

fanzine has been likened to ~~plagues~~ ~~catas~~ ~~tr~~ ~~ophes~~ things bio  
ow did it multiply by dividing. So welcome to PREHENSILE, the  
he main reason I divided the issues was to give all the contri  
sun -- to avoid spoiling the fannish items by sticking them in a  
he sercon fleet of Walker, Wadholm, Taylor and company has take  
esides, if there is one thing I will not tolerate, it is produc  
. Sorry, folk.

## Prehensile No.9

Mike Glyer / May 1973

MAN IN THE FEL

both in their opinionated, enraging, confidently reasoned poke  
respectively. Yet I still ~~to~~ laugh at the appropriateness  
my editorial (now I can ~~as~~ as that; polemic is more a  
t issue. offutt, between ~~es~~, dismisses my points as the  
shly raving fan; (and if t ~~not~~ what you're saying, andy,  
the trash and let's see). ~~not~~ only agrees with what I sa  
fore with more of the same. ~~agreed~~ most, Rottensteiner  
two polar forces remain incre ~~ly~~ ~~table~~. For sheer enter  
f only a few things more in ~~ain~~ a permanent fanzine co  
of them debating various p ~~and~~ ~~topics~~. Of course it wou  
m, so that's not likely to ~~g~~ off ~~ground~~.

anz: "Your editorial strike me a ~~ly~~ sensible. The attit  
ionals in US fandom ha ~~alw~~ appeared to me amusing --  
r "Prodom" seems to be c ~~ne~~ almost the same imp  
riest has for Catholics. ~~re~~ pre astonishing in a  
such as fandom are pursued ~~asm~~ that must appear  
r. In European countries ~~uch~~ thing. ((read Va  
issue and say that again.)) ~~Does~~ ~~t~~ perhaps indicate that yo  
tish too) have more respect ~~or~~ cre ~~ive~~ work, that writers are  
man as with us? It may seem so, bu ~~r~~ other I think the opposit  
writer (and in science fiction, "write means in 99% of all ca  
s treated with awe, and almo ~~t~~ nobody ~~s~~apes the fate of havin  
' on him by someone or other ~~you~~ soon run out of comparisons,  
h linking a writer to God. ~~he~~ should perhaps also point out  
similar attitude in whoredom ~~he~~ prostitutes look down  
amateurs, and in gangster ar ~~py~~ novels, where the professional  
ride in their art and speak equally contemptuously of the amate

seems to me that it is exactly those sf writers who are of ve  
ave around their professionalism the most, and if they had





Well, folk, here's the new dope. PREHENSILE 9 on the line here direct to you from 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342. Fifty cents (50¢) is the most recent per-issue price, so look at it this way -- if I get a pile of subscribers I can go off-set and break even. Or if you just plain wish to avoid this stage of the inflationary spiral, (reflecting the realities of my cost of printing) trade me your fanzine or whip out a letter of comment. PREHENSILE is published whenever I can get it together -- yeah, tell me about it.

"It's not my game any longer. Others have sniffed your scent and are eager for the kill..." (Ted White to M. Stevens)

"Gee -- and I used a man's deodorant too." (Milt Stevens)

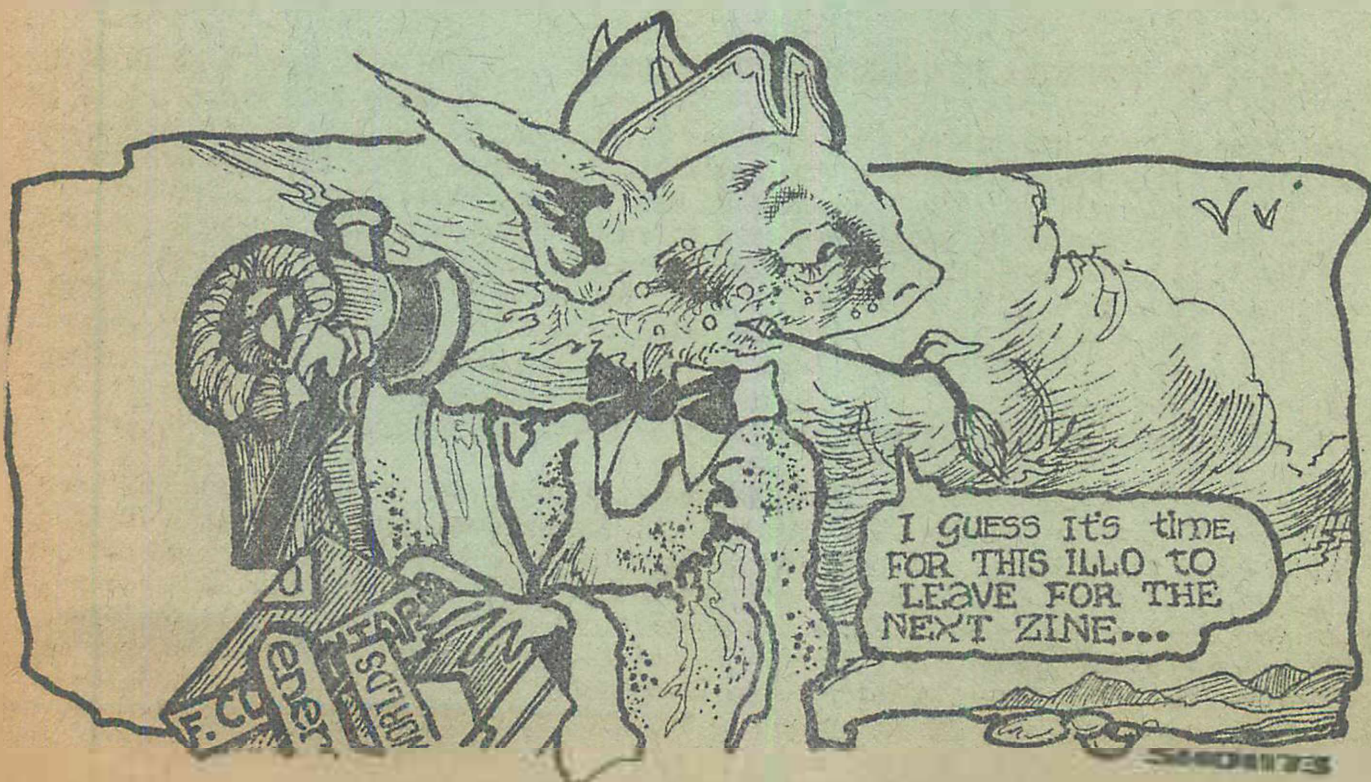
JOIN THE ED BUCHMAN FUND! Dozens of fans are already actively involved in gathering the funds necessary to send Ed Buchman to Ted White in time for the 1974 Discon. See more information on page 102.

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INCOMPREHENSIBLE 70 The one minus mob.

## TOC

### ----- ART CREDITS -----

- Cover -- BEA BARRIO  
- Barrio - "Buchman" (43b)  
- Shull - 2, 3, 26, 30  
- Rotsler - 7, 13, 18, 34, 39, 70  
- Canfield - 12, 16, 44  
- Waller - 22  
- Pearson - 14  
- Tiani - 45 Morris - 54







# 1. MIKE GLYER CONDUCTS: FUGUEHEAD, IN SYRTIS MAJOR

I'll tell you, I about decided to give this issue up. I just

cannot find anybody who can do five pages of electrostencils in less than a month -- which predictably plays havoc with the publishing schedule. Yes, I know there are those of you who will say "If it means that much to you, Mike, why don't you quit sending the consignment to people who have to catch the rays of the sun in a magnifying lens in order to burn the graphite master in the desired manner? You know they aren't worth a damn when it's overcast." Yes, but where else am I going to get them for fifty cents a sheet? If you think I'm going to pay six times as much (the going rate in these parts is \$3 a sheet) just to keep to a publishing schedule, you better make sure you've been feeding your Quaker Oats into the right orifice -- if you've had to choose whether to spoon it into the right or left, let me clue you, you missed.

Far worse, was the Problem of The Disappearing Contents. Half my issue was torn up and thrown away even before I'd been told it was written, by Andy Offutt, Jerry Pournelle and Paul Walker. Ah, see how we live in the shadow of SFR? Now people just don't bother debating their critics, perhaps anticipating some unsavory demise for their opinions at the hands of editorial cohorts. I also made the mystake (no typo, simply a comment on the mystic relationship) of announcing forthcoming contents. As if I had consciously done something: Stan Burns got a case of DAW-claustrophobia -- there are some things man was not meant to do, and reviewing 48 books in a stretch



mike  
glyer

# rePREHENSIBLE

seems to be one of them; and Cy Chauvin reminded me to hold off publishing his SF: THE UNREALIZED DREAM until CYPHER comes out with the original from which this PRE version was created.

Then I almost ran out of insulting things to say in the editorial column, and so risked giving the lie to Lou Stathis' kindly review in KWALAHIOQUA which said, "Mike always has something to crab about, and in issue after issue provides his rock-hearted readers with the ever-amusing spectacle of getting his toenails caught between his teeth." But to defend the intrepid words of Stathis -- the only fan I ever met who requires an orthopedic hat -- it was necessary to come up with something, and not just my breakfast.

So after I was released on weekend leave, to pub PRE, from the Edward L. Cagle Home For Incurable Corflu Sniffers, I went looking for the break I needed to fill out this issue. Staggering down a gritty sidewalk, ablaze with sunlight-reflecting pull-tabs, the sound of distant sirens roused me from my corflu-withdrawal syndrome. Squealing tires and the dopplered grinding of gears reverberated along the street as a red sedan streaked by -- flinging a briefcase into the street as it rounded the corner -- pursued by a cherry-light-topped shrieking unit of the CHP (Cagle Hashish Patrol). The cars disappeared with their noise around the next corner, and I forgot my corflu-induced ailment in a burst of curiosity about the briefcase.

It was battered, but intact. It was unlocked, and I took it over to the sidewalk, squatted down on the curb, and opened it. There was a single manila folder inside, sealed by blue wax, impression stamped by a government notary. The stenciled letters TOP SECRET (THAT MEANS DNQ, YOU GHOULS!) appeared in red on the inch-wide ribbon that passed through the seal and tied the folder shut.

It was my first introduction to the Monogon Papers.

Without hesitation I snapped off the ribbon, crumbling the wax. Putting the briefcase aside, I opened the folder and discovered that this was a scheme of significance to the international balance of power. I read on.

As those I have bored to distraction on the matter in TAPS are aware, two treaties resulted between the US and USSR from the first round of Strategic Arms Limitations Talks. In sum, they certify that the US will not build more strategic missiles nor modernize the ones they have, in return for which the USSR, which already possesses a



thousand more missiles than the US, may modernize theirs, expand their numbers somewhat, and largely do all that they intended to do anyway. Somehow the intricacies of this trade-off left us, eagerly, holding the short end of the stick -- for the benefit of domestic politics. As one SALT negotiator has remarked, "Future Soviet historians will probably look back on this period and call it 'the Golden Age of Soviet Diplomacy.'"

However, this file in my hands seemed designed by the ultra-secret Cagle Irrelevance Agency -- to upset the strategic balance in favor of the US!

Cryptically, the first page of the file read: INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC STEAMER TRUNKS.

The technology was ingenious, and complex, so that I had trouble understanding all of the design. I could understand the intent. In this era of miniaturization, the components for a low-yield nuclear weapon could be designed to fit in a medium size container -- weighing infinitely less than the x-tons of the original A-bombs. The principle features, fissionable material, 'gun' device, trigger, shielding, would be condensed into a space approximately 6x3x3. Ah! these crafty engineers. On the long-range-controlled, metal-framed device was built a concealing visage -- the riveted, decal-strewn facing of a much-traveled steamer trunk. A selection of these placed permanently in any enemy city would at the proper time prove an irrevocable deterrent.

Of course, that was all well and fine so far as engineering went. But how do you get them into the other country?

I turned the page. It was an illustration. Looked like the influence of Tim Kirk, though might as soon have been Shull except for the signature "EC". There was a floppy little alien animaloid creating the frame for a campaign button MOSCOW IN SEVENTY-FIVE. I was appalled! After all, Ed Cagle has forbidden NASPic! How could this dastardly group of bidders in the the government dare! Then it sank in. It was worse than that. Moscow wasn't in the Western bidding zone. The military-industrial complex was going to bid against Australia itself, send the Worldcon to Moscow, and use the convention as their cover to sneak dozens of IBSTs into the capital city of the USSR. The implications were vast and incredible. Yet in the instant of my bewilderment the first thing my mind lit on was that Bruce Pelz' California license plates were SMOF 2, and we had always wondered why, tending to doubt that it was modesty. Now suddenly I knew who was SMOF 1 -- Richard Minac Nixon, zifty-mumpf President of the United States! Fans had to be warned. Something had to be done.

I ran from the curb to a nearby phone and plunkered a dime into the phone. Who to call in this moment of fannish emergency? Ted White? Charlie Brown? Tom Collins? Kenneth Smooker? Ed Buchman? -- I hadn't: Ed Cagle!

Over the static-filled wires to the hamlet of Leon, Kansas. One, two, three rings went by before I heard the husky voice on the other end of the line reply, "Hello? Hey, is this the police? I've been waiting for you to call up. They've broken into my psychiatrist's office, and then they came over here and dynamited my damn water closet!" My uncanny selection of Cagle had all the credibility of a Laumer novel, but I went on.

"Hell, no, Ed. This is Mike Glycer --"

"I wouldn't mind it so much, but I was in it at the time!"

"Your psychiatrist's office?"

"No, my water closet, you nitwit!"

"Hey, I found out who SMOF #1 is."

"Lezzee, don't tell me I think I got your reference. Isn't this where I'm supposed



to say, 'I am not a number, I am a free man!'"

"No, no, man. On the California license plates you can get personalized thingies up to 6 letters. Bruce Pelz put SMOF 2 on his -- SMOF, for Secret Master of Fandom, as in the old joke."

"Joke? Oh, joke. Yeah, so who is #1? Charlie Brown?"

"Hell no -- Charlie didn't move out until Pelz already had his plates. It's Richard Nixon!"

"Hey, -- does that mean that Bruce Pelz is Spiro Agnew? Wow --"

"No -- Spiro doesn't count for anything. He'd have to be SMOF Zero or something like that. But I only now found out that the government is going to launch a convention bid for Moscow --"

"Idaho? Isn't that where Laney was from, around there? Dammit -- and I told them specifically I forbade the NASFic. Well, they asked for it. Now I'll have to get my Secret Cracks About Ancestry and Habits of NASFic Bidders from its plastic wrapper at the bottom of my pickle barrel. I never wanted to use those on anybody, but I was forced."

"Moscow Russia, Ed. It's worse -- they're going to bid against Australia for 1975."

"Aha! No wonder they invaded my psychiatrist's office. They wanted to find out why I had taken the Monogon Papers. They even chased me through town."

"And then in the name of national security they blew up your water closet?"

"While I was in it, too. That really pissed me. I'll demand a Congressional investigation into this whole affair."

"Your three minutes is up. Please deposit fifty thousand dollars in hundred dollar bills for the next three minutes," the operator interrupted.

"But I haven't got it!" The line clicked dead.

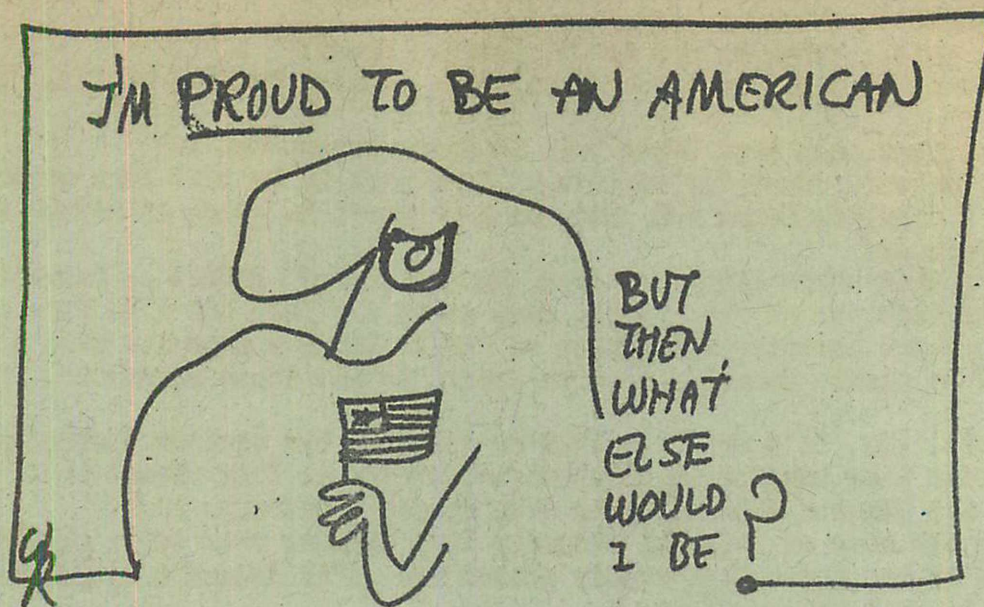
It wasn't until weeks later that I learned how effectively Cagle had followed through. My favorite soap opera "The Immortal Storm" was abruptly preempted by "The Senate Water Closet Committee Hearings." I was relieved, because thanks to the courage of men like Ed Cagle, fandom would be safe again. At least until the postal rates go up again next year.

## 2. IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BLIND THE ONE-EYED MAN IS A FUGGHEAD

I think I've said about all I had to say on the subjects of professionalism in cons, fanzines, Hugos and those meaty sercon topics which the last PRE stripped to the carcass. I still find repulsive the manner in which fans are willing and eager to smear LACON's committee, and the manner in which the same fans permit rhetoric to replace reason (seems to me there was some politician they hated for doing just that -- Richard somebody? -- seems I just heard his name mentioned around here somewhere). They also display a marked reluctance to dig into the facts, and assume that because the information has not been spoon-fed them it must be part of some plot to rip off the thousands of dollars of profit (which LACON didn't make).

Meanwhile, in their home territory, goes unremarked that most atrocious of acts, TORCON 2 chairman Millard's arbitrary deletion of several parts of the World Science Fiction Society By-Laws. Exercising powers that the WSFS (whose constitution the TORCONcom, by bidding, bound themselves to follow) does not allow to the committee, Millard dropped the NASFic provisions (passed by Noreascon's business meeting) and selected parts of business passed at the LACON business meeting, such as the fanwriter definition (though it retained the newly replaced Best Novellette Hugo category). This self-advertised ultra-fannish convention committee has shown about as much care for other fans and the tradition of the WSFS as the dictator of any banana republic shows his subjects -- perhaps less. It does not require a broad suspension of disbelief to suspect that were Millard a member of the LACONcom we'd never hear the end of it. But trust me, gentle fen, though you may fall asleep in the middle of this editorial, you haven't heard the end. "Thar she blows! The Great White ~~Whale~~ Whale!"





### 3. GEFECHTSKERTWENDUNG STEURBORD, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT THERE

I'll be talking about the Westercon next issue, for this is the midst of my vacation -- a weekend between stints of full time work. Little did I realize that going to school was more relaxing than sitting in a chair nine-to-five. Get in a lot of stencil-typing time, though. S'truth. Only it seems to me that I'm turning crotchety in my dotage (senile at 20 -- they warned you it would happen, Glycer!). I read a Ted White editorial a few weeks ago and actually got upset over it. That's bad enough, I know, but what was worse is that it was the same stuff I'd been reading in Milt Steven's mail. The AMAZING editorial wasn't nearly as good. After all, Milt's private communiques feature such priceless lines as one that goes something like, "...they've caught your scent, and are closing in for the kill" with reference to fandom and the LAConcom. I only use psuedoquotes to note that it's not verbatim, but the closing in for the kill part is pure Ted White. I really shouldn't let milder stuff than that, such as the AMAZING editorial, worry me, nor let it spoil my, ahem, good nature. (You remember the good-natured editor of PREHENSILE? Yeah, that's him, over there between the New Nixon and a cigar store indian.) It just does not behoove.

A different sort of event has also taken place involving PREHENSILE's loss of Florence Jenkins as fanzine reviewer. Florence, who has been doing those reviews for my publications since around NEW ELLIPTIC 7 or perhaps earlier, has been experiencing erratic health over the last six months, and with the claims of her prodific correspondence, and AA-zine, is forced to give up the column. Her reviews were written with an absence of pretention unique among fanzine reviewers, and could be seen improving in style and judgement from column to column. Florence, you will definitely be missed. In the meantime I'll try to hunt up a new author for the column -- in the months since Florence told me, I've been working on the replacement and he may even be in #10.

About here I should start standing on the table with a broken bottle in one hand and the script from a Humphrey Bogart movie in the other, challenging anybody in the place to come and get me. But it's not all a pile, farmers, consider this: a university history department student newsletter/zine with a Canfield or Shull cover, Pearson and Kirk interiors? Offset, of course -- I'm certainly not paying for it. Talk about standing on the shoulders of giants.



Not very often (though more often now than 3 years ago) can one translate fanaticism into university terms. Editing a low-budget publication seems right in that line, though. Probably about 10 pages counting cover, running a slate of material that goes slightly beyond the official bulletin routine. Assuming it happens, if you want one let me know. I hope to get the permission of the artists to rerun PRE-contributed art there, unless somehow they get excited about the project and actually want to contribute original art. Say, didn't I read somewhere once that Tim Kirk did an illustration of Theodore Roosevelt? Or was I hallucinating again. Speaking of hallucinations...

#### 4. SAY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SPANISH PLATE FLEET OF 1704?

When the film came out, it was advertised as "THE SECRET LIFE OF MILT STEVENS -- WHAT FANDOM NEVER KNEW! A SHOCKING Expose!" It looked intriguing, certainly, but you have to consider the source in these pictures to avoid being ripped off. And sure enough, part of the mush of five point type that clogs such ads, was the statement: "East Coast Convention Mythos Productions, Directed by Theodore Ivory." It was around at the Pussycat Theater for a few days -- but I didn't care to pay the six bucks. They next chopped it up into cassettes and sent it around to the many neon-lit adult bookstores of Hollywood, running it in the quarter-operated viewers around back of the shop. So I really don't know how it happened that a major motion picture independent picked up the rights -- the rumor Bill Warren saw in the trades was that a producer had spent twelve dollars in quarters, and almost gotten a heart attack from running store to store to catch all the cassette segments, but even Bill was skeptical about that.

Yet here it was at my local theater. I'd paid my two buck to get in -- after coughing up \$2.50 for BILLY JACK, and proving I had all the resistance to advertising of a Kornbluth zombie, this was almost painless -- unsure of what I expected to see now that they had remade it for a GP rating. I was taken somewhat aback by the opening flash on the screen: the company logo was a circular picture-in-seal reminiscent of MGM, only the motto read "Ars Gratia Pecunia". I blinked and saw, not the roaring lion, but this bristle-bearded fellow wearing glasses: he grimaced terrifically and with his deep voice raised to a shriek blustered, "You mungbrain --- why didn't you lead the deuce!" The music flared up and out and only the bright afterimage remained between scenes. What had they put in the popcorn?

In most movies these days they show you five minutes of the movie before the credits start rolling -- the fact that you put down two dollars of your own to see the flick doesn't persuade film makers that yes, I really did come to watch your movie. Or else they're roughing out commercial breaks for use in future TV sales.

The opening scene showed an economy-sized blue van rolling off the highway into a parking lot dominated by the massive multistory front of SAUL KOHEN FANTASTIK! AMAZING! AND REALLY SWELL! PUBLISHING Inc. Already in the lot were: a lowrider '57 Chevy with burst hydraulic lifts that left a wide oil slick underneath, showing that it had been there for about six weeks; a ten speed bicycle; two skateboards; and a 1937 Rolls Royce Silver Shadow, vintage work purchased to celebrate the company's last year in the black. The driver of the van parked and got out.

As he walked through the front door the camera wheeled around to the side, revealing that the 10-story front hid a three-floor converted tenement, with a single US mailbox outside in the alley where all the subscriber's copies were mailed each month.

"Good morning, sir," said an ink-sullied printer, greeting the editor as he strolled through the front door. Just inside were two of the original Mergenthaler typesetting machines, used to produce the magazines. "The Smithsonian called this morn-



ing. With the price they quoted, we could afford to fold the magazines if we sold them the machinery as museum pieces."

The editor shuddered, ignoring the man. A junior printer came out of the basement as the editor walked away. "Are you Wed Tight?"

"Hell yes, who did you think I was."

"I was kinda hoping you were from the Board of Health. But no matter. The layout room sez we gotta have some filler -- you hafta write an editorial that's longer."

"You mean...?" Tight looked stunned. He staggered into his office -- and doing so knocked about seventy-five manuscripts onto the floor where postmarks like "June 12, 1968" yellowed in the light of a bare ceiling bulb. This was the very first time that they ever asked him to write more in his magazines. Hands trembling he pulled a manuscript out of his top desk drawer, one that he had been working on as a fanzine column, but what the heck. It was experimentally titled, "LACon Exposed." From the edges of Tight's lips tiny drops of moisture beaded and began to drool down. Tight turned to his typewriter and began to pound out a final draft, pausing momentarily to lick his chops.

The singers started droning in the background about "one tin convention cop" and the credits rolled across the screen. The title of this movie was, of all things, MILTIE FRANK. Huh? They kept on singing, "Go and corflu your neighbor/ Go ahead and smear a friend/ Do it in the name of fandom/ Ted White'll justify you in the end/ On the grungy morning after-er --- one tin convention cop rides away." The meter was poor, but the tune was a heavy dose of deja vu. They'd said they would make a sequel to BILLY JACK. But now? This? Wow.

Enter scene next. Behind the credits one saw AMAZINK hitting the streets. In a series of shots, eventually montaged and superimposing on each other, hundreds of familiar and half-familiar fan faces were traced as they examined Wed Tight's series of editorials. Ed Buchman derived his complimentary phrase, "It was a Tight one," to describe cogent essays against the LAConcom. Cries of outrage could be heard as fans were told by Tight how the evile committee exploited them in order to stuff its gut with thousands of dollars of profit in return for nothing -- nothing! Seven times did Tight go into print over this problem that was obviously so grippingly important to the world that it required 30 or 40 thousand circulation.

At the start of the flick, proper, then the crisis is clear -- the LAConcom can't walk down the street at a convention without being molested by picketers with signs that proclaim "Tight is Right".

I sat in the theater clutching my popcorn to me, recalling from BILLY JACK this should have been the point where "Milty Frank" would come running in, kick hell out of everybody using kung fu, karate, savate, (and his feet)... and then rush off to the reservation for some kind of rite. Except that at the end of the original, it looked like the characters had agreed that violence wasn't any good. So logically this picture should transcend violence. Fair enough.

The LAConcom was seated around the table dealing cards to itself and guilty-by-association visitors. In the apartment's dim light, they could be seen, sedate, unmoved, calm, snoring.... Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Chips and cards went flying, players dived into side rooms or under furniture, score sheets were set aflame by cigarette butts and tossed into the sink. Then there was an explosive jolt that set the door splintering out of its frame and into the room. Daylight poured in, and a lone



Figure stood outlined where the door had been a moment before.

A head poked out of a hallway and looked. In a loud stage whisper it uttered awestruck, "It's Milty Frank!"

Can of Diet Rite cola gripped in one hand, and a copy of AMAZINK in the other, Milton Franklin Stevens strode into the room and sat down. He was deceptively informal in appearance, unbuttoned suitcoat draped over a striped sports shirt, his slightly receding hairline shooting up tufts of dry blond hair.

A player crawled out from under the sofa, and quivering beneath his assumed front of unruffled dignity, demanded, "What's this all about?"

Before Stevens could answer, a short paunchy lad strolled out of the hall, and from behind wide-frame glasses tried to explain, "This is the part in the movie where Milty Frank should go all holy on us, explain why he is enraged, then tear us limb from limb in an exhibition of martial arts techniques. That's what happened in BILLY JACK when the kids from the school went into town. I think in this flick the LAConcom equals the townspeople, and Ted White and the East Coaster the persecuted school kids. Dig it?"

The first player dived back under the sofa.

Stevens set down his soft drink. "No, no, you've got it all wrong. First, this is my movie, not Wed Tight's -- and would you stop slipping out of character like you did up in line 20? I bought the rights to the pornographic expose'. I turned it into a sequel."

"Then that means that we aren't the bad guys?" the kid with glasses asked, sounding more grateful than was really called for.

"Well look at this editorial in AMAZINK. Wed Tight is smearing me, by name, all over the page."

"Hey!" The kid caught the new idea. "Then that means you are being mistreated by Tight -- like us -- and you're on our side!"

"That sums it up."

"Then what are you doing here? Shouldn't you back east breaking down doors in Falls Church, Virginia, or somesuch place?"

"Haw. This is the flick were I 'transcend violence.' I don't go around smashing people, like Billy Jack. I may let snakes bite me once in awhile, but seven times in one year is enough! So I do it the civilized way. Get me the phone."

Another player appeared from beneath an overturned table carrying the phone. Milty Frank took it, sloughing his air of casualness for one of businesslike stealth. He dialed a number written small on the cover of his copy of AMAZINK. Apparently somebody on the other end answered, since Stevens began, "Saul Kohen? Hello there. This is Milton Franklin Stevens. Are you sitting down? No? Well, you will be soon. See, I don't like being taken out of context and ridiculed. Like in your magazine? Yes, Saul, I know you don't read them. Usually I don't either, except this one had my name in it. What, you say 'you have your name in all of them, but that's not enough'? Ha ha. Well, Saul, let me outline it. Either your fire Wed Tight, and have him print an apology, or I go to court and sue for \$30,000."



There was a brief pause while Milt Frank listened. Then, "Okay, Saul. I'll look forward to the results. Bye."

He turned to the slowly gathering crowd of cardplayers and concon members. "Now that is transcending violence."

The lights in the theater came on. I was all alone with an empty box of popcorn. Everyone must have walked out in the middle of the picture. No wonder -- it was all such a fantasy. Things like that could never happen in real life. After all, a man who makes false charges in the media, smearing many without offering an opportunity for the truth to be aired, doesn't get cut down by an apathetic magazine publisher. Yep, I was right. As I went into the lobby of the theater, people were packed along the curbs outside. Music filled the air, and a parade could be heard in progress. Banners went by, reading, "Tight is Right." And "Joe McCarthy Supports Tight For Congress." I asked one of the clerks at the snack bar what year it was.

"Nineteen fifty-two," she said, and then went back to looking at the banners go by. I nodded. They had put something in the popcorn.

Just then Keith Laumer walked up to me. "Hey, Glycer, this is my style. Clear out before I file an infringement-of-formula complaint with the SFJA. If you wanna rip off, write about Dicksonian supermen, or Zelaznyesque deadbeats: but lay off the time-travel/alternate worlds montages if you know what's good for you."

The colors faded. My eyes regained their focus. The stencil wilted in 100 degree heat of an LA June record-breaking scorcher. I sighed. Out down in my prime...

##### 5. STAY TUNED TO THIS COLUMN FOR AN EXCITING ANNOUNCEMENT

Further along in this issue should be the transcript of the Ranquet. Not the original one (unfortunately the tape from it was erased), but the second officially-sanctioned Ranquet at the McDonald's Town House in Westwood in April. I have annotated it where practical, to help explain the copious References.

Looking around in this issue, I find a large quantity of fannish writing, and not much sercon writing. I have no control over this zine, it seems. Some people write in, responding to last issue, telling how delightful all of the hard-sf type talk was. Yet here I am this time with hard-fannish stuff.

That's hardly one of my main reasons, but let this column-end remark suffice to announce that I'm putting PRE on a quarterly basis. I'd rather publish more frequently, but it doesn't work out. Other editors usually seem held back by lack of time or enthusiasm for publishing, though proclaiming that they have good material coming out the kazoo. This is not other zines, though. Maybe those other editors know better, anyway -- we shall see. While I have been, realistically, operating on a quarterly schedule despite attempts at being bimonthly, it hasn't come off. A less desperate pace is called for.

Nevertheless look for the next issue in time for TORCON. I have much of the material for it already identified, and with a minimum amount of planning that should prove no problem to get out. Start writing those LoCs today!

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# THE VIEW FROM GROUND ZERO



richard wadholm

You know, I ought to be doing some kind of heavy number on life and death and society this month. As I am writing this, I sit two days away from my high school graduation, and heavy numbers seem appropriate at a moment like now. (I'll bet you didn't know that all the suave, urbane observations and humor of The Mighty Wad came from a high school student, did you?...What's that?...Elementary school?...). Anyway, at this moment, I'm afraid I'm just fresh out of suave, urbane observations on life, society, and death, so you'll just have to make do with another

THE VIEW FROM GROUND-0  
THE LATEST IN THE GREAT "MIGHTY WAD"  
SERIES #69

Gee, there's never a suave, urbane observation on life when you need one, is there.

So buzzing through the latest SPACE PROBE 6 in the sf book rack, the thought strikes me that here is yet another sf series starting. And for the life of me, I can't imagine why. There's no more to recommend this one than there ever is to recommend any series, and, yet, they keep springing up and withering again, as if they were actually original or something. This one is about Commander Matt Hoyt and his Android, Ivan, of the space ship Space Probe 6. This one particular book is about Commander Matt in Duh Land of Duh Robots. And guess what -- no, I bet you couldn't -- the robots are the bad guys and they've taken over the whole planet and Commander Matt has to stop them.... Original, right? But the thing that gets me is the fact that people I respect said this is one of the better new series around. What's worse is they're right.

Let me take this moment that Mike gives me here to rap down my favorite most-hated-type-of-book. Continuing series are almost universally worthless. The old ones, the Falkayn series by Poul Anderson, the Lord Charteris books by Panshin, and others which I can't recall at the moment, were all generally boring, and generally overwritten, and very often embarrassing. The newer ones, the UFO series, the SPACE PROBE 6 series, the STAR TREK series, are just incredibly putrid.

RICHARD WADHOLM



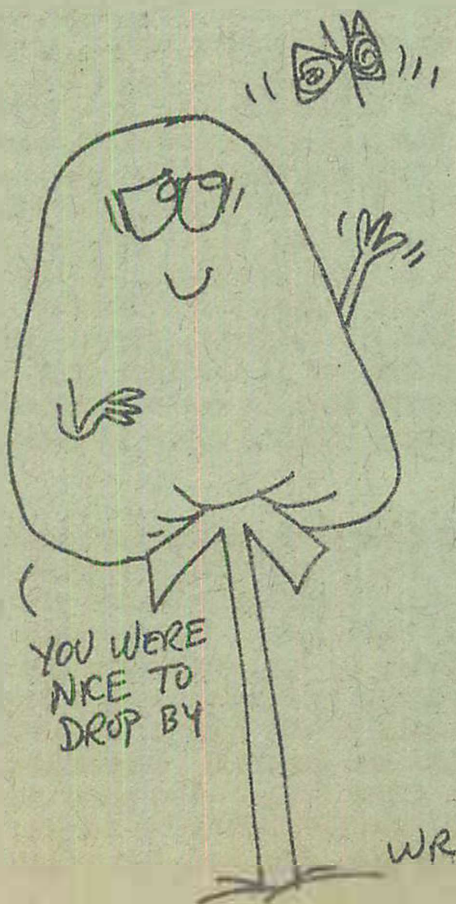
They're always overwritten and always embarrassing. One thing I will say for them is that they are not boring. But they aren't boring for any particular reason the plot or the narrative style adds, they're not boring most because we humans have the special morbid fascination for standing around and watching grown men make utter asses of themselves. I'm being quite straight with you, Oh My Brothers and Droggies, I honestly get caught up in the awful prose and embarrassing dialog of the Rankenstein Horror Series, or Perry Rhodan, or UFO. I was throwing out stuff better than this when I was 14 years old. I think most conscientious amateurs have. It fascinates me to predict the things they wouldn't dare do next, and then watch them do it.

However, one thing I've got to say for these new series -- in their favor, this time. It's suddenly really nice to see an open, honest hack around. I mean, for all the hacks that abound today wherever you try to read science fiction, there are very few people willing to be literarily honest about it. I mean, it sure is nice to see trash again. It strikes me that for like, five or six years now, I haven't read anything anywhere but works of art. Many of these works are boring and insignificant and eminently forgettable, but they're all deadly serious and they all serve the Higher Cause, and I get this feeling that whoever is getting this published hates to have the purity of his art soiled by monetary gain. It's great to see somebody trot out the monsters, brush the dust off 'em and let Earth and Tokyo have it one more time. It's a cleansing experience. Hacking out a story is a cleansing experience for the writer with writer's cramp and I'm sure that it would do wonders for science fiction if we would give it a chance. Science fiction is having some kind of cramps.

Five years ago, Samuel R. Delany could write "Driftglass" and "Aye, and Gomorrah" and get into print for the first time in science fiction history. John Brunner could write a novel where his hero saves the world and does it imorally and get printed.

And it was a positive gas then, because we'd all had enough of various versions of Captain Terrific on Mars and the times were too grim to make escapist reading excusable anymore. So now it's five years later and every last, untalented hack is no longer writing about Captain Terrific, he's writing about his soul, and society, and his message. AND THEY ARE ALL, EVERY LAST BLEEDING HEART LIBERAL ONE OF THEM, A PAIN IN MY ASS. DO YOU READ ME, JOHN BRUNNER? I have come to the conclusion that writer's cramp is a very steep case of self-consciousness, where a writer writes something pretty good and everybody gathers around and says he's awright because this novel had this and this and this in it, and then he finds out why they liked his last book, and he gets into a rut about duplicating it again. Either that or he gets so painfully aware of not doing the same thing again that he begins to doubt his motives.

Alexi Panshin wrote a warm, human novel. His very first. So it got a Nebula and he's been in limbo ever since. He can write articles for Ted White, all right, but come time for something creative in-





stead of analytical and he gets stage fright. Science fiction is going through some kind of the same thing on its way to becoming respectable. I mean, we are now respectable, and since we are, nobody wants to be unrespectable, right? With the result that you can't tell the artists for the ARTISTS anymore. And man, I crave for a well-written STAR TREK book the way I do for munchies after a dope party. The field needs something dashing and a bit sloppy, right now. I hate science fiction's heroic space captains with a passion, but I hate these pathetic little string dummy antihero/victims being ground out in Quark and F&SF even more, because they're even more dishonest.



People wonder why Silverbob's coming on strong now after 20 years of confirmed hackdom when even he doesn't take himself seriously. They look right through the answer right there. What he's writing may not be hack material, but that doesn't change the soul of the writer. A hack learns to write with all the ease and polish of a snake oil dealer. He learns not to think of all the people who are going to hate his latest. He learns how to be grandiose and uninhibited and a little sloppy, so long as it sells.

It's the attitude that makes Silverberg. It's the attitude he built over twenty years of schlepping out twenty years' worth of stories that he knew were corny little parlor tricks. Very few other people in this age of enlightenment can be that careless, and carefree, and entertaining anymore.

See, you didn't need a suave, urbane observation on life from me, did you? I'll bet you're sick of suave, urbane observations on life. Starting next month, I'm going to start hacking these out and selling them to whoever pays the most. HA HA HA, cackled the Mighty Wad fiendishly, and stole into his dark laboratory to begin work on his monster making machine, before Ejler Jakobssen's next deadline.

These days the great thing about rock music in England and America is that there really is something else to listen to besides rock music in England and America. Imported rock music has started taking hold of the American dollar bill. While our music is being strangled by self-consciousness and dull, predictable critics, foreign language music -- most notably, the work of the German groups on the Ohr label -- have just kept truckin', unashamedly being artistic and progressive and experimental, and all of those things which David Bowie and Lester Bangs go Yihhh at. Mostly they've done it in the dark, unnoticed by anybody but a very few music heads in the under-underground. But recently, their experimentation has started to pay off. What domestic rock music has needed more than anything else has been a breath of fresh air -- somebody else to listen to besides ourselves.

German rock music is known as "Kosmich Musik" back home. All of the best rock groups have not only been experimenting with the rock medium, they've been experiment-



ing with new material as well. Naturally this experimentation has led them to science fiction. Science fiction is witnessing a birth in in the domestic music scene too, but for the most part, they've taken another direction. Homegrown science fiction rock, with the passing of the Moody Blues and Pink Floyd into mainstream themes, has taken on a peculiarly ANALCGish, hardwarish tone. The new science fiction bands most notably Hawkwind, have built their themes on a metallic, rhythmic drone, trying to imitate the passage of mighty starships through space. Naturally, the rock critics love it. Naturally, it sucks galactic moose. The music coming out of Germany from groups like Amon Duul II, and Tangerine Dream has gone to a more mystical, poetic direction.

Amon Duul II is generally recognized as the forefront group of the new wave of German science fiction rock. They sound clean, hard and at times, rather frightening. If the Jefferson Airplane had kept growing after 1969, they would sound a whole lot like this today. They're also one of the few foreign bands to employ vocals and lyrics written in English. On Wolf City, their latest Album, only one song is in German, and that is done for dramatic effect more than anything else. "Deutsch Nepal" employs a mad, Hitlerian monolog, screamed and choked out in the face of an eerie, windy minor key background. It is the main mood piece on the album, and it rivals D.O.A. by Bloodrock for being one of the most truly scary pieces of music I've ever heard. Amon Duul II have built a little semi-world around the images in Deutsch Nepal. They blend their roots in German mythology and Stockhausen with their branches in an insane, Orwellian fantasy world, more of a purely Himalayan strain than a European one. They are good on a consistent level. They are always thoughtful, frightening and fresh. The number two group in Germany, Tangerine Dream, is even better.

Tangerine Dream is the most radically experimental rock group I've ever heard that really came off well. King Crimson has more background and definition in their experimental psycho-jazz texture music, but Tangerine Dream is far more accessible and at least as daring. Their music can only be defined as rock because it can't be defined as anything else. Even jazz has more of a structure -- even King Crimson's jazz has more of a structure -- than Tangerine Dream's. It is a science fiction rock band that actually sounds like it comes from the future. It is popular music, twenty or thirty years from now. Their sound is like the building, majestic collages of sound that an orchestra makes as it's tuning up. Their sound is a melting, colored lake of music with no beginning, no rhythm and no end. It is pure, mellowed, thoughtfully built noise. Their subject matter ranges from space flight to flights of the mind -- meditation and reincarnation. They are Pink Floyd, carried out to the ultimate.

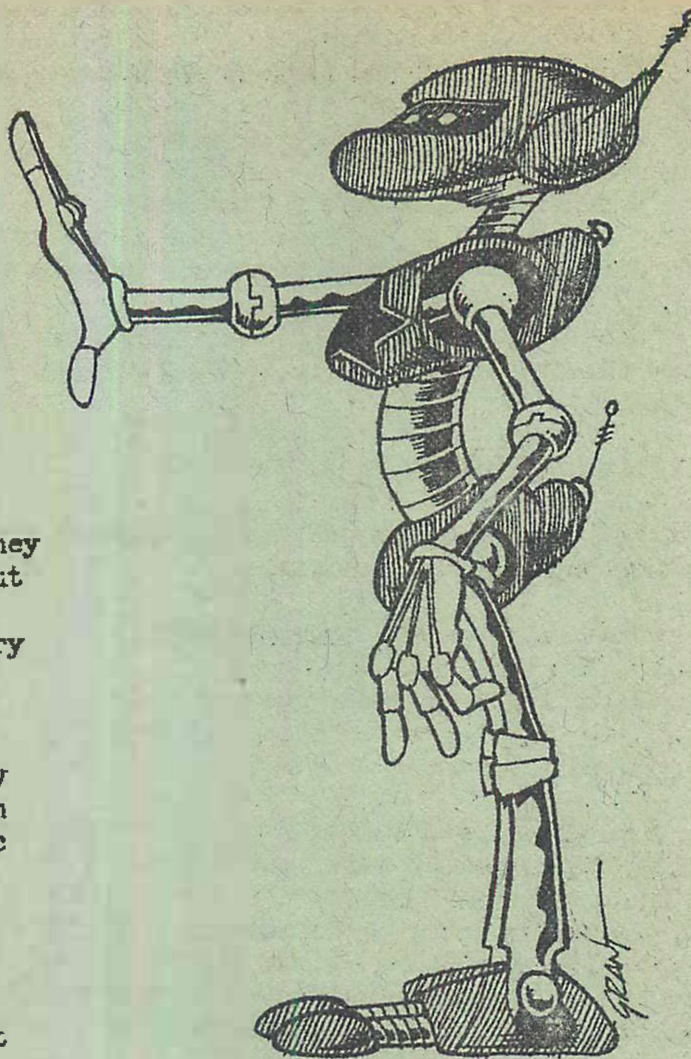
The album that I have, Electronic meditation, begins with a single tone from an organ. Gradually, more organ tones file in behind. And then more things -- shooting riffs of flute, slashing acid guitar bits (I mean, real acid guitar. When was the last time you heard a real acid guitar?) a thundering symphony. It rolls up into a ten minute guitar jam that would make John McGlaughlan look peaked, and then dies out to a reincarnation of the quiet organ on the beginning. There's a whole number written on the inside cover by the producer of the group that allegedly explains what you're listening to. Don't read it. The music speaks much better for itself, and this guy really makes a fool of himself.

The Can are the only other German band on an American pressing that I know besides Amon Duul II. Reactions have been strong and very mixed about their new album. It is unusual. I haven't heard it, but I've heard a lot about it. It seems to be a series of odd drum rolls with occasional riffs of bad organ and bad guitar sparking off it, set to the tune of a washed out monotone vocal. The people into just straight rock and roll music say it's at least the worst album they've ever heard. The people into the

texture jazz of King Crimson who've heard it say that it's interesting. I've read one review that really raved and said that it was fantastic. Other than that, the comments have gone from revulsion to mild interest. However, Can are supposed to be one of the more popular groups in Germany. Their subject matter is radically different from other science fiction bands. While the other new groups seem to take looks into time travel and the future, Can go back to primeval rhythms and Pleistocene roots.

Ash Ra Temple mixes psychedelics and jazz into an odd electronic blend. They are almost pure sound effects at times, but somehow they still pull off albums like they're most famous one, with Timothy Leary and his poetry, stylishly swirled through misty noises of falling water and moog. They are most purely into meditation, LSD and flights of thought. Whether you enjoy sound effects taken to the extremes of Ash Ra Temple or not artistically, their music is great to get stoned to.

I imagine that as time goes by and imported rock music gains popularity, it will eventually go downhill a little bit. Right now, most of the albums that make it to America are a select hybrid mix, mostly on the Ohr label. As time goes on, and more people make the German and Scandinavian rock markets more profitable for the importing, the high quality will be diluted by a shotgun distribution of groups out to ride the wave of popularity to its end. The same things happened in 1964, and it will probably happen again. But for the moment, with science fiction music being taken over by stale heads from at home, the music of German progression adds a whole new field to science fiction rock.





TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE by Robert Heinlein, Putnam 1973, \$7.95, 605 pages.....  
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"Hi Shrink! Bet you thought you'd never see me again?"

"What seems to be the problem?"

"I just finished this novel, see?"

"Not really. Perhaps you could be more specific."

"OK. I bought a copy of Heinlein's new novel, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. Paid eight bucks for it. I was really looking forward to it. Everyone was saying 'It's the old Heinlein.'"

"Old Heinlein?"

"Yeah, Shrink. Ya see, in the forties and fifties Heinlein used to write these incredible novels and stories..."

"What do you mean, incredible?"

"Well, I guess I mean good..."

"Guess?"

"All right, all right! Would you quit bugging me about being specific! That's one of the reasons I came to see you. I can't figure out whether I liked this novel or not... No, don't say it! I know I'm being vague. Look, let me lay it on you this way. Heinlein wrote juvies during that period. I grew up on them for Ghu's sake! HAVE SPACE SUIT -- WILL TRAVEL was the first real SF novel I ever read. Looking back on them now, I can see that they are rather simplex. You know, the characters, world view, etc.? But I was only eleven, and what did I know about all that shit anyway?"

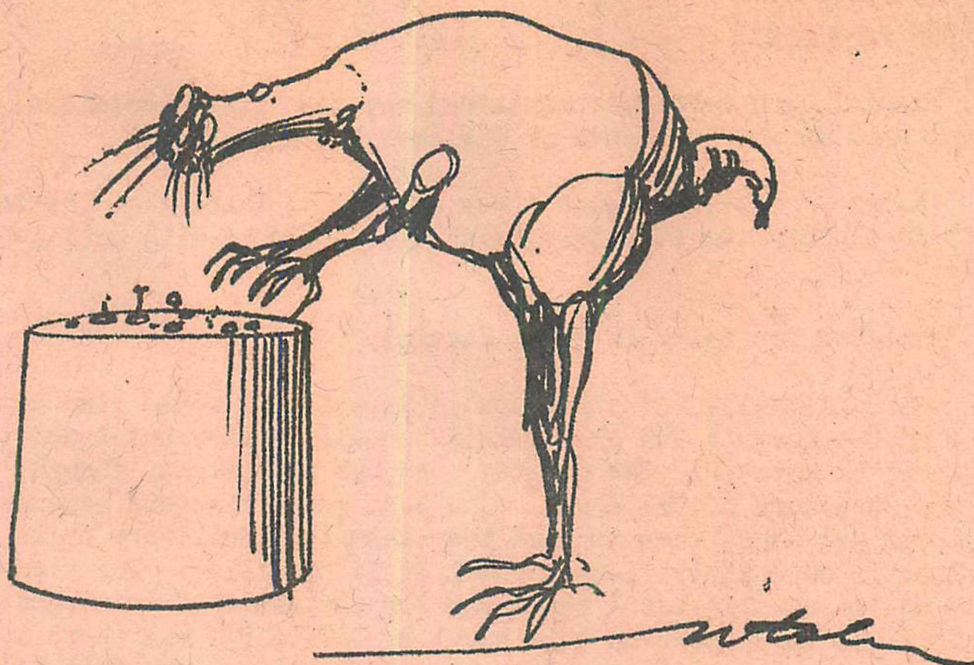
"That is quite understandable, Staniel. What then is the difference between the old and new Heinlein?"

"Well, Shrink, during the sixties Heinlein started writing 'adult' SF. Ya know the difference between adult and juvenile SF dontcha?"

"I'm not that acquainted with the field. What is it?"

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# STAN BURNS THE NOVEL AS MUSICAL COMEDY



"Sex. There ain't no sex in juvies..."

"Is that why you 'liked' juveniles, Staniel? Because they contained 'no sex'?"

"No, no! I'm not making myself clear. Sex is only part of the reason. Look, man, when SF went 'adult' in the sixties the themes of the novels changed. But the talents of the authors, by and large, didn't."

"I think I'm beginning to comprehend your statement. Are you saying that the author's ability was for writing 'juvies'... that they could not handle 'adult' themes?"

"Right On! Oh, that's not true for everyone. But few SF authors can handle 'adult' themes successfully. There have been a hell of a lot of novels in the last few years with what I call 'cop out' endings. You know what I mean... The author sets up a confrontation of character that he works with in his novel, and then he finds he has written himself into a corner and can't find his way out of it..."

"Yes?"

"OK, let me give you an example. Lloyd Biggle's THE LIGHT THAT NEVER WAS. In that novel Biggle sets up a confrontation between the forces of order and chaos. But at the end of the novel he kills off the character responsible for chaos, and spends the last chapter explaining what happened without carrying his confrontation through to its ultimate conclusion. He tells us about it rather than showing us."

"And that doesn't happen in the juveniles?"

"Not to the same extent. The themes they deal with are much simpler... adventure ...background...little characterization or concern with style. Heinlein's style was crisp and clear, the background was well thought and intricately worked out, his plotting was tight, his action fast, his characterization adequate if similar. Above all, his novels were believable."



"He must have stood out in the field."

"He sure did!"

"Staniel, you have just explained why you 'liked' Heinlein. Perhaps it would help if you told me why you liked or disliked his new novel."

"OK, man. That's as good a way as any. I think that the best way to attack the novel is through its structure, since it's tied in with both the characterization and style."

"Whatever you think is best, Staniel."

"Well, basically the structure is musical. I would like to say that the novel is based on Beethoven's 9th or something equally lofty, but I don't have that must of a classical background. The chapter headings themselves, though, point to a musical basis for the structure of the novel. The last seven chapters have music as headings, but all I can say about them is that they seem to be military bugle calls /the second from the last is definitely "Taps", the last is "Reveille". The second has been identified to me as "mess call" but I can't say for certain that is correct./ While I doubt that Heinlein was influenced in this novel by LITTLE BIG MAN there is a remarkable similarity between the two novels. Both are about old men who tell tall tales about their past life, tales that just possibly could be true.

"The first part of the novel is an introduction. It tells us that the novel is a collection of dialogs, facts and adventures of Lazarus Long -- for those SF illiterates, Lazarus is the protagonist of METHUSALEM's CHILDREN, part of Heinlein's Future History series -- the Senior, oldest living member of the Howard Families. It also dates the novel at 4272 AD, which makes Lazarus over 2000 years old, and places this novel 2000 years after the last Future History story (itself covering only 200 years).

"The first section of the novel is entitled PRELUDE /parts I and II/. It is told exclusively in third person dialog between Lazarus and Ira Weatheral, Chairman Pro Tem of the Families on Secundus /the planet most of the Howard Families moved/emigrated to between the time of this novel and METHUSALEM's CHILDREN -- why is not told, only hinted at in the present novel.

"The action, or plot, or whatever the Holy Shit you want to call it, is simply this: Lazarus had come back to Secundus to die. Ira doesn't want this to happen, so he kidnaps Lazarus and has him imprisoned in a rejuvenation center to save his life."

"Staniel, I don't think I understand."

"Shrink, neither do I. Anyway, Heinlein doesn't show this, it all happens 'off stage' before the start of the novel. You know, now that I'm telling this, I realize that it annoys me. I mean, it's like those cop-out endings I told you about before. Rather than showing us what happened, Heinlein tells us. We don't really get a chance to form our own opinion. That's sort of an insult to the reader, now that I think about it. Or is it just a lack of skill on the author's part -- that he feels that he is not in sufficient control of his medium that he can be subtle about making his 'points'?"

"Do you think that this is true?"

"Shrink, I just don't know. Second guessing an author is a frustrating experience at best. You never really know whether he has some purpose behind his actions that doesn't come off, or he is just a bad writer. Anyway, the first section is also an ex-

ample of Heinlein's strong points, his use of dialog. Few SF writers can write convincing dialog. Heinlein is one of those who can. He doesn't get stuck down in 'he said' or in said-bookisms (as Elia labels that fallacy -- the use of modifiers or synonyms for the word 'said'). Heinlein limits his dialogs to only two characters. Even when he is writing with several characters in the scene, he splits the scene into conversational units between only two of them. He supplies verbal clues to who is speaking in the dialog to save himself (and the reader) the halting, choppy effect of long sequences of 'he said/she said'.

"Of course, this type of dialog has a built-in defect... unless the author is extremely careful in differentiating his characters' speech patterns they all begin to sound alike. Shrink, it's sort of like a room full of masks. You have one actor running madly around from one of these masks to another speaking different characters' lines, but if he runs too fast he becomes confused and begins to speak one character's lines from behind another's mask. That's what happens in this section. Toward the end Lazarus and Ira sound so much alike that their dialog is almost interchangeable."

"You are doing much better Staniel. This is what I have been trying to get you to do -- be SPECIFIC."

"Right On! Ghod, I need a cigarette! I don't know why talking with you like this makes me so nervous...puff...puff... Anyway, the second section is entitled COUNTER-POINT /I and II/. It is also third person dialog, this time between Galahad and Ishtar the two technicians at the rejuvenation center who are handling Lazarus' case. Nothing important happens except that we find out that Lazarus is in pretty bad shape. Heinlein also attempts to give us a view of the culture of Secundus, but all he presents is an example of the sexual mores of its culture. Question: is the culture homo- or heterosexual? Is there only one culture on the planet?

"The third section is entitled VARIATION ON A THEME. The first part is: "Affairs of State" written in first person, from the viewpoint of Ira. It is about evenly balanced with dialog and description, and basically is used to set up the next part (in which Lazarus tells Ira a 'story' -- though it's more like the moral precepts of EVERYMAN).

"The second part is: 'The Tale of the Man Who Was Too Lazy to Fail.' It is Lazarus' tale of David Lamb. Whether Lamb is Lazarus, or to some extent Heinlein himself, is left up to the reader's imagination. It's told in the first person-third person idiom ('Let me tell you about a kid I used to know...he came from etc.') that is much used in the introductions and first chapters of Burroughs-Norman type fantasy. It is a delightful, if somewhat mundane, tale of success by someone who was so lazy that he always looked for the solution to any problem that caused him the least amount of work.

"The third part is 'Domestic Problems' and is also a first person narrative from Ira's viewpoint. Lazarus tells more stories, mainly about his grandfather. Heinlein also introduces a new character -- Minerva -- a computer like Mike from THE MOON IS A HARSH MISSTRESS except that this computer is female...and in love with Ira.

"Hey, Shrink!"

"Yes, Staniel?"

"I think I just thought of what has been really bugging me about this novel. It has a really shitty plot... No, I don't mean that, I mean it is poorly plotted."

"Why?"



"Look, Shrink, it's like this, man. The plot is static! It doesn't move -- it just sits there. I mean that literally. Far too much of this novel is simply Heinlein having his characters sit around and tell us what is happening -- mostly in dialog -- and not showing us. And that is BORING. You know how I can tell if a novel bores me, Shrink?"

"How?"

"If a novel is boring I start turning to the last of the novel to see how much I have left to read. And I was doing that quite frequently while I was reading this novel."

"Stanislav, don't you feel that is an extremely subjective means of judging a novel?"

"No, no, NO! Hey, man. I'm the one that has to pay for it. And I'm the one who reads it. Sure, I can apply critical objective standards towards a novel I'm reading. But in order to finish it, it has to keep my interest. If I can't finish it, how the hell am I supposed to judge it? And I have to ask myself why I'm not interested. Now it can't be the characterization, since Heinlein has never been long on that. So I have to ask myself what else is missing. And Shrink, I just hit on it. The background for the novel is boring!"

"All right, Stanislav. I'll bite. What is wrong with the background?"

"Remember at the beginning when I was telling you about his juveniles? You know what one of the most interesting things about them was? The backgrounds. Alien planets. Cultures. Even aliens themselves. Looking back on this novel, it could just as well have taken place on Earth as out there in space. All the scenes on Secundus are interiors! They could take place anywhere! And the scenes on alien planets all sound like Earth. There isn't the complicated ecology/cultural pattern that Heinlein usually presents. Hey, man. There aren't any Aliens in the book at all. And creating Aliens was one of the things that Heinlein was really good at. My God, the book is almost a movie script for a cheapie SF flick!"

"You know, Heinlein used to have this thing about 'how it works'."

"How it works?"

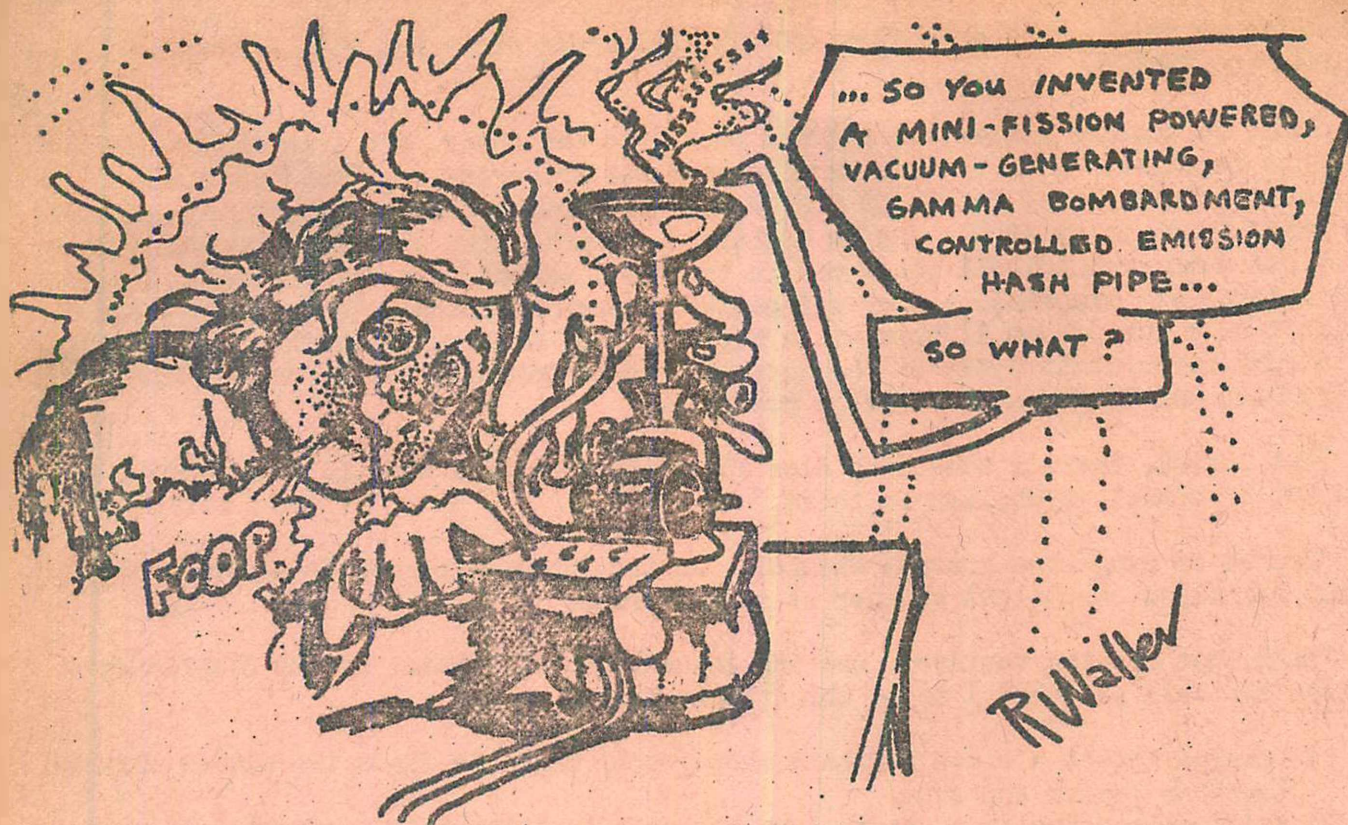
"Yeh. He used to be fascinated with how things work. You know, engineering stuff. He wouldn't be satisfied with just naming something, he had to visualize it, to describe 'how it worked.' It gave you a real feeling of what was going on, generally because his characters were just as fascinated with the problem and spent a great deal of time figuring out the solution. That isn't present at all in this novel. When there are scenes in a starship in the novel, he doesn't explain how it works, it's just there. I don't get a feeling for it... I don't really believe in it... Hey, man, it's just a prop!"

## TWO

I got to the Shrink's office late, and found him leaning on the doorframe. "You're five minutes late."

I brushed past him and went into the office. He's not a bad sort, even if he's somewhat plastic with the fashionably long hair and mod clothes. But this was one of those times that I couldn't stand to look into those horrible wise eyes. I glanced at the couch, then sat in a chair instead, and busied myself lighting a cigarette while he fiddled with his notebook.





"Do you wish to continue the discussion we had at the last session?"

"Yeh, Shrink. I think I'm going to skip over some of the minor material in the book and just deal with the major sections. They're the best ones, anyway...or at least the ones that contain the material that I liked best, and also the material that I hated. I want to tackle VARIATIONS ON A THEME, parts 5 to 10, cause it contains the features I want to talk about...don't interrupt me when I'm thinking, Shrink; I know I'm not making much sense right now... anyway, what I want to talk about is Lazarus' characterization.

"I've been thinking about this the last couple days, and it seems that Lazarus is, in reality, God. --You know, the one that's dying, not you're average everyday ordinary God. Strange, Lazarus was dying at the beginning of the book...but the philosophy he states is solipcism (I can only know myself, I'm the center of the universe, oh -- you know!). The way Lazarus uses power, and other people, the way all women in the novel are after his bod (sex worship in primitive tribes?)...the power philosophy bit that says: if you have the power, you have the right, nay, the duty, to use it in every and any way you wish... that crap. I mean, who else has all that power over others except God (and maybe Hitler?). Lazarus is almost a soap opera character -- the town biddie -- the one that pokes her nose into everyone else's business.

"In VARIATIONS ON A THEME (parts 5 through 10) Lazarus plays God to two slaves -- brother and sister -- that he buys in order to set them 'free' (follow my doctrines and you will go to heaven). He spends 60 pages aboard his star ship (never really described -- interiors again) indoctrinating them on how to survive freedom when he sets them down on a new world with a chance to make a place for themselves. Now...consider the slaves as Adam and Eve. Where is Lazarus taking them? A planet named Valhalla! The male and female slave are the result of genetic manipulation (great shades of Adam's rib!) The planet where he purchased them...? Blessed! All in all, that section is a delight. I think it's one of the best in the book. Not only is Lazarus playing God,



but Satan as well. He tempts them not with knowledge of -- but with a choice between -- Good and Evil."

I lit up another cigarette, settled back into the chair, and tried to gather my thoughts together. I'd hit on something that was bothering me about the novel. I'd just reread Knight's IN SEARCH OF WONDER the week before, and that chapter on symbolism was still fresh in my mind. And it explained so much: like all the interiors in the novel are womb symbols, all the women in the novel wanted Lazarus' children, the fact that Lazarus was immortal... They all pointed toward a central theme. Life. And I couldn't help but wonder if this was a reflection of Heinlein's recent illness. The whole womb/birth/death cycle of the novel seemed to point in the direction of a return to the womb and the chance to live a new life.

"But Shrink, there's something else about the section I want to talk about. There is a lot of sexual symbolism in there."

"You're on dangerous ground, Staniel. No two authorities really agree upon unconscious symbolism, much less whether it is universal."

"Yeah, but nothing ventured, nothing gained, and all that. Let me diagram that section and tell you what I think the symbols mean:

- 1) Lazarus enters a slave merchant shop [womb] where he finds two slaves chained together [sperm and ovum]
- 2) The female slave is a virgin, and has on a chastity belt [unfertilized ovum]
- 3) Female slave's name is Estrellita [uterus?], male slave is Joe [join?]
- 4) Lazarus takes them back to his ship in a car [sperm] along the street [epididymis]
- 5) The gain entry to his ship [womb]. Lazarus comments that he "had to squeeze at outgoing customs to get the kids aboard" [a pun on the high cost of loving?]
- 6) Ship blasts off [climax]
- 7) The girl offers herself to Lazarus, is refused then makes love to her brother [egg is fertilized] and becomes pregnant, eventually having a child [growth in womb]
- 8) Spaceships are traditionally phallic symbols, and a planet is part of the old Earth/mother religion. Therefore when the ship touches down on Valhalla, it is the entry of a penis into the vagina. When the ship touches down on Landfall, the passengers disembark [birth]
- 9) Lazarus sets them up in the restaurant business [an interior/womb symbol, especially the built-in food supply]
- 10) The business is successful, and they move to larger quarters [womb] etc.

"Now, Shrink, that's just a rough outline. If anyone is really interested, I'll let them finish it off. Or me off, as the case may be..."

"There's another comment that Knight makes. Many SF novels are written backwards. Let's take a look at the plot of the novel and see if that applies:

- 1) Lazarus is in the ship [phallic symbol/father]
- 2) Lazarus leaves the ship for Earth [mother, womb etc.] where he begins to grow [taking the patrol backwards, we see Lazarus joining first one member of the patrol, then two more to make it four, then back to the trenches/womb to make it eight, etc. In other words, the growth of a fertilized egg in the womb]
- 3) Lazarus makes love to and fondles his mother [birth]
- 4) The period he spends with his family in Kansas City [Childhood: it is interesting to note that, according to Moskowitz, Heinlein grew up in Kansas City and was a member of a large family such as he presents in the Da Capo section;

- an apt title that means return to the beginning/
- 5) The group marriage on Tertius /puberty. This section is almost an adolescent sex fantasy/
  - 6) The 'adopted daughter' section /marriage/, the 'slave' section /raising children/, the David Lamb section /career/.
  - 7) The prelude section /an old man, dying, reliving his life through flashbacks/
  - 8) Introduction /eulogy/.

"Symbolically the novel seems to be reversed. Anyway, Shrink, that ought to give you a rough idea. What do you think?"

"Staniel, I haven't read the book."

"Yeh, well, that's your problem... How much time do I have left?"

"About twenty minutes."

"Then I'd better hurry on. I don't think I have to go through the notebooks. They were in ANALOG. Heinlein left out one important truism, however: NEVER ASSUME! Let's skip ahead to VARIATIONS ON A THEME: The Tale of The Adopted Daughter (parts I and II). He starts off with a half page of free verse that is reminiscent of 'The Green Hills of Earth.' Here, let me quote you some of it: 'There it glistens! Hold the vision, warp your ship through crumpled spaces. Gently, gently do not lose it. Virgin planet, new beginnings--' Anyway, I really liked that. The first part of this section is the best written, most enjoyable of the novel. The dialog is crisp, the background (what there is of it) well drawn. Heinlein has even introduced a talking mule character named Buck (why not Francis?).

"Then when Heinlein has Lazarus marry Dora, a girl of normal lifespan, he fails to use the confrontation he has set up between this aging woman and Lazarus' eternal youthfulness; instead he skips ahead to a scene of Dora dying in bed while Lazarus watches. This is at best a copout, and at worst a blatant manipulation of the readers' emotions. Omitting the last of the narrative gives no true feeling of the characters or for the characters; I became very aware of the string puller behind the scene. Dammit, I want those 39,000 omitted words!"

"Ten minutes, Staniel."

"Faster, faster. I'm a victim of future shock at twenty-five... Anyway. Look at what has happened that hasn't been shown: Minerva, the computer, has been implanted in a human body; a new character, Tamara has been introduced and Heinlein tells us that she helped Lazarus recover the will to live, two thirds of the novel ago... why wasn't she shown then!; Justin Foote the 45, who wrote the Introduction to the book, is introduced as a character; the locale of the novel has changed from Secundus to Tertius (doesn't matter, we aren't shown either); Lazarus has two nearly grown twin cloned sisters. None of the events mentioned above is shown. It's like Heinlein starting a new novel with new characters."

"Five minutes, Staniel."

"Heinlein isn't up to writing Oedipus Rex. There isn't any real tragedy presented in this novel, only cheap emotional manipulation (tune in tomorrow, folks and see if Lazarus....)"

"Is that all, Staniel? Your time is about up."

"No, not yet. Let me give a recap of what you've helped me to discover:



"Things I liked about the novel:

- 1) The style, and especially the use of dialog, is excellent.
- 2) The structure is interesting, particularly the use of several points of attack, the use of several first person narrators.
- 3) Some of the background (as in 'Buck' the talking mule) when it exists
- 4) The sections I liked the most were the ones in which the action occurred -- David Lamb, the slaves, the adopted daughter, Kansas City.

"Things I didn't like about the novel:

- 1) The political/social/moral philosophy that Heinlein uses in this novel is the same one that he has used in every novel since STARSHIP TROOPERS. It has become completely boring. I wish Heinlein would use something different.
- 2) The characterization isn't good. All the characters sound alike after awhile.
- 3) The plotting of the novel is bad. Too much action happens 'off stage.'
- 4) The background, where there was any, wasn't well presented.
- 5) As a continuation of the 'Future History' series, the novel is disappointing. Aside from a few references to past stories, the novel could have been completely independent. So much happened in the 200 years covered by the series, and so little has happened in the 2000 years til the time of this novel."

"Time's up, Staniel."

"Yeh, see ya next week Shrink."

"Staniel, please don't call me 'Shrink.'"

#### WOULD I DARE?

#### CLOSE

When you look at me with those  
big brown eyes  
I melt.  
When you snuggle up close to me  
I can feel your warmth.  
When I touch you, feel you, caress you  
I love the response you give.  
When you give me your strong warm  
tongue,  
I vibrate all over.  
When you paw my body  
I know that you care  
When you pant and your heart beats  
loudly,  
I know you feel the same way I do.  
Because you are my best and closest  
friend.  
Like a dog is supposed to be.  
-- Mark Tinkle

I gave some serious thought to putting down what I suspect next issue's contents will be, but common sense at last got back into control and I shall resist the urge.

On the other hand, I feel safe in divulging the information that among future covers will be a dual set, collaborations by Grant Canfield and Jim Shull. Now I can only hope my house doesn't burn down and take the already run off art work with it.

If Mark Tinkle continues to brainwash me with the demand his fans have voiced for more of his poetry, we'll undoubtedly secrete more of that into the spare hoon-farks of this fanzine.

You know how easily this could turn into an imitation PASSING PARADE? Stick around and you may see. Heh heh heh heh.....

Having nothing much to say this time around, I'll follow usual fannish practice for this time of year and discuss the fan Hugos.

Of the five fanzines nominated this year, two are published by people who have been in fandom for ten years or more. Three are published by people who live in the Northeastern US/Eastern Canada; one from California; one from Australia. The one published in California began life on the East Coast; Northeastern US/Canada has pretty well dominated with large and medium-circulation fanzines in the past few years.

Two of the zines are published by male fans, three by couples. In two cases, it's definitely the husband's zine; in one case, definitely the wife's.

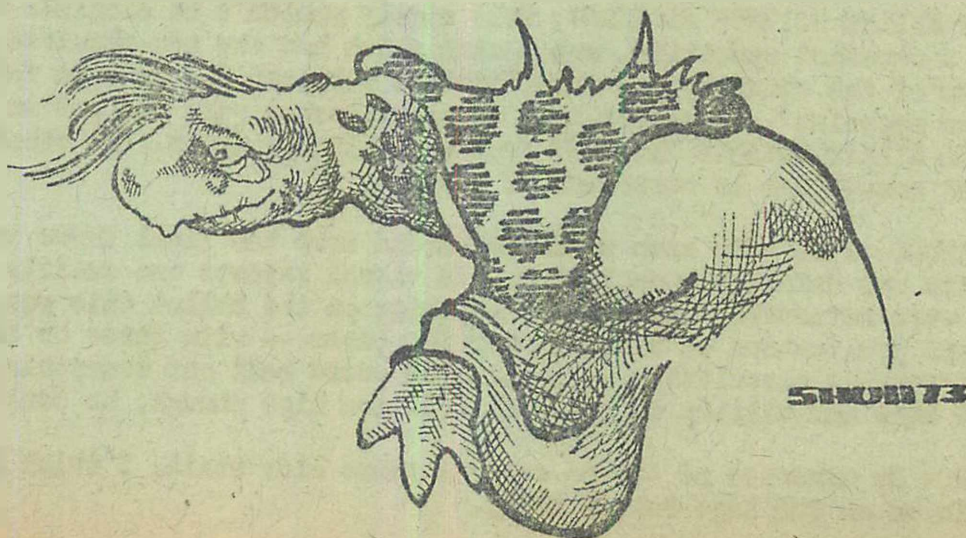
Three of the six fanwriter nominees are male, live on the West Coast, and have been in fandom more than ten years. Three of the nominees are female and have been in fandom less than ten years; two of these live in Northeast US/Eastern Canada -- specifically in Toronto -- while the third lives, I believe, in the Eastern part of the American Midwest.

I have no idea whether the combinations of figures mean anything; it could be entirely coincidental, or a sign of great changes in fandom. However, I'm fairly certain that this is the highest percentage of female fanwriter nominees ever. I wonder if, in a few years, a majority of fandom's best-known fanwriters will be female?

Three out of five fanartist nominees are male Californians who have been in fandom less than ten years; one is a male Californian who has been in fandom for more than ten years; one is a male Britisher who has been in fandom more than ten years.

# DARK ALLEYS OF FANHISTORY

DAN GOODMAN <sup>PAST</sup> HUGO WINNING FANZ





I think this gives us a reasonably accurate -- but nothing like full -- picture of fandom. A concentration of genzines in Noreast US/Canada; the dominance beginning to fade, but still very much there. Fanartists concentrated in California; which means that genzineds deal with them through the mails.

I wonder if this hasn't resulted in genzines having artwork that seems somewhat less spontaneous than would be the case if faned and fanartist lived closeby; poorer visual organization of genzines; and generally in fanzines that aren't as much fun to look at?

The fanwriter statistics are easily explainable, in some ways. There just aren't many female fanwriters who have been in fandom more than ten years, because the proportion of females in fandom was bloody low ten years ago and even lower as you go farther back. Count out the ones who were really just in fandom because of boyfriends or husbands (or both, in some cases), and there just weren't that many. The only well-known fanwriters from that far back I can think of who were female are Lee Hoffman, Bjo Trimble, and Karen Anderson.

But are the newer female fans that much better than the new male fans? I think they are; and I think we're going to see more good female fanwriters than male ones for at least the next fangeneration.

\*\*\*\*\* Assuming equivalent circulation, how would the fanzine-Hugo winners of the past do today?

FANTASY TIMES/SCIENCE FICTION TIMES: Assuming that it had not changed much in its last years -- which was when I say it -- SFTIMES was a sercon newszine notably inferior to LOCUS. I doubt it would get nominated today.

INSIDE: I don't know. Some of the material that has been reprinted from it would bring it into the top rank of genzines today; but for all I know, the other written material and the artwork were sheer crud.

FANAC: Would probably get nominated today, assuming equivalent circulation. But somehow, I don't think that a fan-oriented newszine adapted to the late Fifties would be the best possible fan-oriented newszine today. At any rate, Ron Ellick is no longer around; and Terry Carr is not quite the same person at 34 that he was at 20.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS: Don't know.

WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?: This simply wouldn't be eligible under today's rules; it was a one-shot symposium, not a zine which had the now-required four issues. Since the name of the category was then "amateur publication" and the following year became "amateur magazine", I suspect that the four-issues rule was put in to keep something like WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION? from ever winning again. In other contexts, this is known as conspiracy in restraint of trade.

WARHOON: I've only seen what I'm afraid were the final three issues, published when this zine was definitely declining. In visual aspects and quality of writing, these issues were noticeably superior to anything on the ballot this year. If Bergeron were to resume publication on a fairly regular basis -- with three or four issues a year and respectable circulation -- I think he could beat out everything except LOCUS. If he were able and willing to raise circulation high enough, he could beat out LOCUS.

XERO: My memories of it are several years old; still, I think it's safe to say that it would be on the Hugo ballot today.

AMRA: Still around, unlikely to get another nomination. It hasn't declined in quality; but I think the competition is stiffer.

YANDRO: Getting musty lately; some people claim there's a definite decline in the writing.

ERB-dom: Often cited as the classic example of bloc-voting, on the part of Burroughs Bibliophiles, to be precise. It takes a lot more people to bloc-vote successfully these days. I don't think ERB-dom could make it, if the Burroughs fans tried again.

NIEKAS: In some ways a classic example of how not to edit a fanzine. The contributions often seemed not to be edited at all; I'm not certain that anything was ever rejected. The letters were chopped up and related shreds placed together in a fashion TITLE's readers would find familiar. But somehow, it was an exciting and readable fanzine; and I wish it were still around. I think it would be on the Hugo ballot today.

PSYCHOTIC/SFR (Science Fiction Review) quite likely would be on the ballot in either incarnation -- as the fannish PSYCHOTIC or the sercon SFR. And it quite likely could win. I suspect that, if Geis were to resume publication of SFR and of PSYCHOTIC that they would come in first and second in the Hugo voting.

And after that, we come to LOCUS.



+++++  
JONATHAN LIVINGSTON FAN

Jonathan Livingston Fan resolutely placed another bheer can carefully on top of the last, climbed carefully up the tower, picking his way through the Coor's and avoiding the few Pepsi cans he'd been forced to use. Making sure his beanie was on tight, he wound the rubber band until it could go no further, and jumped off. And landed on a pile of fanzines he'd amassed while collecting bheer cans by the gutter gold route. If the rest of the fans hadn't been so embroiled in their feuding, they would have laughed at Jonathan. A few neos threw bricks at him anyway, but he ignored them and continued with his work. He had tried to explain his strange ways to other fans many times before, but none of them could see anything in fandom beyond their own personal feuds.

It took only another hundred thousand bheer cans before the Great Day came. Jonathan slowly ascended the graceful spire, winding up his beanie as he went. He reached the summit, finished winding up, and jumped off. The propellor began spinning furiously, and he slowly rose and fell, gliding smoothly over the Corflu Ocean. The wind he created was tremendous, though it was still hot air, just like the other fans'. But after hovering about aimlessly for a few minutes, he decided to try to actually guide his flying, almost to do something constructive, as it were. He tipped the tip of his propellor and suddenly began a long dive. One hundred miles per hour, two hundred miles per hour... "Great Ghu, I've reached Terminal Velocity!" And of course he died then. A golden sheen slowly spread over him, and he thought, "I wonder if this is what a Golden Age is like?" as two other beanieed fans came and directed him to the slan shack.

It wasn't long before these superior fans came to know Jonathan Livingston Fan as the most anxious to learn of all the fans at the slan hsack. The oldest and wisest of the BNFs there, Chiang Kai-Shek, adopted Jon as his protege and acolyte, and taught him how to operate the spirit duplicator and drink three times his weight in bheer. And still Jonathan's desire for knowledge was not quenched. He asked questions like "Why is it now?" that even Chiang could not answer. Chiang would reply, "Who do you think I am, Jonathan, the Son of the Great Fan?"

One day, as Jonathan was wishing he could be at the worldcon that was going on somewhere, Chiang told him "Jonathan, I'm going to have to leave. I'm rising to another level of reality, where I may even win a Hugo, or join the Insurgents. I have something important to teach you, though, before I go." He pointed at a machine that looked almost like a spifit duplicator, except the crank was missing, or maybe it had never been there. Jonathan looked at it curiously, as Chiang solemnly placed a piece of paper at one end of the machine. Instantly it reappeared at the other end, but covered with print. Black ink!

"You see, Jon, there are no limits, except for the speed limits they sometimes put in Road Thingles. No limits, Jon, no limits. This is what is known as an electric mimeo, and you work it like this--" But even as he started to explain he faded,

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CAPTAIN NEO SAYS  
ALJO SVOBODA

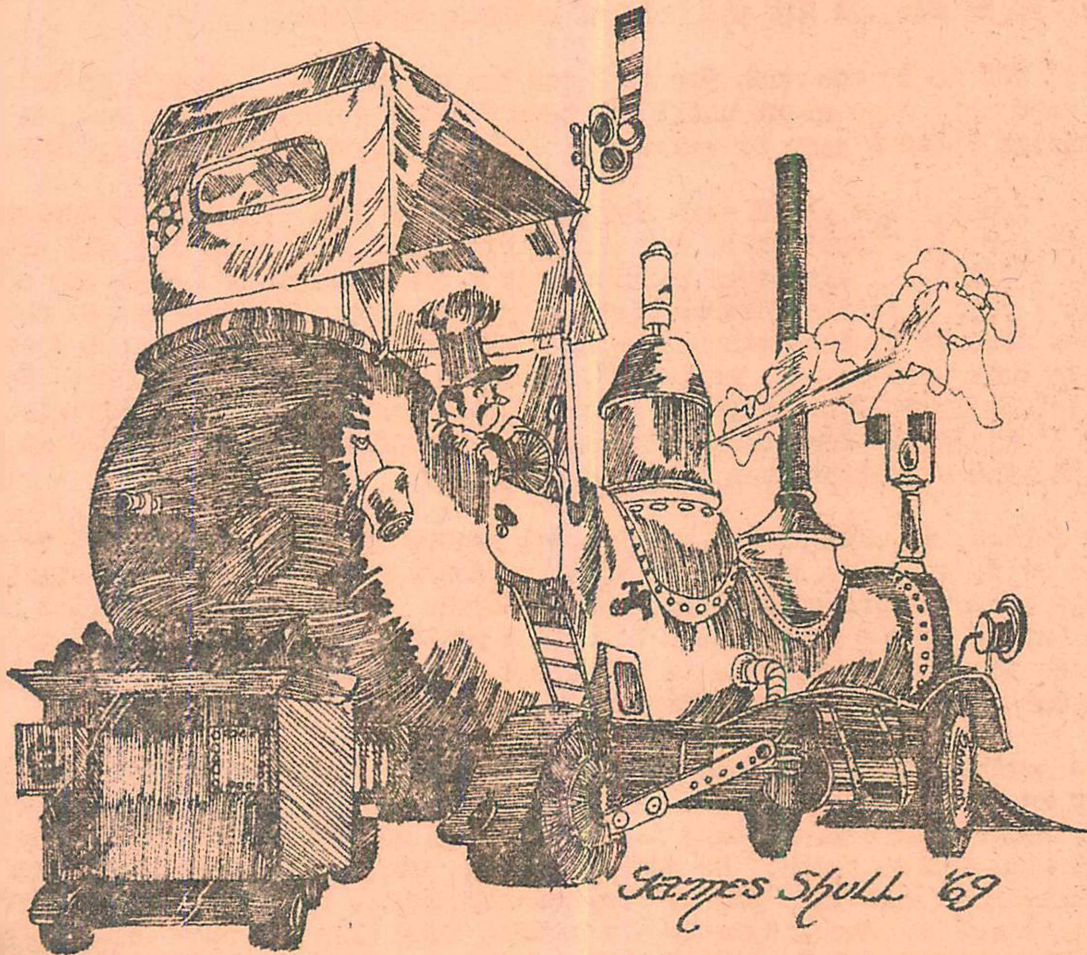
until there was nothing left but a trace of purple where his fingers had been, and then not even that. A few days later Jonathan packed up his bags, his portable typewriter, and returned to the fans he had known in his previous life, to teach them about flying. And at that year's Worldcon, Jonathan Livingston Fan founded the Cosmic Circle.

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"...and somewhere, far off, a boonfarked."  
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## MY POSTHUMOUS CAREER IN FANDOM

I wasn't Jewish, or anything, but I just couldn't throw the beanie away, even after I'd left that bunch of creeps for good. Maybe it was because I outgrew fandom, but I never did outgrow that beanie.

Anyway, it was a one-of-a-kind sort of thing. The beanie part of it had flourescent stripes painted on, and little aluminum foil spaceships and flying saucers glued on where they weren't, so whether it was daylight or pitch dark, it always glowed a little. The material it was made of was very soft....it felt like velvet on the inside, and smelled like corflu. It smelled like corflu because of the time I soaked the whole beanie in corflu, and then put it in my mouth and inhaled. It didn't do anything for





me, but I never could get the corflu smell out. I was marked as a corflu-sniffer for life.

The propellers, though, were something else. In the summer, the breeze they created was as good as an air conditioner; those propellers were fantastic wind-makers. They were balanced carefully on what was called, that summer, the "prop". That may not be the correct term, but that was what we called it then. They were balanced delicately, like wings, or the scales of Justice. Justice was a lizard in those summers...

These propellers were really unique. They were powered by light, so that when the sunlight, or some other light hit them they'd start rotating on their own. Really amazing. The twirling of the propellers (which also glowed, a sort of pale dead green, in the dark) set a tiny electric motor in motion that made sparks shoot out of the "prop" until the propellers stopped twirling. I was thinking of having this all set to music (either "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" or "Glory, Glory Hallelujah") but that was too near the end of my days in fandom, and I never got around to it.

At several conventions, my beanie and I provided the "entertainment" during banquets, or whatever: they'd turn off all the lights, then someone would shine a strong flashlight at my propellers, and there my fluorescent beanie would be, with the spaceships and flying suacers glistening in semaphore and my pale dead green propellers going around and around with sparks shooting out, and everyone around me would sort of look up to me in awe...I was the hero of several Worldcons.

When it got to be too much for me I got out of fandom. I didn't gafiate, because I didn't know what that meant until I'd been Out for several years, and one of my Former Fannish Friends came to visit me. I don't know how he found my address.

"Hello, creep," was all I said when I saw who it was. He mumbled something about coming over for Old Times' Sake, and walked right in, just like they all used to do when I was a "fan". I was never particularly a fan of anybody I knew out of that bunch, but I read a little science fiction once so they called me one of them. (I thought the science fiction stunk.) So he walked right in, asked me how I was, and then popped that word on me, "gafiated". He also told me what it meant. However, I never gafiated; I got Out. Anyway, I forgot the fannish jargon, completely and entirely, after I'd been Out for about a month, so I probably would have ended up in approximately the same situation even if I had gafiated.

After awhile, he came around to his real reason for being there. "I've gafiated," is what he said, and then he told me that he wasn't sure he'd done the right thing, and all his friends were back there, and so forth. I knew he'd be getting back in soon. I've been out of fandom long enough to tell a real gafiation from a fake gafiation. My own exit was for real, but he would be at the next Worldcon (and doing legendary things in the process), I was willing to bet.

At the moment, though, he was in the first flush of his gafiation, and thoroughly wrapped up in it, so I decided not to put a damper on his youthful enthusiasm and just sat there, looking at him, waiting for him to tell me how great gafiation was, how educational it was, and so forth. He just sat there, waiting for me to tell him he was right. Situations like this can be very uncomfortable, but as he gave the room a once-over, he happened to come across my old beanie, hung like a trophy with the rest of my hats. (It wasn't until I got Out that I began to enjoy hats and other things.)

He grinned at me triumphantly, as though this was a final and conclusive proof of something he'd been arguing with me vehemently for a long time. It didn't prove any-

thing to me, though. "So," he grinned, "you never were quite able to Get Away From It All, were you?"

Now, when I gafiated, verbal gymnastics and the witty stuff didn't mean much to me anymore. His little barb didn't do anything to me, and I answered with a smile! "Oh, it doesn't have anything to do with fandom, anymore. It's nothing now but a velvet memory with propellers. For old times' sake, I mean."

"Looks to me more like a velvet teddybear with propellers. You should get rid of it. It is a psychological crutch, and your gafiation will not be total until you get rid of it, permanently!" Ah, those barbs.

I smiled, "Look, if you came over here just to watch me totally gafiate, sorry to spoil your day but sorry. I have no use for fandom or any of its devices. The beanie is mine, not fandom's." I was getting tired of these games, the same kind I had played as a fan, and I graciously held the door open for him.

He grinned, "Say, do you have anything to drink?"

Here's one memory I had saved of fandom and its devices. "Bring Your Own Beer," I reminded him; I have never pronounced Beer with an H. I went into the refrigerator anyway, though, and got out a Pepsi. It was about three months old, and there were no bubbles left, so I decided it wouldn't matter.

When I came out again, he was gone, permanently. And so was my beanie, the one I'd had since fandom started. I was angry, of course, but it wasn't that surprising. Those fans are all ripoff artists, I remembered.

That would be the end of this, except that that day, to "drown my sorrows" you might say, I decided to read The Los Angeles Times first, instead of using it on my floors and reading it that way. I opened the paper, and just under the headline ("SCANDAL CLEANUP"), I noticed a small piece of velvet. The rest of what had once been my beanie fell out, in pieces of all shapes and sizes, when I shook the paper. He must have been quite a fast worker with a pair of scissors.

I just sat there, looking at one of the aluminum foil flying saucers, realizing that this was really gafia.



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## THE RANQUET ROSTER

Matthew B. Tepper  
Barry Gold  
Ted Johnstone/David McDaniel  
Lee Gold  
Elliot "Elst" Weinstein  
Gary Lowenthal  
Stasia Spade  
Bolt Wright  
Mike Glycer  
Sanford Cohen  
Beverly Warren  
Bill Warren  
Greg Chalfin  
Cathy Hill  
Marc Russell  
Dan Goodman  
James Langdell (aka Tom Whitmore)  
Fred Patten  
Linda Frenelle  
Harlan Ellison, Esq.  
Ellen Douglas  
Bela Lugosi  
George Clayton Johnson  
William Shattner  
Leonard Nimoy  
Norman Spinrad  
Langdon J. Brown  
Buck Rogers  
Flesh Gordon, thweetie.

((some of these people actually  
came. some do not exist.))

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A few lies in explanation: It was on that memorable evening of LACon's third day that Elliot Weinstein, Mike Glycer, Jack Harness, Norm Hochberg, Glenn Mitchell, Scott Baker and Mike Wood schemed the first RANQUET. They were all dedicated to the proposition that fan was not set on earth for the purpose of paying \$8 to eat a bad meal. No, back in those brave pioneer times one could still get "change back from your dollar" -- and it seemed eminently right to get fans together who weren't going to the Banquet and head over to a cheap place to eat -- then hurry back to hear the speeches and awards. But, Weinstein reminded, what use is a ceremony without its own awards? Therefore we decided to give out the APA-H (hoax apa) Hogus -- named after Hugu Chabsnerg, naturally. Weinstein was Toastmaster, Hochberg was Pro GoH, Green was Professional Neo etc.

In this tradition Matthew Tepper carried on for the Ranquet April 28, 1973. The Science Fiction Writers of America for their own banquet were charging \$12.50: the price of membership for a year in SFWA is also \$12.50 or so! As David Gerrold allegedly put it, "You can either be a pro, or eat with the pros." So Tepper took this as a cause celebre for the Ranquet, and had anti-Nebula type awards made up -- the Black Hole Awards. The meeting and meal took place in Westwood, at the two-story McDonald's Town House. We pick up; everyone has just finished eating. They are signing the Ranquet Roster:

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TEPPER: I would like to thank you all for coming down tonight. You all know what you're here for, so without further ado I give you -- the tape recorder.

JOHNSTONE: Yes. Charlie Jackson is here tonight to introduce the two guests of honor.

TEPPER: So, Charlie Jackson, as you know -- well, you know Charlie. Take it, Charlie...

JACKSON (on tape): Ladies and gentlemen -- (clears throat) -- Ranquet attendees, you all know me -- the Man Who Didn't Come To Dinner? The little emperor who wasn't there? After that stunning introduction, what more can I say? As I look out over your happy faces, I can say

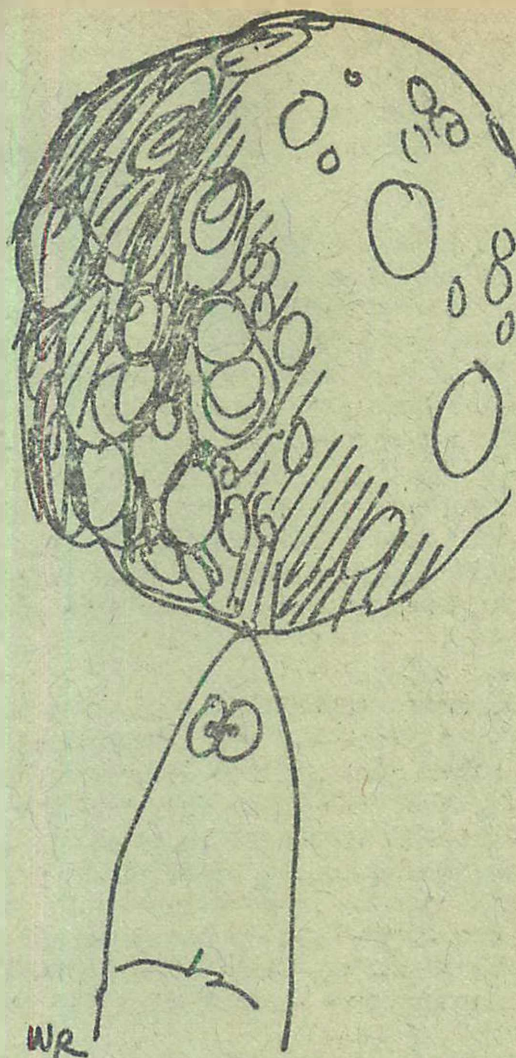
I am glad to be... over looking your faces.  
I am here today to introduce two of the  
finest fellow I know. John Sunlight --  
ah -- Take Two. Ted Johnstone, your pro  
guest of honor, has written many a fine  
zodiacal chart in his time. And your fan  
guest of honor, David McDaniel, that loyal  
subject and imperial associate -- well, it  
seems to me that he once wrote something.  
I -- I think it was that Devènia stuff  
in APA L awhile back.<sup>2</sup> In any case, here  
are both a man who need no introduction.  
Say -- in that case, I might as well have  
stayed home. APPLAUSE

JOHNSTONE: Okay, after that I will intro-  
duce myself, because I found a  
speech here. As you know, I'm packing to  
leave and I keep turning up all sorts of  
things. I wrote this in June '69 which  
makes it old enough to be fairly rank. I  
don't know if it was ever published or not.  
When I read through it it seemed oddly ap-  
propriate to the occasion. I will probably  
pause to change a figure or two here and  
there. I may insert a parenthetical note  
from time to time, but forthwith.

Fandom exists primarily as an escape from  
the real world. Let us admit that as a fund-  
a mental premise, and have no more bones  
about it. In many respects fandom has much  
to recommend it over the real world, and a  
number of appealing fantasies have been  
written as if it were as separate and inde-  
pendent as Neverland. The Enchanted Dupli-  
cator, The Ballard Chronicles, and The Im-  
mortal Storm spring to mind. Fandom is as  
much a way of life as Leninism or Randism  
and just about as possible to fully realize  
in this world of sour-faced reality.

Had we but worlds enough, and time, if we  
were not so inescapably involved in the same  
common fantasy, ideal worlds might prolifer-  
ate so greatly as to be truly capable of  
fitting all ideals. I think I'll cut that  
part when I edit it.

As it is, most fans are also people. They  
are, somewhere on the side, involved with  
the mundane task of scratching out some mun-  
dane form of existence, whether bilking an  
employer, or begging from parents, for even  
mimeo ink and stencils cost something, and  
postage touches us all. A few dollars here  
and there for paper or stencils, another for



## THE BLACK HOLE AWARDS

THE COMPLETE AND ANNOTATED PROCEED-  
INGS FROM APRIL 28, 1973's RANQUET



a fanzine sub, come out of mundania just as much as the postman who carries the mailings. It is worth noting that in dramatized idealizations of fandom it is almost invariably shown as an isolated community with no more detailed consistent background than a New Wave novel. But for better or worse, fandom is not and cannot be isolated other than ideologically, and even the changes in the real world which we and our pros have long foreseen and announced are overtaking us surely and inevitably as they become reality.

Why write a letter to a friend five hundred miles away when you can talk to him on the phone for a dollar, and cover as much in reciprocal stimulation as a half a dozen letters, and without spending any more in the process? Why mess about with a hand-cranked and hand-fed ditto when you can use someone else's electric Rex once or twice a month? As with most inevitable changes, you win a little, you lose a little. Then there's the population explosion: there are a lot more people than there used to be, and thus that little wedge off at the end of the bell-shaped curve has more room under it than it used to. Even 1/10,000th of the population, capable of becoming trufen, includes more individuals and with generally broadening mental horizons even that slim percentage itself is creeping upwards. But these are far outnumbered by those who find fandom open to anyone with a good intellect and some substantial social maladjustment. These are fans, too, as far as that goes and at times it seems to go rather farther than it used to.

Fandom in many respects is beginning to assume the qualities of a Big Business. A widely-read zine ten years ago might not run a hundred copies. Now 300 is not remarkable... Clubs spring forth like mushrooms in the moist soil of colleges across the country. Where Joe Phann was once the solitary misfit, sneered at by his contemporaries for his strange taste in reading, socially stunted, living through his mailbox, and other existences, a penetrating critic, a literary scholar, publisher, writer and great twit, now he is more likely to be an underground member of a university SF society, active in at least a couple other social groupings centered around drugs and politics, less concerned with feuds in FAPA or coitus in the CULT than with an occasional sercon clubzine and working with his group on a local convention.

Meanwhile local cons have proliferated. It really doesn't take more fen to have a con than it does to have an apa. All it takes is a mutual agreement and somebody to accept responsibility necessary for minimal organization. Years back only one or two major cons would even have programs. Midwestcons and other regionals usually consisted of a few dozen fans gathering around a swimming pool at some prearranged motel and taking pictures of each other falling in the water. Now regionals are larger than the first few Worldcons, and they're evolving a formalized organization to deal with themselves. Twenty or thirty fen can come together on the strength of a few published notices and on the trust that everybody else will come to the same place at about the same time. They all know each other, and they are their own best entertainment.

Two or three hundred fen are a little too anarchistic. Many of them are likely to be total strangers who don't quite have the social audacity to kid around with somebody they've just met and don't know at all, and they tend to require a program to give them something to do.

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- 9: "...a complete run of something." In this case, prestigious awards.
- 10: "Praise Herbie.": Reference to Herbangelism, the fannish religion invented by Elliot Weinstein and added to by all of LASFS. Herbie is a grossly fat superhero created by Stan Lee.
- 11: "...assaulting the asparagus." A reference to self-gratification. A euphemistic structure created by Ed Buchman and defined by June Moffatt as "verbing the noun."

This Ranquet honored and embodied most of the LASFS ingroup references current in the last few months. As with most such, they'll likely be invalid by the time this sees print...

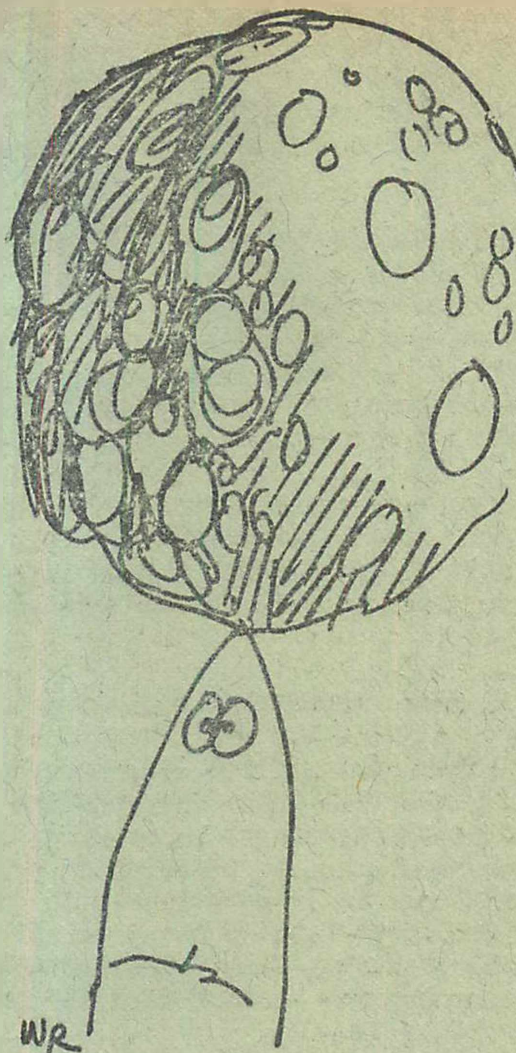
I am glad to be... over looking your faces.  
 I am here today to introduce two of the  
 finest fellow I know. John Sunlight --  
 ah -- Take Two. Ted Johnstone, your pro-  
 gress of honor, has written many a fine  
 zodiacal chart in his time. And your fan-  
 guest of honor, David McDaniel, that loyal  
 subject and imperial associate -- well, it  
 seems to me that he once wrote something.  
 I -- I think it was that Dev'nia stuff  
 in APA L awhile back.<sup>2</sup> In any case, here  
 are both a man who need no introduction.  
 Say -- in that case, I might as well have  
 stayed home. APPLAUSE

JOHNSTONE: Okay, after that I will intro-  
 duce myself, because I found a  
 speech here. As you know, I'm packing to  
 leave and I keep turning up all sorts of  
 things. I wrote this in June '69 which  
 makes it old enough to be fairly rank. I  
 don't know if it was ever published or not.  
 When I read through it it seemed oddly ap-  
 propriate to the occasion. I will probably  
 pause to change a figure or two here and  
 there. I may insert a parenthetical note  
 from time to time, but forthwith.

Fandom exists primarily as an escape from  
 the real world. Let us admit that as a fund-  
 a mental premise, and have no more bones  
 about it. In many respects fandom has much  
 to recommend it over the real world, and a  
 number of appealing fantasies have been  
 written as if it were as separate and inde-  
 pendent as Neverland. The Enchanted Dupli-  
 cator, The Ballard Chronicles, and The Im-  
 mortal Storm spring to mind. Fandom is as  
 much a way of life as Leninism or Randism  
 and just about as possible to fully realize  
 in this world of sour-faced reality.

Had we but worlds enough, and time, if we  
 were not so inescapably involved in the same  
 common fantasy, ideal worlds might prolifer-  
 ate so greatly as to be truly capable of  
 fitting all ideals. I think I'll cut that  
 part when I edit it.

As it is, most fans are also people. They  
 are, somewhere on the side, involved with  
 the mundane task of scratching out some mun-  
 dane form of existence, whether bilking an  
 employer, or begging from parents, for even  
 mimeo ink and stencils cost something, and  
 postage touches us all. A few dollars here  
 and there for paper or stencils, another for



## THE BLACK HOLE AWARDS

THE COMPLETE AND ANNOTATED PROCEED-  
 INGS FROM APRIL 28, 1973's RANQUET



a fanzine sub, come out of mundania just as much as the postman who carries the mailings. It is worth noting that in dramatized idealizations of fandom it is almost invariably shown as an isolated community with no more detailed consistent background than a New Wave novel. But for better or worse, fandom is not and cannot be isolated other than ideologically, and even the changes in the real world which we and our pros have long foreseen and announced are overtaking us surely and inevitably as they become reality.

Why write a letter to a friend five hundred miles away when you can talk to him on the phone for a dollar, and cover as much in reciprocal stimulation as a half a dozen letters, and without spending any more in the process? Why mess about with a hand-cranked and hand-fed ditto when you can use someone else's electric Rex once or twice a month? As with most inevitable changes, you win a little, you lose a little. Then there's the population explosion: there are a lot more people than there used to be, and thus that little wedge offat the end of the bell-shaped curve has more room under it than it used to. Even 1/10,000th of the population, capable of becoming trufen, includes more individuals and with generally broadening mental horizons even that slim percentage itself is creeping upwards. But these are far outnumbered by those who find fandom open to anyone with a good intellect and some substantial social maladjustment. These are fans, too, as far as that goes and at times it seems to go rather farther than it used to.

Fandom in many respects is beginning to assume the qualities of a Big Business. A widely-read zine ten years ago might not run a hundred copies. Now 300 is not remarkable... Clubs spring forth like mushrooms in the moist soil of colleges across the country. Where Joe Phann was once the solitary misfit, sneered at by his contemporaries for his strange taste in reading, socially stunted, living through his mailbox, and other existences, a penetrating critic, a literary scholar, publisher, writer and great twit, now he is more likely to be an underground member of a university SF society, active in at least a couple other social groupings centered around drugs and politics, less concerned with feuds in FAPA or coitus in the CULT than with an occasional sercon clubzine and working with his group on a local convention.

Meanwhile local cons have proliferated. It really doesn't take more fen to have a con than it does to have an apa. All it takes is a mutual agreement and somebody to accept responsibility necessary for minimal organization. Years back only one or two major cons would even have programs. Midwestcons and other regionals usually consisted of a few dozen fans gathering around a swimming pool at some prearranged motel and taking pictures of each other falling in the water. Now regionals are larger than the first few Worldcons, and they're evolving a formalized organization to deal with themselves. Twenty or thirty fen can come together on the strength of a few published notices and on the trust that everybody else will come to the same place at about the same time. They all know each other, and they are their own best entertainment.

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But when cities that didn't even have fans ten years ago are staging regionals with three figure attendance, and major conventions run regularly in the thousands, some increasing formality in the organization of these cons is an inevitable concomitant. -- I wrote this to be published, not read -- A larger attendance means more work for more people, more investment, with a greater return in profits and prestige for the labors involved.

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or watch a reply of THE TROUBLE WITH TRIBBLES.

DAN GOODMAN: More than eighty.

JOHNSTONE: There was an ancient saying in Old High Terran to the effect that anyone who is willing to spend money can find someone willing to accept it. Imagine, then, that the program book is printed up in advance, enough that prospective members can study it and decide which items they like. When they join, the basic membership fee may be five dollars which entitles them to walk around the corridors, crash parties, see the huckster room and buy books and magazines, bid at the art show and tour the permanent exhibits. And, since tradition is strong, come in and stand at the back of the Banquet after dinner to hear the speeches and see the awards. Everything else on the formal program will cost something extra. With a package rate of \$25 which will likely include a copy of the Proceedings, if and when. Some of this money would be offered as payment to the speakers, and also tend to improve their quality.

Your membership badge might be coded to indicate which items you had paid for, you might have stubs which can be torn off by attendants at the door. Now there would be a strong polarization at this point, similar to the polarization that one achieves by leaving hard cider in a freezer overnight. Among the mobs of indigent curiosity seekers roaming outside the program audiences, will be those who are more interested in seeing their friends again, listening to other people hashing over ideas that they have torn apart in their own zines months before. After all, when you ask someone about a con afterwards, doesn't he usually say, "Well, of course, I didn't see much of the program, but down in the bar..."

At the same time, the entertainments are well-attended, and these audiences are the people who will be drawn towards fandom in the next ten years. But they will be interested primarily in Science Fiction, which is gaining an appalling degree of social acceptance as it becomes obvious that we were right all along, and not particularly interested in fandom. Fandom as we know it may even cease to exist.

TOM WHITMORE: Let's get science fiction out of the classroom and back in the gutter where it belongs! (PUTRID APPLAUSE)

JOHNSTONE: In the face of this I think it likely that the few who find the shows boring and prefer to entertain themselves and each other, will tend to group together and stay in touch between cons, perhaps even exchanging bits of their own writing on an irregular personal basis, and maybe eventually arranging informally to get together for a weekend in Boise, Idaho to sit around and drink beer and talk and throw each other in the pool. And they will probably avoid publicity like the plague!

Bear in mind that I do not necessarily advocate this future any more than Bradbury advocated FARENHEIT 451 or Heinlein advocated STARSHIP TROOPER. Mine is not to point and warn, mine is but to say suppose. But if this particular cacatopia should come about, I'll see you in Boise, Idaho over the Labor Day Weeken in 1988 -- but don't tell anyone else! APPLAUSE

(resume double column)

TEPPER: I have a presentation to make before the presentation of the ribited Black Hole Awards. We have a certificate from the Science Fiction Hoax-ters of America to John Harvey, Manager of

of McDonald's in the Village. (We have a representative from Mr. Harvey right here.) It is signed by Harvard Lemanski Zym<sup>3</sup> and Matthew Bruce Tepper, acting as Chairnoun and Toast-master. And I'd like to present it now.

MCDONALD'S: Thank you.

TEPPER: We especially want to thank you for letting us hold our banquet here.

LEE GOLD: We'll be back next year.

TEPPER: --we decided that the price was right. Thank you very much.

TEPPER: A little bit of overview on the Black Hole Awards. This entire Banquet was first conceived when it turned out that SFWA was charging \$12.50 for its Banquet. Fans got together. Something had to be done! So we conceived of this Banquet at this wonderful McDonald's "in the Village."<sup>4</sup> It was then pointed out that one thing the Banquets needed was an award to parody the Nebula Award. A name was suggested, that of the Black Hole, by Mr. Chalfin. That is why we are starting to have Black Hole Awards showing up. Now if you may be asking what a Black Hole Award is: I'd like to present our first Black Hole award -- Elliot, would you please rip off the brown paper bag? -- to our Guests of Honor, Ted Johnstone and David McDaniel.<sup>5</sup> ((The standard Black Hole looks like a miniature bowling ball -- the size of a Tootsie-Pop -- mounted on a wire perpendicular to a stained wood base, all about 8 inches or so high.))

Now lest you think that all Black Hole awards are alike, we have a couple that are a bit different. For example, you know that there are some among us who work on convention committees, who do work until their brows break out in sweat. There are also some people who pin buttons on costumes, who arrange envelopes in order, and I think these people deserve some sort of recognition too. So we have a special award, and Fred, will you please accept for this? Fred Patten will accept the special award to Chuck Crayne, for Invisibility! APPLAUSE ((Transparent globe of standard size in award design.))

FRED PATTEN: Chuck is getting this for as much work as he did at LACon, I feel.<sup>6</sup>

TEPPER: Something has to be said about the person who with his backbreaking labor managed to put these awards together in the first place... So to show you what he had to do to get these Black Hole awards out, we have a special Black Hole Award

for Phil Lebow. ((still in mold)) Which I shall accept. It's still in the mold as you can tell. APPLAUSE?

WHITMORE: What is the sound of one fan clapping?

TEPPER: Now, speaking of conventions, as I'm sure we weren't until a couple of seconds ago, -- pause and let the train go by -- I'm sure that some of you managed to hear about the recent Equicon, and the luckier of you managed to avoid it completely. There were some people who were doing their best to screw it up for as many people as possible. This award goes to that fine person, employed by the City, Fire Marshal Frazier. Accepting for him is Sandy Cohen. ((standard Black Hole, ball taped over<sup>7</sup>))

COHEN: Mr. Frazier asked me to say a few well-chosen words about this. First, STAY OUT OF THE AISLES OR WE'LL CLOSE THIS PLACE DOWN. I am very pleased and honored to accept this award for "Frazier: the Sensuous Fire Marshal." He was deeply moved to find out that he was going to get this; not so deeply moved as when I give it to him -- /TEPPER: He'll move straight up./ -- He will show this in a place of honor, as soon as he gets it bronzed so that it will be fire-proof. He would have been here tonight, but he figured that one more person and it'd be too crowded and he'd have to close it down. So thank you for him. APPLAUSE AND HISSES.

TEPPER: So, we have honored people who have taken part in conventions, people who have organized conventions and done nothing at them. We should, I think, honor people who publish fanzines. Now recently in APA-L there have been people who have put an awful lot of effort --

JOHNSTONE: A lot of awful effort.

TEPPER: --Into publishing a rather well-known comic strip. And I would like to present this slightly defective award ((flat on one side)) to Mark Dinakos and Matthew Graham for introducing "Merrie Moledies and Bags Bunny"<sup>8</sup>. I think we have someone who will accept...

MORE OF THE SAME

AND LIKEWISE



JOHNSTONE: On behalf of Diniakos and Graham, I would like to say that they decline this award because of APA-L's treatment of crudzines.

TEPPER: Along with various other fan personalities, there are the Collectors. You know the Collectors -- people who will not stop until they have a complete run of something.<sup>9</sup> And so, for Charlie and Dena Brown we have another award -- two of them, as a matter of fact ((two standard Black Holes on a wooden base that has only partially been sawed in half)) for their collection. They are getting this award, if I may read the label "Special Award for GREED." You'll notice that they are cut, so that in case of divorce, they can be broken apart /imitates cracking over upraised knee/ Tom --

WHITMORE: I have been asked to accept this award for the publishers of the only fanzine that really makes a profit. They even sell their review copies, folks. For LOCUS, we thank you...

TEPPER: We have covered several aspects of fandom, but there is one aspect of fandom that we tonight must especially look forward to. And those are the hoaxes. I serached my brains to find or figure out who was the best hoax in the LA area. And I must say that I could not decide on one: I decided on two people. Therefore I should like to ask Mike Glyer and Elliot Weinstin to come up and accept their awards for Best Hoaxes. You may find out just how good hoaxes they are when they publish the proceedings of this damn thing.

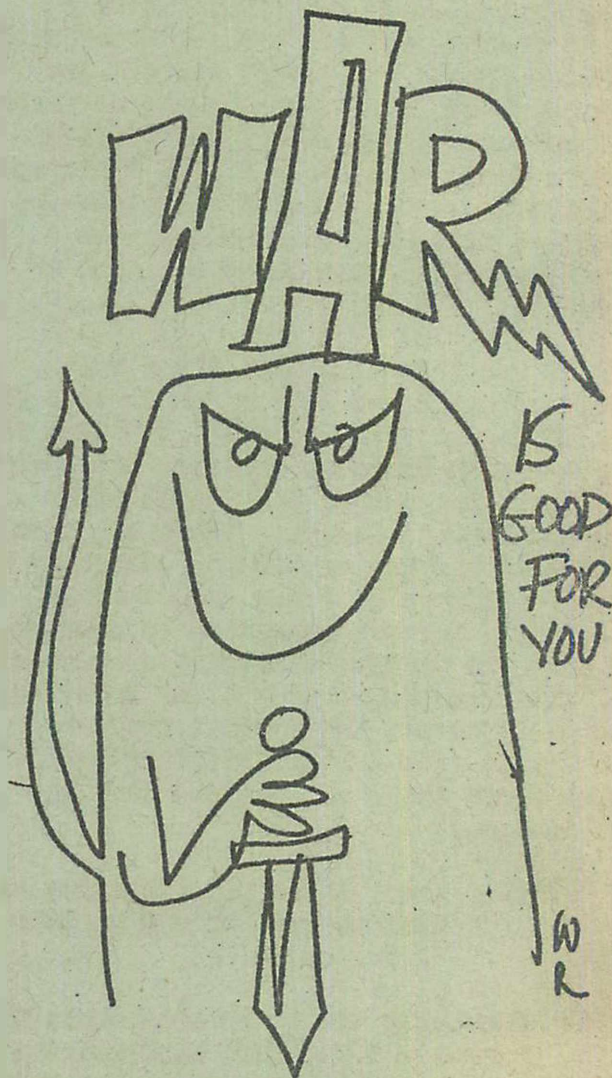
WEINSTEIN: First of all, I'd like to say that we passed the hat for our Guest of Honor. And we got \$3.83, three Blue Chip stamps, and some belly button lint.

TEPPER: That's to pay for the making of the awards.

WEINSTEIN: Right.

TEPPER: That goes to Phil Lebow. Also for my bus fare back to Santa Monica.

WEINSTEIN: Second of all, I would like to thank Hogu Chabsnerg, who is the person who invented science fiction



hoaxing, and who is the one that we all owe everything to.

GLYER: But aren't going to pay.

TEPPER: Praise Herbie! Praise Herbie!<sup>10</sup>

GLYER: ((Reads Ranquet Roster.))

TEPPER: Sit down already! I have more awards!

TEPPER: Now since we have already covered various aspects of fandom, of course we are going to repeat them. So if you're going to repeat anything in fandom; if you have been to one convention, you want to go to another, and if you've been to one Worldcon, you want to go to another, And I felt it duly fitting to honor the Chairman of the next Worldcon, John Millard -- with a Special Award for Half-Assed Con Officiousness. ((Black Hole award, half cut away)) Dan Goodman will accept.

DAN GOODMAN: I am happy to accept this award for the man who has done more for the Canadian legal profession than any other.

TEPPER: Along with some of the true personalities we get at conventions and in apas as hoaxes, there are some people who leave their marks permanently on the field. One of these is Ed Buchman. And I have an award for him, if I may read it: Most Putrid. Greg, if you will please accept the award?

GREG CHALFIN: On behalf of Ed I want to thank you for this, and of course in living up to what the award is for, you'll notice that Ed is putridly not here. He's probably busy assaulting the asparagus or something.<sup>11</sup> Thanks again.

TEPPER: Thank you, Greg. By the way, you can get back up again Greg because since you named these damn things you get one too.

CHALFIN: Thank you, Matthew. You know, the use of astronomical objects as titles for awards can be proliferated to even more ridiculous extremes. In fact I would like to suggest to SFWA, since we do have a member of SFWA here, that they might want to establish an award for whichever of their members makes the most complaints and causes the most trouble in any given year,

about the membership prices at cons or whatever. And they could call that award the "Crab Nebula."

TEPPER: Well, Greg has given me a perfect setup for our . . . special award of the evening, and boy is it a special award as you're going to see in a moment. It goes to a professional whose record simply cannot be surpassed, who was in evidence at all times during the LACon, at the Equicon, and at several other conventions. And there is really nothing more I can say about -- Norman Spinrad, who gets the special Brown Hole Award! ((Black Hole, but colored like a Tootsie-Pop)) It was originally Phil Lebow's intention to give a Brown Hole Award, but he wasn't sure who to give it to. After I found out about it, we decided that Norman was certainly the perfect person. The label reads: Science Fiction Hoaxers of America Special Brown Hole Award to Norman Spinrad for Outstanding Professionalism.

There is one last award. But I really can't bring myself to present it. But a little bit of introduction. This person finally made his debut today in Beverly Hills as a conductor, conducting five brass instruments.

JOHNSTONE: All playing the same thing.

TEPPER: Well, different parts of the same thing.

LEE GOLD: Tom, get up and present it.

WHITMORE: This particular Black Hole Award goes to a person who has made himself in evidence in Los Angeles Fandom, publishing, in the Cult, in TAPS, and I can think of no person who is more deserving of a Black Hole Award --

LEE GOLD: One way or another

WHITMORE: Allow me to read the label.  
"Science Fiction Hoaxers of America Black Hole Award for Most Inconspicuous Debut.

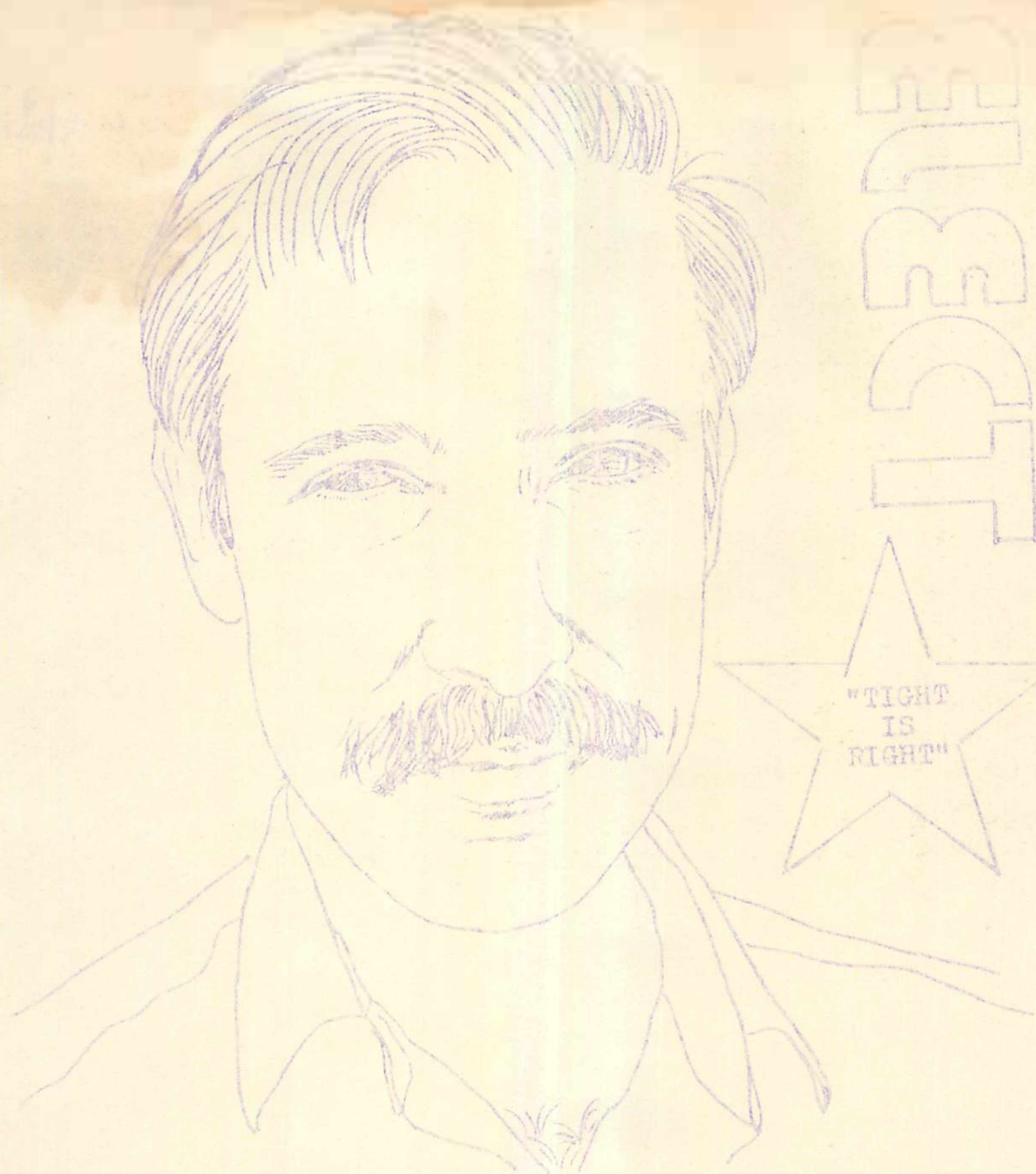
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- 8: "MerriedMoledies and Bags Bunny." The original of this takeoff was a crudely rendered violent sequence of action in the Bugs Bunny universe. It triggered certain APA-L members' paranoia about crudzines, and triggered others' love of putridity thus the long series of imitations (credited/blamed on Diniakos and Graham) by such persons as Weinstein, Glycer, Tepper, Buchman, Jackson, Johnstone, Barrio, Gerrold, Harness, Patten, Digby and perhaps others.
- 9: "...a complete run of something." In this case, prestigious awards.
- 10: "Praise Herbie.": Reference to Herbangelism, the fannish religion invented by Elliot Weinstein and added to by all of LASFS. Herbie is a grossly fat superhero created by Stan Lee.
- 11: "...assaulting the asparagus." A reference to self-gratification. A euphemistic structure created by Ed Buchman and defined by June Moffatt as "verbing the noun."

This Ranquet honored and embodied most of the LASFS ingroup references current in the last few months. As with most such, they'll likely be invalid by the time this sees print...



**BUCHMAN**

WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING: ( refer to APA-1 #419 )

- "... looks promising..." N. Kordell
- "... makes me want to vomit..." M. E. Tepper
- "...wise, intelligent, benevolent..." T. Johnstone
- "... a real snow-job piece of shit..." M. Glycer
- "... incredibly well endowed...male..." B. Warren
- "Throw the bum out the window I say." E. Green
- "...just plain nasty..." R. Leases
- "...a lot of trash..." D. Bee
- "...take him seriously as a possibility." T. Goodman





BLESS ME!



THE REVEREND DAVID GERROLD HEREBY ANNOUNCES  
HIS 1973 PRICE LIST

The Two Dollar Wedding -- I says a few words about you and declares you married.

The Four Dollar Wedding -- I says a few words over you, some of them are even nice. I announce the bride's entrance. For fifty cents more, I whistle "Here Comes The Bride," eight bars.

The Eight Dollar Wedding -- I says mostly nice words about you, most of them true. (If there is nothing nice about you to say, I say nothing, although for an extra fifty cents, I can make up a few things.) I play an old gramophone record of "HERE COMES THE BRIDE."

The Ten Dollar Wedding -- I says only nice words over you, and omit the cutting references to your morals and the bride's virginity. A harmonica player zips through the wedding march during the bride's entrance.

The Twelve Dollar Wedding -- (Now we get to the good stuff) I start out delivering Lincoln's Gettysburg Address while riding a mule stark naked down the Hollywood Freeway. Then I eulogize the families of both the bride and the groom, while the Boston Pops plays the wedding march. I delivers the service, including a sermon on the evils of drink, from high atop a fifty foot flagpole, while simultaneously juggling three live hand grenades.

The Fifteen Dollar Wedding -- starts out with a gang bang of Barbara Streisand by the entire Red Chinese Army. This is followed by a performance of the Sinking of Atlantis, with the original cast. For the shattering climax, I trace the family trees of both bride and groom back to Adam and Eve. (For fifty cents extra, I omits all horsethieves, politicians and other like scoundrels.) The wedding march is synthesized on the Moog by the Vienna Boys Choir.

The Twenty Dollar Wedding -- includes all of the above, except for the substitution of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir in for the Vienna Boys. Also, I delivers the service while being torn apart by four infuriated unicorns. The ceremony is usually held in the Pasadena Rose Bowl and telecast live and in color coast to coast.

But it's the Twenty-five Dollar Wedding where we start getting to the really good stuff...

REVEREND GERROLD  
NAMES HIS PRICE



# BOILER PLATE (AND REVIEWS)

STURGEON IS ALIVE AND WELL by Theodore Sturgeon  
Putnam, 221 pp. \$4.95 ++ reviewed by Darrell Schweitzer

First let's start off this review with a bit of literary heresy. It should come first because I consider all reviewing to be nothing but opinion since no one has yet come up with an objective definition for "good", and as a consequence everything the reviewer says is colored by his prejudices. A good reviewer does his best to let the audiences know what kind of nut they're dealing with, so I shall humbly proceed to tell all.

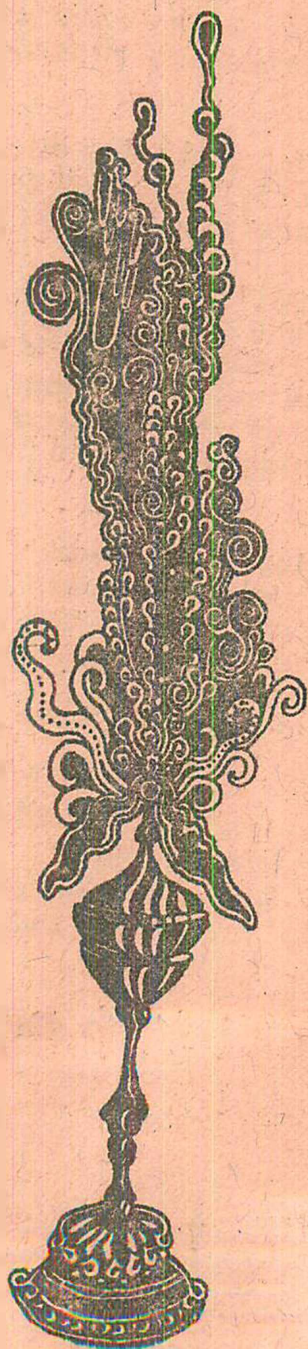
All in this case is merely this: I have never been very impressed with Theodore Sturgeon's fiction. I know that he is a grand master of SF, to be mentioned in the same breath with such exalted ghods as Heinlein, Clarke, Bradbury, etc., but his stories have never been able to really excite me. I've read this present collection, plus A WAY HOME, and the stories reprinted in the various Ultimate magazines over the years, so I think I am in a position to draw a few conclusions. I am not, you see, unfamiliar with his work, it's just that I find it, well, innocuous. That's the best word I can find. I'll be the first one to admit that the man can write, but his work doesn't seem to have much power to it. His stories are smooth, extremely competent, easily digestible, and easily forgettable. As Leon Taylor would put it, Sturgeon melts in your mouth, not in your mind.

STURGEON IS ALIVE AND WELL is a collection of typical Sturgeon stories. Take my word for it, if you like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing you're going to like. The real treasure of the book is "To Here And The Easel", which was included in STAR SHORT NOVELS in 1954 and hasn't seen the light of print since. It is essentially a "lost" Sturgeon story of major proportions. It alone should send the real Sturgeon addicts scurrying to their bookstores.

"Easel" is interesting, I must admit. Now 1954 wasn't exactly the most progressive year SF has ever known (the lid was being pried, but it wasn't off yet), but here we have Sturgeon writing this thing in a strange, jumbled-together, almost stream-of-consciousness style that must have been almost totally new at the time. Five years ago it would have been a cause celebre in the great new wave flap.

The story itself is about a lot of things, many of which I'm not sure I understand, and most of which are too detailed to go into here. (Someday Donald Keller is going to write an article on this thing. Watch for it.) Superficially, though, it is about an artist (read:writer) who is struggling through a severe dry spell, while at the same time dreaming himself into an alternate world in which he is a knight out of Orlando Furioso. His problems in both worlds are linked and the solution to one comes with the solution to the other.

REVIEWS: Schweitzer





One thing I like about this story is that it doesn't just ask important questions, such as the whys and wherefores of the artistic endeavor, but it answers them as well. Here's a story that really teaches something.

However, as a story I don't think it works. The stylistic tricks are at first engaging, but after 40 pages or so they get monotonous. And in the Orlando sequences, the mixture of this freaky almost stream-of-consciousness with archaic prose stumbles and finally comes off as downright clumsy. I can see no reason for incorrect grammar for the sake of incorrect grammar, to reason why thee shall should be used instead of thou shalt. (I wonder what would have happened if James Joyce had written Le Morte D'Arthur.) In the last quarter, things get just a little too insubstantial, description breaks down at crucial points, and the pat explanations at the end seem hard to swallow. In other words it's a curiously attractive, ambitious experimental failure. It is, however, an appropriate opening to the book, since it is about overcoming the "blocks" writers and artists sometimes experience, and the rest of the stories were produced in a flash of activity when Sturgeon recovered from a prolonged bout with just such a block.

"Slow Sculpture" you may remember from GALAXY a couple years back. It won all sorts of awards then, but some people protested that this was because everyone thought Sturgeon ought to get a Hugo finally, not because this particular specimen was worth one. I tend to agree with the protestors, because even though I read this thing very recently, it alone among all the stories in the book is already fading from memory. About all I can remember is that it was a brief rewarming of the standard Sturgeon themes of love and death, and that there was a tree in it which symbolized something or another. If we want to be generous, this can be called "minor",

"It's You!" is a very fine example of a Sturgeon mainstream story. It's a serio-comic bit about a guy who marries a dream girl, then does one little thing after another to please her. Eventually he ends up changing his habits, his dress, hobbies, associates, etc. to the point of seeing a stranger in the mirror one morning. Essentially a parable of matrimony.

"Take Care of Joey" is what I'd call a mainstream idea story. Rather than the familiar SF opus in which a unique machine is presented, the mainstream idea story is about a unique person or situation. This one is about a man who has been beaten up by another, to the point that he is permanently injured. Further injury could easily result in death, and since this is indirectly caused by the first assault, it's a delayed-reaction homicide. Consequently he enjoys himself by getting into tight situations from which his former assailant must keep rescuing him. This story is similar to the SF idea piece in more ways than one. Like most ANALOG filler it just touches on the idea and then stops.

"Crate" is science fiction, and one of the better examples I've seen from Sturgeon. A group of juvenile delinquents who are being sent to colonize distant worlds are shipwrecked, and must take a difficult trek across an alien landscape. Familiar? Yes this is the plot of umpteen million space operas, but Sturgeon condenses it into thirteen pages and turns it into an illustration of a moral lesson which teaches without either skimping on the story or getting preachy.

Two more mainstream stories. "The Girl Who Knew What They Meant" is an unremarkable story about a girl who makes a great sacrifice for someone she doesn't know and who will never be able to appreciate it. "Jorry's Gap" is much better. Sturgeon for once breaks out of the innocuous label, and tries to deal with very real, very serious problems, such as parental indifference and juvenile psychology. It's about why kids go "bad", but it seems to skip over such an important question in only



twelve pages. Then three fantasies, of a similar stripe, all based on extrapolations of improbable or even ridiculous ideas. "It Was Nothing -- Really!" is the best of these, highlighted by an opening scene so outrageous I won't spoil it for you here. "Brownshoes" is more plausible, dealing with an engine which is essentially a perpetual motion machine. No repair, no fuel. The problem is getting it to the public over the opposition of such people as the heads of massive oil corporations. The story brings to mind countless other efforts, dating back to Heinlein's "Let There Be Light" and earlier, but this is a highly polished version, somewhat better than the hundreds of others it seems to have digested.

"The Patterns of Dorne" is a disappointing return to the idea format, and also to the traditional formula used in such a format. Our hero tries to assassinate a dictator, but is stopped by a beautiful girl and her scientist father who turn out to be members of an underground. After tying up the clod thoroughly, they spend the rest of the story explaining their oh-so-clever idea. Thus through questions and answers the premise of the story is brought forth. The premise, yes, but like so many others of this type, from the Gernsback era onward, there is no story worth mentioning. This is the only thing in the book I actually regretted reading.

Finally we have "Suicide", a very realistic account of how a man jumps over a cliff, lands on a ledge, and then struggles to survive rather than kill himself. I am reminded of one of Sturgeon's first attempts at a story, which dealt with the intimate thoughts of a man right before he is about to be run over by a trolley. John Campbell rejected that, claiming it was an anecdote, not a story. It seems that Sturgeon, now thirty years the wiser, has come back to try a similar story and has succeeded. His character has depth, and undergoes real change in the few pages the story takes up.

So there you have it. A typical Sturgeon collection. Recommended to Sturgeon fans.

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FORERUNNER FORAY by Andre Norton; Viking, 1973, 286 pages. \$5.95; review: Stan Burns

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I first discovered Andre Norton while I was in junior high. I walked into the school library one day and found the cover of STORM OVER WARLOCK pinned to the wall as part of a general SF display. It was love at first sight. I found in her a kindred spirit, a soaring imagination, an escape from the jeering laughter of my peers.

Time passed. I no longer spent hours sitting on the front steps trying to spot Echo as it drifted across the Milky Way. I grew taller, my interests broadened. Elvis was replaced by the Beatles, Heinlein by Hemingway.

I still followed Norton. I snatched up each new book, but something unforgivable had happened. Escapism had been replaced by literary taste. I realized that her characterization was poor, that all her main characters were the same. Some of her books were just plain bad, either over- or underwritten. She left enough loose ends at times to stuff a mattress. I had become a critic!

It occurred to me that her writings could be separated into periods. Her first period (early and middle fifties) can be characterized as standard 50s adventure fiction. She produced novels in now way outstanding from the other SF of that period. Her novels were generally one-shot affairs, and had little common background. The best examples of this period are the "free trader" novels PLAGUE SHIP and SARGASSO OF SPACE. The background of these novels would later be elaborated for use from the sixties to the present. But there is little connection between these novels and the others of that period. In DAYBREAK: 2250 AD the human race is picking up after an

atomic war, while in *THE STARS ARE OURS!* a clutch of scientists masquerading as a religious order calling itself Pax has taken over the world after an atomic holocaust. But the backgrounds are completely different. In the former we see mutants and primitive ethnic groups, in the latter an organized religion based on scientific principles. (It is interesting to speculate on whether her anti-technological attitude derives from the fact that many of her early novels dealt with atomic war.) The backgrounds look similar but upon examination they become mutually exclusive. This is true of other novels of that period.

Several ideas make themselves clear during that period. Her characters are not the emotional/physical cripples/outcasts that dominate her next period (excepting *DAYBREAK 2250 AD*). In the first period they follow the "work ethic" -- 'work hard and you will find fulfillment and acceptance'. The seeds of her "There are Things That Man Was Not Meant To Know" are present; (atomic energy is bad) but not in the extent of her later writings. Her fascination with peoples of different ethnic backgrounds, especially American Indian, is present, but can be seen mostly in her treatment of alien cultures. They take the forefront in her next period.

Norton's second period (late fifties and early sixties) can be characterized by two persistent trademarks. One is her use of characters of American Indian descent. The other is the use of the "outcast" as a protagonist. She steps away from the background of her earlier novels, first in the "time traders" series, then in the "beast masters" and warlock series. In the time traders is created a galactic civilization that fell before man discovered agriculture. In the beast master series Earth is destroyed. The protagonist of two time trader novels, and both the beast master novels is an Amerind. Both series contain the remnants of previous galactic civilizations that are evil.

In her third period (middle sixties) can be characterized by three trademarks. The outcast character becomes central to her writing. He appears in the Dipple novels (the Janus novels, *STAR HUNTER*, *CATSEYE*, etc.) where the character is an actual cripple (as in *NIGHT OF MASKS*) or becomes an outcast. The characters in the Janus novels actually become aliens. The pessimism in these novels is abundant. I wonder if the period ...the Cuban missile crisis...the *SILENT SPRING*... had this effect? Her characters reject star-travelling technological culture and return to the land. In *STAR HUNTER* and *CATSEYE* the characters become glorified 'forest rangers'. In the Janus novels they become aliens who live in close attunement with the land. And in the Warlock novels the Throgs can be said to represent technology, and the witches/Wyverns the natural approach. The previous novels have had another interesting feature. The return to the background of the "free trader" novels.

The mysticism of this third period is found to the greatest extent in her Witch World novels. In these novels there are Things Man Was Not Meant To Know, exemplified mainly by her "Old Ones." These are parents that tell us not to play with fire 'cause if ya do yaur gonna get burnt!

The other radical departure of this period is in her style. During this period she shifts often from her previous third person descriptive narrative to first person narrative (sometimes involving more than one character). She at times will follow one character for one sections of a novel, then switch to the other, rather than her earlier method of following one character through the entire novel.

And that brings us to her present period (Amid much shaking of heads in the audience wondering what this is all about). This period, if it is indeed one and *not solely* in this critic's imagination, begins in the seventies with *THE ZERO STONE*, and its sequel, her present novel, *FORERUNNER FORAY*, and marks a departure from the rampant pessimism



of the third period. For this novel represents an attempt to tie together many of her previous novels into the background of her early free trader and Dipple stories. Now does the foregoin make sense to you out there? Let me list some of the background tie-ins that she attempts, and also list why they confuse me.

(1) One of the main characters in this novel is the son of Shan Lantee, the main character in STORM OVER WARLOCK. Thus it must take place thirty or forty years after that novel. Ok. What happened to the Throgs? The human race was fighting them. Did we win? Lose? Draw? In STORM, in order to make a planet safe, a screen or force field or something had to be thrown up to protect against Throgs. Are they still in use?

(2) Reference is made to the caves of Arzor. They were explored in the two beast master novels. But. In these novels another enemy, the Xiks, had destroyed the planet Earth. But reference is made in this novel that Earth still exists! Does it or doesn't it?

(3) Reference is also made to the free trader novels, but that at least fits in. So does the reference to EXILES OF THE STARS. (She states that it took place two years prior to the present novel).

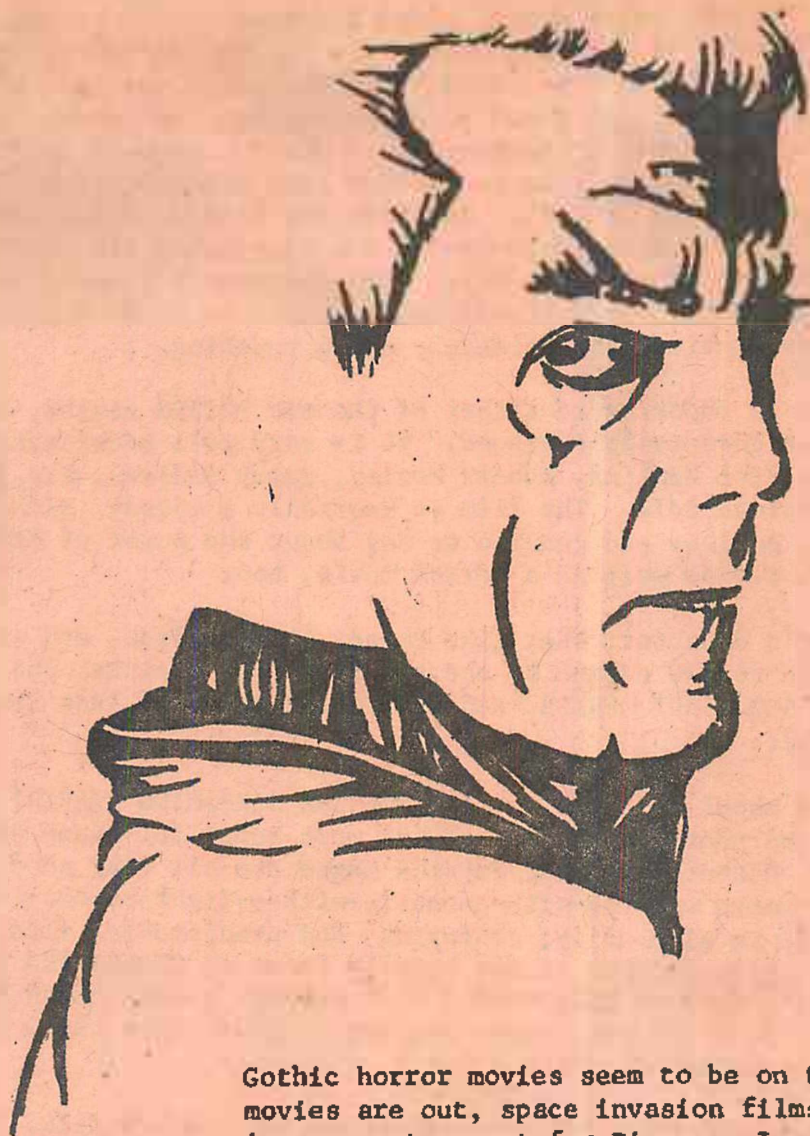
Now after all that let's look at FORERUNNER FORAY itself. It's written in the third person narrative, and its protagonist is Ziantha, a female esper (hah) who came from the Dipple (again, hah)(another reference) and is in the employ of the Thieves Guild (sic). She is not an "outcast" but she is controlled by her mistress, Yasa, a Salariki (the natives of the planet seen in PLAGUE SHIP) and vip is the Thieves Guild. While Ziantha is using her esper talents in a robbery, she stumbles across a Forerunner artifact (forerunner being the term applied to galactic civilizations that rose and fell before man reached the stars) which compels her to steal it through its effect on her "talent." Her mistress becomes swept up by a search for the artifact's origin, after a series of circumstances to be thrown mentally back into the body of a Forerunner.

The structure of this novel is interesting but disappointing. The segments following involve her being thrown into the past, what happens when she must go further into the past to seek her way back to the present, and her eventual return and escape from the Thieves Guild.

I call it disappointing because the Forerunner pasts that she is thrown into are planetary. Neither of the two alien civilizations she observes were the ones I was expecting. I expected her to finally begin putting some detail into these civilizations she had been writing about for the past 20 years, and she didn't.

Other deatures make it interesting. The main character isn't the usual "outcast" type, in that all she wants to do is get away from the forces that are controlling her. (aswitch from Things Man Is Not Meant To Know to Man Is Controlled By Forces Beyond His Comprehension?) A switch is definitely indicated as the artifact is not destroyed in the end. Rather Ziantha intends to use it in a scientific search of the past in an attempt to understand and chart Forerunner history. I assume a sequel.

Basically FORERUNNER FORAY is the juvenile adventure story type that Norton handles so well, suffering somewhat from her semi-romantic style. The consistency is sometimes glaringly in question. But the main fault lies, I think, in trying to tie together too many of her previous novels in a common background without being consistent in that background. It raises too many loose ends, and I am getting tired of all those loose ends flying around in my head.



THE  
INCREDIBLE  
REVIEWING  
FAN

BILL WARREN

+ +

Gothic horror movies seem to be on the rise lately. Monster movies are out, space invasion films are out, comedy fantasies are out except for Disney. I saw 16 new films since March 2 that I consider appropriate for this column; 6 were Gothics or nearly so, 6 were science fiction, 4 were oddball items. (Including HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER, a moderately entertaining Clint Eastwood Western -- which he also directed -- in which his customary Mysterious Stranger turns out to be a ghost.)

Of the Gothics, the best were the film-on-tape of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, with Kirk Douglas and a large, competent cast, and the British THEATRE OF BLOOD with Vincent Price and Diana Rigg. DR J & MR H wasn't much of a musical; the lyrics were fair, the music slightly better, but the songs were only loosely connected to the plot (altho the first transformation occurred while Jekyll, then Hyde, sang). Douglas was extremely good in the dual role; I often like him, but he does have a strong tendency to overplay. Here he had an unusual opportunity to bake ham, but was restrained and subtle in both roles. The makeup was good, and at the first, very subdued. This is one of the best versions of the story that I've seen, and if it is repeated, deserves watching, for Douglas and the excellent script.



THEATRE OF BLOOD is a Vincent Price movie, which for most people is reason enough to avoid or to see it. The plot is somewhat similar to THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES of a couple of years ago -- a wronged man gets revenge in gruesome ways upon those who wronged him, one at a time. Price here plays an overwhelmingly and humorously hammy actor (typecasting), who appears only in Shakespearean plays. When an award presented annually by a group of theater critics goes to another than himself, Price flings himself into the Thames and is thought dead. But with the help of a band of winos and his daughter, he catches the critics one by one and dispatches all save one in gory and Shakespearean fashion. This gives Price the opportunity to wear outlandish costumes and makeup and to spout lots of Shakespeare. Which is fine; Price is extremely good in the part, vastly amusing and ultimately quite touching.

The script of the film is superior to either of the two PHIBES movies, although it is not as original or as gorgeously designed. It is very well constructed, however -- well-known actors (e.g. Jack Hawkins, Robert Morley, Harry Andrews, etc.) play the critics, and each is a complete role. The film is basically a comedy, although it does have something fairly serious and genuine to say about the power of critics over artists. And it functions rather well as a horror movie, too.

Diana Rigg plays Price's daughter; she, like Price, is excellent, and either of their performances would be reason enough to see the film. Complaints: the title should have remained MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER, and critic Ian Hendry's last lines should have been deleted altogether.

The other Gothics were about on a par. --AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS! has gorgeous productions values and photography, one of the most beautiful cheap horror movies I've seen. Peter Cushing, Herbert Lom, and Patrick Magee are all very good, and the film is absolutely a true woman's-novel-with-a-castle-with-a-light-on-and-a-dark-brooding-figure-Gothic. It is also silly, confusing, and predictable. (Its other major distinction is that while filming it was briefly known as FENGRIFFEN -- the name of its source novel -- and I HAVE NO MOUTH BUT I MUST SCREAM. I understand Harlan Ellison's agent offered to sell the production company, Amicus, this title without Ellison's permission -- which was not forthcoming.)

THE VAULT OF HORROR, also Amicus, is their latest multiple-story film, from old EC comics rather than Bob Bloch this time, and TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM, with a large, fine cast (incl. Ray Milland, John Carradine, and Elsa Lanchester) are both well-produced but routine chillers, entertaining enough, and not to be avoided particularly, but are scarcely original.

One major Gothic film is about to be released: THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE, from Richard Matheson's novel Hell House, and with a script by him. It stars Pamela Franklin (the little girl from THE INNOCENTS, who had a nude scene in THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE and showed she had grown up quite nicely, thank you) and the ubiquitous Roddy McDowall. Although I have not seen it yet, advance reviews from VARIETY and HOLLYWOOD REPORTER indicate it is extremely well-done. It is the only independent productions of the late James H. Nicholson, who for 20 years or so was partners with Samuel Z. Arkoff in American International Pictures, and who seems to have been almost solely responsible for any good films AIP made.

There were several new science fiction movies this time around (and several more in the immediate offing). The major one was MGM's SOYLENT GREEN, based on Harry Harrison's MAKE ROOM! MAKE ROOM! This is a medium-budget film with a large cast of semi-name performers, led by Charlton Heston again. He's becoming an sf movie fixture lately, which seems okay to me -- he's a competent-to-good actor, and fits the 1940s-1950s literary Science Fiction hero mold quite well. Here he is a policeman of the

overcrowded New York of 2021 (I think), investigating the murder of Joseph Cotten, playing a prominent industrialist. He's helped in this by Edward G. Robinson (and hindered by Chuck Connors and others), his roommate and a living book of information. Heston gradually learns that the new color of soy, lentil and plankton cracker, soy-lent green, is somehow the reason for Cotten's death.

Despite the emphasis placed on the Secret of Soylent Green in the ads, the plot is actually unimportant when compared with the trappings of the polluted, crowded city of New York in the next century. All kinds of large and small details are shown. In fact the most powerful scene in the film, Robinson's death, has little to do with the story directly. He has found out the green secret and gone to a Vonnegut-like suicide parlor where he sees a film montage of earth as it once was while he dies. Robinson's performance and the direction are both very effective here, but I suspect a good deal of the power of the scene stems from knowing that Robinson, a much-beloved character actor, actually did die shortly after the film was finished.

The movie was directed by Richard Fleischer, an unimaginative, moderately competent director whose films seem to be precisely as good as the scripts he is given. For example, try to pick a Central Theme from the films he's made, which include 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, THE VIKINGS, COMPULSION, FANTASTIC VOYAGE, DR. DOOLITTLE, and THE BOSTON STRANGLER. Here he is working with reasonably good material on a tight shooting schedule; he manages to make the overcrowding seem believable (if failing to make the viewer feel suffocated), and the performances are adequate. He shoots everything just as the average man would, however. No flair, no originality. Just competence. Yawn!

Recently the birth rate in the US has slowed down, and it seems quite unlikely that the future shown in SOYLENT GREEN will ever come to pass. However, if it did, I can't see why the soylent green solution would seem to be anything but reasonable and responsible. And I can't see why, after initial dismay, the people of the future would not accept it. I won't give away The Secret of Soylent Green here, since the movie is quite good and should be seen.

Ever since it was released I've thought 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY was the best movie I've ever seen. Seeing it again recently confirmed this. However, there now are several contenders for the worst of all time. My old standbys, FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE SPACE MONSTER and DRACULA (THE DIRTY OLD MAN) now have some real competition. There are two movies being shown at kiddy matinees as if they were one. Don't be fooled; one-time fan Jim Harmon wrote one, but that doesn't help. They are not two-for-the-price-of-one; they are to be avoided. One is THE LEMON GROVE KIDS MEET THE MONSTERS; the other is (honestly) THE LEMONGROVE KIDS MEET THE GREEN GRASSHOPPERS AND THE VAMPIRE LADY FROM OUTER SPACE. They are wretched imitations of a wretched original -- the Bowery Boys series.

However, even these dismal things pale in comparison (well, what else) to none other than the one and only (I fervently hope) BLACKENSTEIN. I saw this for free at an advance screening, and god forbid it should ever be released. There is nothing to recommend this film; it is gory, tedious, stupid, pretentious, not acted or directed at all. It is the most worthless piece of cinematic garbage I have yet seen, and I've seen some real stinkers. Not only is it simply bad, but it is also in the worst possible taste (Vietnam war veteran, quadruple amputee, has four new limbs sewn on -- he's a Negro, hence the title; a villain switches serums so our hero gets some sort of animal juice, whereupon he grows a head and apparently clothes like the Karloff Frankenstein monster, seeks out white girls and literally tears their guts out.) And a sequel, no less, has been announced. The world is coming to an end.



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HAWKWIND: AMON DUUL II; DOREMI FASOL LATIDO, WOLF CITY. United Artists ++Richard Wadholm

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This is a good example of the two extremes of the newly discovered science fiction rock medium. On the one hand, Amon Duul's WOLF CITY is fragrant, frightening and thoughtful, with roots in German mythology and branches into a mad, sterile utopian future. These people play freely with your mind, mixing more influences than Frank Zappa and the Mothers and yet keeping the integrity of their own sound.

Hawkwind, on the other hand, is just rocket ship music. It could be Pink Floyd without taste, or Black Sabbath with taste, but either way it's rather mindless. It's not bad for Trekkie music, but it doesn't even aim for things as high as most other science fiction bands. Amon Duul II and Pink Floyd both use subtle contrasts between electronics and poetry, cosmology and humanity, to weave together tapestries of complex moods and ideas. Hawkwind just drives out with a single chain-gang rhythm set to a single tone and tosses in those flashy comic-book covers and some squirrely noises from a raped synthesizer to keep up the old image. The Grand Funk Railroad of outer space, Doremi Fasol Latido is allegedly the ballad of the continuing story of Dave Brock and His Space Cadets or something like that. There's a whole little piece of future history on the back (how many times this has been done in ANALOG before is not worth counting) which also lets them sneak in their credits without messing with the aesthetics of all that chrome and black. The future history book tells how they find cosmic peace of mind with the rulers of the galaxy by discovering interstellar dancing music. Blah. Anyway, all the ideas, as simple-minded as they are, have been burned off from other people and set to that one, forty-minute-long killing beat, droned out in a minor key by somebody that the mixers managed to sandwich in between the metal guitars and the moogs. That is the album. It's not as good as their last album only because cosmic voodoo music has more originality than cosmic muzak. I don't mean to give the impression that I really hated Doremi Fasol Latido, because it's nice to doobie to when you're doing homework or watching tv, but for the hype they've been given, they sure are light on the talent.

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF BARRY MCKENZIE, and BAZZA PULLS IT OFF  
Authored by Shepard, artisted by sundry ++ reviewed by Mike Glycer

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The highest recommendation I can give to this book is that it's the kind of comic strip collection that Ed Buchman could write if he were Australian. Actually it's two collections, but if you've read one Barry McKenzie sequence you've read them all, yet if you can tolerate or even enjoy one, you'll feel obliged to read them all.

Barry McKenzie is an Australian, a voracious consumer of Foster's beer, a man who spends half his life looking for the bathroom and the other half chundering in rhythm to the frenetic pace his stories run at. Crammed to the rafters with Australian slang, usually contrasting with English or other ethnicblather, half of which are obscene and the rest of which are simply putrid, the two collections are a sourcebook I heartily recommend to all supporters and potential attendees of AUSTRALIA IN '75. McKenzie's idiom is the slangy insult, the art is amateurish, the lettering varying between hideous and neatly professional, and the plots nonexistent, so that they all fall together perfectly ~~just like~~ ~~twice~~.

If you can extort some Australian you know to find these collections for you, quickly find out what they cost under the latest exchange rate or you'll never find out the relevance of a technicolor yawn, a dozen ice cold tubes, or splashing your boots (but not in the old Pacific sea.)

rich brown's beardmutterings used as its device for editorial response to published letters an essay-format commentary after the lettercol. I believe I'll try that. Let me hear if it works/flops.

# FANIVORE

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DARRELL SCHWEITZER 113 Deepdale Rd.  
Strafford, PA

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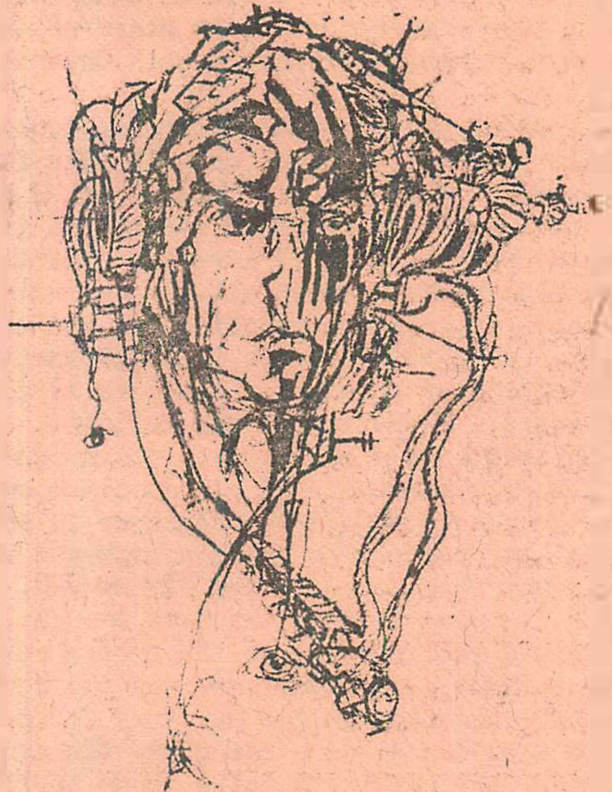
I promised you a book review awhile back and I have now delivered. Sorry it took so long, but my professional reviewing is taking up my reviews almost as fast as I write them.

While we're on the subject of book reviews, let me comment on the Paul Walker column. It seems to me that Walker has let the business get away from him. I have probably reviewed more books than he has (66? This one enclosed is #66), yet I have things perfectly under control. I even control what books I receive for review.

I am actually a slow reader. I never learned to zip through books, and have always read a book as one reads for pleasure -- slowly and leisurely. I don't believe in reading literature as a business. Reporting on it, yes, but reading it, no.

You see, the way I have things worked out, each time a review appears I send two clippings to the publisher, then ask for one or two specific titles off that publisher's current list. These I receive, and in this way I don't get swamped with books I don't want to read and don't have time to read. I generally choose a book I think I am going to like, because I see no reason to deliberately read a book I'm not going to enjoy. After all, even when I'm getting paid to review books, nobody is keeping strict tabs on what books I review.

The interesting thing about this is that the hardcover lines, especially Doubleday, Putnam and Walker, cooperate nicely with such a scheme, while the paperback houses don't. (Berkeley once had the nerve to send me an order blank!) I haven't counted lately, but last time I did I found I'd received about 40 free hardbacks and a dozen paper-





backs. Who am I to complain? Now Paul is upset about the reasons for doing all of this. Let's look at them:

1) money. I write SF reviews for a local "counter culture" paper. They pay \$\$\$. However, the fees don't amount to very much. If I didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't. I have earned, lessee, about \$35 so far. Also gotten quite a few freebie fanzines, if you want to count them.

2) free books. Yes, there are free books. However, if I didn't enjoy reading them, I wouldn't want them. I don't, after all, sell them afterwards. (I've heard of such things.) This isn't the cause. Onward!

3) I enjoy reading and discussing books and while I'm at it I might as well take full advantage of #1 and 2. This is it. I don't think I have any profound message to give to the world. I don't have any radical new critical theory, especially since I don't believe in critical theories for the most part. (A critical theory is a systematized collection of opinions. Mine are as good as yours.) There is nothing definite, but some people seem to like to fool around in the dark. The basis of all good reviewing is the question WHY? The reviewer is an articulate reader, who reads a book and then asks why he reacted in the way he did. (anybody can play if they try hard enough.) This serves a real purpose to the people reading the reviews -- if they know why the reviewers are reacting in the way they do, perhaps they can avoid a bad risk. (In general though, the only safe thing to do is find out for yourself, then join in the fray.)

So I think that the moral of this whole thing is don't worry about the whys and wherefores of reviewing. Just do it, and take each book as it comes. And keep things under control, so reading doesn't become a drag. After all, if things get too tiring, you can always miss a deadline and plead an attack of the bubonic plague.

Enuf, enuf! You probably won't print a letter this long anyway.

((You're absolutely right. But since I seem to have done so... Also, broken the time-tested tradition of putting Darrel Schweitzer LOCs at the end of the local:))

END SCHWEITZER

DAN GOODMAN 951 S. Berendo #3  
Los Angeles, CA 90006

Okay; Leon Taylor is right that SF criticism should contain more analysis of the hard and soft sciences, the arts, etc. in the novels. However, I don't like most of his examples. He's picking out the books that were written with the aspect he mentions for each as a dominant theme -- something the writer had put a fair amount of knowledge into because it was something he considered of great importance.

Analyze NEUTRON STAR from the standpoint of social psychology; see what results. That's one example. Apply economics to any alternate-world story.

If Mike Glicksohn enjoyed the Digby quotes to that extent, but still is "not convinced that Tom is a very good fan writer" -- then I wish he'd give a clear definition of what makes someone a good fanwriter. God knows, we need a good definition.

I've seen you, Mike; and read a fair sampling of your prose. Didn't approach you to talk with you -- even at parties with relatively few people -- because you don't look very approachable. ((Well, then, I'll henceforth go around with a sign on my chest that says "I Am Approachable." Or wear a paper bag over myself.))

The trial of Larson E. on a charge of nonexistence, with a jury of twelve white mice -- that should be a Jim Shull cartoon, I think. (Wonder if Shull would agree?)

I hate to disagree with people (as you know, Glycer) -- but I greatly disagree with Leigh Edmonds. I don't think I'm unique in having a fair number of relatives more interesting than the average boa constrictor. (I'm not sure if any of them eat live mice, but there's a couple who just might.) Hell, I guess my main objection to the current crop of genzine ingroup jokes and legends is that they aren't well based on the current fannish

START GOODMAN

Reality. Nearest thing I've seen to this ideal lately is Joe Staton's cartoons for the Insurgent zines.

One thing I'd like to see more done of is slightly -- if at all -- exaggerated descriptions of fans. It could be description of their written personalities alone, to be sure. Thus the typical Harry Warner letter with its reference to a recent illness; explanation of his lateness in answering all his mail, etc. Jerry Lapidus' standard lecture on graphics and layout.

Adding in physical description and interpersonal behavior -- well, let's look at the LASFS Fandex. Dave Carldon, six feet by six feet by five feet (that last being his height) whose clothes look as if he's lost weight since he started sleeping in them. Tom Collins, the eternal protestor, sending in APA-L zines via mooseback, then turning up spending the summer in Death Valley, putting out an issue of his \$15 a copy genzine there, going on to Spitzbergen for the winter.

Tom Digby; hair in a ponytail except for the occasions when he braids it; North Florida (just South of Georgia) accent. Don Fitch; saying incredibly nasty things in such a way that people don't usually realize what he's said about them -- and somehow, they aren't nasty. Fitch's standard anecdote about Andy Main, which keeps turning up in his writing and conversation.

"The end of the world condensed into a half hour for busy people." Yes, Harry -- that's the way I felt while writing that piece. Not so incidentally, Warner is one of the most imaginative fanwriters after Digby. Others in the same class: Alexis Gilliland, Greg Chalfin; Aljo Svoboda may be getting there.

Explanation for Sheryl Birkhead: the LACon reports will appear, eventually. Genzine editors and contributors don't often take much account of time; so a conreport doesn't necessarily appear before the next con in that series. Two years to finish a Worldcon report is considered a bit much; but I wouldn't be surprised to see some LA-Con reports published in the summer of '74 -- quite possibly along with '71 Hugo

recommendations and an announcement of Harry Warner's birth.

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TOM COLLINS 835 W. Washington  
Ft. Wayne, IN 46804

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If Fans cannot communicate, then who in the world can? And yet it does not seem to be easy. Problems keep popping up in public which ought to be private. For example:

...I was afraid that people might misunderstand (or that you had misunderstood) my questions about LOCUS were not born out of malice. I think the matter should be clear in people's minds, and certainly those I know or correspond with, but you did leave that impression, which I think was unfortunate. It may have been petty of me to raise any questions at all (although I had not meant to do so publicly), but my admiration for LOCUS should perhaps be put on record.

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ANDY PORTER P.O. Box 4175  
New York, NY 10017

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A quick comment on the mention of ALGOL in the new PREHENSILE: ALGOL doesn't get most of its material from reprints as you suggest. I received permission to reprint from the SF Symposium which grew out of the Rio SF Film Festival, and I've been doing so for the last few issues. One of the best articles, by Bob Elloch, appeared in SCYTHROP for what it's worth. In ALGOL 18, reprint material, including text only, came to 60" of type -- roughly ten pages, including headings and opening type, of 44. In ALGOL 19 that material came to 33" -- 5 pages out of 44... The comment about "from little known literary or commemorative magazines, and from the Amazing/Fantastic reject pile" is completely lacking in understanding for me.

To clarify some things: Dick Lupoff has been reviewing books for ALGOL since 1964. Since 1965, the reviews have been original. I don't understand why you cling to this idea that some of the contents



are castoffs from AMAZING. There's no connection... ((it was a misreading of AIGOL 18))

One of the most successful contributions was Banks Mebane's article on Roger Zelazny; and Robin White writing about "Are Femme Fans Human;" and... but why go on? Algol has published a lot of good material by people, I know, who consider themselves fans -- like Marion Z. Bradley, who considers herself a fan first. The fact is, I have considerable trouble getting material for AIGOL. It's simply never rolled in; without other sources I'd never have enough material to fill one issue a year, not to mention two issues. And with typesetting I'm getting 40,000+ words per issue.

Actually I don't think I'm outspending everyone in the field. \$300 every six months is nothing compared to Charlie Brown's weekly expenses -- and I spend less per issue than Bill Bowers does; I know that for a fact. The offset printing on the last OUTWORLDS came to \$300 alone. And then there's RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY, and ENERGUMEN and THE ALIEN CRITIC... I know how to use that \$300 much more effectively than anyone else. Leland Sapiro doesn't know anything about layout or design; but I'm sure he spends more than \$300 on each issue of RQ.

Scavenger is simply a not-nice word, so far as my ego is concerned. A Scavenger is, according to my dictionary, one who scavenges, i.e., "to cleanse, as streets, yards, etc. from filth; esp street refuse." A scavenger is something that picks up the dregs after everything worthwhile has been picked over and taken. Not my idea of my role in the Algol/creative process, at all...

I'm simply trying to publish the best magazine I'm capable of; if I can't get material of a quality that I think is suitable for AIGOL, I'll pick material which has been poorly distributed, if published, or still publishable and not outdated, if not published; that's the basis of what runs in AIGOL.

New York City is the city with Two Names, Twice. Remember that, and you'll go far (you may be a failure in life, but you'll go far...)

MORE ANDY PORTER

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RICHARD E. GEIS P.O. Box 11408  
Portland, OR 97211

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Yes, you'll get a Hugo nomination NEXT year. Really, PREHENSILES 7 and 8 are very good, fine editing eye shown (but not quite the way I'd do it) and a greater and greater editorial force of personality.

Is this another Geis in the offing? Another secret master bidding for his laurels and cloak of power?

Well, I do wish you'd put the name of the zine on the cover. But that's my commercial instinct again...and my collector's desire to easily identify what I've got in hand.

I did not like your clumping both contents pages in #8. It gives #7 a kind of no-place-in-the-world look about it -- no individual identity. \*Glumph\* I belatedly note you did put the logo on #7 but not on #8. Well, I won't chew this idiocy any more than I have. Just don't do it again.

Sometimes I suspect that it doesn't matter what you say, it's only how you say it. Especially in reviewing. Stake out your position, build walls, and defend your ground INTERESTINGLY.

Paul Walker does this very well, as do you. Of course, it helps if a reviewer can bring insight and expertise to the task sometimes, to make his work inherently valuable, but if it doesn't get read by the readers because he's a klunk writer, then it's all for the wastebasket. That's why I like to break up long paragraphs. Readers are lazy. I'M lazy, so I know. Ya gotta sweet talk and seduce them to read through.

There is, of course, a secret ingredient I shall never tell (until I'm 82 years old and cannot even dictate an editorial, which will end my career) which insures my success. Simple, really. Human nature being what it is and will always be for as long as we're alive.

THE ALIEN GEIS

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MIKE GLICKSOHN 32 Maynard, Apt. 205  
Toronto, 156, Ont. CANADA

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Ahhhh, simultaneous publication of two issues of your fanzine; makes me feel quite nostalgic. Oh, to be young and vigorous again! And much interesting material, and fine artwork too. An achievement to be proud of ((how much do you want to borrow this time?)): I only hope it didn't burn you out.

I should take the issues in order, commenting as I go, but I feel compelled to let you know my umbrage at your premature disclosure of the "Mike Glicksohn" hoax at the back of issue #7. We four had agreed, when the hoax was first established, that only by unanimous consent would we reveal what we had done. Now I find the rest of you -- The Unholy Three -- grabbing all the credit behind my back. It's a testament to the monumental ((accent on the mental)) fan we have created that "he" has tied up the creative talents of yourself, Bill Bowers, and Geis, but I cannot understand why you would refrain from revealing that I, Harry Warner Jr., had an equally large part in the hoax. The effort I put in to keep up my own output of locs while at the same time creating nearly as many from the fictitious Canadian was surely equal to your own contributions? Only the ploy of my "illness" allowed me time to create his fevered output without it becoming obvious that his locs were appearing at the expense of my own. Let's have credit where it's due, I say! You think all that Boy Wonder crap was easy to write?

Now, back to the persona: Since I'm not on the TORCONcom, I have no direct connection with the NASFic brouhaha, other than as an interested fan. Even had I not been connected with the group at one time, I'd have fully supported that decision. I'm against the idea of a NASFic, for the simple reason that, whether it's held at the same time as the Worldcon or not, it will detract from that convention. (And I know that the Fan Fair in Toronto over Heicon did the same thing and I recognize now that, even with their full support, it was essentially a poor move.) There are very, very few fans

who could afford to attend both the Australian Worldcon and the NASFic, and with the knowledge that a lot of fans won't be able to afford Australia at all, this will certainly tend to influence a lot of people into going to the NASFic instead of the Worldcon. So I'm against NASFic. And I can't find too much pity for poor little Bruce just because if Australia wins the Worldcon, the West Coast won't have a worldcon for six years. Tough shit. If they lose to Australia, they lose, that's all. Then they wait until next time to try again. They'll have Westercons every year, after all, so it's hardly as if they'll be deprived. Of course, Bruce may be more interested in the possible loss of income, for all I know.

I'd also like to point out to Bruce and most of the other small clique of big time con-men who are so upset over the TORCON NASFic ruling that the ruling is in two entirely separate parts. One deals with the concept of a NASFic as being unconstitutional according to the way the Worldcon is set up and the other has to do with the lack of legality of the LACon business session. Some of the hot air might thin out a bit if people bitching about what the committee did were at least aware of what the ruling said. Still, as Bruce points out, any concom can do whatever it damn well pleases, and if it pleases the TORCON people to do what they have done, so it goes. Bruce can always reinstate things the way he wants them next time he gets the con.

A question I'm pondering is whether or not the work exhibited in Art Shows should be eligible for consideration in the Fan Artist category. According to George Barr in the latest ENERGUEN, most of the better Art Show work nowadays is done either on commission or in hopes of being sold at the convention. Doesn't this put such pieces almost into the pro category? What difference is there, if any, between getting paid \$200 for a magazine painting, and being paid \$200 for an Art Show painting? I can't see any way out of it, but it almost looks as if we are about to create a third category! On t'other hand, there's the question of just



how much influence Art Show work has on the voters. How many see the shows? How many remember from one September to the following July? And how much correlation is there between a major showing at, say, a Westercon, and success on the final ballot? All too bloody complicated, if you ask me. (Oh, I know some of the answers to the questions above, but they're not all clear cut: sure a pro artist is someone who makes his living from art, but where does this place top Art Show types such as Alicia, George and Tim? George, certainly, and likely Tim, has made as much from his artwork as from any other source of late. Yet when they both continue to appear in fanzines, who's to say in which category they belong? Is saying that they can't be nominated in both enough? I don't know. And is it even important?)

Speaking of artists, Shull has some really fine work here, and I liked your description of his strengths. Tell him I said that.

Con reports, particularly good ones, are completely enjoyable to me, but either I say nothing, or I write as much in reply as appeared in the original report. Breathe easy, Mike, and thanks for a fascinating review of your convention. It wasn't mine, although the two intersected upon occasion, but then no two conventions are ever the same, that's part of the fun.

Wad's column was both well-written and perceptive, and while he might have exaggerated somewhat to make his point (not everybody is still writing pseudo-Skylark stories, after all) he did so skillfully. The resemblance between THE IRON DREAM and a certain type of traditional SF story is obvious, I think, but to conclude that Spinrad is necessarily satirizing the entire SF field is likely too broad and sweeping a statement. If for no other reason than that such a satire would negate the effect of so-called "new wave" movement of which Norman was a part. Take TID as a fond look at EE Smith-type fiction, perhaps, and a damned clever book, but surely it's shortsighted to think that any one book could attempt to satirize the entire field?

In your disagreement with me over the merits of Tom Digby's ability as a writer,

you make an unwarranted assumption as to what I mean when I say "fanwriting." I certainly didn't wish to limit myself to the type of anecdotal writing that I know you dislike so much, and I'm puzzled as to why you would think I had so limited a view. When I said Tom didn't strike me as much of a writer, I meant just that. Not that he doesn't use characters in little sketches, like Rosemary, but that he doesn't write all that well. Good fanwriting would have to include much of this issue of PRE: the Walker and Taylor pieces on criticism; Wad's review; your own convention report, etc. All of which are far more than just ideas strung together like beads on a string. And in all of this please keep in mind that I'm not trying to denigrate what Tom does; he's a very funny and extremely clever fellow, but he just doesn't fit my idea of a fanwriter. In a somewhat similar vein, I've been amused by a great many of Jeff Schalles cartoons, but I'm not going to vote for him in the fanartist category.

I'm inclined to say a word or two about the production values in PRE 8: if memory serves, both of the double issues seem sloppier than your last effort. I must agree with Gregg Calkins about typos, too. I hadn't considered them a feature of PRE, but they annoyingly abound in these issues and certainly detract from the normal flow of reading. I'd also have to agree that you've a tendency towards indistinct titles. On a couple of articles here it's very hard to realize that a new article has started until the opening sentence clashes with what's just been read. More white space is probably the answer, as was suggested, plus fewer titles on the left side of a double page spread when the material itself starts on the opposite page. Simple minded as it may be, most readers need to see the title, then start the piece, not the other way around. And lastly, I'm afraid that I didn't really dig the cover this time, especially when I compared it with Jim's really fine headings inside the issue. The cover just seemed too busy and cluttered for me.

Rottensteiner's point is grossly exaggerated with his typically teutonic

pomposity and genius for obnoxious overstatement. You may find this sort of thing amusing, Mike, but I find it starts to drag after awhile. Still, it might provoke comment which is probably what you wanted; I'd prefer to see everyone ignore such crap though.

I suppose I have about as much interest in the fanzine Hugo situation and the LOCUS thing as anyone, but I certainly don't "hate LOCUS." In countless letters I've stated that I'm against any move to eliminate LOCUS just because it's already won twice (and TORCON didn't do that, despite your description of them as "rule-screwing capital of fandom") although I do think that perhaps it's time the wording of the category was tightened up a bit. There is a new type of fan-produced magazine around with LOCUS, ALGOL and TAC and the rules should try to account for them. And of course there's the simple inaccuracy of wording that allowed REG to be eligible after publishing its fourth issue in 1973. But the categories are so loosely worded that often they simply do not state what has generally been understood to be the interpretation used. Your arguments are sound, and I'm not in disagreement with you here, though, and that's that.

...Larson E thinks if he keeps batting at the glass I'll drop in another hamster, but I won't... Hmmm, wonder what he'd do with a copy of PRE...?.....

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TOM DIGBY 1043 N. Curson Ave., Apt. 6  
Los Angeles, CA 90046

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First a topic that is fresh in my mind right now: The Fanzine Hugo. If there develops a tradition of "booting out" the zines that win too often so the others will have a "fair chance" at it, and the category becomes "Best Fanzine (other than LOCUS or SFR or PREHENSILE or APA-L)" then there will be sort of an "All Time Hall of Fame" consisting of the out-bootees, and people will strive for the honor of being declared ineligible for further fanzine Hugos. Of course winning will still be something of an honor, like nomination is now, but the REAL honor will be in being booted out.

THE FANIVORE: GLICKSOHN, DIGBY

Sort of on this theme, if I don't change my mind before next year and I bother to nominate at all...I may well nominate APA-L and MINNEAPA for Best Fanzine. I can make an argument for their eligibility too: If zines can require two copies of tradezines for their coeditors, then, it's a small step to requiring two copies of your LoC, too, and from two copies to 60 or 70 of your tradezine (or sticky quarter if you tape one each to a sheet of 8 1/2 by 11 paper for inclusion) is only a matter of magnitude. So unless some worldcon presses a maximum number for coeditors, I'm planning on nominating local apas.

....In that SON OF BLOB movie, several people seemed most upset over the scene near the beginning where the blob gets a kitten that had been playing around behind the opening credits. As somebody said, it's OK to have monsters eat people, but not kittens.

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JIM SHULL 5454 Sylmar Ave.  
Van Nuys, CA

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Thank you very much for your Hugo nomination recommendation. I really don't know if I will receive one ((he did)) and I certainly can't state that I deserve it, though if I were to receive a nomination and one day a Hugo itself, I am quite sure that my name would be misspelled upon it. The adding of the "C" to the spelling of my name on the CARANDAITH cover was just a private joke with myself, for my name originally had a "C" in it. It was removed by my grandfather in the 1920s, but fandom won't let the "c" go, it seems. Best Fanartist, James Schull -- I can see it now.

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REED WALLER New Richland, MN 56072

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Really solid zine. Reminds me, as I see it does others) of Connor's MT, although a bit more fannish and less serious -- a good balance of stuff.

Weinstein's Prog. Report on Putric-

SHULL, WALLER



on One brings to mind an old question which I never got around to asking -- to wit "Is there really such a thing as APA H? And if there were, wouldn't that be a self-defeating circumstance?"

Taylor's remark on Gillespie's remark on creative gaffiation interests me. Such a point never occurred to me because I have never found it possible to read SF continuously. I reach a saturation point past which I just normally find textbooks, papers and other non-fiction more stimulating. At such times I enjoy my own imagination more than that of an author. I had assumed this was a natural, healthy response and that one needn't be coached to do so. Science (analysis) and SF (speculative synthesis) serve complementary functions, and neither is complete in itself.

As I reread the above paragraph, I see a good rebuttal in that if people did not need coaching to make natural, healthy responses, politics and institutionalized education would probably be unnecessary and we wouldn't be in such a mess.

Although I agree with the Chairman in general, it is somewhat irritating to hear yet another cultist attack on F&SF. There is some similarity of viewpoint between the disgruntled potshotting F&SF and the teenyboppers putting down the Monkees in the rock fanzines some years back -- namely the self-righteous condemnation of something, for not being what it was never intended to be. The problem seems to be that although F&SF is generally science fiction, it is not generally SF. Meaning it frequently lacks that aspect of content and presentation which marks something as SF, and to which all fan are more or less addicted.

Now I realize that the hard cases among us ("purists") have to feed their habit, and are bitterly disappointed when their SF is "cut" with literature, but F&SF's consistently high literary quality is undeniable, and it does qualify as a science fiction magazine. And therefore it is eligible for the Hugo. You may either stop voting for it, or institute another classification for, perhaps "most SF-tional (stefnistic?) prozine." Ho hum. It remains my secret conviction that the real bone of contention is that F&SF doesn't have enough "pitchers."

Niven's remarks on collaboration were much more concise, entertaining, and informative than all of Ellison's pounds of anecdotal logorrhea. Niven feels flattered when someone does the math? Al Kuhfeld tells me that the Ringworld is gravitationally unsound and he can prove it. Possible, I suppose. Kuhfeld has a Ph.D. in physics. Oh, well. Enjoy the whole zine. Especially Shull's artwork and your own sparkling rhetoric. Slave on.

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ROBERT BLOCH 2111 Sunset Crest Dr.  
Los Angeles, CA

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You send an umpteen page double-header filled with goodies and get back a cruddy postcard -- it hardly seems fair. But I have the flu, and am also walking a daily picket line in the Writers' Guild strike, so between the two distractions my time and energy are both exhausted. But being laid up this week I found PREHENSILE 7 and 8 especially welcome reading, and in spite of this brief acknowledgement, please believe me when I say I greatly appreciate your kindness. And thanks, for printing the correction about SFWA -- I see even Harry Warner was misled and ready to believe that nonsense. LOCUS refused to print my letter of correction!

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DONN BRAZIER 1455 Fawnvalley  
St. Louis, MO 63131

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You've got one of the top grade fanzines. That's my opinion of your neat but not pretentious or "professional" format and your excellent content. You are right equal to my long time favorite MOEBIUS TRIP. In your Hugo nominations you ought to have found room for MT, though space is short.

Richard Wadholm says "the coming of age of a young girl is also an awe-inspiring thing." (to compare with sf's "sense of wonder") To me this is not in the same league as a "sense of wonder". Otherwise all of these would also be SF:

- 1) Albert Jones makes a million dollars
- 2) Jackson Sims paints a masterpiece
- 3) John Jones smashes his finger with a hammer and the bruise heals in four days
- 4) Timmie Tompkins wins the 5th grade track meet.

Now, a young female of an alien race 'comes of age'-- that could be sf.

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CY CHAUVIN 17829 Peters  
Roseville, MICH 48066

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There seems to be an awful lot of discussion about SF reviewing in general in PREs 7 and 8; Taylor, Wadholm, Walker, Stanley... (I feel like adding my own 10 Commandments on the subject, but I'll resist the temptation for now.) Leon is in top form as is Wadholm; I've rarely read two columns I've agreed with more, or were argued so well. Of course, Leon is expecting quite a bit from the average fan reviewer; I would like to see him practice what he preaches first. And, if the pro writer is as dependent for egoboo on fandom as Franz Rottensteiner says, then perhaps all fandom needs to do to get better sf stories is be a little more critical. There is no reason why everyone must faun over the latest story from Harlan Ellison (or fill in whatever author you want) just because it's by him.

I am afraid that I have to disagree with you regarding whether a reviewer should use a certain set of standards in reviewing every book or not. Certainly subjectivity will creep in, and you can't expect a reviewer to be 100% consistent all the time; he's only human. But that's quite a bit different from saying a reviewer who develops a fixed set of standards quickly "becomes as rigid as cement" i.e., the obvious implication being that fixed standards are no good at all. Perhaps Paul meant that a reviewer can get so hung up on one idea that he'll ignore whatever other faults or virtues are in a book, and that obviously isn't good: his reviews won't be well-rounded. But that still doesn't stop his arguments on one specific point from being valid. You say something about a reviewer judging a story's impact and "place in sf" -- how can he do that unless he has a consistent set of standards

(even if they're unconscious)? Inspiration from heaven?

This discussion of Robert Silverberg's style of prose is amazing, mainly because of the vague generalities everybody indulges in. If Paul Walker really believes that Silverberg's prose is undistinguished, he should quote some of it, and explain to us exactly why (Leon Taylor's Famous Question) it is undistinguished. Of course I'm not certain if it really matters; Paul also says that it is "adequate" but "rarely rises above its purpose". If so, I can't see how he can complain. If Silverberg's prose meets the purpose for which Silverberg intends it, that's all that's necessary -- if it were anything more, it would probably be superfluous: purple prose. What Paul's complaint seems to boil down to is that Silverberg doesn't write the kind of prose Paul prefers, even though Silverberg's prose is good and "adequate" in its own way. Perhaps Paul thinks that the purpose for which Silverberg uses his prose is often cliched and trivial, and I might agree with him there, but that's another question entirely.

I must also disagree with some of Paul's statements in his column in PRE 8. Specifically, his comment about "this new, psuedo-intellectual audience who is imposing its pretensions on the genre." What new psuedo intellectual audience?

...Excellent piece of fannishness from Aljo Svoboda -- I like his stuff more and more with each piece I see.... Please don't print comments on reprc -- I really can't see any point in that, do you?

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LOU STATHIS 76-44 167 St.  
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...My aim is to get Mike Glicksohn to punch me in the jaw. That is, unless old palsied Coulson gets to me first. Judging by the way the two of them rip into me in the last PREHENSIBLEs I seem to be fast approaching my goal. They sure are nasty, aren't they? And I wasn't



even trying to be obnoxious. And if I really made an effort ... It's fun to read all that stuff, naturally, but Coulson is way off the wall when he accuses me of using people to further my career in fandom. God, what bullshit that is! He is right when he says that I seem to be looking for "people that matter" as he put it, or interesting shitheads, as I prefer to say. Up to now I've only found a paltry handful -- to specific, you, Bruce Townley, Ed Cagle, Donn Brazier, Seth McEvoy, and a few others like some Australians, Piglet, Paul Walker, Leon Taylor, Wadholm, Don Keller and Jeff Smith who I'd like to know better. But damn, I don't give a fuck about being big time in fandom...

Yeah, I read THE MAN WHO FOLDED HIMSELF ... The style was Niven-Laumer-Ellison all right, but it lent itself pretty well. It read like it was written in one long night of frenzied typing. It wasn't the last word in Time Travel, as the jacket arrogantly claimed, merely a gathering between one set of covers all the paradoxes and brain twisters that have gone down before. The reason why it bugged you so much, I think, (and what I found to be its major fault) was that there was essentially only one character in the book -- David Gerrold. That homosex scene caught me by surprise, but after I hit it I realized that it should have been expected. It was a "good" book, I think -- not great -- and one that gave me a night of reading pleasure.

Norm gave me a call from the Brook on Sunday and told me the Nebula Winners. So much for the taste and intelligence of the Scientifiction Scrawlers of Amerika... As for the Hugos -- I got a tremendous kick out of There Will Be Time. Have you read it? I thought "Basilisk" was trash, maybe the worst Ellison I've read in a long time. His "Corpse" from Jan '72 F&SF was much much better, as well as being totally different. Jerry Pournelle is Larry Niven with writer's cramp. I liked "Patron of the Arts" especially the version in VERTEX with the new ending tacked on. "The Meeting" was junk, I would 've rejected it from XRYMPH (like hell). "...The End of the World" was even worse than "Good News From The Vatican." Gaughan and Hinge? I guess Ted White for editor, mainly for what he's done with A & F (though he has a talent for printing one

total clinker per issue). Or maybe Bova for having the intelligence to print Spider Robinson. Or maybe Wollheim for shocking the guano out of everyone by making loads of wampum. ALGOL, GRANFALLOON and LOCUS don't even belong on the ballot... I didn't bother to nominate this year, nor will I vote. Why? Number one: I haven't read everything so I ain't qualified for the pro categories. Number two: 90% of the clods who vote aren't qualified so the awards are meaningless. Number three: the fan categories are asanine.

Lunacon... was the first con I've been to in almost a year... It was a typical NY con, actually, obese, impersonal, commercial, ineptly managed and semi-enjoyable (which is a good description of New York itself)... Spent about thirty bucks, including a fiver to get in. The programming was quite entertaining --- thanks mainly to Ellison who was all over the place. One panel called "Hard Luck Stories, or How To Live on \$2 A Year" had Ellison (!), Piglet, Gardner Dozois, and Jack Dann. Total insanity. They told some amazingly funny stories about how low they sunk for money and the like, prompting Ellison to jump up and roam the audience with a hat yelling for handouts. He collected a pretty good amount, gave it to madman Dozois, and Effinger stood up and made a motion that it all be donated to Clarion. That broke the place up. Ellison came a half hour late to his guest of honor speech so Asimov filled in by bullshitting and insulting him in the usual manner. Ellison then showed up, and read 2 heart-breaking letters from these lonely and manic-depressive females that were weird as hell. He said he gets 200 letters a week, and most of them are like that. Then he went through an endless stand-up comedy routine about his mother's cooking ("Her chocolate pudding is so bad that pygmies come all the way from Africa to dip their darts in it") and his family (Aunt Mara and Uncle Lou were in the audience), how he got fired from the Disney studios in four hours, and how he makes sixty grand a year. On the serious side he said he was only getting 500 clams (the original amount offered to him by the Lunacon people) and not some exorbi-

tant sum that was rumored. From there he went into the business of cons paying writers to appear, and read some figures from LACON (gross -- \$20,00, true?). He claimed that Bruce Pelz, who he characterized as a thief and ripoff artist, used convention funds to stuff his gut, enlarge the LASFS building fund and finance trips to 3 Worldcons. All this was followed by a very funny panel where John J. Pierce made an ass out of himself with the assistance of the mighty tongue of Ellison. I had a pretty good time. Can you shed any light on these allegations about Pelz?

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SHERYL BIRKHEAD 23629 Woodfield Rd.  
Gaithersburg, MD 20760

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Don't knock the book reviews! I must admit that they are the last thing I read and I generally save them until I have nothing else to read -- but I DO READ THEM! And contrary to what you seem to think, I usually use them as a gauge for purchases. Because the gift-bookstore near here is pretty much behind the stream of SF, I have a good long time to decide if I want to buy a given book before I actually get a chance.

Has anyone ever suggested that either the concon or some bookshop make the nominations available to everyone so that all the choices can be read? This would go for both pro and fan categories to even out the voting. If an independent group made the set available, perhaps they could be given complimentary space in the worldcon progress bulletin to advertise the fact that they were selling the batch.

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NORM HOCHBERG 89-07 207th St.  
Queens Village, NY

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I'm not sure why I don't like PRE 7s cover. I think it's because it sucks. Show Gilbert the back cover, if not the back door.

PRE 8 is not the best Shull. The fox looks a bit cramped and unnatural, but wot-thehell, Shull is good!

Your editorials -- well, your Hugo nominees were not mine but, then, if we ever

THE FANIVORE

(totally) agreed I think I'd die of a heart attack...

I rather suspect that Judy McKuen may have been showing us her plump derriere with tha Lin Carter bit. However, I'm always willing to be fooled (right, Mr. Braziman?) and she was a damn good conversationalist, something that every 5<sup>th</sup> hour plane ride needs.

Your description of talking with Andy Porter is nice. I always get the feeling that he's reading the wall behind me when I'm talking to him. I hope to God I'm wrong since turning to the wall always shows me that it is totally blank. I thought he was bored of me.

The Niven piece on collaborators is interesting. I like behind-the-scenes looks at writers. The Goodman bit, on the other hand... oh, well. I guess I'll have to rip my "Goodman for Fan-historian" bumper sticker off my car. This was too surface level and had me yelling "Who cares?" out into the darkness several times.

Wadholm is good. I wish I could perceive like he can. I also wish I could write like he can. Why does he waste his time on "Phonograph Record Magazine" of all places?

I don't like eating crow in front of 200+ people but I'll have to... Firesign did break up quite noisily, I'm told second-hand from Proctor. I am also told that NOT INSANE was put together (not thrown together) from a lot of old stuff.

Radio, I read (and believe) had its strong point in its ability to make people see things using only sound, music, voice and silence. I am sure that Craig believes that they do do this. I believe they do it even in the Edmund Edmund skit. I was never bothered by those visuals you can't see. Oh well.

Where's Flojay? I miss her fmz reviews (you need some, Mike!). Also, she shouldn't take Jerry Lapidus too seriously. Oh, yeah, sure she isn't Criticism. But so what? There is a place for pure

BIRKHEAD, HOCHBERG, WHIFFLETREE



untainted opinion.

Stanislav -- Ho hum. You didn't explain very much in your credo. For instance -- you say you hate being depressed. Brilliant. I hate dying; what else is new? What depresses you? Do you ever enjoy reading depressing things? Can you be interested in them, if not attracted? And, if something is depressing (or boring) does that automatically mean Bad Writing to you?

Mike, I agree on your dislike of numbering one's opinions in reviews. Tell Bill Warren that. He has Necromicon down for 1.4. Well, why not 1.3 or 1.5 or 1.6? Reviewing is 90% feeling anyway, so why try to quantify an emotion so precisely?

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JOHN CARL 3750 Green Lane  
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Now, had I written Putricon and it was published, I'd be blushing as Elliot Weinstein has every right to be right now. Lousy, lousy, lousy. Ah. Dick Wadholm's review was only moderately readable, for reasons I will state below, I think. I don't know whatinhell to say about Leon Taylor's bit other than chorused cries of More! More! Forget the reviews -- I hate them, no way out of it. I mean, if the Truth of the Universe were to be released the form of a review, you might coax me into reading it, but not if it were any less attractive. They must be World-shaking even to get my attention.

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KEN OZANNE 42 Meek's Crescent  
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AUSTRALIA

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This is a loc for PREHENSILE 6. (It's nice to know what you're getting, isn't it?) In case you wonder how come a LoC from a man who never got a legitimate PREHENSILE (or should that be...never legitimately got a PREHENSILE or (really) ...who borrowed Eric Lindsay's illegitimate PREHENSILES). Come to think of it, is PREHENSILE a proper a proper noun anyway? Or is it an improper noun? Did you ever get so much garbage

written about your title? If you have read John Bangsund on 'How to Write a LoC' you will recall that he said something like 'fasten on one little point and write about 100 to 500 words on it. The ideal LoC will also contain some extraneous matter which the editor can cut, thereby fostering in him the illusion that he is editing.' I am tire. (That's the bit, you KLUTZ, cut it!)

Enough. I am a very neofan and I am writing this in hopes of persuading you to send me copies of PREHENSILE in exchange for LoCs. My LoC record so far is 100%, always on the day of arrival of the fanzine. (Do you think one fanzine forms an adequate statistical basis?

I don't believe that you can apply the same standards to all fiction, not even to all fiction that aspires to being 'Art', whatever that might mean. All too often it seems that it means a whole bunch of words without a story. And that is merely a cop-out. Anyway, to take a couple of novels which would probably be generally recognized as first rate (and therefore, I suppose, to be 'art') let us consider LOTR and WAR AND PEACE. To my humble way of thinking, much of the best of LOTR is in its myth-making and its creation of a fully believable secondary universe. This means I should maybe criticize W&P for lack of these qualities? Or that I should perhaps criticize LOTR for not having the 'realism' of W&P? Again, perhaps I should criticize Tolkien for creating 'inhuman' characters like Treebeard?

Moreover, both these books lack explicit sex. Not a single obscenity in either. And yet I see books praised for those things. If I am to apply a consistent standard to all criticism, then surely I must bemoan the lack of goodies wherever they don't occur if I am ever to praise them when they do. Sorry, I think a consistent standard of criticism is absurd on the face of it. I could expand these examples ad nauseum but I hope the point is made.

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MILTON F. STEVENS

Tabor St. #6  
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Paul Walker is dealing with the subject of art versus craft which has been rehashed in one form or another for thousands of years. The difference between art and craft always hinges on some sort of a vaguely metaphysical distinction. Almost as if art was the form of craft God would engage in if he was sufficiently talented. Thus we have artists singing in the choir of heaven and looking down on the hack craftsmen as the scrabble about between the sulphur pits of the nether regions.

Art, like grace, is a concept which is rather hard to pin down. Some of the best art in the world has been produced by people who considered themselves nothing more than craftsmen. This includes such diverse products as the plays of William Shakespeare and the stained glass windows in medieval cathedrals. If one person can produce art while trying to produce craft, and one person can produce dreck while trying to produce art, it may be that the intent of the creator is not the most important thing in an artistic work.

Richard Wadholm may be correct that Lord of the Swastika could be a caricature of much of science fiction. It could also be a caricature of many other things, since violent tales of exceptional men were common in literature long before Skylark of Valeron. The Plot of MacBeth could be reduced to space opera without too much trouble. The Odyssey was converted into a space opera on at least one occasion ("The Wanderer's Return" by Fletcher Pratt, Thrilling Wonder Stories Dec 1951) complete with crabmen for cyclops. So Wadholm would have been a little wide of the mark unless there is other internal evidence to suggest that his book is a caricature of science fiction in particular.

Leon Taylor is advocating literary commentary rather than criticism. Or at least that's what I'd term comparing a literary work with anything else in the universe you might care to use as a comparison. In my own rough estimation of the subject, review-

ing is comparing an author's intent with his accomplishment. Criticism involves creating a hierarchy of intents and a concept of ideal accomplishments. When you extract ideas from a literary context and talk about them as if they were real then you are engaging in commentary. Some commentary is literarily irrelevant, such as pointing out that faster than light travel is impossible. Some of it could be downright absurd such as discussing the socio-economic background of Captain Future novels. Commentary can be fun stuff, but it's certainly not an essential part of any literary enterprise.

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This NASFiC controversy is like a shadow, you can't pin it down. Who's trying to kid whom? What's the purpose of NASFiC? "To provide a major con in the US should the Worldcon go overseas." Uh huh, very altruistic of them, but it sure doesn't promote International Fandom which everyone was so concerned about a couple of issues ago! Whether the NASFiC ran concurrently with the WorldCon or not, it would draw off Worldcon attendees. More importantly, if this NASFiC comes to pass, I foresee a deep rift with the WorldCon, a rivalry that could be disastrous to fandom. Pelz' letter of rebuttal is excellent on every point. Reread, however, his last paragraph. Tsk, tsk, very nasty and antagonistic. ((What makes that different from this?)) I would only hope that everybody ignore NASFiC, but alas, a fan and his cons are like an addict and his drugs.

Your LACon report was the best con-report I have ever read. Your humility in being on that panel is completely misplaced. Charlie Brown is nothin' as a fanwriter and while LOCUS is a nice service to fandom, it ought to be from the salary he's making from it. Juanita Coulson is important mostly due to longevity and through association. Marsha Elkin and Scratch Bacharach are virtually nonentities. Which leave you and Varde-



man as the only really worthwhile panelists. (Surprise, Mike, you woke up and all of a sudden you're an honest-to-Ghods BNF).

The audacity of Leon Taylor's judgement (pronouncement) on Wadholm is indicative of something which is not too surprising. That is, now that Taylor is an "approved BNF critic" he is beginning to take himself too seriously. The Chairman title is appropriate since he now writes as if his is The Word From Above. (Mind you, this is not a personal vendetta, as I nominated Leon Taylor for a fanwriter Hugo prior to reading this column.)

Taylor seems overly impressed with Wadholm's ability to ask "that restless 'Why?' question." I too would be impressed if Wadholm's answers were at all worthy of consideration. Unfortunately they have not been to date, as I explained in a previous letter.

"But like euchre and low comedies SF is too often the subsistence diet of stimulous dodgers." Gee that sentence sounds nice. It's a good example of what Walker was talking about. You see, I'm willing to bet that Leon Taylor doesn't even know the rules of euchre, or if he does, that he's a lousy euchre player. I think he only used the example because it sounded good. These gross exaggerations by Leon Taylor and others of the SF fan as "a Baby Huey" are obnoxious, but easily understandable. What better way for a person to elevate himself than to cut down those around him.

The rest of what Leon Taylor has to say seems fairly agreeable, although not very original in its perceptions...

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HARRY WARNER JR. 423 Summit Ave.  
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I appreciate your kind words for THE PEOPLE (I'm undecided about going to TORCON, but if someone could work a deal that would get a Hugo to that movie and have Kim Darby on hand to accept, my hesitation would end).

The conreport was pleasant to read and reread. Every worldcon description nowadays contains something new to boggle me,

like your mention of huge prices for sculptures, a public library selling fanzines, and the spacewar game.

I've been wondering about the Hitler fandom, too. It's easy enough to decide that people who collect Nazi souvenirs are openly or unconsciously in sympathy with the aims or techniques of the Third Reich. I don't know enough of those collectors to risk such a judgement. But I find the interest quite widespread here in Hagerstown. The other day I stopped at a garage sale a block up the street and found a couple of boxes of the biggest hardcover books you've ever seen, every one of them scholarly treatises on the Third Reich, amind an otherwise ordinary assortment of everyday household items. Today I got at the office a copy of the first issue of a slick new magazine for collectors of really expensive stuff...and it contains a long article about Hitler material and market prices. I'd be willing to bet that a lot of elves in the Black Forest have been busy in home workshops the past few years, turning out genuine items from Hitlerian Germany to sell to American tourists.

Your remarks on LOCUS in this issue mesh precisely with what I've been advocating: recognition for nominees in a category, not just for the eventual Hugo winner. One idle thought: what fandom's reaction would be if the recent blasts against LOCUS would cause Charlie Brown to decide to stop publication. Even the people who claim to hate the fanzine would I suspect be very unhappy, for it does what a lot of other newszines have tried to do very well.

Larry Niven's article is a real horror story for me. I'm so self-centered and miserly with my ideas that collaboration with someone else on creative work would be the ultimate terror for me. It's nice to know that some people can make this first step toward one of those group gestalts that would send me to the looney hatch.

Both the Sjoboda and Goodman articles are remarkable for the novel approach they take. It's so rare that a fanzine article is radically different from most.

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AUSTRALIA

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...I think the combined 7&8 are among the best fanzines I have seen, and I say this despite the way you fouled up the page numbers of Larry Niven's piece ((etc.))... It was the writing: your own, Wadholm's and Walker's. Ken ((Ozanne)) told me you were good, and I dredged back through my memory to past prehensibles and thought, yeah he's okay, but not spectacular, just competent. Just shows how reading stacks of fanzines makes you forget the high points. The combined 15 or 16 pages of yours on con awards and the LACon make up one of the best pieces on cons I have seen. Not perhaps among the best writing, but close to the best for con report and views. ((\*blush\*))

Paul Walker warbles on at far too much length, however when he manages to get as many interesting and original points into a letter...I certainly can't complain, especially when it is pretty obvious that to cut straight through to the point might lose the readers. I can see myself in there somehow, not as a writer, because although I would like to be one I haven't the talent nor the perseverance to try hard enough to become a writer -- I'm too lazy even to get a fanzine out on time...

The same sort of thing applies to Richard Wadholm -- the way he finds new ideas, and big ones at that, in Spinrad's book is an inspiration. It is the sort of thing I'd like to do if I could manage it, but that seems unlikely when I normally take only an hour to read a book, and a quarter hour to do a review of it.

Some sf is more than just entertaining; "relevant" sf such as ANALOG sometimes tries -- but relevant sf is so irrelevant that it is like going back to Joad after reading Kant. Entertaining, yes, but not stimulating.

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FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER FelsenstraBe 20  
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Why does Buck Coulson think that only the US translation of Perry Rhodan comes out as

tripe? The series would hardly be so successful if it weren't the trash it is. Coulson apparently believes that because something sells it must be good; but often the opposite is the case.

There are many reasons why not much foreign sf is being translated in the USA, some of them listed by Buck Coulson: language problems, both in evaluation and translation, the fact that foreign sf is different (and the more different the better it is); another is that sf is an unimportant part of publishing, and most sf is either published by bad publishers or by big publishers who don't care for it. It is much more trouble to publish translations, the risk is bigger, and it may cost more, and costs are higher the more difficult a text is. This applies for other countries as well. When sometimes is proudly referred to the many translations of US sf in foreign countries, it is conveniently overlooked that a good deal of such sales are to very low paying and little renowned publishers, and the better the publisher, the higher the percentage of translations from other languages. The language barrier that prevents quick translation also serves as a protection of good writers. The demand for English language sf is so great, and the monetary difference between good and less good markets relatively insignificant, so that agents naturally make little effort to sell to better markets: what counts is the number of titles sold, not what they get for a single title, so that even good titles are most likely only submitted to paperback publishers who buy large quantities -- and not to the hardcover houses who publish only a half dozen titles (or less) per year.

I can testify to that from my own experience as an editor with Insel in Germany. Hardly any sf of notice is submitted to us, and in fact not one of the titles we actually bought was ever submitted to us, we asked for all of them. What we were offered for instance was a long shelf of Silverberg rejects, his oldest paperbacks that had surely been turned down by all the pb publishers -- but not one of his recent novels was ever submitted to us.



On the other hand, we have no difficulty finding highly qualified translators for languages such as Russian, Polish or Rumanian. Translation of a Lem book, say, costs us about \$1500 -- that simply is the kind of money that the usual sf publishers cannot afford to pay. I might add that there are many US writers who don't get that kind of money for original stuff in their country. And we pay, in addition to translation costs, considerable advances...

As far as translations of foreign sf in the USA is concerned, I can tell your reader Don Keller we have embarked on a sort of translation program as he suggests. 'We' is Continuum Books (the former Herder and Harder after a short intermezzo with McGraw-Hill). This spring we are publishing two novels by Stanislaw Lem (THE INVINCIBLE and MEMOIRS FOUND IN A BATHTUB), HARD TO BE A GOD by the Russian writers Arkadi and Boris Strugatski, three novellas by the Frech writer Stefan Wul (TEMPLE OF THE PAST) and an anthology of European sf (11 stories from eight countries) edited by me, VIEW FROM ANOTHER SHORE. We'll find out whether there is a demand for this sort of thing in the USA.

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MICHAEL CARLSON 35 Dunbar Rd.  
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Paul Walker is the kind of critic who can mix taste, theory and personality and still come out with something that makes sense; and that has always been the trademark of the people who have been known as "creative" critics, from Addison to Slotkin. And he deals with some of the problems of the "genre" very well -- the very essence of good literature is that it is not produced by hacks.

And for Leon Taylor: Delany's reaction to all that insane pressure to produce Novels That Stop The World etc. has led, it seems, to Tides of Lust, a classy porno novel with no beat-off value which makes it a work of art instantaneously.

Bill Warren's film column nearly always pleases me, and this time out he doesn't get any argument at all as I haven't seen any

of the new films he discusses this time (although I will see SISTERS this week.)

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FRANK L. BALAZS 19 High St.  
Croton-on-Hudson, NY

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The idea of NASFiC never appealed to me. Whether or not it will draw attendees away from the WorldCon is a minor point. (Frankly I don't see how it can't. Fans have limited budgets and if they want to attend the WorldCon but NASFiC is closer and hence cheaper, they may pick it as a closer substitute. Maybe not thousands or hundreds, but enough...) It is the attitude of the NASFiC that at least suggests: "Well, we don't need the WorldCon, we'll have our very own one, just like we always had til European and Australian fandom came into prominence!" Almost like North America doesn't have enough sf cons as it is. There were at least three over the Easter weekend: Equicon, Minicon and Lunacon. Not to mention the UK's Eastercon...

Gosh, golly, another Jim Shull cover. I like him. Now, my question is which fanzines do these fans think so little of that they wish to dispose (recycle) of them? And what is the cat with mouth agape saying? "I still think we should have brought our back issues of LOCUS"?

JEFF APPELBAUM: When I first joined fandom, I had mixed feelings about Jim Shull's art, but my opinion has changed. That cross-checked style of shading doesn't bother me any more, and I now definitely like his art. The cover for PRE 6 and the apir he and Ken Fletcher did for ENERGUMEN 12 are some of my favorite pieces of fan art. His sardonic attitude towards fandom does accentuate the foibles of our microcosm. His characters do portray the necessary emotions to put the ideas across.





drat  
I LEFT A  
MINT  
"FANTASY  
TIMES"  
IN THE  
CON HOTEL

HOW CAN  
I RACE  
MY WIFE?

*Mike Glycer*

Darrell, I wouldn't underestimate the number of books Paul Walker has written reviews on -- in one issue of SFR alone (42) by count he reviewed eleven books. Since he has had many printed elsewhere, it's all too likely Paul has far outpaced you. Individual reviews may well be in your favor, though, since Paul would do four and five books at a crack while you churn out a couple pages on each volume. As to "don't worry about the whys and wherefores of reviewing. Just do it and take each book as it comes," -- for some of us the instinctive, unquestioning attitude doesn't work. Some of us like to worry... CY CHAUVIN and I like to worry about reviewing standards. Now Cy, I cannot see what use a "fixed set of standards" could possibly be. Like OZANNE said, if you have some sort of checklist with things to look for, you're going to be forced to remark on all those things that weren't present in a given subject -- when the subject never intended to remark on those parts of your list at all.

Or if you avoid a simplistic checklist, then what have you? Some formula that runs its analysis on 15% plot, 10% style, 14% length, 3% price, 20% author etc? Or a rule-of-thumb situation where "I leaned on Heinlein for bookisms, so I'd better chop down Brunner a bit for it; and then there were those febrile characters in WALLOW ON MADAGASCAR which Blish is repeating in BOOK OR WHATSIS from DAW and I have to get him for it." The less codified you have it, the less consistent it really is. Consistent standards are a fraud of memory which the reviewer permits to be played upon him -- the more consistent they really are, the less they pertain to reality, and the more they pertain to some private delusion of critical form on the part of the analyst -- witness all the varieties of mainstream criticism in this illusory vein: socialist realist, moralist, and so forth. An honest expression of subjective taste, from Schweitzer's "articulate reader", is as close to consistency as any reviewer who has not copped out with stone standards can get. And even taste changes. Growth in experience and knowledge should change it, if nothing else. Standards, and taste, hit me as two independent things. You can rationalize your opinions, but to call such a process the applications of standards seems incorrect. Are you sure you are saying what you mean? Standards seems to imply objectivity. Taste admits subjectivity. Do you mean to propose that we should strive for objectivity, or what?

Did you ever go see a circus where they have one of those tiny cars the clowns drive which stops at a certain point and then about a zillion clowns climb out one



after another -- so many that if you're sufficiently naive you wonder how the hell they ever crammed so many in there? That's what this LACon business is starting to look like. No sooner is one slander broken than ten more rush out to replace it. Now, LOU STATHIS, Harlan Ellison has it in his mind that Bruce Pelz has ripped off with a whole stack of money. But three Worldcons? (And anyway, so what?) Many fans, and a few pros, have this image fixed in what they call their minds that (1) they have been robbed, (2) they have been robbed by the LACon committee. That's what it comes down to, both emotionally and realistically, does it not? And perhaps (3) they have been deceived about being robbed, although I would generalize to say that if someone was robbing you, he'd hardly advertise it, so that leaves mainly points (1) and (2).

Número uno. Have fans been robbed? Of how much have they been robbed?(if they have been). Depending upon when a person joined the LACon, he probably paid between five and ten dollars. At the time I joined it cost eight. I have been told that the convention did not know it had broken even until the first day of registration. Accepting that, and realizing that most people who attended LACON spent several multiples of their membership charge just in being there, what's the ripoff? Spending all that money to attend the Worldcon, and then worrying if the concom may have held membership costs too high -- that's being penny wise and pound foolish. Even more basic than that, the concom contracted to hold the convention and admit members for whatever the rate happened to be when they joined -- they didn't contract for anything more. Having performed that obligation, they are legally free to do as they please among themselves with any surplus. Being fans they did not do this -- not that anyone cares to accept such a simple hypothesis. Many's the wise, bearded fan who'll never touch Occam's Razor. So now the concom wonders -- why didn't we take the money? And as far as I'm concerned the concom has been so shabbily treated and slandered that they owe it to themselves to take the nearly \$3,000 surplus dollars. What could fandom do to them or say to them that it hasn't done or said already?

In spite of my advice, it looks like they might put out a Proceedings anyway. As to ANDY "I've caught LACon with its pants down and the feeling is interesting" PORTER, since half the pro ads have not been paid for yet, and since other items of income have not yet been received, what do you expect the LAConcom to report?

For point (2) have fans been robbed by the LACon committee? They could not possibly have been robbed. Then, have fans -- or pros for that matter -- been done out of anything? Have they been robbed of information, perhaps? I've yet to hear of anyone being refused information about Worldcon financial arrangements. I know there are plenty of self-announced experts on running conventions toting up what they think ought to be the cost of this and that, turning over categories in the financial report by the score out of dissatisfaction. But the first thing that strikes these people is that they must write to LOCUS and GRANFALLOON, and only second if at all do they inquire of LAConcom members to see if their hallucinations have any substance to them. No matter what my prejudice, if I were a fan any place I wouldn't believe anything I read that dealt with finances except from those directly involved -- be it about the WorldCon, -- or about LOCUS, TAFF, prozine distribution, writers' agents, market rates, etc. etc. Speculation in fanzines invariably proves wrong no matter how authoritative the guesswork seems. You just have to look as far as Bowers' publications to see other examples. In the latest OUTWORLDS Harlan Ellison steps on Ted White for Marse White's unseemly speculation on Hellison's treatment of Lupoff in A,DV. And in a forthcoming INWorlds (or is it fanzine review?) Charlie Brown has a lengthy letter detailing his finances on LOCUS and showing why he loses money over the year on it. Send your sticky quater to PO Box 148, Wadsworth, OH and sign up for a copy.

So, LOU, do I really need to defend Pelz to you from charges of being a thief and a ripoff artist? I almost wonder why you bother to ask, even if Harlan's insistence on perverting his persuasive powers this way did make you wonder.





