual in question could be cured. The woman supporting this point of view went even farther; medical science of the future will not only be able to cure your (now fatal) ills, but also restore lost youth, hair and virility.

All unbidden, a bit of verse came to mind:

Behold, Unis cometh.  
Behold, Unis cometh.  
Behold, Unis cometh forth.  
And if Unis cometh not forth  
This message, having come to him  
Will bring him forth.

...from the Egyptian BOOK OF THE DEAD, if memory serves.

----- [William Rotsler]; Alexis A. Gilliland

The Egyptians were the first of the great religions of which we have any record, and the terrible fact of death they met head-on. Subsequent religions evaded that confrontation by talking about "the life after death" without saying how you got from here to there.

The Egyptians prescribed a ritual for burial, embalming and resurrection, and -- eventually -- the richer you were, the better you could make your chance in the next life.

Nothing I have yet seen shows more clearly than Freeze-dying how Science is stealing not only the rationale, but also the mythos of Religion.

Have faith -- not in God, but in Medical Science--and you will live after death. Your youth will be restored, and you will live forever. Besides faith, however, one must also perform certain rites of burial, preserving the remains as the Egyptians did with embalming, recording the ailments and diagnosis of today's inadequate physicians, and paying the entrepreneurial priesthood to take you in care. Needless to say, this costs money. Also, needless to say, the more you pay, the better will be your chances for future resurrection; not at the hands of a capricious and fallible God, but at the hands of the future AMA, wise and good and just and merciful. The AMA, unlike God, has a proper deference for money.

The question: Why should we revive these stiffies and give them back the money we are holding for them? ... is not easily answered. There is a feeling that when "they" can, "they" will...and that the world will be a better place for it. This is an act of even greater faith than the faith put in technological advance.

Actually, what could be lonelier than an old man, revived in a strange world where he knows no one, has no work to do, is unfamiliar with the customs, language, recent history, ideology, and has no money? For make no mistake, a stiff with a fortune attached will not be revived until the fortune--as well as his terminal illness, is liquidated.

A few, perhaps, may manage with Swiss Bank Accounts ... held by faithful bankers over the centuries, but the bulk of their wealth will have been distributed, if not to their heirs, to their caretakers.

Laws, after all, are malleable, particularly under gentle, persistent pressure. And while one often hears of dead men voting, it is rare that they engage in lobbying.

There is also the matter of inheritance taxes, which the Government might be reluctant to give up collecting.

...still, men fear death, and since the future is hidden, they will, given the chance, grasp at whatever hope is offered them.

In Egypt, it was a regular dynastic cycle that about every 200 years the Temples would own 60 or 70% of the country, and would be looted...looted and redistributed at the change of dynasty.

If Freeze-dying catches on, people being the craven idiots that they are, we may expect a similar accumulation/redistribution cycle to take place.

We then come to the end of the line; Medical Science, God forbid, has fulfilled the hopes of suffering humanity, and eternal youth, the conquest of death and the revival of the dead, are now possible.

Doesn't the world have enough troubles without reviving & rejuvenating worthless old malefactors of great wealth from antiquity? A few might be conversation pieces or news items. An host would be a menace to society. Shall the undead rise again? Better sharpen those pointy stakes, boys, they's on the move!

----- ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

[For a fictional treatment of the theme, Doll recommends Clifford D. Simak's WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN?]

SOME LIGHT ON Nova -- Sandra Miesel



[JEFF COCHRAN]

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Myth is the sole and spontaneous image of life itself in its flowing harmony and mutually hostile contradictories, in all the polyphony and harmony of their contradictions. Therein resides its inexhaustible power.

-- HEINRICH ZIMMER, THE KING AND THE CORPSE, p. 310  
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Samuel R. Delany is one of the pre-eminent mythopoeists in speculative fiction today. No where has he used myth with more originality to depict the dynamic interaction of opposites than in his latest novel NOVA. The theme of this book is power--physical, social, political, economic, artistic, intellectual, sexual -- as BABEL-17's theme was communication. All Delany's novels are quests. NOVA is based on the Quest par excellence, the legend of the Holy Grail. The author stresses his model repeatedly, but beyond recognizing the ultimate power-source Illyrion as the Grail, the reader may be more puzzled than enlightened by this information. NOVA seems quite unrelated to the familiar Arthurian tales. Indeed one might ask if Delany's heavily emphasized identifications in the text really communicate anything or whether separate author's comments might not have served better.

----- [Jeff Cochran]; Sandra Miesel



One major obstacle to appreciating NOVA is unfamiliarity with the Grail mythos. It is not just one component of the Matter of Britain, it is an assemblage of fertility motifs related as an initiatory scenario. A blend of extremely ancient Sumero-Semitic and Indo-European elements, the Grail mythos springs from the very sources of Western civilization.

In the Arthurian cycle the Holy Grail is the Chalice of the Last Supper, subsequently used by Joseph of Arimathea to collect drops of Christ's blood during the Crucifixion. But beyond these Christian associations it symbolizes the Source of Life/Grace/Power. To seek the Holy Grail is to see the ultimate experience of reality and to attain complete fullness of being. The specific task of the Grail quester is to restore the Wasteland, ravaged by the incapacity of its King. Delany has altered the motives and time sequence here -- driven by revenge, Lorq Von Ray fights to avert the wasting of his part of the galaxy by breaking an industrial monopoly. After initial dislocations increasing the Illyrion supply will also inaugurate a new era of abundance and unified culture.

The fertility-restoring aspect of the Grail derives from uranian and vegetation myths. The "freeing of the waters" motif is most anciently described in the victory of Ninurta, the Sumerian war-god, over Kur, the serpent of the netherworld. Another famous example is the destruction of the Vritra serpent, drought personified, by Indra, the Vedic god of storm and war. The Grail hero's struggle parallels combats between uranian powers of order and chthonic forces of chaos, symbolized as dragons or serpents: Marduk-Tiamat (Babylonian), Apollo-Python (Greek), Thor-Migard Serpent (Norse), Baal-Lotan (Canaanite), and even Yahweh-Leviathan. Serpent-destroying solar birds like the Hindu Garuda, the Persian Sennurw, and the Greco-Roman eagle fit the same mythological pattern. The healing of the Wasteland's disabled King supposedly echoes vegetation rituals which mourn the death and celebrate the resurrection of the Mother-Goddess' consort, such as Tammuz (Ishtar), Dumuzi (Inanna), Baal (Anat), Osiris (Isis), Attis (Cybele), Adonis (Venus).

The full set of Grail ceremonial objects--Cup, Lance, Sword, and Dish--are identical to the suites of Tarot Cards, the arcane forerunners of ordinary playing cards:

-----  
 Cup (Chalice or Goblet) = HEARTS  
 Lance (Wand or Sceptre) = DIAMONDS  
 Dish (Circle or Pentacles) = CLUBS  
 Sword = SPADES  
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In the Tarot as elsewhere these objects are symbols of the male and female reproductive organs. Since the gypsies who introduced these cards to Europe originated in India, these symbols may be derived from the lingam and yoni of Hinduism. In NOVA the Tarot serves as exotic decoration and for plot foreshadowing but they also reinforce the mythic structure and even generate some characters--for example Dan is the drowned Phoenician Sailor. Delany seems to prefer esoteric interpretations of the Grail. It is not especially important whether these are the "correct" interpretations--indeed some are controversial--but simply that they suit the author's artistic purpose.

The quest for the Illyrion-bearing nova is a quest for the Grail. The struggle between Lorq Von Ray and Prince and Ruby Red is basically a uranian-chthonic duel for the prize of Power/Life. "Von Ray" has a solar and regal ring. In part, Lorq may also be the thunderbolt-wielding, polytechnic Irish god Lugh Lámfhada ("The Shining One of the Long Hand or Arm"). "Red" is not only the color of anarchy, passion, anger, and magic; it is the Hebrew symbol for the earth.

Pervasive bird and serpent symbolism express this conflict of opposites. The Von Rays are the leading family of Pleiades Federation as the Reds are of Draco sector. In

myth the Pleiades were nymphs turned into doves and then into stars by Zeus. The rising of this constellation signals the beginning of the Mediterranean rainy season. The constellation Draco is a serpentine dragon. Draco's sector's emblem, the red dragon twined about a pillar, reproduces that ancient fertility symbol, the dragon guarding the Tree of Life. (It may also allude to the great red dragon of the Apocalypse which controlled a third of all the stars.) As a myth hero slays the dragon to obtain the vital treasure he hoards, so Lorq kills the Reds, breaks their monopoly, and increases the Illyrion supply. Draco sector is thrust down, Pleiades Federation is exalted.

This motif pattern is also carried through in minor details: Giant feather-crested saurians were once worshipped on Lorq's part-time home planet but their devolved descendants are now curiosities, exploited for bloody sport. While a guest there the child Prince kills pet white cockatoos belonging to Lorq's mother. Prince's spaceship is the *Black Cockatoo* but Lorq's is the *Roc*, named for a variant of the solar bird *Senmurw*.

The precedent for NOVA's triple hero--Lorq, Katin, and Mouse--is the multiplicity of Grail heroes. Yet no simple correspondences must be expected. Lorq's visit to obtain scientific information from his brilliant aunt Cyana Morgan is like a consultation with a witch. Gawain's aunt was a real witch, Morgan Le Fay. Galahad dies after an ecstatic vision of the Grail. Lorq's senses are devastated by the nova, a removal from the world of men almost as drastic as death. Like Percival, Mouse was reared outside of normal society. No doubt further matching is possible.

Some Hindu motifs which Jessie Weston claimed to detect in the Grail complex are particularly relevant to NOVA. Lorq's conquest of the Draconians is like Indra's victory over the serpent Vritra. Indra slew the monster with his thunderbolt--compare the Illyrion-powered sensory syrx which fells the Reds--releasing the rain clouds Vritra had hoarded thus reviving the parched earth. But despite his villany Vritra was a being of the highest caste and Indra was cursed for brahminicide. Indra is a god of restless superabundant energy. His divine drunkenness on the sacred hallucinogenic drink soma corresponds to Lorq's intoxication with the nova.

Assisting Indra are his companions, the Maruts. In NOVA these identical dancing storm-warriors are suggested by the endless syrx duplicates of the crew's images made at the party which preceded the battle with the Reds. The Greek equivalent of the Maruts are the Kouretes, whom Roger Zelazny put to rather different use in *THIS IMMORTAL*.

Lorq's twin crewmen Lynceus and Idas duplicate the black and white Tarot Twins. Their names are borrowed from two brothers who fought Castor and Pollux (the Dioscuri or Gemini) but they themselves represent Zeus' sons. The voyage of the *Roc* is an argosy; the Greek demigods were Argonauts as well as patrons of sailors. Lynceus and Idas were submarine miners before becoming spacemen. Their occupations link them with the Cabiri, a variant of the Dioscuri worshipped as gods of the mine and the sea in southern Italy.

The Dioscuri also have Hindu counterparts, the Asvins. Lynceus and Idas' brother stays on their home world enjoying the local drug "bliss". The Asvins are the brothers of the god Soma, source of the regenerating and fecundating sacred drink. (Real soma was a mixture of hemp juice and milk ritually drunk in Vedic times.) In the myths as in NOVA drug use is an attempt to expand being, to increase power. Lorq's indescribable ecstasy in the heart of the nova is an intense psychedelic experience. But there Lorq sustains permanently disabling injuries. He cannot communicate his supreme mystical enlightenment any more than Aquinas or Pascal could theirs.

Strong Sebastian and Tarot-reading Tyj surrounded by pets could be a Lord and Lady of Beasts like proto-Shiva and his consort.



[JOE PEARSON]

Finally, who are the Reds? Prince has affinities with the Fisher King and the dying consort of the love goddess. The essential determinant of Prince's character is his impotence. His missing right arm prevents him functioning as a normal human being because he lacks one cyborg socket -- he cannot "stud" machines. (Irish devine king Nuadha Airgedlamh ["of the Silver Hand or Arm"] lost his right to rule when he lost his right arm.) Prince's attempts to compensate with a succession of increasingly powerful mechanical arms only increase his frustration. All his wealth cannot buy him the fulfillment the poorest man enjoys as a matter of course. Considering his generally inadequate personality, it is doubtful whether he is ever able to consummate his incestuous passion for Ruby. The Fisher King suffers physical or sexual impotence and his disability turns his kingdom into a Wasteland. Prince is no more responsible for the accident of fate that denied him an arm than the Fisher King is for his infirmity, but unless his designs on Illyrion are thwarted, his impotence will eventually make one-third of the galaxy a Wasteland.

Like the vegetation gods Prince's personal name is a generic term (for example, Adonis simply means "my Lord", *Adōni*.) Ruby's name also suits her role as love goddess. The gem signifies passion, beauty, and power. Isis and Anat also had their brothers for consorts. As Inanna purportedly sought Dumuzi and Ishtar Tammuz in hell, so Ruby rescues mortally wounded Prince from the banks of a fiery river outside The City of Dreadful Night. Like the Mesopotamian goddesses this costs her great humiliation, pain, and ultimately death. One of Ruby's injuries is the loss of her hair. Cutting off the hair was a traditional gesture to mourn the dying vegetation god.

But the parallels are not complete. There is no healing or resurrection for Prince. Many men enjoy a new richness of life; he perishes. And Ruby, who had preferred Prince to Lorq perishes with him.



Yet despite the individual and collective cruelties inflicted by the Reds, the victors' final reaction is pity. Without adversaries there would have been no drama. In this respect NOVA can usefully be compared with Delany's first novel, THE JEWELS OF APTOR: Opposites are indispensable for their inter-action is the basis of existence. Zimmer's comment on the serpent-king Kaliya subdued by Krishna applies equally to Prince Red: "Had he been transformed, redeemed, or altogether eliminated, the counter-play between human and demonic, productive and destructive energies would have been disrupted..." [MYTH AND SYMBOL IN INDIAN ART AND CIVILIZATION, p. 87]. Or as Yeats says more concisely in Crazy Jane Talks with the Bishop:

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 'Fair and foul are near of kin,  
 And fair needs foul,' I cried.  
 .....  
 'For nothing can be sole or whole  
 That has not been rent.'  
 -----

-----SANDRA MIESEL



[MIKE GILBERT]

A considerably expanded version of Sandra's article, will appear in a future issue of:  
*Extrapolation* [Box 3186, The College of Wooster : Wooster : OHIO : 44691]

----- [Mike Gilbert]; Sandra Miesel



ANY CHANGE IN A WART OR MOLE -- S. A. Stricklen

On Thursday, after a hard day in the plaster works, I noticed that a large mole on my right thumb had begun to swell and turn beige. "Weeping Wizards!" I cried, and dashed to my friendly local wart and mole examiner. He told me to come back Monday when the wart and mole strike would be over.

This left me three days to watch (growing fascination--growing horror) as an old, familiar friend changed to an oozing nightmare. By Saturday noon I knew that something unlike your average wart or mole change was taking place. I had a whole rainbow of peaks and ridges running from my thumb joint halfway to my wrist, and there seemed to be little changes and movements as the colors coalesced; sometimes bright and flashing --sometimes dull and turgid.

"You know," I thought, "this could be serious. Just when I need my undivided attention for life, too." I looked at my new visitor. "Dammit," I said, "Why don't you go away and leave me alone?"

"Quiet," it said. "That interferes with my growth."

"You can talk!" I exclaimed.

"I can not do any such thing," it replied. "Please quit interfering with my growth." It turned an angry scarlet and swelled to half again its size.

"You are growing on me," I said (without affection), "and I deserve an explanation. What are you anyway?"

"I am an alien life form," was the rejoinder. "My life processes are based on plaster of paris and mineral oil, rather than carbon and water. We are so different that no communication between us is possible. Please sweat some more--I need a little salt."

"This is my body," I screamed, "and you've got no rights. Get out of my body!"

"I am not in your body," it said. "I merely occupy the space immediately adjacent. More Potassium salts in the sweat, please."

"You are violating my seven centimeter territorial limits and for that you can be sunk!"

"So sink me."

I raced into the kitchen and grabbed a paring knife. The mass shimmered into pinkish pastel colors. I began to scrape vigorously at the parts which were definitely not me. It hurt like Hell. I cursed violently.

"You are not being a good neighbor," it said. "I asked you not to make noise."

"You hurt me," I cried. "I want you off."

There was no reply, so I took thirteen tranquilizers and slept until Monday. The wart and mole strike was over, the examiners having won a cost of dying raise and a nine minute work week. The examiner made me drink a bluish liquid which made me sick and poked his finger up my ass. He X-rayed my thumb and looked up my nose.

"Aha," he said, "You have a change in a wart or mole. Take three of these tablets every minute until the fever subsides. Come back to see me in two weeks."

"But what about this thing on my hand," I said. "That's what I came to see you about."

"Yes," he said, "that is the change. Follow my instructions and don't worry. If I've made a mistake, we'll know soon enough."

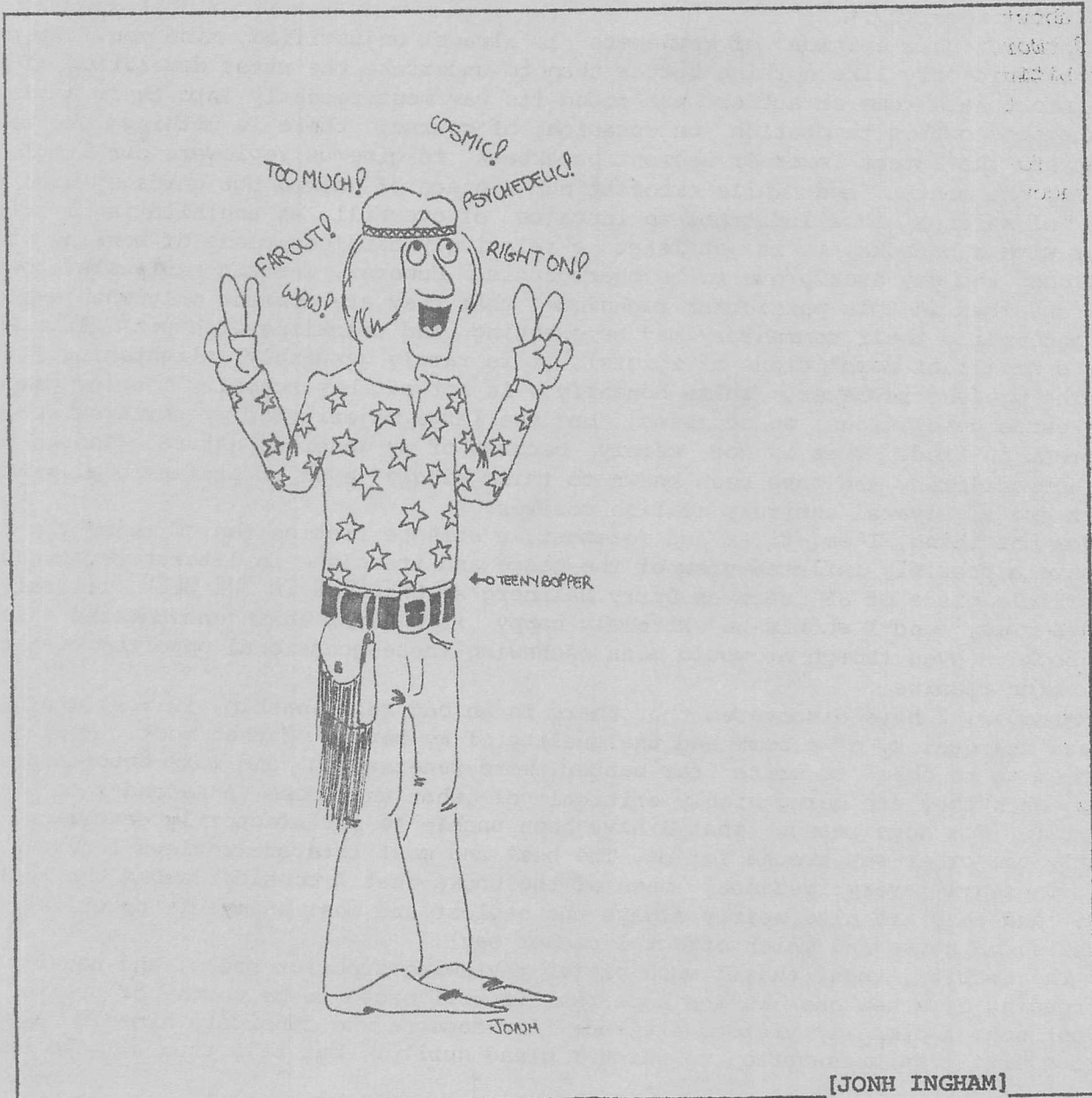
Let me tell you, life isn't all roses and sometimes we just have to take what we can get. At the end of two weeks I was in it up to my neck. If I didn't sweat enough, I got an electric shock that was enough to make a man wish electrons had never been invented.

I went back to the wart or mole examiner as directed. He allowed as how it was one of the most remarkable changes in a wart or mole he had ever seen and he wanted to use me as an exhibit in the International Change in a Wart or Mole Conference. I told him to go to hell and went home and drank a pint of pure grain alcohol. I thought of my pitiful condition and cried like a baby.

"Tears and alcohol," screeched the change in a wart or mole. "I can't stand it. Stop! Stop!" It turned charcoal black and within twenty minutes had sloughed completely off. As it peeled away it left a very strong tingling sensation in a certain sensitive area. I kept right on crying, out of joy and drunkenness. I sat on my kitchen stool and the tears flowed and flowed, rolling straight down my chest and dripping on to the floor. The tingling sensation grew and I felt slightly lubricated.

"Please quit crying," said the unusual bleeding or discharge. "It inhibits my growth."

----- S. A. STRICKLEN



[JONH INGHAM]

We reviewers, he lamented pompously, are a much maligned breed, abused as a class by writers who somehow imagine it less creative to write entertainingly about books than about sex, robots or alternate universes, and viewed, in the words of Andy Offutt in *Outworlds Six*, as "the little fellow who aggrandizes himself by biting" (itself a most biting remark...).

Not that this opinion of reviewers is always unjustified, mind you. There are some who evidently like nothing better than to undertake the utter demolition of whatever unfortunate tome or author has found its way most recently into their hands. We all succumb to this temptation on occasion, of course; there is nothing like tearing to tatters the latest Tower or Belmont paperback to give us reviewers our little ego-trip for the month, and while excoriating a piece of hacked out garbage with three pages of sarcasm is a ludicrous an instance of overkill as annihilating a crippled spider with a bazooka, it is at least a relatively harmless means of working off aggressions and may even prove to be therapeutic. However, certain reviewers appear to be so absorbed in this particular technique that they are content only when employing it, and while their commentary may be exciting and crackling with wit (like Philip Wylie's brilliant demolitions of idiots), it is rarely genuinely enlightening.

The present reviewer, quite honestly, is not of this school. I enjoy composing Wylie-esque demolitions on occasion, but the large majority of my reviews are quite different in kind. This is not merely because of my generous nature (though I love dogs and children, and have been known to think kindly even of professional writers), but is due to several entirely selfish motives.

For one thing, I am, first and foremost, a science fiction fan. I enjoy the stuff, and have a possibly inflated view of the genre and its place in literature. A genuinely terrible piece of SF, such as Barry Malzberg's *DWELLERS IN THE DEEP*, literally embarrasses me, and I should be extremely happy if I never again encountered a second-rate book -- even though it would mean eschewing those occasional opportunities to devise snide remarks.

Moreover, I have discovered that there is an odd relationship, in very many cases, between the quality of a book and the quality of my review of that book. Most reviewers seem to be able to write far better, more penetrating and more entertaining reviews when they are being highly critical of what they deem a second-rate piece of material. For some reason that I have been unable to satisfactorily determine, it is exactly the other way around for me. The best and most literate reviews I have written have, in nearly every instance, been of the books that I consider among the best I've read; and they are also nearly always the easiest and most enjoyable to write (though which is the cause and which effect I cannot say).

The fact is, then, that I much prefer reviewing superior books, and usually begin the reading of a new one in the hope that it will prove to be worthy of praise. This may not seem a properly vicious attitude for someone who considers himself a science fiction Critic (a presumption to which I plead guilty), but it's true all the same.

\* \* \*

EST MODUS IN REBUS -- *Ted Pauls*



[GRANT CANFIELD]



Prior to its publication, Terry Carr was enthusiastically plugging in the pages of *Science Fiction Review* this Ace Special: **AND CHAOS DIED**, by Joanna Russ [ACE 02268, 75¢]. Well he might have. Miss Russ has written a novel which is thoroughly remarkable -- from its copyright page dedication (to S. J. Perelman and Vladimir Nabokov!) to the revelation on its concluding page. One aspect of its unique remarkableness is that it is a book practically impossible to review.

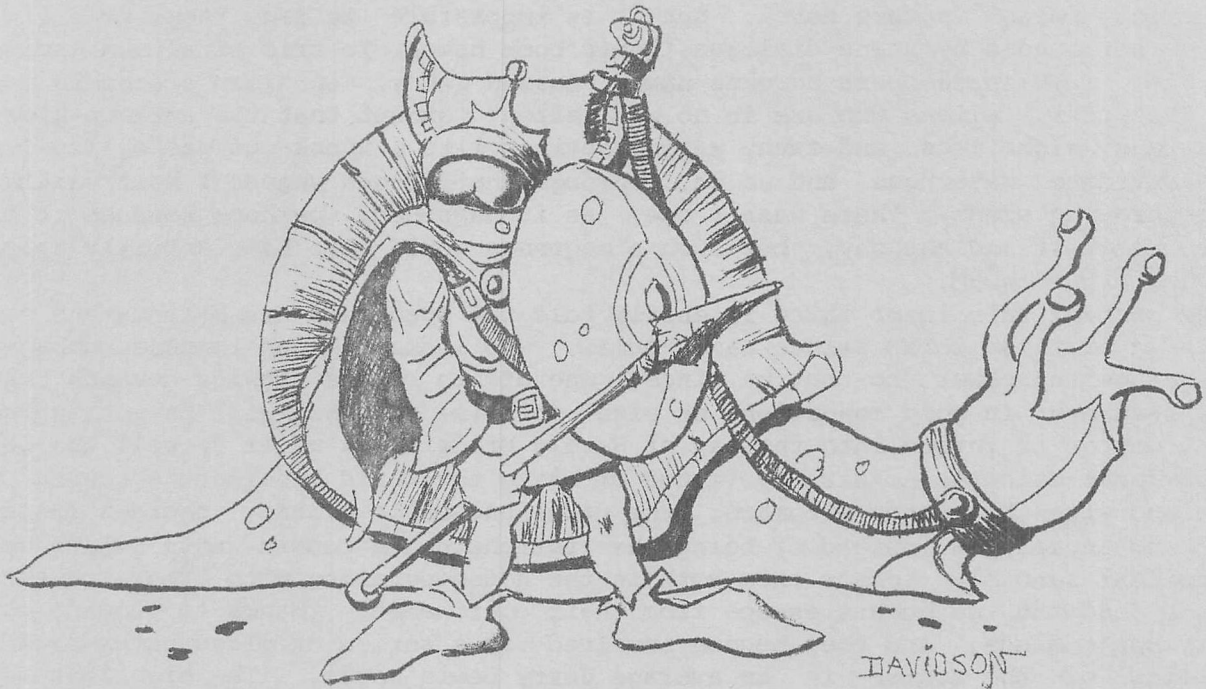
Occasionally, the SF milieu will produce a piece of fiction so subtly and perfectly integrated as to defeat all attempts at critical analysis. How does one abstract elements from a living, dynamic process and reduce them to inert words on a piece of paper? It is like freezing a motion picture on a given frame and thus creating a still photograph--or, perhaps more aptly, dissecting a living organism and preparing frozen sections on a microscope--; there is no way to achieve it without changing the character, to some extent, of what is being examined. I have never read a truly adequate critique of Samuel R. Delany's brilliant short story, *Aye, and Gomorrah...* I do not expect to read a truly adequate critical commentary on **AND CHAOS DIED**. Certainly I don't expect to write one.

There have been literally thousands of science fiction stories dealing with beings possessing psi powers. In obedience to Sturgeon's Law, the overwhelming majority have been poorly done, superficial, eminently forgettable crud. Of the others, a few--a very few--have explored in depth the psychology and sociology of psi, the kind of mentality and outlook that a psi culture would develop. The successful examples of such attempts are rare. In this novel, Joanna Russ has not only succeeded in portraying such a culture, but she has done so in an extraordinary manner. The psi culture is not pointed to, explained and defined in narrative asides; it is revealed, little by little, to the reader and to the novel's central character simultaneously. And that character's own latent psi powers are also brought into focus, to him and to us, in the same natural manner. The author makes no compromises whatsoever to aid the reader's comprehension at the expense of her superbly flowing story; she does not pause to give directions to lost readers. But for those able to follow the charted course, she offers an experience that has rarely been equalled in speculative fiction. As Fritz Leiber puts it in back cover remarks, the novel "explores more fully than I have ever seen done what telepathy and clairvoyance would actually feel like." That is an accomplishment of **AND CHAOS DIED** as a total entity; it is not something that can be taken apart and scrutinized by a book reviewer.

The reviewer can, of course, comment on the collateral aspects of this novel's success. Like the writing itself, for which Russ has employed a clear, clean, unfettered prose style that is totally devoid of wasted motion. This helps to make **AND CHAOS DIED** an extremely fast-paced novel, despite its complications and subtleties. Characterization remains this author's major weakness; the portrayal of the principal characters in this novel is less clumsy than that of **PICNIC ON PARADISE**, but they still fall substantially short of being living, breathing people. However, the nature of the novel is such that this failing is of minimal importance in terms of the book's impact.

In the final analysis, the reviewer can only say that **AND CHAOS DIED** should be experienced, not discussed. Experience it. You will not soon forget it.

\* \* \*



[GREGG DAVIDSON]

No literary form has been more horribly mistreated in the SF field than satire. The essence of valid satire is controlled subtlety. As I wrote in a review some time ago of *MECHASM*, by John T. Sladek, "Satire, in order to be effective, must be the most tightly structured, carefully controlled literary form this side of the epic poem." There have been so few genuinely successful satirical works in science fiction and fantasy that Captain Hook could count them on his fingers. Almost inevitably, attempts at satire in our genre possess neither control nor subtlety, and thus descend into grotesque lampoonery.

During the 1950's, some of the prozines, notably the Ziff-Davis *Amazing Stories*, regularly featured the sort of slapstick silliness that sometimes passes for satire in our branch of literature; more recently, *Playboy* has become the repository of such campy creations. Some fairly imposing talents (or at least names) in the field have been distinguished, if that is the word, by inane efforts in this area. I still remember--i.e., I have been unable to expunge from my memory, despite great effort--a perfectly dreadful thing by L. Sprague de Camp entitled *Cornzan the Mighty* which appeared I believe, in *Future* during the early to middle 1950's. Some of Isaac Asimov's worst stories fall into this category. Robert Silverberg, in the midst of his most productive creative period, did such an outstandingly clumsy job of satirical characterization in *THE MASKS OF TIME* (I am thinking chiefly of the stock exchange official) that I was literally embarrassed for Bob while reading it. Sladek, in the aforementioned *MECHASM*, lost control of his satire early in the novel and it never recovered. Ron Goulart's recent Ace Special, *AFTER THINGS FELL APART*, was in many respects a well-done and eminently readable novel, but much of its professed "satire" was actually *Mad* magazine-type lampoon or worse.

THE E.S.P. WORM, by Robert Margroff and Piers Anthony [PAPERBACK LIBRARY 63-357, 60¢], is the latest and one of the more egregious specimens of this syndrome, combining SF cliches, sterile Hollywoodisms and lampoon to produce a piece of kitsch that neither author should be proud--or even reluctantly willing--to acknowledge. There are some serious ideas in this novel, but it is impossible to take them seriously when they are surrounded by inane dialogue, comic book names (a trio of aliens named Pru, Blue & Flu; a TV space-opera heroine named Passion Jenny; an alien spaceship captain named Fuzzpuff), aliens who are in no way "alien" except that the authors give them exoskeletons, eight legs and funny names, devices like a knock-out gas called Jupegas and its antidote, Saturngas, and so on. Through the 160-odd pages, I kept waiting for the pie-throwing scene. There wasn't one, as it happened, perhaps because it didn't occur to Margroff and Anthony, but such a sequence would have been entirely appropriate in THE E.S.P. WORM.

The plot of this inept farce is easily told: A spaceship crash-lands and strands on Earth a brattish child prince named Qumax, who looks like an immense cabbage worm and possesses the power to control minds. One of his race's bigwigs demands that the brat be returned in good condition or else (or else the Sun will be extinguished), and the matter is thrown into the lap of Harold Prodkins, a ne'er do well who is Minister of Inner-Galactic Affairs by virtue of being the World President's cousin. Harold, along with Dr. Nancy Dilsmore, the usual pneumatic blonde, decides to take an active hand in affairs instead of being the figurehead his cousin wants him to be, and the President sensibly tosses them both in the hoosegow along with Qumax. Naturally, the alien and the two humans escape from their confinement thanks to Qumax's ability to Warp Men's Minds, and they become involved in a series of misadventures of about the calibre of the action in an average Jerry Lewis movie. (The highlight is when Prodkins, impersonating a missionary at a Sunday school picnic, steps in a plate of potato salad while preaching a sermon from a picnic table.) Then they are kidnapped by space pirates and go through another series of misadventures before being rescued again by the galactic police. In the end, Harold and Nancy settle down on a pleasant planet and begin raising a family. Qumax enters his cocoon and emerges as a mature adult, and everybody lives happily ever after -- except the reader, who is thinking of all the better ways in which he could have spent the two hours it requires to read about it.

What makes THE E.S.P. WORM objectionable is its unadulterated, unremitting superficiality. There is nothing in this novel to which the authors have devoted any genuine effort or thought. The characters are cardboard cut-outs, one and all; the writing is undistinguished except by cheap devices that are intended to indicate style (lines like: "I looked at the faces--flat faces, long faces, big faces, bug faces, smug faces, firm faces, worm faces"); the background shows no spark of depth or originality (none of the alien cultures is remotely believable, and indeed there is little indication that any of the various aliens have a "culture" with distinct mores, etc.; and in an Earth society supposedly united under a world government, there is not a single character who is not recognizably American). There are a couple of good ideas in this book -- notably a superior galactic culture's system of justice, in which the accused is compelled to analyze and judge himself -- but Margroff and Anthony just let them lay there while they indulge in endless silliness.

The principal satiric object of the novel is an excellent example of this superficiality. The authors postulate a society, several decades in the future, which has seen a return to Victorian morality. Now, this is a serious idea, especially inasmuch as some rather respected intellectuals are currently worrying about precisely that prospect. But it cannot be dealt with as a serious idea when reading this novel, because it is not put over in any sense believably. It's not the fault of the specific details--as a matter of fact, every specific manifestation of Victorian sexual morality



described in *THE E.S.P. WORM* was in effect during the actual Victorian era -- but of their context. What Messrs. Margroff and Anthony have apparently failed to realize is that the Victorian sexual mores did not exist in a vacuum, but rather as part of a broader complex of moral, social, political and behavioral attitudes of an unsophisticated society. In the future world they describe here, this broader complex of attitudes is missing, and the society portrayed is anything but unsophisticated, so the rigid sexual code is preposterously out of context. The fact that most of the alleged "satire" is inherently sophomoric -- consisting mainly of Harold's thoughts and statements about the "bumps" Nancy has when she wears coveralls instead of the accepted balloon dresses--doesn't help much, either.

Perhaps Robert Margroff and Piers Anthony had fun writing this. Perhaps somebody even had fun reading it. The former, I should say, is a good deal more likely than the latter.

\* \* \*

A FEW NOTES at this point on a couple of out-of-print novels for which a full review, at this late date, would be fairly pointless. I occasionally search through used book stores and Harriet Kolchak's barn looking for interesting items that I failed to read for one reason or another at the time of their original publication. Sometimes... the search is productive.

For example, *THE REBELLERS*, by Jane Roberts, half of a 1963 Ace Double (#F215), is interesting for more than its painful reminder of the extent of inflation (Doubles in those days cost 40¢). Jane Roberts has always been known to me principally--indeed, almost solely, as the author of the two "Bundu" novellas in *F&SF* during the mid-1950's. In this novel, she took one of the most ancient and often-used themes in science fiction history, the over-populated Earth of the future, and wrote what is in some ways an extremely effective piece of fiction. The prose is not particularly brilliant, and it's a fairly average novel in some respects (the plot is unimpressive, dialogue generally below par, and characterization, despite some flashes of excellence and indications that the author was at least trying for depth and subtlety, is generally only competent). But its depiction of the squalor and madness of a drastically over-populated world is memorable; many, many writers have attempted to portray that kind of appallingly crowded society, but very few have succeeded as well as Jane Roberts succeeded in this book.

Then there's John Brunner's *TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER*, which is interesting simply because this novel gave birth to the idea upon which a gentleman named Keith Roberts later based one of the twenty or so finest novels of the decade; a parallel world in which the Spanish Armada had defeated the English fleet and Great Britain had been reconquered by the forces of the Counter-Reformation. It also happens to be a rather good novel, although of course not in the same league with what John Brunner would do with that idea today. Beyond the basic idea, *TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER* has practically nothing in common with *PAVANE* -- it is a far different story, and a far different kind of story. With some fine characterization, tight, fast-paced writing, and carefully elaborated background, this novel is probably the finest thing Brunner had done at that point in his career (1962).

\* \* \*  
\* \* \*

----- TED PAULS

----- Ted Pauls





[DEREK CARTER]





