

RICHARD E. GEIS

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THE MAIL MUNDAC #1, a 12 page personalzine by Rick
4-27-72 Stooker, 1205 Logan St., Alton, Ill. 62002. To
whomever he wishes, for trades, locs. No price.

Rick writes surprisingly well. He held my interest with stories of high school and college experiences.

The bank, Security-Pacific, sent me a notice that my new MasterCharge card had been sent to me a few days before and if I didn't get it, to start hollering.

I got it. When I use it I always pay the full amount to avoid carrying charges. It's convenient to avoid carrying lots of cash, and it helps with ID. I don't actually need it, but it is occasionally useful.

HEREDITY VS. ENVIRONMENT The battle still goes on.
4-27-72 This week two stories in the TIMES illustrate this.

It has been noted before, but a North Carolina doctor, the head of the U. of N.C. Dept. of Epidemiology, has mentioned it out loud again: a person who is loved is usually more healthy than one who isn't.

Love can and does prevent disease...or immunize against it.

Dr. John C. Cassell said in an interview that a recent study of women who had given birth to their first baby showed that of those who had had many recent social readjustments such as moving or changing jobs had a 90% chance of a birth complication if they had little warm social support by their husbands and families.

But if they were well loved—even though they had had many recent social readjustments—the complication rate was 30%.

He said the lack of warm social approval can result in marked alterations in hormone levels and nervous system changes which increase susceptibility to disease.

Which disease depends on diet, germs present, and other factors (some of which may be hereditary, say I).

Cassell said some doctors don't believe in a generalized susceptibility to disease. "If there is no such thing I'd find it hard to explain why divorced men have a death rate three to five times higher than married men of the same age," he said.

Another doctor at the Congress on Environmental Health, where Cassell spoke, was Dr. T.H. Holmes III, professor of psychiatry at the U. of Washington. He has studied the relationship between social readjustments and illness susceptibility.

He found that radical change, good or bad, is a powerful element associated with illness.

He has come up with a rating scale that gives points to 43 common life changes such as death of a spouse (100 points), divorce (73), retirement (45), sex difficulties (39), change in work hours (20), change in sleeping habits (16), vacation (13), Christmas (12), minor violations of the law (11).

A person who accumulates 300 points within one year has an 80% chance of having a major health change.

The other story was headed: SCIENTIST SAYS ALL MENTAL ILLS SEEM GENETIC. He said there is growing evidence that all kinds of abnormal behavior including alcoholism and criminality

might be inheritable.

His name is Dr. David Rosenthal. He gave a talk at the annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences.

He cited studies implicating genetic or inheritable faults in all "behavioral disorders". He said the genetic evidence is not always clear and final, but enough to take the theory seriously.

Adding up all the schizophrenics, alcoholics, neurotics, etc., he concluded, "It should be clear that almost no family in the nation is entirely free of mental disorders."

In the case of crime, he listed some ways "in which different types of genes can contribute to a common behavioral disorder." These genes' effects can include abnormal brain waves, low intelligence, a characteristic body build, chromosomal oddities and psychopathic personalities.

Where does that leave Freud?

Where does that leave me? Us? You? He? Gee!!

BOOK REVIEW Here is Geis on drek patrol. In his
4-28-72 hands he carries a finely tuned drek sniffer adjusted to full sniff.

The machine shivers. It's speaker blares, "SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!" Pointers bend around peps. The nose points unerringly at a pocketbook.

I exaggerate for effect. THE RESURRECTION OF ROGER DIMENT by Douglas R. Mason (Ballantine 02573, 95¢) is what Ed Cox once called 'product'—the also-rans used to fill out the monthly quota. Every publisher uses them. Every editor buys them.

It does seem, though, that Ballantine publishes more than its share.

ROGER DIMENT is future adventure. The theme is a man and woman on the run, criminals for having avoided the compulsory dismemberment required of all citizens in their 30th year.

The moto of this society is "Live fast, die young, and be a useful corpse."

A familiar theme and Mason adds nothing well-written to its execution. His prose is awkward, malaprop and cliché: "Sensors beating back to full strength sent in a whole sheaf of data that threatened to turn his mind in stumbling retreat to the limbo it had just now left." "But Diment had not been a top athlete for nothing." "Secondly, he was cold. He was lying on a smooth metal tray that was doing a good job of spreading his thermal agitation to all parts, and that inexorable Second Law was against his gathering any of it back." All this from page one.

No, Diment is not a robot or android. I suspect Mason is, though. He writes like one.

THE MAIL One subscription.
4-28-72

The XXX, Inc. porno offers of the month. A page of old male homosexual mags, an offer of two different porno cartoon books (male), porno novels titled NEVER TOO YOUNG, INCEST ISLAND, INCEST SWAP, etc.

Four run-of-the-mill films offered. Yawn.

A letter from George Hay, de facto editor of FOUNDATION A Review of Science Fiction, published for the Science Fiction Foundation of the North East London Polytechnic.

He has invited me to do a column for the journal (little likelihood of payment) on the 'nitty-gritty' of sf writing and publishing....to combat academic dullness in the rest of the magazine.

I can think of a lot of others better qualified, but I'll be happy to try.

And with his letter came a copy of FOUNDATION #1. A dignified, blue-covered 70 page 5½" x 8½" booklet format, saddle bound. Professionally printed.

The contents page shows it to be a sercon fanzine with reprints from SFR, SPECULATION and RENAISSANCE. Plus a very interesting article, "The Development of a Science Fiction Writer" by John Brunner.

There is also an incredible article by Doug Letts, "Preliminary Notes on an Axiom System for Plot." Story structure broken down to computer formula...or something. I think this is an utterly pointless exercise in intellectual capability. It's on a par with creating an artificial language no one will ever use or learn.

My first issue of THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY.

The May 4, 1972 issue of THE NEW YORK REVIEW of Books.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST 5-1-72 Because I can't say no to people, I spent the weekend with a woman friend, and alternately represented the wasted hours, and enjoyed her company. Some problems are insoluble. Other peoples' needs are my bane. It's the self-effacing element, the compliant element in me. My going to Portland will be as much running from as running to.

I wrote to the P.O. substation in Portland nearest the house and asked for info on a P.O. box. Hope I can get one; there are problems in having all my mail sent to the house (volume and bulk and what happens if we're gone for a few days?). But I suppose it could be worked out. I could get a large mailbox for the porch and if we go away, a neighbor or relative could collect it. I suspect no P.O. boxes will be available.

THE MAIL 5-1-72 Two subscriptions.

My copy of INSIDE THE SYSTEM (bonus for subscribing to THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY).

A review copy of THE INFINITE CAGE by Keith Laumer (Putnam, \$5.95).

Another copy of NOSTALGIA NEWS #14. A handwritten note from Larry Herndon inside wishing to trade and suggesting I advertise REG in NN.

I suspect I'll get all the subbers I need after a few issues of this mad mixture have been reviewed and bruited about.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST 5-1-72 I called George at Barclay this morning and was given an as-

signment—LESBIAN SEDUCTRESSES. It's fun trying to make credible a situation in which a teen-age dyke seduces her own mother (but only temporarily).

So this assures next month's rent and food or about half the moving cost to Portland.

THE MAIL 5-3-72 Three subscriptions yesterday, and nothing else. Odd how the mail runs.

Today a fanzine from Mike Horvat, POB 286, Tangent, OR 97389. It is his JOURNAL OF ECLECTIC KNOWLEDGE plus some two-pagers for an amateur press association called SLANapa.

His JOURNAL is small, short and consists of interesting quotes from his reading of such people as Byron, Sterne, mehitabel, Arthur Koestler, A.E. Housman, etc.

His apa material is highly readable, interesting, and he shows himself to be a distinct individual...even a character in his own write.

A review copy of John Boyd's new book for Weybright and Talley, THE GORGON FESTIVAL. Looks good.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST 5-3-72 Was stapling the last hundred copies of REG#1 this evening when I ran out of 3/8" inchers for my #13 Swingline. Expensive staples, but they hold a fanzine together come hell or high water. Gotta get another box in the morning.

Boxed the 70 copies for FAPA tonight, also. Gotta make the May 13 deadline.

I've decided to decline to do a column for FOUNDATION. George Hay needs someone more "in" in the sf scene than I. Someone who knows the publishing scene, the writing scene far better than I. He wants a strong element of news, too.

I'm on the fringes of all that. Ted White would be the best man I can think of and I'll suggest him to George. Hope Ted has the time to do a quarterly 2500 word column.

I tend to freeze up when writing for another magazine.

THE NEWS 5-3-72 There seems to be a big left-liberal push developing behind McGovern; the same people who were with Bobby Kennedy. He is gaining more and more credibility as a candidate and as a winner.

The South Vietnamese army is humiliating Nixon. They deserve one another. Would you buy a used war from this man?

Edgar Hoover is dead. I wonder if they'll bury his favorite dossiers with him.

A story in the May 2 TIMES says that (contrary to folk belief) men can stand pain better than women, and the older you are the less you can tolerate pain. But even the oldest men withstood pain better than the youngest women. On the average men took twice as much pain as women. Also, Orientals can take less pain than whites and blacks. Whites tolerate pain better than other races...due to cultural-social factors?

The pain-giver was a machine that put up to 50 pounds of pressure per square inch on the Achilles tendon in the heel.

THE MAIL A subscription. I think I will omit these
5-4-72 sub notes after this. Shall we stipulate that in
the scheme of things I will receive subscriptions
every day or so? Leave us reserve the space for more important
and interesting material...like THE NATURE OF THE BEAST which
reveals my psyche in endless, disgusting, boring, repetitious
detail.

For some reason the bulb in the lamp I use to illuminate
this typer is humming at me. So far there is no melody. I
hope it isn't going to explode...or implode...or burn out.

A letter from Victor Kaiser, Supt. of the Piedmont Station
of the U.S. Post Office in Portland. He say there ain't no
boxes available now, but will be by July 1, 1972, and there
should be no problem.

BUT—I just called mother and she say the Model Cities
work is to be finished by the end of this month—they're do-
ing the wiring now—and so I can start the moving procedures
going.

So—from June 1 to July 1 I'll be at the General Delivery
window for my forwarded mail. Rather than broadcast a change-
of-address to fandom, et. al. I'll just have all "3116" mail
forwarded first to Gen. Del. and then to the new box. Once I
get the box I'll scream for everybody to redirect.

Barclay House sent along a form and questionnaire from
CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS 'A Bio-Bibliographical Guide to Current
Authors and Their Works' I filled out one of these a couple
months ago.

LOCUS 112. Seems Bob Silverberg won the Nebula for Best
Novel this time with A TIME OF CHANGES. As I said in REG#1,
not in my estimation one of his better books. But as seems
so often, you win with the less-than-your-best and lose with
your best.

POZITRON, the impressive, but unreadable, Newsletter of
the SF Club Society for Popularization of Science from Hung-
ary. Apparently there is an s-f literary award in Hungary call-
ed the Golden Meteor. The photo of it on page 22 shows it
to be the equal of the Nebula and Hugo.

YELLOW BALLOON from Richard Small, 117 S. Meridian St. #3,
Tallahassee, FLA 32301 is an experimental fanzine. This time
it is all amateur comic strip about a man looking for God and
finding a talking rock who claims to be said deity. But the
Rock God is GAFIA and says "Fuck the Bible!" He wants to be
left alone, no matter how bad a shape the world is in.

Interesting, Richard. You must be the despair of your
parents. (Free for trade, comment.)

NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES #6-7-8-9-10, dedicated to the prop-
osition that the state has no claim on the individual and
should not be allowed to tax, conscript or otherwise infringe
on a person's life and property.

Amateurishly produced (the art looks as if it were done by
five year olds) and full of intramural statings-of-position
and idealistic exclusions of anyone who is impure of dogma.
Edited by Samuel E. Konklin III, 235 E. 49th St., New York, NY
10017. 40g.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST On impulse I called mom last
5-5-72 night and she said the Model Cities
work on the house will be done by
the end of the month; they're doing the wiring now. So I
wrote up a note to the landlord giving notice and mailed it
this morning.

The die is cast, the wheels are in motion and the plug
has been pulled. Gurgle, gurgle.

Pearl just called and will be dropping over Sunday for a
chat.

MORE ENVIRONMENT VS. HEREDITY Three recent TIMES stor-
5-5-72 ies further compound the
fracture. All three support
the Environmentalist argument. A 5-5-72 story headed:
"Schizophrenia Linked to Enzyme Deficiency" details some re-
search work done by a Wayne State University and Lafayette
Clinic team.

They discovered that an enzyme deficiency in the brains
of schizophrenics appeared to upset the brain's metabolism.
This lack leads to abnormal production of chemicals that are
known to have a mentally disturbing effect...a kind of home-
grown trip, but a downer.

A newly named enzyme, Anti-S Protein, seemed to work in
the limbic lobe and lower stem part of the brain. The enzyme
shortage causes a chemical called tryptophan to flood certain
sections of the brain, producing too much of other chemicals
called methylated idoleamines. These chemicals are known to
be mind-altering...and this causes, the team thinks, the symp-
toms we think of as schizophrenia.

So...unless it is shown that the enzyme deficiency is
programmed by a genetic factor, it seems that mayhap a diet
deficiency of long run may have a hand in some mental illness-
es. Or emotional stress (more likely) may alter blood chem-
istry and produce schizophrenic reactions.

More biological hanky-panky involvement with our minds is
shown in another 5-5-72 story. "A Theory on Killings: Moon
Made Me Do It!" Briefly, a study of murders and moon phases
for two years, in Dade County (Miami) Fla., shows that "the
county's murder rate began to rise about 24 hours before the
full moon, reached a peak at full moon, then dropped back be-
fore climbing again to a secondary peak at the new moon."

The theory is that the lunar tidal pull may have enough
effect on the blood chemistry of 'borderline' cases to trigg-
er irrational behavior.

Further: "When the moon and sun are in proper position to
exert their greatest gravitational force on the earth...there
seems to be even a more marked increase in 'ruthless and bi-
zarre' violent crime.

"During this'maximum tidal force', which occurs once about
every 14 months...Dade County's murder rate temporarily rose
to four and five murders a day."

Seems like this is a "proof" of astrology, in a way, and
mayhap a lot of schizophrenia (and perhaps neurosis) is due
to unavoidable gravitational fields.

Story idea: The moon has been destroyed; the world goes
subtly crazy...or is suddenly sane!

OR: spaceship gravity fields for long-run trips will have to be subtly altered to "fake" lunar tidal pulls to keep the crew and passengers normal.

OR: Moon colonists will be weird people due to stronger pull of Earth on their blood and organs. Plus effect of long-term living in a low-gravity environment.

An April 30th, 1972 story is headed: "Lack of Parental Love Tied to Drugs, Violence." A psychologist says if children are denied enough touching—holding—carrying they will compensate later by seeking stimulation from other, possibly disapproved sources.

He (Dr. James W. Prescott) says some people blame permissiveness for drug abuse, but he thinks it is really parental indifference which is the base cause...a lack of affection and physical contact, especially by fathers. But our society places great stress on getting ahead and success, which activity takes up a lot of fatherly time, leaving the kids out in the emotional cold.

Now here's a kicker: "The psychologist and co-workers have discovered that the cerebellum, a part of the brain traditionally associated with muscular coordination, is also associated with emotional and sexual behavior and aggression.

"Through animal experiments and observations of human infants they have proposed that touch—and the act of being carried—is essential to the normal development of the cerebellum. Animals allowed to develop with all the senses except touch showed behaviors much like those of mentally ill children, he said.

"Animals deprived of being touched, the researchers found, showed these distinct effects:

"—When they grew up they had an aversion to being touched, an aversion that had a pronounced influence on their social and sexual activities and produced a tendency to violence.

"—They had a high need for sensory stimulation related to body pleasure.

"Translating these observations to people, Prescott said that a person with an aversion to being touched who also has a strong need for stimulation is a likely candidate for drug abuse.

"Drug abuse and pornography appear to be examples of behavior that allow the individual to stimulate himself as a substitute for the natural way to experience body pleasure—and thus make up for his early deprivation—while at the same time bypassing the need to be touched and to touch, Prescott said."

Hi ho. Mayhap my porno work is socially usefull and actually redeeming in that were it not for the vicarious sensual stimulation of my erotic scenes, a lot of people would turn to drugs or, deprived of porno and drugs, become violent and kill-kill-kill.

Of course, it would be better if they went in for direct touch, but by adulthood time such personalities are usually pretty well frozen as far as radical behavior changes are concerned. (And strange as it may seem, it is often more difficult to break down and touch and be touched than it is to become violent.)

Again I see that our culture and society is structured to manufacture is criminals and deviates. (And in any society

there will always be a certain percentage of indifferent, unloving parents...who produce indifferent and unloving children who grow up to father and mother their own sets of warped kids....)

We all seem to be the result of so many environmental ingredients ranging from the position of the moon and sun (and other planets?) to the disposition of our parents and the gene pool...that the small voice over in the corner crying 'Free-will' and 'Self-determination' seems foolish.

B.F. Skinner, sir, I'm yours!

Now I can just be myself and not feel guilty.

Have we all heard about Dr. William B. Shockley, who suspects that the blacks are genetically inferior in intellect to whites and wishes to have this theory investigated and tested?

Stanford University has denied him a chance to conduct a graduate class on the subject for just one quarter, no credit. A special faculty committee recommended he be allowed to teach the class, but Lincoln Moses, dean of graduate studies, refused.

Lincoln Moses?

My thoughts are that if Shockley is perhaps right, he may have opened a pandora's box of investigation. Shockley has mentioned 'population pollution' as an evil if his theory is right.

But...what if he is right—blacks are intellectually inferior to whites. What if the mixing of the races is then stopped. Do we "inhibit" their procreation?

Will the genetic research continue? Will some parts of the white "race" be found to be genetically inferior to other parts?

What if, say, the "Jews" are found to be the most superior of all the sub-sub groups of the human race?

Or what if asians are superior to caucasians? I mean, the shoe could turn out to fit somebody else's foot! You never can tell what you'll find, and be forced to face, if you start turning over rocks like this.

THE MAIL The usual junk mail—from Julian Bond an
5-6-72 appeal for funds for the Southern Poverty Law
 Center...the U.S. Pencil and Stationery Co, New
York, sent me another free ball point pen sample...the
Friends Finders Institute offers me "Compatimetric Matches"
...and the SF Book Club sent their "Things To Come" booklet
and they have chosen Isaac Asimov's new novel THE GODS THEM-
SELVES as their June selection. A logical choice. Also
selected is MIDSUMMER CENTURY by James Blish.

Both Asimov and Blish are mentioned as Hugo Award winners. Heyyyyy...when I sell my first "straight" sf novel, would it be kosher for the publisher to emblazon the cover with: "Three-Time Hugo Award Winner..."?

A provocative letter from John Boardman which should be published; I'll ask.

I'm a Wethead, not dead, and proud of it!

BOOK REVIEW
5-7-72

Yes, I've got to get THE PROBABILITY MAN
by Brian N. Ball reviewed before I forget what
I wanted to say about it.

I tend to be more concerned with style and technique in reviews of books, and "reader appeal" than other factors. With some books this is the best approach. With other books my slant may do a disservice to the author and the story.

So be it. I yam what I yam.

Brian N. Ball overwrites; he is always shouting, he is constantly bravura, he is tromping the pedals and slamming the keys with all stops out.

And if that weren't enough, he repeats information two and three times to make sure the reader understands motives and action and relationships...with the result that his book is actually slow-moving in spite of all the urgent shouting and violent, dangerous events.

Add to the above a storyline and super-science that make sense only to the hardcore sf reader. There are sf novels published which require a background of the genre's most esoteric plot elements and stage settings. This is one of them.

A character named Spingarn "awakens" in a computer-designed and maintained 'Frame' which is a part of human history (usually a war) recreated on a planet and "acted" in by the jaded and bored humans in the galaxy with nothing else to do.

There are hundreds of Frames on hundreds of planets.

Spingarn discovers he is a former Frame director/creator who juggled the computers and wrote a part for himself into every extent frame. But this former persona is now only a sometime shadow in his mind, lost in the overlays of roles he has played in the years since he immersed himself (escaped) in the Frames.

But now he is required to undo the terrible damage he did with the Frames of the pre-human planet called Talisker.

He is allowed to take with him three companions—an old soldier, a girl, and a robot. Because the Talisker Frames are so fucked up, unstable and peopled with gene-altered human freaks, he and his companions must undergo appropriate metamorphosis, too.

Spingarn ends up with horns and a devil's tail, the soldier has metal diggers instead of feet, and the girl is given gossamer wings and a feather-light body...and the robot is unchanged.

Add to this an Alien with a problem and a holy grail called the Genekey...a climactic merging of all the Talisker Frames at once... Narrow escape after narrow escape...

The action is so bizarre and incredible it quickly becomes comic book stuff; the major characters (like cartoon characters) suffer wounds and hurts that would send anyone else to a hospital for weeks, yet they suffer only briefly and are soon performing as if nothing had happened to them. Shock, inconvenient, is ignored. Pain fades away.

The book is science-fantasy, implausible because of its plot, and unbelievable because of its untrue-to-life specific action.

DAW Books, #3, 95¢.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
5-8-72

Got another assignment from
George K. at Barclay House this
morning. One segment of INCEST &

THE PILL. The usual 35 pages for \$150. That makes two this month and pays for the move to Portland at the end of this month.

Sold my used stove and refrigerator to the new owners of this court last night, for \$60. which is almost what my airfare will be to Portland.

I now have to accumulate a lot of boxes for packing books, mss., etc.

Gave a lot of books and ancient fanzines to Bruce Pelz yesterday, too, for auction at the convention for the LASFS building fund. Also donated an old Royal typer.

I did retain a copy of THE F.A.P.A. FAM Number One, July 1937, and Number Two, Oct. 1937, and Number Three, Dec. 1937. As of Dec. 15, 1937 the membership of FAPA was:

John B. Michel
Donald A. Wollheim
Edward J. Carneil
J.M. Rosenblum
Frederik Pohl
David A. Kyle
Julius Schwartz
Robert W. Lowndes
H.C. Koenig
Daniel McPhail
Jack Speer
Alex Osheroff
Robert G. Thompson
James V. Taurasi
"Vodoso"
Richard Wilson, Jr.
Olon F. Wiggins
John V. Baltadonis
Thomas Whiteside
Sam Moskowitz
Robert A. Madle

TELEVISION
5-8-72

Nixon gave us a talk tonight. He was plainly uptight about the 'arrogance' of North Vietnam for not being willing to accept any of his self-serving, face-saving deals for getting our forces out of South Vietnam and still saving the South as anti-communist. So now he is going to mine the harbors of North Vietnam and bomb all the roads and rails to prevent arms getting into the country to stop their offensive and hence save the South...which is admitting that the massive bombing North and South of the past five weeks has failed. And he is admitting the weakness of the ARVN and admitting he is afraid the war will be lost unless he takes this major escalation.

He probably thinks this blockade will bring the desired results. It may bring retaliation.

Could it be possible for the NVA to overthrow the government of Laos and Cambodia? Is it possible that China will cooperate with Russia enough to let trainloads of tanks and fuel and other sophisticated weapons cross her country to North Vietnam in order to cancel out the sea blockade? Will not North Vietnam now become wall-to-wall anti-aircraft guns and missiles—of the latest type?

And, is it not very very likely that, as before, this latest desperate move to end the war on our terms will fail? The North Vietnamese will not give up. They will continue their offensive as they can, on their terms, and they will shoot down a certain percentage of our planes and capture a certain percentage of the pilots...and insure Nixon's defeat in November and possibly insure McGovern's nomination and election as President.

Nixon, tonight, has probably dug his own grave and helped McGovern. In fact, I'll bet McGovern wins in Nebraska tomorrow and big!

I honestly don't really care what kind of government the Vietnamese have. Nor Bangladesh, nor Cambodia, etc. I think the United States should be a super-Switzerland for the world—banker to the world, quality manufacturer for the world, scientific leader of the world, and NOT the master of the world with a Mission to Contain Communism, nor should we concern ourselves with "maintaining peace" or "influence" all over the globe by means of an empire...economic or quasi-military.

Yeah, baby, this makes me a Neutelist.

If our Presidents want to play God let them get high on acid and not on real war. Let's stop these politicians from playing ego games with our lives and fortunes. POWER is the most dangerous drug there is.

ABC aired WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? — "The Masks We Wear" which was a short, superficial skim of the subject. Irritating and tantalizing for the lack of detail, depth and unanswered, automatic questions it provoked as it progressed.

THE MAIL The latest THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY with some
5-8-72 intriguing articles: "Social Security: The Poor
 Man's Welfare Payment to the Middle Class," "The
 MacLeish Memorandum on the National Debt" ('The text of the
 secret proposal to cancel the national debt. Who will be
 hurt, who will be helped.')

Two books from Ballantine: DERYNI CHECKMATE by Katherine Kurtz (an adult fantasy original), and BEYOND THE FIELDS WE KNOW, a collection of fey Lord Dunsany stories and some poems.
I imagine I'll at least start the Kurtz book. Someday.

AND—three OUTWORLDS (#3.2, #3.3, and #8.75) Bill Bowers, POB 87, Barberton, OH 44203, 60¢.

Bill has latched onto most of SFR's columnists and the material I had scheduled for future SFRs when I Stopped Publishing.

((I've got to take a bath. I'll finish this review tomorrow night or late afternoon.))

Well, here I am, clean and naked, next night, at 8:45.

Bill Bowers presented Piers Anthony's "Off The Deep End" in OUTWORLDS 3.2, a long detailing of Piers' collaborations with pros and fans, and a comment from the collaborationists.

Full of intrinsically interesting bits.

Then Ted Pauls reviews two books—pans a Keith Laumer juvenile and praises Silverberg's A TIME OF CHANGES. Well, I still feel Bob used the wrong plot structure and bled away 90% of the natural suspense with the 90% flashback, but it won the Nebula Award, so....

Bill finishes the issue with a short editorial and a mini-letter column. Good. Grant Canfield has some fine artwork in the issue.

OUTWORLDS 3.3 is outstanding for another display of artwork, this time by Steve Fabian, and some impressive (and laborfull) layout and paging. Benford

Textwise, there's a funny satirical piece, an installment of "Noise Level" by John Brunner, and Poul Anderson's "Beer Mutterings"—all formerly "belonging" to SFR.

Steve Fabian has a column on art, and Robert A. W. Lowndes ends the issue with his column, "Understandings."

Bill Bowers puts out a superb fanzine because he limits the print run in order to do a lot of extra work on "gimmicks" in form and layout. That's his bag. I admire it and him and wish him well. Whatever turns you on, Bill!

(OUTWORLDS 8.75 is a 16 page letter column dealing with last year's issues.)

THE MAIL A copy of INFINITY THREE from Bob Hoskins of
5-9-72 Lancer. Thankee, Bob.

An invitation from Louis Graham, Treasurer of the Kansas City Sciencefiction and Fantasy Society (I presume that's what KaSFFS means) to send copies of my fanzine for sale at the Mid America Con I. I might have any other year, but I'm in the process of moving now.

A P.R. release trumpeting Silverberg's winning the Nebula with A TIME OF CHANGES. (From New American Library.)

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST I arranged for Mayflower to
5-9-72 move my goods to Portland today.
 So after this stencil is completed
 there'll be a gap of about a month before the next entry.
 Things have to go into boxes, starting very soon.

I'll have ~~\$\$\$~~ REG #1 mailed by the end of the week.

I have one more weekend date with a woman friend who is emotionally involved with me, more than I am with her, and I dread it. Seems like emotional relationships involve hurt (and some joy) no matter what. I've been hurt and I've given hurt; I don't like either end.

I'm still vulnerable and wish I could turn myself off or develop a thick, calloused shell.

As it is I'm running away to hide, to insulate myself from temptation and to bury my inability to resist those who want (a masochistic yielding on my part).

BOOK REVIEW Keith Laumer's new book from Putnam, THE
5-10-72 INFINITE CAGE, is pretty damned good. He does
 an excellent job of mixing character and description with action. The specific-detail technique is used throughout to give a patina of reality to the story of a grown idiot man who suddenly develops an acutely high intelligence and telepathy. The book follows his slow/fast learning to be "human" and to fit into our present-day society. "Adam Nova" is a babe in a cruel, selfish land; he is abused, ripped off, used, spurned, misunderstood... He is Christlike and almost ends dying in a garbage dump. The ending is surprising and somewhat of a trite bug-out.

Actually, this is the third of June, Saturday. I've been five days unpacking, sorting, arranging, re-arranging.... And here I am in my mother's womb...and a capacious womb it is, too.

I'm as snug as a bug in a rug, to use a phrase that should have been melted down and recast twenty years ago. Me and my bookcases and my color tv and my Gestetner 466 are content.

The main room in this side of the basement is 12' x 18' (a few feet larger than the main room of my Santa Monica apartment) and is a finished room with pale green walls and an ivory ceiling. Two windows (not too large), one doorway to the stairs and one arched doorway to this 9' x 9' room I am using as an office. This smaller room is finished in pale aqua with splatters of white, brown and darker aqua. It originally was outfitted with a seven foot bar. The built-in back-of-the-bar shelves now serve as fanzine storage and places for odds and ends... (duplicates of my books, copies of SFR, REG, reference books).

Here in my office I have my two large filing cabinets, my eager Gestetner, my storage cabinets, my wall shelves, my bulletin board....my two desks with my swivel chair between.

Everything fits beautifully. Sometimes I hug myself and shiver. It's too good to be true. (I know a truck will hit me as I ride to the Post Office come Monday and the Gods will laugh.)

My tv gets a beautiful picture on every channel using the built-in rabbit ears.

Ten blocks away lie the local branch P.O., a bank, a Safeway, a Penney's, a Woolworth's...

Yesterday I went whole hog: I went to the Post Office and rented a drawer instead of a measle box. The new wall of boxes had been installed only the day before! An Omen!

Mother was cleaning out the garage a few days before I moved up here. She was standing on a wheeled toilet-chair (the kind used by semi-invalids in homes—grandad Dreske used it after his paralyzing stroke) and pulling things down from the garage rafters. Of course the chair rolled and she fell and broke her left wrist and sprained her right shoulder. At 65 years she's lucky she didn't break a hip.

So I am the maid now. Her boyfriend helps, as does my stepbrother, Jerry, who is sleeping in one of the upstairs bedrooms for a while since he broke up with his wife...a long, complicated situation.

All I need now is a folding door in the stairway entrance to my "apartment!" and I'll be the drop-out's dropout...or drop-in.

Mother recently got some kind of Old-Age reduction in her taxes: from \$420. to \$40. per year. All I have to do is pay half that, pay my share of the utilities, buy my food (against her wishes) and allow for a share in house upkeep costs....

I really don't have to do a lick of work for the rest of my life if I don't want to.

Pinch me.

There is one snake in the grass. C—, my old flame who had given up on me and married someone else three or four years ago and had a child, is now unhappy and talking of

splitting and coming up to Portland to re-establish a relationship. Two letters so far. She wants to bring her little boy.

I think it's mostly talk. I wrote her back day before yesterday that I wouldn't live with her and that she'd have a very tough time of it up here as a divorced or separated woman with a child. She's a nurse, but a babysitter takes a big chunk of cash. A child crimps anyone's social life. We wouldn't be able to see much of each other. And that would be best...I can't stand too much social life.

We do have that old chemistry going, still, between us, though. I dig her. And sexually...she has told me often that I'm the only one who ever could give her an orgasm. (For three or four years she's been faking orgasms for her husband's benefit.) And she is an excellent oral lover.

Yes, I'd like to have her back to a degree, but it wouldn't be fair to her.

On the other hand, there's a strong element of masochism in her character, and she may be seeking a satisfying suffer, perhaps her deepest psychic needs are dictating a reversion to her former lifestyle because she can't stand her current status as a respectable wife-mother-worker.

We shall see. Ah, life is endlessly interesting.

THE MAIL

(The Accumulation) Now I will go lurching through the accumulated letters-of-comment.

Bob Silverberg wrote: REG#1 was a marvelous job—rich, warm, human, intimate, revealing, fascinating. A treat to read—a worthy consolation for the loss of SFR."

And I had a funny postcard from Bob Bloch but have misplaced it! Curses! Anyway, he complimented me on a good first issue but suggested more fiction and poetry and art... like the other neos use. Or something. If I find it I'll print it.

(John) Boyd Upchurch, who prefers his full address not be printed, wrote: "Your emancipated Addison & Steele discourses came yesterday and despite my heavy work schedule - I had 150 words to write - I got hooked and read it through. You not only mentioned two of my books, you enlightened me on the fate of Jack Woodford.

"I am paying you for volume one and for volume two, if and when. The Picasso on the front cover is almost worth at least twice that.

"You missed the point in my Rakehells of Heaven. It was a roman a clef and the two characters were Ted Kennedy and George Wallace."

I think you may be too clever and well-read and intelligent for your audience-en-mass, perhaps including me.

Waybright and Talley, your publisher, sent me a review copy of your latest, THE GORGON FESTIVAL (\$4.95, 1972) and I eagerly read it. I liked it. I know there are all kinds of "inside" literary allusions and jokes which I'm not academically well-read enough to get, but the story structure is all there and it moves well and has that delightful shine of sophistication and skilled writing that I'm a sucker for, even though the whole thing skips along that highwire of fragile credibility that twangs many a writer and book to his death.

By this time the readers of REG are gretching: "What's the book about, Geis?" It's about 184 pages— Ha, missed me! *Bonk!* OWW!

It's about a college professor/researcher with a sexy wife who has the greatest set in the state (and that's saying a lot for California), his startling discovery of an "elixir" that as it turns out temporarily is a virtual fountain of youth, his 80-ish former teacher and friend (female) who has a secret life as a financier and who steals his supply of the magic liquid... And it is about her faking her own murder, her plans to use the stuff (far out) to alter the world, and his incredible search for her (following her clues), his adventures in the stew of hippie-motorcycle-gang-black sub-cultures a few distorted years from now, his bizarre masquerade as a black man, his tracking of the female villain to her exotic health/beauty farm in the Hollywood Hills... And it is about the wild mass orgy/rock festival that climaxes the story.

You won't believe a word of it but it's too good to miss. It's larger-than-life, exaggerated, mocking, funny, delicious.

A book review in the Mail? All things are possible in this fanzine.

A letter from Robert Hoskins, Lancer Books, 1560 Broadway, New York, NY 10036, who writes: "Enjoyed RG #1; Lancer's s-f as a trade is worth it — so long as you continue to say nice things. Would appreciate comments on our current trend in covers and packaging. We're working heavily with Ron Walotsky, and a new young artist, Charles Moll (who just moved to San Francisco) — Moll did STARWOLF, STARBLOOD, THE RETURN OF KAVIN coming in August, and the two Moorcock's we'll be doing in September. Mike Hinge did ASSIGNMENT IN TOMORROW, and is doing a cover for a Ron Goulart novel, SHAGGY PLANET. Gene Szafran remains one of my favorites, but he's very busy and hard to get — THE WATERS OF CENTAURUS and THE TIME MASTERS were both in inventory for quite a while. We've experimented with a couple people who did not work out so happily, such as an English artist who did covers for the reissue of ENSIGN FLANDRY, in September, and for C.C. Mac App's BUMSIDER, coming up later this year or early next. Walotsky and Moll are my current favorites, and the two I expect to work with most heavily in the coming year.

You can remove Evan Heyman's name from your mailing list — he left us a month ago. I assume a copy is coming to me, but noted with SFR that Evan always received his a day or three before me.

One comment on the BOMC/Oxford Dictionary offer: the \$55 is BOMC price, the \$75 standard retail for the two volume set. The full set costs around \$600. I don't have a copy of the two-volume yet, though I certainly intend to get one before the year is out — it's perhaps the best bargain to come along to writers and readers this century.

On rent, tch tch: I bleed. I have a bargain at \$275 (small house in Dunellen, NJ) AND spend an hour & twenty minutes each way commuting. Believe me, I oft-times think going freelance is the only way to travel. If I ever have the balls to give up a regular salary, maybe I'll even move to California...."

A good cover, like a good review, should hook a reader

enough to make him want to read the book or check out a few pages before buying; getting the book off the rack and into his hands is half the battle. Generally, for me, the name of the author is more important, because I know the styles and capabilities of most sf writers.

For the casual, "ignorant" reader a cover might likely spell the difference. Moll has a "with it" realistic/psychodelic style (with those multiple outlines) that probably attracts a lot of young readers.

Behan's gory S&S style with its subtle Juvenile slant probably appeals to another set of readers, as it should. Szafran's THE TIME MASTERS cover I didn't like: too little contrast and his figures remind me of store dummies.

Now that you've indicated you'd like reaction to your covers I'm sure some fans will respond.

Rents in the New York city area are a crime.

To run down some reactions— My comments on shaving prompted a lot of similar tales of bloody faces.

Houston Craighead thought the cover on #1 was dumb. But then, he's a philosophy professor, and what does he know? He didn't like my using long quotes from TIMES stories. More Geis, less outsiders he wants...and he's got company. A few readers even clamor for the return of Alter-Ego!

I kind of like the idea of unchaining him, too. So in a following stencil Alter will come alive and puncture my pretenses again and reveal those last few precious secrets which even I in my honesty cloak could not quite strip bare.

COME BACK HERE! It is unseemly that you should hunt through the rest of this issue hunting for a Dialog!

"They know where the action is, Geis! They know—" Back into your cell! *Clang*

Greg Shaw, relatively new member of FAPA, wrote perceptively, "A real pleasure to see RICHARD E. GEIS in the latest FAPA mailing. Not only is it far and away the best thing in the mailing, it's also the most unusual & enjoyable new concept in fanzines in a long long time. Few people would have the candor to write about themselves as openly as you do, and this seems like something that was trying to come out of you when you were doing SFR, but was held back by the format. I'm glad to see you doing what you want, doing it so well, and doing it where I can see it."

You must be an accomplished voyeur, Greg. Usually my lady friends insist the drapes be pulled... Bah, a cheap joke. Thank you for the compliment. I glow.

A couple readers asked where they could buy my books. You might try your local adult book shoppe, or write to Regent House (Book Division), Box 9506, North Hollywood, CA 91605, and ask for their catalog. Look for books by Richard Geis or Peggy Swenson.

Alter-Ego writes under the Swenson name.

"Outrageous lies, Geis! Base canards! You're the pervert! You're the one who likes to—" *CLANG*

I can't immediately put my hands on the address of the fan who is endeavoring to publish ETERNITY SF, as one reader wished to get a copy of #1 (which, I understand, is not yet published.)

When I stumble over it again I'll print it.

Ed Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, ILL 61604, with inside info, wrote: "Fiedler was in town to see Phil ((Farmer)) about 3 weeks ago. Subsequently the original (uncut) version of the L.A. TIMES article was procured by Phil and loaned to me for reproduction in next issue of MOEBIUS TRIP. Coincidentally, having taken it into my head to insert the FI IN THE SCI piece from THE GUARDIAN into an early issue, permission to use it was obtained through George Hay.

"Your fanzine, being so lengthy and intricate in its subject matter, prompts me to liken its issuance to the shakedown cruise of a recently commissioned ship. You definitely have bugs to iron out. But I leave it to other readers to finger them, accent them, and to perhaps castigate you rather emphatically. But you also, perhaps, have set some records. Most of the wordage, for example, in this first issue is yours; I wonder if it totals to a new record in fandom for such initial productions? And for a first issue, its print run must be near the all-time top."

If I was publishing this for the convenience of a few specific readers, I'd probably (as one fan suggested) start segregating fanzine reviews, book reviews, etc. into sections. But the format is day-to-day-stew, an on-going diary. And it stays what it is. It is RICHARD E. GEIS.

"I noticed that you mention your bike several times. What kind is it? ((Schwinn)) How long have you ridden? ((Since I was eight years old.)) What's your average mileage per week, say? ((10-15 miles in Santa Monica. It'll work out to about the same up here in Portland.)) How do you protect it from theft? —Or do you just take a chance nobody'll snatch it? ((I've had two previous bikes stolen because I took a chance, and now I lock my bike to posts, trees, railings, etc. with a heavy four-foot chain...everywhere! even for a two-minute dip into the post office. I always outfit my bike with Sears' biggest wire saddle baskets and a flashlight holder. I hook two rubberized tie-downs on the baskets for use in stabilizing bulky loads on or in the baskets. The chain-and-padlock loops across one of the baskets when not in use. I prefer a 3-speed Sturmey-Archer gear shift and hand brakes. Experience with flats has led me to have my bikes outfitted with the extra-thick "thorn-proof" tubes and tires. I've never had a flat with that combination, and I've been forced by traffic to go through mine fields of broken glass often. My bike has silver fenders, a big reflector and I signal turns. I yield at all times. A bike rider has to be a Devout Coward...and I pray a lot.))

"Your 'cute' David English cover seems to imply much, particularly in the areas of the 'erased' areas of REG #1. I dare say that you have engaged in cunnilingus, since you certainly imply it in at least one spot. However, you don't come right out and state flatly that you have done it, but then there were a few other things which you avoided committing yourself on in a really positive manner. However, remaining in the shadowy area of speculation, what is your opinion of 'oral' techniques in general, as far as dangers of contracting infectious micro-organisms is concerned? Would

you recommend using a strong (say) germicidal mouthwash before/during/after such oral contact?"

I readily admit the cover of REG #1 implies sado-masochistic practices...but that isn't my scene. I don't dig pain for me or anyone.

Now, as to 'cunnilingus' (old-fashioned medical word—bah!): that is my scene. I love to give a woman pleasure that way and I've been told often I'm very good at it. (The line forms on the right, girls.) I much prefer going down, eating pussy and oral lovemaking to fucking. As for the fearful dangers of infectious diseases (shudder!) I've never gotten any from tongue contact (perhaps because I stick to the labia and clitoris and rarely try "tongue-fucking".

Can you imagine how a girl would feel if you rinsed out your mouth before-during and after oral lovemaking? How would you feel if she performed that routine before, during or after sucking your penis? There are some risks you have to accept. If a girl is clean and smells nice—EAT! ENJOY!

Idle thought: I see a pretty girl sometimes and say to myself, "Ahhh, that's eating pussy!" (Some girls seem to inspire the thought: "Ahh, that's fucking pussy!" But not often.) Do women ever say to themselves when they see an attractive to them man, "Ahh, that's eating meat!" or "...fucking meat!"? Has WimLib gone that far in equalizing the sexes?

As for your query about the two-ended double-dildoe advertised in some mail-order brochures—that's a novelty item admired by men and rarely (very) by women, even the most butchy of bull dykes.

Ted Serrill asks: "Sometime, I hope, you will explain why you felt the necessity for situps and other exercises when you ride a bike around. I thought cycling was about the best all round exercise available, short of running."

Swimming is the best all-around exercise. Biking is good mainly for the legs. Cycling is after all a sitting exercise.

Ted also notes: "I didn't know pornographic writers were so ill-paid; or rather, I thought the quantity turned out added up many dollars.

"I didn't buy THE OVERMAN CULTURE but am one of the few who do buy hardcovers when written by must-read greats, or when original collections. I have this strange idea my few dollars help the authors and the field in general; the libraries furnish most of my hc needs."

Bless you, Ted.

Porno writing can be lucrative if you can write fast and sell a lot. I sold all I wrote, but wrote relatively slowly: two months or more to do a 50,000 word book.

Alex Gilliland, 2126 Penna. Ave., NW, Washington DC 20037, has a couple puzzlements: "You list your weight at 172½ without giving your height...."

I'm six feet tall. At 172½ lbs. I have a slight spare tire around my waist, which is now 36".

"Your expressed fear of high income is far more interesting than the admitted preference for oral sex. What is it

that you 'shouldn't' have that you would buy if you had the money? Would you have to buy it?"

Being relatively poor has been a defense mechanism to keep at bay the social pressures to marry, be a father, be a MAN! The compliant part of me is unable to resist these forces, so I cunningly use "wooden leg" techniques to avoid situations and people that I fear will dominate me or force me to perform in ways I don't wish. ("Wooden leg" is from GAMES PEOPLE PLAY: "Sorry, I can't play football with you—I've got a wooden leg.")

If I had money I'd feel pressured to be an adult—I could afford a car, a wife, a family, a house.... It makes little sense, I know, to those who are married, have a car, a family etc, on less than I make per year now.

But I'm changing—or my neurosis is changing character—and perhaps now I feel inwardly strong enough to resist these social lures/pressures.

Taking Care of Mother is a beautiful wooden leg (cop out) to avoid a deep family commitment. My subconscious may have chosen this way to clear the way for a fortune. And at age 45 I am on the edge of being able to say I'm 'too old' for the fast social life. *Yessiree, bob. cackle cackle.*

I have a note here from a Thom Biggart of Long Beach, Calif. that deserves immortality: "Say people: How about zapping me with a couple of sample issues of your magazine Science Fiction Revue. Many thanks doods."

Charles Platt, after saying my introspection depresses him for Plattish reasons, ends with a PS: "Regarding your asides on economics, inflation and the money supply: money supply isn't the only variable in the system and thus does not ever explain everything. Wage-push inflation does exist. Suggest you read Paul A. Samuelson: ECONOMICS. It's all there."

Thanks. I will. But I still grind my teeth at the misuse of the word inflation.

And I still don't see how an increase in wages and prices in a few industries can create inflation. Or equate with inflation. Industry-wide increases in wages and prices, without compensating and "masking" inflation of the whole country's money/credit supply by the government, will result in fewer sales of that industry's wares...and subsequent cutbacks of production and employment.

Politicians, seeing this cycle, fearing the cutbacks will snowball and cause an economic "slowdown", can and do give almost everybody a raise (or make raises easy to get) by pumping in a lot of "free" money or credit. They never want to let the discipline of the free market mechanisms be endured. That kind of economic permissiveness is never mentioned.

THE MAIL I interrupt the accumulated past mail to bring
6-5-72 you today's mail. Sorry I can't bring you the accumulated future mail. But give me time....

A lot of mail today. Firstly, the three Lancer books mentioned by Bob Hoskins: CLOAK OF NESIR, the early stories of John W. Campbell, Jr.; OPERATION CHAOS by Poul Anderson; and SEETEE SHIP/SEETEE SHOCK by Jack Williamson, a bargain

at \$1.25. The other books are 95¢ each. The Campbell book is an item most collectors will want.

A comic book: #1 of MICKEY RAT. Anti-Establishment, crude, badly drawn. As the cover says: "The Potentate of Puke Now in His Own Great Comic!" 50¢ from the Los Angeles Comic Book Company, POB 25896, Los Angeles, CA 90025.

THE NEW YORK REVIEW of Books, June 1 issue. Features a big I.F. Stone article: "Behind Nixon's Gamble—His Secret Plan, Plus CIA, State and Defense Documents."

The gamble is the mining of Haiphong and other North Vietnam harbors and ports and hoping Russia/China sit still for it. The documents show how CIA, State and Defense Dept. all advised against this current escalation.

So far Nixon is getting away with it—which means either that he is a clever reader of Russian and Chinese realities, and is playing a successful game of super power politics... or that the Russians and Chinese know something we don't know and don't feel it necessary to go to the brink to save face (as Nixon has).

An offer from the Caronnaco Film Co. to rent sexy films for very little. I suspect these would be soft-core and not worth the time to watch.

ALGOL #18, from Andy Porter, POB 4175, New York, NY 10017, 4 issues for \$3.00.

ALGOL is all photo-offset now, with excellent material by Alfred Bester, Thomas Burnett Swann, Ted White, Richard Wilson, Robert Silverberg....

Of special, discouraging, interest, is Ted White's inside look at the Grim Economic Realities of being a science fiction writer.1. Depressing. We do it for love, not money. Seems my problems are solved.

Andy, in his editorial, says he has decided to take SFR's road to stardom: advertise extensively. He feels he is a better businessman than I and can make a go of it. Play it again, Andy, when your circulation gets up into the 2,000 area. Maybe he can do it with his announced twice-yearly publication schedule.

UNFOLD #1 (Mid-May, 1972) from Donald E. Jenkins, POB 6, Folsom, CA 95630. He's ambitious—proclaims UNFOLD a monthly at \$1.00 per copy or \$10. per year.

A lot of heavy, bitter, powerful poetry in the front half. Less strong material in back. Worth getting...and keeping.

Donald would like to exchange with other zines, I think. And would like comments.

A meaty letter from Piers Anthony: He read an article recently... "it relates to your notation that they had taken clocks around the world and discovered a small discrepancy, depending which way round they went, therefore time dilation was proved. This article, written by a prominent man in the field and published in a technical journal, gives the mathematics to demonstrate that there is in fact no time dilation effect, and no time paradox. It concluded with the statement that should such dilation actually be measured, it would disprove the whole theory of relativity.

("I can't believe I disproved the whoooooo thing!")

"No, this isn't as brash as I make it seem; the article seems solid, it is just my comprehension that fails. Joanne Burger sent it to me maybe six months ago, thinking I might be able to base a story on it—and I would, I would, but never figured out how to make a good s-f story based on something that didn't work, like time dilation.

"Your bitch who demanded censorship of your magazine—damnit, Geis, I as a sweaty-handed reader feel cheated! But speaking more generally: I suppose you know that I have not regarded you as particularly intellectual, and this is not simply whether you quote from Shakespeare or use correct grammar (you don't). It is a view of life, a greater closeness to the basic middle class Wallace-type voter than I affect; while I hope to see McGovern get the nomination, you seem more like a Humphrey man, if you see what I mean. Anyway, this REG magazine shows a wider-ranging and more perceptive aspect of you that I had seen before, and this is gratifying. (Of course I can't claim to show much depth in my own fanzine exercises—but I never fooled myself that my fanwork was other than bombast. The real me has not been for display in fanzines.) Anyway, if this is the kind of compliment you are fishing for in REG, here it is."

((Thankee. I am having it stuffed and will mount it on the wall over my Hugos.))

"And brother, what joy to see it so nicely put in print: 'Everything (Nixon) does and says has a contrived, self-serving, disingenuous stink.' What appalls me is that apparently a majority of the population of this country think Nixon is a good man. Are we really a nation of slobbs?

"Let's not wax tedious on this: I agree with most of what you say on all subjects here. I, too, feel out of place at parties; I, too, found Jack Woodford my most useful guide to writing (that quote about publishers paying 10% to God is beautiful). So let's stick to the quibbles.

"My researches into the Megalithics—you know, Stonehenge and the woodhenges—suggest that their knowledge predated the Egyptian abilities, so their henges could not have been the result of Egyptian know-how. Astonishing things are being discovered about the extent of knowledge of prehistoric man; he was a smarter guy than hitherto credited. I mean to get more deeply into this subject—when I can find some way to make the necessary researches pay off in money. We all have to eat, and research takes working time. (This isn't really a quibble with you; it's with your report of Stover's opinions.)

"My problem with inflation is figuring out just exactly who benefits by it. Not the common man, certainly.

"So you ride a bicycle instead of driving! More power to you!

"...and you take vitamin C for colds. Why don't you run an informal survey? You see, I also take C for colds... 1,000 mg per hour (one full gram) until symptoms abate—which generally happens in five days. Dries up my nose, gives me energy to continue typing, which are no small advantages. But I use about 15 grams a day, and one cold finishes a bottle of 100 half-gram tablets. That's a lot of C, and it can interfere with my digestion, etc. I'd like to know whether others stop a cold with less. Maybe my thresh-

hold is high, or low, or whatever. I also use pantothenic acid for allergies, and that works, too. And B6 for hemorrhoids. I'm not a faddist; I try things, and what works I keep. Adelle Davis's LET'S GET WELL is a marvelous book—but not everything works for me as she claims it does for her."

((I've read that really massive doses of C are required to crack a cold—25-30,000 units an hour or more, and the only way to get that much is by a doctor's injection. The legal limit for C tablets is 500 mg., which involves a lot of pill-taking (and possible stomach upset) to get a significant C-count.))

"Book you should read, maybe: NONE DARE CALL IT CONSPIRACY by Gary Allen, published by Concord Press, Seal Beach, Cal. Seems to be the far right view of world politics. I disagree with that view, as it seems you do—but it is wise to pay attention to the other side's manner of thinking."

((There is a conspiracy-view in the Left, too. Especially as regards the assassinations of the Kennedys, King, and the shooting of Wallace. Mort Sahl recently, on TV, indicated a belief that any anti-establishment political figure who attracts a following and threatens the Way Things Are and Those Who Reap the Harvest will be killed or maimed by a young crazy gunman, acting alone who is a loser, poor, but somehow always has a lot of money for traveling around the country."

If Mort is right, then George McGovern is a marked man.))

THE ACCUMULATED MAIL CONT.

From Karl Edd, a friend from my days in beatnik Venice: "We all have our troubles with the IRS. They don't want you to earn too much, not do they understand you living on little. Two years ago I made \$1200. for the year, and this past year I lived on only \$737. and even saved about \$200. as I have no car, walk or ride my bicycle (a salvage thing I rejuvenated, respoked, etc.), and to aid living cheaply I cook for friends on the set up that I get my meal for acting as chef. I file a return though technically I don't even have to, as I know how snotty they get toward non-filers even if you don't have to; as a result, they snoop on my phone, call me under other guises (phone co., credit bureau, etc.) trying to establish that I am somehow bilking them, have agents disguised variously as cab drivers, gas meter men (testing for gas leaks), and phony phone company men, that run a fairly steady surveillance on me which gets heavier when counterfeit money is passed in town. After a while you get inured to it, but it is, I suppose, a preview of what life will be like under either a leftist or rightist socialist or fascist state. One can escape the surveillance best by going to an agricultural area and organically farming scrap (strip mine, etc) acreage, but the sad experience I had with that some 20 or so years ago showed me that one has to have some cash dollars to get things you simply can't "make" or "grow" yourself. One couple (about 35) went to West Virginia 7 years ago and now have a home built house, free of mortgage, and an income of about \$1700. per year that serves them nicely. They sell home made pottery from clay on the land, and they have escaped the "system." I partly escaped for a while, but now the system is studying me and, I suppose, in its impersonal, bureaucratic way, would

like to crush me or blow me out of the way like an intruder in a bee hive. The final escape, I suppose, is the gun to the head like George Sanders but I will ride it out a little longer.

"I have the recognition I wished for in poetry. Just won Colorado's top award again this year, only person to get it twice—in 1970 and then 1972. If I get it three times I'll retire from the competition and rest on the laurels. Had one poem in an Italian textbook of English and American poetry. Get into about 50 to 55 magazines per year...all but the sophisticated East Coast magazines, as I guess I reflect the Ohio buckeye love of the soil and all things associated with growing and green things. I can sit and look into a marigold flower and become a bee, think like a bee and feel my proboscis probing for the nectar. Crazy? Perhaps but it is a much nicer world inside flower petals than out competing for power and position.

"Just bought Rodale's ORGANIC GARDENING ENCYCLOPEDIA. Terrific. For example, to combat "red spider" mites on arbor vitae, rather than the expensive chemicals that the commercial sprayers use in spring, you simply mix up a 3% solution of olive oil or peanut oil and spray so as to hit the undersides of the leaves, and the mites go away totally or to the extent that the tree can cope with the remainder who weather the unpleasant oil bath. Later you wash away with a semi-high-powered stream the ones who remained. For some other things you mash garlic in water and spray the garlic juice mixture on beets, turnips, etc. They've found the bugs are smell oriented toward their favorite plants, so you disguise the smell of the plant and throw off their radar setup or homing device. Makes sense. Wrap old-fashioned fly paper around the trunk of a tree and the beetles that infest the bark wander across it and are trapped and starve to death without a single insecticide being used. Of course it's a bit more work than spraying copper sulfate or Bordeaux mixture (and having the privilege of eating some of it along with your peaches or whatever).

"They are 'zoning' and 'restricting' and 'regulating' the fun out of living. Denver has several dog-shit inspectors who ride around all day studying lawns and yards. They even have a hydraulic lift gadget like the traffic light men, so they can spy over tall lilac bushes, etc. They become quite agitated at a turd or two (generally from a stray dog) in 'good' neighborhoods (dogs may shit freely in slum areas as (1) you have no money to be fined when you are on welfare (2) slum people won't testify against a neighbor's dog) and notify you that you are violating the 'clean air' ordinances and they will sue your ass (a \$200. to \$500. fine) if they think you have that much. One woman here was fined \$500. for having a compost pit 2' x 3' x 2' in her back yard. That is illegal in the city. So I compost inside my girl friend's garage in plastic garbage bags. Then when it is dark I sneak out and bury the compost in the rows under a layer of turned dirt. About a week later I toss it, and intermingle it and then re-bury it in the garden row. We had to put a padlock on the garden fence to keep the city inspectors out. Looking for dog turds, of course. I suggested in a posted sign that has amused the neighbors that they (the inspectors) get a telephoto lens and photograph property while legally standing on city property rather than

trespassing, without warrant, onto privately owned land."

((The trouble with such shit-inspectors is that they are under pressure to earn their salaries and make the city a profit by fines. It's a filthy business.))

POLITICS
6-7-72

George McGovern's rise has been astonishing. Now, with his winning the California primary, he is the almost certain Democratic nominee. Talk about riding a river of discontent!

Here in Oregon, in the primary, the voters turned down every one of a dozen or so tax increase propositions. The Multnomah County Commissioners are cutting the budget drastically. The schools will likely close even earlier next year.

The voters across the nation are fed up and want a basic, wide-ranging change in taxes, welfare, defense spending.... The desire is actually for a return to America's traditional neutrality posture, a disgusted washing of the hands with foreign entanglements and wars. Take care of our own people first and to hell with the rest of the world.

Most "observers" think now that McGovern as the Demo nominee would hurt the party and lose to Nixon. But next fall the war will still be on, and inflation will be in the headlines again, unemployment might even be worse, and business might even be turning sour.

Nixon will pull some surprises, but he can and will lose. One of his surprises may be to name Connally as his running mate so as to sew up the South.

My estimation of Connally is that he is a glib, ambitious political whore. That's why Nixon likes him so much....he recognizes himself in Connally.

I'll go out on a limb and predict that Wayne Morse will win back his Senate seat. I think the voters will value his gritty integrity despite his age.

MOVIE REVIEW
6-7-72

Last night I reluctantly went with an old friend to see STANLEY at the Paramount.

STANLEY is an ecology-tainted, love-thy-snake, morality tale...or tail, since Stanley the pet rattler has more ethical sense than his master, a psychotic Vietnam vet who recluses in the Florida swamps.

A bad horror film, badly acted (with the exception of a bit-part drunk). Not even as good as FROGS, which was grade D.

I note that BEN (sequel to WILLARD) is coming soon. The preview at the Paramount (a majestic old theatre in downtown Portland now going to seed and dust) showed BEN to be a tale of a genius rat and his army (of rats) against the world.

This is the era of the anti-establishment hero, often a tragic hero destined to lose.

I'll be interested to see if BEN's ending allows for a further sequel. SCN OF BEN? BEN RETURNS?

THE MAIL

Two fanzines and a copy of the L.A. FREE PRESS. 6-6-7-72 THE MENTOR #22 arrived from Australia. Edited by Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Rd., Normanhurst 2078, Australia.

-12- Generally a pedestrian effort. John J. Alderson tries

to prove that overpopulation is no danger to the world with a narrow food-living-space only argument. He necessarily ignored the attendant pollution problems and ecology considerations. If the new billions of people are willing to live at a hand-craft rural-farm 1850-ish level, it might work. But if they want the benefits of industrialized 'civilized' living....

THE MENTOR can be got for 2/\$1.

CURSE YOU, RED BARON! is a personalzine from Dick Eney and limited, I think, to friends and trades...of his choice. He sends it through FAPA and THE CULT, too, I do believe.

CURSE YOU is anecdotes and stories from Dick's experiences and knowledge in Vietnam. He works for CORDS/Land Reform...and he's a company man. (CORDS/Land Reform, APO San Fran. CA 96215)

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-7-72

TRADES are presenting a problem, and I HATE problems. I will continue to trade with anything that

prints, but I'm not going to put myself to a lot of extrabook-keeping work to do it. So— My Trading Policy is This:

As they are received and reviewed, I will put all fanzines and others in one specific pile. When a REG mailing date comes I will send a REG to the editor of each of the zines in the pile.

I have about decided that REG is to be tied to FAPA's tail on a quarterly basis.

If an editor publishes more often than I, he/she will have to decide whether one of REG is worth two or more of whatever.

Now there is another problem rearing its turgid head (no, not that, I masturbated last night!) (which reminds me, I shall have to do a commentary on masturbation someday...) and that is this business of Should a Printed LoC be Paid-For With a Free Issue of REG?

No.

Piers Anthony sent a buck for #2, knowing full well his loc would probably be pintnered in part or whole. Others have done the same. Frankly, I'm shocked at the mercenary attitude of one or two correspondents!

I'm not going to be printing very many letters, anyway, aside from those of High Interest and Import, so that I can have more room for myself.

"And for me, Geis! Alter-Ego is the name, and carping is my game!"

Yes, you.

Yesterday I paid a visit to Abbott & ~~Elliot~~ Lind, purveyors of new and used duplicating equipment to see about a used Elliott Addresserette, Mark II. None available. Today I just got a call from a high muckety-much in their office offering me a 10% discount on a new one and a Break on the stencils.

So, easy-mark Geis agreed.

Now I want one thing understood: once I get your name and address on a stencil—you don't move! (Don't tell me I just moved. Whose convenience are we talking about?)

\$11. in subscriptions today. That Dream is back. What kind of fool am I? But it's so fucking much fun!

MORE OLD MAIL...and I'm getting tired of it, believe you me.

However, Gary Deindorfer, c/o E&J Evers, Box 5053, Major

Station, San Francisco, CA 94101, has an interesting point in his comment on... "I have no doubt that a new religion/ethic/morality will develop rather rapidly into something all-embracing along the lines of a new world vision. I hope, though, that it doesn't fall into the usual trap of intolerance and 'ours is the only true religion' — but whatever it is it will be the first major religion founded on the knowledge of our place in the universe; a tiny planet orbiting a minor sun on the fringe of one galaxy among millions of galaxies..."

((Good point. And I wonder, offhand, if in fact the astronomic perspective doesn't inhibit or prevent the rise of a major new religion of the classic type. It would have to be a Way of Life religion like Confucianism...or Fandom. Worship of a God Who Created the World seems impossible now.))

"Japanese TV is ahead of American TV in the sexual revolution, it would seem. They have late-night presentations of lovely girls doing stripteases, I have heard."

I commented in a letter, and briefly in REG#1, about Paul Walker's first published story, "Affair With a Lonesome Monster" in a recent issue of F&SF.

He wrote back with some detail about the background of its genesis and his own travail as a writer. I asked permission to publish the letter, and he sent a longer, much more detailed letter for publication.

Only trouble is, it's too long. So I am using the editor's knife. Paul wrote frankly and nakedly.

"'Affair With a Lonesome Monster' was written over a year ago in a gesture of desperation. I had just filed away my last 'serious' sf story after its umpteenth rejection and concluded I was not going to take sf by storm. In fact, I was fast approaching the conclusion that not only was I not as good as I thought I was, but at best I was second-rate. (And I'm afraid this conclusion is more than a possibility.) I'd been going for two years trying to break into f&sf and my resources were low. The climax of my serious-writing attempts was a long, then short, then even longer story called 'Starman's Kaddish' that I worked so hard on, and was so awfully bad, it broke my spirit.

"However, a writer is sometimes possessed by bad spirits, so a broken one or two may do him some good. I found myself right back at the beginning and with no idea of what to write next, so I decided to take an old piece of advice and base my next story on the oldest pulp idea I could think of. I got the idea of an alien who comes to Earth to make contact with mankind but cannot find the key to communication with them. (Old idea, right?) And it struck me that the one most 'alien' of humankind is the homosexual—so an alien meets a homosexual and through him learns to understand humans.

"I wrote the first acceptable draft—and I was determined not to write more than two as I had been doing half a dozen and getting nowhere—and submitted it. I also sent the carbon to an old mentor of mine, who is a mainstream pro and my only hero, and who despises sf with a passion. He wrote back some time later that the story was 'Paul, how can I but love? I'm your friend. Trust me. The last thing I would

want is that I should hurt you. The story is shit. Why don't you give up this foolishness and find a job?"

"I'd never had a more serious blow to my ego. In fact, I haven't recovered from it, yet. There's a lot to be said for a good education and worldly sophistication as a background for a writer, but nothing beats a large ego. Writing is a heroic effort—yes, even bad writing—it is totally aggressive, ruthless, and bold in the extreme in conception, execution and publication. It is making something that never was before and presuming to think that someone would actually want to spend good money to read it, and more than that, being an unpublished writer, is living something of a psychotic existence in which the patient has frequent delusions of grandeur, hallucinations of grandiose achievements, and morbid, suicidal depressions in which he envisions the whole world shaking its head at him. And, of course, the world outside, be it family or friends, is always willing to concur in the writer's self-diagnosis. But the same is true for an established writer—the only reward for humility is mediocrity.

"To say the least, I was depressed. I could not write for weeks...only book reviews (such things are invaluable). To make things worse, my mentor's criticisms were not only harsh, but largely accurate, and I knew Ferman would reject the story. That man is a Job of an editor and a decent sort. Finally, he returned two of the three mss. I'd sent him but kept 'Affair' and said he'd like to think about it. I knew he liked the characters, but the rest of the story was too crude, and at the time, I just didn't have the spirit to rework it.

"When I did rewrite it, it was hell. I had no confidence in the story or myself; it was sheer force of habit and I'm not kidding. Unless you're a writer you can have no idea how complicated it can become to make a bad story workable. For one thing, it requires you to exercise skills you do not possess. Very often, but especially then, it occurred to me that fiction writing is impossible; it can't be done except by computer. (As a matter of fact, it can't be done through reason alone which is why a creative writing course may be disadvantageous to a young writer. You've got to trust to intuition or all is lost.)

"Anyway, it was done and off and I had only to wait for four or five months before Ed Ferman accepted it.

"No, it isn't very good, but it is a lot better than I thought it was, and nothing to be ashamed of. It does show I learned a few things in two years. One of the hardest I learned is that selling a story does not change anything. I have not sold another, and writing is no easier than it was. People who thought I was wasting my time still think so. And publishing has not inspired me to bigger and better things. In fact, I haven't written anything in months. I wonder if I will ever make a writer, but I do know I will keep trying; it's this thing in my head. I would rather write second-rate fiction than be the happiest man on Earth."

In most cases "intuition" in writing is either unconscious writing skill and talent...or dumb mistakes.

MINERVA, WHEREFORE ART THOU? or NEVER MIND THE TIDE, KEEP DREDGING!

6-8-72

George Hay let slip a note about Minerva in a

letter. Minerva is a new, self-proclaimed nation that is about to be created from two coral shoals 400 miles south of Fiji in the Pacific.

It is being programmed as a nation Ayn Rand would be proud of—Free Enterprise ubber alles...Objectivism triumphant. The only problem is creating enough land to make it viable.

Under international law the nation is legal, even though Fiji refuses to recognize it and the Kingdom of Tonga, 230 miles away, claims the reefs.

But Might makes Right, and if enough money can be collected from capitalist idealists to start the expensive dredging, and if enough people will emigrate....

This is fascinating.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-9-72

No word from C— about moving up here to Portland. Probably she has had second thoughts.

It is a pleasure to ride a bike in Portland. For one thing, the traffic is lighter. I'm used to Santa Monica and Wilshire Blvds.

Also, the drivers are polite and considerate. Many a time in Los Angeles I've had young punks "shave" me between their car and a line of parked cars. And the grinning creep on the passenger side would lean out and yell, "WE'LL GET YOU NEXT TIME, COCKSUCKER!"

They often like to pass close and slap a hand loudly on the outside of the car door.

One time a kid leaned out and pointed a gun at me. It could have been a toy, but....

There is a SAFEWAY store over on Union Ave., close to the post office where in lies POB 11408, close to my bank. It is all conveniently arranged for me.

The point is: there's always an armed, uniformed guard in the store.

Why? I hesitate to say it, but I think it is because the neighborhood is heavily integrated, especially around Union. Here where we live ten blocks east, is the "dividing line".

A FANZINE REVIEW OR TWO
6-9-72

While I was waiting for my precious possessions to be delivered my mail arrived in a constant stream.

I have a pile of fanzines to comment upon. So I'll do a few today and a few tomorrow....

DYLANOID RELIC #1, in green and red covers, from Don Keller, former co-editor of PHANTASMICOM. 1702 Meadow Ct., Baltimore, MD 21207. About sixteen pages, no price listed. Spirit duplicated not too well because the roller was too wet too often and the print is smeary.

RELIC is a not too personal personalzine. It has Don Keller being an unexciting Don Keller, and "Paula's Corner" by Paula Marmor who writes cute, and "Notes From the Underwhere" by Pat Sullivan...typed with a script typer and too "overinked" to be worth deciphering.

It's a grump-producer.

Daniel Say has a good fanzine cleverly disguised as a crudzine. A nice, unnecessary trick. Material by Ursula K. Le

Guin, Joanna Russ, and 'famed German critic' Peter Ripota. Good critical pieces by John Park and Melez Massey. But crudely illustrated on-stencil by Gillian Arsenault and Claude Wyandotte...if those are real people.

The mimeography could be better, but not everybody has a silkscreen machine and so must do the best they can.

75¢ per single copy or 4/\$2.00. Cash, M.O.s and no checks. Daniel Say, Box 5583, Vancouver 12, B.C., Canada.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-9-72

Glug. C— called a few minutes ago. She is, she says, planning on coming North to Portland two weeks

from now.

Our lives are governed, sometimes, by what we can and cannot say out loud. Comes the crunch and the inner man speaks...out of cowardice, courage...

She needs me. She wants to be back in my life in spite of all the obstacles and problems. And I could not tell her no. There it is.

I wrote her I would not marry her, live with her, wouldn't leave mother, wouldn't be seeing much of her...yet she is so deeply hung on me that she is apparently coming.

She and her husband are splitting up anyway. The cracking of their marriage has been progressive from its beginning. Only their child kept them together this long.

She plans on telling him she is leaving (with the child), she tells me, a day or two before the move. What his reaction will be about his son will be decisive. Till now neither of them has been willing to give up the boy.

I suspect—I sense—some kind of subconscious game being played down there....perhaps a deadly one. Perhaps it's all a bluff on her part. Perhaps there are sado-maso chords in the tune.

I have a scared sensation in my stomach.

THE MAIL

Letter from C—, two days old, written before 6-10-72 she called me last night. Seems very calm and serious about moving up here. Will wait until she has enough money, etc. One section I like: "I doubt that I'll ever wear a man's ring again. And you may be as masterful as you want, but I'll be no man's slave ever again. (So get your whip up and pants down—slurp!)"

Very few women actually like to suck. C— does. It's one of her admirable talents.

OSFAN #4 from GiGi Beard, 6218½ Hancock Ave., St. Louis, MO 63139. Four mimeoed pages. A "dialog" letter of comment from W.C. Rhomberg, an 'advice column for the interplanetary love-lorn' by GiGi, and it's clever and amusing. The balance of the zine is announcements and con notices. No price listed.

Letter from David English, the artist for REG's #1 cover. He had no comment on the cover, but did mention: "One mistake that you did make, that you didn't really need to. You blew several degrees of freedom by telling the lady you were writing about her. If you hadn't needed to get all confidential with her like that, you wouldn't have had to blot your pages. (I find myself involved in a sickly fascination with what you might have written that got her all bent out of shape. And I

need the exercise of putting aside trivial obsessions like that, so don't indulge me.)"

All I said was she had beautiful orgasms and had no writing talent. I'm not sure which was the most insulting.

A letter from Perry A. Chappelaine in which he admires Robert Moore Williams' LOVE IS FOREVER—WE ARE FOR TONIGHT again, and likes his quarter-million word HOT BUTTERED SOUL which few editors seem to want to read (publish it yourself, Perry! Why not?).

The parts I want to quote are: "RICHARD E. GEIS is difficult, yet easy reading. It's a fascination trap, like looking closer and closer at a snake....a poisonous one at that. Yet inside GEIS there certainly exists a searcher for truth, a rare bird, an exotic animal for the times, or for any times.

"That search for truth is a nice part, yet poisonous part of GEIS. One sits on bed's edge wondering, will he see it, will he reach it, does he mean it, or is he, like so many others, simply utilizing the mind's nearly infinite capacity for self-rationalization?"

One thing I know—being honest, especially with yourself, is work, and takes practice. Right now I am flirting with losing C— if she finally does come to Portland. And I don't want to lose her if she sticks to her vow of closeness yet apartness. We do love each other, in our fashions. I just wish she wasn't going to bring that child up with her. Selfish me. A child is inconvenient. But a child also will tend to keep her out of my hair a lot, too.

Anyway, back to Perry's letter: "...as a favor, I'd like your thoughts, and your readers' thoughts, on NONE DARE CALL IT CONSPIRACY by Gary Allen, Concord Press, P.O. Box 2686, Seal Beach, CA 90740. A friend mailed me a copy. Is it mish-mash, is it real? Does it make sense? Is it politically inspired to fit the present election? Nothin like a truth searcher for the truth in others."

I'll have to get a copy of that book, now. My curiosity is clawing at me.

One thing has impressed/bothered me about the McGovern Miracle—and that is his tremendous grass-roots organization. Suddenly he has untold thousands of precinct workers, an expensive, skilled, professional staff, lots of money.... And I look at him on TV and I see a non-entity. I have a chilly feeling that he's a ventriloquist's dummy. He just does not radiate much inner power or strength. HHH has lately shown more hard-nosed guts and honesty on TV than has McGovern. So I am uneasy with McG. I wonder, still, if he isn't being manipulated as a Kennedy stand-in. I keep thinking that his high-powered organization is really Teddy's. If McGovern is a facade for Kennedy ("You get the delegates, George, and you draw the bullets, if any!") then it is in the cards for McGovern to be stopped short of nomination at the convention...leaving all those liberal delegates nowhere to go but to Teddy.

Time will tell. I watch with abiding interest.

I have a letter from Ted White I want to print. After

that I'll be pecking away at the fanzines and books again.
In fact, I interrupt the mail (of yesterday) to comment on—

THE GODFATHER—BOOK AND MOVIE
6-11-72

I saw the movie version
of THE GODFATHER last night,
two days after having finish-

ed the book, and the movie was, as a consequence, a kind of
edited, rewritten appendix to the book.

I can give no opinion at all as to how good that film is
as a film. The book—with its comparatively infinite de-
tail and background—was both a help and a disaster.

Curious that the producers felt it best to emphasize...
no, be realistic...about the violence and killing, and to be
modest and circumspect about the sex.

Therein is its success? THE GODFATHER is a true American
film: no detailed sex, plenty of detailed death. Yes, for in
the United States it is better to graphically depict the fine
art of garrotting than that of fucking or sucking. Such are
the values in this fine country, and such are the appetites.
I wish it were otherwise, but I accept it.

Mario Puzo is a fine writer, an invisible writer. Nowhere
that I remember did he impose himself on the reader; nowhere
did "style" or "technique" become intrusive. He put the read-
er first, told a good story with a simple, unhurried, rich
prose. That's where his skill is, in the easy-reading dynam-
ics of his story. He was not afraid to take his time and
give depth to his characters by way of their motivation and
thinking. He made the events as real as history.

While reading the book I felt a Yearn to be part of such
a family, to have a Godfather, to be allied with a strict,
loving, reliable force...an alternate power structure...out-
side the corrupt local-state-federal government. That reac-
tion is almost natural for a reader of the book.

THE GODFATHER is actually an anti-establishment book, a
counter-culture phenomenon. Which also helps explain its
success.

My advice is to see the movie first, THEN read the book.

TED WHITE'S LETTER
6-11-72

"The surprise of the May FAPA mail-
ing was RICHARD E. GEIS, and it is (as
of today, Memorial Day, two days after
receipt and the first day after an enjoyable but exhausting
Disclave) the only item therein which I have yet read. Cover
to cover."

((I read the FAPA mailing and found several dozen items
to comment upon—and now find myself unwilling to go back
over that material and find them again. So this time I won't
be doing any mailing comments, and will have to learn to sit
down with a pen and underline, make check marks, marginal
notes—or jump up and down to and from the typer as I read
the members' zines. Immediacy is the key; Do It Now. If I
put some things off they simply never get done.))

"I find elements confusing (were there two #1s? Clarify,
please!), but the peeps inside your skull (and ego) enlight-
ening and enjoyable. Don't stop."

((Yes, the first version was destroyed. Three copies
exist. The lady in question has one copy. I have one, and

Bruce Pelz has one. I had given him a copy before she called
me and blew the whistle. I asked Bruce to read his copy and
file it away in his massive fanzine collection, which he has
done. His copy is Restricted. So is mine, so don't anybody
ask to borrow.))

"The Joanna Russ quote is excellent, and keys into much
of my current thinking. I'm convinced that the key to much
minority protest today (and to Woman's Lib—a majority pro-
test) is that most of us have found ourselves forced into
roles in which we are not comfortable. We need roles—the
alternative is personal chaos—but we need roles better
tailored to our individual needs and a society which not on-
ly tolerates, but encourages this sort of thing. Utopia, of
course. In the end, we need Human Lib.

"I enjoyed your review of STAR WOLF (not my title—and I
note that in the Moreascon Program Book it was advertised
under the original title, QUEST OF THE WOLF), but wish you'd
amplified a bit on the 'Ted tends to overwrite in spots and
to dwell on the obvious as the reader fidgets.' I realize
you're not writing the review for me, but this is the part
I'd rather read, since the remark alone is too generalized
for me to be sure what parts you're remarking upon."

((I know I should now go to STAR WOLF and do some home-
work and give chapter and verse...but I'm tired. It's late.
I yawn. I will hereafter (another habit to groove into my
body/mind) make notes or page marks in books as I read so
that I can be more specific.))

((Of course QUEST OF THE WOLF was changed to STAR WOLF
to give it a more science-fictional title. Readers need
strong, clear genre signals when glancing at pb racks.))

"You're the first to comment upon the revised logo on re-
cent AMAZINGS. The first appeared on the January 1972 issue.
However, as of the July issue (which you've seen by now), the
logo has been revised again. Yup, I'm Pulling A Campbell
and suddenly it's 1938. AMAZING STORIES is no more; long
live AMAZING SCIENCE FICTION. If my plan succeeds, over the
next few years the "AMAZING" will continue to shrink and the
"science fiction" will continue to grow, until by, oh, 1976,
the title will be Amazing SCIENCE FICTION. Well, that's the
plan, anyway.... "

((I approve. A fine idea.))

"You are in grievous error, however, when you attribute
the illo to Eklund's "Beyond The Resurrection" to Mike Hinge,
and I expect to see you doing penance in the next REG. The
illo which you referred to as "a crime" was by Steve Harper
—and I agree, it was awful."

((I saw the "H" artist's signature and assumed Hinge. I
neglected to note the big-lettered artist credit—"Illus-
trated by STEVE HARPER"—on the title page. Will a dozen
puff-puff situps be penance enough?))

"The thing is, I don't see the art until the magazine is
printed; I assign the artist and the rest is up to him. This
is unfortunate, but a byproduct of my move from NYC. In the
case in question, I had assigned the novel to Jeff Jones,
whom I considered perfect for it. But Jeff was involved in

a separation and a move out of the city and was too busy to do the job, so he turned it over to Harper. Unfortunately, although Harper has undeniable talent he has been sluffing off a lot lately and this illo was the final straw. He's had no assignments from us since.

"I'm glad you like the magazines' package these days, though. It was one of our last frontiers, and I'm damned happy to have gotten to this point. I think that now the magazines are about the most attractive around---and I have some upcoming covers that you won't believe! Well, I hope you'll continue to comment on them in REG; I value your criticisms even when they annoy me."

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-12-72

Got another call from C--- last night. She says she is definitely pulling out and moving to Portland.

Her homelife is a disaster, etc. She wants to leave a week early, a week before fulfilling her 2 week notice-of-leaving at the hospital where she works, which in my view is stupid because it might backfire in the form of a bad to indifferent reference.

But she's a want-it-now child at heart and cannot wait.

I told mother C--- is coming and mother is worried, but not as much as she might be since I made it clear to C--- and to mother that I will not leave my happy home (and it is happy---I am loved, wanted, appreciated. I do my share, pay my share, like everyone and am liked; I'm content.), will not marry her, live with her, nor give her any money (but in an emergency...). And C--- knows her little monster is not welcome here in the house.

Given those conditions I wonder why she bothers to come. I know. She needs a "security man", someone to focus on, to be with sometimes, to be a friend-lover. I'm it. I must go deep into her emotional matrix, somehow. Happiness is so elusive. Her life plan is depressing. The man she picks!

Anyway, she has set June 17th for leaving. I hope she has sense enough to wait another week, to accumulate that much more money and to insure that reference.

Simply taking her kid and disappearing may have legal consequences. Depends on how much her husband loves the boy and/or how possessive he is of his son.

THE MAIL

6-12-72 Bantam Books sent a copy of William Blatty's THE EXORCIST for review. Sent it first class, too!

Pocketbooks sent a copy of NEBULA AWARD STORIES SIX; intriguing wrap-around cover by Wilson McLean. Also received from Pocketbooks: THE VIEW FROM CHIVO by H. Allen Smith. The third book in a series about a fabulously wealthy cat.

A science fiction premise if I ever heard one.

The July issue of F&SF. Shoddy printing is back; some faint pages and thin strips of paper keep working out of the bottom of the pages.

The latest circulars from XXXInc. Six pocketbook novels offered---all incest themes. Three mags bursting with "40-Plus" breasted women! Wheeeee! A book of "Original Dirty Comics." Four hardcore porno picture mags. Four porno books with photo-illustrations. All kinds of sado-maso books, mags

and lurid comic-strip stories. No films offered.

Airmail card from Jerry Lapidus from Amsterdam. He wants to be sure to receive REG and mentions he will write a trip report in TOMORROW AND---, but that also his zine will be re-titled.

A letter of comment from Jim Meadows III. He, too, called my attention to my Harper-Hinge goof. He also wrote: "...did you know that the caffeine in coffee, colas, causes chromosome breakage like LSD does? Probably not as much, but one usually drinks a lot of either. I have not had a coke since I heard that."

Weeell, shit. That LSD story was disproved, I seem to recall. And people have been drinking coffee for a thousand years at least, and I don't see the arabs or the Europeans giving birth to hordes of mutant or monster babies.

Who said "Everything enjoyable is either immoral, illegal, or fattening." Now a tribe of modern puritans are loose in the chemistry labs and periodically issuing "experimental results" which show that EVERYTHING we like is deadly.

Fuck them. I don't want to be a father anyway.

Two fanzines: STEFANTASY #70, from William M. Danner, #0#1, Kennerdell, PA 16374. "Published for the hell of it." Trades. Hand-pintnered and hand-set, a craftsman's effort. Bill distrusts our modern age, mostly because all the "improvements" aren't. His is a premier jaundiced eye.

And ZOT! #4, from Jeffrey May, 1603 East Division, Springfield, MO 65803. Free provided you respond somehow. A free-wheeling fanzine, this, with a few flat places on the rim. Purple ditto. It may be my age, because I used to publish with purple ditto. But fandom was younger then.... I note grotchily that Jeff indulges in a form of alter-ego dialog in his reviews. I would not grotch if he did it well. Talking to yourself in print requires an odd personality, a knowledge of self and others that goes rather deep, and a willingness to open up and let go.

On a scale of ten, with 10 perfect, I rate ZOT!#4 a solid 4. What was that scream?

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-13-72

Letter from C--- again today, making a claim or two (look for an apartment for me and I know I can

count on you, Dick, in an emergency---you won't let me and my child starve, etc.). I called the Oregon State Nursing Board and found out C--- could get an Oregon LPN license in as little as two weeks if all goes well. Then cycled over town---to the State Bldg. in downtown Portland---one hour 25 min all-together---and got the forms necessary for an Oregon license, and wrote a harsh letter to C--- pointing out she was trying to move too fast and with too little preparation. And I grotched at her strongly about her expectation of my financial support. Let her wait, get her license, get a job lined up up here, and accumulate enough to live on up here for at least a month! Christ! She wants to leave this week, the day before Father's Day, with monthly bills totalling over \$160. That's leaping off a cliff!

I'm living on savings now, I pointed out pointedly, and I will be very reluctant to pull her out of a hole she walks

into with her eyes wide open. That smacks too much of game-playing.

THE MAIL Letter from Andy Porter asking if I got ALGOL, 6-13-72 querying re my new address. Did I mention that I sent \$5. to LOCUS to print my new address in an attention-grabbing box for a few issues? I'm also sending P.O. new address forms to the Publicity Depts. of publishers as review books arrive.

SANDERS #20 from Dave Nee. He reports a sf author in prison, James Nelson Coleman, is now out on parole due to the good offices of Joe Hensely, mostly.

Dave mentions that SANDERS will change format/name soon.

FANZINE REVIEWS OSFIC QUARTERLY #1. Edited by John (Catchup) 6-13-72 Douglas, published by the Ontario Science Fiction Club. Contact Douglas at 808 Kingston Road, Toronto 260, Ontario, CANADA. I see, afterglance, that Gordon van Loen, 74/2 Castlebury Crescent, Willowdale, Ont., is also an editor. 50¢ per issue.

A mixture of editorial, fan fiction, fanzine reviews, book reviews. Some fine Rotslertoons here and there.

Neither very good nor bad. Rate it 5½.

EXTRAPOLATION Vol. 13, No. 2. May, 1972. From Thomas D. Claeson, Box 3186, The College of Wooster, Wooster, OH 44691. Single issue \$1.60, \$3.00 per year. Printed.

An academic sf fanzine. Articles titled "Things That Go Boomp in the Night: Redemption of Physical Reality in the SF Film" by Ivor Rogers; "C.S. Lewis and the Fictions of 'Scientism'" by Robert M. Philmus; "Room Enough for All of Us" by Clifford D. Simak; and etc.

Fine stuff if your mind runs that way. Valuable bibliographic and analytical work for specialists. Otherwise valuable as a sleeping aid.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Mother called me up to the phone 6-14-72 this morning. It was C— calling from a motel over on Interstate Blvd., a couple miles away. Yeah. With the kid and her sister.

So she will get some sleep after having driven all night and will come over and I'll guide her and her sister around to find an apartment.

What a crazy woman. So I'm the one to throw rocks?

THE MAIL The Coward, McCann & Geoghegan Summer-Fall book 6-14-72 catalog. No sf listed.

LOCUS 114 from Charles & Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco, CA 94116. 12/83.

Mostly book news and reviews this time. The Browns just moved west from New York. Most of their mail is in transit.

STARLING #22, from Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, but it'll have to wait for review. I want to get in some fiction work before C— shows up this afternoon.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST This is very hard to type. I 6-15-72 am crying. Torn apart, relieved,

and anguished and happy. Did I ever just burn a bridge. Shit.

Yesterday C—, her sister, and her little boy arrived, and I joined them to hunt an apartment, since I know the city well enough to find places. She could pay only around \$100. per month. She had left Calif. with \$350. and it cost them \$100.(with a U-Haul trailer) to get here. She was shocked at the shithole apartments \$100. will rent here. The best was \$120. and it was crumbsville.

They went back to their motel, since they were paid up till 11 A.M. today, and got some sleep.

Last night I didn't sleep. I tossed and turned all night, fretting and muttering, reliving the past, casting the future, and endlessly formulating "goodbye" speeches, marshalling arguments... Shit.

This morning I waited till 9:15 and went out for the mail. I called her from a phone booth. Choked up, half weeping, and told her she couldn't make it here, financially, and told her, advised her, begged her to go back to her new house and unwanted husband in Van Nuys...and finally it came to the point-of-no-return, I had to tell her (finally, after all these years) that I really didn't want her, that her coming and my mild encouragement of her coming was a mistake, and finally, finally, finally, that I wanted to end it, forever, nevermore, irrevocably....

Shit. She took it well. If she had broken down I would have shattered.

I couldn't bear to continue much longer. She mentioned perhaps going to Sacramento. She's a licensed nurse anywhere in California and can begin working at a top salary instantly.

I wished her luck, told her to be happy if she can...and hung up.

End. SHIT!

I'm so push-pull with her, always have been. She sets up so many conflicts! I lost four pounds yesterday.

I did the right thing. But I'll hear that last whispered "Oh, Dick..." the rest of my life!

I've got to stop now.

THE MAIL I need the letter below badly. THANK YOU, 6-15-72 Mike Glicksohn! I've got to throw myself into a lot of work. Either that or get stinking drunk.

Mike wrote: "RICHARD E. GEIS #1 gave me more reading enjoyment than any other fanzine I've read in months. It's jam-packed with fascinating writing and thought-provoking material: I'll admit that when you won the Best Fan Writer Hugo I really didn't think that you deserved it, not on the basis of the relatively small amount of your actual writing in SFR. On the strength of REG #1, though, I'd say a nomination for next year would certainly be in order. I don't intend to comment on the issue itself, because I haven't the time to do it justice, but that much reading pleasure should not come for free, so I'm sending a couple bucks even though you were kind enough to offer a trade. It's the least I can do to help you towards your goal of self-sufficiency through fanac. And best of luck to you!

"I've just re-read your kind comments on ENERGUMEN 11. Thank-

ee, Sir. #12 is on its way to you and I believe you got one of the blue copies. I ran 30 on blue and sent them to carefully selected fans for a reaction. I'd be interested in your preference between it and the buff, if you have one. At the risk of getting into hero-worship, your praise produced a warm glow and any time I get a bit discouraged, or other fan make derogatory remarks, I'll re-read the review. You're one of the people who's opinion I truly respect."

I thank you for the two dollars, Mike, and the ego-boosting words. You're on the Permanent list now.

I am reminded of the time Dean Grennell sent an issue of GRUE out with each copy marked "This is #6 of 250 copies." Several of us were so delighted to be #6 (in the inner circle!) that we wrote and were quoted! Dean could be a great puncturer of egos.

We interrupt this Mail for an up-to-the-minute report on the Geis Beast. He got on his bike and rode overtown to see a movie to avoid thinking. He couldn't find a show he liked and so bought \$3.20 worth of sf mags and other mags and now worries guiltily about C--- and family having enough cash to live on in Sacramento until first paycheck. He has concluded they will make it and in any case it is out of his hands now. His weeping has stopped and only a vague ache persists. That, too, will pass. He is getting very tired from lack of sleep the night before.

MAIL Cont.

NEW AMERICAN LIBRARY news release saying that they "...announce the termination of distribution and sale of all its books through six paperback book wholesale distributors, all owned by the Molasky Family."

Locations are St. Louis, Kansas City, New Orleans, Houston, Gulfport, Miss., and Toronto.

This news release hints at ripoffs, dirty-deals, etc. NAL is obviously alerting other publishers of something amiss with these companies. At least in my view.

All this ties in with Ted White's editorials and letters concerning faulty and dishonest distribution practices by local distributors. Apparently the situation is getting pretty ripe.

Two airmail letters from George Hay in London. I always feel guilty when he writes at such length when I respond at such short.

He news-notes: "The director of the Minerva project is coming over here in July; I've met him once before. A very serious man—by which, I don't mean dull. A Yugoslav by origin, I think. He seems to have supporters from all over; a while back I was introduced to a friend staying with Richard King, who heads the project over here. The friend was obviously a foreigner with little English, a very large, quiet man. I learned later that he was a refugee Red Army officer who had gone to Israel, and, finding himself at once put into the Israeli army, had taken objection to that, too! Presumably he's on his way out either to the States or the Pacific...I'll keep you posted on further developments. For the moment I can only repeat that there is real money going into it, and that it is taken seriously enough over here that I've been able to get it into the national press. Next week the BBC is sending a sci-

ence reporter to interview Richard King and myself on it. Don't ask me why a science reporter is judged to be the man to do an interview on a political issue.

"Oh, one other relevant thing. The latest newsletter I have from Ayn Rand tells me that the producer who made THE GOD-FATHER has just agreed to make a film of ATLAS SHRUGGED—giving Miss Rand right to vet the script. ((I presume that means 'veto' the script.)) Well, whatever views people may have on Objectivism, I think anyone who has read the novel will agree that, if made to follow it closely—and she'll never agree to it otherwise—it will be a really revolutionary film. Could be a blockbuster. I have my own criticisms of Objectivism, but I do find it sickening that someone who has put her finger so thoroughly on so many key issues, and who has proven so right over many years, and who has such a large following, should be suppressed so long by the left-wing government establishment."

I am impelled to speculate that the ongoing social revolution may emerge as Objectivist-tainted...a strange meld of populism, humanism, and freedomism...of all kinds: controlled anarchy.

I've felt for a long time that as control in some areas of life is tightened (business—ecology—finance—wages—prices—public health, etc.), other areas will have to be de-controlled as a balance for social stability...thus more freedom in personal morality, abortions, in the arts, in the media.

But even the most personal free society must assure personal safety and protection as well as of property. The Golden Rule will always have to be enforced.

The basic problem of what to do about Welfare—which comes down largely to what to do about the morons in the population—is still unsolved, and not being much considered, by anyone on a fundamental basis. No politician will admit that a large proportion of citizens are born stupid and dull and cannot be improved upon very much...and that there are not enough jobs in the country anymore for that low-intelligence mass.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-16-72

Even the ache is largely gone now. I have a few occasional qualms. But I know I did the right thing for myself. I'm free...of all sexual relationships with women. Free of all obligations, duties.

I can't live with a woman in my life (mother is something else). The non-involvement part of me has triumphed. I'm content now. I'm a child-adult. I've found my groove. I've paid for this knowledge, and others have paid for it I'm afraid. I'm sorry I've hurt C--- and M--- and G--- and E--- (never told you about E---, did I? An older woman who liked me a lot and with whom I was never quite comfortable because of her age.) but the trauma...the journey...is over. Self-knowledge comes hard and mostly expensive in emotion. But if you can attain tranquility and peace, it's worth it.

I think most of my battle is over.

THE MAIL
6-16-72

PLAYBOY for July, the June 15 issue of THE NEW YORK REVIEW of Books, the #411 issue of the L.A. FREE PRESS.

The FREEP has a front page story that quotes a former Jim Garrison investigator to the effect that he helped the U.S.

Justice Dept. frame Garrison on a gambling payoff charge. If true, and the Justice Dept. doesn't deny it, so far, then it would appear that the framing was to discredit Garrison and to punish him for embarrassing the Govt. in re the John Kennedy assassination. The government sabotaged Garrison's case as much as it could and went to a lot of trouble to make certain CIA agents unavailable. A lot of powerful strings were pulled. So many, in fact, and so openly, that the evidence—the implication—of something hidden and sensitive about the JFK assassination is so strong it stinks.

But I suspect the American people don't want to look too closely at the JFK affair, as they recoil from Vietnam atrocities by American boys. Above all they want their illusions and innocence. At least until recently. The stink seems to have finally penetrated and most politicians and men-in-power are being viewed with an increasingly jaundiced eye.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-17-72

You think something is settled and it isn't. Yes, C—. She called me this morning from L.A. She and sister and little boy drove back home. Right move. But now she wants to come back here alone, without the boy. Leave the kid with husband and live here.

Wow. She was after me all the time I knew her in California and when we were in Oregon, and when we went back to California, to marry her and/or make her pregnant. I kept making moves away from her. She clung, then finally got discouraged and hurt and married a guy who is/was gay. Not THAT gay, because he fathered a child by her. But he's got hangups.

She is the product of a set of parents with hangups. They programmed her to lose, to be guilty, to need punishment, to be unhappy. Her mother died of a heart attack, her father hung himself. There was some father-daughter incest.

Now she wants to abandon home and child and suffer up here in my arms. The sweet joys of guilt and sorrow lure her.

I just wrote her a very tough letter. Cruel and contemptuous, repeating what I've written here, promising her all the humiliation and unhappiness she wants if she comes up here again. Told her it would be a master-slave relationship, no illusions, and that I'd use her sexually, commanding her to suck me off...suck my cock... Rotten, brutal...and probably just the thing she wants to hear.

I have a ring she asked me to get her a few years ago. It is inscribed, "To Be Worn In Slavery". It was a game, a role that she wanted to play for a while—three or four days only because I wasn't the master type then. Maybe I am now. I have toughened up considerable lately. I may want her as a slave. Mayhap that's the only viable relationship I can sustain with a woman. All power or nothing, if sex is involved. Love-hate.

I should not mail the letter. But the lure of her mouth is great. The lure of masterhood is great. A master has to be able to say, "If you don't like it, get lost!" and mean it.

By the way, her husband has given her permission to come up here and "get it out of your system." He is only interested in his son, not her. His basic indifference to her and ill-treatment of her is why she wants to leave. She needs attention, even if it is only a snarl and an order to do something. She needs to be wanted and used. Hi ho.

Do I really want that master chore? If I mail that letter, will she actually respond to it and come? This is an incredible life.

THE MAIL

Putnam's Summer-Fall list. I'm marking all 6-17-72 the sf books for review: Laumer's NIGHT OF DELUSIONS, Herbert's THE GOD MAKERS, ORBIT #11, and Harrison's BEST SF: 1971.

Some articles from Piers Anthony clipped/ripped from SATURDAY REVIEW.

A letter from Jacqueline Lichtenberg who is putting together a book on STAR TREK and its significance for Ballantine and asks some questions about SFR, STAR TREK (my opinion).

An honest, brothers-under-the-skin letter from Bob Lowndes. (717 Willow Av., Hoboken, NJ 07030)

"Glad to see you back, and from the evidence of #1 I'd say you've found the format which is exactly right for you.

"The matter on page 1, left column, from "I cannot live with anyone." to "... a compromise between my hermit self and my infant self." really hit me. Aside from a few specific details it could have been an accurate thumbnail sketch of me. (My rationalization for turning down opportunities to make more money than I've ever made before going to work for Milt Luros circa 1964, or writing pornography, editing same, etc., is that I enjoy porn very much now and then and don't want to spoil it. Living with it day after day would be like a job in a candy factory, I tell myself. I want to be able to enjoy it when I'm in the mood, and forget about it the rest of the time. Of course, I have a higher-level rationalization against taking up other opportunities to make — for me — a lot of dough: the price is too high. You pay for the money you make, particularly if you have to make it in a way which either you do not enjoy or find positively repugnant. I like that one, because it's a part truth. A larger part is that I have a fear of success not unlike your own.)

"And, like you, I inwardly want love (female) but outwardly throw cold water on it. We part on the matter of positively preferring oral sex to the more usual sort, but part not as aliens. I'm very fond of it, but prefer it as appetizer or dessert rather than the main course, most of the time.

"Like you I suffer from mechanical coordination, and consider myself pretty uncouth and awkward: feel depressed and lonely when in large groups — though seldom so when actually alone. (I cannot coordinate the motions of the fingers of both hands simultaneously, above one or two fingers. Tried to learn touch typing and the exercises invariably gave me first shooting pains up my arms, then positive numbness. Got worse rather than better when I persisted, and being un-brave, did not persist long. But when my instructor saw how rapidly I type with two fingers of each hand, rapid shifts but never using both hands at once, he said, "What the hell do you want to learn touch typing for; you're as good as the average secretary with your own system." So that made me feel better, but what was really painful was discovering some years later — typing incident was in 1939 — that the same affliction keep me from being able to play the piano. I love music,

would like to compose; had a piano, but just couldn't write anything simple enough so that I could play it back.)"

In a way I'm sorry you didn't take that job with Mr. Luros in '64; we could have gotten to know each other well during that long Sioux City trial. I'm sure I would like you better than I liked Sam Merwin, who smoked too much.

FANZINES John J. Pierce continues to publish reliable more catchup ly, quarterly, his "conservative" RENAISSANCE. 6-17-72 This is Vol.4, No.2, Spring, 1972.

John's viewpoint is basically Romantic, I suppose; he prefers, and advocates, an upbeat, optimistic, heroic sf, in which man has a future. He often argues persuasively, and since he has dropped the juvenile 'Lliaison Officer' of the Second Foundation (while continuing to sub-title his zine 'A Semi-Official Organ of the SECOND FOUNDATION'), he has become more mature and less hysterical. In any case I now read him with respect and attention.

This issue features a long editorial/convention report titled "Futurism Ascendant" and a second of two parts analysis of the sf of Stanislaw Lem by Kirill K. Andreyev. Lem has become a kind of sacred cow lately and this article undresses him, to mix metaphors or five.

Also, book reviews with which I cannot seriously take exception. (25¢ or trade. 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922.)

MOEBIUS TRIP #13, from Edward C. Connor, 1805 N. Gale, Peoria, ILL 61604. 2/\$1.00.

A long issue, 54 pages, with a lot of undistinguished articles and departments, with the exception of Paul Walker's interview of Jim Blish, which is must-keep.

Bob Stahl isn't a bad editor, really. And CEPHEID VARIABLE #7 is readable and respectable and in places arresting. (not because of any crime, either.)

Bob uses the device I used in PSY and SFR, descriptive or clever blurbs with the titles on the contents page...but comes up lame too often. He is lavish with space in layout and art so that CV has a roomy feel to it.

CV is in the second rank of fanzines. Photo-offset repro. Mike Pressley's cover is bad art—he's weak on arms and hands, obviously, and preferred, in this drawing, to avoid displaying his weakness further by hiding his warrior's right forearm and hand in unrealistic shadow (it seems to be not there at all!).

POB 4072, College Station, TX 77840. 50¢ each.

That's enough fanzines for today.

SHORT SF NOTES Months ago I read a story by James 6-17-72 Tiptree, Jr. in AMAZING, meant to mention it was very good, and kept forgetting to do it.

It was "The Man Who Walked Home" in the May '72 issue, and I think it should be nominated for a Hugo. The opening and closing sequences seemed a bit purplish and overdone, but the sweep of time, the changes of culture, the patterns of history described between, ahhh.... And the irony of the man's "walk" is sad. In a reverse way we are all on a similar walk home.

I snickered at the obvious pseudonym for somebody on the

cover of the July, 1972 ANALOG: "Collision Course" by S. Kye Boulton. It's a good story: it grabs and doesn't let go. It leaves questions, but the ruthless ramming of a floating 50-mile island of granite on a sea of molten magma by another powered, island nation during their journey to another side of this alien planet, is detailed and fascinating if unmotivated. The alien humans are also unexplained, but their fight for survival and victory is gripping. Basic suspense and tension.

So who is Sky Bolt?

A BOOK REVIEW OR TWO 6-18-72

And about time.

THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS is by Gene Wolfe and is from Scribners.

I grotched about Gene's novella, THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS when I read it in ORBIT #10 because it stood alone, a tantalizing fragment, seemingly incomplete and unexplained.

In this book that title story is followed by two more novellas, "A Story," by John V. Marsch and "V.R.T."

But Gene still makes the reader dance with frustration. The basic puzzle concerning the sister planets of Saint Anne and Saint Croix and their curious natives and baffling human colonists still persists, with only hints and dark clues and evil suspicions left at the end.

If only Gene Wolfe were a lousy writer it would be easy to tick him off and forget this enigma...this damnably deliberate murder-in-a-locked-room sociological-anthropological puzzle. But he's an excellent writer, a torturer who knows his power to seize his reader and keep him while slowly glazing the eyes with bafflement. Perhaps pleased fury is the result, or maybe caps-off tribute and a shrug at the skill in planting the still-buried knife of curiosity.

Will we ever know for sure, Gene? Or are you going to sit there and smirk till death do us part?

Oh, hell, read the book, buy it, and then blame me for putting you in the soup. (\$5.95, 1972)

Be warned, Harry Harrison's TUNNEL THROUGH THE DEEPS is a Juvenile, and on that level a good one. An alternate Earth story in which our Revolutionary War failed and England still controls America in 1971. Customs are still curiously 1890-ish with an odd mixture of advanced technology. The plot involves a descendant of traitorous George Washington, Gus Washington, and his engineering effort to drive a railroad tunnel under the Atlantic—to link England and Europe with America.

There are obstacles, human and natural, attempts on his life, near-disasters.... I didn't finish the book. I'm not twelve years old. (Putnam, \$5.95)

There is a tangy English flavor in MAMA DOLL because Martin Woodhouse is English and he writes very Englishy dialog. The book is labeled 'a novel of science and suspense' and it involves planting device in the brain of unknowing patient, switching it on and causing said person to go berserk. Convenient murder results. Big Money is involved, with a clutch of bizarre characters for spice and complications. Interesting, sustaining, well-written, but I was left at the end with the feeling that the plot was too thin and a

dissatisfied mental hunger. Small portions on a big plate.
(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., \$6.95, 1972)

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST I slit open that envelope contain-
6-18-72 ing that tough letter to C— and add-
ed an 'AFTERTHOUGHTS'.

I told her I didn't want the master-slave bit, either, be-
cause I couldn't sustain it even if she bought it, and if I
DID sustain it I'd turn into a worse bastard than I already am..
I told her to stay with her little boy and virtually begged her
to leave me alone, to let me be. At the end I offered to stay
in contact but said she had to give up the possibility of a re-
lationship closer than friendship.

I hope this is the end of it now. Sexual fantasy is one
thing, but day-to-day reality is another. As more than one man
has told me, and as I have echoed, if only you could put a woman
in a closet and turn her off when you didn't want her 'on' for
companionship, love, sex.

Do women ever feel this way about men?

THE 'CONSENTING ADULTS' SCENE It seems that in January of
6-18-72 this year the Oregon legislature
passed a 'consenting adults'

bill that makes sodomy and fellatio legal for those over 18, as
well as making it legal for adults to buy and view hardcore porno-
o. (But, curiously, bar dancers in Portland must still wear
pasties and G-strings.)

I noticed a few days ago that a lawyer for an establishment
that offered fingerpainting of live models defended his client
by arguing the action was between consenting adults. The city
attorney argued it was not strictly private since money was
charged and prostitution is still illegal.

A very recent poll shows Portlanders remarkably tolerant of
porno and homosexuals. They don't think pot does much harm but
still oppose legalization. They oppose prostitution but admit
it probably is a factor in keeping real sex crime down, and they
might stand still for a form of quasi-legalization to insure
cleanliness and control of the girls.

This from 'conservative' Portland and Oregon! What is this
world coming to?

There has been a blossoming of adult bookstores and hardcore
movie houses. I shall have to attend a few. For investigative
purposes, for reporting to you, my interested readers.

NEWS NOTES Retail food chains are warning of coming in-
6-18-72 creases in food and especially meat prices. The
Price Commission is embarrassed and mutters direly
of possible freezes and rationing. What a circus!

The U.S. balance of payments deficit continues to skyrocket
and the budget deficit is going to be even larger than predicted.

Another devaluation of the dollar will be necessary after the
election. If the Demo wins he can blame it on Nixon's mismanage-
ment of the economy. I'm not sure who or what Nixon can blame
if he's re-elected.

Kennedy and Mills agree on a national compulsory health serv-
ice for the American people. It'll surely be a prime plant in the
Demo platform this year.

Compulsory.

ALTER-EGO #1 *Urgg* *Glaak* *Arrrrghh!* I'm having
6-19-72 a seizure! Call a doctor!

"Call the Marines, Geis, it won't do any
good. The 'seizure' is me, Alter-Ego. I'm...ahem...back!"

"Good sweet Christ! Just because a few readers have men-
tioned they'd like to see your ravings again—"

"A few? I've kept count, Geis. Seven! And just this
morning Tom Dunlap shouted, yea, shouted in print, 'UNLEASH
ALTER-EGO!!!' with two (count 'em, two) exclamation marks.
How can I ignore such love and lust? I picked the lock of
my cage and here I am."

"But not for long. I'll concede you a few minutes of my
precious time/energy, then it's back to your low dungeon.
Understood?"

"Yeah, yeah...we'll see."

"No 'we'll see' about it, kid. When I point, you go!"

"Let's argue about it later, shall we? I have a few
things on my chest I want to unload."

"Oh? Take off your shirt, honey, and let me see...."

"Out of that slime pit of a gutter-mind, Geis. I'm ser-
ious. No self-incestuous jokes. Now, I was reading with
you this morning about how the A.M.A. is getting shaken up
lately, what with a committee of its declining membership
saying that marijuana should be legalized for private use (in
small amounts) but not for sale—"

"Uh-huh, and how Masters and Johnson, the sex researchers,
took the good doctors assembled to task for not telling their
patients the truth about sex. Seems a huge percentage of
marriages are bent out of shape by sexual ignorance and warp-
age, and when these people go to a doctor they get mis-infor-
mation, prejudice, lies and blushes."

"Not surprising. Medical schools don't usually teach
sex education, just sex plumbing."

"Well, at least their out-going suddenly maverick A.M.A.
President has called their attention to some long overdue
matters. Such as old fogies dominating the organization and
systematically freezing out young doctors from power by using
a form of Seniority."

"The A.M.A. may be dying of artery hardening anyway. Its
membership is dropping each year. Now that a federal court
has ruled that A.M.A. membership is not necessary for mem-
bership in county medical associations...."

"Alright, Geis. That's all I want to talk about about
doctors. Now—"

"Now you get back to your used synapse collection, and
I'll review a few more pesky fanzines."

"If you grunch so much at reviewing them, why not let ME
do it?"

"YOU?" *har har har* "You, Alter? You don't have the
temperament. You'd butch it."

"Try me, Geis."

"I have a responsibility, Alter. I can't turn you loose
on a pile of defenseless fanzines!"

"Coward."

"All right, all right! Wait till I get my boots on (the
blood will be flowing....) and let me get out of here..."

three minutes

"Now, Geis?"

"Yes, now. May Ghod have mercy of their souls...."

THE BUTCHER OF THE LEFT LOBE
or ALTER-EGO ON A RAMPAGE
or BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD!
6-19-72

Here we go, you trembling
fan editors. Alter-Ego's my
name and gore's my game. I'll
be as fair as a B-52 dropping
500 lb. bombs by computer.

Oh, God, look what Geis left me! GRANFALLOON #15. I look through this thing and I see good layout and excellent mimeography. On a par with ENERGUMEN.

But I can chop that cover by Elman Brown. Some medieval guy with a big head pointing at black clouds! Geis wouldn't have used that as a cover! On the other hand, the Brown back cover has an evil, corrupt jungle taint I like.

On page 5 Linda Bushyager (what a name!) gave it to Geis with: "Last year I was really mad to discover that Dick Geis won as best fan writer. Dick wrote very funny editorials, it's true, but one little editorial in each ish of SFR doesn't really qualify him as a fan WRITER."

Ha. That explains the stamp marks on the cover, and the dagger cuts. Geis never could take criticism.

The rest of this fanzine is fluff from Grant Canfield, Sandra Miesel, Arnie Katz. Book reviews. Clunky, ritual and boring.

Other stuff. A good to fair letter column. Jeez, but Jerry Lapidus comes across as a self-important pimple on fandom's ass.

75¢ for this thing. 56 pages plus covers. Probably worth it. 111 MacDade Blvd., Apt. B211, Sutton Arms Apts., Folsom, PA 19033.

Ahhh.... *snick-snick-snick* a few more flicks of the blade across the stone... *snick-snick* and we have on the platter a highly pretentious photo-offset zine with an overly cute cover (the kind girl editors love) called UNICORN. Vol. II, No. 2 (no less!) No more, either.

'A Miscellaneous Journal'. 60¢. So far as I can tell it is devoted to whimsical fantasy...or fantastic whimsy...or...the kind of nonsense girl editors love.

Karen Rockow is the girl editor. She whimsies at 1153 E. 26th St., Brooklyn, NY 11210 or 345 Harvard St., 3B, Cambridge, MASS 02138.

"All right, Alter! You've done enough! Look at all the red stuff! Whose leg is that? Is that a liver? I shudder to ask about that gutted hunk of meat over there."

"Lemme lone, Geis! I'm rolling! Gimme that fanzine!"

"No! Two corpses is enough!"

"You never let me have any fun! Hey, give me a few pro-zines! Let me—"

"NOT NOW! Maybe tomorrow...or the next day...."

"Don't make me wait too long, Geis! I'm keeping this knife!"

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-20-72

I'm bothered by what Alter did to Jerry Lapidus—that casual, off-hand disemboweling. I have visions of Jerry having a nightmare after reading it.. the dream of being anchored on a vast, rounded white hill, and of a deep, rumbling, maternal voice rolling from the limitless sky, say-

ing, "Oh, you've got a pimple on your ass, dear. Let me squeeze it..." and of huge hands coming down, two thumbs positioning.... And Jerry waking screaming, sweating.

"Geis, you're a weak-kneed jellyfish. Don't apologize for me!"

"I have to, Alter! They blame me! They think I'm actually you and vice-versa."

"Rocks in their heads. Bloodletting is fun! It brings maniacal chuckles to the lips, it stirs the blood, it brings a sparkle to the eye. Your trouble is, you're too fair."

"No, I often could be fairer. You slip into my control center once in a while and cast a shadow."

"Milksoy!"

"Nevertheless, Jerry Lapidus is a Good Fan and has done Good Works in Fandom."

"Disgusting!"

THE MAIL THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY's knee-jerk liberal re-
6-20-72 flex went the wrong way this time: articles like
"What's Wrong With McGovern," "The Bigotry of Liberal Magazines." Refreshing.

The Book of the Month Club unctuously flogs ONLY ONE EARTH—The Care and Maintenance of a Small Planet. "Not often are we impelled to urge members to waive their privilege of rejecting a Selection."

Only \$5.50 (reduced from the publisher's list price of \$6.00) for one more ecology lecture/warning/sermon. Now, if BOIMC had cut their profit to zero on this selection, I'd be less cynical.

A fanzine! FANARCHIST #7 from David R. Grigg, PO Box 100, Carleton South, 3053, Australia. 30¢ from his US agent, Bill Bowers, PCB 87, Barberton, OH 44203.

Just another fanzine, I'm afraid. Personal chatter, a setting-things-straight letter from John Brunner who took the time to point out what a provincial, old-fashioned block-head John Alderson was in his FANARCHIST #5 column, about art.

All legible and basically undistinguished, is this zine. Bland. Even Brunner is too polite.

SF NOTES I tell you, man, Bob Shaw and Bob Silverberg
6-20-72 are two of the BEST sf writers going. And Bob Shaw probably is not enough recognized as in the first rank.

I just last night finished his OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES in the July 1972 AMAZING. Shaw has that "adulthood" in his fiction that is so welcome and so relatively rare. His approach and style are a joy.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER EYES is a 'slow glass' novel, and in it he constantly surprises you with the technological applications of slow glass as well as the sociological and cultural consequences. It is all interwoven into the personal and professional life of the characters. It's real. But the novel is a novel of character change as well as a sf novel, and it all works.

The trouble is, Shaw makes the other stories in this issue of AMAZING look sick.

I was disappointed in Bill Rotsler's "There's a Special Kind Needed Out There." He used a phony, naturalistic story-

telling technique...colloquial space-miner...and it turned me off.

I'm reading the first part of a serial, DYING INSIDE by Bob Silverberg in the July GALAXY...and he is superb. A very personal, real account of a man's ability to read minds. Bob is so good he can't write badly...his stuff is so full of true detail and observation, so intrinsically interesting, that it doesn't matter where he's going with the story. You're content to simply enjoy him line by line.

If only it was as easy to DO this, to write that well, as it is to perceive it and appreciate it. But it takes maturity, knowledge, years of accumulated skills and subtly altered thinking....fiction-thinking.

Jerry Pournelle is a good poker player, I know from personal experience. But his "The Mercenary" in the July ANALOG is boringly long in the detailed establishment of planet, problem and characters....and heavy-handed with grinding of message axes. It is so obviously a slanted Campbell story.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-21-72

I give up! I am an ant on a plank being swept along in the middle of a river...and I tell myself I am

master here!

You wanna know what happened today? I'll TELL you what happened today.

A letter from C—. O yes. She reports that she has written a statement for her husband, giving him full permission to take their boy to Michigan to live with the husband's parents. C— says she wants to come back to me if I want her. She is now free. They have agreed to separate.

I am in the soup again. Was. Am. Will be. *Gaaaak!*

The weird thing is that I sat down and wrote back saying okay, come. Jeez, if she could take that tough "slave" thing I wrote a couple days ago...knowing my ambivalence...and still want to have a relationship...

Flattering? Wow. I am being used by her neurosis. And soon I will use her. What fun we'll have Gaming around town.

I'm actually happy now. She has submitted and is groveling. How sweet. I'm ashamed of myself, a little.

Well, I tried!

God, this magazine is going to be interesting from now on. Knowing C—, she might even take to writing segments called THE NATURE OF THE BITCH or something.

Stay tuned.

THE MAIL
6-21-72
1
ENERGUMEN #12, that lovely fanzine from Mike and Susan Glicksohn, 32 Maynard Av., #205, Toronto 156, Ontario, CANADA. 75¢/3 for \$2. (Do not send checks or U.S. stamps....for the same reason I don't want Canadian stamps or personal checks or Canadian folding money. Send me American money...and send them Canadian money...or an appropriate Post Office Money Order!)

NERG is now so beautifully mimeographed (that is mimeography, isn't it, Mike? It looks like multilith it's so fine.) that it comes on like a Precious Object. Like ODD 20. Like, I hate to bend back the pages to read it. Is that 24# high quality blue paper? Oh, it's all so Impeccable I wish I could

find a blotch of ink somewhere, or even a mere typo.

And this issue has all kinds of meat to sink fangs into. Mike has an individual trading policy and defends it well. What the hell! This is their fanzine, they can set any kind of policy for trades or subs or contributions or format or art they want. Anybody finds fault he can complain, his right.

48 pages plus fine fannish covers by Jim Shull and Ken Fletcher.

Mike and Susan have been accused of being bland...of publishing a bland fanzine. But this issue they show themselves as Nice-to-the-Core, but with sharp teeth. They want their due in politeness and consideration.

Mike wants letters of comment. I don't blame him. I wish I was inclined to write locs. I'm not. I make-do with reviews like this, now.

Received with ENERGUMEN was the Tim Kirk ecology poster. 50¢ from the Glicksohns, proceeds to the Jersey Wildlife Preservation Trust. Kirk in top form. My copy gets framed.

NEW LIBERTARIAN NOTES #11 is a vehicle for the ideal of freedom mixed with anarchy, I think. It is full of disgust for 'internecine Party Warfare'. Splinter groups are getting under the Libertarian Party's skin.

Well, that's freedom every time!

From Samuel Edward Konkin III, 235 East 49th St, New York, N.Y. 10017. 40¢, 22 pages. Sloppy, sloppy, sloppy!

THE MAIL
6-22-72

Three books from Ballantine: SPACE SKINNER and WITH A FINGER IN MY I, both by David Gerrold, and THE THREE IMPOSTERS by Archur Machen (adult fantasy).

TELEVISION
6-22-72

Last night ABC threw two new sitcoms to the wolves. The wolves sniffed dubiously and stalked away.

The first was THE SUPER, the story of a warm, lovable apartment house superintendant. Poor Richard Castellano! From THE GODFATHER to this!

Rob Reiner created the series with Phil Mishkin, and wrote the script, with Phil Mishkin...and bombed out, with Phil Mishkin.

What they created is a gutless variation of stupid dad, wise wife, with "character" tenants. Formula with mold on it. No redeeming guts or honesty. You would think ALL IN THE FAMILY Reiner would have learned something!

No, he and his co-creator/author make the poor actors say and do imbecile things. The family's teenage boy skips classes in school. Okay, let him learn the apartment house maintenance trade! But kid cannot open and close a steam valve properly, cannot glue a fallen tile to a wall, and cannot even successfully put a bag of trash into a garbage can! Father is little better.

Insult to the intelligence? Oh, in spades!

All is solved when kid decides he should go back to school.

It boggles the mind that supposedly intelligent ABC executives would put this drivel on the air.

Next page for a review of THE CORNER BAR.

THE CORNER BAR had a bit of integrity, a slice of boldness. Gabriel Dell is the owner of Grant's Tomb, a bar-restaurant. He has a small group of habitués.

They are: a junior executive drunk; a factory worker, an anti-establishment activist, perhaps a communist; a flaming faggot with limp wrist and swishy clothes.

Other regulars are a black cook and a Jewish waiter. Something for everybody.

But the comedy was bland and forced, with slides into that implausible exaggeration-for-effect that stops just short of pratfalls and pie-in-the-face.

But it had a few good lines, a few seconds of groove.

Don Rickles has been guest host this week on the TONIGHT show and he has been fun, even exciting to watch. He has been zinging Ed McMahon with stage insults that have a lot of truth-telling bite. Ed must grin and laugh...

Ed McMahon has been puffing himself up in the last year, coming on stronger and stronger, playing the big man, the celebrity, the hobnobber with the elite. Now he's left his wife and kids in the east, refused to take them west to L.A. with the show, and is "going mod" with a long-hair look and niftier clothes.

I think Rickles disapproves of Ed's cavalier treatment of his family and thinks he has let success go to his head.

Certainly Ed shows evidence of a bloated ego.

Last night actress Karen Black put on a sexy act with Rickles and flustered him. It was hilarious.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-23-72

Generalized Beast, this time.
Piers Anthony sent me an article from
THE SATURDAY REVIEW which I am grateful

to him for. I must quote from it here.

It is by Alain Robbe-Grillet and is titled "For a Voluptuous Tomorrow."

He begins by painting a picture of a bound girl kneeling against a rat cage and with her lush breasts projecting into the cage. The rats are starting to bite her nipples and she is screaming with agony/ecstasy. A man is fucking her from behind.

This picture is in a magazine being looked at by a respectable middle-aged man in a New York porno shop.

Robbe-Grillet faces some questions raised by the man, the shop and the material:

"I am faced with the eternal problems that in France as in the United States disturb our moralists, our police, our priests, and our other censors: Who (aside from European novelists) frequent these shops? For what reasons? Are such starving creatures to be given that particular nourishment they seem to need so badly, or are they not? What consequences will this have for the future of our society? etc..."

He makes the point that even the freedom lovers on the Left oppose pornography, in France, and especially the communists.

He hates virtue... "...because I know, historically, what it leads to. Let us never forget that Hitler and Stalin were pre-eminently virtuous men, and that they made virtue (socialist, bourgeois, or Aryan—ultimately, what is the difference?) the armature of their entire political structure and the justification of their massacres. If you believe in virtue, you must make sure virtue is respected!"

He asks what harm does this do if this customer with sadistic tastes satisfies a need in this way? It gives the man pleasure, a pleasure that does not come from alcohol or drugs. If he experiences shame it is because of the "champtions of virtue".

Next objection? The customer will be lured to a real-life enactment of his fantasies.

Robbe-Grillet says: "The troubled conscience of a nation may indeed shrink before such a possibility. But let us be reassured on this point. For—alas, thrice alas for our moralists!—every serious study undertaken in this realm (apropos of erotic images and their criminal realizations) has proved precisely the contrary: Circumstantial torturers—police, soldiers, religious inquisitors—are never the habitués of such establishments. Indeed it is the others, those who are unaware of their secret passions and have occasion to find themselves in an exceptional situation, who suddenly discover, like Macbeth, 'Strange things in head, that will to hand/which must be acted ere they may be scanned.'"

"What the habitué of our bookshop does, on the contrary, is to bring out into the light of day images that are already, in any case, already inside his mind, in order to examine them at leisure, to unmask them, to challenge them, and to learn to live on good terms with them—that is, to dominate them. Instead of repressing his impulses in a dim unconscious that will someday oblige him to commit some quite material atrocity, he gradually learns to name them and to take pleasure in them. In a word, he achieves a catharsis of his own violence."

"But what virtue does not tolerate, in reality, is not the presumable danger (in which no one really believes) of seeing a few simple souls perverted; what virtue does not tolerate is, precisely, pleasure. For centuries generations and generations of puritanical bourgeois and puritanical socialists have waged war, side by side, against the flesh, against the body, against pleasure, and all the more intensely if pleasure has been intellectualized."

Of course recently the puritans, in retreat, have tried to make a stand on a line called "honest pleasure", which is Establishment-approved sexual activity. Plain and simple fucking, and sucking if it isn't "indulged in" excessively. And masturbate if you must.

Robbe-Grillet sees a friend further on in the porno shop who is looking at a large picture of a woman's vulva about to be penetrated by a large penis. This friend has a lovely, sexy wife. Why does this friend need this picture of something he is free to do and see every day if he chooses?

"Here, in short, is the whole problem of the imagination, which, as its name suggests, constantly creates images and indeed requires them in order to sustain itself. No bull, however deprived, will let its gaze be attracted by the photograph of a cow's rump. Man is fully human only if everything passes through his head, even (and especially) sex. We recall the famous remark of the mathematician Henri Poincaré: An adult needs pornography as a child needs fairy tales."

Some private BEAST follows.

C— called last Wednesday—today is Friday—and I didn't mention it then because it was a duplication (as phone calls so often are) of her letter to me and of mine to her.

But in the mail today (the only mail I got today) was a letter from her postmarked from Wednesday PM in which she characterizes my "slave" letter as a great turn-off, insists she doesn't fit these molds everyone constructs for her, and tries to justify giving up her son by insisting that she and her husband are not good enough, together or singly, to be the boy's parents. Too neurotic. Too much conflict.

It was a goodbye letter. She enclosed a color photo of her and the boy.

No mention of her call in which she said she wanted to be with me, we agreed, and she said she would come back to Portland.

So what happened—I suppose—is that she wrote this letter, mailed it, and then later in the day got cold feet/warm heart and called me for a rapprochement. She said in her call that she had discounted the "slave" bit as not the real me.

So I presume now she's coming. I expect her about Sunday. If she got her last check from the hospital, if she got everything straight with her husband, if she managed to tear herself away from the boy, if her car didn't break down, if she meant it....

Now I am looking forward to seeing her!

BOOK REVIEW I find myself wanting to criticize David
6-23-72 Gerrold's new Ballantine sf novel for not being what I was hoping to read.

I was looking for a hard, realistic sf deep space adventure. (SPACE SKIMMER "The ultimate spaceship in the hands of a barbarian...")

It's about a human called Mass who is from the high-gravity planet called Streinveldt. For reasons never explained he sets out in a small spacer to discover whatever happened to the galactic Empire of mankind. 400-odd years since last contact.

I kept waiting for some basic structure and conflict to emerge. Mass learns more and more about why the Empire went into decline, learns of the ultimate spaceships called Skimmers which were developed to solve the Empire's communication-logistics problems and which in fact precipitated the collapse, and in due time, after hopping from star system to star system, he finds a Skimmer. Learns to run it (it's virtually automatic), but needs a special kind of human construct as a pilot to make really deepspace voyages.

Well...he goes to the special pilot planet, gets a pilot who he names Ike...acquires an unlucky Prince with deep emotional problems as a passenger, and subsequently a Healer from still another planet who in turn must have a special empathic human from still another planet in order to effect a cure of the Prince's problems.... A five-way mind-linkage is required for this and in the process everyone's emotional problems are solved—even those of the Skimmer which had tried to kill them by diving into a sun.

Yet it seemed to me—and still does—that all this is preamble, prelude, preface. Throughout there was no serious problem...mere inconveniences... and lots of interesting history and background, lots of social/cultural info...a kind of

travelogue. At the end everything is cleared away for another book—one about the state of the Empire and how to re-establish it. Mass, the pilot, the Healer, the Prince (the empath died of stress) and even the Skimmer are a kind of gestalt. Love and understanding triumph over all.

David Gerrold's heart is in the right place, and I approve his message, but I want more. (Ballantine 02644-6, 95¢)

THE NEWS In the wonderful world of international central
6-24-72 banking it is all too often a matter of "Me first, screw you, and tough shit, fellah!"

No one seems to be outraged when a nation suddenly devalues, goes off the gold standard or stops convertibility. Oh, a few politicians may go "tut-tut, old boy!" but it's mere lip-service to a shattered capitalist morality.

So now Great Britain has "floated" the pound after two weeks of pouring 1.3 billion dollars down the gullets of those selling pounds before the grim economic realities of Britain's economy come home to roost and the pound is again devalued.

These "speculators" have developed a fine sense of smell, over the years, and they never never never believe what a politician says.

Britain has been living beyond its means lately (again!): buying more than it sells, labor troubles, inflation. When that situation goes on too long in a country, those holding large amounts of that country's money get nervous. They know that eventually the politicians will be forced to devalue the currency, so they sell while the selling is good and get into a good solid currency like Swiss francs or West German marks.

Trouble is, there's so much of this "hot" money that its movement screws up the other country's economy and banking system.

Politicians always blame economic crises on the speculators instead of their own mismanagement of their economy. (Always confuse the symptom with the disease, if you can get away with it.)

By floating the pound, Britain is letting the currency go up or down according to supply and demand. They're in effect washing their hands of it.

This screws up international trade, because merchants and traders and banks cannot operate easily unless they know what a currency is likely to be worth months in advance.

International trade is hampered and curtailed. Law and order and above all STABILITY is the underpinning of a healthy national and international economy. You can't make plans if key trading currencies keep fluctuating!

But now with Britain reneging on its agreements with other nations (so recently worked out!), another game of economic fifty-two pickup in in the cards.

Now the dollar, already weak, will be under the gun. (Because of our staggering 39 BILLION deficit this fiscal year and our huge multi-billion dollar trade deficit and our continuing heavy inflation.... Yes, like Britain!)

The dollar will probably be devalued again. That may be the price we pay for a few more months of precious international currency stability.

But Nixon will stall if possible until after the election.

Sooner or later we will have to cut imports and try to sell

more overseas. This entails imposing more quotas on foreign goods coming into this country. But that usually brings retaliation: they will act to cut down on buying our goods! Deadly, self-protective, selfish, irresistible circle.

It is said that because of our huge economy, "When the United States catches a cold, the rest of the world develops pneumonia."

The major industrial nations of the world have for decades been putting off coming to grips with one imperative economic need/requirement: discipline.

They have willingly abandoned the gold standard because it imposed discipline; it forced honesty and forced punishment.

The politicians much much preferred to avoid that; they kept putting things off by inflating, suffering beginning pains of inflation's consequences, and quickly, desperately, inflating still more....and more...and more....suffering currency crisis after crisis, devaluation after devaluation....always patching the system, always kidding themselves with illusions ("paper gold" ... "special drawing rights").

The United States is the ringleader, the worst offender. We have a tremendously overvalued dollar because we inflated it without also admitting it by increasing the price of gold. We, with our power and leverage, have until recently been able to get away with this.

But we were forced to devalue a bit recently, and will be forced to do it again.

Even so...we may find, to our horror, that a bit of honesty is too late, and that nothing but a tremendous deflation, a monumental liquidation of the crushing debt mountain we have created, will be possible. The rubber band, stretched too far, may break. WIPE OUT! CRASH! It'll make 1929 look like a picnic.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-24-72

I was right. C— called last night. She is planning on driving to Portland, alone, this coming Monday. She is telling herself that she may be able to get established here, then fly down and "pick up" her boy. Her conscience is already bothering her—she misses the child even before leaving him.

I still look forward to seeing her. But I don't kid myself that she is giving up everything to be with me. She needs to suffer and I'm part of the rationalization. She's arranging things to be the way she wants them. We all do this.

It's sad that these hidden, subconscious, childhood-imprinted life-plans so often involve pain and suffering. And these parameters of behavior are made of steel! They are set deep. More often than not people would rather die than go against them. (Hell, most people would rather die of cancer than give up smoking!)

THE MAIL

SMILE AWHILE #9, Flo Jenkins' be-of-good-cheer 6-24-72 zine for alcoholics. A vastly improved job of mimeography. She writes in an accompanying letter that she has cut the circulation a bit because donations still do not cover costs. Be of good cheer, Flo.

She also reports she finally figured out why the repro was so bad on early issues—she hadn't used the 'wiper'. To which I reply: whatinhell's a wiper?

Those inkpad mimeos are a separate world.

(13335 S. Vermont Ave., Gardena, CA 90247. Trade, donations)

A sub and loc from Ken Nahigian, who said, in part: "But (REG is) so sad, so sad. The entire magazine has a gentle sense of despair about it that makes reading it almost a bitter experience. REG definitely should not be read on a rainy day."

I'm much more chipper now, Ken. And your suggestion that REG needs artwork, specifically Rotslertoons, is vetoed! Much as I adore Rotslertoons.

SF NOTES

I owe Paul Walker a re-evaluation. I said his 6-24-72 F&SF story was marginal. It was—for F&SF. It was good enough to hit GALAXY and AMAZING, FANTASTIC easily, I think. The sad state of sf short stories outside F&SF is depressing...and this is a rainy day.

THE MAIL

Dave Piper did subscribe. Sent along \$5.00 6-26-72 and an amusing running description of his getting up process with the help/hindrane of two daughters.

The subs for SFR still come straggling in. Amazing.

A letter from George Hay along with a copy of SENNET #11, an ecology paper, in which he has a short article. SENNET contains some interesting alternatives to demolishing old, historic buildings in order to erect big shiny office buildings—build new structures above old ones.

There is also an idea for a hollow, man-made mountain: industry, warehouses, etc, with shopping centres and some sheltered stadiums inside the mountain, with residential development on the earth-covered roof, with space for vto planes, helicopters on the crown.

I ask why, though. A structure that size seems wasteful and inherently treacherous; and likely to create its own unique ecology problems.

There is also an illustrated idea of creating a second Earth that would orbit the sun opposite this Earth. It would be created by "fusing" the asteroid belt into one huge Earth equivalent...

Somehow, that seems utterly impractical, too.

George wrote of European cities he has lived in. His opinions are interesting: "I've lived—and had it really rough—in Paris, Hamburg and Vienna, and visited Copenhagen, but if I had to choose one of those, it would be Brussels ((mentioned previously)), with possibly Copenhagen as a second, Vienna as a third. Paris, for me, comes way behind; the people are live and talkative, but the avarice and meanness of the French has to be experienced to be believed. When they first come to London, they can't get over seeing milk bottles left by the roundsmen outside the doors of houses, or money for the evening papers left lying beside the papers, unattended, while the newspaper vendor pops around the corner for a pint of beer. "Why isn't it stolen?" (Not that things get better here, and maybe sometimes the money would be stolen. But by and large the difference between the cultures is staggering. They com-

plain here in the underground press about police brutality. Boy! They should see a baton charge in Paris. ... The thought of going into the Common Market fills me with zero enthusiasm.)"

An offer of porno from a N.Y. company, full of elaborate cards to sign vowing the purchaser is not now nor has he ever been a police officer, postal inspector, etc., and that he, said purchaser, wishes porno mail, and is over 21, and believes in freedom, etc.

They offer some films that make me itch to buy...but I'm not making any money at the moment, and I hesitate....I pause and debate....

Maybe next month....

Also a porno offer from Denmark. I'm mildly surprised the square envelope got through customs. Could Customs have changed its porno-interception policy for Oregon, since Oregon now has a porno-for-adults law?

Aha! A letter from Pearl. You all remember Pearl, mentioned in REG #1.

She writes: "I meant to write you before this but first I had to get used to being 'stuck in a deteriorating, diabetic (possibly cancerous) overweight body'. Yes, I knew all these things were true but I'd always kept them carefully separated, i.e., I was at any given time either deteriorating, diabetic, cancerous or overweight but never all at once.

"But now that I've got it all together, I've started feeling much better (probably a survival reaction).

"You were hoping for a vituperative letter, I believe, but what could I rail at you about? I find RICHARD E. GEIS, Number 1 to be completely honest—as far as I know—and the few intimate details you omitted were better left omitted. I was startled by your candor re your mewling, mawkish feelings toward your mother but since your magazine was an exercise in total honesty, I guess you've succeeded. Now, what do you do? I mean, now that you've had your catharsis, what's left to shit out for Number 2?

((There are a few things left. Hoarded baubles, precious shadowed corners, an old moldy skeleton.

((Total honesty, with a modicum of discretion, sometimes, in reviews and opinions, will continue to make for interesting reading and valuable Here I Was At records for my future amazement. This zine has more levels than an L.A. interchange.))

"I'm very much into FEAR right now. It started as an auxiliary study (like astrological signs) on our FREE PRESS ((Personals ads)) caper but as time goes on, I'm more and more fascinated by the utter terror exhibited by both advertisers and supplicants. Remember, we compared notes about our anxiety and wild beating of heart when we approached the phone to make that first contact—well, I got Joanna to place an ad and as she got ready to dial that first number, she was suddenly struck by diarrhea and vomiting. I didn't get around to asking if her heart had beat wildly as well.

"Then I met a little man who'd placed his ad and upon receiving his first batch of letters, panicked and left town for a week. He tore up about ¾ of the letters he read (too threatening, I suppose) and he keeps the rest hidden under the rug in his pickup truck! He was very disturbed about one letter he'd

gotten from a woman in Galeta, said it really 'spooked' him because he'd never seen anything like it before in his life and he didn't know what to make of it. So, it turned out to be written on a typewriter with a script style typeface and that's all.

((But everyone knows strange people choose strange typewriters.))

"Next, Cyn and I met a guy who answered our ad in terms of expecting to find a threesome with much emphasis on oral sex at the end of his particular rainbow. His letter said, 'Yes, I love to give and get, give and get.' and in case this wasn't explicit enough, he threw in a few references to HEAD. Okay, we met this fellow and I dug him (a miracle, I felt, after 29 ho-hums) so I quickly made arrangements to draw him into my web.

"Now, this cat is 35 years old so it's not as if I were taking advantage of some baby but he came over on a Friday night and we MADE OUT until 6 A.M. in the best teen-age sense of the words—kissing, holding hands, looking at each other, petting outside the clothes. Being romantic, I dug it but also being whorish, I offered a few more carnal treats which he declined until Saturday night.

"And Saturday night was nothing! I finally told him I'd work with him until he got over his sexual anxieties but that I couldn't really think about continuing a relationship that excluded oral sex so he'd have to force himself. I don't know yet what he decided as he went into hospital Sunday afternoon for surgery and I haven't heard from him. But this is a man who answered an ad for what he thought was a tri-sexual suck-off—what did he expect us to do, hold a gun to his head?!

"There are other things happening all the time that make me shake my head in wonderment. It seems that an awful lot of people were swept up in the sexual revolution who weren't in the least ready for it.

"FEAR—that's where it's at!

"Anyway, I've had my hundredth man (a Scorpio at that) and now I can just be loose. No more quotas to fill. I can go to ladies, Chinese vegetables, Owl Products, Pomeranians.

"I've been looking for someone in Santa Monica that I can visit on Sunday mornings but it seems there aren't many sweet-hearts like you in that town. Old-style and crude is the way they've been running."

The people (excluding yourself, of course) who place Personals ads in the Freep seem to be playing a fantasy game. When they get an answer—cold sweat!

I can understand some degree of lying and illusion, but to find so many men and women so far from inner and outer reality is really surprising. As you mentioned once, it's stunning.

Especially since a lot of them are intelligent and perceptive. Like me. And look at my track record. I think the conscious/subconscious mind in most of us is a mass of scrambled wiring, overloaded resistors, melted condensers, cranky capacitors and loose connections.

Pardon me, I'm about to blow a fuse.

Two sexy postcards from C— I will spare you the cute

details.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
6-27-72

A call from C— last night.
I wasn't home. Stepbrother Jerry
took it. She was then in Sacra-

mento and still heading north.

A call from C—'s husband. He tried to call her here
collect! but she hadn't arrived. Wants her to call him.

A call from C— a few minutes ago. She is in Grant's
Pass, Oregon. Had a clogged fuel line. Spent the night in
G's P. Now fixed, heading north, ETA 8P.M.

I am mildly anxiety-ridden. Hope I can keep objectivity
and emotional distance. Be philosophical, I tell myself.
Alter-ego laughs.

"Aha-ha-ha-ha....."

Hey, I finished CANNED MEAT early this afternoon. Now
must edit it with a cool, critical eye. That's the hard
part. A good reviewer/critic can be valuable; he can spot
the flaws/faults that authors, blindspotted, warped, cannot
see. Of course the facing of reality through the eyes of
a critic can be a shock.

I haven't had an assignment from George at Barclay House
since I moved up here. I thought when I called him from Santa
Monica to advise him of my move that his "don't call me, I'll
call you" response was ominous. Of course he could be no
longer with the firm. Editors come and editors go. I would
like to know what the situation is, though. Mayhap I'll call
him soon and ask for the Truth.

Perhaps I should call Larry Shaw, too. I kinda feel un-
easy without money coming in, and maybe a porno novel....

THE MAIL LOCUS 115. Charlie and Marsha list over 100
6-27-72 fanzines received in the past quarter!

I also note that Phil Dick's novel, A. LINC-
OLN, SIMULACRUM has been retitled WE CAN BUILD YOU for DAW
Books release in July.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Briefly: C— arrived at about
6-30-72 7:30 Tuesday night, had dinner here
and wanted to go out immediately to
find a place to live. Look in paper, make a list of furnished
rooms, housekeeping rooms, but we stopped at an old, big apt.
house near the Broadway bridge and she rented a studio apt.
for \$85 per mo, and with cleaning fee, etc. it took all her
money but about \$30.

She stayed here in the spare bedroom that night after we
unloaded her car at her apt.

Next day, Wednesday, we went job-hunting, me acting as
guide. She found two probables in nursing homes. The hospitals
rejected her because she is overweight. Not just a little
overweight, a LOT overweight.

But she was having second thoughts and called her husband.
In his uptight fashion he told her to come back; that he
wanted her back. She was missing her little boy, and her life
here (projected) with me was sinking in.

She learned Thursday she could only expect \$2.00 per hour

as a Nurse's Aide and only \$2.80 per hour after her Oregon
LPN license was confirmed. That was a shock; she could only
scrape by on that what with car payments, insurance and bare
necessities. No room for a child and babysitter.

Thursday night she told me her doubts and decision to
go back. I agreed.

All through her stay, this time, too, I had a slight
sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. Was relieved when
she decided to go home. Now, Friday early afternoon, I have
that sensation again as I await her final visit or call. I
have promised to lend her money for a new tire if necessary
and emergency road money.

As she said last night—I've changed, she's changed,
Portland has changed. She's more of a wife and mother than
she realized. You can't go back into the past, alas.

All I want is peace, quiet and no emotional turmoil.

I called Larry Shaw and George K. yesterday, Thursday,
and Larry said he'd know next week if a new sex novel would
be okayed, and in the meantime send along a partial. I sug-
gested a witchcraft theme and he said that might work in
well. I've had a zinger of an opening chapter in mind for
a sexy witchcraft novel for over a year, and my "desperation"
for income has prompted me to cash it in.

George K. said he might have an assignment for me next
week, but that it would be over a month after that before
he'd be free or able to give any more assignments.

Things are slow.

So I'll do the witch partial and hope for George's call
or letter next week.

Mailed CANNED MEAT to my Calif. typist, today.

THE MAIL Two Bantam Books; STAR TREK #7 by Jim
6-28 to 30-72 Blish (\$7480, 75¢) and DOC SAVAGE #69, "The
Mystery On the Snow" by Kenneth Robeson
(\$7035, 75¢).

Karl Edd's MUSTANG REVIEW #11. I find the poetry to be
of a quality best suited to the vanity press. I wish Karl
would publish more poems by Fred Red Cloud.

By the way, Karl's primary business is the K-E RUBBER
STAMPS company, and he puts out a quality stamp. 3-lines
for \$3.50 postpaid anywhere in the U.S. That's a highly
competitive price. 212 So. Broadway, Denver, CO 80209.

SANDERS #18-19 from Dave Mee at 977 Kains, Albany, CA
94706, 4 issues for a \$1. S-f and fantasy news with partic-
ular stree's on the West Coast.

Now that LOCUS is located in San Francisco, is there
room for SANDERS, too? Dave does a good job, covering books,
comics, clubs, conventions, the Nebula Awards, movies, and
even an opera. Also fanzine reviews.

Dave confesses living a hand-to-mouth financial existence
as far as SANDERS' goes.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Let's get this over with. My
6-30-72 throat is tight and I'm close to
tears. C— has gone back to Cal.

The right decision. I know this grief will pass, for
both of us, but it hurts. We're very good friends...on dif-

ferent life-tracks now. I'm glad I'm not so turned off that I can't feel at all. But it isn't pleasant.

At this point a letter, stolen from THE MAIL, is relevant. Dave Piper wrote from England after having finished REG #1. To encapsulate, he said THE NATURE OF THE BEAST in #1 seemed to be an extended cry for help.

In a sense it was. I was working my way to a decision and in being that honest I exposed the child in me a lot, a weepy cry for mother.... help! Maudlin as Pearl said.

As it turned out the decision, the move up here, was the right one, for me, for mother.

But Dave mentions another factor that worries him, and which I have thought about, too.

That is—the "danger" that I'll become so dependent on mother for companionship and love that when she dies (she's 65 now) I'll be 'alone and lost.'

Mother comes from a line of women who last into their 80's. I figure, with luck, we'll have 15 to 18 more years. But aside from that, I've learned to ignore the future in certain areas; fifteen years ago, when I was working as a stockboy in Meier and Franks', if anyone had told me....

You never know. I could get hit by a truck tomorrow. You have to risk pain and even agony in the future if you want happiness now. The way to avoid pain is to not risk situations and relationships which may produce it later.

Don't fall in love and marry—because sooner or later there'll be the pain of death of a loved one or the pain of a broken marriage?

But that's the yin/yang of life. You accept the inevitable emotional hurt and turmoil when you make these contracts, when you enter into closeness...when you're born!

I know what I can handle and what I need now. I've got it. I accept the grief that is coming when mother dies. I don't know what I'll be like then, really. I may be able to go on alone, I may look for a living companion.... There's no way of knowing, for sure.

So I refuse to screw up NOW because of future maybes.

It all boils down to 'crossing those bridges when I come to them.' I'll be surprised if the road to them hasn't a lot of surprises—good and bad. (Thanks, Dave, for your concern.)

THE MAIL (Continued)
6-30-72

Dale Broadhurst sent two semi-pro comic books for trade with REG. WEIRD GRAPHIC FANTASY #3, and THE LAIR OF

MADNESS #1. I admire the enthusiasm and talent displayed in these mags. The artwork is amateurish, but these beginners know a lot about comic techniques. (850 27th St., Ogden, UTAH 84403) LAIR is 50¢, WEIRD is 85¢. Printed color covers, and photo-offset overall.

WAREHOUSE #2, a pleasant, short 16 page fanzine from the alternating editorship of John Godwin and D. Gary Grady, both of 520 Orange St., Wilmington, N. CAR 28401. 25¢. John Godwin, who edited #2, ends his editorial with: "And if you're trading with us, please send a copy for each editor so as to help us avoid any more frisbee fights over who gets to keep what fanzine."

Grump I'll solve your problem, guys. Each editor keeps all ~~news~~ received during his editorship. By the way, I liked

Ned Brooks' "Some Thoughts on Religious Elements in Current Science Fiction Novels." In spite of its title. And John Godwin's review of SILENT RUNNING, though a bit disjointed, impressed me as giving a good picture of the movie's plot, action, faults and successful elements.

Two Lancer books from Bob Hoskins: OVERLAY by Barry Malzberg, and John Brunner's 1968 Lancer (reprinted or re-covered or both) INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA.

And, cehinky-dinky, a postcard from John Brunner: "Thanks for REG 1. You're quite right about DOUBLE, DOUBLE. Happen to know anyone who wants to make a second-rate monster movie?"
"I was afraid not."

"No in-detail comment possible. Have neuritis of the right ulnar nerve — makes typing very tiring and handwriting next to impossible."

That is bad for a writer. I just looked into the nutritionist's bible, LET'S GET WELL by Adele Davis, and she writes:

"Neuritis. Vitamin B₁, frequently reported to improve neuritis, is ineffective except when an excessive intake of carbohydrate or alcohol has caused the requirement to be unusually high; even then the aching, stabbing pains are more readily stopped if the diet includes yeast and liver. Large doses of vitamin B₁ alone cause such a high urinary excretion of other B vitamins that deficiencies can be produced, yet each vitamin of the B group is involved in correcting or preventing neuritis.

"Numbness and tingling of hands and feet, characteristic of neuritis, have been produced in volunteers deficient in vitamin B₆ or pantothenic acid. Neuritis has been helped when vitamins B₁, B₂, B₆, B₁₂, and pantothenic acid have been given together; and extreme pain, weakness and numbness have in some cases been relieved in an hour, but yeast and liver have given the most lasting results.

"On one occasion, I planned a diet for a man who had spent years in Santo Tomas prison and whose neuritis was so severe that he was bedridden and constantly writhed with pain. Although huge amounts of many B vitamins had been given to him, the addition of pantothenic acid, yeast, liver and wheat germ brought such spectacular improvement that his daughter remarked, 'Like Lazarus, he rose from the dead.'

"Various drugs, such as antacid preparations and streptomycin, cause neuritis by destroying or increasing the need for or excretion of several B vitamins. Such neuritis can be relieved or prevented by giving B vitamins with drugs."

A review copy of RING OF GARAMAS by John Rankine, from Dobson Books, London.

A copy of PREHENSILE #4 from Mike Glycer. I'm not finished reading it.

THE NEWS
7-1-72

McGovern is taking some clonks on the head and it appears his "sure-thing" first ballot nomination is out the window in free fall. There will also be some floor fights and votes re the California and Illinois delegations being altered by the Credentials

Committee. So it looks like a lively, interesting Demo Con coming up, and it ought to be good to watch. Who wants a cut-and-dried ho-hum convention? Only the front-runner.

NIXON is playing games again with going back to the Paris Peace Conference, but the North Vietnamese aren't going to deal with him. They'd be fools to not wait until after the election. They've pulled back from their offensive and are in-hiding.

But Nixon will send Connolly to Paris and make a big show of bending over backward to make a deal and end the war; he will beat his breast and cry crocodile tears when the Cong and the North Vietnamese reject his deals. Either way he wins and defuses the war for a while, hopefully until after the election.

Congress has voted a 20% increase in Social Security benefits over the Republicans' objections. Nixon dares not veto it since it is a rider to the treasury debt extension and flood relief bill.

Every presidential election year the congress bribes the old folks. There's a catch to this one, of course: Social Security taxes will go up tremendously NEXT year (after the election). I believe it involves a \$12. per month increase in payroll deductions for a man making \$12,000. per year.

This Social Security tax has now risen to where it equals or exceeds the Federal Income Tax bite. Eventually there will be a revolt over this and congress will have to switch Soc. Sec. to direct funding by the treasury...with an increase in income taxes even as the old Soc. Sec. tax is killed. TANSTAAFL.

BOOK REVIEW Back in the early pages of this issue I mentioned wanting to read Dean Koontz's new Lancer novel, STARBLOOD, to see if he was still plotting badly but describing goodly.

I read to page 38 and met a wall of inner resistance to continuing. I put the book aside, intending to finish it in a few days. Weeks have gone by.

A few days ago I realized why I had rebelled; Dean made a crucial writing mistake and it leached the story's integrity and left it to rot in the sun with a Hackwork cross over it.

What he did was, he got careless and plotted his novel without cross-checking with his main character. The two almost immediately lost each other.

Timothy is a product of the artificial wombs developed by the military to develop specialized human weapons. Timothy was a monster but one who developed a high degree of psi power and 250+ intelligence.

It is almost a sf reflex to give a limbless mutant psionic capabilities and genius to the fifth power.

Ah, but what if the plot requires this super genius to act stupidly? Plotting requires conflict and danger: get the hero in trouble. As he struggles to get things straightened out he sinks into the hole still further.

In this case Timothy witnesses the murder of his best friend via an elaborate Mindlink helmet that allows him to "inhabit" and control a network of tv eyes in his friend's home.

Timothy sets up a trap for the murderers... and from then on fails to use his acute mind to anticipate or analyze; he behaves like a moron—to conform to the demands of plot dynamics: action, chase, struggle with psi-powers.

And that's where Dean lost me. Everything beyond that -31-

point would be tainted, undercut, dishonest...to me.

Dean casually made his hero a super genius and then forgot to let him be one. (Leaving aside the impossibility of a 130-40 IQ writer being able to describe the mind of a genius-monster-mutant.) (Lancer 75306, 95¢)

TYPO OF THE WEEK From the Portland TV GUIDE, July 1-7:
7-1-72 Drug Racing Highlights 1 PM (2)

FANZINES, DO YOU HEAR? FANZINES! A 12-page mini-zine by the name of REGURGITATION SIX #2 from Norman Hochberg, 89-07 209 St., Queens Village, NY 11427. 25¢. In a loc, Perry Chapdelaine mentions having suggested to Mike Glycer that a better name for Glycer's fanzine, PREHENSILE, would be ALTERNATIVES.

But ALTERNATIVES has no élan, no charisma. But, if I may suggest: VIABLE ALTERNATIVES! Now there is a fanzine name to wrestle with! It has rhythm! Roll it on the tongue...VIABLE ALTERNATIVES...VIABLE ALTERNATIVES.... (Are you reading, Mike?)

But back, back to REGURGITATION. Norm quotes a Mark Twain quote: "Man is the only creature who has found the true God—several hundred of them."

I like that. Most atheists do.

But the outstanding item in the issue is the "Index to Locus Collators." Monumental and Valuable for future Reference. I go to my knees before The Receptacle to you, Norm. A brilliant bit. And to Eli Cohen, champion LOCUS collator, a golden Upchuck Award for service beyond the call of Bloch.

GATES OF EDEN #1 opens up from Gary Deindorfer, c/o Earl & Jan Evers, POB 5053, Main Station, San Francisco, CA 94101. 15¢. Gary discusses mostly jazz and music and odd people, including himself. One obscene cartoon and one prize interlineation:

"I believe in reincarnation and I have ever since I was a young frog."

Well, I like it!

PREHENSILE #4 fell from the trees a week ago and grabbed me to break its fall. Mike Glycer climbed out of the driver's seat and brushed me off. "This is supposed to be the respectable issue," he said.

And it barely is. Some genuine effort at layout and balance and good mimeo work. Some interesting material; "Hoard of Write", a roun-robin commentary on Zelazny and his works. In all the dross there are gems.

Richard Wadholm makes a good point in his column. Sf dictators, he points out, are evil, nasty, hated by their people, and the revolutionaries are Robin Hoods. Ah, but in real life...we have Stalin and Mao and Hitler who satisfied/satisfy most of their subjects, and the rebels are not heroes. Few sf writers take the trouble to present this situation in their simplified fiction.

PRE is still sloppy, but improving, and lively. 35¢. Mike performed the feat of neglecting to publish his address in this issue.

But Mike's address is: 14974 Osceola St., Sylmar, CA 91342.

THE MAIL Four subscriptions today. Three fanzines. The
7-3-72 latest FREE PRESS.

A circular from POLARIS—Canadian Science Fiction Press, announcing an all-Canadian anthology of sf: fiction, poetry and artwork. No price or rates given. No editor identified. Address: Box 386, Station K, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Letter from J. Bent MacLean who subbed and mentioned: "You mention your interest in psychology. I have found that as a source for understanding personality and human interactions it ranks somewhat below literature. Like science fiction, 95% of psychological "findings" is crap.

"It would be nice to see more science fiction and fan related material and less political, economic and counter-culture life style commentary."

REG is a reflection of the current Geis; as I change, REG will change.

IT'S THEM OL' DEBBIL GENES... THE OREGONIAN doesn't have
7-3-72 the room or the inclination to
publish stories on the newest
"maybe" research in sociology, psychology, etc. But once in a while...

Today they took a LA TIMES—WASHINGTON POST story about drug and alcohol abuse 'almost certainly' being linked to genes.

Two U of C at San Diego research scientists looked into drug and alcohol stats and tested some rats and think that the basis of addiction to any drug is how fast a person gets used to it. If the body's adaptation is quick and complete the drug becomes a necessity and the person is hooked.

Thus if this swift or not swift taking to a drug is gene-born, that would explain the diff between social drinker and alky, the reason one guy can break an addiction to H and morphine and why another is permanently hooked after only a few injections.

The scientists, both psychiatrists, found that different strains of rats react differently to addiction: some got hooked a lot quicker and thoroughly.

So—a bad set of parents and ancestors can do you in, and there's nothing you can do about it, except hope docs develop tests to determine susceptibilities and weaknesses so that you can know what to avoid.

On the other hand, would it be good to know you have a tendency to develop cancer of the liver, a weakness for liquor, and a probable lifespan of 56 years, and schizophrenia?

Could people endure that much determinism in their life? Most people would probably rather not know, thank you.

First of all, then, he is evil, in the judgement of God, who will not inquire what is advantageous to himself. For how can anyone love another, if he does not love himself? ... In order, therefore, that there might be a distinction between those who choose good and those who choose evil, God has concealed that which is profitable to men.

—Peter, in the Clementine Recognitions -32-

— THE NATURE OF THE BEAST —
7-3-72

C— called Saturday night, July 1, to tell me she had arrived home safely.

She had to buy a new tire en route (just in time—old one blew when the serviceman dropped it off her wheel when putting on the new one) and had a bit of ignition trouble. But her good three year old Maverick performed well—about 4000 miles in three weeks. But she drove from Portland to Van Nuys non-stop (meals and gas, tire stops not counted). She used Ritalin to keep awake. One tab. STUPID!

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
7-5-72

But, withal, I must Set the Record Straight and enumerate C—'s virtues after having dallied and dillied like a frolicking porpoise in and among her faults.

She's whip-smart and an intriguing personality; she and I have a marvelously free and easy rapport, a one-in-a-million easiness together, and a certain chemistry of love.

She has an impressive maturity and an appealing "little lost kitten" immaturity; she is proof positive of the child-adult-parent ego-states' existence.

She is generous, kind, compassionate.

I love her, but I can't live with her anymore.

A few days ago BankAmericard rejected me. I have a California Master Charge card, but since my Portland bank was affiliated with BankAmericard I thought I'd shift over. No problem, thought I.

But I was found wanting. Not sufficient credit background is the reason. That means I have paid cash almost all my life. And even with my Master Charge card I always wrote a check for the total balance due at the end of the month, thus CHEATING them of their interest and carrying charges.

Obviously BankAmericard found out about this un-American activity and decided they couldn't make any money off me if they gave me a card.

But it still rankles to be rejected!

I'm into the first chapter of DEMON'S WIFE, the sex partial I am writing for Larry Shaw and Brandon House. It'll be a four-five thousand word first chapter plus about five thousand words outline.

After that...I am toying with letting Alter-Ego use a section of each page in REG to write a shocking, depraved, violent, bloody sf adventure. Not porno, but bawdy and gory. He'd like to try his hand. I feel him in me now, tapping out the outline. He could write it in a year's time in these pages. A four-part serial.

"Let me do it, Geis! I've got this idea...a plot that'll curl your hair...a structure and style...a strict action-dialog technique..."

We'll see, we'll see..

I rode down to Arvey Paper Co. today, about 3 - 4 miles, and got their price list. They use the same cash-carry policy as Kelly Paper Co. in L.A. Their price booklet is in the same format as Kelly's.

Anyway, they have a good quality 20# fibretone mimeo paper for 99¢ per ream. I'm going to try to buy 100 reams.

BOOK REVIEWS
7-5-72

Yesterday, the 4th of July ("Let's honor it for those gallant 8-52 crewmen who are personifying America's honor!"), I went along with mother and her boyfriend, Augie, to a state park over near Multnomah Falls. It was 97 degrees in Portland but a perfect, shaded seventy-five or so in the park. We ate and talked and rested and rested and watched people and rested... And I read books.

I finished *THE EXORCIST* by William Peter Blatty (Bantam X7200, \$1.75). It's a long book and Blatty indulges himself with a self-effacing, apologetic, deceptively acute detective (a Columbo-type. It would be a crime if anyone but Peter Falk played him in the movie), but the subtly real atmosphere, the illusion-of-reality he achieves, is the factor that makes the book a winner.

Blatty makes you believe in demonic possession, he convinces you utterly that 12 year old Regan MacNeil is a prisoner in her own body as a thing from Hell uses her body to kill, outrage, desecrate, blaspheme, shock.

The plot is simple: a young girl becomes possessed. A priest psychiatrist is asked to help, to exorcize the demon who is slowly killing the girl by abusing the body (huge demands on the system—great feats of strength, revving up the body to power psi activities including mind reading and levitation, poltergeist phenomena) and refusing food.

The priest is gradually convinced the possession is genuine and not a complicated psychosis. He applies to the Church and assists in the exorcism.

The scenes between the priest and the demon are so vivid and real that it seems that Blatty is only reporting events and detailing a documentary.

At the same time the book is written in scenes that suite it perfectly for a movie. If the producers have the guts to be true to the book the movie version will be an X-rated shocker that will rivet an audience to their seats. It could be the best movie ever made.

I then picked up Joseph Green's *THE MIND BEHIND THE EYE*. Originally published in Britain, now a DAW Book (#2, 95¢). It is an adult superman story, well-written, a pleasure to read.

Green uses old sf components: aliens attacking Earth, a captured alien (a giant humanoid 300 feet tall!) is used as a trojan horse (two humans live in quarters carved from his right brain lobe, and "operate" him with a sensory helmet and control consoles located in his right eye).

One of these humans is Albert Gold, one of two "supermen" created by altered genes, a genius, and the other is a woman who was the secret lover of the other created genius who was killed in an accident when the giant almost came awake in its Moon prison/laboratory.

This sounds brazen and incredible, yet Green makes it work and makes it plausible.

The basic story is what happens to the two when they manage to get the giant rescued by his fellows and returned to his home planet and civilization.

Surprise and surprise again. Mixed with character change and super science.

It's a satisfying book. I think one of the better sf novels of the past year.

A FANZINE OR ~~THE~~ BEFORE DINNER ALWAYS SPOILS YOUR APPETITE
7-6-72

Review those things! chides my conscience, and so I review, I review, oh, God, do I ever review....

I do not take a dim view of Susan Glicksohn's *ASPIDISTRA* ~~or~~, however. She and Mike are true Publishing Giants. Quality and quantity.

ASP is an ecology fanzine which is sent to sf fans, a willing, receptive audience, judging from the letters printed.

Ted White's column on abortion—personal and involving, focuses on the inherent torments of unwanted pregnancy and the decision to abort.

My own feeling on the matter is that abortion is murder, yes, and there's no blinking it. Sometimes it is better to murder a fetus than let it live. We live in an imperfect world in which we, too, are flawed. Rationalizations, sophistries aside, abortion is murder.

So live with it or don't fuck and take chances.

An ecologyzine is always depressing: everyone trots out examples of ecological sins and there is so little news of ecological virtue.

As has been noted, with wails of despair and frustration, with all this ecology-consciousness around and Dire Warnings, and amens and noddings of heads, howcum pollution gets worse?

There's that old song: EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN BUT NOBODY WANTS TO DIE. Everybody wants clean and pure but nobody wants to lose his job or pay more taxes or be seriously inconvenienced.

Do it next year...next generation...do it so I don't hurt. Hey, that's MY ox you're goeing!

And at bedrock, the invincible stupidity and selfishness of humanity will triumph; THEY don't really believe all this shit about ecological doom. It's all a bunch of intellectual rubbish. So a few fish die, and a few animals or birds become extinct. So what? Who the fuck really cares? These wet-nosed kids with their freaky hair and clothes, they're just picking up this ecology thing to call us older people names!

So even if the United States does clean itself up, what to do about other countries who are in their industrial infancy and are into the dynamics of mass production and mass consumption? All those people want what we've got—they ALL want a big powerful car and a big wasteful house and they want it full of junk...at a profit.

What should we do—destroy the world in order to save it? Should we go to war to prevent Brazil, say, from adding what we feel is a fatal increment of pollution to the oceans? (An industrialized Amazon River alone could spew enough wastes into the mid-Atlantic to kill that ocean.)

No way. No way. Greed Ueber Alles. Enjoy your life while you can. Hope the natural resources run out before the human race poisons the globe beyond its power to heal itself.

Technology...industrialization...simply cannot be stopped on a world-wide basis until it runs its course. It'll run until it runs out of gas. You might as well enjoy the ride as much as you can.

End of lecture.

WORCESTER WITH SAUCE from Gray Boak is a complete as possible report of his enjoyment of the Eastercon 22 in Worcester, England. Included is a transcription of the fanzine panel discussion which I found verrry interesting. Lots of photos of strange people, too, all identified! No price listed, but 50¢ would be fair. Gray Boak, 6 Hawks Road, Kingston upon Thames, Surrey KT1 3EG, ENGLAND.

John J. Pierce wrote in the front-page margin of the copy of his Vol.2, No.4 REHAISSANCE he sent me: "Here's a zinger for you from Lester del Rey: 'Harlan calls his brand of writing "street fiction." I think we need street cleaners in that case—the horses are still with us.'"

The main article is "The Eschatology of Cordwainer Smith" and...and...my Ghod! This is dated 1970! How did this get into my "current" stack? O well. 25¢ from J.J. Pierce, 275 McMane Ave., Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922.

THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW #5 from indefagitable Bruce R. Gillespie, for the Australia and New Zealand Press Association. Small press run. No price. Science fiction review and analysis. Bruce takes his avocation seriously.

THIS, I see, is dated February 10, 1971. *Glurg*

One more fanzine to go: STARLING #22, from Hank and Leigh Luttrell, 1108 Locust Street, Columbia, MO 65201. 50¢.

A varied fanzines, this, with material on rock, comics, horror movies, sf.... Good artwork.

Angus Taylor has some perceptive things to say about A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, John Boyd, and sf in general. I have to quote him: ~~When we look at the~~ outstanding works of sf, we must note that a large proportion have been produced by authors outside the world of fanzines, prozines, conventions — the whole comfortable little world of the science fiction fan. Wells, Stapledon, Orwell, Huxley blazed the trails for a host of imitators. When we add the names of George R. Stewart, Philip Wylie, and a few others, we must ask ourselves this question: Can it be that the comfortable, incestuous sf ghetto is a huge breeding ground for literary mediocrity? That with its myriad conventions, standards, and understandings it simultaneously provides a rudimentary training for the talentless and stifles the talented? That a writer within the ghetto will prove either (1) fair, or (2) adequate, while one who scorns the ghetto will produce drivel, but just may produce a masterpiece?"

An interesting idea, but it's too early to tell if it's valid. Bradbury is from the ghetto, of course....

"And I haven't written my novel yet, Geis!"

Down, Alter!

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
7-7-72

A letter from C— describing some of the trench warfare of living with her husband, and her disappointment

that her two year old didn't run sobbing to her breast with love and loneliness after she got back, after having been away from him for six days.

She now is considering reducing her debts first, then leaving him again, this time for northern California. She is dis-

illusioned with Portland, and with me since I made it clear-I intend to stay here with mom. (I have been seduced by contentment.)

I doubt she'd be happy in Redding or Shaata (mentioned) with or without her boy. (She instantly found a job upon her return to Van Nuys at \$30 per shift.)

As for me...I am gaining weight. The insidious seduction of maple bars (I let drop a mention of my lust and Augie subsequently gifted me with six of the luscious things.).

I am halfway through chapter one of DEMON'S WIFE (page 18) ...um, make that 2/3rds through...and it is developing that precious life-of-its own that defies pre-planned chapter-length. I haven't a clue as to what the outline will contain. A few hints are emerging from Chapter One, though. Vaguely, my heroine, Donna, is to be possessed by a demon invoked by a party-game warlock reading an incantation from an old, leather-bound book.

The question is: is Donna's subsequent shocking, bestial, incestuous, murderous behavior the result of a true possession, or the result of a complicated hysteria?

Yes, this is turning out to be derived from THE EXORCIST, in part, even though this first chapter has been in my mind for a long time.

I'm even tempted now to tone it down a bit and send it to Putnam's or somesuch, just on the off chance....

I fear I could find myself writing three or four books at once: DEMON'S WIFE, DROID (hard sf), Alter-Ego's id-iot's delight, untitled as yet, as well as DEATH TRIP (softcore sf).

I do not want to load up on work...unless it pays too well to resist.

THE MAIL

The June 29th issue of THE NEW YORK REVIEW of Books. Lots of interesting goodies. I read first I.F. Stone's "The New Shape of Nixon's World" which provokes thought.

Stone details what he believes is Nixon's structuring of the world: U.S. domination through military-economic power; junior partnerships to Russia and China if they behave themselves and don't make waves.

Stone, with relevant quotes from speeches and reporters' interviews and questions of Nixon aides, Kissinger, Important Military Men, Russian officials, etc., sees Nixon intent on solidifying and even expanding the pax-Americana empire by bribing Russia and China with trade and dollar credits; he feels Nixon has won his Vietnam gamble—that Russia and China have given him leave to bomb and isolate North Vietnam into submission in exchange for a lightening of the pressure of the arms race and, as noted, trade, specifically feed grains and technology.

(Confirmation: the other day I read in the paper that the sale of a lot of Boeing jets had been okayed...to China.)

Stone, further, sees the missile race narrowing down to a quality instead of quantity contest, with perhaps laser-guidance systems being perfected for warheads.

The Pentagon is going along with this slight shift in emphasis but is insisting on larger military budgets for the future.

If you accept Stone's world view and his analysis of Nixon's actions and motives, questions and observations present themselves with lead pipe force.

The U.S. empire has been built and maintained by Democrats and Republicans. Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon.

This is a tremendous structure with huge inertia and power from top to bottom. It resists change.

McGovern has announced he intends to preside over the dismantling of the American Empire. He wants to cut drastically the military budget.

He is scaring the hell out of a lot of Empire Establishment people, because they believe him! At least half the Democratic Party is Empire born and raised and loyal. When they call McGovern a "radical" that's what they really mean—he'll completely restructure America's role in the world.

I don't believe Ted Kennedy is with McGovern in that plan; he's an Empire man.

A lot of Democrat Party bigwigs are very sorry they went along with this opening up of the party and making it truly democratic; they don't trust these idealistic newcomers. These old-line Empire Democrats will sit on their hands during the campaign if they can't stop McGovern from getting the nomination. They'd rather go on with Nixon four more years and then win with Teddy...who they know will continue the Empire while if necessary socializing the country even more.

If McGovern is nominated, and if he doesn't change his basic anti-Empire stance...he might be killed, probably "accidentally". (I doubt if the country could swallow one more "lone gunman acting on his own".)

Even if McGovern did win the Presidency, he couldn't do much with an Empire congress. But if he were to sweep in and carry along a large number of liberal representatives and senators... Wow.

I'd almost predict a military coup. And a subsequent counter-revolution.

But that's going too far into the future. McGovern won't get his congress if he wins, if he's nominated, if he lives.

It would take a cataclysmic depression of 1929 magnitude to sweep in a radical House and Senate—and provoke a right-wing take-over.

Whatever, the Empire will not willingly submit to internal dismantling, no matter what the people want or how they vote.

Vietnam was a mistake—it gave the Empire a bad press.

"According to the best evidence...those groups of people who have the best teeth in the world don't know what a toothbrush is, while those who have half a dozen perched above the bathroom sink are quite likely to wind up with a complete set of dentures."

—Mark Bricklin, PREVENTION, June, 1972.

I'll tell fourteen different versions of the truth
before I'll tell a lie!

Bobby Fischer hates chess!

THE MAIL

A \$2.00 sub from John L. Millard, thankee
7-8-72 John, and an M.O. from Floyd Peill for \$1.50.

Floyd writes, "I like the informal day-by-day account of your various experiences. Very refreshing and revealing. I know your zine is \$1.00 per copy; you can use the extra .50 to buy a glass (very small) of your favorite."

My favorite at the moment is Manichevits (yas, I butchered the spelling) blackberry wine, artificially sweetened. This makes me some kind of uncivilized pervert, I suppose, but I don't like bitter "straight" wines. So drum me out of the corps. I don't care! 50¢ buys one-third of a bottle! HA!

Floyd goes on: "One afterthought: all that mass of seemingly inconsequential detail is what makes the whole thing interesting. Keep printing it and don't let anyone tell you that you should instead be discussing sf or fantasy books at length, etc. We can get that from the other zines."

I also got a letter from an insurance agent who wants to suck my fiscal blood. Vampires, vampires, everywhere I turn! Let them eat stakes.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST

7-8-72

It never hurts to check yourself against reality, I always say (as I turn on the TV), and that was why I asked C— when she was in Portland last if she really enjoyed sucking a penis (as I had mentioned she did in a previous Beast).

She answered that she didn't suck just to be sucking, but because she enjoyed the interaction with someone she loved (or at least liked a lot); it is the man's arousal and pleasure that she digs...his orgasm. The act of sucking is neither physically attractive to her nor repulsive.

Then she asked me the same question.

I consulted my psyche and conferred with my id, and said that I enjoy the physical act of licking a clitoris and vulva and nipples...and also, more, enjoy the reactions of a woman, especially her climax(es). But there is a definite physical reward, a basic enjoyment in nestling my head between warm thighs, enclosing those thighs with my arms, and kissing the whole area. The lips and tongue are erogenous zones, and it's a physical pleasure to use them in that exquisitely intimate way.

It's probably freudian—oral and back —into—the-womb! Negrer my God to thee. Heaven is just upstairs from the end of the vagina.

A woman's power goes deep, man, deep! The influence upon us of our time in the womb is probably not given enough weight by psychologists and psychiatrists. And of course, the birth trauma! I wouldn't want to go through THAT again!

"Geis! I've got some notes ready on my novel. Wanna see them?"

"Alter, I'm not sure yet if it's a good idea for you to write a novel in REG."

"So where else? You want to publish a special zine titled ALTER-EGO?"

"No, no... Mostly it's the mechanics of the thing. I

don't care if you make a bloody fool of us with your naked fiction, it's that your stuff will take up a lot of room."

"So, you're thinking more of your readers than you are of me! Stinking editorial balance! Cold-blooded commercial calculation, Geis. Where would you be without me?"

"Oh, I'd be in a house somewhere with a wife and family, a car, a 9-5 job... Okay, Alter, you can write your horrible novel in REG. Hand over the notes."

"Here. I'll only take up a quarter-page per page, Geis. I figure you can run the zine to 50 or more pages if you feel so damned guilty about 'cheating' your readers—OUR readers—of a few incompetent book reviews and such other of your junk. Besides, once the fans start my story they'll be hooked! They'll want more! They'll—"

"YOU'RE GOING TO PUT THIS INTO YOUR NOVEL?"

"Sure! I believe in gutsy realism, raw life, and selfish fantasy. That combo will—"

"THIS VIOLATES THE 'BE NICE' LAWS OF CIVILIZED FICTION!"

"Fuck them. This is an adult fanzine, isn't it?"

"Yes! But this is torn from the heart of my id! It's bestial, bawdy, bloody—"

"The three B's, Geis! Sure-fire!"

"It's the quintessence of naked infantilism!"

"Right! Sure-fire!"

"You're going to write a full-length novel in this vein?"

"It'll take a YEAR...a four part serial..."

"So what? I'll write a page a day or so, right on-stencil, and no problem."

"No problem for you. But I'll have to answer for this!"

"Just smile enigmatically and walk away. We'll be famous."

Sigh

"So when can I start?"

"You have to turn these notes into a coherent outline first. A little discipline—"

Growl!

"Sigh...*"All right...you start first thing next issue, in REG #3."

"YAY!"

"Do you have a title?"

"Sure! How does SPACE GORE grab you?"

Groan!

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST C— called this afternoon.
7-10-72 She has a remarkable facility for calling when I am alone in the house.

Her complaint was the same: her husband is extremely hostile and she cannot bring herself—characteristically—to fight back, to give verbal digs and insults as she gets. I told her that is the only way she can get his respect and a little relief; that he is a psychological bully and will abuse her for as long as she lets him. He is trying to drive her out and/or punish her. His pride is kicking and screaming.

She did not mention a wish to return to Oregon, and I did not encourage her. I said again I am here in this house to stay. She glumly agreed I probably am.

It was a friendship/need for contact call.

I'm sort of depressed at the moment.

THE MAIL Three subs. A copy of drippy GLOP from Jeff 7-10-72 Schalles; it's a one-shit...er...shot personalzine to say hello, I'm still in fandom. He tells what he's been doing and thinking. Mildly interesting.

Jeff draws a cartoon creature-fan that has always struck me as ugly, malformed, graceless, and I am always surprised that other fan editors use his things. Ah well, that's one gratuitous slam, Jeff. Send me your upcoming genzine, COVER, and I might even let Alter do his awful thing on it.

Why am I so cruel to you? Because I've got gas on my tum-my and *burrp!* I'm about to tune in the Demo Convention and I can't decide on NBC or CBS.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Dammit, C— just called again.
7-10-72 Second day in a row. To complain about HIM. She can't get me out of

her system. I suppose she'll try to lure me back to SoCal or come up here again (suitably prepared, with money and job in hand). But I wish she'd not. I yield too easily to her needs. That's my basic problem...or neurosis.

SF NOTES I've been mired in the first third of Alan 7-10-72 Dean Foster's THE TAR-AYM KRAM for a week or more. It's competent, entertaining, but the story of young Flinx and his pet flying snake, Pip, on the planet Moth...somehow doesn't command me to read on. It's exotic main city and Flinx-and-pet have a THIEF OF BAGDAD flavor. At the moment the plot is thickening on page 44, something it should have done on page two.

Foster felt it necessary to preamble with pages of Moth's geography, economy, flora, fauna, politics, Flinx's personal history... It was intrinsically interesting (or I wouldn't have read through it) but I think it's a Bad Way To Begin A Novel. It's the easy way to give the reader a lot of background, but it's too often fatal. (Ballantine 02547, 95c)

Frederik Pohl's short story, "Shaffery Among the Immortals" in the July F&SF is a deliciously ironic, beautifully written gem that ought to be nominated for a Nebula and a Hugo.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST I had watched the McGovern 7-11-72 forces show their muscle in the Credentials fights on the floor of the Demo Convention, until 11 A.M., then gone to bed.

Mother called me up to the phone at 1:30 AM. It was C—. She told me she had taken Librium and Valium to a total of around 200mg., and was calling from a phone booth at a Norm's restaurant on Sherman Way in Van Nuys...and was already feeling whoosy.

She had left the house so her little boy wouldn't find her in the morning. She called to 'say goodbye and good luck.'

I was shook and marginally, privately, resentful because she seemed to be emotionally blackmailing me. I felt compelled to say she could come back to Portland if she wanted to, and we could try it again, and ordered her to get to a hospital to have her stomach pumped.

She was crying and emotionally crushed; she needs so desperately to be loved and needed — or at least wanted and to

belong to someone....

So she promised she would go to a hospital and the call ended. I talked with mom about it for a few minutes, and went down to bed. Slept fitfully. About four hours. Up at seven-thirty.

This morning I got 12 review books in the mail, one of which was THE PURSUIT OF INTOXICATION by Dr. Andrew I. Malcolm. It is subtitled 'An historical and scientific source book on the use of psychoactive drugs' and it has detail about Librium and Valium in it, including normal dosages and fatal dosages (in a chapter dealing with drugs and suicide); C— had not taken anywhere near a fatal dosage, that being at least 1000 mg. of either Librium or Valium or any combination.

I was relieved. Her call and the act of "suicide" was a cry for help and attention. The hospital called her husband to come get her since she couldn't drive home. He was not sympathetic and almost urged her to do an efficient job of it if she was going to try it.

I got these follow-up details from her: she called a few minutes ago to reassure me and again complain about him. She knew she had not taken a fatal dose; she said she has no real desire to die. (But let me believe last night it was genuine!)

Situation normal—all fucked up. She may have screwed up on her new job because she didn't report for work this morning. And he has said he's going to take the boy away because she is unstable.

Her emotional ripoff angers me and leaves me weary. I'm still shaken and depressed. I don't feel capable of finishing the outline of DEMON'S WIFE today. Maybe this afternoon...

Ordered 100 reams of Fibretone paper this morning. Step-brother Jerry is taking me over in his pickup this afternoon. 99¢ per ream is too good to pass. Also ordered 1000 9x12 manila envelopes.

THE MAIL As mentioned above: 12 review books today, 7-11-72 including THE PURSUIT OF INTOXICATION by Dr. Andrew I. Malcolm. It is divided into five parts, the headings: Religion, Medicine, Endurance, Extinction, Recreation. Thirty chapters all together, with references and an index. An extremely valuable reference work and background for a writer. (Pocket Books 48104, \$1.25)

Also from Pocket Books: THE DICE MAN by Luke Rhinehart, a 'funny, bawdy, outrageous novel about psychiatry and modern morality'. Looks good. Also, HEX by Arthur H. Lewis, an account of witchcraft and murder.

Ummm...I miscounted: only 11 books; 3 Pocket Books, and 8 DAW books.

Ummm...I goofed again: 7 DAW books and one Signet. The Signet is CLARION II, an anthology of speculative fiction and criticism, edited by Robin Scott Wilson and with pieces by Ellison, Knight, Le Guin, Pohl, Russ, Sallis, Wilhelm; stories by Ed Bryant, Robert Wissner, F.M. Busby, Robert Thurston and George Alec Effinger. (Signet 05056, 95¢)

This one will be interesting.

The DAW Books: Don Wolheim's 1972 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF (DAW #5, 95¢); THE DAY STAR by Mark S. Geston (DAW #6, 95¢); TO CHALLENGE CHAOS by Brian W. Stableford (DAW #7, 95¢); THE

MINDBLOCKED MAN by Jeff Sutton (DAW #8, 95¢); AT THE SEVENTH LEVEL by Suzette Haden Elgin (DAW #10, 95¢); THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW by Gerard Klein (DAW #11, 95¢); and A DARKNESS IN MY SOUL by Dean R. Koontz (DAW #12, 95¢).

DAW #9 is THE TACTICS OF MISTAKE by Gordon R. Dickson, but I didn't mark it for review on the MAIL list because I had reviewed it in its hardcover edition over a year ago.

I see I shall have to settle down for some solid reading. In Reply to the subscriber quoted on a previous page whose name escapes me (how soon we forget!); yes you can get sf book reviews in other zines, but not Geis reviews in all their slant and warp and unfairness. Exclusivity is wonderful. With rare exceptions only in REG will you find REG.

"You're just selfish, Geis!"

"I scatter not' my 'precious seed', Alter."

"Bullshit; you're anal-retentive."

"Smart-ass!"

"See?"

I SEE I FORGOT— A fanzine or two: LOCUS #116, the 7-11-72 two-weekly newszine (with a column this time by Harry Warner, Jr.) from Charlie and Dena Brown, 3400 Ulloa St., San Francisco, CA 94116, 12 issues for \$3.00.

And Ruth Berman's NO #10. Features an article by Ruth, "Kosher Sf," a discussion of religious sf in general and Phyllis Gotlieb's June F&SF novella, "Son of the Morning" in particular.

I'm intrigued enough now to read the thing.

A handsomely printed EUROPA REPORT #3 (Eurocon 1, Trieste 1972), in English, French and Italian. Some FINE full-color art reproductions. The front and back covers by Walter Mac Mazziere are outstanding.

From Gian Paolo Cossato, 30121 Venezia, Cannaregio, 3825, Italy.

A NARROW LOOK AT CANCER Using mirrors, in case the 7-14-72 medusa decides to look back. (I'm not afraid of cancer, not me!)

I have known three men who have or had cancer; one dead, two to go. I have noticed some similarities in these men.

For whatever it's worth: all avoided fresh fruits and vitamin C in their diets. All avoided salads. They were/are old-fashioned meat-and-potatoes-and-gravy eaters. Two of them would rather have a desert of potatoes and gravy than something sweet.

They are fatalists. "If I get it, I get it." *shrug.*

They tend to eat only once or twice a day, and to really load up.

They all add a lot more salt and pepper to already seasoned foods.

They either deride/ignore nutrition or can't be bothered.

They seem to invite early death. (What else can you think of a young man whose father died of stomach cancer in his mid-fifties whose diet consists of convenience junk foods, pastry, Kool-Ade, and corn flakes...plus a nightly low grade TV dinner? — And a 49 year old man whose mother and grandmother

both checked out from cancer and who himself last year had an operation in which three tumors were cut from his large intestine, and who is now fifty pounds overweight, who eats huge infrequent meals, forgets to 'take his vitamins' and shows no real interest in life-preserving knowledge?)

I'm not just being waspish because these people won't take my advice. I learned long ago the futility of THAT! But I am concerned for them—and morbidly interested in watching them kill themselves.

Alas all rationality! It's a sham. I suspect that by age 10 our charts are all marked and we but follow the lines to our destiny.

MOVIE REVIEW Saw a movie in a drive-in Wednesday night
7-14-72 with a friend. I much prefer seeing movies
 with him in a drive-in because he is a talker,
and I'm not embarrassed to sit next to him in a drive-in.

The movie was THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN with Jack Lemmon and Barbara Harris.

It is a funny movie, with some good lines and situations. But it is STOCK FORMULA to its bones. It is Love Conquers All. It is a cartoonist going blind (Thurberish) who mocks marriage, women, children and dogs and who treasures his bachelorhood and his loneliness.

But then he meets this woman with three kids and a pregnant dog, see.... Marries her, and is bedeviled by all, including her Ex, but despite all the torment finds he loves and needs them, and that his family loves and needs him. In the process he goes 99% blind, but that's a mere complication. It provides the Black Moment.

Now, if only someday a movie could start with a happily married man who mocks bachelors who is actually unhappy who gets divorced, LOVES IT, almost succumbs to the family, but at the end walks out! Grinning.

I tell you, the foundations of society would split asunder.

I ask, not seriously, if this enduring, eternal, indestructible theme is used again and again to reinforce society, in a circular, mutual union, self-perpetuating, or if human society at base demands this kind of story because it satisfies the Needs of most people?

Isk. I'm being cynical today...and unrealistic. I'm here in Portland with my mother and family because I needed this kind of closeness and love and because my loneliness was as ashes in my mouth. *Spit spit!*

LE MANS was the other film shown. A fine semi-documentary of the 24 hour race, the cars, the crashes—which were lovingly enacted, by the way, with Instant Replay. Steve McQueen was a driver and did his wooden duty.

In a race car movie the actors (human) are always spare parts and not much can be done about it without inviting disaster and derision (witness GRAND PRIX).

Unfortunately the racing climax of this film (LE MANS) is as hokey and incredible as the one in GRAND PRIX. But it only takes a few minutes at the end, mercifully.

TWISTED CLICHE #1: Girl-wife-mistress in pit watching her man whiz by at 200 MPH, biting lips, clenching hands, thinking: Dear God, let the son-of-a-bitch kill himself!

LOTS OF MAIL

7-12 to 7-14-72

A check for \$2.90 from General Telephone Company of California, a refund. I slip it into the REG FUND envelope.

Letter of comment from D. Gary Grady, 520 Orange St., Wilmington, NC 28401. He notes: "While it is true that natural resources will eventually be exhausted, I doubt the 'metal-poor, handcraft future' you speak of is really the shape of things to come. For one thing, the most useful metal, iron, is in Earth in abundance and probably is a major component of the Earth's core. Aluminum, I have heard, is even more common near the surface than iron. And at any rate, the metals we have used are still present, requiring only the expenditure of energy to remake them into new products. Fission power, Earthbound and solar, will provide us with that energy. Also, the MIT studies have been rejected by many economists as essentially invalid. Some things in the studies (population, for instance) were allowed to increase exponentially while others were allowed to increase linearly or to decrease. Historically such studies have been proven wrong with relieving frequency. I am not saying that uncontrolled population or economic growth are laudable things, merely that we should not jump to overly pessimistic conclusions about them."

((As certain resources become ever more expensive to utilize, the products made from them become ever-more expensive. Eventually pricing them out of the lower and middle classes, thus killing the mass-production economy.

((Granted, fission power may create a whole new economic ball game, but I'm not holding my breath. I'll amend my "formula" from a race between industrial pollution and natural resource supply, to include scientific discovery as a wild card. But unlimited, dirt cheap atomic power sounds too good to be true. Somehow I have a gut feeling that TANSTAAFL operates everywhere, at all levels.))

"I think you oversimplify the inflation situation. True, the influx of money into the economy does fuel inflation if the influx exceeds the increase of the national product, but the money is added at least partly for a good reason. In the early sixties we suffered a mild recession caused in large part by a short money supply. And no matter what you say to the contrary, big labor does generate inflation pressure with demands for pay increases without production increases. Holding the money supply constant in such a situation will not only fail to stop inflation, it will have other damaging side effects. Nothing involving economics is as simple as that."

((There has to be a core of underlying, simple, basic, fundamental truths in all human activity (again, TANSTAAFL) or we are in over our heads and our world and our affairs are out of control and beyond our understanding.

((I'm not a fatalist. I think I've located the handle. The thing is about these basics—they're cruel and harsh and don't yield to ego or need or wish.

((Gads, I'm sounding more and more Objectivist every day!

((You write as if Inflation means rising prices. Inflation means (according to Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary)

'Disproportionate and relatively sharp and sudden increase in the quantity of money or credit or both, relative to goods available for purchase. Inflation always produces a rise in the price level.'

((Unions can force some prices up by forcing wage increases, but that is not inflation by definition. That is one group of people in an economy ripping off everyone else if they can get away with it. Where do you think that money for wage increases comes from? If not from the pockets of other people (higher cost of living) then it comes from an obliging set of politicians (government) who want to mask those union extortions (and corporate extortions) by pouring diluting dollars over it all.))

The Science Fiction Writers of America FORUM #23, in which new and old officers comment, some members comment and want changes made...

The latest, and most dangerous, to my mind, is the hiring of a permanent secretary and the setting up of a permanent SFWA address in New York (I presume). Salary estimated about \$4500 if we can hire an ex-librarian or somesuch. Not mentioned is the cost of the office, supplies, etc. It could all add up to thousands more...and would it be worth approx. \$15.00 per member per year? Dues would have to be increased again.

This, and other suggestions and recent actual changes, suggest to me that SFWA is going down the road to Hubris; All for Dignity and Pretention. The mask is Professionalism and the true face is ego.

As has been noted by a few, SFWA is mostly talk and promises with little actual nitty-gritty performance in the vital matters of member-publisher conflicts. Mostly because the officers are themselves working sf writers and there is a built-in conflict of interest.

SFWA is losing members, some of whom are well-known, because SFWA cannot deliver in the crunch, and it should not be expected to! Not with its current structure.

SFWA is not a union and has no power to act as a union. It is setting up all kinds of Services and Public Relations funds and such, but it's mostly empire building and ego-tripping. A few members are helped. Most (95%?) receive an irregularly published FORUM and an always late BULLETIN and that's it. LOCUS is more valuable...and reliable.

SFWA is building a bigger and bigger overhead on a shrinking base. Grandiose ideas and plans, and soon comes the big balloon pricker.

I could do with a list of good reference books for the sf writer, for instance, and some advanced technical writing information on fiction technique, rather than having to pay for a permanent record-keeping, correspondence employee...who would probably quit!

But obviously it's more important to have impressive letterheads for SFWA officers so they can be respected when they write to publishers on important SFWA business.

Delightful Rotsler cartoons in this issue. The backcover especially: Nine Rotsler "people" in boxes, each with a comment.

"Greg Benford writes for money."

"Norman Spinrad writes for an emotional outlet."

"Robert Silverberg writes because of an archaic compulsion."

"George Clayton Johnson doesn't write at all."

"Harry Harrison writes in a 4-cylinder Fury."

"Poul Anderson writes and writes...and writes."

"Larry Niven composes..."

"Harlan Ellison is an author."

"I observe."

That's me—I observe. Wish I had that original.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST—AN ENCLAVE AMIDST THE MAIL or WHO LET THAT ANIMAL IN HERE?

I only want to note that I sent the DEMON'S WIFE partial to Larry Shaw this morning, and received from Mrs. Premo (typist) the finished CANNED MEAT. And that Monday morn the preserved protein will be on the way to Virginia Kidd (agent).

And now—back to the mail!

Aha, a luckless fanzine has fallen onto the operating table. It isn't HARPERS, but it'll end up chopped liver just the same.

It starts out as PLACEBO #3, and it is edited and produced by Moshe Feder, 142-34 Booth Memorial Ave., Flushing, NY 11355....and....Barry Smotroff, 147-53 71st Road, Flushing, NY 11367. 35¢.

Mike Glicksohn is becoming the new Harry Warner, jr. Seems like every fanzine I see a letter of comment (nice, thoughtful, constructive) from him. Here he is again being kind to these young upstarts.

One bit of advice or two I can give: if you're going to publish 56 page fanzines on 24# paper, don't send them third class mail! It costs 24¢ that way. Send them book rate at 14¢. And don't expect other faneds to send each editor a trade copy. You only get a one-for-one from me...and you're lucky you get that.

At first glance PLACEBO (with that very good Dan Steffan cover) looks promising. But inside it looks sloppy and crud-zinish. A second glance shows some good snatches of reading; the editorials and the critique by Judy Greenwald and Victor Olfson. The long Hank Davis article is mildly amusing fluff.

Now, will somebody take this pile of chopped liver off my table? I HATE chopped liver!

A catalog of sf and fantasy books for sale from David G. Turner—Bookseller, POB 2612, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

A letter from John Bangsund accompanying copies of his PHILOSOPHICAL GAS #'s 12-13, and his regular, well-known SCYTHROP #26 (disguised cleverly, plastically, as SF COMMENTARY—a Bruce Gillespie Appreciation Issue).

John writes in part: "I dunno, Dick, REG disturbs me somehow and I can't work out exactly why. For that simple reason I think it's a damned good thing and can't wait to see the next. Maybe by the time I do see the next I'll have it worked out why it disturbs me, and you'll get either a dignified request to cease publication or a stack of authentic US dollars for an airmail subscription."

"I'm inclined to think that maybe I'm disturbed by the obviousness of your ego-trip. My ego-trip is (to me, anyway) restrained, dignified &c &c, and when made public garnished with modest look-at-stupid-me funnies. I don't think I'd

dare come right out and say things, think aloud about things and pin myself down in print as you have in REG. And yet I have cravings every bit as strong as yours, especially in the egoboo line."

((I realize that my emotional strip and naked ego-strip in REG tends to make some people uncomfortable; perhaps it causes them to feel a subtle pressure to do the same, and they resist...and blame me for their discomfort.

((I'm only doing my thing. MY thing. REG is my play, my release, my hobby, my therapy, my way of giving to fans and pros, and God knows what else. Obviously I'd like it to function also as a small profit-making effort.

((Readers should not impose their moral judgements on me or on REG, because I am what I am, happily so, unashamedly so, and to say, 'Geis, you shouldn't have had incestuous thoughts, or, worse, admit them out loud' is useless because I reject that attitude—obviously.

((I have a line to my subconscious because I am not afraid or ashamed to face that cauldron and admit its contents. Why I can do this I'm not sure—maybe all that reading, maybe all that sex writing, maybe all that thinking, maybe an inborn quality of mind, maybe high intelligence....or maybe simply all the above plus an overweening, insatiable ego. Whatever, REG pleases me, it fits me, and I will continue to publish it.

((As you quote Bruce Gillespie as saying: 'Happinees is a full mailbox'. For me, too. That's another of REG's functions: filling the Box.

((In everyday interpersonal contacts I'm quiet, self-effacing, non-obtrusive. I yield to others. I am a listener. I marvel at how others can hold the floor and detail, often repetitively, phone conversations, minor arguments, the day's shopping. I will briefly, tersely, succinctly impart my vital information...and have to fight to squeeze it in! I could never presume to talk on and on about how I struggled with a characterization or a paragraph of action writing, or how many subs I got in the mail, or my reply to you.

((Ah, but at this typer the worm turns! I AM MASTER HERE! If I feel like being nasty, I snarl! This is my world and I am Walter Mitty, among other things. REG is a Dick Geis my family never sees. And just as well, because it would baffle, amaze, and possibly disturb them. I'm too privately different.

((So I do not want others to imitate REG, or reveal their inner selves against their nature. I do not say what I'm doing is good or that others are lesser persons because they do not wish to do as I am doing. There's no place for value judgements, no Good or Bad. Except as a critical evaluation of REG as a zine, and in relation to what I'm trying to do in it, with it. Reviewers are free to judge REG on my intent as an editor/publisher and on my execution as editor/publisher...and writer, I should add. But this is a multi-leveled magazine, and it may be difficult to review.))

With that off my chest I should record that John's address is: John Bangsund, P.O. Box 357, Kingston, Act 2604, Australia. His PHILOSOPHICAL GAS can be had 5/\$1., and SCYTHROP 5/\$3.00, and send US subs to his agent, Andy Porter, POB 4175, New York, NY 10017.

"In the feast of life I have tasted revenge, eaten crow, and bitten off more than I could chew."

—cartoon, July '72 NATURAL HEALTH WORLD AND THE NATUROPATH.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST
7-15-72

I still have a reluctance to admit the hopes I have for a profit from this magazine. I'm ashamed—of wanting to make a profit...or of being foolish trying to make a profit? Whatever, I wrote up an ad for the classified sections of the Ultimate duo (AMAZING and FANTASTIC) and GALAXY/IF and sent checks to run it for a year...in all four. \$67.50 and \$75.00 respectively.

I note that Andy Porter has a large display ad for ALGOL in the August FANTASTIC. Hope it draws for him, but I suspect, from my experience with similar SFR ads in GALAXY and IF, that he'll be disappointed.

I also subscribed to GALAXY and IF for a year today, and to AMAZING and FANTASTIC for two years.

I suppose I'll eventually sub to ANALOG, too.

THE MAIL

Letter from Florence Jenkins asking for another copy of REG #1; somebody stole her first copy. She reviews for Mike Glycer. She said she will review REG in PREHENSILE. Mike will be stenciling with mixed emotions.

Letter from my typist, Mrs. Premo, requiring \$5.23 more for the typing of CANNED MEAT. The actual typing cost was \$48.70 including an extra carbon, but postage (airmail!) up here was \$6.53.

I'll have to instruct her that first class mail is sufficient.

Letter from Dick Eney who works for CORDS/Land Reform in Vietnam. Comment on a feud he is having with another fan, and this about the war in his corner of it: "The effect of the offensive on the Viet Cong here in the Delta is a very peculiar one. As you probably gathered from the few news stories that appear there was an enemy offensive April 6. It was apparently planned to clear the way for the North Vietnamese Army forces across the border in Cambodia—but the NVA never showed. As a result the local VC got very roughly handled: this wasn't let come again, where everybody was under attack; this time there were a dozen units free to strike back for every one that was pinned down by the enemy. Things have slowed down and recently, in an effort to ginger up the locals, the Communists have organized a "Front" in the Northern quarter of the Delta. Unfortunately for them the only outside force they could supply was the 5th NVA Division, which had gotten the shit kicked out of it at An Loc. At present the only difficult areas are the sector just southwest of the "Parrot's Beak" and, as usual, the U Minh forest. But the dice are still rolling. I'm going to try and write a summary of the situation in the next few weeks."

((Yes, everything is fine, but don't ever sleep in a 'secure' village.))

UNFOLD #2, from Donald Jenkins, P.O. Box 6, Folsom, CA 95630. \$1. Monthly, and lots of luck!

Mostly poems, articles, prose about prison and slum-living. This issue has a self-pitying tone that is relieved somewhat by an article by Ken Brown in which he says to the inmates: Tough shit; sure you've got rights, but what about your victims?

Photo-offset, in the Dignity format, 8½ x 11.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Sunday, 90 degrees Sunday. Ah, 7-16-72 but cool and comfy in my basement womb.

— called yesterday, just as I was settling down to my big salad, my TV dinner (Morton) and my glass of milk. Her husband is now treating her '800 percent better' since her "suicide" attempt. He called her employer and lied that she had intestinal trouble and he worked her shift for her. (He is also an LVN) Her debts from the trips, mostly gas charges, are coming in, and also her phone bill arrived; so no more long distance calls to Dickie. He will confiscate her wages.

I told her that if she wants to keep her husband she will have to make it clear to him that I am DEAD as far as she is concerned. She agreed...but will write occasionally as an old friend. She might even write occasionally.

Old misspelling habits die hard.

I was born with congenital solipsism. It's always fatal.

I was also born, cohinky-dinky, on my father's birthday. On July 19th I will be 45, and dad will be...umm....around 70. I'm not sure. We are not close.

The last time I saw him was a year ago; mother, his ex-wife (after mom) and I went to visit. His apartment was bare, an extremely spartan, un-lived-in place, as if he was there only for a few hours and then would go back to where he really lived.

His appearance then shocked me. I hadn't seen him for years and he had since had an operation to relieve pressure on his brain from a fractured skull—due to a drunken fall.

Dad has always been an alcoholic.

Last year he had the gaunt, "skull" look of the extremely old. The visit was Memory Lane.

My most vivid memory of him is of a drunken fight he had with mother when I was about four or five. He wanted to get money from her purse so he could stay drunk, and she had hidden her purse from him. She screamed for me to run next door and tell the neighbors to call the police. He was knocking her around.

I ran—the lawn was endless—and was nearly to the other porch when he grabbed me from behind and dragged me back into our house.

The cops did come—called by the neighbors—and all I remember of that night's subsequent events is that her purse had been hidden under a pillow on the sofa.

All this is preamble to this: I haven't seen him since I moved back up to Portland; there's a tremendous resistance in me to seeing him again, to even sending him a birthday card.

The social pressure, the "shoulds" weigh on me—he is your father...it won't take long....he's probably lonely.... And

there's the selfish consideration: he has about ten thousand dollars so I should stay in his good graces....

But the wall is there. I have a birthday card on the bookcase waiting. And I delay, I resist....

WELL, BACK TO THE OLD MYTH BOARD....

7-16-72

Findings recently presented at the International Conference on

Alcohol and Addiction in Dublin indicate that alcohol—not marijuana—is often the drug first used by people who later become heroin addicts.

The study, conducted by Drs. Harriet L. Barr, Donald J. Ottenberg, and Alvin Rosen of the Eagleville Hospital and Rehabilitation Center of Eagleville, Pa., consisted of 129 male patients diagnosed alcoholic and 61 addict.

From alcohol the addicts went to opiates, and then to heroin, subsequently giving up liquor.

The report also notes: "On the average, the alcohol abuse begins about a year-and-a-half before the use of any illegal drug...in about half of our addicts had intervention occurred at an earlier age, the diagnosis probably would have been alcoholism or alcohol abuse instead of drug addiction."

THE WATERS OF HARSH REALITY ARE CRUMBLING MY DIKE or DID I REALLY PREDICT LINDSAY OR KENNEDY AND SAY MCGOVERN WAS A LOSER?

Yes.

Everybody seems to have underestimated George and his organization. I suspect the Republicans and Nixon still are. But, with my lesson learned, I plunge headfirst into a prediction about the election.

MCGOVERN and WHATSISNAME will win!

At least my prediction of another international monetary crisis is coming true (not counting the British renege and float of the pound recently); the dollar is sunk to the bottom of its support level and European banks have had to buy hundreds upon hundreds of millions of the inflated things as per their agreement to keep it stabilized, but lemme tell you, folk, they're getting sick and tired of it!

They supported the dollar last year—bought billions of them—and we promptly devalued them by 8% and said we wouldn't let them be cashed in for gold anymore, either!

Now these same central banks are forced to support the dollar, forced to take this funny money, with the sure knowledge that they face Ripoff City again.

Somehow, I think they'll decide to change the rules.

ALTER-EGO COMPLAINS

7-17-72

"Hey, Geis, you didn't tell me it was so fucking hard to plot and detail a science fiction story!"

"Aha. Better you should give up SPACE GORE and—"

"No, I'm not quitting! But I'm going to scrinch in my novel to a novelette, about 12,000 words, and I'm not going to do it on-stencil. I'm gonna do a draft on-paper, edit it, then put it on stencil, every day, a page."

"Figuring you'll have the story complete in REG#3, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I've been observing your outline so far, kiddo, and

it's pure junk, full of cliché, formula, stereotype...."

"Good, huh?"

"LOUSY!"

"But it's got lots of gore! It's going to be bloodier and sexier than anything we've read in years—outside the porno field, that is."

"That's nothing to brag about, Alter. The readers will rise up and turn thumbs down!"

"You're afraid to face comparison with Koontz, Carter, Fairman, Williams..."

"Not me, Alter! You! You'll be the one writing that undignified, un-arty, unpretentious slash and bash, fuck and suck, fast-paced space opera!"

"Well, it isn't a space opera. More a future opera. With this immortal man, see, and he's cynical and ruthless as hell, see, and—"

"THIEF! I was planning on using that—"

"—and he's entombed with this naked queen, see—"

"Alter, what...is his...name?"

"Oh...*heh heh* I thought Vik Kunzar would be—"

"IT'S MINE! You stinking little mother-fucking, goat-humping, monkey sucking THIEF!"

"You can't insult me, Geis. I'm immortal. When you die I hop into another body."

"Bullshit!"

"No, really, I was in a woman's body up till 1927 when she ruptured an aorta and I had to jump fast. You were being born a couple yards away, so...."

"Bullshit!"

"Body jumping like that is critical. I had to take what I could get, given my limited range. I've been stuck with you since. Drop dead, Geis...near a maternity ward."

"I love you, too, Alter."

THE MAIL BEARDMUTTERINGS by Rich Brown, 410 - 61st St., 7-17-72 Apt. D4, Brooklyn, NY 11220. For trade, letter of comment and love, but not for money.

This is flabbergasting! A personalzine, printed (like, professionally) 28 pages, letter size, double columned, typed by a varityper or some such, pro layouts... And fannish, thru and thru.

A hundred comment hooks! He discusses fanzines, fans, pros, Hugoes, APAs, SFWA... I've thought, since BEARDMUTTERINGS #1 (this is #2) that Rich was one of the best fan writers going. I am doubly confirmed in that opinion. HE should be nominated for Best Fan Writer Hugo next year.

Letter from Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater, Minneapolis, MINN 55417. She comments: "I found RICHARD E. GEIS fascinating reading. Is that a "first" for fanzines names? Seems odd no one has done it before—now that you've done it, it seems as inevitable as Ellery Queen for both author and character."

((I recall a DNSFF about a year or so ago—DAVID MALLORY'S SCIENCE FICTION FANZINE—but I remember no other "name" zine. But I'm sure it's been done. As I'm sure the diary format with quotes and letters has been used, though perhaps not exactly as I use it here.))

"Leslie Fiedler seems to have fallen in love with sf. He gave a speech at the SFWA Nebula day meeting in N.Y. In a way his attitude isn't very comforting—his idea being that anything popular must have something good about it to make it so, therefore critics who've cut themselves off from popular art by liking only "good" art should start studying sf, scap.operas, comic books, pornography, etc. In terms of understanding one's society, studying pop is obviously a good idea. But I'm not so sure that there's anything good about what's popular. C.S. Lewis, in EXPERIMENT IN CRITICISM suggested that most pop non-art books are read as a kind of enjoyable form, which is fun to read only as long as you don't pay close attention to it. So studying it would automatically take the fun away, no? Besides, the best works in the popular fields are "good art" as well as popular."

((No argument on that last from me.))

A MAL circular telling us that Norman Mailer is on the scene in Miami and is writing an instant book on the conventions, which Signet will release as soon as humanly possible.

Letter from Michael J. Meara in Derby, England, praising REG #1, and saying I'm probably the only fan who could get away with this no art, no layout, all self-written format. Uses 'fascinating.'

True, true.

A copy of the L.A. FREE PRESS. Now I must go upstairs, empty my bladder, change into my work pants and uncover the 466. Yes, today I start running off REG #2. About 8 pages a day, I hope.

The trouble with individualists nowadays is they all look alike.

THEY MAY NEVER RETURN 7-17-72

A research team of American and Canadian scholars are going to Romania to complete investigations in

re Dracula. Professor Raymond McNally, head of the team, says Dracula was not a count but a prince named Vlad Tebes, who terrorized his principality during the 15th century. German and Russian manuscripts of the period show that Tebes (called Dracula, which means "devil") was responsible for killing more than 100,000 people, mainly by impaling them with wooden stakes.

—paraphrased from NATIONAL EXAMINER 7-24-72

Why, Tebes was a hero! Those 100,000 were the entire race of vampires.

Well, obviously a few survived.

MAIL 7-17-72

I'll do the book reviews tonight, if I have time. Crowded day. Noon already and all I've done is ride to Gestetner, get the cover stencil made, and spill a mug of coffee on my desk.

Some publicity releases from Lancer: interesting live-off-the-lard cookbook titled THE WEPD COOKBOOK. Some of them

"weeds" beside the road are actually wild vegetables, it seems.

Also note Lancer published in June, Asimov's VIEW FROM A HEIGHT; 17 science essays.

Periodical Exposition Displays will display my magazine at the Frankfurt Book Fair Sept. 28-Oct. 3, this year, for a mere \$12.00.

Ah, if I were a little better off I would confound all Frankfurt and embarrass the literary world....

The University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee wants to know which back issues of SFR are available.

A bundle of papers from Jamaica—a copy of HIBERNIA, a fortnightly review, all full of the Irish Problem; and two editions of Caribbean Business News.

These were sent by Mr. W. R. Sch... (squiggle). I learned that the Puerto Rico tourist business is lousy, with hotels closing down left and right, and that houses in and around Dublin are astoundingly high-priced.

I think I'll stay where I am, Mr. Sch... But thanks.

One sub today, and a letter of comment from Darrell Schweitzer, 113 Deepdale Road, Strafford, PA 19087.

Darrell is a Trufan, and I have blown his fine fannish mind: "I do thank you for the issue, and after having read it I now seriously doubt your sanity. You certainly think big, don't you, Geis? Fannish Tradition (a powerful thing to be reckoned with, snarl snarl) says that personalzines are supposed to be tiny. Never more than twenty pages, and it is absolutely forbidden to take money for them, let alone (horrors!) even think of making a living off the profits!! The very idea is utterly mindcroggling, and shows undoubtedly what an evil fakefan you are under the surface. I get hell for trying to make my genzine break even, but this — this is unspeakable. In addition to that you have violated fannish Law repeatedly, and sinned grievously throughout the magazine. How dare you mention science fiction in a fanzine? And, ugh, book reviews?

"For shame! For shame! What will the Brooklyn fans say?

"You must be mad to do this, Geis, absolutely mad. Perhaps when you're brought before the Holy Inquisition for violation of faanish protocol you can use an insanity defense and get off with a light sentence, but your outlook still isn't very good....

"More seriously now, this is a revolutionary fanzine of yours here. I doubt anyone but you would have even tried it. It takes a lot of nerve to foist one's diary on the world like this, and charge a buck for it. It also must take a lot of nerve to say some of the things you do, knowing that hundreds will read it. I find the extremely intimate parts as unsettling as I do fascinating, as they cause me to wonder things about your private life which are actually none of my business. But then you asked for it by publishing it.

"Pardon me, my puritanical streak is showing again.

"The writing is interesting, as is the contents. Your comments on the porno business bolster my already firmly entrenched opinion that porno is mindless hackwork, which could just as easily be done by a machine. I remember once when

Oswald Train and I were discussing the ingredients to a sex book he simply asked, 'How many ways can you describe the sex act?' That's all you need."

((You can describe the sex act—whichever sex act you wish—an infinite number of ways. But you meant, or Train meant, 'How many ways can you make love?', I would assume.))

"I know that you, Dick, have tried to be creative and do better than most of the others, but if this excerpt from your novel is any indication, your writing is quite pedestrian and still reads very much like hackwork porno save for the one redeeming characteristic of literacy. This section from CANNED MEAT is hardly inspired writing."

(((*froth* *gnash-gnash!* CANNED MEAT does not read like hackwork porno! Don't give the latecomers the wrong impression. The porno elements are gone. SEX is in it, but not porno sex. And you're right, I am not a stylist. I am (I like to think) a bit like Asimov in that I don't call attention to myself as author in my fiction. I like to be invisible. But I make no claim to being really first rate as a fiction writer. I'm in good company.))

"I'm not at all amazed by all these continued requests for SFR and the inquiries by the Where To Sell Manuscripts people. You must realize that you ran the most successful SF fanzine of all time, and there are an awful lot of people who have heard of it."

((Depends on what you mean by successful. SFR had the largest circulation, I guess. But LOCUS may end up with a larger one...and LOCUS makes a profit, a not inconsiderable profit, I estimate from my knowledge of mimeo and mailing costs. I would not be surprised if LOCUS earned Dena and Charlie Brown around \$200. per month. I envy them.))

"It will become a collector's item. Some of the early issues are already going for over a dollar (especially the Delany issues and the one with the Moorcock interview). In the future a complete run might bring \$25, maybe \$50 if the PSYCHOTICS are included. This does happen with famous fanzines, you know. I heard of a case recently where a run of HYPHENS went for \$25, and if you look through Roy Squires catalogs you'll see all sorts of things to make the eyes bug out. Look through one sometime and be appalled. The FAPA edition of THE CHALLENGE FROM BEYOND for \$75. (This was a mimeo pamphlet, 11pp one side, no illos.) \$50 for a three issue lot of THE APOLYTE (F.T. Laney). \$150 for a run of THE CALIFORNIAN. \$45 for the first issue of LEAVES (a damaged copy) and \$85 for the second issue. \$25 for a barely legible fanzine with a low-grade pre-professional Ray Bradbury article. (I've read it, so I know.)

"Yes, there is a certain materialism among some fans. But people who buy from Squires are 'serious collectors' which means that money is no object and since these things are scarce the price goes up. It does get a little ridiculous at times. I have both a carbon copy and a xerox of the Bradbury article and I gave (free of charge even) a typescript of it to a friend. These are undoubtedly worth at least five bucks....

"Don't be surprised when SFRs start bringing high prices.

You'll never get as high as the fanzines of the Lovecraft circle which bring the highest, but there may be a time when they go for five bucks apiece, or the equivalent thereof in the inflated currency of the time. You've achieved immortality, Geis. Your zine will continue to pop up on dealers' lists for ages to come.

"By the way, I'm sending you a copy of my PROCRASTINATION, in trade for REG. It contains a Ray Bradbury article, and also one by Bob Shaw. A poem by Roger Zelazny. You can easily sell it in a couple years as a collector's item and more than get back the buck you would have gotten if I'd bought the issue of REG."

Darrell also mentioned wanting Alter Ego again 'unleashed' even if I didn't invent the idea—"Somebody wrote a dialog fanzine column in Ella Parker's ORION in the fifties and beat you to it..."

Yeah. Some Greek wrote some dialogues, too. Unexplored territory in the literary field is more scarce than a hog that don't like swill.

THE NATURE OF THE BEAST The beast is 45 years old today. He shaved this morning and said to himself, "Geis, you only look 35." He ignored Alter Ego's raucous laughter.

He got a lightweight jacket and four pair of socks from his mother. She insists of taking him downtown tonight to The Spaghetti Factory for dinner. From aunt Bobbie a pair of sets of underwear (briefs, t-shirts). From Augie a bottle of Oregon Currant wine. From Chin (the cat) a bottle of Elderberry wine. From C— a card that says on the front: "On your birthday I just want to know one thing— are you going to love me of your own free will?...?" (and inside—) "Or do I have to make you?" (with handwritten message: "Give 'Matilda' a nice firm handshake for me. Happy Birthday, Love, C—")

Geis will explain "Matilda" next issue.

THE MAIL Two subs. The card from C— mentioned above, 7-19-72 and a letter of comment from Flieg Hollander who is moving Very Soon to Iowa City, Iowa, to take a post doctoral position. He will send along a COA. He also insists on equating rising prices with inflation and I will not argue with idiots beyond a certain point.

I will only say that when foreign countries suffer from "inflation" it is because they have actually inflated their money and the press in this country reports it that way: Post WWII Germany, Brazil, Vietnam, etc. But for us a curious double standard operates. Our "inflation" isn't caused the same way. We're immune to the economic forces that affect other countries. Our "inflation" is somehow caused by rapacious unions and corporations and not by excessive credit and currency creation.

But I note with a smile that the Federal Reserve Board (which controls our money/credit) is becoming 'influenced' by 'Monetarists' who think credit/money supply does affect price levels and want the Fed to regulate the 'inflation fight' on that basis and not of its interest rate basis which has been a flop for so long.

Flieg also says that "As for running out of raw materials, recycling on a massive scale can take care of that, also the mining of the earth's core, which is mostly iron and nickle. The primary issue is still population control, without that, we are doomed, and not just to stay on earth."

Lots of luck down in that core shaft.

Now to run off some more pages. This gold paper is lovely, all stacked in rows.

Alter is still tinkering with his plot.

"I've got the basic plot, Geis, but I'm not sure which technique to use—third person or first."

"You said something about action—dialog and no interludes. That's a verrry difficult technique, Alter. It makes for a race horse pace, but creates all kinds of problems in giving the reader all the information sf requires he have."

"I know! I keep crying out scenes in my lobe and I come up with a very cold hero. I want Vik to be cynical, ruthless, because he's gotten that way after a couple thousand years, but still basically a good guy."

"You mean he doesn't go out of his way to kick dogs and children?"

"Yeah."

"First person, Alter. Be yourself."

"Yeah...okay. Thanks, Geis."

"Eat worms, Alter."

THE NATURE OF THE MACHINE Probably age and wear of 7-19-72 some parts in the feed system, but the old 466 is acting up. The counter skips hundreds. The stencils tend to crease on the top line, right column, thus pintnering that line ever more narrowly.

I'll have to count in my head and baby the poor thing for this issue, then send it to the shop for its three-year overhaul. Or is this the fourth year? Fourth, I think. Come on, honey, only 31 stencils to go. (Yas, I'm behind schedule in running this off.)

BOOK REVIEWS I've put these off long enough. Not 7-20-72 that it's all that much of a job.

I read John Brunner's INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA which Lancer has re-issued. Originally was Lancered in 1968.

Rich, spoiled, bored young man is drawn into a galactic puzzle—who killed an eminent Citizen of the Galaxy, and why? The killee was investigating the origins of the blue androids that do all the donkey and service work on Earth.

Derry Horn, hero, gets into it deeper and deeper until he has taken over the slain man's mission. From there, and even before that point, it is formula, but nicely done, and entertaining. A commercial product. (Lancer 75346, 95¢)

I see by the line number on this stencil that I won't have room to discuss Mark S. Geston's new THE DAY STAR from DAW. Next issue. It was an interesting and disappointing novel.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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