

RADIO FREE GLYER

Editor Mike Meets Judge Roy Bean; or, How
Prehensile learned To Hang By Its Tail

Remember, I'm asking for your honest opinion:
What would you do to a person who said "The
creation of the SFWA, to combat editorial lar-
ceny, also brought about the Nebula Award under
whose light writers finally got around to saying,
'We write, therefore we know what good writing is.'

Though definitely not an accurate statement, it is
close enough to suit most fans and writers. With the exception of the
putrid Rite of Passage, a crippled combo of Heinlein plots and charact-
ers...the Nebula has been a satisfactory award." --You wouldn't! Tree,
knot horse and everything? Then drawn and quartered? Oh my goodness! How
horrible!

You may wonder why a hardened fanzine editor, who constantly reads
without the batting of his eye (or stomach) about disembowling, atomic
annihilation, radiation sickness, and torture (and this doesn't even count
the SF read) should shy from a little lynching followed by a tastefully
performed drawing and quartering of the corpse. You may...until he/I tell
you that I wrote that statement quoted above. It appears in an article
"Death Knell of the Golden Age of Science Fiction" which in turn was
published in WSFA Journal #78.

Further, this quote is just one of several things that makes me wish
editor Donald Miller had 'lost' the manuscript in a wastebasket and ig-
nored my questions about the article's fate. I thought it was outstand-
ing six months ago; perhaps it was six months ago, though I privately
wonder what possessed Miller to run it now that I have a copy in my
hands again.

Eight months ago this article was topical; you are aware of what the
passage of time does to topical material. I forgot. Not only is some of
the information in this sercon article now obsolete, some examples used
to make points could be replaced by better things since published.

I also did part of the article on the New/Old Wave thing then hav-
ing its dying gasps. The same week I got the WSFAJ with the article, I
came across a December 1970 Fantastic where Alexi Panshin says exactly
what I said five months later -- in a much more intelligent and
smoothly written manner. It's not any potential charge of plagiarism that
wiles me; what riles me is that I could have improved the article with
excerpts if I'd known about it.

With the triumphal stumblings of this work, not to mention the Del-
phi piece in Moebius Trip which has received the attentions of Hank
Davis in a five page reply, plus several indignant responses in letters
to the editor, I have surely convinced most fans that I am one of the
rawest neofans ever to roll out of the bakery. Perhaps I should double-
space this piece in memoriam to that idea. Naturally none of your typ-
ical teenage faneds are going to even speculate how they come off to
the elder generation. And why should they? But I'm writing sercon, and
who the hell else reads it?

VENDOR OF SERCON Speaking of that, I have some announcement-type items
some of you may be interested in.

Arthur C. Clarke will speak at USC on April 12, 1972, in Bovard
Auditorium at high noon. Bovard is at the center of campus (Figueroa
at Exposition marks the spot closest to a Freeway at USC). This is an
event sponsored by the Great Issues Forum. In September, 1970 they spon-
sored Ray Bradbury's appearance (reported in New Elliptic), and this

Spring will be brining Marshall McLuhan. For Clarke's speech there will be no admission charge (unless the Forum suddenly changes its policy), so all fans are welcome to come down and attempt to out hustle students for seats.

FURTHER NOTES FROM THE MIMEOGRAPH LIBERATION FRONT

If I ever gave any thought to abandoning fanzine publishing, that is all out of the question now. I have laid out some of that flexible green cash for a lettering guide, 3/8" Futura, which has to be one of the major commitments any editor can make to his product. Garsh, next thing you know we'll be going offset.

Also new in the household is a different ink. Unlike other members of fanzine fandom, I use a Sears mimeo. It's a fantastic racket for Sears, since that obliges me to use their stencils, ink pads, and, so they say, ink. Every company warns owners of their machines that they must only use that brand of ink or something atrocious will happen (like your hair falling out, or getting athlete's foot I guess). Sears does the same. Unfortunately, the Sears outlets in San Fernando, North Hollywood, and Woodland Hills take a rather cavalier attitude towards stocking mimeograph supplies, their cruddy, dusty shelves in Office Supplies being half-empty and mainly filled with torn cartons and last year's stock of duplicator paper.

Tiring of this little game I chased over the San Fernando Valley for the last time and decided to buy a slightly more costly ink from an office supplies/stationary store. As you can see I no longer have any fade-out problems. But to replace it there is show-through you wouldn't believe (unless you saw it here). And -- indeed -- it does work, the machine has not disintegrated and the firm of Sears & Roebuck has succeeded in ridding itself of yet another pesky ink buyer.

MOTHER GERNSBACK'S SON The 1971 SF season has come to a close. There are a few fans of questionable faithfulness (doubtless disaffected comix collectors) who dare to suggest that the 1971 crop was not up to the profession's standards. A couple have gone so far as to say neither the Hugo nor Nebula is worth anything. But pay them no heed, my SF-reading friends. What do they know? And silver-smiths seeking contracts for this year's set of Worldcon achievement awards, don't despair. the nomination lists are flowing forth from fanzine editors, the L/SFS is preparing to discuss nominations, ballots for the Locus Poll are out and before you know it another season of debate and awards will have shot past.

Prehensile is not going to be last in line with its comments, either. The lead article is an interminable discussion of potential nominees filled by the fresh and dynamic prejudices of its author. Then in an extremely large reviews section (seven or ten pages) the zine tries to placate a lot of critics of this publication's "fannishness" (not likely) -- critics who we shall probably never hear from again anyway. So take that and that and that!

PREVENT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY: Buck Coulson edits Yandro. Yandro, in its turn, contains each issue a column from BAN PREHENSILE

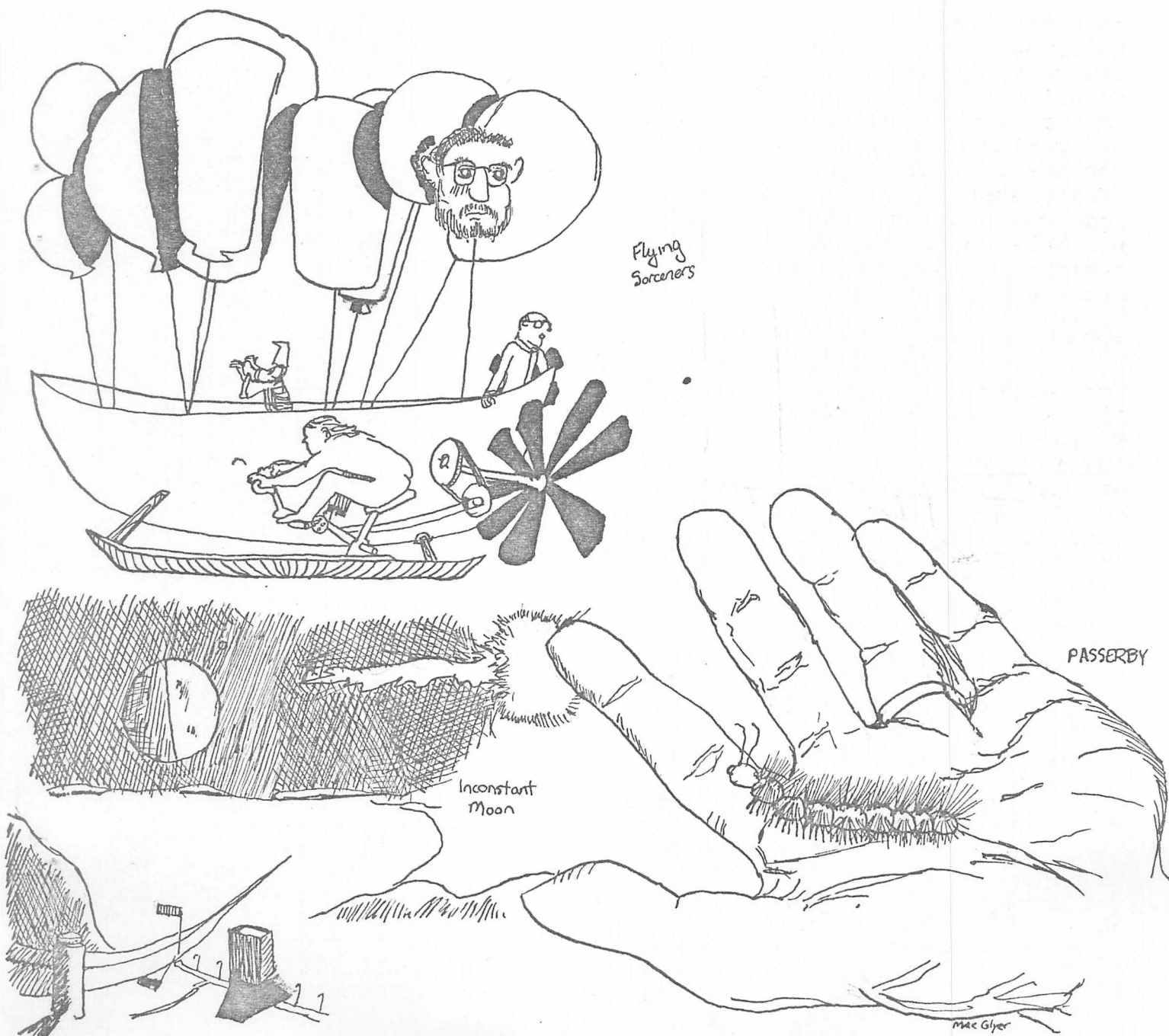
Buck, his wife, and his son, dozens of capsule book reviews, a letter section, and irregularly an fmz review section. From Yandro 211: "Pre Zero: Primarily for younger fans. (Not neofans, particularly; younger fans. I think Bruce might love it.) Lots of what I consider juvenile humor..." This is the kind of review that you want to show to people and ask if it's an insult. It's the kind of left-handed compliment a man with only a right arm would give...

HUGO NOMINATIONS

LISTS BY
MIKE GLYER

The next progress report for LACON members (that will contain the Hugo nominating ballots) is on its way to a Texas printer and doubtless will be out (or almost) by the time you read this.

1971 has been a surprisingly dismal year in most areas. Hugos are given for. For example, we have become accustomed to having several good novels to nominate, and at least two powerful rivals for the award. Fans have had the undeserved opportunity to degrade one of two perfectly good SF novels in the process of boosting their favorite. "That Niven guy just writes ideas -- let's give the award to Silverberg because that will encourage literary writers who can upgrade our reputation!" Or, "Literary writers are just thieves of '30s styles -- let's stick with sound hardcore imagination like Ringworld."



This year? Two suggested novels aren't eligible, and the rest of the field is short on novel nominees. Short fiction enough will turn up on the voting ballot, but my reading has turned up only a few worthies. Dramatic presentations in 1971 were the great surprise, but beyond that, in the fan awards, more battles resume where they left off after the Noreascon. All I can say is that without Farmer, Niven and scattered unknowns, this year (1971) could have been dropped from the books.

BEST NOVEL

1. To Your Scattered Bodies Go
-- Philip Jose Farmer
2. Jack of Shadows
-- Roger Zelazny
3. Flying Sorcerers
-- Gerrold and Niven
4. The Outposters
-- Gordon Dickson
5. Wild Card; Cop-out Blank

Concepts spanning vast reaches of space -- a euphemism for space opera -- or that delight the mind with their vastness are, so we tell each other with an eye to the New Wave, waning in popularity and relevance. Well, if I ever said that I was dead wrong. Last year Ringworld won both ends of the annual awards, and now Farmer has come up with the opening novel of his Riverworld series. If Farmer wins the

award -- as he ought -- then the obvious sequel to the winners will be Wringing Wet world where the main character, dead for 200 years, awakes in the body of a Puppeteer.

Farmer's novel, now in paperback from Berkeley (\$2057*75¢) is summarized by Judith Tetove thusly; "After dying in his wife's arms Richard Francis Burton wakes to find himself in an endless vault with millions of other naked bodies. He and the others are all resurrected to a strange planet they call the Riverworld. Although the first few chapters are very confusing and mystical, the book evens out to a good, solid SF story. Obviously the first of a series, this book simply introduces the characters and sets the stage for future action." Burton is supported by a cast of Hermann Goering, Peter Frigate, and a grown version of the Alice who starred in the Carroll tales. Plus 35 billion others.

Of Jack of Shadows was run in F&SF as the sequel to the abovementioned novel -- The Fabulists -- Riverboat -- was run in IF. The two made a worthwhile SF summer. Shadows features a world permanently divided between night and day where magic rules the night and science the day. Jack, killed and reborn in the dung pit before the story is barely begun, illustrates through his web of allies and enemies the character conflicts and laws of his (magical) hemisphere. Forced to visit Dayside to use computer technology so he can discover a powerful technique of magic, Jack eventually flees home with the weapon needed to eliminate his rival and repossess the fiance he has been deprived of. The novel is in the Zelazny style (no Laumer deja-vu as with 9 Princes), and it is good. Good enough for a Hugo? No. But I disagree with a friend who says that to reward something inferior to Lord of Light would encourage Zelazny not to bother trying harder; though the Hugo has been used to reward authors for past work, I don't see how it, or its absence, can force Zelazny to do better. How many Hugo does the man need? Can't we just settle for nominating a good novel?

Flying Sorcerers, in spite of its 'humorous' side-references to the author of the Foundation Trilogy and the Wizard of Oz flick, is a solid book worked for everything its plot and characters can produce. Only in a year like this could it have a chance at the Hugo, but it really doesn't suffer that much for the comparison with others on the list. Better than most in the humorous SF tradition, the wit produced by this

Gerrold-Niven collaboration is in a league with Up The Line (Silverberg) and Bill, The Galactic Hero (Harrison) -- though none of the three matches, for example, the impact of When They Came From Space (Clifton) or the classic re-readability of the humor in Bester's "The Men Who Murdered Mohammed."

The Outposter, one of several Dickson novel/serials eligible for consideration is a difficult choice to make, but not because of any shortcoming on the part of the writing. The outside considerations are these: There are two other Analog entries, Dickson's Tactics of Mistake and Biggle's The World-Menders that I've heard mentioned for nomination. Biggle's serial is touted as one of (if not the) the year's best hard-core heavy-on-the-plot SF pieces. Tactics is also included partly for the same hard-core SF qualities, for its being one of Campbell's favorites (see his "In Times To Come" plugs), and probably lags behind behind Biggle but in front of Outposter. Why does it make any difference to me which Analog-style story is nominated? For some simple reasons: (1) I liked Outposter, it was a dramatic story with believable characters set in a social framework where the action was plausible. (2) Tactics of Mistake was reliant for the "suspension of disbelief" on a Superman-styled figure named Cletus Grahame. Readers steeped in Friedrich Nietzsche might accept the cool rule of a Supermensch; I, on the other hand, took the story as the most self-indulgent recording of a pipe-dream I'd ever seen. (3) Biggle's story is just as corrupted with unworkable premises that smacks of Campbell sociology at its worst. I could never stomach something that seems to me a classic of Analog hackwork as a Hugo contender. Which devolves, at last, to the inclusion of The Outposter.

There is no fifth nomination on my list. Having escaped an entire year without reading a book by Silverberg (somehow I lost my copy of Tower of Glass before reading it), there is no way I can recommend one of his books, but no excuse for passing them over. If Son of Man or The World Inside lives up to its billing than it will easily make the ballot. Even if one does, though, 1972 will simply be the third year in a row Silverberg has been nominated and not won.

BEST SHORT FICTION

This includes both novella and short story nominations since I have seen almost none that

fits either category worth my vote.

Nevertheless, William Hjortborg's Gray Matters, run in Playboy has got to be among the top novellas. It was brilliant. Hjortborg took an extremely interesting proposition (extracorporeal brains of an entire society placed in one center for the purpose of indoctrination) and by carefully interweaving the histories and characters of Obo Itubi, Skeets Kalbfleischer and Vera Mitlovic manufactured an absorbing and entertaining story. P. Schuyler Miller reviewed the novel Hjortborg expanded this novella into, and said that it did not work very well (making dubious cracks about its originality). The short version does.

Equally exciting have been Wallace Macfarlane's series of stories centering on Ravenshaw and his Wild Blue Yonder, Inc. Despite the conscious corniness of the firm, its doings have spanned alternate worlds and other societies in a number of stories whose smooth style amazed me. Macfarlane has achieved a synthesis of the "Old" and "New" waves; his stories have plot, heroes, and familiar brash characters while giving those brash heroes and heroines depth of personality to fit with colorful backgrounds and an array of complex opponents. The best written of the lot is probably "One Generation New World" (IF, March/April 1971). However the basics for the series, all the freight of character devel-

opment, exists in "Heart's Desire and Other Simple Wants" (Analog, April 1971). It's listed as a Novellette, though. Take your choice.

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

1. THX 1138 (reviewed NE8)
2. The Andromeda Strain (NE8)
3. I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus (P2)
4. Clockwork Orange (P2)
5. The Omega Man



And if you don't like that list try a choice from among Night Gallery, Willard, the Planet of the Apes series, Uranium Circus (The Flock) or Every Good Boy Deserves Favor (Moody Blues). In 1971 multi-media SF exploded into a festival of things to watch and listen to. The easiest category to select for rather than the hardest as in times past, the Dramatic Presentation field may well be the only one that really deserves having an award given, the only one that has produced some enduring science fiction. The simultaneous nomination of so many fine candidates will remind us that the Hugo is intended to reward the very best, not simply the apologetic "best of the year".

THX 1138 is a George Lucas production out of Warner Brothers. It is a film with many things going for it, above and beyond its dystopian theme. There are hard-core SF details (technological gadgetry, superindustrialized environment) as well as the inevitable sociolog-

ical comments. It, in Bradbury's terms, tells of man and machines and what men do to each other with their machines. It is a battery operated, drug-stifled romance. It is supposed to be a film of the threatening future -- yet every scene (except those in the white room) was taken on location in San Francisco! THX 1138, though postulating the punchcard man, a man who is only an extension of a machine, an assumption of the future debated by Toffler, is a complete film story.

The Andromeda Strain is the filmed production of that much-abused by fans best-seller of the same name. Andromeda Strain tests today's medical technology against an extraterrestrial plague organism, and with particles of fake suspense and snapped suspenders of disbelief, turns this into a film tale. Nothing, not the acting, the cinematography, or even the millions of dollars worth of prop equipment borrowed from industry made this film exceptional. But perhaps we should be thankful that not every SF film is 2001.

I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus and Clockwork Orange are reviewed in this issue; I won't harp on them here. Bozos is another Firesign Theater Record, and Orange is another Kubrick SF outing. The latter ought not to win the Hugo over THX because it does not have the dramatic flair or quality of SF of Lucas' film, not to mention that it sells out much of the strength of Burgess' character by making the film comedic.

Lastly, Omega Man, for all its behavior like a superscience wet dream, salvages a little of Charlton Heston's acting ability from the wreckage of Saturday Night at the Apes and shows what happens when the

medical team in an Andromeda Strain situation doesn't luck out.

FANZINE HUGO

1. ENERGUMEN
2. MOEBIUS TRIP
3. FOCAL POINT
4. OUTWORLDS
5. LOCUS

There are infinitely many fanzines to choose from, maybe a couple that really have a chance to get a Hugo, and no more than fifteen that approach the level of expertise needed to earn a nomination. 1971 viewed a gentle fanzine revolution; SFR fell, Locus won the Hugo, Focal Point became a fannish genre, Australian fanzines leaped to prominence and, to put it mildly, fanzine fandom was awash in fannish

writing, art, and memorabilia. Book-reviews, which for so long were the mainstay of perpetually Hugo-winning SFR, evaporated from fandom with the departure of Geis. Only Yandro and Phatasnicom regularly run great numbers of reviews, while Lunney stopped them altogether in Beabohema as his zine (like so many of the "poor man's SFRs") bent like a reed in the wind of fannishness.

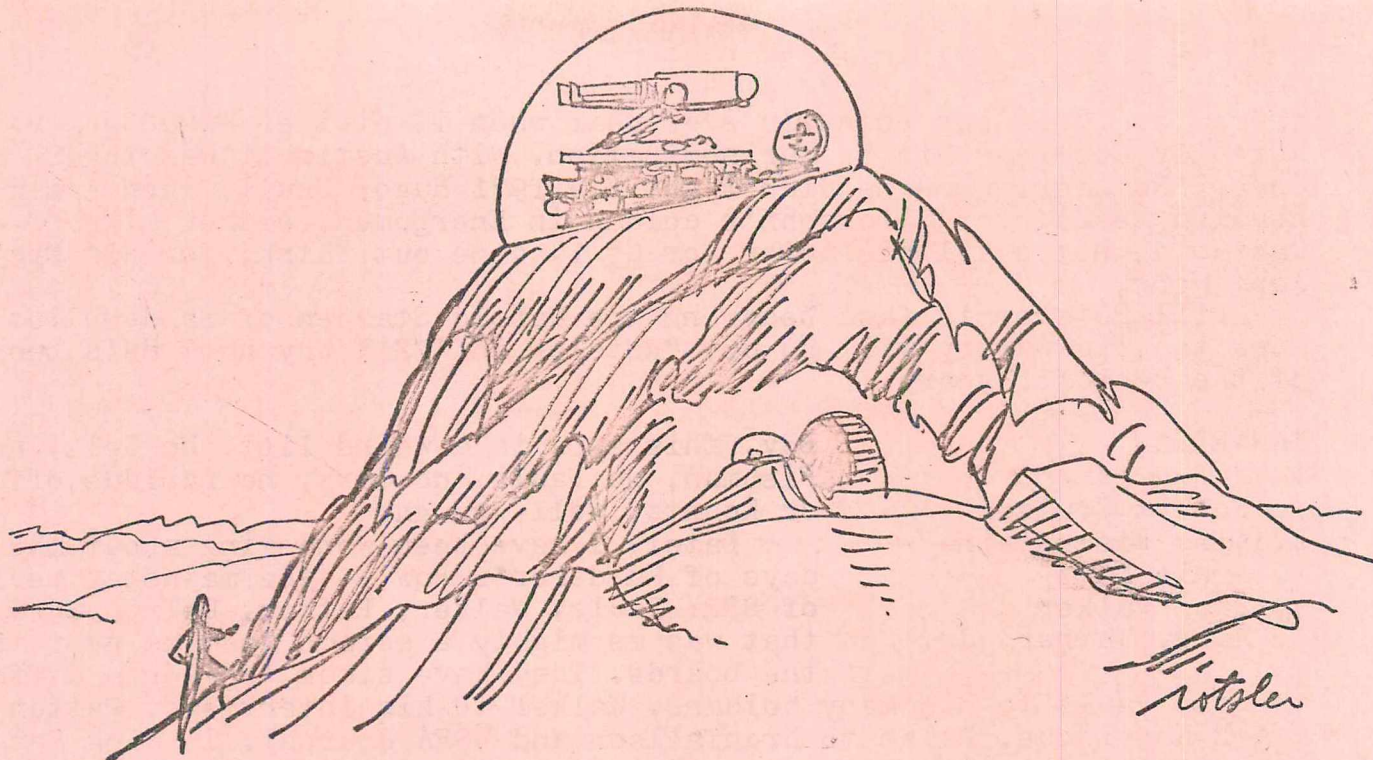
Art and fannishness, fannishness and art. In response to Bill Rotsler's complaints about the lack of art comment in fanzines, and as part of a ground swell movement towards graphics experimentation (if you will concede that Jerry Lapidus and Bill Bowers are a ground swell) art columns flourished at the beginning of the year. Several infrequently issued zines have made art their raison d'etre. Far more intense than the search for good writing has been the cry for and issuance of fanzines with excellent reproduction of highly original, expertly executed art.

Then (perhaps as backlash to the sercon mimeography of now-dead SFR) faanish/artistic zines stormed the parapets of "Eighth Fandom Aesthetic" with Energumen, Focal Point, Granfalloon, Beabohema, Tomorrow And..., the culturezine Starling, Schalles' Cover, Alpajpuri's Carandaith and McLeod's Interplanetary Cornchips in the van. Because the leading and more talented writers of the year were producing fannish material, and with the exception of Offutt and Koontz pros had made a general withdrawal from the field, this was almost unavoidable; after all, several fan-minded pros had been burned in SFR feuds and fled, and those who were still around were not often inspired to contribute to lower circulation zines.

However, in spite of the enthusiasm of those zines and their publishing of several very fine issues, were (excepting Energumen and Starling) inconsistent, ranging from the sharpest fmz prose to diarrhetic posturings of the most idiotic kind. Grnfalloon 13 and 14 caught the general idea of what a good fanzine has to have, yet its layout is more improved than the writing and too many are prematurely calling it one of the best fanzines. Beabohema is also irregular, and though Lunney is calling for a Hugo nomination, half a dozen fanzines have done as well as he has.

There are just a few consistently good fanzines. In first place is Energumen. Glicksohn has obtained the best fannish writing, attracted many of the writers fans most want to see, and gotten, unexpectedly, other things that round out a combination of good writing and superior graphics.

Outworlds, a Bill Bowers production, seems to have sopped up some of SFR's leavings and added a few things Geis never thought of. I've only seen one copy, but the combination of Paul Anderson, Greg Benford, Ted Pauls, John Berry, Elex Gilliland, et al almost gains an automatic nomination. On the other hand, an aimless compilation of columns, letters and semi-pro articles does not always work out; each fanzinex pro-



duces an individual, intangible atmosphere, a subjectively interpreted reaction rising from the editor, the layout, and the contributors. That of *Outworlds*' is no match for *Energumen*'s.

After hitting the high spots this year's crop of fanzines drops off. Neither *Locus*, *Focal Point* nor *Moebius Trip* combines words and art into a composite that can compete with the two just mentioned. And though *Locus* won the Hugo last year, and I don't think it's worth two in a row, *Charlie Brown*'s handsomely reproduced, massively circulating, Hugo-defending newszine is probably better than anything left except the tail end of *SFR*, numbers 42 and 43. So onto the list it goes.

Focal Point is next. *Focal Point* is the ex-newszine out of Brooklyn that has converted to general interest fannishness in three consecutive issues. It combines the essay style of Arnie Katz, the ingenious fan-historians columns of Harry Warner, Jr., with the consistently interesting *Infinite Beanie* columns by Terry Carr. A cheaply mimeo, for the main part awkwardly illustrated fanzine with three of fandom's best writers regularly appearing, *Focal Point* is an idiocyncratic fanzine which in head to head competition tends to walk through fanzines four times its size and six times as pretty.

Finally there is a raft of eight to choose from, seven of which were *Yandro*, *Granfalloon*, *SF Commentary*, *Nyctalops*, *SF Review*, *Tomorrow And...* and *Starling*. The eighth, the one listed, is *Moebius Trip*.

Moebius Trip gets better and better. I have only seen issues 8-11, but 1971 saw the fanzine come out with a couple of offutt articles, an interview of Fred Pohl by Paul Walker, some Ted Pauls reviews, and the controversial, keelboat-wrestling-styled #11 including Philip Joe Farmer, Hank Davis, andy offutt, and Cy Chauvin. *Moebius Trip* is to Sercon what *Energumen* is to Fannishness; a fine zine in its category that frequently crosses lines in order to publish well-written matter. Thus the nomination.

FANARTIST

1. Alicia Austin
2. Grant Canfield
3. Tim Kirk
4. Bill Rotsler
5. Jim Shull

Looks familiar, doesn't it? Pretty much the same bunch of fanartists gets nominated every year. Why? Probably because these artists are the most talented and the most prolific. One needs to be both, you know. Just to be different I ought to nominate Schalles, Faddis or DiFate. But I won't. As for why this list goes in instead of another;

there is a deciding point in ever year when it strikes home that artist X really deserves his or her nomination. With Austin it was the SFR 43 cover; Rotsler, when he didn't get the 1971 Hugo; Shull, when I saw the heading he did for Glicksohn's column in Energumen, (either Mike or Susan); Canfield, not until his cover for Gf 14 came out; Kirk, for his Nyctalops work.

Bill Rotsler is fast becoming the Harold Stassen of fandom. But once more the old warcry will go up, "Rotsler in '72!" Why not? He's been one of the best for years.

FANWRITER

1. Robert Coulson
2. Alex Eisenstein
3. Arnie Katz
4. Paul Walker
5. Harry Warner, Jr.

Boy, this sure is a weird list. No Geis, no Fishman, no Pauls, no Carr, no Lapidus, offutt or Koontz. Well, tough.

Lately I have been wondering about the old days of Murderer's Row -- the mainstay reviewers of SFR: Pauls, Walker, Patten, Delap. Surely that was as mighty a sercon team as ever trod the boards. They have since trod onto different

things, Pauls to his many columns, Walker to his interviews, Patten to APA-L and Locus, Delap to Granfalloon and WSFA Journal. I think any faned -- even the fannish ones -- would trade both arms and a leg, three regulars plus six draft choices and an undisclosed amount of cash to get them all for his zine. However, until a new sercon giant towers above all fandom (in other words, until some sercon fan finds a steady job again...) we will have to settle for the bits and pieces of the reviewers to be found spattered inside the nation's fanzines. And for my vote, the only one of the group who has worked for and earned his nomination this year is Walker. In two absorbing interviews (Pohl in Moebius Trip and Silverberg in Energumen 9) he has baited, drawn out, probed and otherwise detailed the minds of these men of SF.

The rest of the list I find easy to name. Alex Eisenstein proved to me a long time ago that he is a genius; whether he will continue to earn this appellation in the future I cannot say, but this year's display will suffice for a spot on the ticket. Arnie Katz in fandom's foremost fan-nish writer -- such an outpouring of essays is not to be ignored, stinking fanzine reviews notwithstanding. Harry Warner, Jr., cannot get too many Hugos to suit me. Why he refuses the nomination is beyond me. Only his column "All Our Yesterdays" prevented me at two points this year from cutting off trade for Focal Point. On the other hand, I'd be interested to know what it is that prevents Katz from doing it for me. Oh well. The fifth space is a perilous choice between offutt, Koontz, Ted Pauls, Terry Carr (for Entropy Reprints), Jerry Lapidus, Frank Lunney, Ed Bertin (in Nyctalops), Robert Coulson, PJ Farmer, Richard Geis, Sandra Miesel and Mike Glycer (well, I figured with all those names who'd notice?). With so many available any one will do and Coulson is it.

PROZINE

1. ANALOG
2. FANTASTIC
3. F&SF
4. GALAXY
5. IF

PRO ARTIST

1. DiFate
2. Freas
3. Gaughan
4. Schoenherr
5. You name it.

The Prozone selection is going to be that at left with possible dropping of Fantastic to be replaced by Amazing. Other than that I really can't say much.

The Pro Artist award ought to and probably will go to Schoenherr; nobody does covers like he does.

GENERAL REMARKS As Richard Wadholm said in the last issue, the Hugo has been given for strange and wonderful reasons, as a consolation, to an inferior work as a reward for past greatness, to 'causes'. This year it will be easy to break with these bad habits since so few tempt us. So I'll save my sermon for next year.

THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO

BY
RICHARD
WADHOLM

THE RAMBLING WRECK FROM TIJUANA
TECH VS. THE DICK & SPIRO COMEDY
HOUR.... IN FULL COLOR

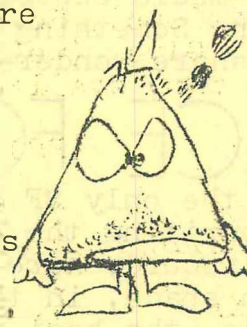
One of the good things Glycer has done (or possibly the only good thing Glycer has done. One point of view is as good as another) is to bring up the idea of having a taped fanzine. Of course, that fanzine would only be more of Prehensile, but it's the idea that counts here, not the content. A cassette fanzine represents something that's been needed for a long time -- experimentation with new types of expression. Not only would it actually give the listener the personal insight of the writer's voice, he would hear the

sarcasms, the interest, the insecurities, the multitudes of tones that an author can't possibly bring to the written page. Not only that, we could get away from the stiffish tone most printed material has in it. Instead of writing a review in the traditional manner, I could be laying down a very informal rap right now. No hassles with spelling, English, or interpretation for the reader. Music reviews would be especially mellow. You could be given a listen and decide at least partly for yourself whether the reviewer's claims were valid. It's a whole new field for development, worth experimenting despite the technical hassles involved. And tape shouldn't be stopped at fanzines either, nor should the experimentation stop with tape.

The New Wave has a nice start toward opening up a lot of heads, but it hasn't carried us through 1971. People in the past year have either used New Wavish plot and dried-out techniques (I swear, if I read another hacked-out dictatorship story in F&SF, I'll eat it. Solemn oath. You better watch yourself, Ferman.) or ehh plots and shucky imitations of new wave to put it out, although this has been mostly restricted to fan writers and other inexperienced types. What is needed now is more experimentation with the hardware of the art. This is going in music, with Moody Blues into art and psychology, The Pink Floyd into electronics, King Crimson into everything (their new album, *In the Court of the Crimson King*, is into everything, and into it more artistically than I thought they could do.) Art is into technology, audience participation, and computerware. Film is into audience participation, mixed media with film and live actors, and just very wildly styled treatments of old ideas. (Doctor Strangelove, Privilege, Clockwork Orange.)

Meanwhile, here we sit. 'We' being literature as a whole, not just science fiction. No doubt, literature is a very stately and traditional art form, but the abovementioned ones are mainly as old. People are beginning to rattle at the cage of what the printed can be. What about Samuel Delaney? My main man, there. You better believe he's frustrated by the words he has to use. That's why he's such a good author, even if he is successful, though. If somebody brought up the idea of putting out something with pictures, he'd kiss their feet and

MAD!



and burn incense in his navel to them. You may not believe that somebody as successful as Chip Delaney would feel this kind of coiled-spring repression, but I feel it every time I reread Nova. You try reading some Delaney and see if he doesn't try and force his imagery right through the page. Keith Roberts is another one that would love to be drawing comic books if they could be a little more seriously taken.

Comic books. Those thin jobbers you quit reading some time ago. They have lots of pictures in them, which is about the only cure for somebody like Keith Roberts or Sam Delaney or Jim Ballard, who is stuck on imagery like an addict is on heroin. And that brings us up to the constructive part of this essay. Comic books. Or cassette taped novels with mood music and real sound effects, or novels with their own theme music stamped on the back cover to be torn off and played on a record player like those paper records you get from Reader's Digest. And inside of these straight novels with the music on the back, pictures. Full color, detailed pictures. Delaney'd love it. I'D LOVE IT! This would be total freedom compared to what we have now. This would couch you in every way with sensations related to the book. No doubt it would cost like a son-of-a-bitch, at least until people started working on the production end, but I'd pay it. And I know that the novelty would draw enough customers to make it pay off.

And just think what a comic book by Samuel R. Delaney or JG Ballard would look like. I'm not talking about those skinny jobbers anymore. The comic book I'm talking about would be 200 pages. The printing would not be in the shoddy coloring of present comic books because this would not even be for the same audience. The dialog wouldn't be preachy. The problem of narrative would solve itself. The action wouldn't be 90% of the book as in comic books because James Ballard is not a typical comic book writer. The art would be handled by somebody in close collaboration with the author -- a kind of co-author, really. Hohn Schønherh would be perfect for this. So would Tim Kirk. Their styles are crisp, detailed, and realistic. They look good on just about any press from glossy full-color to pulp and black and white.

It would work. It would be serious material placed in a new, more expressive form, and I think it would be respected. I've already done work like this privately, both writing my own material in comic book form and converting such books as Rite of Passage and the Zenna Henderson People stories. It gets down. It really does. And all of these ideas of media experimentation are worth thought, suggestions and information. Something I would like from anyone interested in finding new ways to share wonder-lust of SF more fully.

SPACE FOR HIRE

Lancer 75¢

glyer
reviewer::

This is the only SF book author Nolan has done alone, and his first since cowriting the excellent LOGAN'S RUN with George Clayton Johnson. For the record, here is part of the book's blurb: "A wacky look at crime in space, in the dark tradition of Kurt Vonnegut Jr." Also, "Meet Sam Space, the best private eye in this or any other world... He's a sucker for a pretty girl's sob story, even if she does have three heads. After all, numbers don't count -- it's what you do with the body beneath. And when the solar system is threatened with final destruction, the body beneath teams up with Sam on an impossible journey...in one of the wildest and funniest science fiction novels ever written."

As with most blurbs, it's hard-sell exaggeration. Unlike most blurbs it has more story to it than the book inside. What is supposed to be

a very funny novel comes up with some genuinely funny points, but for the main part it is humor for those who like to snigger, aimed at the American literary stratum, written in a style that crosses Burroughs in Nova Express with high school grammar. (In that it's an improvement).

Space For Hire is a combine of detective thrillers and early Asimov ranging nine planets. "Sam is a hard-headed private detective deliberately cast in the Warner Brothers 1930s mold, out of Bogart by Chandler, a Hammettized-op throwgun-first into the future," says Nolan in his introduction. Space is an undercharacterized "hard dude" operating in a tenuous social framework with a cast of lead figures with personalities one would have to be generous with to call stereotyped. Space is a big nobody among little nobodies all trapped in a hyperactive plot whose components move so quickly that the book nearly flies apart in your hand. As Nolan continues "I run him (Sam) around the entire Solar System and pop him in and out of alternate universes, change his shape, sex, and age, pit him against mad scientists and malfunctioning machines. Sam gets captured by mice, lays eggs, guns down hoods who refuse to stay dead, beds a robot, battles a fire-breathing dragon, rescues a three-headed damsel in distress..."

If I could think of some category of people to recommend this book to I surely would; in any event, SF readers will probably not enjoy it. Nolan is trying to do too much intoo little space to make potentially funny situations pay off.

reviewer
R. Wadholt

TRAVELER IN BLACK

"The Traveler in Black." Well, I'm a sucker for head titles (nobody ever did one for Analog at any rate) and the cover illustration is up to Leo and Diane Dillon's typically high standards. Then I get it home.

...Oh my gosh, what hath I wrot?!...75¢ for this? What crap!... And I thought Billy Jack was bad...Who wrote this again?---HIM? Naw. No way...What a sell-but..."Brunner Speaking From The Shoulder" Good thing too. The messages in this don't come from any higher up...Gad! I'd say What crap again except that I've said it too often. What a plastic fantastic trip. Electric Aesop's Fables. What will the Part-ridge Family think of next? ---That's the way the book hits you. The entertainment comes from these strange, embarrassed thoughts jaggling through your brain. As for the book, that passes in one eye and out the other. Nothing, man. It's not entertaining, it's not interesting and even though it does have a "Heavy Message" it's not a book worth its weight in friendly advice. It has this one big black liberal (LIBERAL as in McCarthy) message that Man Is Evil and headstrong and selfish and...Well, why go on? You've heard it before. We used to have this fifty-year-old librarian and she was a great one for the prissy bad-boy putdown. And I thought she was bad.

The idea for this book is that the universe sprang from insanity and the struggle of history or whatever is a struggle against insanity. ...Eh. One poetic-styled Relativity Theory is as good as another. The thing in this one is that the Traveller in Black, the Matt Dillon of inner space, is sent from...Higher Up so to speak to straighten out the universe and in the process end magic (that comes from insanity don'tcha know). He, of course, doesn't fail. Not only that, but since he is the traveler in Black he sees to it that them bad guys get theirs and that his wisdom flows out on all the not-so-bad guys, which is hard to do because for some insane reason he can't speak or act unless it has to do with his big mission or somebody asks him to. And everybody who asks is greedy in the end and suffers diverse and horrible fates

because of their greedy wishes. What crap, again. None of these characters, except maybe one at the beginning, is even worth being called an anti-hero. They're just soap-boxes for Brunner to display his liberalism upon. The character's badness is so forced that it makes this book a chore. The only reason a reader doesn't root for the bad guys is that they aren't interesting enough to raise that much concern.

Liberals have their place in the world. As long as they don't bother me with their spaced-out mankind-is-evil trip, they're nice people most of the time. Now liberal writers do bother me with their plastic concern trip. Peace, brother, and ECOLOGY, but do it within the system. Now Brunner has just got to be into a little more honest revolution than in this book. Nobody who writes Stand On Zanzibar can take this book's sales pitch seriously. Zanzibar, that was cynical, and get on down, and for real. No spaced-out mankind-is-evil trip. That gets on down to cases. That draws real blood where the knife is deserved. Yes, it cut me too, where I deserved it. And it still screws it to me, but unlike Traveler In Black it has facts and figures and arguments, not poetic looks back to a now-distant virginity. Zanzibar was not some minister calling on the sinners. Brunner ought to reread his own books to see where his head is at.

reviewer::
mike glyer

ALL THE MYRIAD WAYS

Niven's latest anthology is something which would shine in any year, but in 1971, a lesser SF quality year, it becomes one of the dominant sources of award nominees. (see illos in Hugo Nominations)

The anthology contains both reprint and original material. Running from strongest so on down the list, your reviewer begins with "Man of Steel, Woman of Kleenex". This is a classic essay; it is not really a story, but the product of treating fiction as truth, analyzing it logically, and coming up with inescapable conclusions. "He's faster than a speeding bullet. He's more powerful than a locomotive. He's able to leap tall buildings at a single bound. Why can't he get a girl?" Fans read it and go berserk; students cackle; Nebula balloteers send their trophy out for engraving. Have you ever seen Superman even out for a heavy date? How can the race of Krypton be saved from extinction? Yes, kiddies, these and many more questions are answered.

So, all right, we have the Nebula and Hugo short story in the bag. What -- there's somebody out there complaining? Please, turn up the volume so we can hear this lone dissenting voice: "...to you too, fella! Why won't they give my serious work awards?" Strangely enough, Niven himself does not merely want a couple awards, he wants to specify how he's to get them! But that is not ego speaking...entirely. The next best work in the book, the best serious short story I've seen this year, "Inconstant Moon", and if he could have restrained the urge to run it this year the story would easily have earned many votes for the awards in 1973. But that is too much thinking of fan awards and not enough of getting good stories into print.

"Inconstant Moon"; regardless of remarks therein, the last two weeks in December are usually extraordinarily clear weather for LA; the wind, the cool, the rain combine to scrub the sky clean and keep the crud blowing out to sea. But how to explain such a bright moon and well-lighted night if not that way? Some people comprehend that it is the result of solar activity on a grand scale; what they do in the light of this discovery makes the story and explains one thing even a walk on Luna didn't.

"Passerby": another original of high quality. There are two amazing things about this story. The first is that it doesn't take its conclud-

sion and try to inject emotionalism or incongruous deep sentiment that is characteristic of a lot of Zenna Henderson's work, and some of Heinlein's as well. What it does very well is encourage a resurrection of the reader's "sense of wonder" by suggesting opposite effects with scientific discussion and objective reporting until the last few paragraphs.

Any of the three aforementioned would do credit to the position if nominated for a Hugo.

Also noteworthy are two serious discussions, the Theory and Practice of Teleportation, and The Theory and Practice of Time Travel. Both written as if primers in a college for SF writers, the former was run in Galaxy several years ago, and the latter is an original. Niven here "seriously" discusses two notions which considered impossibilities are everyday thoughts in the SF genre. Chapdelaine adopts a similar technique in his article further along in the issue, that is, mixes speculation with physical laws, stretching both to and perhaps beyond the limits of realism.

The remainder of the collection includes "Not Long Before the End" -- also anthologized in one of the Nebula Awards volumes, and other fare not quite as good as that hybrid of sorcery and conservation.

CLOCKWORK ORANGE (Glyer) continued from page 20: Worse than the movie's treatment of Alex is its blatant tampering with Burgess' tone. The picture has laughs, and plenty of them. LASFS raconteur Joe Minne replied to that criticism by saying, "What do you want, people committing suicide?" for indeed the opening of the film is sheerest sadism and vulgarity -- the book to a T. True, the movie challenges one's humanity, and one would do well to analyze his reaction to the rampant cruelty, perversity of rape and portrayed sickness. The two couples who sat in front of Bryan Coles and I left in the first ten minutes. Coles and I ended up reminding ourselves privately that the blood was a Hollywood chemical and the victims actors being 'beaten' by more actors. You either leave or cop-out...or?

I suspect that the violence and perceptible scraps of plotting are the main feature for a person who has never heard the story. A first exposure to the slangy narration came off as little more than noise to Bryan; he has not read the novel. Equally innocent parties who review for the papers and Newsweek reinforce this conclusion: the moral discussion of the inalienable right of life to freedom (and that anything without freedom is not really alive) is what they've become enthralled with.

In summation, Clockwork Orange is relatively faithful to the original novel, but commits excesses that really cannot be justified as necessary to adapt the novel to film. The moral discussions of the book survive but without as much force. A good SF movie, yes. One of the all-time best? Certainly not.

TEN LINE GAP: Alas, readers, there is no Mark Tinkle poetry this issue, and additionally, no way to fill the rest of this page. Florence Jenkins, busy on other projects and nearly buried beneath an avalanche of unanswered correspondence, will reserve her review of Granfalloon until next month.

Speaking of other things for the next issue: William Nolan, co-author of Logan's Run, will be appearing to speak before a meeting of librarians at the LA Central Library on Wednesday, February 2. This, and the results of the discussion run by Coles, Wadholm and I following, will be reported in gruesome detail.

I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS

reviewer::
mike glyer

The Firesign Theater/album

It is not a portrayal of the future. It is not a computer satire. It is not too likely to inspire hope in the hearts of proponents of records for the Hugo's chrome rocket.

I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS IS A CHARACTERISTICALLY I THINK WE'RE ALL BOZOS ON THIS BUS is a characteristically intriguing product of the Firesign Theater that, though more science fictional than Hugo-nominated DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS, is no match for its predecessor's wit, intricacy, and width of scope. But BOZOS is in no way a flop, and as if a stubborn onion has layers of meaning which are difficult to peel back.

Like DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, BOZOS begins in audio confusion on a windblown street up which the theme character, Clem, is walking. As a dog barks in the background a bus cruises through the streets bearing the holographical advance men for the Future Fair "A fair for all, and no fair for anyone!" And it's free... The three holograms, including an artichoke and a beet, banter between themselves, incidentally dropping clues that help set up parameters for the internal society and external satire. In this future (probably as few as three or four years away, since its computerized President is Nixon-sounding) nobody's workin', fightin's out of style, and technology may have overcome ecological problems. To help fill time (as with Juvenal's "bread and circuses") there is the Future Fair, a circus-Disneyland hybrid where Robot's Rules of Order don't apply, that is "Tons of fun, and technical stimulation."

The bus loadsup on Dutch Elm Street with Clem and a staff of Bozos, including the garrulous Barney. Bozos are known by their large honking noses. Barney's behavior constantly adds to the impression that Bozos are futuristic Archie Bunkers including vocabulary studded with ethnic references to "beaners" and "boogies". The fact is, though, they aren't that easily defined, alternately seeming to be part of a psuedo-Mickey Mouse club, clones, or a result of this increasingly technologized society. A connection is made between bees buzzing in your head, electricity sounding like bees, and 'Bozos' being derived from bosotres, Spanish for bee. Perhaps Bozos are an electronic middle class simply satisfied by technical illusions and just as satisfied to forget what is behind them.

Clem, unlike Barney, behaves like a tourist at Disneyland who is "too smart" to fall for audioanimatronic effects, instead insisting on reminding himself and others what creates each holographic effect and computerized attraction.

Beyond Clem and Barney and some irrelevant business at the end of the album breaking with the original stream of events, there is a Laumeresque style of exaggerated similes and double entendres permeating all speech, wisecracks, bits of genuine humor. There is a scientific exhibit that makes science's explanations of the cosmos sound as ridiculous -- and less easily understood -- as the primitive mythologies they are supposed to replace. There is a mechanical government, a computerized President, and the Honorable Chester Caliper who says "Understanding today's complex world is a little like living with bees in your head." However, the prime climax takes place when Clem asks the computer: "Do you remember the Past?" -- "Yes." -- "Do you remember the

Future?" -- "Yes." -- "Well, forget it!"

Perhaps this review makes more sense of the record than is there, and a lot more than can be read out of a first exposure, at least you will see the reasons for which I nominated it for a Hugo. I would not offer that to a senseless quilt of noises. The Firesign Theater has done its thing in the grand manner -- but it will be hard-pressed to win an award in the wake of a year last year's many fine SF movies.

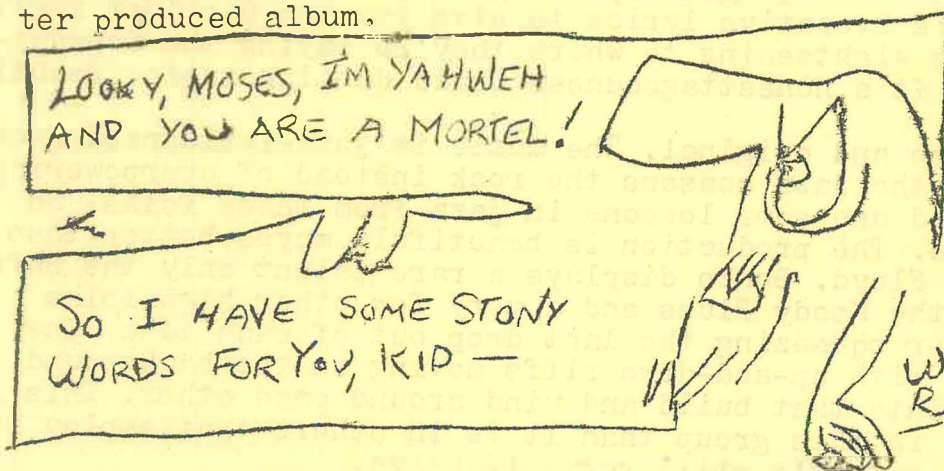
URBAN SPACEMAN

Bonzo Dog Band/album

reviewer::
Richard
Wadholm

So you're probably looking at the title of this review and saying Bonzo Who? I mean, Bonzo Dog Band is not a name that pops up frequently at the Grammy Awards, right? I'd never heard of them myself until Mark Tinkle flashed me onto this album. Bonzo is his favorite group. Believe it or don't.

And believe it or don't, these people can actually do one heck of an album. They're a freak band, like the Mothers and Captain Beefheart, only this group is about 300 times more coherent. No putdown on the Mothers of Invention, but they're really outclassed, outfreaked, and outproduced even out-thought by Urban Spaceman. As a matter of fact, for a freak band, they can sure dust off an awful lot of straight bands in about any rock style you care to name. They do blues-boogie music (in Can Blue Men Sing The Whites?) social protest, Kinks style (the title cut), head music, like Moody Blues' and Procol Harum's STRAIGHT head music in 11 Mustachioed Daughters, and even a little freak-band music here and there. There is one other band called Uriah Heep that has this much versatility, and they're a straight band and they're going to be pushing the Stones around in a few years. But Bonzo could still put out a better produced album.



The album is a theme album, one of two produced by Stan-ishall and the boys before they broke up. The other one was Keen-sham and it was so vague (purposefully) I can only guess it had something to do with an insane assylum, but I'll probably never know. This one is definite. The theme is

stated in the title song, Urban Spaceman, and carried out in different angles throughout the rest of the album. The album is a musical version of Future Shock. The Urban Spaceman is a pathetic and prevalent guy that leans on fads for his survival, that is trying to polish and spray and buy himself to acceptibility and happiness. Except for the jaunty little tune that it's couched in, it could be Working Class Hero all over again.

The rest of the album is mostly plastic-fantastic Judas-kiss songs embracing two cars in every garage and songs filling out the album's concept. The science fiction is in plastic comic-book colors, as it is in the Jefferson Starship album and the Airplane song When The Earth Moves Again and is used mostly in the songs examining the concept of

the album. Humanoid Boogies and Beautiful Zelda are the most prominent of these. Humanoid Boogie is about a computer top forty chart. It's a funny idea with sabotagingly subtle lyrics laid down too fast to hear with the unaided ear (unaided by the lyrics written down on the inside of the cover.) Beautiful Zelad is the most Motherish song on the album. It's about a neighborhood kid who got jilted by a superhero. It's done up in this 1963 doobie-dooie style, and is the only song on the album that doesn't stand up musically without the freak song label.

The social comment songs are really the most civilized protest songs I ever heard from anybody. Kind of polite insanity. They come on for the most part in this disjointed, refreshing psuedo-jazz rock music and lyrics so banal and inane that they sound like poetry out of the Sears catalog. In some songs, such as Postcard, and Rhinocratic Oaths (which is about the funniest thing I ever did hear) the words are really and truly funny because they're played for laughs. Stanishall's high-class sophisticated voice is well-used to add a note of pomp and to give the listener a whiff of the high-placed targets he's after.

On the other hand, songs such as My Pink Half of the Drainpipe and Rockalizer Baby are just so dumb they're funny because of their pure insanity and how this insanity seems to spring right out of the things and objects most important to The Perfect Young Household: electric toasters, mixers, irons.

Rhinocratic Oaths is a series of little anecdotes/poems about the insanity we call Home Sweet Home. It's totally insane and funny in the way only Vivian Stanishall can make insanity funny. (He can laugh at insanity -- he's spent time in an assylum learning how.)

The song winding up the album is 11 Mustachioed Daughters, the straightest song on the album. Donaven tried to call up the images of ancient England in songs such as Celtic Rock, but never with the moody vividness of this. Its soft jungle-rhythmed background blends beautifully with Stanishall's evocative lyrics to give you the distinct feeling that you're out going sightseeing to where they're laying the foundations for Stonehenge. It's honesttagoodness Druid dancing music. Beautiful and a half.

The album is fresh and original. The music is jazz-influenced rock except that for once the jazz seasons the rock instead of overpowering it. King Crimson could use some lessons in jazz from these folks. So could a lot of people. The production is beautiful, maybe better than the Beatles and Pink Floyd. Bonzo displays a rare talent only the Buffalo Springfield and the Moody Blues and a very few other high folks have -- the talent for squeezing the last drop out of each tune. They complement the music with up-and-down riffs moving in the background, setting up counterpoints that build and wind around each other. This is more of a background in this group than it is in others that employ it, but it's still there and it's still very effective.

I keep hearing rumors that Bonzo is not all as obscure as I think it is, but the only people I know that ever say anything about Bonzo are the same people with the rumors. Tony Randall says that most truly great artists are never unknown in their time. Well Tony Randall is wrong. Bonzo is truly great and truly unknown. I hope this review takes away some of their obscurity.

HELLSTROM CHRONICAL reviewer:
mike glyer

Requiem For the Masses was a record, and symbolic of a brief period when rock music borrowed baroque styles from Palestrina and out of the

Renaissance. Several years later, separated from any music, comes an era in American media when "requiems for the masses" are in vogue, pieces of literature or movie productions that spout off about the impending self-annihilation either of the human race, or of civilization as we know it. That favorite best-seller, Future Shock, is one. That epic of lenswork, The Hellstrom Chronicle, is another.

While the catalog of natural ills that today besets man (pollution, "silent spring", overturning the balance of nature through extinction of species) may or may not doom us -- I'll probably be one of those skeptics who'll say it won't happen, until it has -- there are authors and producers abounding today laying down their money faster than \$2 bettors at the daily double window in order to cash in on what the public's latest phobia is. Assembling an assortment of facts, arraying them carefully to back up extreme speculations, they run through a standard repertoire of shock-words, dares, and scenarios of violence and destruction which outwardly repulsive they presume will be inwardly fascinating to a generation of movie-goers reared on violence and sex from Gone With the Wind to Clockwork Orange.

The Hellstrom Chronicle capitalizes on everything known to be saleable; a fearful topic -- insects do nicely, for as "Nils Hellstrom" says correctly, they figure in many phobias; violence -- tiny, bloody insects magnified in their wars to screen-size; sex -- vicarious or morbid thrills can be obtained with hard work on the part of the viewer; a topical panic -- here, the possibility that insects in various ways may replace man on this earth; and behind it all that sophisticated camera work, something which mainly packs them into the theaters.

The movie opens simply enough. It runs through the credits, and puts after the Wolper Productions card one for Nils Hellstrom, the name followed by a string of degrees. Hellstrom, so he tells us in the opening scenes, is a scientist, a person with certain disrespected ideas for which he has had to give up many academic honors. As displayed by the movie he personifies today's "relevant" academician, a man possessed of reams of information but who apparently has only acquired the information towards one end, the furtherance of his a priori assumptions. His thesis boils down to this: insects have a 3 billion year head start on man evolutionary-wise; "in a time when the numbers of all other species are diminishing in number only two are on the rise: man and the insects." He notes this is because while only man has the intelligence to shape his environment, only insects are primitive enough to adapt to these changes. Now, having equivocated insects as both one species and many varieties, and contradicting his point about insects' "evolutionary head start", he steps forward: the two, man and the bugs, are in competition to use up the earth's resources.

That automatically makes these two archetypes deadly enemies too, no less!

I was taken aback when this voice of doom decided to indulge in the much-condemned habit of killing anything he doesn't understand. But perhaps he just wants us to, as he immediately goes into a pictorial catalog of the strengths of insects, their raw urge towards survival, and their safety in numbers.

What The Hellstrom Chronicle turns out to be in essence is a combination of the



Walt Disney flick on social insects with good cameras of the kind used for an ABC special some years ago. It begins modestly and honestly, apart from Hellstrom, develops the darwinistic ferocity of competing insects in feeding and mating. It plays off human sophistication against the failures of this sophistication -- as evidenced through natural selection inherent in pesticides.

Then, afterwards, the documentary mode is shucked off. We are witness to orgies of cinematography and directorial whimsy, harvester ants at war, termite mounds updumped and then invaded with black ants, driver ants pillaging along 20 miles of trail, bees, bees versus wasps, hordes of locusts overrunning African farmland. The "hook" has worked, and we have been set up for insect films, and Hellstrom, scientist and poser of embarrassing questions is cast aside in favor of Hellstrom, narrator of bloodshed. Towards the end of the movie even fancy lenswork (delicate closeups) is cast out in favor of simple straight-on shots with occasional detailing. They borrow a THX stunt by inserting film clips of old movies as illustrative matter. The beginning is offensive, the middle intriguing but interfered with rather than aided by Hellstrom, the end a replay of the Heston vs. the ants movie our narrator potshots at.

To finalize this flick comes a little credits card to prove the whole movie's matrix was a fictional hogwash which despite all earnest portrayal on the screen is clearly not even believed by its makers. The cards says that "Nils Hellstrom" was a fictional character (but, of course, that all of the factual information was accurate and taken from the mouths of various LA entomologists.)

CLOCKWORK ORANGE Mike Glycer:: reviewer

In spite of one's never hearing or finding out what a Clockwork Orange meant (it was a manuscript written by the assaulted writer), this picture is a close duplication of Burgess' novel of the same title. Socialized England is constantly tortured by roving bands of droogs (friends), souped-up juvenile delinquents who rob, kill, and rape after loading up with synthomesc or 'vellocet' (speed). One band is led by Alex Burgess, your humble narrator, and features three other cane-wielding derby-topped white-stretch-underwear-besuited hooligans. They are at the center of an opening sequence in the Korova Milk Bar, a dispensary of drugged milk, and shortly set out for an evening of ultra-violence.

Clockwork Orange follows its namesake Burgess novel in most respects (qualifications to be stated further along), even down to having all dialog conducted in the Russified slang that made the book so remarkable. It is effective transmogrified to the screen, descriptive paragraphs constructed into gaudy versions of today's record shops. My friends who have seen the picture tag it as among the finest SF movies they have seen.

Unfortunately Kubrick has sold out the book by emasculating the character, Alex. Granted Alex is superficially portrayed as a violent and rapacious. But when one reaches the main plot -- after Alex's treatment in the Prison hospital, where his superficial character is altered to innocuousity and frustrated nonviolence -- there is no surviving hatred. The actor and the script do not permit Alex the depth of character he has in the book. In fact, his situation where people take revenge on him in the second half of the movie seems reminiscent of the Hays office days of Hollywood morality -- the bad guy gets his with no redeeming change in character. (Please turn to Page 166)

BE FRUITFUL, AND MULTIPLY

article:
Perry
Chapdelaine

Anyone who is as brilliant and wise as I am can view most anthropoidal problems with solemn equanimity, and can even provide obvious solutions which simply wait quietly for the dirty tide of human thought to catch and disturb their rest. War, for example, seems to be an anthropoidal disease caused by too much distance between protagonist and antagonist. Had we the energy, we would cure this annoyance by placing face to face, antagonists and protagonists. Either party would immediately signal aggressive behavioral cues by frowning, gesturing, making stylized noises, or otherwise parroting his primal ancestor. When one soldier finally broke, indicating such by the smacking of his lips or the turning and offering of the buttocks for appeasement, the other would just naturally accept the grooming search for lice and ticks and fleas, or make the proffered mount.

Pollution, on the other hand, is simply anthropoidal ignorance of economics. As soon as our dominant primates (read elected or non-elected officials) learn that more money can be made by non-pollution than pollution, this trivial problem will disappear, forevermore.

Understanding the population explosion, however, has taxed the jelly even in my extraordinarily large brain case. Superficially it makes sense to regulate and order births. Whoever does this by species or group, according to studies, also accepts progressive physical and mental degeneration, in the long run. By killing its own limb on the evolutionary tree, the species also insures its death. Perhaps genetic engineering will save us, in the long run, if we can agree on who is wise enough to select out species' predispositions, and who is also sufficiently foolish to claim perfect knowledge of the future.

Seven hundred and eighty-six years from now there will be 1,600,000,000,000,000 naked apes on Terra. Our present annual rate of increase is about 1.6% annually, there are about three and a half billion people now, and I assume no improvements in medicine, geriatrics, or pediatrics, no catastrophic wars ---.

1,600,000,000,000,000 is about equal to the number of square feet of land area in the world -- a correspondance of one person per square foot of land, everywhere.

Anthropologists tell us that we'll tear ourselves apart, like caged animals, crazed, over-crowded rats, before we reach this population density, so what's the solution?

Well, we could go to the other planets, you know, the moon, Mars, Venus, Asteroidal debris, and perhaps even later to the stars. Eight hundred and ninety years from now there will be 5,570,000,000,000,000 naked apes which is about equal to the earth's total land and water area in square feet. By golly, we'd better get going, and the moon is first, right?

Wrong.

Suppose we assume that man is now 5,570,000,000,000,000 strong on Terra, and that our moon colony, a small foothold, has been reserved for the big migration. Gaining the moon's surface at that time will buy us only four more years, and we will then have 5,590,000,000,000,000 naked apes, enough to cover the total area of both earth and the moon, one ape per square foot.

By the year 2865 our simian curiosity will probably have solved most major problems near our own sun, and I'd expect us to have the ability

to Terraform all the planets and planetary debris. By then the smaller planets, Mars and Venus, and the moons can be thrown into our living-room equation, but their contribution will be negligible compared to large giants as Jupiter, Neptune, Saturn and Uranus. So, if we rush, by the year 3209 we should have 1,375,000,000,000,000,000,000 naked apes clinging to the surface of a planetary area equivalent to the same number in square feet.

Three thousand more years will add but a tiny measure to man's already very short evolutionary span. I seriously doubt his sexual appetites will be stilled in so short a time, or his strong drive to duplicate and pass along his genetic plasma. But the stars are out there, and surely sometime during the next three thousand years man's sublime brain will find a way to circumvent Einstein's speed-of-light limitations.

Malthus, when comparing the rate of increased food production against the growth characteristic of human populations, predicted a point in time when humans could not be fed. Ability to grow food, following a new technological curve similar to that of human growth, postponed Malthus' break-even point. If the universe is infinite, and available to man in a timely manner, there may be no physical limit to man's increase. On the other hand, no matter how large the universe may be, if infinite, it will necessarily impose a limit on man's increase, assuming a continued 1.6% annual growth crop.

After all the cells of our bodies are composed of basic elements such as carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and so on, and these must come from matter outside our bodies. The question to raise, therefore, is: Will a time come when all known matter must be utilized to create human cells aggregated in the naked ape form, leaving us no room upon which to stand? -- not to mention other essentials such as clothing and shelter and air and food.

There are about 10^{20} (that's a one with twenty zeros after it) stars within a ten billion light year radius. (A light year is the distance traveled in one year by a light ray at the rate of 186,000 miles per second.) Within this fantastically large volume of space, there are about 10^{80} atoms, assuming a homogeneous density of one atom in each seven-tenths cubic inch of space. It takes about 10^{28} atoms to make one human. Thus, as far as the world's largest telescope can see -- ten billion light years, Mt. Palomar 200-inch -- there is enough material to make 10^{52} people. It will take just 6,130 years to reach this population density at our present rate of increase.

The universe is between ten and twenty billion years old. It will have taken man only ten thousand years of his recorded history to increase in population so that the total mass of matter and energy in all known living space is subsumed to form human bodies. Surely that is a Malthusian limit! -- and a lot of naked apes.

By comparison, six thousand and one hundred and thirty years ago, about the year 4,000 BC, some of the Hindu Vedic Hymns were being sung, later written. Two thousand years later, about 2,000 BC, a remote, unknown, small, nomadic tribe was influenced by the civilizations of the Middle East and Nile Valley. They would become the Jews from which Judaism, Islamism and Christianity would spring. They would be admonished to be fruitful and multiply!¹

1. Original idea from "The Right To Breed", Donald Kingsbury, Astounding Science Fiction, Street and Smith, Inc., April 1955, pp. 86-95. Mr. Kingsbury used UN Demographic Yearbook for 1953, 1.2% annual increase, base population of 2.5×10^9 which gave a projected figure of 7,000 years as contrasted against my use of 1.6%, 3.5×10^9 , and 6,130 years.

BE CON TO YOUR ELDERS

a faancy
article by
Doug Leingang

LEINGANG: Say, Pete, this thing running? Okay, ahem. Here we go. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I'm Doug Leingang, your friendly con man (con man, get it?). Beside me is my electrical assistant Pete -- hey, put the volume higher, I don't think the voice'll get through. Should I try again? No, I won't. Okay, as I was saying, my electrical assistant, Pete Mankiewicz. Just kidding, Pete. Pete Mankiewicz. (Get your name changed.) We're recording directly from the Mindya Manor in Sioux City, Iowa, for the annual O*L*D*F*C*L*K*S*C*C*N*. Every year, science fiction fans over the age of 65 congregate in these grand halls of the Mindya Manor and talk about SF news and reminisce about the early days of their fandom. I'll let my friend Pete Mankieschwitz...you forgot I out-height, out-weight, and out-strength you. So if you try that little trick again with the volume control you'll be gone before the year 2525. I'll now let my friend, uh, I mean, my electrical assistant Pete What'shisname to interview the President of the Senile Folks (SF) Fandom, Felice Navidad. So take it away, Pete. Pete. Pete?! I just said your cue. We'll do it again. Now Pete will interview the President of the Senile Folks (SF) Fandom, Felice Navidad. So, take it away, Pete. No, you dummy, not the recorder, the mike. I'll hold the recorder.

MANKIEWICZ: Good, good. Ahem, good evening, ladies and gentlemen, I'm Pete Mankiewicz. Stop clapping, Doug, I'm trying to get something done. I'm Pete Mankiewicz and I'm now walking over to Felice Navidad and we'll talk about -- damn it, Doug, will you keep some slack in this cord before I break the machine! That's much better. We'll talk about science fiction in the first part of the century. Mrs. Felice Navidad? Uh, I'm Pete Mankiewicz from the uh, Science Fiction club at Baton Rouge and me and my electrical assistant Doug Leingang came up here to talk to you old fans about -- you'll have to speak into the mike, Mrs. Navidad. Can't pick up your voice from here. Now say that again...?

MRS. NAVIDAD: Sonny, don't call me an old bag. Apologize. Say you're sorry.

MANKIEWICZ: I didn't call you an old bag, Mrs. Navidad.

MRS. NAVIDAD: There, there you go again, sonny.

MANKIEWICZ: Please don't hit me with your purse. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I said that you were a science fiction fan. F-A-N.

MRS. NAVIDAD: No, I'm not hot.

MANKIEWICZ: Brother, brother, brother. One more time. You do have an interest in science fiction, don't you, Mrs. Navidad?

MRS. NAVIDAD: Eh? What you say, sonny? Have I been resting? Yes, I have.

MANKIEWICZ: Don't look at me that way, Doug. This thing was all your idea. 'Say, let's go the the OLDFOLKSECON in Sioux City, Iowa. We'll make a report and send it to Glycer.' You even risked taking your old Pontiac. I didn't want to...

LEINGANG: ophone. There, let me handle this interview, Pete. You just watch the gauge here. Don't let it get in that red area there. I'll do the interview. Tell me, Mrs. Navidad, what was the name of the first science fiction book you ever read?

MRS. NAVIDAD: Uh, I don't remember.

LEINGANG: Try to think of it. There weren't too many books written that long ago.

MRS. NAVIDAD: I said I don't remember, sonny.

LEINGANG: Well, I'll come back to you later to see if you remember it. Now, let's go over to the only pro at this convention, Herman Nutix. Mr. Nutix, how old are you?

MR. NUTIX: Seventy-five. That's right; boy, I can remember back in the old days with Roger Bux and his flying...

LEINGANG: I'm sure you remember those days quite well. Er, now you were also a pro, right?

MR. NUTIX: Nooo, mister, I didn't go out for soccer or rugby, my brother was the athletic type. Would you like me to tell about him?

LEINGANG: Uh, was he in science fiction?

MR. NUTIX: No, he was in a wheelchair. Heh, told that old man he'd hurt himself someday.

LEINGANG: Back to science fiction. If I remember correctly, Mr. Nutix, you wrote fifty stories in the pulps. In Startling Stories and Thrilling Tales.

MR. NUTIX: Yeah, my first story was in 1912. About these robbits.

LEINGANG: Robot!?! Why, you must have originated the thing, didn't you?! You were one of the first to write about robots! Fantastic! Say folks, you're reading it right here, the originator of the robot. Before Karel Capek, even. Fantastic!

MR. NUTIX: Well, like I was saying, about these robbits. They would talk just like real people. Heh.

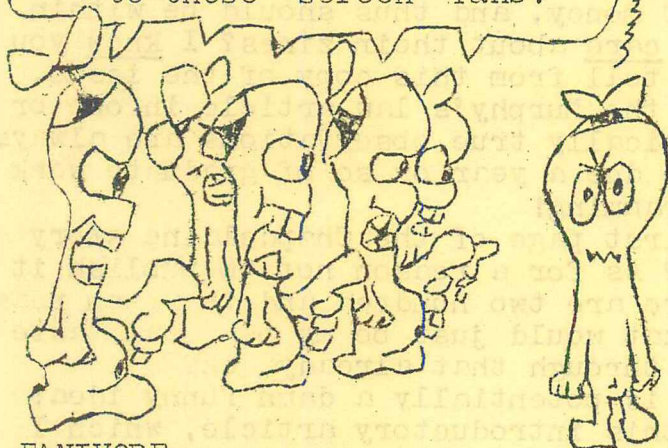
LEINGANG: Great, great, great! Hear that, Pete! This is fantastic! Just wait till I tell everybody back home. The man who originated the robot idea.

MR. NUTIX: Don't interrupt, smarty aleck. Let me tell more about this. These robbits, these bunny robbits, would hide...

LEINGANG: Rabbits?!?

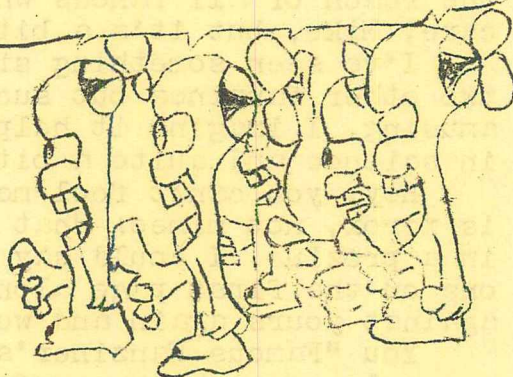
MR. NUTIX: That's what I've been saying all along, fella. Bunny robbits. These robbits would hide behind the bushes and scare people and where the heck do you think you're going. I'm talking to you...

You're a faanish fan --
what're you doing talking
to those "sercon" fans?



FANIVORE

You're a Science Fiction
fan -- what're you
doing talking with those
"faanish" assholes?



Schallies 71

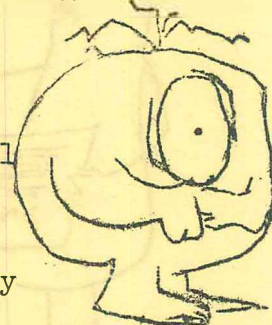
Once again, ladies and gentlementia, welcome to the letter column of Prehensile -- Fanivore, wherein fickle letter writers spread glad tidings in a manner befitting the dainty sports of sumo wrestling and tournament karate...

MIKE GLICKSOHN
32 Maynard Ave
Apt 205
Toronto, 156, Ont.
canada

Okay, Glycer, this time YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR! Violent attacks on my fanzine I would tolerate; vicious slander about my wife could be accepted; vitriolic abuse heaped on my head could be borne with stoical indifference; vehement denunciations of the great Canadian fannish renaissance would slide off like

water from Doc Savage's hair. But you have exceeded all these in the depth of your invective. You have struck at the Gordian knot. You have taken a screwdriver to the golden screws that keep our arses from falling off. You have dared to toy with the piece of binder twine that holds fandom together! BE IT ON YOUR OWN HEAD, SIRRAH!

I refer, of course, to your scandalous and degraded attack on that most sacred of precious fluids, India Pale Ale. (Or, more properly "INDIA PALE ALE!!!!!!") By casting ignoble slurs on that noble elixir, you reveal yourself as that arch-fiend, long thought destroyed, the Anti-Fan!! John Berry must surely rise in righteous anger from his grave to seek out and destroy you once again! Your days are numbered, vile infidel, and to harry you even further I cast upon you that fateful curse reserved for non-fans and heretics, The Curse of Continued Illegibility! May your repro fade continually away until you return to renounce all false gods and enter once more into the hallowed halls of Trufandom or until your hideous presence is expunged from the sight of all true believers. ((Say what, Mac?))



Now to the issue at hand (Little sercon pun there, folks, so you'll know us fannish types ain't illiterate.) The cover is a nice idea but one of the worst drawings to ~~dis~~grace a fanzine all year. Sorry to be so blunt, but in a year of excellent cover art, this is a disaster. And, unfortunately, your repro does not seem to have improved. It's more than slightly ironic to read my own letter about faneds sending out illegible fanzines and only be able to decipher the words because I remember what I originally wrote! It seems as though you're just not getting good inking, as nearly all the pages in my copy are barely readable. I

really think you owe your contributors more than this, Mike. I'm not trying to "sit on you" or hold myself up as an example and criticize PREHENSILE because it doesn't look like my own fanzine; I fully realize the financial difficulties involved. But surely legible repro is more a matter of time and effort than of money, and thus should be within the reach of all faneds who really care about their zines? I know you care, Mike, but it's a bit hard to tell from this copy of the issue.

I've seen something similar to the Murphy's law article in one or two other fanzines but such intrinsically true observations are always amusing. I imagine it helps to have ~~doe~~ a year or so of graduate work in science and quite a bit of programming!

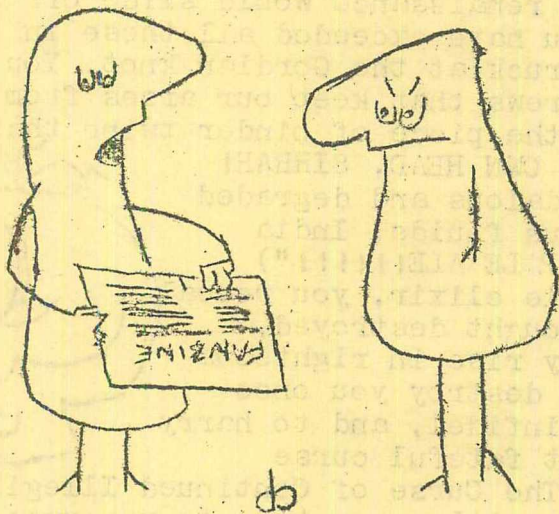
Hey, you can't fool me: that first page of the Chapdelaine story is xerox, not mimeo! What happened? As for a reason not to publish it in a prozine, I could say that there are two hundred and thirteen reasons on the first page alone, but that would just be my personal taste against yours again and we've been through that already, eh?

You "Famous Fanziner's School" is potentially a damn funny idea; you only scratch the surface with this introductory article, which I found quite amusing...

Tsk, tsk. A dirty joke in the title of an article. Is RAUNCH being reborn? Or did things come to a head, and you had a hole to fill?

I don't agree with all of Richard Wadholm's ideas, but he expresses himself lucidly and writes an enjoyable review. As for poems published solely to draw epithets, one can always ignore them, eh?

You know... if this wasn't a fanzine I'd throw it away!



I'm afraid I really don't dig Florence's "reviewing" style at all this time. She constantly gives a personal reaction to things without the slightest description of what is being discussed or why it affected her the way it did. Without an intense personal knowledge of Florence, such reviews are completely meaningless. I suppose if you had the zine in front of you and could look through it to find each piece she refers to by title alone, perhaps her comments might be of use. But most of the time she seems to be talking only to the faned and the writers in the zine. "Steve Simon's letter is good criticism"--that tells me nothing! Why is his criticism good? And what the hell is he criticizing? There's more to reviewing than chatting pleasantly to the writers themselves, I'm afraid.

On the subject of reviewers, I think you're a bit naive if you really think that an objective reviewer is a possibility. Everybody has personal preferences and these will automatically color their opinions of such subjectively-evaluated objects as fanzines. Rather than strive to get an objective reviewer, I'd much rather have an intelligent and well-informed reviewer who makes his personal biases known clearly at the outset. Then one knows how to rate his reviews. I must side with Lane on this, as I've said; Florence doesn't review anything: she reacts to it without giving us any way to give meaning to her intensely personal statements. Arnie, who it may surprise you to know, has often publicly stated his admiration for SPECULATION, hardly your typical hard-core fannish zine, may prefer fannish fanzines, but he makes this

clear so that his readers can take it into account when perusing his reviews... Can you not see the inherent contradiction involved in trying to "acquaint readers with contents and quality" of a fanzine dealing in material you don't like? Sure, there's a lack of objectivity in fanzine reviewing today, but I doubt that it could be any other way.

----The main reason an objective reviewer is impossible is because there are no commonly agreed to "orthodox" standards by which such a reviewer could judge fanzines. One might still wish for some reviewers who don't doggedly assert their biases as a matter of style. Fireworks are not necessary for a fanzine column: Lapidus and Glenn can have done nicely without them. Other comments well taken.

William's remarks on Campbell were refreshingly honest. When an important figure dies, the eulogies are trotted out and no-one has an unkind word to say. I may not agree with Williams, but I admire his candor all to hell.

One last thing: What's that reason on the back page with my name on it? The 'ba' can't be my degree, which is BSc, or a BEd. Susan thinks it's an old Scottish word for sweetheart, but if so I couldn't help wondering how many copies you checked it off on?!

----A 'ba' is the roving (nocturnal) spirit of a mummified Egyptian. About eulogies: NBC had the obits of Eisenhower filmed and on file for two years before he died and every time he was in for a heart ailment it was rolled out and set to go. Obituaries on public figures are kept on file at all times, with eulogies by friends prepared while the figure is yet alive. Much interest in what Campbell would have thought of his writeups!

DOUGLAS LEINGANG. I read the zine (won't he ever learn?) and decided PO Box 21238 LSU the following: EVERYBODY WOIKS BUT MOIPHY was nice, Baton Rouge, La. but it should have appeared in EGOTRIP. It was lost in PRE. It was something like PETER'S PRINCIPAL/WHY THINGS GO RONG. The mnemonics reminded me much of my days in Spencer with Assembler Language, but in PRE it didn't make too much sense. The Murphy-type laws? EAh!

BRE/ THE BREATHE, OH GOD HOW I WOULD BREATHE. It is said that you took this from MIND IN CHAINS, or whatever. You did get permission from Chapdelaine so you should have at least stated you did. Copyright law.

You ranted and raved and shouted and cried "Famous Fanziner's School No good. Ernie Dawg? Come on, Mike, let's not play games.

ETERNITY INTERVIEW was nice. I'll send Gregg some rejected stories. A GUIDE TO FANZINE ADVERTISING was groovy and wordy and interesting nonetheless.

MARK TINKLE TIME! For once I'll lay it on the Leingang. I liked FELIX THE RED MARTIAN. He liked FELIX THE RED MARTIAN??? I've degenerated, it's true. But that MARRIAGE OF MY PET ROCKS was something else...something else I wouldn't like to discuss. Get the stomach pump, Ma, it's going to come up again. THE SHORES BENEATH review. No comment, sur. KELLER LETTER. Interesting posing as a gafiante? Who is Keller kidding? Is that guy real? He's real something, I don't know what.

NORMAN HOCHBERG ...I have seen Schalles cartoons (I've got his own Rm. E013 zine -- COVER) and, as far as I'm concerned, they are Benedict College all pieces of shit. It looks like ~~xx~~ something SUNY, Stony Brook he didn't care about, just knocked off in three NY 11790 seconds. Even Rotsler cartoons (about which I do not have too much laudatory to say) look finished and planned. Schalles' stuff doesn't. However, it shows that you're going somewhere when you get a Scahlles thing.

I can't help but like your writing. It's too bad that most of Radio Free Glycer seems to be taken up with other people's. ((PRE ZERO)) Even DEXITOPROBOPER seems to be written by Hay and not you. One thing, the address of the foundation might have been helpful. ((Write to Hay: 78 Downhills Way, London N17 6BD, UK)) I'm sure you've interested a lot of people in it. One comment on Hay's hope to link up with SFWA's film series (Jim Gunn's): I saw two of these films at Noreascon and they were very poorly made. Most of them seemed to be advertisements for SF WA and not examinations of sf. The worst offender was the film with Harlan Ellison which went as far as to have inserts of Ellison's books.

Chapdelaine's eulogy is truly a fine piece of writing. Despite what he says about Asimov, though, I find Asimov's eulogy (in LUNA Monthly) superior to his. But it's the only one so far about which I can say that. The man got across his emotions very well. Now, if only he could do that in his writing.

By the way, what is this fascination you have with Israeli bus tokens?

To show you I have nothing against Wadholm let me be the first to compliment you on his rise and fall article. Though he does get carried away in parts (last line on first page). It's funny and provides good editorial type material (whatever that means).

JAMES W. AYERS Surprised to see a letter by Robert Moore Williams in 609 First Street the last issue of Prehensile, but you seemed to pick Attalla, AL up a few real gens in both the pro and amateur world here and there. Their offerings combined seem to make your pet a well-rounded, enjoyable and entertaining way to knock off a little spare time after a hard day's work. But I still wouldn't recommend it to anybody for what ails you. I especially like your idea of three different colored pages, the light pink, green, and yellow combination adds strength to the otherwise drab and boring format. I'd say that this issue was a bit more superior to the issue before, not because I had a gem to spare among the real treasure, but I could laugh or cry like the oyster does along with the others to produce the superiority pearl.

MARY HOLLIFIELD Under the assumption that when one runs out of Box 30326 Terminal Annex bad things to say, one must grudgingly begin Los Angeles, Cal. 90030 on the nice things I just thought I might drop a line to say I like Prehensile -- even like I liked Elliptic, or Eypitic, or Eliptic or however...
----Er, yeah. Thanks! At any rate, let me say that I'll publish at least part of every letter I receive and can justify inserting, so recipients of Pre who write will not have their words wasted.

ROY TACKETT Dynatron's ((Tackett's zine)) first issue was 915 Green Valley Rd NW September 1960, so it's been around 11 years Albuquerque, MN 87107 now. Of the general circulation zines that I know of only YANDRO and UCHUJIN have been around longer. Course there are others in the apas. San Moskowitz has been pubbing DIFFERENT for around 35 years but for a long time now it has been an annual appearing only when Sam has to produce FAPA credits. Speer pubs a couple of issues of SYNAPSE a year for FAPA and has been doing that for ages. And there are xxothers.

Ah, well, if you can spell Albuquerque correctly you're better off than most people. Even Albuquerqueans, or whatever. One of the local papers recently phones 50 people in town at random and asked them to spell Albuquerque. 14 couldn't, and 2 couldn't pronounce it.

----As into to the next part, I had an article in Ed Connor's Moebius Trip, #9. I said a lot of things that stirred a lot of people up. Tackett was one of the "irate readers" who in MTs 10 and 11 have been at length replying to my article. (MT: 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, Ill.) Here he extends his arguments in a section readers may be interested in reading.

Living as we do in this modern technological age it is sometimes difficult to accept that science has been accepted by the majority of the people for only a relatively short time. In the last century science was still looked on by large numbers of people as related to magic and superstition and scientists were not wholly to be trusted. (Consider, for example, that Edison was known as the "Wizard" of Menlo Park.) You can find ~~xxx~~ stories written in the 1920s even in which science is equated with magic.

Still there were the great popularizers, Verne and Wells, both of who, Wells in particular, provided the inspiration, through their writings, for a whole generation of young men to go into science. This popularization was carried on by Gernsback into the SF magazines.

Now when I speak of the SF community I do not mean fans. Fans are a sort of strange creatures whose main concern with SF is, if they have any at all, generally the stories themselves. SF fandom is more literary oriented than science oriented.

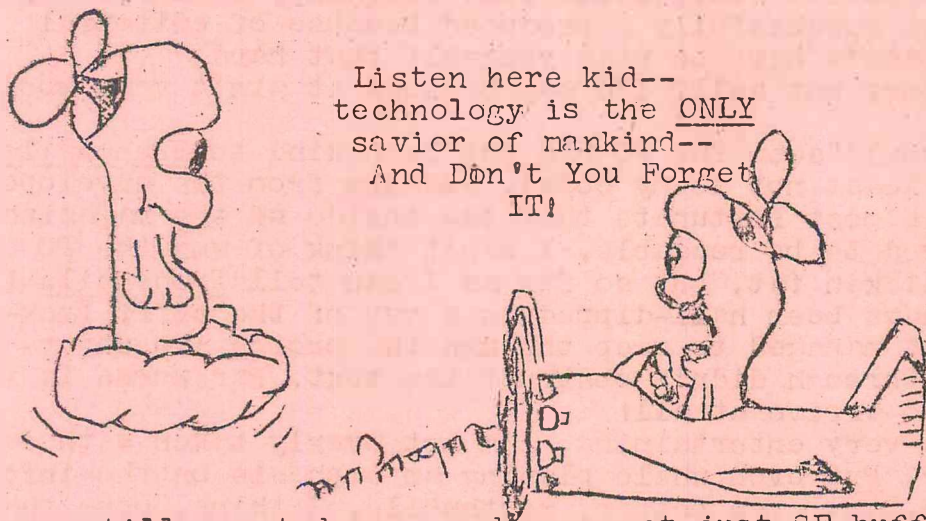
But the early SF readers, those of the 1920s, were younger types-- as most SF read-

ers still are today -- and were not just SF buffs, they were science buffs. Their bookshelves might contain SF, but it rested alongside science texts on the shelves above the basement chemistry or physics lab. What these young people were not interested in were the stories as stories -- they were interested in the science ideas in the stories. (Which is probably just as well -- the stories were terrible).

Well, let's look at it this way, taking good old STAR TREK as an example. A fan watches the show and says, Hot Damn! Wouldn't it be great to be Kirk and have all those adventures (except the femmes of course, they're only interested in Spock). Our typical young sf type of the 20s (and some today, mayhap) would say, Hey, that damned elevator not only goes up and down, it goes horizontally. Or I wonder how those doors work.

So, OK. These kids, inspired by SF, followed their inclination into the scientific fields. And since all those things they read about in SF zines and dreamed about didn't exist, they invented them.

Sure, people like Goddard and the early German rocket scientist were pioneers (after the Chinese who invented the skyrocket?) but it was the generation of kids who grew up in the 20s, educated in the 30s, and who became the scientists of the 40s and 50s and later, who made the damned things work. And bunches and bunches of these people were SF readers who got their push from SF. Egad! Even at the news conference after Apollo 11 the people at Houston acknowledged their debt to Verne



Listen here kid--
technology is the ONLY
savior of mankind--
And Don't You Forget
IT!

and Wells and Gernsback.

Struth, Mike. We live in the world the SF readers of the 20s&30s created.

JERRY LAPIDUS Just got Prehensile One yesterday, and I wanted to
%(54)Clearview Dr tell you the improvement over NE is incredible --
Pittsford, NY 14534 this is better written, better edited, better look-
ing, etc. Nice job. I will loc and answer your let-
ters, but just a few things right now. First, I think you misunderstand
my comments about fanzines and money. One need not spend \$ to have a
good-looking fanzine. I point to SFC, Yandro, Focal Point, Potlatch,
Rats -- all of which are cheaply mineo, with little if any electro-
stencils; SFC has virtually no art at all, but looks very good. On the
other hand, ~~TA...7 did cost money~~ and ~~we agree~~ it does not look par-
ticularly good. Rather, it's the editor's concern with presenting a
pleasant-appearing magazine, as well as one that reads well.
----Ah, but Jerry, if you had TA...7 to redo, you certainly would not
permit the type reduction etc., would you? Certainly then you can't
say TA... 7 was not successfully reproduced because of editorial
lack of care. You don't have to ride yourself that hard.
And why did Perry's story not sell? I'd say because it ain't very good.

HARRY MORRIS JR It would seem the PO has not been kind to Prehensile
500 Wellesley SE (at least not to my copy). Judging from the envelope
Albuquerque, NM it is most fortunate that the inside of the magazine
proved to be readable. I can't think of why the PO
should have use for chicken fat, but so far as I can tell Prehensile 1
(my copy) appears to have been half-dipped in a vat of the stuff! Luck-
ily only a small amount managed to seep through the protective cover-
ing; and what did get through didn't obstruct the text. Far worse is
that Pre Zero failed to arrive at all!

Prehensile One was very entertaining. I'm not overly taken with fan-
nish material, however, Pre even while placing an emphasis on the infor-
mal was very enjoyable, and even better, worthwhile. I think, more than
anything else, that the art give Prehensile the appearance of being
very faanish((as compared to what?)). I'm certain nothing of an expert
on fanzines ((except for pubbing America's best Lovecraftian zine...))
but generally fanzines being more concerned with fan subjects feature
poor art. This is my opinion only; I mean I have no great respect for
fannish art (usually cartoons)...I must be in something of a minority,
disliking even Rotsler's work. To those who Know, such art is appropri-
ate (and meaningfull, of course); but judged by conventional art stand-
ards (if such things exist) such material is of very low quality. I re-
cently showed a copy of a local fannish fanzine (of very intelligent
content) to a mundane friend who, judging from his appearance only, re-
acted by asking if the editor was 13 or 14 years old. This is perhaps
defeating the purposes of fannish fandom (after all, who cares what the
mundanes think?) but I still think that fannish drawings detract from
the appearance of a zine. This brings me to Jerry Lapidus' comments.
I personally tend to be attracted by good art and repro in fanzines,
but of course the real truth lies in the written content. A good combin-
ation of art and written material is naturally preferred, however I'd
take a well-written zine with poor art over the reverse anyday. I en-
joyed the cover and the spot illo on pg. 24 in Pre One... the others
didn't do much for me, but I am being quite honest when I say I receiv-
ed more minutes of pleasure from Pre 1 than from several "rop-art-repro"
zines I have seen. ((Hope you don't men Energumen...))

Still on the subject of visual appeal (and perhaps a contradictory-sounding statement) Plan are under way to switch NYCTALOPS from mimeo to offset. As things looks now, #6 may be more pleasing visually than content-wise. This is not exactly what I had in mind, but contributors are directing this...a surprising amount of art has been received (including one or two faanish/Mythos drawings!) while the written material just hasn't shown.

I, unfortunately, have a poor sense of humor but "Famous Fanziner's School" did cause a few chuckles. "Eternity will come -- It's just taking a little more foreplay than anticipated!!" (that title..it sounds somehow obscene) was a very important article/interview. I for one knew nothing of this before. It would be nice if Mr. Gregg's dream came true, but I hope he doesn't get his hopes up too high. There have been a number of ambitious new zines to appear within this genre in the last two years...to my only knowledge the one remaining, which may have even folded as $\frac{1}{2}$ -year is elapsed since the last number, is Witchcraft and Sorcery.

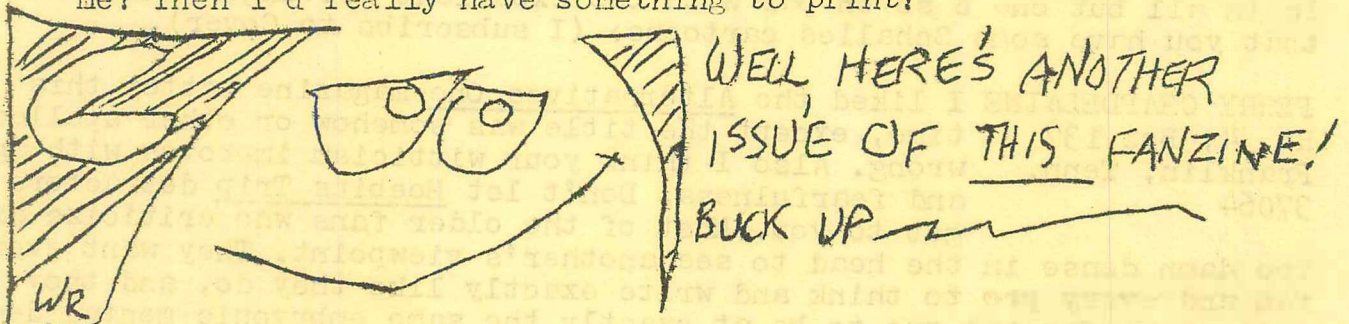
BREATHE! BREATHE! OH GOD, HOW I WOULD BREATHE! proved beyond me (as much as I hate to admit it). Some very nice wordings and visual images but I didn't grasp the entire meaning. Unless it is the obvious, delusions through premature burial, delusions after committing suicide (?) or a lost soul doomed to eternal wanderings etc.

JEFF SCHALLES You HAVE to be one of the world's worst hand stencil-
Box 288 GCC ers. Do you use a tracing table or try to do it from
Grove City, Pa. memory? And that illo on page 8 (Pre Zero) looks sus-
piciously like the photo of Campbell from Locus, though I could be wrong
on that one...

And I read Zero a little while back, and enjoyed a little of it, but not all of it. The STARSHIP spoof was a neat idea except that you overdid it a bit...and also the fact that it has no relationship at all with the original Hijack theme...

And how could you manage that feat of utter asaninity in tracing that you did with my cartoon on page 21? If I didn't see it I wouldn't have believed it...it's BAD Mike, very very bad. Not exactly the way to influence contributors.

----Goddam it, Jeff, why can't you wait until you're drunk to write to me? Then I'd really have something to print!



BUCK COULSON
Rt 3
Hartford City, IN

I was going to write this fascinatingly witty letter of comment on PREHENSILE 0, and so far I find that the only inspiration I have is Chapdelaine's article on Loretta Lynn.

I've got nothing against Loretta's voice. I've often observed that female "country and western" singers (an awkward euphemism; I liked "hillbilly" better because it's shorter and pithier) have much better voices than their male counterparts. What I cannot abide is the sacchar-

the trash she sings. (Or sang; the only country and western music I listened to anymore is when I need to keep awake on long auto trips, and I'm not really sure when was the last time I heard Loretta.) I was a "National Bran Dance" listener as a kid ((/w, shucks)) -- even then "Grand Old Op'ry" was a bit too southern-fried for me, though I enjoyed some of the performers. I can't even say I've outgrown it; what I did was discover that the songs I really liked were the genuine folk songs and not the modern written-for-radio stuff (well, it was modern then).

I can't see anything wonderful about the casual and quick learning of material because I'm used to things like Ann Passovoy learning some of Juanita's folk-song repertoire at Gambanacan. It may have taken Ann more than 10 minutes (though not much more) but then she hasn't had however many years of practice that the professionals have had. This sort of approach may be unusual in professional music but since I don't know any professionals I have to base my comments on the amateurs I do know. (And Ann's learning was complicated by the fact that Juanita doesn't use standard guitar chords.)

No, Lou Stathis, RM Williams could not make more money writing sex novels than he does on science fiction. The sex novel is one of the lowest paid fields of writing there is (I've never written any, but I've investigated the possibilities). It is a field where it is relatively easy to make a living because the standards are so low that a beginning writer can learn while he earns, but the payment per book ranges from SF level down to \$200 per novel (or down to nothing at all in some cases). Gothics, on the other hand, do pay more than stf -- and quicker, and several stf writer have been writing them, either under their own names or pseudonyms.

----Don't tell us, tell andy offutt!

PL CARUTHERS I have taken the time to Really Read PREHENSILE
19 S. Tucker #7 ZERO and have found it a very, very good piece of
Memphis, TN 38104 fanwork. The repro is the best I've yet to see from
a mineo. The layout is pleasing to read and involves
no eyestrain, the typeface seems more open than usual, or perhaps I am
imagining that.

----I fear readers like Glicksohn will think you're imagining more than
that!

The writing and columns are truly witty and not too corny. The artwork
is in all but one case on par with the excellent writing. I notice
that you have some Schalles cartoons. (I subscribe to Cover).

PERRY CHAPDELAINE I liked the Alternatives One magazine better this
Rt. 4, Box 137 time, except the title was somehow or other spelled
Franklin, Tenn. wrong. Also I think your witticism improves with age
37064 and fearfulness. Don't let Moebius Trip detractors
get to you. Most of the older fans who criticize are
too damn dense in the head to see another's viewpoint. They want every
fan and every pro to think and write exactly like they do, and they
want every fan and pro to be at exactly the same embryonic mental de-
velopment as they are, and not one micro-pizza different. Ed Connor is
fair, and will probably overtake SFR. Remember the psychiatrist's adage?
A truly sane man is one who neither accepts or rejects an idea. Try
that principle on your letter writers before you join them.

Thought you were going to keep my name off BREATHE! etc. and attrib-
ute it to Sickleymer or somebody like that? What's this? By the by, who
is Buck Coulson?

Another thought: Guess Simmons brought it out. Did you ever note how flatulent is the slick fanzine? I've been asked to write for several, and I've tried. Not only do I usually get rejected, but I can't get inspired, either. I like the crudzine! Whatinhell's wrong with a crudzine? Somebody answer that, please.

----When was the last time you tried Moebius Trip; it's neither slick nor flatulent, but your knife-turning prose ought to be what Connor wants; if he'll take mine, Hank Davis', et al, you ought to fit in well.

Have you noticed how all of Robert Moore's predictions regarding topsyturvy of SF publishers have taken place? for whatever reasons? And how Bob's predictions of the effects of mis-buying stuff called SF contributed to the change? Two questions there, I think.

Regarding good Glicksohn's comments: Idiocyncrasy: A peculiarity of constitution or temperment. Good gosh, Glicksohn, I should hope so. I'd hate to think of writing something that was just not me, and was somebody else's entirely! But thank you for the two-pence analysis. Could you go just a bit deeper next time, for free, also. Like ...rub readers' noses in the depth of personal integrity... Thank you,...I think.

Also thank Don Keller. Really Don. Some country music is good and some is bad, just like the real world.

Do I sense another Bruce Gillespie in the making with Lane Lambert? That's a compliment, if so. But keep it objective like Bruce, Lane old boy.

And thank you Florence, Old Girl. If this keeps up I won't need that Argentina hussy to defend me anymore. Yea gad, then gone will be all my hidden notions of international romance.....

DONALD L. MILLER Re ads: I used to use both classified ads and fly-
12315 Judson Rd. ers in The WSFA Journal, but now I limit them to
Wheaton, Md. 20906 Son of the WSFA Journal (the TWJ supplement). I
 have the same arrangement in the Games Bureau (ads
with TGL, the TG supplement). Flyers are \$1 per side. Classified ads
are 5¢ per 35-character line, minimum 25¢

DONALD KELLER Before I get into your two letters let me loc the latest
1702 Meadow Ct. Prehensile, which I got some time ago. (I have about a
Baltimore, Md. dozen fanzines to loc which I neglected getting this
21207 semester over with. Generally, it looks like your pre-
 vious issues, meaning mimeography none too good, but
fairly readable, graphics nonexistent or none too good either. But
onward.

The article on the various "laws" was very funny, another of your extremely clever articles. (And my brother, a precocious 13-year-old, thought likewise. Does that say anything about your zine, I wonder...?)

----Nothing that Buck Coulson hasn't said already. I'd suggest some sort of theory of universal incongruity (the unexpected being the source of most humor, along with the untraditional) which permits your brother to appreciate something he's never experienced. I might also ask back what that says about the computer programmers who assembled the article.

As for the Chapdelaine piece...yeah, I guess it's good, a lot of it well written, but ultimately it doesn't cohere into a whole. Dream-sequences are damned difficult to do, because you have to manipulate the subconscious symbolism to fit in with the theme of the rest of the story. (For a superb example, see Heinlein's Glory Road.) Chapdelaine's is a

series of pretty images, very nice, with a "surprise ending" -- but a legitimate one -- thrown in. It's a viable -- don't know what to call it; form, outline, idea -- for a story, but he fails to make it work properly. Had he arranged his images in some sort of strikingly make-sense order, it would have been much better. A "life flashed before my eyes" chronological order, for example. But ultimately it would still be a rather minor tale, though certainly saleable. (Also, the end is too baldly stated -- needs a lyrical, metaphorical treatment, like the rest). I state this because it is trying to follow -- consciously or not -- Sturgeon's "The Man Who Lost The Sea", which is a classic (and I really wish I had a copy of it). Also, another superb example of the thing is Gardner Dozois' "A Dream at Noonday" in ORBIT 7.

The "Famous Fanziner's School" was a nice try, but it is not ultimately of any great import. I mean, I liked it (especially the Tuckerisms) but it was just there, I guess.

Good interview with Stephen Gregg. I wish him all the luck in the world, and regret that I have yet to order a copy. It's just that most fans are notorious procrastinators and tightwads (rather, they're poor, and don't like the idea of shelling out odd dollars left and right. I hope Stephen can overcome fannish inertia and make ETERNITY a success.

Lane Lambert's column stirred a bit of nostalgia in me. I was a great Hardy Boys fan in the third and fourth grade; for a while, that was all I read. (Then I discovered Lord of the Rings.) I read the first forty of them, finding them all terribly exciting. I even found some fascinating ideas in them, like the secret society in The Twisted Claw or The Disappearing Floor and The Secret Panel. What I liked most was the mood of adventure, danger, and intrigue. When you're the age, you can be strongly affected by books like these. Unfortunately, they don't hold up. Recently I went back and reread The Twisted Claw, my favorite, and found that they were crudely and flatly written, and that it is the adolescent imagination that supplies the excitement. What a shame.

----The author of those books had a winning formula, to be sure. Were you aware (as I was surprised to find out many years ago) that the Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, Nancy Drew, Bobsey Twins, Rover Boys, and other series were written by a Germanically-named author (first name Otto -- I forgot his surname)? All the other names, Dixon, Appleman, etc. were pen-names of his. He wrote over 800 novels; many he wrote only the outline for and a staff of writers trained in his genre. Man was a millionaire plus.

Interesting column by Wadholm. I basically disagree with him, though I agree that the Hugo is often given to ideas. Look at DUNE, or RINGWORLD even better. It was the whole idea of the book, the ringworld, that gave Niven the Hugo, not the actual writing of the book. (Looking at the above I see that both novels were also given the Nebula. How do I explain that? I don't know; maybe I'll shut up.) Where I disagree with him -- and also with JJ Pierce -- is the idea of there being conspiracies which give Hugos, or jumping on bandwagons like the New Wave and Old Wave. That's nonsense. Nobody with intelligence would vote for either against or for a book just because it's one or the other. ((Is Pierce unintelligent? I think not.)) I mean, most fans probably consider both Stand On Zanzibar and Ringworld worthy winners.

----Those two books are not exactly opposites. What about Ellison's Beast and Ringworld? Perhaps one would consider either such poor literature or science fiction (the former typifying new wave, the latter old) that to vote on that basis would be a political more than merit thing; awards have economic impact; and if one sells better than the other after winning an award, that wave will be more published. (MDG)

LOUIS STATHIS
Langmuir College
Rm C-216
SUNY
Stony Brook, NY

Chapdelaine's story was interesting, to say the least -- it seems a mystery why no American editor will touch it. It's strange -- better than many of the drecks that I've read in magazines and anthologies at one time or another, though no great work of art itself. Sounds a lot like much of the stuff Ted White's been running in Fantastic of late. I was thrown at first by its style -- didn't expect it from old Perry, but he handled himself pretty well (better than you did typing it up -- three typos in the fifth line of page 7, try to be more careful, Glycer!). My palsied mind figures it to be similar to a film based on Ambrose Bierce's story called "The Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" that I saw a few years back. That is, thoughts that run through a man's mind at the instant of his death. Chapdelaine's protagonist seems to be asphyxiating (pretty good word, hah? learned it in Boy Scouts) in a space capsule over the moon (all this comes primarily from the final paragraph.) His metaphors are damn good...but the construction seems too chaotic & seemingly unrelated events strung together in no apparent order (i.e., no building toward climax), and some things, frankly, didn't seem to fit at all (the camp sequence?). Still, it definitely was the most worthwhile thing in the issue (except, of course, for a certain column...)

In the letter column, Robert Moore Williams is definitely my kind of disgusting person. His lack of tact, couth and subtlety is fantastic and kills me every time. I still can't understand why his fiction is so terrible.

Not a bad issue, Glycer -- typical, I suppose. Couple of good things and a fair amount of cheese. I would advise you to try to scrape up some more intelligent-type serious stuff, but that would only give you a reason to crab about "I print what I get." Well, I offered you a magnificent Clarion analysis and you thumbed it down for that chintzy Pauls review. Also, Glicksohn was right, watch your inking, a few of the pages in mine were rough on the retina.

DAN GOODMAN
626 So. Alvarado
#231
LA, Calif. 90057

Strictly speaking, fannish writing is informal writing about fans and fandom, with the emphasis on people. Any fan who can write at all knows at least one fan -- himself -- well enough to write interestingly about him....

Fannishness and serconishness are ways of thinking (or several related ways of thinking each) rather than styles of writing. Fannishness is more likely to be concerned with fans and fandom, less likely to be formal. Serconishness is more likely to be concerned with SF, likely to be far more formal.

The fannish way to run a club is with an absolute minimum of formal rules, no formal programming. Sercon clubs have formal programming, hairsplitting arguments over the rules.

The strict fannish way to run a Worldcon would be to have absolutely no programming; and to keep it down to about a hundred people. Strict sercon procedure would be to have everything strictly programmed with such frivolities as private room parties discouraged; attendees wearing uniforms (much more convenient for the concon than hard-to-spot badges); and guards all over the place, and attendance somewhere over 10,000.

I enjoyed the Famous Fanziner's School ad; but perhaps the idea ought to be taken just a bit more seriously. Like a series of articles by experienced faneditors (not just recent Hugo nominees, but famous faneds of the past, middling-good ones of the present, etc.) on How-To-Edit-A-Good-Fanzine.

Starting with the basics: like, a genzine should be stapled together, and should not be collated at random. A genzine should have a name. Working up to more advanced things like Dick Geis' methods of getting material. With intermediate material like: the faneditor chooses material; he does not print it just because it comes in, whether it be articles, locs, or artwork.

---Tell me more! I've already seen four things in that list I never thought of before! Actually, Dan, in 1971 I started talking up the idea of a fanzine or faneds, or a special issue of a fanzine devoted to such articles, and though Florence Jenkins and Ed Connor thought it might work, I never could tie down anybody to writing one of the articles.

ROBERT BLOCH
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
LA, 46, Calif.

Many thanks to you for sending Prehensile -- in which the anonymously credited first article interested me greatly. If it's an optical illusion, it's a very good one.

Hoping you are the same...

STEPHEN GREGG
PO BOX 193
Sandy Springs, SC
29677

A favor, please.
Could you send me the addresses of the newsstands in your area? Would like to contact them about carrying Eternity. Would greatly appreciate it...

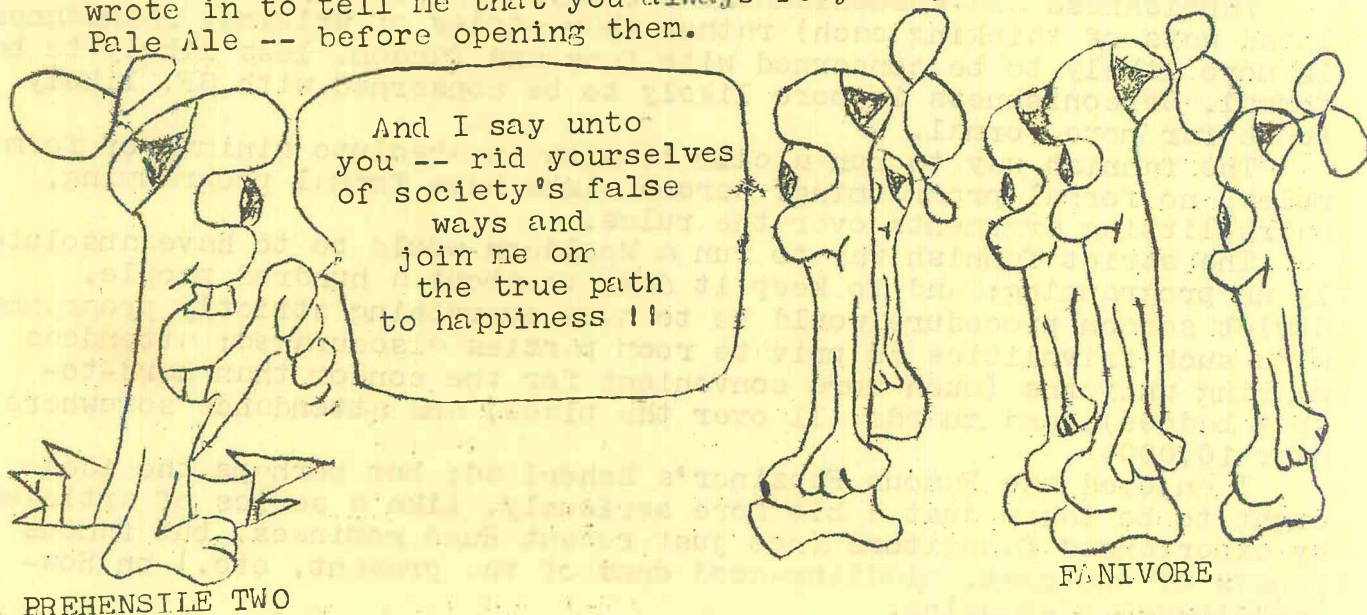
----I include this as a note to readers who might wish to take time to list the newsstands and magazine-carrying bookstores of their neighborhood and send the addressed to the Eternity editor. Copies are still \$1 for issue #1.

MOONBROTH
POST OFFICE BOX C
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON
98009

Prehensile One -- Bad
Poorly Reproduced
Tch!
Ugh!

But strangely fascinating.
Send us #2.

----And that neatly wraps up the Prehensile Two letter column spanning a record-rending 12 pages. Thanks also to Florence Jenkins, Ed Learner, A1C Stephen Eber, Don Miller, and all those of you who wrote in to tell me that you always recycle your cans of India Pale Ale -- before opening them.





WHY YOU GOT THIS

- You didn't listen to your mother when she said "Do you know what happens to little boys and girls who contribute to fanzines like Prehensile?"
- We trade fanzines for money.
- ✓ We trade fanzines for snappy letters. (When are you going to send one?)
- ✓ We trade fanzines for fanzines? (and by now, also apazines, newszines, fantasyzines, Tolkienzines, Lovecraftzines, personalzines, and empty 9x12 envelopes still in reusable condition that somehow had the contents stolen from within).
- I like your art, and a lot more issues of Pre could look this way (with better art) if you'd send me a sampling of your wares. Please?
- No particular reason but if you found this laying on your dining room table don't bother trying to send it back.
- Ah, there you are Mike Glicksohn -- looking to see what we said about you this time, are you?
- You were mentioned, reviewed, insulted, lauded, inspected, or libeled on page(s) _____
- When I started this issue there was a 20-pg hole in the layout. To prevent such future embarrassments could I prevail on you to contribute something?
- You signed my petition to END THE WAR NOW and bring our boys home from New York. Silly you!
- Do you review fanzines, or is that just a dodge so that you don't have to pay income tax on the ones I've sent you?
- You shot your typewriter off in Moebius Trip. If you thought my last article took the collective rattle of fandom and spoiled it, wait until you see my next one. How about a loc?
- I agree with your statement that India Pale Ale tastes like fermented seawater.
- Your sub expired last issue but it's so rare that I get paying readers I forgot to tell you!
- Tell it to Jerry Lapidus.

PREHENSILE 2

with the world's best Reader's Digest
back cover.....

PREHENSILE TWO is the third issue of the named magazine; the only extra copies on hand are 1 and 2. It is issued nearly bi monthly from 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, California 91342 and available for a loc or a quarter, traded fanzine, or contri-
bution.

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*review editor//BRYAN COLES assistant
*editor//JUDITH TETOVE YA Librarian at
*Sylmar Branch//KENN HALLIWELL ALC USAF
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