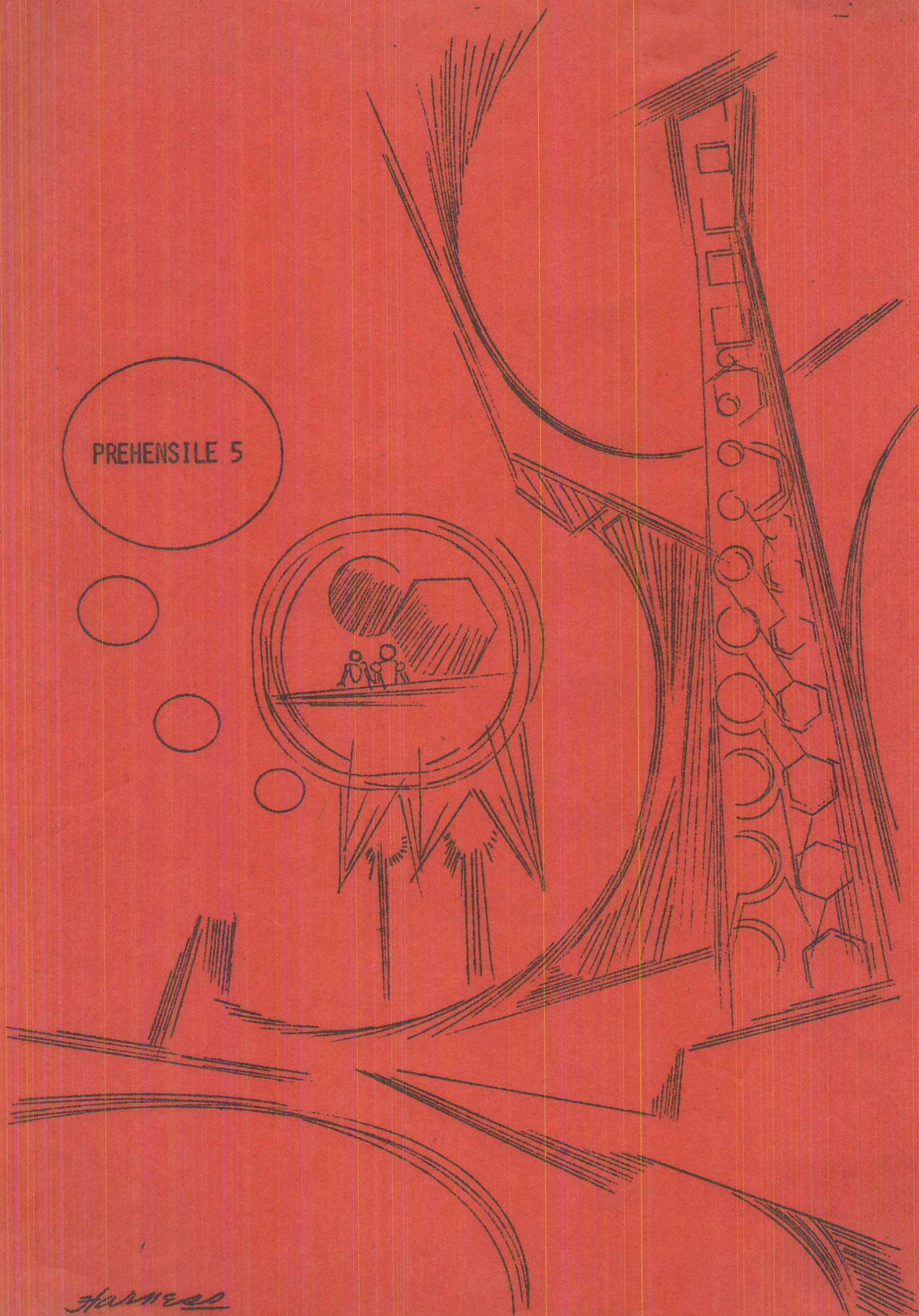


PREHENSILE 5



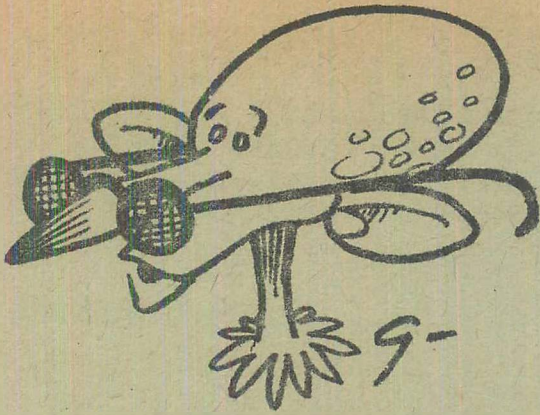
PREHENSILE FIVE

EDITOR
MIKE GLYER

Formerly known as VIABLE ALTERNATIVES? This time I shall not accomplish the feat of leaving out my address, which is 14974 Osceola Street, Sylmar, Calif. 91342.....

TABLE OF CONTENTION

Cover.....	Jack Harness
rePREHENSIBLE.....	Mike Glyer..3
IS TELEPATHY A MODERN MYTH?.....	Perry Chapdelaine..7
This is the first part of an article on the state of academic/scientific research into telepathy and other psi arts. It is a historical and critical description of the procedures so far used. The second part will take up potential telepathy experiments and discuss mind-stretching possibilities.	
BRUCE PELZ' FAN HISTORY QUIZ.....	13
Fuggheadedness, fan funds, hoaxes, poker? Let this quiz remind you of a few more of our yesterdays.	
THE LETTERZINE zEEn, part two.....	Dan Goodman..16
Herein Dan Goodman gives an airing to some of zEEn's better quotes and will himself get an unpleasant surprise when he sees Schalles' art decorating it. After which he will probably give me some sort of unpleasant surprisise....	
DE NACHTWACHT/The Night Watch.....	Kees van Toorn..21
Consider the possibilities if the Worldcon actually is sent to Australia in '75 and Stockholm in '76. That will mean in the '70s the Worldcon will be out of the US 4 of 7 times through 1976! It is with this and other boggles in mind that <u>Pre</u> begins this column of European fanecdote and news by Kees van Toorn, by way of a discussion about international fanning which the editor butts into prodigiously.	
THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO.....	Richard Wadholm..22
His mightness the Wad writes a letter of comment to his own zine.	
REVIEWS:DEVIENS -- DONALD KELLER REVIEWS DAVID GERROLD.....	26
DAVID GERROLD REVIEWS DONALD KELLER.....	28
"The modern day crudzine editor refuses to die." Don Keller sent me his review of WITH A FINGER IN MY EYE, an evaluation of David Gerrold and his sf. Fortuitously David expressed an interest in it, and wrote a letter in response which was too good to relegate to the lettercol. Impulsively, it became this mirror presentation, reviewer, reviewee. "Hi guy! Hey, you're Mona's kid, aren't you?"	
Other reviews:TIMETRACKS, Laumer (Glyer);HAVE SPACE SUIT,WILL TRAVEL SPACE CADET,Heinlein(Freeman)	25-34
CLOCKWORK ODYSSEY Film Reviews.....	Bill Warren..30
Printed tastefully on Clockwork Orange paper, Bill Warren's column starts with a review of <u>Conquest of the Planet of the Apes</u> , and others.	
FANIVORE.....	35
EXCERPTZ.....	43
EXTENDED COLOPHON.....	44-45
BEA BARRIO BACOVER: LASFS FACES.....	46



REPREHENSIBLE

BY

MIKE GLYER

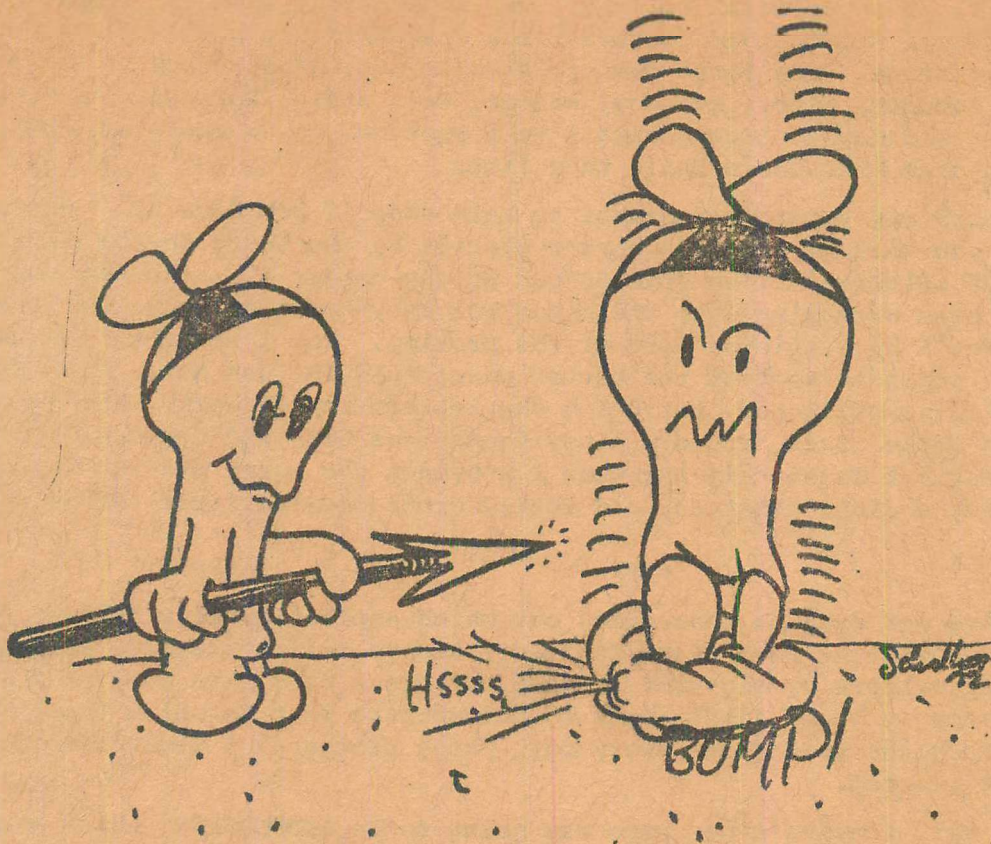
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls! If you will direct your attention to the center ring you will see Clyde Beatty taming the most ferocious letterhacks in existence, the Wallendas (the two left...) balancing between fannishness and sercon, and all in all, 45 pages of the Greatest Showthrough On Earth!....

Running a genzine is something like watching a circus, or like the vaudeville act Rube Goldberg once drew: you spend hours preparing a complicated and intricate trick with lots of equipment, and . . . after it's all over nobody knows what it was about. That was brought home this time while I was arranging what, unbeknownst to me, was the special fanhistorical issue you have in your hands. A couple articles I intended to build the issue around didn't turn up; there's nothing new to that in fandom. But if you look hard enough and convolute the notion enough different ways, everything in here seems to have something to do with fanhistory, however near or far removed. Trust me...

THE OLD CON GAME For the genuine sensation of feeling completely out of it, I must recommend walking into the fourth day of the Westercon. July 3 I wandered into the lobby of the Edgewater Hyatt House in Long Beach. Right off I could tell there was something different about me; I was awake. One LASFS fellow was sunk into the soft purple couch next to the registration table catching up on the last 20 year's worth of Poul Anderson novels. Others were sprawled through the iron bars that formed the stair railing, dead on a couch in an alcove that egressed to the coffee shop, or, as Fred Patten soon was, alertly seated at the card tables set up by the door hawking memberships in competition with Owen Hannifen for future Westercons. My wallet quickly emptied, I then made my way to look for some other people.

Question: is it unfannish to miss part of a major regional over the July 4 weekend because one is attending a pair of ball games? Anyway, that was my reason for being able to come in three days late. And if it is not unfannish, it is certainly ridiculous to drive to San Francisco on the one weekend when I knew everyone I might want to see would be in LA. But I did that too. My brother and I fetched ourselves up to Candlestick Park to watch the Dodgers get the living daylights stomped out of them. You have never seen so many happy Giants fans in your life. Willie McCovey made a grand slam home run on Sunday. Big thrill for Giants fans. Not for me. Against the Dodgers Henry Aaron almost made a grand slam single one time. Which, for those unfamiliar with the parlance, is a sarcasm.

Dave and I drove five-and-a-half hours up the recently-opened San Joaquin Valley stretch of Interstate 5. That's five-and-a-half hours through the Big Nothing, deserted fields and desolate hills paralleling the highway for miles that turn into hours, power towers that parade in line across flat land, skirting the rare orchard or tilled field, pounding under concrete dry gullies and dusty fords. The old way on 99



IS TELEPATHY A MODERN MYTH?

BY PERRY CHAPDELAIN

Although the idea of telepathy may be as old as is the human race, and a function early ascribed to gods, or the magic and maliciousness of nature, or the peculiar properties of super heroes, it has recently seemed to me that modern concepts of telepathy remain about as fuzzy as long-haired Persian pussy cats.

"Telepathy is real!" shouts one faction, reeling out long anecdotes connected with dreams, unusual coincidences, or certain daily experiences unquestionably causally connected.

"A sham!" cries the other faction. "Delusion -- nonsense -- freakish events, sport happening --."

And so it goes.

Telepathy? Is it real? Does it ex-

ist? Can you do it? Can I?

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean -- no more, no less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be the master -- that's all."

1. Through the Looking Glass, Lewis Carroll, Random House, New York, NY 1946 p.94

And so Lewis Carroll's Through the Looking Glass characters beautifully describe my sentiments on telepathy, and its modern practitioners who confuse clairvoyance, precognition, and telepathy,

North Hollywood, Calif. I am Official Collator, while Weinstein is Chief Arbiter, the constitutional officer responsible for resolving Solomon-style the fictional or other hassles that may arise. The first distribution is out, 37pp, cover by Harness, contribs by Harness, Goodman, Glycer, Svoboda, Kramer, Weinstein, Swanson, Nielson, Corber, Girard, Tepper and maybe someone else I've forgotten. New members will get the first disty first-come etc. basis while they last.

crudziner AT LARGE Ask any veteran crudziner to talk shop if you dare. I warn you that he can tell horror stories by the hour. In the past couple issues my brief editorials I've spieled out at the deader end of a deadline, usually after I have been wrestling with the mimeo for many hours already. The same is true this time. But I have whipped part of the problem. Now I xerox all the letters I write and have expanded some of the better paragraphs for use here. Half the stuff in this editorial is still new, but using the letters really works. Not quite as simple as building whole zines around a diary format, as Geis and Goodman do. But not as much work either. At least this way when I approach the typer mid-run for some commentary I won't have a mimeo fixation, and weakly drool out the first things that come to mind.

It seems that every new fanzine that comes out which aspires to be a 'class' fanzine (and lord knows we want to be a class fanzine!) always solicits essays and advice from professional writers or big-name fanzine editors. They then publish these essays or bits of advice in their first issue to demonstrate that to which they aspire. Hardly being one to rock the boat (*love everybody, peace brother*) I figured to do the same when PRE got started.

At the beginning this fanzine's new name was going to be HIPPOPHAGY, which means "eater of horse flesh". Its symbol would be a hippo eating a horse. Cool? You bet. After weeks of thought, throwing out bad suggestions like GLYERCOMA and BACK SPACE, I figured this was it. So the first thing I did was write to Geis, who edited SFR. Isn't that what you'd do?

He says: "HIPPOPHAGY may be one of the worst fanzine names yet conceived. Why not GLYERCOMA? Why not BACK SPACE?" Goldurn censored deleted!

So I forgot Geis. Who needs him. He probably wears T-shirts embroidered with "One In Ten Thousand Defect." This letter was the one. Next I wrote to another Famous Fanzine Editor, John Braziman. I read about him in New Elliptic #7 (NE, of course, being one of the great fmz of our time, placing #26 out of 29 on the 1970 Egoboo Poll.) In that issue Braziman was at his finest, saying all kinds of things strange and marvelous, even "Shave and a haircut, two bits."

I asked John what words of wisdom he might have stored up for such as me. He told me. I told him I couldn't print that sort of stuff in my magazine. He asked why not, when everybody else could. I told him. John nodded, and said, "Write this down."

"Now every fanzine has to have at least three things: superb reproduction, excellent contributors, and outasight art." I told him to slow up, I couldn't spell the last word. "Oh, A-R-T. As I was saying, these three things are most important."

"Ah," I agreed. "You mean I have to get my magazine run offset, or if by mimeo, electrostencilled. And I should have Ray Bradbury, Robert Heinlein, and Roger Zelazny in every issue. Then I should get reprints of Rembrandt's etchings and Picasso's graphic portfolios." "Wrong," John snorted. I was crestfallen. "They might make a nice magazine, but it won't get you any electroplated cigars. When you run a fanzine, you're supposed to have things about fan types by fan types in it." "Oh, I see!" I chattered. "I should have things written and drawn by me and my friends. Then our overwhelming sincerity, talent, and relevance will win us awards."

"You sure you're in the right house, kid?" John asked. "If you want status, forget

[continued way back on page 44]

cepted the opportunity to spiritually join the audience. Afterwards I split, just when the lobby was filling up with people getting set to hit the open parties, and people who had been lost during the heat of the day searching for a public water fountain -- of which there were none. That lack was the only gripe I heard about the whole con, so for all the problems the Con committee faced Tina Hensel, Ed Cox, and Dave Hulan produced a remarkably successful convention; a success partially due to the fusion with Mythcon, I strongly suggest.

DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS ? DOES ANYBODY REALLY

It should
prove inter-

esting to find out who ends up with the Hugo for fanartist. Dan Goodman wants Kirk; if I were a betting man (rather, if anyone was taking bets!) I'd say Canfield will take it. But Rotsler got my number one vote. He may even have received Canfield's (see lettercol), and deservedly. The fanartist Hugo has evaded the grasp of Bill Rotsler since before I ever heard of him. Without slamming his work (in fact this whole essay is headed in the other direction) I must express doubt that Bill will ever win it: the supply of excellent conventional artists is expanding, not declining. Though the fanzine contributors of the 60s have picked up their silver rockets, Barr, Kirk, Austin, others, There is another tide of names sweeping in: Canfield, Shull, Scott, Faddis, Fabian, McLeod, some newer than others, of course. In turn they will pick up their batons to continue the Hugo relay race. And relay it seems since before this year the pattern saw the prize given to different artists each year with the same bunch getting into the race. And while Rotsler has been out on the track running with the rest of them, voters have neglected to hand him anything.

Rotsler has had the backing of many, the votes of some, and the loud support of a few. Even Geis with wide-ranging SFR couldn't promote the much-earned Hugo. Despite the soapboxing of faneds and other artists, fandom's most prolific cartoonist retains a mantel virgin to award-holding. [If you see no irony in that, check your pulse -- you died five minutes ago.]

"The right to freedom of speech does not include that of yelling 'NOVA!' in a crowded planetarium." -Freff & the planetarium visitors

A Rotsler cartoon in Energumen announced "This is my 1000th fanzine appearance." A thousand psychological stabs, a millennial file of aliens, rocks, girlies, Harry Warnerisms, starships, fantasts, Kongs, horrific landscapes, fortresses. The bainstuff of Rotsler inked onto paper, scientifiction's rorschach. Expressions of the maximum in the minimum of line. Others predictably follow realism or semi-photographic techniques of shadow and stark contrast, while another batch is fantasy-oriented. Rotsler is his own trend, not as easily classifiable. Not quite the Picasso of fandom, he still manages to generate some of the same controversy. "Is it art? And if Rotsler were really the best would he not have won a long time ago?" Well I'll be back next time to tell you if he really was the best this trip around. Maybe I'll be glad there wasn't anyone to take my bet.

THE GALACTIC LEAGUE Speaking generally of apas, one usually doesn't hear about them in genzines unless that genzine has ripped something off from one of them. This time I want to talk about an apa that is getting under way hereabouts. It is in a manner of speaking a writer's workshop, a fiction apa. It is designed for intermember fictional participation, set in the same universe, operating under the same physical laws. Within these limits is available plenty of room to develop your own worlds and characters. There is a history open enough to let a lot of things be introduced into the scheme of the League, but that there is a history and constitution at all is chiefly to avoid disruptive personality conflicts of the type which ruined an early writer's workshop group of zines involving Coventry. Dues are a buck, minac is 3 single-spaced pages every other month (distributions are monthly). Members arrange their own printing and agents for mailing copies. If you want a copy of the rules let me know, or you can also write Elliot Weinstein, 7001 Park Manor Ave.

took three hours longer, but was more interesting as it went through Bakersfield, and hills and farmland, with a constant procession of turnouts and other sights. In the Big Nothing it can be 30 miles between offramps, and you don't bother watching the speedometer (since your foot is petrified on the accelerator to provide between 75-80 mph) but you watch your fuel gauge, since stops are far between. It gets really boring and Twilight-Zonish because at one stage of the trip they have gotten the road signs reversed -- one time you're 232 miles from San Francisco. Ten minutes/miles later you're 242 miles away -- but heading it that direction all the while.

Leaving Patten, Hannifen and my money behind in the lobby, I wandered over to the art show to see if anyone I knew was about. In the art show was an amazing variety of matter, including Tim Kirk's Tolkien master's thesis (six or seven paintings, several of which were supremely ingenious interpretations of scenes from the LotR). There was also Don Simpson's interpretation of a Barsoomian warship, made from adapted plastic model parts. And Jim McLeod had a panel with some ink drawings Don Fitch, famed Galactic Observer, was fiercely bidding for. Two I recognized from the recent FNER-GUMEN folio of McLeod's art. It might be more of a service for artists to note which of their ink drawings have been published when they are offered for sale. Not all (if many) competitors were trying to get the art for publication, but on the other hand, I didn't bid for any of McLeod's excellent drawings because I didn't fancy re-running something NERG, ALGOL etc. had widely distributed in the last six months.

After lunch I came back and found some more of the parties back in action. The Wombat Mob, Putrification and adherents to Emperor Jackson were out in force. The Mythopoeic con attendees in their costumes (doubtless SCA members) brightened the scene, and for all that was suttled around I was glad to see them around. With Dan Goodman and Matthew Tepper I hit the closing speech to MYTHCON given by Poul Anderson, as he punctuated his sentences with draughts of ale. A game of Risk was kept hopping in the lobby by some fans and SCA-ers, one of the former turning out to be Mark Anthony, a Phoenix fan who may someday help break Westercon loose from California.

Also part of the entertainment at the one day I spent attending was David Gerrold in the auction. The man's modesty underwhelms me at times. On the other hand, by now he must have more books on the stand than any other as relatively new to the field. (Space Skimmer, With A Finger In My I, Generation, Protostars, Yesterday's Children all come to mind.) But there he is up on the platform, in front of the view window of the Galleon Room where the sun is setting, huckstering "I Was a Nymphomaniac" by "Edgar McCann" (or some such name). The hooker was that "There is a person who is here at the Westercon and can autograph this book." Would you believe Bob Silverberg? Reckon this was how he was filling his bank account so that, as the bromide goes, he can now afford to write brilliantly. The backcover blurb was ridiculous -- numerous horny characters, mostly female. Gerrold asked Silverberg if he'd written it -- Silverberg had not denied it. The pb went for a couple bucks. Wish I could be around when the purchaser hits Silverbob for an autograph.

Also auctioned off was a copy of Space Skimmer with the spiel "This is going to be on the Hugo ballot next year -- and remember how you missed out on getting this year's nominated books. 'I can't find Dragonquest! I can't find Lathe of Heaven!' So get this copy in advance and you won't have that problem." It went for cover price, as I recall. Gerrold turned a mundane (though well-run) auction into a show; a feat only a few can accomplish.

The real reason I was lurking around at all was that I had promised Ed Cox to represent Sylmar in '84's convention bidding committee in the Future of the Westercon panel. Possibly as an appropriately 1984-ish warning as to what might happen if they Don't Watch Out. Got to meet Bob Vardeman, Roy Tackett, Frank Denton Bill Tuning (sp?) and a couple of others at the session, and they, along with Mark Anthony, Dan Goodman Tom Digby and Fred Patten kept up an interesting conversation -- I gratefully ac-

and snarl together vague subliminal responses with dreams, rationalizations, and real life.

Central to the problem: "Does telepathy exist?" Of course, should transmission be shown of some sort of signals from one human to another by means other than normal, then telepathy exists. Contrariwise, if such signals do not occur, no information is transferred, and telepathy does not exist.

Desiring to share my then current speculations about ways and means for establishing the existence of telepathy in 1956, I wrote to a well-known, popularized, supposedly reputable investigator of parapsychology, Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. I had concluded that the problem of proving the existence of telepathy lay not with the faults in experimental design, or paucity of statistics, but rather with lack of acceptance coefficient among at least electronic engineers and biologists. Instead of statistical runs and statistical averages, I thought that squiggles on paper which corresponded to squiggles on another paper, whenever the telepathic phenomenon was supposed to have occurred, would be readily accepted.

The assumptions underlying my experimental design² required two emotionally-

2. See "Brass Tacks," Astounding Science Fiction, Street & Smith Publishing Co., New York, NY, August 1956, page 154, for copy of the letter mailed to Dr. JB Rhine

bound human pairs such as mother-child, father-child, husband-wife, and so forth. To test the conjecture, I designed an experimental plan which would deliberately create intense terror in one person. Measuring fluctuating biological responses from both subjects at the same time, with the aid of electro-encephalographs, cardiographs and galvanometers, for example, ought to show similar squiggles from both subjects even though separated by walls and distances.

Innocently imagining Dr. Rhine as a far seeing, taboo-erasing investigator, a man of the future, indeed, I mailed my proposal. I received a reply from an obscure graduate student who not only suggested

that the technique I had designed to create terror in the subject was too severe, and that, "...perhaps you should use pin-pricks instead, and conduct statistical studies similar to ours." Had that student been mine, I would have flunked her on her inability to read the English language, for obviously she had overlooked the major thesis of the letter's argument.

A few weeks after this 1956 incident, while browsing through the library, I found a book written by Dr. Rhine which was devoted chiefly to how clever he'd been in evolving a certain mechanical technique for his answering mail. It seemed that literally everyone's letters could be categorized into posteriori slots, after which more or less form letters could be mailed out to each correspondent by graduate students.

Disgusting.

In effect this book told of a man who saw only his own projected categories in the world of letters, who trained his graduate students to force similar responses to unmatching stimuli -- and many of these same students later received advanced degrees!

But other arguments than mine have raged for well over a generation on the soundness of Dr. Rhine's telepathy experiments at Duke University. Some have argued that Rhine's work is statistically sound but the experimental design is wrong. Others favor the design but not the statistics.

William Feller, Higgins Professor of Mathematics at Princeton, in his brilliant discussion on the application of probability theory and statistical design to practical scientific applications has this to say:

"Another favorite method of producing 'significant differences' is to test only selected portions of the data. The procedure is extensively used in many fields and is illustrated by an example taken from an early volume of the Journal of Parapsychology. To test his extrasensory ability, a 'prominent experimental physicist' made a series of 3,500 card guesses

FIGURE ONE:

	Number of guesses	Number of correct guesses exceeding chance
Morning, Well:	2,100	56
Evening, tired:	1,100	-29
Morning, ill:	300	-16

in which the probability of a hit was $1/5$. The expected number of guesses was therefore 700, whereas the experimenter obtained 711 hits. The difference of 11 was not judged significant. However, the series was broken into three subseries according to the time of day and the feeling of the author. He presented the outcome as above in Figure One.

"The subseries 'morning well' has a significant critical ratio of 2.99, and because of this the experimenter would have us believe that he is endowed with extrasensory perception despite his poor overall performance. In this sense, clairvoyance is, of course, absolutely universal. The trouble is that breakfast or lunch, fitness or illness, coffee or beer, or combinations of these may be required to produce the desired effect -- and the nature of the favorable conditions is subject to instant change.

"When we contemplate the fantastic successes of the various experimental sciences and the ingenuity and imagination that go into them, then it is saddening that also this black magic passes for art."³

3. Scientific Research, "Are Life Scientists Overawed by Statistics?", William Feller, McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, New York, NY, February 3, 1969, Vol. 4 Number 3, Pages 24-29.

So much for statistics. But what of the scientific method, and proof?

The layman too often feels that the scientist has "proved" a hypothesis. Statistical null-hypothesis -- the test most frequently used in study of supposed telepathic phenomena -- never proves a hypothesis. Support of the null hypothesis -- the usual test -- merely asserts a certain probability of no difference between two measures; while failure to

support the null hypothesis is (1) never final, (2) supports the hypothesis is logically possible.

According to B. W. Lindgren, University of Minnesota, to test a hypothesis often involves a type of inference called testing significance. A significance test can lead to rejecting the hypothesis to be tested. It cannot lead to accepting the hypothesis. "Indeed, almost any particular model is sure to be wrong (except perhaps when the possible states are finite in number or even countable), because it is usually impossible even to specify a particular state accurately enough, let alone guess the true state with infinite precision."⁴

4. Statistical Theory, B. W. Lindgren, The Macmillan Company, New York, NY, 1968. pages 304-305.

Respecting methodology, Rawcliffe, lampooning Rhine, has this to add: In some fairness to Rhine he is reputed to have taken "up the challenge and vindicated his claim that the results of experiments could not be attributed to chance alone. The arguments over ESP mathematics were, in fact, something of a red herring for there never had been much doubt that the results attained by Rhine and other ESP experimenters were due to causes other than mere chance."⁵

5. Illusions and Delusions of the Supernatural and the Occult, D. H. Rawcliffe, Dover Publications, Inc., New York, NY 1959 p. 441

So much for methodology, and the opinions of the reputable.

The labels telepathy and precognition are often used interchangeably without conscious awareness by many. If either phenomenon is genuine, the physical based mechanism for explaining or describing the two must certainly be grossly differ-

ent from one another. The following explanation of correlations serves to illustrate not only the point of confusion, but one misuse of statistics in "proving" the existence of telepathy.

Let the set A represent the "guessed" call of a sequence of numbers by the subject being tested for telepathic powers. Let B represent the actual numbers determined ("sent") by a genuinely unbiased experimental design.

A = [...4,2,4,6,0,3,9,1,1,1,5,7,8,3,7]
 B = [...2,2,8,4,8,3,1,5,9,3,1,9,0,4,9]

TIME Figure 2: Correlation of "guessed" (set A) versus "sent" (set B) one digit numbers in hypothetical telepathy experiment.

Suppose that a correlation study is made of the relation between the elements of set A and the elements of set B. Such a measure, usually referred to as r , correlation coefficient, would produce a number falling between +1 and -1, with 0 falling in-between. The closer r came to either plus or minus one, the stronger evidence is presented favoring the sending and receiving of signals, if positive, add the suppression of the sending and receiving of signals, if negative. The closer to zero, the poorer the prediction of set B by set A, thus the less evidence for the phenomenon.

In numerous experiments of telepathy the correlation coefficient, r , as shown by figure 2, has been near zero. Undaunted, experimenters have changed the nature of the correlation as shown in figure 3, retaining their data and using it in the way shown.

A = [...4,2,4,6,0,3,9,1,1,1,5,7,8,3,7,4..]
 B = [...2,2,8,4,8,3,1,5,9,3,1,9,0,4,9,1..]

TIME Figure 33 Arbitrary Change of Definition of "Corresponding" During Hypothetical Telepathy Experiment.

Notice that the experimenters, unable to find significant correlation in the data of their original experiment, now change the meaning of corresponding, using the same data. Naturally if no significant correlation is found by jogging over one

notch, such experimenters may jog over two, or three, or n notches. Probability theory indicates that if they will jog over a sufficient number of notches, say k , they will probably find a high correlation at one of them, an event entirely independent of whether or not telepathy exists. The experimenters will not only have changed the nature of their experiment, but will have found not telepathy, but precognition, and presumably, as finders, will be permitted to name their discovery precognitor k , or perhaps after their own names.

The short history of modern and classical sciences convinces that a conjecture which is to be properly tested must derive from a conceptual framework, and if that conceptual framework is in error, measurements will at best be inconclusive, a state which seems to best describe modern telepathy experiments.

A scientific hypothesis is merely an arbitrary assumption made for the purpose of making further judgements about one thing or another. It serves as a starting point for further theoretical and empirical studies. If the hypothesis leads to useful, practical results, its usefulness is declared; and there is really only one test for the validity of any scientific hypothesis, the pragmatic one of results. By this criterion telepathy, as a structured, identifiable scientific concept, miserably fails.

Recently I've made attempts to bring myself up to date in parapsychological research. The first book I selected at random from the library shelves was again Dr. J.B. Rhine's, and the caveman scrawl inside said "...when examined experimentally parapsychologic phenomena can be proved to be beyond the reach of physical explanation."⁶

6. Parapsychology, JB Rhine and JG Pratt, (Revised Second Printing), Charles C. Thomas, 1957)

This preposterous thought was repeated again and again. Rhine and Pratt presumes that all possible ways of measuring, studying and arranging presently known physical phenomena and its laws have been weighed against the "evidence" and found wanting! Obviously both gentlemen must

have an extraordinarily high precognitive factor to be able to prejudge the scientific method, and its future applications so easily.

A more modern selection contained this little plum: "Under the normal conditions of the home and with tests as much like a game as possible, Joan's mother succeeded in having her 'guess' at some cards. Using the ordinary ESP deck, in which five is the expected chance number, she got first fifteen, then eleven, then twelve, and then only four correct out of the 25-card pack. As ESP scores, of course, these were high, except for the last. They could scarcely be explained as only 'chance'. When she got to eleven, she was dawdling with a stick in the dirt. When she got to twelve her mother noted that she was 'nonchalantly sucking a lollipop'. When she got the final four, she had not wanted to do it." *Italics are authors'.*

Hidden Channels of the Mind, Louisa E. Rhine, May 1967, pp 158-159.

An author has more privileges in an anecdotal book, certainly, so I wasn't disturbed by the informality, lack of experimental controls, or the hearsay approach. What did disturb me was the sentence underlined in italics, she had not wanted to do it. Did Louisa Rhine's housemother have perfect telepathy, so as to read her daughter's mind? Did Louisa Rhine extend her own strong para-normal abilities backward in time, thus clarifying the situation for her book's sake? Even so, how could Louisa Rhine jump from such knowledge to the conclusion that "...novelty, enthusiasm, interest -- from childhood to old age -- appears to be a necessary psychological condition for positive scoring in ESP tests."8 [8. Ibid.]

Reading Louisa Rhine's book convinced me that she had started to step over a crack and had ended up vaulting the Grand Canyon.

I was fortunate in my early youth to shake hands with the late Dr. Irving Langmuir who impressed many of us younger scientists with his almost unique open-mindedness about fringe science while at the

same time maintaining high acceptability among the scientific elite. Just lately I've discovered a General Electronics publication which reports on several of Dr. Langmuir's early findings. Listen to a tape recording made of Dr. Langmuir's speech at the colloquium at the Knolls Research Laboratory, Dec. 18, 1953. "During a day spent with Dr. Rhine at Duke University, the following conversation occurred between Dr. Langmuir and Dr. Rhine, 'People don't like me,' Dr. Rhine said. 'I took a lot of cards and sealed them up in envelopes and I put my code number on the outside, and I didn't trust anybody to know that code. Nobody!'

... ..

'Well,' I said, 'that's interesting -- interesting a lot, because you said you'd published a summary of all the data you had. And it comes out to be a 7. It is within your power to take a larger percentage, including those cards that are sealed up in those envelopes which could bring the whole thing back down to five. Would you do that?'

'Of course not,' he said, 'that would be dishonest.'

'Why would it be dishonest? The low scores are just as significant as the high ones, aren't they? They proved that there is something there just as much...'

I said, 'Are you going to count them or are you going to reverse the sign and count them, or count them as credits?'

'No, No,' he said.

I said, 'What have you done with them? Are they in your book?'

'No.'

'Why, I thought you said that all your values were in your book. Why haven't you put those in?'

'Well,' he said, 'I haven't had time to work them up.'

'Well, you know all the results, you told me the results.'

'Well,' he said, 'I don't give out the results until I've had time to digest them.'

I said, 'How many of these things have you?'

He showed me filing cabinets -- a whole row of them. Maybe hundreds of thousands of cards. He has a filing cabinet that has nothing but these things that were done in sealed-up envelopes. And they were the ones that gave the aver-

age of five.

"Well, we'll let it stand at that. A year or so later, he published a new volume of his book. In that there's a chapter on the sealed up cards in the envelopes and they all come up to around seven. And nothing is said about the fact that for a long time they came down below five. You see, he knows, if they came below five, he knows that isn't fair to the public to misrepresent this thing by including those things that prove just as much a positive result as though they came above. It's just a trick of the mind that these people do to try to spite you and of course it wouldn't be fair to publish."

9. Pathological Science, Dr. Irving Langmuir, "Transcribed and edited by RN Hall, Report No. 68-0-035, General Electric Research and Development Center, 4/68 pl0-11.

(1) Rhine argues that high negative correlations are as important as high positive correlations. (2) If so, Langmuir rebuttals, they should be counted together. (3) Not fair, says Rhine, I don't want to mislead the public. (4) Then use all of your data in the proper manner, says Langmuir. (5) Still not fair, rebuffs Rhine, then I wouldn't have anything to show since the scores wouldn't add up to the neutral five.

Pathological Sciences is highly recommended for all water-dowers, flying saucer fans, psi artists and other interesting hcbbyists. Especially I recommend Dr. Irving Langmuir's Table I, Symptoms of Pathological Science.¹⁰

10. Ibid, p.7

I shortly discovered that those who had affirmed the existence of telepathy in 1956 still did, only more so and for the wrong reasons; and those who denied the existence of telepathy in 1956 still did, only more so, and still for the wrong reasons. Who was it said, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still?"

The case for telepathy being outside the bounds of presently structured science (as Rhine has emphasized) is not only not proved, but it is probably impossible to prove. No group of humans, no matter how

many billions might be assigned to the task, could provide the necessary permutations and combinations of presently known, accepted physical laws and phenomena during the next million years to furnish the proper foundation for such a proof!

The scientific method has yet to be tried! It is highly presumptuous of the human animal to stubbornly maintain paranormal phenomena as scientifically confirmed or infirmed, when there is a lack of evidence that the scientific test has been used. According to Rawcliffe, for example, "There is no evidence that a single ESP experimenter has made a genuine study of such factors as involuntary articulation, endophasic reactions, the unconscious disseminations and reception of sensory cues, hyperactivity of the senses and ideomotor reactions." 11

11. Op. Cit., DH Rawcliffe, p. 438.

End of Part One

Perry Chapdelaine's article will be concluded in the next issue. In this beginning section he has reviewed partially the past history of scientific studies about telepathy. In the concluding section he will outline some of the factors that must be considered, and questions asked, when the scientific method is finally applied to decide "Is Telepathy A Modern Myth?"

THE NIGHT WATCH -- Kees van Toorn

[continued from page 23]: the club's activities and the club for more than 2 years. In vain, it seems, because at a recent SFCD Poll so many people returned a ballot that one vote could decide an award.

The German Rhodanpublishers' editors have established a sort of general secretariat to coordinate all efforts of the readers of the series and be a sort of general headquarters for the clubs throughout Germany. The latest counting gave more than 700 clubs in Germany, and resulted in the publishing of a club magazine. Offset, it is free from":

Zentral Sekretariat der Perry Rhodan clubs z. Hd. Giselle Thewils, Postfach 911, 2 Hamburg 1/Germany & 2 Int'l Reply

PERRY A. CHAPDELAINE coupons.

FANHISTORY, ANYONE? When Bruce Pelz came up with this quiz for APA-L not one person had the nerve to try and answer. Some readers may actually be able to answer the questions -- but they and their answers involve enough strange and outrageous twists to make that a side issue.

BRUCE PELZ' FAN

LASFS CHARACTERS-- MATCH THE COLUMNS:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. Was awarded one of his own Fugghead Awards for taking up stamp collecting | A. Forrie Ackerman |
| 2. Turned out to be a fink for the FBI | B. Ed Baker |
| 3. Walked through a glass library door | C. Jane Gallion |
| 4. Bashed his way through a wooden hotel door | D. Jim Harmon |
| 5. Went AWOL to attend a Worldcon | E. Peter Kranold |
| 6. Had Bible-burning outside the LASFS meeting room | F. F. Towner Laney |
| 7. Filed a suit against 4e for "Actions detrimental to SF" | G. Betty Jo McCarthy |
| 8. Left periodically for Nevada to avoid LA's falling into sea | H. Virginia Mill |
| 9. Stole a LASFS Library book to send to the President of U.S. | I. John van Couvering |
| 10. Was elected Club Chowderhead & "Permanent Program" | J. Bruce Pelz |
| 11. Was elected Devil's-Advocate-At-Large | K. S. Davenport Russell |
| | L. T. Bruce Yerke |

GENERAL FANHISTORY QUESTIONS

- If you had a copy of the Swisher Index, you would file it with:

A. The Science Fiction magazine collection	C. The fanzine collection
B. The comic book collection	D. The pornography collection
E. The phonograph record collection	
- The early SF Clubs were part of:

A. The Cosmic Circle	B. The Fantasy Foundation
C. Project Fan Club	D. The Science Fiction League
E. Operation Fantast	
- Fancylopedia I was produced by:

A. John Bristol Speer	B. The NFFF	C. LASFS
D. All of the above	E. None of the above	
- The Special Fund that never came to fruition was:

A. WAW With the Crew in '52	B. WAW to the Gate in '58	C. Bring Berry Across	D. The Big Pond Fund
E. The Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund			
- The Reason it didn't was:

A. Willis was run down by a car.
B. Nancy Share had an accident on her motorcycle
C. Terry Carr set fire to his tent
D. Pete Graham sent out notices of WAW's death
E. Carl Brandon turned out to be three other guys, and his son was a Swede
- "Weak Eyes" Korshak couldn't see beyond:

A. The cards in his poker hand
B. His own fanzine's excellence
C. The first row of the audience
D. Gernsbackian science fiction
E. New York fandom
- Bloch, Korshak, Esbach and Evans were noted as a group for being:

A. Professional writers	B. A convention committee	C. Fanzine publishers
D. Poker players	E. Movie script writers	F. Drunks

8. SAPS - the Spectator Amateur Press Society -- was formed
- A. Because the waiting list for the Fantasy Amateur Press Assn. was too long.
 - B. Because the West Coast fans needed an amateur press they could run
 - C. As a joke, by a New Jersey group
 - D. To provide competition for the PAs then in existence

HISTORY QUIZ

9. After Art Rapp, then a Michigan fan, got bombed to such a degree that the police showed up, he dropped out of
- A. High school
 - B. The army
 - C. FAPA
 - D. Michigan fandom
 - E. The University of Michigan
 - F. Alcoholics Anonymous
- [Warning: There are at least two correct answers.]
10. George Wetzel had a great deal in common with
- A. Francis Towner Laney
 - B. Wilifred Myers
 - C. Forry Ackerman
 - D. Don Wollheim
 - E. A&B
 - F. C&D
11. "The Bat" is associated with:
- A. The Invitational Convention
 - B. Room 770
 - C. Westercon X
 - D. Beastley's-On-The-Bayou
 - E. Dave-Kyle-Says-You-Can't-Sit-Here

THE ANSWERS

LASFS CHARACTERS Laney was awarded his own fugghead award (the Fan-Dango Award) for taking up stamp collecting. Willis awarded it to him in FAPA

Samuel Davenport Russell turned out to be an FBI informer, in the 40s, when various fans were joining the CP

J. van Couvering walked through the glass door of the Downey Public Library

Jim Harmon bashed his way through a door at a Midwestcon, into Harlan Ellison's room. The celebrated "Door Incident" was best written up from both viewpoints in PSYCHOTIC

Betty Jo McCarthy, now Bjo Trimble, went AWOL from the Navy hospital to go to the Chicon II (alias the TASFiC) in 1952.

Forrie Ackerman had the Bible-burning outside the Bixel Street meeting room in '43. Ackie was a much more militant atheist then.

Peter Kranold (calling himself Peter Kranold von Roszla) sued Ackerman for "Actions Detrimental to Science Fiction." The judge threw the case out of court, and the LASFS threw Kranold out of the club.

Jane Gallion left periodically for Nevada to avoid Los Angeles' falling into the sea in the early and mid-60s. Astrologers were her source of information, and when the 3-planet conjunction showed up in '62, she tried talking all sorts of people into getting out of California with her. Thus the occasional reference to "Chicken Little" Gallion.

Virginia Mill stole a copy of Roshwald's Level Seven in 1962, and sent it to President Kennedy. The LASFS charged her for the cost of the book.

Ed Baker was elected Club Chowderhead and "Permanent Program" for his antics as Treasurer during the Silverlake era.

Yhos was elected Devil's-Advocate-At-Large at about the same time.

Yerke was the first to be labelled "The Once and Future Secretary." But I didn't ask anything about him in the quiz. (Just for information, he'll be on the LACon panel discussing fandom in the 30s and 40s.)

1. The Swisher Index is to fanzines. RD Swisher had just about every fanzine published up to the mid-40s, and Bill Evans and Bob Pavlat extended the index's coverage to 1952. There are errors in it, but it's the only game around. (I have the stencils from Howard Piser's reprint edition of the Ikdx, and may rerun them one of these years.)

2. The early SF clubs were part of the Science Fiction League. LASFS, then the LA Science Fiction League, was Chapter 4. The Cosmic Circle was Claude Degler's organization of superfans from the 40s. The Fantasy Foundation was the Ackermanian Collection/Repository deal which never went anywhere. (The Institute for Specialized Literature is a latterday incarnation of the FF.) Project Fan Club was an attempt to organize the clubs and have a central clearinghouse; Orville Mosher was responsible, in the late 50s. And Operation Fantast was Ken Slater's fanac in England during the 40s and 50s. (It was, I believe, both fanzine title & house name.)
3. John Bristol Speer edited Fancyclopedia I. The National Fantasy Fan Federation helped finance the publication, and the LASFS did the actual work.
4. "WAW With The Crew In '52" was the fund that brought Willis to Chicago and then out to the West Coast, resulting in THE HARP STATESIDE, probably the best convention/trip report written. The Big Pond Fund was the forerunner of all the TAFF and other special funds, which successfully brought overseas fans to US cons and vice versa; it was engineered by Forry. The Tenth Anniversary Willis Fund brought Walt and his wife Madeline to Chicago again in 1962. The "Bring Berry Across" Fund, spearheaded by Leslie Gerber and all sorts of people who were disappointed that John Berry hadn't won TAFF the previous year, successfully brought him to Detroit in 1959. "Only the WAW to the Gate In '58" fund didn't work.
5. The '58 Willis Fund didn't work because one Gertrude M. Carr unleashed a rather violent attack on Willis in FAPA, accusing him of being anti-American from the things he was writing. The furore led Willis to feel he couldn't accept a Fund to bring him over to the SoLACon under those circumstances. The references to Nan Bhare (now Nan Rapp) having an accident on a motorcycle, and to Terry Carr setting fire to his tent, are Extended Jokes that were carried on through the fanzines. The former was a result of the election for Official Editor of the Spectator Amateur Press Society, where one of the candidates sent out an announcement that Nan was no longer a candidate because of this accident. In SAPS everyone was aware that Nan was a wheelchair-rider, not a motorcycle-rider, so the gag was taken correctly. Pete Graham's postcards announcing Willis' death were sent out in '52, before the first Willis Fund Trip. Carl Brandon was a hoax whose identities were revealed at the SoLACon -- probably the most successful fan hoax ever perpetrated -- but he had nothing to do with the Fund success. Neither did Carl Bradton, Jr., who appeared seven or eight years later and turned out to be John-Henri Holmberg of Sweden.
6. Korshak was supposed to be introducing notables at a Worldcon, but couldn't see beyond the first row.
7. Bloch, Korshak, Esbach and Evans were poker players.
8. SAPS was formed as a joke by a group of New Jersey fans known as the Spectators. When it caught on and became the second biggest APA in SF Fandom, the joke was on them.
9. The bomb was exploded on Art Rapp's lawn by one of the other Michifans, and Rapp got so disgusted with the group he dropped out of Michigan Fandom and FAPA.
10. George Wetzel, whose notoriety stems from his trying to get fans in trouble by turning them in to the postal authorities, and from his extreme bigotry, was thrown off the FAPA waitinglist, after a special Constitutional amendment was passed to allow this. Also thrown off, for crudzining above and beyond the call of duty, was Wilfried Myers, a mundAPAn who got on the list through the unfortunate actions of a couple too-friendly members. However, Wetzel was also an expert on Lovecraft, and a firm devotee of his writings -- a trait he shared with Francis Towner Laney.
11. The Bat (Reva Smiley) got into Tucker's poker game at NoLACon, during the famous Room 770 party. The game had previously been sacrosanct and closed to such outsiders. Besides, she won.

DAN GOODMAN'S

THE LETTERZINE ZEEEN

CONTINUED

PART TWO: (When last we left the subject Dan Goodman's article was dangling midair, continued at site unknown. The closing two paragraphs are in PRE 4 on page 33. My apologies for the error: MDG))

This installment is more reprint column than review. Here follow excerpts from ZEEEN #6 (November 1970).

TED WHITE: I dunno, but I think you're overly hung up on what you call "fannish game structures." And I think you're making an artificial division, it's all "real world" or "paper world" depending on how you relate to it...

It's hard to know what you're talking about when you contrast Egoboo with Meta-noia and say that we're codified and hung up in fannish game playing, and Greg is not. To me, we're all into one generalized thing, each of us in our own way. I can't speak for anyone but me, but since I'm theoretically 50% of Egoboo, I kinda resent your implication (which you believe anyway) that there's something rigid, structured, artificial, or whatever, about Egoboo. Actually, I think if you went back and reread Egoboo and my columns you would find out that I've written about just about everything in which I've been interested or involved, which is "real world" enough for me. And the way in which I write is simply the style of expression I've evolved over the years which feels most expressive of me, my moods, the way I feel about whatever I'm writing about. (In fact, I'd go so far as to say that this "style" is what won me my fanwriter Hugo, considering how many people have often said they hate my ideas, but find

me "interesting" anyway.)

Earl Evers replying to the above:

I've always really dug your columns in Egoboo just as much as I've dug all of your fanwriting -- I not only like your style, I agree with most of your ideas and opinions. (Or if I don't, I usually find them valid, subjectively, for you although not for me, which is a different thing from thinking you're wrong.) What I dislike about Ego is the general tone and editorial policy, which I think is mostly John B's, not yours -- phony nostalgia, put-downs of fans John doesn't groove on, heavy emphasis on fan polls and the whole "ego-boo" concept, etcetera. Maybe you could say that Egoboo takes itself and its fannishness too seriously for my taste. It always strikes me as if John is determined to put out a "great fannish fanzine" and in doing he loses a lot of the joy and spontaneity necessary in an enjoyable fanzine. For instance, a lot of the art and writing looks like a conscious imitation of material from famous fanzines of the past. Now I like the original material in most cases, but not the imitations, because they're just not as good. Also, John (both in Egoboo and in his fanwriting elsewhere) has a tendency to make value judgements on people, which is a no-no as far as I'm concerned. It's perfectly all right to criticize someone's ideas or actions, but I don't like to see a fan stating that "Sp-and-so just turns me off"-- - this is completely subjective, and a guy John B. dislikes may be someone else's best friend or valued acquaintance, so it's best to keep such things out of print.

TERRY CARR: What set me off was your conception of fannish fandom as being built on "fannish traditions and games...ingroup jokes and slogans." Well, there's nothing wrong with traditions and games, if we both mean the same things by them: sets of recognized techniques and styles which to ring changes, and in the case of games, mutually agreed upon rules within which fans could use their wits to have fun with the likelihood of more feedback and sparks set off because you'd know the other people would be reading you on the same wavelength. I think maybe you object to games because

they imply rules in nonserious things, but the purpose of the rules is to facilitate and simplify things, and why not make having fun easier? There were never any penalties for breaking the rules, because they weren't rules in that sense, the sense of laws, say. When a sizeable portion of fandom was writing in the same tradition, under the same "rules" it was just because they chose them because there was fun to be had using them.

As for "ingroup jokes and slogans", these were never in the good part of fanzine fandom. Slogans or running gags, for instance, would get going as things to play with: finding different things about which to say "it certainly is a wonderful thing" for instance, and if you could get a new meaning or nuance out of it that was playing the game well. And ingroup jokes were, at best, just recognition jokes with an unfortunately limited audience, and at worst a system of one-upmanship. I think a good overall rule or criterion would be "was it creative." If not, it wasn't what I call fannish. People who would parrot "it certainly is a wonderful thing" just to be saying something that was a catchphrase weren't being fannish; they didn't even understand where it was at.

We have much the same kind of things in fandom today, though they aren't being used much. There are mannerisms of prominent fans and pros that anyone would recognize if you parodied them or applied them in different contexts, or whatever; there are famous lines and such from recent sf that you can work off of (bum in a beanie sneaks into the N3F Hospitality Room when no one's looking, rips off all the cookies and milk and leaves behind a sign saying "TAMSTAFL". that's a crude example off the top of my head, but maybe you can see what I mean); there are lines from rock songs and Agnew speeches and Harlan tirades that could be grist for jokes that people would understand.

But this stuff isn't happening right now, and we don't have a real fannish fandom even among the "fannish resurgence" because (don't laugh) fandom doesn't use its myth-making abilities any more. The secret ingredient of fannishness isn't ingroup gags or long-standing traditions or

or any of that, really, it's just the willingness to deal with fandom, at least on the surface level, as an unreal world, a paper world, a world whose natural laws ("rules", "traditions") and gods (fashionable elder BNFs) can be created and altered just like the usual myth world. When that happens, when fans treat fandom as a fantasy world they're continually in the process of creating and shaping, then fandom is quite obviously something to play with. That's why "fandom is just a god damned hobby" became one of those catchphrases; it's the closest thing to a real natural law that fannish fandom has.

Fannishness, as I've always seen it, though I've never said it in so many words before, is defined as the process of having fun by being creative with the raw materials of fandom itself. That is to say, mythmaking within the microsm.

Oh, there are things like fanhistory articles that everybody would agree are extremely fannish, but in this context the purpose of fanhistory is sort of like that of archeology, to dig up statues of the elder gods which modern fan can gaze upon and construct myths around. (Do you think that Fabulous Berkeley Fandom was a closely-knit, friendly group? -- Hell, half the time at least one of us was pissed off at one or more of the others. Do you think Towner Hall was a delightful meeting place for New York fandom? -- nah, it was an eternally messy basement where not much happened most of the time, even when a lot of fans were there. Fanhistorians are mythmakers, too.)

#6 also had much discussion of rock; most of which I would say could have benefitted from severe editing. This issue had artwork, for the first time, including a Jay Kinney cover that fitted into the discussion of the "fannish resurgence."

#7 (December '70) was a wrapup issue. ZEEN was going into hibernation. Artwork disappeared again; the letters seem to have undergone a good deal less editing this time. Still much rock discussion -- including a column by Jim Sanders, better known these days as "Jeff Glencannon" -- and it still would have benefitted from severe cutting. The best thing in the

-- possibly the best thing Evers ever printed -- is Juanita Coulson's letter. She describes vividly how it feels to have an eidetic memory, to remember every thing that ever happened to you, everything you ever saw. And how it felt to lose large chunks of her memory, because of a badly-prescribed drug. Someone ought to persuade Juanita to rework the material into an article or column.

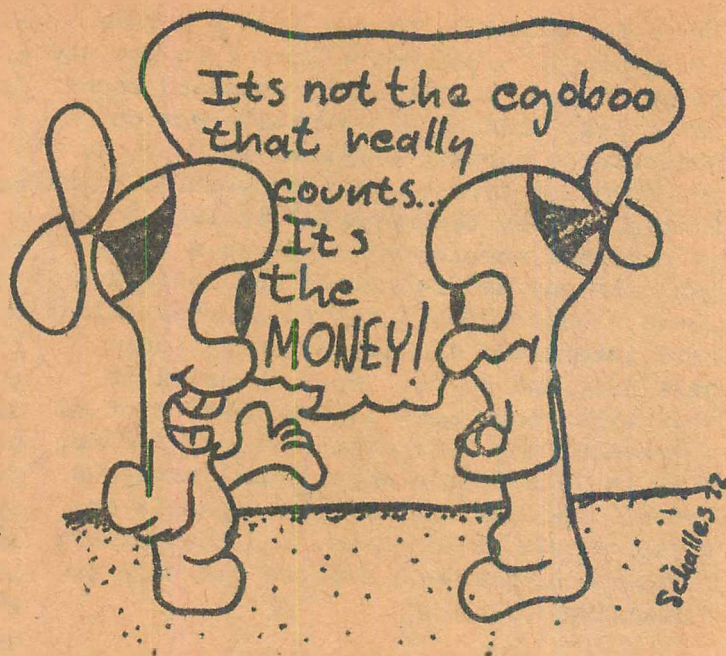
And now the quotes:

JOHN BERRY: ...I am cursed with an inquiring mind; I keep trying to understand people, and when I run up against someone or something that bothers my mind a great deal without being able to figure out just why, my curiosity gets stronger.

What I said above about understanding is the reason I write what you consider value judgements of individuals. I always try to find the essence of whatever phenomena I confronted with; in the case of people, why they say and do what they do. You can see this pretty well in my fanzine reviews for Amazing. When I'm doing what I consider a proper job with those reviews, I analyze what makes people tick who participate in the fanzine, at least in so far as they relate to the zine and I try to pinpoint the essence of that fanzine and the interreactions involved in it. I do this all the time. I don't know what "value judgements on people" you were referring to, but if they seemed that way to you it's because I was trying to get at why someone spoke and acted the way he did.

Sure, you can "criticize someone's idea or actions", but that inevitably leads -- at least for me -- to an attempt to understand why I react the way I do, and why that someone thinks or acts the way he does. It seems to me less than honest to analyze someone's ideas and actions and then say nothing about the way you feel about him. Let it come out; be straightforward about it. This would make for a terribly grim world, of course, but for one thing: your opinions change.

Earl Evers, replying to Berry:



The only major difference of opinion I have with you is that you've said a bunch of insulting things about people in your various fan articles, and I didn't think this was either necessary or justified. For instance, you list people at a party, and call one guy "a human marshmallow" and say of another "I can't take him for more than two minutes at a time," and you liken a bunch of NY fans to "a zoo." I just don't think this is good, or even in the best fannish tradition, because it may hurt the people you put down, and it certainly doesn't reveal much about the character of the people concerned.

Another thing -- you seem to look on fandom as some sort of game, with "winners" and "losers." In other words, one fanzine or fanwriter is "good" and another "bad." Now this is a perfectly valid way of looking at the microcosm and the people in it, and you have every right to do so. But, this is not my way of looking at it. I'm concerned mostly with ideas and the interplay of personalities rather than with any kind of value judgements at all. I may have given you a mistaken idea of my actual opinion of Ego when I said I didn't like it -- I meant not that it was "bad" (didn't I say that I thought it was well produced and the written material was expertly done) but that I didn't enjoy reading a lot of

the material. OK, so why didn't I like the material? Because a lot of it was stylized, formal stuff, along standard fannish lines, meaning the emphasis was on achieving a certain stylized effect. My own favorite type of fannish writing might be typified by the material in ZEEEN so far -- personal rapping which gives a fan's own opinions and reactions and ideas and so on. Raps where a fan tells what things have interested him lately, what ideas he's had, and so on. Most material of this type reads more like a transcript of a conversation or like a personal letter than it does like a more formal essay or review: there's very little emphasis on style or use of language, and the primary literary virtue such a piece can have is "naturalness."

You might sum it up another way -- "writing to entertain" and "writing to communicate." I seem to prefer the latter, and you the former. (I'll admit that there are elements of both in *Ego*, but I still prefer the straight conversational stuff in ZEEEN.)

HARRY WARNER: All of a sudden I wonder if fannishness isn't really a bigger force than anyone imagines in most fanzines today, only it's not recognized as such because now fannishness is being manifested in artwork and a decade or more ago it was mostly in the form of words. Just think how many people have remarked on the extreme quantity of fine artists appearing in today's fanzines. Remember that most of them either specialize in humorous and lighthearted illustrations or create this type side by side with straight serious illustration. Think about the battles of artists that some fanzines have been featuring, the way art traditions like little green dinosaurs and barebreasted Rotsler girlies spill over a lot of fanzines, the extra artistic manifestations like getting a sketch on your registration badge or upper arm at a con, and you'll start to think that many fannish impulses are emerging in pictorial form. I'd hate to think this signals a trend which will eventually cause artwork to take over all fanzine space, because of all the way I'm not talented, I'm not talented to the greatest non-degree as

as an artist. It would be awful to think of a future in which the only words in fanzines would be Warner locs.

The other point is that the fannish resurgence has so far been limited to only a few of the forms that the fannish spirit took when it was at its finest in the late 50s and early 60s. We now have several excellent fan-centered fanzines that pay little attention to science fiction and publish much material about fans. The general writing style is very informal. These are accurate reproductions of some of the fannish manifestations of the old days. But so far we've not seen during this resurgence many other things that were with use back then. Tradition-making for instance: fans have stopped making up new words, grasping on new favorite phrases, imagining new legends involving fannish activities. There has been almost no fiction about fans and fandom, another essential of the era when fannishness reigns supreme. Travelogues have gone out of favor; and they used to make up a very substantial percentage of all the contents of fanzines, both those that told of trips to conventions and long TAFE reports and just plain accounts of one fan's visit to another fan's city, or the description of how a group of fans held a picnic six miles away. Nobody is writing consistently today the Berry-Willis type of factfiction which is based on fans and their activities, has some basis in fact, tosses in a great deal of imagination, and leaves the reader unable to decide what happened and what really didn't. I'd like to see all these things show up in 1971, now that 1970 has produced fanzines with the right basic spirit in a half-dozen parts of the nation. But I remain unconvinced that all these things can happen without the coming of at least two or three prolific, talented and fannish-spirited new fanzine contributors. I could dig out a lot of old issues of my FAPA publications and offer for reprint a half-dozen or more stories about fans and fandom which saw limited circulation, but it still wouldn't be the same as fan fiction written by fresh young fans today.

In reading the letters excerpted, remember that they -- and the editorial

replies -- are excerpted, and that the letters underwent some editing before being published in zEEn. Remember also that people's views can change a good deal in two years; and that the fandom being observed then was not the fandom the same people see now.

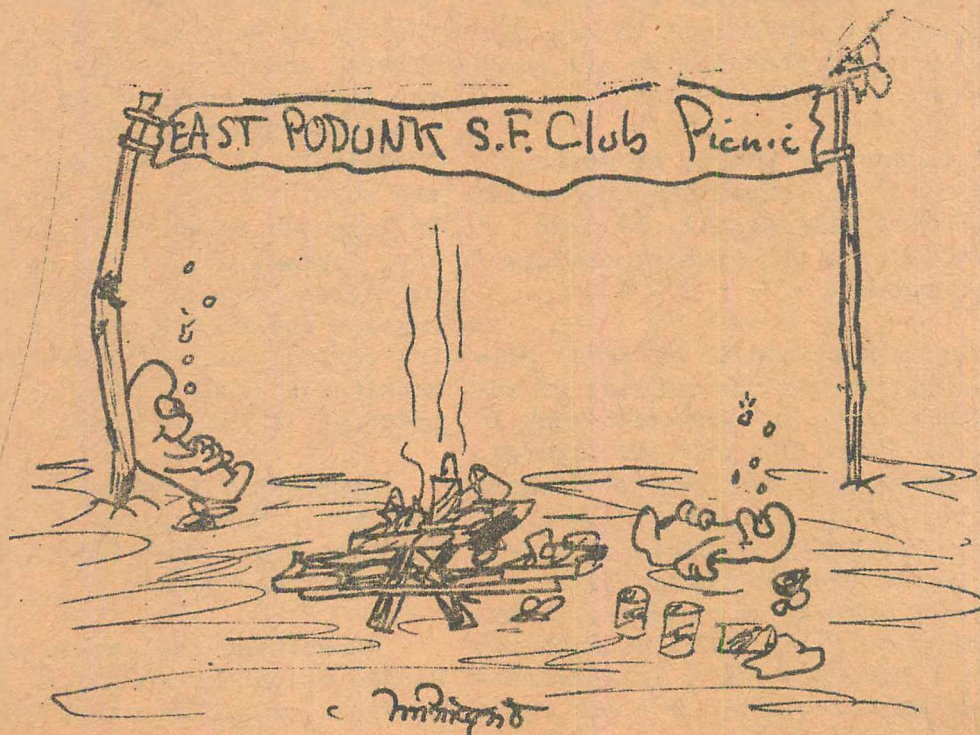
Earl Evers got married and joined FAPA and zEEn was never the same. With #8, published in February 1972, it became a fan-nish genzine coedited by Earl and Jan Evers, with the emphasis on columns and humor rather than locs. I considered this incarnation inferior to the latterzine version. So did a fair number of other readers; but the Everses were in charge, and this was what they wanted to publish.

-- JAN GOODMAN

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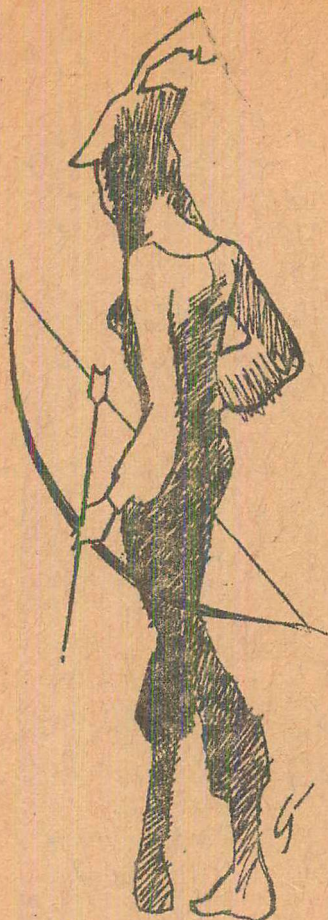
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DE NACHTWACHT

KEES VAN TOORN MARINESTRAAT 9C, ROTTERDAM 1 ZH
the netherlands



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part one

KEES VAN TOORN is a Dutch fan, editor of Atlan, a Perry Rhodan-oriented fanzine, contributor to APA-L. In #364 of that venerable local apa Kees opened an active discussion of the relationships between American and European fandom, the language barrier between fans, and some other things that culminated in this column. Quite probably the news portion will be seen in De Profundis and Sanders, but the discussion quotes and hijacked directly from APA L. Kees' opening salvo was thus:

"On the Dutch SF book-market these five books [Fahrenheit 451, A Maze of Death, The Long Result, Earthjacket, Weltraumfahrt] are the latest there are in the field and this leads me to something I have been eager to ask the LACON people for a long time, and not only the LA Con but also all others involved in Fandom and Hugo voting. In general people say that the Europeans, at least those who live on the Continent, participate in the Hugo voting very little. But isn't this something very normal when their own bookreleases of 'new' books are years behind those published in

the USA? And, if you want to vote for the Hugo nomination one must chose from books published in 1971 (this year) but these books are often very difficult to get in low quantities, and often not at all available in Europe.

"This excludes the whole, or perhaps 75% of European voters from the Hugo selection! This isn't fair at all, my dear friends, even though sometimes there are few European members..."

Granted, this is supposed to be Kees' column, but having started the process of editing it, I must keep on. The next week I replied to him: "The fans who get foreign fanzines, some of whom can even read them, remind us that 'after all, it is a world-con' have more recently insisted on trying to nominate for Hugos things like MUNICH ROUNDUP, UCHUJIN and others. I am afraid I can't oblige them and vote these zines awards. Not only won't I back something I never see, but even if I got those zines what use would it be for me to have

something I couldn't read? Thus back to the old problem; you can internationalize the con by sending it off to London, Heidelberg, and perhaps Australia, but how do you internationalize the literature, barring mass-translation, or mass language-learning? As for the Hugo itself, there are possibilities. One may give the Hugo in language categories (English, Japanese, German, etc.); one may give the Hugos by region (non-English-speaking Asia, non-English-speaking Europe, the English speaking world); and regional awards could be considered equal to the current Hugo in prestige if not in scope."

Apparently I pushed Kees' button with that one. Three pages of reply erupted the next time, the gist of which is covered in these quotes:

"Something that makes an International Fandom is understanding in the International Field, which is still very poor but improving. This understanding can only

come into being if we communicate, and if we want to, is it not then necessary for both sides make efforts to establish and maintain this sort of communication? The remark you made "...some of who can even read them" did make me angry for a moment, but it is an understandable one, though I think you, too, are partly to blame for what is wrong in the International Field. ...80% of fans are, because they stick to their own language and think that was is good in the USA is also good in the Netherlands (for example). ...Only a few fans are willing to establish better contacts by learning the language of the countries with which the wish to correspond... On one side [Europe] we find people who are eager to communicate but are lacking in knowledge and on the other side we find people who would communicate if the other party spoke their language, otherwise no communication will take place.

"...One has to be a supporting member at least to be allowed to vote for the Hugo. Isn't this really kind of a dictatorship? There are lots of fans who would, if they had the ability to obtain Dutch or other editions in their own language during the year being voted upon, then vote and make the Con much more international than it now is, but these people can't afford the money. Why do we not create a third and a fourth membership class in which fans become a member of the con for let's say \$1 -- and get a membership card and a sticker (and that's all) and the other would also be \$1, qualifying them as voters. Then more people here and in Asia would get a chance,"

After this the torch was ignited under a few Ellers, in particular a couple members of the LACon concon.

Fred Patten stated: "The problem of the true degree of internationalism in the Worldcon and in the 'Hugo' awards is a serious one, and is becoming more serious now that both have the realistic potential to become genuine awards instead of simply grandiose titles for an American con and award. I agree that Mike shouldn't say that nobody should support a particular book just because he can't read it. But that's a very good reason for him not supporting it personally! If you were given three

books in Chinese and told to choose which one of them was the best, what would you do? I admit that it's rather embarrassing that when a Worldcon is held in Europe everything is supposed to be at least bilingual, the language of the host country and English, because everybody isn't expected to know English but English and Americans aren't expected to know any other language. On the other hand, is every fan expected to learn all the languages of the world? ...As you say, there ought to be a collective language, and English is becoming that language.##As to why the American Cons don't publish their documents in other languages for the Europeans who visit them, how many Europeans visit and where do they come from? At an average American WorldCon with an attendance of from 1,000-2,000 there will be less than 25 fans whose native language isn't English, and those fans are likely to be divided between 4 or 5 countries. If the L.A.Con Committee had made plans to publish our reports in a second language...we would probably have picked German...We'd never have guessed that the nation with the largest number of members after the US would be Japan..."

Bruce Pelz said: "It is probable that the argument about the Internationalism of the Hugo will go on for years and years, because there is neither a final solution nor any easily-compilable body of data about previous attempts to find such a solution. But I will try to tell you how it looks after about three years or more that I know of. Back in 1969 the flap about Americans hogging the Worldcon and the Hugos came to a head, and every regional convention held a panel about it (plus innumerable SMOF meetings). At last, the St. Louiscon passed motions to enable the fans in other countries to set up a true World-wide convention, with North America being only one more sector of rotation, and to set up a truly International Award. The latter was made possible by a motion that attempted to recognize the fact that, de facto, the Hugos are an English-language award, and should be limited to English-language WorldCons, whether called the World SF XCon, or something else. If said Worldwide con went to a non-English language country, the Hugo would be presented at the North American SF Con (NASFiC). It didn't work. The overseas fans de-

cided they couldn't handle a Worldcon every other year outside of North America. Heicon, in 1970, voted the World SF Con back to a 3-year North American rotation, with non-NA sites eligible to bid at any time. Noreason solidified the NASFiC proposal of two years previous, so that the 3-year rotation wouldn't be interrupted when an overseas site got the Worldcon. (Hotel arrangements have to be made so far in advance that it isn't usually possible to arrange a hotel for a particular year and then shift over a year when the Con goes overseas. Better to have a Nasfic the same year as the overseas Worldcon -- and it also gives North America a Regional/-National con for those who can't afford to go overseas.)

"The Heicon also cancelled the previous year's vote on the Hugos being only for English language worldcons, and voted them to whatever country got the Worldcon, language no barrier. The Swedes were particularly vociferous, since they consider themselves and English-language fandom, though not an English-language country. And they are bidding for the 1976 Worldcon in Stockholm (At least, they were when last heard from.)"

While these and corollary discussions went on, Kees van Toorn elected to begin doing a column of European fan news and help American publication expand their coverage of the world fan scene. I think I'll step out of Kees' column here, and let him take over the news:

* * *

NETHERLANDS In the Lower Lands the fannish activity increased at quite high a speed after the publication of ATLAN 4, a more-or-less Rhodan centered fanzine though the editor feels that a goal of the zine should be to make fans more mature for more lettered SF/Fantasy.. The trouble with Dutch Rhofans seems to be that this series is the only thing they know.

In Amsterdam the first Perry Rhodan club was founded and though there are but 5 members the group decided to turn the club into a Society for which one needs royal approval. The Society intends to publish a bimonthly clubzine (probably

mimeo) and wants to visit UFO clubs near Amsterdam as well as astronomical departments in the Hague. I was stunned endlessly as I told the society's director about a discussion in the zine ATLAN by the Heicon GoH Robert Silverberg. The question the director set was: "Who's this Robert Silverberg, I've never heard about him?!" Oddly enough, his own library had 4 novels in Dutch by Silverberg...

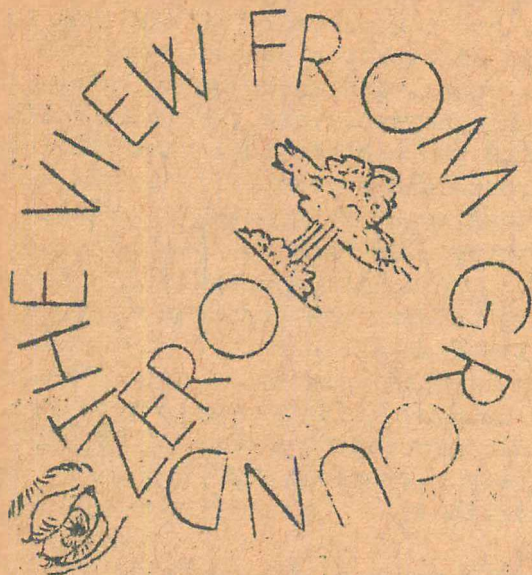
Jerry Lapidus was in the Netherlands because of his study-abroad program. Unfortunately he had to leave the Netherlands earlier than planned because of his mother's sudden heart attack. Forrest J. Ackerman is likely to visit the Netherlands after attending the Eurocon, where he wants to see the NCSF (Nederlands Kontakt Centrum voor Science Fiktien) and then will come to Rotterdam to make me mad enough to continue the art for Rhodan.

Except the fact that STAR TREK was discontinued after one episode -- which was The Trouble With Tribbles -- the VARA (a Dutch network system) decided not to broadcast the German TV series, that actually came from the USA "Invasion von der Wega." A young Dutch fan did not just dig it, and when asked why, replied: "The wseries will not be broadcast as it is a series with an atmosphere that is an undesirably right-winged one and therefore not acceptable for the VARA. It is completely opposing our feeling about an understanding between races and humanity. As the Invasion von der Wega proved to have this right-winged mentality we thought it not wise to take it into our summer program."

GERMANY On May 27 the first episode from STAR TREK was broadcast by the ZDF, a German network that bought 20 episodes of the series. The ZDF decided to broadcast the series weekly and optimists have stated that the series is already so popular that further episodes will be bought. Some even say that the German viewers are more enthusiastic than the Americans were.

The SFCD -- Science Fiction Club of Germany -- has a new chairman. Heinz-Jürgen Ehrig decided to quit the post of chairman after he had tried to liven the

CONT. P. 12



BLACK DAYS IN WADHOLM LAND

Back around issue #3, Florence Jenkins took time out in her column to answer an overabundance of criticism directed her way in issue #2. (Or maybe it just seemed that way.) At the time I shook my head in fannish-fatherliness. I don't know, it just seemed, well...sort of neo.

So here I am, answering an overabundance of criticism (or maybe it just seems that way. And maybe Florence Jenkins is reading this and shaking her head in fannish motherliness because it sounds, well ...sort of neo. The thing is we've never taken time to dig up a good, uncomplicated way for us regular column people to get mail addressed to Mike, write a reply, and then get both the reply and the letter back in time for printing. Maybe it can be done, but we haven't done it.

The thing is that issue four was the day the honeymoon ended. Seven people from all over everywhere actually were so moved by something or other I'd said that they had to drop my publisher a line about me...generally with a noose at the end. And just to put icing on it, #4 was the one where I chose to drop the worst Ground Zero I've ever written. A little apology right here for that. I haven't seen any letters on it yet [at this writing] but I

know they're coming. I'd write one myself. It sounds more asinine every time a reread it. Last time I write a column in fortyfive minutes.

As for the criticisms I have seen -- the ones in #4 -- some have merit, some don't. Mike Glicksohn's review of my Traveller In Black review sent me into my closet in a fit of fan paranoia for a time, but then I got to thinking about it. I give it no quarter any more. I read it, then I went back and read my review and then I looked over the book again. I just don't see it. I've written better reviews, but on the whole the Traveller review said just what I saw and what struck me most. It was short, and while Glicksohn may be right that the review's style of mediocre one-liner sentences was poor, it still said what struck me about the book. It got the point across. His idea that I'm a bad reviewer because the first negative review of mine he reads he doesn't like, is crap. Sure, there are some things that an author writes that can singularly cast his entire past literary career in doubt, but I don't agree that the Traveller Review was one of them. For one thing, it wasn't the book I hated so much as the thinking, or lack thereof, that went into it. Hack writing is one thing, hack thinking is another. That was the point of the review, and I don't think that the scope of that point can take in enough of my thoughts and judgement to make such a blanket statement about my ability reasonable from Glicksohn. Not only that but reading Glicksohn's letter and a review from him in Grainfalloon 15 I see a lot of the same elements and criteria that went into the review he attacked. I didn't think that either review was structurally bad, as a matter of fact-I liked the Gf review of LA: 2017 but if he's going to judge my work...he'll have to cast the mote out of his eye first. As for the line about being imperceptive and narrow-minded, blind might be a better word, if he's right. I don't think he was. I read it, gave his comments the benefit of the doubt and looked the book over a second time. If there is one redeeming quality about it, I can't find it. Imprint of Chaos had a character or two that didn't just lie down and play dead, but I've been more thrilled by some of Campbell's old ANALOG

retreads.

Dan Goodman's list of points I didn't bring up in a review of Jack of Shadows is different. Sho' nuff, the man was right about most of them. Hmm. Ohh well, Dr. Kildare strikes out once in awhile.

I haven't read William Nolan's monolog too carefully, but I can't find any place in it that should give Edward Finkelstein the idea that I thought Logan's Run was Hugo material. I've never even read Logan's Run. There is a place in there where somebody tells Nolan that Logan's Run would have won a Hugo had he been more of a fan and asks his reaction to that, but that's not attributed to me. True, I'm the one who was misquoted there, but I get no credit for it. And what I actually said was that, according to a review in SFR, Nolan should have won if he weren't considered a "straight" author. I can neither agree nor disagree with that, but I do agree with Finkelstein that Logan would have to be a very good book to beat Lord of Light.

Final Note: Last issue I wrote a music review praising King Crimson's Islands. I can't let that go without adding a small word of warning about buying the album. While their instruments and words on Islands changed mood from their earlier album Lizard, which you may recall I gave a bad review on, their style hasn't. Both of these albums have since become my favorites, weird jazz and all, but it wasn't easy. The music takes about six weeks of heavy listening and about as much understanding as you can muster. While I personally enjoy both albums a great deal, I can't recommend them to anybody. If you buy one, set it on the turntable and go do something. King Crimson doesn't play background music, but the music does have to float out of the background to reach you. It's music tuned to a part of your ear you've probably never used before, and the only way you can get its full effects is to let it find its own pathways into your mind without your help.

TIMETRACKS

BY KEITH LAUMER * BALLANTINE 95¢ Review by Mike Glycer 216 pp.

Other writers put out collections that cover a fairly representative span of their careers -- like Delany with DRIFT-GLASS -- and you can say "If you want to see where Will Writer has been for the last ten years, and where he is going, then pick up his newest...etc." With Laumer's TIMETRACKS you want to pull your hair out by the roots and scream, "If you care to be reminded about what Keith Laumer has been getting away with for the last nine years..." This little outing is representative Laumer, the best and shoddiest. As a collection it is entertaining and you may read it with pleasure. As an experience in Laumer, it is violent to the soul, your soul, proving that when he is good he can be very very good, but when he is bad he is horrid.

What is wrong with "The Devil You Don't"? Besides the mere fact that it exists in print, there is utter disregard for characterization. The Devil, a dumb female sexpot, and a couple of other walk-arounds with names painted on so you don't confuse them when they talk. The gimmick (it doesn't even merit the description 'idea') in operation is that Heaven and Hell and other places are planes of existence. Hell is being shaken up by incursions from a different plane -- and so is our Earth. The incursors change the normal random order of events so that they all are occurrence of "bad luck". The cardboard figurines fool around, invent a machine, and solve the situation to their satisfaction. By the time they get finished fooling around Laumer has stuck us with yet another luck-out (this time literally) ending. It seems that 90% of what he writes treads the razor edge of credibility -- leaving behind a lot of severed toes and scarred arches in the process.

Then again, THE OTHER SKY reminds that once upon a time Keith Laumer wrote consistently good stories. It involves the Niss -- and I don't remember ever reading a bad story involving those tottally evil aliens. This time on stage they are the guests/occupants of Earth's Syndarch government, and the assailants of the land of Gallilae on Pluto. Full of the background details, allusions to military pressure and personal conflict, the story

[continued page 23]

DONALD KELLER REVIEWS DAVID GERROLD

WITH A FINGER IN MY I

BY DAVID GERROLD Ballantine 95¢ 245pp.

The biggest ego in science fiction belongs to one of two men: David Gerrold or Harlan Ellison. Since Ellison has reached a level of success whereat he can rest his ego and mellow a bit, while Gerrold is still struggling to achieve, I suppose right now Gerrold holds the crown. (After all, what else can you say about a man who sells autographs?)

But ego isn't all that Gerrold has; he is also quite talented. Some of his talent is actual and some merely potential: he authored "The Trouble With Tribbles," probably the most popular episode of STAR TREK, making him the object of adoration of thousands of screaming Trekkies (even Harlan Himself, a screenwriter of no mean talent -- his Star Trek episode "City on the Edge of Forever" won not only the Hugo but the Writers Guild of America award -- praised Gerrold's script highly) but was fired by a chuckleheaded producer because his screen treatment of Stranger In a Strange Land was too good (he published it in his fanzine Otherwords, and did an amazing job streamlining that unwieldy book -- it would have made a good movie); he edited the interesting original anthology Protostars (many of whose stories, like some of Gerrold's own, suffer from inexperience), but his first anthology, Generation, was withheld from print until very recently; he co-authored The Flying Sorcerers with Larry Niven, and now brings out his first collection.

The first salient point that strikes one about it is that six out of the nine stories here printed for the first time. This implies that Gerrold could not sell them to normal markets. It's easy to see why, in some cases: but not always.

For example, I don't see why an editor would pass up "All of Them Were Empty--" unless it were its drug-culture matter (collary thought: did Ellison reject it from Again, Dangerous Visions?) It's a lovely title, and even lovelier when you've read the story -- it's the last line. It is written in imagistic and impressionistic prose, full of strange metaphors -- to para

phrase Damon Knight on Mervyn Peake, the words are sloshed together at random, sometimes striking unheard-of combinations. Like, "Somewhere a record player tinkered with sounds and darkness." When I first read that I thought, no, he blew it, he meant 'tinkled'. But I then realized that 'tinkered' was meant as 'play with, fool around,' and that the echo of 'tinkled' was a felicitous bonus -- an onomatopoeic and semantic bulls-eye. Not all the writing is that good: some of it is just there, neither good nor bad; but there is enough very effective writing to make me hopeful for Gerrold.

I cannot either understand why "How We Saved the Human Race" failed to sell. It sort of sounds like it was inspired by one line in Spinrad's flip "Carcinoma Angels" but takes the idea seriously. The plot is fairly straightforward (I figured out what was going on fairly early, but it was my putting subtle clues together, not Gerrold's telegraphing), with beautiful little touches that make me believe it utterly. (My only quibble is with Gerrold's biology, but that's probably just my ignorance.) Its one unusuality is that it is an apparatus story, told by reports, press releases, memos, and the like, beautifully handled (a couple of pieces are logically presented out of chronological order). In all, a story I'd be proud to have written, and one of the best in the collection.

Conversely, it's difficult to see why "Love Story In Three Acts" was bought (by Harry Harrison for Nova). The story is very slight, its only innovation makes absolutely no difference, the ending, while not cheap, did not please me at all (a happy ending on a human level, a snap ironic one on another), and the prose is undistinguished. Reconsidering, it's not that bad, nice extrapolated and all, but it's rather minor.

There is not one doubt why "Oracle for a White Rabbit" was published in Galaxy; it's easily the most professional story in the book, a very funny man vs. computer story which is part of his forthcoming novel When Harlie Was One (wonder where he got that name?). It's also an interesting statement on creativity.

Nor is there any doubt why "Yarst!" wasn't bought. A flip version of Tiptrees "And I Awoke And Found Me Here on the Cold Hill's Side" with a touch (much poorer) of Boucher's "Q.U.R.," it's meant to be funny and isn't really. Bad.

The only other previously published story is the title tale, from Again, Dangerous Visions; how Gerrold got reprint rights out of Harlan so soon, I don't know. It's surreal and very clever and a lot of fun, postulating mass solipsism (probably an invalid term) as reality and playing around with literalizing stock phrases. A dangerous vision? Maybe.

Then there's "This Crystal Castle," a nice try that didn't work. (A beautiful title, though.) In it, Gerrold takes a stab at "mood" writing (the tale is horror-fantasy within an sf context), but as yet he can't handle it. Parts of the writing work, but most of it just lies there. I think he also tried to make it a Christian allegory, but he underplayed it so much that I never did figure it out. An interesting failure.

"Battle Hum and the Boje" belongs to the same category, but here the failures and triumphs are so striking that it acts as a kind of gauge of where Gerrold is at; it shows him at his best and his worst.

Firstly, it is a genuinely patriotic story, perhaps the first in sf since Starship Troopers; this produces some extremely effective writing, among the best in the book; but it also necessitates an ending I can't believe for a minute (which also introduces an original, fascinating, but dubious piece of theology). It is also a jazz story, and Gerrold gets over the feel of the music very well (though I prefer Spinrad and Brunner describing rock.) Here I want to quote a passage:

"Do you know how many men dies in the revolution that gave birth to this country? Do you know how many have died since then to preserve the ideals on which it was founded?"

"No," shouted a self-appointed spokesman. "How many?"

The Boje looked momentarily at a loss. "Uh, I don't know," he admitted. "I'm not a historian. I'm only a cafe owner."

Now, most writers (myself included) would have had the Boje have the information for a snappy comeback. It's to Gerrold's credit that he didn't and it's a beautiful, humanizing touch. But there is another attempt at such near the end which fails because Gerrold sticks it in without any previous preparation and then plays it up so it becomes cheap emotionalism. It would have been an excellent story, here, made into an almost-good one by Gerrold's inexperience.

The final story in the book is "In The Deadlands." Ellison rejected it from ADV calling it in his intro to Gerrold "a very long incredibly moronic thing...full of psuedo artsycraftsy nonsense" which is unfair but accurate. He included a quote from it (not genuine, but indicative) which sent me into hysterics. In fact, I bought the collection because I wanted to read it.

---At this point I pause, trying to figure out what to say about it, because I really don't know what to make of it. It is not, as I first surmised, a funny story, though bits and pieces are. It runs sixty-nine pages, but as it's written in jagged concrete-like poetry-prose it's only about ten or fifteen thousand words. The effect of its weird form is flatness, drabness, deadness -- exactly the mood of the deadlands, so it is effective on that level. It also works as a psychological story, though the subjectivity gets a bit murky. As an sf tale, it is totally unexplained and possibly full of inconsistencies, but artistically it is good enough. The military satire therein is reasonably well done.

Having said all this, I still don't know about it. I like it, but then I have a fondness for weird structures ("The Region Between" is one of my favorite Ellison stories). It's easily the most startling and original tale in the book. It's fascinating, certainly, and obsessive, but the idea keeps nagging me that it's

not really much of a story. I guess each reader will have to make up his own mind about it.

David Gerrold, Then, as I have indicated, is a writer of promise and some delivered talent. His first collection contained no award winners, but does have a lot of good writing leavened with some bad. I think he is a writer to watch; his forthcoming novels will be a better indicator.

((We sent David Gerrold a copy of the review above, and his response turned out to be something that might be called....))

DAVID GERROLD REVIEWS DONALD KELLER

Thanks for sending me an advance look at Keller's review of my collection, With A Finger In My I. I found his comments literate, thoughtful and well reasoned. The nice thing is that he seems to have a way of expressing his opinions without making them sound as if they need to be engraved on stone tablets. In so doing, he comes across with a much more interesting tone of voice, a kind of "conversational tone," which makes his review a pleasure to read -- even where he was pointing out flaws in my book. I wish more critics would approach the field with Keller's attitude.

Ordinarily, I don't respond to reviews -- it's a bad habit -- but in this case, I'll just do it until I need glasses. I want to add a little light to Keller's suppositions.

In the collection, six stories are brand new, never having appeared anywhere before. Keller suggests that this implies I could not sell the stories elsewhere. This is not quite correct.

"How We Saved The Human Race" was sold to Worlds of Tomorrow before it folded. "All of Them Were Empty" is included in my anthology Generation (not an arbitrary decision on my part, my editor at Dell selected it,) and "In the Deadlands" -- well, that's a special case in itself. The remaining three stories in the book were simply not offered to very many editors. "Battle Hum and the Boje," I consider a failure -- the writing is okay, but it's

not a story, it's a sermon. The function of a writer is to tell stories, not preach, hence it's a failure. "Yarst", of course, was a throwaway, and "This Crystal Castle" was a different kind of experiment. I was trying for a different kind of subtlety -- apparently it didn't work. I showed it to only two editors, neither of whom was interested. But by then I was putting this collection together for Betty Ballantine and simply stopped sending it out.

A couple of points that were brought up in the review itself could be clarified.

First, the biology in "How We Saved The Human Race" is correct. I doublechecked it with an English biologist who is working in precisely this field. "Oracle For A White Rabbit" is the first ten thousand words of When Harlie Was One. I wrote it about four years ago and consider parts of it very clumsy. I've rewritten it for the novel which I believe is a much better work.

Keller did miss the point on two stories. First, "Love In Three Acts" is a lesser story, he is correct there -- but he believes that it has a happy ending on a human level. Wrong. Think about it. It's actually a very sad commentary that two people need the illusion of perfect sex in order to achieve perfect love. These two people do not love each other, never have -- they only like sex -- that's the real tragedy. The ending is not happy, it's savage.

The second story, "Battle Hum and the Boje" is not a patriotic story at all -- I do not believe in patriotism for anything less than Earth. Nations are only part of Earth, not its totality. "Battle Hum" is written as a patriotism story -- but the twist is that it's really an anti-war story. Just read the last page of it -- that's the sermon -- and that's as anti-war as you can get. The key to understanding the story is a subtlety that almost every reader has missed -- probably my mistake, otherwise I wouldn't have to point it out here -- what nation dresses its soldiers in uniforms of baggy green?

Now a comment on "In the Deadlands."

This story has been shown to more editors in more places than any other work of mine. Reactions have ranged from confused head shakes to sideways glances, from "total shit" to "totally brilliant." I have had severe doubts myself about this story -- but I kept giving it to people to be read -- and their reactions were too real to be denied. Finally Betty Ballantine and Larry Niven convinced me to let the fans decide whether I had wrought a turd or a triumph. I believe now that they were correct to do so. Harlan's rejection of the story is a blessing in disguise. By specifically mentioning it in Again, Dangerous Visions he is calling attention to it.

But, interestingly enough, in his rejection slip, he indicates that he never even finished reading the story. Damon Knight liked it, almost bought it, and was the only editor who was able to suggest a way to improve it, thought I should cut one scene. (I did, he was right.) Terry Carr told me it was shit, he was more down on it than Harlan. Jakobsson at Galaxy had a chance to see it because he published Harlan's The Region Between, but Galaxy couldn't do that kind of spacing. Charles Platt liked it, but it was too long, etc., etc. It's the kind of story that carries more production problems than it may be worth. In fact Ballantine went 26% over budget in production of this story because we went through two extra sets of galleys and corrections in order to get the damn thing right. Otherwise, there was no point in publishing it.

"In the Deadlands" is the raison d'être for the book. I wanted to bring that story to the fans. The other stories might have waited for another book, this one wouldn't. The reactions it produces vary from person to person -- maybe it's a kind of rorschach test -- but I think it has already touched enough people that I would call it worth the effort. Keller's review confirms that. Even though he had to agree with Harlan, he still was affected by the story.

On the whole, I enjoyed reading Keller's comments. If he had written three pages of unadulterated praise, I actually would have enjoyed it less -- because I

would have learned absolutely nothing from it (Oh, sure, good reviews are nice to put in the bragbox or mail to publishers -- they like that kind of stuff.) But this kind of thoughtful criticism is what fanzines and fan reviewers ought to be doing. The purpose of the critic is to give the writer correction signals, so he doesn't become insulated from either his audience or reality.

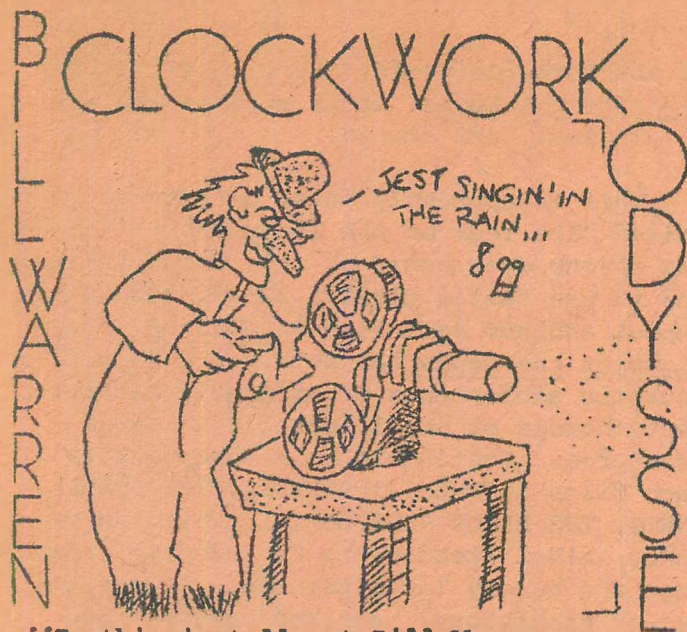
I hope Keller takes the time to review When Harlie Was One. I will be interested to see his comments on that work.

TIMETRACKS, continued from page 25): is about Jimper, Gallilale's fairy-sized ambassador, and an Earth citizen from the courageous loner mold all heroes Laumer writes about spring from. Riven with fantasy subplots and allusions, it is Laumer 8 years ago at a place Anderson and Zelazny just arrived.

THE TIME THIEVES suggests that Laumer never loses his talent, he just doesn't always exercise it. Published a year earlier than THE OTHER SKY, it is a slack-jawed interdimensional romp featuring immature sex and undercooked parodies. It is a read-once characteristic of the time (1963). Laumer can crank out noncredible word games at the drop of a hat -- or a bill. When he is sweating a little, you come up with something like TIMESWEEPERS, published in 1969 and later expanded to the novel DINOSAUR BEACH. Tightly plotted it is a time travel adventure wherein Laumer floors the accelerator and hurtles you forward until you strike the shocking brink wall conclusion. The novel was even better. THE MIND OUT OF TIME is another excellent story; not a closed loop like other Laumer stories, it is about as close as he ever comes to putting out a godd style-oriented story. The superb sketching of character personalities renders unimportant the story's limited foundation -- a base as brief as that in "The Devil You Don't" except that here Laumer turns a piece of fiction rather than a paycheck.

It shows that somewhere in Florida is a developing Laumer who may someday surface, rampant in the SF field at last. The only thing that disgusts me is that so much Retief, Lafayette O'Leary and other crud hides the view.

DAVID GERROLD



[[In this installment Bill Warren opens his continuing movie reviews column. It has been typical until lately for fan reviewers to treat other media s f as simply another form of the genre, which is not unreasonable for many of the ideas in film and on record have been adapted from the written source. However SF has now expanded from a sometimes thing to -- at least for the time being -- a fixture in the movie industry. I have invited Bill Warren to do reviews concentrating on the cinematic art as well as the sf and horror features in films. So, as Lou Stathis put it, the neighborhood flicker parlor is proudly presenting:::::]

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes is the third sequel to Planet of the Apes, and most people seem to cry "not another one!" But this series has remained at a reasonably high level of entertainment; with the only exception being Beneath the P.O. T.A., in fact, the Apes series has been very good. By the fourth film, the old Frankenstein series had, for instance, degenerated into the mediocre Ghost of same.

Conquest OTPTOTA takes place 18 years after the previous film, Escape from TPOTA -- in 1991. All cats and dogs have died; Americans, needing something to boss around, have imported apes (gorillas, chimpanzees, orang-utans) to take the place of the departed pets. But the apes have proved so intelligent that they are being used as cheap labor -- waiters, janitors,

shoe-shine boys, messengers, etc., and are scorned and maltreated, like "slaves" always are. The film opens when Cesar (Roddy McDowall), ape, son of Cornelius and Zyrha, is being introduced into society by Armando (Ricardo Montalban), the kindly circus owner who has looked after the chimp since his parents were killed (the climax of the previous film).

But Armando himself is soon killed, and Cesar must make his way in a world which fears the spectre of the talking ape. He hides his identity as long as he can -- and is finally thought to be dead. Then he telepathically leads the Ordinary Apes in a successful rebellion against the vicious humans.

McDowall is, as usual, expert. This series would not be half so entertaining if it weren't for him. Don Murry, on the other hand, playing Bruck (?) the tyrannical leader of the future society, is extremely poor. I've never thought him much of an actor, and here he is so conscious of playing The Bad Guy that he is annoying. The other performers -- Natalie Trundy as a voiceless girl chimp, Hari Rhodas as Brack's aide, and Severn Darden as a human inquisitor -- are all very good.

Paul Dehn's script has some mediocre lines, but it is very inventive and clever in plot structure and in relation to the other films in the series. He is writing the fifth Apes film right now, and as long as he's in charge of the story lines, they will probably continue to be bright and fun. J. Lee Thompson directed, in keeping with producer AMthur P. Jacobs' apparent policy of changing directors each film -- and he maintains a furious pace. There isn't a dull moment anywhere in the film, and it seems a good deal shorter than it is. All in all, a fine popcorn movie.

LAKE OF DRACULA.

In modern-day Japan, in the lake district, a young girl has an experience which terrifies her so much she blots it out of her memory. Later, as an adult, it comes back to her as she paints orange sunsets with huge, evil eyes floating in them. She is menaced by a vampire who

turns out to be a descendant of Dracula of partly Japanese ancestry, he has turned in- to a vampire at his death. He is re-killed at the climax.

This is another Japanese version of a British-type horror movie, like Vampire Doll before it. The standard ingredients are here, taking place in present-day Japan, instead of 19th Century Europe.

The plot, by Masaru Takesue and Ai Oga- wa, is extremely superficial, with none of the undertones that even the most minor British horror film has, of sexual psycho- sis, eternal evil, or damnation. Every- thing that happens here, happens on the surface; the vampire has no personality beyond that of a vampire; the hero, con- veniently, is a doctor, but has no charac- ter beyond that. Cliches abound.

But since this is, after all, a Japan- ese picture, there are some striking dif- ferences -- the Vampire has enormous gold- en eyes, and his skin is a startling pale gray. His coffin is white, and he wears a white turtle-neck shirt under his black jacket; with his black caps, he wears a long, white scarf. In general, color is intelligently used throughout the film.

The director, Michio Yamamoto, is high- ly competent, and would probably make more of a better script. The action rarely lags, like when Necessary Explanations are made; the rest of the time, it is in an al- most literally shock-a-minute style, and the shocks almost all work.

The acting is of no consequence. Mori Kishida, who plays Dracula's descendant, rarely speaks, most of the time giving out with hisses and growls. His death scene is prolonged and mildly amusing.

This is not a major film by any means, nor is it actually any better than a medio- cre movie. But for a horror film fan and those curious about how other cultures use Western cliches, it is entertaining and in- structive.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS

"A horde of killwr rabbits is head- ing this way," a policeman tells the crowd

at the local drive-in. This line typifies Night of the Lepus: it is at once explic- it, logical, and stupid.

This is apparently based on a novel called "The Year of the Angry Rabbit" -- has anyone ever heard of it? While film- ing it was called RABBITS, leading me qto expect another variation on Willard. But Night of the Lepus has nothing to do with neurotic adolescents or strangely intelli- gents hordes of small, usually harmless creatures. Instead it is a throwback to such films as THEM, TARANTULA, THE DEADLY MANTIS, THE BLACK SCORPION, in which an ord- inary animal (tending to be insects) grows huge and hungry (or alternately, turns up out of prehistory, huge and hungry), and menaces civilization. Only in Night, the growth is not anywhere near as extreme as a 100-foot spider or a 200-foot mantis. Here, through a contrived accident, a genetically altered rabbit is loosed in the southwest, the result of an experiment to cut down on the rabbit population ex- plosion. In about a year's time, rabbits about the size of a Shetland pony (and carnivorous) are hopping in great herds around the countryside, wreaking havoc. They are all killed at the end.

The plot structure is so similar to those older films -- scientist makes mis- take, someone sees the strange crea- tures momentarily, people in isolated vehi- cles get killed, horses run in panic, the monsters are thought killed only to turn up again, the national guard is called out, the monsters menace a small town, and are destroyed -- that I was quite overcome by nostalgia while watching it.

Unfortunately, it isn't very good. The best of the old Big Bug movies, like TARAN- TULA or THEM were exciting, well-made, and intelligent -- so much so that they still invite a willing suspension of dis- belief. Lepus is dull much of the time, and people behave in such trite ways that disbelief dies aborning; furthermore, Stu- art Whitman, as the hero, is lifeless and wooden; he is often a good actor, but apparently here he just didn't give a damn. Rory Calhoun, Janet Leigh, and De Forrest Kelly, the other leads, are com- petent enough. CONTINUED - P 34

HAVE SPACE SUIT

HAVE SPACE SUIT - WILL TRAVEL by Robert A. Heinlein, Ace 31800, NY, 95¢, 1958; review by JAY FREEMAN, "Letters From Outside 34"

For a long time this was my favorite book, simply on the grounds of wish-fulfillment. Sometime later this century, Clifford Russel -- a high school student -- decides he wants to go to the Moon. He enters a write-a-slogan contest, whose first prize is a trip to the Moon. He wins a lesser prize -- a space suit -- which he refurbishes to operating condition. While testing it in his backyard, an alien spaceship lands nearby and Clifford is kidnapped into involvement with a complex plot combining space pirates, and impending invasion from beyond the Solar System, A quick trip to Pluto, still quicker trips to Vega 5 and the Lesser Magellanic Cloud, and a confrontation with an intergalactic civilization which will decide the fate of Earth. The measure of Heinlein's skill in all this is that Have Space Suit - Will Travel comes off believably: all too many SF authors would take the above blurb and write it into a low-grade pulp novel, but Heinlein's work has intellectual meat to it.

For example, a high school student reading the book might benefit greatly from the discussion in one chapter of the nature and purpose of high school education. Heinlein there makes a point that was not as well appreciated in the 1950s as today -- that quality in education pays off in many ways.

The technology of the space suit comes off well, too. Even when compared with the PLISSes we've all seen on television. Heinlein spends four pages describing the suit (28-31):

...the helmet...contained a drinking tank, pill dispensers six on each side, a chin plate on the right to switch radio from "receive" to "send", another on the left to increase or decrease flow of air, an automatic polarizer for the face lens, microphone and earphones, space for radio circuits in a bulge back of the head

....an instrument board arched over the head...twin headlights...two antennas...My suit was like a fine car, its helmet like a Swiss watch.

And indeed, Olifford gets a lot of mileage out of Oscar -- as he calls the suit.

Heinlein's aliens are also fascinating --as usual. The Mother Thing's species is particularly well presented. I don't know what to say about the notion of communicating without shared knowledge of language, by musical tones. Heinlein doesn't attempt too much to explain it, but it's a neat idea.

And the Three Galaxies confederation (the last is almost certainly too simple a word) is particularly plausible. The confrontation mentioned above pits Clifford against a sophonts-machine entity which functions as a security council for that civilization. The council decides whether a particular civilization is ever likely to become a threat to the Three Galaxies. If so, they're gotten rid of -- their planet is moved into another dimension -- without its star.

I particularly liked a few comments on the subject of luck: "There is no such thing as luck; there is only adequate or inadequate preparation to cope with a statistical universe." (p.16) And (p.250):

"'Luck' is a question-begging word,"... "Why were you on that frequency? Because you were wearing a space suit. Why were you wearing it? Because you were determined to space. When a ship called, you answered. If that is luck, then it is luck every time a batter hits a ball. ...'good luck' follows careful preparation; 'bad luck' comes from sloppiness."

It was good the first time through. It still is.

SPACE CADET

BY ROBERT HEINLEIN, New England Library Science Fiction 2887, 1971, about \$1.10 Also reprinted by Ace. 1948. review by JAY FREEMAN, Letters From Outside 27.

In the latter half of the twentyfirst cen-

tury the complementary yet conflicting tasks of preserving peace and freedom were in the hands of the Patrol; an elite, professional space force, organized along military lines, which could have used its monopoly of nuclear weapons and its opportunity to strike from beyond the gravity well to rule the planets with an iron fist.

Given the widespread knowledge of nuclear technology, there was no sane alternative to the existence of a supranational force. That necessity had been recognized as early as the mid 1940s, in the Acheson-Lilenthal Proposals, and the Baruch Plan that arose in the aftermath of the First Atomic War.

Much time and sadness passed before such an organization was founded, and near disaster plagued its early years. Yet the Patrol survived and learned, and for awhile it seemed that a stable pattern preserving both liberty and security had at last been found. The partial biography of Patrol Cadet Matthew Dodson provides some insight into the foundations of that remarkable stability.

Patrol Cadets were men in their late teens, young enough to have little to unlearn and -- perhaps -- not to have formed regional loyalties which could conflict with the Patrol's basic mission. After intensive training, selection for intelligence, physical fitness and psychology compatibility to space ship life, Cadets were assigned to Patrol Rocket Ship Randolph. The choice of an off-planet site for early training reflected the Patrol's desire to eliminate feelings of regionalism.

Each Cadet pursued a different course of study whose workload was intense and demanding. The material was not all technical: (p.56)

"Much more important is the world around you, the planets and their inhabitants - extraterrestrial biology, history, cultures, psychology, law and institutions, treaties and conventions, planetary ecologies, system ecology, interplanetary economics...comparative religious customs, law of space, to mention a few..."

There was a seminar in "Doubt". a series of

discussions devoted to attacking values normally considered axiomatic.

But one gradually realizes that this training, for all its quality, could not make an Officer of the Patrol. All it could do was allow a young man to develop to his emotional limits, permit him to grow as much as possible, in a direction the Patrol instructors only partially controlled. The Patrol had no reliable way to create a person whose qualities of thoughtfulness, selflessness, dedication and humility so necessary for its officers to discharge their awesome responsibilities. Instead, the training provided large numbers of promising candidates with the knowledge, skills and experience requisite for a Patrol officer, and weeded out those who did not happen to grow into the type desired.

Although Space Cadet lacks a plot in the strict sense, it contains a number of good episodes, including the struggle of three shipwrecked Cadets to survive and carry on a peacemaking mission in the jungles of Venus. There are several interesting characters. Dodson, the protagonist, is not one of these -- which scarcely matters, but his friend Tex Jarman and his tutor Lieutenant Wong are both quite real. Tex's Uncle Bodie, whom the reader never meets, is fascinating. Had I not known several Texans I'd think Heinlein was pulling my leg.

The matriarchal society of equatorial Venus is beautifully portrayed, and the Mother of Many is cut of whole and substantial cloth. However, I would like more data about the Selenites.

Advances in technology and knowledge since 1948 cause few problems. The 24 hour circular orbit of Terra is an unpleasant part of the Van Allen Radiation Belts, the surface of Venus is probably nowhere inhabitable by men in everyday clothing, the robot pilot is likely programmed by other means than cutting a can, and space ship radios certainly ought to be able to bridge interplanetary distances. But Heinlein's future is quite self-consistent so these details do not detract.

On the other hand, some things come

of the things come off quite well in the light of developments in the last twenty-five years. Take the quote on the last page -- in 1948, how many people had heard of ecology, or thought it was important? Or on pages 134-3, in the context of a discussion of different reactions towards Venerians, Tex protests "Matt hasn't got any race prejudice and neither have I. Take Lieutenant Peters -- did it make any difference to us that he's a black as the ace of spades?" Peters is a minor character, who was introduced thirty pages back. This is the first mention of his skin color. I find it refreshing that in 1948 someone was willing to write -- and someone was willing to publish -- such an explicit challenge to racism. And for a national audience, yet.

And, before I quit, I wonder how the back cover blurb happened to acquire the line about "glorious interplanetary traditions of bravery, resourcefulness and revolutionary brotherhood." I believe Heinlein is currently a political conservative. Do you suppose he has been informed of this interesting comment?

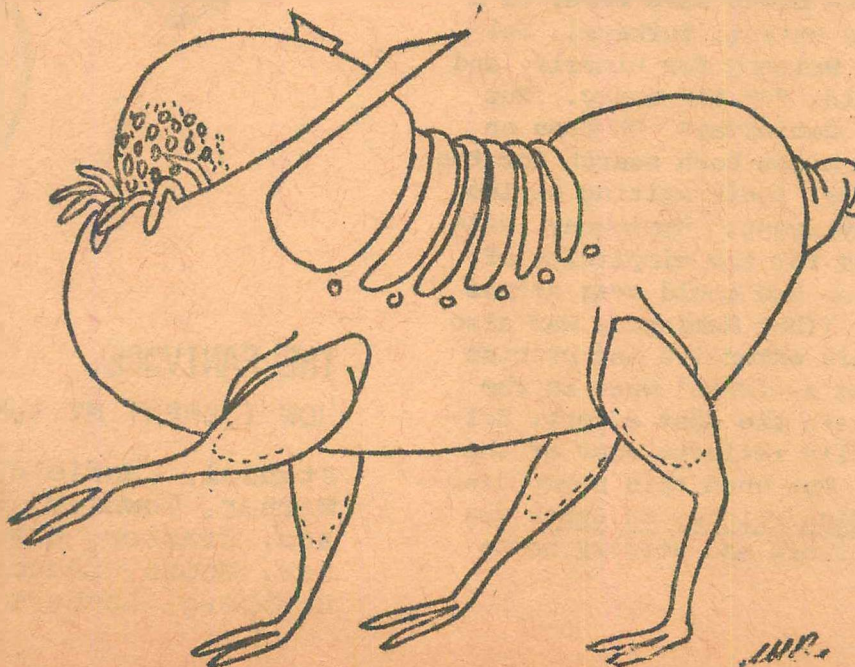
BILL WARREN CONTINUES from page 31: The effects shots showing the huge rabbits are for the most part okay; some of the miniatures are excellently done. But the basic idea unfortunately has two elements extremely difficult to bring off -- to make such ordinarily harmless, even cute, animals as bunny rabbits frightening, and making an animal seem only somewhat larger than normal. NIGHT OF THE LPUS is not even a good try, but it is, nonetheless, better than I had expected.

VOODOO HEARTBEAT This is the first horror movie shot entirely in Las Vegas, using local talent and skills. Based on this, I do not think there is much chance of Las Vegas becoming known as the horror movie capital of the world, since this is one of the worst films I have ever seen.

Some Red Chinese, living in Vegas (but wearing their Army uniforms), in a ranch-style house complete with a stone-walled torture chamber are after a certain formula: which supposedly creates supermen. By a series of accidents and coincidences too complicated and unlikely to bother with explaining, a slightly shady doctor (he performs abortions) gets hold of the formula and apparently having nothing better to do that afternoon, injects it into his own bloodstream. Shortly, he is a befanged semi-vampire, given to ordering his steaks very rare and sucking blood from all sorts including his mistress and a passing wino. Even though it is stated many times that he is indestructible, he is shot to death in a dull motorboat chase on Lake Mead.

Everything about the film -- except the makeup in one sequence -- is incredibly poor, and to add injury to insult, the movie is also as dull as hell. Avoid it. Tell your friends to avoid it. Write threatening letters to your local theater manager if he plays it. Spit in the direction of Las Vegas.

((Editor's note: If somebody can come up with a better title for Bill Warren's collection, the effort will be appreciated!))



STANIEL
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FANIVORE

I walked into my Shrink's office, threw myself into a chair, and stated: "Guess what? I just wrote a LOC to a fanzine!"

He crossed his legs, scratched his right ankle, and said, "Would you like to tell me about it?" [It's always nice to have a captive audience, even if it does cost a buck a minute.]

So I told him all about it. I told him how it was bad enough writing a LOC to a fanzine, but to a sercon fanzine? [what depths of depravity have I now descended to?] I said that the name of the zine was Prehensile (and speculated on the deep significance that such a sexually oriented name would have to the weird/mad editor ((evil laugh)) -- but then what editor of a recent zine isn't mad?) I speculated on the subconscious reasons that the name appears only on the back, and that the editor forgot to include an address where his enraged readers could reach him. [with a rope?]

The Shrink sat in his chair and made typical Shrink noises: "Hunnnnnnnnn, Ah Hah!, welll, Uh huh" [I'm sure you know the type I mean]

So I went on, with his oh-so-obvious encouragement behind me, to talk about the lead article on Zelazny. Now I know that his last four books have been, to a greater or lesser extent, turkeys. Zelazny has stopped writtng for himself, and has started writing for the money. But comparing him to Hemingway? Oh come on now! While they might both search for the meaning of courage, their writing styles are extremely divergent. Hemingway, after all, is famous for the simplicity of his style. And no one could ever accuse Zelazny of that! ((But Hemingway was also well-known for his extensive and precise vocabulary, using a 'fresh' word in the place it would have the most effect. Zelazny's work usually reflects some of the same concern.)) But when this Schweitzer character says 'Nine Princes In Amber was one of the best sword and sorcery books

STAN BURNS



THE FANIVORE:

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

staniel, Canfield, Stathis, Warner, Townley, Keller, Carlson, Brazier, Chauvin, Schweitzer, Moore, Shoemaker, Hensel, Hochberg, Lambert,

written in the last 25 years..." I mean, man. [the Shrink says, "That really bothers you, doesn't it?"]

Let's look at the facts, man. Alley was at about the level of the B-cycle flicks it was styled after! Creatures just plain stunk; Shadows was a great idea that was very poorly developed. Amber is not good fantasy. For one thing, Z takes half the book to develop the characters and set up the confrontation between them. But he never carries it through to the end. He should either have ended the novel when Corey is thrown into prison, blinded, or have carried through to the ultimate end of the confrontation between the brothers for the throne of Amber. [Do I smell the suspicion of a sequel in the wings?] What he developed instead was the Laumer-type chase-through-alternate-worlds potboiler. Neither can I envision princes who have lived for thousands of years talking in modern American slang [despite their presence in more than one world?] Oh, sure, Z even throws in a few bits of characterization when he gets bogged down in the action. But one of the best pieces of S&S in the last 25 years? No way, man. I mean, like in just the last ten years has come out Heinlein's Glory Road, Leiber's Fafhrd - Gray Mouser stories, de Camp's The Goblin Tower or Pratt's The Blue Star -- does Schweitzer think that Amber ranks with these classics? Or does he just lack taste?

The Shrink kept glancing at his watch, and I realized that my time was up.

As I left I kept muttering to myself, "I wrote a LOC to a sercon fanzine, I wrote a LOC to a sercon fanzine....." ((Here's hoping you do it again.))

GRANT CANFIELD
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The only comment I would really care to make is about the Rotsler artwork. I noticed that you didn't run any of his standard format cartoons-in-boxes, rather every piece was a funky alien. I guess you could say it was his "serious" art, though still in his fine, economic line-style.

John D. Berry left his fanzine collection with me while he's travelling in the east, and it's my observation that Rotsler used to do a lot more of this kind of stuff than he has in recent years. I'm glad to see more of it appearing now. Even though he receives a lot of egoboo for his cartoons in the fan press, he doesn't get the full recognition he deserves; possibly these recent efforts to present a wider range of material will help to change his image somewhat. A lot of fans evidently aren't aware of his versatility. Anybody who has been drawing as long as he has -- and who is as old and grey and feeble as he is now that he is in his "declining years" -- is bound to have learned something. I guess what I'm trying to say, beating-around-the-bush-wise is that I'm a big Rotsler fan myself. As a matter of fact, even though we are both on the Hugo ballot for the fan artist award, and even though I personally would like to win said award (needing as I do massive fixes of egoboo), I would nonetheless be gratified to see Bill win. Maybe that sounds like hype, but I mean it. Anybody who wants to vote for Rotsler as a means of giving him the overdue recognition he deserves has my blessing. As if you need it. As for me, I don't foresee gaffiation in the near- or even distant-future. I mean, I'll be around for awhile. So, whereas I'd appreciate any votes I get, I can't think of anybody I'd rather lose to than Bill Rotsler.

That whole rap seems to come across very sly and political, but I don't know any other way to say it. You'll just have to take my word for it: I'm sincere. The reason I bring it up is because there is a lot of gaff in the letter columns about Rotsler having been around since before there was air, and like I'm only a Johnny-come-lately, and there will always be another Johnny-come-lately, but there is only one Bill Rotsler, etcetc. The thing is, I agree. So I've said it. A Hugo for Rotsler! (Jeez, I can't believe I'm writing this! A week from now I'm going to have my head examined....)

LOUIS STATHIS
if I could remember his address
I could send him the letter I owe!
PRE THREE: Contents-wise, probably your

best issue, Glycer. Cover sucks. "Galactic Jive" moderate interesting if only as a behind-the-scenes thing. Logan's speech excellent. It is pedestrian when it mumbles about sf history (a hackneyed subject) but gets very noteworthy when Nolan starts talking about how he and Johnson came to write Logan's Run, and then push it on a movie mogul (I think that's what they're called). The scene of two manic sf writers holed up in some sleazy motel for 3 weeks writing a novel is a classic one, make a great movie. His description of "today's young adult" is optimistic and probably unrealistic. Though I don't think what he says is the norm, it might be the case for a small minority. The young adults that I see are pill maniacs (barbiturates mostly), anti-intellectual, pseudo hip and just plain revolting. My view is just as limited as Nolan's probably, but I think I have great reason to be pessimistic.

The Silent Running review wasn't bad, except I disagreed with almost all of it. Bruce Dern tremendously overacted his part. The thing wasn't too short, but too damn drawn out. The drones were nauseatingly cute, not likeable. For me it came off as a clumsy ecology ploy, but Trumbull has said the whole thing was built around the relationship between Lowell and the drones. Confusing. This time at least he keeps the synopsis to a minimum.

#4 - My God, Glycer, WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED? I opened the envelope, totally ignorant of what lay within (no return address, why?) and out falls this thing that claims to be Prehensile 4, but damned if I'll believe it. First there's a real cover (still xeroxed, though) and inside a totally new typeface, a two-column layout, and electrostenciled artwork (by someone as prestigious as Canfield, I might add). Almost had a cardiac but couldn't avoid gagging on my Twinkie. Was I surprised! So what if in Galactic Jive you aim an underhanded swipe at me (I resent being referred to as some "guy", if you don't want to name names than forget the whole mention. I think you meant it as an insult, but due to your unfortunate affliction of ineptitude it only came off as mildly asinine. You also neglected to preface that bit about the second hand ad-

vice from Porter with my comment about Andrew being one of the most boring people I've ever met. To paraphrase composer Edgar Varese, "The modern-day crudzine editor refuses to die!") ((So now I've attached your name to it. So what? Do I have to put humorous hi's and -disclaimers- every time I attempt a funny remark jsut so you won't take it as a personal insult?))

In spite of that I still liked the issue (see how magnanimous I am?). The two column business definitely works out well, and your layout has improved immeasurably simultaneously. The heading for Fanivore knocked me off my seat -- the Harness illustration and that pair of boxes. ((The boxes were furnished by Harness -- he gets all credit.))

Both the Firesign article and Goodman's thing on zEEn were interesting as history but pretty blandly written. ((You best watch how you fling around that word 'blander' Stathis -- like sticking your head in a buzzsaw. Remember, this isn't one of those fanzines that has a riot in progress on every page.)) The zEEn article was at its best when Goodman was spreading some of his, shall we say, "unpopular" opinions (he talks about the stupidity of fan fueds but then shifts positions and launches a few spitballs himself, irony or contradiction?) which were laid down reasonless and casual. His point about formality increasing with the period of publication of a fanzine is a new one on me, but correct. Check Algol (so it's back to Porter, is it?) a semi-annual with so much stiffness that there must be a stick up its ass somewhere. And next time how about telling us where the hell the article is continued to, okay? It's mistakes like this one and others (no address on the ToC, leaving Wadholm's name off the Ground Zero column except for slapping it at the bottom of the page, etc.) that kill the overall effect of PRE. It's hastily done and looks it. Why not take a little more care with the thing so I won't get annoyed, okay?

Brazier's piece is typical of him -- short, convoluted and wrong. There isn't too much to say about it, really, except that what Brazier wants is dead, which is

too bad, but a fact of life. Wadholm is engaging in his "Thick As A Brick" review but too bad since I think the album sucks moose. I've gotten disgusted with Tull ever since I had to sit through excruciating twenty-minute solos by each member when I saw them about a year-and-a-half ago. The album is just further proof of their self-indulgence.

To Wadholm: you've gone too far this time, Richard. True, dictatorships need popular support in order to survive, and they get it by running more efficient systems than any democracy could ever hope to. Hitler was unquestionably one of the most popular tyrants of all time, the krauts loved him because he brought them dignity, and the promise of a return to status as a major world power. The validity of your crab ends, however, a bit before you want it to. The autocrats of the golden age 15-17th century were anything but loved, most notably in France where an actual revolution occurred. Louis XIV was a spoiled, selfish pig who surrounded himself with the most nightmarish opulence while the wretched peasants starved. Still citizens of a monarchy have incredible tolerance when it comes to their rulers. Many times they say nothing about the excesses of their monarchs because they believe in their divinity and birthright to overindulgence. Kings, like our president, were also regarded as representative of the country's dignity, and so the opulence was regarded as proof of their greatness. ((It might be profitable to separate the kinds of totalitarian rulers by origin. Wadholm -- as did the authors he was criticizing -- dealt with tyrants who acquired power by taking over/subverting the machinery of democratic government: the fascists, communists, as well as older examples like Pompey and Julius Caesar. As opposed to the monarchy: a man taking over a democracy needs the backing of mobs to enforce his manhandling of representative government and other men who envy his power.))

As to Kornbluth -- you picked the wrong man, Wadholm. First you classify him as an "F&SF hacker". Where did you get that asinine idea from? A quick look through my not-so-complete Kornbluth collection shows that he printed exactly 4

stories in F&SF in his 20-year writing span. Is this what you consider hacking? Or maybe you are referring to a lack of quality in his writing? A matter of opinion at best, and one which shocks me since I was under the impression that you had fairly good taste.

Congratulations, Glycer. That Zelazny Round Robin was most definitely a triumph for serconism, a sagging art indeed. Its appearance in the same issue as Goodman's article shows a healthy bit of schizophrenia between sercon and you-know-what which keeps the zine from getting too boring. Taylor's opening remarks are perceptive as I have come to expect him to be, and Schweitzer's bit about religion is surprisingly free of his usual overdose of pin-headedness.

HARRY WARNER
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

The Firesign Theater is one of those things like the city of Vienna and telecasts from the first manned landing on Mars that I hope to experience someday but haven't yet. The article in this issue makes me more anxious to find a radio station in this area that plays the records or for the local public library to get enough money together to buy some more stuff for its record collection which might include some of these discs. Judging from this summary of the group's activities, I can imagine an entire fandom springing up around Firesign Theater collecting, because it's going to be tough finding dubbings from performances that weren't released through the usual commercial channels. ((Somewhat like the Goon+Show of the BBC has? Craig Miller says that KPFK, where the FT was aired, also got numerous tapes of the Goon Show with the provision that they be destroyed after one airing. The FT's Phil Proctor heard this and agreed to take the tapes and destroy them...which he seems to be doing by gradually wearing them out through constant replay...))

You should run more from that round robin if the other selections are as interesting as the Zelazny-related sections. ((They aren't -- I'm still trying, though))

Of course, I'm prejudiced by the fact that Leon Taylor is among the participants, because I think he's the best critic writing for fanzines just now. He isn't right all the time but he's invariably literate and more important, he's usually entertaining, a vital element for reviews when read by someone like me who as likely as not hasn't read the stuff under consideration.

The View From Ground Zero baffles me. I just don't follow the way Richard Wadholm moves from one sentence to another. The majority of them seem to concern similar topics and yet the article gives the impression of rambling in the stream of consciousness style without progressing systematically. But the Wadholm reviews are much better. I sort of doubt if Jethro Tull found any 12th century madrigals to fool around with, but I enjoyed these reviews otherwise much more than most rock music writings; there's no mysticism, and it doesn't sound like a pep rally before the big football game. The book reviews are also pretty good, highlighted by the long discussion of the Heinlein book. I'm always glad to see an occasional review of an older book in fanzines because entirely new light can be shed on a book by a person who has grown up in a different decade and has read the science fiction that came after the book's original publication.

Maybe Slaughterhouse Five should be praised more than its merits deserve, simply for the fact that it is antiwar. There were lots of antiwar movies in the 20s, but precious few of them in recent years, unless you count something like M*A*S*H or Dr. Strangelove in that category. Paths of Glory is the only antiwar movie in the past dozen years that I can remember which gained fame without concealing its message behind a lot of froth and slapstick. The Americanization of Emily had its points but they were too subtle to cause most persons to think about them. ((Paths of Glory has been shown on LA's Ch.9 in the past month about twice. That channel has an obscene policy for fitting movies into the time allowed: in Paths of Glory they cut the scene which follows the night patrol. As if that wasn't bad enough, the time they showed The Knute Rockne Story they cut out the Gipper speech! Can you believe that?))

HARRY WARNER

Bless Lou Stathis. He's the only person who's even farther behind on his reading of professional stuff than I am. Darrell Schweitzer is probably right about the lack of nudes on Gernsback prozines. But he fails to mention a pioneering and isolated instance of scantily dressed ladies on a prozine: the Amazing Stories cover for the issue which published the first installment of Dr. David Keller's Life Everlasting, probably around 1934. I heard somewhere that a batch of Margaret Brundage paintings brought quite high prices at a Chicago gallery several years ago; she was the artist who did those nudes on Weird Tales that don't do much for Darrell's glands.

BRUCE TOWNLEY

2323 Sibley St.
Alexandria, Va. 22311

Nice to see that Flo did get a chance to write whereas in some other zine she would probably be smothered in an attempt to get egohoo. I am shocked at the way ole Flo takes such liberties with our wunnerful mudder tongue wif sech words as 'sez'. Turrible. Granfalloon (which was for a long time what I thought Spiro's middle name to be) gets well-deserved praise, there's no argument with what she says here ((in PRE 3)). There is one statement I must take Flo to task on. "When I read what I consider to be a crudzine, I just don't review it until it does improve..." This seems to me to be somewhat of a shuck and a sidestep of an issue that should be close to the heart of the crudzine faned. Namely, at least one reaction to his product. Mr. Glencannon gives his views on all fanzines, no matter what he thinks of them. (I hesitate to use Glencannon's real name for the simple reason that He might strike me in an important organ with a lightning bolt). I'm sure that your opinions will be a little less virulent anyway. ((Since when does Mr. Glencannon do that? I've sent in the last three or four PREs with nary a WAHF. Is he planning to do a fanhistory article on them?))

CY CHAUVIN
17829 Peters
Roseville, Mich. 48066

It's disgusting
when you're addi-
dicted to LoC
writing the way

WARNER AND TOWNLEY

I am. I had my copy of PRE 4 sitting here while I was trying to write something else and just couldn't keep my mind on my work. It kept straying to your damn fanzine! Once I loc it I'll be cured. ((Not likely: we're not named by accident. It's called Prehensile because its tales really grab you. [--which statement was untimely ripped off from Bruce Pelz, lest we forget to pass out credit].))

Donn Brazier makes an obvious point, though you'd be surprised at times how many people would disagree with it. Rudolph B. Schmerl, in an essay called "Fantasy as Technique" explained another good reason why you should find out whether a novel is sf/fantasy or not: "The answer is that fantasy, like anything else, cannot be understood if it is taken for anything else. The novelist's task is the same as the historian's, and we use different criteria in assessing their work. Similarly, the possibilities open to the fantasist are not identical with those the writer of realistic fiction can exploit, and the limitations within which they work differ accordingly."

I enjoyed Dan Goodman's article on zEEN immensely; I've always been a nut for fanhistory, loved Katz' "Light of Other Days" column in Energumen, and gobble down Terry Carr's reprints like fresh roast peanuts. ((Fanhistory seems to have proliferated in the coming generation of fans, possibly because the fandom they are insinuating themselves into -- as well as the one which is simulated in a few faanish zines -- contains fans of ten or fifteen years of fannish experience behind them, a period which has seen thousands of pages of limited circulation fanwrite come out and disappear into their collections. The new fans ("new" being as long as five or six years in fandom sometimes) have a pile of past experiences to discover which the last "generation" of fans did not. Apparently faandom became a vital force on its own, not needing SF to hold its participants together, when, about 20 years ago? 25? And the difference has become that what is used gossip or handy anecdote for the fans who have be around during that time -- and there are plenty -- is fanhistory to us, a key to figuring out the personalities and social groups we confront. Anybody care to sling a little

baloney on the subject?))

That reminds me to flay you for your poor lettercol. 7 measly pages!! Ott of 41! At least leave all those space-wasting illos out of the lettercol; they add nphing to it. And where were you hiding? Surely Mike Glycer is not *TONGUE*TIED? The lifeblood of a fanzine (as has been said many times) is in its lettercol, and unless you have feedback and response and discussion of all your articles and reviews the result is the fanzine equivalent of iron-poor blood.

What would your reaction be to an article entitled "Richard Wadholm Viewed As A Squashed And Rotten Canteloupe?" I don't know why, but I always disagree completely with him, and he has a way of phrasing his reviews that make them damn irritating.

DARRELL SCHWEITZER
119 Deepdale Rd.
Strafford, Pa.

Sorry I can't do such a breathtaking job locating PRE, because the major article is the Zelazny round robin, and I've said everything I want to therein. But I can commend you on your mind-criggling editing job. Only Chauvin, you and I have seen the whole thing in manuscript, so we alone can appreciate what you did with it. ((Chauvin gets to share some of that limelight. I read through the RR, then reread Chauvin's excerpts -- he had taken nearly all the ones I used out. It was a matter of reordering them, throwing a couple out, adding a couple. He simplified it)) To make a coherent and readable article out of that 78 page single-spaced tangle was an act of genius. I salute you. I too one look at it and gave up, assuming I couldn't get it under twenty pages.

You might tell Coulson ((then again, I might not...)) that Hugo Gernsback did write at least one story which ran in Amazing in 1926. The title was "The Magnetic Storm". An SF story set in WWI, very much like the drivel about Vietnam that ANALOG keeps running...I suspect that The Ultimate World is the only Gernsback story that he didn't publish himself. Technically it's his first "sale".

TINA HENSEL
9849 Tabor St. #3
Los Angeles, Calif. 90034

Enjoyed Prehensile 4 very much. I have never before seen your 'zine, so it was with great anticipatory pleasure that I sat down to read it. You didn't disappoint me.

I am a Firesign Theater freak, so enjoyed that article muchly. Would like to see a companion to it, dome about the Congress of Wonders. I strongly recommend "Revolting." It is not only a very clever presentation, it has the funniest parody of Star Trek that I have ever seen. Would also like to see a review of the new Elton John album.

The round-robin on Zelazny must either have been exceedingly coherent, or you did a masterful job of editing. Knowing you, I suspect good editing. Concerning Zelazny himself, I disagree a wee bit. True, he is an angry young man, and yes, occasionally his writing is not of the best quality. However, I consider him one of the most promising writers of our time. I do not think he qualifies as the SF guru of the 70s. Brunner does, as does Delany. These two gentlemen have both utilized myth, their writing does, indeed, scintillate, and their futures (illogical, sometimes) seem real, whilst reading. They are good! ((Can a man, take Brunner, possibly be an SF leader when his past few novels have had cop-out endings, including the outstanding Stand on Zanzibar? At least Zelazny avoids that.))

Now mind you, I don't like Brunner's writing ((Hey, jest uno minute!)) He not only makes me uncomfortable, he scares me. Delany's characters drive me up a wall, because like characters in a Greek tragedy they seem incapable of realizing the end result of their actions. Hubris is all very well, but in an SF story?

When Zelazny learns to discipline his sense of humor, I expect that he will be as good as either of the above. I hope better, because I happen to like his particular method of characterization and scene setting. I deplore his lack of interior consistency. But that is his only fault, outside of his weakness of discipline.

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER
2123 Early St.
Alexandria, Va.

Concerning what George Proctor has to say about reviews: I think one has to make a distinction between critic and reviewer. A critic is "cold and clinical", as Proctor says; and this you will find almost nowhere except in SFC and Riverside Quarterly. As reviewers go, some (like Delap and Pauls) try to perform strictly as a critic, while others give mainly an emotional reaction to a story. Neos tend to fall into the trap of giving an overpersonalized review. On a professional level the two types of reviewing are represented by James Blish and P. Schuyler Miller, the former a sharp critic the latter leaning towards emotional reaction. Both are excellent, but Miller fulfills his function as a reviewer better because he gives the reader a feel for the story. When I finish reading Miller I know for sure whether I'll like the book under discussion. A good reviewer must have both critical insight and must put across his emotional reaction.

NORMAN HOCHBERG
89-07 209 St.
Queens Village, NY 11427

By now, of course, you've seen the new Locus wherein Charlie "reviews" fanzines. Less than satisfactory, of course, but I had a long talk with him at Boskone about the way he reviews these little mimeoed monsters that crawl into his mailbox and I came away with the impression that he is right in doing what he is doing except for one thing; he shouldn't label them reviews. Instead he should do something like what he does for books: "Fanzines for the Month of ____." It is no more than a buying guide, a listing of fanzines with a usually accurate description of the zine itself. He also does review a few zines that he likes so when you're up there you know you've made it. ((By the time you're "up there" you're already a Hugo-nominee or winner, and by mentioning Locus in your zine you can do more for CB than he can do for you!//As for his descriptions, I can tell more about a zine from the number of pages and the

address than from his two and three word throwaway 'descriptions'. Though there are people who do, I can't see where Brown comes up with the notion that it benefits anyone to print titles and addresses-for-fifty-fanzines-and-that's-that. Who blindly sends quarters all over the country on a chance that because a fanzine publishes "general" stuff they might like it? Locus is not even a clearing house for fannews, so perhaps I shouldn't be surprised that its fanzine coverage exudes foul odors.))

Leon Taylor comes away from the round robin looking like an intellectual, looking damn good, in fact. A lot of the analysis is of no use to me since I haven't read all that much Zelazny. Interesting point: David Hartwell of NAL says that Nine Princes In Amber was written in two weeks. He ascribes much of Zelazny's problems to contracts which tie him down to do too many books every year. Where are these books, you may ask? I dunno, maybe not yet released, but that's what Dave tells me, and he knows whereof he speaks.

Onto the Tinkle poem. "I am Tinkle/ I right pomes/ I am Tinkle/ I write tomes/ I am Tinkle/ Glyer prints me/ I am Tinkle/ Creating controversy." So what if it has no sense of rhythm or anything? It's a Tinkle poem!!! "The Greatest" made me fall over sideways. The first ten or so lines are so darn funny that I can almost forget that as a poem the thing stinks. God! "I come not to praise him/ But to Praise me/I am great." C'mon now, Mike, I read this poem aloud to my friend and he looked at me like I was out of my mind. ((Why else do you think Mark Tinkle comes in a plain brown wrapper?)) And, you know, I think I am -- laughing at this tripe. Pass the Gibran, please, it's right underneath the McKuen and the Tinkle. Yeah, over there, over the lavatory.

Dan Goodman is a treasure trove of facts ((also bs)). Even though I do not have a copy of zEEn, have no way of getting a copy of zEEn, what's more, wouldn't get a copy of zEEn were I able to get one, I liked the article. I predict that Goodman may be the new fannish historian. If only he had as many fanzines as Harry Warner he could write the All Our Yesterdays

after Harry is gone. ((According to his recent TAPSletter Warner's grandmother died a couple months ago at age 93 or thereabouts. One might hope that he will be around for an equally long time. As' for "having the fanzines" -- there's a thought. Warner is always referring to his cluttered attic and the great stacks of fanzines laying around. I think that there might be some chance of turning his accumulation into a formal reference library by organizing it and turning it over to auniversity. Since he is so fan-historically active, and has been making noises like he will soon begin another portion of the fanhistory series, such a scheme might inconvenience him now. But in a few years... Yez -- turn the mountain over to Bruce Pelz and the UCLA library. Then one would simultaneously have an institution capable of housing a working collection, and a man on hand to get fans access to it. //Once again this is a case of inventing projects for other people that the other people don't want, Time will tell us what happens to the collection idea, though))

Not much to comment on in the letters so I think I'll pass them up this time with one exception: Mike's letter. I always find this strange Canadian full of fine comments in his letters and very personal things. His box of crudzines is one of these things. Makes you want to think, "Say, wonder if mine is there?" Then you get to thinking, "Well, why should he keep Regurgitation Six around with all of the good ones like Outworlds, Locus, Granfalloon, and Appidistra? I wonder if my editorial that I slaved on for three hours and thirty-fiveminutes is gathering mold right now or whether some rat has come and taken a crap on it."

LANE LAMBERT
Rt. 2 Bruce Road
Boaz, ALA 35957

Wadholm is approaching Thick As A Brick a little narrow-mindedly, I think. He must not be into Firesign; I think any Firesign fan would have a field day getting into the microsm of the album. And the music wasn't "constipating" even upon the initial listening (which is generally my low point with an LP) -- it was

flowing, and an excellent hills-and-dives progression. The lyrics have to be digested. Did he read them apart, as a regular poem? And does he think the problems presented therein HAVE denouement solutions?

His final paragraph in that review got into some more objective critiquing -- but a lot of the earlier ones are too much reaction. Once he starts controlling all of it he should be an interesting reviewer. ((I don't know how much control you can look for in a music review -- reviewing music is partly relating personal experience, partly analyzing the music, partly describing the technical side to the performance. It is closer to journalism than reviewing per se. -)) The other part of the issue I really got into was the Firesign Theater article. Bless you, Mike! I collect information on them wherever I can find it. This one was rather sketchy, but it did fill in data well. I can hardly wait for that book of scripts!

Your elite type, green paper, and double-columning reminded me terribly of Mike Dobson's two-year's dormant fanzine Random Jottings. His only issue of it thus far came out in September, 1970. Better watch out; Brooklyn has the Curse of the Fanoclasts ((yes, Brooklyn told me how terrible the curse had been...)) -- who knows what might befall one with such parallel appearances, however coincidental. ((If the Fanoclasts raise an eyebrow, I'll simply remind them that they're all Amateur Effers. That should befuddle them.))

EXCERPTZ

MURRAY MOORE "Harking back to Leon Taylor's espousal of book reviewing, I don't think that your resident reviewer learned much about Driftglass; I certainly didn't. The main problem was that he couldn't make up his mind whether the book was a (theme) collection or an anthology preplanned by Delany before the stories were published separately in the pro-zines. Lines like "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" are giveaways that the writer is half-asleep and typing out what on close examination becomes profound nonsense/

DONN BRAZIER "The round robin very interesting. I marked some passages as worthy of mention. Stoker's comment that sf-fantasy authors transform unconscious images into rational plot, true, and that sometimes they don't succeed, true. Much of the contemporary deam-blobs fail to strike a genuine chord, or even if they do there's not much of sf-fantasy in them. Simply plotting a dream doesn't make it sf-fantasy in my opinion. Schweitzer's comment that man may understand anything (which I doubt) but there is an infinite number of things to understand, true. I cannot understand TIME and SPACE; and is there anyone that can?

"Are you Mark Tinkle?" ((No.))

MICHAEL CARLSON "It would seem that nobody in sf has done 9 years of 'frenzy-inspired classic writing.' That seems, as Leon Taylor realizes, a bit unfair to expect of any writer...and certainly no writer I can think of has done it. It takes time. To write & read. Joyce said that he spent 17 years writing Finnegans Wake (or was it 27, I forget) and he didn't see any reason why readers shouldn't take that long reading it." ((I'd like to find a fan who has been able to spend 17 minutes -- let alone 27 years -- with it.))

JERRY LAPIDUS "I did want to tell you that I have skimmed Pre's that came while I was away, especially the latest issue, which looked much, much better than previous issues, both writing and (chuckle) 'graphics'." ((Now what did he mean by that?))

LINDA BUSHYAGER "I am working on Gf 16 but we just bought a house, so will be moving soon. The address is RON and LINDA BUSHYAGER 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, Pa. 19076 as of August 18. I'd appreciate it if you could publish the CoA in Prehensile." ((George Senda says for me to say hello. Heheh.))

Somewhere along the line I seem to have butchered about 20 pages of letters down to 9. And I didn't even hear from Mike Glicksohn, Roy Tackett, Vardebob, Harry Morris, Buck Coulson, or some of the people who got issue for promised locs.

I left disillusioned, but got out a first issue anyway. It was at the Post Awful that I got my big break. After all, in the long run something had to be happening to all those fanzines, articles and other things that never arrived at their destination. Sure enough -- when the desk clerk thought I wasn't looking I saw him sneaking a look at Form 629801-A -- The Couth FMZ issued by a fakefan whose uncle was named Sam. In the issue were vintage locs (lost in 1958 en route) from Willis and Berry, along with some modern fiction -- the final draft of I WILL FEAR NO EVIL which was never printed because it never arrived, and was much better than the one run, and -- of all things! -- the letter Fred Patten has owed me for seven months! I got the clerk to coedit my fanzine BRASS GIZORTNY and subsequently won a Hugo.... Boy, did we have class!

-- OR OUGHT TO SEND IT BACK?

Say, tell me, why are you getting this?
Cy Chauvin doesn't like this zine's
anemic lettercol. How about sending
some verbal Geritol my way?

You owe me \$2.50. This makes it \$2.85

You too can sell shoes in your spare
time as a Weather Repairman.

As Tom Digby Strictly Enforced put it:
"There's fairly frequent mention of
Hard Science in stf, and some mention
of Soft Science, but very little of
Squishy Science or Sticky Science
or Velvety Science or Gritty Science..."

— If this space is checked it means that I am running out of attempts at clever checkoff "Why You Got Dis" thingies and am hurrying to even up this column with the one on the left.

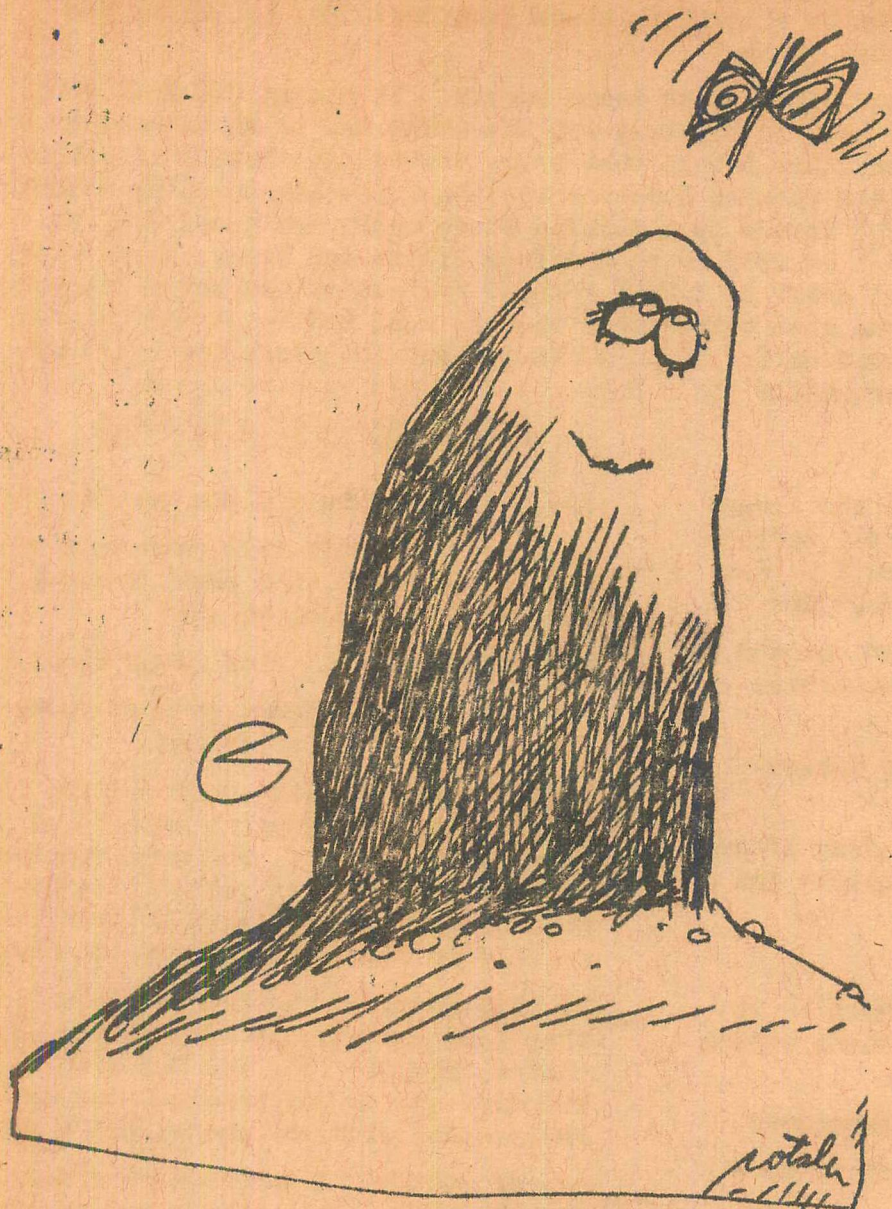
Any of you know a surefire cure for showthrough? Like maybe a new machine?

"Quotes From Chairman Leon" goes on sale next week in Manchuria.

Mike Glicksohn's boa constrictor is a fakefan. Pass it on.

HOW TO KEEP GETTING THIS HYAR PUBLICATION: As I have hinted elsewhere (probably not in this issue) you can get this issue many ways. Like, for instance, you can be Richard Geis. If that doesn't appeal to you, you can also get it 35¢ @, 3/\$1. Or through contribution of artwork, articles, letter of comment, Or through asking for it and making vague noises that you'll write a LoC. Or by being Mentioned. Or you can get PRE by being Charlie Brown, Perry Chapdelaine, Florence Jenkins, ... PRE is

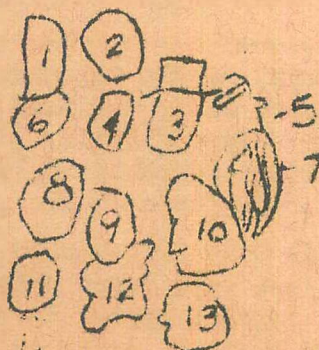
REMEMBER



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also available for TRADES of fmz.

ABOUT THE BACK COVER: The chart at right is supposed to give you an idea of hgw to connect the names with the faces. The names of these LASFSites are: (1) Lee Gold (2) Milt Stevens (3) Sandy Cohen (4) Mike Glycer (5) Ted Johnstone (6) Barry Gold (7) Chris Wilson (8) Larry Nielson (9) Phil Castora (10) Dan Goodman (11) Dan Alderson (12) Mike Yampolsky (13) Alan Frisbie. Stay tuned. Y'all live clean until next issue.



ROGUE'S
GALLERY 2



