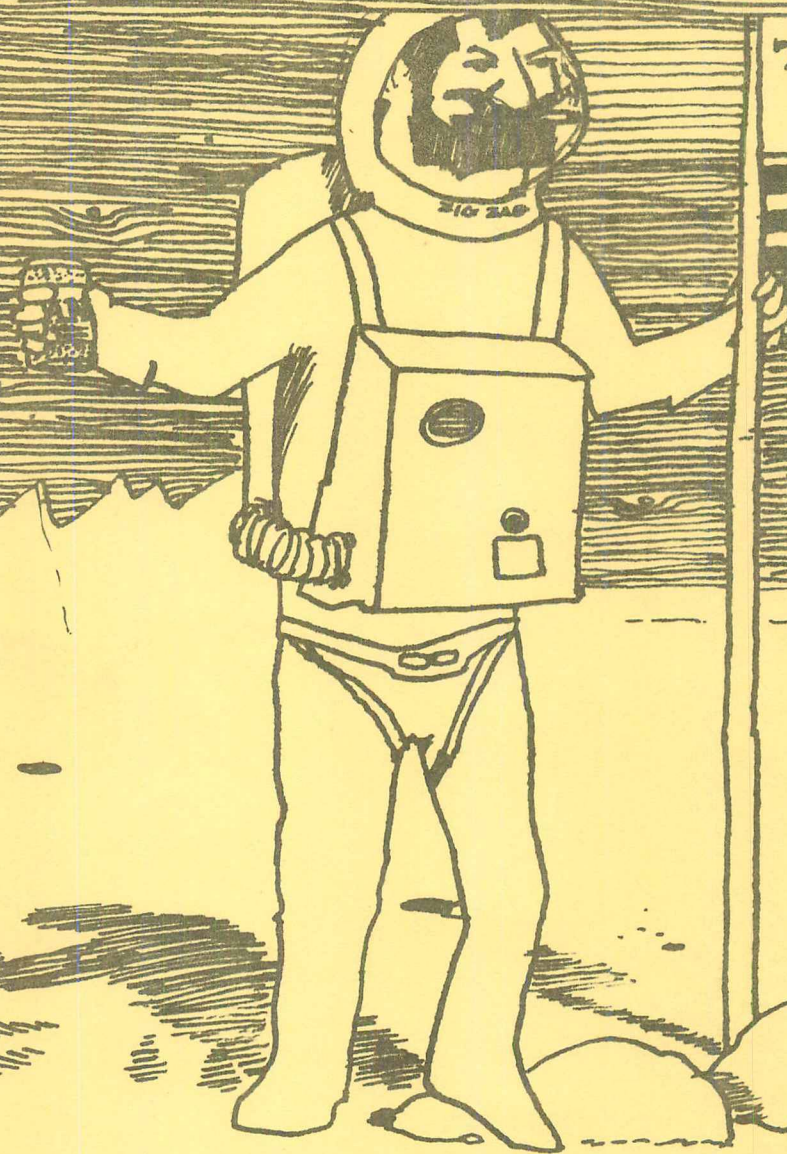


*Prehensile*



DO IT FER  
THE  
SPONSORS  
NEIL, BABY

R. WADHOLM





PREHENSILE ONE is faster than a speeding creditor, more powerful than a crudzine, and able to leap tall waitlists in a single bound. While available for assiduous begging, hefty letters of comment, and Israeli bus tokens, it is also available for 25¢ a copy from Mike Glycer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, California 91342.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* MIKE GLYER/editor, BRYAN COLES/  
 \* assistant editor, RICHARD WADHOLM/  
 \* /book reviews editor, LOUIS STA.  
 \* THIS/editorial consultant, JUDITH  
 \* TETOVE/YA librarian, Sylmar Bran  
 \* KENN HALLIWELL a1 (USAF)/military  
 \* advisor, MARK TINKLE/a poet who  
 \* can't show it, just throw it,  
 \* LARRY TROTH/philanthropist, STEVE  
 \* SIMMONS/overseas agent  
 \*\*\*\*\*

-----  
 cover by Richard Wadholm

"EVERYBODY WORKS BUT MURPHY, HE ONLY RAKES IN THE DOUGH" 3

This anonymous compilation of Murphy's Laws and a new set of terms to cover the things left out of computer language reperioires is a riot of irony, humor, and truth.

"BREATHE! BREATHE! OH GOD, HOW I WOULD BREATHE!" by Chapdelaine 6

After you've read this short story from start to finish -- and that means you too, Buck Coulson! -- please write and explain to me what good reason there is not to publish it in an American prozine. I can't think of one, and neither could Dr. Christopher Evans -- who anthologized it in Mind in Chains, a Panther (English firm) edition.

FAMOUS FANZINER'S SCHOOL by Mike Glycer 10

I've had this in my system for six months, and such fun I had writing it! You, too, should have as much fun reading it unless you're JJ Pierce, Geis, Katz, Brown, Bushyager...

ETERNITY WILL COME -- IT'S JUST TAKING MORE FOREPLAY THAN ANTICIPATED! 12

It is fortunate for SF that some people never learn. Stephen Gregg is starting a new prozine, Eternity, and in this interview let's us see the gears working in a regular magazine. This is your chance to start a collection with #1.

"ADVERTISEMENT" by Mike Glycer 14

The Sylmar library bought this ad and told me to design it. So I've capsulized two of its latest SF additions. The books, Relief of the CDT, and The Days After Tomorrow may be found in the Sylmar Branch Library at Glenoaks and Polk.

THROUGH A DARK, GLASSLY by Lane Lambert 15

Congratulations, Lane. Katz said you were an up and coming fan. Well, at least somebody from this zine is on speaking terms with him...

AN ADVERTISING GUIDE TO SF FANZINES by Mike Glycer 16

Learn how to do your thing, and where to do it.

THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO by Richard Wadholm 19

Young Wad fustigates the Nebula critics.

FLORENCE JENKINS REVIEWS FANZINES (Xrymph) 22

BOOK REVIEWS: Clarion, review by Ted Pauls 20

The Shores Beneath, review by Mike Glycer 23

FANIVORE: LETTER COLUMN 25



In the history of man's onward-marching technology (hup two three..) the computer has served as infantryman, hod-carrier, absorber of tedium. As this is written a civil rights movement for computers has not yet been launched. But the programmers, the proverbial men needed to plug the computer in, have drawn first blood. They have -- gasp! -- invented ethnic computer jokes? At any rate, poked a little fun, constructed a few absurdities to describe the things that -- impossible in reality -- are unexplained by theory. Naturally I believe every word of it.

## EVERYBODY WORKS BUT MURPHY

(Anonymous)

### NOTICE

The following instructions have been proposed for addition to the 360 assembly language. They are, of course, taken from the U-1500 repertoire:

#### MNEMONIC

BH  
IIB  
TDB  
DO  
SRZ  
PI  
SSJ  
FSRA  
RASC  
SRSD  
BST  
RIRG  
UER  
EM  
SPAW  
EIOC  
EROS  
PBC  
CM  
MLR  
CRN  
DMPK  
DC  
EPI  
LCC  
HCF  
SADO

#### INSTRUCTION

Branch and Hang  
Ignore Inquiry and Branch  
Transfer and Drop Bits  
Divide and Overflow  
Subtract and Reset To Zero  
Punch Invalid  
Select Stacker and Jam  
Forms Skip and Run Away  
Read and Shred Card  
Seek Record and Scar Disc  
Backspace and Scratch Tape  
Read Inter-Record Gap  
Update and Erase Record  
Emulate 407  
Scramble Program Status Word  
Execute Invalid Op Code  
Erase Read-Only Storage  
Print and Break Chain  
Circulate Memory  
Move and Lose Record  
Convert to Roman Numerals  
Destroy Memory Protect Key  
Divide and Conquer  
Execute Programmer Immediate  
Load and Clear Core  
Halt and Catch Fire  
Seek & Destroy Operator

If this FANZINE  
doesn't drive you  
to drink...then you  
must already be  
there

PART TWO: General Empirical Study  
1 Allendorfer's Axiom:  
When all else fails, read the  
instructions.  
(cont'd)



2 Bassagordian's Basic Principle

By definition, when you are investigating the unknown, you do not know what you will find or even when you have found it.

3 Callahan's Compensation Corollary

The experiment may be considered a success if no more than 50 percent of the observed measurements must be discarded to obtain a correspondence with theory.

4. Finkelrat's Futility Factor

No experiment is ever a complete failure, inasmuch as a well-written account of it can serve admirably as a bad example.

5 Flannery's Effect

Those items most urgently needed are inversely available to the degree of urgency of the need; i.e., in any pile of papers, when the search commences at the top, the sought-after paper is at the bottom or vice-versa.

6 Fliegelbaum's Law of the Perversity of Inanimate Objects

Any inanimate object, regardless of its composition or configuration, may be expected to perform at any (unpredictable) time in a totally unexpected manner for reasons that are either totally obscure or completely mysterious.

7 Gumperson's Lemma

The probability of a given event occurring is inversely proportional to its desirability

8 Horner Five-Thumb Postulate

Experience varies directly with the amount of equipment irrevocably ruined.

9 The Law of the Too Solid Good

In any program, the part that is most obviously correct beyond all need of changing is the part that is totally wrong.

10 Corollary A: No one whom you ask will see it either

Corollary B: Everyone who stops by with unsought advice will see it immediately.

11 Murphy's Law

Everything that can go wrong will go wrong. If there is a 10% chance of rain, floods will occur

12 Murphy's Second Law

If two things can go wrong, the one that will do the most damage will go wrong.

13 Patrick's Theorem

If the experiment works, you must be using the wrong equipment.

14 Schimmelpfennig's Constant

That quantity which, when multiplied times, divided into, added to, subtracted from, or taken to the power of the answer you got, yields the answer in the back of the book.

15 Spinkenheimer's Spare-Parts Principle

The accessibility, during recovery of small parts which fall from the workbench varies directly with the size of the part, and inversely with its importance to the completion of the work underway.

16 Wirestrack's Well\*Ordering Principle

Those supplies necessary for yesterday's experiment must be ordered by no later than noon tomorrow.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING SUBSECTION

1 The Aquinas Axiom

Do not merely believe in miracle -- rely on them

2 The Basic Theorem of Programming

The program is absolutely right, therefore the computer must be wrong.

(cont'd)



- 3 Eggleston's Extension Principle  
Programming errors which would normally require one day to find will take five days when the programmer is in a hurry.
- 4 The First Law of Revision  
Information necessitating a change in the program shall be conveyed to the programmer after- and only after - the program has been debugged.
- 5 Goren's Law of Graphing  
First draw the curves -- then plot the data
- 6 Loyd's Second Law  
Any program can be written in fewer commands.
- 7 Kachun's Correction Corrolaries  
A: In debugging any type program, no corrections can be made correctly after 1600 hours Friday.  
B: The correct corrections will be self-evident at 0900 hours on Monday morning.  
C: When in doubt, divide by (2,0)
- 8 MC Carth's Hypothesis  
The probability of a card's being destroyed completely by the lister is directly proportional to the square of the importance of the card in the program and inversely proportional to the cube of the number of copies of the program in existence at the time of the listing.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

# M E L O D R A M A T I C   D E L U D E   by J A M E S   W.   A Y E R S

Atlas, Hippie-Dipie-Do, a hip-hip-horraying, modern Galihad of Solar Equilibrium, a Student Prince of Humanitarian Equalization, bit by a super-jet atmospheric flea, where hardly even a roving gypsy could see, on the eve of a mid-summer night's dream, returned to Terran Space School like any other former kindergarten pupil of master Degree, to learn the Golden Rule.

But unfortunately, in the laboratory process of countless yet-unborn Utopian Generations to come, he somehow did not fit. His disease was dreadful and repugnant. And he knew it.

They held council  
and pronounced him  
uncurable

His disease was  
dreadful, repugnant  
and he knew it.

His painful, pimpled scar stood out to contagion  
infection everywhere he went,

so that even the professor's mini-skirted cutie pies  
and his panasonic scientific-blending girls could  
not quite distinguish his romantic I.Q.'s from his  
dating curls.

Hurting, and in a fit of temper, he kissed the professor's beautiful daughter in the act of making puppy love to a promising young Student Prince. All his melodramatic music and macaronic medicine could not make her well again. But someone had learned his lesson.

Atlas, had Hippie-Dipie-Do, a modern Galihad of the Space Hippies, Student Prince of Humanitarian Equalization 2122 A. D., finished his Master Degree and returned to haunt the other Vagabond gypsies in the Solar Equilibrium, as the Master Graduate of the Golden Rule, "Always do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

THIS IS A HOLE:(Attention, Donald G. Keller.) Somebody (namely Keller) said that my layout was passingly good -- or that I was lucky that all the contributions in PRE O came to the bottom of the page. Knock on wood, eh fellow? After cautiously running the computer article onto this page I lacked the room to finish off two Tinkle poems. Lucky you!



# BREATHE, BREATHE. Oh GOD, How I WOULD BREATHE!

BY PERRY CHAPDELATNE

My feet tread gently on wave-imprinted sand, where horizon's pencil line joins red-water to the tan.

Nostalgic salt-spray dashes through briny-weed leaving my security intact.

Turning I see huddled boxy houses, each flush to the ground, none more than two stories high, lined stucco-white, square of door and window, joined to one another in long rows of sentry caverns, broken only by yawning cross-streets.

I walk to the nearest cross-street, arms swinging freely, close, warm in my feelings. Beyond the first home, I turn left -- teenagers -- waiting for simple artlessness like me, to pass.

Will they tease?

Will I fight?

Must I fight?

Dare I turn now? Surely they will run after me, thinking me a coward.

Breathing deeply, I exhale the last of the blood-red salt-tang. On my face, a pretended smile of friendliness -- an "I'm one of you, gang!" look.

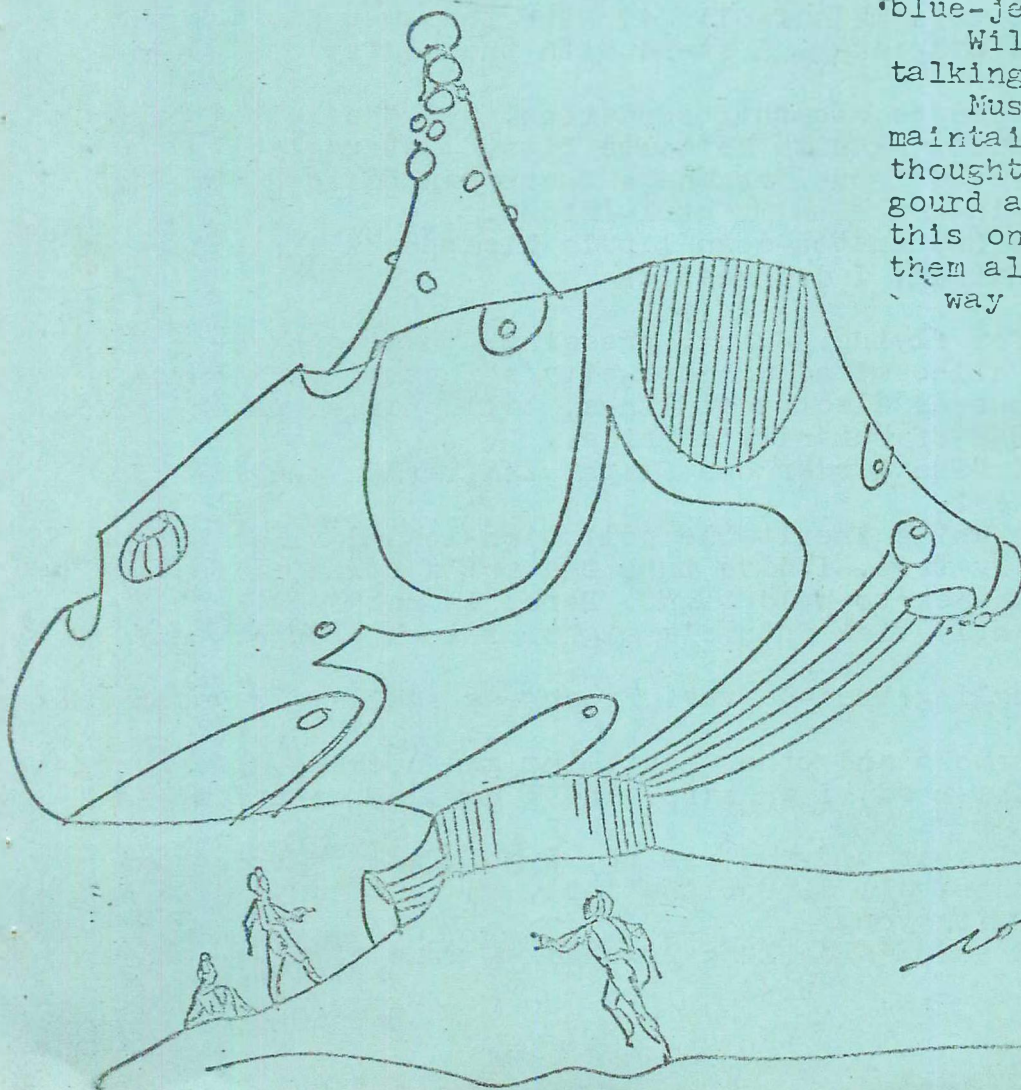
I walk toward the tallest who is surrounded by four, t-shirt, blue-

blue-jean, bedecked.

Will they strike before talking?

Muscles sheathe-tight to maintain the outward calm, my thoughts buzz inside my hollow gourd as if to say, "Here, try this one, or that one -- try them all until you find your way out of this one."

"Hi!" I greet with lying



*notaler*



grin.

The tallest one smiles!

He asks my name!

They all smile!

Unsung, my protective shield dissipates as though among friends, which I am. I am one of these.

Standing, we talk. I laugh, and levels rise with shared experiences, creatively pleased, alone, together.

But the nicest disappears!

Pushing his foot this way and that on hard-packed street-dirt, he is with us, then gone. Like sharp lines of light extended from body's every point, my imaged after-view lingers grotesquely.

Does anyone notice?

Ohm if I could but breathe -- Breathe! Breathe! Oh God, how I would breathe!

Ah, relief! I am three people. Behind buffered bakery glass, I see tantalizing twists and shapes of delicious sweets. Hmmm -- joyously satiating, pleasurable fulfilling, how honeyed they taste! That one kind of punish with a tartness touch. This one over here an exploding orange.

One has turned and I see the other two. One of me has long curls of brown, blue eyes, and a long pullover purpled dress. My smile there is genuine, and teeth so pretty.

The other me has button-down lapels and...Button down lapels?

Why would anyone want button-down lapels?

Oh abnormality! Someone ought to tell this me button-down lapels are unseemly. Old, outdated, not the style.

Do they fear to hurt this me's feelings? With the thought, a shock; the other used-to-be-mes walk away. I stand with the oddity of button-down lapels.

Inside my mind, a delicate, feather sensation, not the bottom buttons of button-down lapels. Nibbling with delicate bits, I struggle, surround it, perr through it, my eyes focus far ahead where can be seen Mr. Button-down lapels walking arm-in-arm with my girl-friend.

I don't mind because Mr. Button-down lapels disappears in vectors of soft, white light. Ha! Ha! Oh, I did see it!

Night time is best for flying. Swing, pressing, pushing hard. I flap my arms to soar; below, silhouetted against city's rhythmical lights: telephone wires, high-powered electrical lines, tall gnarled trees, radio beacons, TV masts, statues of humanity's pride.

Is a law which says, "The harder one flaps, the harder one falls," like self-consuming snakes?

In panic, I struggle while inevitable pollution-loaded wires beckon -- ah! But there's a friendly tree. I dive into the arm's spread life, curling fingers around thick branches to hold tight. Here, in nature's natural womb, I rest and reluctantly view future's sight. I look around, too, and smell the night.

It is dark under dangling tree-leaves. Freshness smells, leaves rustle, as wind blows through.

Below are cars and trucks and other scuttling gas-spewers, but here, in the air, high above the road, I am safe, and I nestle, in peace, in rest.

Strengthened, again I soar up, and yet up, I go, feeling the grand ballroom of the skies, where all directions loft, where blocky white and patchy blue spirit away with you.

Coiling, snarling, freedom's ceiling reached -- arms tire -- downward,



faster, faster, sawing arms I bump the ground with despair; I awaken the other graceful flights, which end humiliatingly, the night.

A great cry surges forward, my grief, as those thousands of experiences burst -- a rock among light-bulbs, a saint among bastards!

Draggingly, carelessly, in my apathy, never caring, small thoughts slide upward, uninvited. I sleep gently and pray -- Oh God, how I would breathe!

In my sleep I dream I sleep and in that sleep I view the beloved, dead -- long ago -- grandmother, in her coffin. Pico-seconds are too small to flesh her out as bulging bouquets push against plush silk-lining. There comes a flower with broad petals of most beautiful red, deep, blood-colored. It grows quickly and folds into the rose bud of giant size and terrible beauty and teasing aroma.

Otherwise I rest in sleep, and the sleep within the sleep, and all is well.

Soothing warmth inside wrinty blasts greet my morning. For school I prepare my second-best suitcoat -- the one with narrow lapels and small, nearly invisible pin-stripes.

All around are girls and boys. See Mary study! See Peter study! While others sneak comic books behind large geography books. She can't see the comics: I wish I had thought to bring mine. I feel so naked without it, and the clock moves so slow.

Teacher's eyes pierce me, stabbing with tiny, lined, jagged hooks. I scribble numbers on paper, closing my eyes ever so often, and scrunch my brow to pretend hard thinking.

She turns away. I -- a boy again, human, normal.

The boy next to me opens his desk and lifts out a guitar which grows and grows until I think it will pop. Then what will old hook eye do?

He plays; others sing. Everyone joins to clap, to dance, and he rides it -- a rectangular shaped guitar sweeps him sidewise and tows its keys back and forth. It's shoulder string strains as it prances and bucks; catnocking of the blood and flesh horse. Music pours forth from elsewhere.

One disappears, forming pencil flares of light, but we continue clapping and stomping until night; and granite-hard joy remains impervious.

Home again I lay on my hard slab to dream, unfolding images upward, focussing them sharply with crystalline tones. My hands sweep forward in expert piano movements. Classical arrangements, dixieland, pop -- sharp, brilliant memories opativate the silent depths of my soul!

Gushing upward, outward, the music boils, flows; I am the chords scratching away brittleness which comes of being human.

My ego accepts, sweeps along, swelling and expanding with pleasure over notes and their interbinding structure; I marvel at my ease and proficiency, for in real life, though I practice hard, I can't play a note!

Self-awareness of my own musical genius, as with self-appreciation, depreciates the talent. Like water from wet cheese it drips my capacity away and I awaken with keen sorrow; I cry again.

My slab is solid underneath and around me is the silence of the night and I wonder, which is reality? The dreams? Or the night?

Goose-down mattress fluffs with sibilance of breathing air as I toss and turn, torn by my ambiguities, scarred by my inconsistencies. Wonderment, concern -- has it all been real? Should people disappear? Will I disappear too?

Startled adrenalin jumps my heart. Quicker my thinking plunges to



emcircle like a spinning wheel; I sway back and forth in ever tighter circles; the, grasping one central, prominent idea -- the disappearing humans -- I steady to form a stable angular velocity.

Insane? Psychedelic? A figment, bound by alien mental imagination?

I pinch me. Ouch! Oh how it hurts!

I am enclosed in signal-killing wrappers where sight, sound, touch, smell, and taste are not.

Monsters from outer space have descended! they have captured and are destroying selected humans.

Is reality? Where is Occam's razor, and does it apply? Alien sensations, moods, nervous structure, tongue and taste -- do I belong? And what of the disappearances?

When I reach the camping trailer tacked between rows of soft-murmuring pines, I throw myself on plywood-hardened mattress to werry away the formal rhythm of life.

Dreams come. They flicker and flash, colors and half-lights, sensations -- never pausing long enough to say, "This is what I am!"

I awake. The fire starts with last night's bacon-drippings and it sputters and fills the morning air with hickory smoke, a pungent smell, a pleasant man-filling smell. I fry eggs and think.

Where is Occam's razor? Which is the simpler hypothesis?

All around me campers stare. Until I look down, I think it is the pleasant hickory smoke, but except for my high school ring, I am naked!

I cross my hands in front of my genitals to hide when everyone laughs -- some in loud, coarse guffaws, others in gentle, tinkly titters.

Though I run in zig-zaggs, there are no clothes to wear. Is there a hole smaller than nothing?

I grow, though, when some disappear in blinding white light.

My ego shrinks down and inward until, like a pygmy inside a giant's space-suit, my ego sits there to objectively grasp, synchronize, and decide on incoming body signals. Illogically, inside the protective suit of my body, I feel huge, giant-like, capable of non-emotional thoughts. My body burns with its embarrassment and I, with complete objectivity, change its color. Anger, grief, sympathy, fear, happiness and boredom are as easily controlled, their importance tags as easily clipped. I think rationally, non-trivially, and I am in control.

Breathe! Breathe! Oh God, how I would breathe!

Hidden foundations of reality suggest, intuitively, that I "Come, pick up Occam's Razor!" Other truths pass in bright sounds and colors and shapes and smells and sensations, and I let them pass.

Now it is mine! Beneath the melange, a block: John has a book! Mary has a book! All the children have a book! Beneath the block, a knowingness, a truth irrefutably known, trivial, unimportant, forevermore: "All who disappear return home -- from sleep to life; from matter to spirit!"

"Our father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name,  
thy kingdom come,

they will be done,

..." I say. Then I, too, disappear, leaving behind my human body, space-suit encapsulated.

For the thousandth time, my tiny experimental ship, now filled with excess metabolites and sans oxygen swings over the Rook Mountains, over the craters of Gasendi, Euclides, Landsberg, Rheinhold, Copernicus, Archimedes, Aristullus, Theateus, Eudoxus, and Democritus, toward the moon's dark side! And after the Lord's prayer, my last thought, still a prayer, ringed with shivering spears of jellied light, says, "Breathe! Breathe! Oh God, how I would breathe!"

#####



b  
y MIKE GLYER

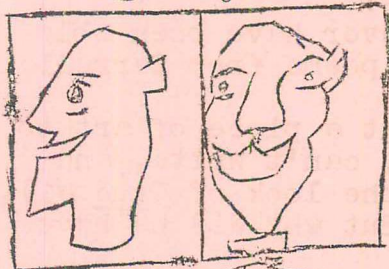
# Famous Fanziner's School --

DO YOU HAVE A  
RESTLESS URGE TO  
MIMEO?

hugo  
geisback

ernie  
dawg

john braziman



linus  
van  
pelt

bushwhacker



If you suffer from a restless urge to mimeo, I can sympathize with you. I know how you feel. No matter where you go, or what you do, it just won't leave you alone. Somehow you have to get it all out of your system -- you nuts put out a fanzine.

This feeling of having to fanzine seems to be common with many great editors. (And many crummy editors). In the wilds of Alaska, hundreds of miles from the nearest stencil, this restless urge gripped JJ Pierce who was on a polar bear hunting expedition. Quickly Pierce ran through the snowfields, shot a walrus, and proceeded to carve on its tusk a scathing attack on a recent book. Then he patiently sectioned up a handy ice floe, and warning the tusk with his hands (which he had engraved in reverse!) proceeded to frost-engrave two hundred copies of this essay! Weeks later, when Harry Warner Jr. opened his mailbox and found a soggy manila envelope, he was hard put to write his "loc for every fanzine I get", instead putting an ice cube in a Baggie and mailing it back.

It is such dedication as their's which makes fanzining what it is today. If you have the urge to mimeo in common with them, then it stands to reason that you, too, may someday be a great faned.

How can You Put That "Urge" To Work For Us  
Successful fanziners know that anyone who shares their need to fanzine has perhaps the most important ingredient for effective editing: egomania. But they realize it can waste away -- even be cured! -- if you don't know how to get started fanzining...or if you hesitate to try through fear of failure, or good sense.

## A New Wrinkle In The Old Con Game

Several minutes ago, I, John Braziman, joined forces with many other fanziners. We felt that our experience had taught us some necessary truths about the process of learning this craft of fanzining and we hoped to pass them on to more gullible contemporaries for a fee. Then we worked out a system for bringing each editor at home the individual guidance a developing fanziner needs -- and so rarely gets.

FAMOUS SCHOOL



That is, hours of exclusive editorial criticism from genuine BNFs. Of course, those of us on the Guiding Faculty don't personally edit your zine -- doctor's orders, you understand. But every one of our instructors is an accomplished mimeograph-cranker, hack book-reviewer, and inveterate loc-writer.

#### Beeg Names

On the staff of Famous Fanziner's School are five of the top editors in the field, each of whom has written a part of the course. Number one on the staff is Hugo Geisback, editor of Science Friction Preview, that famous magazine which assisted professionals in their eager desires to attack, insult, and feud with each other. Next is Ernie Dawg. Ernie is a faanish fan, which simply means that instead of disliking neofans because they write bad book reviews, he dislikes them because they can't tell funny faanish stories, and have never heard of Walt Willis. Ernie has also written that famous faned's classic, 85 Ways to Give The Brush-Off.

Linues van Pelt is famous for his deep understanding of repro processes, and infamous for being the only editor in the country who will, in less than ten words, destroy another fanzine, and one of only two who can do it at all. (If you join this course he promises not to review your zine.)

For myself, John Braziman, I'm editor of BRASS GIZORTNY, five-time Hugo winner, user of letterpress, eight-color covers, and a monthly format. I teach young fans the essentials of couth. "Deeze fen," say I "They ain't got no class, so's I gotta show 'em the ropes."

#### Many Students Break Into Print -- Or Into Hives

This whole process works beautifully, but does not for a moment promise success. Yet listen to these stunning testimonials:

Mrs. Ira Dickey: "Without your help I would never have been able to attract such high-class talent. Just got three poems from Darrell Schweitzer in today's mail..."

Ivan Bizoo: "Your honesty is compelling. I sent a piece of art to one of your faculty and he typed, 'You can't draw, can't write, and are obviously not a good editor (obviously, from the look of Crud #1), so how do you expect to get good contributions?' But why did he have to type it on the back of my drawing?"

Samuel Taylor Cholera: "I was walking through my hometown of the Bronx today wearing a beanie when a bag of garbage fell on me from a building on Anthony St. What does this mean?"

#### Poisonal Attention

At the Famous Fanziners School you too will be directed into profitable study by mail with the greats of the field. Once you opt for one of our five training programs (Newszine, Genzine, Comixzine, Trekkiezine, or Tolkienzine), we'll send you a training kit free, complete with everything you'll need to start: the SFWA directory, the addresses of twenty BNFs, a ream of form letters begging for contributions.

#### Fanzining Aptitude Test Offered

To help you suckers, er, fans, determine if you have aptitude worth developing, we have devised a test. It comes in five parts: (1) Skills: What is a crank? a: JJ Pierce, or b: the thingee on a mimeo machine. (2) Knowledge: Name a prozine. (3) Talent: How much money do you have in the bank? (4) Cunning: Do you talk nice to influential faneds? (5) Survival: Repeat the following phrase: "I am a fannish fan. I never pump fandon for money. (I'd be better off getting blood from a rock!) -- If you could answer "Yes" to any of the above questions, you're our boy!



ETERNITY WILL COME -- IT'S JUST TAKING  
A LITTLE MORE FOREPLAY THAN ANTICIPATED !!

interview by  
Mike Glyer

As the title indicates, Eternity will come. But you don't know what Eternity is, do you? Neither did I until I realized that the Stephen Gregg who subscribes to this magazine is the same one beginning a new prozine, Eternity. It seemed a ripe opportunity to ask for information about prozining. And the more questions I asked, the more I realized that Gregg is setting up a test case for the axiom Perry Chapdelaine is always laying down -- "Fans can't support a magazine." Finally, I asked so many questions that all I had to do was take the answers from Gregg and formulate them into this interview. Eternity must come!

Glyer: Why a new prozine, and why from you? What will you offer that Galaxy or even Analog can't?

Gregg: I've been a frustrated magazine publisher all my life. Even when I was nine or ten I was doing hand-copied neighborhood newspapers. With the acquisition of a full-time job, though, I found that it would be possible to slake my never-ending desire in a big way. With Eternity. I would publish a new science fiction magazine. But it would be more than just another title. It would be different. It would be modeled to some extent after my favorite zine: Fred Pohl's IF of '65-'68. It would have regular book, music, and film columns (--not merely conglomerates of reviews, but with discussions of the field itself). It would actively seek out good science fiction oriented poetry. Its fiction would run the gamut from space opera to fantasy to (Oh God, he's going to bring up that term again, Margaret!) New Wave, with most anything else that seemed good. Scott Edelman has even suggested a contest for the best science fiction porno story. He admits that he's a little weird -- but I think I'll do it. Probably with the second issue. Because Eternity is open to any, and all, type of SF. I could not abide someone being able to say as they are able to do with Analog and IF, "That's an Eternity story." Never. As proof, consider Eternity 1: There is a novelet by Andrew Offutt which contains space combat, alien invaders, and androids. Joseph Green's story concerns the psychological havoc that a white man undergoes as the result of his love for a black woman. Robert Margroff's story is the 'New Wave' one of the bunch, and it defies a short capsule. And then there's Edward Bryant's thing. It's all about a producer of futuristic cucking stools, sex, sadism, and masochism. There's never been anything in SF like it.

Glyer: Since the big, corporate prozines are just about monthly rumored as ready to fold, how can you keep Eternity from stumbling right after them?

Gregg: I conceive of Eternity as sort of a last chance for magazine sf. The other pro mags have fallen onto evil times. There are few fans that will argue that the magazines are as good as they were a few years ago. Also, circulation is down. All but Analog (possibly) are trapped in a financial stranglehold that may not let loose until the zines are dead. Knowing all this, I worked to ensure Eternity's survival. (Gerry de la Ree warned me to "Be prepared to sustain a healthy loss" since "hoping for enough circulation to make a mag a paying venture is something of a dream today." Dick Geis wrote that I should charge at least a dollar per copy.) My dirty, tricky little mind, recognizing



that Eternity can survive on 1000 circulation, came up with some ideas to keep Eternity healthy if never wealthy. No national distributor. That's the first rule. Ted White's editorial comments in Amazing and Fantastic, in addition to other statements I've seen, convinced me of the inherent wisdom of this decision. Instead, I would contact local distributors and even separate newsstands about stocking Eternity. Sure, it takes a hell of a lot of time, and if Eternity were an established magazine such a decision would be unthinkable, but at least I can be fairly certain that the copies of Eternity I send out for distribution will reach newsstand shelves.

Next on the list, I saw that while other prozines contain virtually no ads, this same situation ought not to exist in Eternity. I have written some ten letters to various companies in an attempt to get them to advertise in Eternity. I have written ten and plan to send out fifty more before I'm through. I'm ignoring no possibility, either. I sent a letter to a liquor company hoping to convince them that as fans are notorious drinkers, they would do well to advertise in a magazine that would attract their attention. If these letters evoke a response, the cost of printing Eternity will be less a burden.

Glyer: What kind of material do you have for Eternity, and how did you get it?

Gregg: In attempting to get material I wrote a good many pros, asking for submissions and such. Most declined for a variety of reasons. Some offered work and suggestions, but no fiction. Some ignored me. Some sent me stories, for which I am appreciative and thankful, whether I bought them or no. And one guy -- one writer -- went way beyond any expectations I had: Andy Offutt. Not only did he submit a good story (the longest I've purchased to date), but he contacted several other authors, told them about ETERNITY, and urged them to contribute. This resulted in two additional stories that I know of -- those by Joseph Green and Robert Margroff. Other pros have been extra-helpful also, but none to the extent that Offutt has.

I haven't, of course, purchased all of the stories by pros that have been submitted. I don't buy stories simply for their author's names. Good submissions by new authors have been few -- although I'll admit that I haven't been swamped by submissions. Stories have been purchased from Janet Fox and Grant Carrington, and two poems from Scott Edelstein. The rest of the purchases have been from pros. In several cases (Glen Cook, Barry Malzberg, Kris Neville, Greg Benford) the authors stated I was getting first look at their particular stories -- a fantastic thing from my viewpoint -- Eternity's rates aren't exactly tops.

All types of sf and fantasy are desired. From new wave to hard science to horror, etc. All payment on acceptance, replies are prompt, always within seven days of receipt. Payment is  $\frac{1}{2}\phi$  a word for pros,  $1/3\phi$  for others. I'm interested in artists who will do specific illustrations for the material. I would have to see samples before I could make a decision. Cover art will always be on assignment. Pay for cover art is \$15. Cartoons are needed. I like Gahan Wilson, Rotsler, Gilliland, Kinney; also the types of cartoons found in Evergreen. Assigned interior art is \$3 to \$5, filler art \$1, cartoons \$1. As for articles, I'm willing to look at them. I will never (believe that if you wish) run more than one per issue. To be accepted one would have to be extremely interesting and sf oriented. Pay  $\frac{1}{2}\phi$  wd. For poetry,  $7\phi$  a line. (end Gregg reply.)

When will Eternity come? Publication date for #1 is mid-January and it will be quarterly -- to begin with. Order from Stephen Gregg, PO Box 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677, (\$1).



("advertisement")

This is in some respects a full-page ad for the SYLMAR BRACH of the LA Public Library, but since the librarian said "You design the ad", I'll take the opportunity to do my famous imitation of Robert Coulson and capsulize some recent additions to the Sylmar SF shelves.

RETIEF OF THE CDT: Keith Laumer. Everybody in the editing mob of this zine is a Laumer freak. Particularly Bryan Coles and I. When the withdrawn SF books are distributed (those stained, battered veterans of several years on the job), for instance Planet Run, it's every man for himself in a no-holds-barred fight. The same for newly bought books, which this Retief anthology is. With these newer ones, however, unless I grab them first, Coles checks them out and upon their return they go into general circulation nevermore to be seen by me. This time Coles lost and I get to read it first, though.

Retief of the CDT is simply another anthology of Laumer's almost regular installments in IF. "Mechanical Advantage" transposes from a CDT-Groaci confrontation on a new world into a situation straight out of either RUR or Asimov's "Reason". During escape from the Groaci Magnan and Retief come face to face with a series of robots to whom they must demonstrate their superiority in order to prove they are the masters of the robots. "Pine Doesn't Cray" is more of what happens when the author finds a new way to mess up English and place it in the mouths of aliens; served a la carte is a combination of sleight-of-hand and Ugly Americanism. "Ballots and Bandits" could have been a satire of Gulliver's Travels, American political campaigns, the system of choosing army officers in China under the Manchus, and idiomatic language, but probably is none of these things by plan. I can only say that it was one of the two funniest episodes in the book. The other is Internal Affair, an incredibly arranged set of puns, a story that is given away by any sort of description, which means by now I'd should have stopped writing twenty words ago. "The Piecemakers" finishes off the set, throwing the running cast of Magnan, Retief, and the Groaci officer Slith together again in a confrontation whose solution would seem impossible if one didn't realize that Retief always pulls through in the end.

THE DAYS AFTER TOMORROW: edited by Hans Stefan Santesson. Santesson has put together here a first-rate collection of stories, but once again, as seems to be the case with more than one anthology, I can't see where given the theme how the editor selected the stories he did. Here we are supposed to confront "...extraordinary views of the future years as envisioned by nine first-ranking science fiction writers." How we can take an Asimov robot story or H. Beam Piper's Omnilingual as revelations of the 21st century straight-facedly is beyond me. The editor would have been a lot better off letting these stories stand on their own legs -- which they do easily. Garrett and Silverberg in "Sound Decision" tell of a passenger spaceship's terrifying Mars-Earth passage and what its fate will be. "I Always Do What Teddy Says" sees Harry Harrison's character finally realize the ruse played on him by his childhood toy. A botanist on the moon solves its arable land shortage, but "buys the farm" himself, as Clarke explains in "Green Fingers". Asimov's "Victory Unintentional" is funny, but still just another smug joke over imaginary, innocuous aliens. "The Weather Man" is one of the best Analog stories, one of many SF gems that were written in the 60s. Piper's classic Omnilingual, stories by Panshin, Robinson, round it out.



# THROUGH A DARK, GLASSY

by LANE LAMBERT

## "Such Stuff As Dreams Are Made On"

Have you ever discovered a Fabulous Old Bookstore, one with fantastically low prices on everything from antiques to old magazines?

I did, several years ago. I was only ten; my family had gone shopping in Gadsden (get your alaBama map out, folk). My father learned of this quaint store from a friend, and on our trip home we located it.

The setting of Matthew's Book Mart was typical enough: older, outlying part of the city, on a side street. A cowbell clattered whenever someone opened the door. (The white-haired couple who ran the place may have been half-blind.)

Antiques and books lined the shelves, magazines and comics filled boxes. The delicious odor of old paper filled the high-ceilinged room. (I still love that smell.)

I wasn't into SF then; I was a well-developed Hardy Boys freak, the proud owner of a large portion of the series. On that first exploration I bought The Secret of the Lost Tunnel, The Secret of Skull Mountain, and The Mystery of the Flying Express -- for 35 cents each.

I floated back to the car.

In later years I managed regular visits easily enough: when I was 14 I acquired a refined form of modern torture commonly known as Braces. Ergo, frequent adjustments. Orthodontist in Gadsden. Ergo, we haunted Matthew's one Saturday each month.

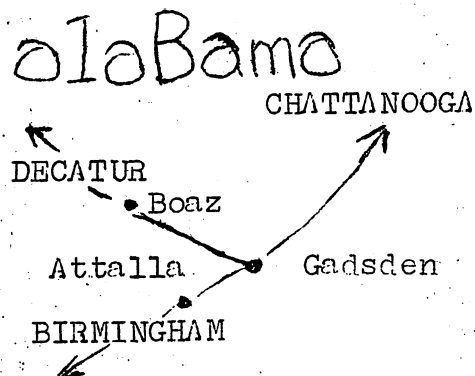
I began reading SF during the fifth grade, but didn't really get hooked on it until my late junior high years. The school library carried me for awhile; then I began examining the booksells in downtown Boaz drugstores.

Then I noticed all the stuff Matthew's had.

Many of my stfnal treasures once rested in the shop(s tables and corners. At 15¢ per paperback and 5¢ per magazine, I often went away with sackloads. (Funny thing: their SF stock oscillated, whereas almost everything else did not; one month they'd have boxes brimming with p-zines and pbs, and the next time I went in there might be four items in all. I wasn't the only SF fan around, after all.)

My father hurried me through the earlier junkets; by the time I was sixteen and had my driver's license, I'd been an SF fan for three years. I began driving down the mountain, and my sessions in the old shop lengthened. I lost myself in each visit, whether I went away with one or ten purchases. On sundry 1969-70 trips I picked up a 1953 If and several musty mystery pulps published in the forties, each for a nickel. On a more recent occasion I happened upon an old paperback edition of Ralph 124C41, and got it for all of ten cents. An out-of-print Adamski flying saucers pb was there, too, for fifteen.

This past February I parked my car as usual and hurried across the lot (as usual), as anxious as ever to look over the 'new' arrivals. I reached for the door -- locked! All the inside lights were off. I peered through the glass: no tables, chairs, or shelves! All that remained were four antique books lying forlornly in the window sill. I walked away feeling depressed and somehow betrayed. My Fabulous Bookstore was gone forever; and the ghosts of seven years' nostalgia flit about the deserted storefront...







"Communications problem negative. They want us to leave...How do I know? Well..."

## A GUIDE TO FANZINE ADVERTISING

\*\*\*\* By Michael Glyer

\*

On Christmas night of 1776 George Washington's army rowed across the Delaware River to Trenton, New Jersey, where it smashed an encampment of inebriated Hessians. Since that time the word "mercenary" has connotated inferiority as well as immorality (the Hessians having been hired by the British to fight in America.) "Mercenary" is also used as an obscen-

ity in fanzine fandom. Just as it is illogically assumed that bringing in troops of a nationality other than that of the combatants is to take unfair advantage, it is likewise illogically assumed by fans who use the epithet that the use of businesslike practices is fanzining. This controverts some natural order -- an order which supposedly rewards "good" fanzines with subscriptions while, by ignoring them, encourages "bad" fanzines to bankrupt themselves.

This "natural order" is pretty unnatural and unreal, though. Be it SFR or the Brass Gizortny, no fanzine breaks even, and how much money they lose is governed by how large their circulation is.

Obviously, a fanzine will go nowhere without a high percentage of free circulation, to loc writers, to other faneds, to contributors, to reviewers, and so on. The basic purpose of a fanzine is to communicate, and the "freebie" tradition (as above) is so ingrained in fandom that any editor who waits for paying subscriptions will likely end up with a circulation of three. But, just the same, there is no reason to let it go at that, when people are willing to pay for subscriptions to your fanzine who don't write locs, articles, or edit. If you already have a satisfying mail load, but wish to place your zine in the hands of more people, and at the same time would like not to go deeper in the hole for that, then methods are available for you to do that. One is going and selling at conventions. The other, our subject, is through advertising.

Advertising in fanzines has a dual purpose, as one who does it will discover. Not only do you (usually) get back in subscriptions enough to pay for your ad and a fraction over (stats given later), you get something available to you through no other vehicle: an opportunity to say to non-readers of your zine exactly what your contents and leanings are. You don't get this in reviews: Yandro or Locus can type a sentence review and "zip-zop! my (zine) is ripped to shreds!" Considering that Locus panned two issues of Mobius Trip (#8,9 -- which I consider extremely good zines), anything much short of Hugo quality is taking a risk to its reputation and conceivably its survival by asking for a review. Of course I must say my zine has been more than fairly treated by both zines -- especially in comparison. But that the comparison can be made, that zines I think better than my own get a hard time, introduces that announced element of risk.

As for whether what you say in your ad is honest, well... I really can't see how deceitful one can be in a fanzine. You can say "my zine is the greatest" and all people need do is consider whether you ever



got nominated for a Hugo -- or even referred to in another fanzine. Of course, any incorrect, extravagant statements (as "We are running the first three chapters of Heinlein's next novel") are invitations to suit just as they would be in any other ad medium. In between those whirlpools of MadAve-ism, then, you may spill your spiel.

About results. There is a direct proportional relationship between the readership of the magazine you advertise in and the number of subs the ad will elicit. I haven't been able to figure out the exact ratio, though it is excruciatingly low. I must admit an ad will not turn you overnight into SFR, Locus, or even Outworlds, all of which, to my knowledge, have handy numbers of paying readers.

When it was still around, back in the Golden Age of Fandom, that era of Fabulous Fannish Good Fun (lessee, ten months ago?), whose absence has caused all to lapse into nostalgic catalepsy, Science Fiction Review was the be all and end all of fandom advertising. The classified rate was 2¢ a word, and if your ad didn't get bounced for a full page ad from Lancer (as one of mine did; maybe not for that reason, but some similar cause that also dumped a Benford article), your words would be beamed out to between 800-1500 readers. Better, if you got it published before the End (before issue 42) then as more subscribers joined Geis' list the back copies containing your message would go out to these newcomers as part of their sub. I only got one ad actually published there, last October (1970), but its most recent response was from South Africa in June. That, if nothing else, shows how long an ad would survive. And for my \$2 plug (100 words) I got a response from ten people (1/120 of readers of that print run) and sold off about 32 issues (including extended, multiple subs) at my ancient price of 20¢ per. Also met a lot of nice people through it -- people who, with the exception of Florence Jenkins -- haven't had a printed loc anywhere I've read. You don't have to write to be a fan; not strictly locs, articles, a so forth, anyway.

But these days, what goes in advertising? LOCUS is a sinkhole for moeny and if somebody else wants to test the water with their ad, I will publish the results. At \$5 a quarter page, \$15 for a flyer, I thought I'd save my money. But Yandro and Mobius Trip were amenable to ads after I just about resurrected the notion from the grave for their editors, and in what probably accurately gauges an ad's effectiveness in today's fandom, I sold 20 copies at 25¢@ through the two 1/3 page ads.

SURVEY: I asked 15 magazines about ads, and nine will take some form. Those who refuse all forms of advertising were: Aspidistra, Beabchena, Energumen, Granfalloon, Interplanetary Cornchips, Phantasmicon.

LOCUS//1971 Hugo winner takes advertising in most every form for a price  
Page rates for electrostencil-ready material: (1) \$15, (1/2) \$9  
(1/4) \$5. Will prepare and run offset (1) \$25. Runs fliers (supply 1250 copies) for \$15 a sheet. Allow 3 issues between receipt and appearance. Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony St., Bronx, NY

LACON PROGRESS REPORTS//Periodical reports on the upcoming worldcon, last one (?) PR #4 deadline April 15, 1971 for publication in May. Prices as reported long ago in Locus: (1) \$10, (1/2) \$7.50, (1/4) \$4, and one line for \$2. All matter must be camera-ready, so write PO Box 1, Santa Monica, Calif. for specs on size. This is a prime spot to advertise with hundreds already joined to the con and receiving the reports.

YANDRO// Magazine of almost everything, known particularly for Coulson's caustic capsule reviews. Mimeo. (1) \$4 -- \$3 for flier. (1/2) \$2, (1/4) \$1. Robert Coulson, Rt. 3, Hartford City, Indiana.



MOEBIUS TRIP//Nothing under a dollar (which is what I paid for my fraction of a page. Write editor Ed Connor for information at:  
1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill.

TOMMORROW AND...// \$10 a page offset for fans. Write for copy size specs to Jerry Lapidus, 54 Clearview Dr., Pittsford, NY

WSFA JOURNAL, SON OF WSFA JOURNAL// The latter is a newszine running fliers. Write editor Don Miller for all information. I wasn't able to get anything out of him, and despite sending him two issues of this thing and another contribution since June, I've nary a word from the man since then. Waving cash under his nose may bring him around. 12315 Judson Rd., Wheaton, Md.

CARANDAITH// Editor Alpajpuri may consider running fliers, but probably not anything else. No price from him so far. 1690 E. 25th, Eugene, OR.

NYCTALOPS// Nyctalops is the foremost Lovecraftian zine in the US as far as I can tell. It takes chiefly ads dealing with Lovecraftian fanzines, collector's items, and such. Editor Harry O. Morris doesn't generally solicit ads, but it could be well worth your while to inquire since he reaches many Southwest fans and initiates. 500 Wellesley SE, Albuquerque, NM

PREHENSILE// I spent the summer spelling it Presenile, but had to break myself of the habit for this run. In case you haven't heard, Prehensile is the fanzine that hangs by its tail, and if you have an overwhelming urge to reach San Fernando Valley fans and can't afford Locus, send me \$2.50 or fractional equivalents of fractional pages. M. Glyer, 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Cal. 91342

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

STAND BY TO ABANDON SHIP --- IT'S MARK TINKLE POETRY TIME!!

Unfailingly one of the biggest drawing cards (comment-wise) for this fanzine has been Mark Tinkle. He is in his own right a successful satirist, if not poet, and for that reason he fills this space. Furthermore, he helps people to loc on something besides repro and my "professionalism" essay.

#### FELIX THE RED MARTIAN

Felix was a red Martian  
Who lived in a green Martian  
neighborhood.  
All the neighbors called him a freak  
This did Felix a lot of no good

Felix got real mad and tried to  
paint himself green  
But instead of green he found  
He had turned himself into brown.  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Fido asked her to come live with him.  
She said "No,  
Unless we get married we'd be living  
in sin" and Fido finally gave in.  
And so after a little talk  
They decided to become man and Rock.  
So they had a marriage ceremony and  
in my locker had a honeymoon.  
MARK TINKLE

#### THE MARRIAGE OF MY PET ROCKS

Fido was feeling real lonely  
When he said to me,  
"Find me a chick rock that's  
not homely"

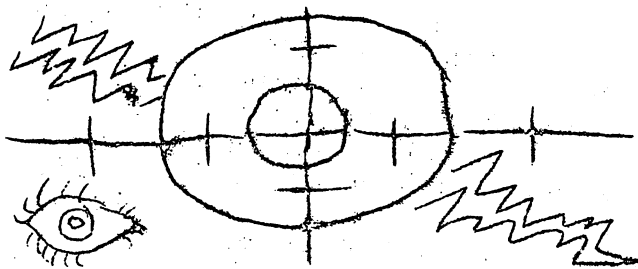
When I was walking through  
school  
I saw this foxy chick rock who  
was cool.  
She told me she really was lonely  
And asked me to "Find a boy  
rock that is not homely"

So I rolled her to my locker,  
Fido said "She looks like a real  
rocker"

She said Zelda was her name  
And marriage was her game.  
(cont'd left column)

POETRY





THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO: A Column  
by Richard Wadholm

I am, of a sudden, taken with the question of why some folks put down the Nebula Awards and leave the Hugos alone. The closest thing to a reason I've ever read was that "the winners aren't any good." That's impossible. Discount it. Maybe you're one of the ones who said it. I'm talking to you too. I don't believe you. (If I did, then I'd be hung up over even more questions, like, why are the Nebulas hassled always, when for the past seven years the Hugos have been giving awards and runner-ups to the same stories the SFWA awards?) If people don't like the Nebulas for the stories that are given them, they wouldn't like the Hugos either. Put plainly, they aren't reading science fiction anymore. Also, if people don't like the books being awarded the Nebulas, then why? What have these books lacked that should have been in them? I don't know. I've read Rite of Passage, and found a set of some of the most warm, enjoyable people since Zenna Henderson's People Stories. I've read Babel-17 and found a poet writing about exciting ideas, colorful worlds, and a philosophy on language that makes English class a must for all would-be generals. Are these people that put down the Nebulas bored by anything but stoires of pure thought or pace? If so, why are they also the ones that put down Analog? If they do believe in the literary standards the rest of the western world accepts (and that would be nice of them), are they unable to know a story of characterization or mood when they read it?

But I don't believe them, as I said, so I don't have to worry about questions like that. It wouldn't hurt though if they did.

My idea on why the "fans" cling to the worldcon's award despite its demonstrated lack of professionalism (those who attack the honesty of the Nebulas ought instead to go to a worldcon and try selling their votes. It would take them about 30 seconds) deals with the fact that the Hugo is handed -- has been handed out for a long time -- as a little something from the fellas. A kind of regular guy pat-on-the-back award. A kind of fan fail safe that makes sure the market remains stylistically geared to what the majority of fans at the con think is cool. Before the coming of the SFWA, these people awarded books for various strange and wonderful reasons, such as, sympathy for the author, or because a story happened to be New Wave right at the time when New Wave was very hep. Like, you ever hear of the Beast That Shouted Love At The Heart of the World? It wasn't all that good. But it was very hep among Hugo circles. It was NEW WAVE and nobdoy wanted to be left out in the cold. Over the years, they do average out fairly well despite their eccentricities as long as you don't mind stories without pace, characterization, and color. Yuhsee, Hugo winners didn't cut it with all the attributes of a 'real' story. Style was an unnecessary frivolity. Characterization was a stumbling block better done without, or, in novels, was used as a yardstick of the talent of the author. The big thing there was The Idea. The Almighty Everi-Worshipped Idea. That's what gave the author a Hugo, when it wasn't sympathy, or being hep, or something else equally worthy.

And that's not a good thing. It may take a long time to get to an author's point. If you're not enjoying yourself or being educated, or getting something from that part of the story between title and the point of the story, then there isn't all that much reason to read it.



'Course that part of the story, between the title and that final twist is to be dealt with in all expediency, if you have your eye on a Hugo. I mean, why waste effort on something that doesn't count anyway?

James Blish called the Nebulas "literary" as if that were a bad thing, but he was right, whether he meant to be or not. The Nebulas have always been given to stories. The Hugos, until they began to get stretched by the competition, were given to ideas. Ideas, at one time, were, along with violence, the main reason to read science fiction. That's changing. Writers are putting in paragraphs between the words now. It won't be long before we succumb to the temptations of the literary "straight" world and become a medium of entertainment as well as thought. And isn't that too bad? We've already changed some of the ways in the direction of acceptability. Authors are writing stories in the world, dealing with the world, instead of running from it, as was the reason authors were awarded a Hugo many times before the SFWA and Nebula Awards consolidated trends already stirring at the turn of the last decade. Whether you agree or not, whether you feel the SFWA has come up to snuff in the day-to-day nitty-gritty of selling and helping to sell, they have achieved a degree of autonomy for SF writer through their own award. With only the Hugos to represent them, authors would be quitting right and left, the art would be stagnating rather than achieving a Renaissance. The times decreed change, new blood was heading in different directions from older writers. With only the Hugo, they would have drowned in the past, lacking a lever in the marketplace.

This may be the key to resentment. People decry the fact that this is an award by authors to authors. They get paranoid when they see their control slipping. Now, more than ever, a writer can write for himself and be recognized, and if you want to read the old style, you no longer have a guarantee that every writer will care. Put plainly, the sf writer, because of the Nebula, now has the opportunity to take his place along with musicians, painters, writers of mainstream, as an artist. This causes gas to the average fan because he is no longer the sole concern for recognition. The same thing happened in the film industry; a lot of people are up-tight about movies today, but by a strange coincidence, a lot of film makers are doing what they want to do, instead of what the studio says will sell.

#### CLARION

edited by Robin Scott Wilson

Signet, 95¢  
#Q4664

review by  
Ted Pauls

For the benefit of any reader who doesn't know by now, the Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Workshop is a summer program organized during the past several years at Clarion State College, in Pennsylvania, by Robin Scott Wilson and utilizing the teaching abilities of a number of established professionals. The Clarion program has succeeded brilliantly, both in personal terms, there being by all accounts beautiful vibrations and personality interactions at the sessions, and in practical terms, talents honed and volume of saleable stories produced. Indeed, the Clarion Workshop has emerged as Robin Scott Wilson's contribution to the field of speculative fiction, far more than anything Robin Scott Wilson has ever managed to write--a fact that I would imagine is a classically bittersweet realization to that man.

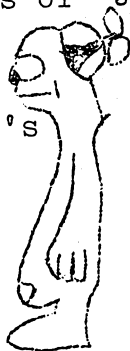
"Clarion," in its own words "an anthology of speculative fiction and criticism from the Clarion Writers' workshop", offers a fair selection of the short fiction produced at Clarion, particularly at the summer 1970 session. It also offers grist for the ponderous argumentative mill of those people in the field who are continuing to have digestive tract



reaction to so-called "New Wave" science fiction, for the material in this anthology is heavily infused with two qualities most objected to by Old Wavists: pessimism and pretentiousness. The former, at least, is artistically defensible. It may be somewhat depressing to read dark and sordid predictions of the future, especially a number at one sitting, but it may be legitimately asserted that an artist functioning in the Amerika of 1970 will necessarily develop such a pessimistic vision of the future. A good deal more than half of the stories in this volume are of the "pessimistic" school, most of those concerning America in the post-nuclear-war/civil war era. And they are by a substantial margin the finest pieces of fiction in this anthology -- some of them, like Lynnda Stevenson's "Norman: Friends and Other Strangers" and Glen Cook's "Song From A Forgotten Hill", are the kind of prose that you read with head-shaking and exclamations of "Jesus Christ, this is brilliant!"



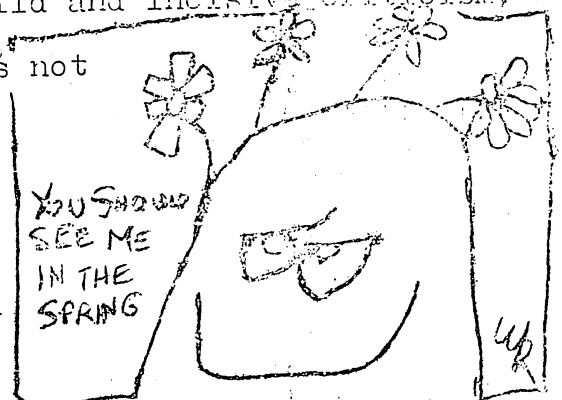
But of COURSE I  
invented you! It's  
My world  
and  
everything  
in it was  
thought up  
by me!!



The pretentiousness, as with other more-or-less "New Wave" collections such as "Quark", lies primarily in the volume's presentation and the compiler's apparent conviction that it represents some deathless monument to human creativity. In this anthology of "speculative fiction and criticism", there is in fact no criticism. What the editor chooses to categorize thusly are a

bunch of short and mostly superficial essays sprinkled throughout the volume, and written by the Clarion "visiting instructors". There's a rambling second introduction to the anthology by Kate Wilhelm, Harlan Ellison's inevitable paragraphs apotheosizing revolutionary SF writers, a few words by Fred Pohl on SF as social analysis, Damon Knight's article (with chart) on the ups and downs of magazine fiction, a Fritz Leiber essay on the meaning of fantasy which contributes nothing to definition, Robin Scott Wilson's attempt at even more ambition, not to mention hopeless, defining of science fiction, which digresses into a rather pleasant essay on science, an interesting essay on genre by Joanna Russ, whose head I greatly admire, and an article about his Clarion experiences by Samuel R. Delany. Quite a number of these people, I'm certain, are capable of turning out valid and incisive criticism, but they haven't done so in these essays. The overall impression of this anthology is not aided by the densely supercilious attitude that when an SF "intellectual" like Damon Knight or Sam Delany sits down in front of a typewriter and mumbles for two pages the result is by definition profound criticism.

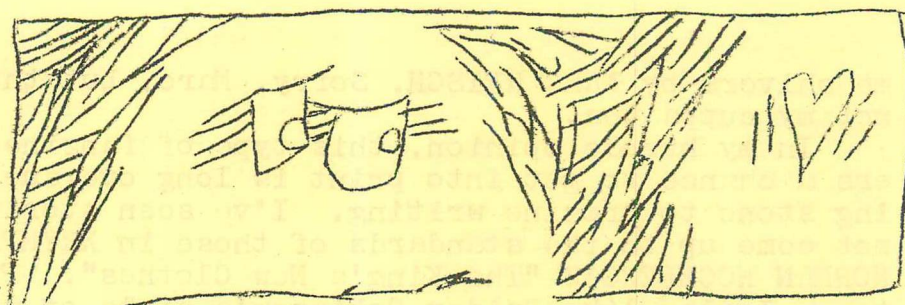
In any event, most of the 21 fictional selections are well worth reading. There are a couple of second-rate stories -- Mel Gilden's "What About Us Grils?", which too closely approaches the SF "humor" of the 1950s, and "Just Dead Enough", by C. Davis Belcher, which under the title "The Price" was the worst story in Orbit 5 -- and several which are all but incomprehensible. But far more characteristic of the fiction content of this volume are fine stories by Ed Bryant, Vonda McIntyre, Robert Thurston, Gerard F. Conway, Evelyn Lief, Maggie Nadler, and other new talents that have emerged from Clarion in the past couple of years.





# FLORENCE JENKINS

REVIEWS  
FANZINES \*\*\*\*\*



Well, I'm back home in good ole California, after an extended vacation in my home town, Gainesville, Texas, and assorted towns and cities in the Lone Star State, where men are MEN, and women are glad of it! Texas is well known for its hospitality, and I was wined (?) and dined all over the place. I renewed old friendships, from the last time I was there 13 years ago, and met more beautiful people than you can shake a stick at, podner.

When I could light in one place long enough, I stayed on my Brother's cattle ranch 'way out in the wild blue yonder. Couldn't sleep the first night -- too quiet! NO traffic, no noise except the lowing of cattle, the chirping of crickets, the croaking of frogs. I had forgotten how peaceful it could be in the country, and I loved visiting there, but like Eva Gabor on GREEN ACRES, "Give me the city life."

Hey! I even got a marriage proposal (and several other kinds of propositions), but I value my precious freedom and turned 'em all down. But enough of chitchat. I supposed to review a fanzine or two, so here goes.

You who have read my column know that I listed my 10 favorite fanzines and some honorable mentions. You also know that I have not been taking them in rotations, but just as one particular title hits me at the time I read it, and start writing. One new one that is not even on the list, as I had not read it when I made the selections, is XRYMPH 2. It is published by NORMAN HOCHBERG and LOUIS STATHIS, and their address during the college year is Benedict College, Rm E013, State University of New York (SUNY), Stony Brook, NY 11790. It is published three times a year, in January, May, and September for 25¢. Number two is the September issue.

I am reviewing this for two reasons. First, because I like it, and second, because Norman Hochberg wrote me a very nice letter when he sent the first copy and I dig getting a personal letter from an editor. He said I would continue receiving a free copy as long as I wrote for Mike Glycer. (Hey! Mike, what's the connection?) Sooo, if for no other reason I shall continue writing my column for Mike, for I also dig getting free copies, after all the money I've spent for subs for darn near every fanzine on the market.

In the ADDENDAM the editors write "XRYMPH is sponsored by the Stony Brook Science Fiction Forum and may be obtained for letters with substantial criticisms of individual stories or trades for similar publications (we prefer all-for-all, but that's only because we get the better end of the deal). Oh yeah, we'll also accept 25¢ in cash or stamps. If you collectors want XRYMPH #1, send us 25¢ etc."

Well, I disagree with the editors' self-put-downness when he says he usually gets the better end of the deal. This is a bright new zine and it is different from the usual run. If you like fiction you'll like this, for outside of the editorial by Lou Stathis, the book review by Norman Hochberg and the letters from the readers, it is ALL fiction, some of it very good indeed. Oh, yeah, there is one bloody poem that gave



me shivers by MARC REISCH. Sorry, Marc, but this type of poetry is just not my cuppa tea.

In my humble opinion, this type of fanzine, that gives amateur writers a chance to get into print is long overdue, for it serves as a stepping stone to prozine writing. I've seen stories in prozines that do not come up to the standards of those in XRYMPH 2. One of XRYMPH's is NORMAN HOCHBERG'S "The King's New Clothes". Provocative and well written. I also like Spider Robinson's style of writing in "Split Personality" and the one in #1, "The Dreaming Dervish", by same author. New Wave? Old Wave? Schmaltz Wave? It's darn good writing, and I predict that this guy will go far.

NOVA, by Howard Panner -- sheer poetry, but no plot and rather shivery. On the other hand, Kenny Feder's "THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS" is poetry, good prose, and excellent plot. I don't go for fantasy much, so shall pass on Kaufman's DORNBANE, and I did not care at all for Jeremiah Westoff's "TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC". Probably because drugs are not my bag, nor alcohol, nor anything that might dull my so-called mind. I am not a prude, and believe in "Live and let live", so you do your thing and I'll do mine. Okay?

I have to smile, and sometimes laugh out loud at my friend, Mike Glycer. (Dare you to print this, Mike.) ((---I think I'm reliving NE 6 all over! MDG)) The Mike who writes to me is a nice, builder-up guy, but when he writes to editors, all hell breaks loose, and he is a guy I don't know at all, at all. He seems to like my stuff or he wouldn't print it, yet he blasts far better writers than I. He praises the zine I publish (not SF) yet puts down editors with far more know-how than I have. However, in this #2 issue he mixed his criticisms with some good, and he likes your zine, so I guess we can all wait for him to grow up, huh? I liked your answer to his letter, Norman.

Steve Simmon's letter is good criticism, and I'm glad you no longer use "crudzine" too. I wouldn't dirty my typewriter to say anything about Tom Soyer. I think Jim Frenkel meant for his letter to be just, but I disagree violently with his criticism of Spider's stories. I like anything Perry A. Chapdelaine writes. Sorry, but almost the whole of page 38 was illegible and I got very little of John Braziman's letter, but did make out where Dick Geis advised you to put a space between every paragraph (GOOD) and to stop publishing amateur stuff (BAD). That's what your zine is all about, isn't it? ART? -- cover excellent by Pat Burford; illos fair to middlin'.

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

THE SHORES BENEATH  
edited by James Sallis

Avon, 75¢

reviewer: Mike  
Glycer

Not so very long ago -- it was the evening the LA Dodgers played their final game of the season and stood a chance of tying for first in their division, -- my brother and I were stopped in front of a local bookshop, the El Papel. Loathing the thought of not getting to the stadium before the gates opened (while I, equally loathing waiting 3 hours to see the game begin), my brother bet me I couldn't get in and out in five minutes. I won the nickel, but have also sworn from now on to be more leary of books that say they contain "classics".

James Sallis' compilation of four stories one award winner, another oft-anthologized novella, an up-and-coming author with an arcane style, and a crock of literature. Whether they can be deemed "four contemporary classics of science fiction" as says the cover must be questioned. For this to be the case Sallis must have adopted the Sol Cohen definit-



ion of classic, to wit: anything by a reasonably well-known author that he can afford to buy the rights to is ipso facto "classic". While I think Sol Cohen himself ought to be donated to the Smithsonian, his practices don't deserve that kind of reverence.

One of the stories is, nevertheless, a widely recognized success by Samuel Delany -- "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones". It garnered both the Hugo and Nebula in its category, and reestablishes Delany's talent for making a proposed society seem three-dimensional and immediate. Though he lacks Heinlein's genius for making such fictional societies either functional or believable, the story line and strength of his characters' portrayal makes that lack an irrelevancy.

Though Knight terms "Helix" a fragment, it stands up much better than even some other inclusions in this volume. For instance, where Disch's "The Asian Shore" hints at conspiracy and danger without using a plot to do so, Delany transcends the need for plot by making the story a pseudo-biographical slide-show of his character's rise in the underworld. This underworld is a ghostly brother to the Mafia, with Delany emphasizing its legal-political life rather than its street-violence or chicanery. Where Disch needs a plot, Delany satisfied my hunger for this commodity with subplots that illustrated events in the tale.

Thomas Disch's "The Asian Shore" is characteristic of bad writing in the 1970s; it is shoddy and empty, but rings resoundingly nevertheless. At his best, Disch writes a phrase as follows: "In Uskudar the same wretched buildings sprawled across hills like beggars whose crutches had been kicked out from under them, supine; through their rags of unpainted wood one could see the scabbed flesh of mud-and-wattle." Here Disch is clever if not entertaining or communicative. But at his worst, Disch tries to avoid cliché (without escaping cliché's simpletonism): "It occurred to him how much this would have pleased Janice, whose enthusiasm for heights had equated his." How much easier just to give in and say "He knew this would have pleased Janice, as she liked heights as well as he did."! But that would not be literary.

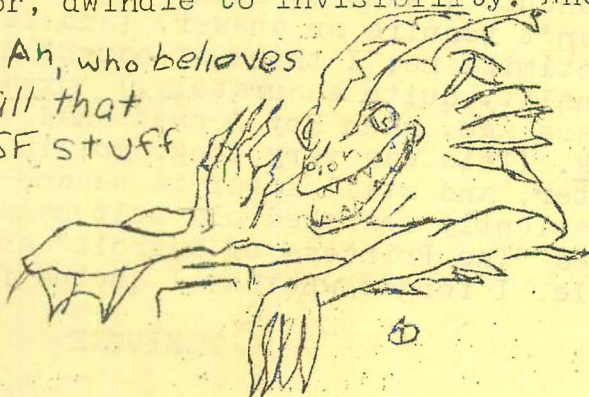
Not only is the writing unproductive, it also forms a non-SF story. "The Asian Shore" is simply not SF -- it is nothing at all except a mildly philosophical travelogue.

Sladek's "Masterson and the Clerks" on the other hand takes a real-life situation and invests it with all sorts of science fictional devices and oddities to produce a masterful bit of work. It conjures the sense of unreality, detachment of life, that a person can feel who spends most of his daylight hours at a 9-to-5 office job. It takes the characters, treating them in a manner similar to those in Heller's Catch-22, shows how they feel suspended in time, how office events seem magnified to incredible importance while exterior events, though truly major, dwindle to invisibility. Another triumph for a man who treats

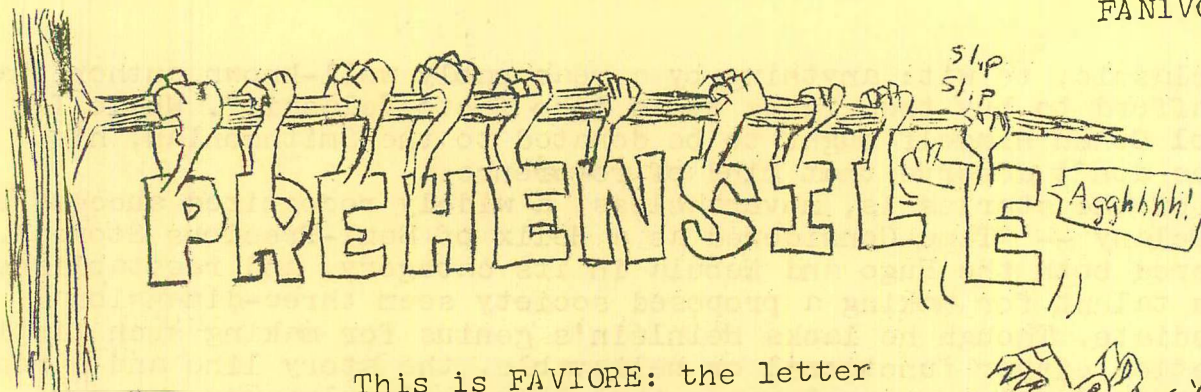
writing as a problem in system analysis.

Zelazny's "The Graveyard Heart" was anthologized by Silverberg in his Great Short Novels of Science Fiction and so I felt ripped off at having to see it again. It is a reputable piece of writing, yet does little to display Zelazny's genius. Centered around a jet-set type of group who use freeze-stasis to pass time, it is more or less a love story built on analogy.

Ah, who believes  
all that  
SF stuff







This is FAVIORE: the letter column which readers make like the Worm Ouroboros, and also tell the editor to consume it without benefit of cooking it...to put it mildly.



DOUGLAS LEINGANG PREHENSILE ZERO made us laugh. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
PO Box 21328 LSU Not only did we "grasp" the title, it (the zine) kind  
BATON ROUGE, LA of choked us up. I don't laugh at funny things: I  
laugh at tragic things. I laughed at Prehensile.

Webster and me don't like them 2 billion dollar words you throw around (Prehensile, karass, ad infinitum). The page you call one is almost unreadable...

Overall, Prehensile has taken a step backwards -- to fandom! It's too faanish really! It's unbelievable how you've regressed to a faan crudzine having been a worthwhile sf zine. I'm in fandom, no faandom. Are you?

---- There is a story by Aesop about the men and the ass. It's moral is don't try to please everybody. I suggest you read it. Having published two articles on Gafia by you, gafia being a very faanish notion, I'm surprised you complain.

Some kind words: love, polite, beauty, friendship. Oh, you wanted some kind words on PZ! Well, that person who wrote GAFIAWOL sure don't know what he's doing. He cut his own article by over 2000 words! Now that's dumb! He also screwed up that pix with the circles. Correct that, I'm sorry, no he didn't. I withdraw.

Tinkle poems/Tinkle poems!/Two rotten Tinkle Poems!/Retch and puke/And Regurgitate./Tinkle poems/we all hate!

Well, the winner of the GAFIA FANDOM PRESIDENT IS:::(fanfare) MRS. JENNIFER SEIDE, from way down yonder in Sioux City (or something like that) Iowa. She's 104 years old and calls herself the biggest fan in the world, that was, before she gafiated last War. You are obligated to print the above -- or I'll gafiate and not clean up afterwards!

ROBERT COULSON

RT 3

HARTFORD CITY, IN

Whoa, boy. Why should I want to reply to Tucker? That article didn't require an answer. (And it certainly didn't victimize me; I think it caught my essential personality quite accurately.) Anyway, I

got my writing about Tucker done years ago, when Roy Bennett had a Tucker Appreciation Issue of Skyrack. (This was very long ago; in later years Skyrack turned into a newsletter, and still later it became the trade mag it is today.) Anyway, I patiently searched old pulp magazines until I located a Tucker story called "The Princess of Detroit" and mentioned this strongly in my article. I forget whether I quoted from



from it or not (it was a terrible story, probably the first thing he published <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> professionally.) Tucker was still laughing about that article years later, just as I'll probably be enjoying his thing for GRANFALL\* OON in coming years.

-----Buck Coulson also explained how to join the upcoming worldcon to me, and I pass along the info to you. I asked him, even though the con is out here in LA, because the letter I sent to the con box number has yet to be answered. This will be the 30th Worldcon, much like the 29th reported in PRE Zero...

Worldcon, sure, somewhere around here I have some stuff from them. (I'd better have, Juanita and I being Fan Guests of Honor.) Problem is to find it. Don't suppose I did the sensible thing with it and put it up..no, of course not. Well, it's here somewhere. Ah, here we are. Lessee you write to L.A. Con, PO Box 1, Santa Monica, California, 90406. Attending membership is \$8.00 until August 1, 1972 (and of course you'll attend, just for the chance to see us). But if you don't, supporting membership is \$6.00. If you don't join in advance, it will cost you \$10.00 at the door..

-----Those who join soon will get the Progress Reports as they are issued. I will detail the worldcon more in the January issue, kicking off a new year in Sylmar Fandom. A worldcon lets you pay \$8 to lose 48 hours sleep!

DONALD KELLER     PRE ZERO is a rather enjoyable zine contentwise, I was 1702 MEADOW CT a touch surprised to find, much more than the other BALTIMORE, MD. one. But your physical appearance takes something away from this. Several pages are underinked and the print has faded in certain areas, making it difficult or impossible to read. This is a grave error which must be corrected.

These quibbles aside, I rather liked most of the issue. Norman Hochberg's conreport was quite interesting, firstly because it was a neo's view (not that I'm any BNF myself), and secondly, because our experiences were so different. Of all the things he saw and mentioned, there were only a couple I experienced also. Just goes to show how, with 1500 people there and so much going on, people can keep very busy and never meet one another.

Chapdelaine's piece was a touching tribute to the man delivered by one who was a partisan of his, but I'm sure that his detractors feel equally saddened by his death. And that quote at the bottom is a marvelous example of pure Campbell.

Wadholm's piece on the history of your zine (Is my math right that he's only 16?) was a clever inside story, but nothing exceptional... Lane Lambert's column is a clever faanish pieve, from the title all the way down to the end. It provoked some chuckles. Leingang is again interesting posing as a gafiote. His ad and that Starship ad are both totally insane.

Tinkle's new poems (sic) are sick. It would be bad enough if the meter was okay and we had to merely suffer through the banal rhymes and third-grade (thanks to Hochberg for that) phraseology, but his meter is as bad as the rest. What's the use? It's just so totally ghastly that only as satire does it have any value, and I'm not sure even of that.

Chapdelaine again, talking about Loretta Lynn, queen of country



music. Seeing as how country music makes me leave the room, it is to Chapdelaine's credit that I was interested in the article.

Bryan Cole's analysis of the periodic table was again very clever. Anyone who can extend an analogy that far has my admiration. A fun work.

Good review of OUTWORLDS; how about extending Florence's column? The same can be said for Wadholm's review of King Crimson's LIZARD; I couldn't agree with him more, for one thing, and he seems to know where-  
of he speaks, making me curious as to what Bonzo Dog Band sounds like. In sum, you've got a good zine, coming up, that could become major with a little work. The primary quality of the zine is its cleverness (the letter column title in another example), which is fine in moderation, but four articles exhibiting it?

GEORGE HAY                      Yes, I got the mention in ANALOG -- Campbell wrote  
78 DOWNHILLS WAY              me he would carry it, though I'd had doubts when I  
LONDON, N17 6BD                learned he was no longer with us! The address given  
                                  under the name was the former address of the environmental Consortium, which is now at: 14 William IV Street, London WC2N 4DW, UK. Tel: 01 836-0908. Anyway, the GPO will forward mail from the old address -- I hope. You might pass this data around. In any event I prefer mail to me to go to my Downhills Way address. Or I can be reached c/o SFF, NE London Polytechnic, Barking Precinct, Longbridge Road, Dagenham Essex RM8 2AS, UK.

...We are making good progress in other lines -- a series of hard-back "SF classics" are coming out from a British publisher next year, done in collaboration with us -- I'll send you details on the individual books as confirmed. We are getting mail from all over -- have just been asked -- i.e. The Science Fiction Foundation has been asked -- to attend SF Con in Budapest. (Not going, alas!) Last week we attended Arthur Clarke's talk and filmshow "The Promise of Space", and used the Poly's video to tape him. Next week we have Philip Strick giving our inaugural lecture at the NE Poly. Philip -- at my suggestion -- had already got in James Guinn's University of Kansas film interviews with Poul Anderson, Asimov, etc., and he showed a couple of these along with the Trieste Film Festival SF winners. I must say I thought the U of K films were not exactly brilliant -- I was glad to hear what Anderson had to say, but I would as lief have heard it on sound-tape -- visually, the whole thing was totally static. I hope that when we get our version done we can do better than that!

A1C KENN HALLIWELL            Well, as you can see from my letter I'm on that  
376 S.W. OL-RK                garbage heap of the Pacific, Rounky Okinawa.  
CMR Box 3006                  I'm here TDY only! until 23 December. For 85 days.  
APO, SF, Calif.                Well, I have one funny story for you -- about:  
96239                          HOW I FOUND SF ON OKINAWA ----- by KENN HALLIWELL  
                                  Right outside of Kadena AFB where I'm stationed  
is the city (?) of Koza. Its purpose is to cater to the GI. Well, I'm a GI, but I'm weird. So I decided to find Japanese SF written by Japs and published in GOOK (Japanese). So I walked down a side street one night (employing the "buddy" or two-man system) looking for book stores. And lo and behold I found one. As I walked in the Mamasan said:

"KONICHE-WA" (that's a rough phoneticization of what she said). For the laymen in the group: "Hello."

I said: "Do you have any science fiction?"

She said: "Ah, no...understand...GI."

I said: "Holy s...."



She said: "Ah, so," and handed me a Japanese-English dictionary. So patiently I looked up -- Science. She read the definition. Then -- Fiction. She read, said, "Ah, so," and produced an English edition of Edgar Allen Poe's The Pit And The Pendulum.

I said, "No" and tried again.

I looked up adventure -- she said "Ah." Then I looked up Space. She nodded her head and produced a beautiful copy of A Child's Illustrated Space Book. I shook my head and started out. She grabbed my shirt and we started looking.

Finally, after 15 minutes of fruitless looking a book caught my eye. It was all Japanese -- but on the side cover I saw SF-sf-SF-SF-sf. I knew I'd hit it.

I smiled, said: "How much?"

She said: "One dollar" Then, "Hey, GI, you read?"

I said, "No, I can't."

She said, "Oh, you got friend who read?"

I said, "No, I don't."

She said, "CRAZY GI!!"

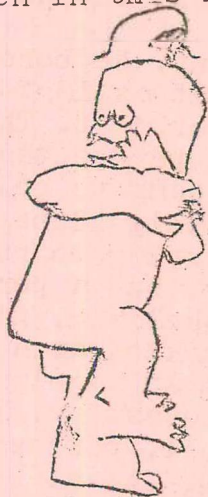
MIKE GLICKSOHN

32 MAYNARD AVE (205)

TORONTO, 156, ONT.

CANADA

Got PREHENSILE ZERO. Repro none to good on my issue--several badly faded pages which were most difficult to read. A good many faneds would do well to follow Florence Jenkins advice and be a little more choosy in what they mail out. (I'm not thinking so much of you, Mike, as PZ by no means is the worst I've seen in this respect but I recently made similar suggestions to an editor who'd given me his almost illegible fanzine to comment on and for my trouble got back a most violently abusive letter full of insults. But I ask you, if a faned can't be bothered enough to send out a readable product, should I have to waste the time and effort to decipher it? I don't think so. Enough of this diatribe, though, it has nothing to do with you.)



Gasp!! It's him!

A honest to Ghod  
BNF! Slaughter  
the fatted calf!!  
Throw shredded  
crudzines in his  
path!!

I always read conreps by new fans, since it's an entirely different perspective on things and I'm delighted that we were able to

provide Norman with some positive aspects of a worldcon. But while it is an honor to be listed with Eddie and Jack and Sonya as an "approachable pro" I must decline the promotion. I'm but a fan, Norman, with neither the literary or artistic talent to be a pro. But thank you for the compliment...and if you wish to make an early appointment, I'll save a few minutes to chat with you at the Torcon in '73!

While I'm going about destroying the fabulous fannish legend you seem to be building about me, I might as well point out that I've never had a column in OUTWORLDS either. I assume that Florence means my regular letters there, but she really should be more careful in her choice of words. There's a hell of a difference between a letter and a column; the former I write by the score, but the latter is a much loftier level of creativity, I'm afraid, and still mostly beyond me.

(You needn't have included me in your 'You are getting this' section, of course, since everything is just a figment of my imagination --



except perhaps Ballantine's IPA; there's reason to believe that that was the primordial fluid from which I arose to conjure up the universe -- but the mention appeals to me, so I think I'll continue to believe in you at least long enough for you to publish one more issue. After that, though, you'll have to take your chances like Geis and Reamy.)

Richard's history of NE shows a lot of writing promise. I laughed aloud in spots, and although the piece could have stood a little reworking, it bodes well for his future as a writer. On the other hand, Lane's apparent attempt to duplicate the fannish school of writing didn't come off for me. It seemed forced and artificial, properties of the poorer type of faanish writing and the main reason there are so few good writers of that type around. I've said it before, but I still think that while bad fannish writing is terrible, bad "sercon" writing, as in book reviews, is generally tolerable. In other words, there are few intermediates in fannish writing; you can either do it well or not at all while most anyone can write a book review which may not have anything to say but will still be at least readable.

---- Though at first blush I would take a look at your fannish credentials, and justification for making that kind of judgement, then meekly roll over to play dead, a second consideration of that line leaves me cold. What you propose is a form of illogic; that just because one can't start off as Willis or maybe Katz, that one shouldn't start at all. In reality, all you and I are doing is having conflict of opinion. I think Lambert is a very interesting writer. I do not think Rosemary Ulliot should even be in print. Just as we might differ over a book, so it is with a faanish writer, but no more than that. (mdg)

Leingang takes four pages to make his one pretty puny point. He bores me, I'm afraid. And Bryan Coles suffers from the same fault as Lambert. He's trying to force humor from an intrinsically unfunny subject. The lines appear stretched, he's reaching for a funny turn of phrase that just isn't there. Both pieces are very much "filler" it seems to me.

Did enjoy Chapdelaine's piece on Campbell. It's typically idiocyntratic, perry seems incapable of writing things without trying to rub his readers' noses in the depth of his personal integrity, but a personal glimpse of Campbell is worth it and I'm glad you asked him. His piece on Loretta Lynn was somewhat dull for me, but I chuckled at a couple of his unsubtle little salvos. Since Perry appears so regularly in fmz such as NEXUS and PZ/NE I assume he finds them interesting. Since he's told me a couple of times that he finds ENERGUMEN dull, perhaps I should take a closer look to see what you're doing right. The old eye of the beholder routine, I guess.

Apart from Florence Jenkins' unfortunate choice of words, I'd suggest that she try to be a little more critical in her reviews. Her evaluation of Bill Bower's ~~OUTHOUSE~~ ~~WORLD~~ was primarily a summary of contents, a common weakness among fanzine reviewers.

ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS     A copy of something called PREHENSILE ZERO  
PO Box 611                 arrived recently and with it the news of the  
VALLEY CENTER, CALIF     death of John Campbell. (Down here in these  
                             far-away hills, news travels by pony-express,  
smoke-signal, drum beat -- and ESP, which is fast by unreliable)

My thought was -- Well! so John has kicked it!

I can't say I knew him well, for I didn't. However, I clearly remember -- and ever so often called to his personal attention -- some of the fat fuckings he gave me on scripts well over 30 years ago. I also remember he gave me some of my early sales, including ROBOT'S RETURN, FLIGHT OF THE DAWN STAR, DEATH SENTENCE, and later, BURNING BRIGHT



and MEDICINE SHOW. There were others that I can't now remember.

I know writers who think that John was the greatest editor who ever lived and that a letter from him, filled with "kind, helpful, hints or tips" was the maximum utmost in achievement. This is as it may be. Experience with his "kind, helpful, hints and tips" many, many years ago taught me to recognize a crock of shit when I saw one. The last issue of Analog I read, perhaps two years ago, was right on a par with the issues put out by Olin Tremaine, when the book was still called Astounding Stories, one good story per issue. Note that I said story. If a trip through the semantic wilderness or through the jargon of scientists is your bit, I'm not talking to you. Story is a much bigger word than any of these.

However, while I did not admire John as an editor, let me pay tribute to him as a writer. Whether writing under his own name or that of Don A. Stuart, he was great. When he turned editor (he lacked the courage to tackle the rough, tough world of the writer) the field lost a man who could have been its brightest star. Thus a great writer became a poor editor. This is the world's loss. This is also what I think. I don't care what you think.

Since I must fairly soon face the same end, John's passing was of interest to me. If the reports are accurate, in thirty minutes or less he kicked that cumbersome, over-sized body! This feat I regard with admiration and awe. I know from experience some of the meanings of the words "spiritual growth" which include a little knowledge of the ways the structured human organism will resist when faced with any change, let alone with that fear-charged change miscalled death. Having a little knowledge in this area, let me repeat my admiration and awe at the way Campbell did it. I can only hope to do it as well.

Recently a book of mine was published -- LOVE IS FOREVER --- WE ARE FOR TONIGHT. Some of the fans loved it so much they're still foaming slightly at the mouth but in my opinion (again, I don't care what you think) I not only came close to catching the Zeitgeist of the 20th Century but I also ended it with what I intend as my epitaph.

"Say of me only/ That I passed this way/ In my restless wandering.  
/If you would find or follow me/ - As you may wish to do before  
the worlds run down -/ Seek inward from Venus/ Or outward from  
Pluto/ Or in some starry galaxy beyond the Milky Way."

John Campbell was a Scotch Celt. I am a Welsh Celt. I am not trying to make kith or kin but I am saying that we are both bona fide members of a very wild, very widespread fellowship. Taliesin said of us that our original home was in the region of the summer stars. It is my personal opinion that John W. Campbell is now on his way home. Very soon I shall join him. In some starry galaxy beyond the Milky Way, we shall meet again -- and perhaps spin tales of galaxies even farther out.

-----It's one thing for Locus to get famous writers to comment on Campbell, it's quite another to get a good writer to bend his talent towards commemoration. I should have made this the last letter in the batch, since nothing can follow it, but Lambert and Lapidus will just have to take their chances.

LANE LAMBERT      Okay, I accept your last-page apology for "neofan"; but  
RT 2 BRUCE RD.    it still looks ugly, leering as does just after my  
BOAZ, ALA 35957   name. I guess 'rapidly aging neo' is a lefthanded compliment - still... I shall besiege your cities and  
sell your subjects into slavery unless reparations are forthcoming.



Florence needs to learn the basics of fanzine reviewing. Her stuff has thus far been largely personal reactions with shreds of objectivity along the edges. And she seems to be a really new fan, which is another strike. I've held off writing fanzine and record reviews for much the same reason: not enough knowledge in either field. Any present fanzine reviewer of any note - Arnie Katz, Greg Benford, and John D. Berry, among others, have been around long enough to judge things objectively.

----Pardon me while I choke, Lane. Objectivity is something reviewers display a considerable shortage of. Katz praises fanzines, loathes others. Others attempt to conform fandom to their view of a "good" fanzine, ignoring the results and intentions of editors. Of all reviewers, only Jenkins, Glencannon (Gf), and Kaufman (Locus) display any comprehension of their task -- to acquaint readers with the contents and quality of other fanzines, not to shape fandom to match their biases. That adds a point - reviews ought to be critiques with personal reactions as controlled as possible. Now I'm not suggesting that Florence drop her reviewing altogether; a little study of her peers couldn't hurt, though.

Things like that starship 'ad', Rise of NE, and the Why You Got This page make me somehow believe that this issue was composed while the whole bunch of you were half-smashed or something. Anyway, it gets your thing started toward a kinky atmosphere. Maybe pseudo-ostentatious is the correct term. You couldn't be serious.

Hochberg's conreport was moderately well done. Having seen the Kunkel-Komar-Katz versions beforehand, he filled in some gaps in my total mental image of the con, as well as assimilating all the Hugo winners. That information was partially disappointing, but the truth shall make us free and all that... It all leaves me restless in expectation of my first worldcon - which, it appears, may be South Gate in 2008. My first con (period) should be DeepSouthCon '72 in Atlanta next August.

JERRY LAPIDUS ((Loc for NE8, so I am only printing comments of particular subjective interest))  
54 CLEARVIEW DR  
PITTSFORD, NY

Dick Wadholm presents some interesting ideas in his section of sf rock, but he stops with lists, and is content just to mention songs and artists. And I don't see why bother trying to "rate" songs, entirely different songs by different artists, etc. If he's serious about this, he misses at least two major sf rock influences. Pink Floyd ((who?)) has always worked in the sf idiom, the music isn't generally lyrically oriented, but the Pink Floyd sound just feels like science fiction music; some of their work is also in the area of sf songs, with similarly oriented lyrics. ((Sitting on a tack feels like a pain in the rump, but that doesn't say now it's supposed to be taken, speaking of the tack. What about Strauss, though; he certainly didn't plan to write the 2001 theme.)) Also, in their third and fourth albums, Firesign Theatre (not rock but basically counterculture-oriented) has been doing science fiction; both discuss future societies as a basis for taking off on various types of humor and parody...

I hate to start an argument, Mike, but what exactly do you have against concern with visual aspects in fanzines? So many fanzines spend time trying to obtain the best, most interesting, and most enjoyable writers they can -- and yet visually and graphically, they neglect



things entirely. Good layout and design isn't a matter of money, it's a matter of having respect for the multitudes of excellent artists currently working in fandom, and wanting to present their material in the best possible manner. What precisely is wrong in wanting to make use of 1971 graphics techniques, of accepting the fact that McLuan isn't entirely wrong? If you personally are not interested in visual appearances and artwork, that's your feeling and that's fine. But why attack those who are interested in such things? There's a big difference between a concern with visuals and neo-Campbellism, which is the "professionalism" you talk about.

----On your opening points, I must suggest that Firesign Theatre records cannot be wholly taken under the wing of any one group, neither the counterculturists, nor the science fictionists. Its coverage spend many things, but in Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers the principle foci for its wit are (1) Television, (2) mass media religion, (3) urban violence, (4) nostalgia, (5) Western philosophy -- lightly so, (6) the drug culture. I must suggest this be analyzed as an experience in American culture, not a future society's antics, or a long-playing in-joke for hash smokers.

----Your remarks about my inclinations in graphics are (to clarify for the readers) based on my column in NE 8. Now (to clarify to you) I must repeat several things. First, "neo-Campbellism" is a meaningless gabble, a noise in the most exact sense. If you mean it as an insult, which I must assume you do, a synonym for mercenary, un-artistic hack, I must suggest that none of us is entirely free of that stain. Prehensile is not a charitable foundation, it is a hobby. I suspect your Tomorrow And... is too. If you could not afford offset printing, doubtless you would accept the consequences rather than fold up. I, a rung down, refuse to fold simply because extensive electrostenciling is out of my financial reach. This does not mean I am not interested in other people's visual appearances and artwork. What I detest is the substitution of art or graphics for content. (If we simply want to see good SF art, let us go to the conventions, or mail out xerox copies.) There are magazines based solely in art that print genzine matter as a sideline. They form their own class. If that's your bag, then wrap your goodies in it, so to speak. I, however, will not have fans (not referring to the artziners by this) with a hundred or more dollars an issue to work with come and sit on me and wave at themselves as lovely examples asking "Why aren't you like me, little crudzine?" If this seems a streak of envy, let me say it is a load of disgust piled high by ignorant summations of my motives. A good layout and design is not a matter of money, good repro and "respect for artists" is. I'd rather read SFR on the back of an envelope than Locus from an 8-color press. That's where I'm at; the package is no substitute for contents. (I find the best balance in Energumen, if you want an example of my favorite zine.) I publish the best material available to me and proceed from there.

\*\*\*\*\*

And thus we come to another installment's end. It was 8 pages long, the longest I've ever run. After that last spume of venom I'm about ready to wrap it up, too. Of course this col is nothing next to Connor's 20 pager in Moebius Trip, though it does match up nicely to Lunney's in wordage, in BAB. Thanks also to other correspondents: Keith Laumer, Perry Chapdelaine, Florence Jenkins, Joe Siclari, Meade Frierson, PL Caruthers, Roy Tackett, Harry Morris, Ed Connor and James Ayers.



# WHY YOU DONE GOT THIS HERE COPY

— What makes you think you did get it?  
It could be an optical illusion.

— Because you live within a couple hundred miles of me and I'm hoping you'll keep up the subscription by (1) writing a letter of comment, (2) sending a contribution (3) trading your fanzine for mine (4) mailing me 25¢ per copy for the length of desired sub.

— You contributed.

— We're deluding ourselves into thinking you'd want to contribute.

— You're Mike Glickschrn's ba.  
(No, it ain't a typo)

— You have drunk deep (or gotten deep drunk) on India Pale Ale; which, as we all know, is a farce.

✓ We trade fanzines

— We trade insults

— We trade fanzines for money

✓ We're hoping you'll contribute

— Your father's moustache