

PABLO (THE) LENNIS

#6



SYMBOL



DEDICATED TO GOOD, THE
IMPROVEMENT OF VIRTUE,
TRUTH, THE CHURCH, AND
THE AMERICAN WAY



BIO-COPACETIC ISSUE

USE NO HOOKS - HOOK NO USERS -
HOOKERS, USE YOU-KNOW

PABLO LENNIS #6, printed upon a clear, translucent, vellum-like substance from the X galaxy, says HI! to you in wide-eyed respect of your fan activity and experience. It is available for 25¢, letter of comment, contribution of art or writing, or trades. Please send a stamped, self-addressed yourself along with contributions to make sure they get here, but no envelope is necessary. Stamps are a sort of gratuity with me. I dispense them like Santa of Stamp, regardless of their 13¢ price. You are worth 13¢ and so is your contribution, and besides I never reject anything (but perhaps you haven't showed me everything you'd like to send). "I?" I am John Thiel, of 30 N. 19th St., Lafayette, Indiana, 47904. I have a pretty seashell. And oh yes--before I FORGET! The....

CLEAR SAX CADENZAS...editorial...1

PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO SF...article...3

HAUL THEM BOOKS! HOIST THEM BOOKS! TOTE THEM BOOKS!...reviews...Moyer, Snyder, Hollis, Thiel...6

THE ARMED ATTACK...letters...Bartucci, Gaier, Agree, Moyer, Jones, Hill, Snyder, Kollenberg...9

RIGHTEOUS FANZINES...reviews...13

TABLE OF CONTENTS

All art by the editor except Alan Jones, 1 & 13, and Craig Hill, 13.

All written material by the editor except the letters and the reviews by Snyder, Moyer and Hollis.

Next ish may just be even smaller.

"You know a person is a man if he says erudite phrases at you."

NOTE ON THE COVER: "YOU-KNOW" is BAN.

Cover symbol: Plastic-man stuck to Hieronymous machine.

editorial---CLEAR SAXOPHONE CADENZAS

Here, how should I put this,--I----a mata-word is required---sit...all broken-hearted? Not at all. Say rather, devoid of any emotion. This is the sixth issue, and there isn't much in it, but that means less reading time on your part.

Scientology has been seen again. I've just finished Hubbard's complete work on the subject. You'd think such an admirable man would hoard his wisdom, but that's not L. Ron Hubbard. He laid it on the line. The man has the spirit to work a thing about improving yourself. As I understand his major principles, from what I've read thus far, Hubbard is recommending that creating your own world and living in it will give you more confidence. BUT that world has to be CLEAR, that is, free of ENGRAMS. Well, heck yes, it ought to be! An engram is something that shouldn't be there. Where does it come from, anyway, and what's it doing in the mind. Hubbard explains where it comes from.

I've just finished reading JRR Tolkein's work. Lord of the Rings reminds me of some experiences of my own. I was raised in Cottagewort and, upon attaining the age of sixteen, was introduced to Apple Pip, whereupon I acquired the right to go to Dumbrage and view the Green Apple King. My passage through the land of Nixos was, to put it mildly, both sylph-like and uneventful.

But that's neither here nor there. It is, in short, a lie.

Tolkein's work itself concerns good and evil; during the course of the conflict of battle God is never mentioned. A festive occasion, travel, a deadly danger, a goal reached is the pattern of the book, repeated over and over. In spite of the absense of a Mad Rhymster, the book achieves an imaginative unity, a center balanced by two polarities. The characters seem to live. Small wonder Tolkein is so popular, receives so many invitations to banquets and people's houses. I'd like to meet him myself, but he'd slap me down. He can spot a person who hasn't read the Red Book. Study the first chapter:

Bilbo: Well, tomorrow's the feast.

Frodo: It's sure going to be a gooder.

Bilbo: I daresay. We've got everything from cheese and anchovies to stuff turkey 'n' flapjacks. Mmmm-boy! Fireworks too. Wait'll you see what I do at the end of it.

Frodo: I can't wait.

Bilbo: Neither can anybody else. You know, it's been a heck of a long time since I acquired the Ring from Gollum. Must have been about 25. No, about 28. I remember because it was just before the big festival. No, wait, it would be about 23 years, I remember because it was shortly after I acquired the right to vote.

Frodo: Anyway, it was sometime. I used to be a waif back then. Sure glad you invited me up here to live.

Crowd: Yay! This is wonderful! Lots of stuff to eat 'n' stuff. Oh boy gum 'n' hamburgers! This is better than Mr. Doughnut! Look at old Bilbo, this is the happiest moment of his life. What's he going to do next?

Bilbo: Simply this, my friends, after a few tentative remarks about how happy I am to be here, how old I am, nature, and the city, I am going to put on this RING and DISAPPEAR!

Action personified, and it goes on from there, galloping from page to page, stopped occasionally by Black Riders, to a climax of terror when a couple of characters get stuck inside a tree and the fruity Tom Bombadil rescues them. Religion is perceived as a significant ABSENSE in the Lord of the Rings; once you've read it you'll go in search of it.

Carl Bennett's store appears to be paying off. There was an advertisement for it stuck in SCINTILLATION, professionally printed in full color, addressed nationally, and



associated with something called TIME (the magazine?) Or is this a hoax, something he printed up himself, like the NATIONAL ENQUIRER? At any rate, it's professionally litho'd:

His store reminds me of Von's Bookshop here. It started out in somebody's house, and then was moved to State Street where the business is. It sells sf and beat poetry, and appears to be doing pretty well---unlike the defunct TRAFFIC CLUB, CELLAR, and the 45 other businesses I've seen going defunct in the past two years. Now we have the INFERNO, the BARE 'N' BALL, several porno places, and a Mother Earth store I've never been in, near here. So far they've lasted. (Somebody says the INFERNO just went out of business). There's a shaky beat-style place on State Street, too, called the JAVA EXPRESS; hope they make it. The last 3 places didn't. All they serve is rolls, cider, and coffee, all expensive, and I've only been in twice, since I don't like beatniks much, or professors, but my brother and his band were up there playing their country music and folk-rock (they've also played at a small hillbilly tavern catering to older people that's a few blocks from my house, and a few other places around town). I myself used to play saxophone at Al's Bar, a negro place, and once at the GASTHAUS ALT HEIDELBERG, but we never got any compliments on it, so I quit. Nobody ever does get any approval for music around here; it seems everybody plays guitar or some stringed instrument. Somebody said they ought to get a group together called 20,000 guitars and make a record. But, "record" rolls off to never-never land; payment doesn't come through F&Pdo Pass.

The GRAPE VINE has moved from its location near my house. Mostly the health-food shops have gone out of business. But judo and karate and aikido studios are still doing well for some reason, particularly the latter. Somebody asked me if we ought to have sex-education schools in town, but I said not unless it were taught by Laureen Bacall (BaCall?) or Anne Bancroft or somebody that was at least knowledgeable about it.

How did Tippecanoe County (that's our county) acquire its name? Well, it comes from the Tippecanoe River, which I can't locate, and that must have been a river that ran in such a way that the Indians felt it caused canoes to tip. Right in the middle of this is Lafayette. Similarly, Indiana, like Illinois, is named after Indians---Illinois after the Illinois indian tribe, possibly led by a chiefton named Illinois (Chicago was also a chieftain, possibly of the Chanooks). Here's a fragment of a song about the Illinois Indians: "The sun is a blazing shield/Of the tribe of the Illihois."

SF CLUB IN LAFAYETTE

Ken Fickle, a local fan and onetime fan editor, discussed with me the possibility of starting a local fanclub. Is there any interest? We anticipate that we can hold our meetings in people's houses, the way ISFA does; that we can have a hard-core of locals for a permanent group and Purdue students for fringe members; that we can publish at least one magazine to preserve our group identity, and send it to members who move out of town. Aside from Ken, two people have shown interest, Eric Kollenburg and my brother. Since Ken and I have both lived here for a long time, we ought to be able to keep the thing running, considering we don't have to rent a meeting-place. We can discuss books, show off stories and art, edit a magazine.

Any local contributors, incidentally, to this fanzine, are welcome. I have four promises from local fans for contributions, but they didn't show up in time for this issue. Contributions means writing or artistic efforts, not money.

Like to see this lighter? I got it as a gift at a Christmas party. It operates on butane, and is supposed to be good for a year. So far it's made it half a year. No, it's not for sale. Not right now anyway. Put it this way, how much would you like to have it? The question is not what E equals to Albert Einstein. What does it equal to you? -----

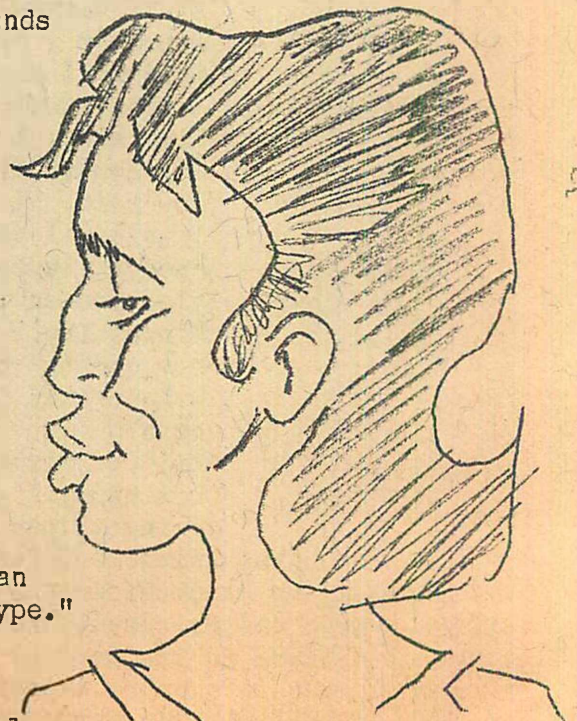
After reading LORD OF THE RINGS, the realization has been dawning on me that this is the work many fan editors have been talking about (when they should have been discussing HOUSE ON THE BORDERLAND, in my opinion). There's FLADNAG, (Gandalf spelled backward), and then there's David Merkel's poems, and his zine ERED NIMRAIS, which is a mountain range in the southlands of Gondor. And there's all sorts of art and poems depicting LOTR without actually mentioning it. I noticed locally that Tolkein seemed to enjoy a great deal of popularity, even taking the place of all the other fantasy and SF. I wonder if they'll let me in on all this? What is it they consider so exclusively fascinating about Tolkein, aside from the quality of the book? I can visualize a fantasy/sf picnic here, like a Hobbit's picnic, with all sorts of unusual foods like Smorbrot, Cavendish, Gingerbread, Muscatel, Lefsa, and the like. And plenty of pipes from Jon's pipe shop.

Ken Fickle suggested I mention the place where he sometimes works, the NEW CONCEPT book store on ninth street. There's lots of sf there, and trades are taken.

Who is or was Tolkein? Where did or does he live? England I suppose. Most everybody lives there. And whatever happened to Richard F. Powers, finest of the sf illustrators?

& Sacco & Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs, the Jeff Airplane

"I am an archetype."



Another sercon article...what do you expect from a fellow who can't smile?
 PSYCHOLOGY APPLIED TO SCIENCE FICTION by John Thiel

Psychology is considered a pseudo-science by some scientists, having more to do with magic and the psychic than with rational research. But it is one branch of the sciences that science-fiction often sadly lacks. Since it is humanitarian and has to do with the human personality and with motives it is useful in characterization, and would do a great deal to get science-fiction away from the stereotypes with which it is currently involved. Most science fiction today is more concerned with cybernetics than with character, and the computers look more respectable than the humans. I think psychology in science fiction would be an effective answer to the New Wave.

An occasional science-fiction story has made use of psychology before. Most of Theodore Sturgeon's work is psychological in nature, particularly his novel MORE THAN HUMAN, which was predominantly psychological in theme. Alfred Bester makes sporadic use of psychology in his action narratives, and writers such as Heinlein and Leinster are interested in motives. Such novels as these form the more humanistic core of science fiction.

Presently psychology is principally oriented toward experimental and laboratory psychology, and schools such as behaviorism (the study of stimulus and response) are more prevalent than depth psychology and motivational research, which flourished mostly in the late forties and the fifties. Psychology is thought to have evolved from a meeting of psychic research with science and the earliest psychological researches were usually objective studies and polls, as well as general factual research and the accumulation of data. Psychology became interested in public attitudes during the war, and this led to the motivational research of the fifties, which was also the time when psychoanalysis became popular and found interest among the public. In the sixties psychology became more flamboyant and experimental, and finally became oriented toward laboratory research, which is what most psychologists are involved in today.

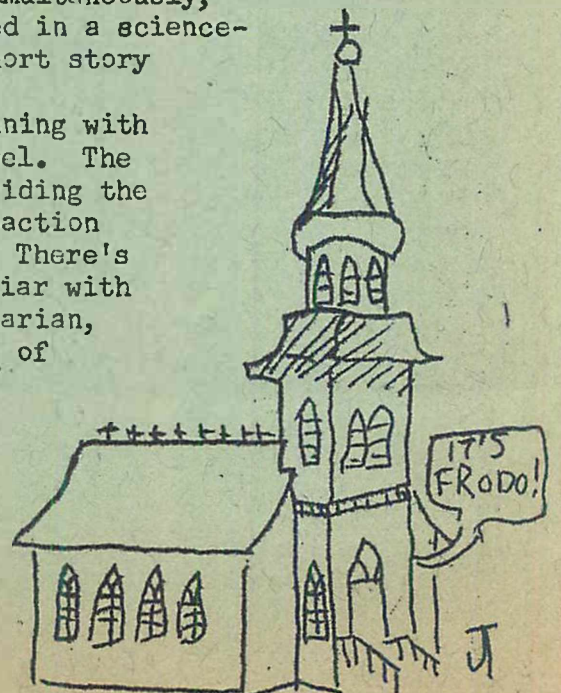
Laboratory research makes use of questionnaires and of scientifically controlled environments. The behavior of people, rather than their motives, is studied under conditions which are regulated as thoroughly as possible. The factor of chance is, to the best of the ability of the experimenter, ruled out. Acquisition of knowledge comes from study of the variables in the experimental pattern. The controlled variable, which is manipulated by the experimenter, is studied in relation to the uncontrolled variable, which is generally the actions or reactions of the subject. Environment, insofar as it is not controlled, can be a source of further uncontrolled variables. Basically the experimenter wants to know what the subject will do in relationship to what he does, and he observes and records these results. When his recorded data is analyzed, principles evolve and are recorded and these are in turn applied to further experimentation. The results of individual experiments in the laboratory are often the basis for research in the streets. Current psychology tends to be more interested in scholarship rather than in making use of psychology, and although it does have an influence over the treatment of people with mental problems (an influence which is causing psychiatrists to dispense with psychoanalysis), most of it involves the acquisition of data & accumulation of knowledge.

A number of extrapolations of this situation are possible. First, psychology might develop from this state into religion or magic (which would be, in the case of magic, a regression, and as such explainable by the fact that progress has been known before to lead to regression as people rediscover what they have left behind). Another possible development could be the oft-predicted experimental society of the future, a basic plot which is frequently exploited in sciencefiction. This would be likely if current psychology were successful in achieving the ends for which it describes itself as striving, for modern psychology is oriented toward a more and more controlled and experimental view of things. Another possibility is that of revolt, that is, of people of more primitive inclinations, who are still involved with magic, revolting against the form of society represented by science involving itself with the mind.

Of course, all of the possibilities could occur simultaneously, in various places, and if these extrapolations were used in a science-fiction story this would be the difference between a short story and a novel.

Taking each of these extrapolations in turn, beginning with the first, would lead to a possible structure for a novel. The first conception is that of the magic of the past overriding the scientific tendency in psychology, due to the action-reaction principle: too much of one thing brings its opposite. There's frequently some revolt when the things people are familiar with from the past are neglected---in this case, the humanitarian, psychoanalytic and magical approach. Due to attention of professional people leaving that part of life which is superstitious and magical, there is bound to be some activity in that area of life. (For example, the new interest people are starting to show in fantasy as opposed to science-fiction).

The desire of psychologists to experiment on the public, too, is bound to be resented eventually. People don't like being made the passive subjects of experimentation, particularly psychological experimentation. And no matter how well psychological



experimentation is presented, it still remains a form of trickery in which the public, which is being observed, has no vote. The public isn't a helpless and passive entity, and sooner or later they are apt to grow suspicious of psychology as it currently exists. Having no scientific weapons themselves, a lot of them are likely to turn to superstition. In all probability watching groups of scientists use them as dupes to be studied makes people react superstitiously anyway. Superstition involves uncertainty about other people's personalities, and nothing would evoke so much uncertainty as the aloof attitude of psychologists. Moreover, psychologists deal with the study of the mind, of the psyche, and the material for magic and a superstitious reaction is already there. The subconscious, as Freud and Jung point out, is full of magical reactions.

As for religion, psychology today is so cold and aloof, so unpromising of rewards the public can participate in, that the public is apt to turn to religion as a reaction against psychology. Many of them have, after all, left religion in fascination with science, but still remember the comfort religion used to give them.

Psychology, as it exists today, is very apparently more oriented toward science than toward people. And in getting this way it's deserted the beneficial qualities it once had.

In basing a story upon this extrapolation, one can easily visualize psychology going along with a new popular wave---and go along it must, since it is socially oriented and needs to maintain a contact with the public---and becoming magically oriented. Psychologists could be seen dressed up in cloaks and magical garments, wielding scientific instruments as juju apparatus, wands and staffs, and using scientific data as incantations. The mixture of science and magic should prove interesting material for a story. Taking this basic formula as a plot, the author could begin to describe an entirely new social setup resulting from it, have fun with the changes, and introduce characters and action and plot. The new world could be seen from the point of view of the chief characters, not concerned with psychology and wondering what is going on.

As for the emergence of religion which was also extrapolated as an effect, this could form the basis for a "Canticle for Leibowitz" type of story with moral overtones. The destruction of an entire age due to a reaction against science and over-scientification, and the subsequent clearing away of the debris of society for a new study of man and religion unhampered by a too-complicated society, should give ample opportunity for a colorful story.

The second extrapolation was that psychology would survive and would be successful in achieving its ends. Extrapolating this more fully involves the study of what those ends are, and an examination of just what is being studied in the field of psychology today. Some of the most popular fields of current psychology are consumer psychology, which is a study of how buyers will react to advertising and what means are most useful in securing their attention and the contents of their pocketbooks; laboratory psychology, which is pure science and studies the behavior of animals in terms of behaviorism and the conditioned reflex (this is basic study which the experimenters themselves don't intend to apply); and situational psychology, which is the study of how people will react within a given situation and which is said to have proved useful to the army in simplifying and improving their basic training and transportation-of-troops programs. This last one aims at foreknowledge and at the control of otherwise complicated situations through taking intelligent steps in advance.

I prefer to see these various schools eventually wiped out in stories, since psychology has no conceivable goal except the cure of mental disturbances and almost automatically becomes magic when it, or any form of science, is used as an end unto itself. Science is incapable of creating a world, merely of adapting to the one we have and providing it with benefits, and when it follows a course of instituting itself as above everything else it is following a non-scientific impulse. Hence it cannot succeed for long when it divorces itself from the other endeavors of life. However, a limited success for the pursuits of science can be extrapolated and, as I suggested, might combine with the previous extrapolation for a novel instead of a story---the first being part of the rise and decline of science and the second part being a new magical society.

Consumer psychology triumphing over society in general has been portrayed by Frederick Pohl and C.M. Kornbluth in "The Space Merchants", in which the advertisers seem to have triumphed over everybody simply by virtue of being smarter, however short they have fallen of ultimate standards. Currently, consumer psychologists are becoming more analytical and interested in social phenomena than they were at the time that book was published, and it may be that consumer psychology will become interested enough in tieups between commerce and society and psychology to begin to weld people into the social structure inextricably; whether this is done only on paper or whether it would successfully occur in life is difficult to say. However, continuous tampering with interrelationships between unrelated worlds is bound to result in a situation of social complexity in which society becomes a sort of machine, due simply to different social structures being attached to each other which have no ability to harmonize and interrelate.

Laboratory psychology has often been extrapolated and exploited in science-fiction, including the famous story "Flowers for Algernon." Laboratory psychology is intentionally of such a nature that everyone can study and possibly evaluate the researches, and understand the results. For this reason it might become popular and escape the hands of the academies and professional psychological clinics and get into the hands of the public, as a game. One can imagine such a thing as behavioral experimentation on animals becoming part of the general environment. If this were to occur it would probably lead to an explosion of interest in science among the general public and ultimately to the reentrance into the common domain of areas of knowledge and learning which have heretofore been kept aloof---in other words, the scientist and thinker would become an ordinary citizen again, and who knows who would rise to take their places at the top of the social hierarchy? Businessmen,

possibly, or entrepreneurs, or royalty. A society in which the lives of thinkers are run by a ruling and perhaps magical society, or by businessmen, would make an interesting field for a science-fiction story. Social juxtapositions are among the most interesting areas for science-fictional investigations.

I might also mention that the concentration of laboratory psychologists upon pure research might end up making them a bit eccentric, as so often happens when people lose direct contact with active and dynamic society. Plotting the course of eccentricities generated in the laboratory could result in a real wealth of science-fiction stories. Or an attempt to repress these men, as sometimes happens with aloof eccentrics who have become disliked, could result in a plot on their part to take over society with their laboratory devices and turn a city into a gigantic experimental rat-laboratory, using people as the rats and guinea pigs. The streets would be plotted like mazes, and a reward-and-punishment system would be used to get people to do what they wanted. This sort of plot for a story has been used by L. Sprague De Camp in a short story called "Judgment Day" in which an eccentric and aloof scientist decides to destroy the world due to prejudice and violence against him. Here the human factor is exploited and psychology is used in the telling of the story. The extrapolation in a story of this kind would be a psychological extrapolation. This situation would be interesting because the laboratory psychologists' experimental techniques have never been used much outside the laboratory before.

The third school, situational psychology, is psychology used on a social level and somewhat resembles sociology, and often the cooperation of sociologists is necessary to put any of the planning into action. This could be extrapolated into a situation wherein psychologists get involved in government, or even wind up running everything. The possibility is there, because in situational psychology psychologists are becoming involved actively in ordering and running things. The methods that might be used by situational psychologists in independently becoming active as social forces would be interesting to trace.

The third possibility in describing the possible future developments resulting from our present psychological schools is the possibility of revolt. This plays an important role in Robert Heinlein's "Revolt in 2100." As I suggested, the revolt would be one of people of primitive rather than scientific inclinations, suggesting another of Heinlein's stories, "Magic, Inc." which describes a future society dominated by magic. Magic reemerging in the present is a fascinating subject for extrapolation, and for a story as well, the present being what it is. The contrast would be extreme. I'm surprised more writers haven't exploited the contrast between the ancient and the modern.

Modern psychology, in repressing what Jung calls the "collective unconscious," the archetypes of the subconscious mind and the mandalas of the past, may result in sudden uprisings of magic with many bizarre and unusual manifestations incubated in the hidden recesses of the mind over the course of centuries. A story describing an occurrence like this would be like a combination of H.P. Lovecraft and Arthur C. Clarke. Primitivity against a scientific background. Cases of demon-possession would wind up being seen in the streets of civilized cities. There would be sudden remembrances rising from the human subconscious of states of existence of the past---primal memories of earlier times revisited in a civilized context. Perhaps there would be open warfare between magic and the scientific culture.

As a final picture, these three streams of extrapolation could, as I mentioned, be united in a novel. I've seen one novel that had something of that effect---Fritz Leiber's "The Green Millennium," described thusly on the cover: "A madcap redhead and her reckless lover challenge a world of rollicking chaos." That world was one in which both science and magic had gone berserk, and the result was indeed a world of chaos.

It seems to me that each of these extrapolated tendencies would tend to beget the other two, so that a novel would be inevitable. They're all interrelated. The final effect of all these tendencies would be a transference of ordinary science over to primal powers and magic, all of which would result from the fusion of magic and science in psychology, and the ultimate effect would be to have a world generally dominated by magic for quite awhile---a world reminiscent of H.P. Lovecraft's lines:

Then, crushing what he chanced
to mold in play

The idiot Chaos blew earth's
dust away.

However, I don't believe the
general picture would be that
drastic.

A world dominated by magic,
with science incorporated in it,
would be an interesting field of
play for future science-fiction
writings, and I believe stories
so bred would excel the stories
of the "New Wave."

The yearling is coming! I
see it warbling across the plain!
Aiye, it's the Young Horse Picture!
Yearling, hie east!



"Mirror, mirror, on the
wall, who is the fairest
one of all?"



"WHAMMO!"

J

MY NAME IS LEGION by Roger Zelazny, \$1.50 from Ballantine Books; 1976. Contains the award winning (Nebula award) novella, "Home is the Hangman." Reviewed by ROD SNYDER.

First, a warning: Legion was my first Zelazny book. I'm not such a voracious sf reader, but I think I know what makes sf work, and I think Zelazny made this number work. And it won't be my last Zelazny book, no.

We start with an unnamed, but many-named private investigator. Patterned like the ones of TV, of course, but this fellow, whom we'll call "Our Hero," is more plausible: no one really knows his de facto record, his name, anything. The Central Data Bank has most everyone's file on record, but with help from his connections, Our Hero is never recorded therein. Moreover, he can, with the unwitting help of an old friend, tamper with the Bank's records; anyone Our Hero wishes to be for an assignment, he is.

Not an unused concept, perhaps, but Zelazny uses it prudently aside from Story One of Legion's three novelettes. Though he vaguely appears so in this first story, Our Hero is no rehashed mix of Spillane's Mike Hammer and Roger Moore's James Bond. He develops past any such prefabricated pigeonholes, but more importantly he operates differently than others. Our Hero is a freelance agent by necessity, but must keep his affiliations to a minimum and keep them loose, always tentative. Working "outside the system," i.e., outside the Central Data Bank's registered view of reality and of those who inhabit this reality, is to him only an alternative to working inside the system. It is not pleasurable, being non-existent, but for Our Hero who holds so dearly his freedoms and his past, it is a necessity. Think of perenially dodging the IRS.

At any rate, four times a year Our Hero selects a tavern someplace and goes there to meet Don Walsh. Don Walsh ranks high in the nation's second largest private investigation firm, and for the most part comes off like the "Good morning, Mr. Phelps..." tape recorder always heard on the Mission: Impossible TV show. But for Our Hero, Don Walsh represents high-hazard employment as a special agent for Don's firm. And good money.

Our Hero satisfies the firm's need for a daring individual with smarts and at least a little brawn who can come and go with no trace left, a handiman for the most delicate of covert operations. Never fear, dear reader; our Hero does get his share of swift action in the clutch, always, but mainly falls back on his expertise in electrical engineering, psychology and other specialized fields to pull himself from trouble or dilemma.

Our Hero's affairs can captivate the sf-monger and thriller-lover alike.

Story One, set aboard the ship of Project RUMOKO, a series of nuclear detonations aimed to create an inhabitable volcanic island much like Surtsey in the Pacific, but for a few random sf elements might as well be a plot Zelazny bought from Ian Fleming, or even a Flint movie never made. Sabotage, intrigue, swift and treacherous love...it's all there, folks. I had to re-read parts so that I could remember it for this review.

Stories Two and Three ring much more resonant in my mind. Story Three, the most science-fictiony of the trio, tackles the problem of an apparently renegade telefactor-robot from across the galaxy, as powerful as ten men and with the personality of four. (Sounds like Fondly Farenheit--ed.) Irony twists most everything here, though, and Zelazny weaves it into an exciting, yet thoughtful and powerful piece.

Story Two, having the inpronouncable handle of "Kjwalll'kje'k'koothai'lll'kje" (which is Dolphinese for something-or-other) (Kojac), rewards the best. While the high points don't thrill like in the book's following robot epic, Zelazny's message and fusion of sub-plots works grandly, better than anywhere else in Legion's 213 pages. Ostensibly this tale revolves around fear and loathing at Beltrane Processing Plant, where recently two men died, their bodies slashed viciously by the jaws of a bottle-nosed dolphin. But dolphins, of course, supposedly are not harmful, reckless predators; so Our Hero must clear the area's school of dolphins of this murder charge and its implications. Underneath all of this lies a diamond smuggling operation, a telepath (you say telepaths aren't dangerous?) and, most wonderously of all, the mystic and euphonic dream-song and the endless litany of the Dolphin school. Here Zelazny makes his move to where colleagues such as Clarke and Niven find themselves out of place, and constructs on many levels a near-mainstream yarn of succinct charm and provocative philosophy, a yarn that should have me reading more Zelazny.

Okay, so this book is not a tour-de-force--it has its rough spots, now and then a clichéd narrative segment...the kind of thing to watch for in a thriller book. With Legion, Zelazny tends toward a sameness in chronology (Glimpse of Climax/Beginning/Build-up/Climax and Denouement)



but that is a minor quibble. On the other hand, his logic reminds me of Niven's: precise, almost chilling. Also, we see Our Hero's demeanor change as the opportunity warrants, making him all the more like an elusive chameleon, and this effect Zelazny pulls off well and with ease. Our Hero sheds personalities as naturally as a moth does its cocoon; the reader can accept it.

Really, I don't know what I can ask from Zelazny or many of his colleagues in writing in the same genre, but I do know now that what I ask for in a captivating book, Hugo- and Nebula-winner Roger Zelazny can serve up artfully.

Editor sez: I've always been suspicious of Zelazny as a writer, since his name sounds like a blaster going off. The first book of his that I read, Lord of Light, was incomprehensible and untrue-to-life, with a humor in it that I didn't understand. I couldn't get interested in the chain of adventures of the chief characters, and thought Zelazny was enchanted by Tolkein and ragged by De Camp. When I heard he had won a Hugo, the thought came to me that this might be misinformation and that the Hugo he got might have been one presented to him by Doven Keller in his garage.

I haven't read the book Snyder reviews, but from the review it reminds me of Roger Lee Vernon (whose stories I like). Ken Finkle, a great admirer of Zelazny, intends to do a study of several of his books in a forthcoming issue.

FAREWELL TO YESTERDAY'S TOMORROW by Alexei Panshin/New York/Berkeley, Putnam/1975/\$6.95/180 pp. Reviewed by DAVID MOYER.

Alexei Panshin, a highly acclaimed critic of the sf field (acclaimed by who, the SDS?) and author of the Nebula award winning novel RITE OF PASSAGE, has presented us with his last singularly written book. All books that follow will be collaborations between Alexei and Cory Panshin--as were several pieces in this book.

Out of the eleven stories and one essay, three of the stories deal with the same background as RITE OF PASSAGE: the abandoned Earth, the giant starships sailing through the universe, and the established colonization of other worlds. The first of the three stories, 'The Sons of Prometheus,' deals with a do-nothing Shippie who has been reluctantly sucked into making a commitment for the first time in his life. The second story, 'A Sense of Direction,' deals with a Ship-boy, Arpad, who is preparing for Trial by an excursion on a planet while under the vigilance of an instructor. Arpad runs away from the camp while on the planet, but later returns to beat the system. (Sounds like Hobbits in space) The third story, 'Arpad,' presents Arpad as a grown man who has beaten the system by devious means.

It's definitely a plus if one has read RITE OF PASSAGE before flipping through the pages of this book, for many of the ideas in ROP are carried over into the above three stories. And it is impossible to fully understand the friction between the Shippies and the Mudeaters until reading ROP.

Out of the remaining nine stories, five of them range from excellent to good. 'What's Your Excuse?' is a powerful mainstream story; 'Now I'm Watching Roger' uses the psychotic astronaut motif; and 'The Destiny of Milton Gomrath' deals with how Milton gets more than what he bargained for. 'How Can We Sink When We Can Fly'--a story that is three-quarters autobiographical--held my attention for some reason. It probably held my attention because I know the area and spots that are discussed. And the last of the five stories, 'Sky Blue,' deals with the major theme of the book, maturity and adulthood. But the whimsical narrative greatly detracts from the impact of the theme--"screamie-a-deamie! Massive frust!"

The last story, and by the dust jacket, "unforgettable," is 'When the Vertical World Becomes Horizontal.' This story might be unforgettable for three reasons: first, it's a great story; second, it stinks; and third, you just can't understand the thing. I must pick the latter, for when a 37 year old papa's boy, who has lived in the closet for most of his life, goes out into a city and loses his robot, not to mention his umbrella, and finally ends up playing in the rain with a bunch of other people, it leaves me nowhere except closer to the end of the book.

The last piece in the book is an essay, the title of which is also that of the book. I cannot answer Mr. Panshin's questions about maturity and adulthood, but I don't believe that writing all future works in collaboration with his wife is a mature move. The two stories in collaboration with his wife in this book, lacked the emotions and the clearness that are so evident in his solo pieces. I wish he could return to his good ol' stuff.

Editor's comment: I certainly dislike it when a guy from Russia comes over and writes and publishes books, and glows and shows off his wife to everybody, when American writers can't get their things published. When did the Cold War end and these Russians come by with their fruit-of-peace sf? Remember sputnik? Do you think that thing looked like a good space rig? Sputnik was actually a bagel, you know, exaggerated in the news so it could fly. I don't think Panshin is much of a name either; it reminds me of Pan. He probably won the nebula award for being nebulous. By the way, the title "Rite of Passage" has been used, I think by Chad Oliver; aren't there lawsuits any more? Moyer can't convince me that this book is anything but the Crudom Express--I like his review better than I would like the book. Those scenes in space sound like an interstellar Teddy Bears' Picnic.

But I've got a Russian too:

WE by Yevgeny Zamiatin ("The long-suppressed Russian masterpiece that goes beyond 1984 and

Brave New World") (I see he has the same first name as Yevgeny Yevtushenko. ^{they} must have lived in the same pit together.) Viking, 1972. Reviewed by JOHN THIEL. ^{hard}

Hmm, part of the wave of Russian science fiction. I think it would be hard to go beyond Brave New World and 1984, but this book does it by destroying itself busting up against the wall of the future. It's trashier. Every page in this book would be a joy to read, if one were reading it to the author at a trial. "We" is him and the people he plagiarized, and the people who held up the ragged flap of his pants as he crossed the ocean with his book.

In considering the New Wave, I think there is something missing that gives its stories a lack--a lack that has always been apparent in the stories of Bradbury (who Ken Finkle said he thought once might be evil) and Alfred Bester. That lack is morality. Current science fiction is devoid of a moral sense, and without it there is no sense of wonder, no beauty of style--I don't even have the urge to read it; some of it is repellant. In fact, science fiction has always lacked a good moral sense; it has been written by people who prefer to believe that they are above morality. Today all the amoral tendencies of sf have coalesced into a grey blur without essence, and the writing is definitely morbid. "I have No Mouth And I Must Scream" is a good example. Can this be enjoyable reading? It's surely not tender writing. It's about a person who is turned into a blob by a computer, as if computers could have identity. Anyone who believes in the theme of this story is out of his mind, and anyone who considers it enjoyable would probably like Ellison, but not true literature. Literature has compassion at the very minimum. It also has religion and humanitarianism. Most sf today is obviously written by atheists (I can see them calling me up and saying 'that's right!'). There isn't a shred of decency in all of it. It should be helping to solve problems, not contribute to them. What are they all doing, proving they're mean and tough? Since when has being soulless been an attribute? You ought to go see "Alphaville" sometime (you say you've already seen it?) if you want to look at a world devoid of anything decent.

In line with all this, WE comes in sic transit, perhaps borne by a robot hailing the statue of liberty from a height of two miles. It was translated by a Jew, too--Mirra Ginsburg. How did the author get that out of him or her?

I'm glad the book has a happy ending; and I think it could be improved by the author swearing he'll learn to write in English.

THE SIRENS OF TITAN by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Dell Paperback, 1975 latest printing. Reviewed by DAVID R. HOLLIS, JR.

I heard the sirens when I started reading this book. They were coming to take Vonnegut away. But it was the wrong city. He lives in Indianapolis. So near and yet so far. Why doesn't he go to ISFA meetings? It's because the members would wail the daylight out of him with billy-bats.

Why should the richest, most depraved man in America blast off in his private space ship for parts unknown with the one beautiful woman capable of resisting him? It was in order to avoid discussions of SIRENS OF TITAN. For years the author, Kurt Vonnegut, has been a hero of underground literature in America. Then he heard an all-sage and crawled up out of a hole nobody knew led to anywhere, and what he looked like no man would want to describe. The morality in this book is kept in a finger-stall. The characters hate you worse than you hate them. It would take Lucius Beebe or Sigmund Freud to find the plot.

A copy of it ought to be sent to Kurt Vonnegut, Senior.

Editor's comment: Let's hope that Vonnegut doesn't sue, or whatever means he uses to deal with libel, Hollis--that's what it's called. Next time we want you, we'll rattle your cage. Statements like this aren't urbane.

As a matter of fact, I don't like Vonnegut's books myself, but one should remember that he's probably a nice guy.

He doesn't care to write what you want to read, that's all.

BABEL-17 by Samuel R. Delany, Nebula Winner, Ace 1966. Reviewed by JOHN THIEL.

I'd like to say skip this one, it isn't any good. Actually, though, it's quite a novel. Sabotage on a spaceship, interstellar war, and a communications weapon named after Babel. (You may have read some of our discussion of communications in this fanzine. My father thinks communications media are running the country.) A poet goes to war with the Babel equipment. The stage is really set for an interesting novel, and it's not formula fiction either. If you want archetypes, you'll get them here. They go off in a pyrotechnic fury through the non-resistance of space, a cosmic fourth-of-july exploding out of a whole century. Do not say you cannot comprehend it. It is written to elucidate for the benefit of the mind.

Not slow-paced like some science-fiction. Speed limit 50,000 mph. If you don't feel like you've learned something by the end of it, Cerebrus is a Hot Dog.

Too bad the above is outdated, but here's one that will never grow old, tho' the tedious harry it with nerve-wracking argument. A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ by Walter M. Miller, Jr., Lippincott, 1959. Reviewed by JOHN THIEL.

How a fine guy like Miller is able to get along with Lippincott, I don't know. But he did, and he got them to publish this book, and it's literature. Fine, august chapters. The human race crawls through crud and cosmic waste to rebuild their own destinies. New truth is searched for in the ruins of a civilization. And the scope and historical understanding of Miller is enormous. The future can't be perceived without knowing the past.

And now here is the Armed Attack you dig it from you Cadillac all the guys are on the beam the funkier mob you ever seen they'll tell it just the way it is and then blast off deserting Jiz it's really fine to have them here the leader of the pack's a Clear

THE ARMED ATTACK wherein reader make LETTERS

RICH BARTUCCI, PO. BOX 75, CEDAR BROOK, NJ 08018: Goodfan Thiel: I am presently holding an aggregation of green foolscap twiltone with weird things typed, scratched and imprinted upon it. It is the first time I've ever gotten a fourteen-inch-long fanzine, and I wonder if its size is in any way related to the editor's feelings of sociosexual inadequacy. Merely empty speculation, mind... (Do you mean you're "holding" it in the sense that a Negro will ask to "hold two bucks" or "hold a nickle bag for a second?")

(Don't get caught holding.)

At the moment, I find it surprisingly difficult to comment on the contents of Pablo. This may be because the areas in which you find pithy material are dry wells to me. I am a wargamer, a scientist and an osteopath, whereas you look to be a bloody English or liberal arts major, a poet and a health-food faddist. We move on different paths, and I cannot, for the life of me, find an intersection in PL 3.

Tell me, though; how do you feel about Grand Opera? Obtundedly, Rich.

(I like CARMEN, AIDA, PAGLIACCI, and light opera like THE BARBER OF SEVILLE and FRA DIAVOLO. How do you feel about it?)

GIL GAIER, 1016 BEECH AVE, TORRANCE, CA 90501: I've been waiting to have the time to read your zines PABLO LENNIS #'s 1,2,3, and 4 and lock them. Now that school's over I'm ready! As I promised in PL #4.

PL #1. You're one of the first fans I've ever heard mention having read Durrell's Alexandrian Quartet. They are all favorites of mine. (I love a mystery being peeled like an onion.)

PL #2. A slight correction in the sentence ending "...but all they ever pay me off in is crudom B's." That's spelled condom. They, too, they know you awfully well as A's are the smallest size one can buy. At least that's what I hear. (Please...this fanzine is devoted to virtue!)

The poem "A Vision A Vision" was interesting interesting. Thought that "a crust of bread" and "windswept plain" could have been fresher.

PL #3. John, save in a special pile all the zines like ALGOL that you can't figure out how they work. In about a year or so go back and read them again for a dazzling treat.

Why in the world would you send off "SF IN LAFAYETTE, IND" to Carl Bennett. It belongs in your own zine right where it appeared.

Didn't read the fiction story. I did scan it for dirty words which would have encouraged me to dip in--but only noted homogeneous. And that didn't cut it. (Oh, I hope you enjoy the light reactions like mine, too.)

PL #4, Best lines: (in referring to your story BOA CONSTRICTOR) "I wonder if I should publish it here? This is the perfect magazine for it. It accepts my contributions." Good. Sweet-sour. True. PL was the perfect spot for it.

Isn't Ben Indick a nice man? He continuously encourages neo-fans.

What! Another piece of your fanfic? Okay, kid. Get 'em out of your system. (I DID read BOA.)

"My Anima" was your best poetic effort so far...in my opinion.

General comments: If you really want to turn-on the SF/F enthusiasts in your readership, why not do what you said you might do for me for yourself? Do an article about your impressions of a few SF authors. Most fanzine fans like that better than poetry or short stories or articles on English history. Also why not expand and develop your fanzine reviewing talent? Your neo-viewpoint on the zines you read is refreshing. (I might take both suggestions.)

There's only one criteria to help you decide whether to continue PL or not: are you enjoying yourself? (I don't know yet.) My heart leaps up when I behold/A neo fresh withing the fold. (Gil, your personality is gradually coming through to me the more I read your writings. It is certainly an interesting experience.)

SIMON AGREE, 6075 Old Redwood Hwy, Petaluma, CA 94952: Can't imagine where you heard of me, unless it was Bruce Townley; you're my first from Indiana. You, and Pablo Lennis, seem to operate from a higher level of intelligence and eclecticism than most of fandom, so maybe you & ABBA ZABA will hit it off. Bargain Store Love swings pretty well and I see no reason to deny it space just because it isn't SF-related. Tom Robbins says that style is everything and more blues singers have style than SF writers.

Only other thing I found really outstanding (in the rain) was the title of SHELLAKED HATRED which should maybe be the title of your zine instead of PABLO LENNIS. Tha's a compliment.

I agree about most jobs involving mainly running around in masks and cloaks, good thing I don't have to work any more.

DAVID MOYER, 630 SHADYWOOD DR, PERKASIE, PA 18944: Your article on the technological era reminds me of an article that I'm running in ish #2 of BIOYA. The article that I have deals with technology, society, and the scale of organization. It's a bit on the heavy side, but I found it extremely interesting.

In a book called BEING THERE, Jerry Kosinski coined the word "vidiots" for people who spend too much time seated in front of the boob tube. In a short story THE PEDESTRIAN, Ray Bradbury showed a society that was addicted to the television. And although each of these works were written a number of years ago (1971--1951), both authors saw how people were becoming addicted to the television. (The term "vidiot" comes from Ken Nordine's WORD JAZZ)

In today's society, it seems (at least to this person) like the television is almost nothing more than a baby-sitter. The parents plop their kids in front of the thing when they don't want to be bothered by their kids. And they let their kids sit and watch the thing every Saturday; thus, they can flop back into bed and catch a few more winks of sleep. Television is like a graveyard--it channels hundreds of hours into non-productive man hours. And half the time the shows' plots are so simplistic that it takes the IQ of a blade of grass to figure them out.

Of course there are some shows that do merit recognition, but they are few and far between. (I remember liking well, as a child, space shows like CAPTAIN VIDEO, BUCK ROGERS, FLASH GORDON, TALES OF TOMORROW and SCIENCE FICTION THEATER. The recent STAR TREK and OUTER LIMITS are poor substitutes. Good TV sf has gone defunct in the worst season ever to hit television. Have you seen TV's conception of New Young Actors?)

Between Nov. 30, 1973 and Jan. 18, 1974 I was lucky enough to observe Kohoutek on separate occasions. My best observation of the comet came on Jan. 8, approx. 2hr. after sunset. The magnitude of the comet was close to plus 4. The coma was also well defined, and the tail of the comet was visible up to three degrees behind the nucleus. (Although I didn't observe it, I've been told that comet West (just this year) was much better than Kohoutek.) (Of course it is, they serve espresso on it.)

ALAN JONES, 5032 VICTOR WAY, DENVER, COLO 80239: I tell you, PABLO LENNIS is getting better and better! I like it! Especially the last ish, no. 4. The cover was better than the last ish too. The only problem seems to be the way you write/type over your art though. But still, the drawing was well done. Now the interior art, that is another matter, I hope you don't mind me saying...again, so what, right? You didn't ask to be another Schiffman or Canfield, or Finlay for that matter, so us readers just better button our lips and stop criticizing this poor harried fane about that artwork of his! You agree, John, don't you? (I'd hate to have Schiffman's and Canfield's personalities, not that my own is very much. As a matter of fact, in respect to drawing ability, I did ask to be a SCF combination, but all three of the artists tore into the Place and cut me off, so now I draw for you the oat and ashes of what little I got. I'm about that lucky with girls, too.)

It seems you don't have that no-locs problem anymore, what with Ben Indick and the other eight people writing at you. I especially like the one from the fellow named Coulson. It seemed so uncomfortably familiar...

Was that guy kidding when he offered to be your agent? (I think so...I've never heard of any TV broadcasting in Seattle.)

Needless to say, I think you write very well, fiction and otherwise, regardless of what anyone else thinks, and I hope you get plenty of contribs. Also, if you received the second copy of my own worthless mag (not really, folks!), I think you can temporarily disregard the "Last minute flash" bit about my discontinuing Px., for the simple reason that I just gotta continue it! I'm stuck to it! For I've just realized, F really is AWOL! I hope you understand what I mean.

CRAIG J. HILL, 220 STANDISH #1, REDWOOD, CA 94063: Just received PABLO LENNIS the other day and found out after reading it awhile that it was in its THIRD ISSUE. It's amazing to see this sort of zine on the fanzine scene nowadays and rather as something conceived for the first time in history as a "sercon funzine" (How about a "fannish sercon." Two salami slices and some french bread on a order to go is alright too!

In a time when social cognizance has paralleled current interest, I found SPACE AGE IN TODAY'S SOCIETY well worth thinking about. It is true, however, that "privatization" and "communication" are apparent in today's technocratic society. Moreover, "privatization" is a direct cultural step forward in tomorrow's existence of introversion among the separated masses. It would be interesting to relate the early date of "social acceptance" of television and how it assumed mass introversion (although premeditated as partial introversion) and its concept of reality. (I agree.) As many people feel today, television is in many cases not a concept of reality since it's based on opinions based by broadcasters.

Was SCIENCE FICTION IN LAFAYETTE INDIANA really a rejection? That's usually the main lead-in type article written by Forry Ackerman in FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND (even though that's as close as it's been to SF, and NOT "sci-fi."). It's true that NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is a great favorite amongst ye SFilm faans, and really a direct classic for the amount of money poured into it (They even used Bosco for blood!), and nowadays when they make films



it's in the amount of millions. (I hear THE TOWERING INFERNO was a director ostensibly burning his money) DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL is also another old-time favorite for what I think has to do with the thematic definition of the ignorance of humankind. As sometime later, the original classis PLANET OF THE APES held that same definition true, and held itself a ultimately fantastic film until producers cashed in their sequels. (To me, POTA was a particularly bad movie) SFilm news was of great interest and a real "clear ey" to the eyeballs. See ya next issue!

ALAN JONES again, 5032 Victor WAY, DENVER, COLO 80239: Ah ha! You sought to soften me up, to send my deflated ego cascading up to the heights of fandom by printing those drawings and poem and article; I know you're trying to get me to get my zine going again, but I tell you it won't work! Because I already have it going again! (What manner of devilry is this you ask? Heh heh heh heh heh...)

Of course, after all that, I could not say that PABLO LENNIS 5 was anything short of great, now could I?

P.L. is (as I mentioned before) still improving, and I liked the layout this ish. (Not this one, I assume) Plenty of variety, zine reviews, etc. The fiction was very good and the lettercol was nice and long...I like reading LoCs by Allen Hansvold and Frank Denton for some reason; I suppose that I relate to them better (or something).

On the article by A. Hansvold: loved it!

How do you find fanzine publishing now after five issues? (By looking through a periscope. Venacularly, it's just starting to get interesting) The fanzine is the gateway to fandom, y'know. Can you imagine fandom without fanzines? We'd all still be corresponding through the lettercols of the prozines. But the fmz was inevitable I suppose, the next logical step in the evolution of fanac after the formation of clubs. Hmmm...what if history had taken a path other than the one it has followed up to now...better zines? Worse zines? No zines? One big, all encompassing zine (imagine it: "MEGA-FAN--the only one you'll ever need!")? No fandom? Hmmm...

As I passed through P.L. for the third time, I notice that I like the zine reviews more than I thought..."Some past works of SF/Fantasy" seems familiar, though that and the editorial are my favorites for thish...the cartoon before the bacover--well you do have a definite style, ahem, ahem...

All in all, another job well done, John. Until next ish!

(Another of Alan's letters arrived in a crumpled form, ripped in half, as if it had been fed to Sargon or given to Saruman with the notation that it contained egoboo. The post office wants me to know why they are wittily being called the "Post Awful.")

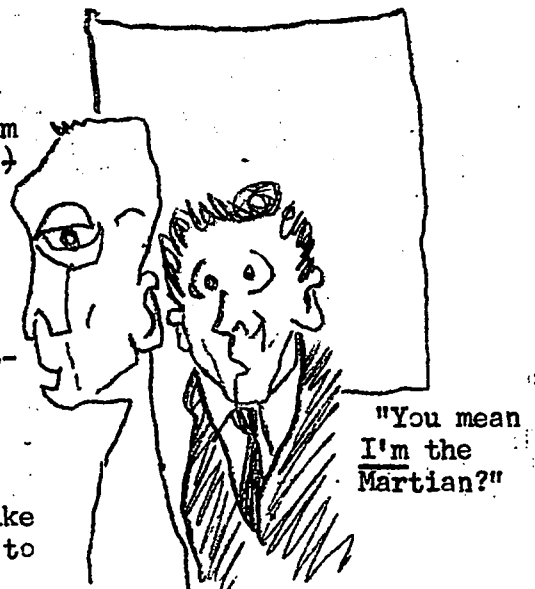
ROD SNYDER, PO BOX 5364, WEST VILLAGE, CO 81615: I haven't read Williams' book that you reviewed, but I can't agree with his apparent premise that society has become "so interested in mass media communications that they lose contact with each other."

"If you think I haven't heard that line before, you're mistaken."

Anyone who would write that has obviously been locked up in a basement for years writing school textbooks for professorship tenure. Granted, lettuce heads raised on the boob tube seem widespread and obtrusive throughout our society, right down to everyone's own community. But I've had the chance to observe people (without the Observer Effect?) in settings where TVs were all but inaccessible, and newspapers and radio stations a sparse commodity--I've been a part of a tourist-supplied business out here in Colorado, that is--and people seem glad to be away, if only for awhile, from loud stereos, blaring television sets, and disheartening headlines on the morning paper. And they function quite well with the other people they meet.

I can't say that people up east must be the same way, possessed of a little adventurism; people who have been up east tell me that easterners are different. (I have the handicap here when it comes to judgement, as I've grown up in atypical states with atypical people surrounding me--Texas and Arizona.) But at least I can conclude that Williams has not thoroughly examined the great wastelands out here, or the Rockies with their perennial load of back-packed hikers and jeepers. People out here, especially in the small towns I've seen, just don't use that TV so much. (Thanks for clarifying what the Rockies are like; I've been imagining a standardised Mass Society from coast to coast recently. Whose political ideal dream would that be? And what would speeches about it be like?)

I do agree that society is becoming, if it is not already, departmentalized. But human communication shall never be cut off by any amount of mass media communication. I've been brought up in a family, have friends, have lost friends, and don't need a psychology degree or anything to assert that. What will be discreetly restricted in ways are inter-social class relationships. Right now we have white flight, the last resort of this country's obstinate minority of bigots; but I'm referring to inter-economic class relationships, and the assault on them by snobbery or flaring ethnic pride. Unlike bigotry's great white flight, these phenomena are harder to



suppress, and I predict they will stay so. Snobbery's nothing new, and now Chicanos are following in the belligerent path of the sixties Black Power movement. All I can wonder is, who's next on the self-segregating agenda? (Whatever happened to the black power people? Did they ever get to anywhere?)

Hold your breath, John: Vonnegut is popular here in Colorado, too. Yes, the master of sledgehammer cynicism goes over nicely with the laid-back younger generation so ubiquitous in Aspen. What do I think? Well, based on Breakfast of Champions, with which I got through a few weeks back, I'll have to run out of an awful lot of good books around before I pick up on another of his works. Actually, BoCh wasn't horrendous, but the part worth reading comes after about two hundred pages of the other stuff. Sf is nice if you know whom to read, but a lot just isn't worth wasting time on to be an sf completist. (Unless you could make money somehow from being an sf completist!)

This is where I find annoying the viewpoints of Chris Rock. Roc's a good fan, but I can't see how he fails to acknowledge the beauty of mainstream literature's major figures! Perhaps he misses the eternal relevance in the works of Shakespeare or Cervantes; they write about the human experience. Lovecraft dwells in the pungeant Yog-Sothoth experience, by contrast. Poe handled the elements he dealt with in a more skillful, accessible way than did Lovecraft; but HPL at his height means horrific, unsurpassed fear.

The writers Roc cites are read mainly for entertainment. More often than not, they had no profound message to bring to the world through their fiction. So when the chips are all counted up, rest assured we'll find that writers such as Shakespeare and Chaucer will have influenced more people than Lovecraft, Beirce, or Poe. In short, contrary to what Roc says, those writers do make it. Most sf and fantasy writers are expendable reading by comparison. And rightfully so, critically speaking. (The fantasy realms which they portray may be some day's reality. They exist, if only in the minds of the writers, who may some day shape potentiality into reality. Too, fantasy deals with our primieval minds, whereas ordinary literature only with things that are seen; and sf deals with the shaping activity of the intellect. Who cares how many people are influenced by writers? A lot of people are influenced by billboards. I would say that fantasy has more familiarity with the significant and important realm of the spirit than does other literature, and sf more to do with the actual running of society.)

... By the way, didn't Gaston Leroux write Phantom of the Opera? (Yes.)

You seem unsure of your project, John. Fear not, for fmz are always welcome whether they accomodate 50 readers or 1,000. Keep plugging away! You seem to be finding the right places to send PL, though, because I've heard mention of it in other zines. Really, it's just a matter of finding the right names to send your labor of love to. Search the locols you see for the names that pop up the most often--names like D'Amassa, Glicksohn, Warner, etc.--try them, and see if they don't eventually draw a few others when you get locced by them.

I bain try get locs, they send me lox! I try to get contributions, they send me clothes! I try to get trades, they send me bubble gum cards! I try get quarter, they don't give me any! And so I say, peeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Decide on a direction for the zine, get the readers you want, then vary contents as you please. This isn't a rule, but it might be something to keep in mind should you desire a quick ascention to the readership level you have in mind. Everyone gets the readers in a matter of time, but accessability makes the difference in how much time. Some sf fans will quickly skip the fiction and the Norman Conquest thingies, and that's a good portion of the zine. Non-fen friends of yours might like only those parts. So figure your audience (i.e., the audience you are building to); it's possible.

If you'll notice, Nuthin' Fancy is diversified. To some extent I've figured my audience, but not much because I don't particularly care to; in my case, I can get away with that attitude because NF's print run numbers less than 100, and I trade at least half of them to people who will trade their product for just about anything fannish. I choose to build my audience slowly, that's all. (Still, the loccers are the most rewarding, and I cherish my small legion of them.)

In addition to these letters, I heard from Eric Kollenberg, a local fan who is a member of the Medievalists, who spoke his letter of comment over the phone, going over the whole issue. He said it was the first time he'd seen a fanzine, although he's an sf fan; he volunteered to contribute fiction, called the cartoons "funny", the editorial discursive, the art "over-commented on," said "The S-Bomb" was very amusing, and said he couldn't see the point of "The Hill & Gully Riders." He also said he had several friends who would be interested in a local sf club.

Kady Foltz of Indianapolis wrote to say she hadn't read PL yet, but asked for the next issue. And Ken Fickle dropped over for a long discussion about the zine. Compliments also from my brother Mark's wife, who asked questions about what a fanzine was and volunteered to contribute art.



"Frodo is not allowed to go to Bree. He has not finished his History."

What did one elf say to the other? Said, "Elf o' mine, you raunchy, brother."

Swing with difficulty, brothers! Adjust your microforging equipment and get set to enjoy a bigg waffle breakfast of those
 RIGHTEOUS FANZINES fanzine reviews

PHOSPHENE Gil Gaier, 1016 Beech Ave., Torrance, CA 90501. Trades. The fanzine edited by a teacher. In #4, Gil tells all about himself. But I consider it more interesting when he talks about books. This is one of the leading zines, to me.

ABBA ZABA Simon Agree, 6075 Old Redwood Hwy, Petaluma, CA 94952. Trades. This is a highly amusing zine, and doesn't require much thought, which is a virtue.

ECLIPSE 9 Mark Sharpe, 10262 John Jay Apt. D, Indianapolis, IND 46236. 50¢ or trade. It's pretty short, but what there was of it was...of interest to fans in Indiana.

PARENTHESIS 11 Frank Balazs, 19 High Street, Croton-On-Hudson, NY 10520. For comment. Throwing croton oil on the Hudson river, is he? This looks to be the poorest fanzine I've seen. It's full of personal commentary and nothing else, and I don't know Balazs well enough to be interested in him.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL Ned Brooks, 713 Paul St, Newport News, Va 23605. Trade or request. It's full of news notes and fanzine reviews...more fanzine reviews than you could get anywhere else.

UNITED FANZINE ORGANIZATION CATALOGUE OF FANZINES Kurt Erichsen, 155 NW Kings #A-1, Corvallis, Oregon 97330. 15¢. Lists UFO fanzines, advertisements.

SCINTILLATION Carl Bennett, Box 8502, Portland, Ore 97207. \$1.25 or trade. YEEEECHHHHH! (Just wanted to say that; it's not the general opinion. People consider it quite good). The names in S are seemingly the best known ones in fandom today. Nice mad scientist cover on #3. Articles by Philip Dick, Shirley & Walker. And a parody!

HILLESIAN FIELDS Jackie Hilles, 6731 Meadowburn Dr, Richmond, VA 23234. Trade or request. This is a personalzine. In #7 editor describes some of the details in her life with men. Would she or not, smile at me while coming through the rye?

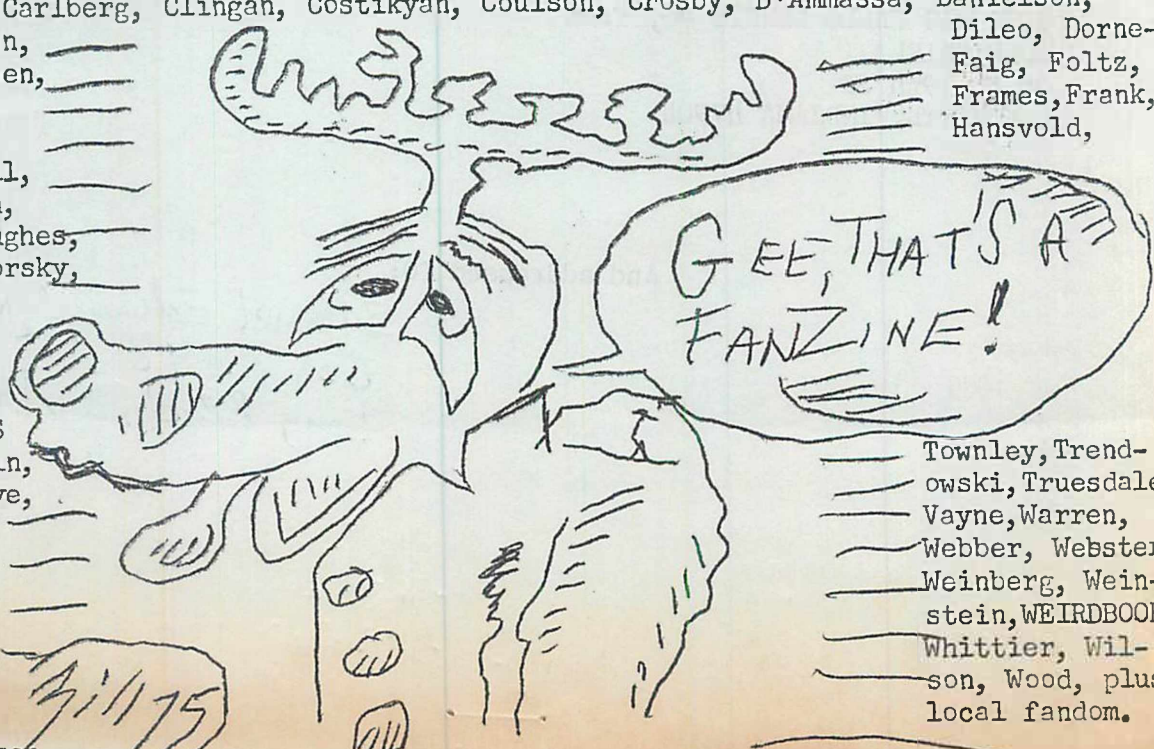
MYTHOLOGIES Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Dr, E. Providence, RI 02914. \$1.00 or loc.

KNIGHTS Mike Bracken, PO Box 7157, Tacoma, WA 98407. \$1.25 & trades. Ed with personality. Alan R. Jones, 5032 Victor Way, Denver, COLO 80239 asked me to mention that PARADOX is still in business, and he says it is going strong. He says he would appreciate any replies from those who received #2. PARADOX, in spite of its loose format, strikes me as the best in the field, with high-quality writing in all departments.

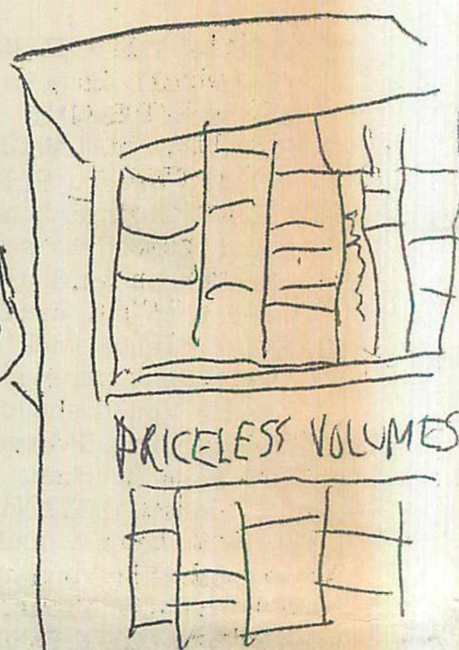
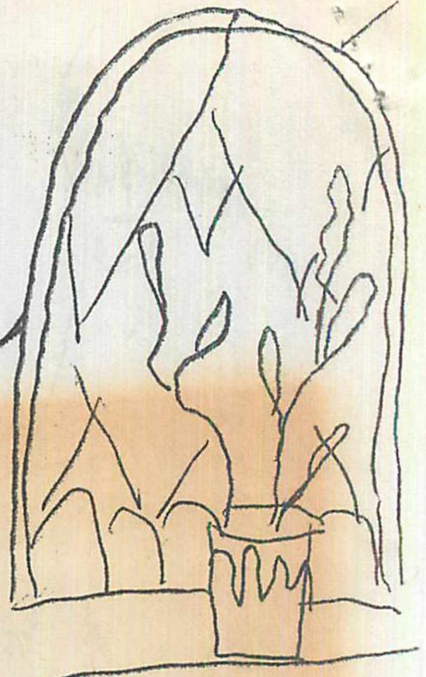
Oh yes, and OZARK FANDOM Chris Rock, Rt. 2, Box 265, Mtn Grove, Mo. 65711. Trade or 25¢. Rock really swings, and I could only wish his zine were longer. Send for it, I think you're sure to like it.

And so another issue of PABLO LENNIS sinks into the slime....sinks slowly into it. How I could use an issue of WAD right now. I can't think of another thing to write about---say! I'm plumb tuckered out! There wasn't too much in here...the action story I was fi'n to write still hasn't materialized...but think, the contents there are have been wrested from the depths of immateriality. I have created...not everyone can do that. / The reindeer like creature below was supposed to be printed looking at the fanzines, but the reviews turned out shorter than I had figured. It's messed up, just literally all wrecked, but I'm not going to whine. Seldom does an issue turn out right.

To date the following people have received PL: Abramowitz, Agree, Anthony, Arthurs, Baker, Bartucci, Bennett, Bjorke, Boyle, Bracken, Brooks, B.Brown, C. Brown, R. Brown, Bushyager, Canuel, Carlberg, Clingan, Costikyan, Coulson, Crosby, D'Amassa, Danielson, Denton, Diederichsen, Dileo, Dorne-
 man, Downed, Erichsen, Faig, Foltz,
 Forrest, Fortier, Frames, Frank,
 Gaier, Glycer, Hahn, Hansvold,
 Haskell, Hayden, Hill,
 L.Hill, Hilles, Hoth,
 HOUSE OF SHADOWS, Hughes,
 Indick, Jacobs, Jamborsky,
 Jenrette, L. Johnson,
 A. Jones, W. Jones,
 Kristiansen, Kurman,
 Larsen, Lomelino,
 Long, LUDICROUS SITS
 LTD, Luttrell, J?Main,
 M.Main, Marler, Matzye,
 McGarry, McHaney,
 Medoff, Merkel,
 Metzger, D. Miller,
 Mitchell, Moyer,
 Murry, Paine, Reich-
 ardt, Rock, Romm,
 Sharpe, STARWIND,
 Snyder, Swan, Thompson,



HELL THERE'S
NOTHING
GOING WRONG
IN
MORDOR!



LIKE FUN THERE ISN'T, FRODO! THEIR MAIL SERVICE HAS BROKEN DOWN AND THEY CAN'T GET THE LATEST ISSUE OF PABLO LENNIS. BUT YOU CAN, YOU KNOW, BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWING MEANS:
☐ Pay 25¢ ☐ Comment ☒ Contribute ☒ Trade ☐ egoboo ☐ Review it ☐ You shall have it free, in place of Waybread! # To continue that list on the other side, I've to date had locs from the following: Merkel, Moyer, Moksiss, Denton, Morrison, Rock, Thompson, Indick, M. Thiel, Hansvold, Coulson, Gaier, Trendowski, Foltz, Forrest, Cush, Jones, Sharpe, Paine, Fortier, Jacobs, Snyder, Kollenberg, Hill, Bartucci and Agree. And contribs from Jones, Hill, Moyer, Snyder, Hollis, Lewis, Wood, Brooks, Merkel, Paine, Rock, and Gaier. And trades from Larsen, Bennett, B. Brown, Carlberg, Moyer, Danielson, Luttrell, Merkel, Reichardt, Rock, Mason, Jones, Coulson, Gaier, Thompson, Indick, Marion, Townley, Bushyager, H. Thompson, Fortier, Snyder, Palmer, Costikyan, Glyer, Jacobs, Marler, Romm, Brooks, Sharpe, Agree, Hilles, Bracken, and D'Amassa. Locally, money. How'm I doing?

THIS WAS PABLO LENNIS #6, from
 JOHN THIEL
 30 N. 19th ST
 LAFAYETTE, INDIANA 47904

And addressed TO:

Samuel Edward Konkik
 Box 1748
 Long Beach, Calif 90801

