

PSYCHOTIC



**ROTSLER
APPRECIATION
ISSUE**

PSYCHOTIC

March-1968

The Secret Masters'
Fanzine

24

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Th-th-th-that's all fans!

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COVER BY BILL ROTSLER -- BACOVER BY J.D. BERRY

INTERIOR ART BY Bill Rotsler--3, 7, 8, 10, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 24, 32, 39; Richard Flinchbaugh--6; Jack Gaughan--11, 41; John D. Berry--14, 15, 30, 41; Steve Stiles--23; Bjo--25, 26; Andy Porter--36; Ray Nelson--48, 49; Carol Peters--51.

PSYCHOTIC is a product of the fevered (but not high!) mind of the mad hermit of Venice.

Richard E. Geis
5 Westminster Ave.
Venice, California
90291

Remember: no mail addressed to "Psychotic" or "The Mad Hermit" will reach me. It all goes to Chairman Mao.

Blue paper for this page because I have a ream of it and want to see what it looks like pintered.



THE COUCH



Where the editor rambles on and on

"Late again, eh, Mr. Geis?"

"Yes, well...I have a lot of good excuses, though. I had this book I had to finish, and then my stepfather died in Portland and I went up for the funeral and stayed eight days helping my mother through the Bad Time, and---"

"Yes, I know, I know. And I suppose the zine is running longer than you had planned again."

"How did you guess?"

"I'm psychic! Listen, patient, I've had it with you dragging in here days, weeks late! I'm feeling vicious tonight, so be warned!"

"Hey, as a psychiatrist, you're not supposed to---"

"SILENCE! Get up on that couch! I expect you're readying excuses for your next late issue."

"If I answer honestly you'll---"

"TELL ME!"

"All right... I never heard of a psychiatrist who browbeat his most loyal patient like you... Well, now that you mention the likelihood of being late with PSY #25... See, I have a book to finish, and---"

"BUT YOU JUST SAID YOU FINISHED IT!"

"That was 'The Love Tribo.' This new one is called 'The Left Side of Love' and its deadline is March 20th and I'll never make that, not in a million..."

"Stop blubbling! Ghod! Why do I put up with you?"

"We're trapped inside the same skull."

"Besides that, I mean."

(Snickering)

"Go ahead, then, start making your announcements. I'll just sit here, long suffering, and draw dirty pictures."

"Oh...okay. As you can see, this is the ROTSLER APPRECIATION ISSUE, which is about time, I feel, since the man has been drawing for fanzines for as long as I can remember and fandom obviously takes him too much for granted."

"That's true! He always obliges faneds who write to him for illos and covers."

"Certainly he helped me when I wrote and asked. So I just thought---"

"Get on with it, Geis!"

"---I thought I'd suggest him for a Best Fan Artist Award this year. Ghod knows he earned one years ago. It's about time---"

"Hey, what if he's already been given an award? Where does that leave you?"

"Still grateful and...ignorant. And besides, if he's got one...he deserves another one! If he hasn't got one...ROTSLER FOR FAN ARTIST OF THE YEAR!"

"STOP THAT SHOUTING! YOU'LL WAKE UP---you'll wake up the monster in the basement."

"You've been shouting as much as I have! Besides, he hasn't done anything in years."

"Because we keep him pacified, idiot! If we stopped---"

"Let me talk, will you? I've got all kinds of things to discuss."

"Fanods!"

"Yes, I'm a faned and proud of it! Did you know a faned crossed the Delaware with Columbus? Did you know the first faned was a caveman who published on slabs of rock? True. And---"

"You want a clon on the jaw, is that what you want? Get on with it!"

"Mmmmmble...dirty razzerbass... Alright! I have to announce that there are no more PSYCHOTIC 23s available. But I do have some of #21 and #22."

"All fandom is thrilled!"

"You've always hated me, haven't you? Alright---I'll continue! I'd just like to mention that Fritz Leiber's up-coming GALAXY serial, 'A Specter Is Haunting Texas' sounds like it's going to be a zinger, a real great one!"

"Who says?"

"He says! Mr. Leiber! He lives only a block and a half away. You ought to go see him sometime."

"Can't. I'm a hermit, remember?"

"Oh, yes. We both are. Well, anyway, the serial will be in the July, August and September issues of GALAXY, and anything by Fritz Leiber I've got

to read."

"Personally, I like---"

"Time now to discuss Earl Evers' "A Primer For Heads" which starts in this issue of PSY. Rick Sneary has put pen to thoughts which perhaps are shared by a number of other fans, so I'll read them aloud and we'll argue. Okay?"

"Read!"

"Rick says: 'A thought on policy matters.. You announce an article on drugs by Evers. A subject of interest to a number of fans and frequently brought up in fanzines.. But seeing you obviously have no shortage of material or willing writers, and you have suggested the opinion that Psy is something of a service to Fandom (which at its current rate it certainly will be), wouldn't it be better to hold to topics of greatest relevance to the professional science fiction world and active Fandom? (I'm not suggesting that you not use the Evers article, but talking about future policy) You would not want of course to adopt to hard a line as to what you would or would not use, but as a very likely meeting place for the Secret Masters of Fandom, Inc., if you editorially leaned your blue pencil to favor material effecting events and opinions in Fandom.'"

"Your first impulse was to tell him to mind his own business, wasn't it?"

"Nope. I'm flattered he has taken an interest in PSY, and I welcome suggestions. I've adopted a few already, like numbering the pages and doing one or two long reviews of special fanzines."

"How about the fans who suggest you go fuck yourself?"

"Well...sometimes I wish I could. It would make my hermit's life more complete."

"You've got me!"

"Yes, my trusty right hand..."

"Very funny! What the hell are you going to say to Rick?"

"I'm going to say, Rick, go f--- No. Ha-ha. Seriously, I'm publishing "A Primer For Heads" because it is the straight goods about drugs and I believe the material is extremely valuable to anyone who is a writer, or intends to be a writer, and this applies to sf writers, too, since there is something called psychedelic s-f, and an understanding of psychedelic drugs is vital and almost mandatory since any number of s-f novels

can and will be written in which these drugs influence future societies and individuals."

"You got lost in that sentence, didn't you?"

"A little bit. But you know what I mean. And if there are any fans who are thinking of trying pot or LSD, reading Evers will be a benefit, if only to wipe out any romantic illusions and stories they've heard. It should be remembered, however, that Earl is "pro-drug". His attitude comes out in little ways, and is natural, but it doesn't interfere with his objectivity and truthfulness."

"Your eyes are still alive. You have more to say."

"Cynic! Pseudo-psychiatrist! Yes, I think "A Primer For Heads" is highly relevant to fandom today, and more so to s-f prodom today. For instance, I wrote a book called SEX TURNED ON and sent a copy to Earl for his opinion. He properly chewed me out for writing about LSD badly, out of partial ignorance. Then he sent me his "Heads" article. Since reading it I have written another book in which I describe an acid trip, and this time, as a result of utilizing what I learned from Evers' article, I did a 300% better job of it."

"You sound like a testimonial!"

"All I'm saying is that Evers' article gives information I've never seen in newspaper or magazine articles, or even books."

"Alright, you've made your point. But I wouldn't touch LSD on a bet."

"I'd like to try it once, under the right conditions, provided it was legal again. Same with pot. Out of curiosity and for the experience."

"Uhhuh. So I suppose... What is the first installment of his article about?"

"Pot...grass..."

"I suppose that makes this issue of PSY the hash-ish."

"AAAAARRRRRGCH! You had to, didn't you?"

"Carefull---get back on your stool! Watch it--- Oh, fine! My dirty drawings fell down into the grating. If the monster sees them..."

"He's asleep. You---"

"URRRRRRR...."

"He's awake!"

"OOOOO..."

"Get the trunk gun!"

"WANT...WOMAN..."

"Here, you shoot. I'm a lousy shot."

"WANT...GIRL..."

"He keeps moving around down there..."

BY NORMAN SPINRAD

In SCIENCE FICTION TIMES and later in a Nycon debate with Fred Pohl, I tried with might and main to turn fandom onto why and how science fiction is destroying and castrating its best writers and lo! my lament fell upon willfully deaf ears. So, once more into the breach:

This time around, I will concentrate on fear and censorship, a gristly enough tale for the nonce. Jeez folks, if I am not the sf writer who has suffered most from the taboos and tired blood in the editorial and publishing end of the field, then those other guys must be ready for the funny farm.

Item: Neutral Ground, a story of mine that appeared in the November 1966 F&SF. What is coming to be called "psychedelic sf", of which I have been told Phil Dick and myself (with emphasis on Dick) have been the earliest proponents. This story was bought by the same editor at the same magazine who a year earlier had rejected it on the grounds that "we don't do psychedelic stories." What clearer indication that a specific taboo once existed could be possible? The fact that this particular taboo has now been eliminated at least at one magazine is one for the side of the angels.

Item: THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE, a novel of mine published by Doubleday in March 1967 which sunk into oblivion in record time. I will not attempt to defend the quality of the book---it got a good review in SCIENCE FICTION TIMES, a good review on some obscure radio program, an equivocal review in NEW WORLDS, the kind of review writers have wet dreams about in LIBRARY JOURNAL and was nominated for a Nebula.

Now whether this was a good book or a bad book the above should indicate that it was an important enough book to be reviewed in the American prozines, for the purpose of panning, if nothing else. Hell, virtually all hardcover sf novels get reviewed in the prozines. But THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE was studiously ignored.

Why? The novel was a treatment of a conventional sf theme: guerilla warfare. But the treatment was not conventional; the book was written out of a deep concern with Viet Nam and unlike



T O T E M AND TABOO

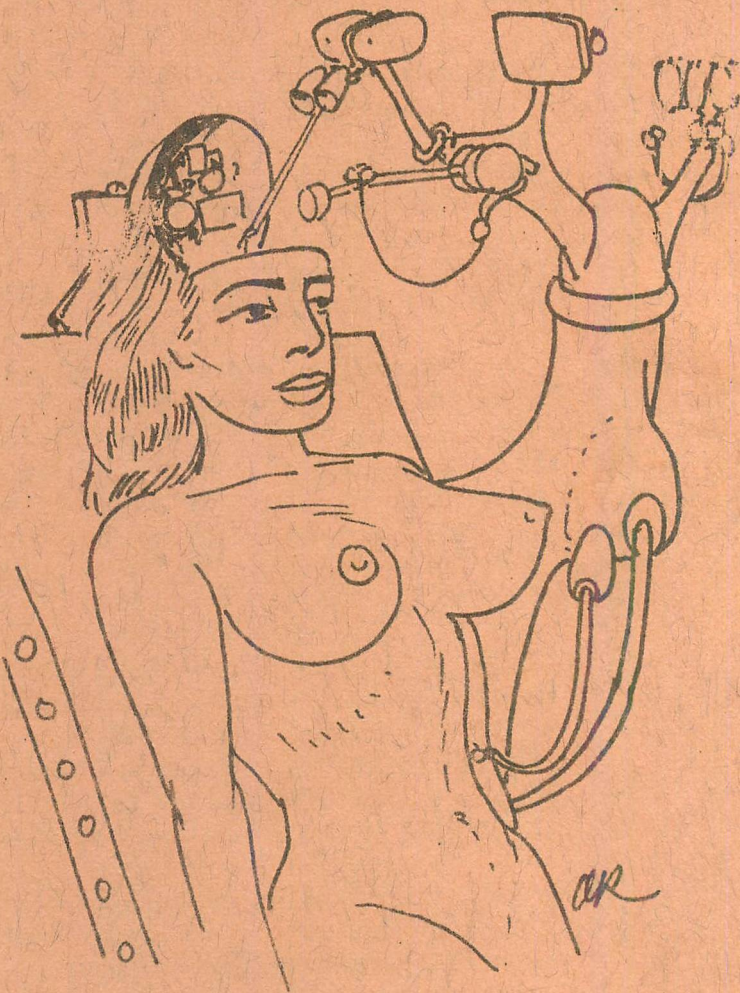
most sf novels about wars (and wow, think how many sf novels are about war!) JUNGLE did not treat the killing of human beings as fun and games. It was an attempt to render the reality of war, and the reality of war is bloody, gory and disgusting. War, as one of the characters says, is nothing but a series of individual murders. So the book was put down (or ignored which is the same thing) as gory, violent, and disgusting. Many, many sf novels exploit war-as-fun-and-games (after all, only BEMs, or at worst gooks are dying) so a book that tells it like it is is a danger to those who pander to the pornography of death, which includes all too many sf writers. Immoral (war as fun and games) sf novels are safe; a moral book about war must be gory, violent and disgusting and must be quickly swept under the rug. Even panning such a book would call attention to its existence, so that too must be avoided. Also, the book treated the relationship of love, sex and the power-urge and depicted an act of felatio as an act of love. I realize that such a statement about one's work is an invitation to be stomped upon by the people I am calling out and I welcome attacks on MEN IN THE JUNGLE from all quarters. Let the people who have ignored it on the pretense that it was too lousey a book to review prove that this is their real reason for not reviewing it by panning the hell out of it. Silence on the subject is only an admission of fear.

Item: BUG JACK BARRON, my latest novel, done under contract to Doubleday and rejected on completion with cries of horror. So far, the only publishers with balls to touch it have been NEW WORLDS, now serializing it uncut and uncensored (Praise be to Mike Moorcock!) in England and Panther Books, a British paperback house ready to publish a paperback edition as soon as a hardcover edition (which Panther feels the book must have) comes out.

American publishers have avoided it like the plague so far (though admittedly I have been trying only top houses). Yet at the last Milford SF Writers Conference, 20 or so sf writers considered it the most important sf novel in years.

BARRON deals with virtually all the agonies of present and near-future American society---black power, the hippy movement, show biz in politics, race, television as a political force, image vs. reality, etc.---and makes no compromises either in content or style. To those with that bent of mind, I admit it can be considered a very, very dirty book. And this book, like JUNGLE but more so, is something the conventional sf publishing establishment will not touch with the proverbial ten-foot pole.

But this is not a discussion of my work. I use these two novels and the short



story as concrete illustrations of the basic taboo in science fiction, the most debilitating, pernicious and intellectually castrating taboo possible: a taboo against any work that treats a basic existential and/or morally ambiguous issue with relevance to current realities in an uncompromising, up-front and realistic manner.

The science fiction writer who wants success, acclaim and egoboo from within the sf field had better not write anything dangerous.

And I am not being paranoid. It is reasonably well-known in pro circles that I have defended the editor at Doubleday who rejected BUG JACK BARRON from writers (and to writers) who have read the book and thought he was crazy. Because the fault is not with any particular editor, or editors in general, or even publishers but with those nebulous circles who make the marketing decisions and have defined science fiction in terms of what kind of "package" can be sold and how and to whom.

Back to MEN IN THE JUNGLE as a horrible example. Doubleday, the only hardcover house with a regular sf line, spends next to nothing publicizing its science fiction titles. By granting only modest advances, selling book club rights to its own Science Fiction Book Club (an article in itself), taking half the paperback money and spending nothing on publicity, Doubleday can make a profit on a hardcover sf novel that sells around 3000 copies---but things being what they are, this means that the majority of sales must be to libraries.

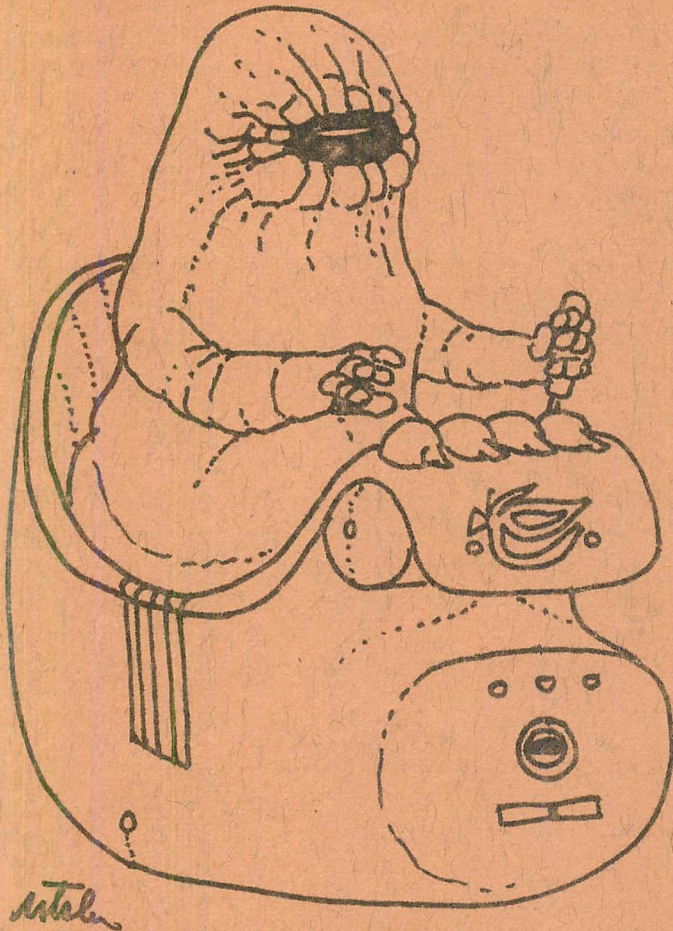
So, for openers, hardcover sf is pre-censored by the attitudes of librarians. THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE could not have gotten a better review in Library Journal (the Bible of librarians) if I had written it myself---yet its library sales record was disastrous. Why?

Because in many libraries all sf is stuck in the juvenile department, both on the shelves and in the minds of the librarians. Adult treatment of war and sex and love in the juvenile department? Forget it, say the sweet little old ladies, no matter what Library Journal says!

This, in the eyes of everyone concerned except the actual readers---librarians, publishing executives, book salesmen---hardcover sf is treated as juvenile fiction. Any science fiction that these people feel is unfit for the Tender Minds of the Young (who of course are ten times hipper than their elders dare imagine) will not see hardcovers or will be predoomed to financial disaster. Because the young must not be exposed to anything dangerous---meaning anything that will really set them thinking on independent paths, consciousness expanding, psychedelic, in the original sense. And no art form is as consciousness expanding as all-out, tell-it-like-it-is science fiction.

This same psychology operates in the sf magazine field. Fred Pohl, the dominant figure in the prozine field said it up front in a letter to Harlan Ellison explaining why he was deleting the phrases "douche bag" and "built in the privates like an ape" from Harlan's story I Have No Mouth And I Must Scream, which first appeared in IF. Fred said (I paraphrase, but I paraphrase accurately) that the mothers of the adolescents who read his mags would be horrified to discover such language in their children's reading-matter and would forbid the little darlings to bring IF or GALAXY into the house. Thus, the leading magazine editor has openly admitted that his magazines are not only slanted for what he imagines to be adolescent tastes, but worse, are censored to conform to what he imagines to be the standards that parents apply to their children's reading matter.

Paperback books? I was once told by the publisher of my first novel, THE SOLARIANS, that the book was fine, nothing should be changed---only it had to be 10,000 words longer and the name of the hero (the story takes place in the far future and the



hero has never even seen Earth) had to be changed from Jan Palacci to something more "All-American" (direct quote). I manfully resisted the impulse to send them a long list of great football players with Polish names and let them pick their own "All-American".

In the paperback sf field, the package is all important. Paperback houses will take a novel that has sold badly and change the title and cover illustration (or sometimes only the illustration) and reissue the thing in a "new package". Sturgeon's *SOME OF YOUR BLOOD*, strictly a mainstream novel with no sf, fantasy or mystery elements, has been published in two different editions: in a science fiction "package" and a mystery "package", though both packages are essentially lies.

What I am saying, friends (if I have any left by now) is that in the eyes of the majority of publishers, editors and hucksters in the field, science fiction is something to be written for children. No...it's

worse than that: science fiction is something to be written to satisfy what so-called adults imagine to be the tastes of children.

What does this do to writers? Those who can cut it in that big world out there ---like Bradbury and Vonnegut---leave while still in possession of the contents of their scrotums. Others are sufficiently anesthetized by the novocaine of in-group egoboo that they submit to the castrator's knife. There are those who remain men and remain within the field and so the best they can within the limitations and suffer nothing worse than broken hearts.

So why am I writing a thing like this in a fanzine of all places? Good friends have told me that I'm a masochistic madman, that I'm alienating myself from the Powers That Be, slitting my own throat, destroying my livelihood and career. Good friends who don't read sf ask me why I continue to write that crap.

I'm a writer. Good or bad, I consider myself an artist and I don't blush at the word. An artist's dedication, if he is to be something more than a whore, must be to the truth as he sees it. Period. Nothing less. Speaking the truth is not always easy, painless, or self-serving. It is merely necessary.

And I am not alone, though I like to flatter myself that that fact is irrelevant. I continue to write science fiction because I consider it the only valid art-form for dealing with the ethos, issues, yes the soul of a civilization whose only constant is change. Our civilization needs adult science fiction. Leaving the field is a cop-out on that need. Staying within the field but remaining silent is also a cop-out. A writer, a man, who has copped-out is a cipher.

And perhaps the answer, my friends, is blowing in the wind. We have a Mike Moorcock who has poured his heart and energies and money into NEW WORLDS and shown us what an adult science fiction magazine can be. We have Harlan Ellison and DANGEROUS VISIONS, another total commitment to total writing within the sf field. We have a spirit that was kindled at the 1967 Milford Conference that must not be allowed to die.

Sad to say, we have little else but silence.

So maybe this is aimed more at the pros than the fans---though perhaps it is time the fans got bugged at being treated as children---someone, perhaps one of the least of you in terms of present stature, someone with something to lose, has stood up and said aloud what the best of us have always known but perhaps only faced in the morning chill of the shaving mirror: we have been less than we were meant to be.

Who among you would accept that as an epitaph?

The subscription address of NEW WORLDS is 11 Goodge St., London W.1, Eng.
\$7.00 per year.
GET IT!

My stomach is an animal
That's used to being fed.
It prowls around inside of me
And rumbles at my head.

My head's a bitter, bloated bird
That's perched upon my shoulder.
It peers about with beady eyes
And keeps on growing older.

---Rick Norwood



DELUSIONS

DELUSIONS

DUNE By Frank Herbert----Ace Book N-3, 95¢. Available from Ace Books, Inc., 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. 95¢ plus 5¢ handling fee.

It seems that articulate readers of DUNE fall into two broad categories; those who hate it, couldn't finish it, consider it boring...and those who liked it, but---

Considering this, I wonder how it managed to win the Hugo and Nebula awards in its year.

Yes, the book has faults. It is flawed. But flawed as a diamond can be, and still be magnificent and valuable. DUNE is science fiction of the highest order.

Ted White (see his comments in the letter section) feels the book is overly portentous in the beginning and does not like the long interior monologs. Others have different complaints.

I didn't like the many "visions" of the future by Paul Maud'Dib which seemed to help him not a bit because certain highly critical periods in the future were "hidden". His godhood seemed to require this psi power, but it couldn't be allowed to kill suspense or make victory too easy for him.

Of course the basic theme of DUNE is paranoia; the persecuted, hounded superman eventually triumphs over everyone and everything. He becomes a god in his own time.

I say this not as a put-down. Some of the finest science fiction is in this bag and it will continue to be written as long as science fiction exists. The superman is a major element in science fiction, and while it may occasionally go into a decline as other themes come into greater popularity it will always be with us and always provide writers with the raw material for excellent stories and books.

I enjoyed DUNE very much, from the beginning to the end, and was sorry it ended, an emotion I don't often feel, since I rarely find books this good.

DUNE is powerful, convincing, and because of its depth and length, leaves an enduring memory. The book can absorb a reader if he is in tune with it---if the theme and treatment pushes his buttons and rings them bells.

As a writer whose longest book has been 62,000 words the size of DUNE and the organization and preparation that must have gone into it simply staggers me. As I read it I was aware of the vast amount of detail Herbert had to have in his mind. He must have had to immerse himself in the book so totally in order to write it, in order to keep things straight, that I'm mildly astonished he managed to stay married.

DUNE is a tremendous job very well done.

I wish those who put it down would try to complete as vast and difficult a book themselves and do as good a job. They would then have a better idea of how fine the book is and how good a writer is Herbert.

Writing a big book requires more than stringing out extra sentences and padding plot for a quarter million words. On the level of a book of DUNE's size and complexity it becomes a matter of LIVING the book for months and months and months, day and night. Everything else must be submerged,

BOOK
REVIEWS
BY THE
EDITOR

ignored, and put aside.

I think DUNE will stand for a long, long time. Generations of fans, and non-fans who discover it in libraries, will read and enjoy it. And I'm sure Frank Herbert will earn a lot of money down through the years in royalties. He deserves every cent.

THE SEED By Dan Thomas----Ballantine, U6115, 75¢. Available from Dept. CS, Ballantine Books, 101 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10003. 75¢ plus 5¢ a copy postage.

But, Miss Ballantine, ma'am, it ain't science fiction! Well, there are a couple pages at the end of the book that qualify, barely, but until then it is a stodgily written excursion into the byways of present-day psi and psychic.

Aaron Penfold wanted the ultimate answer---the reason for man's existence. Penfold was a distorted genius. He began foeding all of man's knowledge and experience into a huge bank of government computers, encountered obstruction from his superiors, had trouble with his wife, was sent on "vacation", resorted to crime...and consorted with all kinds of weird fringe types to gain his data, his patterns of repetition...

At last he had the last bit of information, he broke into the computer building at the beginning of a long weekend and used the machines non-stop.

He got his answer. And was found in a state of total withdrawal. Catatonic, I presume.

Dan Thomas has strung out a short story idea to novel length and done it badly. It wasn't worth the effort. The ultimate answer? It's given. It's in those last few pages I mentioned at the beginning of this review. But it isn't worth reading the book through to get.

THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION By Samuel R. Delany----Ace Book F-427, 40¢. Available from Ace Books, Inc., (Dept. MM) 1120 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY. 10036. 40¢ plus 5¢ handling fee.

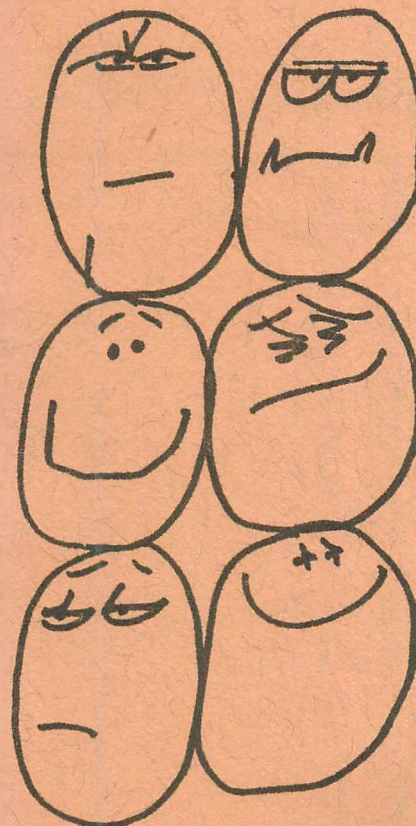
Samuel Delany has written a fine book. THE EINSTEIN INTERSECTION seems too "scientific" a title for a book of poetic science fiction, but it doesn't matter.

Lo Lobey and his friends are genuinely "different", and their differentness is shown to the reader in beautifully described scenes and bits of business.

I would have liked to have learned more about the social structure and past history of this future world of mutants. Mutants seems too harsh a word for Lobey, Dove, Friza, Green-eye...even Kid Death. But if Delany had paused to detail his creation it might have distorted the book's structure and pace.

This is a poetic book. Fragile, in a way, and demanding of the reader because it is deliberately obscure. It is a recounting of the Orpheus myth, and more, and perhaps less. Can a copy be as good as the original? It is more, because the alien-ness of the future and the people are a bonus that sustains the book and gives it vitality.

One complaint: the quotes from Isadore Ducasse, Genet, de Sade, Samuel Greenburg, etc. and from the author's journal used as chapter headings give off a faint aroma of "artiness" and affectation.



STUFF &

At the Fanoclast New Year's party, rich brown and I were discussing which old-time fanzines could make a similar come-back right now; rich felt that QUANDRY, PEON, and CONFUSION could easily do it. We got onto the subject because of my remarks that a fair part of Sixth Fandom seems to be reawakening: PSY has been revived, Shelly Vick has returned to the fold, Lee Hoffman has been more active than usual, and there are lots of early-fifties fans still around, such as Tucker, Grennell, Bloch, etc. (I forgot to add ODD to the fanzines revived; Fisher gaffed during Sixth Fandom too, and now he is publishing a leading fanzine.) Here's hoping a few more old-time fans are flushed from the fields of gafia.

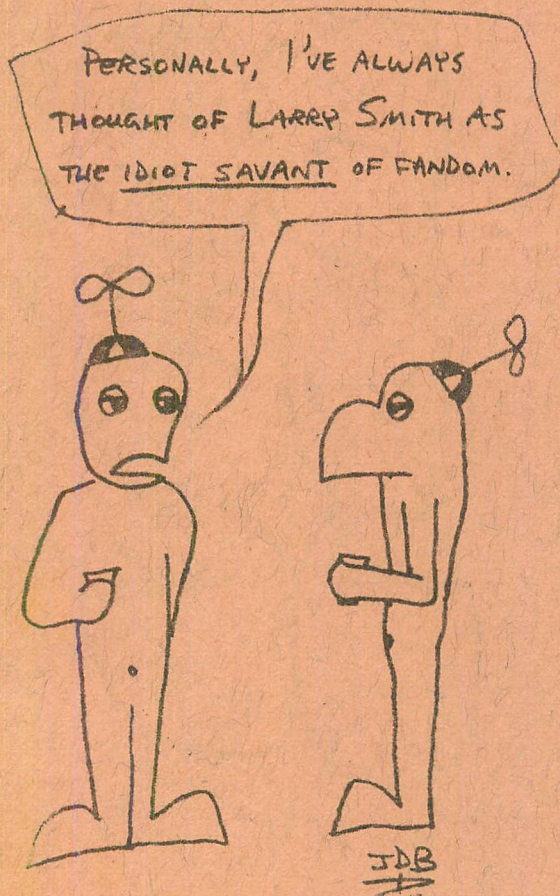
When I see something like a list, in Rick Norwood's SFPazine, CLIFFHANGERS AND OTHERS, of his preferences for the worldcon sites for the next seven years, I begin to wonder. What is all the hoopla about? Why is it that all of a sudden discussions of con bidders are occupying a bigger percentage of the fan press than any other subject except possibly *science fiction*?

It seems somewhat unfortunate to me. I would much rather see some fine fannish banter or humor or personal essays than a fanzine filled from colophon to bacover check-marks with very serious exhortations on the preparations of some group for bidding for the worldcon sometime next decade. There was one ten-year-long bidding campaign---that of "Southgate in '58"---which was an amusing and easy-going feature of

fandom in the mid-fifties, and which resulted in the highly-acclaimed Solacon, but I don't think this is the signal to plot and plan every worldcon bid far in advance. A little preparation is a wonderful thing; I certainly feel that a good time to begin seriously campaigning is a year before the voting. Too much preparation, though, has a tendency to end up with everyone prematurely up-tight about the convention.

It occurred to me recently that there might be a reason for the seriousness in today's fandom that no one has really thought about. The plaintive cry is often heard that fandom in the late fifties was lighter, more fun, and all-around better than it is today, and that the tone of fandom became more solemn and concerned around 1962 (or with the death of VOID, or the beginnings of the Boondoggle---choose your own).

I would say that a quick skim through the fanzines of the period bears this out, and it is this lighter, more faanish quality that isolated fans have been trying to restore sporadically for the past few years: Bob Lichtman with



FANAC

JOHN D. BERRY

FRAP, Arnie Katz and Len Bailes with QUIP, Ted White and Les Gerber with MINAC, etc., including more recently myself with FOOLSCAP (and I'm still trying!).

But why should fandom not be as fun, as enthusiastic, as fannish today?

In looking over old fanzines, I've noticed one interesting consistency. Look at the ages of the fans who have sparked great gobs of crifanac in the past. Look at Joel Nydahl, the Boy Wonder who published his first issue of VEGA, turned it into the focal point of Sixth Fandom after QUANDRY folded, and gafiated totally, all in the space of a year. Look at Terry Carr and Ron Ellick, enterprising college students, who dominated fandom in 1958 with the weekly FANAC. (Only a young, fannish college student would be crazy enough to publish a weekly fanzine. It is a temptation that I haven't succumbed to yet, even though I fit into that category.) Look at the old SHAGGY & LASFS crew, Bjo, Ted Johnstone, Djinn Faine, Steve Tolliver, Fred Patten, etc. And I can think of a story by John Koning in SCIENCE FICTION FIVE-YEARLY #3 (1961), which I want to reprint in Fool sometime soon, in which he felt it quite natural to write about a young fan producing a focal-point fanzine, attracting all of active fandom about him, and then gafiating a couple of years later when he entered college.

All right, so a lot of the *fabulous fans* we look back on were damn young. So what? So look at who the fannish fans we look to today are. Terry Carr, Ted White, Bjo, Bob Lichtman, Andy Main, Calvin Demon, Bill Donaho, Boyd Raeburn, and so on. These are the same people who were doing fabulous fannish things ten years ago and publishing fabulous fannish fanzines to tell about them. But now they are ten years older.

A lot of the kids have grown up, and in so doing they have lost the fannish enthusiasm that made fandom a wonderful place. That's not to say that they have lost interest; as I said, they are still the fannish BNFs we look to today. But they don't have the consistently enthusiastic approach that a young, energetic fan has. (Okay, you can take off your Clever Plastic Disguises and let your long grey beards down now, bhoys.) Take Terry Carr as a fine example. LIGHTHOUSE is today one of the three best fanzines being



published, but have you ever seen an early issue of INNUENDO? I have. The first Inns were messy, but utterly enthusiastic---neofannish, for that matter. But in a few issues it developed into the Legendary Innuendo, fannish fanzine par excellence. I certainly feel that Lths is a far better fanzine than all but possibly the last few Innuedos, but no one can claim it has the air that made Inn so fabulous at the time. Then after he folded Inn, Terry combined it with another prime example: VOID. Terry, Ted White, Pete Graham, Greg Benford---all of them were co-editors of Void. Many of them are producing memorable material now, but how many of them are fannish sparkplugs? How many are turning out the faaanish stuff that I've been talking about for five paragraphs?

If these are the fannish fans of today, who is producing the fannishness?

The answer, of course, is damn few. Admittedly, Arnie Katz and Len Bailes---with Lon Atkins and Cindy Van Arnam later joining them---made a Gallant Effort, but Quip has only managed to capture a small segment of the fannish audience, and it is surprising how many young fans get a copy of Q, read it, don't understand it, and never send for another issue.

I'd like to see more fannishness in fandom. I have been fascinated with the concept of fandom and fanzines ever since I first came into contact with them, and when I read lots of old fanzines from Sixth or Seventh Fandoms, I enjoy the fannish spirit and the sense of history that they generate. Then I look around me and try to pick out a few faaanish fanzines---hell, I try to pick out a good number of fanzine fans in the first place---and my list is woefully short. So where is the fannish renaissance going to come from? Who is going to lead a fannish change, who will publish the fanzines, who will inject the enthusiasm in fandom for the sake and fun of fandom? ((YOU WILL, JOHN! YAY! Oh, sorry...))

The young fans. The college and high school students. Not neo-fans, although it doesn't take years to make the step from neofan to actifan. And it won't be the fans who have no writing talent and can't publish a decent fanzine, but who think that because they are young have a mandate to Lead All Fandom. It will be the young fans who have talent, who read the old fanzines and the better new ones, and who set out to produce the kind of fanzines that exemplify the qualities they've seen. I'm looking for a renaissance of fannishness within the next three years; I hope I'm not disappointed.

What I mean by what I'm saying is not that the fans who have been in fandom for more than, say, four years are decrepit and hopelessly feeble in their attempts to remain in actifandom. The vast number of exceptions to my list of young-fans who have been the outstanding fans of their time certainly shows that not just young fandom can perpetrate fandom. There is a lot of experience and sheer quality that a high school student simply cannot deliver in his fanac, no matter how talented he is. BNFs can be made by long years of steadily-improving fanac, as well as by overnight bursts of fannish vigor followed by rapid gafiations. A fandom made up of no one but fans of student age, who were barely in swaddling clothes while the famous party was going on in 770 at the Nolacon, would be terribly boring. We do need, however, more talented, interested young fans to brighten fandom's slightly tarnished shield.



DANGEROUS VISIONS

For openers let me state that this is not a review of DANGEROUS VISIONS--- having a story in the book and having been fairly deeply involved in its lengthy gestation it would be impossible for me to write an objective review and of the other kind we have had a surfeit-- nor is it a direct reply to Earl Evers or Judy Merrill or any other reviewer.

Rather I will attempt (subjectively I admit) to place the book, its conceptualization, the response of reviewers and readers to the book and the response of the writers in the book to Harlan's conceptualization into some kind of literary and even social perspective.

First of all, just what is a "Dangerous Vision"? A vision, in literary context, is an insight into the nature of some aspect of reality. A "visionary" story is a story that stems not from mere craftsmanlike manipulation of a plot skeleton or the "what if...?" game but from a flash of insight (or flashes of insight) from the core of the writer's being at the level where artistic inspiration and mystical experience merge and interact. A visionary story is a story that the writer feels internally compelled to write. All great literature is visionary (though not all visionary literature is great). So a request by an editor for visionary stories is nothing less than a demand for an attempt at greatness---a test not merely of the writer's skill but of what he is.

This is what Harlan was trying for (I was dere, Charlie): a collection of 33 great stories, visionary breakthroughs by thirty-two writers, a book that would show The Great World Out There that sf writers were capable of producing work that would be judged successful and visionary (hence great) by absolute standards.

This was the most ambitious task any editor in the sf field had ever set himself---so ambitious as to be impossible and foredoomed to be at best a magnificent failure.

And that is what DANGEROUS VISIONS is, by the standards Harlan Ellison set for the book---a truly magnificent failure. Which is not to say that the book is not the single best collection of science fiction stories ever compiled---that it is indeed. But it does not contain thirty-three great stories.

For the book to have contained thirty-three great stories, there would have to

A PERSPECTIVE

BY

NORMAN SPINRAD



be thirty-two great sf writers. There have never been thirty-two great sf writers alive at the same time in human history. Are there ten great writers in the world today? Perhaps. How many of them are writing sf? Two? Three? Four?

Ah, you say, but is it not possible for the less-than-great writer to be possessed by occasional flashes of greatness, to snatch sporadic marvels from the great unknown beyond the ordinary borders of his talent? Indeed! And now we come to the great paradox in l'affaire DANGEROUS VISIONS.

Though some might say Harlan Ellison is tinged with madness, few would consider him a total lunatic. Harlan never deluded himself that sf had thirty or more resident great writers---writers whose work is consistently great---but might it not be possible to drive thirty less-than-great writers beyond the bounds of their usual possible, to take thirty writers at the very peak of their form, to extract from these thirty writers the greatest stories they had ever written and put these visions between the same set of covers?

The Ellison method for accomplishing this end involved a carrot and a stick. The carrot was freedom: no taboos, go all the way, call 'em how you sees 'em, this is your chance to wail, baby! the writers were told.

And the stick was the hoopla.

Let's face it, the claims made for DANGEROUS VISIONS were extravagant, impossible, even at times ludicrous. So fierce was the publicity, so bombastic the claims, so total the greatness promised that, on the terms Harlan himself set, fandom would have to consider the book at least a partial failure, no matter how good it was. But there was method in this madness. The promise promulgated before there even was a book set impossible goals for the writers to reach; by striving for the impossible some of the writers might be goaded into achieving the merely highly improbable.

So by the methods he employed to get the best stories he could, Harlan pre-doomed the book to fall short of the standard he had set for it. It is unrealistic to judge any book by that impossible standard---the question is, how many writers were driven beyond the previous bounds of their talent?

By this criteria, the success of DANGEROUS VISIONS is formidable indeed. Who would have suspected that Philip Jose Farmer was capable of the stylistic brilliance of Riders of The Purple Wage? Not even Farmer himself---Riders makes Farmer's "great" story, THE LOVERS, seem painfully primitive by comparison. Would anyone seriously suggest that Joe L. Hensley has ever written anything in the same league with Lord Randy, My Son? How many times has Kris Neville topped From The Government Printing Office? Is not Gonna Roll The Bones Fritz Leiber at the very top of his form? Who was Jonathan Brand before Encounter With A Hick? Or for that matter Norman Spinrad before Carcinoma Angels? (Remember, these stories were two years old before the book was published.) Aye, And Gomorrah...though not the first Delany story ever published, was the first publishable short story Delany ever wrote (that two year lag again) and he has not written a short story in a class with it since. Earl Evers notwithstanding, Dick's Faith Of Our Fathers is truly Dick at the peak of his psychedelic vision---Evers obviously has taken a lot of drugs while learning little or nothing from them (as someone once observed to a disreputable dealer, "It's people like you who give Dope a bad name.").

The point is that DANGEROUS VISIONS drew 8-10 writers to peaks in their careers or broke them through to entirely new levels of writing. Personally I can state that THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE grew out of a projected story for the book that grew into a novel and that what I tasted in Carcinoma Angels led directly to BUG JACK BARRON. Sturgeon produced the first piece of serious work he had done in years.

Another perspective: DANGEROUS VISIONS contained approximately the wordage of 4 issues of GALAXY and the writers were paid the same 3¢ a word. Compare the book with the four best issues of GALAXY ever put out and you'll get an idea of the magnitude of the achievement. In one book, Ellison elicited the same kind of growth in his writers that Gold did in his years at GALAXY or Boucher at F&SF or Campbell with his ASTOUNDING revolution.



Yes, judged by what the super-hoopla led fandom to expect and the writers to attempt, DANGEROUS VISIONS is a failure. But by any reasonable standards (and reasonableness, after all, is not known to be Harlan's major forte) the book is a howling success.

The other major carp of critics, particularly exemplified by Earl Evers is something like: "Jeez, look what happens when you tell sf writers that the taboos are off, that they should write something dangerous---all you get is a lot of stories about religion, God, drugs and sex!"

Which brings us to the question of just what makes a vision dangerous. Let's approach this question backwards. In terms of literature, it is a truism to say that those areas which a society protects by taboos are those areas which it considers dangerous. A taboo is a prohibition against the open discussion of an aspect of a given society, usually an irrational aspect, which, if exposed to reason may cast doubt on the functionality of the system of mores of the society in question. Tabooed areas are considered either obscene, blasphemous or subversive. I defy any reader to think of a taboo which falls into none of these areas. Obscenity seems to be a peculiarly Judeo-Christian invention. The Christian sexual ethic defines a great many sexual practices (in fact all sexual practices except genital intercourse within marriage) as evil. Unfortunately, these prohibited practices are pleasureable. It is human nature to seek pleasure. Therefore the Christian sexual ethic requires the suppression of natural human desires because "God doesn't like it." Therefore the Christian sexual ethic is threatened by any work of art that suggests these forbidden pleasures are anything but evil, by any work of art that treats them joyously or realistically (since the Christian attitude is anything but realistic) and it brands such art as "obscene".

Blasphemy is self explanatory: any work of art that suggests that the nature of God and the universe is anything but what the religion defining blasphemy says it is falls under this taboo. Subversion is the same thing, but applied to secular matters by the secular power-structure. Examples: atheism is blasphemous, a paen to the joys of oral sex is obscene, extolling the virtues of Communism is subversive---all in terms of our society.

So by definition, dangerous visions are visions which violate one of these three tabooed areas. So when Harlan Ellison asked for stories which were "dangerous" is it any wonder he got a lot of stories about God and sex? Peculiarly enough, there were no really "subversive" stories, probably because in a democratic society the "subversion" taboo is the weakest of the three.

It's really simple, Earl baby. The writers were told they were free to explore areas which were previously tabooed. In our society, the major tabooed areas are God and sex. So many of the writers wrote about God and sex not because they



were obsessed with the subjects but because they had been nursing things they wanted to say about God or sex that they couldn't get into print before there was a DANGEROUS VISIONS.

DANGEROUS VISIONS was admittedly heavily loaded with stories concerning God and sex---because the field as a whole has been heavily loaded against them. If you must bitch, bitch about the taboos in sf as a whole that made such a concentration of God and sex themes in one book necessary.

And, finally, the introductions. One can quarrel with Harlan (and I have) about the good taste of any particular introduction or about whether they add to the book as a whole or whether they detract. But Harlan's motivations (which he discussed with me while they were being written) are beyond reproach. The introductions were harlan's attempt to celebrate as men writers who all too often are faceless names on a magazine cover, to present their human realities to readers who know them only through their stories. They read, to me, like personal letters from one friend to another, rather than literary biographies. Perhaps it is this very intimacy that puts off some people who are accustomed to meeting these writers concealed behind the mask of their work. But if any generalization can be made about the introductions it is that they clearly show that Harlan cares about these people as human beings.

And, as a tv toilet paper commercial once observed: "Love is said in many ways."

--BEST FAN WRITER--

TED WHITE FOR A HUGO!

NEW ADDRESSES

Mike Ward
Box 45
Mountain View, Calif.
94040

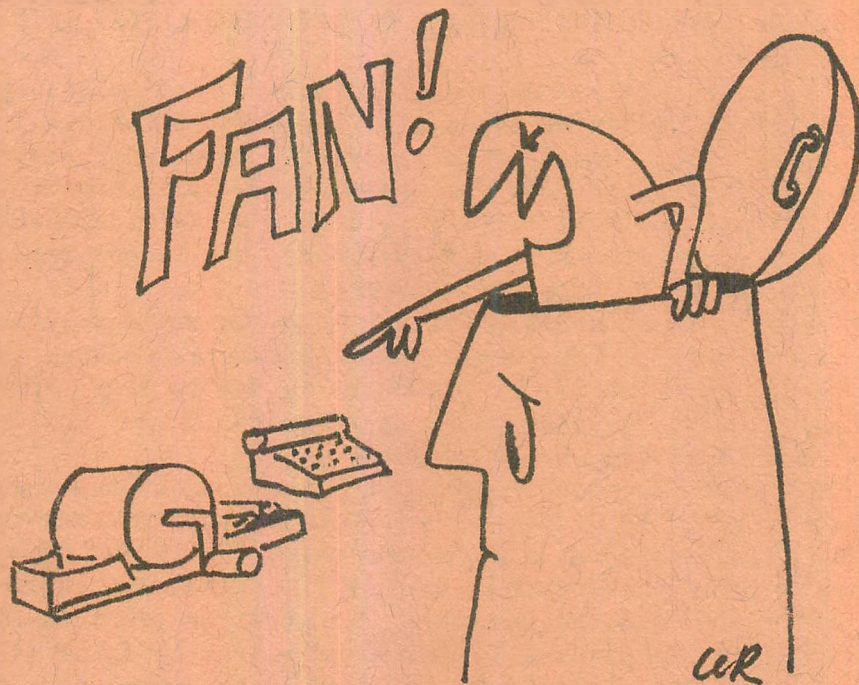
John Kusske
Rte. 2
Hastings, Minn.
55033

Chuck Turnbull
801 Grosse Pointe Court
Grosse Pointe, Mich.
48236

TED WHITE FOR A HUGO!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE A
FAN ACHIEVEMENT AWARD?



THE VIOLENT WARD



Would You Believe Fanzine Reviews?

ODD #18, from Ray Fishor, 4404 Forest Park, St. Louis, Missouri 63108. 75¢ per issue; 4 issues for \$2.00. 126 pages.

This fanzine is many things. It is a love affair with art; it is a love affair with beautiful reproduction; it is a love affair with fandom. It is a magnificent achievement...and it is probably the type of zine that intimidates its readership. It is a monument! A beautiful wrap-around cover by R. Edward Jennings, interior art by probably all the fine fan artists in existence...

Seventy-five cents is actually only a token payment. It must cost that much just for paper and ink for each copy.

I said above that ODD might intimidate its readers. By that I meant it is so big, so long, that a letter of comment at first glance would seem to be an equally long project, to do the zine justice. But actually there is not that much meat on ODD's bones to chew on. There is splendid, wild, luxurious use of space for art and cartoons and poetry... There is, almost lost in the depths of this impeccable zine, a...story? ...by William L. Bowers which I frankly couldn't decode. "Look Dreamward, Begger" was for me flowery, mystic, and above all, purple.

Further on there is a fanzine review column, "The Bludgeon" by Arnie Katz, which discusses at length Terry Carr's LIGHTHOUSE. But only one fanzine is covered, and I wish he had done more. I, as a reader, would gladly give up some of the thirty pages of full pages of remarkable art illustrating four-five-six line poems on facing pages.

There is an interesting article, "America (Ob)Scene and Observed", by Richard Gordon...an intelligent commentary on quite a few things in this country. This was easily the best piece in the whole issue. But it didn't have much competition, did it? There is a letter column, a good one, and that is it for the readers. The viewers, the art-oriented ones have it all their way in ODD.

And that's odd, in a way, to me. I'm not used to zines in which the articles and columns and letters act as changes of pace for the art. Usually it's the opposite.

Is this your intent, Ray? I can't put you down for it; I can only disagree. Because I'm a word man, primarily.

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE #8, Fall 1967. Formerly Fantasy Illustrated. From Bill Spicer, 4878 Granada Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90042. 75¢; 4/\$3.00. A 38 page comic art fanzine.

Oh, yeah? It's more than that, man! Professionally printed, slick paper, four-color covers, 12 interior pages with two-color printing...

GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE is apparently devoted to experimentation in, discussion of and appreciation of past and present.....comic artwork. In this issue George Metzger is featured with his strip-adventure "KaleidaSmith", an episode of a traveling conservator of knowledge in a future where the technology of the past has faded and a new dark age is creeping in upon man.

Metzger is undeniable skilled, but his style puts me off. It is too "scratchy" for my taste, and his drawing is still amateurish enough to bother me. Too, I couldn't see anything experimental or different in the 12 pages of his strip. The story line was simple and the panels seemed unexceptional. But could be I simply am not "with it" or knowledgeable enough to know.

The next 12 pages, in black and white with blue wash, irritate me even more. They tell a story in 96 panels which can be told in less than 96 words. It is titled "At Sea" and shows a man adrift on a raft. He is out of water. A night passes. Another raft drifts close with a man on it. First man attacks second man, they fight, first man wins, the other drowns. The survivor searches the new raft for water. He finds none. He is finally driven by thirst to drink sea water. He goes mad. He falls into the sea...and as he sinks he sees a water tank fastened beneath the raft...

Seventy eight words. Now, I thought pictures were supposed to be worth a thousand words. The Metzger pictures are because of the detail, the action, the expressions on faces. But this sequence; art by Jim Gardner and script, breakdowns and color by Bill Spicer---fails because it spreads action and event to the point of near animation sequences (frame by frame).

Perhaps a noble, well intended experiment. But to me a terrible waste of expensive space.

There is an interesting letter column.

I am left with the feeling that this is too pretentious a magazine. What did it cost to publish? Close to five hundred dollars? I keep wondering why all those pages of comic art couldn't have been put on electronic stencil and run off on a mimeo? There might be a very slight loss of detail, but I cannot think it would make that much difference. Even color could be added. Certainly the savings would permit more frequent publication and more pages of experimental comic artwork. More pages of everything.

Note the quality of the reproduction of Steve Stiles page across the way.... (Said he hopefully, not yet having run it off.)

OS #1, from Carol M. Peters, Apt. 304, 5 Westminster Ave., Venice, Calif. 90291. 10¢ or 6/50¢. This little zine is run off on a postcard mimeo. Carol is a self-admitted neo-fem who has caught the fannish bug through contact with me. I can hear her in the apartment above me, typing a stencil... I'm lucky she's not down here in 204 breathing over my shoulder as I review her little love-offering.

OS is small, quickly read and easy to forget. I have a few fanzine reviews in it. There are short book reviews, short editorials... On a four by six page things have to be short! OS, by the way, is the medical name for mouth. Very apt. Carol is studying to be a nurse. She is working on OS #2 now and informed me the other day that she runs off OS's pages in the nude so as to not get ink on her clothes. She added that during her last "run" she somehow managed to get ink on one of her nipples. Naturally I volunteered to help her during production hours...

MUSTANG REVIEW #2, from Karl Edd, 212 South Broadway, Denver, Colorado 80209. No price listed. A poetry magazine. It is illuminated by two little gems from Fred Red Cloud. One is: TO MY FRIEND, THE WHITE MAN and POWER OF PRAYER

---You were an expensive friend.

I wrote a prayer/"SAVE ME,"/and tied it to a tree. A storm came/The tree was saved/but not me.

Steve Miller

WE TRAVEL
BILLIONS OF LIGHT
YEARS TO GIVE
THE EARTHLINGS
THE BENEFITS OF
OUR ART, SCIENCE,
AND MEDICINE...

...to Find
THIS: Bigotry
AGAINST OTHER
PLANET-RACES,
AS TOWARDS
THE ONE THEY
CALL THE VULCAN!

REVERSE COURSE,
GENTLEMEN--
WE'RE GOING
HOME!

Oh, you
VULCANS
AND YOUR
LOGIC!!

-- LOOK, I'M
THE CAPTAIN
OF THIS STAR-
SHIP, AND IF
I WANT TO
PLAY WITH MY
TEDDY BEAR
ON THE
BRIDGE....

WITH APOLOGIES
TO: BOB BLOCH,
HARLAN ELLISON
and BJO (AND
OTHERS)

SECTION EIGHT



Robert Bloch
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Los Angeles, Calif.
90046

I read and enjoyed PSYCHOTIC #23, but wonder if the magazine might be more aptly titled BROOKS BROS.--because it sure is promoting a lot of \$200 suits.

Here's Arnie Katz, katzigating Jim Harmon for putting down Harlan Ellison... Ellison uttering kyries about Frank Herbert, Campbell, and Analog ...Alva Rogers taking off on Bjo, who takes off on Bill Donaho who takes off on Bjo... Ted Johnstone having at Harlan... Bill Conner blasting Ted White... Earl Evers wading into Dangerous Visions... and a smattering of "critical comment" than manages to denigrate certain aspects of Phil Dick, Theodore Sturgeon, Lee Hoffman, Robert Heinlein, Phil Farmer, van Vogt, Shatner, et al. Nobody escapes getting cut up -- not even Jack the Ripper.

I'm afraid that PSYCHOTIC will never be mistaken for sf fandom's answer to the love-in.

However (as Harry Warner, Jr. likes us to say) I find it all highly entertaining as well as highly incendiary. More important, in case no one has noticed, PSYCHOTIC is one of the few sf fanzines which sees fit to devote itself to sf and fandom. I can only wish that more 'zines would follow suit -- \$200 or otherwise!

John Trimble
118 No. Gramercy Pl.
Los Angeles, Cal.
90004

PSY #23 arrived today, and that cover immediately cracked everyone up.

STAR TREK, contrary to words in the Hollywood Reporter has not, as of this date, been cancelled. Neither has it, contrary to TV Guide, been picked up for next season.

((There was an article in the tv section of the L.A. Times this morning, Feb. 21, 1968, that said STAR TREK has been renewed for next year and is slated for the 7:30 PM Monday slot...provided sponsors can be lined up for the show.))

Why the hell can't Harlan Ellison accept the fact that there are a number of variations of sf, and learn to live with it. 'Fghod's sake, just because there have been a few brilliant, important novels with western settings, doesn't mean that the

plain ol' shoot-em-up Western is done in; there are still fans around who enjoy that sort of thing. They're after relaxation, or escape, or the evoking of old and fond memories, or any number of other things. The lovers of the gadget story in sf, or of the interplanetary romance, or any number of the other variants of the field shouldn't be denied their pleasures simply because Harlan and his "school" (or its schisma: bed-fellow, the "Milford" school) finds such stories un-pleasurable to them/him.

I agree that this '68 Bidding Controversy thing should be laid to rest; we're getting to the point where the whole thing is becoming a name-calling exercise. The fact that the BayCon people bled before being stuck ("How We Won" appeared before any of the Pan-Pacificcon people had had a chance to recover from the con and say anything. We did make a number of statements immediately after our loss at NyCon, but we also warned anyone who was listening that we were under a helluva stress, and to kindly understand this in any statements we made; I defy anyone to be tippy-top, psychologically, or full of goodness-and-light after the sort of psychological let-down we had, coming on top of the bone-tiredness we'd all experienced) is still factual.

I'd like to correct one more point on the matter, and that'll be it--hopefully. Both Donaho and Rogers state in letters in PSY #23 that we were sent "How We Won" in "the first mail out." This is absolutely false; we'd heard about it from people in L.A., the mid-West, and the East, not alone other Bay Area fans, before we mentioned it to Alva, and he (apparently) had Bill send us one. I can assure you that we did not receive any copy of it with a letter from Donaho, as he states. Of course, it's ---again---our word against theirs, and all a matter of who you want to believe, which is really the basic reason why further discussion of the matter (at least here in PSY-CHOTIC) would not profit anyone.

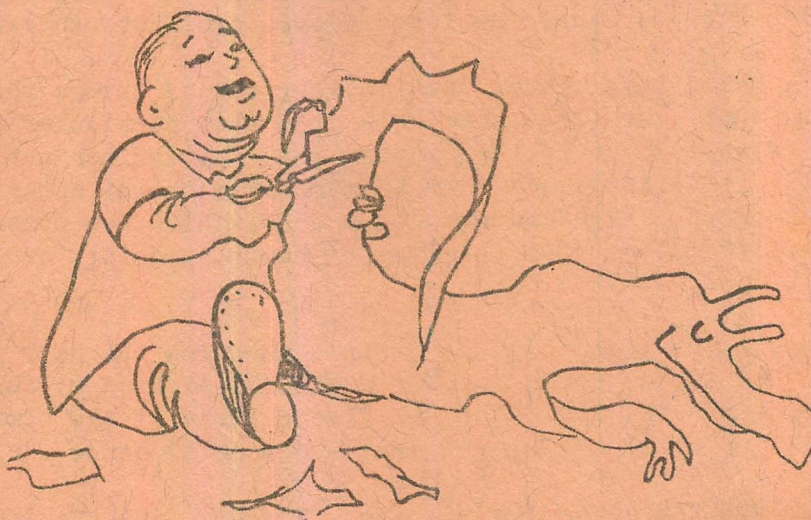
Bjo Trimble
(same address
as above)

John makes the point that we were not sent, as claimed, a copy of "How We Won" but he doesn't say that until I'd phoned Alva several times, we never saw a real copy (one of the other Bay area fans Xeroxed a copy for us, however). And since Alva is well aware of this, I say that this claim is an outright lie.

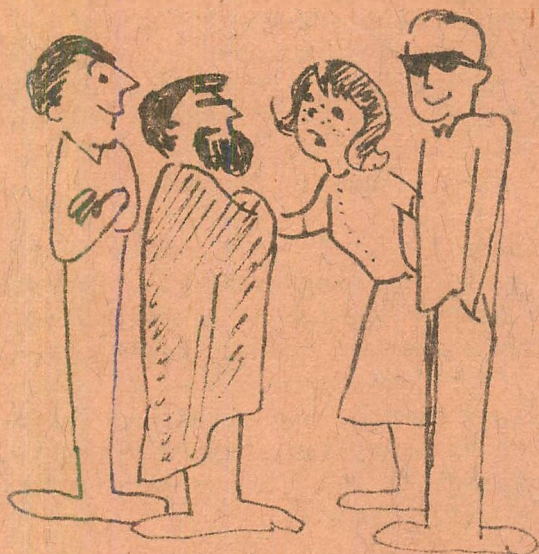
The true story of our dropping FAPA is that we were deadwood. It was easy to hand Evans our resignation, right there, at a convention where everything was a drag, anyway, and we were depressed.

We don't regret the move. However, I was distinctly heard to say that I wasn't going to go to the FAPA meeting at NyCon, because I didn't trust myself to be in the same room with Tucker. That is true. Tucker himself chose (in a fanzine he naturally didn't send to us, though we were mentioned; a trick I find interesting and in common use among that type of person it seems) to make quite a deal out of this. I say it's guilty conscience talking; he would have a much different explanation, I'm sure.

Well, I'm reading PSY, now,



"I'm going to have a paper dragon I can call my own..."



"Okay, Bruce, once more; Dannie is Secret Master of Columbus and Points East, you are Secret Master of LASFS and the Universe, Chuck Crayne is Secret Master of you, and I am Secret Master of everybody, plus Forry Ackerman's book collection. Got that?"

that Ben Stark needed the extra room. I said why couldn't Ben use one of the other rooms, almost as large, but not with as nice lighting? The thing went round and round with several phone calls, and Ben ended up (inexplicably, since they had other rooms) off down some hall or something, and bitched the whole time about how the art show had shoved him out of "his" room.

I'd had this problem first at Westercon at Burlingame, when I'd been promised a nice, large room (which I'd not seen) and then Ben decided he needed it for his sales, instead. Alva was all ready to placate me (I have witnesses to this) when he showed the smaller room to me, but after seeing the horrid dim lighting in the room Ben usurped, and the much better lighting in the smaller room, I decided that being crowded was a better deal; at least people could see the art.

I point this out as just another set of things that is Alva's word against mine; this is not the first time he's told this particular lie, nor do I see how it profits him, except to build the fantasy that Bjo and her art show are impossible to deal with. I'd like to see some testimonials on the other side, frankly; I found working with Howard DeVore and Ben Jason a delight. Few others have ever given me the trouble that I've gotten from this BayCon bunch, and it's stupid.

Piers Anthony (Jacob)
800 75th Street North
St. Petersburg, Fla.
33710

I don't know who the hell you are, but that sample issue of PSYCHOTIC tickled my funnybone. (Fortunately it was in a flacid state at the time.) Enclosed is a dollar for that and some to come.

Since I'm contributing cash, I don't feel the imperative to comment, so this can be brief (It had better be--I just had to correct four typos in just over a line, and that's bad even for me.) I don't involve myself much with fandom, mainly because I entered fringe-fandom and fringe-prodom simultaneously and found less fighting and more money in the latter.

and there's another point, here, in Alva's letter that needs straightening out and that is the so-called problems I was supposed to be making about the size of the room I was given at Pacificon. That is a pile of bull-shit, to put it bluntly. Too bad Alva and the others didn't realize that I had someone on our extension phone every time I talked to them about this (with the Boondoggle thing just out, I didn't trust anyone; and I'd already had problems with this bunch). Ok, I came to Oakland, looked at the Leamington Hotel, and was shown a room that they'd picked out for the art show. It was good-sized and I said fine. I was given a diagram of the hotel, with that room marked on it. Frankly, it was of no interest to me where the fool huckster room was, and I didn't ask, though Alva did show me the rest of the rooms they were going to use.

Later, when we were putting the Pacificon Program Booklet together, I was doing the hotel diagram, and noticed that the art show wasn't where it was supposed to be, but the huckster room was there instead. I picked up the phone, and called Alva. He said

Tod White's article: I happen to be a collector, and have on my shelf every issue of F&SF published, excluding the foreign editions. I used to read them, too, but quit when I discovered the day after finishing a copy that I could look over the title page and not remember the content of a single item listed therein. I check off stories as I read them, using a dash for an indifferent one, a plus for one I like, and an asterisk for one I find superlative. F&SF over the years has had a preponderance of dashes. So I endorse what Ted says, but would extend it: some readers quit not after a single bad issue, but after a single bad decade or reasonable fraction thereof. Had I not recently had impressive evidence to the contrary, I would have said that F&SF simply does not know the meaning of the word "plot." Must it be an "either or" proposition? I like plot and good writing, and the combination is increasingly hard to come by in sf.

I also agree with Harry Warner, Jr.'s item. I hated my brief tenure as an English teacher, but certain conditioning remains, and agrammatical writing irritates me. Yet completely formal writing is more trouble and less pleasure than it's worth. I compromise by employing a double standard: that writing that I expect to get paid for is as error-free as I can make it, while informal writing is as error-free as is convenient. I thus invite corrections on my paid work, and will blast anyone who meddles with my private vernacular. I have the impression that this particular double standard is one Mr. Warner should approve of.

I also agree with Harlan Ellison's commentary. (I'm sickeningly agreeable, in my fashion.) But this becomes awkward. I am minded of a line from Everyman, that ancient morality play. God says, "I hang between two which cannot be denied," a line that generally struck those of us rehearsing that play as excruciatingly funny, for reasons mixed company prevented clarification of (how's that for informal?), particularly since it had to be blasted out in Godlike volume as was therefore audible to everyone in the building who had no idea of the context. At any rate, I hang between two undeniabes: Harlan Ellison and John W. Campbell. Harlan says: "...the important writers of today who have never appeared in ANALOG, nor would they find a welcome there: Philip Jose Farmer, Samuel R. Delany, Roger Zelazny, Avram Davidson, Piers Anthony..." I certainly appreciate the compliment and the elite company, but am also loathe to give up the five pieces I have had in ANALOG (9-64, 7-66, 11-67, 12-67, 3-68). May I just suggest that I never did follow much of a pattern in anything, and have not yet set any horizons on my writing? I feel that Harlan's point is valid, even though I have a foot in the other camp. Those who attempt to classify me as a New Thingist are in for as rude a shock as those who berate my conventionality. Isn't good writing the ability to embrace the full spectrum?

Earl Evers' review of DANGEROUS VISIONS: strikes me as assigning a boy to do a man's job. The book deserved better.

Larry Smith
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43202

I had a very nice letter from Ray Fisher the other day wherein he pointed out (gently) that I had erred when I commented that the St. Louis Committee had very little time in fandom. I've already apologised to Ray privately, but I don't want to be jumped on again by Ted and Arnie for being an even more obnoxious slob than they already consider me to be. So, I'll retract my comments, and apologise for them in print. Not to "cover the matter over", which is most of what I say is twisted to mean, but merely to prove that I do have a sense of honor (however long it may take to show up), and some common decency. And that's enough on that topic.

((Sweetness and light, that's what I like---no fighting in the letter column...))

Whoa, there, Fred Patten! ((Sigh...)) Just when did you ask me to join the "L.A. in 72 Fan Club"? If you did it at NyCon, I beg leave to say that I can't remember the occasion, your comments nor mine. I do recall making a proposal of the sort you men-

tioned, but that was in a letter dated 18 June, which was one hell of a long time before you got to NyCon. And I was asking for support from LASFS as a whole. When you told me that LASFS had a policy of not making group sponsorships of any con bidders, I assumed that the matter was closed; LASFS couldn't support the ~~Con~~ bid, and I shouldn't get a group petition to support LA in 68. And I don't now, and didn't then, exercise any sort of rigid dictatorship of the Columbus fan, either set of them. I may make a suggestion here if I'm asked, but damn few of the local fan consider me to be a source of the Ultimate Word, which is as it should be. Sorry to lose your support, but that's the way it is.

And, to scotch some odd rumors floating around, Columbus is not folding up and dying at all. It just 'taint so. I, and my committee, fully expect to show up at Bay-Con and give St. Louis a run for their money. We expect to win, and so do they, and neither group is out to kill the other off.

Roy Tackett

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Ted White makes a number of interesting points in "Why Does It Sell?". Maybe he could do another one on Why Does It Sell So Little? The average sfzine sold maybe 75,000 copies on a good day in the thirties when the population of the country was about 130 million. Today

the population is rapidly approaching 230 million and the average sfzine still sells maybe 75,000 copies on a good day. If that many. More likely it is 50,000 and going down.

Ted mentions a number of things that effect sales: reader involvement, blurbs, names, illos and the like. And, of course, the previous issue. I suppose I am one of those who popped out of the steady reader box when someone else popped in for there is only one zine I still buy every month and I suspect I buy that one more from habit than anything else. The rest I browse through when I can find them. I usually sample at least one issue a year of each of the zines to see if there's been any change in them. So I'm now one of the casual readers although maybe not as casual as Ted suggests for it would seem that anyone who reads magazine sf these days has to be rather determined. It isn't easy to locate. Back in the hey-days of the pulps, fiction magazines were one of the mainstays of any newsstand and were all given prominent display. But the pulps are gone except for the sfzines and they are now digest size and it appears that the digest size magazine is also fading away.

I'm a holdover from the pulp era and newsstands still have a powerful attraction for me although I don't know why. There are four here that I visit fairly regularly and the story is the same at all of them---if one is determined one can locate the SF magazines. One carries only the Ultimate pulps and they are grouped together on the bottom shelf with such digest size zines as PIC, VUE and a couple of other intellectually stimulating magazines. Maybe if we could transfer the illos from PIC and VUE to F&SF and GALAXY the sfzines would sell more. At the second stand the sfzines are tossed rather casually under the paperback book rack. The other two are about as bad---one has them on the bottom shelf amidst stacks of almanacs and the other has them buried amidst something else also on the bottom shelf. To get any display space these days a zine must be large and slick. Which, in the case of the sfzines, doesn't seem to be the complete answer either. ANALOG was large size and semi-slick for two years without picking up enough new readers to make it a paying proposition. I think what is needed are the factors Ted mentions---good illos, reader involvement, etc.---and, above all, good stories. (And that last seems to be the most difficult to come up with these days.) All wrapped up in a bright new package. Sf publishers are still trying to sell a physical package that went out of style over a decade ago.

Mr. Ellison's article was very funny.

((Not just newsstands, but drug stores used to have a complete line of pulps. I can remember going in day after day when UNKNOWN and ASTOUNDING and AMAZING were

due and pawing through the new ones, or making the druggist explain why they hadn't been delivered. Do kids do that today for a copy of F&SF? I only do it now for The Realist.))

John D. Berry For some reason the mail between Southern and Northern California
Box 6801 seems to take a lot longer than intra-Los Angeles-Area mail does.
Stanford, Calif. The weekend before last I went down to LA to visit, and even after
94305 LASFS Thursday night people were talking about the new PSY; I didn't
 even ask to see anyone's copy, confident that it would be in
my mailbox when I got to Stanford. It wasn't. In fact, it was the better part of a
week before it showed up. My god, it's a big mother, isn't it? 48 pages, if I counted
right (and I'm not about to count it again). That green paper is hideous; light
green or lime of the sort used on QUIP 5 or on half of FOOL 3 is attractive, but that
decaying-moss color you used shouldn't happen to a Dirty Pro. Feh!

((How you like the vomit-orange in this issue?))

The examples Ted White uses to prove his point hit particularly close to home for me, because I first started reading F&SF with the July, 1963 issue. I had picked up one issue in 1961, out of curiosity, and it aroused so little interest that most of it is still unread, although it's sitting on my shelf on the left side of my F&SF collection. (I do not collect old issues of prozines; I'm just an accumulator.) When "Glory Road" began to be serialized in summer 1963, I immediately snatched it up; Heinlein was probably my favorite author at the time. I thrived on the serial and bought all three issues as soon as they came out. (And for all those Heinlein-baiters out there: when I perused a paperback copy of "Glory Road" in the university bookstore last week, I still enjoyed it immensely.) I'm not sure whether I bought the October issue or not, but I know I got the November one because I remember the Ray Nelson story. I only became familiar with Nelson's name as a fan after reading that issue, I think, but his story gassed me utterly. (What an obnoxious metaphor!) I so liked the atmosphere of F&SF that I began to buy it regularly, and pretty soon I had a subscription. I am, and always have been, an "impulse buyer"; I was introduced to science fiction through Heinlein and Norton novels in the public library, and I never got in the habit of reading the prozines regularly. In fact, I have only read one issue of a prozine all the way through, from cover to cover: the Feb. or March, 1967 issue of IF, because it was all I had to read on a transcontinental plane-flight. Being an impulse buyer, I have always been easily susceptible to cover artwork; F&SF has been consistently the best in this field over the period I've been buying prozines. I also prefer the atmosphere of F&SF to that of any of the Pohl magazines, although I have been disappointed by the quality of the writing in those stories I've read in recent issues. If Ted can convince Joseph Ferman to instill more reader-involvement in F&SF and make the reader care more, I'll be quite happy to care. I might even start buying regularly again.

In reaction to Harlan's column, I can only comment on Dune, which I have read. To quote a mailing comment I made in N'APA recently: I didn't feel that Dune was really quite as fabulous a novel as many say. It was enjoyable, and the painstaking detail work on background was fascinating, but I never really got into the book the way I like to. All the way through it, as I remember, I was reading it as an outsider, which I shouldn't have; usually I become so involved with a book that for a while I am living the life of that fantasy world. Maybe it was because there was no major character that I could particularly identify with; certainly not the protagonist. A book as fantastically detailed and well worked-out as Dune should have enveloped me completely in its own world; the fact that it failed to do so betrays a gaping fault in the book.

((Yes, I have the same trouble with turtle-neck shirts---they just don't "capture" me---thereby betraying a gaping fault in the shirt design and manufacture.))

NB to fanzine reviewers: you goofed. Mike Ward's fanzine is not called "OOF"; that was the mathematical symbol for infinity (∞) followed by "F". The full name, written out, is INFINITE FANAC.

I don't feel Ted White is right in his evaluation of the "walk-in fans." My first reaction was something on the order of "Bullshit!", but I have since reread the letter and can see some valid points. For instance, the Art Sahas who have been coming to worldcons for years have a good bit of experience in voting for conventions. However, this doesn't change the fact that they didn't see most or any of the information and material on the '68 bidding in the fanzines, and they had only one thing to go on---the presentation at the con. And there were walk-in fans; last spring I remember Ted or Andy telling me that there were something like three or four hundred people registered from the New York area. At the time the assumption seemed to be that they were nonfans, just stf-readers; that's why the NyCon committee went to great lengths to prevent widespread advertising outside the fan press. These fans, too, had no knowledge of the bidding other than the at-the-con presentation. Now these may not be "walk-in fans" in the sense that they just walked in off the street without having previously joined, but if Ted says there were 1100 people registered before the con, that means 600 more registered at the con itself. That's an awful lot of NyCon members, and an awful lot of people who didn't know what was coming off at the voting.

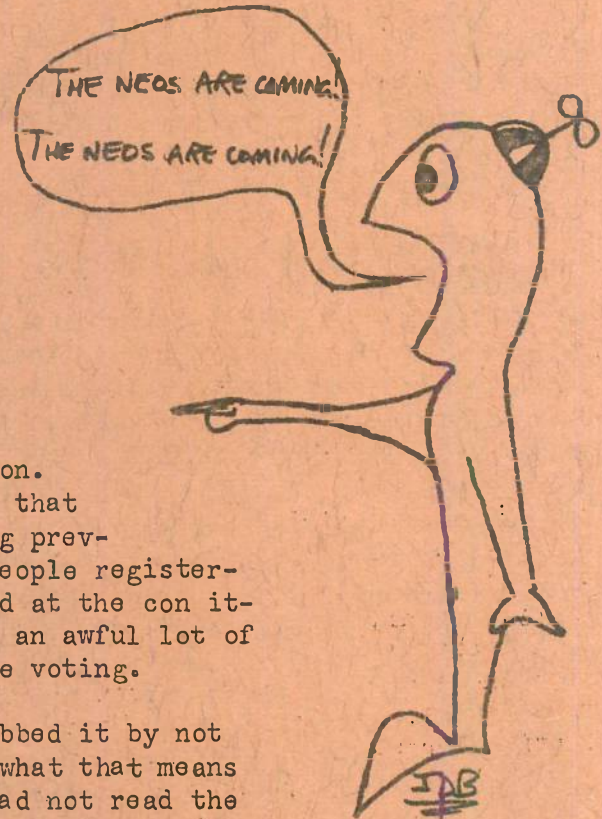
Ted pointed out quite accurately that LA flubbed it by not emphasizing any of the points he indicated, but what that means is exactly that the fans at the convention who had not read the fanzines before the con didn't know these things. That's my point. It wasn't a "plain case of sour grapes," nor was it a rationalization as Donaho claimed. It was a reason.

Despite my statements that no one fanzine can be the focal point of fandom today (which I will stick by until proven wrong), PSY seems to be fandom's most talked-about fanzine. I've discussed it and its contents in New York, St. Louis, the BArea, and Los Angeles over the past couple of months, and quite often the discussion was started by someone other than myself. Keep it down to manageable size, Dick, even if you have to cut it ruthlessly, ((HOLLOW LAUGHTER...)) and keep putting out a monthly, popular fanzine.

((My hang-up is that I feel obligated to print good letters. Fans go to a lot of time and trouble to write to me---and to fandom through me---and I want to print these things. I have to. So...I do. And the pages mount up. But next month...))

Edward R. Smith
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Charlotte, N.C.
28203

I read yer review of ALPHA #20 in PSY the other day. You may not find it anything great- it was a rather sloppy ish with terrible repro- but saying I shd quit! Really, Mr. Geis, what kind of advice is that? What an outlook on life you must have! Don't you think you shd hav said that I shd improve my product?



And I am trying to. By now you have probably gotten #21. From about page 15 on, repro and neatness is multiplyed greatly. That is due to a new and different ink pad. As for material I have been improving steadily for some time. In a few more issues, maybe I can have something I can be proud of. You-you want/wanted me to quit.....

#20 was dated Sept. due to a faulty dating system which is corrected in 21, which is the January issue (Well, we all make spelling errors.)

((But, Ed, twenty-one issues of a self-admitted crud-zine!!! Have you no pity? What an outlook on life you must have!))

Joe L. Hensley Here I write a charming, nostalgic story about My youth and My
2315 Blackmore, times...the sort of thing which really ought to go to READER'S DI-
Madison, Indiana GEST as a true experience...and some guy like Earl Evers comes a-
47250 long and misunderstands Me. I am so blandly wounded that I may sue
 for double indemnity---\$400.00...

Seriously, as a long time Jack the Ripper fan, I don't need await rare television and magazine revivals. I can read your letter column. The day may soon come when we all attend cons armed.

PSY was interesting, but who the hell is Jim Harmon? I remember the name, but I thought he got lost behind a door or something...

((I understand Jim has a sliver of wood from That Door bronzed and uses it as a toothpick.))

Jerry Sohl Thanks for PSYCHOTIC #23. Interesting. Interesting. Though
P.O. Box 1336 I don't know where Dick Ellington got that jazz about my run-
Thousand Oaks, Calif. ning a Chicken Delight stand in San Gabriel with Sonny Tufts,
91360 since it was supposed to be a secret and we're running out of
 Tufts (who proved to be less than parthenogenic, but if Dick
Ellington would like to volunteer ... on the other hand just who is Dick Ellington?).

Enjoyed that piece by Tucker in the December issue anent the water reflection bit. Tucker and I (Bob Bloch notwithstanding) have seen our reflections many times in a little Jack Daniels. And re Damon Knight and his digs, I have always felt Damon did a lot more nitpicking than was necessary, but on the other hand I have bellylaughed at many of his reviews, even when they have been at my own expense.

Forget Jerry Sohl? Almost forget myself buried as I've been in supposedly s-f movies for American International and Star Trek and The Invaders and Outer Limits, hoping some day to rise above it all and so something grand.

But there is good news! Disgusted as we've been about what's on the tube, Ted Sturgeon, Dick Matheson, George Clayton Johnson and I have joined hands via a California corporation we've created and which we call The Green Hand which has as its first project (for Paramount, no less) the creation of a new s-f and fantasy series for the network. If it is ever finalized, there will be a fine new half hour show -- and this one will have quality (it says here). For all interested, the suite of offices of The Green Hand are in Beverly Hills (427 Canon Drive) and the phone is 278-5558 (655-9650 is our answering service). You'll find us there most any time when we're working (except when I'm at the Chicken Delight stand, of course).

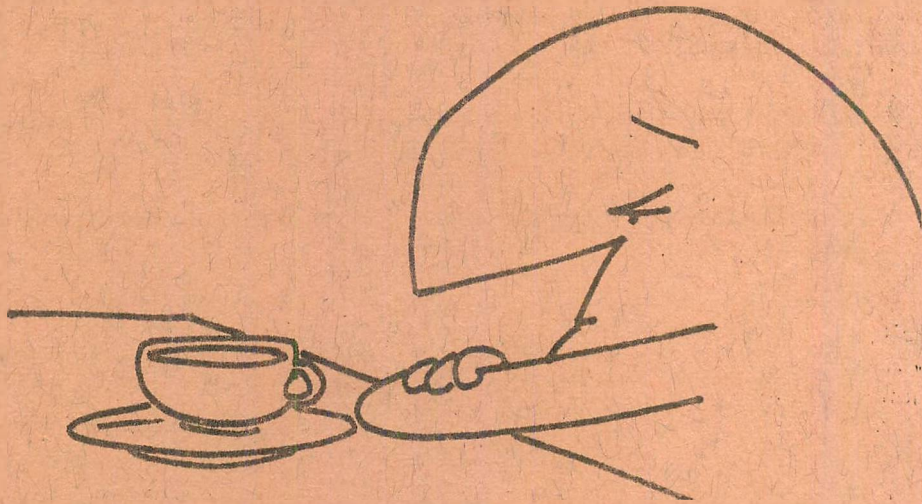
Chuck Harris You seem to have a whole regiment of nostalgic Old Guards in
41 Storr Gardens the letter column with DAG dreaming of another GRUE and Tucker
Hutton, Essex, ENG. talking about LeZ. I guess you never really quit; I still

collect "Eavesdroppings" for the bacover of "-". There's no deadline yet but as soon as I find the door back from Mundane with the Wheels of IF waiting on the other side...

About pornography. I have always been mildly surprised that so few fans try to write professional pornography rather than third rate professional science fiction. There are far more plots waiting to be lifted from the Kama Sutra (that Hindu-it-yourself manual for amorous acrobats) than will ever be found in Charles Fort. And the money...mighod the money...think of the Cadillacs you could buy with another Candy.

((Except that, strictly speaking, Candy isn't pornography. It's satire. The only piece of big-selling pornography around is Fanny Hill, and the author doesn't get a cent of those profits...))

Tucker is no more than a bloody nuisance. Since reading his piece I've been contorting myself over washbasins, lavatory bowls and empty coffee cups trying to see myself. Washbasins and lavatories are O.K. but people in the works cafeteria are beginning to nudge each other and look at me oddly when I move from table to table, clutching an empty coffee cup, trying to get the light at the right angle. He's dead right about washbasins though...clear as clear...and piss on Damon Knight. If I was Jerry Sohl I'd demand a public apology.



Norm Metcalf
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94701

I am compiling Index To The Science-Fiction And Fantasy Magazines, 1923-1967 or 68 to be published this summer and I need your help.

The Index will consist of an index by author, index by title, a listing by issue on the contents of each issue, index of artists, index of book reviews and an index of the letter columns.

All available science-fiction and fantasy magazines from the first issue of Weird Tales to the end of 1967 or 68 will be included.

Additional features include story-lengths in thousands of words, title changes, series listings and pseudonym information.

And this is where I need your help. I have the story lengths, I have series listings, I have title changes and I have pseudonym information. But, do I have it all? I know I don't.

So, if you will send me a list of your stories that have had their titles changed (from one publication to another, I'm disregarding unpublished titles), listings of your series and a list of your pseudonyms I will in turn send you what I have on file.

Thus we can double-check each other. (Several authors have thus discovered information they'd forgotten about.) In addition, those of you who have had stories published under house names please send along the individual titles.

No information will be included in the index that can't be verified from what should be a knowledgeable and reliable source. I am also including all information sent to me by Don Day after he failed to publish my index. So if there are errors in Don Day's 1926-50 index let me know or errors regarding pseudonyms will be repeated.

There will also be a list of authors' names which have been labelled as pseudonyms and which are not (such as Chandler and Slesar). Hopefully this will put a stop to such rumors.

I would also like to know the source of stories reprinted without credit (this information will be in the index where known to me).

I am also indicating stories which have been abridged and/or mutilated to the point where you authors disown the story. If you have any such let me know.

As to the finished product: it will be legible, in alphabetical order where appropriate, as accurate as possible, contain as much relevant information as possible, have a class 'A' Library Institute binding in full buckram (with a silkscreened cover by Roy Hunt), a layout which permits reading of the entries and right now is selling at the pre-publication price of \$5.00 in the U.S. and possessions, \$6.00 elsewhere. (The surcharge is to cover postage.)

I would appreciate a quick response.

((If I were you, Norm, I'd issue the index on punch-holed paper in large-ring binders so that I could issue up-dated and corrected pages as time passed. Perhaps yearly supplements.))

Jerry Kaufman
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You have a letter from Robert Bloch! That's great. It means that he's still alive and I may yet meet him. There is one way, though, that I'm peeved at him.

I stood next to Bob Tucker for five minutes and never said a word to him. I was standing there talking to this Southern femmefan (a Pogo fan, too) about some book about rats, and about this fan who used to live in Shaker Heights not far from where I live. Tucker was next to us and I never knew it because he didn't have the long white beard that Bloch always writes about. In fact, the femmefan told me later, Tucker had never had one. ((Bob, is this true?!)) Now, if Bloch doesn't have the cane and wrinkles Tucker attributes to him, I'll never meet him, either. ((A sad fate, Jerry.))

Earl Evers apparently doesn't appreciate a decent horror story. I'm not referring to Bloch's story; Evers is right on that score. Just because the Marquis de Sade is legal, doesn't make the story a "New Wave."

I'm referring to "Aye, and Gomorrah", Delany's tale. One of the basic tenets of horror is: never tell everything, only hint. If you are explicit, you are writing a psychology paper, if implicit, a horror story.

However, Earl, if you need it, here is my interpretation. In the recent Human Sexual Response (or whatever) ((Alien sexual response??)), various means were used for collecting the data. One of those means was a machine with which the ~~subject~~ subject could masturbate. Here is something new for sex. Not heterosexual, not homosexual, not autoerotic. Sex with a non-responding, non-involved machine, like a necro-

phile with his corpse (as Delany mentions) is what this amounts to. ((The ultimate in impersonal sex, eh?)) Here is the "safe" sex the frelks seek with the spacers---sex with a machine that feels no pleasure, that is there only to satisfy the desires that the frelks are afraid to satisfy any other way. The spacers are "the sex machine" and, with their asexuality and their constant close contact with technology, they are the ultimate in this line. Horrible, isn't it? ((Nope.)) It was supposed to be even more horrible, hinted at. This is all I'll say in writing (and more than I'd say in person) (I'm inhibited.)

((Don't be inhibited, Jerry. Go to the nearest mirror, look yourself in the eyes and say "Fuck!" five hundred times. Then start on the other four letter words.))

Dick Ellington
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PSY 23 keeps up the standards you set with 21 and 22 very nicely ---it's like old home week and continues to give me a very safe feeling that there is a time-continuity in existence somewhere after all.

I liked Harry Warner, Jr.'s article. I finally got pretty much cured of style consciousness some years ago when I was working for Photon Typographers here in Oakland. We were working on a very nice two-volume anthology of Californians and I noticed in proofing that two different stories had a total of four different spellings for Joachim Marietta's name. I hustled officiously off on my white charger to Right This Wrong and after a couple of days of inquiries I finally hit on an understanding historian who set me write or even right---any way you spell it is correct. It seemed to break down some kind of barrier in my head and I've been very relaxed about such things ever since. Heck, even Jack Speer doesn't bother me any more.

Re Harlan: I agree with him about DRAGON IN THE SEA but I still think he should read DUNE. It's not in the same bag at all and while I don't think it's any kind of a classic piece of literature I was kind of impressed with what he did with it and found it very enjoyable to read.

I also made a special point of watching Harlan's script on Cimarron Strip (which is also known in our family variously as Cinnamon Strip and Synanon Strip) and was quite impressed. The basic idea was not all that much to write home about but the suspense and the mood were beautifully sustained and I really enjoyed it.

Your editing of the letter column, incidentally, is still where your editorial talents shine. I dunno if I'd exactly term it a labor of love but I certainly do admire seeing the alignment of letters from Alva, Donaho and Bjo...

Patten: I thought THE ESKIMO INVASION was brilliantly written but his conclusion was kind of a let-down.

Social note: I just found out I'm tending bar on March 9 at a very posh wake for a parakeet who died a year and a half ago and who will be the piece de resistance (suitably embalmed I have been assured). It's a strange life.

Philip Jose Farmer
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A note of thanks for sending me the Jan. 68 PSYCHOTIC. I can't say I enjoyed everything in it, but I was never bored. It is one of the very well-done zines that stimulates me, and I'd certainly like to see the next issue.

However---straight to the liver.

Earl Evers' article wasn't altogether displeasing; he's certainly vigorous and

forthright enough and seems to be making an effort to be fair---although he doesn't always succeed. I don't think that such comments as "Harlan did a piss-poor job of editing" mean anything unless backed by examples. His (Harlan's) introductions weren't objective, certainly, and weren't meant to be anything but highly subjective. They were love letters to the authors. Harlan, who will be no man's subject, is highly subjective.

Earl says of me, "If you can't write Finnegans Wake, don't write like Finnegans Wake."

Earl E. was misled, decoyed, by the references to FW in my story. I made no attempt to imitate Joyce's style, and if Earl or anyone will study the techniques of Joyce in FW and Ulysses and that in RIDERS, he'll see that there is very little similarity. True, both use puns, but puns are (probably) as old as language itself. So, I deny Earl's charge. Actually, if he must derive, if he must furnish me furfathers, let him feather me with Rabelais or Laurence Sterne. But the style used in RIDERS is mine, all mine, good and bad, all mine. It be Agricoltorean. It certainly has more of joy than Joyce or Freud. As for Earl's charge that I lack genius, he certainly knows how to hurt a goy. However, plenty of people used to say the same thing about Joyce---and still do. Genius is in the "I" of the beholder. Or should I say "aye"?

I agree with E that Fritz Leiber's story is a fine one; in fact, I thought it was as good as anything Stephen St. Vincent Benet has done. Probably, better. I also thought, contrary to E's opinion, that Harlan's story contained some superb writing and excellent execution. Also, the story of my friend Bob Bloch (I can name-drop, too) really gave me a jolt at one point, gave my stomach a nasty turn. I appreciated it more the second time I read it, and I think that despite its present down-grading, it will be remembered after many of the more highly praised stories are forgotten.

But this is de gustibus territory, and I won't venture deeper.

I wonder if anyone saw that the RIDERS was a verbal construction reflecting the multileveled intricately wired paintings of Chib Winnegan?

Now, another accusation of Earl's. Harlan does have a certain amount of bullshit, just as Socrates, Plato, Jesus, Mohammed, Napoleon, Luther, Dali, Henry Miller, Picasso, and McLuhan have a certain amount. I admire the brilliant bullshitters from Socrates to McLuhan. But I think that the word bullshit doesn't mean the same thing to me that it does to Earl. To me, it seems that Harlan adds a fifth dimension to life by exaggeration, by splashing colors. This is all. I know from experience that Harlan has a vast amount of sincerity and of compassion, although he will not put up for long with parasites or bullies or the genuine bullshitter, that is, the fraud. If he were just a mouth-shooter-offer, he certainly wouldn't have risked his blood and brains, and life, to take part in the Selma march.

If Harlan is highly subjective, is inclined to exaggerate or color, this is an old American trait. If admired in Mark Twain, why not in Harlan Ellison? As you see, I don't agree with much of Earl's reactions to DANGEROUS VISIONS. Yet, he is trying to be fair; he does have some encouraging things to say; he is happy that DV was produced and hopes for another one. All in all, the review wasn't deprecating; it was optimistic and at least gave praise for trying.

((The more I think about DANGEROUS VISIONS the more I realize I enjoyed Harlan's intros very much. In a very real sense Harlan's personal comments and "love letters to the authors" made the book...made it something special and unique and satisfying. And the point made in Andy Porter's little zinger of a cartoon on the next page, "clever plastic" aside, is well taken...DANGEROUS VISIONS is in a way a huge fanzine....))

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I did come down on Harlan pretty hard in my DV review, in fact on rereading it I can see where I might be accused of a personal insult attack on Harlan Ellison the man rather than just a critical commentary on Harlan Ellison the editor. This was totally unintentional, and I hope I didn't hurt anyone's feelings...

I don't know Harlan personally, so I have no reason to attack him personally. True, I've heard all sorts of derogatory rumors about him from NY fans who used to know him, but I don't form opinions on the basis of rumors unless I can prove them out of my own experience. However, I've read a lot of his writing, and I've never been at all impressed with the personality which shows through in his fiction and especially in his non-fiction. But again, it's foolhardy to judge an author by the personality he puts into his books--very few writers project their true personality into their writing even when they're trying to, and how is the reader to know when the writer is trying...?

So what I was attacking when I criticized Harlan's editing, introductions, and so on in Dangerous Visions was not his personality (which, as I've explained, I know next to nothing about, and probably wouldn't criticise publicly if I did know and dislike him) but the editorial persona he's managed to project into his book. In other words, what I objected to were some of the attitudes Harlan displayed as editor of DV. Since these are an integral part of the book itself and determine the total impact of the collection, transforming it from just a group of stories under a cover into a book in its own right, I feel that as a reviewer I have a right, even an obligation, to criticise these editorial attitudes just as freely as I criticise the individual stories. But such a criticism is not intended to be a personal criticism of the author. Who knows, maybe the next collection Harlan edits, he'll display a totally different editorial persona.

But as far as my criticisms of the book and the editorial attitude Harlan displayed in it go, I'm not taking anything back. I don't think I was too rough on either. I pointed out what I liked and what I didn't like, and what else can a reviewer do...? I'll admit that I didn't cover all of the book's good or bad points, but then it was a loong book, and I didn't feel like writing thirty or forty pages of comments on it. This is one reason I'm using up so many words making clear my intentions regarding my criticisms of Harlan's editorial attitude--I'd rather see reader comments devoted to the book and the various trends, ideas, and so on that I missed rather than to castigating or defending me for attacking the editor.



"I've heard 'Dangerous Visions' is just Dimensions in a clever plastic disguise..."

Oh yes, regarding my comments on Phil Dick and speed. If I implied that he is or was a "speed freak" in the sense that he's been addicted to the stuff, I didn't mean to. I know only two things: 1) various people have said in and out of print that he has used amphetamine, and 2) a lot of his writing appears to me to have been written under the influence. Neither of these means he's ever been strung out. And I've also heard "Phil Dick doesn't really write while on A, that's just his natural writing style," and that may very well be the case.

As for Norman Spinrad's girl friend's observation about my letter being written on speed, it's perfectly true. If I recall correctly, at the time I typed the letter, I'd been awake about forty-eight hours, and was taking fairly heavy doseages of dexedrine and acetophenomen. But I wasn't really "speeding" or "spaced-out", in the sense of taking enough amphetamine to get me really high. I was just using the stuff for

energy and to stay awake. There's a big difference in thinking and writing between the two states -- just dropping dexies to keep going doesn't really alter your thinking much, it's more like it restores you from fatigue to normalcy.

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Many many thanks for PSYCHOTIC: it has rapidly leapt into first place among Fanzines I Love Best Apart From My Own. No. 23 in particular is excellent, with the best editorial I've read in some time, bang-on articles and intriguing letters. ((You have a keen mind, John.))

I sympathize with Harry Warner's attitude to spelling, and to a large extent agree with him. What I try to do in ASFR is to let every writer be himself. If someone is trying to write the Queen's English and I detect a mistake here and there I'll patch it up for him. If an overseas writer is doing his best in what to him is a foreign tongue, again I'll correct his grammar and his spelling. But alter a word of Rick Sneary? - hell no! To see a Campbell editorial described as tedious and question-begging is to see the obvious stated; but to see it described (as Rick did in ASFR 10) as "a whinney harang" suddenly gives the thing a whole new dimension.

White's Hypothesis sounds eminently reasonable, and I am surprised to think that hard-headed magazine publishers (I mean, they must be hard-headed, mustn't they?) could think otherwise. The same thing applies to book publishing. A firm which shall be nameless recently published an Australian novel which has (unprecedentedly almost) gone through four printings in almost as many months; yet they have decided (or so I gather) not to publish his next novel because it is not as good, and by doing so they are very likely to lose this author. Surely it must have occurred to them that with his present book so popular, this author's next novel will also be a bestseller, no matter how bad it is. It's the one after that that will lose money for the firm.

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Just what did happen to letter columns in SF magazines? I used to read them regularly, and then somehow they just faded away. I was glad to see Ted White's thoughts on the matter, and it seems to me that letter columns are one way in which editors can buck the general trend to selling all sorts of things just like groceries. I note that letter columns in those magazines still using them, aren't restricted to one subject per issue. Here's hoping SF letter columns, if we see them again, get enough space to work well.

((I suspect that the pressures of cost per page, with the basic shift from pulp-size to the current smaller size, are what done in the "fannish" features in sf-zines.))

Phil Harrell
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At NyCon III Fred Patten was letting me look at some of the scripts to Recent, Past and Future STAR TREK episodes. I remember asking what all the multicolor sheets in them were. Seems they were revisions. "Red for first revision, Green for 2nd, Yellow for third and on up to Blue for about 6th revision." I found it interesting to note a goodly number of blue pages in one so much so it looked as if it had been done on blue paper in one half and red in the other. In all of them there were not many white pages to be found at all. I guess you might say it looked almost as if they were afraid anything original might get out of there at all. "AMOK TIME" by Ted Sturgeon had its goodly share of technicolor pages, but even this didn't help it at the screening later. I remember the shocked silence and disappointed buzz that followed it. Helped not at all by the inadvertant addition of the INSERT COMMERCIAL HERE spots. Which were more of a comedy relief than anything else. For example, I remember at one spot where Dr. McCoy was very worriedly asking, "What will you do now, Jim?" before Capt. Kirk could answer up popped INSERT COMMERCIAL HERE. And so

now I am unable to help myself everytime I watch STAR TREK and we come to fade to black. I can't help but blank out the sound and remember the MyCon III bit: "OH NO, IT'S THE KLINGONS---THEY'LL" INSERT COMMERCIAL HERE...

((A jump to another letter from Phil...))

Speaking of John Magnus, I was talking with him not long ago (well, '63 if you want to get technical) and wondering why he was selling all his priceless Jewels of Fankind? He said he looked at his fanzine file and wondered why he was keeping all that fire-hazard around and since he'd heard there was a con nearby (the DisCon '63) he thought he'd sell them rather than burn them.

I think it's safe to say that with an attitude like that he'll Never Return.

But the Treasures I relieved him of must have had something contagious about them because now (financial troubles rather than GAFIA) I'm selling them. All my HYPHENS (one of which has a sample page of the original ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR in it as an advertisement for it), and PEONS...etc.

And if anyone is interested, I have a Roneo 250 in top condition for sale--\$150.00 plus freight.

Ted White I have mixed feelings about Harlan's column. I read "Under Pressure,"
339 49th St. Dragon In The Sea, or 21st Century Sub (pick your favorite title)
Brooklyn, NY back in the fifties, and I liked it. I haven't reread it and I have
11220 no idea what my feelings circa 1968 would be, but I gave it to my wife
 to read recently and she liked it. Which may make us Old Fashioned
Clods in Harlan's book, but...

Harlan makes a convincing case for his position. He uses all the right words, and he says all the right things. But my acceptance of his position would have to depend upon my agreeing with him in the value judgements that form his initial axioms: I'd have to agree with him that every failure he records in the book was a failure. And I'm not going to go back and reread the book just to pick an argument with Harlan. So I'll let that pass.

Certainly Harlan picked a nice list of dull, incompetant "important books." I would agree that the van Vogt, Doc Smith, McIntosh and the Anderson are, by most criteria, overrated books. I exempt the Huxley only because it wasn't written within the context of sf, and because it is an out-and-out polemic, and as such one of the best I've read. (Better than his much-later Island, for example.)

I'd like to see what Harlan will say about Dune. I had the same trouble he did in starting the book. In my case it was trouble starting the first serial. I tried half a dozen times. Then I read it, but never read its sequel-serial. When I started on the book, I started at the beginning again, and read it nearly straight through.

Dune strikes me as an over-portentious book. Much is hinted at in the opening third or half. I tried to guess the outcome and found Herbert's revelations disappointingly anticlimactic. Certainly the book is ambitious and awesome in many respects. It's a book you live with, if only because of its size. But I find my tolerance is low for Herbert's basic writing style. I don't like having everyone's paranoic thoughts thrown at me in italics. I don't like two-minute dialogue dragged out to ten pages with paragraphs of What did he mean by that? Should I respond to the second-level overtones, or ignore them in pretense of ignorance? How much does he know about me? interspersing every sentence of actual speech. I would say the book is padded by at least a quarter with this sort of stuff, and it strikes me as unnecessary window-dressing of the worst pseudo-van Vogt sort. I note Herbert uses it in all his stuff. Maybe that's why I have read so little of it.

Harlan blows a good case against ANALOG in his concluding pages. He lists several names as "important writers of today who have never appeared in ANALOG, nor would they find a welcome there." Then he includes in the list Piers Anthony. If Anthony is an "important writer of today," then I'm next year's Hugo winner. But Anthony has appeared depressingly often in ANALOG (often with two or three collaborators) in the last several years. Strike one, Harlan.

Then he lists people who don't "write toward" (whatever that means) Campbell any more, and includes Blish, who has had several items in ANALOG in the last few years. Strike two.

Maybe I'll reread "Under Pressure" after all, just to see if Harlan really struck out.

The letters from Alva, Bjo, and Donaho, neatly following one another appear to sum up the Baycon-PanPacificon hassle nicely. Lots of dirty linen flapping in the breeze there. But it's refreshing to see it out in the open instead of being suppressed.

I find myself in a strange circumstance. After 1964, I was inclined to favor Bjo over Donaho in almost any dispute. In 1966, we enjoyed the Trinbles' hospitality after the Westercon, and I found myself enjoying LA more than the Bay Area -- something of a surprise to me. But Bjo surely makes it hard to feel friendly toward her. It's true that she is one of those who insists on total acceptance on her own terms, or you're An Enemy. The irony lies in her leveling this charge -- this very charge -- at Harlan Ellison.

Now, I've known Harlan longer than I've known Bjo, and in many respects I know him better. Harlan and I lived next door (after he found the place; before then he was living on my livingroom couch) to each other for three quarters of a year in 1960. We were distant friends, I guess you'd say, before then. That summer and fall were fraught with ups and downs, and at least one of them was pretty bitter. We got pretty bugged with each other, and Spoke Harsh Words To Each Other at the conclusion of that incident. Three hours later, the phone rang. "Hey, Ted, this is Harlan. Uhh, listen, I've got some cake over here. Why don't you and Sylvia come on over and share it with me?"

That's how long Harlan carries a grudge.

Harlan knows damned well I disagree with him about a lot of things. He's never held it against me (he probably pities me a little for my wrongheadedness, but then, I reciprocate). Harlan knows damn well I'm a friend, and that if I disagree with him it doesn't mean I 'hate' him. There's no law -- Bjo to the contrary -- that says friends must always agree on everything. Hell, even lovers don't.

I recall when a friend of Bjo's refused to support her when she wanted to sue a bunch of LA fans who's juvenile games were getting out of hand. "I'm your friend, Bjo," he told her, "and that's exactly why I won't support you in making a fool of yourself." "If that's how you feel, you're not my friend," Bjo replied. Or to paraphrase Bjo on Harlan, "You either love Bjo completely (i.e.: agree with her completely) or you hate her forever (i.e.: disagree with her on something)."

This makes it rough on those of us who like Bjo, would prefer to be her friend,



but are unwilling to become absolute supporters. God knows, I've done my best in the last six or eight years to demonstrate my friendship for Bjo. I've stayed out of feuds or disagreements, I've supported her pet projects (sponsored a trophy for the Art Show, wrote articles for PAS-tell), and I even thought, after we'd stayed with the Trimble and one night gotten into a long discussion with them, that we pretty well liked one another.

Then along comes this incredible series of blasts at the NyCon3, based, purely and simply, on the fact that a long-anticipated win turned into a loss. The Trimble snubbed us before, during and after the con, did their level best to create friction in the one part of the hotel that was thoroughly with us (the sales dept.), and have had absolutely nothing good to say about us since. Despite this, we have passed on funds to the Art Show, plus \$50.00 for the artist of the stolen painting.

((Yes, Bjo sent me a letter soon thorcraft^{er}/asking me to publicize the fact that the NyCon Committee had sent \$50.00 to pay for the painting and hanging stolen at the NyCon, and had also contributed \$100.00 to the Art Show, and in addition had contributed \$100.00 to TOFF! She was very pleased and grateful. I was going to put the announcement in THE COUCH, but this seems a more appropriate place. The Art Show contribution money will be used to build new, lightweight hangings and lighting equipment, since most hotel meeting and conference rooms are lacking in the kind of lighting required for art display.))

((Ted continues...)) Donaho can't figure out what I meant in criticising HOW WE WON. If he could, I doubt he'd have written it. Donaho is incredible in his own right because he has fantastic powers for self-delusion. After Donaho has done something that makes no sense at all, he will trumpet at length about how everyone thought it was the best possible thing to do under the circumstances. Some of us have second thoughts -- not Donaho. Bill called me on the phone to find out why I'd said I thought HOW WE WON was "stupid". I couldn't explain it to him in terms he could accept.

So this isn't for Bill. It's for everyone else, and Bill can read over their shoulders.

Bill's right; I've rarely hesitated to say what I thought in fandom. It's gotten me into more trouble than it's kept me out of, but my theory was always that, "Well, maybe I have to asslick in the mundane, job-holding world, but I'll be damned if I will in a hobby I'm in for my own pleasure." Thusly, the previous page and this one. But I have some awareness of good and bad tactics, even if I'm not always the first to make proper use of them, and HOW WE WON was lousy tactics.

Bill Mallardi, later on, refers to HOW WE WON as "uncalled for." That says it all in a nutshell. It wasn't necessary. It just plain wasn't.

Bill's sole justification seems to be that "Bjo never forgets." Of course, only one paragraph earlier he said, "Bjo is actually a Paper Dragon." While he says that HOW WE WON succeeded in that "Bjo even Shut Up for a while," he later admits "The loud screams had already died down."

What it all boils down to is Bill's own assessment that, "I bugged all the people I meant to bug..." That's the kernel of it. The rest was icing or self-delusion. Actually Bill bugged a lot of people (nearly everyone in New York) whom he had no reason to bug. But he wanted to bug Bjo ("& Co."). He enjoys poking at her. She was calming down. It was necessary to stir her up again. That's what fandom is for, right? Fun, huh?

Fact: nearly all the complaints coming from disappointed PanPacificon supporters were instantly classifiable as sour grapes. It is true that they took their loss with very poor grace. And this alone was enough to take the sting off anything they said. HOW WE WON was unnecessary, because its ostensible purpose was already accomplished.

Instead, HOW WE WON turned off a lot of neutral on-lookers and made them wonder if maybe there wasn't something more than sour grapes to those complaints. It achieved



the diametrical opposite of its supposed goal. At best, it was gloating. At worst it was self-justification for something which supposedly needed no justification. It didn't help the BayCon at all.

This is why people don't trust Donaho. I found Ben Stark easy to deal with in turning over the reins at the end of the con. I like and trust Alva Rogers. But, shee-it, that Donaho! Can't he ever be trusted not to go about looking for hornets' nests to poke? He likes to meddle with people. He loves to gossip. He delights in prodding people he knows will react. "I bugged all the people I meant to bug." That says it all, baby.

Getting back to Bjo's comment that "anyone, anywhere, anyhow who wanted to get a convention need only get Harlan to bid for them," I think that's a pile of crap. ((Sigh...more bullshit.)) Harlan is, under most circumstances, an asset to a bid, but if you think---for example---that we won our bid for the NyCon3 on the strength of Harlan alone, you're nuts. Several people told me that my own bidding speech, specifically in the way it ignored the smear from Boston, clinched the bid for New York. I dunno. There were those shopping bags, the text of our ads, NYCON COMICS...lots of things working for us, and Harlan was willing to add his presence as one of those Good Things. But if we hadn't prepared any bid, hadn't paved the way with all the rest, I think Harlan could have talked himself blue in the face, and Syracuse would've won. There's a danger here in building up this legend around Harlan as a Con Clincher. It could backfire and people might vote for the other side in a sympathy play. I suggested Harlan to Ray Fisher as a seconding speaker (I will also be seconding St. Louis), because I thought he'd be effective -- not because I thought he'd snap up the bid so's Ray could relax and watch tv or something. And I'm pleased Harlan weighed the merits of each bid and chose to second for St. Louis, because I think he will be an asset to the bid. An asset. Not Jesus Christ with a bolt of lightning, proclaiming, "On This Bid, I Build A Convention." I mean, good grief.

Harry Warner can relax now. I just turned thirty.

Bill Conner sews up his own case in the admission of Smith's inexperience in naming his guest of honor in advance. "He didn't know that this Wasn't Done." As for the things I did with the NyCon3, I gave plenty of advance warning I intended to make changes, and you can be sure that I had solid reasons, and a lack of knowledge was not among them. I also maintain my contempt for self-seeking fuggheads, and I'm not ashamed of what I said to Mallardi at the Midwestcon. He had it coming, in spades.

One of these days I'll have to read Dangerous Visions.

John Brunner Long pause and deep breath. ... It isn't generally considered kosher
17d Frognal for one writer to discuss the subject of another's work unless dully
London NW3 protected by the privilege of a reviewing assignment. But the hell
England with that. Apart from writing SF I can claim to be a fan of more than
a quarter-century's standing (I was reading Wells when I was six years
old) and even if I'd wound up in broadcasting or publishing or the other jobs I con-
sidered before finding I could earn my living as a writer I'm sure I'd still have re-
mained an SF fan.

So stuff the niceties. I'm going to say what I think. There's a statement in Psychotic No. 22 which just plain makes me despair for the entire SF genre. You say

in your review of The Eskimo Invasion: "(It) has to be nominated for a Hugo."

Omgawd.

Background, first - check me if I'm wrong. Isn't there something in the full title of the Hugo to the effect that it's supposed to be an achievement award? So what kind of an achievement would this book be honoured for? I don't know who "Hayden Howard" is; I don't know whether he's a real person or a pseudonym, American or Canadian, old or young (though I suspect young), fat or thin... I know exactly one thing about him, and that's based squarely on the published evidence.

He is a shocking bad writer, and handles the English language with all the grace of a baby elephant trying to dance Swan Lake. At this rate it will be ten years before he publishes anything that can be called "an achievement".

At least. His tin ear may be incurable, in which case he'll never make it.

Here's a passage selected at random (yes, honestly - it happened to be the page my wife Marjorie had the book open at the other night when I got into bed and looked over her shoulder) which stands my hackles on end. About halfway down page 296 of the Ballantine edition:

Dr. West said nothing. Finally he nodded his head. "As you say, the questioning is a small step. A larger step will follow."

(For how long did he say nothing? Taking it literally: that must be someone else speaking. It can't be, from the context. And what else apart from his head is he likely to be nodding?)

Dr. West improvised, forcing his weary smile at Mao III.

(We've already had his name and title once in the paragraph; the whole needs recasting to employ the appropriate pronouns, an exercise taught in the second grade by a competent English teacher. And how do you force a smile "at" anyone? Mine stays on my face!)

"You are going to reappear before the world."

That plan now elaborated so swiftly in Dr. West's mind he thought he accidentally must have cued some original hypno-instructions.

(Once more, his name and title - readers are not so stupid they will forget the protagonist's identity on page 296 of a long novel! And "accidentally must"? Must implies necessity; there is nothing necessitous about an accident. Turning the two words around produces passable English, but it remains awkward. Better to put the adverb between "have" and "cued", where it belongs!)

"You are going to appear before the telecamera to demonstrate that your rumoured retirement, nice word, is false."

(We had "appear" in his previous utterance; the repetition is clumsy, regardless of whether it's text or dialogue - both lie on the page before the reader. And setting off "nice word" between commas is a gross elementary error; this is a parenthesis and ought to be framed between dashes because it can be removed in toto without destroying the rest of the sentence. It's an aside, damn it!)

You have recovered from the rumoured stroke. You are going to ask for an international teleconference between you and----."

(You do not include a period if you close a sentence with a dash like that; this is a suspension and indicates that the sentence is not in fact complete! So it can't have a stop on the end, only quotes to set it off from subsequent narrative. This should have been cleaned up by someone in Ballantine's editorial department, and I'm surprised it wasn't. Moreover we had "rumoured" a line earlier. "Alleged" is available, not completely synonymous, and far more apt in the context.)

No name automatically was formed by Dr. West's voice. Dr. West blinked.

(Heaven give me strength! Let's take it from the top down, slowly, or I'll explode. To say "no name automatically was formed" can be interpreted exactly one way: it implies that the formation of no name is the automatic process - in other words he was expecting the mental hiatus. But this can't be so. Next, he's revealing a surprise-reaction. So what the guy must mean is: "Instead of a name jumping to his mind automatically, there was a blank in his thoughts." Or words to that effect. In short he's actually said the precise opposite of his intention... And this is the way it goes throughout the book. Moreover, out of five consecutive words FOUR count, them FOUR consist in the protagonist's name and title!!! "... Dr. West's voice. Dr. West..." I give up. I simply give up.)

Please don't come back at me with statements about the difference between British-English and American-English. I speak both fluently. Next to my copies of Eric Partridge's Usage and Abusage and Gowers's revisions of Modern English Usage I have Modern American Usage and A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage (Follett and Evans & Evans, respectively). They live within arm's reach of my typewriter. I also speak excellent French, moderate German, adequate Spanish, a smattering of Italian and enough modern Greek to get me around the country when I go to Greece. I can say without risk of contradiction that I can draw the line between mere awkwardness in the use of a language and that condition analogous to tone-deafness which has been graphically termed "style-deafness".

Hayden Howard suffers from the worst case of it I've run across in years! He has no perceptible Sprachgefühl, or feeling for the language - he writes it like an over-ambitious foreigner and the result compares unfavourably with what you'd find in the average class of foreign students at a Berlitz School in London...so far as technique is concerned. There's little wrong with his vocabulary and one has to grant that he's possessed of a pretty vivid imagination. But if one were to demean a Hugo (which I repeat is an achievement award) by according it to a book so clumsily written as The Eskimo Invasion, it would be a fatal disservice to the science fiction field. It is an achievement in only one sense: that the author managed to sneak such appalling prose past the ordinarily vigilant staff of Galaxy Publications and Ballantine Books. That, I concede, must have taken a lot of doing.

((A lot of sound and fury up there, John, but I think you exaggerate with the word "fatal." As for demeaning the Hugo by awarding it to a clumsily written book---take a look at some of Heinlein's stuff. And you strain your argument with the bit about Howard managing to "sneak" his "appalling prose" past two sets of editors. I've been a full time writer for ten years now and I've never heard of a trick like that. Do you know something I don't? I think the editors recognized good story values---good entertainment factors---in Howard's words and thought the public would, too. The colleges are full of English professors who can write perfectly proper and "correct" sentences; they're the ones who wrote Usage and Abusage, etc., but they can't usually write worth a damn. I'd rather have a sense of drama and a knack for dialogue, if I had to make a choice. What I'm trying to say is that it's nice if you can write with perfect or nearly perfect syntax and with a talent for fiction, but that the talent is most important. With talent ^{with} and sloppy syntax a writer can get by, sometimes very well; without talent and ~~perfect~~ syntax a writer is...a professor.

Now you have to face a reply from John Hayden Howard.))

John Hayden Howard
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While writing about Dr. Joseph West in THE ESKIMO INVASION, I tried to let his personality show in my writing style. In his early life, in flashbacks, he was a shy good-Joe who became an emotionally awkward medical doctor and then an angry administrator. When the first chapter begins, he has been

fired as Director of Oriental Population Problems Research and is retreating to the Arctic, where his life's direction will collide with the Esk's population explosion. A man of good-will, Dr. West becomes a guilt-tormented killer.

In his letter, Mr. Brunner repeatedly objects to the repetition of the name and title Dr. West. Mr. Brunner suggests more use of the pronoun he. But the Dr. Joseph West who became Director had grown in self-importance until he thought of himself by his title, Dr. West. Contradictorally, rather than saving lives, Dr. West was preventing them. Dr. West, General A., President B., if men think of themselves by their titles do they lose something personal? Dr. West, Dr. West, Dr. West ended as a mass murderer.

Dr. West, most of us, we think of ourselves as men of good-will whether we're liberal or conservative, radical or reactionary. But Dr. West did more than talk. He became a man of action. With good intentions, Dr. West tried to save those first Esk's from starvation. But by Chapter 4, with good intentions Dr. West had sterilized his wife. After she left him and he prepared to expose other Esk's to inadequately tested bacteria, do you think he was aware of all of his motives?

Mr. Brunner protests the use of accidentally with must on page 296. But I liked that sentence for its implied comment on human motivations. Mr. Brunner asserts that there is nothing "necessitous" about an accident. But sitting beside a girl have you ever "accidentally" moved closer to her because you must? Some people are accident-prone. Some sentences are twisted by so-called Freudian slips of information from beneath the surface. Dr. West had been electro-interrogated by the Maoists. During the last chapters, deep beneath the surface of the earth, Dr. West struggled with his guilt, unsure of his own motives.

The tragedy for men of action, whatever they do will force them to do something more until their alternatives have been narrowed into tunnels they had not intended. Led on by good intentions, men can't be aware of all their sub-surface motivations. Interestingly, the most recent book exploring human behavior was written by a zoologist. It is called THE NAKED APE.

Dr. West said nothing. Finally he nodded his head. "As you say - etc. This is on page 296, and Mr. Brunner objects. But Dr. West said nothing because he was considering Mao III's thought communication from the preceding paragraph. Dr. West nodded his head because his head is being emphasized. In his head are the verbalized thoughts. So Dr. West replied as if Mao III had spoken aloud.

Do you ever smile at someone? If so, then Dr. West should be permitted to force a weary smile at Mao III. The sentence containing No name automatically suggests Dr. West's struggle with his damaged verbal memory.

Mr. Brunner objects to the repetition of words on the same page. Evidently he detests using the same word twice, but in real life we do. Also he objects to letting a sentence trail off with a dash to indicate a pause and then closing it with a period. It is acceptable to close a dash with a question mark or exclamation point. Shouldn't a writer have the punctuational freedom to chop off his pauses with periods?

THE ESKIMO INVASION (book) was nominated for the 1967 Nebula Award by a man I do not know and hesitate to name. Might Mr. Brunner's wrath descend on him? I've just read in BEST SF STORIES FROM NEW WORLDS that Mr. Brunner wrote the marching song for the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament: Don't You Hear The H-Bomb's Thunder! I'll try to survive his thunder.

Mr. Brunner - John Brunner - he writes his books with a lucid style we've come to expect from the best British novelists. THE ESKIMO INVASION doesn't fit his stylistic conceptions. O.K., John? Peace?

Andy Porter
24 East 82nd St.
New York, NY.
10028

((Andy wrote this letter on paper with a letterhead reading: 32ND
WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION Bidding Committee---Labor Day Week-
end, 1974. Post Office Box 367, New York, N.Y. 10028. Andrew Port-
er, Chairman.

Hmm... Varry Interasting....))

Harlan mentions that ANALOG has not been in the running for a Hugo for several years. If he'd bothered to look up past Program Books, he'd have found that ANALOG has been in the running nearly every year. In the case of the NyCon, I believe it placed 2nd among nominees. It has placed fairly high up among nominees consistently through the years; Harlan's example of a trend is invalid here. In the novel category at the NyCon, in fact, while Delany's Babel-17 and Day of the Minotaur were in the running, and are examples of the newer sf, The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress by Heinlein, certainly a prime example of old wave sf, won. So much for trends in sf being easily visible in Hugo voting. (ANALOG won, FYI, in 62, 64, and 65 --- hardly "not even been in the running for half a dozen years," as Harlan says.)

I have read, and reviewed, examples of fiction published in ANALOG, as a certain class of fiction. I know that I sometimes like to read a gadget story, and I know that stories like "Code Three" are well done within the confines of the hard science gadget story. Harlan's judging the story by his standards bring up the old confusion: should a story be judged within its own standards; the standards of the reviewer; the standards of the sub-genre it is written in; the standards of sf as seen by a reader of sf; or the standards of some one vitally interested in sf and what it may be developing out of, or into (as your viewpoint suggests)?

Anyone wanna give me a good definition of what is science fiction?

I think that both Bjo and Donaho are tiring me. Donaho's comment on bidding for '72 is either a snide put-on or a serious proposal, in which case it's the height of assininity. I suppose he would want to bid for each West Coast worldcon, if only to prevent "Bjo & Co." from messing things up. "It's for your own good," he said, as he kicked Los Angeles where it Hurts...

Hmmmm. Bill Mallardi must have Heard It Wrong from Bjo. Perhaps she was tired from working on the Art Show. But Cindy Van Arnam was Boss of the Fashion Show, and Bjo didn't have a thing to do with it.

I understand that the Central Ohio SF Society had a membership drive, got in a lot of teenaged members, and said members then voted out the old leadership and got new, teenaged leaders. They are not supporting Columbus. In fact, I keep getting renewals (from the area) to SFWeekly with "St. Louis in '69!" scrawled on the corners... Ben Keefer on the Columbus ConCom? Merely another reason to support St. Louis...

Rick Sneary
2962 Santa Ana St.
South Gate, Calif.
90280

I admire your resolve to remain neutral in the current fire fight between the Trimble and Donaho/Rogers. It will require blind-
ing footwork on your part, and I still predict you will get
snarled at by both sides.. The worst of these types of exchange-
es is the degree of dramatic exaggeration which causes loyal
friends on each side to come to their doddies defense---frequently with even more ill-
chosen remarks. This leads to Seconds fighting back and forth too, and often about
things not related to the original argument.

One of Bjo's greatest abilities is also the cause of a lot of her trouble. That is being able to concintrate a greater degree of her total awareness on what ever subject is at hand. Her greater envolvment added to her greater ability makes it possible for her to see more and get more done than the average who just plods along doing his thing.

(It seems also to use up her interest in a particular idea faster than for most fans) People who have made up their minds as to how things out to be, get their feelings hurt when she comes along, moving faster than them, and often as not to the sound of a different drum.. And as with many people of high emotions and talent, she is rather intolerant of clods.. There being so many, and she moves so fast, the law of averages says she is going to run into a lot of them.

Ellison says he is unable to read Dune, which says a lot to me, and explains something too. Not now reading Astounding, I haven't as yet read Dune, but I've read a lot of reviews and heard a lot of opinions. What it amounts to is that the people who like the stories I like, like Dune, therefore I expect I would too. Harlan has been boosting the New Wave school of writing these last few years, and I have wondered why I didn't quite see what was so great. Now the trouble is clear. Harlan doesn't like the kind of stories I do. He likes the kind of stories he writes, and as his opinion impeccable he has been trying to convince everyone else that this is Where It Is. I say, foo-y.. - One of the attractive elements in old science fiction was its optimistic view of the future. Much of what I read now seems based on an exaggeration of what is currently bad. One can view a single novel like 1984 as a classic,, but there are few Orwell's, and to much of the same only leads to drink and other diversions...

((Be sure to read The Couch, Rick. I'm using your remarks about the Evers article as a take-off for a policy statement.))

THE I-ALSO-GOT-LETTERS-FROM DEPT.

Alex Kirs and Jack Gaughan both sent beautifully long grotchy letters which are too good to let pass. I'm saving them for next issue, along with a pertinent letter from Rick Norwood on STAR TREK. F.M. Busby, too, is due for pintnering next time as a hold-over.

Alas, I had plans for using Kay Anderson's letter this issue, and Al Andrews' letter, and D. Gary Grady's letter, but space and time ran out. I shall have to add them to those from George Smith, Jim Young (2), Lyn Veryzer, Larry Herndon, Andrew J. Offut, Jim Ashe, Andy Porter, and...that's all so far as of March tooth...which are due for the butcher's block and packaging for the PSYCHOTIC EGOBOO EXPRESS.

Well, there's room under me, I see... Alright, a slice from pretty Kay A... You are pretty, aren't you, Kay?

Kay Anderson, 234 Shangri-la NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87107

Strange how Shatner's portrayal of Kirk annoys people. Kirk is not exactly a superb person...he's rather impatient, sarcastic, and egotistical. I know a number of military commanders of this sort, my brother---a major in the Air Force---being a notable example. But many people dislike Shatner for the character he plays, which seems rather unfair to me. McCoy spends a large part of his time jumping up and down and screaming, unfortunately, yet I know no one who attributes that personality to Kelley. I think Shatner, like Nemoy and Kelley, does a very nice job with a difficult character.

((Kelley's characterization of McCoy is so overplayed that no one is fooled; he is so obviously acting that he becomes a cartoon. Shatner and Nemoy are much more subtle.))

Now, look at that! More blank space! I'll fix that! *

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A PRIMER FOR HEADS

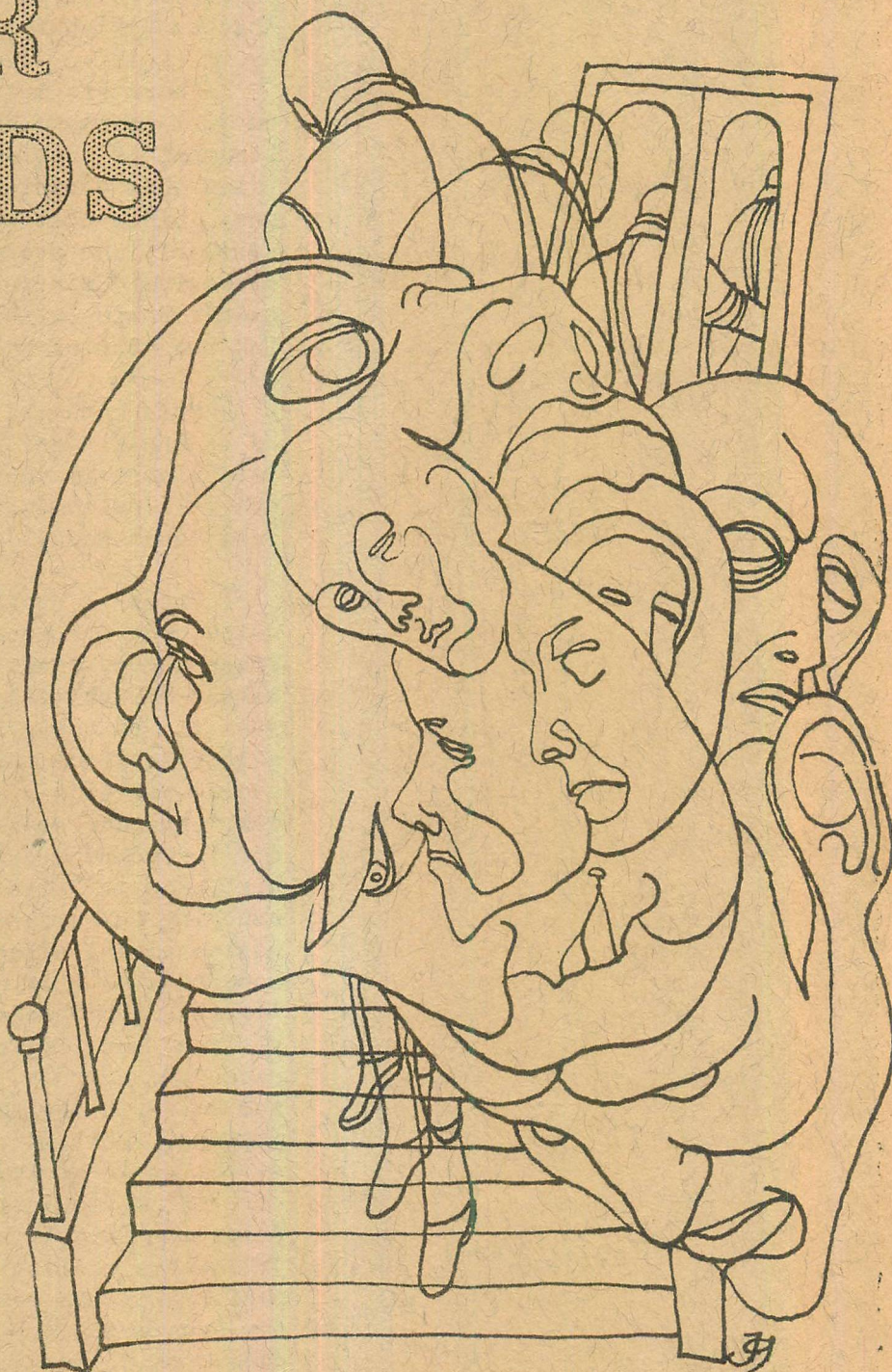
PART ONE

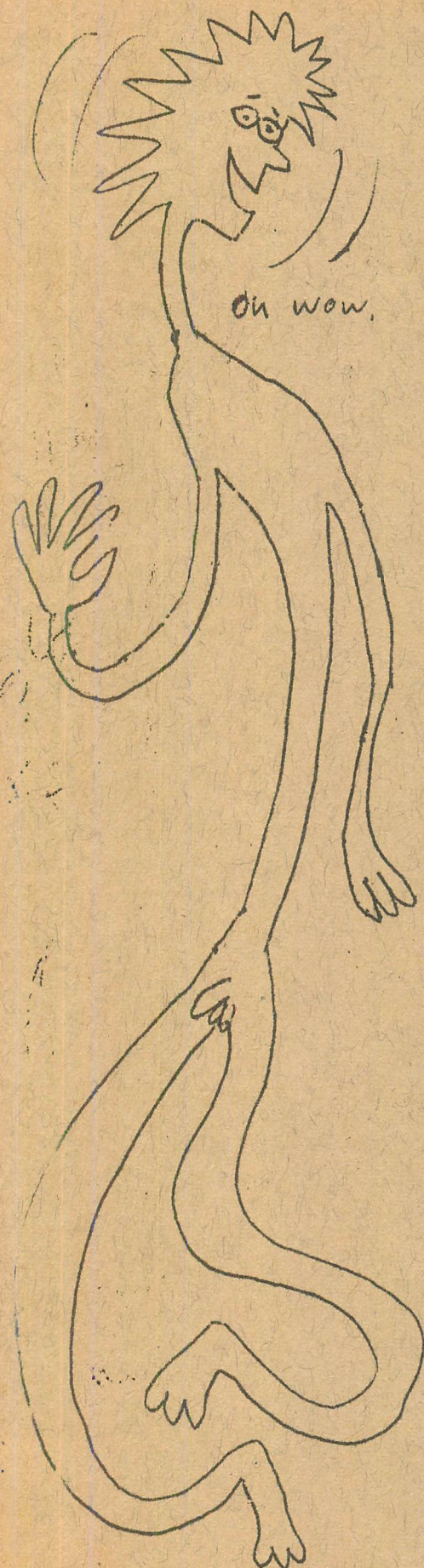
I've always wanted to attempt a comprehensive, informative fanzine article on psychedelic drugs, but till now I've been afraid it would stir up too much unnecessary controversy.

Since a sizeable number of fans have become heads recently, I've decided it's time to put aside paranoia and let the rest of you benefit from my drug experience.

This article is intended as a sort of "Neo-Head's Guide To Turning On" and also as a starting point for an open discussion on psychedelics and their place in Fandom.

Describing the actual effects of psychedelic drugs on the mind is very difficult---it amounts to trying to verbalize the non-verbal---and most such articles either cop out entirely or get hung up on mysticism. I think the former course is less misleading, and I'll try to confine my descriptions to the more concrete effects: emotional reactions, sensory distortions, et





Oh wow.

Ray Nelson

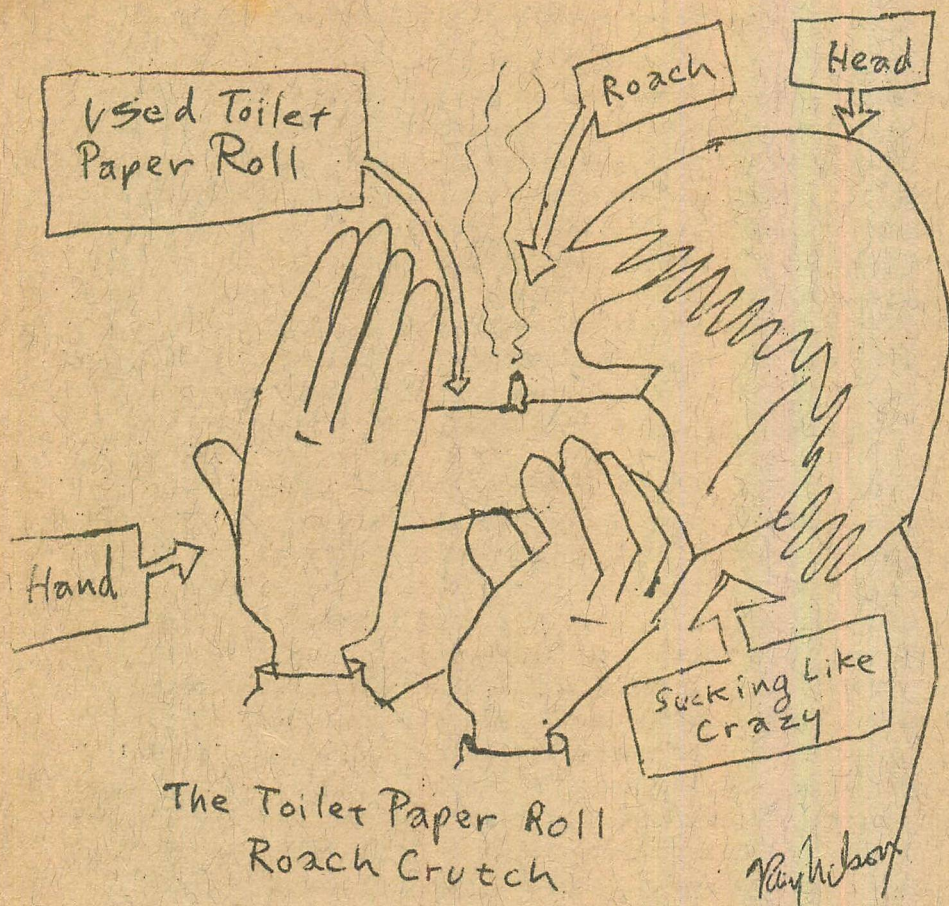
cetera. Of course, the only way you can truly understand the psychedelic experience is to try it. I don't believe I have any right to encourage others to turn on, but if you decide to do so, I can give you pointers from my own experience to help you avoid pitfalls and get the most out of your experience with drugs.

There are tricks-of-the-trade to turning on just as there are to playing a musical instrument or pubbing a fanzine, technical details that you can read about and put to good use. Since most writing on drugs is either scholarly and over-technical or bohemian and excessively mystical, I think there's a real need for simple, descriptive articles on making the most of the drug experience.

Ghod knows, I'm not trying to set myself up as any kind of authority, but I'm writing into a sort of vacuum, especially in Fandom, and I'll welcome additions or corrections from other heads.

Grass is by far the most popular psychedelic, and for good reason. I'm high on grass a good share of the time, and I enjoy almost any activity more when I'm stoned than when I'm on the ground. Grass makes pleasurable sensations more intense and has very few unpleasant side-effects. (It does interfere with physical co-ordination slightly so I don't recommend driving a car while you're high, and it makes you hungry, which can be annoying to weight-watchers.) In general, it has emotional effects similar to those of moderate doses of alcohol but without the side-effects: (Pot-heads rarely get aggressive or violent, and I've never seen anyone puke or pass out on grass.) pot tends to relax you and make you feel more at ease with your companions. This makes it the ideal drug for social use---at parties, before going to any sort of public entertainment, et cetera. While releasing inhibitions and increasing enjoyment of various activities, grass doesn't impair performance the way alcohol does. I find I can even write or paint while stoned and produce work no worse than I do on the ground. The same is true with respect to sex---pot increases sexual enjoyment, and if anything it increases sexual endurance also, though I've never found it the powerful physical aphrodisiac it's rumored to be.

In addition to its emotional effects, pot also alters sense perceptions slightly, making colors appear brighter, sounds and taste more



intense. It's the sensory distortion rather than the more obvious emotional effects that place pot among the psychedelics. A common reaction is to suddenly "notice" a familiar object or scene you usually take for granted. This can be a real groove---you look up and suddenly the world is new and fresh in your eyes. I wish there were words to really capture the sensation, but if there were there would be no need for drugs.

I also find I appreciate music more if I turn on before listening; grass has helped me "get into" a lot of complex Eastern and classical music I can't begin to follow on the ground. I don't know if the effect is real or only apparent, but pot seems to increase my ability to concentrate on patterns of sound.

By this time a few of you are saying, "He doesn't know what he's talking about. I've smoked grass and it doesn't do much for me at all." If this is the case, you're probably not smoking properly or you're not smoking enough grass at a time. I've turned on with maybe a dozen or fifteen people who said they had trouble getting high, and all of them ended up beautifully stoned, mostly because I showed them the proper way to smoke and was quite generous with my grass.

A lot of heads just don't smoke enough grass at one session to really get high. I've found I have to smoke about four joints all by myself to get what I call completely stoned. If pot smoke makes you cough, you're going to need two or three times that much. Ditto if you're apprehensive about turning on---if you try too hard to control yourself, most of the calming and experience-intensifying effects of pot will be reduced. True, grass releases your inhibitions slightly, and it makes most people more talkative than usual, (If you're already a voluble type, pot will probably give you a tremendous case of the giggles.) but there's nothing really dangerous in this---it doesn't paralyze your actual will-power, your intellectual control over your body and emotions. So it's best just to relax and groove with things around you, or else not even try to turn on.

The way you smoke your grass is also fairly important---the idea is to absorb as much of the drug (cannabinol) out of the smoke as you can. I always take a good big puff of grass, then breathe in hard on top of it to drive the smoke deeper into my lungs, then hold my breath as long as I can. This procedure might not look dignified, but it's the best way to get high. You can smoke grass shallowly like you smoke tobacco for hours and not get high. Another point is rolling your joints thin enough so you don't get more smoke per puff than your lungs can handle. It might look groovy to roll a joint almost as thick as a tobacco cigarette, but it's not the best way to get high.

Or if you use a pipe, get one with a small bowl---a normal-sized pipe bowl delivers too much smoke.

As far as I know, there's nothing like an overdose on grass, though there might be on pure, refined cannabino. I've smoked about four ounces in three days and didn't have any unpleasant effects. I was so stoned I just lay there and didn't feel like moving, but I wasn't paralyzed or anything. In fact, the only real drawback to grass is its illegality. I've heard of something called "psychological addiction", but the term has never made sense to me. I've been smoking pot occasionally for ten years and almost every day for three years, and I never have felt the slightest craving for it when I didn't have it. To me, psychological addiction would give you a feeling like the one you have in a strange city, lonely and wanting to talk to a friend. At the least a psychological addict would spend a lot of time thinking about the drug when he didn't have it, and I've never done this or had anyone admit doing it.

Hashish is no different from pot except it's more concentrated: the drug in both is the same, cannabino. The reason a lot of people claim hash has stronger psychedelic effects is simply because the pea-sized lump of hash commonly smoked is the equivalent of ten or twelve joints. One effect I get almost every time I smoke hash and almost never on grass, though, is time distention. This is a very common effect on the stronger psychedelics, but is rare on grass unless you smoke half an ounce or so at a sitting. Time distention is pretty hard to describe; the best I can say is that your sense of the continuity of time alternately speeds up and slows down. Like it might seem to take ten minutes for a couple of bars of music to play, then time seems to speed up and the rest of the record seems to play much faster than usual. It's especially groovy to listen to ragas when you're experiencing time distention---they seem to be written with such effects in mind. I don't doubt that this is the case, as I've seen several Indian musicians smoking hookahs openly on the stage. Since a raga is mostly improvisation, a stoned player means stoned music. I much prefer to recognize this and give the music a stoned audience.

During the two years I spent in Europe, I smoked nothing but hash, and I prefer the taste to that of pot, but hash is expensive and hard to get in this country and I've only had it a couple of times since I've been back. If you want to make your grass stronger, I've heard that exposure to ultraviolet light for a couple of hours will do it, but since I don't own a sunlamp, I haven't tested this out for myself. If anyone tries it I'd like to know how it works. Grinding up your pot seeds and smoking them along with the leaf also makes the smoke a little stronger, but it also makes it hotter and rougher on the throat. Still, this little economy is worthwhile if you have trouble scoring often.

Rumors keep circulating that you can add all sorts of legal substances to pot to make it stronger---aspirin, oregano, saffron, et cetera. I've tried most of these and found they don't work. The only additives I know of that really do make pot stronger are illegal drugs themselves like DMF and amphetamine. I've gotten high smoking Scotch Broom leaves (I think they contain cannabino), but I don't recommend them since they taste incredibly bad. The only "legal high" I have any use for is morning glory seeds, which I'll cover later. Mace and nutmeg contain psychedelic drugs (I don't offhand know what kind.) but they also make you very ill for days afterward, and such things as larkspur and loco weed and muscaria mushrooms can kill you or permanently damage your nervous system.

Oh yes, and there's banana-hash. The whole "Mellow Yellow" craze was an enormous ploy and hoax, but a lot of heads seemed to fall for it. I have an idea there are still people boiling down and drying out banana peels, trying to figure out how to process them to get high. True, there are people around who have smoked banana-hash and gotten terrifically stoned, but that's because the San Francisco Diggers distributed large quantities of banana-hash salted with DMF. The bananas didn't contribute a thing.

SECOND SESSION

Where the editor continues to ramble on and on and on and on...

GOOD OLD PSY is going to look different next issue, I think. It depends on how soon I can get delivery on a new Olympia standard with Manuscript No. 4 type in it. What is Ms #4? It's a type size smaller than elite...a sort of tall micro-elite, and it has 17 spaces per inch. Contrast that in your mind with this elite's 12 spaces.

The Ms #4 is not as small as you might think, however. It is highly readable.

It also gets 8 lines per vertical inch compared to the usual 6 with elite and pica.

I was just informed by the dealer that it will be at least another week, and possibly two or three.

I may go ahead and put Ted White's column on stencil with this typer, along with the other articles and columns, and reserve the smaller type face for the letter column. And reviews.

The arithmetic of this new type face is incredible; It means two columns per page, with each column line about ten words long. It means about 80 lines per column instead of 60. It means almost doubling the wordage per page.

It means a change in layout style.

It means saving a lot of money in paper and postage.

If you have a copy of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES handy you can get a good idea of the size of Ms #4. Except that Ms #4 is a shade narrower. The tallness of the letters is the same.

I'm reading a lot of science fiction now, and I'm enjoying it in pocketbook form, but not in sf magazine form so much. I almost dread sf short stories. After all these years of publishing I think the sf short story, with rare exceptions, is a worked-out mine. The short story barrel has been scraped, licked clean and examined with microscopes for residue.

I wonder if it isn't time for an editor and publisher to take a chance on an issue and use only a complete novel and one novelet, ideally a novel and two novelets. How many words are there in an average issue of IF, for instance? About 55-60,000 of fiction? It could be done. If the sf mags are in trouble because of competition from sf paperbacks, they'd better try something!

Peace. --REGeis



SECOND SESSION

