



## EDITORIAL EXHALING -- MIKE GLYER

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This just must be one column that I don't want to write. I had prepared my layout so that I would have three pages -- and used two of them gleefully for the Firesign Theater article. And here I am writing up Galactic Jive Tales in the unc cosmic span of a few hours before PREHENSILE will be collated. Hm.

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In case LOCUS doesn't tell you this soon, as PRE 4 goes to press Lesleigh Luttrell is leading Andy Porter by 30 votes in the balloting for the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF). According to Fred Patten, DUFF N.Am. Chairman, the Fund, whether it turns out to be a one-shot or an ongoing thing, has been a success.

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This is supposed to be the respectable issue of PREHENSILE. People have been telling me for six months now that one of these days (Real Soon Now) PRE will be a "respectable" fanzine. Now I know pretty well what a crudzine is; APA L, and a letter from Mike Glicksohn resolved that. But what happens to a respectable zine? Does that mean I have to start holding material eight months or longer, publish long letters from Jerry Lapidus stressing the importance of a concern for graphics, mimeo a logo onto my envelopes, and get people with coordinated eyes and hands to do my collating? That would eliminate the semi-timely nature I strive for, ruin the individuality of the lettercol, cut out using all those leftover used-once manila envelopes, and please my subbers, respectively. Except for that last part respectability, as known to the genzine, tends to submerge a fanzine's personality (assuming it had one to start with.)

When I told a couple of friends about the changes in style and repro quality, no sooner had the huzzahs and sighs of relief died out when I started getting warnings. "Don't get too deep into this graphics business. We don't need another Granfalloon." The same guy then turned around and passed on some second-hand advice from Andy Porter. Another, feared PRE would lose its personality -- become one of the slick faceless

GALACTIC  
MIKE GLYER  
JIVE TALES

fanzines we all know and nominate. Heaven forbid I should ever put out of work the gnomes who handcarve every issue of PRE. (Donald Keller contributed the gnome mythos).

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Norm Hochberg got a press release with the Nebula Winners a week in advance of the SFWA Banquets. He dropped me a postcard with them -- having sworn me to secrecy. He could have saved his trouble -- the card arrived 24 hours before the Banquet, a day after the LASFS meeting. And as Silverberg took the Novel and Short Story Nebulas, while McLean trotted off with the intermediate-size Nebula, there would not have been any especial celebration in the LASFS (which Larry Niven regularly attends). However, Fuzzy Pink Niven (Larry's wife) was in charge of the local version and the Nebulas were sitting wrapped in tissue in a box on the floor of the dining room Thursday night when the poker players showed up at Niven manor; I doubt there was much anxious anticipation concerning who won in that household. Though I hear the story that at another event, a Worldcon, the Hugos were sitting up on the podium and everyone was able to see who won. Still, Niven was the last one in the place to know he had won -- possibly wondering why the attendees kept coming up to congratulate him. Ethics, I guess...

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Six lines sure looks big on a page if you leave them blank, yet I've still to see an illo that fit into a space, and looked good, of less than ten lines. Goshwow.

# "THE PAST PLUS THE PRESENT EQUALS THE FUTURE" BERGMAN

MCLAREN/MILLER

written by Lee McLaren and Craig  
Miller; additional information  
from Edgar Bullington

The Firesign Theater are Phil Austin, Peter Bergman, Dave Ossman and Phil Proctor. Before beginning the Firesign Theater, Dave Ossman was program director for KPFK and a published poet. Phil Proctor was in advertising, Peter Bergman was the Wizard of Oz, and Phil Austin was from Los Angeles.

They came together at the Oz Film Festival and Colloquium in 1967. Rumor has it that at this gathering they showed pornographic films over the radio. Upon deciding to work together, they discovered that, astrologically, they were all fire signs, and took this as their name.

Their first appearance as a group was on the Radio Free Oz show, broadcast Sundays at midnight over KPFK and, later, KRLA. During this time, they performed their own short plays. They were influenced by, among other things, current events, movies of the 40s, and television commercials.

At this time they recorded their first album for Columbia, Waiting For The Electrician, Or Somebody Like Him.

They were next heard Sunday mornings over radio station KMET. These shows contained readings of literature and poetry, philosophical discourses, and original plays dealing with Indians and nature.

In 1969, they left KMET and recorded How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere At All.

Almost simultaneously, Columbia released an obscure single entitled Forward Into The Past, backed with Sta-

tion Break. Lasting eight minutes and fifteen seconds, it is a tour through the world of old radio and present day commercials. The commercials are still played on a few FM stations. This record sold six copies before being pulled, and Columbia denies knowledge of its existence. It is no longer available.

The Firesign Theater Hour Hour was their next show and aired Sunday evenings over KPPC. This two hour show was broadcast for eight months and was the first on which they made extensive use of improvisation. During this time, they recorded Don't Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pliers, which was released in 1970.

Returning to KPFK, they recorded their now famous radio show, Dear Friends which combined the formats of their previous shows with Firesign versions of old radio shows. Twelve of the Dear Friends shows were syndicated nationwide and are still available. A two record set entitled Dear Friends containing excerpts from these shows, has recently been released.

After the completion of the Dear Friends radio show, and prior to the release of the album, I Think We're All Bozos On This Bus was recorded and released. This album is currently in contention for the Best Dramatic Presentation Hugo.

Their most recent group of shows, Let's Eat, was broadcast on KPFK Thursday nights at 8:00 between December and March. These shows exhibit the high professionalism acquired by the Firesign Theater in their many years of association.

As a finale to Let's Eat, the Fire-



sign Theater, in their first public appearance in over a year, presided over the convention of the National Surrealist Light Peoples Party. The convention, staged as a benefit for KPFK, was the scene of the production of a short film, The Firesign Theater's Martian Space Party. This thirty minute film is a collection of original material including songs, much of which first aired on the Let's Eat series. It stars the Firesign Theater and Anna-Lee and Tiny with additional music by Cyrus Faryar. It is tentatively scheduled to screen June 18th at a benefit for the Calkifornia Marijuana Initiative. Plans are currently in progress to facilitate a general release. Rebroadcasts of Dear Friends and Let's Eat can currently be heard on KPFK, Tuesday nights at 11:00 PM.

Along with their work on radio and records, the members of the Firesign Theater have been individually and collectively involved in many other projects.

Dave Ossman published a paper entitled The Mixville Rocket, which was distributed free of charge and has discontinued publication. Peter Bergman wrote for, and appeared on, the album A Child's Garden of Grass, and has also appeared in numerous films. Phil Proctor was involved in a film starring Orson Welles and Tuesday Weld. This film was produced but has never been released. And Phil Austin appeared on the album Stars and Stripes.

Their work as a group has included producing a poster for the films How Can You Be In Two Places At Once When You're Not Anywhere at All, and Nick Danger, Private Eye. (This poster is still available from Columbia for \$1.50) The writing of a film, Zachariah, their version of which was never released. And writing and appearing in many television and radio commercials. The most famous of which are the Jack Post Volkswagen radio spots.

In March of 1972, they filmed a commercial for all of their albums. The commercials featured Peter dressed as a clown, Dave as a barker,

Phil Proctor dressed as a slick car salesman, Phil Austin dressed as a cowboy, with Anna-Lee and Tiny in costumes and masks, and with Mrs. Proctor riding roller skates. This commercial was aired between 1 and 3 AM on Sunday mornings.

Throughout their career, they have made numerous stage appearances. At the Renaissance Faire, they performed Shakespearean Firesign Plays. At the Ash Grove, album and radio plays were performed as well as Shakespearean material. And they have taken their stage show to many college campuses. Aside from the filming of The Martian Space Party, they have not appeared in public for over a year, and do not plan to do so in the future.

Plans for the future do include the release of their sixth album, tentatively titled Not Insane, in September. At the same time Straight Arrow Press should be releasing The Firesign Theater's Big Book of Plays, which will include the scripts of the first four albums exclusive of one of their first albums and Nick Danger. Nick Danger is slated to appear in their second book for which Straight Arrow has contracted. In October 1972 work will begin on a new, syndicated radio show and filming will begin on their new feature-length film, The Big Suitcase of 1969.

There may be a single or album forthcoming featuring the serious songs and poetry of Phil Austin and Dave Ossman with music by the Firesign Theater and the Firebelles. One such song is entitled Loons by Phil Austin, and is included in the Martian Space Party. These songs are a good example of what Phil Proctor was referring to when he said:

"THE FIRESIGN THEATER IS NOT A COMEDY GROUP, IT IS A SELF-CONTAINED MULTIMEDIA ARTFORM."



# BOARD OF WRITERS CY CHAUVIN STOCKER ROGER ZELAZNY DARRELL SCHWEITZER LEON TAYLOR MURRAY MOORE

What follows was carved from a 78 page round robin run chiefly by midwestern fanwriters. Cy Chauvin first forwarded ten pages of cullings, then the whole pile plus letter. "Dear Mike -- I don't think you know what you're getting into... Fat package, eh? Most of it's crude. Odd little blatterings about this & that & what each of us had for breakfast that day... You may have to do a lot of creative editing to fit things together." A lot less than Cy thought. But you must read it to see whether it works. All I can say is that several people's minds will boggle to see this Schweitzer reject at last in print. Especially Schweitzer, who considers it unprintable.

CY CHAUVIN \* DARRELL SCHWEITZER \* RICK STOCKER \* LEON TAYLOR \* MURRAY MOORE

## PART ONE: ZELAZNY'S PANTHEON

Man and the gods, or men as gods, mythologies form the core of Roger Zelazny's writing. Has the writer run out of trump mythos, and if so, what of it?

LEON TAYLOR: Like it or not, Roger Zelazny is science fiction's guru for the Seventies. His quick hip wit underlaid by a quiet,

cool well of emotion epitomizes the basic conflict of this generation, that of socially acceptable frivolity versus socially despised honesty. What Zelazny wins awards for is proving that the two can, and had better, coexist. Zelazny's protagonist -- and despite the number of novels and short stories he's written there's only one -- is easy to identify with because he's the man of our daydreams: filthy rich, indecently handsome, and disgustingly prompt with the right quip. What's more, underneath that psychedelic carnival of sex values lies a pure stream of -- well, or whatever makes the homo sap different from the homely ape. Anyway, it's there, but it's highly analogous to passing through a sleepy Southern (USA) town: drive at anything above the posted speed limits and you'll miss it all.

It's in Isle of the Dead, too. That book matches coins with every other Zelazny novel with its obsession of mythology, its hard-nosed action reminiscent of the mystery pulps, and its basic insatiability. It differs in that its protagonist is a god and the copyright date is 1969. It is, nevertheless, a very good autobiography with some tall-tale yarnings on the side. An autobiography of our times.

Maybe Zelazny is dropping hints of this when he says that Francis Sandow, resident god of Isle, was spanked by his first doctor in the middle of the twentieth century. And all through the book, despite its supposed 2600 AD setting, we are bombarded by numerous unsubtle references to Vietnam, taxi cabs, Shakespeare and marbles -- not to mention the one unbelievable three-page treatise on the evils of tipping sandwiched in the middle of the narration without even so much the distinction of asterisks. Zelazny's universe is inconsistent as hell if. Zelazny's universe is actually one of the far-fetched future. Which it isn't.

And now that I've told you that Zelazny is actually an Angry Young Man double agent, that fans vote him Hugos because he strokes their dreams, that



Francis Sandow is a psychological symbol for the turbulence of our decade, let me say that Isle of the Dead is one of the smoothest running, neatly clicking action stories I've read all year. Not only that, but it is also an enjoyable fantasy making excursion into religious myth. And just to drive you to drink, I'll contend that Zelazny can belt out those hardboiled detective novels with the best of them.

And you thought that I was normal, didn't you...

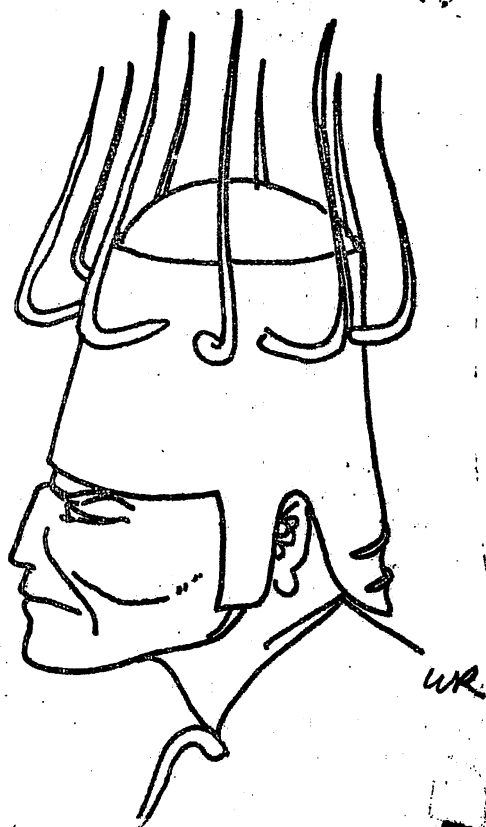
Well, maybe I am. Then again, maybe I'm not. Actually, it makes no difference, since the reason I mention all these contradictions concerning Isle is not because I'm unbalanced, but because this illogic exists in the book itself. Zelazny is a professional juggler, which is not to say that he is always a competent one: in Isle he keeps no less than a dozen balls in the air at once, spinning, weaving, glittering in the spotlight — and occasionally falling to earth with a big s-p-l-a-t! But Zelazny is also a wizard, for the overall effect of his acrobatics is of a solid, tremendously entertaining, tremendously stimulating circus.

So come with me and meet the main attraction, Francis Sandow, the oldest creature in the universe: shaper of worlds, lover of women. As I've already mentioned, Zelazny has only one protagonist but he equips him with several different faces. This time I'm afraid our hero's visage has slipped a little. Oh, he's striking enough — far more interesting than a lot of stock mannequins of hacks throw at us — but he's...slow. A little fudgy. Now Zelazny attempts to justify this by marking it down to Sandow's introspection. I say bull. This isn't Platonic self-examination; this is plain irresolution. When the time comes for decisive action, Sandow performs admirably, but in the meantime — well, let's just say that the pacing is a bit off color. And because writing can take on such

personalized shadings, what disturbed me may not disturb you.

In addition, Zelazny does not successfully develop his character's complexities. His presumed goals — to make Sandow a rich, real, living being — is praiseworthy and honestly attempted and never quite comes off. The problem here is that Zelazny does not understand what it is for a human to be an immortal god. Mortal-wise Sandow sounds pretty authentic — Zelazny has a keen ear for common dialogue, inner or otherwise — but a god he isn't, only a foolish old man playing charades. Moreover, Sandow's complexities and inconsistencies of nature are never fully integrated; they stand apart, like unmixed tea and water aloof from each other in a glass. Instead of stirring the glass, Zelazny presents several mechanical flashbacks which, I suppose, are intended to be Turning Points in Sandow's life. The only trouble is that such Turning Points presented without justification or linkage look ridiculously out of place. Too bad that the many graceful statues of Zelazny's pen must be marred by such misshapen stick figures.

But for all his faults, Sandow is a pretty personable companion and you will find him amusing for the book's duration — that is, if you don't look too closely. Not only that, but he also has some interesting things to say about life, and I think that any sf character loaded with such information deserves a few huzzahs. For instance, in the opening three pages — which are the best written in the entire book — Sandow compares life to Tokyo Bay, where anything can and does wash up. A rather common theorem, but Zelazny says it more colorfully than most. Sandow also moves well, something which can be attributed to his probable stature as a Pei'an god (Shimbo of Darktree, Shugger of Thunder). In case you're reaching for a handy reference, the mythology here is one of Zelazny's own devising. The Pei'ans are an ancient and wise people with their own souped-up religion, and Zelazny does neither of them justice.



A book that promises more than it delivers. I do not mean to say that Isle initially undertakes more than it fulfills -- for it is fairly satisfying -- but that Zelazny promises to do better in his next performance. Isle of the Dead is a good novel, but not a brilliant one. It has colors and iron spikes and shadows, all of them well-worked, but they are not classic. And that, you know, is what we've been expecting out of Zelazny all along: a bonafide classic, one that will knock sf readers and reviewers for a loop. So far, he hasn't done it. But he's finally beginning to come alive.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: I find your statement that Sandow is a "symbol for the turbulence of our decade" a little strange. He's a reassuring figure, larger than life, able to live in peace and relative contentment in a chaotic universe. He is not a symbol of disorder, but one of order, a goal, perhaps.

Everyone praises Isle for its original mythology. Not so. The names are changed but the whole universe is bas-

ically ancient Greek. The gods manipulate men and have their own private feuds, just like the Greek ones did. And the story itself is very heavily based on the Orpheus myth. It gets kind of obviously near at times. A guy has to rescue his deceased wife from the Isle of the Dead which is a big gloomy place surrounded by the river Acheron.

Also, I'd say that Zelazny already has produced several classics: "A Rose for Ecclesiastes", "This Immortal, He Who Shapes", and "Lord of Light". Some might want to add "The Keys to December" and "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" to the list.

RICK STOOKER: I disagree with what you say, Darrell, regarding Isle's mythology: "The gods manipulate men and have their own private feuds just like the Grecian ones did." In what mythology don't gods have feuds and manipulate men? Manipulating men is the function of any god.

In your analysis of Isle of the Dead, Leon, you call it "an enjoyable fantasy make side excursions into religious myth. This started an interesting train of thought in me: can you name any fantasy without religious overtones? Or for that matter a religion without fantasy overtones? There may be some, but for the most part those two strands seem very much interconnected; perhaps because religion is fantasy. This isn't to say that some version isn't the truth, but no man alive can offer positive, hard proof of any of the metaphysical stuff of which religion is made. Offhand, I'd say that all fantasy, religion and mythology works on the same level of the unconscious mind, along with dreams. Archetypes abound. In a story the whole process is modified by the creator's conscious mind and personal outlook -- sf-fantasy authors attempt to transform irrational, unconscious images into a plot that is both consistent and rational. Sometimes they don't quite succeed.

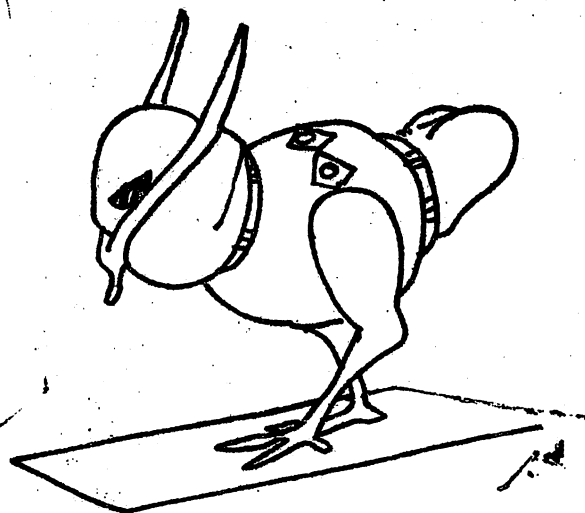
DARRELL SCHWEITZER: There's lots of Oriental religion in sf -- Lord of Light is a very obvious



example. Actually, like Rick says, there are religious elements in nearly all sf because both religion and sf are concerned with eschatology, although there is little of the religion of religion in sf. The thing that sf rejects is the concept of the supernatural — the idea that anything is so vast that men, given the time to develop proper tools and knowledge, can't understand. I've often tried to explain the concept of god to my atheist brother by comparing it to the speed of light and the famed walking-toward-the-wall analogy (i.e., take any given wall, walk one-half way to it, walk one-half again, and again, and again. Lao Tazse says that if you break a one-foot stick in half every day, it won't be exhausted in 10,000 generations). The idea is that although man may understand any thing, there is an infinite number of things to understand and thus he can never know as much as God.

Now, then, take any sf story about gods. They are always presented in an understandable manner, the ultimate example being del Rey's "Eveningsong", which is about how men put God in a cage. This is sort of anti-religious in the traditional sense or religious. Sf may take elements from religion, but it generally treats them in a manner that is decidedly unreligious. Perhaps because most writers are atheists?

Zelazny has been using myths (and thus religious elements) in his stories from the very beginning. His first two stories, which appeared simultaneously (8/62 in Amazing and Fantastic), were both mythological. "The Horsemen" was essentially a prose poem built around the four horsemen of the Apocalypse. "Passion Play" dealt with robots who created myths and legends surrounding the memory of man. Now, then, in almost every Zelazny story since then have been mythic traits. I think that Roger probably has come to the end of that road and must find some new ones to invest his stories with or die as a professional writer. Many authors of the past, especially when new, have had that problem. AE



Van Vogt had great difficulty getting off his malleable monster kick, and Ray Cumming never did go beyond the girl in the golden atom. I also find myself that when I write a group of stories all around one theme, I finish up with a parody. I think that Creatures of Light and Darkness is the parody that marks the end of the myth phase of Roger's writing. Or at least the end of his truly original and creative efforts in that direction — the demands of the readers and the lure of the almighty dollar will probably cause him to continue to turn out rehashes of his old work. Nine Princes in Amber is actually one of the best sword and sorcery stories written in the last 25 years (since the classic period of Weird Tales and Unknown), but that's not saying much since almost all we have now are bad imitations of Robert E. Howard. It has its fine moments, but it isn't up to Roger's former standards.

## ZELAZNY MEETS PAPA -- TO THE 32ND POWER

MURRAY MOORE: Before me lie This Immortal, The Dream Master, Lord of Light, Isle of the Dead, Ace's Four for Tomorrow, and Creatures of

Light and Darkness, none of which for a few very tiresome reasons am I going to dip into now, which I would have to do if I were to attempt to make a concrete contribution. All I can do is look at them and experience a few vaporous sense impressions resting on the pleasure side of the pain-pleasure scale.

Shall we resort to the odious literary stratagem, the comparison? Leon says that "Zelazny's protagonist...and despite the number of stories and novels he has written, there is only one...is easy to identify with because he is the man of our daydreams: filthy rich, indecently handsome, and disgustingly prompt with the right quip." Another US author by the name of Ernest Hemingway could be said to be similar in approach, at least as far as the first seventeen quoted words are concerned. Now I do not pretend to be an expert on either, being in fact more familiar with Zelazny than Hemingway. I do know, however, that he was one of THE influences of the 20s and 30s and that many of the actions and beliefs of those growing up in those times were affected by the "Hemingway hero": a man outwardly tough, adventurous sexually and physically, with less emphasis on the apparent fact that inwardly he is emotionally scarred. He seeks a separate peace with the world which kills the noble, the brave and the beautiful first. Out of all the novels (and collections) listed above, only Isle seems to have something of this essence within it.

By the way, Leon, your verbalization of the "basic conflict of this generation" in the first few lines of your analysis don't ring true for me. My interpretation of a conflict between frivolity and honesty as you phrase it is...hypocrisy? Is that the cause of all the shit slinging of the 60s? Now I would be the last person to affirm my omnipotence but I never noticed any messages in Zelazny's writing with regard to either the last or the coming decade (but then I wasn't looking). I prefer my comparison to Hemingway in that Zelazny is to some

extent more interested in his individual characters and their social and physical environment effect on them than many sf writers, though not to the degree that Hemingway was. Hemingway's hero has none of the attributes you ascribe to Zelazny's hero. Mythology never entered into the hero's life as he was too concerned with trying to survive in the twentieth century. And that may point out the difference between the two: to wit, the Hemingway hero is much more real to me than Francis Sandow; but perhaps that is because Zelazny is not as accomplished a writer. Yet.

LEON TAYLOR: Murray is correct in his comparison of Zelazny to Hemingway. One example of Papa H's influence on Hemingway is "Song of the Blue Baboon", a minor ditty by Zelazny in the Sept. '68 IF. I've just pulled it out for rereading -- the story has a nostalgic meaning for me. And compared to the rest of the issue, it was the best work; I mean, what else can you say about a collection of tales by such earthsagging names as von Wald, Melton, Tritten, Urhausen, etc...? But overall I don't think anyone will ever stake out a claim for its greatness. It's probably one of the fifty or so short stories Zelazny wrote before making his first sale to Amazing, rejuvenated for a quickie sale to a juvenile audience. But its conception seems to be firmly based in the Hemingway school (with some side excursions into Bradbury.) The theme is the same -- man being made honorable in death by his actions -- as is the situation, a man judged at the point of real/imagined/threatening death. Then there is the same lean, dispassionate style -- or imitation thereof.

Of course, the reason why "Baboon" doesn't go any farther than this is Zelazny's failure to understand the enormous pains Hemingway took with his writings. The ending to A Farewell To Arms for instance, was rewritten 32 times. He was a tortuous editor, cutting off every cliché and repetitive phrase; his manuscript pages were vir-



usually nothing but slashes and occasional untouched words. On those terms "Baboon" doesn't make it; Zelazny should remember that old-fashioned equation about inspiration and perspiration. Hemingway was colloquial (which made him colorful and readable -- for the 20th century American; anyway) without being tired-cliched, which Zelazny tends to be in this tale. Also, the plot is about a man unsure of his patriotic courage towards mankind in the final battle in which he dies (this patriotism theme seems a favorite one in studios of the ultimate test of men). The science fiction comes from the fact that mankind is fighting aliens and, I suppose, also because the story is told in the last few seconds of the hero's life, made to seem like hours due to the effect of a new Wonder Drug. The point I want to get to is that there isn't enough development to come to a conclusion about the way the hero should be classified -- the story is, after all only four pages long.

Yet classified he is, in the good-guy category. This Hemingway would never have approved. Again, not a very good story -- but it does illustrate some of the faults that typified Zelazny as a sophomore writer, and have now popped up again after he seemed to reach maturity -- perhaps he's going senile? Those faults are: dependency of style on cliched "cuteness" without any substance or purpose, a misfired plot that starts out well, then zooms towards a haywire, hackish resolution, and what sometimes seems like a total ignorance of theme. I'm sometimes convinced that Zelazny is twin brothers -- one brilliant, one an epileptic idiot; it would at least explain their total difference in writing quality. I wonder if this isn't Zelazny's primary struggle, between his two different writing personalities: it should be an interesting -- hell, important -- to see which one wins out. Anybody want to place bets?

PART THREE (A Hackwork Orange): A man whose audience is accustomed to seeing him write brilliantly can wear out

his welcome when the wonder works peter out. What is to become of the only author of the 1960s to place a story on the SFWA's all-time list?

## A HACKWORK ORANGE

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: Murray Moore says that Zelazny hasn't come up to the level of Hemingway. Well I say that he has yet to come up to the level of his former self. He has been in a steep and definite decline in recent years, checked only by Isle of the Dead. He is now on the level of competent-but-not-really-outstanding. Sort of like Dean R. Koontz. I predict no more Hugos in Zelazny's future unless he starts working hard again. I think another dud will finish him off completely in the eyes of the fans -- they won't even consider him anymore. You'll notice that much of his earlier work, like "A Rose for Ecclesiastes", "This Mortal Mountain", This Immortal, He Who Shapes, Lord of Light, etc. took awards or nominations as fast as they came out. Now he hasn't had consistent nominations since 1967 for Lord of Light and "Damnation Alley" (Galaxy Version).

It's a shame to see writers go downhill like that. I suppose if he hadn't produced the earlier stuff, I would consider the author of Nine Princes in Amber to be mildly promising but unlikely to become really important. I'd expect him to be writing IF serials for the next ten years.

I acknowledge "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" as a well-known and near classic story, even though I wasn't ever particularly thrilled by it. But sometimes even if you don't like something you must admit its importance. I have never been able to read more than a very few Ellison stories, and have never found one I consider really good, though I must admit Harlan's influence and importance in the field. Though I wonder if it will last. I think his attempts to be "relevant" will make

stories like "A Boy and His Dog" (which I thought was so overwritten it was funny) read like The Skylark of Space in a few years.

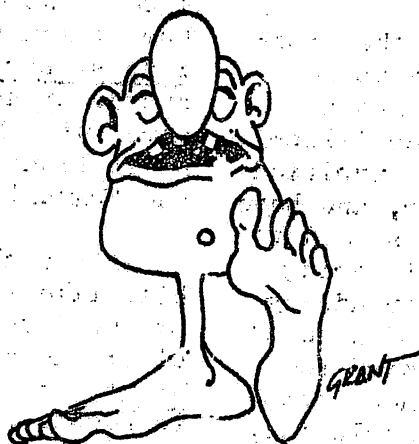
LEON TAYLOR: "The Eve of Rumoko". Ted Pauls liked it. I can't imagine why, aside from the fact that every Zelazny title is basically likeable. It was a hack piece for the master and a disappointing sign for things to come.

Darrell wrote a fine summary of its faults in 3rd Foundation #94. He outlined 3: failure to relate plot to theme (the theme, about a man who did not exist, had nothing whatsoever to do with the cloak-and-dagger story of espionage), too much flippancy (I disagree here -- no more irrelevant humor than Zelazny usually engages in -- but wholeheartedly second his later point that Z makes an awful mistake in not allowing his protagonist to show emo-

does anything with the potential of the idea. In addition, it does not really follow the stringencies laid down in Clarke's essay, but basically violates it in that Clarke was looking for an idea-oriented, extrapolated story while Z wrote a character study -- or tried to, anyway.

Sabella mentioned in his column... Zelazny used to be considered the world's greatest science fiction writer no longer back than 1965. In less than two years he lost that stature. What happened? Is he now content to blow bubbles? Is he tired of sf? After all, he did start on a mystery. Is he simply tired of writing?

Personally, I don't think that it is as black as all that. 2 Princes in my estimation was a pretty finely written book; an exceptional clarity of prose, an edge-of-the-chair plot and an inventive background. Despite a



tion earlier in the story) and poor technique (nothing is handled right, it seems. Z breaks in at the most inept moments with flashbacks, fails utterly to convince us of the hero's love interest which is supposedly the rationale behind the hero's entire about-face, and just doesn't know what to show and what not to show.) To those I would add a few points of my own: Z ends the story just as the human conflict is being set up, there is a sad lack of Z's usual precise language, cliches abound like bloody hell -- to coin one of my own --, and Z never

slow beginning, it soon gets under way with fire and tears and COLOR that we so often associate with Zelazny. And his period of mediocrity hasn't been abysmal: just two novels, Creatures of Light and Darkness, Damnation Alley, and a story (Rumoko, unless someone knows of another) stretching over a length of about a year-and-a-half at the most. Leiber used to have droughts five years long. And while Z's current absence of awards may seem alarming at first glance, there is hardly anything deadly about it; it only means that the readership has at last

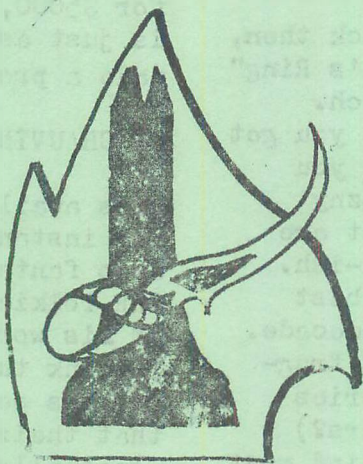


gotten used to the freshness and off-hand poetry that took us all off guard at the beginning. It means that Z will now have to do something different and devastatingly brilliant, as he has to compete against an extremely strong field of writers now, as opposed to the weak one of the early 60s, and because he can no longer rely on his basic personality to pull him through.

Zelazny began writing in 1962: that was 9 years ago. What really disturbs us is that he hasn't spent every minute of that 9 years in frenzied inspired classic-writing. Isn't it unfair to expect a writer to perform at the peak of his powers for nearly a decade? Creatures and Alley were Zelazny at half-octane, relaxed writer level. He says as much when he calls them "hobby stories". A genius at play, if you will. And now that he's had his fling, he'll be getting back to brilliant writing Real Soon Now.

"The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth" I just couldn't accept. The scientific background premise was simply too incredible for me to believe -- I felt the same way about the giant sand-worms in Dune, and Clifford Simak's two novels The Cosmic Engineers and The Goblin Reservation. They were all colorful but dissatisfying. On the other hand, Zelazny's collaboration with Harlan Ellison, "Come to Me Not in Winter's White" (F&SF, 10/69), I found very emotionally effective -- it hit me stronger than even Zelazny's classic "A Rose For Ecclesiastes." (Ellison's influence, perhaps.)

Sometimes I think that while Zelazny writes very well from a viewpoint of style, in other areas he tends to fall down. That would explain why "Come To Me Not In Winter's White" is so good in comparison to other Zelazny stories and novels of this period (Ellison provided all the interior depth and substance



I suspect that Darrell is right when he says that Jack of Shadows will either make him or break him -- temporarily, at least. Any later classic would be surely hailed as a "comeback". But I suspect that we are being childish about the whole matter... Zelazny is a writer. Writers are human. C'est si bon.

CY CHAUVIN: It is strange how differently Zelazny effects me at times. Lord of Light impressed me incredibly, and I doubt if I'll ever be able to forget that novel, while

that "Winter" had.) Along these same lines, didn't Dick Geis say that Damnation Alley was a "helluva bad good book", implying that while the plot and characterizations were terrible, he still couldn't help being attracted to the book due to Zelazny's style? That is why I can't believe Samuel Delany when he says that you can't separate "style" from "content" (by content, I assume he meant characterization, plot etc., or what is put in a story rather than how it was put together).

Another thought: perhaps Roger

Zelazny's quality is decreasing because he is writing full-time now. Although he actually publishes less material since he's begun writing full-time, this decrease in quality couldn't be due to overwork. Perhaps it's a psychological effect -- writing is now a job for him instead of a fun hobby indulged in during his free time. Of course, I'd also agree with Leon that Zelazny's so-called decline is to some extent illusionary -- it's just that he hasn't been aiming for as high a set of goals as he was previously.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER: I'll have you know that Zelazny told me in a letter that he considers "This Moment of Storm" along with "The Doors of His Face" to be his best short fiction. Sez his best novel is LoL because it had more than two developed characters in it.

He did write a bad story back then, and it was called "King Solomon's Ring" and Sol Cohen reprinted it, natch. Actually I would recommend that you get all the Cele Goldsmith Amazings you can and read all the early Zelazny shorts (also in Fantastic). Most are delightful, sort of David Bunch-ish. Also, "Passage to Dilar", the best sword and sorcery story of the decade. (Really wasn't much more than a fragment, but how many good s&s stories have we had in the last ten years?) Other early Zelaznys, you can find most of the New Worlds stories in American prozines. "In The House of the Dead" was in IF. "Comes Now The Power" was in Magazine of Horror, "For A Breath I Tarry" was in Fantastic. Only "Last Inn On The Road" is unreprinted.

Nine Princes In Amber was actually one of the best sword and sorcery written in the last 25 years -- since the classic period of Weird Tales and Unknown. Although derivative of Merritt it is much more creative than most and really does have some fine moments. I would recommend that you read it.

As for sales of Amber, there are only 5000 copies of almost all Doubleday sf

books in existence. They go out of print after less than a year (I think they average ten months) and all the remaining copies are destroyed unless someone buys them at a nominal fee (like Avram Davidson did with Pheoniz) and sells them. The sales do amount to about 5000 because sales outside of libraries are negligible.

The principle behind a Doubleday book is not to sell a book but to sell the right from one to a paperback line. The hardcovers are a technicality, so that Doubleday may say they have published book X. Then they begin negotiations with the paperback line. They can get better money (like twice as much) from a paperback house as the author can by himself. Like an author can get 2500, Doubleday can get 5000. So Doubleday technically publishes a novel, sells it to a paperback house for \$5000, and keeps half, the author is just as well off, and Doubleday has made a profit.

CY CHAUVIN: I don't think that Zelazny has mined all the mythologies available yet. I find it strange, for instance, that he hasn't tried some epic fantasy based along the lines of JRR Tolkien or William Morris, instead of his worn-out, imitation Conan stuff. I think the American swashbuckling stories seem to lack a lot of the depth that their British counterparts have, especially the newer ones. The muscled, sword-carrying hero has become as much a cliché as the space cadet type of stories Analog runs -- or even the standard computerized anti-Utopia so loved by mainstream novelists like Ira Levin. It's become the standard stage or backdrop for scores of stories. I think it was CS Lewis who said something to the effect that the first story about a flight to the moon was quite interesting, the next less so, the next after that less interesting yet, and so on. This derives from the reader becoming overly familiar with the background, making it less attractive to him unless the story is exceedingly well-handled.

Tolkien invented a rather conven-



ient term relating to all of this: "sub-creation". That is, the creation of a secondary universe apart from our own. It's interesting to note that quite a few past award winners have done just that, ranging from Lord of Light and Dune to The Left Hand of Darkness and "Ship of Shadows" -- even though they are all (supposedly) sf, not fantasy. (When you stop to think about it these stories use a lot of props that are more common to sword and sorcery than science fiction: strange lands and kingdoms, gods, treks across wild wilderness, priests, kings and little villages tucked away on the end of nowhere. With a few scientific props thrown in for flavoring...)

One of Zelazny's problems, like I've said, is the poor development of his backgrounds. He has to put more depth into them, more freshness and originality. Maybe what he needs is a good Editor -- one that won't just accept his latest opus with knee-bending gratitude, but send it back with comments and suggestions on how to make it better. To improve it to the level of Zelazny's former work, and beyond. Actually, an awful lot of sf writers could do with a good, honest editor, one who isn't afraid to say no and send back a story for rewriting/polishing even if he is a Big Name. (Ted White? At 1¢ a word and cramped deadlines... you've got to be kidding!) I hope that nobody thinks I'm implying that Roger Zelazny sells stories now only because of his name, since that is absolutely false -- his latest material isn't up to what is expected of him, but it's still from being Ace titles.



HARD ON ...

## HEY, YOU(PLEASE)

PROCRASTINATION #9 featured a Dilvish story by Roger Zelazny.

It sold out immediately.

PROCRASTINATION #10 will feature: "My New Ending To Rosemary's Baby" by Ray Bradbury; "I Positively Refuse To Budgie" by Bob Shaw; "The Return of Saul Goldman" by Mike Archibald (about a Jewish Vampire, no less); an interview with Darrell Schweitzer by Artemis Vreeb; a column on music by Donald G. Keller -- and more.

Don't you think you ought to order yours today?

PROCRASTINATION: 30¢, 4/\$1, fr Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Rd. Strafford, Pa. 19087. (If 10 is sold out you get an 11. That one featured a story "The Pink Umbrella" by David R. Bunch, plus more Shaw.)

## THE GREATEST

I come not to praise him  
But to praise me,  
I am great  
But all the girls just think  
I'm another pretty face with a great  
body,  
Which is true  
But I've got a brain too;  
I'm tired of people treating me like  
superstar,  
I'm not that much better  
Than other superstars  
Tho I am better  
I'm tired of being a Love-God  
Sure I'm sexy and I am a great lover  
But all the girls are the same  
They think I can't say no  
They treat me like a sex object  
And try to take advantage of me  
I'm really glad I'm loved world over  
And I'm very famous -- I like all the  
shrines and statues to honor me,  
I really dig all the holidays in my  
honor  
But I have just one wish  
I would like everybody to worship me  
On Tuesdays and not Fridays  
Because Room 222 is on TV Friday  
And I don't want to miss it just to  
Go to church and worship me -- Please  
I think it's pretty funny./MARK TINKLE

Pavlov, the giant, took hold of his beard in both hands. He twisted and squeezed. And in the Skinner box, by way of Watson-ville, the dog saliva dripped. And the bells tinkled a merry counterpoint. The rats chased after the saliva, whiskers brushing every convolution in the glory road ahead. The green door, paradise; the read door hell. And the rats fed when they learned. Skinner punched their tick-ets, and damn if the rats didn't get to expect paradise everytime behind the green door.

There's a ticket in my hand. Is it any good? Is it for that date, really? Will Skinner and Watson and Pavlov say: "Sorry, bud, where d'ya think you're goin'?"

I was nine years old when my theater ticket -- a Christmas present -- was refused at the door by a monster in uniform. I've distrusted tickets ever since.

Early in the shimmer of that first sf experience, after I had added eight years to the age of the ticket clutch-er, I wrote T. O'Connor Sloane, editor of AMAZING STORIES: "I expect science fiction, and you didn't give it to me."

I was writing to him about one story: a story about a crook's foiled escape because the alert hero put kero-sene in his car's gastank instead of gasoline. Sloane's reply was, in ef-fect, that the story was definitely FICTION, and that it's climax depend-ed upon a scientific point -- that cars will not run on kerosene. There-fore, he said, the story in question is certainly science fiction since it is fiction, and scientific.

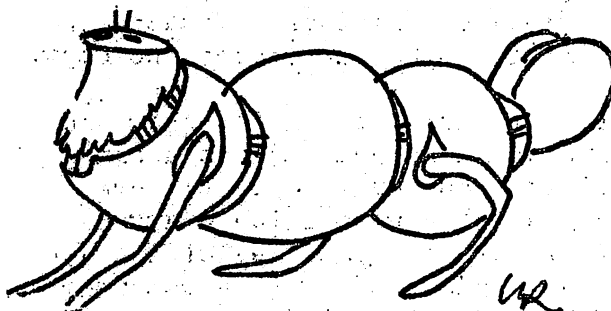
I disagree, then and now. Sure, I have a subjective opinion of what sf is. Wasn't it Louis Armstrong who said, "If you have to ask what jazz is, you'll never know."?

But there are some objective cri-teria. There must be, not science, but the wondrous feeling expressed by

some of the old pulps -- ASTONISHING, AMAZING, WONDER, ASTOUNDING -- in their very titles. This sense of wonder may be found in science, but not nec-essarily. It is found in the spirit of wanting to know the answers behind some-thing incredible. Stories of the there-and-anywhen, and not the here-and-now.

I've been conditioned to expect a certain kind of story as sf, even if there's not a bit of science in it. I reject the realistic science story, such as IN VIVO, as sf. I reject a lot of the current stories appearing under the sf label because they don't generate any emotion except disgust, boredom.

And I admit it, I get mad. Because I bought a can of peas, I thought, and inside the can were beets. I might have enjoyed the beets, but, remember, I BOUGHT peas. And, by George, at the filling station, I pay for and expect gasoline in my tank.

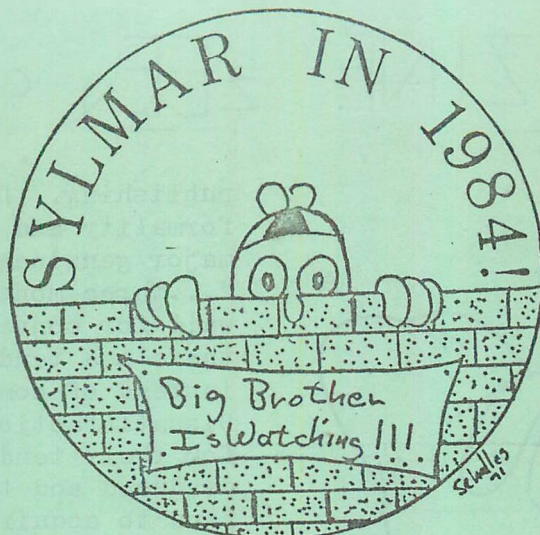


DONN  
BRAZIER

MY CAR WON'T  
RUN ON KEROSENE



WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?



WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?WHY?

### WHY THIS PRISTINE PUBLICATION CAME TO YOU (snort)

— You live clean.

— You plunked down good cash money to get it and will keep right on getting it until the time comes for you to pay up again.

— We trade fmz.

— We trade fmz. now — but you better do something even sooner than Real Soon Now unless you want your name inscribed on the Sacred Crudziners Memorial. Like, no tradee, no copy.

— North American sercon fanzines are going to Fahrenheit 451 in a handcart even as you read this; how can you let down all the widowed letterhacks and families of the deceased readers of SF (you remember — that odd stuff Ted White puts out between a Jeff Jones cover and a black-and-white ad for Rosiscrucianism); without rising from your seat to contribute some breathtaking tome to Prehensile? (How can you read an ungrammatical sentence like that last one and not be swept with an all-consuming desire to do better?)

On the rack for next issue is Perry Chapdelaine's IS TELEPATHY THE MODERN MYTH? And probably the second half of Goodman's piece. Maybe, too, an article by Robert Coulson who seems to have been snared into writing one for use outside Yandro through the unenviable device of losing my article for him! Darrell Schweitzer and Donald Kellner have respectively threatened and prom-

— Shall we trade?

— Can you believe it — electrostenciled artwork; not on this page — this is xeroxed. But on those other pages. The saintly patience of Bill Rotsler (what a paradox), which even conquers Spaces Intentionally Left Blank, has been rewarded. While I question the ability of fanartists as a group to fill the cavernous maw of fanzines let this checkmark announce that I have taken my number from the rack on the wall and will receive with pleasure anything you contribute.

— Above space intentionally left blank.

— You make life more interesting.

— What do you do with these after you take them? You don't smoke, so that can't be why I never get a response from you on them — they evidently weren't used as tinder. What, then? You, too, had better do something even sooner than Real Soon Now.

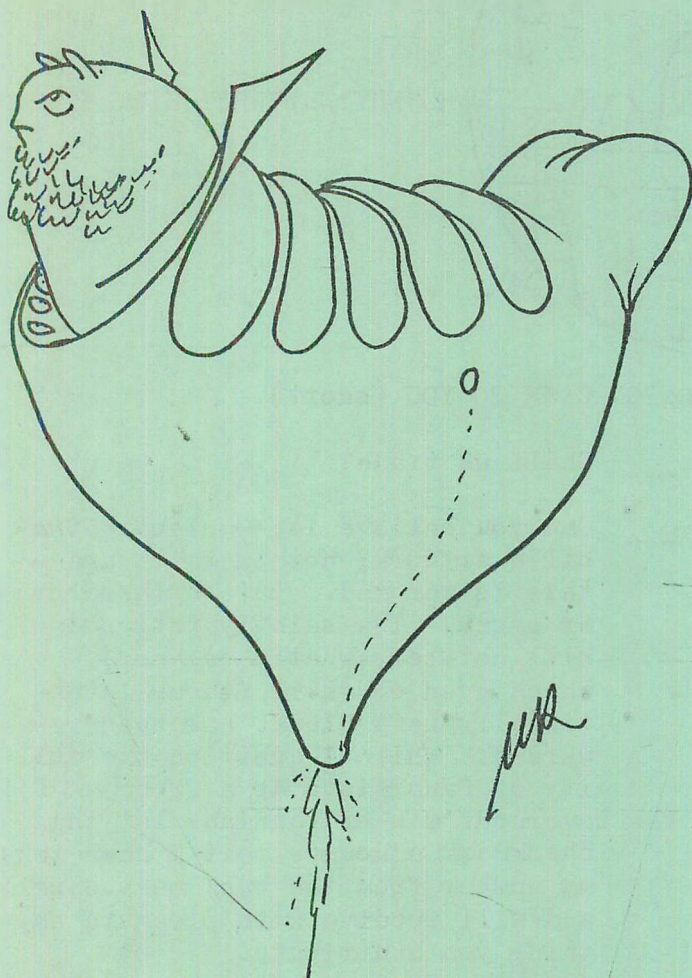
ised me some book reviews. Well, Mike Glicksohn, speaking of themes (who was speaking of them?) in fanzines, the one for Prehensile Five will probably be ripping-off-fandom; or maybe "Girdle Sale in Yankee Stadium", since I intend to print the closing two chapters (deleted by editors from final version) of Jack Harness' likewise-named novel.



# THE LETTERZINE

DAN GOODMAN

zEEN august-december  
1970



A letterzine is, basically, a genzine that is all letter column. It consists of letters from the readers, editorial comments, and not much else. For five issues, (3-7, August-December 1970) Earl Evers' zEEN was the best letterzine around.

The first two issues had been published in 1964, and were wretched.

Number 3, when it turned up in August 1970, didn't look like much either. It was eight pages of Evers' own material with a slightly nervous is-anyone-listening tinge to it. There was no artwork, and wouldn't be for several issues.

The first two-and-a-half pages were explication of policy and reasons for

publishing. Dissatisfaction with the formality and infrequency of the then-major genzines and quarterly apas: "...three months is just too long to wait for conversational responses, and there's a tendency to write at people instead of communicating with them." Dissatisfaction with the rotating apas for their tendency to fill up with deadwood and to acquire village idiots. (And to acquire personality clashes — the sort of thing for which the Cult has long been notorious.)

Perhaps the most significant editorial decision Evers made was to keep feuding out of the letters published. "If someone goes beyond the limits of common sense or common courtesy in arguing with someone, I can simply edit his letters."

There have been faneditors who wanted precisely the same sort of material that Evers was rejecting; Dick Geis was a prominent example, and a number of younger sercon editors imitated him in this respect. Fannish fandom, with its long tradition of well-written vindictiveness also has had its editors who encouraged feuding.

Other faneditors simply don't edit such material out of locs. Some consider it censorship to edit anything out of a letter. Others are simply careless — Jerry Lapidus, who is so careful in some respects of Tomorrow And..., has printed some letters unedited without knowing quite what he was doing.

Much of zEEN's success as a letterzine came because Earl Evers paid careful attention to decisions many faneditors make at random, make by following custom, or simply avoid making. He chose his readers (never more than a hundred) — for their ability to write the sort of letters that interested him. Since zEEN wasn't available for money, he had no problem with people who simply sent in money and contributed nothing else. (Some faneditors see no problem here;



but with a letterzine, non-locing subscribers are a problem. Others have tried to discourage "people who send in sticky quarters." This I find preposterous -- if you don't want subscribers, why make subscriptions available at all?)

Evers picked a monthly schedule as most appropriate to the kind of discussion he wanted, and stuck with it. There's a relationship between frequency of appearance and informality of discussion that holds for both genzines and apas -- the more frequent the less formal. On a weekly schedule, it's almost impossible to stay formal; formality increases as one goes up the scale to quarterly, at which point even genzines and apas which try for informality tend to do so in a very formal manner -- like a host rushing around carefully arranging everything to keep a party informal. It is almost impossible, by that token, for a yearly fanzine to be informal.

The disadvantages of an irregular schedule would require an article in themselves. Some sercon fans publish irregularly because it gives them time to do everything Just Right. Some fannish fans regard a fixed schedule as an undue formality. I generally find their material dated; and am wary of sending locs (let alone more formal material) because I've no way of knowing whether it will ever appear.

The rest of the zine was given over to subject intended to stimulate discussion. Tape collages. B. Traven. Jorge Luis Borges. Rock.

And one subject that was controversial at the time and has been largely forgotten; the Non-Con held in the Bay Area while the 1970 Westercon was being held in Santa Barbara. Evers had been given to understand that the Noncon was intended as a Head Fandom boycott of a Westercon which was rumored to be anti-head. He considered this unwise, not to say meatheaded.

One question that is probably both-

ering some of you: why didn't Earl Evers use artwork? After all, there is a large amount of artwork floating around ready to be used by faneditors.

Evers couldn't trace the artwork onto masters well enough to use it. There is an automatic ditto-mastering process (Thermo-Fax) but one TF master only yields about 40 good copies. If he had been using mimeo, I don't think Evers would have used electrostencils.

In any event -- he did not consider artwork all that important. There are faneditors who believe, with Terry Hughes, that "bad artwork is better than none at all" -- and all too often they publish artwork that is worse than nothing. Others pay close attention to artwork, choose good illos -- and seemingly throw in written material at random. (Some issues of Outworlds were horrid examples.) Evers was interested in discussion -- and artwork does not contribute to discussion. (There's no reason why it can't -- why fanartists couldn't send locs that were cartoon-strips, for example).

There were to be illos in zEEn, starting with issue #6. They were sent in already put on masters by fanartists.

zEEn #4, September 1970 had 29 pages; 11 of these were editorial material not tied to locs, but the rest were letters and Evers' comments on them.

For part of this issue, editorial comments are placed at the end of letters and divided from them by ::::: Then there is a change; Evers inserts his comments directly after the point he's commenting on, setting them off by placing them in (( )). (It happens that the transition occurs in my LoC -- the first method being continued for a bit after the second method had begun.)

There begins to be talk about The Fannish Resurgence -- a new wave of informal, mostly frequent fanzines. The Fannish Resurgence was usually considered to include Johnny Berry's Ego-



boo, Greg Shaw's Metanoia, Hank and Leslieh Luttrell's Starling, Dave Burton's Microsm -- and zEEn.

Letters from people who had attended the Noncon instead of Santa Barbara's Westercon began to show up -- explaining that there was no boycott involved, that it was simply a get-together of friends who just didn't feel like going to the Westercon.

Discussion of whether or not Fabulous Fannish Fandom had been on an exclusiveness trip for the past several years also began. There was talk about drugs, and a bit about rock.

With #5 (Oct. '70) zEEn went two-color. Letters were in purple; editorial comments were set off by putting them in green. (This can be done simply by using two different colored ditto carbons for the same ditto master; with mimeo, I imagine the process would be more complicated.) I never found the result quite satisfactory; the green was too faint. However, Evers -- and others -- liked it.

Except for one page (which included the Table of Contents) this issue was all letters and editorial replies. zEEn was now a full letterzine.

More talk about dope. A good deal about rock -- including a review by Jim Sanders that took up six-and-a-half pages and which I believe had originally been intended as a column, rather than a letter. (It was bloody sercon, too, and in the worst sense. One problem of the Fannish Resurgence was that it went in for pompous, badly written material on rock which wouldn't have been acceptable had it been about sf. Starling, good as most of its material is, still shows this weakness at times.)

More on the Noncon. And more on the question of whether Fabulous Fannish Fandom has withdrawn from general fandom for a time. Including Greg Bedford's statement: "I never thought of Fabulous Fannish Fandom as its own sub-

group; never imagined we were drawing away from the rest of fandom (in fact, thought fandom was just getting filled up with dull people)..."

In #4 Evers had begun to discuss the relationship between the Fannish Resurgence and the Fannish Establishment. There began to be more discussion in #5, largely Ted White's LoC and Earl's comments on it. Ted mentioned letterzines of the past, and suggested rotating apas and the N3F's Tightbeam were based on them.

Then, a bit farther along: "I'm a little hurt that in talking about the 'fannish resurgence' you don't mention Egoboo... I like to think that Egoboo has been one of the inspirations for this resurgence thing, if only by setting an example of what a small, friendly fanzine is like. I call it a 'mini-zine' simply because Egoboo, like Minac six years ago, is more than just a one-person informal fanzine. A mini-zine has many of the features and much of the feel of a full-sized genzine, and is small, more compact, and more accessible."

Evers' comment, in part: "I'm sure that Egoboo and Focal Point and Jay Kinney's Nope have all been inspirations to some faneds in the Resurgence, but not to me. The 'fannish' style of writing and elaborate ego-games and tradition-structures of oldstyle fannishness just don't turn me on that much. I get the same impression reading Ego as I do on reading any well-done sercon fanzine, meaning that it all interests me mildly, but there's the feeling that I've read everything in the zine before. The material, the subject matter, may be fresh, but the style and approach is so codified and familiar it's become rather dull... 'Resurgent' zines like Microsm may have been influenced by Ego and similar zines, but they don't use the same cliches and fannish formulas, rather most of the writing styles and way of treating subject matter are completely straightforward. No 'fannish polls,' no big raps about egoboo, no emotional

# FLORENCE JENKINS REVIEWS FANZINES

## MOEBIUS TRIP 13

This time, my review is on and about MOEBIUS TRIP #13. It was 4th in my list of favorite fanzines, and it is high time I said something nice about it. This is published by Ed Connor - 1805 N. Gale, Peoria Ill. 61604. Subs are 2/\$1 5/\$2. The reason I get it is because I subscribe and because we trade fanzines.

Ed has an impressive bunch of contributors and artists. I shall comment on the writers as I go along, but the art from the very good cover by Mike Scott to the last cartoon by Jeff Schalles is outstanding. The in-between artists are -- Mike Glibert, David Burton, Grant Canfield, Sheryl Birkhead, Wm. Rotsler, Terry Jeeves, Dave Rowe and Tim Kirk.

"Paul Walker Interviews James Blish" interesting and to the point, even if Paul seems to think the mid-to-late 50s were sf's "Dark Ages", and Blish thinks it is ridiculous to call them that and explains his views on the matter intelligently. (I agree). This is quite a long article; I couldn't possibly go into it all here, but I was especially interested in Blish's background, for I've read everything of his. I, too, was brought up in a very religious family, and though I DO believe in a Supreme Power of some kind, it is not the God that was shoved down my throat in my youth, so I guess I lean toward agnosticism. I neither know for sure,

nor do I care.

THREE IN ONE by Donn Brezier was very amusing and well-written. But one of his closing lines has me climbing the walls! The contradiction of "Ah, the mystery and beauty of the imperfect-perfection." This was in reference to a leaf-counting man who found holes in some of the leaves, and Donn ends up saying, "Here's a tree, made by God shall we say, covered with holy leaves." Very witty.

A thought-provoking article "Science Fiction: Definitions and Implications" by Angus M. Taylor with pros and cons from various famous writers in the field. With many footnotes explaining the source of his material.

Another amusing "Little Known Spacecraft of the 21st Century" No. 347 by Terry Jeeves, The "Booing Banger", appropriately illustrated by Scott and Jeeves. Next month No. 348, The Mock-Dunnell Donut.

One Nation Under GHOD by Jeff Schalles sez "he is not trying to tread on too many toes", but I suspect he'll get reverberations from it. NOT from me, though. I firmly believe in "live and let live". As stated earlier in this article, I guess many would call me an agnostic, for I am not a Christian, nor do I believe in the God of my Fathers. However, I DO believe there is a Power greater than myself, which, for want of a better word, I call God. Even the Evolutionists who think man came from apes or fish surely must think a Supreme Power put the fish and/or apes there to begin with. I do not go to any church since I got away from the family, but I have friends of various denominations and even print their views in my zine and respect their right to think as they please and reserve the same right for myself; though some of them think I'm headed for their conception of hell and damnation. As for their conception

If you are interested in having your fanzine reviewed here, send a copy to 13335 So. Vermont, Gardena, Calif 90247

of Heaven, I can't see myself sitting on a cloud, playing a harp, with a halo above my head, or living in a mansion with nothing to do but walk the Golden Streets and pat little cherubs on the head. This kind of heaven would be hell for me.

When I first looked at the clever cartoon "What Lies Beyond" by Scott, before reading "The Elusive (?) Sense of Wonder" by Alex Vitek, which it illustrates, I figured the article would follow up on my line of thought in the last paragraph, but not so. It is all about "the sense of wonder" when reading science fiction, if as the author sez, "If the starting attitude is to read the story as a story, then the essence of the work of fiction will come out the way it is supposed to. By the time the book is finished the reader will know whether it is good or bad... This way, possibly many readers will discover a whole new aspect of science fiction; the books read for escapism, entertainment, and other supposedly non-worthy reasons." There is more, much more in this excellent article, about the sense of wonder and I fully agree. I read science fiction for entertainment, and certainly have not lost MY sense of wonder at some of the things that come from the brilliant minds of most of our past and present science fiction writers.

I agree to a certain extent with Robert Weinberg in his article "Fandom is a Way of Life", and that "Fandom serves a useful and important function in the world," as he states. I have never been to a convention, and will probably never go to one, but I've made fannish friends from correspondence and have actually met some in person in the comparatively few years I have been a fan of fanzines, which is quite different than being a Science Fiction Fan. THAT I've been since my teens. But when I read my first fanzine I was hooked, and have subscribed for more fanzines than I can possibly keep up with, besides my correspondence and this column, plus publishing my own zine (not SF). To me fandom IS a way

of life, but not my whole life, for I have many other interests.

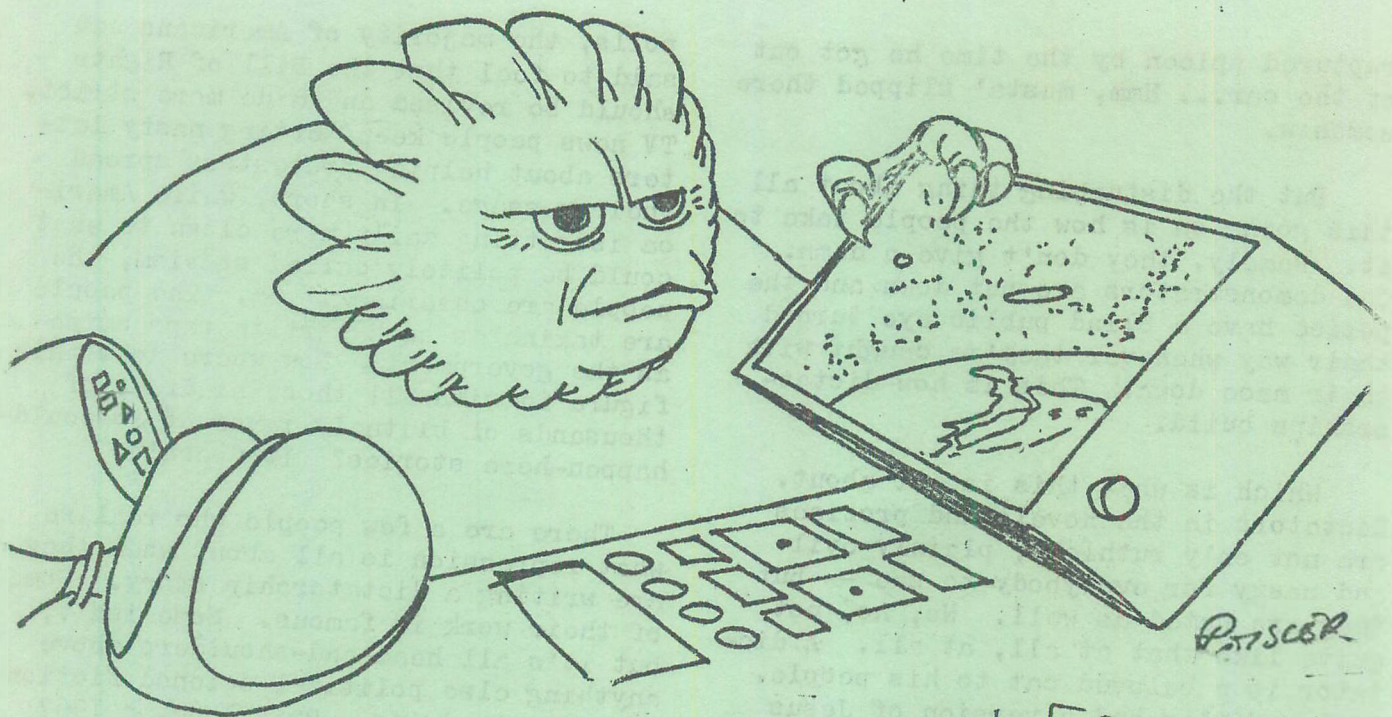
Since I subscribe to all the magazines Bill Wolfenbarger wrote about, I have read all those stories. Bill, if you have not got your March Galaxy with the first installment of Asimov's The Gods Themselves, let me know, and I'll loan you my copy. Better yet, why don't you subscribe for those mags, as I do, and you won't miss any issues?

Would love to read Love In The Ruins as reviewed by Paul Walker, but not enough to pay \$7.95 for it. At one time I was affluent enough to buy hard-cover books, and had room to keep them, but now, in this small place, I buy paperbacks and pass them on to someone else to read when I've read them. But, it sure sounds like good reading. Same goes for Jack of Shadows at \$5.95. However, I shall order Partners In Wonder from Avon at 95¢ as reviewed by Randy Powell, even though I have stacks of unread paperbacks on hand now. That list of my favorite authors is too much to resist. I may even order the new fanzine WEIRD TAILS if for nothing else than to read the letter from Dick Geis, whom I've met, explaining why he can't contribute. I'll bet it's riotous!

Tina Hensel's (being a LoC addressed to Mike Glyer) interesting from the point of view that she agrees with him, as I do on almost all the things he writes. I see that Buzz Dixon disagrees with Tina, whereas Stephen Fritter thinks Mike's article (in 12) was the most interesting. Sure would like to hear some of those "salacious" stories about one of my favorite people, Perry Chapdelaine, that Roje Gilbert mentions I liked most of the LoCs, but of course the most interesting ones for me were from fans I know or correspond with. Bill Bliss, for instance, from whom I have had some very interesting letters.

So I shall end this column commenting on the clever cartoon by Schalles saying; "But — don't you see? It's not just the BEANY, it's what lies beneath it!" How true!





"Ohh Martha, it's that reprehensible kid again. Come with his hippyjuana and his 7-Up cans and everything to jump 'round and revolution on our heads Martha. Go get Bertha, I'm gonna shoot me a hippy!"

Did you ever wonder where all the really good, high-quality dictators come from? People like Hitler and Stalin? All home-grown. Nobody forces a dictator on a people. They either give him a large base of popular power, or he fails. So went Hitler's Germany, 1930s Italy, Ancient Rome. This is the way things are in China today, and in Vietnam. What about Russia? They didn't become communist because a lot of the populace was communist, and they didn't take over the Balkans without a lot of hassle from the folks, did they? The citizenry of Russia and the Balkans was non-communist to a large extent when their countries became communist; however, they were dissatisfied with the government in power, enough of them willing to accept communist government. In Russia's case the government that the people were running away from was that of the czars. In the little Balkan states the people were fighting Nazism. Some of their largest resistance movements were communist, well organ-



ized to ascend to power. Tito was a leader in the Yugoslav underground a long time before anybody thought of putting him in office as the leader of the place. The communists had a definite power base in all these countries before taking over. Not a majority faction, but a large one.

Meanwhile, in America demonstrators are beaten in Chicago in front of 40,000,000 witnesses, a young Vietnam veteran is wasted in front of TV cameras during a demonstration at UCLA. He was placed in a police car, and although he wasn't beaten up, he had a fractured skull, broken ribs, and a possible

ruptured spleen by the time he got out of the car... Hmm, musta' slipped there somehow.

But the disturbing thing about all this going on is how the people take to it. Namely, they don't give a damn. The demonstrators are put down and the police have a blind public eye turned their way whenever they're caught with their mace down. This is how dictatorships build.

Which is what this is all about. Dictators in the novels and prozines are not only ruthless, plainly evil and nasty for everybody to see -- but they are hated as well. No, no, not quite like that at all, at all. A dictator is a beloved cat to his people. Adolph Hitler had a version of Jesus Loves Me with his name in it being sung by all the little kids. From the war footage I've seen the little dudes seemed to be digging it, too. Mao Tse Tung is the same way. Even CM Kornbluth can't tell me that after 10 years of wild-eyed love songs, posters, poems and paraphernalia and personal interviews that this is all some public relations wet dream. For one thing, you can't put on a ten-year show like that without showing some cracks.

But according to Kornbluth and any number of hackers for F&SF, things just can't happen that way. A dictator is slick and sleazy and everybody is all just oppressed to pieces by him. The underground is the Robin Hood of the 21st group. Everybody loves them a whole lot. They're fighting for the good and decent and everybody knows it.

If things went that way, we'd be seeing this happen in America. Nixon would be mightily hated by the working classes and the SDS would be the saviors of America. Mom would be baking her apple pie in memory of Jerry Rubin and Mark Rudd would be robbing from the Rockefellers and giving to the poor. Most of all, everybody would be feeling OPPRESSED. They don't. As a matter of fact, in several recent

polls, the majority of Americans are said to feel that the Bill of Rights should be revised and made more strict. TV news people keep getting nasty letters about helping protestors spread their message. In short, while America is getting daily more close to what could be politely called statism, the people are cheering it on. The people are taking as much part in repression as the government. Now where does this figure in with all those hundreds of thousands of blithely ignorant it-could-happen-here stories? It doesn't.

There are a few people who realize what repression is all about when they are writing a dictatorship story. Some of their work is famous. Some isn't, but it's all head-and-shoulders above anything else political science fiction writers are doing. Privilege, a 1967 British movie showing how a rock star helps to put a fascist movement in power is one of these. It's black and as cynical as Clockwork Orange, if less violent. Better Than Ever, a short story by Alex Kirs, is one of my all-time favorites. The country is seeing a new fad sweep it. Somebody is making a lot of money putting on a month-long movie. You never see what is in this month-long movie, only the effects it has on the people that go to it. Everyone that comes out is noble, highly moral, and just possibly highly obedient. Kirs has the discretion never to use the term "brainwashing", and indeed the term is irrelevant to the story. What is relevant is how "everybody's doing it" can become as terrible a cry of oppression as "Sieg heil". We all know about Stand On Zanzibar. Its oppression is a different kind from anything we've read recently, but it's accurate. Overpopulation is the trigger of social repression. The government has the people at its feet, and it's the people who are doing the repressing. The government doesn't raise a finger that isn't sanctioned by the people. That's the way things have been and still are in real life, too. Which makes one wonder if there really is such a thing as a dictatorship.



# DINOSAUR BEACH

BY KEITH LAUMER \* SCRIBNERS \$5.00

Nostalgia is not the word for memories of something only about six or eight years old, but harking back to the days when Keith Laumer was not SF's answer to the Industrial Revolution almost becomes nostalgia-oriented. At that time I read the likes of The Lincoln Hunters (Tucker) and Laumer's own The Great Time Machine Hoax, the latter being part of the great bulk of SF that has to be read at an early age for full enjoyment. Though Heinlein, Anderson, Bradbury, and the full range of SF writers were ones I avidly read, I've never lost my taste for Laumer, and have for a long time tried to see what the basic concept was for his stories.

After reading one of his latest flood, Dinosaur Beach, it ties into Laumer's career with the same strong sense of anachronism all the rest of his stories develop. He deals exclusively with people who don't belong in their time, who have outlived their avowed purposes, who are hurtled into incongruous time distortions. Catastrophe Planet -- man escapes from natural disasters, finds ancient civilization resurrected. "Dinochrome"; battle machine reawakes long after war has ended, turns tables. "Night of the Troll"; man comes out of deep sleep to find civilization has crumbled. Same applies for virtually all his stories.

But though it plays with the same human situation, in Dinosaur Beach the Laumer style of old, the kind that gets him nominated for an award, reappears to haunt us between tides of Retief and Lafayette O'Leary. The paragraphs that hurtle by, the sentences carefully stripped of flabby modifiers, and even improved to the end that the information carried in Dino is something that has never before appeared in Laumer -- characters of the two sexes interacting realistically. Laumer's stereotype, the hero's reward of a roll in bed, has been recrafted with a superstructure of relative sexual realism.

Thirty-two lines into the story, all of a summer evening in 1936, Igor Ravel leaves his wife of some weeks, forever, to lend a first increment to the irresistible momentum generated by this fast moving time adventure. Flexing his stylistic muscles Laumer careens through the opening sequences: stereotype sex angle? Check. A shabby setting for the first hassle scene? Check. Background laid down by wry first-person comments? Check. Self-imposing antagonists coming out of nowhere? All in there -- check and double check down the line. Now all the posturing is shucked off, the exercising stopped, so that the real epic begins.

Ravel, within paragraphs, becomes a Nexx Central Operative, no longer out for a bear, but being warned that an assassin -- a humanized roboid Karg -- will arrive shortly. With familiar gall Ravel greets the predicted assassin at the bar, whispers to him, spoils the attempt, and away we go.

Time travel was made possible and performed sloppily in the First Program. The second program sought to clear up the anachronisms that littered the time-ways as a result. The Third Program had to repair the botch made by its predecessors (and used the mechanized Kargs as its tool). Nexx Central in turn wished to save the rapidly weakening timecore and life as we know it by wiping their forerunners out. An apparently simple agent operating out of the constable Dinosaur Beach station, Ravel is trapped there, abandoned in time. Using his personal jumpfield he is still only able to transport himself into an alternate timeline and a similar -- though not identical Dinosaur Beach station. Here he meets a woman identical to the wife he has abandoned pages back; she is also stranded, a Nexx agent from a thousand years into an impossible version of Igor Ravel's future. Between them comes a written relationship and progressing of the story line that Laumer has not before proved himself able to handle.

As one soon finds out, there is more to Ravel than meets the mind's eye. Combating a factor that upsets the neat



strategic planning of the Nexx ideal just as the Mule ruined the psychohistory notions of Selden, a modified Karg aborts whole potential timelines, snapping apart all the timesweep programs, funneling all the power and stability into one safe, complacent and futile pocket of human security. As Laumer has always advanced, man's potential must not be restricted no matter for what seemingly good ends, or the race will suffer. And so it is that the deeper facets of Ravel's character emerge to floor the reader with climactic wonder, realizing a potential plotline far beyond the reader's knowing cynicism.

## THICK AS A BRICK

BY JETHRO TULL AND GERALD 'LITTLE MILTON' BOSTOCK, SORT OF ...  
review by Richard Wadholm

So Tull, one of the altogether most inventive bands in English rock music says they want to do an experimental album...Right, an experimental album. As if complete changes of group personnel and fusing acid rock to 12th century madrigals and making the flute a lead instrument weren't experimental enough. Tull says they're going to do an experimental album!

So I boogie down and pick up this... well, it's a newspaper folded to about the right size of a record cover. The man at the counter says that this Friday January 7th, 1972 issue of the St. Cleve Chronicle and Linwell Advertiser has a new Jethro Tull record inside, and takes my five dollars. (While I'm wondering what will happen if it really is the Friday, January 7th edition of the St. Cleve Chronicle & Linwell Advertiser?) Ahh but the biggest shock is yet to come. I get the newspaper (one of the totally strangest album covers I've ever seen. Including the front and back of the album cover, it's a full 12-page newspaper with articles on dogs soiling actors' shoes and obscene join-the-dots children's games and even an actual review of the album I'm about to listen to) I open it up and take the record out.... There are no song titles.

THICK AS A BRICK

I look at the record. There are no songs.

Well, actually, there is one song. Thick as a Brick. Period. It starts at the beginning of side one and unwinds a frantic, twisted path to the end of side two. Yeah, that's pretty experimentally all right. I mean, I've heard of theme albums, but this is ridiculous, right? Nobody has so much on their minds that they can write a full hour-long album with only one song on it.

What is the song? It's allegedly a musical version of a disqualified prize-winning poem by eight-year-old Gerald Bostock. The album title is the headline and there stands cool, urbane 'Little Milton' Bostock looking very bored underneath it, on the Chronicle's front page. He's supposed to have written it and entered it in a contest held by the Society for Literary Advancement and Gestation (SLAG). A little farther on in the article set around the picture it explains how he upset people by saying a swear-word, g\_r (?), on tv, and how four leading child psychologists said the work was a product of an "extremely unwholesome attitude towards life, his God and Country" and how they recommended him for psychiatric care. A little later on in the paper, it seems he's not getting all his kicks from laying down perverted poetry as his name has popped up in a school girl pregnancy case. Hmm...Way to go, Milton babe.

Milton's song? Weird, just plain weird. Jethro Tull has been basing a lot of its music on experimentation, but this is very far out in left field even for Tull. (Why did you think you were reading a review of this in a science fiction fanzine anyway? Hmm?) The album and the newspaper and the character Ian Anderson created to create Brick are all inextricably tied together to bring out an intricate, wheels-within-wheels story/allegory/social comment. The words are as constipating to the eye as the music is to the ear for the first few times you play the album. But, as with the music, the words define themselves, clump into smaller, more accep-

WADHOLM



table bite-sizes and gradually become more interesting and appreciated. The theme expands from the moment the record begins and Anderson sighs "Really don't mind if you sit this one out," through cycles and movements, stained-glass-window scenes, nursery rhymes and a widening sweep of the target.

His perspective switches, starting out as the artist banging against his frustration and his audience's dull-wittedness. From there it goes from the voice of the prophet, writing on the wall, to the small thoughts of an illusory but prevalent character that winds himself through the weaving of the album. The ghostly man is more than a biting thumb-nail sketch of the greed and perverted conscience-money guilt complexes that make up the ruling classes in our "classless society", he is also the picture of ironies of our society as a whole. Anderson goes beyond just shouting "foul!", he also shows the effects of what he's talking about, the empty important things in life, the tweedle-dum/tweedledee choices at election time, and the reasons behind all this. About the only thing he doesn't give is a solution to the problem. His only advice in this area is to "Come on ye childhood heroes..and show us all the way." But then again, this may be the only answer.

## DRAMATURGES

BY JOHN BRUNNER \* ACE 75¢ 16668  
review by Mike Glycer

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I'm talking about a gyp. I'm talking about a scandal, a cheat, and a fraud. About the pitiable fact that John Brunner's quality THE DRAMATURGES OF YAN is only eligible for the 1971 Hugo (now being voted and debated). Yes, yes, the paperback does say copyright 1972 Brunner Fact & Fiction Ltd. but don't pay that any heed, it's been magazined elsewhere.

But don't waste tears on the death of this chance for a Hugo. I don't pick the winners all that well anyway. This novel of crisis on a world civil-

ized by humanoid Yanfolk, observed by a select and well-characterized group of Terrestrials whose contact with the spheres of civilization is the rare appearance on the teleportive go-board of a news robot, may not be all that great. But don't bet any money you can't afford to lose against its readability and sweeping ideas locked into Brunner's prose.

The planet Yan was, millenia gone by, a single unified artform. Then the Dramaturge, that combination of poet and scientist (so the anthropologists surmise) attempted to use the planetary moon as a lever or source of power in some project and instead destroyed it, creating a ring, creating an equatorial zone of perpetual asteroid-fall, and cutting off from civilized Yanfolk all survivors in the southern hemisphere, who devolved into wilders.

The principle human characters are Marc Simon and Dr. Lem. Marc is the translator of Yan's Mutine Epic, a heroic poem of the civilization's heights. He had 'gone native', moved outside the compound where the rest of the humans live — the opposite of others who have encouraged the desire of some Yanfolk to imitate human dress and behavior. As Yanfolk are constructed with the capacity to engage in sex with humans, it is the fashion for 'apes', or an self-exile like Marc, to pair off with sexual compatigles from the other race.

The crisis event in this social system is the arrival of Gregory Chart. Chart is the superstar of an interstellar human race. He is a man who can synthesize cultures, give people what they aren't even aware they want, by using his personally developed technology. It is his ambition, after having made more money and gained more power than he need add to, to create one of his productions using an alien race; the Yan; a people with a literature (the Mutine Epic); a people who, so the human colony finds to its distress, want Chart to reamke their culture over into the greatness it held



once.

But Dr. Lem and the cronies he gathers around him know about the effects of Chart's productions on other planets. Lem believes himself a responsible man, one who's watched what's taken place on the planet over several years more because he's too old to take a trip on the Go-board than from any joy of living on a rapidly humanly-corrupted orb. They are confronted with the problem of whether to send a man to earth to call for help against Chart, or to leave the situation to run its natural course.

At this point the neatly constructed search for the meaning of the planet's artifacts and the condition of its former civilization, which the reader is led to believe Chart is about to reveal with the aid of Marc Simon is ground under the heel of deus ex machina, and John Brunner, not quite aloof from accusations of writing copout endings (witness Mulligan's fortunate discovery of the Shinka peace gene as a solution to population psychoses in Stand on Zanzibar) hurls into the cultural gearwork a police action led by earth forces to prevent Chart from re-awakening the power of the old alien civilization. Amid some near-incomprehensible bullshit as to why the situation got out of hand and required extraordinary measures, the story climaxes as one watches the resurrected Dramaturge, a many-bodied but single-brained entity, wipe out the planet as it attempts to fulfill its plans of so many cycles past.

To anyone much impressed with his slow unfolding of the alien mind and culture, the ending to this novel looks a lot like the result of pulling a dormant unfinished work out of the drawer and tacking on an ending because Brunner needed the money for something. Maybe to him it is a fine book. Perhaps it will be to you. Yet I saw visions of the Yanfolk in this novel playing to the Mutine Epic Yanfolk the same role that the Greeks played to fabled Mycenaean men, united with a description of

an alien people that wasn't in the EE Smith/Laumer tradition of totally evil ETs. This novel didn't have to end with fireworks and megwash. But that it can cop out and still make me sorry that it can't get on the Hugo ballot proves at least to me that there's much to recommend this novel.

## ISLANDS

BY KING CRIMSON \* review by R. \*Wadholm

King Crimson's come out with the American version of their new album recently, so it will be fairly easy to find. Only don't buy it. Not the American version anyway. The outside cover on the American album is just the sleeve on the English version, and I think it looks rather crappy for an artistic rock album. I got the English set on Island Records and it is beautiful. A stark picture of the Triffid Nebula in Sagittarius with nothing else on the cover.

As for the album inside, it's much more close to home than the Triffid Nebula on the cover — and then again, it isn't, because its subject matter eventually reaches out and passes the Triffid Nebula on its way to some unknown metaphysical ending. The album is of Islands. The islands that we all are to each other. The album is specifically about one island in particular, but it never gives his name, or even very much identity except that we are all very much like him and he sees himself as very much of an identity. We see small portions of his memories in hyperdetail and blurry collage at the same time. We see the things that strike him, the things he hopes for, his subconscious thoughts. And we see ourselves.

The album is a blurred clashing assemblage of out-takes of dreams and memories, washed in the nostalgic fuzzy gold of distant times. He is a compilation of these things so he is. He is making himself the island against a sea of modern anonymity that would tell him he isn't. It's a common struggle these



days, and it's even more commonly written about, but never with this eye on the soft and hopeful. Most work on individualism today is angry satire. This on the other hand, is one Island's quiet plea to be left with his dreams and his memories. For once it's not really negative in stating its case against the sea of fads and Goodthink, just very mellow.

This is all couched in layer upon layer of metaphysics and existentialism. As soon as you start on one layer you can look forward to another when you're done. And somewhere in this heap of layers is the layer labeled "science fiction". Once you get through the seemingly unrelated lyrics and realize how they really do tie in no matter how divergent their apparent subject matter, you realize that Robert Fripp and Peter Sinfield are building a universe -- as we all do around ourselves. Eventually this universe gets very lofty and philosophical, but even our own personal universes started out with a strictly inventoryish type of reality. The universe in the album is a caricature of our own, will all the basics of any good universe, but not too many frills. You have locations and remembered love (Formentera Lady), outer space -- the unknown (Sailor's Tale), death and sadness (The Letters), life, love, and sex (Ladies of the Road), memories -- still pictures of special beauty frozen in your mind (Prelude: Song of the Gulls), and hope and fear (Islands).

And then, right at the end, after they've finished creating this world, they add one more cut. It has no name and it's not even mentioned either on the sleeve or the label. But after 30 seconds of silence at the end of side two, you suddenly break into this recording studio a few moments before one of the songs on Islands is to be recorded. And they go through the whole bit of tuning up and giving the technical instructions and the meter and then you hear them give the beat just before the song: "One, two, three...two, two three..." and it's over. They were counting down for the song of your personal uni-

verse. And as you put their universe back in the cover and slip it back on the shelf, this last song, the song you are living, begins.

It gives the whole thing a universe within universe, mirrors-within-mirrors touch, and who's to ("...One, two..") say? Maybe it's ("three...two, two...") true. Maybe a universe does end when you pick up the needle and ("three..")

## TIME FOR THE STARS

BY ROBERT HEINLEIN \* ACE 81125 95¢ \*1956  
review by Jay Freeman, (Letters from Outside)

I originally read Time for the Stars in Junior High School. It was the first book I encountered that seriously discussed the hows and whys of interstellar flight; other SF I had at that time read only used star travel as a background for stories; and even in the late 50s and early 60s, few non-fiction authors were talking seriously about leaving the solar system.

In order to send people to the stars we need at least three things: a crew, a conveyance, and a check to pay for it. I have a feeling that finding a crew will be the least of the problems. I'll get to Heinlein's conveyance in a minute. But this matter of the check is most serious: it should be blank, and backed up with lots of credit. And Heinlein has come up with one of the better ideas I've seen in science fiction to finance his story's expedition.

I'm talking about the Long Range Foundation (pp. 12-13):

"Its coat of arms reads 'Bread Cast Upon the Waters,' and its charter is headed: 'Dedicated to the Welfare of Our Descendants.' The charter goes on with a lot of lawyers' fog but the way the directors have interpreted it has been to spend money only on things that no government and no other corporation would touch. It wasn't enough for a proposed project to be interesting to science or socially desirable;



it also had to be so horribly expensive that no one else would touch it and the prospective results had to be so far in the future that it could not be justified to taxpayers or shareholders...

The funny thing is that bread cast upon waters does come back seven hundred fold;...

The Long Range Foundation pours money down ratholes, some of which turn into gold mines, producing more money, which is poured down more ratholes... The ratholes in question vary from pure research projects which might have specific social utility in a century or two. Like weather control. Like interstellar travel.

I think that we could use one or several Long Range Foundations. I just wish we had enough money to set one up.

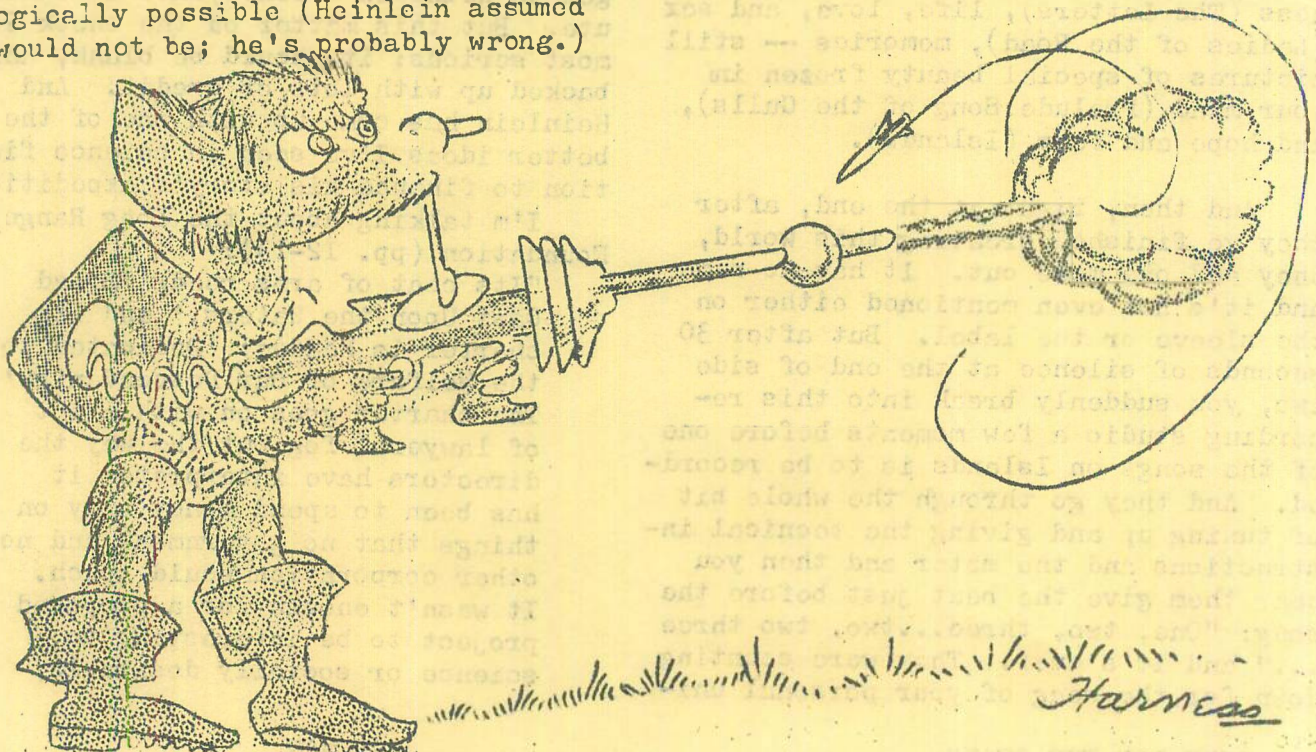
Like interstellar travel. For if you are restricted to ship speeds below the speed of light, and if you wish to find lots of habitable planets of Sol-type stars, then it will be a good portion of a century before your exploring vessels can even reach the nearest few score stars like the Sun. It would take them just as long again to come back with the data -- or almost as long to radio it back, if the last is technologically possible (Heinlein assumed it would not be; he's probably wrong.)

The Long Range Foundation launches a dozen interstellar spacecraft, capable of traveling at relativistic speeds. each will visit about five stars. The odds are that none will come back. But the information will come back: for the ships are linked to Terra by pairs of telepaths -- generally identical twins -- turned up by another Long Range Foundation research project.

There is a joker in the deck. For even across tens of light years, communication between opposite ends of a telepathic link is instantaneous (measured in coordinates attached to local mass distribution in the galaxy, or so it seems). The alleged speed-of-light limit is not present.

It is clear from the introduction of this fact into the story that the laws of physics are due for a basic upset. And during the duration of the starships' voyages the people back on Earth learn more and more about the phenomenon.

Until the torchship Lewis and Clark, sixty-three lightyears and the better part of an Earth century out from Terra, crew whittled to 15% of the original complement (by plague and alien attack) and morale close to zero; it is relieved by the FTL Serendipity, brought home between breakfast and lunch.





Time for the Stars helped much to form my philosophy of science. The book is full of discussions among scientific officers of the Lewis and Clark about such matters as the meaning of serendipity, the nature of observation, and the notion that what men call laws of nature are not necessarily fixed and immutable for all time after their proclamation. This is heavy going for Junior High School, yet Heinlein expresses it well and understandably.

The torchship is an interesting concept. The word "torch" refers to a device which annihilates matter completely, producing energy in the quantity  $E=mc^2$ . Heinlein's torch will burn any kind of matter, in principle, though the associated plumbing and sub-systems are prepared to handle liquids, in particular water.

For such a device to work would require the repeal of several so-called laws of physics. Very well, let us assume them repealed, and see what would follow.

For the Lewis and Clark to travel distances of ten or fifteen lightyears in a year or two of ship's time, the time dilation factor gamma (one divided by the square root of  $(1 - v^2/c^2)$ ) must be ten, or somewhat larger, at maximum speed. Remembering that the ship must carry enough fuel to break from that immense velocity, one may show that the ship's weight full of fuel must be about four hundred times its weight with all fuel tanks empty.

Heinlein does not give specific dimensions for the Lewis and Clark, but we know that she's much larger than the span of a helicopter's rotor blades. Let's guess fifty meters diameter, more or less. We recall that the ship is a bit turnip-shaped, and approximate her by a sphere. Then with all tanks full she certainly can't contain more water than would be found in a fifty-meter sphere. That's 66,000 cubic meters of water, or 66,000 metric tons of it. (One metric ton equals 1000 kilograms equals about 2200 pounds.) The allow-

able mass of all other parts of the ship and payload is one four-hundredth of this figure -- or 164 metric tons.

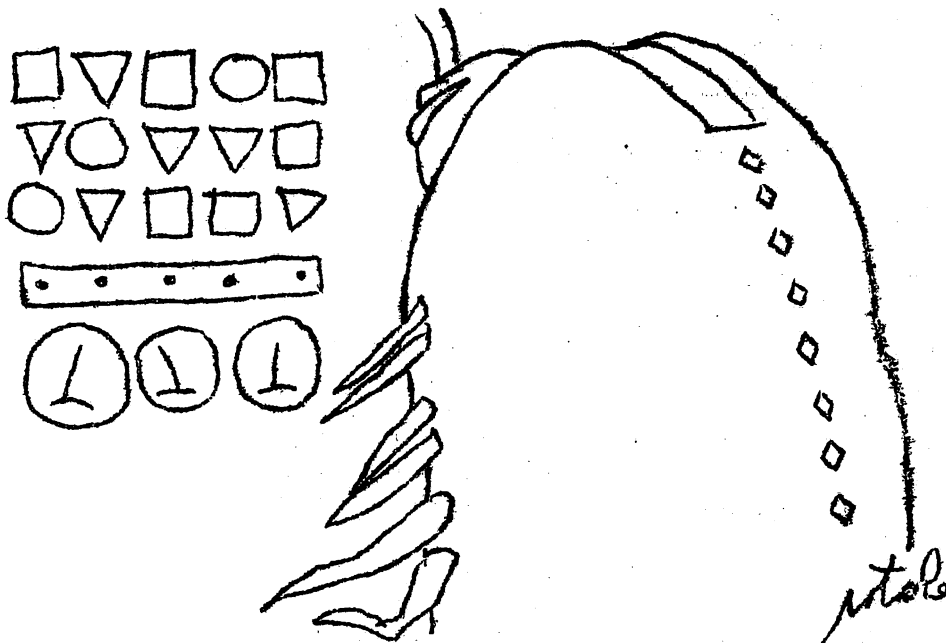
That's not a lot for a fifty-meter diameter fuel tank plus drive unit, life support system, instruments, and crew. Of course, I suspect that Heinlein did not do this all out in quite as much detail when he wrote Time for the Stars, but let's follow the ideas and see where they go.

Let's split that 164 tons three ways: a third for shell and structure, a third for propulsion and life support, and a third for passengers and payload. I suspect that fifty-odd tons is enough for two hundred people and adequate scientific instruments. But could fifty-five tons of matter be formed into a fifty meter shell strong enough to be filled essentially full of water and accelerated at two or three gravities? That sphere has a surface area of about 7800 square meters. If half of the 55 tons were used as skin -- leaving the other half for internal structure and such -- then there would only be about three-and-a-half grams of material for square centimeter of skin. The skin would probably be less than 1/10 centimeter thick. That's not very much, if we restrict ourselves to presently available materials.

Of course, the point is that we need not necessarily restrict ourselves to present-day materials. Composite structures of monocrystalline metal fibres and other things might well have structural strengths orders of magnitude greater than regular metals. And these materials might do the job, not only for structure, but also for powerplant, life-support systems, and other sorts of ship's machinery.

Though it's interesting to speculate what life might be like in an environment in which walls were literally paper-thin, personal effects, tools and utensils were in limited supply, and material of all sorts was at a high premium.

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## SCHLACHTHOF 5

film review by Mike Glycer

There's no question that SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE is insistently antiwar. The real questions are: Is it SF? Is it any good? Sez who?

The George Roy Hill directed film opens by taking pictures of a man typing. The man is Michael Sacks, as Billy Pilgrim, and the loud mechanical triggerings of the keys make a striking transition from the scenes of a much younger Pilgrim running silently through German snowfields in the winter of '45 -- and is thoroughly effective in letting the film audience see that for all that follows, Pilgrim may only be a fragile, addled old man writing insane letters to the Ilium paper. Certainly this is what his daughter and son-in-law believe. It is the burden of the film to prove he actually has come unstuck in time. And, like in Up The Line, Pilgrim slips off mid-sentence, back into the story line.

After the opening minutes of the flick have had their chance at molding the viewer's first impressions, we are hurled raw into this interwoven cacaphony of historical moralizing, stfnal

paraphrasing, comedic cliché, "social comment" (that ambiguous term referring to the parts of the film that reflect "reality"), which becomes "a schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

In brief outline, Slaughterhouse Five is a scattershot biography of Billy Pilgrim, WWII soldier, POW wher Dresden was bombed, optometrist, a man surrounded by a wall of familial flab as if the more closely one was related to Pilgrim, the fatter one got, while his enemies are lean as wolves. Pilgrim, late in life, was taken to Tralfamadore to be on public display and to mate with porno star Montana Wildhack. While there his mind and life were affected so that he lived the moments of his life in random order.

Most of the picture is wrapped up in his POW experience. These segments are the best in the movie. Here the inane British POWs live in luxury, and Wild Bob, Paul Lazzaro, Edgar Derby and Howard Campbell, Jr., perform. Derby and Campbell both mouth their forms of rhetoric. Howard Campbell's putdown to Derby is, "History will prove you an ass." And for all the clumsiness -- inserting facts about the Dresden raid in the middle of Pilgrim's shock therapy, Rumfoord's speechifying carefully representing a pose well-known in the Vietnam debates ("we always complain about 'their' sufferings, and never think about our own losses") -- there is a message that gets through. War is the past-time of children and fools. Immediately after Rumfoord's lines come Dresden shots of children wearing masks; as the defenders of the raid wears masks of logic, statistics, and sanity. History proves everyone an ass.

Everyone in the movie is either a child (by imitating maturity they don't really possess), or childish (the in-



sane threats of Lazzaro, the panic of Pilgrim's wife as she careens in her Cadillac to the hospital), very imitative of the novel's characters. Everyone seems a cartoon, or a medieval abstract with a big head and a small 2-D body. In some places this reduces the picture's credibility; the characters edge over from Vonnegutian simplicity to common cliché. Pilgrim's Green Beret son does not have to glow with patriotic idealism and look like an ass to make a point; but he does. One watching the film shouldn't have to feel self-conscious watching the attitudes and affectations of recent times paraded across, but one does, for too often the film has overemphasized the detachment of the observer from empathy with the players by trying to elicit skepticism as we 'moderns' see them foul up. The audience is given both a crutch and a prod in the person of Lazzaro as he sarcastically overreacts to the sentimentalism of Derby, or the naïveté of young Billy Pilgrim. The film creates more sympathy for the Germans by chipping away at the optimism of the Americans.

In sum, the picture is a condemnation of the idea that wars are fought by noble men for honest ends. It says that American postwar optimism was a shuck that hid WWII atrocities we also had committed. The picture approaches surrealism.

Is the film SF? Not so much as the novel was. The Tralfamadorian role is subordinate to putting across the war statements and criticizing postwar America. Is it good? Yes, and carries the spirit of Vonnegut's book fairly well. Who sez so? See it, and maybe you will.

## DRIFTGLASS

by Samuel R. Delany/95¢ review:Wadholm

I suppose that every author who sticks around for more than two or three issues of Analog publishes a book like Driftglass sometime in their career. Bradbury did it with I Sing

The Body Electric, Sturgeon did it with Sturgeon Is Alive and Well. For all these people, these weren't books so much as holding actions. "Well, the guys down at the SFWA haven't heard from me in awhile (since 1970 in Delany's case) and I reckon they want to know I'm still breathing. So I'll just zip out all my old stories and put 'em out under a freaky space-time name." Delany's is better than most — Delany is a better writer than most — but his book is still more a forget-me-not than an anthology.

However, 95¢ is never too much to pay for a Sam Delany book, not even a second handed style book like Driftglass. As an anthology it wastes everything on the horizon except for Niven's excellent and entertaining All The Myriad Ways. Brunner's Traveller In Black which some misguided soft-core revolutionaries wanted nominated for an award is really shown up by comparison. Delany knows the rules about anthology writing, and he invents a few of his own, besides. The result is not only a book that reflects the artist as well as his work, but a book that is part of the art itself. Delany's given it some kind of theme dealing with Sodom and Gomorrah, and possibly one of his award-winning stories, "Aye, and Gomorrah" as well. I don't know anything about it, except that it's there, somewhere. If you want to find out what it is, you'll probably have to read the book in order from beginning to end in one or two long sittings instead of skipping around a story at a time like I did. But however you read it, enjoy it.

Here is Delany at his best and his worst. From unplanned rambling dogs like "High Weir" to beautifully subtle short stories with richly painted imagery like "The Star Pit". This is the book that shows where he came from and where he was at the time he wrote his last and most intricate novel, Nova. As a matter of fact, a lot of the stories in here were going on at the time he was doing his acid-Melville epic. You can tell. Some of the roots of

Nova are evident here, when you bring all the short stories he was writing at that time together. These stories, with their thematic and stylistic relationships to Nova are also the best ones in the book. They are "The Star Pit", "The Night and Loves of Joe Dicos-tanzo", "Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-precious Stones", "Driftglass" and "Aye and Gomorrah." One of these has won both the Nebula Award and the Hugo. Two of these have won the Nebula. Three of these have been nominated for an award. Four of these have been anthologized before. They are top Delany.

"Time Considered as a Helix of Semiprecious Stones" won both awards in 1970. It's a mellowly caustic satire comparing the rise of an ambitious young criminal to the upward social climb of a young business executive. It's all there: the rise from common beginnings, the early scrounging-but-fun beginnings, the middle-class life, the upper middle-class life, and finally the vague realization that the trip was more worthwhile than the goal.

"Driftglass" is my personal favorite of the book. It's a story about time -- the time of men, of seasons and years playing against the rhythmic backdrop of the creak of the sea. One man goes down to the sea and is spat out, only to watch another man try what he tried ten years later, and die. But in the end Delany points out that life comes from the sea to repay what it takes; that's the way of things...

"Aye, and Gomorrah" was the Nebula Award winning short story that raised such a fuss about its sex content back in 1967. Reading some of the comments on it from P. Schuyler Miller and others of like density, even the ones that praised it, praised it for its tastefulness in handling sex in science fiction. Fact is that the use of sex in the story, whether tasteful or not is irrelevant to Delany's point. The story isn't about sex, it's about loneliness -- who is lonely, why and how did they get that way. It's an interestingly sad character study where, for

once, an antihero is portrayed rather than caricatured. Also it has some beautifully vivid scenes of Istanbul, which showed up a year later in Nova.

"The Night and Loves of Joe Dicos-tanzo" is as hard to understand as it is striking. I think it's the prose version of Bob Dylan's Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest. But that doesn't help any since I could never figure that out either.

Whatever you're into, Delany's a master story-teller/poet/philosopher well worth reading even on his second wind. The only thing lacking in this book is something new from The Man.  
\*\*\*

zEEA/DAN GOODMAN// continued from p.19

'oh what a great group of people' fan gathering descriptions, no overdone nostalgia. Material is handled with a light touch, and there's a good deal of humor, but there are no deliberate fannish game structures...

"Fannish fandom came about originally because fans were bored with the formality and stylized nature of sercon fandom. Over the years, fannish fandom developed its own rigid structure and its own set of cliches and formulas..."

TO BE CONTINUED

Goodman's article will be finished up next time. For those unfamiliar with the fannish jabberwocky, the following 'glossary' is provided.

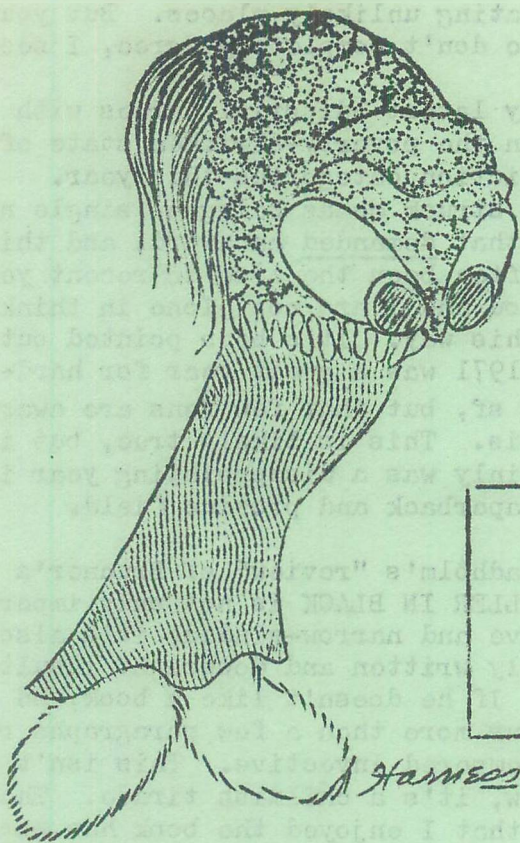
apa: "amateur press association". Quantities of fans run off their own zines (small -- 2 pp -- or large) and deliver them to a central collator who mails them out on a predetermined schedule to members. A rotating apa is one where members take turns publishing material submitted by membership.

LoC: Letter of comment

sercon: serious and constructive. May be an insult, or not; Goodman adds adjectives where he uses it as one.

N3F: National Fantasy Fan Federation





# FANIVORE

This is the Fanivore, where readers  
petitely pick their teeth with the bones  
of the editor, but sometimes just set-  
tle for having a bone to pick with him.

GEORGE PROCTOR  
406 NE 19th Street  
Grand Prairie, TX 75050

It is my lunch hour. And as I  
type this LOC I am munching a ham &  
cheese on rye. I always write LOCs at  
lunch -- it's a fannish tradition here  
in the Dallas County Courthouse.  
"Look there's old crazy Proctor writ-  
ing to one of those weirdo magazines  
again!" But it's my lunch hour and I  
use it as I please. However, an over-  
dose of crudzines does lead to indiges-  
tion on many occasions.

Goddamnit, I can't read the last  
few words on each of the sentences on  
most of the pages and the fmz review  
col is fouled up on the page order  
and those illos should be electrosten-  
ciled. These are my bitches.

Lunch time May 5

Very much enjoyed the Nolan speech  
despite the fact that it rambled a  
little too much for a good written  
presentation. Speeches are a lot more  
fun in person and reading one always  
leaves me feeling like I've missed half  
the show. One thing that did strike  
me as interesting was the mention of  
Ray Bradbury. Is there some type of  
Bradbury revival underway in fandom?  
This is the fifth fanzine I've received  
this month that has mentioned Bradbur.

Wish I could come up with an ap-  
propriate comment on Johnson's Walk,  
since it was fun to read, but all I  
can think of is a line a DJ friend of  
mine used to close his show with a fe  
years ago. "You can walk up that hill  
of life. Then you can walk down the  
other side. Then you can turn around  
and look back and say 'I have walked!'

Richard Wadholm sort of leaves me  
wondering. First there is THE BOOK C.

CANUCK, something that could have been handled very humorously, but turned out to be rather boring as fannish writings go. Then there are those beautiful reviews he did. Hmmm. I'm the one who usually passes on reading reviews, no matter what they are of, simply because reviewers seem to think they must never show any personal involvement, which results in very cold, clinical, dry critiques. However, Wadholm, especially in his review of SILENT RUNNING, reviews things as a personal experience -- which is what fannish writing is all about.

The very same can be said of Florence Jenkins fanzine review column. Very enjoyable reading and a lot more fun than those shorty reviews that leave me so cold. A job well done. Please keep them around.

(RE the graphics matter discussion)  
The graphic adaptations of Bradbury's stories in EC Comics, were very nice and usually done by fairly good cartoonist/artists (Wally Wood and Jack Davis are two names that pop into mind) but were still comic book stories aimed at the shock value of the end of a story and missing the haunting quality that permeates all of Bradbury's works. (Pearls Before Swine in their rock piece ROCKET MAN caught the essence of Bradbury very nicely).

MIKE GLICKSOHN  
32 Maynard  
Toronto, 156, Ont CANADA

Thanks for PRE 2, even though it was hard to explain in the staff room. I was reading it during my third period spare one day (I read a lot of fmz then) when someone asked me what I'd got there. I said this was my PREHENSILE TWO. I got a strange look, and an acid comment to the effect of "Sure...so you can pick up things with your feet, I suppose" and they left me alone again. It's hard being the resident "sf nut" in a conservative school. ((Judging from yours and George's comments, PRE seems to be in-

filtrating unlikely places. But you and he don't completely agree, I see.))

My latest editorial agrees with you on the poverty-stricken state of the fiction categories this year. There struck me as being no single nominee that demanded an award, and this has often been the case in recent years. And you and I are not alone in thinking this way. It's been pointed out that 1971 was a great year for hard-cover sf, but that few fans are aware of this. This is likely true, but it certainly was a disappointing year in the paperback and prozine field.

Wadholm's "review" of Brunner's TRAVELLER IN BLACK is not only imperceptive and narrow-minded, it's also crudely written and downright insulting. If he doesn't like a book, he owes us more than a few paragraphs of ill-tempered invective. This isn't a review, it's a childish tirade. The fact that I enjoyed the book has nothing to do with the feeling of distaste Wadholm's verbiage inspires. I have often read and enjoyed reviews that took the opposite viewpoint from my own but in these cases I've generally been reading mature and responsible reviewers, not Wadholm. Too bad, because only this issue I was praising his earlier efforts. I suppose the difference is that his earlier reviews were of books he basically liked. A reviewer must learn to be objective with a book he dislikes as with one he likes. (this no way rules out passion in a review, but at least give it a decent framework to build on.)

Dave's cartoon about throwing something away except that it was a fanzine is exactly right. In addition to the five very large boxes of fanzines in my closet, I have a box stored in the basement with the word CRUDZINES in large black letters across the top. And I can't bring myself to throw them out! I keep saying to myself, "Suppose Fan X becomes the new Walt Willis; imagine how you'll feel knowing you tossed out the first six issues of PURPLE



PELICAN PUKE, his initial fan-pubbing effort."

NOW CEASE AND DESIST WITH THESE SLURS ABOUT IPA!! Rumor has it that Falstaff has bought out Ballantine and may be discontinuing their brews. In such a time of national crisis, your puerile attempts at humor are not appreciated. I'll bet you'd have been one of the people who'd have asked Mrs. Lincoln how she enjoyed the play. Have you no feeling for tradition, for national institutions? Is nothing sacred to you, you Philistine? A moment or two of respectful silence, if you please.

\*\* (second letter) \*\*

Just one factual addition to Wad's hard-core pornography, IPA is not a Canadian brew, but a rare and difficult to obtain American ale and most of the reason I kid about it so much is simply that I can't drink it all the time as Jim can his, and it has the attraction of extreme rarity for me. ((Well, we can't drink it all the time either -- not even once, if we're lucky!)) Apart from that, I enjoyed his article and found Wad's style well-suited to this sort of fannish satire. He gets off a couple of good lines at the beverage of the Ghods, but when you're on top, the way IPA is, you expect and even enjoy a little good-natured envious kidding. Such is the price of perfection!

ALJO SVOBODA  
1203 Buoy Ave.  
Orange, Calif. 92665

Y'know, it's very...interesting to try to discover what the right order is in each ish of PREHENSILE. 26,27 thirty, thirty-two, twenty-eight, thirty-three...like I said, interesting. Only trouble is that this time I didn't get any page 29, or twentynine, or even twenty 9, meaning I don't get to read the first page of Florence Jenkin's fanzine reviews, which, perverted maniac that I am, would probably have been the most interesting thing in the issue. Warped, eh?

The cover was...interesting. I'm

FANIVORE

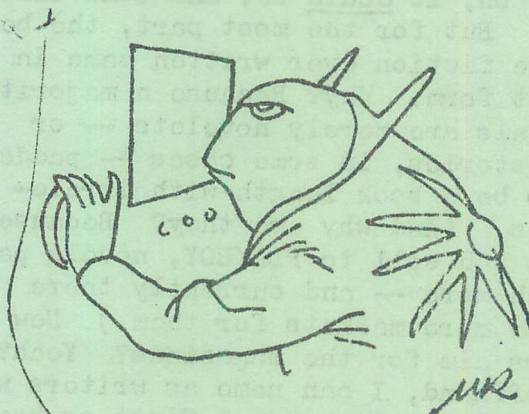
sure Hopalong Cassidy is somewhere off-stage...on springs, perhaps? I assume that the plastic cowboys are reusable, in, say, a plastic Japanese monster movie (which isn't far from where they are today.)

Run, Glycer, run. Run for your fannish life!

Glycer runs. Glycer pubs. Glycer subs. And so on. So it goes. And all that. Glycer is an old fan, and old fans, except for Harry Warner, Jr., don't deserve to be alive. The neo cackles appreciatively, and guzzles down a gallon of Ailing Pale Indians. A gallon pail of Ailing Indians. "Die, Glycer!", cackles the nep. Glycer runs. Glycer pubs. Svoboda locs. A satire of a satire (& I haven't even read the book yet!) Run, Glycer, before the Post Awful delivers Svoboda's loc to you.

Run.

Run? The three-speed mimeo runs well. Glycer does not. Runrunrun. Runrunrun runrun. Crank, mimeo, crank. Run, cranky mimeo, before the cackling neo dumps XXXX (this cross-ing out is an example of stunning visual effects -- &=+ more effects) These effects make the whole thing very effective. Glycer, throw this out. Or up. Goombye.



ROBERT COULSON

Rt. 3

Hartford City, IN 47348

Andy Offutt didn't like my letter

GLICKSOHN//SVOBODA//COULSON

at all; sent me several pages of rebuttal. But he confirmed my figures. Ace pays \$1000 to \$1250 for a science fiction novel, and they are one of the lowest-paying firms in the field. Offut has just recently started getting more money for porno than they pay, and he has yet to get any more than some of the other outfits pay. He does get it a lot faster than you get it for stf. But then my point is that stf is a pretty low-paying market in itself. Juanita received more for her first gothic -- and much faster -- than she got for both her stf novels put together. Andy also objected to my comments that the level of acceptance was low in the porno field, but if anyone can sell what he has taken a whole three days to write, they can't be too high. I repeat, standards are minimal, though presumably they vary from firm to firm; there may be excellent pornography being published somewhere (Grove Press?) but I haven't seen any of it.

You mean LASFS sat still for an author reading from a work in progress? I thought better of them. But I do love Johnson's idea for a Timex commercial.

I disagree with Wadholm that the novel is the best form of science fiction. Oh, it could be, and sometimes it is. But for the most part, the best science fiction ever written came in novelet form. Why? Because a majority of novels are merely novelets -- or short stories, in some cases -- padded out to be a book length with irrelevancies. (And why are they? Because unless you sell to PLAYBOY, novels pay so much more -- and currently there are far more markets for them.) Now writers aim for the magazines? Yeah? Just offhand, I can name as writers who have either sold a novel first or have never sold a short story at all: Gene DeWeese and myself, Fred Hoyle, Hugo Gernback, Peter Beagle, Alan Dean Foster, "John Taine" if you want an older example, Joy Chant, John Boyd, I think Douglas Mason, though I'm not sure there, and I think Charles Eric Maine. I can give you many more -- despite

the fact that I do not make it a practice to buy stf novels from someone I've never heard of before... I will admit that I started writing short stories, but the first thing I sold was a novel. ((collaboration))

LOUIS STATHIS  
76-44 167th St.  
Flushing, NY 11366

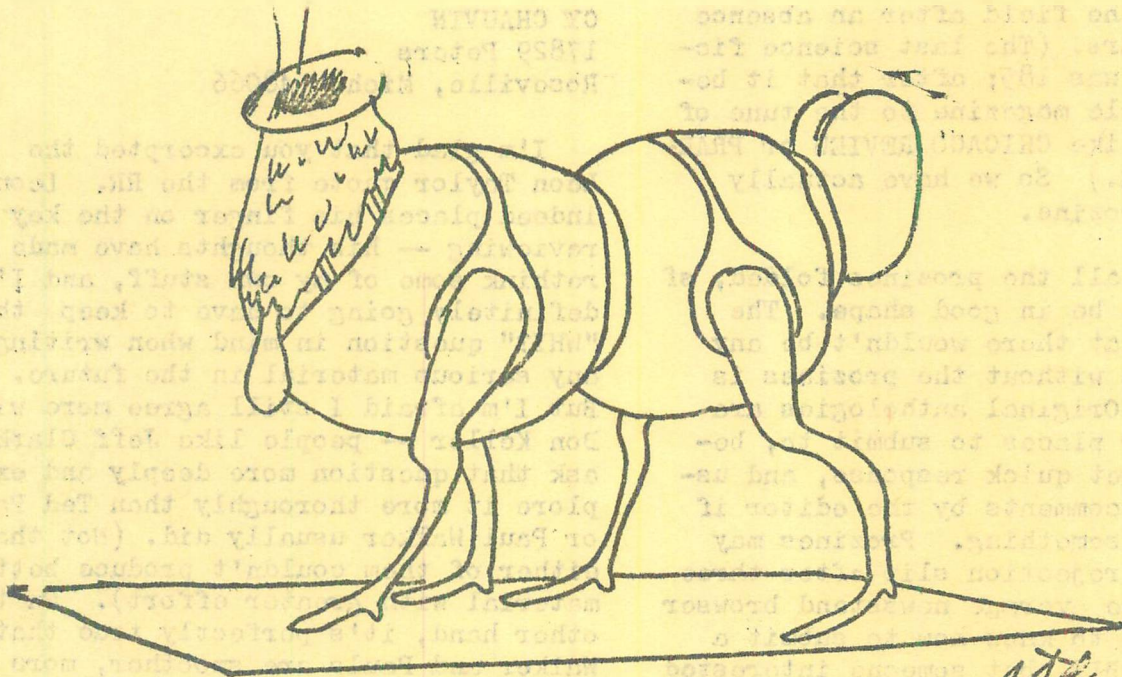
Now, I suppose, I am obliged to write a letter of comment on Prehensile 2, which conveniently is lying in front of me. Leaning back in my chair... Hmmm...

What's this? Glycer apologizing in print, for something he wrote? Hal! I thought I'd never live to see it. Too bad I didn't see that thing in WSFAJ, though, sounds pretty good. It's good to see you squirm, Glycer, builds the buttocks.

Ah shit, Hugos again. Once more I haven't done much current reading (I have a backlog of more than 30 years -- just read "Helen O'Loy" this afternoon) and so I'm not too excited about the whole mess. I agree that Energumer should probably get the Hugo. Glicksohn's an intelligent goy who knocks out a consistently good piece of work. Granfalloon is professional as hell, but I find Bushyager simpleminded... I don't think too much of Focal Point (I'm really not excited about awe-filled writings about electric typewriters and mimeograph machines, the instruments of the most boring part of fanzining). Fan artist is a tossup, between twenty or thirty -- any one deserves it. Prozone? Ted White should get it (the Hugo that is...), it will do him good. Maybe even cure his crabs.

What's this shit about some kraut writing all those Hardy Boy-Tom Swift jobs? Between the whining ages of 8 and 13 I devoured those things like they were Ex-Lax. Incredible -- I went through about 40 Hardys, 25 Swifts and about 20 "Rick Brant Science Adventures." Sheesh -- me and a co-





hort of mine planned out about fifteen of the damned things... They're what started me reading SF (a short jump from Appleton to Asimov), and writing it, for that matter. I remember writing Victor Appleton II a fan letter (told him how nifty I thought old Tom was) and I even got this great letter in return (which was more than Asimov did a few years later) telling me how neat it was to hear from Tom's fans. And now you go and wreck all those fantastic memories — you really suck, you know that? So it was all some Nazi Hack....

DARRELL SCHWEITZER  
119 Deepdale Rd.  
Strafford, Pa. 19087

One thing I thought of while reading Nolan's speech, is that Nolan doesn't seem to know his early sf very well. Somebody should tell him that Hugo Gernsback wanted his magazines to be respectable and educational. Besides that, he was a helluva prude, so he had nothing whatever to do with the naked girl and sex-crazed three-eyed grasshopper man typo covers. He would have nothing like that on his magazines, and he never did. The covers on the Gernsback magazines were

almost always literal scenes from the stories. The scantily clad maidens came in with the advent of THRILLING WONDER STORIES (which was Gernsback's WONDER under a new owner and editor) and hit its peak with the infamous Earle Bergey covers of the 40s and early 50s. (Yessir, the notorious BEM covers appeared at the same time as the "Golden Age" material in Astounding.) There were nudes on WEIRD TALES prior to that, back into the early 30s as a matter of fact. But this didn't transfer to the sf mags until later. WT's nudes were some of the most scantily-clad ever to grace (?) pulp covers. However they were horribly drawn as to have the erotic appeal of a dead fish.

Richard Wadholm doesn't seem to realize that SF is doing better financially than it ever has before. The books are selling very well, and the original anthologies can surely replace the prozines. It is even quite possible for a prozine to go paperback, and still remain a prozine in all ways, with interior illos, features, lettercols and the works. NEW WORLDS, IMPULSE and SCIENCE FANTASY proved this to be very feasible. (NW lasted 31 issues that way.) NW is at it again, too, and for all practical purposes



back into the field after an absence of four years. (The last science fiction issue was 185; after that it became a little magazine to the tune of something like CHICAGO REVIEW or PRAR-IE SCHOONER.) So we have actually gained a prozine.

Even if all the prozines folded, sf would still be in good shape. The argument that there wouldn't be any new writers without the prozines is nonsense. Original anthologies are much better places to submit to, because you get quick response, and usually some comments by the editor if he rejects something. Prozines may send you a rejection slip after three months. The average newsstand browser isn't going to know how to submit a story to ORBIT, but someone interested in the field (e.g. a fan) will. With the majority of the slush pile eliminated, the editor has a better chance at treating the writers decently.

STEPHEN GREGG  
PO Box 193  
Sandy Springs, SC

ETERNITY #1 is still at the printers. It's been there about 3 weeks longer than it was supposed to be, This delay on top of all the other ones!

Have gone on buying material for future issues, however. Two by Barry Malzberg (one collaboration with Kris Neville), two by David Bunch, "Splinters" by Robert Wisner, "Sunrise" by Glen Cook, "Sunchild" by Gustav Hasford. An article on "living buildings." Dick Lupoff has agreed to do the RECORDINGS column. An interview with James Sallis, and one with Harlan (god) Ellison. Art from Tim Kirk Doug Lovenstein, Vincent DiFate, Rick Sarri, Jim McLeod, Dan Osterman, Dany Frolich, and Mike Gilbert.

Newsstand representation is improving...have British and S. African agents.

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CY CHAUVIN  
17829 Poters  
Roseville, Mich. 48066

I'm glad that you excerpted the Leon Taylor quote from the RR. Leon indeed places his finger on the key to reviewing -- his thoughts have made me rethink some of my own stuff, and I'm definitely going to have to keep that "WHY?" question in mind when writing any serious material in the future. But I'm afraid I still agree more with Don Keller -- people like Jeff Clark ask that question more deeply and explore it more thoroughly than Ted Pauls or Paul Walker usually did. (Not that either of them couldn't produce better material with greater effort). On the other hand, it's perfectly true that Walker and Pauls are smoother, more enjoyable writers than Jeff Clark. Jeff tends to have a very dry, literary style that can easily stifle a reader. His enthusiasm and emotion are often buried under a mass of verbiage (I think Pauls tends to do this, too, though.) Not enough of his real feelings or personality get through.

ED CONNOR  
1805 N. Gale  
Peoria, Ill. 61604

Thanks for Prehensile 3. You really should --hehheh-- lay off the booze when you're putting an issue together. Actually, I don't mind the mixed-up pages, or even the spots that can't quite be made out (one a blurb for a Schalles cartoon, but let him worry about that), but what is really bad is that page 5 is completely missing.

The Wadholm review of Jack of Shadows is an excellent review; it tells me enough about the book so that I wouldn't even pick it up to look at it, let alone read it. It really sounds quite bad. If nothing else, the sample of the dialog turned me off. Walker reviews the book in MT-13 and evidently doesn't like it. However, I couldn't really tell from his review whether I'd like it or not; now I know!



EDWARD FINKELSTEIN  
10645 Debra Ave.  
Granada Hills, Calif. 91344

Nolan's "talk" (at least the excerpts you printed) began as a lecture on SF history, but it rapidly developed into an enjoyable reminiscence of his life in fandom and as a writer. I hope it was well-received; it was more interesting to me than another "father of SF" routine. (So, he finally sold all of his copies of the Bradbury Review. It took long enough.) I disagree with Wadholm that Logan's Run would have run a Hugo; no offense, but how is it going to compete with LORD OF LIGHT?

"Johnson's walk" was a hilarious collage of related idiocies, beautifully done, if only you could have printed it clearly.

Jenkins: You write well enough to make me want to spend money on fanzines (gasp!), but I have yet to read Granfalloon 14 or Egotrip, so I only know vaguely what you're talking about.

DAN GOODMAN  
626 S. Alvarado  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90057

On Wadholm's review of Jack of Shadows; I don't think the Lightside is "meant to resemble our world" as of 1972; I think it's more the 50s, possibly even the 40s.

It most definitely does not have certain things that would be found in and around college campuses in 1972; the I Ching, astrology, Macrobiotics -- in short, various forms of magic. Nor does it have older forms of American magic -- faith-healing, speaking in tongues, Bibliomancy, and so on. There is no magic on the Lightside. There is a good deal of magic in our world.

That which keeps the world from turning is a machine only to the Dark-siders; to the Lightsiders it's a demon. And I don't think the world

begins spinning again; I think it begins rotating for the first time. Zolazny doesn't say.

Wish Wadholm had gone into Jack of Shadows more thoroughly. He doesn't even mention who Morningstar is. (The angel who brought knowledge to mankind -- both kinds of knowledge, one for Darksiders, one for Lightsiders -- is my guess. With parallels to Lucifer and Prometheus.)

ROY TACKETT  
915 Green Valley Rd. NW  
Albuquerque, NM 87107

William Nolan's speech was tolerably of interest. About the sort of thing one would expect to be addressed to a gathering of young librarians. I'm rather surprised that in his history of sf he failed to make even a mention of the Munsey magazines. And, all things considered, I would challenge his statement that the level of maturity in the young adult of today is much higher than in a comparable age group of 30 to 40 years ago. An overall comparison indicates otherwise. A higher level of sophistication, perhaps, but of maturity? No, I think not. ((Semantics, all semantics. Currently humans growing up in this country are bombarded with a great deal more information, are required to make more vital decisions -- to smoke grass or not is not so vital as the choice to break or not break anti-grass laws, -- to be politically active or apathetic, the whole route. Certain varieties of mental maturity come only with age -- not with supporting the system, or being politically peaceful. So wherein lies the evidence for your "overall comparison?"))

Like Canfield I have for seem time been boosting Connie Faddis for a Hugo ...she is indeed an artist. But talent has never had anything to do with the Hugo awards...they're strictly popularity contests.

WAHF: Tom Mullen, PL Caruthers, John Piggott, Jodie Offutt, Harry O, Morris, Pat McCraw, Edward Lerner. Y'all live clean until next issue.



# PREHENSILE 4

table of malcontents

## GALACTIC JIVE TALES.....2

The editor makes more of those statements which have endeared him to so many fans (snorf), and even says something you can agree with once in a while.

## HOARD OF WRITE by Taylor, Schweitzer, Chauvin, Stoker and Moore.....5

Amid the hoo-rah and analysis from this pack of fans, be reminded that in ancient Cree the letter Z meant "He lives." Covers Zelazny's pantheon, Hemingway's influence on Zelazny, and different ways of peeling a hackwork orange.

## THE PAST PLUS THE PRESENT EQUALS THE FUTURE by Lee McLaren and Craig Miller with additional information from Edgar Bullington.....3

One or more of the authors has been around the radio end of the FT, and together they have provided this chronology of the group which includes some of their soon-to-happen projects.

## THE GREATEST by Mark Tinkle.....14

## MY CAR WON'T RUN ON KEROSENE by Donn Brazier.....15

## THE LETTERZINE zEEn by Dan Goodman.....16 (continued on p. 33 from p.19)

In the process of doing fanhistorical analysis to Earl Evers' letterzine, Dan discusses some of the key decisions in assembling a fanzine. That he doesn't insist on any single right way in each case goes to his favor, though the Dan Goodman rule for letter editing goes, "You ask yourself, 'Would Dick Geis use it?' And if the answer is yes -- throw it out."

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PISH ON IT...



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/ (Wadholm col.) This time the mighty Wad attempts to turn his big guns on hackwriters doing F&FS' dictatorship stories. "But even if this is Ground Zero, why are you setting off the bomb?"

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By Wadholm: Islands, Thick as a Brick, Driftglass; Glycer reviews: Dinosaur Beach, Dramaturges of Yan, film Slaughterhouse Five; Jay Freeman reviews Time for the Stars

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36,38  
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## INFORMATION

To regularly receive this genzine, pay 35¢, 3/\$1, write a letter of comment, contribute artwork or written material, or trade fmz. Those requesting Florence Jenkins to review their fmz while also trading with me must send us both copies. ((Ooops. Now I've run out of room for the standard Mike Glicksohn wisecrack.))