



SO THIS IS
WHERE WE GET
OFF...

USS FANTOM



A POLEMIC AGAINST FUGGHEADS

Once in every fourteen years the fans of LA come down out of the hills to attend a Worldcon. Grandma in her rocker on the back of the truck, young tough neofan in the passenger's front seat, grizzled pa with his shooting iron, doing the driving, and underclothed fan daughter decked out for the masquerade ball seated under grandma's watchful eye in the back seat. They crank up the old Ford and head down to visit Pacificon or South Gate in '58, or, this year, LACon.

Judging by the usual time between LA's hosting of cons, the Sylmar in '84 bid may have to be held off until '86, rotation or no. Apparently it takes that long for the nation to get over a given LA convention, and unless the con was held on time each fourteen years the fans wouldn't know it was time to disperse from the foothills of Hollywood and San Francisco and venture into the grip of LASFS. The pros wouldn't know either. Although after the behavior of several pros at this convention, and their interposition of the SFWA to support their personal idiocies, maybe we should station committee members up in the hills during the next con to throw nets over the more rabid personalities.

The great beeg theory among vocal pros was that the LA Convention Committee was exploiting their presence to drag in more members and fill their crooked coffers to overflowing. Harlan Ellison's speech on "Professionalism" cited this theory by polling the audience as to "How many of you don't consider yourselves fans?" About 3/4 or more of the hands went up. This 3/4 therefore were blessed readers who, so I interpret, came to the convention not for fan events but to stand in the cleansing rays of their favorite SF writers (even though these writers were largely unidentifiable, not deigning to wear name badges) and obtain an intellectual sun tan. Ellison's conclusion was that if not for the SF writers far fewer people would attend the convention (compared to the 2500 who did attend). And, as professionals, shouldn't the writers force the committee to take this into consideration and give them a piece of the action? The direction of his talk then went off to discuss ways SF writers were taken in the market, but already its implications were clear and shocking to those (myself included) who had gone blithely along assuming that the pros attended to satisfy their own interests--

to promote their books, harvest egoboo, consult other writers, get drunk, or whatever. Being persons who made their living from SF, where else could they find a better place to express their opinions, or an audience more likely to tolerate them?

On the other hand, emphasis in the past couple of years has been on huge monied conventions, and the individuals who run them. Not that anybody knew the figures. Nor knew whether the committee was raking off the top. Nor could even prove a profit had been made. Ted White made careless, damaging charges, to which concom member Milt Stevens responded: "You might wonder what my exact take from the convention was. I got free room, free meals during the convention and \$174.10 in expenses. The expenses included my membership, a banquet ticket, and the money I had spent on the convention over the last year and a half. For this I get represented as a cheap, thieving bastard by Ted White. I don't like Ted White very much at the moment..." After a long tradition of conventions where several hundred people was the maximum attendance, there came a boom where worldcons successively broke the thousand mark, the fifteen hundred, and two thousand marks -- and next year they're fantasizing about thirty-five hundred or more. Bigness was impressive. Conventions as a money making vehicle for clubs or groups motivated the hosts of several regionals and Worldcon bids. There has grown fungi-like a philosophy that conventions will eventually be professionally run, and ought to be, which has been adopted by a few major domos hoping to be the first to "professionally" run a con. I point to the remarks of Fred Lerner, Brian Burley, and Scratch Bacharach, whose self-descriptions came off as a prospectus for a new czardom led by their "Traveling Giants Chowder and Baltimore-to-Boston Marching Society" who seem to plan their part in a future bid (Philly in '77) as expressions of their own self-importance.

So the Worldcon's bigness was mirrored in Big Ego and Big Fuggheadedness -- nowhere more evident, though, than among pros who seemed to take Harlan's talk as a call for jihad.

When I go to these things, I NEVER
attend the formal programs.



The only pro whose disinclination to wear the membership badge (part of the security system keeping non LACon people out of the art show, masquerade, etc.) was motivated by wanting to start something was George Clayton Johnson. And when stopped from entering the masquerade by guards who demanded identification, Johnson didst fall upon his face and rend his clothes, calling out in the name of the Lord. Milt Stevens, convention cop and author of the following excerpted conreport, intended to set that right. "It wasn't many minutes until Johnson came steaming into sight and it looked like time for my Horatio at the bridge trick. I'd already stepped in front of the door...when Johnson stopped to talk to Harlan Ellison. He was obviously trying to talk Harlan into taking the action. This didn't look so good because Harlan can rip me limb from limb and I know it...However,...Harlan chose not to involve himself and buzzed into the masquerade...So Johnson decided to try browbeating me himself. He maintained that we had no

right to make people show identification to get into the convention functions. I told him we did have the right and we were going to do it. In the next blast of invective he called me a Nazi a fascist and a couple of other things in that direction. And he also said that he would personally see that we never got another worldcon. At that point in time his threat impressed me as being almost as terrible as saying you'd never get another hemorrhoid...However I might note in passing that threatening me is a good way to bring out my



innate capacity for inflexibility...I finally masquerade without showing identification he had to go through me...Johnson grabbed Bob Silverberg and wanted him to do something about this terrible situation...Next Johnson went to Poul Anderson as the president of the SFWA and demanded that he do something. Anderson also tried to calm him down." Johnson's peculiar behavior would alone have gone by simply as another of LA fandom's pleasant (choke) encounters with GCJ. But it appears to be part of a subspecies' behavior pattern.

Monday morning of LACon the business session began. Harlan Ellison and Alex Eisenstein took a turn along with others, submitting their motions to the members. Bruce Pelz acted as chairman. But even as the meeting got under way, Norman Spinrad was also getting under way upstairs. His authors' brunch had been canceled because too few tickets were bought, and the committee did not reach him in time to tell him. He reached it -- on the second floor Spinrad came out, rearing Leslie Swigart, overturning wares on the LASFS table, then descending to the lobby where he stalked into the room that the business meeting was. Interrupting Ellison's second motion he shouted, "Pelz, you fat fascist prick! Why wasn't I told that my brunch had been canceled? When you ask somebody to drag himself out of bed at 9:30 in the morning you had better make good!" Pelz informed him that Leslie had tried to contact him but he was asleep, "Bullshit" he roared. "I was in my room all morning. Haven't you ever heard of the message desk?" Spinrad paced the aisle between the door and where Ellison was seated on the edge of the Speakers' Table. He rejected Ellison's attempts to turn off the spigot of venom with more obscenities. Pelz interrupted, "Norman, are you here as vice president of the SFWA?" "You're goddamned right I am!" This lit Ellison off, who rejected Spinrad's use of the group, telling him that he was alone. Spinrad, now backing towards the door for his exult, continued exhausting his provocative vocabulary at Pelz. In the oral melee Alex Eisenstein (whose wife Spinrad had previously insulted), veins popping out of his reddened neck and face, stood up and screamed, "If you don't get out of here I'm going to call a policeman and have you arrested!" Spinrad finished backing, turned and disappeared.

Then Monday there was an SFWA meeting. I'd already split by then so we pick up Milt Stevens' narrative again. "It was Jerry Pournelle who told me about the SFWA meeting in room 1262. He told me about it a couple of times. I might note that Jerry is not

very diplomatic even at the best of times...What Jerry communicated about this meeting was that some people who are generally regarded as nice guys were planning the big shakedown and it would certainly serve us cheap, thieving bastards right. That wasn't what he said, but what he communicated." ((Pournelle was SFWA Liason man for LACon). "According to Jerry's account of the meeting, the people involved had figured out that we had netted \$20,000 off the convention. That figure was based on the supposition that all attending and supporting members paid \$10 apiece, which is untrue, and that a worldcon only costs \$5,000 to run, which is also untrue. However, the people in the meeting decided that they wanted a major piece of that \$20,000. They seemed to progress from the goal of money to planning the boycott in one step. They seemingly did not discuss how they were to be individually paid."

Milt mentions a couple proposed plans were to pay the standard SFWA Speaker's fee to panel participants (\$100) , or pay for their rooms at conventions. Since about fifty people were on the program at LACon that would mean various things. Would you pay fans and pros both (equal pay for equal work)? In the end fans would probably be quick-shuffled out of the picture. Even so, what convention could spare the thousands of dollars for speakers' fees or rooms and still use as many pros as are used now? Undoubtedly the number of pros "hired" would be cut back, and the only ones you would ever hear from would be the Andersons, Farmers, Bradburys, Nivens and others of similar stature. Not the David Gerrolds, the Jerry Pournelles, the George Clayton Johnsons. New writers would be out on their duffs. So how could the SFWA possibly be appealed to as the agency to interpose itself between writers and "thieving concons" when either plan would shaft 90% of its membership?

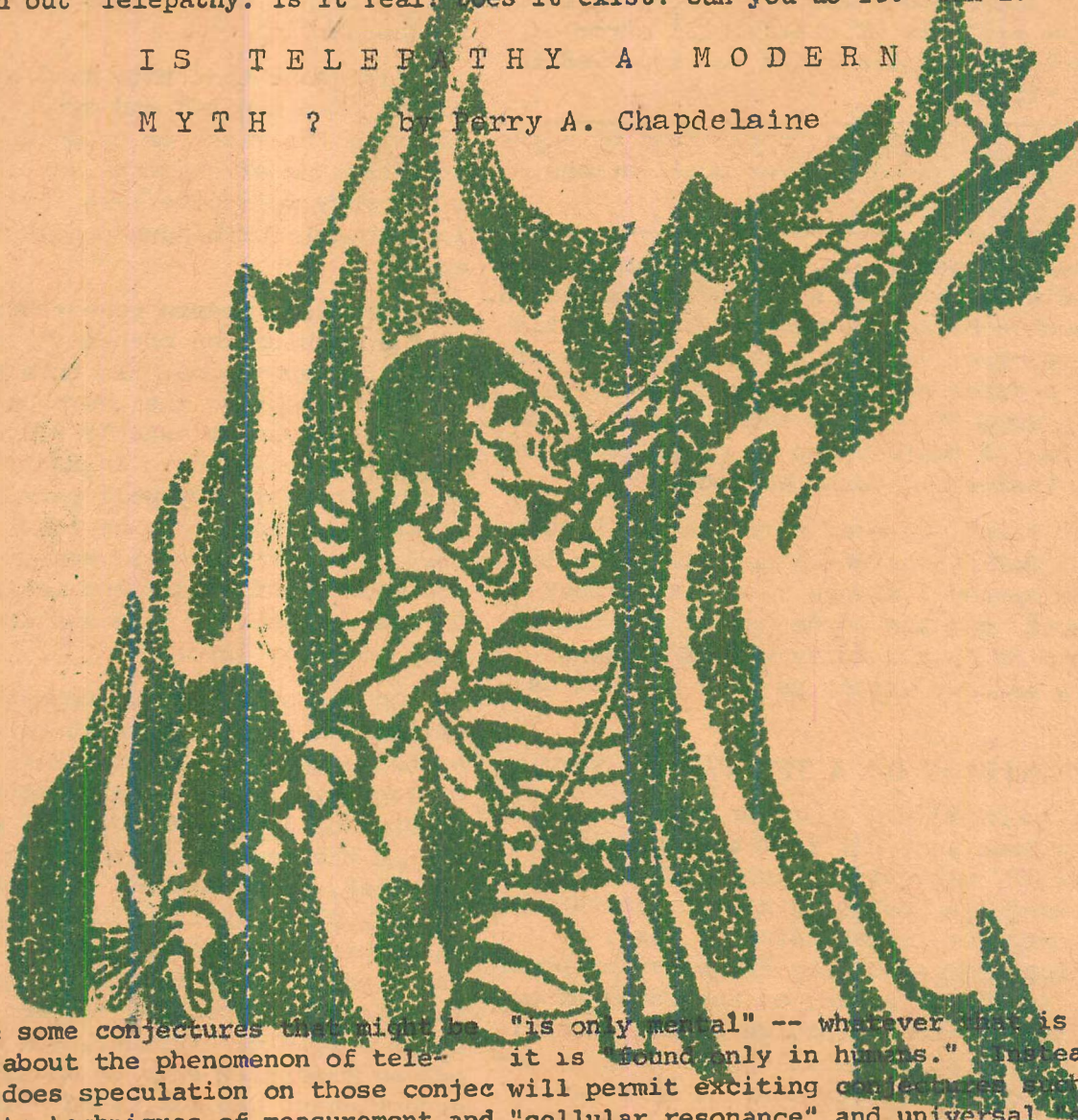
Indeed the whole proposition strikes me as distasteful. Time has shown that the SFWA can't help its members sell, can't get them better contracts, can't boycott those who shaft writers, for fear of killing the golden goose -- but it has developed a prestigious award, proposes to set up a useless and expensive office in New York -- and now some of its members figure if nothing better it should be good for threatening worldcon committees (extorting them would be a better word) and throwing over the tradition that is as old as fandom of a writer/fan mutual participation in SF. Terry Carr voiced it in LOCUS the other week, referring to Ellison's "Professionalism" speech: "Harlan gave an appalling speech...about how professionals ought to insist that con committees pay them for appearing on convention programs, thereby encouraging even more of the ego-tripping caste system mentality that so many pros have today. It made me think that the committees should put coin machines at the door and people could pay their way into each program item; they could take the doors from the hotel's pay toilets."

Do we face an oncoming situation where the line between blessed pro and the eternal "mark" -- fan -- will become a barrier, and the communication of comment and ideas will only be two-way when we are willing to pay for it? And what would we really be paying for that we couldn't get at a cocktail party or regular fan meeting (except that we would now be cut off from those whose ideas induced us into fandom in the first place.) Although that could lead to a long essay on how independent "SF fandom" has become from SF, and that if the writers push it there could be a break and still have both groups survive, except for the death of worldcons as we are familiar with them.

MY FAVORITE READING MATERIAL "Prehensile leaves the ranks of the crudzines and becomes a truly fine genzine." "Perry Chapdelaine writes cogently on the foibles of ESP researchers...Recommended." "Much improved repro; most of it is even readable." "...I did want to drop you a note and congratulate you on the 1000% improvement in this issue..." "This zine is clearly in the top 15 and climbing." But I mustn't get too hooked. As Katherine Hepburn said (as the reason why she never read her reviews) when you get a good review you go on stage and say "I'm really dazzling them" and your whole performance goes to pot...

REMARKS ON PART ONE: In the first section of his article Perry Chapdelaine outlined the lack of scientific data on extrasensory perception, refuting the notion that it is completely unexplained by science. Quoting DH Rawcliffe: "There is no evidence that a single ESP experimenter has made a genuine study of such factors as involuntary articulation, endophasic reactions, the unconscious dissemination and reception of sensory cues, hyperactivity of the senses and ideomotor reactions." In this part he explores ways to find out "Telepathy. Is it real? Does it exist? Can you do it? Can I?"

IS TELEPATHY A MODERN MYTH ? by Perry A. Chapdelaine



What are some conjectures that might be delineated about the phenomenon of telepathy? How does speculation on those conjectures lead to techniques of measurement and design of experiments?

"is only mental" -- whatever that is -- or it is "found only in humans." Instead, we will permit exciting conjectures such as "cellular resonance" and universal ether fields."

We may assume that telepathy (if it exists) can be identified, measured and studied within the framework of present day science -- chemistry, physics, biology, computers, and mathematics. Also, we may assume that the phenomenon, if it exists, is "physical-based"; that is, its presence or absence depends upon natural biological pressures and processes, which, in turn, depend upon chemistry and physics as described by mathematics.

We will refrain from limiting ourselves to such restrictive ideas that telepathy

We will take the most attractive conjectures and design experiments which hopefully test them. Martin Gardner describes the kind of thing I have in mind: "In connection with Rhine's dice experiments, Clayton Rawson has pointed out (in Scarne on Dice, 1945) that a considerable PK psychokinetic push of some sort must be required to make a rolling die shift to another side (the same size and weight of the dice have no effect on the results, Rhine has stated). Such a force would easily be demonstrated, Rawson writes, by

a delicately balanced arrow, under a vacuum jar, which the subject would cause to rotate by concentrating. If mediums are capable of lifting heavy tables by psychokinetics,--surely a medium should be able to set in motion such a simple laboratory device. Why, Rawson and Scarne want to know, does Rhine neglect such an unambiguous test and turn to experiments which are subject to the same pitfalls of statistical error or unconscious selection that are involved in card testing?¹⁴

14. Fads and Fallacies in the Name of Science, Martin Gardner, Dover publications, Inc., NY, NY, 1957, p.307

This is the simple, straightforward kind of test which we shall advocate herein. With such a broad, permissive but scientific atmosphere, we will assemble our specific conjectures which will serve their purpose in suggesting ways and means by which experimental designs can be established and actual real-world tests be made.

But first, we need some general hypotheses or definition which describes the label "telepathy", always recognizing that the label, and the words describing the label, are at best a fuzzy way of talking about a concept which, as yet, may not be real.

DEFINITION OF A TELEPATHIC SIGNAL

A telepathic signal shall be said to have been sent out from one organism to another if, without the use of chemical interactions, including catalytic agents or pheromones, or transmission of mass, or mechanical forces of any frequency or power level, including sound, or apparatus of any kind external to or foreign to the natural biology of the two entities, or without dependence on the electromagnetic spectrum ranging from 1,000 angstroms to 3,000,000 angstroms (visible and nonvisible -- infrared, ultraviolet -- light) the sender consistently responds (at least at the 5% level of statistical significance) in some measurable manner to the 'message' under known and verifiable conditions using all pertinent data, whenever such signals are transmitted.¹⁵

15. Acknowledgement is freely given for assistance in developing this definition to Mr. Frederick Binford, physicist and phil-

osopher, Tennessee State University, Nashville, Tennessee.

Notice that this definition permits the possibility of telepathy being done by electric waves, radio broadcasting, television, radar, x-rays, gamma rays and cosmic rays as well as magnetic fields, gravitational fields, and many, many other phenomena.

Also note that this kind of definition had it been created and generally accepted prior to the discovery of pheromones, the broadcasting of chemical sex attractants might very well have been declared as the long-sought-for hidden phenomenon of "telepathy."

Suppose a modern researcher discovers that communication occurs at, say, exactly 3,000,001 angstroms. Is this telepathy? Yes! By accepting the above definition, communications at exactly 3,000,001 angstroms is telepathy. In fact the above definition may very well permit a whole class of phenomena to be identified as "telepathic signals" as new discoveries are made about humans and their relations to one another, or life and its relationship to other life!

On the other hand, suppose the above definition is unacceptable to proponents of telepathy because they believe that "telepathy" is a form of communication outside of any known physical science. Today is the seventies; tomorrow, in the eighties, a new medium, jokingly called "galaxy glue" by its finders, is discovered which has the property of placing every particle of matter in instant and immediate "telepathic" contact with every other particle. Further, its discoverers and successfully able to demonstrate that such contact can easily be brought into the conscious awareness of a biological organism such as humans. Suppose, too, that galaxy-glue fits very neatly into the 1980s frame of reference for science. Would telepathy still be defined as "outside the framework of physical science?"

A negative definition such as often quoted in the Rhine book is self-de-

16. Op.Cit. JB Rhine and JC Pratt, 1967
feating, for the more one would learn of

nature, the farther the supposed phenomenon would recede from the original boundary which separated the knowable from the unknowable!

Fully appreciating the fact that our definition of telepathy is not perfect, let us accept it for the moment and go on to other conjectures. We will list some, then come back for a brief discussion of the implications which would lie behind their possible validity, and general requirements for establishing their possible validity.

ASSUMPTIONS:

Transmissions of messages by telepathy

1. follow the inverse square law
2. does not follow the inverse square law
3. are time bound
4. are not time bound; besides present time, they may go
 - a. forward in time
 - b. backward in time
 - c. in both directions
5. can only be received by
 - a. conscious humans
 - b. unconscious humans
 - c. both conscious and unconscious
6. are received in terms of
 - a. words and specific symbols
 - b. feelings
 - c. abstract concepts
 - d. activation of muscles, then are compared against specific remembered experiences
7. are most accurately and easily received by
 - a. identical twins
 - b. similar cultures
 - c. similar backgrounds and education
 - d. dissimilarities, like complementary personalities
8. are most accurately and easily received by love (or fear) linking together
 - a. mother-son
 - b. mother-daughter
 - c. father-son
 - d. father-daughter
 - e. husband-wife
 - f. sweethearts
9. works best with
 - a. faith
 - b. lack of doubt
 - c. relaxation and removal of mind's importance tags
 - d. decrease of conscious rationalizations

e. practice

10. Can be destroyed by counter-thought -- "bad energies", wavelengths, etc.
11. can be modelled by propagation of radio energy, in the same way that water flow and water pipes serve to model the flow of electric current; then one entity can be used as a slave station for sender and receiver.

There are certainly several thousand more possibilities which I haven't listed.

Some selection of the conjectures must be made. I prefer application of Occam's razor, keeping in mind that nature does not always follow this cute philosophical argument.

Most people seem to assume that telepathy behaves much like radio transmission and therefore it's also reasonable to assume that the inverse square law holds. Bionic specialists ought to be able to estimate the maximum signal strength that any one human can possibly broadcast. These estimates would necessarily be based upon maximum power and signal characteristics capable of being generated by the widest interpretation of cellular output, for example.

Based on such a maximal figure, which we shall call P, any phenomenon of telepathy would certainly be limited by some maximal distance. Call that distance D. Of course the receiver sensitivity can be called S.

Now meaningful experiments can be designed testing within the maximal and minimal representations of P, D, S, so long as D remains greater than zero, as required by our DEFINITION OF A TELEPATHIC SIGNAL.

But what if the inverse square law did not hold? Suppose the phenomenon is like a tight laser beam where strength never decreases? Then we'd need to explain how humans are able to find and aim their beam. Obviously if the phenomenon which goes outward spherically forever, but never losing strength, we'd be hard put to find a physiological explanation for it.

Suppose telepathy is not time bound but is a member of the inverse square law. Let us say that subject A receives a message from subject B who lived ten years

in the past. If telepathy is subject to the inverse square law, how then would we explain away the fact that during the ten years, the earth and sun have moved a goodly distance away from the signal's source.

Supposing that signals are sent and received from the past, or from the present to the past, are two different problems, not the same. Physics today seems to provide more evidence in favor of the non-symmetry of time than of symmetry.

Suppose that only conscious or unconscious minds can receive telepathic signals. What are the consequences? How should the experimental designs be laid out?

Thought is probably a complex biological function. Symbolization of thought is also probably complex. If telepathic signals are actually received at lower levels of abstraction -- say, cell to cell, or certain cell clusters to others, or certain nervous structures to other portions -- the worst experimental design would be the testing of transmission of words or symbols. As experimenters we might be choosing only the rare, anomalous case, only the weak tail-end of a widespread communication-completeion distribution.

John W. Campbell, former Analog editor, once described a person who has perfect telepathy -- yourself with yourself. Although this choice violates my definition of a telepathic signal, it reminds me that modern electronic feedback experiments for alpha rhythms, and so on, are probably ideal for measuring many conjectures about telepathy, and probably in the long run will circumvent the chief problem of subliminal communications better than any other technique. Our conscious processes rationalize rather well. Perhaps rationalization covers up the phenomenon we search for, blending telepathic signals in with internal self-stimuli and self-thoughts. This function of rationalization may also be responsible for producing the internal bodily symbols which supposedly represent signals received during so-called telepathy tests.

If similarities or dissimilarities in human biological structure or function can make a significant difference, as theorists and experimentalists we ought to take a look at the possibility of matching out subjects for those characteristics. Is it really true, as Heinlein¹ implied, that

17. Time for the Stars, Robert Heinlein, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1956

identical twins can do it better than anybody?

Then there is the phenomenon of love. Repeatedly, for generations, the loved one gets hurt, or dies, and the lover immediately knows. True?

The obvious experimental approach is to first identify the lovers, then kill one!

The more civilized approach might be to find a way to provoke deep terror in one partner. Terror will often bring out the same response in lovers, it is assumed, as well as death. My experimental design invented in 1956, still ought to test this situation rather well.

Generally, the more certain muscles are used, the better those muscles can be used. It seems that the muscles which lie between the human's ears also behave according to similar laws as those which lie below the ears. To learn to read, one reads; to learn to mathematize, one mathematizes; to learn to philosophize, one philosophizes. Do you suppose that to learn to telepath, one must telepath?

This conjecture leads to another possibility then. Certain sects practice meditation year in and year out. Will they have significant, measurable abilities to telepath?

It has become evident, at least to me, that insufficient structuring -- as a scientific discipline -- has occurred to date. Certainly if telepathy experiments had been well structured -- including conjectures which were imaginative -- qualified and honest experimenters would by now have answers whether for or against.

During November, 1969, Analog published a report of an experiment which on the surface satisfied every particular of my new specifications. "A genuinely scientific experiment on whether telepathy can occur or not, involving any information theory analysis of the phenomenon of a 'high-noise channel' was undertaken. This US experiment was independently duplicated by a Czech group with similar positive result."¹⁶

1. "Telepathy -- Did it Happen?" Analog
JB Reswick and L Vodonik, November 1969
page 48-60.

This experiment, performed at Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, apparently well-designed, well controlled, was ripped to shreds in approximately three minutes by Dr. Chris Evans, National Physical Laboratory, London, England. Strangely, I had fallen for the very same traps I'd long argued against, namely, misuse of probability theory, and poor experimental design. Where is a reputable journal for telepathy? I, personally, have not been impressed by those found on our library shelves.

Is telepathy a modern myth? The field yet lies open, and reputations may still be made -- or lost!

THE NIGHT WATCH - KEES VAN TOORN [continued from page 1]

In the evening on the last day the Eurocon Banquet was held in the most expensive restaurant in the con area -- the food was excellent. Most attendees did not want to miss the EuroAward presentation so they bought tickets. Every country had a number of award-winning persons, and every country got awards. In my personal opinion the whole system of awards is wrong and a number of fans agree with me. The only thing you had to do was have your items on the list of nominees and if there was nothing else on that list in your line and one person voted for you, you received a Eurocon SF Award. Not that this happened but this is the general idea!

Here the same problem arises as during the previous Hugh Awards discussion for a number of countries, to prevent trouble, every country had award winners in its own class so the "award battle" was not between European countries for the best SF, but for fans of one country! The thing that causes all this trouble is the language barrier again. In a way the whole award system has no value for me nor to a great number of other fans -- if I had voted for my own fanzine I might have had an award just as well. If the Eurcon II committee can solve this problem then they will have solved the problem we have been trying to solve ever since true Internationalism in Fandom crossed our minds.

THE NIGHT WATCH

PERRY RHODAN CONVENTION 72 -- In the Netherlands it seemed as if the fannish spirit broke through the reality fog, and on one day two major con events took place in Amsterdam. The first, in the afternoon, was the first Perry Rhodan convention with Forry Ackerman as guest of honor, and myself as member of a panel scheduled for the second part of the meeting that ran between 1 and 6 PM. The publisher of the Dutch Perry Rhodan series opened the meeting with some words of thanks and greeted the renowned guests, Mr. & Mrs. Ackerman, as well as the panel members. A film was shown, having very little to do with SF or PR, about the first Dutch astronomer who built a planetarium in Friesland. The film was well-done for Dutch standards and I personally enjoyed seeing it, unfortunately there were a great many people not sharing the same opinion. Forry's turn came as soon as the film was over and he showed a great number of slides about SF and his house, the Ackerman Museum of SF. This was, in my opinion, the most interesting part of the Con, but midway Forry's time ran out and the organization wanted to keep everything on schedule. There was practically no time to meet people (as at Eurcon) because all you could do was sit down and see the program, listen to how swell Perry Rhodan is, then get lost because it was all over. The second part of the program, a panel discussion on how clubs could be formed, was torpedoed by a crackpot who reported a UFO sighting and messed up the whole lot. I, as a member of the panel, just took notes and said a few things trying to get back to the original theme which succeeded after the discussion leader, Hans Frankfurter, gave it a healthy turn back to the beginning. However, as soon as we got well on our way we were cut off -- our time was up.

Forry's film about 70 years of SF films was not shown because of the time limit and so there was a lousy 1905 slapstick shown with trains flying into the Sun's mouth. A bit disappointing, this end of the first PR-con. The general mistake was timing, and not allowing people to get acquainted with each other.

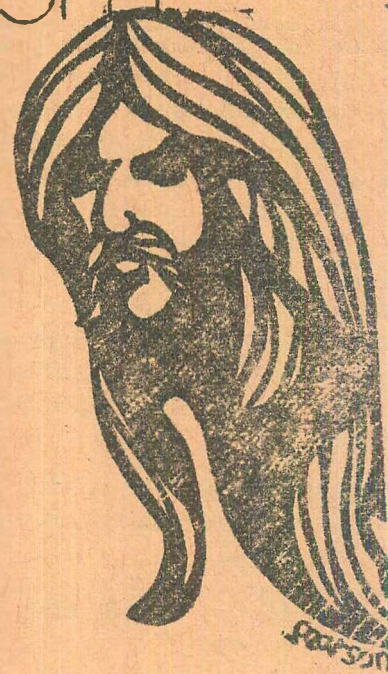
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KEES VAN TOORN REPORTING

PROFESSIONALISM

AND A TIRED REVIEWER

BY PAUL WALKER



My feelings about Silverberg are schizoid. On the one hand, I think things like "Nightwings". "Downward to the Earth" and his latest (?) short story "Good News From the Vatican" are brilliant; and on the other hand I violently disliked TOWER OF GLASS, HAWKSBILL STATION, and TIME OF CHANGES. Going back to the first hand -- the one with the hairy wart on it -- I think Silverberg is the compleat professional. The master showman, the arch marketeer, the most sane, most disciplined, most skilled performer in SF; and returning to the hand with the double-jointed thumb, I think he tends to be a compulsive hack.

Silverberg can write, no question. He has a clean, clear command of the English language, okay? And a better word than "diversity" is "versatility", see Richard Delap's last review in Granfalloon. Silverberg knows what he is doing, which is an uncommon virtue among pros, I think. Many cannot make up their minds whether they are thinkers or entertainers. Some have secretly resigned themselves to being hacks as regards form and simply pour their fiction onto paper without any consideration for the language; while at the same time striving to be thinkers as regards content, loading their work with heavy notions. Perhaps Gordon Dickson is an example, and much of Poul Anderson's work is another. Then there are others who write fairly well as regards to prose and disregard their content. Silverberg is one of the few who regard content and form as inseparable.

Silverberg knows, too, that writing is intended for a reader, and he writes to a

reader. I think most pros do not. They write to an editor. The first great confrontation every writer must endure is pleasing (an) editor(s). Few please them all at once; most latch onto one who teaches them more in the first few years of pro writing than they learned in all their amateur years. But the first thing an amateur learns is that he aint gonna get at a reader unless he pleases the editor, and the editor has definite tastes and distastes. The desire to appear in print is so strong, and the editorial demands so apparently small, that most writers bend a little and compromise. If the editor says "give 'em hell" they give 'em hell. And as the checks roll in, they become more and more eager to please the editor, until Pleasing of the Editor becomes their sole goal in writing.

They cling to their "Professional" labels and sneer with contempt on those artsy-craftsy cavers who urge them to do their 'serious' stuff. They pride themselves on doing one-draft and sending it in no matter how bad it may be. They ignore critics who point out their failings and laugh at readers who tell them 'you

stink." They have all the encouragement in the world from editors who need their wordage, not of quality, but of quantity to fit their market demands.

Even those who break out of this rut never quite recover. Writing is a habit. Good writing and bad writing, and a one-time hack has had his instincts honed to a fine edge. Just look closely at his stuff and you can see the seams.

I think few writers ever get over the editorial trauma and see beyond the editor to the great readership. Silverberg has. He writes with the market in mind, for the great contemporary market which he seems to know well. But he was a champion hack and it is still evident in what he does. As others have pointed out, Silverberg's novels are almost entirely derivative. The prose is adequate, but rarely rises above its purpose; in other words, is undistinguished. He casts no spells. Form follows function, period. In fact everything about Silverberg is adequate, functional, skillful, yet undistinguished. His characters lack depth and fire. His backgrounds lack mystery and enchantment. His plots lack originality.

What he substitutes is his knowledge of the market. He knows what plots, what ideas, sell: God, drugs, racial conflict, antimilitarism, etc. Not to mention sex. And he combines as many of these ideas as possible into each of his books, utilizing a phony, screamingly obvious symbolism, such as the Adam and Eve nonsense in *Time of Changes*, or the Tower of Babel. Crap in *Tower of Glass*. SF has always been "used" for a variety of purposes and been most successful in conveying complicated concepts to the young in a pleasant, palpable form. A goodly portion of the SF audience is young, adolescent, or just above, and their reading is curiously retarded. They seize on something like *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND* or *TOWER OF GLASS* and believe they are getting something quite bold and original, rather than worn carbon copies of old, established concepts.

Silverberg appeals to this adolescent majority in SF who can't see how thin his ideas are. I don't mean to say that everyone who likes Silverberg is an adolescent, or that Silverberg is being coldly, cynically calculating about the whole thing, but although I haven't met

him, I have spoken and corresponded with him briefly and spoken to others who know him fairly well and I can't believe he believes what he puts in his books. I can't believe that stuff is there for any other reason than that is what he thinks the market wants -- and indeed it does. Silverberg is writing *New Wave* for the *Mass Mind*.

He speaks frequently of giving the whole thing up. He is bored and tired of the grind. I imagine he has spent so much of his energy doing things he has no respect for that writing has lost much of its allure for him. A pity, because he is a most talented man.

To make an apparent contradiction, no matter how little liking I have for his novels, I do regard him as an awesome figure in SF. His degree of professionalism is monumental and singularly sane. And he has achieved some most original and striking effects in his shorter works. If you have not read "Good News From the Vatican" in Carr's *Universe* #1, I suggest you do. It is nothing short of brilliant.

Well, so much for me. I am seriously considering giving up reviewing. I've said that a thousand times to myself since I began but this time I may even mean it. I love to get free books, but reading them is a drag, pure and simple. I have two shelves full of books I bought and cannot get around to reading because I feel obliged to keep up with review books. And keeping up with them, reading so much SF, so much of it mediocre, turns me off SF for weeks at a time. I do not read very fast. When I get a good book like McCaffrey's *DRAGONQUEST* or Carr's *NEW WORLDS OF FANTASY*, I spend four or five days with it. I like to read slowly. I like to "hear" the words as I read them. I like to think about the book when I'm through. On a lesser book I read as much of it as I can stand and skim the rest, if it deserves it. Contrary to some people's view, it is not necessary to read an entire book to review it. If it stinks, friend, you catch on pretty quickly and you don't have to read page 192 to find out why.

Of course, I am, or was, a reviewer, not a critic. I didn't know enough and still don't know enough about SF to pretend to be a critic, and if I did know

enough I'm not sure that critics are what SF needs. The pros are interested in who praises their work. They "rise above" those who don't. A critic who thinks his, or her, labor will improve the field is in for a bitter disappointment. To me, criticism is the lowliest form of fiction. It is one man's perspective on the world incarnated in prose. Damon Knight is an ideal example. His reviews and criticisms are a delight to read, but who is guided by them? Criticism is a literature to itself, whose prose, ideas, and perspective are fascinating, but in themselves, not as they apply to the body of literature. In a historical sense they are informative. No one can read everything, and they do let you know about what you can't get around to reading. But the trouble with critics is that in order to present intelligent, unified arguments for what you regard as the best and worst, in SF, you must have unified your perspective. You must have systematized your thinking, and once you have it quickly becomes rigid like cement. Inflexible and oppressive, suffocating. To me SF is an enthusiasm, and best enjoyed and best regarded as an enthusiasm. I tried to put as much enthusiasm into my reviews as I could. I don't study SF. Book for book, I don't think SF has anything to teach anyone, although as a whole it exercises the imagination and broadens the intellect to more readily accept new concepts. It is a literature of ideas and I like to see lots of ideas.

The trouble with most of the reviews in SF today is that they lack enthusiasm, if not affection, for the genre. They demand it be something it is not, and express contempt for what it is. Most of all I want SF that is entertaining. I hunger for a good story, for an imaginative construction with wit and artistry. I do not find this sort of thing in ORBIT. But my back is killing me... LEON TAYLOR, if you are out there, come in and relieve me...

--PAUL WALKER, 8/71



OCTOBER CARNIVAL

BY RICHARD WADHOLM

It's been another summer
It'll be another fall
The evening light is golden
On the cracked and peeling wall
As it falls through the trees that cut it
In shattered prism schemes
As the sneezing broken radio
Plays our arid autumn dreams
The sky is like a brass pan
The sky is scratched with white
As a goose flock cuts the sundown
Between this long day and tonight
The leaves I see like lifetimes
Painted on the fall.
As day rings down its curtain on
October Carnival

Slowly with the sky-smoke
They gather up the town
Their call is the calliope
It plays to all around
Strung with lines of bare bulbs
That clash against the gray
And sing to people different
Who've never passed this way
Fanning light on billboards
Electric promises
Of odd things call to us
In neon Simon says
And strangely we're drawn upward
Though we ought to be appalled
At the magic we are seeing in
October Carnival

All the clowns and jugglers
Grin and start to sing
"We are but the midway --
Your life is center ring!
So take it and be grateful
For a gift you could not earn,"
As the calliope invades me
And the neon arrows burn
The shrieks of fear and laughter
Move ever toward the dawn
But the carousel's low turning
By morning will be gone
Leaving a field so empty
And a few stray leaves of fall
And one more person run off to join
October Carnival

--- RICHARD WADHOLM

* * * *

SUMMER TV CAN BE a most naustalgic sweetmeat, if you have the stomach for it. For there you are: the familiar family, the conditional furniture, the sofa bred, a jug of wine, and Thou. Thou, of course, art entombed in swaddling clothes before the world's most selfish eye, televisionia (if I knew an impressive foreign word for TV I'd use it, but when vocabulary fails one must make haste for imagination. Sempre toddles vertissimo, you know). And it ain't bad, if somewhat numbing. At least it's professional mediocrity. But the tube's very absence of mentality makes it astute material for nostalgia -- for what does nostalgia hearken to -- if not the years when you were proud not to have a mind? Mind under chatter, I suppose. And I am as susceptible as anyone; ask not, lest you desire your head swarming in goo-gols, how many Leave It To Beaver episodes

I've slumped through. (Enough for a hundred Martyr's Certificates.)

But reality mars: ever since I learned that Beaver went to Berkeley and the guy playing Eddie Haskell became an LA cop, I've gotten quite jumpy. If you can't trust the Cleavers, then who can you trust? That's why I advise tender Oedipal attachments strictly to shows that are too ridiculous to seem real -- uh, I mean programs that knock themselves bloody to win that designation. That way nothing gees down serious and nobody's fenders get hurt. All right? Allow me to recommend the Wild Wild West.

Now I realize that all Robert Conrad deserves is a new coat of war paint and his very own stage in a cigar store, but he's cool. And Artemus Gordon as portrayed by what'sname the clever actor -- he's

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cool too. A helluvan improvement as a sidekick to Trigger, who could only snort and smile prettily. (Gordon can snort, smile prettily, and hustle the broad. They don't let horses do that.) And the music-- it would make Charlie Brown feel heroic. But the shoe is most winsome in its intricate gimmick fabric: WILD WILD WEST, in fact, is sort of a moron's answer to MISSION:IMPOSSIBLE. You don't need any intelligence for this one, only an undying gullibility.

WWW, if you need the telling, positions a James Bond character in the wooly towns of yestercentury. James West is "a special agent on direct assignment from President Grant" (apparently he is the only honest man Ulysses the Useless ever appointed) who spends his time either kicking mad geniuses around or feeling up fabulous hussies (That way we'll get the sadists and the voyeur audience alike! Ah, what dynamic script ideas you come up with, JR!). You can always

tell a WILD WEST adventure because it is entitled THE NIGHT OF... The Night of the Queer Quemoy Quadrupeds, or something like that. But whatever it is, you can bet your bottom dollar that James West, along with his wisecrackin' pal Artie Gordon, is going to get the villain, screw the girl, spit in the cold eye of Death and just generally make himself irresistible. He will also kill or main half a dozen guilty bystanders, but hell. A little excitement never hurt anyone.

But we're getting adrift of the point. Even though fucking and gouging certainly are attractions that cannot be ignored, the show's real popularity lies in the sole of James West's right shoe. For a size 10-1/2 the thing's lousy with gadgets. In the course of a normal adventure, James West will coolly extract six knives, four explosives, two mountain-climbing ropes and innumerable candy bars from the rubber wonder to clinch another victory for the Western World. And if West ever runs out of devices, there is always Artie's sole (think of the marvelous pun opportunities I am giving up just to move this article along. Remember me when you vote for your next Hugo candidate). Somewhat larger weapons, like battleships and nuclear bombs,

RERUN A TIGHT SHIP

must be cleverly concealed in Mr. West's necktie or shirt collar. Or sock lining. Or even his BVDs! But wherever the contraption has to be placed, you can be sure that West gets it out with a flourish and on time (now when was the last time the editor did that with an issuance of this distinctive rag?).

But those tinkertoys of technology aren't there simply for the display. They are the viable tools of West's victory, mouthless children that have one task in life and then die coolly away. Despite the astonishing count of West's captures (like all superheroes, he somehow manages to have a spell of stupidity before every commercial), he unerringly breaks out of every prison, eludes every gladiator, escapes every man-eating obstacle that the evil opposition loyally puts to him. (Remember that brand "evil"; it'll come in handy farther along). This is partly because West is morally superior, and



partly because the hypervillains have personality lapses; but don't discount West's wonder weapons magically commandeered from an honest shoe. For the untouchable guard there is a knife; for the ominous iron door there is an explosive; for the unscalable wall a sturdy rope of perfect length. James West, somewhat the Boy Scout of the fashion world, comes dressed for every occasion...and he is always (well, almost) prepared. He has to be: the price of immortality is eternal vigilance.

(I'll never be able to stifle my fascination that modern TV astonishment, NICHOLS. Have you seen it? Watch the last episode sometime. Instead of outliving

LEON TAYLOR

his series like a proper fantasy to ride off into the ubiquitous sunset, amiable Nichols gets gunned in the first five minutes of the show. The comic hero dies before the shocked eyes of millions of dependent Americans! I wonder what was left of the suburban ego.)

Be prepared...eternal vigilance. It almost seems to be a Quest for the Holy Grail (or in this case, for Happy Trails), and in a sense it is. None of us watch TV for idle reasons. But the point is that West -- the Westerner -- the Western World -- is coolly invincible, despite the ceaseless onslaught of the towers of evil. Dr. Loveless, for example, will never give up being foiled. And it is most instructive to see why West unfailingly wins (well, other than because he is the hero -- although I suppose that is something in itself). Of course, the answer corresponds to the key of WILD WILD WEST's popularity. Precisely, dummy. That's why we're posing the question.

So long as we're here, pick a cause, any cause...

* * * *

All right, the man in the plaid pajamas says that West is cool.

And what's in that?

Just this: cool means the air-conditioner's drone. West's cool is below the freezing point; he keeps himself under wraps, only releases the morsel of him equal to solving the crisis. You will never see West excited. You may hear him laugh once or twice. He is a man who makes love with an icicle.

Put this way, West's demeanor seems pretty distasteful. In fact it is most tasty to viewers. Women sigh, little girls cry..men keep to themselves, of course, since their duty is to imitate the image, but the attraction is there. Else, why imitate?

An entire contingent of human beings adore an actor who merely mumbles. Marlon Brando mumbles, too, yeah, but that differs; Brando makes an art out of mumbling. The essence of James West is that he lacks an art, lacks an artlessness, lacks everything...and he mumbles only because it is the closest activity to doing nothing at

all. We admire West, I suppose, because he has wiped away all signs of being human, or at least tucked them away under a massive rug; but most of him is gone, and so no one will discover him again.

Of course, McLoonyhan would argue that West brings on the worshippers for that reason, but through a different process. He would agree that West is cool, and that in this particular formula coolness = emptiness, but he'd quibble on the configuration; the good Marshall believes that we are attracted to hollow beings because they present a challenge, a picture to complete. The more details missing from Conrad's characterization, the more audience participation is invited. Everyone loves a mystery.

Despite McLuhan's brilliance (he must be brilliant -- I can't understand half his books), I somehow fail to envision the hordes of American TV viewers all acutely suffering from a sort of creator's mothering complex. Perhaps this "Paint My Picture" syndrome has a little to do with WWW's popularity, but for the main thrust of it I prefer simpler reasons. I think most people watch James West because they want to be like him.

And that means scooping out all those yucky emotions and inner conflicts that plague the American, and becoming a clean man. Clean, cool, empty. Artemus' Gordon's excesses in those human accessories is what lends the show a tint of humor -- and the viewer a thorough cleansing. Laugh at the old man, the tormented creature who actually shows his feelings on his face, and rejoice at the coming of the new, streamlined man. James West saves.

Mr. James West -- James Bond set back into an age when it was safe to be heroic. And like the movied Bond (the Fleming creature was mucho different), West's prize adjective is this! he is efficient. A successful function. He duz what he gits paid to do and reaps the reward. In fact, the trophies and good conduct ribbons that West gamers are the only relics of his distant humanness. West gets the girl, the beautiful girl, gets the fame ("So you're the JamesWest"), gets the joy of smashing everybody's mugs in to win all incoming games. Facelss, but heavily bemedaled. Exactly -- because the two modestly sug-

gest themselves as cause and effect.

Be cool, says Jaunty James, and you'll win. Strip down and claim your prize. But the first is so important -- peel off your emotions, your jellyfish humanity, and then you'll be able to concentrate on the business of combatting sin. The contest is mechanical -- so meet it as a mechanism. Let your opponents stumble fatally over their entangling emotions. As indeed they will.

So James West pleases crowds and pummels outthroats because he cultivates indifference, like many men cultivate moustaches. But his tell-nothing armor isn't the entirety of his secret. West uses tools too. Now, granted, his beating utensils are naught but material extensions of his impassive attitude, but they are worth determining all the same.

Their name? Technology, brother. The Slavemaster of the Anacin Age.

And it is Deep Intrinsic Relationship Time. Or DIRT if you prefer.

* * * * *

Now up to here (indicating your neck) we've discussed James West's cool and his enamel of success and the guilt of one for the other. A quaint but queasy relationship. The question now bravely turns to those fearsome bombs and unswerving knives we mentioned before. Secondary? Maybe, but to the cool, emotionless man they gleam with overriding importance. Something has to take the place of lost humanity, you know.

It is the tools of his trade that scrape James West out of every conceivable situation. The opposition may be fraught with genils, but it never seems to be able to develop a capture for West that doesn't disintegrate at the whiff of a bomb fuse. Not that the villains are exactly starving for technology -- hardly! Loveless constructs countries of it! but in the hands of West it takes on magic. The world's most ingenious monstrosity, if in the custody of a blackguard, is no match for one of West's simple instruments. This implies a matter of metaphysics; West does not live by cool alone, but requires goodness also. Do you see a glimmer? Technology is impotent without an angel for a lover. Weapons never work for bad guys because

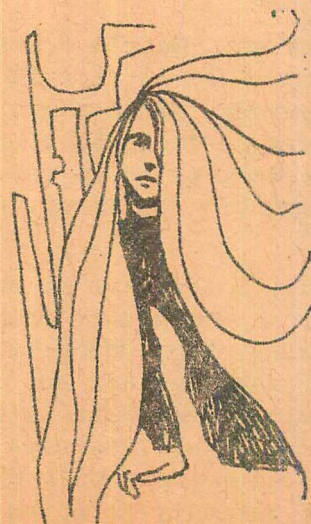
they're bad guys. But in a fracas the world's safest spot is behind the back of James West, St. Gabriel with a turnpipe for a trumpet. West has to win, has to emerge from every crisis satisfactorily, unscathed, because he is moral -- moral! hell, he's the public defender! -- and above all, because sweetness and light triumph over all.

Technology is a most selective bastard, deigning to work only in combination with a certain chemistry. White magic. But technology is sooo objective, and morality, a figment of man's damnation, inherits feverish subjectivity. Where to reconcile the two?

Dr. Loveless, chief wrongdoer of the WILD WILD WEST show, knows the summitt. And in one revealing episode he spills the beans. "You know what I hate about you West?" he asks the superagent (conveniently rope up in a critical situation), and having invented the question, Loveless in most uniquely gifted to answer it. "I hate your strong sturdy back. I hate your neat, orderly mind. I hate your blind, altruistic devotion to a society that doesn't even deserve you..."

Shuddersome indeed! A misanthrope! And do you know what society he spits upon? Yours.

Dr. Loveless -- Dr. Manuelitos Loveless -- is a Spaniard, with a Spaniard's connoiseur tastes in passions. And he is a proud man, accustomed to flaunting his prized emotions in face, hands, and deed. Even his villainous cruelty is more



of a natural instinct than an alien substance come to roost on earth solely to provide conflict. In pith, Dr. Loveless is human, if you will grant that human beings emote. He laughs, cries, curses, courts an abiding adventure with Art. That sounds good enough to me.

But the sunuvabitch keeps losing, and here's why. Because he's human. Loveless has brilliance and residing emotions, and occasionally the two trip together. When that happens the ripping human being is no match for the mechanical juggernaut.

Dr. Loveless always succeeds in capturing West, but it is when he yields to his appetite of revenge that West snatches the moment and triumphs. Or when he attempts to preserve a cherished but doomed possession. Or when he panics. Or Or Or...or whenever he gives vent to his emotions the teeniest bit. Passion may provide the impetus for his genius, which sheer creativity befuddles the machine -- but it also carries the coins for his downfall, because the machine never quits. A surface emotion is the last weakness, turning the mechanical man free. And once he's on the loose you never get the chance for another.

This is the rendezvous of technology and morality, seemingly divorced until you realize that one is bogus. Impassiveness, nonpersonality, that makes for goodness. To go to Computer Heaven you must deny your emotions. And it is no wonder that this sort of ethics goes along splendidly with the machines. It beatifies the soul of the machine, and who would turn down the efficiency of that?

James West is a man; his emotions do approach visibility from time to time. What earns him his mechanistic mantle is his firm resolve to quash his passions -- the profitable smothering of humanity. Technology pays off its loyal subjects.

And stubborn, underdoggy Dr. Loveless is a true Artist, a man ahead of his time. Or is he behind? Whichever, he'll be losing for quite some time.

For there are empires, then civilizations, then Great Religions. The latter are most durable, stretching enough that you wouldn't want to place bets on Eternity. And in the world of WILD WILD WEST technology is the Great Religion. A box office smash.



FLORENCE JENKINS REVIEWS fMZ

It is with mixed feelings that I try to review RICHARD E GEIS #1 and #2, for I know the man personally, and the man I know is nothing like his writing would indicate to those who know him only through his writing, and judge him accordingly. I like the man personally, and cannot be subjective entirely, when reading his zine. He is a soft-spoken, rather shy man, but a brilliant conversationalist on any subject he is really interested in, and he is interested in many things. He is well-read, well-bred, and a gentleman in my books, regardless of what some of you may think about WHAT and WHY he writes.

Of course, I have not read all the reviews written about REG, but those I have read are mostly derogatory. The latest I've read is Coulson's in YANDRO. I don't think Coulson intended it as such, but he gave REG a kina left-handed compliment in the following quote; "There's enough here, more than enough; 44 pages by and about Richard E. Geis; his opinions on everything from the bombing of Haiphong Harbor to his own sex life. He wants to get 900 subs so he can live off his fanzine. Can there possibly be 900 people in fandom who care enough for Geis' opinion on either subject (or any other?) to shell out a dollar an issue for it? Probably, yes; all he has to do is find them. Saying that this told me more than I really wanted to know about Geis is so old a joke that I hate to perpetrate it -- but it is also accurate." End of quote. NO rating on the zine.

When Coulson wrote this, he evidently had not received REG 2, for he gave Geis' old address in Santa Monica. The correct address is now PO Box 11408, Portland, OR 97211. Dick hinted all the way through #1 about going home to Mother, and in #2 he is there, quite happy and contented, as a Mama's boy should be, for this tendency crops up all through his writing. Also in #1, his sex life was just more or less hinted at, but in #2 he is more explicit, calling a spade a spade, but this porno part is only a small part of the whole zine. If you are prudish, or squeamish about sex, skip this part read read what you ARE interested in. There is something here for everyone, from the little homey items about "life with Mother," to an essay on Epidemiology, to politics, to his daily mail, wherein he tells not only about his letters, fanzines, etc., but even his bills and throwaways, told in diary form as is the whole zine. I, for one, have never read a zine published in this manner, and it makes for interesting reading. He reviews books and zines, The Nature of the Beast, current news, SF notes, Alter Ego, the Consenting Adults Scene, and even a plug for my zine "SMILE AWHILE" all written in Dicks's inimitable and brilliant style on a day-to-day basis.

All this does not mean that I agree with everything Dick writes, but I suspect

RICHARD GEIS GETS HIS WHILE

that some of the more lurid passages are written more for shock value than anything else.

Thanks to Bruce Townley for being the ONLY one to mention ole Flo in PRE 5. He sez: "I am shocked at the way ole Flo takes such liberties with our wunnerful mudder tongue wif sech words as 'sez.'" Ha! Anyhow, Bruce, even if you think I should review crudzines, I still think it would be a waste of time, mine and PRE's readers, to do so.

Several months ago I received in the mail a zine and this note from Cy Chauvin: "Enclosed is a copy of CYPHER which I hope you might review in PREHENSILE. British (as well as all foreign fanzines) are so seldom reviewed or mentioned in US zines and I think that's a shame since there are so many fine ones produced overseas."

I agree. CYPHER 7 is a thick, 68 page, large type, easy to read zine. The mimeographing is excellent, no blurred or smudged sheets, but it should be stapled more securely with heavy-duty staples, as my copy came apart on the first reading. The best thing in this issue is Terry Jeeve's AN ASTOUNDING STORY, in which he traces back his recollections of ASTOUNDING/ANALOG and other prozines of the 30s with appropriate illustrations by the author. Jeeves must have an astounding memory, or more likely, a complete collection of those zines from 40 years ago for I don't think any man alive could recall the titles, authors, and vivid descriptions of the stories that Jeeves discusses. Some of them sound rather familiar to me, for I, too, haunted the second hand bookstores as far back as the 20s for any kind of SF or fantasy I could find. My earliest recollections were the old WEIRD TALES, and while I hunted high and low for more back issues of it and other SF prozines, I cannot recall even one title, author, cover or story in any of them. I can recall that my folks, and later my husband, thought I was nuts to be so interested in what they considered trash literature. Even in these enlightened days there are still some who think likewise, but not nearly as many as in the so-called "good ole days." All in all a well-written and nostalgic article.

FLORENCE JENKINS REVIEWS FMZ

Phillip Harbottle writes "IN MEMORIAM: E.J. CARNELL" and tells about Carnell's contribution to British SF. Harbottle also has a letter in TALKING POINTS (letter section) where he "talks back" to the interview of Brian Aldiss. He agrees with Aldiss on some points, but differs in regard to the burying of past SF and goes on to say, "I am all for selected reprinting, so that it is presented as a reprint, a relic of the past, in all its garish glory, with suitable analysis, etc." I quite agree with Phillip, for some old SF is fascinating reading.

Although I did not read this Aldiss interview, I've read his appendix in this issue, WITH BENDED KNEE AND DOUBLED FIST, and he has a great deal to say and explain about the original interview, making it possible to know what the first was all about.

I was happy to note that someone besides myself liked Heinlein's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL, as Eddy C. Bertin stood up for it in his book review. Most of the reviews I've read on this fascinating (to me) novel were derogatory and big putdowns.

Cover by Brian J. Frost very good, appropriate illustrations throughout, and an excellent and well-written, well-laid-out zine. Subs in North America are 50¢ or \$1.50 for 4 from CY CHAUVIN 17829 Peters, Roseville, Michigan 48066. He is resident agent and editor, collects subs, and acts as a staging post for contributors from the US. CYPHER is published and edited by James Goddard and Mike Sandow of Woodlands Lodge, Woodlands, Southampton, Hants, UK. It is published approximately quarterly.

THE NIGHT WATCH

BY KEES VAN TOORN

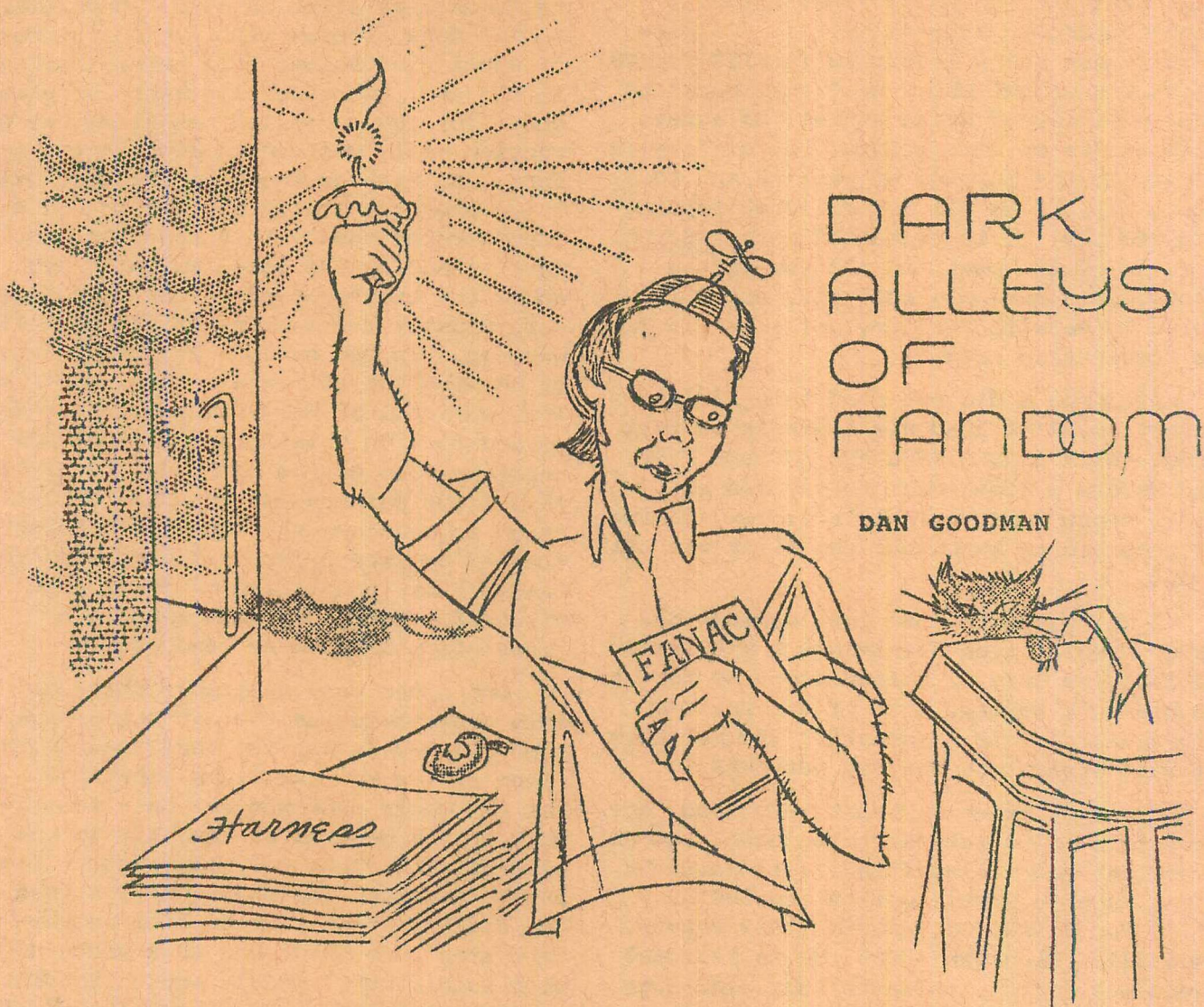
EUROPEAN FAN NEWS

EUROCON I -- Eurocon I may be looked on as a success, for it worked where many cons fail (though failed where so many a con works. The name of the Con came true and it united fans from all over Europe and offered them a chance to meet each other at a real giant convention...giant in European eyes for about 380 people from 24 different countries visited. In American fandom Eurocon I would be something like a WESTERCON and perhaps the ConCom (formed

by the Trieste & Venetia local SF groups) had something alike in mind. They offered a well-done program with a great number of panel discussions that became boring in the end, but generally kept the people busy: for the so-called con-site, the convention hall, was closed down in the evenings, and between these panel-discussions there was practically no time to discuss items spoken about. This made the people meet in and at the local swimming pool where the greater part of the attendees were usually found when the discussions were on. In the evening one could attend by showing the membership card, the 10th International SF Film Festival, the only alternative to uninterrupted panel discussions. One of the things in favor of this first Eurocon was that the ConCom tried to overcome the language barrier (caused by French/German/English-speaking fandoms) by translation of every panel discussion, and sometimes immediate translation into these languages.

One other very admirable thing at this convention was the art exhibition. Some claimed it was too large and sometimes questioned the items exhibited, but the whole show was not only acceptable to the general SF fan, but to the general publi that was sometimes found at the consite. The only question that one did hear from time to time in the "art area" was "What has this gotta do with SciFi, huh?" Oddly enough the art exhibit also included a large stamp collection on exploring space. The show did not contain any work done by fanartists, only "real" artists. One could find, besides pictures, some sculpture and a few items done by Salvador Dali.

In general the program was of such a high level (about ecology, parallel worlds, SF and the Daily Press, literary techniques in SF, pop music & SF, SF & evolution in our society, etc.) that most fans either did not understand it or did not care to understand it. The uninterrupted string of consecutive panels is something that will probably be changed at Eurocon II (1974 in Brussels). The ConCom took Heicon as an example and tried to better its mistakes, and so they tried not to give Convisitors a "free hand" as Heicon had, and tied them down to a program. It didn't work. ((Cont'd on page 10))



DARK ALLEYS OF FANDOM

DAN GOODMAN

Any zine with a circulation averaging well under a hundred, which has gotten its publisher two fanwriter nominations is worth examining. PROBABLY SOMETHING is, therefore, worth examining. First, some background.

In 1964 NYC's most numerous fanclubs included Fanoclasts (an invitational group, mostly of fannish fans), hosted by Ted White, and FISTFA (open, hosted by Mike McInerney, and at the time, rich brown); these two clubs met on alternate Fridays and had largely overlapping memberships. Dave van Arnem began publishing a weekly one or two page zine called FIRST DRAFT, distributed at Fanoclasts and FISTFA. Arnie Katz began doing a weekly zine distributed the same way; and then Van Arnem, Katz, and McInerney came up with a weekly apa for Fanoclast/FISTFA attendees, called APA F.1

Out in LA, LASFS was meeting weekly. Bruce Pelz suggested a local apa for LASFS,

it was agreed upon, and APA L was launched. (Remember, this was during the Sixties Apa Boom when more apas started which survived than had previously existed in fandom.) With the weekly pace it had more of a conversation-in-print than any apa except APA F; and LASFSians turned out to be more eager for a conversation in print than the NY fannish contingent.

With APA L #59, Tom Digby joined. The first issue was one page, consisting of comments on several previous mailings, and a mildly imaginative poem. In the third issue, PROBABLY SOMETHING began to become interesting. There are several filksongs (forgettable) and something called "Dear Fan Fanders" (also forgettable). With #8 came the first subtitle: "Like MAYBE A CHOCOLATE-COVERED TELEVISION SET." This reappeared somewhat later as "chocolate covered manhole cover, and in that form was used as

the title of a Larry Niven story. ("Where do you get your ideas, Mr. Niven?" "From APA L.")²

#9 is the first issue I consider worth reading for interest, rather than fanhistorical value.

"Actually, Los Angeles exists part-time, for an average of about 110 hours a week, thereby giving you about a 35% chance of finding an abyss when you arrive for the Westercon. You need not worry, however, as the Highway Patrol has monitoring stations that do nothing but watch for Los Angeles to appear and disappear. So if you should find the road blocked by a DANGER -- ABYSS AHEAD sign, you'll know what has happened. It shouldn't ruin your trip, though, since all you have to do is sit there and wait.

"I was going to write a paragraph telling you to bring your camera as the abyss is well worth photographing because it extends all the way to the center of the earth (I wonder how they hold their sides up), and ocean water keeps pouring in from where the Los Angeles Harbor and coastal cities should be and produces great clouds of steam which increase the rainfall in the surrounding desert to where it is beginning to turn into a Rain Forest, but I won't.

"I was also going to write a paragraph about how They are making plans to obtain a presently non-existent patch of desert to use in place of Los Angeles when it isn't here to avoid the technical problems of creating and maintaining the abyss, and if that goes through you may find the highway just seems to end in the middle of the desert instead of at the brink of an abyss, and that you shouldn't venture out onto the unpaved portion because if Los Angeles were to appear while you were where it belongs you would vanish with the desert and be stuck in Limbo until Los Angeles vanished again and you might miss the Westercon that way, but I won't do that either.

"Most operators of roadside businesses in California seem to know at any given time whether Los Angeles exists or not: so you might ask at every opportunity if you are really worried." (comment to Andy Porter.)³

#9 also includes "Defenestration" which has become a standard filksong.

#11 (APA L 69) includes "Little Teeny Eyes, or The Mad Computer"; another filksong which has become standard. This one, it seems, was inspired by Bjo Trimble's Lzine of three mailings previous.

#19: "Like maybe A DESCRIPTION OF THE EVENTS OF FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1966 TO GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF THE MUNDANE LETDOWN PRODUCED BY A TYPICAL FRIDAY AFTER THURSDAY NIGHT FANNISHNESS." The description has been reprinted in THIRD FOUNDATION; but long enough ago so it could perhaps stand another reprinting.⁴

.....
A time traveller getting killed in the past before he was born and being reincarnated as himself.

A witchcraft trial consisting of burning the accused at the stake and examining the spectrum of the flames for "witch lines."
.....

With #31 (APA L 89, 6/30/66) comes the first "but not" subtitle "But not A LIST OF ALL FANZINE TITLES THAT HAVE NOT YET BEEN USED, PUBLISHED AS A GUIDE TO PEOPLE STARTING NEW ZINES AND LOOKING FOR TITLES THEREFOR."

Missing from the file I'm working from (Digby's own file of his zines) is his "Not A Bus" story -- which is something else I feel deserves reprinting. Included by sheer serendipity, is Jack Harness' zine for APA L 90, devoted to a Westercon report. (As most filksong buffs presumably know, this was the Westercon that produced Poul Anderson's "Bouncing Potatoes.") Harness mentions a series of cards, including "Not a Satisfied Customer" and "Not A Call Girl."⁵ The '66 Westercon was not held in the best possible conhotel.⁶

#33 includes a peculiar note: "Someone at Westercon (Ted White????) told me that the best thing that could happen to fandom would be for APA L to fold, and that I should drop out."⁷

.....
The "Big M&M Theory" of cosmology that starts with a cosmic egg made of chocolate pudding whose outer layer is baked hard when the inside starts to heat up.
.....

#44: A computer center in which the "computer" is composed of poltergeists and

such. This piece was reprinted in THIRD FOUNDATION.

A Beauty Contest to select "Miss Lousy Repro" of 1966.

The fiction piece that prompted several fans to plead with Digby to turn pro is in #47; the "Future Friend Indicator." #61 brings us to the Comic Book Universe, in which comix stories, TV shows, etc., are set.

A planet where the abundances of elements are different so that sulfides are rare and valuable while the heavy metals are very common so that gold is known as "Fool's Iron Pyrites."

Do you begin to see Digby's virtues as a fanwriter? (1) He comes up with more ideas than anyone else in fandom. (2) At least as important, he deals with them concisely. Similar imaginative fanwriting has been an element of fannish writing for some time (at least as far back as the bheer can tower to the moon), and turns up today, for example, in Arnie Katz' writings. However, conciseness is apparently not considered a virtue in fannish writing. Katz, for example, will take one idea and stretch it out for the length of an article. Digby will devote a paragraph to the idea and its corollaries, and then go on to another.

A witch hired by an advertising agency to go around turning people into samples of the sponsor's product, so they could truthfully say that people all over the country were changing to the stuff.

The right of every object to be presumed human until proven otherwise by due process of law.

Trying to build a bargain basement subway system by putting amphibious submarines in the sewer system.

#90: "During a lull in traffic a submarine periscope rises from the sidewalk and looks around, finally fixing its gaze on a car parked across the street. Suddenly a torpedo wake darts across the street from the periscope location towards the parked car, which explodes when hit. Periscope and car debris then sink silently into the pavement and normal traffic resumes as if nothing had happened, leaving no evidence except in the memories of those who saw the happening."

A surgeon specializing in pockets for nudists.

A vending machine for demons

#94: "...The physical universe as we know it exists only as a simulation in a higher-order universe. This machine has been programmed with the physical laws of this universe and can make it seem real to any whose senses are tied into it. Such things as the quantum principle and the Uncertainty Principle are at least partly due to the machine being able to compute only so many digits (so everything is rounded to the nearest possible value) and not enough memory space to keep track of every individual atomic particle (so particles sometimes become waves to reduce the amount of information to keep track of.) Since people from the higher universe visiting ours sometimes need help, a set of subroutines was set up to be activated by persons in this universe saying certain words or making certain gestures, etc., so they could have greater-than-normal control over this reality. Thus Magic Spells."

A battery-powered battery-charger for use when away from power lines.

"Create worlds by numbers" kits for gods that aren't really talented.

A Christmas exchange at a time-travel club where they exchange Christmases with each other.

Discovering that although those two tiny moons of Mars are not (as some theorize) artificial, Mars itself is.

#112 has an "organ transplant game," which seems playable enough to merit reprinting. Players landing on a square marked "Donor" are, of course, out of the game. (I wonder whether "deal with the Devil" should have been included.)

Making a Van de Graaf generator by training cats to run back and forth on an insulated ramp between a fur-rubbing machine and the high-voltage output collector.

Putting airports underground to cut down the noise.

#115: "Non-quote of the week: 'The danger in LSD and similar things is not in what it does to the people taking it,

revived and PS gone back into it. A few words on the appearance of PROBABLY SOMETHING, since this is apparently important to a number of fans. With issue #54 (actually, with the last page of #53) Digby switeched from mimeo to ditto. Issue #75 features green ditto on green paper; Digby has since gotten results with running off colored ditto on same-colored paper which are surprisingly legible but unlikely to encourage others to do likewise.14

FOOTNOTES

1. FISTFA is dead. Fanoclasts seems rather less fanzine-oriented these days; the flood of Brooklyn fanzines came from Insurgents, which I believe was founded in '69

2. "What can you say about chocolate-covered Manhole Covers?" had Digby as its main character. The initial setting is Bruce Pelz and Dian Girard's Divorce Party. Anyone wishing to test his knowledge of the LASFS as of 1970 can try identifying the other characters.

3. At this time several New York fans -- contributors to APA F -- were contributing to APA L. Don Fitch had arranged for them (And various out of towners) to appear in the first mailing of APA L as a surprise for Pelz.

4. April 1, 1966 was also the date of the hoax mailing of APA F; my suggestion, but I think it was Andy Porter who put it across. APA F had folded with #69; the numbering of the hoax mailing was subject to dispute. It variously the 70th, the mouthwashed mailing, and the mailing that would have appeared on that date had APA F continued.

5. Others: THIS IS NOT A CARD. THIS IS NOT BUS FARE (picture of a bus). NOT A LITTLE GREEN DINOSAUR. NOT A TELEPORT BOOTH (the art show room) "When Ellison was served a species of poached egg that had some plastic or rubbery consistency, Rotsler drew a sad face on it with a pentel or a ballpoint pen, labeled it A HAPPENING: NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN and put it in the art show. So I made a NOT A POACHED EGG sign for myself." (Jack Harness, GALLANT GALLSTONE 90, APA L 90.)

6. I think the '66 Westercon holds the disaster record for Westercons, at least as far as choice of hotel. For one thing, the management of the Stardust Hotel seem to

have figured on making a fiar profit from their callgirls -- after all, that's what conventioners are looking for. Rumor has it that one attendee who might've used a callgirl found the merchandise too shoddy.

7. My guess is that it was Ted White; it's in character.

8. A completer version of this song (poem?) ran in the KenRu SHAGGY

9. The mundane explanation is that the mountains which surround LA are hidden by smog much of the time.

10. I consider the notion that SHAGGY and APA L can't co-exist a superstition. It's a hardy one, though.

11. See BEST IF APA L #3 for an account of Harlan's visit to the Hill.

12. According to the White-Katz version of the Numbered Fandom's Theory, unpleasantness and dissention in fandom above and beyond the call of duty are followed by a "retreat into the apas" The Boondoggle business caused a bit of a stink, and a fair number of broken friendships.

13. The ingroup responsible for that incarnation of SHAGGY has gafiated. Head Fandom, which they were an enthusiastic part of, no longer exists as a conscious ingroup -- too many fanheads who were hard to regard as fellow members of an elite. SHAGGY was nominated for the fanzine Hugo.

14. Digby doesn't always run ditto on same-colored paper; for example, he is fond of red ditto on yellow paper.

APPENDIX: A Slightly Incomplete List of Subtitles of Probably Something, #8-125

A cask of Komner corflu
Instant parachute mix
Mount Baldy in a clever plastic disguise
Blaming electrical failures on the powers of darkness
The omnipresent oboe
750 tons of dandruff
A great big window for defenestrating aircraft carriers
A transistorized Egyptian mummy
Being reincarnated as a juke box (subtitle: a 1943 Volkswagen)
Gluing other people's broken mirrors back together in hopes of getting 7 year's

but rather that if it becomes too popular there may not be enough people not under its influence to maintain the reality of the universe and the whole thing will fall apart."

"...Postulate: the normal state of the universe is lifeless and of no interest to anyone. Statistically this is the state of the universe. Oh, occasionally, perhaps every 10^{50} to 10^{500} years (at random times) there will be a short (not over 10^{12} years) period of aliveness, of which we are now in one. Now imagine a time traveller from one such period trying to find another if it is truly random. If he has an extremely fast time machine with 10^{50} time ratio his minimum time to sit through will be a year while a "live" period may flash by in 10^{30} seconds (subjective.)"

.....
A Radio soap opera about a deaf-mute family that uses sign language.
.....

119: "My theory has been that there aren't enough mountains to go around to all the localities that want them for scenery, so there is sort of a time-sharing deal whereby LA has mountains for a few days, after which some other city gets them for awhile, sort of like a travelling carnival. The mountains involved have provisions for making changes in appearance so that people won't notice they're getting the same mountains in different places. Either that, or Hertz-Rent-a-Mountain charges too much for LA to afford full-time, so they rent them part time."

.....
An emergency brake consisting of a time machine to plant an acorn in front of your car 50 years ago.
.....

APA L had been declining for some time. Various reasons have been advanced: people pulling out to close it down so that SHAGGY (the LASFS clubzine) could be revived¹⁰; the inhibiting effect on nonheads of LASFS meeting in a slanshack inhabited by uncool heads (The Hill, immortalized in Harlan Ellison's story "Shattered Like a Glass Goblin,") and so forth. There had been talk about closing it down, and with #180 (3/28-68) it ceased. PROBABLY SOMETHING #122 was subtitled "But not COLLECTING THE MASTERS OF AS MANY PEOPLE'S OLD L-ZINES AS POSSIBLE FOR SUMMER RERUNS... Well, the regular season is ending..." That issue was taken up by a piece of fiction, presumably part-

ly because there was too little worth commenting on in the previous mailing.

Fanhstory needs to be reevaluated constantly; no one knew then that APA-L 1-180 would later be known as the First Cycle. After the First Cycle came what has been called "APA Christmas" (no L) with zines left on a table at the meeting.

PROBABLY SOMETHING #123 appeared the week after APA-L's folding. It contained mailing comments to two people, the last portion of a pagecount chart for APA-L,

Someday I will write a thousand-page thesis on the ecology of fanzines. For now, I'll simply mention that it's far easier to publish a weekly zine on schedule in a weekly apa, surrounded by other weekly apazines, protected by cover, ToC, and staples, than to publish it alone, even if a few other people are also publishing zines to hand out at meetings.

#124 was published on 7/4/68 for Funcon. It was largely devoted to a table of organization for a playing-card company set up for maximum management jobs and minimum efficiency. It is enough below Digby's best level that I suspect the lack of expectation of feedback wasn't exactly helping his creativity. There are also several Tribble jokes, which might merit reprinting by someone especially eager for material by Hugo-nominated fanwriters. #125 appeared on 8/29/68 for Baycon. Baycon was largely run by the same people who had run the '64 worldcon, and who have been credited with some responsibility for the Skties Apa Boom. Fanhstory twists and turns.¹²

"Much of my creative energy seems to be going into SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES (aka SHAGGY, the official LASFS genzine)..." Digby's material seems to have been phased out of SHAGGY as issues went on. Partly because the staff of that version of SHAGGY had an ideology in which Digby's non-serious treatment of ideas didn't quite fit, I suspect, they concentrated increasingly on rock/drugs/ hippie discussion, conducted in a SERious and CONstructive fashion.¹³

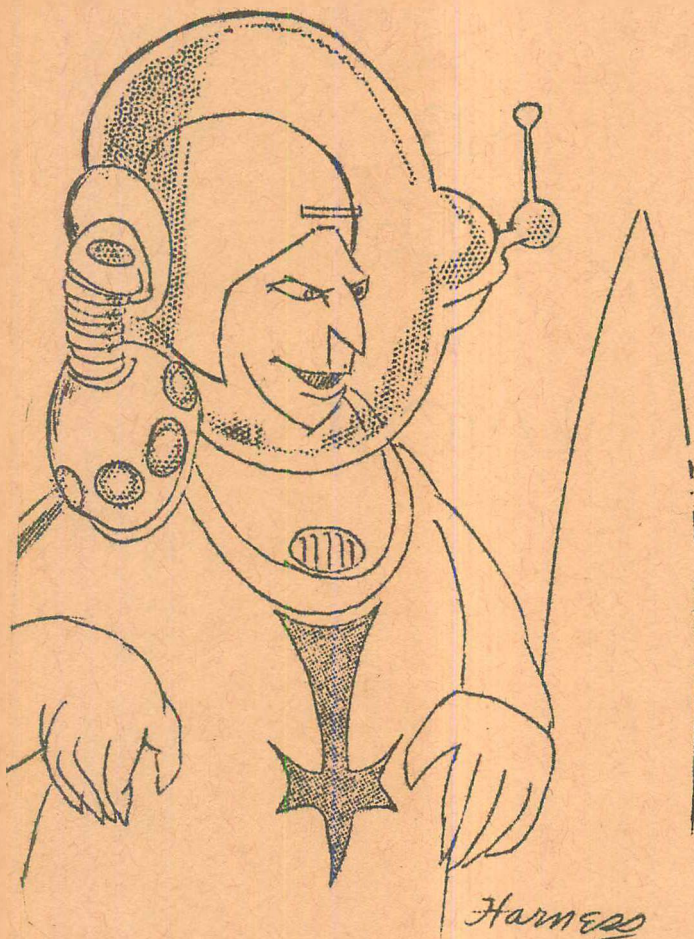
Probably Something would likely have staggered on for some time, published on special occasions, if APA L hadn't been

good luck

- *5000 screaming teenaged girls surrounding a
- *LASFS meeting and fighting over APA L in-completes
- *A saffron-coated Ouija board
- *An invisible surfboard
- *A solid lead pizza
- *A stencil sandwich on rye with corflu, ink & chopped slipsheets
- *A cubic mile of grape jello in a 24-hour orbit over Quito, Ecuador
- *A used jello dealer
- *A rendezvous in space between the previous two subtitles
- *7.36 x 10¹² hectograph sets
- *A folding portable window for defenestrating people anywhere on a moment's notice
- *Whistler's mother in a bathing suit.
- *The omniscient oilcan
- *Dime-sized flying saucers flying around your bedroom all night.
- *A ~~vicious~~ vicious plot to corner the world molasses market
- *Baseballbatman, a superhero who turns into a baseball bat and conks the bad guys over the head
- *Protesting the "Discriminatory hiring practices evidenced by the fact that none of the typists in a certain large office buildings are dolphins.
- *A newly invented robot patent attorney whose first assignment is to get himself patented.
- *A skyscraper built especially for fan conventions known as "The Conning Tower"
- *Dealing with a demon who wants fifty copies of the contract, mimeographed in blood, to send through an apa he belongs to.
- *The eternal question: "If a fan and a half writes a parody and a half in a day and a half, how long does it take a folksong group and a half to sing the things?"
- *Being too sunbruned from the beach party to think up a good subtitle for this page
- *A phonograph powered by gasoline engine that makes so much noise that no one ever notices how poor the fidelity of the phonograph is.
- *Frozen puns, at your supermarket
- *A series of superdiplomacy games between candidates for public office to help the voters decide who to vote for
- *Gathering up defective transistors removed from a computer during a repair job and saving them for later use in putting a voodoo hex on the thing.

- *Burning a Gestetner on somebody's door-
: step as a warning against the continuation of bad repro
- *A flying carport because the genie had gotten ingerested in hot-rodding and hadn't listened too well when his master ordered a flying carpet.
- *A frying carpet because the genie's master had a Japanese accept.
- *Wondering about a person who really isn't although he thinks he is, because he doesn't really think, he only thinks he thinks, unless thinking one is thinking counts as really thinking, in which case he is after all.
- *A computer made from a juke box, a world war II surplus radar set, a tape recorder, a bushel of assorted electronics parts picked up real cheap at a bargain sale, and a mimeograph -- built from plans found in a science fiction fanzine
- *The story of the famous boy inventor who builds a battery powered robot which runs away from home and joins the LASFS, called "Tom Swift and His Electric Fan."
- *A story based on the postulate that differences between the various human races are the result of genetic manipulation by extraterrestrials for the purpose of giving us some experience in living with beings somewhat different from ourselves before going into space.
- *A mirror made of 20-year slow glass that always tells the old witch that she is the fairest one of all because she was 40 years ago
- *A sadistic traffic light that enjoys turning red just as a car approaches
- *An index to future fanzines, compiled as a test of precognition
- *A round-robin apa in which each member, in turn, creates a universe for the other members to live in and explore until the time for the next member to create his universe, at which time the universe just vacated is sold to real estate developers to pay the apa dues.
- *A round robin apa composed of punsters who catch robins, fatten them up, and send them to each other.
- * A zine titled "I Didn't List The Title of this zine because I don't like its author" put out to make the indexers look like fuggheads
- * A list of zip codes for all the fantasy worlds ever invented, and then some.
- * An LSD trip report

- *A herd of mice for chocolate mouse milk
- *A great big butterfly net for pterodactyls
- *Telling fortunes by listing all the typos in any one APA-L disty and reading them as omens like tea leaves or playing cards etc.
- *A little teeny car wash for roller skates
- *A planet of reptile men who dump their worn-out electric fans in a hole in the ground known as the "fan pit of snakedom"
- *A formula for making slow glass out of quicksand
- *A course on "How to develop latent psi powers" with the emphasis on teleportation and telepathic communication sponsored by the air pollution control people in order to reduce the amount of auto travel in LA
- *An automatic washing machine equipped with a telepathic receiver so the person using it can control it just by thinking what he wants it to do, made in Hong Kong and sold under the name "Wishee Washee"
- *A witches' brewery which produces a complete line of instant mixes to save witches all over the world hours of slaving over hot caludrons
- *An airline that fills all its ads with pie-in-the-sky promises of how wonderful the dessert is on their in-flight meals
- *A detour sign with a Harlan Ellison-sized hole in it
- *A future combination travel depot and bookstore full of aircraft, spacecraft and Lovecraft
- *Glorious Punland where one of the chief industries is growing chordwood for guitars
- *A 200-pound billfold to foil pickpockets
- *Naming your flying suacer "Swamp Gas" so that if somebody asks you what it was you can say it's swamp gas.
- *Some resort area where it is too hot for comfort setting up "Tourist Saving Temperature" (analogous to Daylight Saving time) by asking everybody to set his thermometer back ten degrees
- *A peck of petrified popcorn
- *A ten-ton telephone for big hangups
- *A planet where a common weather forecast is for "funny weather" because of drifting clouds of laughing gas
- *A statistical study to determine whether fanac is influenced by phases of the moon
- *A stencil sandwich flambe made by pouring on lots of corflu and lighting it.
- *A singer who performs as a group by means of time travel
- *A spirit duplicator for mediums who like to keep several seances going at once
- *An electric sitar
- *A picture of Jesus clean-shaven and with a crewcut because the church doesn't like "beatniks"
- *The employees of a sock factory coming back after Christmas holiday to discover that Santa had filled their entire inventory with candy, etc., by mistake.
- *Complaining to the truth-in-packaging people that the moon isn't full.
- *The question of whether the Legendary Universal Solvent would safely dissolve antimatter or whether the whole mess would go up in a blaze of $E=MC^2$
- *The question of whether the universal glue could be used safely to glue antimatter to antimatter, and if it couldn't then why was it being called universal glue?
- *King Midas touching a telephone and thereby causing every phone in the country to turn into gold because they're all part of a direct distance dialing system which can be thought of as a single entity.
- *A thyme machine for synthesizing herbs
- *A tax on picket signs
- *Collecting the taxes on the signs at a rally protesting the tax on picket signs
- *A litmus paper hat for identifying acid heads.
- *A set of Saturn-type rings with no planet inside
- *A magic spell for converting black & white TVs to color
- *Music by "howling at the moon" because that's the name of the band
- *Spanish farmers who park old airplanes in their fields when crops need water because the rain in Spain falls mainly on the plane
- *A big roc candy mountain put there by a great big bird lover as a feeding station
- *A fur-lined light bulb
- *A number of letters to Congressmen about "mail order gnus" because of a typo in a newspaper editorial
- *An invisible roulette wheel so the cops won't find it when they raid the joint
- *Stamping "Caution:Smoking may be hazardous to your health" on bananas
- *Going to the Andromeda Galaxy on business for a company that pays 10¢ per mile for all official travel
- *The right of every object to be presumed human unless proven otherwise by due process of the law
- *An extraterrestrial coming to a masquerade as an ordinary looking earthman
- *Showing movies out of focus to be



"democratic" so the people with poor eyesight won't be missing anything the rest of the audience is seeing.

- *Peace protestors on a chess board
- *Medusa meeting a band of strolling musicians, thus creating history's first rock band
- *Telling people that a sitar is a combination guitar and chair for people who don't like to play standing up
- *The witch of the desert who happens to be an amateur radio operator and is known to some as the "ham sand-witch"
- *Trying to fit a toothpaste tube into a radio
- *A "crying" telegram from Western Union
- *Trying to satisfy the "Black Power" people by having all of the city's electrical generators repainted.
- *MAD Magazine being delivered to its Australian subscribers by kangaroo express, thus originating the phrase "hopping Mad"
- *Finding bookworms in the Yellow Pages
- *A superstitious person who always uses only base two and base three number systems be-

- *that way "13" will never appear
- *Trying to explain to a non-punster why 6:12 PM would be a good time to play the 1812 Overture
- *Chocolate covered manhole covers
- *A mobius strip bed that you can't get up on the wrong side of bed in the morning
- *A tv repairman with a set in every room of the house adjusting his kitchen synch
- *Getting commercials on a ouija board
- *Complaining about "superhero brutality"
- *Lobbying for a law requiring warning labels on poisonous snakes
- *A robot navigator searching interstellar space for white dwarf sitars because somebody made a typo
- *The wanderings of a raga musician, done up in a tv series under the name of "Sitar Trek"
- *Buildings out of Silly Putty that tear themselves down for freeway, urban renewal, etc.
- *A telepathic doorbell that rings before your friends arrive so you'll be ready when they get there and doesn't ring at all for pesky salesmen, even when they push the button.
- *Not finding covalent bonds listed on the financial page
- *Invisible light shows
- *Invisible little green men who sit in boxes reading everybody's mail by x-ray vision
- *An earwax refinery
- *Wondering whether the rules against smoking on buses refer to burning incense
- *Having your TV snow read by a fortune-teller
- *Taking a test for a license to go to the park
- *A six-pack of genies in no-deposit bottles
- *The bottled-water people branching into smog-free air
- *Concerto #17 for m'tah horn, dog whistle and hippie bellwearers
- *Taking your crystal ball to a TV repairman because the futures you see in it don't really come true
- *A racist race horse agitating for "horsepower" around the stables
- *"Create worlds by numbers" kits for gods who aren't really talented
- *An impatient driver who has a time machine in his car so that whenever he comes to a red light he can go back in time to

when it was green

* Training lightning bugs (aka fireflies)
for light shows

*Wondering whether a moon made of green
cheese with a crust of meteor dust is
worth colonizing

*A little teeny fireplace for burning
toothpicks

*Carrying half an umbrella because the fore-
cast was for 50% chance of rain

*Wondering what a New Year's celebration
would be like on a planet with an orbital
period like Pluto's

*Installing a time machine at a stadium so
the in-person spectators can have "instant
replays"

*Buying a record at a budget bargain count-
er and having it turn out to be "Lucy in
the Sky With Rhinestones."

*Printing \$1.00, 1.01, 1.02, 1.03, 1.04
and \$1.05 bills for various states with
Sales Taxes

*Putting airports underground to cut down
the noise

*A precog who misses all the friends he
hasn't made yet

*Odorless, smokeless incense for use in
crowded spaceships

*Robin Hood's income tax return

*Digging tunnels all over LA with ice cream
scoops to avoid rain and heavy traffic.

*A prophet-type marching around with an
"the end of the month is approaching" sign

*A genzine editor dowsing for potential
contributors

*Cream of Volkswagen soup

*The Los Angeles Phoboharmonic Cacaphonic
Orchestra

*Wondering how long it would take to save
up enough earwax to make a candle

*Selling toothpaste in several brilliant
colors for people who are tired of the
monotony of white teeth

*An enchanted car that gets into more than
its share of accidents because it doesn't
show up in other people's rear view mirrors

*A masochist going around beating up people
because he believes in the Golden Rule

*Wondering whether soaking tobacco in Love
Potion #9 could lead to philtre cigarettes

*Thinking that if God can travel in time,
there may be periods of history in which
He does not exist because He spends all
his time in other times

*Having your prayers answered in a still,
small voice saying "See my secret way

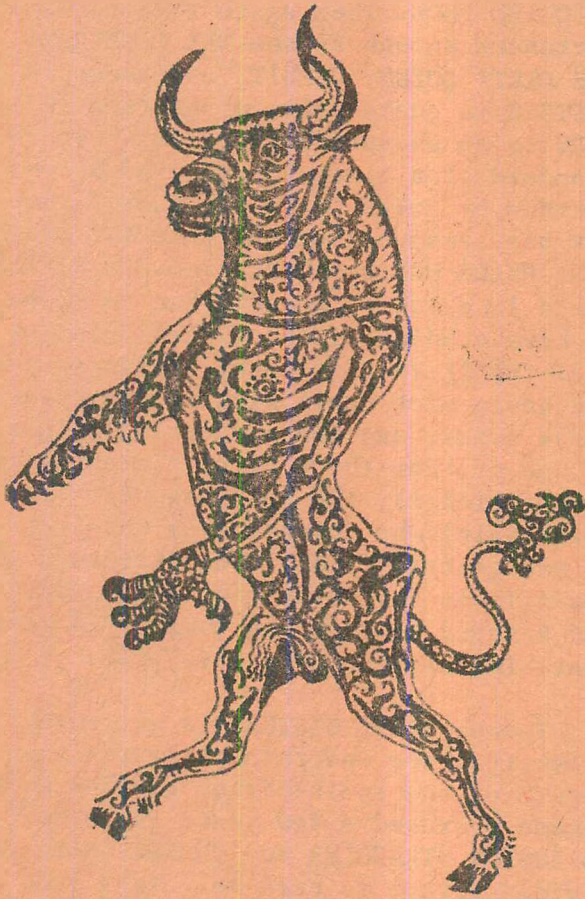
THIS
HOLE
IN
LAYOUT

DEDICATED TO
LAYOUT FREAKS
EVERYWHERE

— Mike Elyer

BILL WARREN'S

CLOCKWORK ODYSSÉE



Count Dracula has become the most popular monster nowadays. In the 30s and 40s, Frankenstein's monster returned more frequently, fought more opponents, but since the late '50s vampires and Dracula himself have far outnumbered all other varieties of monsters. Obviously there are many reasons for a plethora of vampires in movies today -- one is that, unlike most traditional monsters such as werewolves, vampires are relatively cheap to film -- all you need is a coffin, some fangs, and a cape. Furthermore the essence of the vampire is seduction -- sucking the blood out of someone's neck is a very sensual act (take it from me), and lots of sublimated sex can be found in vampire movies.

Four vampire films, three featuring Dracula, have played in Los Angeles recently. The best of these, TWINS OF EVIL, is the third in an offshoot series made by Hammer Films of England which started with the fine VAMPIRE LOVERS; the second was the

extremely bad LUST FOR A VAMPIRE. The films have as their starting point "Carmilla" by J. Sheridan Le Fanu (filmed at least three times before) and all deal with the adventures of the Karnstein family and usually with Carmilla herself. TWINS OF EVIL features a set of pretty twins, Madeline and Mary Collinson, treated the way twins traditionally are in fiction -- one adventuresome, one shy. Naturally the adventuresome one is the one vampirized by Carmilla's current relative, and a major plot element is sorting out the vampire twin from the nice one. Their uncle, a stiff-necked puritan played by the reliable Peter Cushing, is the main instrument in the detection of the bad one. The film is a little slow in the middle but the sets are good and the story is interesting.

Dracula appears in DRACULA VS. FRANKENSTEIN, an unbelievably bad movie which features Forry Ackerman as a victim of Frankenstein's monster. The film is bad partly from the unusual way it was made: THE BLOOD SEEKERS, a film without any connection with Dracula or Frankenstein's monster, was made a year or two ago, but the filmmakers were so new at the game they ended up with a 50-minute feature not long enough for release. So Dracula and Frankenstein were quickly written in, scenes shot and the whole thing scotch-taped together. The seams show badly. Still, the film does have a very unusual cast: Russ Tamblyn, J. Carroll Naish, Lon Chaney Jr., Anthony Eisley and Jim Davis. Dracula is played incompetently by "Zandor Vorkov" (an Ackerman-invented name),

BILL WARREN ON FILMS

DRACULA VS. ACKERMAN

the monster by a reasonably competent actor John Bloom. His makeup was designed by George Barr and executed by Tony Tierney. The film is dull as dishwater and silly besides.

DRACULA A.D. 1972 is a Hammer film, but not a sequel to their last Dracula movie. Instead it seems to be a sequel to a movie that has never been made. A poor Hammer film is unusual and disappointing, but this is one. Peter Cushing plays a descendant of the original Dracula-killer Van Helsing and the entire film rests on his shoulders since Christopher Lee (Dracula) appears very rarely. The film is a hodge-podge of stupidity -- hippies and black masses, sex and Clockwork Orange swipes, and despite the title, Dracula (conjured up by a magic ceremony) never comes into conflict with any aspect of 1972. The film is fairly well acted (Cushing is excellent) and very handsome, shot in warm rich colors on good sets. Too bad the script fell so far below the production values.

I can see why the producers of BLACULA gave it that title -- if they hadn't, every critic in the country would have. In 1780, Mamuwalde, a black African prince is fanged by a bigoted Count Dracula (Charles Macalay) and stuck in a coffin until 1972. Two gay decorators buy the coffin and bring it to LA, where Blacula climbs out, a hairy-faced fiend. The plot is strictly conventional and the script is even worse -- the dialog is embarrassing. The film looks as if it were shot in 16mm, being grainy and either under- or over-exposed in most shots. Mamuwalde (he is called Blacula only by Dracula) exhibits knowledge of the 20th century which must have been difficult to obtain, sealed up in a coffin as he was. For the most part the acting is no more than competent -- but there is a marvelous exception, and that is William Marshall in the title role. He is magnificent, the most dignified and majestic vampire I have ever seen, a fine actor who will now get the demanding roles he is capable of. He is so far above his material here as to improve every scene he is in.

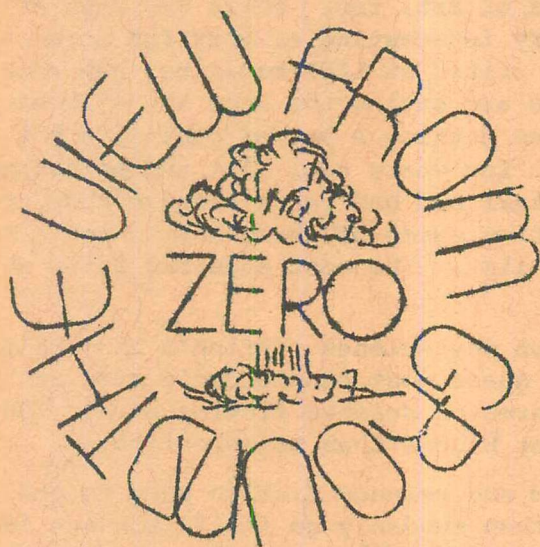
Seeing sneak previews in the Los Angeles area can sometimes be rewarding; unfortunately, there is often no way to predict beforehand if the movie will be any good. I've been stuck with such garbage as

DON'T LEAVE GO MY HAND, WHERE THE BULLETS FLY, and DO NOT THROW CUSHIONS INTO THE POOL. Then again I've been fortunate enough to see THE CANDIDATE, THE DIRTY DOZEN, GAMBIT, and recently, SISTERS in sneak preview showings. SISTERS is an unusual horror movie with a standard plot gimmick, directed & co-written by Brian De Palma, usually known for his semi-underground comedy features like HELLO MOM and GREETINGS. In SISTERS there is a lot of comedy, but he seems to have studied Hitchcock and Polanski well for it is also an effective shocker. The basic plot deals with separated Siamese twins, and the murderous designs of one of them (both twins played by Margot Kidder); the nosy neighbor (Jennifer Salt) who investigates the crime is the central figure. The structure of the film is obviously modeled on PSYCHO, and Bernard Hermann has composed a somewhat similar score for this film.

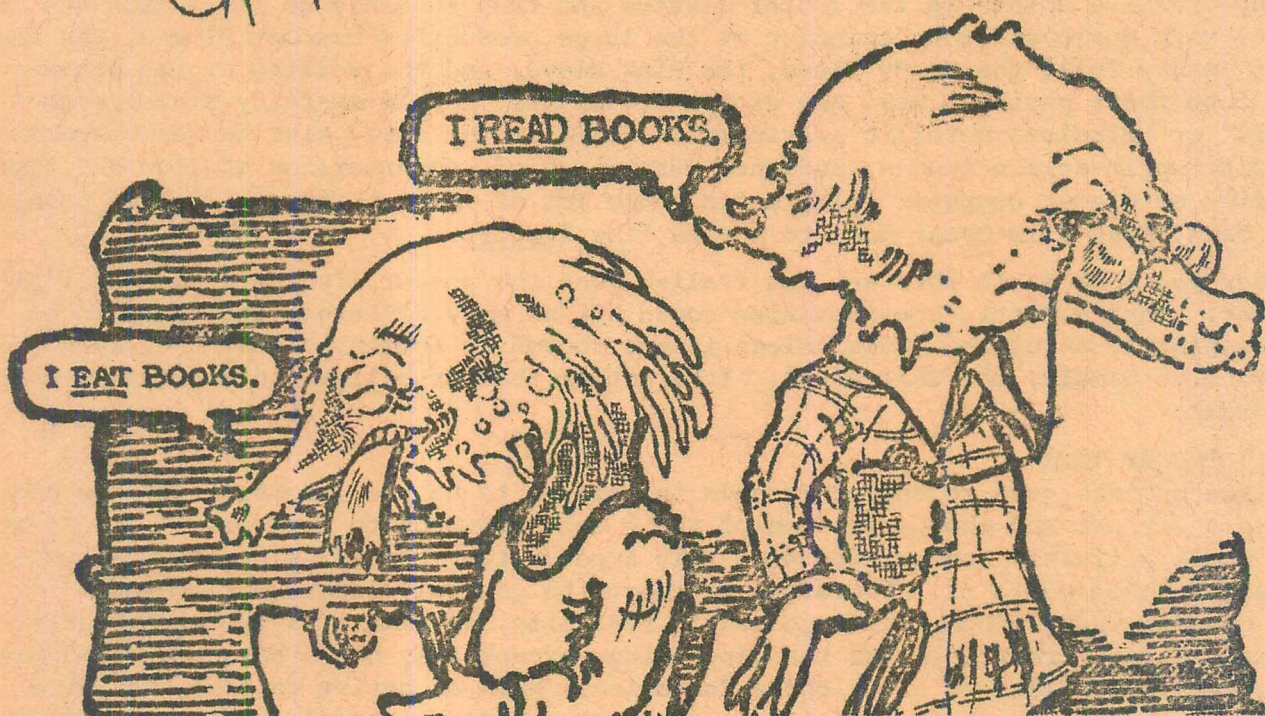
Technically, SISTERS is extremely effective; for one thing it marks the return of the split-screen gimmick which became overused a few years in such films as BOSTON STRANGLER and CHARLY. Here the divided screen is used well as a suspense building device. There are some strange semi-dream sequences which look as much like real nightmares as anything I've seen on the screen -- at one point Jennifer Salt (the dreamer) sees herself as the least dominant of the two Siamese twins. Since there is a superficial resemblance between Kidder and Salt already, once you are aware of the substitution it is rather chilling.

The ending of the film is a little weak. It is anticlimactic and inconclusive. You can surmise action beyond the ending, but in a picture like this, disturbing plot elements should be cleared up. Also, it seems a little long, but I think De Palma plans to edit it further before its world premiere screening at this year's LA Film Festival (FILMEX).

I thought the film to be very good indeed. Sneaking a look at the preview opinion cards filled out by the audience and spoke to someone connected with the film. From the two sources, the cards have been running 80% excellent and very good.



BY
RICHARD
WADHOLM



THE GOLDEN ERA II

It hit me as I watched the Hugos being awarded this year that I'd been so out of touch with 1971's best science fiction, I hadn't read one of the nominated novels and only a few of the short stories. The reason, obviously is what somebody said was, "the lack of anything demanding an award." There've been a few nice stories written this year an a couple of better-than-average novels, but on the whole, nothing demanding my time loudly enough and interestingly enough to make me turn off my record player and read it. This isn't anything new. People have been saying the same thing for two or three years. In 1968, we had the difficult choice between many beautiful novels. Books like NOVA and PAVANE couldn't even get on the ballot for best novel. These days, if NOVA was eligible it would win hands down. For about the third straight year nothing's been written which has been unequivocally praised. As a matter of fact, nothing's been written that's even been liked by a large group of readers, let alone critics. I tried reading TO YOUR SCATTERED BODIES GO, the Hugo winner for this year. Amazingly easy to put down.

What a lot of people haven't realized in science fiction is that this kind of complaint is being made about a lot of other fields of art, too. Chris Van Ness at the LA Free Press said, "...the music just isn't very interesting or very fun anymore," talking about rock music. Albert Goldman, the rock critic at LIFE magazine, gave rock music only about five years to live. Movie critics are saying the same thing about their field as a whole, too. There are a few movies getting a lot of publicity but the field as a whole is not as exciting as it was a few years ago. Art and mainstream literature are not as easy to classify into good years and bad years because they are so large that nobody can take one large representative sweep of them, but to get a good sample of what's going down, check the best seller list. The most enduring thing on there these days is the Bible.

Whenever I've read somebody's fanzine article on why science fiction's mini-Golden Age died aborning (which hasn't been very often; I guess most people don't even want to take a guess), it's usually been looked at in terms of science fiction alone. But if you look around, you'll see that it's a whole lot bigger than science fiction.

Apply the question to art. Why did music, film and science fiction seem to get so many creative things in the latter sixties and then suddenly go flat? Between '66 and '69 rock music saw the beginning of the large production of concept albums, the forming of Jethro Tull, the Moody Blues, the Pink Floyd, and the Rolling Stones getting fully into their stride. Now, new groups are either "feeble ex-folky singer/song-writers" or "mindless metallic heaviness". Films in the early sixties were experimenting with split-screen images, audience participation, combinations of live and filmed action on stage, computer films and a whole lot of other things which held promise. These days, Best Film Oscar goes to movies like Airport.

When you look at it this way you realize that the answer lies outside of art altogether. What artistic consideration could hit so many different art forms in so many completely unrelated media unless it was rooted in something that they each had in common?-- Namely, the Real World. It's either that or believe in contagious writers' cramp.

BIG THEORY TIME

Since artists need to suffer (sounds too cliché to be real, doesn't it?) in order to make their art and the perfection of their art important to them as a means of escape, whole artists' communities need this impetus too. An art media is the sum of the people involved in it. Therefore it reacts to general, large, world events in large general ways. When things go bad in real life, an artist is driven to perfect an unreal life. Crazy folks do the same thing, except they don't have the communicative streak which lets us in on their fantasies. When an artist escapes, he lets people see where he's going. If it's a real enough escape, people praise him for it. That's why Syd Barret, Lou Reed, Vivian Stanishall, and a million other famous artists have all spent time in insane asylums: the escape was too real and on too many non-communicative levels.

Whole mediums made up of these people are bound to react the same way. The natural drive in an artist is to escape real life. When things get bad, the artist(s) find new, more vivid ways of escape, gets more deeply involved in escape than he does when times are cool for him. When times are good, the artist is likely to spend more time in the world than out of it and therefore either his production or his quality go down.

Translated on a grand scale, that means what actually was behind a lot of our mini-era was the shakiness of the times. 1968 was not a cool time to live for a whole lot of folks. On the one hand, there was the SDS and The Jefferson Airplane An' All Them Other Hippies Out To Rape My Little Girl/Boy, and on the other was the increasing realization that government -- ours and other peoples' -- could no longer be trusted as the well-meaning Big Brother it had once been. Most people were caught in the middle. For those on the extreme right or left they still had their blues to sing because both sides thought that they were being beaten by the other.

The end result was that the artists caught in this mess wrote as hard and inventively as they had to to escape from it. Now that times are different and The Dick has thrown his Magic Apathy Blanket over everybody and we've convinced ourselves that at least things won't go to pieces in my lifetime, the incentive to run away is gone. People are escaping less because they see less to escape from, therefore, they're producing less. The need for many artists doesn't hit them on as personal a level as it used to.

Sure, in many ways this is an oversimplification. No doubt, the forces building up toward the New Wave had been coming on silently since the hack days of the fifties. No doubt conditions in England where a lot of this got started were different (though not really better). No doubt music had been building up toward SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND and the Days of Future Passed. No doubt that a lot of the revolution happening in film hinged on technology which wasn't yet available before the latter sixties. But one thing that seems to tie the turning on and turning off of the good years these media enjoyed were social conditions.

Maybe if we had a mass torture chamber....

IRON DREAM

review by DON KELLER NORMAN SPINRAD, AVON
95¢, 255pp.

Picture a package like this: black cover, swastika in white circle in the middle. In big white letters: "LORD OF THE SWASTIKA, the Hugo-winning science fiction novel by Adolf Hitler." On the back, praise for the novel by such luminaries as Moorcock, Farmer, Ellison and Harrison. Perfect, right? Well, that is what Avon would not let Spinrad do with this book; instead they slapped one of their typical red-on-white covers on it (with the blurbs, however), and retitled it. It's a real shame.

I had been looking forward to this book for a good while, being an admirer of Spinrad's previous work, such as the savage MEN IN THE JUNGLE and the marvelous BUG JACK BARRON, to say nothing of the shorter pieces like "Carcinoma Angels" and the incredible "The Big Flash." Rumors have been flying fandom for at least a year about Spinrad's book that was "Adolf Hitler's version of LoTR" or a Nazi-WWII parallel worlds novel. I was especially anxious to see Spinrad's version of the last, because a definitive work on that theme has yet to be written, I feel: THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE I never cared for, and besides it deals mostly with the Japanese; Sarban's THE SOUND OF HIS HORN is a nice try, but too microcosmic, and relies on action-adventure a bit much; and Keith Roberts' "Weihnachtabend" in NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY #4 is merely a good beginning.

REVIEWS: The Iron Dream, Spinrad

However, the book is not what I expected. It is, as close as anyone is going to come, a science fiction novel as Adolf Hitler might have written it. His parallel world is the frame around the story, rather than in it: Hitler is presented as a science fiction fan (and knowing Spinrad's opinion of fandom the irony is devastating), an immigrant to the US in 1919, an sf illustrator in the '30s and a novelist. LORD OF THE SWASTIKA purportedly received the Hugo in 1954. As we all know, there was no Hugo in 1954. So the frame for the



story is well-thought out and extremely funny.

The novel itself takes place in an after-the-bomb future in a situation very

DONALD KELLER

similar to Europe after WWI. It details the career of Feric Jaggar, who comes from his birthplace in a mutant-infested country to the home of true humanity, Heldon (from the German word for hero?), swiftly rises to power, and opposes the huge empire of Zind. The whole thing closely parallels the career of Hitler in Germany (a beautiful irony on that frame), even to many minor details; such figures as Giebbels, Goering, and Hess are easily recognizable.

The most noticeable thing about the book, though, is its style. It is as close as possible to a novel as Adolf Hitler might have written it, so that the text is full of superlatives -- positive when referred to Heldon, negative when referred to its enemies. It's annoying at first to be told paragraph after paragraph, page after page, how great Feric Jaggar and Heldon are, and how terrible Zind and the mutant countries are. But after awhile you get into the swing of things and just go along for the ride. There are also a number of passages which are deliberately overblown in an attempt to be poetic, and as well as being funny they also work within the framework of the rest of the book; the last passage, for example, lends a rather Stapledonian sweep to the end. (I might also note in passing that perhaps the only trouble with the plot is that too much is telescoped into the ending; the last chapter should have been several. But that is a minor quibble.)

Spinrad, however, realizes that Hitler's ravings are mostly just that, and such a style and outlook on life just don't correspond to the real world; so he invents a future to which it applies. Worldwide nuclear war (the Fire) has destroyed mankind's technology, and at the time of the novel, a millenium or so later, men are just struggling back to civilization. But the radiation has taken its toll, and everywhere (except in Heldon, where the 'true human genotype' has miraculously survived) man has mutated into all kinds of gross and ghastly (yet fascinating) forms: Parrotfacs, Blueskins, Toadmen. Another mutation (or so he assumes) has produced the Dominators, a race who can mentally control vast numbers of people. They represent absolute evil.

For basically, Spinrad has let himself go and produced a purplish Good Guy/Bad Guy

allegory, and melodrama is the order of the day. (At one point, I knew exactly what was going to happen several pages in advance, and there will be few readers who won't.) But the whole thing, plot, philosophy, and style, is brought off with such verve and panache that one goes along for the ride and has fun, smiling in delight rather than throwing the book down in disgust.

However, the big question is, how much of this is rollicking satire, and how much is it a work in the mainstream of Spinrad's previous accomplishments? The pompous and pedantic afterword is a droll parody of academia (and pretentious book reviewers like myself?), taking Freudian analysis to ridiculous lengths but also pointing out a number of glaring flaws in the novel's fabric which show themselves to be deliberate. (I might also mention that the glimpse of the parallel world the afterword was written in is fascinating.) Yet ...THE IRON DREAM is Spinrad taking a jocular look at themes which have obsessed him seriously before: power and violence. BUG JACK BARRON emphasizes the first, MEN IN THE JUNGLE the second. Whereas the wholesale violence on a planetary scale in THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE is a depressing and total mindfucker, in THE IRON DREAM the same sort of thing provokes cheers of "Right on!" We watch the power Benedict Howards wield with horror, yet enjoy every minute of Feric Jaggar's rise.

In the final analysis, THE IRON DREAM is an adolescent wish-fantasy, and its vision, I think, is not only Hitler's, but Spinrad's; by that I do NOT mean to imply that Spinrad is another Hitler; rather, that like all of us, he has his dreams of power and violence, and unlike most of us, is still young enough at heart, uninhibited, and talented enough to put those dreams on paper where we can exercise as well as exorcise them. I think despite the fact that most of the events are rather ghastly, and that the whole theme and action will call up unpleasant memories in the minds of many older people, that it would take an old fogey not to enjoy THE IRON DREAM, on a gut level for the cathartic gory fun, and on an intellectual level for the clever method with which it is communicated. God knows what Spinrad will come up with next.

VAN VOGT

THE BOOK OF VAN VOGT :by AE Van Vogt;DAW 4
reviewer: Michael T. Shoemaker; 191 pp:95¢

For anyone who does not already know, DAW Books is an excellent new publishing house specializing in science fiction, and is under the direction of Donald A. Wollheim. As can be expected from a man like Mr. Wollheim, who has been so thoroughly involved in the SF field, he has coaxed AE Van Vogt into putting together this new collection. No doubt, he will manage in the future to get new material from other big name authors.

Of the seven stories in the collection two are older stories that are segments of two different series. "The Barbarian" is the concluding story of the Lord Clane series which appeared as EMPIRE OF THE ATOM. This series is what Damon Knight is primarily referring to when he talks about Van Vogt mixing swords and spaceships in his cultures. "Lost:Fifty Suns" is part of the excellent "Mixed Men" series which appeared as THE MIXED MEN. It concerns the conflict and political intrigue between the Dellian, non-Dellian and "mixed men" peoples of a far star cluster.

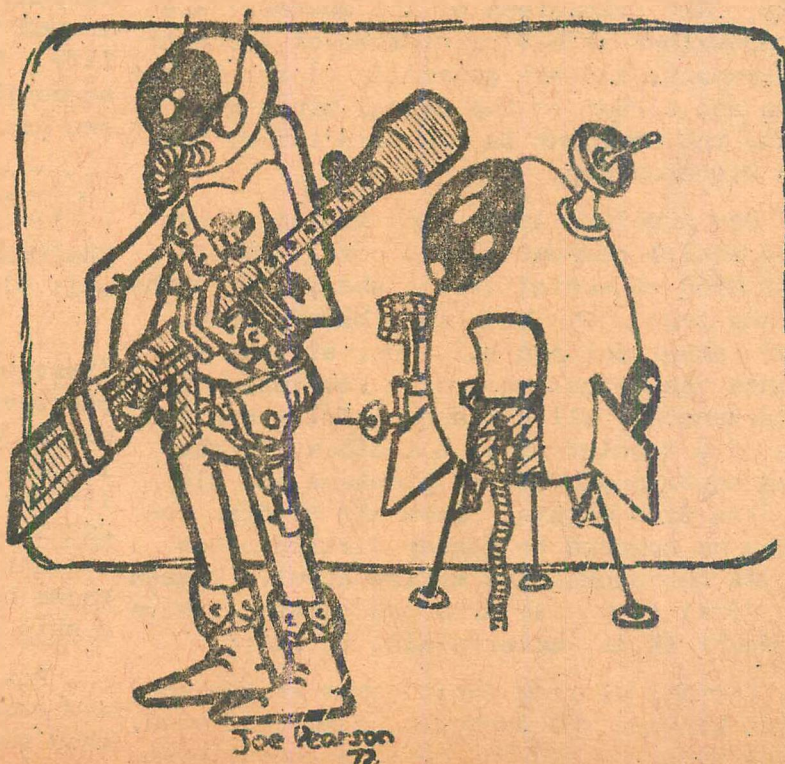
This collection is their first appearance as individual stories. Unfortunately this robs them of much of their likeableness, which they had when in conjunction with a more extensive background and far-ranging plot, and subplot typical of Van Vogt. This is particularly applicable to "Lost:Fifty Suns" because the long buildup of background concerning the conflict between the Dellians and non-Dellians is essential to making the plot purposeful and dynamic.

"The Rat and the Snake" is a recent story and this is its first reprinting. It is a pitiful short horror story that fails completely. There is no buildup of mood whatsoever. Instead, the story relies on an ironic ending which is dependent upon the suc-

cessful characterization of the protagonist. Van Vogt renders the characterization in the worst "mickey mouse" stereotyped fashion imaginable. The ending is obvious from the beginning.

The other four stories in this volume are original. "The 3:33 Timed Clock" is a mildly interesting time paradox story which is a shallow imitation of Heinlein's "All You Zombies." Also, the method of time travel is an unexplained fantasy-type element. "The Confession" is a complicated and easily forgettable (it is already fading from my memory) story of insanity, hypnotism, and alternate worlds. "Erzatz Eternal" is not really a story at all since the situation at the end of the story is left unresolved. Furthermore, the piece is too unbelievable to elicit any response from the reader. "The Sound of Wild Laughter", a Donovan's Brain type of story, is probably the best of the four originals.

Judging by the four new stories, Van Vogt's style seems to be clearing up some, although it still contains some uncertain hesitancy that his older works do not contain. Most importantly, however, the stories seem static. Absent from them are the vast imaginative concepts and intricate plotting which was once the hallmark of an AE Van Vogt story.



DANCE THE EAGLE

DANCE THE EAGLE TO SLEEP: Pierce; review
by Richard Wadholm

This is a member of the small minority of dictatorship stories going around in recent months with some note of maturity. Its characters are dingy with reality and very unheroic problems. Its scenes have more than a ring of truth in them, and once or twice they have a frozen stained-glass window beauty. Once or twice. And most of all, the book is very sincere. It is earnest almost to a fault.

Unfortunately, for all its good intentions and honesty, it has too many faults. It's the story of a youthful revolution against an overentrenched establishment of sometime in the near future, focusing on the important individuals in the opening chapters and bringing them all together by the middle of the book, when their revolution gets fully under way. Plotwise it's a fairly typical dictatorship story, made out of the ordinary only by the poetic style she ends her heroes at the finish of the book. The difference is in her cynical/apathetic style. Her idea here is to shine a spotlight on (a) revolutionaries (b) modern America's revolutionaries (c) modern America. As a critic of all three of these she is cutting, accurate, and fair. Her criticisms of the movement are as prevalent as her criticisms of the establishment, and are generally closer to the bone and closer to the actual truth because the movement is her main theme, not the dictatorship.

Her problems arise from trying to put this social comment into a novel. Whatever kind of social critic she is, an author she isn't. The book is a bloody bore, good intentions and all. Her attempt to create the actual mood of a revolution is unfortunately all too successful. Her idea of a revolution is a tedious, frightened experience full of problems and dissonance from within. This air of drab reality as opposed to flashy fiction comes across throughout the entire novel. I mean the novel is really drab. Accurate, I have no doubt it is, entertaining it isn't.

Another glaring fault comes in the conflict between the author's attempt at cold, cruel reality, and her obvious romanticism.

DANCE THE EAGLE TO SLEEP: PIERCE

For all her attempts at realism, she still betrays where her sympathies lie. This is one count on which she convicts herself, I don't have to. Her statement of purpose that comes out during the book seems to preclude the light she sheds on her characters. She creates a distant, unseen, sheriff of nothingham establishment, and a series of Robin Hood type heroes and then tries to give an aloof and yet motherly narrative. While she tries hard to bring them down to our eye level, it's all too easy to see that they're still flashy natural heroes in her eye, antiheroic faults and all.

Aside from that, the plot, the characterization, the tone and the general discussion are all very muddy. Corey sounds like Shawn who sounds like Jenny who sounds like Corey and Shawn again. The only character with any real personality is Billy, the A-student-turned-guerilla -- and he gets killed trying to lead a revolt that the authors seems to frown on.

As a whole, the book leaves one wondering what's the point? Aside from a nicely conceived ending, it isn't much more than a cataloguing of the various sins committed on both sides of the establishment/revolutionary hassle. There is insight all over the book -- insight into revolutionaries, establishment people, insight into insight -- only it has no direction. Just lumped there to take or leave as a fact of life. The author has learned to do the headwork a writer has to learn, but now she has to learn the writing craft as well.

YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY'S CHILDREN: David Gerrold; 251pp
Dell 9780, 95¢; reviewed by Mike Glyer

In this space opera come from the very first page simple points to occupy the simple reviewer. The Star Trek-like details: swivel command chair; officer Jonathan Korie (JK, James Kirk?); ship USS Roger Burlingame (United Systems Starship) as if USS Enterprise; the bridge is a modified version of that in the TV series. Gerrold eager borrows visual images, setting up a ship situation out of familiar parts.

But there is a new story being written, and even the first impressions are not all they seem: Korie is first officer under a

review by Richard Wadholm

weak captain momentarily forced to give way under the first officer's obsession for hunting down bogie (the chase which is the framework for the entire novel). Korie must overcome breakdowns in the ship and its crew's morale so as to get the kill, in order that his fitness for command of a starship (rather than this hulk) will be pointed out in battle. The heart of this conflict spans a thirty-four hour stretch and includes a thorough description of the operations of the ship.

The writing is even, well-paced, frequently believable, easy on the pedantry, a chase through space in wartime equalling the best traditions of EE Smith and Poul Anderson. Demonstrated is the realistic style of an Alastair McLean, but also the awkward speechifying and overemphasis on the Difficulty of the Captaincy in any given Star Trek episode. Its most admirable point is that it almost lets you forget that the story was written at all. Whereas Silverberg often beats you over the head crying "This is me at the typewriter -- don't pay any attention to those fools!" as if the revealed Wizard, Gerrold does not ...but.

There has to be a but. With Gerrold there always is. Unsatisfied with a competent story he adorns each chapter with "appropriate" quotes. At first they aid explaining the ship, but quickly go from the sublime to the ridiculous. "Thirty-four hours is a long time" a tautology, becomes the standard moronic opening line. He is reminding you that for all the thousands of words going by, the clashes and decisions, it's still the same 34 hours. Fine -- so what? This sort of thing destroys one's concentration on the book.

If the universe in Star Trek were the one we are living in, Gerrold's story would qualify as political satire. It is the realer, harsher, more cynical side of the glossy heroics of a James Kirk. Perhaps after a long, hard day at the Tribbleworks, nothing pleases David Gerrold more.

OMEGA POINT

THE OMEGA POINT: George Zebrowski; Ace 62380 169pp, 75¢; review by Michael T. Shoemaker

This is going to be a short review because there is very little one can say about a book like this. It grabs the read-

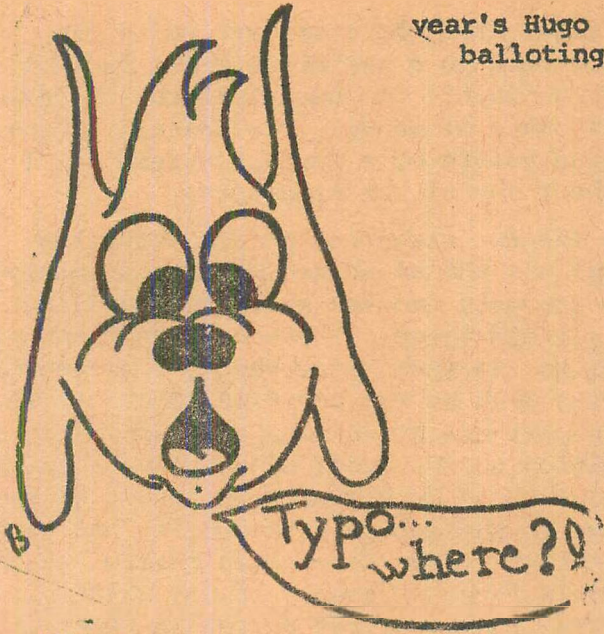
er right from the start and pulls him along through a narrative which is exciting, poignant, and guaranteed to rekindle your sense of wonder. It has all of the strong points of a Captain Future novel without any of the crudities.

The two strongest points about the novel are the abundance of highly imaginative concepts and the excellent handling of an age-old theme. I have always been partial to the theme of revenge, represented at its peak by THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. Zebrowski has given us a very worthwhile addition to the gamut of stories based on this theme. He explores an aspect of revenge in the future with honesty and expertise that I have never seen before. A comparable work, in theme, is THE STARS, MY DESTINATION by Alfred Bester; a work I have never cared for and consider greatly overrated. The reason for the superiority of THE OMEGA POINT over THE STARS, MY DESTINATION is that Zebrowski avoids the trivial almost banal aspect of revenge which forms the basis of Bester's book, where the revenge is a purely personal one. Gully Foyle feels betrayed by a starship that strands him and spends the rest of the book seeking revenge; but I hated him anyway. THE OMEGA POINT makes the reader sympathize with the protagonist's courageous, single-handed, fight for revenge against impossible odds. The "Omega" in the title is significant in that Zebrowski's theme of revenge deals in finalities.

Gorgias is the last member of his humanoid race, wiped out by a long war with Earth. At his father's deathbed he vowed to continue the war, and has in his possession an ftl ship far superior to anything Earth has, and an arsenal that staggers the imagination. The plot is greatly enhanced by the excellent characterization of Gorgias and by the fact that the reader is sometimes shown the point of view of the Hunter, presenting a fine contrast.

The question the novel poses is whether "Omega revenge" is purposeful. It does not really answer the question, but I do not think that the author intended that it should. Some people may not find the ending to their taste because Gorgias finally comes to an ending I found tearful and depressing. This superlative work should be read by all and kept in mind for next

year's Hugo
balloting.



BESF

THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR: Carr
Ballantine, 340pp, \$1.25: reviewer, Keller

After editing a year's-best anthology together for seven years, Terry Carr and Donald A. Wollheim both left Ace during the past year (leaving Fred Pohl to take up where they left off), and are now doing their own series (adding mightily to the proliferation of such books in the field now), Wollheim for his own DAW books and Terry Carr for Ballantine.

When I first leafed through the Carr anthology I did not buy it, because I smugly discovered that I had read seven of the eleven stories already, and found Carr's taste in stories quite good (though my anthology would have been quite different).

"All the Last Wars at Once" (Geo. Alec Effinger/UNIVERSE 1) was my choice for the short fiction Hugo. Like many of Piglet's stories, it is basically farcical, but like the very best of his work it is also deadly serious. What would happen if all the factions in society began fighting one another at once? Piglet handles the chaos and the ensuing denouement with deft layers of humor and horror, and ends on a truly chilling note.

"The Queen of Air and Darkness" (Poul Anderson/F&SF) has won the Nebula and the Hugo. I can't add anything to what Carr says: it is a combination of Anderson's talent for writing both science fiction and fantasy, beautifully handled, styles

altered to fit both modes, and filled with some quite excellent and functional verse. It is an archetypical fantasy plot taking place in a science fictional setting, and the whole comes off remarkably well.

"A Meeting With Medusa" (Arthur C. Clarke/PLAYBOY) is typical of Clarke at his best. I was half asleep when I first read it, and so do not remember it as well as I'd like, but was impressed by the meticulous and scientific detail that Clarke is so adept at. The story concerns the first contact with life on Jupiter as the human story of the ship's captain. One could not ask for a story better crafted.

"The Fourth Profession" (Larry Niven/QUARK 4) is written in the hardboiled detective style Niven is adept at, and relates an incident between humans and a fascinating set of aliens with knowledge pills. Though the ending is just a bit much, the story is fast-paced and highly entertaining.

"The Sliced-Crosswise Only-on-Tuesday World" (Philip Jose Farmer/NEW DIMENSIONS 1) is a farce about a future where they circumvent the population problem by putting everyone in suspended animation six days a week, and letting them out only on one. It's not a gadget story, though, but a human one, for Farmer asks, What happens if one falls in love with someone who lives in another day? It's a funny story as well, with little bits of incidental satire, and an expected-by-hindsight ending.

"Vaster Than Empires, And More Slow" (Ursula K. LeGuin/NEW DIMENSIONS 1) takes place in the early days of the Ekumen League of her first four novels. It shows with unusual insight how an empath may be very hard to get along with, and portrays a fascinating planet with a group-mind forest as indigenous life. The intercharacterization is well-handled, the plot and setting rather conventional, but though it is not a great story by any stretch it is certainly a very good one.

"No Direction Home" (Norman Spinrad/NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY 2) has turned up in more than one of these year's best anthologies, much to my mystification. I had read the story in its original publication and while I thought it was very good, I was not terribly impressed with it, despite being a rabid Spinrad fan. But maybe I'm

BEST SF OF THE YEAR: TERRY CARR

reviewer: Donald Keller

wrong. It's a series of short clips from a future where everybody is on psychedelics, full of satirical bits, but ending on a quite serious note.

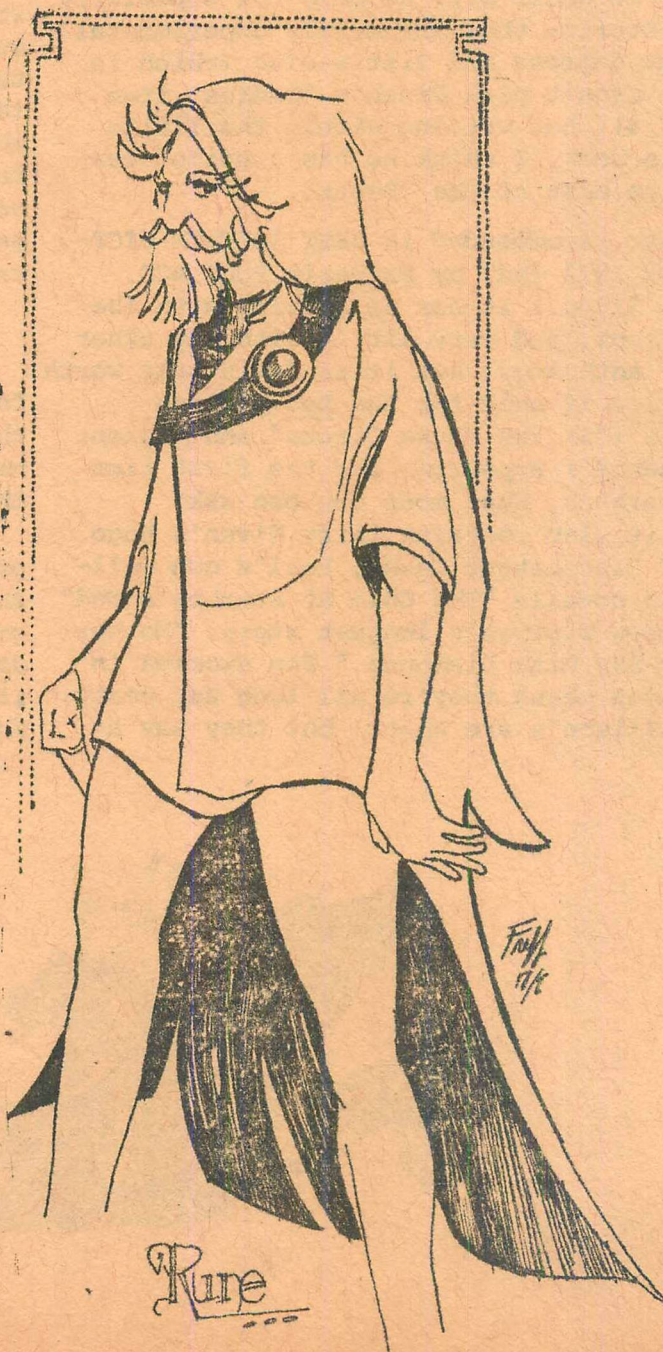
I finally broke down and picked up a copy of the book, and read the other four stories, which were also quite good, and I felt even better about Carr's taste.

"How Can We Sink When We Can Fly?" (Alexei Panshin/FOUR FUTURES) is not a story at all, but rather an account of a day or two of Panshin's life when he was trying to write a story, and includes the attempt. (It's a fannish sf story, *Insurgents*.) The attempt, as a story, is rather underdeveloped and depends too much on the reader's knowledge of the fannish part, but though I would have preferred the story as a finished piece I can't bear the necessity of thereby giving up the fannish section; it is too full of fascinating insights into how the tale got written, the bits and pieces that made it up, and the clearest view we've had yet of Panshin's chronic writer's block. I really feel sorry for Panshin, not only because I know how he feels -- having had congenital writer's block since I began writing -- but also because he has demonstrated to himself and the world that he is capable of writing first class fiction. It must be devastating to be unable to put words on paper. Overall I enjoyed the piece, even if it is not the world's best put together story.

"In Entropy's Jaws" (Robert Silverberg/INFINITY 2) is a first-class Silverberg story which borrows Billy Pilgrim's time-wandering from *SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE* and uses it to serious effect, leading to a powerfully mythic (in CS Lewis' terms) ending. The Silverberg touch is everywhere evident from the extrapolation of business on earth to the exotic planet at the 'end'. I would have preferred greater detail (but that would mean a novel, for which this is too slight an idea). It is considerably longer than it needed to be, because the nature of the story required repeating sizeable

sections of the narrative verbatim. It's annoying, even though I can see the reason for it.

"Occam's Scalpel" (Theodore Sturgeon/IF) is a typical Sturgeon story meaning it's excellent. My only problem is trying to decide exactly what happened, because Sturgeon keeps revealing a lot of things as not what they seem, and keeps a lot of the story completely under wraps. I really miss what I can't find. But Sturgeon told his fine, human story as usual,



"The Frayed String on the Stretched Forefinger of time" (Lloyd Biggle, F&SF) is a very conventional story like many that appear in F&SF, well told and interesting in its mystery plot with some ingenious twists. But is it one of the best of the year?

Trends? Carr highly values competent writing and entertainment values whether or not a story dazzles (this making me wonder why he missed Keith Roberts' "The God House" from NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY 1), and delights in farces with a point (so why did he miss Lafferty's "When All the Lands Pour Out Again" in ORBIT 9?). He does not especially value stories that are merely experimental or that depress and little else (which is why he didn't pick Disch's "Bodies" from QUARK 4). But writing within the limits of this book, I think he has compiled perhaps the best of the "Bests".

Also recommended is BEST SCIENCE FICTION FOR 1972 (ed. by Frederik Pohl, ACE, \$1.25, 315pp.) It has no overlap with the above book, and very little with any other "best" anthology. But it is definitely worth the price if only for the two Ellison stories ("At the Mouse Circus" and "Silent in Gehenna") appearing for the first time in paperback. What more can one ask? Well, it also contains Larry Niven's Hugo winner "Inconstant Moon", Pohl's own well-written novella "The Gold At Starbow's End" and James Tiptree's longest story, "Mother In The Sky With Diamonds." Ten stories in 300 pages means they're all long and meaty; only Ellison's are short, but they say a lot.

ZIGGY STARDUST

ZIGGY STARDUST AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
by David Bowie ** reviewer Richard Wadholm

The album exploded out of the underground with the kind of raves most people are saving for the Second Coming. People got torqued off and said he was the new Main Man with the underground (there is an underground, you know) and that Ziggy Stardust was the best album of 1972, or '71, or '70 for that matter. People gave it unreserved superlatives. Tinkle loaned it to me and also made some unreserved superlatives about it. Since Tinkle has turned me onto a number of good groups (such as Bonzo Dog Band), his mad ravings about Spiders from Mars and a rock singer from outer space come down to give the world a few years of joy before the world passes him by and dies in five years intrigued me.

I played it.

I don't have unreserved superlatives for it. I like it a lot better now than the first time I played it, but things nag me about it still. I mean it's not that the kid can't boogie -- Side 2, the rock of the two sides puts him, pretty well up with Deep Purple, Mountain and Jethro Tull as one of the few intelligent heavy bands around. Even Side 1 doesn't have that inner-mind quality to it after a few listens, but still... Ehh. There is an



atmosphere about it which bothers me. Something in it says "Camp!" in big neon letters, and it says all in the cutesy-goshy sweetness which makes the category as unbearable now as it was when it was invented to make watching Batman and Japanese monster movies intellectual. His overuse of cliché top-40 words and phrases and the way he makes un-top-40 words sound the same way with his vocal style as slick and soulful as Anthony Newley's makes his lyrics as bothersome and irritating as Emerson, Lake and Palmer's TARKUS album. Despite the fact that he's the new hero with the underground there's something distinctly bubble-gumish about such alleged science fiction lyrics as:

"Keep your 'lectric eye on me babe
Put your ray gun to my head
Press your space face close to mine
love
Freak out in a Moon age daydream oh!
Yeah!"

I haven't heard such badly worded, plasticated science fiction rock since "Everyone's Gone To The Moon".

This is the third science fiction rock album out in recent days to not only incorporate a science fiction theme, but to incorporate a theme about science fiction media. It's also the most disrespectful. Bowie is obviously the type to call his science fiction rock opera "sci fi". Both BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE and T.Rex's ELECTRIC WARRIOR were about Andy Warholish excursions into science fiction as dada art and pictures of America. One was about the hijacking of a starship (i.e., the twisting of an old institution into new, irreverent symbols of protest), while the other was a colorful, flashy version of a Buck Rogers/Flash Gordon world just the way it was in the movies. While many objected to the Jefferson Airplane's opera as a poor solution to the world's problems, and many others saw only the tired surface story, missing the psychology behind it; and though many called ELECTRIC WARRIOR supercharged bubble gum with jumbled meaningless lyrics, both of these albums treated science fiction with -- if not knowledge -- at least respect.

Bowie seems to give both SF and rock a pat on the head and a little assurance that they really are cute.

LIFEBOAT

LIFEBOAT by James White: review by "good ol' Stan'l. at Wherelse"

The first ninety pages of this novel are taut, well-written, have adequate characterization, and had me thinking "Wow, farout, a good novel finally written and pubbed in '72!" Then, of course, White fucks up. I like space opera, if, and I repeat if, it is well-written, believable, has a main character who is human. I like Gunn's THIS FORTRESS WORLD, Norton's Free Trader novels, and some of the other examples of this type that Gnome was publishing in the 50s. They are not necessarily good science fiction (and by good I give such examples as DUNE, STARSHIP TROOPERS, CANTICLE FOR LEBOWITZ, TIGER, TIGER etc.) but they are fun. Fun to read, entertaining-escape, brain puzzlers, whatever you want to call them, if there is any generalized term which is appropriate. They may not have much to say about the human condition, they may not be relevant, but they do entertain. And basically that's the general idea, isn't it?

There I was, into White's novel about Mercer's attempts to be accepted and to function on his first voyage in space, being neither a full member of the crew, nor a passenger, but getting the worst from both. Ninety taut, exciting pages leading up to a believable disaster in space. It was so well done that it was almost like sitting at home watching Apollo 13 trying desperately to get back to earth safely.

Then, wham. White changes his writing style. He starts following other characters and building them up, when before he concentrated on Mercer and his actions. Where did these other characters come from? He hasn't touched on any of them more than in passing, before, and now they're at the center of action. The tempo of the novel grinds to a halt. Before he had been following one character at a fast pace, now he tries to deal with shipwrecked passengers fighting for survival. In itself this is fine, but it changes the character and pace of the novel. In the middle. White should either have been dealing with

these other characters from the beginning at a much slower pace, or continued with the pace at the previous level and followed Mercer's actions exclusively. Changing pace in the middle of the novel is confusing, especially when you are dealing with characters that haven't been properly developed from the beginning and are thrown at the reader only now.

White should either have written this novel as a psychological study of survival in space after disaster, in which case the pace of the novel should have been slow; or he should have held the novel to its original writing style and made it a simple Laumer-style adventure novel. WHITE YOU SCREWED UP!

THE BIG SHOW

THE BIG SHOW by KEITH LAUMER; ACE 06177 75¢ 153pp ++ review by Mike Glycer

You can tell that this is an Ace collection -- wide spacing between lines, larger typeface, fewer pages -- a bad buy all around as far as package goes. For this we should pay 75¢?

As a compendium of author Laumer's development at the end of the 1960s it serves quite well, however. The stories are anti-big-government depressants (or anti-big-something), exhibiting threads from every level of fabric in the Laumer wardrobe. There is leadoff tale "In the Queue." This story was up for the Hugo not so long ago, perhaps because it is a classic example of the social comment story (it concerns the dismal standing in a line -- a reminder of 1930s stories about bread lines, or modern tales about welfare lines, and deals with the meaningless of a life that requires standing in a government line). The difference here is that it is constructed wholly on Laumer's fantastic ability to exaggerate proportions. Its chief character is a man who, after a long career of standing in the queue, is drawing night to the head of the head, replete with the treasured box of precisely-filled-out government forms. Why is he standing in the line? Dunno -- but obviously (painfully so) that is just one of the standardized pieces of equipment that attend any modern story of social protest -- the character really has no control over his life or destiny. In the better stories the character's own human-

ity trips them up -- here the "protagonist" only sees other people's humanity tripping them up. It stresses the cruelty of the system. What system? Dunno? Take a guess.

The rest of these stories reflect political opinions that would brand Laumer in line with conservative laissez-faire-ists who expect the government to be a vehicle for producing laissez faire. Of course by definition that cannot be, can it? Laumer seems to want some version of a huge powerful government -- but one that will mind its own business until need calls it into play. Laumer writes about individuals trying to throw out the government and get it to play fair (which it can't, being big, and clumsy too) or to induce government involvement where it belongs. Throughout this theme military force seems to be the only pure force. Take THE PLAGUE. There the character is run off his land by a welfare-agency, and he uses all his resources of force to run them out. Even though this story was originally sold to Campbell, and is mainly expresses the principle that everyone ought to work for a living rather than get taken care of by the dehumanizing forces of big government (is anybody really going to argue against that?), the free uses of violence by the hero in self-defense is Laumeresque. Then in MESSAGE TO AN ALIEN we have the other, contradictory side of the coin. An individual on a backwaters planet preparing to fight off an alien invasion alone. He figures he'll have to do it alone since the government, which defeated the aliens in war once, went so far to reconstruct and conciliate them that it invited a second war. But in the end it turns out that the benevolent military had their eye on this character all along, and he is taken back into the fold as an officer.

THE BIG SHOW is nicely satiric -- in the tradition of THE MONITORS or almost anything else Laumer was writing between 1966-68. It is a putdown of government and television, as artfully distorted in a contrived and laughable future.

TEST TO DESTRUCTION was Laumer's contribution to DANGEROUS VISIONS, and is far different from what Laumer was selling elsewhere -- like a Telzey story.

THE BIG SHOW by KEITH LAUMER

REVIEW BY MIKE GLYER



FANIVORE

"Where latter-day biologists"
"dissect you editor*****"

ALJO SVOBODA
1203 Buoy Ave.
Orange, Calif. 92665

I hope that, at the very least, the Rot-sler illos you used herein convinced a few more people to vote for him the Hugo he so eminently deserves. But then that's all over now, isn't it? And the Worldcon is over and PREHENSILE 5 has rolled off the presses...if I don't hurry I'll be late for the Golden Age! Even though you keep up the pretense of being *ahem* a Bloody Sercon Fanzine, I know you're getting fannish when you print articles about the Fire-sign Theatre, and zEEN, a fanzine review column, and a lettercolumn where the word sf (or SF, if you prefer...which you would, if you were a Bloody Sercon fan, right?) is hardly mentioned. I'm expecting frothy Arnie Katz pieces and Bill Kunkel illos within the next two or three issues...

C'mon, out with it. The truth about PREHENSILE is that it is put out ~~wx~~ by a gang of ~~drunken~~ drunken gnomes who can't collate a one-page glyer...um, flyer? Hardly. The Truth about PREHENSILE is that

it's grown, yes, that's it, grown hydroponically in jiant fishtanks, and even though you try to breed them into perfectly collated copies, most of them come out with pages missing and pages shuffled around and deformed staples...all the normal signs of malnutrition... Why, Glyer, you're starving them into submission, you wretch! The Simon Legree of fanzine publishing...Uncle Fan's Cabin...save our starving fanzines in foreign lands...the mind boggles at the myriad of possibilities. But I'll keep quiet, at least for this issue, and I won't blow the whistle on you until I see another copy with birth defects. Yesss.

It seems as though Earl Evers, after censoring feud material from the locs he printed, did an about-face in his commentary on other people's letters. His whining, bitching and grotching about Ted White considering himself an influence on the Resurgence (and to be honest I though EGOBOO hardly the normal fannish fanzine; it printed more personal material than fannish ego games, though to be

honest I don't think that I could pinpoint and maybe I've never read, a piece . . . that could be considered an ego-game) seemed pretty feudable, especially considering the person he was disagreeing with. I now await a report on your own letterzine, Dan. THE BUTLER'S PET MOLE was certainly the best zine around (letterzine) (as a matter of fact, just about the only...) before you merged it with your APA-L zine, and maybe even after.

Everyone in the lettercol is insane.

MATTHEW TEPPER
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Chapdelaine's article begins interestingly, and is on a reasonably controversial topic (at least considering the name-tag on the piece) but soon bogs down into a most amazing sercon attitude. Nothing against Perry, but I think he had something rather unfannish in mind when he started this piece. ((No doubt -- but is that really a criticism of the essay?))

Please, not another subsection of the David Gerrold Appreciation Society (whose founding and Permanent, if not sole, member is Jerrold David Friedman himself.) And you are asking for trouble and/or boredom when you ask an author to reply to criticism on his work. ((I don't agree -- but in any case, that's not how I got the Gerrold letter.)) Especially when the criticism is as grauitous and kind as this was, and when the author is an ego-bloat such as our dear David. ((And "we" aren't when we phrase remarks like that?)) Er -- doubtless I exaggerate the gentleman's opinion of himself by implying that he is not entitled to think of himself the way he does. David Gerrold is a competent writer, about reasonably so for one of his background and experience...

David Gerrold's collection WITH A FINGER IN MY I is indeed enjoyable reading. Having read the whole thing I am afraid I cannot see the title story and "All of Them Were Empty" as anything more than one in an endless string of drug-trip stories we've seen in various places for the last x-years, and ignoring for x-minus-one of those years... "Finger" was the obligatory Ellison exercise, and from what I hear Harlan and David are in a lovely feud over

(1) David's reprinting the story before A,DV came out and (2) Harlan's own delay in bringing the damn thing out, thus leaving David with his first published story (I think) hanging by its toenails, unread and unread, when the time comes when he most needs material.

Neither time, energy, nor patience to review the lettercol, but I will leave you with what I consider one intriguing thought: has anyone besides myself noticed that all of the people who garnered Hugos before had received one before? People tend to forget the two Farmer previously won, and of course Kubrick got his for 2001. Harry (bless you sir!) and Tim already has spaceships on their mantles, and LOCUS...had its pair previously. What I'm getting to is the following speculation: Does the fact that all the Hugos were repeaters mean that of the new talent (pr at any rate, the talents in competition) are not good enough to take the award away from the "old hands"?

CY CHAUVIN
17829 Peters
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I wrote to Don Keller at length about "In the Deadlands" in a personal letter, and now I'm trying to piece together what I said. I can recall reading the story with an incredibly negative attitude ("pretentious poetic shit, David Gerrold has really done it this time!") but when I finally finished the story, I couldn't help but be moved by it. Despite the way I was put off by its "arrangement" I was really, deeply, emotionally moved. And I think Ellison would have been, too, had he read to the end of it. But is it the way the story is "arranged" that gives it its power, or is it the vision that Gerrold has portrayed? I liked some of Gerrold's non-linear prose (I think that is what Don called it), such as "Step, step, step" repeated throughout, and his use of the word "run" in a vertical column on the last few pages (where it doesn't have to be read but still gives that sense of urgency) was simply brilliant. It sort of reminded me of a motion picture technique, actually. But most of the time I thought it detracted from the story. I think it would have been better done in the straight, ordinary line and

paragraph manner. Take a random page...204.
Here it is put into ordinary sequence:

"Later, numb now. Cannot think. Can
only walk. Stop for night, day
turns off. Night begins. We huddle
around the light -- not the
warmth, the light. Temperature
70. Air seems hot, heavy. The
other men are talking small talk."

I've changed the punctuation slightly,
but that's all. And it's a whole page in
the book -- it gives me sort of a stretched
out feeling, like when a fanzine editor uses
lots of wide space because he doesn't
have enough material to fill up the page.
I know that's not why Gerrold did it, but
that is the psychological feeling...and it's
not a good one. And is the version used in
the book any better? Here, I'll copy it:

Later,
numb now,
cannot think.

Can only walk
Stop for night.
Day turns off.
Night begins.
We huddle around the light.
Not the warmth,
the light

Temperature 70.

I think that's enough for people to get
the feel of it. I don't really think it's
more effective, and it tends to give you
the feeling that it's poetry, but without
any real rhyme or rhythm. It also tends to
make Gerrold write fuzzy. I think he uses
his typographical techniques far better than
Ellison did, however, in "The Region Between".
In that story Typography was just used to
make the story look nice, rather than mean
more, enhance its meaning, etc. (Putting
words upside-down on the page, or in a circle,
does not enhance their meaning.) Gerrold
uses the typography to emphasize certain
words, enhance its meaning, bring out
certain sounds and moods, while Ellison did
not. David Gerrold might rewrite the story
sometime, and make it more conventional in
arrangement. That's not where the story's
real worth lies, anyway -- it's in the vision,
which is strange and wonderful in itself
and deserves some more developing.

When Cy Chauvin Reviews David Gerrold
Reviews Don Keller Reviews David Gerrold...

CY CHAUVIN: NEVER AGAIN!

DON KELLER
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I kind of maligned Gerrold in my review
by insinuating he was an egotripper;
having met him ((at LACON)) I'll have to
retract that. Oh, David certainly radiates
a great deal of self-confidence, but it's
quite justified faith in his own ability;
the only real egotripping I saw was carried
off in good fun. To say he's as egotistic
as Ellison is to wrong him. Harlan's ego
is a massive defense mechanism against
paranoia.

I have one quibble still with Gerrold,
re "Love Story in Three Acts": the whole
problem is, what happens after the story
ends? He seems to take it for granted that
they fall into the same old pattern again.
Well, maybe he's right. But as I saw it
it was a case of them finding themselves
again and that their life from then on
would be happy. But I'm a romantic and an
optimist, and Gerrold wrote the story, so
I can't really argue with him. ((Why not?
The artist can only commit as much of his
opinion about the events in the story as
he can to the original manuscript. Once
let loose . . . the story becomes a thing
apart, and open to free interpretation.
The artist can only say what he intended.
He cannot say that he has de facto succeeded
in making his point.))

Kees Van Toorn's piece provokes this
comment: I think European fandom should
organize itself and offer a separate but
equal status with US fandom. Language and
distance problems make it extremely difficult
for more than a few fans (like Kees
and Franz Rottensteiner) to really participate
in American fandom. Why participate
vicariously, secondhand? Set up
your own fandom, give out your own awards!
((See Kees column, about just that.)) ...
I'm more linguistically sophisticated
than the average fan ((fluency or working
knowledge in six languages))... nevertheless
I applaud the LACON law passed to
make any work eligible when it is translated
into English the first time; as far
as I'm concerned, the Hugo is an English-
language award. ((Hmm -- what happens the
next time some obscure Jules Verne story
is found and translated for the first time.
Shall we give him a Hugo?)) The bulk of

DON KELLER: YEP, AGAIN!

the voters are English-speaking, and so (whether it's right or not) what they don't see has no chance. I am in favor of getting foreign SF translated; let's have a program to get all of Stanislaw Lem's works into English, as well as anyone else we don't know about over there.

BUCK COULSON

RT 3

Hartford City, IN 47348

Foreign stf. Largely I think there isn't any more translation because of two reasons. First, most foreign stf isn't very good -- or at least isn't the type that would sell over here -- and second, there aren't all that many adequate translators. Take the example of Perry Rhodan, which is the biggest seller in Germany. The US translation comes out as tripe. What is considered the really good stuff -- Stanislaw Lem and Jose Luis Borges, for example -- does get translated, or at least a good sampling does. I own at least four books of English-translated Russian science fiction, and have heard of many more. One of the recent DAW books is translated from the French. (Haven't read it; dunno how it stacks up.) ((Who does the translating from English into all the different languages? RINGWORLD has been republished in several languages, as has SF from many American authors. Maybe the two ends of production should get together.))

I would say that a majority of fans I know have studied a foreign language; how many are "fluent" is something else. (I don't know any foreign language, so I certainly can't check on it.)

You asked about Piggott's statement that a YANDRO review "eliminated American attention" to FOULER -- my initial reaction was "balls", but maybe I should stick to facts -- and he should too. Like how much American interest was there to FOULER before the review? Any at all? I can't recall it being reviewed in any other fanzine -- was it even sent to any other US fanzine? ...I can't eliminate an interest that isn't there in the first place, and I doubt like hell that any way. ((In any event, your bad review has given FOULER more US attention that it would have gotten otherwise, all things considered.))

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BUCK COULSON

LOU STATHIS

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More worthless reprinting from ZEN courtesy of Goodman. Ecch. What purpose did the reprinting serve? I suppose some might be entertained by the efforts of Ted White and Terry Carr to justify fandom's inherent stupidities, but I wann't. Fandom is built on in-group references, crummy running jokes ((like running sores?)), and the sort of cliqueishness that forces outsiders to struggle through a long, frustrating apprenticeship before acceptance from the status-quo may be obtained. The well-known fans of one era had to go through that shit and so they think all new applicants must do the same. In fact they frequently go out of their way, with a sort of sadistic fervor, to make life for the new generation of mudheads sneeringly referred to as neos, difficult, and at times downright miserable. So Terry Carr thinks that this practice is a fanish tradition and should not be spat upon.

((Where did Carr defend giving neos a hard time?)) And then Goodman interrupts things nonchalantly with "#6 also had much discussion of rock which I believe could have benefitted from severe editing." Why? Because Goodman doesn't happen to like rock music? ...Ha...one diamond in the barrel of dung -- Earl Evers is most correct in his analysis of the hernia-humor of the so-called faanish types, who are epitomized by Arnie Katz' constipated attempts at wittiness.

Kees Van Toorn's column was more in line with what a fine upstanding young fanzine should run, but again I was bored. No life, no pizzazz. A good track for you to follow, I believe would be to try for a more personalized approach in reports on international fandom. Something to stand in opposition to the journalistic tribe in LUNA which are so stiff and business-like that they could pass for market reports from the embalming industry.

...Sending Gerrold a copy of Don Keller's excellent review turned out quite well. If you had told me before you did it I would've said you were an idiot

LOU "Join the Mafia" STATHIS

DAN GOODMAN
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The Terry Carr quote in my column was included partly because I hoped someone would read it. There are national taglines again; and people using them without knowing what they're talking about.

It works like thus: Mike Glicksohn makes references to IPA because he likes the stuff; people who know Mike Glicksohn pick up on the references. Then people who have never tasted IPA or met Mike Glicksohn make references to IPA. (Note your references in this issue to Mike Glicksohn's boa constrictor. Have you ever seen it? Are you certain it exists, even? No -- so why no stick to references you know?) ((I have never tasted Coor's, either -- so what? I think you're too busy making a point to see what point you're making. Carr's quote emphasized adding to jokes, and creating new nuances. I don't care whether Glicksohn's boa constrictor is real, actually a garter snake, or a pregant extension cord -- though Susan had better watch out if it is. What I take to be the point is having some fun with the new idea, not whether I am intimately qualified to participate.))

Or someone reads about Brooklyn fandom in FOCAL POINT. Arnie Katz is talking about people he knows fairly well. Younger fans who've perhaps never met any of the Insurgents or attended an Insurgents' meeting write about them rather than the fans they know. ((Now you've lost me. Care to name an example of somebody who does that?))

Hochberg's compliment: thanks, but I've no real ambition to become a major fanhistorian. For one thing, there's too much fanhistory to write about. You can take it in relatively small chunks -- for example, doing a series on Hugo-winning fanzines do wn through the years -- but that's still a large task. Anyone doing that is likely to have a nagging feeling that he really should deal with the nominees that didn't make it; and the zines which weren't nmminated but should have been; and voting blocs and concons, apas...

If Cy Chauvin is strongly interested in fanhistory, he has better things to do than read articles about it. Go out and talk with longtime fans; read old fanzines.

DAN GOODMAN in THE FANIVORE

JEFF SMITH
4102-301 Potter St.
Baltimore, MD, 21229

The lettercol cooments on Roger Zelazny's productivity can be clarified, since while everyone else was in LACon Roger and I were discussing how much we'd like to be there, too, and planning our routes to Canada for next year.

Roger is indeed slaving under several contracts, to I think three publishers, one of whom has screwed him. Not counting THE GUNS OF AVALON (Doubleday, October) he has written three novels which have not yet seen the light of day -- and one of which has no publisher at yet, although it was written under contract. (I told you about that one publisher...) After that he has four or so books to write to fulfill these contracts. He is less likely to snap up contracts now. He hopes to be able to work a little slower in the future. (NINE PRINCES IN AMBER took a little longer than two weeks, but not much. DAMNATION ALLEY about the same.)

Tina Hensel wants his humor disciplined --? Roger enjoys his writing, troublesome as it may at times be, and as long as he does I expect the fit to continue to hit the shan.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
32 Maynard St. Apt. 205
Toronto, 156, Ontario

I did want to drop you a note and congratulate you on the 1000% ((er...)) improvement in this issue. For the first time PRE looks like a decent fanzine! The mimeo work is sharp and clear, the layout and design is miles above your previous issues, and the whole fanzine has an aura of class and loving care. Keep up these sort of production values, and you'll soon be the new ENERGUMEN (if you'll excuse a temporary fit of arrogance on my part.)

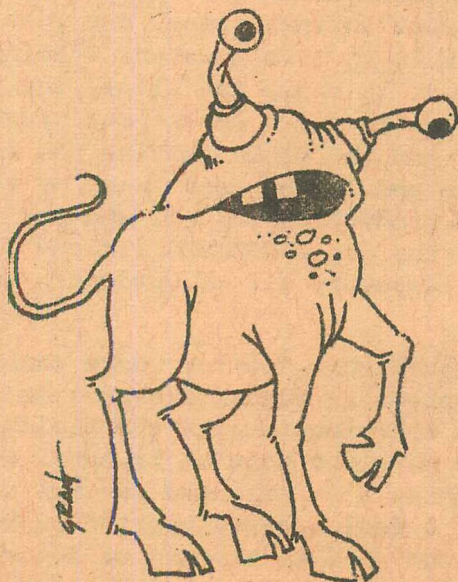
I agree that Rotsler, more than any other person in fandom deserves an award for his contributions to the field. And you may be right that he'll never get one, a situation I've lamented several times before. I feel a certain pride in knowing that I was able to express at least part of my gratitude and admiration for Bill

JEFF SMITH nee THE FANIVORE

by helping select him as Fan Guest of Honor for the TORCON. As for that cartoon about his 1000th fanzine appearance, don't you believe it! In ENERGUMEN alone he's had two covers, three folios and 45 cartoons and there's a lot more to come. Multiply that by 24 years of prolific output and a thousand fanzine appearances would be a drop in the bucket. ((This sounds like as good a place as any to note that Tom Collins, editor of IS, has said that he is abetting THE BILL ROTSLER BOOK and invites fans to send in their favorite Rotsler cartoons -- be it original or fanzine copy -- to help make selection easier. Address: Lakemont, Georgia 30552))

In passing I note that your editorial style has also markedly improved. I really enjoyed rePREHENSIBLE this time around.

To Wad I say, briefly and in good friendship, I questioned only your singular lack of objectivity in the review in question, intending to suggest that a reviewer who hates a book should not merely tell us that over and over again but give reasons for the dislike. Also, my own ability (or lack thereof) as a reviewer has nothing to do with whether I'm entitled to criticize other reviews. If a critic had to be a creative artist on par with the person he was criticizing we'd have no movie, record, or book reviews at all. (I exaggerate, but the point is a well-known one.)



With your very well formed editorial personality adding unity to the issue, this was a most enjoyable fanzine. Still a wee bit sloppy in parts...but a good zine nevertheless. It does create a bit of a problem, though: with this very fine issue of PRE boding well for the future, I'll have to brave the singular terrors of our arcane basement in order to dig out the early issues from the crudzine box so I'll have a full set...

MICHAEL T. SHOEMAKER
2123 N. Early St.
Alexandria, Va. 22302

I hate to say it, but PRE 5 didn't seem to be as good as previous issues. Because of this, it is rather difficult to comment on. For some reason the appearance of the zine didn't appeal to me. This could be because I'm not used to seeing a two-column layout in fanzines. Admittedly it is easier for the eyes to scan and makes for faster reading, but somehow it gives the impression of a sloppy layout. What was that lousy paper you printed the front cover on? Please don't use it again. ((The reaction to PRE 5's appearance was quite varied. Fuller treatment in editorial section.))

Perry Chapdelaine's article on telepathy is a real eye-opener. If those things about Dr. Rhine are true, the whole situation is very discouraging. No matter what Perry concludes, though, I doubt it will sway me from the conviction that telepathy is at least a possibility. ((The article is not supposed to sway you one way or another as to its existence, but to analyze its scientific treatment so far.))

Even though I only knew the answers to 7 out of those 22 questions, the quiz was interesting to read just as a collection of tidbits of fanhistory.

In the reprints from zEEN, it seems that Earl Evers got the best of it over John Berry. Berry comes across as a snottish BNF, writing putdowns of other fans, and overly hung up on this egoboo thing (an attitude which the title of his zine no doubt accurately reflected.)

I have a suggestion, which I think is totally original, to add to the discussion ((on international fandom)). Someone

THE FANIVORE: GLICKSOHN AND SHOEMAKER

needs to start a fanzine which could be entitled THE TRANSLATOR, devoted entirely to translating worthy material from foreign fanzines. This would take great organization and cooperation, many translators would be required (who are willing to really work!), and the foreign fanzines would have to cooperate by supplying free copies. This same type of fanzine could be started in any number of foreign countries. So I don't think anyone should complain about "great solutionless problems." The solution exists, but it involves a lot of work.

PERRY A. CHAPDELAINE
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Franklin, TN 37064

Fanzine reproduction reminds me a lot of car racing. Just give the driver the right engineers and unlimited budget, and he'll outrace everybody. Why? Simply because it's a technical problem, not a problem of human skill. Similar ditto, etc. for fanzine reproduction. Shit and two is eight, man, I'm interested in what the fanzine man has to say, and what his readers say and do, not whether they've got the money, skill, and time to pretty it up for in-group cliques. By their criteria Rockefeller will always win the awards, until a certain other billionaire also begins to play the game.

Why worry over big name artists? New Orleans produced some of the most striking artwork simply by using local talent. Why don't you do this? Be different, and certainly there must be some art students near Sylmar, say near LA... ((You have the right idea, Perry, but when you tell me to use "local" talent, what immediately comes to my mind is that LA's "Local Talent" consists of Kirk, Fletcher, Shull, Pearson, Jjo, and Bill Rotsler, while just up the coast are Barr, Canfield, Freff. However, we shall see what happens.))

ERIC LINDSAY
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Faulconbridge NSW 2776 AUSTRALIA

About style, and layout, and design and all that junk. There is no reason for this to spoil a fanzine, no reason for it to make it untimely, nor to hold onto material. If you design a layout for a series of zines

CHAPDELAINE AND LINDSAY



you should be able to type your material directly onto stencil in the same manner as a spontaneous zine. True, if you intend using justified margins and matching artwork this may not be possible, but, let's face it, the layout of PRE 4 is designed, and personally I think the two column style has much to recommend it, and it looks very good without elaborate plans. ((I agree with your points in principle, but in practice I never have enough art on hand in advance to make "prefabricated" layouts a possibility.))

HARRY O. MORRIS
500 Wellesley, SE
Albuquerque, NM 87106

Can't exactly put my finger on it, but this issue has a different "feel" about it than earlier PREs. Perhaps it's the cover illo and the cover stock, but anyway, something gives the issue a feeling of visual-seriousness, also reminiscent of some fan publications of a few decades ago. I see your new job is paying well...at 47 pages for 35¢ I don't imagine you're becoming rich off PRE. If I'm not mistaken each issue of PRE has increased in size with each succeeding issue; no doubt by the next

HARRY AND MORRIS

few issues it will be out of your control.
(No doubt!))

The Fan History Quiz surprised me...I actually got one or two of the answers right! Very interesting reading, and most any one of the incidents could make an interesting article in itself.

Bill Warren's column is a welcome addition, giving you an even wider scope of the sf/fantasy arts (tho please don't become so wide as to include comics!). The title reminds me -- have you seen the CLOCKWORK ORANGE BOOK? It's almost as good as seeing the movie again.

DONN BRAZIER
1455 Fawvalley Dr.
St. Louis, Mo. 63131

The big feature in PRE 5, telepathy, was of most interest to me. Back in 1939-40 I had to develop a topic for a college speakers bureau (as a required extra-curricular in lieu of athletics, dramatics, etc) So I worked up a talk on TELEPATHY, FACT OR FABLE with charts, etc. most about Dr. Rhine and pictures from Upton Sinclair's book MENTAL RADIO. I was fairly pro-telepathy then; I am now reversed towards skepticism with a hope that it might be true but arguing against my hope.

Perry's paragraph about the null-hypothesis wasn't too clear, but I felt he brought it in to negate telepathy claims. Therefore I had to get out my old statistics book and look it up again. If we assume (in the common 5 card test) that there is no difference between the mean score of the guesses and the mean score (5 right out of 25) of pure chance, and then tabulate the results of a normal curve profile (as pure chance would give) we assume that the guesses will equal or come damn close to the probability curve. If it doesn't (with maybe over a 2x standard deviation) we can conclude something other than chance is skewing the results. Now did Perry mean that this is not proved or simply that telepathy is not the explanation for this "other than chance at work"?

There might be a lot of things besides telepathy at work, and Perry mentions some of them. Testing at a distance would seem to exclude ...unconscious cues like throat-clearing, eyebrow wiggling, and foot stomping. If we postulate a "thought wave" we could supposedly take a good sender and

DONN BRAZIER

receiver and isolate each in a sealed chamber impervious to all known kinds of radiation. A no difference with chance, then, might require a postulate of an unknown communication system. Whatever that might be we can label telepathy, and we are in the same stage as very early electrical theory.

MARK MUMPER
1227 Laurel Street
Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060

Perry Chapdelaine's telepathy article was interesting, if a bit obscure. I really don't know what to think about telepathy -- at times I think the very existence of the question of telepathy is a sign of its being a real thing, but then again my own experience with it has been nil, or at least so small as to be shrugged off as mere subjectivity. More knowledge must be gathered on the workings of the brain -- we really know so little about the organ that it's ridiculous to assume that studies of telepathy can begin using the dearth of information now available. More research into the controls of the brain and how they can be unlocked by drugs and other "non-linear" methods must take place, and...scientists must deal (in this area) with the nature and effects of emotion at least as much as with those of thought. If telepathy exists, it must do so out of the presence of a bridge between the "subjective" and emotional and the "objective" and the intellectual.

MICHAEL CARLSON
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Milford, CT 06460

Bill Warren's film column was the highlight of the issue. Have you noticed how the film industry has jumped on the animal bandwagon?...FROGS, BEN, WILLARD, THE DOBERMAN GANG etc... which all seem to flow out of the same open wound. Whatever happened to Lassie or Black Beauty? The film reviewer on WYBC in New Haven (the Yale station) reviewed CLOCKWORK ORANGE in a very noncommittal fashion highlighted by twice referring to the exceptional performance of "Roddy McDowall" in the lead role. Heh heh.

I'm watching MASH on tv as I write this...the show is fairly funny, with a

MARK MUMPER AND MICHAEL CARLSON

lot of good one-liners...but the unit doctors are, of course, dedicated (and incredibly skilled) surgeons, since i suppose they wouldn't dare show a doctor-hero on tv as anything less than a zany Marcus Welby...

I always worry about watching movies on tv, because unless you've already seen the film you don't know what the station has butchered. It's bad enough when you lose 1/3 of the picture (which just destroys the framing of each scene), as well as the color, size, and clarity of the picture. Nor to mention the superb aggravation of the commercials. You know, the whole problem with tv is that it's smaller than life, whereas the movies are larger than life. And tv seems to try and make them remain as small as possible.

EXCERPTZ

NORM HOCHBERG: Sorry, folks, the only cigars you'll get this time are exploding. I found this a down in almost every way from PRE 4. Art and layout-wise you've got nothing, really. Nowhere near the amount of art you should have, and you never really take advantage of your two-columned format. I do like your combination of one and two column formats.//Richard's getting a little obtuse in his column. He no longer discusses anything. Still I read it several times through (thoroughly) because I like his writing style.//The David Gerrold/Donald Keller is pretty good. Don is a very intelligent writer who is very thoughtful. Gerrold, in answering him, rarely manages to sound silly and provides some fine insights into the writing profession.//I realized last weekend " (while sitting around the stereo getting wrecked with a few friends, listening to the FT) that it is absurd to think that the Firesign Theatre could ever win a Hugo. I don't blame people for refusing to listen 15 times to "Bozos" in order to truly grasp the multi-convolutions in the album. I feel sorry for them, sure, but I don't blame them.

DON FITCH: The trouble with voting for Rotsler for the fan artist Hugo is that I don't really think of him as an Artist. He's a marvelous person, and a superb cartoonist, and his use of line is well within the realm of art, but somehow his fanzines works seem too casual, too simple, too un-

pretentious to quite qualify. On the other hand, most of the contenders this year have not really had a whole lot of work published (in the few fanzines I've seen.

JEFF CLARK: At the risk of being accused of favoritism for certain obscure reasons, I thought Don Keller on David Gerrold was a very neat job, some of the best work Don's done. I don't think reviews of collections or of short stories are worth very much, but given the situations as a challenge, Don seems to have done his best in the present instance. ((Considering how the majority of SF appears as short stories, reviewers are rather obligated to find some acceptable way of dealing with them. Admittedly most of them deal with a problem whose solution or denouement is the story, and there is not as much gray region for the reviewer to fuddle around in and produce startling opinions.))

GREG BURTON: I've had PRE sitting around for weeks now and have yet to comment on it. For the same reason I find myself without anything to say, and I can't figure out why. I did enjoy it, though, especially Canfield's Fanivore illo. ((You know, about that illo, I opened an old issue of BEABOHEMA the other day and there that illo was, staring out at me. Shame on you Grant. And shame on all artists who won't mark their material as to its publication.)) And the Gerrold/-Keller thing was of interest, particularly since I read "In the Deadlands" and intend to nominate it for a Hugo.

ED GREEN (Professional Neo): I must confess I enjoyed the pieces by Gerrold and Warren best. Gerrold's was interesting if for nothing else as the perfect rebuttal form to be used in High School Debating, while Bill Warren did justice to the films he reviewed. Oh, one slight creeb. Gerrold isn't worth owning the title of biggest ego. David knows he's good, but is still trying to show us. Harlan doesn't have to show he's good. He's proven it time and again. Harlan has a hell of a big ego, but he doesn't push it, David does at time. ((What I demand to know is when do I get another asterisk from... Charlie Brown?))

PREHENSIBLE SIX

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**Thanks to Jack Harness for green mimeography

***And if I find any of this stuff in old Beabohemas.... No wonder Frank Lunney never writes any LoCs -- he did it all before!

*four more fandoms! four more fandoms!

*now entering ninth fandom. checked by radar

Prehensile Six is the genzine edited by Mike Glyer at least once. Prehensile is approximately bimonthly, available by subscription 35¢ each, 3/\$1.00 for no more than three issues in advance. It is also, preferably, available for trades (one for one, unless otherwise arranged by editor), and by letter of comment, contribution of accepted material and unrefused art. (Wha?) From 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, Calif. 91342