



Number
Twelve

PREHENSILE

Now coedited by Mike Glyer (14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342) and Milt Stevens (14535 Saticoy, #105 Van Nuys CA 91405), PREHENSILE 12 is the latest in a series of pseudo quarterly fanzines. Available for 50¢ a issue, contributions of words and art, or the omnipresent editorial whim, PRE is likewise available in trade to BOTH editors -- at 98 pages per issue, you're suffering in the deal? And if you desire to be reviewed, send a copy to Mike Glicksohn, whose address is 141 High Park Ave., Toronto ONT M6P 2S3. The symbology of the envelopes is: (13) a number indicates the last issue on your sub, (X) indicates that your sub has expired, or that this is your last issue unless you respond with a contribution (loc or other); (T) of course means we trade, (?) asks why haven't I heard from you in months, and warns that unless you communicate, you'd best look to your place on my mailing list, (W) indicates that you've just been whimmed!

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REPREHENSIBLE EDITORIAL: MIKE GLYER

1. THE SCIENCE FICTION MAJOR, PART ONE

Last fall I made application to two graduate schools in view of the fact that on June 6, 1974 the University of Southern California would dress me in cap and gown and dispatch me from its bosom with a BA in History.

I was in fact greatly impressed with the graduation ceremonies, the one thing that USC goes all out for. Proceeding into Alumni Park by fours, in black robes under an overcast sky, we were seated in chairs on the manicured lawn beneath the gray limbs and profuse green leaves of the live oak trees. The band wasn't playing the monotonous Pomp and Circumstance, but a vigorous march like a Chinese military tune but with introductory bars identical to the first bars of The Twelve Days of Christmas. Then when all the graduates were in place came the faculty and administrators -- some sporting the purple and black of Oxford, the magenta of Harvard, the red Elizabethan short pants, tunic and black velvet cap of Queensbury, and the black robes with appropriately colored stoles of a dozen other universities. The Law School dean carries a silver mace as big as she is, while the senior



faculty member, the wiry gray astronomer Russell, walked along with the learned dignity of many graduation days. The commencement address, delivered by Dr. Robert Lumiansky (a distinguished professor of the University of Pennsylvania, on hand to receive an honorary Doctor of Laws), seemed a lecture by a humanist who felt obliged to strut his stuff for the audience, and when at the end of half an hour he said "In conclusion..." he got a rather rude ovation. But so it goes. While I wouldn't say the show was worth the whole price of admission, after four years it was really worth seeing.

Now the reason I applied to only two graduate schools is twofold. (1) At \$15 and \$20 a pop, you can't apply to many schools, and (2) two would be enough, since I wasn't trying to break into the Ivy League. As it turned out both places accepted me for admission, UCLA (history) and Bowling Green State University (in Ohio, Popular Culture). But only Bowling Green was able to front the necessary financial support. Therefore I'll be signing on at Bowling Green as a Graduate Assistant in the fall.

Besides allowing me to take a Master's, it also guarantees my attendance at Discon. The evidence that I will be better off at BG than at UCLA also continues to mount. For instance I got a letter from the UCLA History Department April 30 quoting the American Historical Association on the glut of PhDs in History, and the fierce unemployment rate. Now that's just the kind of class organization I want to associate myself with: one that sends out encouraging literature to people about to enter advanced degree studies. But then I already was aware of the oversupply. Even the ones who do find jobs aren't too affluent. One history prof at USC worked the refreshment stands at the Dodger games after his daily lectures. And this is an instructor at a 'great university' (or at least that's how it describes itself). God only knows what the scholars at Solid State University are getting paid.

Strangely I've had difficulty convincing some that Bowling Green is for real (though some others were quite familiar with it). To Lou Stathis the place is inextricably associated with a comic book mentality. A professor says "What is a fine mind like yours doing going to Bowling Green?" (To which the unsnappy comeback is "Why won't they pay a fine mind like mine to go to UCLA?" Phyrrie wit, to say the least.)

Whatever Bowling Green may be, and I expect it to be a damned exciting place, the important thing is my reason for going there. Is it to learn how to teach popular culture? No. Is it to immerse myself in the study of trivia? No. Is it to get a piece of paper that says Master of Arts in Popular Culture, suitable for framing on the wall of whatever hamburger stand I end up managing? No. Is it for a change in atmosphere? Not specifically.

I intend to make my studies at Bowling Green part of a study in practical art. As is the proper use of education, I seek to sharpen my perception and expression, to find the ideas that excite and inform me. And when I've done that as long as is needful, I shall commit art and journalism, perhaps not for a living, but that remains to be seen.

Exactly what I'm to do there hasn't been explained yet. Judging from what TA's (teaching assistants) in my experience have done, I would be assigned to afflict discussion groups, lose exam papers, be snow-jobbed by crafty students, and know all the in-class discussion answers without looking in the back of the book. I've only known one who didn't end up



that way, but she was 40 years old, and in every way an exception. Your average TA is a graduate student experimenting with facial hair (particularly at USC, where beards tend to disappear right before everyone goes home to the family at vacation time). Except in the case where the TA is female, naturally. Your average TA is an intelligent and personable character outside the class -- but the moment he/she walks through the door a definite change comes over them. You never find a TA who has the cool and self-confidence of the average professor. I've often wondered if the explanation was that sense of *deja vu* which results when a graduate student who was sitting in the audience just a year or two before suddenly must stand on his hind legs and work with a variety of people whose failings he remembers extremely well.

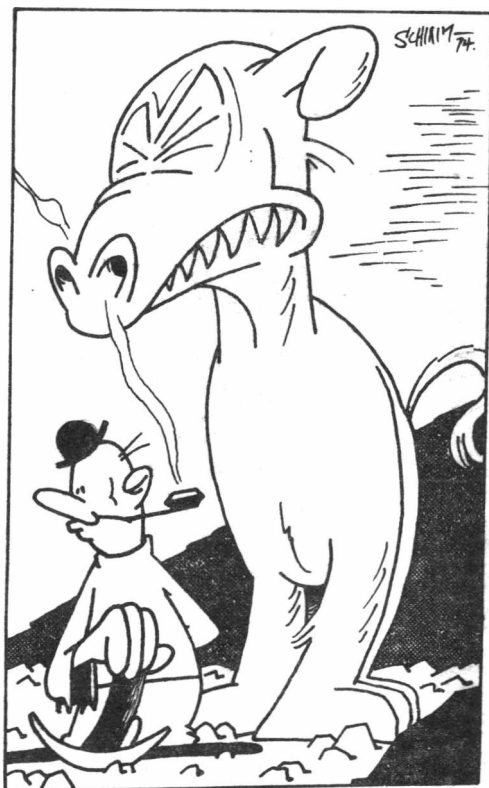
It was mentioned by the professor who was instrumental in my going to Bowling Green that one of his previous students had been given the opportunity to run a class of his own design. Since my familiarity with science fiction is one of the things that presumably got me in, that's probably the area they'll want me working in -- though I'd just as soon run a semester of detective fiction. I just finished one up here at USC and it went off superbly, covering Poe, Wilkie Collins, Dickens, Conan Doyle, Christie, Hammett, Sayers, Chandler, Ross Macdonald and Rex Stout.

In the approximately three or four billion science fiction courses now being taught in the universities, colleges, high schools and day camps of America (according to the latest listing compiled by Dr. Dimento of Hattamatta U.) practically everything in print has been tried. So here is our hypothetical

case: if you had to choose 5 sf books as texts in an sf survey course, oriented towards a freshman writing class, which would you choose?

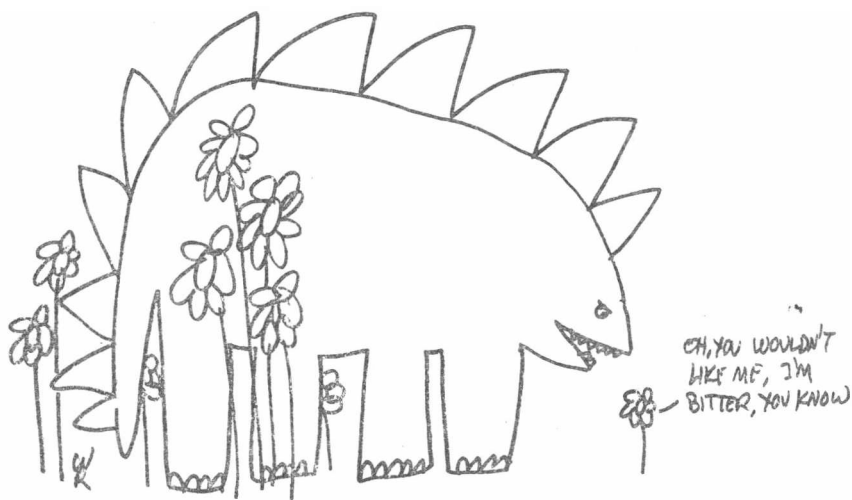
Most of the obvious approaches are plodding to the extent that they merit avoiding. You can do the historical schtick, parading out Wells, Verne, Karl Capek, Heinlein, Asimov, and THE HUGO WINNERS anthology. As a simple survey a couple anthologies (like SCIENCE FICTION HALL OF FAME and DANGEROUS VISIONS) plus three novels (say FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE, A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ, LORD OF LIGHT) would serve. Or one can comb through the subgenres of science/speculative/fiction/fabulation/fooeey with a selection of shorts (THE HUGO WINNERS) and some novels, covering everything from the worldbuilding of Anderson, the concept novels of Niven, and the editorials of Campbell to Ellison's polemical sf and the stylistics of Zelazny and Delany.

Then as the final exam you chuck everything and go to a convention. Either that or have a cardiac-inducing test such as "Explain the rationale in STARSHIP TROOPERS for limiting the franchise to veterans of Federation service." If that question can be answered at all, it can be best answered without having read the book. Hell, I tried the other way.



Any of these designs would serve, but not satisfy. Moreover, a wholly literary approach omits important sf like 2001, THX 1138 and INVADERS FROM THE STARS (wha?). Even an episode of STAR TREK is necessary to do the course justice. The temptation to insert DUNE, The Lensman Series or the Foundation Trilogy is easily resisted. Figuring out a presentation for them is deterrent enough, without my foreknowledge as a college veteran that half the students will come unprepared.

Therefore, in case I get into that end of the business, any of your suggestions about books, content or interpretation will be welcomed.



2. EATING THE SEVEN-POUND CROW

In the last issue I published Jack Chalker's letter relating accounts of various pro's behavior at TorCon 2. In publishing that collection of unsupported allegations and misrepresentations of fact I did a disservice, possibly to fans generally (though I doubt it) but definitely to Jerry Pournelle and SFMA.

That I saw no reason for Chalker to string together a web of lies, and had never seen him mentioned anywhere as carrying an axe for use on preferred targets, is my flimsy explanation for letting his loc go into print without further verification.

My specific failing in the matter was that of making no effort to ascertain the accuracy (more correctly, inaccuracy) of Chalker's statements. The failing is more grave for two reasons: (1) it would have been extremely easy for me to check the letter with Pournelle, and (2) I agree with, if I don't always invoke, the principle of banning "discussions of personality" (ie, namecalling) formerly typified by Bill Bowers in OUTWORLDS.

Hence I offer my profound apologies not only to Pournelle, but to the organization of SFWA, and to those (including John Millard) who offered evidence contrary to Chalker's letter.

3. THE TRUE EXPLANATION

First I recommend that you read Milt Stevens' column, "The Passing Parade" elsewhere in this issue.

Now that you've read his version of our partnership, let me clue you in. Without the loan (repaid within six weeks) the issue would simply have been left to moulder on the shelf until I had the money. It had not yet been sent to the printer's, that being a cash-on-the-barrelhead operation.

So Craig Miller and I had been discussing the fact that Milt's interest in Budweiser had gotten him to attempt trying to buy an Equicon membership from Craig three different times -- when Milt was on the con program and was getting in for free. I figured that any man as eager as all that to part with his money wouldn't object to parking some of the long green in my wallet for a few weeks. But it's not the kind of thing I ask every day, so when I was trying to subtly lead up to the topic Miller parted the Gordian knot of my tact and said, "Why don't you ask him, Mike?"

A couple weeks after that transaction, at Slandercon II, I reminded Milt that he was always claiming insufficient time to do the gruntwork of fmz publishing. On the other hand PREHENSILE was going to be strapped for cash -- come fall I'll join the ranks of impoverished graduate students. I suggested a pooling of resources; and here we are, Ritual Slander and Mayhem Inc. Two of the sort of fellows who would put cement galoshes on a victim and throw him into the LA River -- to die of thirst some days later.

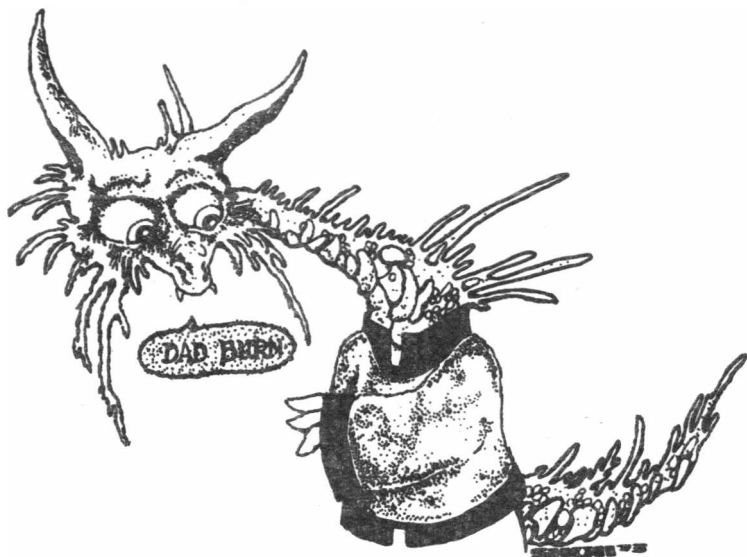
4. YOU IS WHERE?

The date: September 2, 1972. It is a warm and clear Saturday, but spent mainly inside the air conditioned International Hotel. Medieval costumes like kinetic jewels decorate a setting of massed fen as the morning programming convenes. It is a day like any other day...but YOU ARE THERE.

I use this Cronkite-like introduction for an event few knew about, much less remembered. Fan legend George Senda arrived in LA after his adventure at the Bubonicon and took a room at the International. The following day the hotel expressed its displeasure with Senda's means of paying his hotel bill (allegedly, supposedly, rumoredly, suspectedly -- insert these words where you like them best) by impounding Senda's luggage and changing the lock on the room.

So that baggage became a freeze frame in a fanhistorical flick; and the suitcase a well-worn time capsule.

The LACon made peace with the hotel by paying off Senda's bill and took possession of the goods. These goods had occupied a place of honor in some attic until recently Pelz auc-



tioned them off at the LASFS. (Hey, rich, be sure and enter this in your set of LACon books -- heavy bread changing hands!)

Among the clothing, typewritten on the back of two mimeo Bubonicon programs, was this rare, indeed unique document: a partial conreport by Senda.

"Arrived in Albuquerque after a harrowing experience w/the car not having enough charge. When I came to the airport Tackett was waiting for me for which I was muchly surprised. Got a room in 208 and proceeded to come down to the registration room in the dungeon basement and saw Al Jackson, Bob Vardeman, Sal DiMaria, Mike Stephens & various & sundry went in with plonkers and attacked all in the room. Forced away from the typewriter when Rusty Havelin /sic/ came in...

"hassles with the room service. it seems that they are 'unable to have room service with/from the restaurant menu.' This seems to me to be the height of stuidity and unreasonable-ness. After all, I am paying good money to stay here and I frankly think that one whould get a bit more than just the kind of service that says 'Well you should feel privileged to stay here, 'cuz we think it's a great honor, and we don't need your \$\$\$ anyway.' Also, I just now tried to get their bus to take me out to the airport so I could meet Mike Glicksohn. It seems that 'we're very sorry, but we don't know where our driver is' was the answer I got, which is fine and good, but it doesn't help my photo collection nor my enjoyment of the con. I hope it was/is not a harbinger of further things to come..." (Emphasis mine.)

5. WOODSMAN, SPARE THAT PLEGBI

When the legendary Dick Eney returned to the ancestral estates in Alexandria last year, he informed Bruce Pelz that he'd come up with supplies of books from time to time as he re-evaluated his collection.

One of the boxes was a choice collection of early 20th Century Mung, with descriptions or aptly chosen quotes listed by Eney on a separate sheet. The quotes were so putrid in most cases that relatively unwanted books fetched reasonable prices -- and when the list was auctioned, I bought that. Now I guess that means I can't be nominated for the Hugo. Gee. On the other hand since the Disconcom copped out, maybe all I'll have to concern myself with is outdistancing the competition. BABEL. THE KLINGON VINE. DANGEROUS CRUDZINES. FIAWOL...

Oskar Leback & Gaylord Dubois: STRATOSPHERE JIM AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS. Whitman, 1941. "We'll be thrilling Europe tomorrow, Pat...especially if anybody over there gets rough so we have to shoot our way out!" (p.115/116)

A. Conan Doyle: THE LOST WORLD. Triangle, 1943. "That's the rifle I used against the Peruvian slave-drivers three years ago. I was the flail of the Lord up in those parts, I may tell you, though you won't find it in any Blue-book." (p.81)

Lt. Noel Salisbury Jr., BILL BOLTON AND THE WINGED CARTWHEELS. Goldsmith, 1933. "Beg pardon, Professor -- If those two are really done for -- burned to death, why don't the bodies fall?" (p.211)

David Craigie: THE VOYAGE OF THE LUNA 1. Julian Messner, 1949. "They both stood to attention and solemnly saluted the first Union Jack to be planted on another planet." (p.174)

Roy Rockwood. BY AIR EXPRESS TO VENUS. Cupples & Leon, 1929. "The engine of gold! It's drawing me into its wheels! They're beginning to move!" (p.67)

Roy Rockwood: UNDER THE OCEAN TO THE SOUTH POLE. Cupples & Leon, 1907. "I charge you with being sons of James Darrow, the notorious English anarchist! ...I arrest you in the name of His Royal Highness, Edward VII, King of England, Scotland and Wales." (p38)

Charles Kingsley: THE WATER BABIES. Grosset & Dunlap, n.d. "It is quite certain that, when a man becomes a confirmed poacher, the only way to cure him is to put him under water for twenty-four hours..." (p.95) (Cover waterstained, rather appropriately I thought but not very artistically...)

R. Sidney Bowen: DAVE DAWSON WITH THE COMMANDOS. Saalfield, 1942. "No, those three dots weren't RAF planes. So there was only one answer. They were Nazi long range fighters..." (p.62)

Harold M. Sherman: TAHARA, BOY MYSTIC, IN THE LAND OF YUCATAN. Goldsmith, 1933. "I never knew you were as interested in mental telepathy as this...This experience may have been brought upon us to force us to try the new powers we have been made aware of;" (p.220)

Victor Appleton: TOM SWIFT AND HIS WIRELESS MESSAGE: OR, THE CASTAWAYS OF EARTHQUAKE ISLAND. Grosset & Dunlap, 1911. "Before their eyes, they saw the extreme end of that part of the island on which they were camping, slip off, and disappear beneath the foaming waves of the sea, while the echoes of the mighty crash came to their ears!" (p.150)

Victor Appleton: TOM SWIFT AND HIS WAR TANK, OR, DOING HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM. Grosset & Dunlap, 1918. "There's the very latest from the other side. A London banker friend of mine sent it to me, and it got past the censor all right." (p.19)

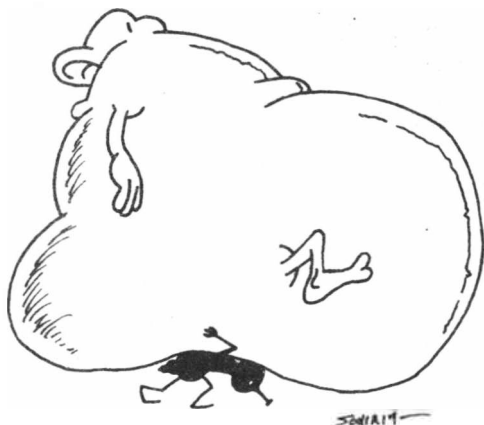
Victor Appleton: TOM SWIFT AND HIS TELEVISION DETECTOR, OR, TRAILING THE SECRET PLOTTERS. Whitman, 1933. "It's gone!... The box containing the secret formula of one of the most deadly gases ever known! ...It was to prevent the stuff from ever being used that I so carefull hid the formula." (pp.10-12)

Horace Porter: OUR YOUNG AEROPLANE SCOUTS IN ITALY, OR, FLYING WITH THE WAR EAGLES OF THE ALPS. A.L. Burt, 1916. "The tested and known tremendous speed of the war bird they were driving was their main assurance of safe departure, for if not crippled by a chance shot, the modern machine could be counted on for a getaway at the rate of ninety miles an hour." (p.50)

Gerald Breckenridge: THE RADIO BOYS IN DARKEST AFRICA. A.L. Burt, 1923. "Wimba, tell the chief what I have said. Forget nothing. There will be a voice from the sky and in the chief's own language... But speak quickly." (p.8)

Hugh Lofting: DOCTOR DOOLITTLE'S GARDEN. Grosset & Dunlap, 1927 "Devil or no devil, the Abbot believed in facing the problems of life. He ordered the door to be opened at once ." (p.52)

Eustace L. Adams: ON THE WINGS OF FLAME. Grosset & Dunlap, 1929. "He has all the wealth and power of a foreign government behind him and he cannot fail. That government will purchase rocket planes and patents if it can. But if not, it will make them of no use to anyone. Better sell out while you can, gentlemen, before some lives are lost!" (p.44)



MILT STEVENS

The Passing Parade



For the last couple years, I've been doing an informal journal devoted to crime, strife and literary necrophilia which carried the above title. Since *Passing Parade* has been a fairly successful personalzine, you may be a bit surprised to learn that I have suspended publication and gone into partnership on *Prehensile*. I say suspended rather than ceased because I'm aware that fan publishing partnerships are inherently unstable, and I intend to revive *Passing Parade* when our current partnership dissolves. As to how our partnership came about, it happened something like this.

During a LASFS meeting several months ago, I was out in the kitchen drinking beer. Just about everybody in the world goes through the kitchen at the LASFS Clubhouse at one time or another, so the approach of well-known fanzine editor Mike Glycer and convention impresario Craig Miller didn't surprise me at all. They struck up a conversation, but soon I noticed that their small talk was much smaller than usual.

Finally Craig nudged Mike and said, "Go ahead and ask him."

Mike began, "Well, er, uh, CAN-I-BORROW-A-HUNDRED-DOLLARS TO-GET-PREHENSILE-BACK-FROM-THE-PRINTERS."

While Mike was still cowering before the imminent wrath of Mammon, I said, "Sure, why not?"

This started a train of thought. The Glycer publishing empire was experiencing monetary malaise and fiscal fadeout. Even after selling his collection of bubble gum cards and his Jeff Schalles wood etchings, Mike still didn't have car fare to get to the poorhouse. On the other hand, I was also

experiencing a few problems. Passing Parade was developing the sort of irregularity even Serutan can't help. The problem was lack of time resulting from too darn many fan commitments. As I've told many a young fan, it's okay to be a fanzine fan, and it's okay to be a convention fan, and it's okay to be a club fan. However, don't try to do all three at once. Since Mike loves to slash and batter helpless fanzine material into a completed fanzine, a partnership with him could free me from the mechanical side of fanzine publishing.

There are several other ways in which our respective abilities might complement each other. We cover the entire range of fanwriting from subtle sarcasm to brutal affront. Together we can show the fan world new meanings for the words "ridicule, scorn and public hatred." If we ever have to descend to the point of talking about science fiction, our combined knowledge of the field covers two different periods. I know quite a bit more about science fiction in the forties and fifties than Mike does, and he knows more about science fiction from 1960 to the present than I do. Of course, neither of us would resort to talking about science fiction unless there was utterly no way of avoiding it.

Just in case science fiction does get discussed, I might as well mention my prejudice on the subject. One advantage of my long association with the field is that by now my prejudices are deep-seated, cantankerous and easily enumerated. The thing I like most in science fiction (or fantasy) is to watch a writer create an artificial construct which is a good bit removed from our everyday experience but which contains known principles applied in a new way or principles of the writer's own invention. The more elaborate and consistent the construct, the better I like it. I just love watching the little wheels go around inside the big wheels. On the other hand the thing I dislike most in science fiction stories is stories taken out of yesterday's newspaper. All the time, I catch neo-pros trying to slip a little relevance through on the side. Usually they have managed to find some overwhelming problem in modern life. As I see it, any damn fool can find the problem; it's the solutions that might be of interest. The relevant science fiction story seems to be accompanied by a liberal walloping over the head with the point of the whole thing. I, for one, do not like being walloped over the head with the point or any other instrument of the writer's invention. If you want an example of a story which gets its point across well, try reading "The Country of the Blind" by H.G. Wells. Not a wallop in a carload.

But enough of this sordidness, I think I'll switch over to a more cheerful subject, like crime. As most of you know, I am fandom's leading crime fighter. My actual title is Analytical Officer and I work for the Los Angeles Police Department, Operations Valley Bureau. The valley in question is San Fernando, and you may never have heard of the place before Patty Hearst got loose here a few days ago. The office next to mine has been receiving the calls from people who think they've seen Patty Hearst. From what I gather, everyone in the San Fernando Valley believes they have seen Patty Hearst. Needless to say, she's the hottest thing since the

invention of the enchilada. I particularly enjoyed the phone call from the guy who had seen Patty Hearst accompanied by two leprechauns wearing Afro wigs. It's stuff like that that makes police work worthwhile. As of today (May 22 real time) I'm giving three to one odds that Patty Hearst will be a contender for the title of Miss Swiss Cheese of 1974 within the very near future.

To shift topics again, I was doing quite a bit of commenting on fanzines in *Passing Parade*. I was doing that because I usually don't have time to write locs and I'm too opinionated to let all those fanzines off scot free. Of course, *Prehensile* has a fanzine reviewer in the person of Mike Glicksohn. He actually reviews them, too, which is a rather strange thing to do. There wasn't enough time to do any fanzine commentaries this issue, but I'll be back at it in the near future.





NEBULA BANQUET '74 MILT STEVENS

I've been told that the Nebula Awards Banquets began on an economic scale which was only a little bit lower than that of the Ranquets of our own day and age. The restaurant for that first Nebula Banquet was reputedly so poor that nine out of ten of the patrons were cockroaches. SFWA was only able to get the place by telling the management that they were an organization for victims of lexiphilia. After all, nobody wants to be unkind to people who are sick.

A beginning like that left a lot of room for progress. For several years, there were Nebula Banquets held simultaneously in two or three locations around the country. Each of the regional banquets gradually grew into a mini-convention, and this year it was decided to combine them into one massive Appalachian meeting of professional science fiction.

As you probably recall, I am not a professional science fiction writer or even a professional science fiction editor. I don't even huckster books and magazines all that often. So you might wonder what a person like myself would be doing at a gathering of all those professional science fiction folk. Well, it happened this way. During a LASFS meeting last December, I was out in the kitchen drinking beer. Jerry Pournelle, mild-mannered SFWA President about town, also happened

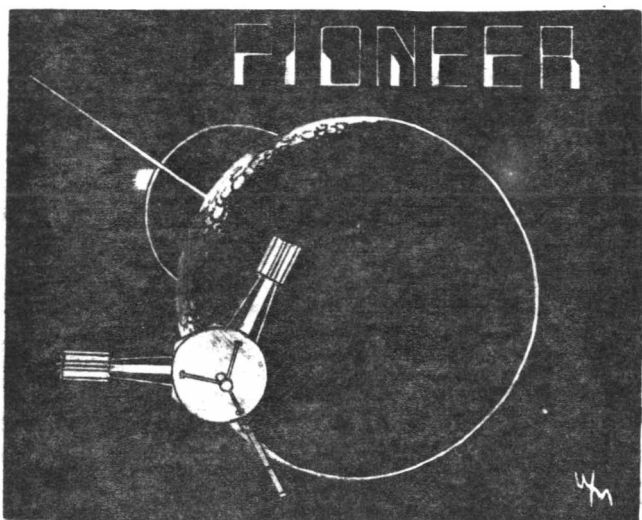
to be out in the kitchen drinking beer. He mentioned the Nebula Banquet which he was planning and that Robert Heinlein would be one of the speakers. While I've been attending science fiction conventions for a fair number of years, Heinlein hasn't shown up at a convention since before my time. Once Jerry had interested me in the idea of seeing Heinlein in the flesh, he mentioned that certain non-members such as myself could buy tickets for \$25 apiece. Since they were cheap, I took two.

The entire program which was attached to the Nebula Banquet ran from Wednesday to Saturday. The orientation of the program was heavily scientific for the science fiction writers who are still using that sort of stuff. Since I was working during the week, I didn't attend the tour of Edwards Air Force Base on Wednesday or the Rockwell International Space Center on Thursday. Reports indicate that a fine hangover was had by all. (Count on those clever pros to have a bar on the bus.) The first thing I did attend was a cocktail party at Forrie Ackerman's house on Friday evening. In the past, whatever house Forrie was living in was known as the Ackermansion. However, the current Ackerman house is a for real mansion. Rumor has it that Forrie struck it rich in the monster rackets and now has an exclusive contract with the Teamsters Union to provide all their strikebreakers. He also recruits for several professional football teams.

The true art of attending a cocktail party is the ability to mill around in such a manner that you pass the booze supply at regular intervals. Since this was a gathering of professionals, a very neat traffic pattern was established which wended its way around two entire floors. Between drinks you could look at a complete collection of all the science fiction that ever was. Whether you're looking for a Serbo-Croatian edition of CAPTAIN FUTURE AND THE SPACE EMPEROR, or a complete set of Odd Tales, it's all in there somewhere. I found an entire wall full of hardback books which were all apparently science fiction and none of which I'd ever heard of.

Early in the evening I was able to demonstrate the value of having a fan at pro parties. I was one of the first people to find the beer supply. (It was down on the dungeon floor right next to the all-electric torture chamber.) Due to my extensive military experience, I can find a can of beer at a hundred yards in a dense fog. Two hundred yards, if it's open.

I brought a date for the evening who was a non-fan, who had read a lot of science fiction. I think she was a little bit disappointed to discover that some of her favorite writers were really attached to bodies. I'm sure some of them are equally disappointed with the arrangement, but it's just one of those unavoidable things. I gave her a running description of the science fiction field and its environs (fandom). She didn't seem to be able to accept the idea that most of the people you would ever see at a science fiction gathering are largely motivated by egoboo. A good many of the professional writers have gone through periods where they weren't making much money, but they still weren't willing to give up the chance of seeing their names in print. Even rephrased as peer-group-approval, she still wouldn't accept the idea. She kept asking what the point of the whole thing was. Years ago



I learned not to look for some sort of absolute point to human activity. If you fall into that sort of thinking, eventually you will conclude that all human life is pointless. It probably is, but what other alternatives do we have? In any case, I don't think the girl is ever likely to become a fan.

Of course I didn't fritter away the entire evening with mere socializing. I recruited a couple of people for Western-con programs, and I found out who the girl with the flower' tattooed between her breasts was. It's good to get these things done whenever you can.

The Nebula Awards dinner and the daytime program preceding it were held at the Century Plaza hotel. The Century Plaza is one of the largest hotels in Los Angeles, but you're never going to see a science fiction convention there. It's just plain too expensive. SFWA chose the Century Plaza rather than one of the cheaper hotels in the hope they could attract more press coverage that way. I don't think it worked, because I didn't notice a single press person covering the entire affair. Now if SFWA had circulated a rumor that several high-ranking government officials didn't want the media to find out what was going to be said at the banquet, I'm sure the place would have been knee-deep in press people.

I thought it was nice of the SFWA people to schedule their business meeting first thing in the morning so I could get an extra hour of sleep. As you all know, SFWA business meetings are always guarded by no less than six neutered book dealers who are instructed to kill, maim and be unpleasant to any non-members who might try to enter. This policy is necessary because the members often screw horses and sacrifice babies to Baal during the meetings. I don't think I could take all that activity first thing in the morning even if I was a SFWA member. Since it proved to be so easy missing the business meeting, I also missed the second item on the program, the editors' panel.

The third item was scheduled at a more reasonable time in the morning, 1 p.m. This was Dan Alderson and his tap-dancing computer. Dan demonstrated to the audience that his computer could not only tap dance, but also navigate space ships, play games, etc. The computer was available for the rest of the afternoon, and all sorts of people spent time playing a Star Trek game with the computer.

There was one item on the afternoon's program that I would like to steal for a science fiction convention sometime. That was a presentation of "Far Out Physics" which was given by Dr. Robert Forward. Dr. Forward has the unique ability of presenting theoretical physics in the manner of a side show barker. He began his presentation by removing his coat and revealing the loudest vest I've ever seen on man or poodle. He then proceeded through a forty-five minute fast shuffle, through anti-gravity, faster than light travel, time travel, black holes, tachyons and other dimensions. You got the feeling that you were watching a theoretical shell game, but it was sort of fun.

Dr. Bruce Murray and his photos from Mariner 10 is another program I'd like to get for a convention. The shots of Mercury still haven't been published yet, although I'm sure they will be in the near future. Still, there's quite a bit of impact to seeing astronomical objects on a large screen. It's quite a bit different from seeing the same pictures in a book.

Other items on the program included a panel "What's It Like Out There" with two astronauts (Col. Alfred Worden and



Captain Edgar Mitchell) and a television and movie panel chaired by Harlan Ellison. The entire affair was a bit over-programmed with a number of items which could have run a good deal longer than they had a chance to. However, it was a very good selection of programs, and I watched a much higher percentage of them than I would at an average sf convention.

The Nebula Banquet itself was held in the Westside Room, which is normally a night club. Imagine a semicircular, red velvet coffee shop and you've got a pretty good idea of the physical layout. The banquet was black tie optional (that means wear a black tie unless you want to look like a schnook) so the attendees were much snazzier looking than is normally their custom. I had acquired a slime green dinner jacket for the evening, and the color did a lot for several people's sense of wonder.

The festivities began with Norman Spinrad introducing notables and introducing notables. As Bob Bloch later commented, "Will the person Norman Spinrad didn't introduce please stand up." The program was then turned over to the tender mercies of Bob Bloch who provided play by play commentary as a whole gaggle of speakers trooped by the podium. Speakers included; Ray Bradbury, Theodore Sturgeon, Robert Heinlein, Captain Edgar Mitchell, Dr. Harrison Brown, Colonel Alfred Worden, and Dr. Bruce Murray. I understand that SFWA had to pay some extra charges for the carpeting that was chewed up by the Nebula nominees who were waiting for the awards to be given out.

The theme for all the speakers was "Where Do We Go From Here?" and a good many of them talked about the future. Everybody had an idea, but they were all different ideas going in different directions. It reminded me of a military saying, "When in danger, when in doubt, run in circles, scream and shout." You could definitely conclude that we have problems, but the solutions are anybody's guess.

As I said, a good many of the speakers talked about the future. However, Ray Bradbury read a poem about Moby Dick. By now, Ray Bradbury must have a very large volume of Moby Dick poetry. I've heard that Ray Bradbury is a fine fellow and that puppies and small children like him a whole bunch, but he ought to give up on Moby Dick. Moby Dick was a fine idea for Herman Melville, but it's not such a great idea for Ray Bradbury. The six day run of the play he wrote about Moby Dick should have shown him that.

Just in case you haven't read them elsewhere, I guess I should include a list of the Nebula Winners:

NOVEL: RENDEZVOUS WITH RAMA by Arthur C. Clarke

NOVELLA: (That's a novel that can't have children) "The Death of Dr. Island" by Gene Wolfe

NOVELETTE: "Of Mist, and Grass and Sand" by Vonda McIntyre

SHORT STORY: "Love is the Plan, the Plan is Death" by James Tiptree

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION: "Soylent Green" by Stanley Greenberg from a novel by Harry Harrison

After the awards were presented, the attendees gradually milled their way off into the night.....

***** Book Review by Dave Locke *****
 THE CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES, by Henry Orvis Roide

I was in West Covina trying to locate one of those difficult to find places where they sell such things as replacement seats for shopworn kitchen chairs. I had gone from place to place, following up referral after referral, until finally: "Oh, yes, there's this place where that's all they sell. Go up this street and turn left at the light. Turn right at the next block, take the first alley on your left, and turn right at the second street you come to. It's right next to the used-book store, just past the dirty movie place."

THE CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES

by Dave Locke





I passed up the dirty movie, but got the replacement seats and then stopped at the used-book store. That's where I found CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES, which had been published by a now-defunct paperback company in 1954. There was only the one copy, not that I was particularly looking to find another one. But no true science fiction reader could pass up a book with the title of CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES.

I read the book over the course of the next three weeks. It took me so long because I do most of my reading at the breakfast table (the one where the chairs had gotten the new seats), and I kept falling asleep in my corn flakes.

One day, a week or two after finishing the book, I came home from work and found my son watching the early show on channel 5. TV GUIDE said that he was watching SON OF GODZILLA, but that wasn't true. I'd seen that one before, and that wasn't what was playing. It was CURSE OF THE ATOMIC PILES, of whatever they called it when they made a movie of it.

Except for some of the dialog, they followed the book quite closely. As the value of the book was solely with the dialog, this was a shame.

The plot concerned an atomic scientist who wanted to take over the world, and he planned to do this by exposing people to his atomic piles and turning them into his private army of zombies. While watching the movie, I grabbed the book and started making some comparisons. As I had already missed ten or fifteen minutes of the movie, and as the difference between the dialog of the book and movie did not immediately strike my attention, unfortunately I missed jotting down a few choice comparisons. However, I did manage to capture quite a few, and here are the better ones.

SCENE: The police and the National Guard have just employed karate tactics against a band of a dozen or so zombies. Why they bothered to do this, especially after .45's and machine guns had proved ineffective against the zombies, is a question which I will pass over at this time. It should be noted, however, that there was something missing in the karate class that these people attended. As a policeman or National Guardsman would confront a zombie, you would see the zombie stand perfectly still while a torrential rain of blows was bestowed upon his body. The problem, though, occurred after the man from the Official Forces suddenly realized that he was wasting his time. He would stand there, totally amazed at the fact that karate had not succeeded where machine guns had failed, and allow the zombie to make a backhanded roundhouse swing which would knock him twenty or thirty feet out of camera range.

The dialog, back at the station after the fight was over and the zombies had got away, went like this:

MOVIE: "What I don't understand, sir, is how these zombies were created. How do you make a zombie?"

The Police Commander, scratching his chin, said, "I think it has something to do with those cursed atomic piles."

BOOK: Chandler slammed his fist onto the desk. "I don't get it," he shouted. "Where the hell are these zombies coming from?"

The Commander looked up at him and then got to his feet, pushing the chair back to his desk. The room was quiet, and ears waited for his words to fall. He had no answers.

"I don't know, Chandler," he said, his voice hushed. He started around the desk.

Chandler grabbed him by the arm. The two men came face to face, and all eyes watched them from the background.

"How the hell do you make a zombie?" Chandler screamed.

The room was silent.

The Commander pulled away from him. Their faces were flushed with rage and impotence, and the commander jerkily walked to the door.

As his hand touched the knob he turned back to Chandler.

"Get her to stand still," he said, and then he walked out.

SCENE: The hero finally stumbles into the lair of the mad, evil scientist who doesn't notice him at first because he is too busy treating his piles. The hero watches sparks of atomic energy strike a policeman, who is being held captive between two zombies. As the sparks flicker about the body of the policeman, he suddenly goes limp and starts hulking. I think hulking is the correct word for a zombie's stance.

Suddenly the hero dashes across the room toward a large, impressive-looking switch. Obviously a master switch of some sort. Obviously something worth throwing. The hero, however, is spotted by a stray zombie or two and is himself thrown all about the room. He is remarkably resilient, though, for he continues to bounce back and head for the switch. Finally he makes it.



He throws the switch. Smoke starts pouring out of the scientist's piles. The zombies turn back into real people again.

The dialog:

MOVIE: "No, NO! You've ruined my piles!" shouts the mad scientist, obviously distraught.

"Yes, and I've ruined you, too, together with your insane plot to take over the world."

Sirens suddenly become louder as the police race towards the mad scientist's lair.

"You're going to jail for a long, long time. Let's go."

BOOK: Eveleou fell to his knees as the atomic piles disintegrated around him. He screamed at Walker as he machine of destruction was itself destroyed.

"No, NO! Damn you! You've ruined it. My piles are falling apart!"

With the rumble of atomic destruction in the background, Walker went over to the man and stood above him. He no longer seemed sinister; on his knees, weeping like a child.

He lifted the scientist to his feet.

"Would you like me to call a doctor?" he asked, his voice calm.

SCENE: The Police rush into the building, just as the hero and the mad scientist are coming out. The building is in flames.

MOVIE: Police: "What happened here?"

Hero: "The atomic piles are destroyed. They are no longer a menace. The world is safe, and thank God so are those poor zombies."

BOOK: The Lieutenant ran up to them as they left the burning building.

"What happened here?" he shouted, above the roar of the flames.

Walker looked at Eveleou, who was still hanging onto his shoulder for support. He turned back to the Lieutenant.

"His piles will no longer bother us," he said, and then the three of them walked away from the burning, collapsing building.

SCENE: The end of the story. The hero is with his girl, gazing into the heavens.

MOVIE: The girl gazes dreamily at the hero, and asks of him:
"I know I'm just a dumb little thing, but what are atomic piles?"

The hero answers: "Something that I'm not really sure God intended mankind to have. I can only hope that they never fall into the wrong hands again."

BOOK: Nancy turned to Walker, putting her hand on his arm. He stirred slightly, and then smiled at her. A funny little wrinkle crossed her brow.

"John," she said, snuggling against his side, "there's all this talk, and there's still something I don't know."

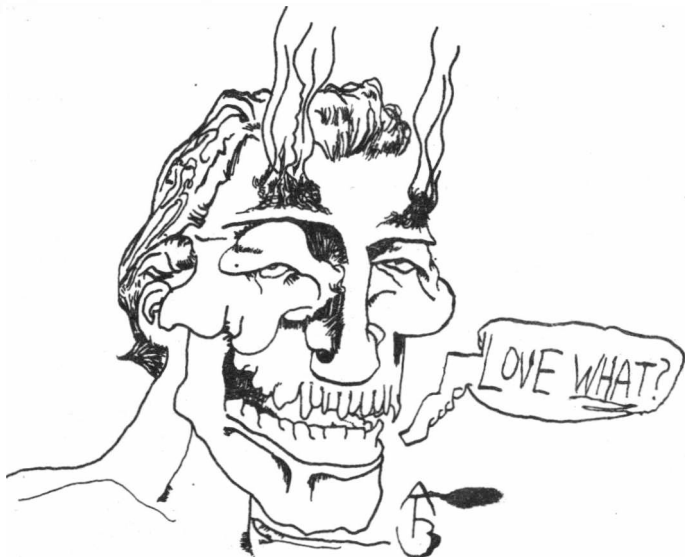
He waited for her, until finally she spoke again.

"What are atomic piles?" she asked, her eyes twinkling with amusement.

Walker stood up and went to the window where he could look out at the nighttime world. People and machines were moving in the darkness. Moving happily, returning to the old pace. He shook his head, as if to throw off the weight that he had been carrying for so long. And then he turned to her, and went back to her, and took her in his arms.

"They're the worst kind," he said to her, and then he kissed her.

If you ever run across this book, in a little second-hand bookstore in West Covina, or anywhere else, by all means pick it up. Then carefully put it back down again. If you don't run across it, however, don't strain yourself looking for it.



did a married
woman with
a



**JODIE
OFFUTT**

This is being written in the periodicals room of the Moorhead State University Library, where it is just a little too warm to read or write. I'm sitting here (instead of a couple of blocks away watching "Jonathan Livingston Seagull") because the kids are just down the street at a play, "The Dragon", an MSU Drama Dept. production. The reason I'm not with them: Having been invited to a party after the last performance, we decided to attend the play that night. I'm not back home because home is ten miles away, gas is 51¢ a gallon, etc.

Two copiers are about five feet away and the ink stinks. MSU is having a mild flap this week. The basketball coach left four or five starters home when the team played Southern Illinois; SIU is suing MSU, saying they scheduled a varsity game and didn't get one (SIU won). The MSU president said he wasn't consulted about the decision, and the coach and an assistant have resigned, saying that the starters needed rest for Ohio Conference games coming up that were more important. Such a todo. I've been watching a man copy sports stories on it from three different papers. I could not care less about the whole thing.

I wish I could smoke in here.

While eating supper tonight, andy asked what I planned to do while the kids were at the play. "Well, 'J.L. Seagull' is on at the movie." andy was incredulous. I'd already spent \$1.25 for the book; would I spend another \$1.75 to see the movie? andy doesn't think much of Mr. Bach's making such a lot of money on a little juvenile picture book with some bird-brained philosophy in it. So I'm not at the movie. (When it hits the TV screen, my husband may not be willing to pay for the electricity for that either.)

I'm missing the second part of "The Great Esc ape", too, and I'm a big WW2 fan.

There's not a soul in Morehead who I care to visit for two hours.

Poor little Jodie, the martyr. Indulging her children. Pushed around by her husband. No friends.

+++++

Passing by the bedroom the other day, Missy looked in and saw me holding a copy of TITLE in front of the mirror. "What in the world are you doing?" I told her that there was a backward line in it I was reading. Exactly 24 hours later the same thing happened. I was reading the only backward word in CLONE (Richard Cowper). "Not again, Mom! You sure do read some strange things." I intend to keep the bedroom door closed in the future.

+++++

When andy announced last night at dinner that his agent

had called with the news of a sale to Dell (CLANSMAN OF ARDOR), Chris said he remembered reading it. Jeff didn't think he had; as a matter of fact he hasn't read ARDOR ON AROS. Neither had Chris. "I've read the chapter titles three or four times, though. They're great!" And he rattled off about four or six of them.

+++++

Somebody with a weird sense of humor got loose in a candy plant. I bought two sacks of candy hearts with messages on them for various valentine parties at school. One sack had the usual Love Me, Be Mine, Me 4 U, etc.

But the other sack? Whoo-eee!

Let's swap...Have a ball...Wanta' fix?...Getting enough?...Let's do dope...Impeachment...Litter!...I've got a headache...Eat it...Today I talked to...continued on next heart. That is just the printables. They don't make candy like they used to.

+++++

Chris decided to take valentines to school to a few choice girls and wrote LOVE, CHRIS on the backs of several. Missy picked 'em up and added PLEASE to every one of them.

+++++

Scotty was working on math and didn't know how to do some of the problems. Thinking I might be able to help, I asked what kind of problems. "Ratio and proportions." Sorry. Sounds more like an art class to me.

+++++

We went to Tennessee last week where andy was goh at the Nashville SF Club's chili supper/meeting. While visiting at Ken Moore's (There is a pair of airplane wings in his den! In his DEN!?) I admired a crocheted stole Brandy Brandon had made for Carol Stafford. Would you like one?" Brandy asked. "I crochet on my way to and from work. What color?" Wow! That'd be nice. Oh green, blue, whatever. At the meeting the next night Brandy handed me a lovely green stole. "Do you crochet that fast, or do you work in Chicago."

Brandy just smiled.

dark alleys of fandom



dan goodman

You are running a worldcon bid. You have the choice of allocating money to reimburse biddingcon members for con-attendance expenses now, or keeping it in reserve to pay pros after you have the bid won. Which is the necessary expense?

Once a biddingcom has won, there is apparently no way the worldcon can be taken away from it. And no matter how offensive the concom's actions may be to how many fans, there is little chance of a boycott reducing the attendance by much. If it were known that a worldcon would be completely proless, it would still have over a thousand attendees.

It wouldn't come to that, of course. Pros are at least as quarrelsome as fans. A SFWA boycott would probably persuade some pros to make a special effort to attend,

True that big names attract not only attendees, but the essential votes to give the biddingcom their chance to put on a carnival. But it's simple enough to get big names for your campaign literature -- lie about who's going to show up, with just enough slippery wording so it isn't a firm promise. The '68 Worldconcom used this technique to help win their bid; no one seems to have complained when Joan Baez and Bishop Pike failed to show up at Oakland.

It might help a worldcon bid to give SFWA the impression that pros would be paid for appearing on the program, of course. That costs nothing -- so long as you don't go to the needless expense of keeping your promises.

Perhaps the resulting controversy would hurt your chances of putting on another worldcon. But being worldcon chairman twice isn't likely anyway. Only one person has made it. And the first worldcon of which he was co-chairman was one of the more controversial to date.

Now, back to reimbursement for con-attendance. Having biddingcom members show up at the worldcon where their bid will be voted on is no longer as essential as it once was -- mail balloting has made a difference. Still one never knows what may come up. I would say that it was still essential to have someone there.

Attending regionals, in order to pick up votes, is essential. Not that it's the only way to influence voters -- I would say offhand that an intensive campaign in every known local apa, ads in local newszines, and a few other advertising techniques which haven't really been tried yet would pick up a surprising (to the opposition) number of votes. But every good line of approach needs to be followed, to win the bid. And regionals in the area where the bid will be voted on are where one is likely to find -- and influence -- people who will likely attend the worldcon. Some of these people don't read the fanzines that support your bid, are more impressed by in-person conversation than by fanzine print, or just might trust you in person where they distrust the fanzine editors are supporting you.

It is a waste to reimburse biddingcom members for cons they would have attended anyway. It's probably better value for the money to send biddingcom members who aren't as likely to travel if left to themselves.

There would be another advantage to this. The fan who travels the con-circuit constantly, and who has been helping put on conventions for a few years, is likely to have a pret-



ty good idea of who he considers worthwhile; and of who counts in what local fandom. The people he considers worthwhile are likely to be other con-fans -- so he neglects the people who in his judgement don't count. And the people he thinks have power and influence in a certain local fandom may be pretty well out of it -- it's hard enough keeping up with changes in one's own local fandom, without keeping tabs elsewhere.

The biddingcom member who has fewer preconceptions may do rather better. For best results, I would suggest a biddingcom member who is thinking of moving to the area of -that regional -- for a new job, education, or whatever. This can't be arranged, it has to happen -- but when it happens it should be taken advantage of.

ESSENTIAL EXPENSES ARE WHAT IT COSTS TO WIN THE CONBID, AND THE ABSOLUTE MINIMUM NEEDED TO PUT ON THE CON. Everything else is nonessential. When in doubt, spend more on bidding expenses and cut corners on actual conspending.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

ZINEOPHOBIC EYE

A former fanzine editor who undertakes to review fanzines for a still-functioning colleague is faced with a couple of problems above and beyond the normal difficulties of what to review and what approach to take to the whole matter. In the first place, having been there himself, he feels a definite sense of obligation to get the reviews done by the deadline set by his new master. Nothing I've come across is more anarchical than fandom, and few things are as frustrating as having to sit and wait for some clown to send you the review/article/drawing he promised to deliver two months ago when the rest of your stellar issue is all typed up and ready to roll. This sense of responsibility to the deadline is even more acute when the fanzine editor in question is rumored to be a Sumo wrestler, has been known to tear passing Volkswagens in half when crossed, and when you weigh a hundred and fifty pounds blind drunk.

Secondly, and undoubtedly related to the circumstances just described, if your editor suggests a possible topic or approach, the ex-faned is more likely to accept this direction with grace, knowing that whatever he writes will end up the way the editor wants it, so he may as well save time by doing it that way from the start.

As I intimated in the first installment of this column, I'm vaguely dissatisfied with current fanzine reviews but I'm not sure that I can do any better than any of the talented people now active in this aspect of fanac. I'm searching around for the right way of tackling the problem, and I'm hoping for some feedback in the letter column to let me know if I'm succeeding at all. As I write this, though, no such reaction has yet appeared, so I'm still pretty much in the dark, still following my own rather tenuous ideas on how it should be done. I'm hoping that those fans who care about such matters will let me know what they think fanzine reviews should be: I may disagree, but I'd certainly like to know your ideas.

In agreeing (happily) to try this column, I didn't really have any hard or fast rules to follow. I did decide that I'd not try to review the same fanzine in two successive columns unless something pretty spectacular happened to it, and I thought I'd stay away from the really big well-known fanzines like ALGOL, TAC, LOCUS and OUTWORLD. We all know they are good, and I saw little to be gained by reviewing them here.



However, when Mike gave me May 1st as a deadline, he suggested he'd like to see a couple of fanzines looked at here, and one of them was the new OUTWORLDS...Welll...I'd been thinking of looking at a variety of relatively personal, unpretentious fanzines, so I guess OUTWORLDS will fit in after all.

As to Mike's deadline and my intense desire to meet it and stay healthy, it seems that fate does not wish to allow it. Canada is currently in the grip of a national postal strike that shows no signs of being over by May 1st. The mundane world keeps imposing its petty squabbles on fandom without so much as a by-your-leave. Bloody tiresome, say I. But since it looks like I'm going to have to dictate this to Mike via a collect telephone call, I guess I'd better get to the matter at hand. Bring on those fanzines, Abdul....

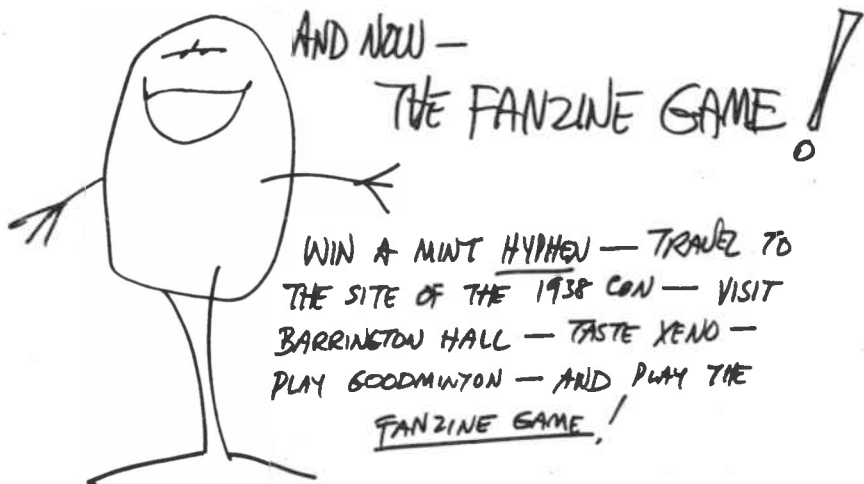
When you get down to basics, even us hard core art lovers and graphics freaks will admit that the main concern of fanzines is communication and most of the communication we engage in is by way of words. Much of the artwork in fanzines is simply decorative, and while it can be appreciated and enjoyed for its own sake and may even be used by a careful editor to complement the written message, it is a rather rare piece of fan art that communicates much more than the talent and interest of the artist. Not unsurprisingly, it is in cartooning that the best visual communication is established, and here we encounter such giants as Bill Rotsler, whose every cartoon has as much to say as 90% of the written material in fanzines today. Still, for extended communication of new ideas and concepts, it is to the written word that we most often turn, so I'd like to examine a few recent fanzines in terms of the quality of ideas and writing they contain.

Mike Shoemaker, who'se had some thoughtful and interesting locs published lately, edits OXYTOCIC, a dittoed fanzine that uses two color ditto to quite good effect. For someone interested in letterhacking to the extent that Mike is, he is remarkably absent from his own fanzine. A very short editorial that says little and a few comments in the lettercolumn mark his only appearances. The intellectual load of the fanzine is carried by Don D'Amassa and Bruce Arthurs with articles about, surprise!, science fiction. Don has had a series of article of late explaining various of the newer writers in the field, generally concluding that if the Messiah is coming he hasn't made the pages of ANALOG yet. These are interesting articles because Don is not content to tell us that certain stories were poor: he clearly indicates why they are weak, generally showing how they lack solid or consistent ideas. Don is not a brilliant writer, but he is certainly competent and his ideas are more than good enough to carry these articles.

Doug Leingang has another "Adventure of Nick Dixon", this one much better written than the last. President Dixon gets a fanzine and believes it to be a top-secret report. Material that thin has got to be well-written to sustain interest and this one holds up quite well. At one point Dixon asks the fan-ed in question, "You're from the CIA, aren't you?..." and the equally confused fan replies, "No, I'm not in any apa." Neatly done, and good contrast to the rest of the issue.

Bruce Arthurs tends to get tied up in his own sentences, but he has a fine idea to work with. He examines a twelve-year-old short story by Robert Silverberg and points out the lack of exploitation of a potentially interesting idea. I haven't read the story, but his evidence and his conclusions seem valid and I'm pleased to see someone thinking about science fiction and its possibilities. I suspect Silverberg is beyond such a story by now, but a response from him would be enlightening.

The segmented letter column is long, chatty, rather slight, and could have done with a bit more editing. Insightful comments such as "Art was rather low this ish" don't really add much, but three cheers for remarks like "Townley draws as if he has to, but doesn't want to." Good writing makes a good lettercol, if you edit it carefully.



Provocation makes for a good lettercol, too, and no-one can be more deliberately provocative than Perry Chapdelaine: "... there is insufficient argumentation in your crudzine...oh sure, I know, as soon as you get argumentation going strong, Big Name Fans will knock you down; they'll worry you to death about print type; slickness of paper, artwork, layout, sercon -- and you'll end up just like Mike Glycer's latest masterpiece -- fit for the library, but pure, sterilized, homogenized horseshit inside." Well, if anyone knows horseshit when he sees it, I suppose Perry does, but them's fighting words! Some of us are interested in the creative aspects of fanzine production, but maybe Perry is unfamiliar with the creative process and finds such matters dull. His loss, but I hope he continues to write such things. It keeps us from getting complacent.

Probably one of the best of the personalzines to appear recently is Don Thompson's DON-o-SAUR COPROLITES, which appears Janus-like in two different alternating modes, a personalzine and an apazine. (This state of affairs may have changed, though, since I haven't seen an issue in some time. The reasons for the superiority of this rather neat but unimpressive looking fanzine are quite simple: Don writes extremely well and has lots of interesting things to say. He's also intelligent and thoughtful and the overall combination makes his fanzine stand way out in a crowd, even if he hasn't yet figured out how to mimeograph decent covers.

The typical DON-o-SAUR has a lengthy discourse by Don, often merging humorous and very serious writing in an effective way, with a lettercol that shows signs of extensive and intelligent editing. This latest issue starts out: "People in authority are always making decisions that vitally affect my life without even so much as asking me what I think about it...Nobody asked me if I wanted postal rates raised...Or take year-round Daylight Savings Time. Or the Pentagon budget. Consider the matter of shale oil development in Colorado, or

the Alaska pipeline...Some of these things involve the expenditure of literally millions or even billions of dollars. How much would a phone call or telegram cost? (They could even use evening or weekend or night letter rates; hell, I'm not proud). A mere pittance! And yet it never happens; never has." I wish I'd written that. And from there Don goes into a very serious discussion about the basic nature of politicians, people and marriage written about an honest and revealing bit of personal history. This is as good as any fanzine material I've seen of late, and I recommend this fanzine most highly.

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS is a neat, attractive looking fanzine from Jeff May that has featured in its last two issues con-reports by Howard Waldrop that are easily the best written, best balanced and most interesting reports I've ever read. In the current issue, Howard reports on the Mid-America Con and although it is a couple of years old, the report has that elusive quality of fanwriting that makes it timeless. I won't quote from this, since part of the overall impression comes from the pattern of the writing, but this too is fanwriting at its best and makes reading all those dull pages of inadequate book reviews worthwhile. (I'm generalizing here: KCK isn't filled with dull pages of inadequate book reviews, but anyone who gets any number of fanzines will know what I mean.) ((Well, Glicksohn, just what do you mean? That's the kind of thing I'd expect a...Volkswagen...to say.))

Unfortunately, KCK does have dull pages of supposedly humorous descriptions of exotic fauna with names like the "laissafaisfaphree," the "isiququadevu" and the "snub-nosed ratacha." It's not that the writing is bad, but rather that it drags on for far too long. The ragletom, we are informed, "upon dissection proves to have not only two appendices but an assortment of maps and a Berlitz course in the ragletom language. This has proved of limited interest because the quality of the ragletom literature is lamentably low." A little more writing of that sort might have saved this rather sparse idea from being overly boring, but we are told far too much that is neither clever nor amusing.

The rest of the issue is reader response, mostly to the previous Waldrop report on D-Con and an article about the use of fan slang as a sign of elitism and totalitarianism. Not surprising to find the former reactions entirely positive and most of the latter written to the accompaniment of rather raucous laughter. KCK won't illuminate new intellectual horizons for you, but there's a fair amount of reasonable material here.

Tony Cvetko's DIEHARD features a terrible cover, too-thin paper and a rather simple concept of layout so not even the neat hand-lettered titles are going to knock you over visually. Does it have the quality of ideas or writing to make it interesting above and beyond its inherent interest as a fanzine? Welll...I'm afraid not. It's a moderately interesting, moderately enjoyable fanzine that I liked reading, but there's really nothing here of substance.

Tony has a nattering editorial, by far the best part of which is his description of how his body takes control of it-

self and forces him to buy a comic book. This alone indicates that with a little experience Tony is going to become probably his own best contributor in terms of light fannish material.

The ideas in the issue come from Roger Sween, who looks at classification problems in the sf/fantasy field and Don D'Amassa who dissects another loser. Unfortunately I find Roger's concern extremely uninteresting and his article isn't saved by the turgid quality of his prose. In discussing sf and fantasy he states, "Efforts to make definitions for these twin phenomenon have been repeated over the years, and for me to do so in the face of them is both gratuitous and redundant. Furthermore, after reading Cy Chauvin's work upon the subject in PREHENSILE 10, I recognize my powerlessness to improve upon the subject any further." Now I don't find that clear, concise or in any way effective. Roger doesn't speak that way, and I just can't see the reason for such an artificial style in a fanzine piece. If you don't share my disinterest in matters bibliographic, though, perhaps this article will appeal to you more than it did to me.

In "Robert Chilson: Dull Discovery" (the title alone is worth bonus points!) Don D'Amassa repeats his success as mentioned in connection with OXYTOCIC. He has a straightforward readable style that combines with his basically solid concept to produce a damn good article. As far as ideas are concerned it's the best thing in the issue, but it doesn't have a lot of competition unfortunately.

Much of the rest of the issue is filler. Some reviews, fanzine listings and a couple of short items that are rather interesting. An "interview" with a fan who discovered fandom three days previously manages to put down quite a few aspects of fannishness rather adroitly, and Ken Gammage has the text of his Fan GoH speech at the 77 Worldcon which is both humorous and a good spoof of a certain style of convention speech. Perhaps I was a little harsh in saying that there was no quality fanwriting in this fanzine. There is some, but it tends to get lost in the shuffle. The lettercolumn is long, fairly meaty and shows that even in fandom failure to communicate is a major problem as various loccers seem to completely misunderstand parts of the previous issue.

DIEHARD has the potential to become a much better fanzine than it currently is. Right now it's in the main clump of the competent but uninspired fanzines, and there's nothing wrong with that. With care, it could soon rise above its peers. Tony has a sense of humor, which is vital to a faned. He concludes with Ned Brooks' comment, "...at least you aren't getting any worse..." Having cast some aspersions on Roger Sween's article in DH, let me restore something of a balance by complimenting his fanzine ECCE. Now I still don't share Roger's love of bibliographies, so the supplement "Speculative Literature Bibliography No. 2" that accompanies this issue was mostly skimmed. For anyone either teaching sf or interested in doing so, however, this would be of considerable use, offering as it does an extensive list of primary and secondary reference sources. There's a need for this sort of material and we're lucky that fans such as Roger are around to fill this sort of need.

ECCE itself is an "idea" fanzine, concentrating on reviews and serious articles. Roger begins an article dissecting the robot stories of Isaac Asimov, pointing out the flaws in logic and weakness in the "epistemology of the positronic brain." Intellectually I can appreciate what Roger is doing and the arguments he puts forth sound valid. Emotionally, I don't give a damn. I enjoyed those stories: I was entertained by them. I really don't mind if they can't stand up to intensive scrutiny in terms of coherent underlying philosophies of robot education. I'm a plebian where my fiction is concerned. If you are more demanding, you'll enjoy what Roger is doing.

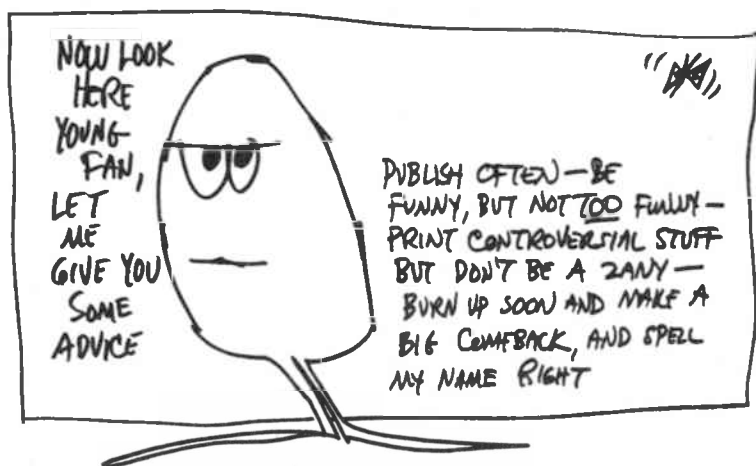
C.J.W.Williams has a series of nonfiction reviews aimed at sf fans that reveal a considerable breadth of interest and a deft touch with words. They highlight the issue for me. In discussing THE KONDRATIEFF WAVE by James Shuman, a book examining the thesis that a long wave economic cycle of about fifty years exists, Ms. Williams writes, "THE KONDRATIEFF WAVE may pique some interest, but for scientific method it pales by comparison with the psychohistory of Hari Seldon in FOUNDATION." A literate cynic appeals to me greatly, and Ms. Williams seems to be such.

Regrettably Ms. Williams is less amusing in defense of her own fiction which appeared in a previous ECCE. She strives to allay criticism of her story by a rather specious set of arguments, to wit, that it is no worse than other stories she has read. "Of course the piece is poor," she admits, "but not because of the writing or of the planning. To the extent that it is well-written and finely laid out it is as good as, certainly no worse, and perhaps much better than the stories by the god of this genre, Harlan Ellison." I sense a degree of personal animosity here which detracts from the validity of the critical argument. Ms. Williams says of her story that "there is no conflict and there is no character", that it was written "as an obvious cliché, an attack on the one-dimensional tale, the mood piece." I suggest that fanzine readers, at least, require no such knocking down of obvious straw men: if Ms. Williams would devote her talents to fiction, then let them be applied in a more positive manner. It is almost impossible to say of Harlan's stories, "there is no conflict and no character" which is one reason that lesser talents waste their time sniping at him.

There is also a four-way review of a Roger Elwood anthology which strikes me as an interesting idea that doesn't quite come off because the participants don't really write all that well, or sometimes all that perceptively. Editor Sween is probably the ablest reviewer of the four and the idea itself is worth pursuing.

If you're interested in a more thoughtful fanzine, subscribe to ECCE. Roger needs the money and he gives good value.

I used to get TITLE, Donn Brazier's frenetic fanzine, but I didn't respond to a couple of issues and was dropped from the mailing list. I've recently received my first issue in many months, and I was eager to see if it's really the Hugo-quality fanzine many people say it is. This issue, at least for me, certainly isn't. Oh, it's still an interesting



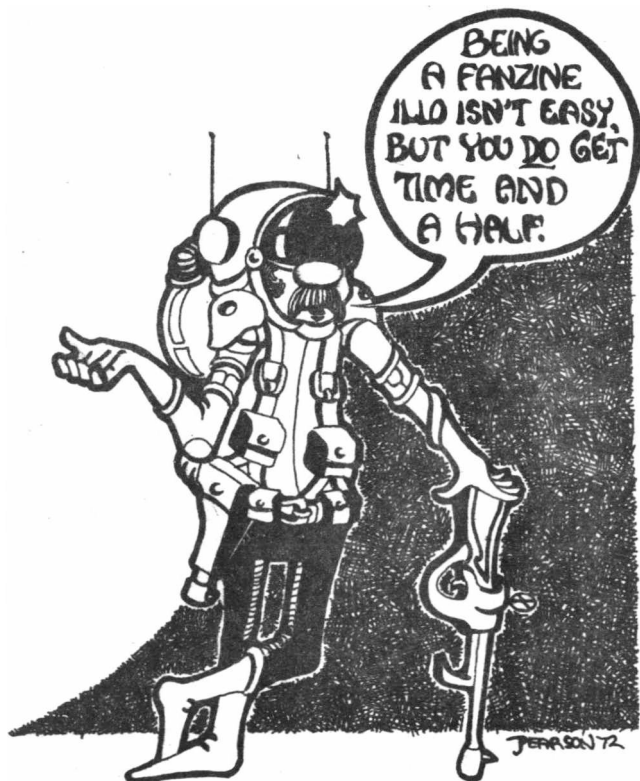
and enjoyable fanzine about people, but it certainly isn't exceptional, either in written quality, content or appearance. TITLE gives you a chance to learn about the people who are in the TITLE circle and this is as valid a function as a fanzine can have. The fanzine often consists of numerous short pieces or quotations from letters on a large variety of topics and it makes for quite facinating reading. But I don't see it as worthy of a Hugo. Yet.

Mainstay of this issue is an article by Michael Shoemaker about the growth of illiteracy and intellectual stagnation in modern society. He points out some rather ominous implications of what I'd thought to be simple patterns of speech and I suspect I'm going to find myself regarding my own conversational behavior rather more critically in the future. Mike gathers a wide selection of "evidence" and presents it undogmatically leaving it to you to decide if his thesis has any validity. I'd like to think he's indulging in a little overreaction, but I'm not sure. This should make you think, which is the purpose of good serious articles anywhere.

The rest of the issue is mostly pretty minor, with the exception of a short story by Rick Wilber which struck me as being quite saleable with just a small amount of rewrting. Perhaps I'm mellowing, or perhaps we're getting more talented fans nowadays but I seem to be reading more and more worthwhile fan fiction as of late. I still don't see it as the stuff of fanzines, but at the very least I'm glad it's getting to be readable. The fanzine reviews, reader reactions and other filler material was occasionally informative and usually worth reading. You can't expect more in a fanzine, and often you're lucky to have that much, so TITLE is a fanzine worth seeing. I'm glad to be back on the mailing list. If I'm still there....Donn?....Donn?....er....

When Denis Quane started NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT. he intended it primarily about the science in science fiction

but like many fanzines before, it proved to have a mind and life of its own. Now he has a fine small regular serious fanzine. The latest issue features a lengthy discussion between our own Mike Glyer, Jerry Pournelle, and Denis on the subject of Pournelle's SWORD AND SCEPTRE. Now this is the meat of the serious fanzine. If there's anything that distinguishes sf from other genre fiction it's the ready interaction between pros and the fans. An interchange between knowledgeable readers and a writer forced to defend and back up what he has created is among the most enjoyable and serious material that can be published and Denis is to be congratulated on publishing it here. I haven't read the story in question so I'm not going to say with whom I agree. Denis summarizes in an intelligent manner at the end and concludes with, "Perhaps my 'puritanism' disqualifies me as a judge of literature -- perhaps Mike's formula hunting disqualifies him -- no matter -- we are neither of us setting ourselves up as infallible judges. The readers will have to make up their own minds. That S&S is worth discussing should mean something." And it does indeed: it means that there is still a place in



fanzines for serious consideration of science fiction and for interplay with the people who create it. If Denis Quane were to turn his fanzine into just such a forum, and if he could find enough writers willing to enter into the debates, we'd be enriched by the result.

Every fanzine reviewer has biases, and one of mine is that I've never been turned on by weird fiction. I thus didn't expect to be turned on by LAUGHING OSIRIS, a group-edited fanzine supposedly oriented in that direction. This is its first issue, but it's a surprisingly strong fanzine too. For me the outstanding feature of the fanzine was the excellent fantasy artwork of Mike Streff, who has a highly unusual and skill style somehow reminiscent of both Derek Carter and Richard Flinchbaugh. But I'm not talking about visuals in this column, am I?

This isn't a fiction fanzine entirely, but there are two stories and several poems here and they make up most of the fanzine. It's interesting to note that by far the best writing in the issue, and one of the more moving pieces to appear in a fanzine in some while, is Ruth Parker's appreciation of Ben Kiefer, the Cincinnati fan who recently died. Fandom, after all the words have been written and forgotten, is still people and this brings that fact home quite beautifully.

There's an interview with Robert Bloch here, done through the mail and rather shallow. Not even Bob's inimitable puns can really save it. When your interview starts with "What do you think of the new animated 'Star Trek'? Do you think it will become popular enough to bring back the regular series?" you know you're not going to get much in the way of deep or insightful commentary.

Then there's the weird fiction. If you find lines like "Every victim to date -- living or dead -- has fallen ill in a certain spot in the tomb; a location well over a hundred feet underground. These unfortunate people have raved that they had just previously seen something too impossibly horrible to describe -- and that this sight was responsible for their illness" to be your cup of tanna, you might enjoy the stories more than I did. Personally I find that style far too stilted to be readable for very long.

A listing of twenty years of Ace Doubles with capsule comments on the story lines is moderately interesting and has a few nice lines: Of THREE THOUSAND YEARS by Thomas McClary we are told "it depicts a duel between two scientists that plunges the Earth into suspended animation for three thousand years. The battle resumes after a billion and a half people die, probably from boredom." Somehow that captures the spirit of the Ace Doubles for me. This is just part one, for you bibliophiles out there in fanzine land.

A good first effort, despite some of the most abysmal, godawful bad poetry (am I being redundant?) ever to see print in a fanzine. The other story, somewhat like an old comic book tale, is written with more style and skill than the first, but rather falls down in plotting. But this fanzine shows promise, if your interests lie in the direction they plan to take.

Darrell Schweitzer has had more practice putting out rotten looking fanzines than just about anyone else in fandom, so it's no surprise that he does it so well. The latest PROCRASTINATION is actually something of an improvement over previous issues but it's still a surprisingly ugly fanzine. In the past, however, Darrell has managed to publish some really good material, much of it reprinted, and this issue continues that tradition too.

Instead of his usual rambling, confusing and highly creative editorializing, Darrell has a diary he kept at one of the Clarion workshops. Darrell, if there's anyone out there not aware of this, faunches to become a pro and has sold several fantasy stories to the semi-pro markets. It seems likely that he will achieve his goal shortly. He has also written a series of rather arrogant articles and letters explaining what other would-be writers ought to do to join the professional ranks, so I didn't approach this piece with a great deal of excitement. Surprisingly I enjoyed it. Despite a tendency to pat himself on the back too frequently, Darrell's given a pretty clear picture of his own experience with Clarion, and I must say he makes it sound somewhat less than a sound \$500 investment. Although he claims to have found it a worthwhile experience, his diaries show him to be often disappointed with the instructors and his fellow students. And while this is only a diary, it is written in a style that is scarcely what I'd call professional. This is an unusual contrast to previous descriptions of Clarion that I've read, and it makes very enjoyable reading to anyone even remotely interested in the profession of writer.

The other noteworthy item in the issue is a reprint of David H. Keller's appreciation of TITUS GROAN, first published in 1950. Keller outlines the story of this first volume of the Peake trilogy and discusses its significance beyond its existence as a "Gothic novel". The writing is eloquent and the criticism thoughtful and this was a very good choice for a reprint. Get PROCRASTINATION for its material and try to ignore its packaging. You'll be pleasantly surprised at quite a bit of it, enough to put up with the frothy tripe that completes the issue.

Which brings us at last to OUTWORLDS! Now I can't possibly do justice to the newest Bill Bowers creation in the space I've got left. This column is frighteningly long as it is. {(No shit!)} But Mike Glycer wants to know what I think of the latest OUTWORLDS, so I'll tell him. You can listen in:

OUTWORLDS is the best damn fanzine being published today, in terms of appearances, quality of writing, and overall content. I could open it at random to any page and quote you something that would inform, amuse, intrigue, entertain, provoke or infuriate you. There is more to think about in OUTWORLDS than in all the other fanzines I've reviewed here, as good as many of them have been. There is more top quality writing in here than in any other fanzine I have seen. The columns by Susan Wood Glicksohn and Andy Offutt particularly appealed to me, but others might be more attracted by the Poul Anderson, Jodie Offutt or Doc Lowndes contributions. There

is more good artwork in this single issue than most fanzines get to publish in five years. The lettercolumn contains more comment hooks than the average person can react to in a single letter. The interchange between Ted White, Piers Anthony, and Jerry Pournelle is fascinating to anyone interested in some of the seamier sides of professional writing and publishing. There are four ~~comic strips~~ graphic trips and five full-page illustrations. There are three classic reprints by famous writers/fans. OUTWORLDS is it, friends. It's the best produced, best edited, best designed, best written, best illustrated and probably best printed fanzine there is. Does that answer your question, Mike?



OXYTOCIC #9, Michael T. Shoemaker, 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria VA 22302, 32 pages ditto, 25¢ or the usual.

DON-o-SAUR Vol.3 No.6, Donald C. Thompson, 7498 Canosa Ct., Westminster CO 80030. 12 pages mimeo, 25¢ or 12/\$2.50. The usual or : "Almost any expression of interest."

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS #3, JeffMay, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068. 24 pages mimeo. 25¢ or the usual.

ECCE #3, Roger Sween, Box 351, Platteville WI 53818. 52 pages, digest, offset. 75¢ or trade. SPECULATIVE LITERATURE BIBLIOGRAPHY #2, 48 pgh digest offset. Available separately 50¢. Mine came together for a loc.

DIEHARD #4, Tony Cvetko, 29415 Parkwood Dr., Wickliff OH 44092. 46 pg mimeo, 40¢ or 3/\$1, or the usual.

TITLE #25, Donn Brazier, 1455 Fawnvalley Dr., St. Louis MO 63131. Limited circulation. 24 pg. mimeo. Hard to get, may be a waiting list!

NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPT #4, Denis Quane, Box CC East Texas Station, Commerce TX 75428. 20 pages good mimeo. 30¢ or the usual.

LAUGHING OSIRIS #1, Box 3, Ft. Thomas KY 41075. 40 pages offset. 75¢ or 6/\$1. Arranged trade and (possibly) the usual.

PROCRASTINATION #12, Darrell Schweitzer 113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford PA 19087. 36 pages sloppy mimeo. 40¢ or 4/\$1.50, or the usual

OUTWORLDS #19, Bill Bowers, Box 148, Wadsworth OH 44281. 44 pages impeccable offset. Microelite type. Colored covers. \$4/yr. for 4 issues. \$6 for two years, 8 issues. Arranged trades, published contris, whim.



THE VIEW from GROUND ZERO



by
RICHARD
WADHOLM

Malzberg's BEYOND

The John W. Campbell Award to Barry Malzberg's BEYOND APOLLO would have been a surprise to me anyway, even if it had come from the SFWA. So the fact that it (A) came from the ranks of the academe, whose fear of fannish xenophobia has put them in the position of supporting the lowliest works for the most transparently stupid reasons for fear of being labelled outside detractors, and (B) that the award given had the name of that solid rock of the Old Wave, JWC, makes it that much more courageous. I have it on fairly good authority that ol' John may have been a closet Acid-head (would I lie to you?), but still, the image is prominent. I've been wondering when the academic students of sf would feel enough at home in these waters to start making waves. I hope that the fact that this heroic move has triggered the predictable gnashing of teeth in the sf ghetto won't put an end to a spirit of outspoken awareness.

Now we have three different awards, with at least two and sometimes three different windows on the ghetto. We have the Hugo, with its nebbishy little trendiness and artistic conservatism (all right, so that's not real fair. I'll let it stand.) as an entertainment award. The Nebula, while it gets closer to the tweedle-dee of the Hugo's tweedle-dum every year, still awards enough surreal and atmosphere-centered stories to say that it's slanted towards more lasting art. And now the JWC, with its more critical and political overtones.

The screams of wounded pride and outrage rise across the land. BEYOND APOLLO is everything Harlan Ellison and Joanna Russ, among others, have claimed it to be. In subtle ways it's even more. It's a direct attack on science fiction, from its fannish xenophobia ("Take sf out of the university and put it back in the gutter where it belongs") to its self-satisfaction, to pulp roots that continue to run through even the critically acclaimed books. In ways it's even more disturbing than the dear departed New Wave, because the New Wave always spoke from within the science fiction context. It aligned itself with science fiction as a separate ghetto genre, even as it called for radical changes of format and subject matter. It may have steered clear of the sacred cows of sf. It may have had more drugs and sex and obscenity on each page than Kimball Kinnison thought of in a lifetime, but it kept itself in a literary vacuum, apart from the literary sons of EE Smith on a kind of separate-but-equal policy that would probably have relegated it to a subgenre status had it kept going.

BEYOND APOLLO is criticism from a new, more distant viewpoint. It attacks with the sureness of aim that could only come from an experienced sf-writer, and yet it remains aloof and almost defiant in its attitude. Malzberg is using the term sci-fi, out of anger rather than ignorance. He slaughters the sacred icons of the traditional plot-and-Hero stories, using them up like walk-on characters in a Zelazny fantasy. The Ensign Flandry heroes and the Jeremy Savage tightlipped sidekicks get soured and cored by Malzberg's heavy brush of reality. That beloved hardware which takes up half of any good

ANALOG space opera becomes a series of doubletalk phrases and symbols with no meanings. But most of all, he attacks the high-minded cleanliness of science fiction.

It's a mark of our pulp beginnings that heroes are born, destined to stare down rivals and bad guys because of their racial purity or something. They aren't just ordinary people who rise to the needs of a special occasion, they're special. They got Aura. Dickson, Pournelle, Heinlein and Laumer -- not to mention great wads of younger writers who think they're better because their stories are downbeat chic -- have gained their reputations by creating situations that only superman could save humanity from and then trotting out superman. And superman's old lady is a virgin. And the spaceship he walks around in is mighty and flashier than the Hugo award more often than it isn't. And the cities he walks around in are chrome and glass monuments to mankind. And the whole aura is noble and sanitary. It all has a basic underlying antiseptic quality. Even the F&SF style downbeat fiction, it's all very somber and heavy. The main character may be the Everyman getting his by the cruds in The System and he may get ground down and killed and brainwashed in the end, but he doesn't lose that unshakeable nobility, and he doesn't go down the tubes without something somewhere about man's inhumanity to man first.

And this is what Malzberg is aiming at most directly. He's written a low down, ugly book to try and shake the ghetto out of that two-story town house suburb, just down the street from Hazel and Fred MacMurray and his sons and all the sedate lily-white sitcoms of the sixties. He's ringing down the curtain on Ian Grahame and Colonel Falkenberg, and all their loyal hordes and all their gleaming generals and spaceships and port cities. He's saying that when these chrome and glass monuments for men are built, there'll always be someone around to paint graffiti on the walls.

Heroes aren't born, they're made from ordinary men with neuroses and failures and insecurities who rise to a special occasion because of their desire to do good, not because of their good looks and brains and courage. And people -- just people -- are good enough to be heroes. Brian Aldiss missed the point of the book when he said it was science fiction's place to be depressing and pessimistic. BEYOND APOLLO may be depressing on one level, but underneath it all, it's a strike against the antihumanism of all these tons of sanitary actions and adventure heroes that still glut the spacelanes. Some people might call BEYOND APOLLO a cynical book. I don't know...some people might call STAR TREK cynical.



UP AGAINST THE BOOKCASE!

Stan Burns

UNIVERSE 4

ed. by Terry Carr

Random House 1974

This latest collection unfortunately doesn't live up to its predecessors. All of the short pieces are minor, and not worth commenting upon. Fortunately the two longer pieces are better (nearly half the book), and save this from being a rather dismal collection. Still, it would be wise to save your money and wait for the paperback.

"Assault On A City" by Jack Vance. I am a Jack Vance freak. I would rather read something by Vance than any other author I can think of. Therefore running into a 60 page Vance story is quite a treat.

Vance has three major drawbacks as a writer. 1) He tends not to really believe in his characters, making them seem to react to forces external to themselves, rather than through internal motivations. 2) For one of the fields premier stylists, he can be incredibly sloppy with word usage. (He has a tendency to interrupt long passages of moody stylism with such outdated slang as 'hoity-toity' and 'willy-nilly') 3) His endings sometimes have the tendency to strip bare of style and become nothing but plot outlines (as if he was tired of writing and wanted to hurry the ending).

The Vance story in this book suffers from only the first problem. It is a rather delightful and droll retelling of the country bumpkin come to face the crafty city slicker. Only the bumpkin is a galactic urbanite girl, and the city slicker becomes more and more frustrated trying to impress a girl who just doesn't think in the same plane he does.

"If The Stars Are Gods" by Gord on Eklund and Gregory Benford: In a lunar colony where administrators have replaced explorers, an aging scientist seeking to regain a feeling of his humanity comes face to face with a ship of aliens. Aliens who have come to the solar system to worship the sun. The characterization this story achieves is some of the most potent writing I have encountered since the late sixties. The background is smoothly laid out, the dialog flows easily. The only problem is that the ending fizzles. It just doesn't live up to the promise of a mind expanding confrontation between man and alien that the story has been steadily building up to. It is a shame that what could have been a truly classic story dies before it is truly born.

THE BEST OF STANLEY G. WEINBAUM Ballantine #23890 1974 \$1.65

The writing in these stories abounds in said-bookisms. The slang and the science is dated, the characters talk in corny '30s pulp cliches. The over use of exclamation points makes the dialog sound like it fell straight out of a comic book.

Yet through all this, through 40 years of changes, these stories still shine with the light of superior imagination. An imagination that overcame its pulp beginnings to make drastic changes in the field of science fiction. Weinbaum's aliens are alien, his planets are planets; there are no men in monkey suits running around here.

I do have several things to say about the packaging of this book. The cover painting is superb (I lust for its ownership). But the title of the novel, in a white diagonal across the upper third of the cover, is so glaring it almost succeeds in destroying the mood the artist has worked so hard to create.

Weinbaum wrote only 23 stories. Why not include all of them in this collection? Or are the eleven that don't appear being saved for an upcoming vol. 2?

The purchase price (\$1.65) is far too high. The regular purchase price (\$1.25) Ballantine charges would be fairer to the reader. That price itself is higher than the average of the field today.

However I find that I can recommend this book with the aforementioned reservations.

• COSMIC LAUGHTER ed. by Joe Haldeman Holt, Rinhart and Winston 1974 \$5.95

This book is one of those rare collections of humorous science fiction. While some of the stories, having been reprinted many times, lack their original impact, it still succeeds in being an entertaining collection. It contains:

"A Slight Miscalculation" by Ben Bova: a story of an absent minded professor who predicts California will fall into the sea after a major earthquake, with mirthful consequences.

"It's a Bird! It's a Plane!" by Norman Spinrad: in which Super-Shrink takes on yet another case of Superman Syndrome, achieving results he doesn't quite expect.

KC in 1976



"The Robots Are Here" by Terry Carr: what can you do about time travelling robots who are determined to make man safe from himself, even if they have to change all of history to do so?

"I of Newton" by Joe Haldeman: be careful. Next time you recite a long and complicated mathematical formula, you too may call forth a demon determined to eat your soul.

"The Men Who Murdered Mohammed" by Alfred Bester: ah, those mad scientists. They can't just be satisfied with murdering their wives when they catch them in the arms of another man, they have to go back in time and murder their wife's father. And grandfather. And Einstein. And George Washington.....

"To Serve Man" by Damon Knight: no comment. This story is a classic.

"The Bomb in the Bathtub" by Thomas N. Scortia: you see, there's this H-bomb in my bathtub, and it says its going to destroy the universe, see, and....wait! Where are you going.....

"The Black Sorcerer of the Black Castle" by andrew j. offutt: hewing my way threw ill smelling ichor, I swing my mighty typer toward rescuing the fair princess (who incidently owns the key to the neighborhood McDonalds).

"Gallegher Plus" by Henry Kuttner: What humor collection would be complete without one of these famous nutty stories.

I am suprised this collection didn't contain one of Anderson and Dickson's Hoka stories. That would fit in nicely with the others.

If you're familiar with many of these stories, it would probably do to wait for the paperback edition of this book to save money. But it was nice to renew some old acquaintances, and to aquire some I hadn't had before.

How's that for 'cute', Tepper?

TOTAL ECLIPSE by John Brunner, Doubleday 1974 \$5.95

Until STAND ON ZANZABAR Brunner was known primarily as the author of space opera of the Ace Double type. In one way, this novel marks a return to that earlier type of story. It is basically a novel that revolves around the solution by its characters of a "question." Man, 150 years in the future, has built, and is trying to maintain at great expense in a deprived world, one starship. The program had faltered with the consistent lack of success at great cost that each voyage produced. Until the discovery of a 'dead race'. Time and effort is spent to send a group of scientists to this planet to discover the reason for this race's decline and disappearance. What follows is an interesting, well developed plotline of the 'idea' type, that had me guessing until the final explanation (something that is difficult to do; I guess the endings to about 95% of this type of story).

Unfortunately, Brunner also had to add the DOOM AND GLOOM element that has been so prevalent in his recent fiction. The story ends with futility: the final solution never is known on Earth because the starship never returns. The small colony of exiles dies off one by one trying to live on a planet that kills their children. A good story thus dies stillborn in the depressing night.

There is room in the science fiction field for all types of stories, and this one has its place. But I think it would have been more successful if Brunner had let it lead to its logical conclusion without the theatrics that present such a dismal ending. One such dismal book I can take, but all of his recent novels leave the same depressing feeling upon conclusion. Why not a positive ending? Just once I'd like to end a book with the feeling that 'we have a chance', rather than the dull aching feeling that the world is going to end tomorrow.....

THE FALL OF COLOSSUS by D. F. Jones, Putnam 1974 \$5.95

This novel, the sequel to COLOSSUS, is so full of cliches, stereotyped characters, sexist behavior, dismal plot lines (Martians yet!), power mad monsters, sniveling cowards, religious fanatics, and downright bad writing that it is barely readable. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater.....

CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS by Robert Sheckley DAW # UQ1106
1974 95¢

This collection of Sheckley's latest stories strikes me as being inferior to some of his earlier collections. The humor is there, but more often it is forced - not the driving biting black humor upon which he built his early reputation.

At least the stories are somewhat original - unlike those of another newcomer who just writes the same book over and over again. They may not be all that new, exciting, and different; then again that's only promised by commercials anyway.....



THE WORLDS OF JACK VANCE ACE #90955 1973 \$1.25

Eight years ago the stories and novel that make up this collection were the halves of three Ace Doubles. "The Brains of Earth" is a rather pedestrian short novel about the secret 'powers' that control men's actions (following in the tradition of Wilson's THE MIND PARASITES). Unless you are a Vance fanatic it is not really worth reading. Neither are the three Magnus Ridolph stories (I found them rather dull and boring, creating none of the stylistic magic of which Vance is so capable). The other stories (from the previous collection THE WORLD BETWEEN AND OTHER STORIES - Ace Double M-125) vary from good to excellent ("The Moon Moth" - "The Men Return"). But on the whole the collection is rather poor. For an excellent collection of fine Vance read EIGHT FANTASMS AND MAGICS (Collier Books 02598 1970 95¢). It is far superior in every way to this collection.

THE WORLDS OF THEODORE STURGEON Ace #91060 1972 95¢

This is, on the whole, an excellent collection of some of Sturgeon's earlier works (most of the stories date from the late 40's, with a few from the early 50's thrown in). Much of his early SF is dated (such as "There is no Defense" - with its belligerent Martians and cold, ruthless Jovians). But stories like "The Other Man", which concern themselves with people and their hopes, dreams, laughter, pain, and fears rather with imaginary places and events, still shine with the brilliance and polish of one of science fiction's greatest talents. A book well worth reading.

THE 1974 WORLD'S BEST SF ed. by Donald A. Wollheim DAW UY1109

Wollheim has really done it this time. These "best" of the year anthologies of his have really been deimproving for the last few years, but this year's edition is really a loser. How bad is it, you ask?

- 1) ANALOG has just finished one of its best years for short stories in recent memory. There is no story from ANALOG in this anthology.
- 2) There is not a single Tiptree story in this collection (despite all his Hugo and Nebula nominations, and his recent Nebula).
- 3) Of ten stories, only three have any type of nomination. Of those only one is of award caliber -- the Bishop -- and it is grossly overwritten.
- 4) That leaves seven stories. A few are fair, but most are just plain bad. For example, the Sheckley story. Wollheim touts it as his first new story in several years. SO WHAT? I'm supposed to fall all over myself because here's a new Sheckley story? It's not a good story (it's not a bad one either; just average). Why put an average story in a "best" collection because it's a "new" story? Or take "Doomship", the Williamson-Pohl story. They set up an interesting plot line, but then manage to muck it up with some of the most amateurish writing imaginable. "Chattering Chimps". Saidbookisms abound; the characters carol, cry, call, groan, snap, curse, pant, point and demand. What could have been dramatic tragedy ends as cheap farce.
- 5) I could go on, but why waste time?

EMPHASIS #1 ed. by David Gerrold Ballantine 23962 1974 \$1.25

This is a collection of stories by "new" writers. The stories are in no way outstanding (most suffer from overwriting, a fault most new writers seem to suffer from. I guess it takes awhile to learn how to effectively edit yourself.) but all are above average for this type of collection. Some even approach being good.

These writers tend to take too long to make their points, killing any shock value the ending may provide. One loads his story with word/sounds like terracar, and then takes a paragraph to explain it. How often do you explain how your car works to your date? Other than that, the collection reads very well (much better, in fact, than the average ORBIT) and almost all of the writers show promise. David should be congratulated for his efforts in putting it together.

STORMTRACK by James Sutherland Pyramid N3297 1974 95¢

This novel is billed as "The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series #1." The idea behind the series is give new authors a chance to publish their first novels, which might not be published otherwise. I stand behind this concept; it will

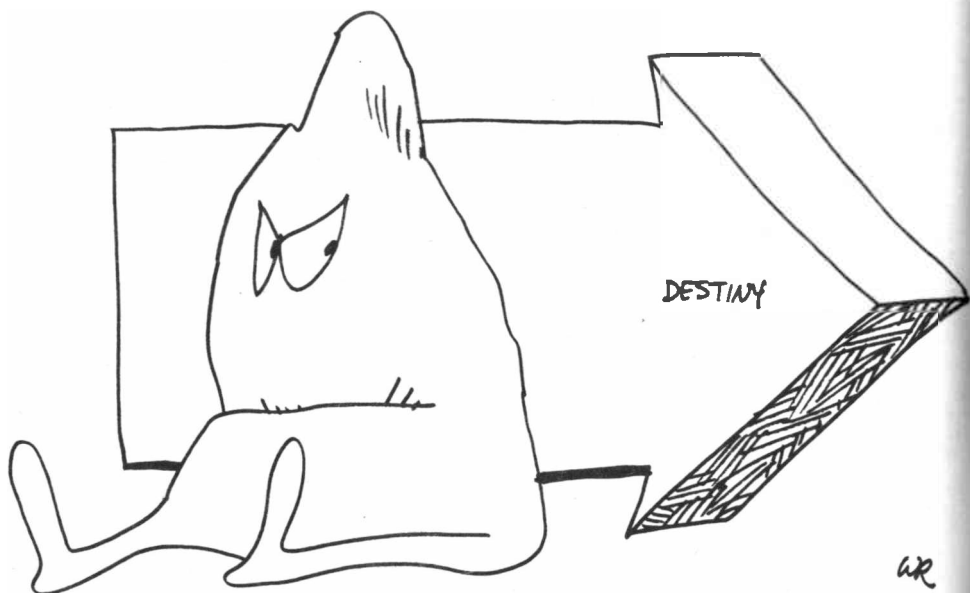


result in a lot of bad books, some mediocre ones, a few fair ones, and, maybe, just maybe a couple of excellent ones. The present novel falls within the fair category. But who knows, someday Harlan may come up with another Delany...

When I get together with other photographers, and we have a constructive criticism session, one of the complaints my work invariably elicits is that it's too "busy". There is too much going on, confusing the viewer. That's what is wrong with this novel. There are too many plot turns, too many unexpected complications. The plot is running out of control. It gets so bad toward the end the author actually loses some of his characters and adds them back again at the end of the novel as an absentminded afterthought. (Hey, James -- what happened to the bird?) The characterization is strong at the beginning (surprising in a first novel), but becomes too 'cute' at the end -- absentminded professors -- gack! While Harlan touts this novel as "hard" sf in his intro, the author's knowledge of some of the subjects he writes about is appalling (from his extrapolation, his knowledge of photography must be nil). If the novel isn't an award winner, the author shows promise. Give him a few years and maybe...

THE SILENT INVADERS by Robert Silverberg Ace 76390 1963/73 95¢

Come along with me to those boring days of yesteryear when Robert Silverberg wrote Ace Doubles... This novel was terrible when it was originally published in 1963, and unlike good wine, hasn't improved with age. It's a typical Ace pot-boiler -- complete with marauding aliens, secret agents, violence, and all the other aspects of Ace books in the early sixties that made its offerings so really dismal. I wish Ace would get off its ass and publish original material, rather than the reprint cycle it is currently engaged in. Some things are better off dead, and this novel was one.



THE DREAM MILLENIUM by James White Ballantine #24012 \$1.25

This time out White has produced a winner. From an Earth that is obsessed with violence and destruction, a starship is sent out on an indefinite journey with colonists snug in its belly in cold sleep. Travelling below the speed of light, its passengers are awakened periodically to check on the functioning of their sleeping capsules and to refresh their memories (it was feared that at such low temperatures the memories of the passengers would slowly fade away). But while they are "asleep" the passengers dream and their dreams are uncontrollable nightmares. Each time they awake the fear of going back asleep gets greater, and the functions of the ship and capsules disintegrate during the passage of a thousand years.

White has written a suspenseful psychological novel about what two of the colonists do to fight the nightmares as they try to find their cause, and to keep the ship operating as it slowly begins to fail...

TOMORROW'S ALTERNATIVES ed. by Roger Elwood Collier 01980 1973 \$1.50

On the basis of Elwood anthologies I'd previous read, I expected a loser. I was right. Elwood may be able to package and sell anthologies, but an editor he isn't. He lacks the critical judgement that requires perfection from his writers so his anthologies (when not selling a bunch of unknowns with one or two big names) lack purpose and direction. This fact is amply demonstrated by the 40 page Herbert introduction to this volume, wherein he rants and raves without making any

point except that things are changing and he hopes it is for the better.

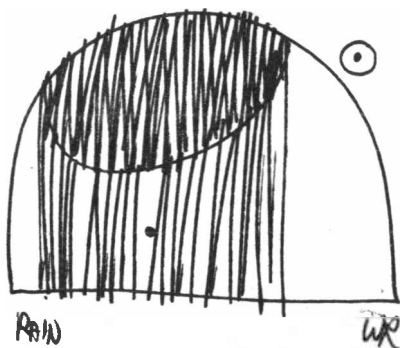
As for the anthology itself: a ho-hum Lafferty; a beautifully written Wolfe which unfortunately lacks any common reference on everyday experience, impossible to relate to on any level; a Silverberg that degenerates into hypes, tripes, and hackworn cliches in the last third -- a shame, because the first two-thirds are good; a Simak that has its main character asking himself questions but never being able to answer any of them; and two Malzbergs that are dull, boring, depressing and pointless -- but then I find all of his output that way. This anthology was supposed to have authors pointing out real alternatives to today's styles of living; instead it consists of doomsayers shaking their fists at the world and yelling tsk tsk at the top of their typewriters.

THE NEW MIND ed. by Roger Elwood, Collier Books 01981 1973 \$1.50

The theme of this anthology is: "the exploration of the frontiers of the mind." The stories have about as much to say on this subject as the average trashcan. It has: another dumb Malzberg story; four incomprehensible Lafferty stories; a readable if forgettable space opera by Joseph Green; a stupid story by C. L. Grant about a retarded child that squishes his parents into the walls thinking he is protecting them from the 'monitors.' (Why do new writers keep imitating 1984?) There are two stories worth reading in this collection: Jerry Sohl writes about the Demons of the sleeping mind with an almost Lovecraftian terror (unfortunately the story is not involving enough to be really effective - but it is interesting). Effinger writes a very funny story, laced with excellent one-liners, about madness and New York City. His story is the only really effective one in the collection, but even that doesn't make it worth a buck and a half. May be worth borrowing but not buying.....

THE GHOLAN GATE by 'Gregory Kern' DAW Books UQ1108 1974 95¢

This novel is one big cliché. It doesn't even match up to the level of the Tom Swift, Jr. books I read when I was a kid. It abounds with phrases like: "An intangible something which radiated from every fiber of his being." (!!) Or: "Well, if you don't want some candy or a drink, how about a cake? They have some nice ones, all sugar and spice. Isn't that what little girls are made of?" The dialog is ridiculous. For example: "Archery is merely the application of known principles - tension, ballistic, things like that." Or: "I know all about you, Captain Kennedy. You're not just an agent of ORDER. You are a Free Acting Terran Envoy. You work for FATE." I think I'll go back to my room and suck my thumb.....



THE GINGER STAR by Leigh Brackett Ballantine #23963 1974 \$1.25

This novel is inferior space opera. It is also, I suspect, and attempt to launch another series like the GOR books. I remember when I was younger being extremely fond of the Ace doubles Brackett used to write about action and adventure on the surface of a degenerate and dying Mars. This novel, unfortunately, doesn't follow in their tradition. The writing is choppy and amateurish, and at times reads like an outline of the plot rather than a coherent story. The scientific background, when it is present, is totally invalid (Rock-hounds on Mercury, for God's sake!). The plot is so contrived it is laughable (Her hero, Stark, is captured and escapes so many times it is completely unbelievable). Her aliens, and their planet, are so close to their earthly counterparts the novel might as well have been set in the middle ages. And to top it all off, the cover painting is HORRIBLE! Save your money until something better comes along.

HUNTERS OF GOR by John Norman, DAW #96 1974 \$1.50

"How furious I was! I strode in the torchlit hall, my robes swirling. I pounded on the stones of the wall. Could Telima not understand? Could she not understand what I must do? I had labored in Port Kar to build the house of Bosk. I stood high in this city. The curule chair at my high table was among the most honored and envied on Gor! What honor it was to be the woman of Bosk, merchant, admiral! And yet she had turned her back on this! She had displeased me! She had dared displease me! Bosk!"

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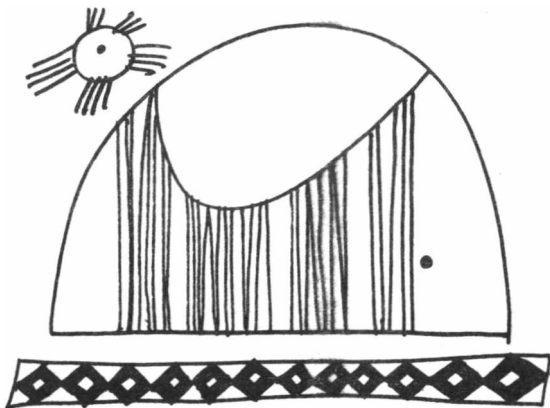
Ugh!

HADON OF ANCIENT OPAR by Philip Jose Farmer, DAW #100 1974 \$1.25

I can't believe that Farmer wrote this novel. To put it bluntly, its terrible. The writing is extremely choppy. The pacing creeps like a dying snail. The hero is a smuk. The background is unbelievable (they had soap 10,000 years ago? showers? the 100 yard dash???). His names of characters and locations have the esoteric appeal of a city dump. Not to mention the dialog. The characters keep dropping into modern slang, telling each other to 'lay off' etc. When they aren't calling on some god/godess to do what to whoever (a process that takes up a third of the novel). The total effect is one of the drearest and most boring novels I've ever read. Did Burroughs really write like this? I remember that his action sequences at least were exciting. Farmer manages to make even mortal combat seem dull.

THE CYBERIAD: FABLES FOR THE CYBERNETIC AGE by Stanislaw Lem
The Seabury Press 1974 (US) \$9.50

These stories, more like fairy tales in style, tell of the continual battles and adventures of two constructors (species of mechanicals that have replaced men) Trurl and Klapaucius, as they go madly making and breaking civilizations and things. They are sometimes witty, othertimes droll; they can soar from wild hilarity to the deepest pits of black humor. At times I can see some of Goulart in them, at others Sheckley or Laumer; but these stories are intensely individualistic. Some stab deep within towards the heart, others only prick and prod at the surface. They might not interest every reader, but they are never dull.



In THE CLOUD WALKER Cooper displayed a style that can stand up to the best of modern sf authors. Sadly, he doesn't in this novel. It reads like a hastily written first draft.

It seems that the 'noble savage' Berry leads his tribe on a degenerate earth against the Night Comers (Spacemen) who have kidnapped his tribe's women. He gets caught and transported home to their planet where this novel turns into The Fugitive (I wonder if it's on the idiot box over there?) The novel is about average for soap opera/adventure fiction (about on the level of the old Brunner Ace doubles) and if that's the type of sf you enjoy, by all means read this book. Otherwise don't waste your time. I hope Cooper will produce something in the future that has the plotting of this novel and the style of his earlier one. It might be a winning combination.....



BILL WARREN _____

The Incredible Reviewing Fan

I've said before that fantastic films seem to have become an established part of the big-business end of Hollywood, and two recent releases, both major productions, bear this out.

Once again there's a major sf movie which seems to have nearly all of fandom (and many pros) divided. Not since 2001 has there been a film

which has caused such a powerful reaction as ZARDOZ. (There was a flurry of division over SILENT RUNNING, but it wasn't so wide or so fierce.) People as diverse as Forry Ackerman, Larry Niven and Harlan Ellison are united in their dislike of ZARDOZ, Ellison with such intensity as to go beyond mere critical disapproval. But others, most prominently Baird Searles in F&SF, have declared their admiration for the picture.

I've begun to see the division as possibly indicating two viewpoints of film itself. One view seems to be held by those to whom science fiction cinema is of interest primarily as storytelling, while the others respond to it for its cinematic techniques -- flashbacks, -forwards, rapid cutting, and the director forcing his audience to follow his story by what is shown rather than what is said. (An sf pro became apoplectic about the film while talking to me -- "There were people wrapped in saran wrap in that goddamned flying head for Christ's sake!" Most movie freaks accepted the plastic-wrapped bodies, assuming they would eventually realize what they were for; eventually it became clear that they were bodies of Immortals being returned to the Vortex for resurrection and repair. This is never stated in explicit, Ivan Tors terms, but is simply there in the film.)

I don't need to say which side of the controversy I'm on, but I will -- I think ZARDOZ is just fine. It's fast-paced, surprising, witty, handsome, and so clever as to be exhilarating. At times the film becomes confusing, but that's because so much information is being presented so fast it's simply hard to latch onto all of it.

The basic story line is somewhat familiar, and at first seems to be a replay of BRAVE NEW WORLD, with a more-or-less noble savage intruding on Utopia, but it soon becomes clear that the intruder isn't so savage, nor is the Utopia so perfect.

Sean Connery is Zed, the Exterminator who stows away in his god and flies to Paradise, the Vortex. He is extremely good in a very difficult, intricate role. He seems a little old for the part, and is a shade flabby, but is in remarkably good shape for a man his age. The part was written for Burt Reynolds; I don't think he would have been capable of the fine shadings Connery brings to the part.

This is the film producer-director-writer John Boorman made instead of LORD OF THE RINGS when he was unable to get financing for that major project. The richness of the background, the completeness of detail that Boorman provides us with in ZARDOZ indicates that he might have been able to bring off an admirable LOTR.

At any rate I found ZARDOZ to be an original film; it has few connections to any written sf which mainly means that while Boorman does repeat some errors which written sf got by long ago, he does not feel restrained by some conventions (disclaimer) of the genre.

His other films include POINT BLANK, HELL IN THE PACIFIC, LEO THE LAST, HAVING A WILD WEEKEND, and DELIVERANCE.

The other major fantasy film this time around (I saw it late) was THE EXORCIST. Like with ZARDOZ I am in the minority here -- I did not like it. I did not find it frightening or engrossing; largely it is poorly acted, and both overwritten and overproduced. Director William Friedkin has done a pretty good job, but is let down by writer William Peter Blatty time and again.

I think THE EXORCIST is loathsome, aesthetically and morally.

First, the film purports to show the clash between good and evil. I believe original Christianity (the film is definitely Christian in orientation, more so than even ROSEMARY'S BABY, a vastly superior film) had evil as being essentially attractive -- man was to choose between an attractive evil and a superficially less attractive good because good had elements of the godly in it. Man had to be able to choose because of the difference in values between good and evil, not on the basis of superficial appearance. In medieval times, I suspect evil was depicted as being ugly in paintings and the like to make the distinction visually concrete. In THE EXORCIST, a little girl is made to look like a disgusting monster, and supposedly represents evil; she swears the most godawful amount I've heard in a movie, for example. I contend that that which is evil, for purposes of a moral distinction, to show good and evil in battle, must be made to appear attractive, not repugnant. Where is the spiritual triumph, the virtue in turning away from something that is visually loathsome?

Also, I resent films such as this for what they do to an audience. Blatty seems to think that audiences in America have become so desensitized to emotion that he had to go to the extremes taken in this movie. All the vomiting, self-mutilation, head-turning and miscellaneous violence is intended to get some reaction from the viewers. Apparently it works. People in the audience, revolted and shocked, think they are being entertained simply because they are feeling more emotional response than they have recently felt in a movie theater. The reason they haven't felt emotional responses in themselves recently is because movie makers are so damned inept. They have given up trying to make people care about the characters and what happens to them. Or they resort to trickery. This is true of THE EXORCIST as well -- Blatty chose characters with whom few can identify, then tried to make people react anyway. His main players are a multimillionaire movie star, police detective, a couple of priests -- and a little girl. How would audiences have reacted if the possessed character had been a middle-aged homosexual, for example? This attempt -- a successful one, for most people -- is sheer manipulation, crass and vulgar, which pretty well describes the movie.

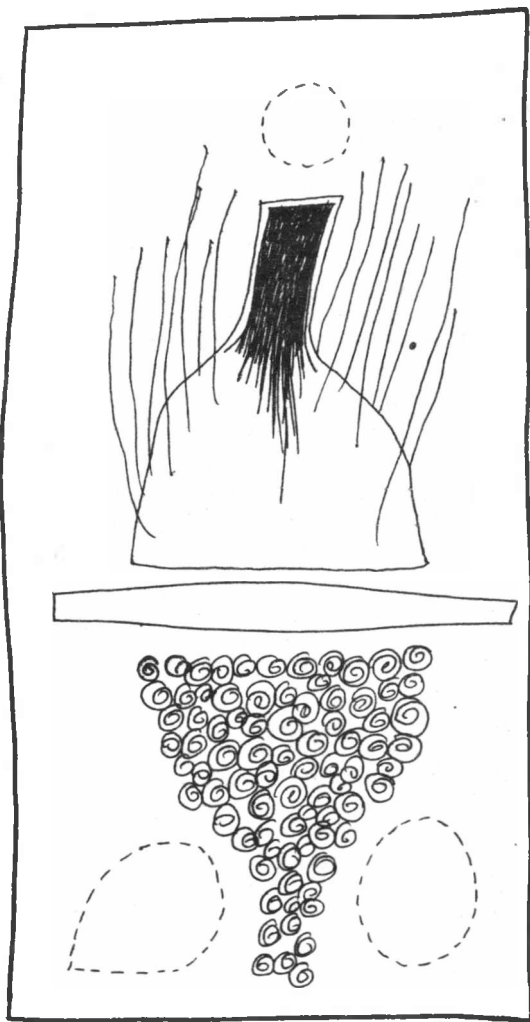
Another objection I have to it: one of my favorite directors is Sam Peckinpah; I think that THE WILD BUNCH, uncut, is one of the best movies I've seen. And I think he is an artist, with the instincts of a creative person; his use of ultraviolence in that film was calculated for a certain effect, which didn't occur in most audiences. Most people loved the violence, and filmmakers far, far less able than Peckinpah have aped that element of his film, without understanding why or how he was using it. Now -- THE EXORCIST could have been a hell of a lot better movie than it is, and I would still deplore it -- because it is going to encourage exploitative moviemakers to use the same sort of horrendous violence, carnage and destruction solely for box office punch. (I think Blatty was doing just that in this film, but that is, I'll admit, arguable.)

As a movie, THE EXORCIST isn't too bad. Friedkin is versatile and skillful (he directed BOYS IN THE BAND, THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S and THE FRENCH CONNECTION, among others). He is hampered here by the story and the script, for Blatty does not write very well for movies (his previous scripts include JOHN GOLDFARD PLEASE COME HOME and WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?).

Some of the actors are good -- Ellen Burstyn is superb, Lee J. Cobb and Jack MacGowran turn in their usual accomplished work. Jason Miller as the Sensitive and Humane Priest gives a steadily moody, one-note performance. The usually estimable Max von Sydow is wasted in a dimension-

less part. And Linda Blair as the possessed child is not even an actress; before she is possessed she is hopelessly inept. Afterwards her performance is created by makeup, dubbing, special effects and by Friedkin telling her where to look.

The only scenes which work don't directly involve the gruesome aspects: the first bed-jumping scene, Burstyn's excursions into the attic, and the poltergeist scenes. Friedkin's excellent handling of these scenes shows what he might be capable of in horror movies, if he were put in charge of a good one. THE EXORCIST wasn't it.



SATAN'S LIVING ROOM

ROZSLAR

I happened to see FLESH GORDON. It may never be released, and with good reason, as, by and large, it is awful. The script is inventive and amusing here and there (Flesh, Dale Ardor, and Dr. Flexi Jerkoff battle Wong, the Impotentate of the Planet Porno), but director Mike Light consistently chooses to step on his own lines, and selects the worst possible angle almost every time.

As a sex film, FLESH GORDON falls between an X-rating and DEEP THROAT. There is some on-screen real sex, but it isn't between any of the main cast, so it can't appeal to DEEP THROAT'S audience very well. But there is some sex as well as full-frontal nudity, male & female, so it is probably beyond X. And hope.

Nonetheless, some of the special effects are good. There's one sequence which is a parody of the skeleton swordfight in THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD; FLESH GORDON's sequence has the smoothest animation I've ever seen. It was done by one of the two best animators in the world today, the other being Ray Harryhausen (FG's animators included Bill Hedge and Jim Htirofnad.) There are fine matte paintings used here and there, as well as some bad ones.

Some of it is funny, one or two of the actors are good, but by and large, FLESH GORDON adds up to a pile of junk.

DARK STAR, on the other hand, works very well. Largely the creation of two young men, Dan O'Bannon and John Carpenter, it was originally about a forty-minute student film, but gradually grew to its current feature length. DARK STAR is an interstellar shaggy dog story about a group of stir-crazy men who zip around the universe in their space ship "Dark Star", blowing up "unstable planets."

This is a very funny movie, and will probably instantly acquire a cult following. In fact, it has already begun to do so here on the West Coast, where most of the LASFS attended one advance screening.

Although all of the movie is funny, some sections are protracted. The bit about the globular alien goes on too long, as does the aftermath. But it is still funny, though needlessly long.

There's a wealth of invention in the picture -- one character keeps a videotaped diary which he plays back; it shows him going progressively bonkers. The dead commander can still talk to his crew from his cryogenic chamber, but is mainly concerned with the status of the Dodgers. A bomb must be taught phenomenology to convince it not to explode (the bombs are sentient but monomaniacal).

DARK STAR will eventually be released, but distributor Jack H. Harris is having some problems deciding on the advertising approach. I can't imagine what it should be -- the picture is unlike anything I've ever seen.

Every year, more or less, there is a film festival in Los Angeles called Filmex. It is unlike other festivals in that it is non-competitive and open to the general public. Also the selection of films is very broad -- there were old, big studio American films, new experimental European films, etc. I saw somewhat over half of the 50 films presented in the 10-day period, and was pleased at the rather high representation of fantasy (to be higher next year).

Among the fantastic films was SHE, the 1935 version, a long-lost "classic" -- which was badly written and acted, though it did have a certain cockeyed grandeur.

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN is as bizarre and gorgeous as any film I've seen. It is mystical, religious, blasphemous, insightful, funny. The set design is great, the individual sequences are stupefying and dazzling. Director-writer Alexandor Jodorowsky, who made EL TOPO, is now scheduled to make DUNE. He will probably do an overwhelming job, even if it may not appeal to fans of the novel. THE HOLY MOUNTAIN has so much fantasy of such incredible variety that it would be virtually impossible to detail it all. It mainly concerns a Jesus-like man who meets a wise magician; they join with seven other powerful worldly people and try to reach the mountain-top where dwell the Nine Immortals (hello, Phil Farmer). Bob Greenburg suggests that THE HOLY MOUNTAIN may eventually be known as the film that turns shit into gold. Literally.

Also at Filmex was FLESH FOR FRANKENSTEIN, now called ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN, although Warhol seems to have had very little to do with it. It is in 3D, the process Arch Oboler used in THE BUBBLE in 1966. But as critic Charles Champlin says, 3D only gives a movie one more dimension in which to be bad. The film is dull, inept and gruesome. There is some value to a few scenes and a couple of lines are funny (the best is "To know life one must fuck death in the gall bladder"), but the whole film has a vapid, hangdog look. The acting is poor to fair, the use of 3D is only intermittently effective, and the gore is overwhelming, though its effect is deadened by duration and repetition. Nothing much helps.

RUSLAN AND LUDMILA, also at Filmex, is an incredibly elaborate and beautiful Russian film. It is full of comedy and elaborate fantastic concepts -- a house-sized living head resting on a plain, talking to the hero; a magical gnome with a 20-foot beard; a hat of invisibility (which makes one partially invisible when turned halfway around one's head), and lots more. It is based on a famous poem by Alexander Pushkin, which in turn is based on a classic Russian legend; the rhyme is continued in the English subtitles, which doesn't help much. But the film is always interesting and occasionally fascinating; I hope to get it for some future Westercon.

Ray Harryhausen's new film, THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, is in many ways one of his best. The script is by "Avengers" alumnus Brian Clemens, and is pretty clever most of the time. The animation sequences are not as stunning as some of Harryhausen's have been, and the centaur-griffin fight is badly done; but the effects have been done in a new way which makes them seem more real and a part of the action than ever before. John Philip Law is an inventive Sinbad, and Tom Baker, as the evil magician who ages with each feat of magic he performs, is very good indeed. The film is not a sequel to THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD. Recommended.

PLANET EARTH was one of the most dismal projects Gene Roddenberry has ever been associated with...KILLDOZER was okay, but hampered by "human interest" tripe and a director who wasn't sure how to handle his material...THE BEAST MUST DIE is a distinctly unusual werewolf film based on James Blish's "There Shall Be No Darkness," and is also above average; after a slow start it becomes very exciting. It is a bizarre combination of THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, AND THEN THERE WERE NONE, and SHAFT.

DISCOVER WHY PREHENSILE WASNT NOMINATED FOR A HUGO

In 1973 PREHENSILE, the quarterly offset fanzine now co-edited by Mike Glycer and Milt Stevens, published columns, articles and reviews from the following:

RICHARD WADHOLM: "This man (boy, girl, dog, whatever) is a damned fool, and if he doesn't like it, he can introduce himself to me personally and I'll spank him." (Keith Laumer loc) STAN BURNS: "Stanislav's tendency to get cute still grates on me" (MB Tepper, FRE 11). CY CHAUVIN: "...a gentleman who in the past has indicated an almost pathological need to insult me and my work." (Harlan Ellison, GORBEET 5). LOU STATHIS: "It was my firm belief that he could not write his way out of a paper bag, was virtually incapable of signing his own name on a traffic citation, and would be hard-pressed to read the number on a winning lottery ticket..." (Dave Locke, BANSHEE 8) DARRELL SCHWEITZER: "Super-neo..." (David Gerrold). MIKE GLYER: "Mike has a terrific convention report, as convention reports go...In fact 'terrific convention report' is almost a contradiction in terms. It's like saying 'a terrific piece of garbage.'" (Dave Locke, BANSHEE 8).

It also published, or will publish, in 73-74 the following: Ranquet Speech, Ted Johnstone/David McDaniel; SF & The Genre Disease, Darrell Schweitzer; Collaboration, Larry Niven; Bradbury, interviewed by Marshall Berges; The Curse of the Atomic Files, satire by Dave Locke; The Passing Parade, column by Milt Stevens; SF, The Unrealized Dream, by Cy Chauvin; Modern SF Convention, Jerry Pournelle; The Novel as Musical Comedy, Stan Burns on Time Enough For Love. And artwork by Canfield, Rotsler, Shull, Freff, Birkhead, MacDonald, and Townley ("he draws as if he has to but doesn't want to.")

As Stevens says, "We cover the full range of fanwriting from subtle sarcasm to brutal affront." There are extensive reviews of the newly released sf books and movies in every issue, and a large letter column where readers contribute their special madness. So if you want to see firsthand why PRE didn't get nominated, dispatch 50¢ a copy to.....

PREHENSILE: %14535 Saticoy, Apt. 105, Van Nuys CA

SPACEHOUNDS OF THE IPC, E.E.Smith. Pyramid, 1973. 95¢
Review by Richard Spellman.

This novel of interplanetary warfare first appeared as a three part serial in AMAZING STORIES beginning with the July, 1931 issue. Although SPACEHOUNDS OF THE IPC was written well over 40 years ago, and the premise of intelligent life existing on Mars, Venus and the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn has been proven false, it is surprising how enjoyable it was to reread this story as compared to so much of the science fiction appearing in the same period's issues of AMAZING STORIES, ASTOUNDING STORIES and WONDER STORIES.

SPACEHOUNDS OF THE IPC is the story of piracy in space and the efforts of Steve Stevens and Nadia Newton to escape the pirates, contact their friends on Earth and then save mankind from interplanetary warfare and destruction. Whenever it appears that action is dying out, a new variety of intelligent life, sometimes friendly, other times hostile, is introduced, leading to new and greater crises. As you would expect from Doc Smith, the heroes from Earth are far greater than life and no problem, either physical or scientific, is insoluble. If only Doc Smith had been able to handle the romance between Steve and Nadia, while stranded for many months on Ganymede, in a believable manner. But then, it may have been customary 40 years ago for a man to await rescue before even professing his love for the young lady who has been working and living at his side all this time,

If you can disregard the science and read the story as fiction, you should have a few enjoyable evenings with this book. If you like hard science in your fiction, this is not the book for you.



Mike Glyer

CONTINUUM 1: Edited by Roger Elwood. \$5.95. Putnam
Review by Mike Glyer

CONTINUUM is created around eight series, one story from each making up the anthology's four successive volumes. Each story, says Elwood in his introduction, is "in theory and actuality, a separate entity. We're not fostering Flash Gordon cliffhangers here. You don't have to buy the second book to enjoy the first; and vice versa." You may not have to buy the second to understand the first, but enjoying it is something else again.

I'm attracted to the basic CONTINUUM idea, but under certain conditions. First, popular series are premised on an assumption that the original story was good enough that you want to read further similar stories, either to learn more about the characters, concepts, background, or all three. To me a series is composed of self-sufficient stories that may share a large amount of structure: Flandry, Falkayn, Van Rijn, Lensman, Cities in Flight, Known Space, CoDominium, Section G, Retief, etc.

Only two stories in CONTINUUM would strike me both as complete works of fiction and similar in intent to the above-named. Only three really seem more than major chapters in an unfinished novella. Only one is an above-average short story.

That one is Poul Anderson's "My Own, My Native Land." Drawing on the background of ORBIT UNLIMITED, Anderson adapts the libertarian dissidents who colonized Rustum to an initiation theme. Presumably the greater stages of Danny Coffin's initiation to his native planet (heir to physical advantages his parent's generation cannot have) will form the series. This

opening story combines a strong writing style with Anderson's standard strengths: worldbuilding, the shipwreck theme, and psychology. The simplicity of the plot simply serves to show how much Anderson brings to a story in other areas.

Of the rest, Pangborn's "The Children's Crusade" is a typical example. The story consists of a lengthy character study, well and entertainingly written. Pangborn is using his DAVY, post-nuclear-war, background, and fits in obligatory polemics against Evil 20th Century Man. Preacher Abraham's Crusade comes through Melton Village and gathers up protagonist Malachi, a sharp-witted skeptic, and young Jesse his protege who hasn't quite got it all together. The story is going along fine until you come to the object of the crusade: at which point the 'climax' consists of Malachi's decision to go into the fray -- NOT the fray and its resolution. Self-evidently that's stored away for the next installment. Entertaining, but frustratingly fragmentary.

Stories that suffer the same problem: McCaffrey's "Prelude to a Crystal Song", Farmer's "Stations of the Nightmare -- Part One", Wolfe's "The Dark of the June", and Koontz' "The Night of the Storm." I shall have to wait to pass judgement on any of them -- which is a problem in a supposedly independent volume. Thomas Scortia's "The Armageddon Tapes" is an intricate psychological/cultural exploration turned into a story by a gimmick ending. The other story that seems to be a normal series is Chad Oliver's "Shaka!" -- which has the serious defect of unoriginality, chiefly being a patch of Zulu history shot into space, probably lifted from THE WASHING OF THE SPEARS.

ORBIT 14, edited by Damon Knight. 1974 Harper & Row
Reviewed by Mike Glycer

The process of psyching-out an anthology editor is probably best left to those trying to sell him stories, who can judge their effectiveness by the receipt or non-receipt of a check. Yet the stories in ORBIT 14 unmistakably share general traits that are quite suggestive to your amateur psychologist. The stories are numbingly literate, cogent while unrealistic, forever innocent of hard (or any other) science, and generally fantastic in genre. Neither appealing to the head nor heart, they are stories seeking out that zone in the sensitive human where emotion has conspired with intellect to form our concept of 'rightness' which serves in place of absolute truth. A phrase like "existential fantasy" is tempting but wrong. When they synchronize with that feeling of rightness in your or me they work very well; when they don't they stink and we pick up whatever pejoratives are at hand and let fly.

Joan D. Vinge's 53-page "Tin Soldier" leads off. It's an outstanding story whose chief virtue among many is a nimble style of apt impressionistic detail, versatile for banter, drama, love or agony, but strikingly consistent in tone; it is a story told without shouting or irony. It is as if somebody had learned to write an ANALOG story for humanists instead of engineers, though I suppose that begs the question. The simplicity of the plot -- cyborg meets girl, cyborg and girl fall in love, cyborg loses girl, cyborg regains girl -- extracted from its context is absurd. But this sense of simplicity gives the story line an inevitability that is invulnerable to Vinge's digressions into tourism, and the story's less-than-convincing premise that only non-cyborg women are capable of operating the relativistic FTL ships which are fundamental to "Tin Soldier"'s society. The rich characterization and skillful style impressed me tremendously and I only hope you enjoy it as well as I did.



Joanna Russ' "Reasonable People" takes a circuitous path of self-consciously clever ambiguity and requires the reader to penetrate its concentric barriers of appearance and implication. The quasi-poetic style is the one saving feature in this journey to ad ignorantiam. For once I puzzled through the story enough times to appreciate what had happened, my reaction was mainly vexation. "It is one of those things that seems vague but is in reality meaningless."

On the other hand, if there is no Message or Gimmick in Lafferty's "Royal Licorice", there is its message of grace in age typified by Lafferty himself. The atmosphere of a Boomer Flats folk tale is enriched by the antics of an archetypical over-the-hill athlete, cinema sexpot, and politician. Enjoyable.

Ursula K. LeGuin's "The Stars Below", as did the first three, lives and dies by style, this time dying. At a grindingly medieval pace she reaches a fantastic conclusion which fails to impress because it had been telegraphed halfway through. The story's imagery compares cavernous darkness where gleaming raw metal is mined with the light-rich expanses of vacuous space, developing a fitting but dull metaphor into a blah story.

Kate Wilhem's "A Brother to Dragons, A Companion of Owls" is absorbing, well-told fiction that refuses to accept the savage characterization of children in LORD OF THE FLIES, but manages to come up with an even more pessimistic version of racial survival in a post biological warfare situation.

"The Bridge Builder," Gary K. Wolf's contribution, is colloquially-styled nonsense in engineer's-fiction clothing. Like a vitamin guaranteed to supply the minimum daily requirement of irony, it is unnecessary. Murray Yaco's "The Winning of the Great American Greening Revolution" attempts humor in the guise of a report on wonders of biological engineering, but is so heavy-handed that I would sooner have expected to read it in a fanzine than in ORBIT.

The last story, Gene Wolfe's "Forlesen" is one of a mythical series of afterlives. It struck that place of "rightness" in me. In fact, most of it is written in a style that more closely resembles the logical insanity of the dream state than anything I've ever read, so I'd better watch out... It is profound on the meaninglessness of existence without being either pretentious or alienated; a rather unusual literary accomplishment. In fact I'm probably wrong about what it's supposed to mean, but then just whose review is this anyway?

Some other features make ORBIT 14 a kind of hardbacked magazine; there are some writers' blogs, locs after a sort, 2 Knight book reviews of particular insight, and three sections of excerpts from recent sf fictional and critical works. The one that especially struck me was the series of quotations from a Brunner novel that proved just how badly he butchered his attempts at the American dialect. Well worth the price however you buy it -- and one of the very few anthologies that I can say that for.

Rick Wadholm

EARTH, WIND, AIR AND FIRE; Analog in the Bova Era

Analog in the days of Ben Bova seems to be loosening up a lot of the things that Big John used to stand for -- namely hard science, lots of Gee-whizz and electronic flash, a certain amorphous but ever-present reactionism and a certain reliability when it came to the timber of their cover stories. I'm not about to say that the writing in Analog was on a technical level any better than that of say, a Bob's Big Boy menu, but the cover stories were generally done by a stable of stodgy but competent professionals.

These days, the erratic quality of the old JWC Analog seems to have been stabilized into a below-par competence for everything. The perfectly awful little morality plays one would find filling two thirds of each issue have been replaced by perfectly mediocre stories, the difference being that these days they are really stories and not blue prints for society set into some minor imitation of life. But he's sacrificed too. That stodgy but competent stable of grizzled old veterans from the Word Count Wars have forsaken Ben, it seems. They've been replaced by an ongoing gush of young hopefuls of varying degrees of inexperience. HOT SPOT, by Brenda Pierce, being the low denominator and possibly the very worst cover story I've ever read. A motion was brought up before LASFS to that effect. EARTH, WIND, AIR AND FIRE could probably be called the best, though that really ain't no high watermark. The fact that it is the best explains more about the new Analog than it does about the story, because this is the archetypical cover story of Ben Bova's rag.

In short, it's long on grand ideas and sense of wonder and

short on everything else. A group of powerful businessmen and government figures have gotten together and started on a long-term plan to suck off the earth's atmosphere. In un-Camp-bellesque vagueness, the working guts of how this plan can be pulled off is left in the dark. That doesn't leave the story as unbelievable as it might sound, because these people drop enough hints along the way to let you know that they've done their homework and their word is good on what's possible and what isn't, but it does vacuum. The reason I went through three whole issues of Analog was to see how these guys were going to suck off the earth's atmosphere, not to see how they kept everybody in the dark about it. The sense of wonder is kept offstage, when that was all I really wanted out of this story anyway.

The characterization is given an honest attempt in this story, which is more than I can say for even the things from the old pros, but what do they come up with for characters? -- Hugh Hefner, in a clever plastic disguise as (get this) Hoo Hanford (clever, no?) an underly cute sexpot as the hero's girlfriend, a senator with a southern-fried accent about as believable as Foghorn Leghorn and an Air Force colonel competent-man type complete with stiff upper lip. The dialog is a paradox of sounding more and more stilted the harder they try to keep it casual and colloquial. There is an art to writing street language, and the fact that they're trying is a good sign, but not yet. They still have a lot of Zelazny to read before their characters really talk like people and not like characters trying to talk like people.

PHAEDRA::Tangerine Dream

Phaedra -- the wife of King Theseus of ancient Athens who fell in love with her stepson and then inadvertently caused his death when he rejected her. That may sound like an odd subject for an electronic/impressionistic space-rock band like Tangerine Dream, but don't put anything past Ed and his boys because they're fantastic. PHAEDRA is more than an impressionistic recounting of the Greek tale, it's a fantasy developed in atmospheres, moods, and a dragging, morbid anxiety that comes from no particular source, builds to an uncertain climax, and then drifts off in no particular direction. The music for once sounds like electronic music. Tangerine Dream have built their reputation on making a battery of VCS 3's, moogs and mellotrons sound like symphonies and choirs of angels. Their last album (BREATH) was done entirely in a liquid classical style. The only sounds remotely electronic were rolling backdrops of helicopters and birds, filtering in behind music that sounded like a partnership between Igor Stravinsky and Salvador Dali.

The symphonic tone is still here on PHAEDRA, but subverted, played in and out of computer sounds to enhance the contrast between Classic Greek tragedy and harsh, futuristic electronic reality. The effect is a beautiful and frightening, cold and bleak landscape. A sonic-colored shadow. The fact that it is an electronic sounding album may scare some people off. Electronic music has been represented badly in the past and has come to be associated with funny little noises swishing from speaker to speaker, or else classical music armor-plated in

electricity. In the past; Tangerine Dream has kept away from sounding even remotely electronic. They developed a hushed, majestic texture and a music of the deep, quiet sounds of space, but now they've come back to their roots as electronic musicians. PHAEDRA signals a new confidence in their ability to incorporate electronic sounds into a thoughtful, still basically classical structure.

The title cut fills side one. It builds itself around a framework of shifting computer rhythms, running and tripping faster and faster up to a climax and drifting off in a panorama of soft silver sounds into silence. The silence in turn drifts off in a distant echo of children's voices. The meaning of the music and the use they've made of the Phaedra theme is unclear but the music's awfully pretty.

"Mysterious Semblance at the Strand of Nightmares" is a slow majestic piece rolling with the rhythm of the sea. It plays off of the classic Freudian concepts of nightmares and dream symbolism. It submerges the subtle paranoia of Phaedra into a studied melodrama.

"Monuments of a Visionary" is a reprise of Phaedra only more melodic, less harsh and barren than the parent piece. Sequent C plays the same roll as Waun did on their last album -- that of the short lyrical summation. It's lighter than the deep imagery and symbolism of the rest of the album, but it's still quiet and thoughtful, less an adventure and look to the future than Waun was, and more of a lullaby.

Tangerine Dream started out -- with Zeit (Time) -- to explore the basic timber of music -- pure sound devoid of the artificial structures imposed on it since man began shaping sounds into music. As of Atem, and now more firmly with Phaedra, they've signalled that they're satisfied with the results of their sound experiments and have started rebuilding these sounds into pure, surreal music. A new music, developed from the ground up and not derivative of any particular style or period. Certainly, even with the computer sounds of PHAEDRA, they aren't in the field of electronic music. Their new album has as much in common with standard electronic music -- even fairly good music, like Morton Subotnik or Kraftwerk -- as Mick Jagger does to Mussorgski.

PRO'S SONG

Marc Schirmeister

(Sung to the tune of Cab Calloway's "Reefer Man.")

1. Have you seen that funny Writer Man?
Have you seen that funny Writer Man?
He writes one thousand words a minute,
if there's lots of money in it,
he's a greedy, grasping swine that Writer Man.
2. Well, have you met that funky Writer Man?
Have you ever met that funky Writer Man?
Say a story of his reeks,
he'll turn purple in his cheeks,
and he'll tell you to stuff your head right up your can.
3. Yeah, have you heard that crazy Writer Man?
Have you heard that crazy Writer Man?
They'll ask him up to speak,
and he'll talk for at least a week,
he's a great big bore that Writer Man.
4. Well, just what's with this stinkin' Writer Man?
Yeah, what's with this stinkin' Writer Man?
He thinks he's the biggest thing
since Wagner wrote Der Ring,
a great big ego has got that Writer Man.
5. Well, if you're wondering who this song is about.
Yeah, if you're wondering who this song is about.
Well you're gonna scream and yell,
'cause we sure ain't gonna tell,
a lawsuit's something we can do without.



FANIVORE

JERRY POURNELLE 12051 Laurel Terrace, Studio City CA 91604

((On SFWA letterhead)) Enclosed a letter to Jack Chalker which you're at liberty to publish; I'd prefer the record were set straight on this. I have done him the courtesy of sending him a copy at the same time I mail this to you, something he did not see fit to do for me.

I'm a bit weary of endless discussions of the topic of SFWA suites at cons, but for the record here is our policy:

First, any such hospitality facility is open to any professional writer, member or not. Members pay for the use of the suite. Writer-guests may if they wish, but nothing is demanded.

Second, the Convention Committee and a reasonable number of Con officials not members of the committee are always welcome on the same basis as writer-guests.

Third, any Convention speaker is welcome.

Fourth, any guest of any member is welcome. Members are expected to pay for what their guests consume (or get the guests to do so.)

We have not, to my knowledge, ever been sticky about the guests of the Con Committee, we have always welcomed editors, publishers, bona fide press representatives, and people with good stories, particularly when there is a party going on. It has happened without planning that way that one night and only one during each con at which there's been a SFWA suite there was in that suite a big party; on other nights our members have generally gone out to other parties, although the suite is open as a place of welcome to any of the above who prefer to be there. As some writers don't know any fans, and as fans are at least as sticky about having uninvited guests at their own parties as we are, SFWA wants to be sure that our members always have a place where they'll feel comfortable.

In the old days of small cons everyone knew everyone and there weren't big crowds, none of this would be necessary. Now it is. Many writers go to Cons partly to transact business; where can they do so? They go to talk to their colleagues; where can they do so? Fans have always felt entitled to join any writer at his table in the bar, and few writers will say anything whether they know the fan or not; but sometimes there are things to discuss that probably aren't best talked over with strangers present.

As Jim Gunn put it in a recent letter to me, "conventions attract fans by advertising and putting on display authors, and thus the facts of life (not SFWA) dictate that con committees must consider what authors get out of a convention. One major attraction is the opportunity to meet and talk to other authors and editors. It seems a small concession for the presence of authors on programs and in fan groups that they have a room in which they may pursue their professional interests, and many conventions have recognized this fact."

Precisely. I've heard many complaints about the TORCON "Meet the Author" party being too big and sometimes unpleasant for fans; do you not suppose that this is also true for writers?

Conventions are not small friendly get-togethers any longer. I seriously doubt that any fan of the variety who used to attend the old-style conventions would have any great difficulty getting invited to the SFWA suite in the new conventions. Our concern isn't "protecting the writers from fans", it's protecting the writers from very large numbers of people en masse by providing a place at which the writers may enjoy some of the benefits of the "old style" conventions with their friends. Fan groups do the very same thing, and I know of a large number of semi-open parties at conventions in which you have got to know somebody to get in.

Anyway, that's been our policy in the past. I think it will continue, although the new administration may change it. We are not unfriendly toward fans, but you can't be continuously friendly toward several thousand people for the entire time of a convention, and the SFWA suite has been a good device to let us see fans and each other as individuals again rather than as faces in the crowd. So what the hell is all the shouting about?

If any official of SFWA is discourteous or rude without provocation as is implied in Mr. Chalker's letter, I am sure that the officers of SFWA would like to be informed of it. The point of conventions is for everyone to have a good time. Without some kind of "exclusion policy" the SFWA suite would be a three-day "meet the author" party not much different from the scene fans have complained of, and no one would enjoy it, but certainly we don't want people made unhappy by the methods used to enforce our policies.

Incidentally, I thought the TORCON "Meet The Author" party was as well handled as it could be under the circumstances, and I congratulate John Millard and his Committee on their management of it. It was crowded and hectic and a lot of fun for me and for the other writers whom I've talked to. In fact, I've nothing but praise for John Millard and his people, who showed us what a BIG convention can be when well-planned.

((Letter to Jack Chalker, on J.E. Pournelle and Associates letterhead))
I have been repeatedly told not to write to fanzines because it always ends up with acrimonious debates, that being what keeps fanzines interesting. I'm beginning to believe my friends were right.

Mr. Chalker, you are mistaken in your recollection of the First Fandom Party, and I suspect you are mistaken regarding a number of other events. At TORCON after the awards I was asked to come by the suite at which the First Fandom party was being held. I wasn't told that it was first fandom -- the last time I'd been in that room it was with Poul and Gordy for an all-night singing (well, we called it singing) session, and everyone was extremely gemutlich; in fact, the party in that room was one of the most pleasant events of TORCON. My host of the previous evening asked me to come by after the awards and several friends and I left Ben Bova's party in order to do just that.

Moreover, I made no reference to being President of SFWA. I know better than that. The office carries nothing beyond persuasive power, and certainly SFWA isn't involved in something as petty as who attends what party. Someone inside the room said that, presumably to you; I don't know because I really don't know you well enough that I could recognize you. I was asked inside and handed a drink. Then I discovered that my wife and my friends who had come with me weren't being let in. My wife was admitted by someone else, but my friends weren't. I left, probably saying things I shouldn't have, and for which I apologize. I don't recall precisely what I did say, but it probably wasn't pleasant; I was consumed with exuberance over the results of the awards, I'd had a number of libations handed me over the course of the evening, I'd been looking forward to a very fun party with the people I'd had such a good time with before, and suddenly it was all very unpleasant. If that was your responsibility as you imply in Glycer's magazine, then I apologize to you if I was abusive, but I don't think you have very much to be proud of.

Now regarding ejection from the SFWA suite: at TORCON I know precisely one case in which someone was asked to leave. A former president asked me if the gentleman was a member or a guest. I infer that the ex-pres doesn't like the man in question. As has invariably been the case when I was involved in a SFWA suite (LA-Con and TORCON, and, thank God, never again) I asked, "Pardon me, sir, whose guest are you?" In this case I knew damned well he wasn't anyone's guest, but I wanted to make sure. And I informed him that the room was for members and guests only.

If you can document a case in which someone was tossed out of the SFWA suite despite being a guest of one of our members, I want to know about it, because the tosser is in direct violation of our policy and rules. I doubt you can document such a case.

Now, as to your two First Fandom members of long standing, etc., who were rudely informed that they'd not be welcome: who are they, and by whom were they so informed? I find it inconceivable that two such distinguished fans would not have one friend among the members of SFWA. I think, Mr. Chalker, that you have again been misinformed.

Now: why do we have closed SFWA suites? In self-defense, partly. The "of-

ficial" SFWA party at TORCON was so filled with writers (we do not demand or expect that all writers be members, but all are welcome) con committee members, con speakers and officials (and we early on informed Millard that the Con Committee and all con speakers and officials were always welcome in the suite; we have always had that policy) and guests that a number of ladies had to leave early. No, we didn't chuck them out. The press of people and smoke and heat was too great.

Most guests were considerate enough to stay a short while and make room for others; unfortunately, as the night wore on there were more and more who weren't, and after a while the room was so packed that no one, member or guest, could enter.

I would be gratified if you would tell me who was responsible for the unfortunate incidents which you are so vague about, though; I don't appreciate any of that kind of rudeness. If guests of members have been treated badly, I will be happy to extend official apologies to them, and to take whatever measures I can to see that it doesn't happen again. If you'll tell me who it was who "made a fuss" about you being in the SFWA room, I'll see what I can do about that. I again find it hard to believe, because if you were signing a contract with a member, you were obviously that member's guest, and why didn't that member speak up?

In other words, Mr. Chalker, if the incidents you describe actually happened, then certainly you and the other people involved have valid complaints; my question in that case is, why wasn't someone informed? A con committee member could have conveyed the complaint; Robert Bloch, the SFWA liaison with convention committees would have been glad to listen; any SFWA officer would have listened; any ex-president; or for that matter, me; any one of us would have been appropriate and it probably would have been courteous to tell us, rather than brood in secret until you could publish it all in a fanzine.

SFWA isn't a perfect organization made up of perfect gentlemen; but at LACON the President was Poul Anderson, and he wouldn't have put up with the kind of discourtesy you describe; and at TORCON that was me, and I wouldn't have; and furthermore, except for the officers, there was no one empowered to throw anyone out, tell distinguished fans they wouldn't be welcome, or do any of the other things you describe. At TORCON the officers present were myself, Andy Offutt, and Buck Coulson. None of us did did any of that; so, please, Mr. Chalker, who did?

To sum up, I will apologize if I was abusive to you, and plead that you were a bit less than polite to me. I thought I had been invited to that suite, but apparently I was mistaken. And although I admit I'd been celebrating, the people with me were in much better condition, and I've taken the trouble to ask them to confirm my impression of the incident; it's as I stated above; so I am very much afraid your memory is at fault.

DAVE LOCKE 915 Mt. Olive Dr., #9, Duarte CA 91010

3/18/74

Enjoyed having the chance to meet and talk with you at the Petard Meeting, even if I did get crocked and didn't leave until 4:00 in the morning. You left at 4:00 in the morning, too, but that diet cola you were drinking didn't seem to affect you at all.

I think I gave you much of my letter of comment verbally, at Milt's. Whenever a LoC to AWRY is presented in such a fashion I never hear from that person via the U.S. Post Office. That's one of the problems with living in a fan center and publishing a fanzine.



But I'll give you my letter of comment anyway, or at least a confirmation of one.

Your editorial and conreport were two of the best things in the issue. I don't usually even bother reading conreports anymore, because most of them are dull no matter who writes them, but a stray line or two caught my eye as I was trying to flip past it -- and I wound up reading it. Your writing style reminds me of Milt Stevens' (I'm sure that he's just as insulted as you are): a straight narrative made lively by the presence of dry, humorous lines where you least expect to encounter them.

Lou Stathis' article was excellent. That surprised me, as based on past performance I wasn't aware that he could crank out something as genuinely humorous and well done as this. The article abounded with cleverly-turned colorful descriptions; somewhat the same style as Eric Frank Russel when he wrote articles. The ending was a bit off-key, but I guess we can't all be perfect like Mike Glycer or myself. (I include you, Mike, because you live "freeway close" and I don't want you mistaking either one of my imported vehicles for Volkswagens.)

Glicksohn's fanzine reviews are good, for fanzine reviews. I think I've said it somewhere before (maybe in FAPA, in which case no one who read it before will remember), but it's my opinion that fanzine reviews are about at the bottom of the fanwriting barrel (and you know what happens when you're inside a barrel and reaching for something at the bottom). The same goes for conreports. The two forms are basically uninteresting to me, and it takes a better-than-average writer to make them even readable. Unfortunately, most of the people who write either are not better-than-average writers, and most of the people who write fanzine reviews can't write worth sour owl-shit. Therefore it's genuinely heartwarming that if you have to have fanzine reviews in PREHENSILE that you have someone like Glicksohn writing them. (I've got good news and bad news. The bad news is that PREHENSILE is running fanzine reviews. Booooo. The good news is that Mike Glicksohn is writing them. Yeaasaaaaaaaaa.)

I enjoyed Bill Warren's reviews, and particularly agree with him that WESTWORLD was "entertaining as all hell". And, like him, I've heard both bad and good about THE EXORCIST and like wise will wait until the lines thin out before attempting to go see it.

I disagree with you (good-naturedly, of course)(ok, pal?) when you go along with Ellison's "bullshit" in response to delRey's "I'm a fan, Harlan". I don't see that "delRey could never slip back into fannish anonymity" has anything to do with anything. I see a difference in subjective interpretation of 'fan' and 'fannish'. There are fanzine fans, apa fans, club fans, fantasy fans, science fiction fans, convention fans, Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Volkswagens fans, etc. etc. and these are just labels to glue onto fans who spend most of their fanning time in one particular area of fandom. I think that delRey is a science fiction fan and a convention fan, and that he enjoys conventions even if he doesn't participate in a convention program. When he does participate, I would presume that he mixes some feeling of enjoyment and accomplishment and additionally feels a responsibility of sorts toward that participation. What he sees now is an attitude on the part of some professionals toward changing the purpose or slant of these conventions. Instead of being a convention for both fans and pros, some professionals would see these conventions as being mainly for the fans, and on that basis they feel an entertainment fee should be paid to the professionals who are "on-stage". Cash, not just benefits.

Conventions have always been for both fans and pros, and there's no reason for that situation to be thrown aside simply because a few professionals smell some free cash floating around. If, indeed, there does happen to be a problem with the distribution of convention profits (and I don't know that there is or isn't), and certain pros feel that con committees are making off with some loot, the answer is not to let the pros make off with the loot. Somehow that doesn't sound like the answer at all.

The right answer is to investigate the matter of convention money management and to safely, repeat safely, reduce the net profits. With an en-smalled net profit, the problem of distribution is less exaggerated and can be dealt with more rationally and easily. An emergency fund, drawing interest in the bank, would be on hand in case a committee miscalculates and comes up with a loss. If they get a profit, it goes into the fund.

Profits, of course, are those pieces of green left over after "legitimate expenses." What are legitimate expenses? The subject is coming to a head and I feel that general fan opinion will result in setting an unwritten rule as to what are and what are not legitimate expenses.

What fandom needs now, and would be willing to accept, is for some capable fan to research standard convention practices and to write a lengthy report on how we might be able to adapt some of those for use with our own conventions. We should at least have the benefit of knowledge which already exists elsewhere, and it would be a lengthy and expensive, but worthwhile, project for some fan to put together. We have talented people running fan conventions and providing a good time for the attendees, but flying by the seat of their pants because they lack the skills and knowledge of professional convention management. I can appreciate that fan conventions are somewhat different, but there is much to learn by studying normal convention practices. Other people have walked down these paths before, and there is a body of knowledge that can be tapped and adapted for our own use.



PRE 10.5 offers little for comment, although yesterday I went on for hours about JJ Pierce. I know him fairly well, which isn't easy to do as he is very shy. And 'very' is the word for him: a very tall, very thin, very homely fan who is very knowledgeable, very caustic at times, very interested in many things. Like most physically deformed people -- I myself have always been a fatso -- the best in him is buried very deep inside, so getting to know him is experiencing one surprise after another. He graduated from the University of Missouri with a degree in journalism and worked for a time on Jersey's biggest paper, the Newark Evening News, until his predilection for saying precisely what he thinks got him fired. He now works on a small Jersey paper, the Bergen County Advance. And he writes very well: I think he is one of the best fanwriters around, and his Renaissance one of the very best zines, which means I read it through and can always come away with something interesting. He is very serious about sf, but in a fannish, unpedantic fashion: he really loves the stuff and the people who write it, at least most of them. Contrary to popular opinion, he hates no one, not even Ellison. He regards Ellison, and the New Wavers in general, as pretentious phonies, but is more amused with them than critical. However absolutely unfair his opinions can be -- and I think he would admit himself that he has been unfair on occasion -- they are never malicious; unlike the attacks on him have been. He does not resent the vicious criticism he has received. I suppose because he is not a vain man. He does not take himself too seriously.

The thing about Pierce is that he has a peculiar sense of humor; although 'singular' might be a better word. It leads him to exaggerate, and to wise crack and to make fun of people he considers pompous and pretentious, and this is probably what caused him more trouble than anything else. In our revolutionary sixties, our humorless radicals could not tolerate being laughed at. One could, accurately, accuse Pierce of insensitivity for this or that statement, but one has to admire the guy's guts for saying what he thinks. Pierce is not looking for egoboo or for love.

Contrary to other myths about him, he is not politically conservative, but a good liberal, more liberal than I am. He is not resentful of all sf published after 1960, but has written glowing reviews of books by Niven, Delany, Gerrold, le Guin, Tiptree and others. And he recently panned the last two novels of Heinlein with a critical relish you would expect him to use only on the New Wave. He was, even in his Second Foundation days, as critical of John Campbell's editorial policies as everyone else. And, as a matter of fact, he has dropped the 'Second Foundation' label from his zine entirely.

Enough about Pierce: I think fans have been stinking-rotten about the whole thing, and I think it is time to rid ourselves of our prejudices, and take a second, longer look. Pierce is one of the best fanwriters, and he deserves as much respect.

But I ought to add one footnote, as the most common misconception about him is that he is a propagandist. Pierce's seriousness about the Second Foundation, as about everything, was always laced with humor. He is not ideologically, or temperamentally, a group-person. He thinks strictly for himself, and does not resent disagreement or argument or criticism. He seems to have an open mind on everything except the irrelevance of science fiction as literature. So he was never a propagandist. The accusation tells more about the narrowness of the people who used it against Pierce than it does about the man himself.

Robert Bloch
2111 Sunset Crest Dr.
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Prehensile as always, comes in handy. But this time around I'm particularly impressed by the artwork and its repro which gives the zine a very elegant look on that good stock. Even though the drawing on your ToC page of Bob Tucker without his glasses has been mislabelled as "H.G. Wells," whoever he might be -- or is that the name of the artist? And as long as we're asking questions, where is Sylmar!

Nancy Shriner
2107 Georgetown Rd.
Bloomington, IN 47401

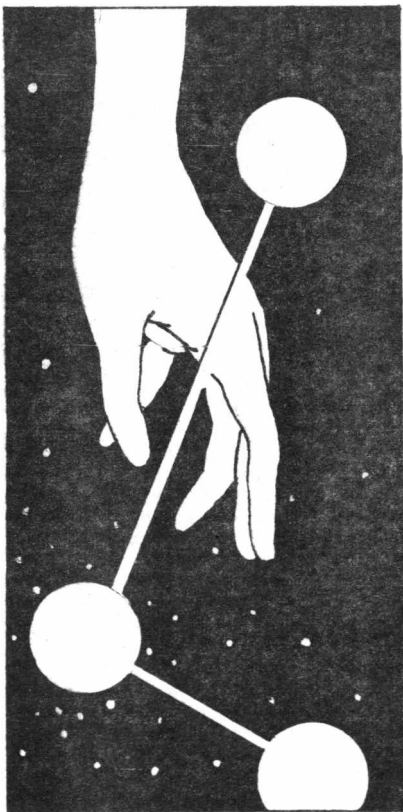
Thank you for sending PRE 11 to this semi-interested gaffiate and long-ago CRY-fan. Recognized some names and began to feel more at home. Always did enjoy Rotsler's work and was delighted to see so many of his doodles in your pages.

The bit of autobiography by Lou Stathis was very entertaining, and touching as well. In spite of the way he claims to feel about children, he seems to have romanticized that age group somewhat. If you want to expand their ideas to include the non-pragmatic, the practically unthinkable, you have to sneak it past them as straightaway adventure. Your average 12-year-old is a down-to-earth conservative by nature, not to say suspicious. Or is that the "traditional crap" he was talking about?

Would like to see another PRE if Mike Glicksohn's dire predictions don't materialize.

Richard C. Newsome
Box 2280
Norman OK 73069

Good luck in the Hugo Base nominations. You've got a pretty good chance... But if you think you've got any chance of winning, or even deserving to, with TAC, LOCUS, OUTWORLDS and ALGOL, in the running, you may have contracted delusions of grandeur from too close proximity (ie, w/in 100 mi. radius) to David Gerrold.



Having spent the better part of the last year reading PRE 11, the question uppermost in my mind right now is how in hell's name can you offer such a volume of reading material for a mere fifty cents? Good, bad or indifferent, the sheer wordage of this issue must make it the best buy in fandom so far this year. Add to that the fact that the material here is never poor and often excellent, and PRE should be much in people's minds as Hugo ballots arrive.

((It all comes from being the Ralph Williams of fanzines. We deal in volume sales -- we move these fanzines out! Come on in friends and help take these zines off my hands -- I've got 'em parked double in the lot, on the roof, out in the street, so you know our prices are low low low! Now back to your movie.))

I won't comment on the appearance of this issue. I won't. The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley. (The printer didn't help, but how can you sleep knowing this issue gave poor old Bill Bowers a heart attack? Task, oh great one, tsk!)

I also applaud your use of several new fanartists this issue. Of four (relatively) unfamiliar names to the general fanzine readership, MacDonald and Larson show promise. Having previously been the only editor to ever publish any of Marty's work, I'm very glad to see him in another quality fanzine. He needs practice, but I really like the basic talent. Wayne's stuff is often superb, as long as he stays away from human figures. As good as the old masters are, I always enjoy seeing new artists getting good exposure.

((When you realize of all the people nominated for the fanartist Hugo since 1970 that I have published the work of only three, I damn well better not sit around holding my breath for contributions from the old masters. In fact it's rumored that some of these people have even gone so far as to trade their art for mass produced pictures of the presidents! It's enough to shake your faith in the whole system...))

It was your editorial fantasies that prompted me to suggest that you'd be a worthy possibility for the top ten fanwriters of the year. I'm glad to see my viewpoint vindicated by Reed Waller in the lettercol. I'm sure your latest escapade in the realm of extrapolative insanity is as good as previous efforts, but lacking the familiarity with Roger's work that I have with the state of current fannish brouhahas, I found it less intriguing. So it goes.

Embarrassing it is to see one's follies immortalized in print. (And, no, I'm not talking about my column!) I wrote those recommendations for the Hugos before I realized that TAC very well might be ineligible for the award. Were I to make a new list now, I'd replace TAC with AWRY, although I still think OUTWORLDS was far and away the best fanzine of the year. I'm also sad that you didn't get around to asking all those other experts their opinions on the matter. I'd have been very interested in many of the replies.

I think the very least I could, or should, be described as is "the aging Boy Wonder": Bill has his drawbacks, but illiteracy has never been one of them. (Actually I was in a travel agency today and found that I'm qualified for a sort of "Youth Plan" when I'm in England this summer -- drinking draft Guinness instead of writing my PRE column -- so I feel rather young tonight. Phooey on you all!)



Now let's get to something that I'm particularly interested in. What, you ask, is the ethical difference between buying artwork and then using it in your fanzine and buying artwork for use in your fanzine. Semantically the difference may be slight, but ethically I think it does exist. One one occasion, ENERGUMEN published a drawing that had been purchased beforehand. I'm surprised myself that it was so low! On two or three other occasions we bought work after using it in the fanzine, but only once did the work get published before it was used. And that was the time Susan bought me a Kirk drawing for a Christmas present. The difference, as I see it, between this and the matter of paying for material for a fanzine, is that Susan would have bought me that drawing whether I'd been publishing a fanzine or not. I started buying fan and pro art three and a half years before I started publishing (and even now that's almost half my career in fandom) and I continue to do so long after my serious publishing days are over. If you can convince me that Andy Porter would have paid Dick Lupoff for book reviews to frame and put up on his wall even if he hadn't been the publisher of ALGOL, then I'll grant you your point. Otherwise I say there is most definitely an 'ethical difference.' There is also a hell of a difference between buying a much enjoyed and appreciated piece of artwork and later using it in a fanzine and sending an artist a bunch of money and a manuscript and saying "Illustrate this for me." The former indicates a love of good sf/fantasy art; the latter is done exclusively with a fanzine in mind. Surely you can see the essential difference?

((I never had any difficulty seeing the difference -- what I was reaching for was a mechanism of practical application in fandom for determining, even in the face of an uncooperative faneditor, what zines are amateur and what zines are ineligible for the Hugo. I understand your explanation, and believe your rendition of it. But the question is how does a Worldcon committee establish such a difference to a potentially ineligible fan who says he does not trust your conjecture and explanation of your actions? This question has nothing to do with Porter, but everything to do with a hypothetical fan who would say "Glicksohn did thus and such -- he's no more amateur than I am, yet he has won a Hugo. How, in the face of that, can you disqualify me?" However the Discon II concomm obviated that problem by stating that it would consider only written complaints. Hence, it implies that the committee has no responsibility to certify the qualifications of Hugo nominees except when called upon in writing to do so, and precedents become irrelevant. This is a very nice tactic, and I would be



the last to point out that under such a premise concons would never recategorize nominating ballots that list a title under the wrong length -- ie, if Joe Elow's ballot nominated TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE for Best Short Story the committee would not, as it usually does, count that as a nomination in the novel category. Picky picky picky.))

I'd also disagree with your contention (isn't this fun) that abuses of the definition of fanzine have been so commonplace that nothing can be done about the problem anymore. Only in very recent years has the problem of a proper definition of fanzine had any real importance, and last year the concom had no choice but to accept the main bone of contention unless it wanted to be wide open to charges of rampant chauvinism. (That such charges were nevertheless freely tossed about is a moot point.) NOW is the time to take a stand: to make a decision. Let's not fob off the matter with vague and incorrect mutterings about precedents. Or perhaps not enough people care to make it worthwhile...?

Too bad you mentioned being paid by Hyperion Press. Strike another potential nominee from the amateur magazine category. (Are you smiling, Mike?) ((All the way to the bank.))

Overall an excellent editorial. I heartily endorse the calls for great globs of garrulous Glycer in each issue of PRE. More comment hooks on each page of your contentious comments than in an entire article by Darrell Schweitzer or a whole column of fanzine reviews...

I adore conreports, particularly of cons I've been at but missed most of. Your TORCON report had a few factual errors that I caught (and probably more that I missed) but it was still perhaps the best TORCON report I've read. Part of that was due to its impressive length. I'm very glad you wrote and printed this! Your view of Toronto and the Royal York doesn't gell with my own, but I'm always interested in seeing how other people react to my city. I gather you had a good time overall, and that is the

main thing. For the 95+ temperatures I can only shrug and grin embarrassment: I could say that it was my way of returning Oakland's 105 degree welcome in 1968, but most fans are too recent to understand such complexities...

((You remind me indirectly of a report on the con that I read in a Toronto tabloid on the plane back to LA: among other things it reported the total attendance at 495, "The largest in the history of the convention." If I had thought, I'd have clipped it as a nostalgia/putridity relic.))

I liked (may I be forgiven!) Lou's article on addressing sixth graders. As a teacher, I sympathized with him. As a GoH at a convention, I sympathized with him. As some one who has to give a talk and a slide shown on sf conventions for the Education Day at my High school come May 1st, I sympathize with him. If he discovers a way to make sf appealing to students, I hope he'll write another article; maybe I can use it to make mathematics interesting. ((("They said it couldn't be done/ And sure enough, it couldn't."))

I find myself in disagreement with Bill Warren this time around. I found SLEEPER rather disappointing, although it certainly has many humorous scenes and lines. For me it lacked any real continuity, being just a series of separate skits of inconsistent quality. I have nothing against slapstick, but somehow I expect a bit more from Woody Allen and I didn't get it from this film. Perhaps I'd been expecting too much due to the publicity and praise I'd heard before seeing the film. I agree that DON'T LOOK NOW is a slow paced film. In fact I'd say it was perhaps the slowest paced film I've ever seen! And yet far from falling asleep I was engrossed and fascinated by it. The tension builds much more subtly than in the EXORCIST but it's very effective nevertheless. And I'm not sure what Bill means by a horror film, but there's enough of a fantasy element in THE EXORCIST for me to nominate it for a Hugo: I found it brilliant and completely engrossing, although not without its faults, especially when compared to the book. I look forward to Bill's remarks next issue.

Oh yes, it's out of order, but I must comment on your remark that Ted White hasn't done any fanwriting of late. A fanwriter is someone whose writing appears in a fanzine. A fanzine is an amateur magazine publishing material about science fiction or related subjects. Therefore Ted's letters and articles are fanwriting, and even if ALGOL and TAC are ruled not to be ((amateur)) fanzines, I'd still give Ted serious consideration on the strength of his OUTWORLDS pieces.



PRIESTS IN THEIR ROBES

ROTHSCHILD

4/1/74



PREHENSILE 11 arrived on today of all days, and, having scanned its contents, I offer you this short, but non-professional LoC:

ALGOL has never paid me for any of my contributions, although I am listed on the editorial staff and having contributed to every issue for the past quite-a-few years. THE ALIEN CRITIC, on the other hand, pays me a flat \$ a word for my columns in that zine -- and it's my understanding that Geis pays all his solicited contributors at this rate. Therefore, I think the noise about ALGOL is misplaced -- it's TAC you want to talk about if this is a burning issue for you.

As for my fanwriting, you've missed quite a bit. According to a recent activity list in a recet apa of which you are unaware, I contributed 89 pages (entirely my own writing) to that group -- none of it professionally oriented. (Make that 89 pages last year.) I usually manage at least 8 for FAPA, and I contributed to every issue of THE GAFLATE'S INTELLIGENCER which was published last year. TGI contains no references to professional activities and damned little to sf at all.

Nor was my last ALGOL column on most of the topics you mentioned -- most of it could easily have been published in any other fanzine.

At present I have columns running regularly in TAC, ALGOL, and OUTWORLDS. I would call that "fanwriting" by most criteria, and I do consider it that -- not an extension of my professional activities. On the other hand, I'm not looking for a 2nd Fanwriter Hugo.

((You know how those things go. When one hides his light under a bushel -- in secret apas and THE GAFLATE'S INTELLIGENCER -- there is always some-

one around likely to call it darkness. As to the rest, there being no definition of fanwriter in the Hugo rules, it would be presumptuous for me to say your columns do not make you eminently eligible for Best Fan Writer. Though you see the distinction I was attempting to make was that most of them were the product of your business disputes with various pro writers. I would no more consider them fan writing than I would the columns of Piers Anthony, or the Outworlds contributions of Philip Jose Farmer and Robert Moore Williams. Whether anyone else wishes to nominate you for Best Fan Writer on the basis of such columns is up to them. It's not that they weren't well-written, or received with considerable interest: only that I don't find them to be in the least fannish.

((In the matter of paying for material, I had already published that editorial when I received the last issue of TAC containing Geis' comment that he, too, pays for material. And also since that time, the Discon committee apparently has decided to take the tack that only written objections to eligibility are to be considered -- ie, it's not the duty of the concom to certify the amateurness of fanz nominees unless disputed. Therefore it's of no concern to them what any past nominee or winner may have done.

((Given that rationale I'd be just as happy to see any zine which pays for material kicked out of the Hugo race.))

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

4/1/74

My feelings about the eligibility requirements for the Hugos are simple: I think there should be none at all. I think the words on the back (or is it the front) of the Hugo nominations ballot should be guidelines, not requirements. I think anything anyone wants to nominate should be eligible -- it is a people's award, after all. If two hundred or so people think a work deserves an award, I think they should be allowed to give it. This would enable a novel published in ahndback in November to have a chance -- the year after it is 'eligible'. It would enable anything that had enough support to win anything. Admittedly a group of fans could nominate THE LORD OF THE RINGS for best fanzine if they desired, but before any gag nominee could win the whole system would have deteriorated so badly the awards would be just a farce (~~you can't win it anyway~~) and it wouldn't matter what won.

But I don't think there should be any restrictions on what could win.

PAUL ANDERSON 21 Mulga Rd., Hawthorndene, SA5051 AUSTRALIA 5/27/74

I take it from your editorial comments that you have a soft spot or so for Zelazny's Amber series. However, I seem to recall that THE GUNS OF AVALON is quite a bit different in treatment from the excerpt that you adapted to your nefarious purposes. ((I did my parody on NINE PRINCES IN AMBER, which is the second volume.))

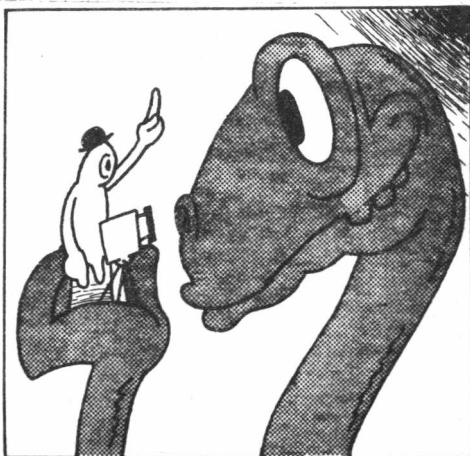
Now that Australia in 75 is going ahead to a reality I trust that you are making arrangements to fly down to Melbourne. It should not cost you all that much according to the details that I got to hear from the committee on the various travel deals being looked at and checked. ((Hell, I'm having trouble enough figuring out how to afford Westercon.))

Part 2 of the editorial was most intriguing as I had not realized it with my sketchy knowledge of the city from a stay of around 2 days! It should add an extra dimension to my enjoyment of American films. I caught SHAFT on at a drive-in paired with SHAFT's BIG SCORE...so I doubt if I will see that again too soon; now SKINS & SHIRTS could be entertaining if I can see it out of town. The city prices are steep at \$42.50 in Adelaide and \$3 in Melbourne. ((Wow, even in American money that would be unusual, and at some walkins you can get in during the dinner hour for a buck a head US. By the way, the titles I referred to in my editorial were TV movies. The actual SHAFT & its successors got restricted release in LA -- chiefly in South Central, and other predominantly black areas of the city. Considering what the content of the films was, the distributors were probably sparing the less politically tractable whites who would have had cardiac arrest at being, indirectly, the villains of a blaxploitation flick.))

JODIE OFFUTT Funny Farm, Haldeman KY 40329

5/6/74

...And Lou Stathis. It is funny and well-written and the end of it brought tears to my eyes. I don't think there is an answer to this question. He couldn't have gotten through to those kids no matter what he did. (Or if he did he won't know it, because it would have been a very quiet into-himself child.) My constant sf reader -- who is 13 -- is pretty typical: bright and quiet. On the other hand, living in a house where there are more sf books than most libraries have, isn't too typical. We have not pushed sf at them; Jeff read all the library had to offer before he asked his dad for sf. And his brother (equally bright, but not so quiet) doesn't read a whole lot of science fiction. Lou might have forgotten the books and taken more comics. I think all libraries (including school) should include comics in the periodicals section. Lou was a diversion, for both students and teacher. You can't make kids read things no matter how much you think they may enjoy it. About the only thing we can do is hope for all the sf they will stock in libraries then hope all the potential readers will stumble on it.



SCHICKEL

4/30/74

Finding K on a list with ALGOL, TAC, CW and SFC isn't surprising, it's downright astonishing! I'm flattered all to heck! Many thanks. Thanks especially for noting that the main thrust, whatever that is, of K, was the contributors. I didn't actually have much to do with it. ((Like hell.))

Too bad you didn't spell KWALHIOQUA right, though...but it's nothing to get upset about. ((@#%&!!)) There are only two people who can even say it, let alone spell it (Dave Locke and I researched this topic in minor depth some time ago, and found out to mutual surprise that only old Man Who Rides On His Son's Shoulders and his son, Many Hernias, can properly say KWALHIOQUA. And Many doesn't really talk much, just grunts a lot.) If the editor can't say or spell it with any degree of constancy, you should not feel bad about having mucked up the spelling. You wouldn't believe how much corflu I expended correcting my own spelling. The important thing is that you found K to be worth your support, which amazes me no end, but which I must admit makes me purty tickled. And that's nothing to snort at, not by this child. As a matter of fact it caused a nose-burner of a sigh, it did.

To state my choices for awards will perhaps be similar to the Kiss of Death, bearing in my mind my well-known perverted tastes, but hopefull all fans will not take my endorsement to be a negative recommendation, which is the worst kind. In no particular order, my choices for best zine are; AWRY, SCYTHROP, TITLE and about seventeen other zines which defy my separation for a list of five. In particular order, my choices for best fan writer are: Dave Locke, John Bangsund, Mike Oligher, ...and after that my ability to decide wavers. Old Canfield is my artistic choice. It would be wise to go on at length and describe my precise reasons for these choices, but I have no precise reasons. I just enjoyed what I saw. Fandom to me is something very informal, and to start setting standards and making considered decisions would destroy the very essence of the thing. We, ...or at least I,...must not destroy the essence of the thing.

As for PRE 11, I liked the editorial, the Torcon report, Lou's bit and the python's adopted Papa's zine reviews; all very seminal things. Your trip report was probably the most enjoyable I've read, and considering the nature of such an endeavor, that is nothing to snuffle over. Lou lecturing kiddies boggles the mind, but does nothing to detract from the quality of the piece. And Snake brings to fanzine reviewing his usual load of experience and taste, and his ability to state his mind clearly... (He's correct in assuming K never basked in the glow of a conscious effort on layout, and nothing could be more accurate than his opinion that the schtick of K was wearing thin, both with Cagle and the readers.)

The format of PRE 11 meets with my approval. Excellent. Not cold. If it doesn't strap you, go ahead on. If it does strangle your wallet to publish PRE offset and causes you to cut down, I'll accept mimeo.

ERIC MAYER RD 1, Falls, PA 18615

4/15/74

I was reading THE HUGO WINNERS when PREHENSILE arrived. I put the book aside and read PRE immediately. Reminds me of something my great aunt used to say, in all the wisdom of her 113 globetrotting years -- something about the cart wagging the horse, I think.

At any rate, despite all the things you hear in fandom about the comparative abilities of fan and pro writers, I have to honestly conclude, though it will raise some eyebrows, that you, and Darrell, and Lou Stathis couldn't carry Jack Vance's pencils.

((I would argue that, except it has something of the flavor of replying to a person who has said "You aren't fit to eat with the pigs" with "Oh yes I am."))

Which is not to say I didn't enjoy PRE. I did. It was quite excellent, really; better than the last issue. The con report was the highlight for me. Low points were a neo who rambled on about some obscure philosophical matter in the letter column; the botched cover and a number of just as badly printed illos (I'll bet the printer never screws up on important stuff like yearbooks); and two consecutive reviews of anthologies. It's not that the reviews were bad. It's just that I have an aversion to reviews of anthologies. With all the original anthologies around it's a wonder someone hasn't managed to coalesce a few of them into quarterly, or bimonthly, paperback magazines. It must be feasible. Look at PERRY RHODAN. Things are just chaos now. Anthologies come and go; most of them without the least continuity or personality -- just a bunch of stories thrown together. I couldn't keep up with them all even if I wanted to.

((Short stories are the guts of the science fiction genre -- and with the increasing inability to get pulp magazines distributed, plus their insupportable production costs, anthologies are currently the best and most popular alternative. Until someone comes up with, Ghu forbid, the ANALOG of paperback books, there probably won't be anthologies -- even within the same title and editor -- of consistent quality and personality. Note, however, that the anthologies have been the refuge of literate sf. That may not do much for you personally, but I think it's worth a thought.))

Incidentally, either you're crazy or you've cornered the market on Rotalers. I mean, 13 in one issue! And most of them seem better than average.

When I started the article by Lou Stathis I thought to myself, "Heh, this is a damn good article." Unfortunately it died toward the end. I guess Lou decided to stick with the truth. Most of the great fan writers have tended to...embellish the truth. By making a few subtle additions to his story Lou couldn't come up with a fannish classic. Consider this mundane paragraph from the essay. "Checking the class I found maybe two or three pairs of beady eyes were watching me, and those were with baffled amusement. The rest were either fixed on the window, contemplating their desks, fiddling with their zippers, or just sleeping. I had no idea what to do." Now, here is the same paragraph, enhanced by a few subtle alterations and additions. "Checking the class I was confronted by two or three pairs of beady, feral eyes which stared at me with cruel amusement. The rest were fixed on the window, through which I could see the immense alien ships descending. I knew immediately what I must do!" See the difference a few minor alterations in word choice can have?

Actually Lou has a serious point in his article. He wants to communicate to the kids some of the "excitement and magic" he finds in SF. I think that a lot of people tend to "outgrow" such feelings. They are conditioned against them. I'd say that by the time a kid is in the sixth grade his basic personality patterns have already been set.

Too bad PRE sat in that bookstore without anyone bothering to look at it. People do hate amateur magazines -- and with good reason. Every

year thousands of functional illiterates pay to produce books of poetry, local history, personal philosophy. There seem to be examples of this localized crud in every bookstore. People who feel the need to pay to have their writings published are usually, for some reason, totally without talent and in most cases, just plain ignorant. Fandom is the only exception to this rule I've ever seen. Fanzines are about the only amateur publications I've encountered that have any merit at all. The average bookstore visitor, seeing PRE, no doubt classifies it with the wisdom drenched reminiscences of the local minister, or the pamphlet of putrid poems that some would-be poet thought might catch the eye of someone at Doubleday. The only thing that would allow you to escape this classification would be slick covers. ((Well, I could rub a little Vaseline on them.))

Keep Mike Glicksohn writing that column. It's absolutely the best fanzine review column I've read. I've often wondered how to say to a faned, "I enjoyed your zine, devoured it as soon as it came, the material stunk, however, the layout was atrocious and the repro even worse..."

Before leaving I want to point out an interesting, and possibly meaningful fact. There are, at this moment at least three Michael G.'s in fandom. One has just won a Hugo. He now endorses the second for a Hugo. Is there the beginning of a pattern here?

GENE WOLFE Box 69, Barrington IL 60010

4/7/74

Thanks for PREHENSILE 11. I skipped the editorial and your conreport -- and of course the fanzine review column (I never read these frankly). The Lou Stathis and Darrell Schweitzer didn't really strike me -- at least from their titles (I could be wrong) -- as being worth reading, nor did that other thing, and I'm saving the book reviews and letter column.

But other than that it was nice. Neat art. Despite your problems with the blacks. The whites came out good, I thought.

If I had read Schweitzer, I would disagree with much of what I would expect him to say. Orwell, for example, never really succeeded with fiction except when he wrote sf (1984) or fantasy (ANIMAL FARM). Surely this would seem to indicate that he was a genre writer. Also I am reminded of something I read recently in CONVERSATIONS WITH JOSE LUIS BORGES (which I recommend). Borges recounts that six well-known Argentine writers were asked to choose "the best story they knew." Three of the six chosen turned out to be by Americans: Melville, Hawthorne and H.P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft, for the benefit of any tiny tots who may see this, was for all practical purposes a writer for pulp magazines and fanzines. To be fair I should note that Borges criticized the inclusion of Lovecraft -- but he also criticized the inclusion of Hans Christian Andersen's "The Little Mermaid."

Borges does not name the other two stories or their authors, but says one was "a Chinese story, three pages long." Now I doubt, quite sincerely, that it was a story written in the 20th century --- it is more likely to have been written in the 13th or 14th centuries. That leaves three 19th century writers and Lovecraft.

((Unfortunately I don't have room to publish this letter at all, so I will have to settle for making up a few copies to pass among friends.))

STANIEL (Stan Burns) 2460 E. Glenoaks, Glendale CA, 91206

Just a few observations on PRE 11.

1) Your repro is terrible. I suggest that you fling your printer to the ground and stomp him to death (much less than he deserves)

2) Tepper: "Cute"? I've been accused of many things, but never cute! You are right, however; I shouldn't criticize DAW when reviewing an ACE book. I just picked that quote at random and maybe it isn't really representative. But if you are accusing me of misrepresenting Tiptree's style, I wish you would give a specific rebuttal. Name names, man. X, Y, or Z just doesn't make it.

3) Glicksohn: I find myself agreeing with you. DAW packages its books much better than ACE is now doing. But ACE has turned into a reprint house in the last few months anyhow. Even if DAW is successful, however, I don't feel success is an adequate measure of how 'good' or 'bad' the books it publishes are. I realize that this subject is basically a matter of taste. One pro/fan artist remarked to me that the worse the book was, the more illos Wollheim would put into it. Well packaged/illosed novels may cause an unsuspecting reader to buy them, but I get rather pissed off spending a buck for a piece of shit!

4) Quane: A modern novel, and a play over 2000 years old. Don't you think you're stretching the point a little? Of course Sophocles had action take place off stage. So do most plays. The limitations of the media are well known (it is rather difficult to portray WW2 isn't it?) The size of the stage, the budget, the audience, the conventions of the time/place it was written during all affect the final result. But there are no such built-in restrictions in a novel. The author is free to portray anything from a President to an ant. When he doesn't, when he has no real reason to omit doing so, it affects not only the work but my reaction to it. Your analogy is ludicrous.

"Generally meritorious work?" Gack! I find little of value in Zelazny's last four novels to deserve the comment "meritorious". They have been, in my opinion, crud. About one I might be charitable, even two; but four in a row? Come on now! ((The fact that you weren't charitable about any of them notwithstanding, eh Stan?))

WALLACE MACFARLANE Star Route, Santa Isabel CA

4/2/74

It's outstandingly pleasant of you to send me a copy of PREHENSILE 11 on the editorial whim, and of course I'm pleased Don Keller liked a story of mine in ND3. As a non-conventional person I can speculate on the mysterious to me & obvious to everyone else & can admire Bill Rotsler (amazing fecundity, quality and style his own) and the enormous amount of labor, money and love your publication demands.

Because I'm not in touch I sometimes ask settled questions, but has any publication examined editorially and among its readers, the question of new anthologies vs. the magazines?

Allison's Precept goes, "The best simple-minded test of expertise in a particular area is the ability to win money on a series of future occurrences in that area," but only the SF-unsophisticated believe in crystal balls that work --

Well, what is going to happen to the magazines and new anthologies?

Any expert opinion?

I bet --

((I'll see what we can work up along those lines.))

MICHAEL SHOEMAKER 2123 N. Early St., Alexandria VA 22302

4/4/74

I just can't get over PRE 11. The package is even more impressive than #10, yet the price is still only 50¢. This is fantastic and serves as the best chastising example possible for such incompetents as Andy Porter. ((Frankly the only thing I found impressive about the issue was my gall in sending it out despite the printing flaws)).

I have stated elsewhere that I thought 1973 was a very poor year for fanzines. Excepting Milt Stevens (since I have never seen THE PASSING PARADE) the only fan who has produced a large body of fine fan writing is Paul Walker. Because my bias is toward honoring someone who has written a large body of worthy writing, rather than someone who has written a single superlative article, for instance, I think Paul is the only fan worthy of consideration. ((Which merely demonstrates your lack of information -- Susan Wood(Glicksohn) produced a body of quality work in NERG, OUTWORLD and XENIUM at least as large as Walker's, and in my opinion better.)) Were my bias otherwise, however, I wouldn't hesitate to nominate Cy Chauvin on the strength of his SF: The Unrealized Dream alone. Come to think of it I'll probably nominate him anyway. But I think Paul unquestionably deserves to win.

The most peculiar item on your list is KWALAHIOQUA. Personally, I think the heaps of unqualified praise for KWAL and the fanwriting of El Cagle is a fad propagated by a clique of actifen, an all too common phenomenon in Fandom. ((Why is it that you generally characterize popular support for something you personally dislike as some kind of conspiracy? Has the thought not occurred to you that Cagle or his fanzine honestly appeal to some fans? While I'm the only one I noticed nominating KWAL for a Hugo, whereas I did not propose Cagle for a nomination, if several fans want to do either, who are you to call it the work of a clique? ...After all, it's that same clique that says it's going to nominate PREHENSILE -- oops, wasn't I supposed to say that? Consider this comment inoperative...))

I thought the later Bangsund articles in KWAL were an absolutely dreadful bore, among the worst fanwriting I've seen. It proved to me that there is at least one writer in the world who can totally turn off the critical faculties of Bruce Gillespie, and cause Bruce to fall all over himself in slavish adulation over the One True Fanwriting Ghod.

I am much more inclined to gripe about a fanzine that makes a profit (even \$48, hell..that would pay for 2 issues of OXYTOCIC, mailing and all) than one that pays for material. As a matter of fact, until someone can demonstrate that there is a difference between paying for material and paying for a better package, I think an editor is perfectly within his rights to pay for material. My big contention (and for all practical purposes, an unresolvable one) is the overhead involved in the production of elaborate fanzines. The large overhead is tantamount to buying a Hugo. This was Jeff Glencannon's main point in his controversial column that appeared in GRANFALLOON a year ago. The web of complications is so intricate, I believe the best thing to do would be to eliminate the fanzine category. Indeed,

contrary to what one's first thoughts might be, it may actually be healthy for Fandom if all the fan categories were eliminated.

((If you would care to be specific in how that would be a healthy thing, I'd be interested to see your remarks. I can see some advantages myself, but there are certainly some countervailing advantages to the continued existence of the award. To name one -- it seems to be one of the things that keeps the Browns publishing LOCUS, by providing a kind of ultimate egoboo to supplement their lack of LoCs.))

I'm glad to see the Fanivore back to a respectable size. Are you aware that 'Professing nostalgia for something one has never lived through' is a contradiction of terms? ((Yes -- that's why I used the phrase to describe what you were doing, because it is not sensible.)) What I did was to present a personal ideal, and then mention that this coincided with what the Worldcon used to be like (or at least my conception of it from what I've read). This is not the same thing as nostalgia. ((What you did, precisely, was to make a series of references to the historical, small, fannish Worldcon of the past, and comment on ways to return to that ideal condition. Your rhetoric was certainly not that of one who laid out his ideal Worldcon conception, and then serendipitously found that it matched the description of early cons.))

What appalls me is the hypocrisy in Fandom. Everyone is content to sit around moaning about how the Worldcon is too big, etc., but no one really cares to do anything about it. To even suggest a course of action is taboo (Reactionary Idealism). But as "Mike Glicksohn's letter demonstrates" maybe it is already too late to do anything about it. At any rate the letter of mine that you published in #11 was written half a year ago. Frankly, I don't give a damn anymore about what happens to the Worldcon since I doubt very much that I will ever attend another after DISCON II. ((Ah -- "but tomorrow is another day." ---I will give a free hardback copy of BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS to whoever can identify that pun reference.)) ((Really. To the first persona who can.))

You write a fascinating conreport once again, second only to those I have seen by J.K. Klein. ((Is he still publishing those?))

A great piece by Mr. Stathis, mainly due to the acheingly true-to-life descriptions of the school and the kids.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20760

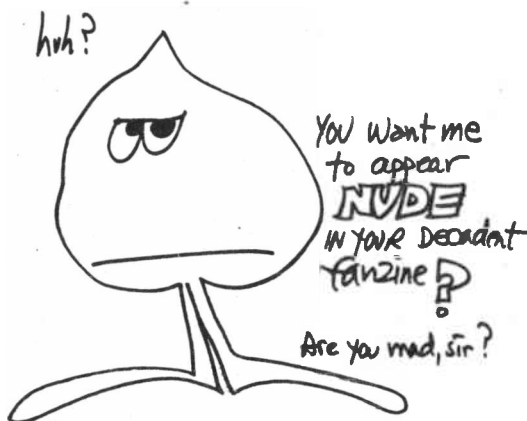
I paused for a moment to contemplate what I would say to a bunch of sixth graders and I honestly don't know how to go about it -- without either slitting my own throat or talking down to ~~the little buggers~~ them. Quite frequently we have kids or groups thereof come over to look at the animals and perhaps a calf or foal or some such -- and aside from the most asinine remarks imaginable (which nine times out of ten are made by the accompanying adults) we haven't lost one yet. Through trial the kids have learned that if you squeeze a cat you're gonna get scratched (and incidentally drop said cat like a hot potato!) -- but...talk to them....? Instant freeze! I don't even remember thinking (process thereof) differently than I do now, and yet I must have and kids at that age probably don't think the same way I do --I think I'd retreat before I got my ears shot off.

Thanks for mentioning you got the Bow-WOW. I haven't heard from several of them and hope they didn't get lost in the mail. One note of warning,

though -- that IS a real dogbone and is (after a fashion) edible -- I know because I had to call the vet and find out if they'd do the dog any harm ex poste facto. He said no -- just in case you ever happen to need that kind of information in the future.

PAULA LIEBERMAN Gd 303, 3 Ames St., Cambridge MA 02139

4/9/74



To one (large sized, is there any other?) Mike Glyer, who drops PREHENSILES on an unwitting world...

ON REDUCED PHOTO OFFSET

It's hard to see and worse to read
It's typoed and reduced
Er, offset might be pro
But eyestrain I don't need!

Well, ALGOL, LOCUS offset went
Though TRUMPET'S gone away
Now TAC is back to mimeo
Will your offset stay?

Fabian's illo /sic/ turned me off -- if I want to look at a nude female, all I have to do is stand in front of a mirror with no clothes on. How about some male nudes (like the Barr painting at Boskone that A LOUSY MALE outbid me on). Actually it's not that that really bothers me about the illo -- it's the breast location. I have enough trouble with mine where they are; how the devil is anybody supposed to move her arms with large-sized mammaries sprouting from her shoulders! (It's utterly ridiculous...)

((I am publishing the above particularly for the LASFS male chauvinist contingent, who still haven't recovered since Paula's visit at New Years'.))

I don't have a lot of loot to spend on SF or fanzines. With a wife, and two small children and a mortgage and...Yeah(!) I know you've heard it all before. Right. But I'm a Fan. Have been since, Omigawd, Too Long. So what do I do? I stick to authors I like, authors strongly recommended by people whose opinions I've grown to respect, and a few impulsive buys. Y'know what I mean? So I reckon I spend on the average, about \$1 - \$1.50 per week on me hobby. Spread over the year. I guess something in the region of \$75-\$100 per year. Year in/year out. Now with my finances that's too much. But as I tell Cath 'man does not live by bread and bum alone'...so shaddup! So what's that?...about \$250 a year. And I only skim the top of the (well I consider it the top) total output of SF books. And I get very few fanzines. I bet you R*I*C*H Yankee Fans Over There spend twice/thrice/frice as much as I do. Specially if you're a hard-core fan like what I am. Y'know? So...what would an average US Fan spend a year (excepting the college students and those addicted to rippin' off!)...\$500 a year? \$750 per year? And how much would a fan who is very, very interested in SF spend? On books? On Fanzines? Like, how much would Charlie Brown spend in a year?

If he didn't publish LOCUS and as he, very, briefly said in PRE 10 'we get ...all the SF books published' for the 'free' copies he sends out. I have no comments to make on whether LOCUS should get a Hugo or two or 25 on the score of whether he makes money outa it. But, blimey, he really shouldn't have, so very lightly, passed over the fact that he gets (practically) all his reading matter FREE! On his breakdown of costs and profits, etc. he doesn't, apparently, consider the (I'd guess...if he's as interested in SF as he says he is) FREE, I TELL YOU, books as worthy of mention on the credit side of his ledger.

OK, so he doesn't make a profit on LOCUS. OK. But if he wasn't publishing it and wasn't getting all those lovely FREE, BYGAWD, books then either he'd have to pack up reading SF or spend about \$500 - Ghodknowswhat a year. And in my book that represents a bloody big saving. And a bloody big profit. And I wish it was me.

All those books FREE,

sniff

'scuse me, I'll just dash this tear from me eye
turn away, Mike, s'not nice, seeing a grown man cry
FREE, I TELL YOU

catch

Oh my heart really bleeds for Mr. Brown.

Oh Yeah!

Don't get me wrong. I like LOCUS.

MIKE GORRA 199 Great Neck Rd., Waterford CT 06385

4/7/74

Well, in the eleventh issue of this august journal we are confronted with Darrell Schweitzer for about four pages telling us why sf has not produced art yet. He comes down on Ct for tackling an old, much belabored subject. He does the same thing. I've read about half a dozen of these things and I've only been a fan for a year. This is the issue's low point, I think.

The high point is Glicksohn's zine column. I like zine columns, and I was even thinking of volunteering to do yours if'n I hadn't read in ORG that the Catheter in the Hat was going to do it. I really enjoyed this; I wonder if BANSHEE has yet outgrown its ephemeralness and is offering anything new yet. I like to think so; for one, it seems to be one of the only really fannish fanzines around now.

Grant Canfield
28 Atalaya Terrace
San Francisco CA 94117

If you get any favorable comments about those covers ((PRE 10.5)), I wish you would make it clear that all the good stuff on the front cover was done by James Shull, and all the bad

stuff was mine. Jim worked up a pretty nice cover from a dumb Canfield Pencil sketch; he even did all the inking. The back cover is all Jim's, I had nothing to do with it whatsoever, which is why it is all good stuff. The collaboration started two worldcons ago, but I never got back to it because of other pressing engagements (i was having my pants pressed) and Jim wound up doing most of the work his own personal self. All the good stuff, at any rate. I hope that clears that up. Whew.

We also heard from: Steve Simmons, Alan Sandercock, Tom Roberts, Laurine White, Bruce Townley, Frank Balazs, Leigh Edmonds, Chris and Shari Hulse, Peter Roberts, Bruce D. Arthurs, Jeff May, Bill Breiding, Martin Williams, Gil Gaier, Susan Wood (whose CoA: 2920 Victoria Ave., Apt #12, Regina Sask. SAT 1K7 CANADA took effect May 20), J m Shull, Grant Canfield, Joe Pearson, Stephen Riley, and Dawn McLevy.





