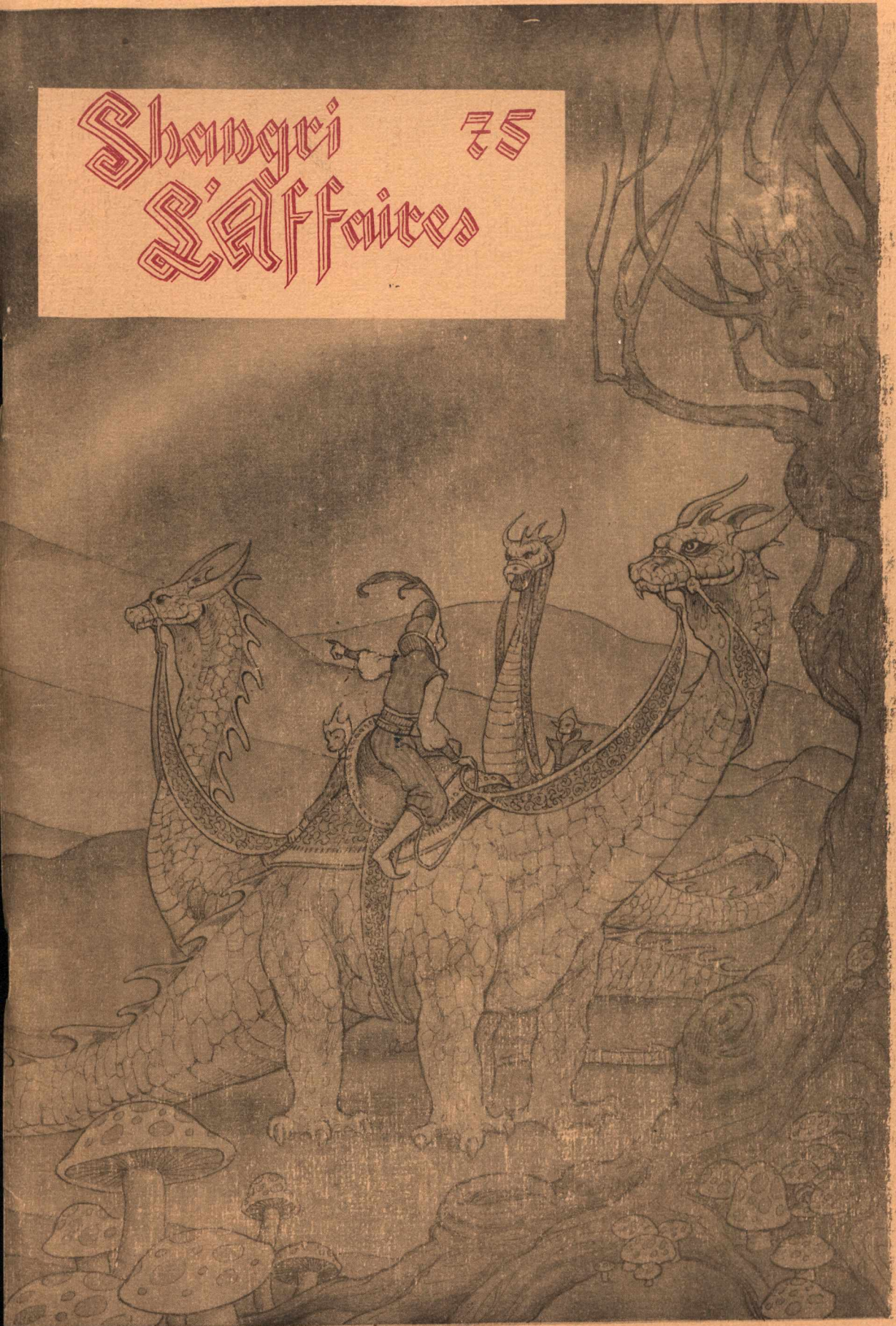
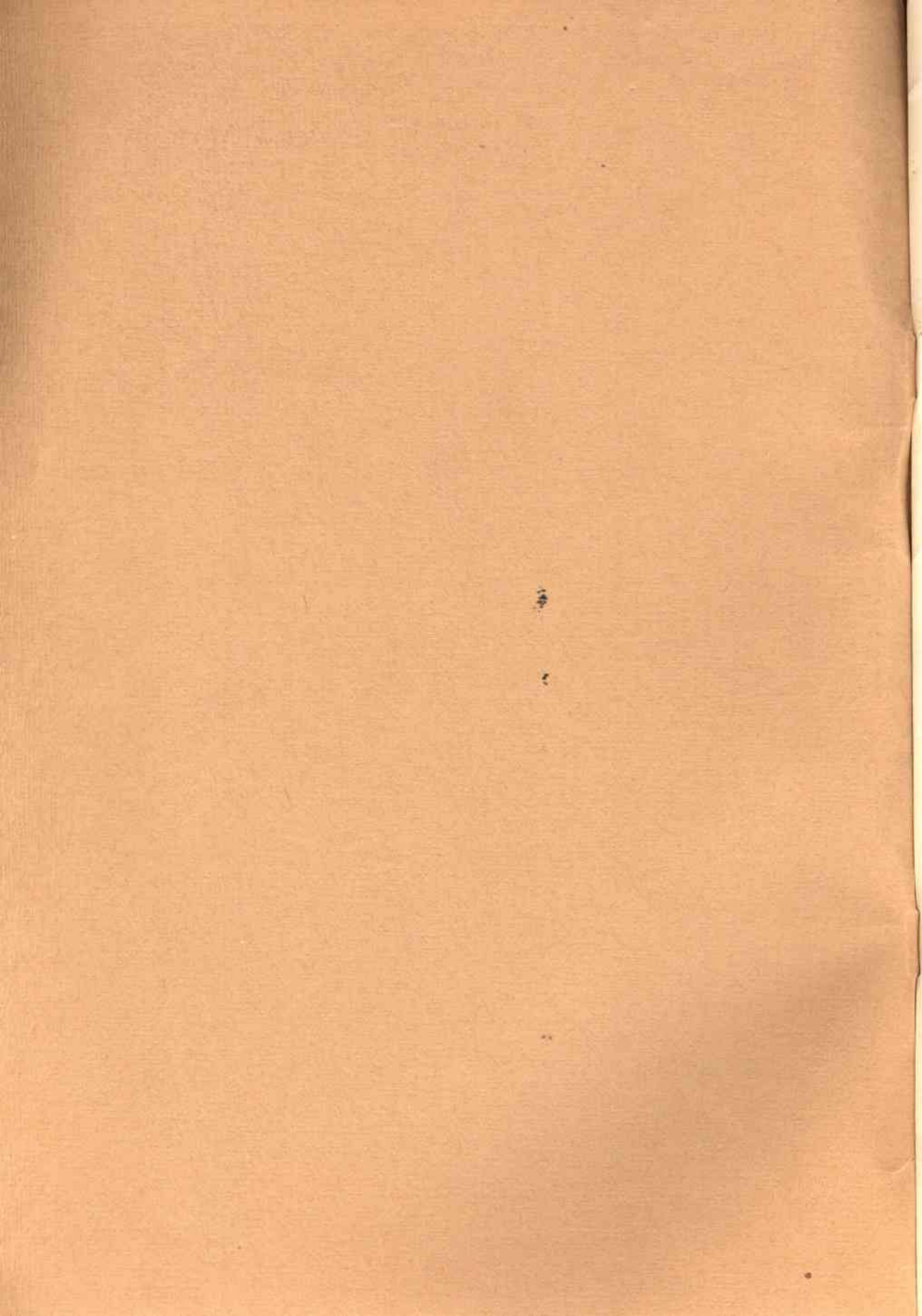


# Shangri La Affaire

75



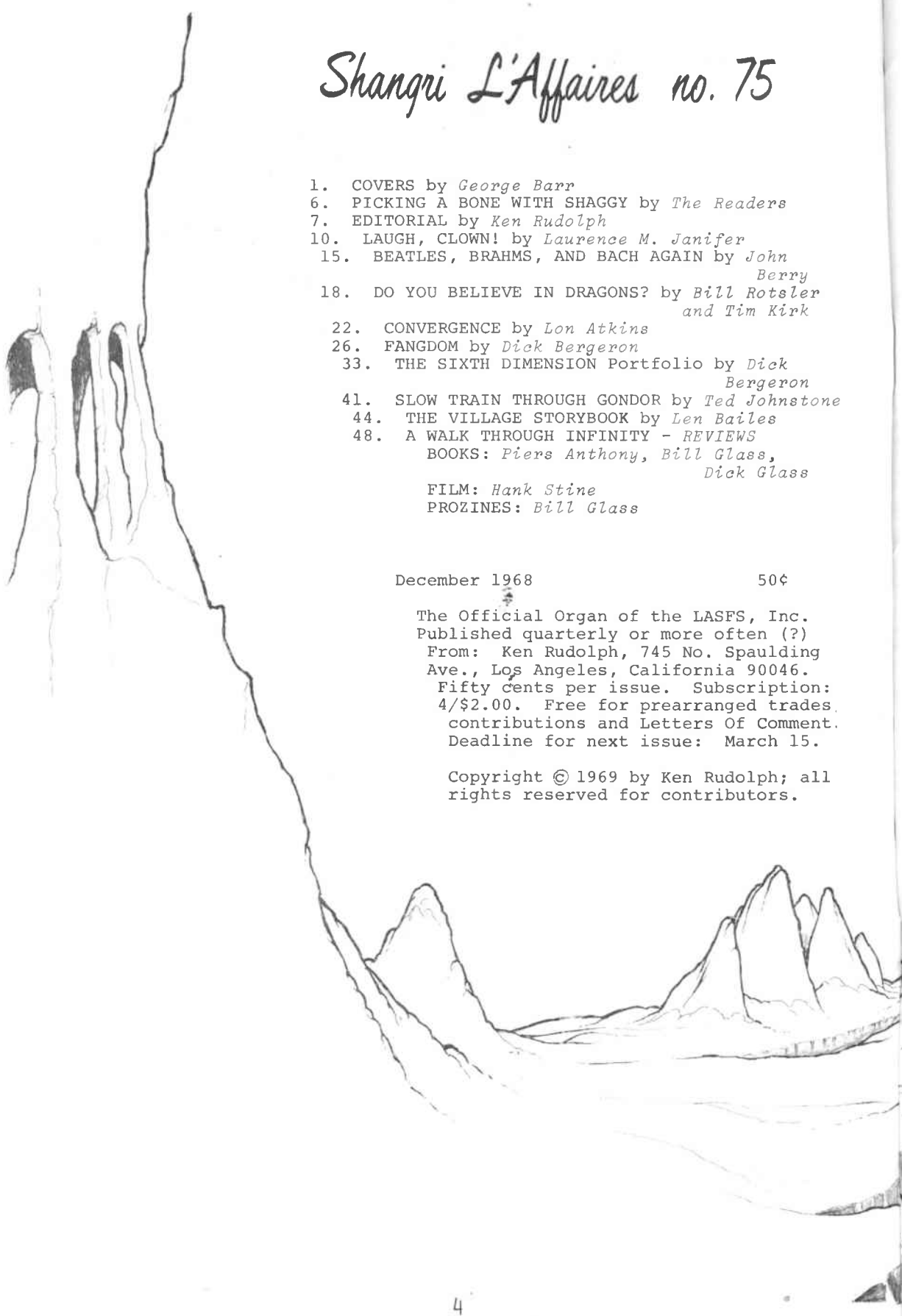






G. Barr - 1968

# Shangri L'Affaires no. 75

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December 1968

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## Shaggy Staff:

Editor and Art Editor.....Ken Rudolph  
Assistant Editor.....Fred Patten  
Printers.....Larry Howorth  
Karen Howorth  
Archhelper.....Jack Bowman  
Helpers.....Bill Glass  
Dick Glass  
Bob Wadey  
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Sylvia Dees  
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George Barr  
Fred Hollander  
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Ken Goldsmith  
Proofreader and Denmother.....Sally Crayne  
And a cast of thousands.....Themselves

## Art Credits:

George Barr...cover,3,48,49,59,70  
Dick Bergeron...26,28,30,32,33-40  
Tim Kirk.....6,7,18-21,67  
Mike Gilbert.....10,14,22,68  
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Bernie Zuber.....42,43  
Alicia Austin.....60,61  
Vaughn Bode.....5,67  
Don Simpson.....4,5  
Sally Crayne.....15  
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(In #74, Mac McCaughan  
should have been cre-  
dited for 54,55.)



Simpson '68

# PICKING A BONE WITH SHAGGY

## Letters from the Readers

VAUGHN BODE current address unknown.

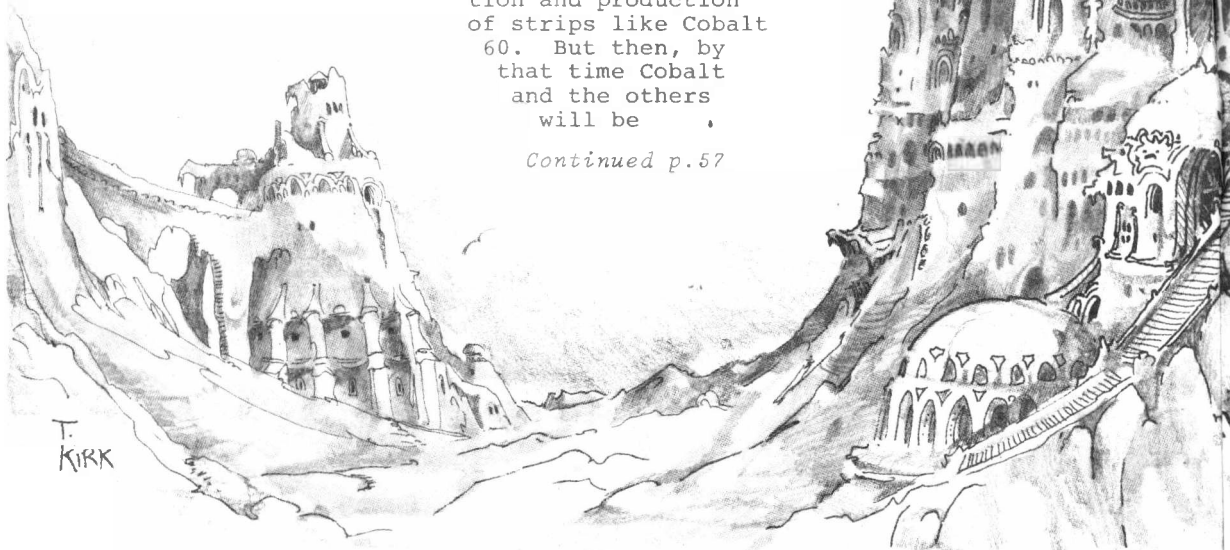
I am forced to withdraw Cobalt 60 from SHAGGY...

It comes with terrible difficulty that I have to do this. The reasons are complicated and defeating and yet my only hope of coming out on top with my idiotic super-idealistic insistence on doing "my personal kind of work". I fought having to do this like mad. I mean I wouldn't admit to myself that I am defeated timewise. So I cut back all my commitments to two pages trying to save my pride and my sincere efforts to work in fandom. What I should have done is what I am doing now...removing myself from the field. Although my work will continue to appear in different places (much I did this summer has not been printed yet), I cannot continue the original strips.

I realize now that I am through in Science Fiction. I was never really successful in it and I will never allow myself to be mediocre in SF.

I was collaborating with Dean Koontz on an SF series. It was next to traumatic; but I broke my commitment with him because that was the last professional connection with SF. I have already resigned from SFWA. I will not take any SF work of any kind. But other things happen and now I must withdraw from fandom as well. I have to go on through graduate school. It has become clearer that this is my "only chance to survive as an independent creative artist. If I don't follow through college then I will be forced to take commercial illustration jobs in order to support my wife and son. I will be forced to devote the greatest portion of my life to making money. If I can rely on the college world for a basic security at minimum time obligation then I will indeed be able to continue my experimentation and production of strips like Cobalt 60. But then, by that time Cobalt and the others will be .

*Continued p.57*



T.  
KIRK





OUT, OUT DAMN'D FANZINE!

**ANNOUNCER:** From the Infitny ball-room in Beautiful Downtown Hollywood, welcome to the SHAGGY 75 Show! With guest star Dick Bergeron and most of the regular SHAGGY staff--and of course Morgo as the friendly droub.

*CUT TO: BILL and DICK GLASS standing in front of an imposing door.*

**DICK:** Welcome to the show, folks. We've got a great...

**BILL:** Say, Dick, did I ever tell you about my Uncle Ferd who tried to get two offset issues of his fanzine out last December?

**DICK:** Your Uncle Ferd tried to get out two zines in one month?

**BILL:** That's funny, he's my uncle too.

**DICK:** But what happened to him?

**BILL:** Oh, he found out that Santa Claus won't deliver camera ready copy.

**SALLY CRAYNE** (coming up through a trap-door): That's another Santa Claus-as-fmz-pubber joke. (beat) Well, you try to say fmz!

**DICK:** Let's go to the SHAGGY party, folks.

**SCHUMACHER:** Say, Kenru, should we change the name of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES to the FANDOM REVIEW? Sounds like a much classier title, going along with our offset image.

**KENRU:** That's a geissy idea.

**SALLY:** Oh, that's dumb, Kenru, dumb.

**LARRY HOWORTH:** There's only one thing wrong with our

**Editorial by Kenru**  
**small circle of friends**

multilith.

KAREN HOWORTH: What's that?

LARRY HOWORTH: There's always two things wrong with our multilith.

FRED PATTEN: Say, Sally, how come your column's not in this issue?

SALLY: I couldn't come up with the birth of an idea.

FRED: So what did you do?

SALLY: The next best thing--I got pregnant.

GOLDSMITH: Say, you know what this party needs?

KENRU: Well, what are you waiting for? You've got the papers.

GOLDSMITH: No, not that--we should all turn on...STAR TREK!

BJO: Now, that's funny!

CUT TO EMPTY STAGE. SCHUMACHER WALKS ON CARRYING A LARGE FLOWER.

SCHUMACHER: "Why I resigned the art editorship of SHAGGY" by Jim Schumacher.  
"The world's a drag./So I changed my bag."

KENRU: And now, folks, it's Sock It To Me Time. (*sound effects of thunder, lightning, and a torrential downpour pours down on Kenru, paste-boards, 24 reams of paper, the multilith, and in fact the whole damn city of L.A.*)

SALLY: That's not funny.

BRUCE PELZ: No; but it's veerry interesting.

OK, OK, enough already. The point is that putting out this has been very interesting (if your interests run to things like fried people or World War Three). It has been pure disaster from the beginning, which was last December when most of the issue was typed up, to now (sometime in February; I've even lost track of time!) It seems like every week brought a fresh challenge to our collective sanity. It started when we decided to get the Christmas supplement out before Christmas and postpone the running of the magazine itself until right after New Years. \*It seemed like a good idea at the time. Only the rains came around the second week-end in January. Over 15 inches for three weeks solid. Besides the paste-ups which got ruined by the leak in my ceiling, we discovered that our beautiful (that's right, Kenru, face east and genuflect three times), cruddy multilith doesn't like rain. You see, all of the nice fresh paper that I'd gotten to feed it had become slightly warped by the dampness. So the paper feed wouldn't work right; and when it occasionally did, the pages would be pressed flat and very undignified creases would cover the paper surface. We persevered, though, in the name of Schedule; and then discovered that if the machine balked at running the first sides, it wouldn't run the second sides at all. Scratch three wet week's work and several reams of paper. Then when the sky cleared and a cold snap set in we discovered another little known quirk of our press: it doesn't like cold either. The ink doesn't run (its permanent home is in the Crayne's unheated garage). So that cut out nights. And for the next couple of weeks it seemed to rain only on the weekends. \*Sigh\* I won't belabor the point anymore. Fanzine editorials tend to run on and on with excuses for being late. We're just the first to be rained out, I'll wager.

CLOUD COO-COOLAND

I was going to continue my discussion of the dramatic Hugo from lastish; talk about the unparalleled excellence of the SF and fantasy type movies this year; and try to push for the nomination of "Rosemary's Baby", "Yellow Submarine" (both of which are great and *deserve to be qualified!*), and the last episode of the "Prisoner" TV series in addition to the obviously (to me, at least) greatest SF film of all time, "2001". I would hope that the sizeable influx of new fans from "Star Trek" would have the maturity and wisdom to realize that nothing this past year from Their Series can measure up to the quality of these films. (These large voting blocks within fandom may be a real danger to the integrity of our awards--witness the somewhat understandable nominations of 5 "Star Trek"s last year, and the more unfair domination of the fanzine Hugo by the Sword and Sorcery people in the face of revived excellence in genzine fandom. You're right. I didn't much like the award to AMRA last year; it's a beautiful fanzine, and obviously has had some influence on my own zine. But it wasn't the most deserving zine last year. Not by one-fifth.)



Yes, I was going to discuss all that (and it looks like I just did); but instead my wrath has been aroused by another subject, and I hope to get you equally aroused.

I've got a thing about censorship (which admittedly is my problem); but maybe you, as generally involved and liberal fan-types share my abhorrence of this viscious and most often completely misused practice. Well, there's a new kind of censorship at work in TV right now--let's call it the tyranny of the small-town station manager. Or maybe it's just a symptom of the current ascendancy of the God-fearing, anti-intellectual, rural-small-town inhabitants of Cloud Coo-cooland (as Harlan put it recently in the L.A. Free Press) over the more sophisticated and liberal city-folk (their term).

Their pressure--specifically the pressure of hinterland station managers--forced one recent show, "Turn On", off the air almost before the first commercial.

There is another good show in trouble right now: the "Smothers Brothers Show". I happen to believe that the Smothers Brothers have the best show on the air, better than "Laugh-In", because these two guys are committed, political, and generally brilliant at poking fun at the establishment--a dangerous game. As their shows get better their ratings drop BECAUSE SMALL TOWN STATIONS ARE REFUSING TO CARRY THE SHOW and the National Neilson ratings favor disproportionately these rural and small town station areas (how else to explain the difference between the National Neilsons and the 30-City Neilsons?). In addition, thousands of protesting letters are received by the network; but the people who are for such entertainment are usually less inclined to write in and say so than those who are against.

Fans have proved that people who are for something can get their way if their numbers are large enough and if they care enough. It was done with "Star Trek". Now here's a cause that matters. Do you want TV to be censored to the point of mediocrity? If freedom of expression, and freedom to watch what "everybody" may not like means anything to you WRITE just as you did for Star Trek to Mike Dann at CBS and Elton Rule at ABC (for "Turn On") and any-the-hell-body else you can think of. It's for letters that these shows need, and even if you are only slightly for them, or just for the important principle of the thing, do it now!

--Ken Rudolph

## COMING SOON TO THIS FANZINE!

- EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS!
- THRILLING TALES!
- WONDROUS DOINGS!
- SEX!
- STORIES OF DERRING-DO!
- EXCITING FICTION BY LEADING NONENTITIES!
- CHEAP THRILLS!
- INDIFFERENT REPRO!
- FANTASTIC FORMAT!
- SILVER-COLORED STAPLES!
- POEMS THAT ALMOST RHYME
- FAANISHNESS!

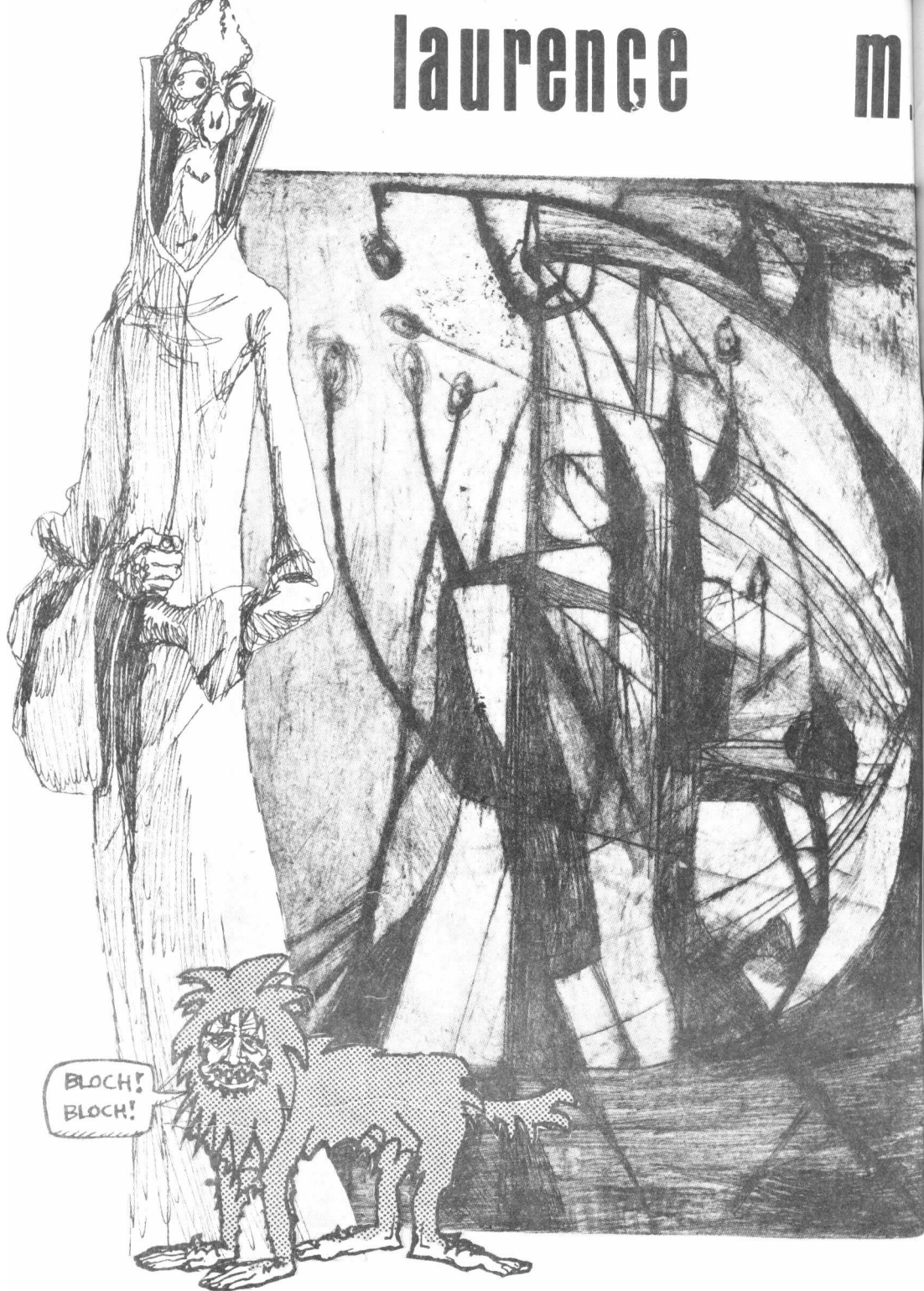


WELL, NOT QUITE. BUT WE DO HAVE SEVERAL VERY EXCITING FEATURES LINED UP FOR OUR NEXT ISH--WHICH WILL BE

### THE SHAGGY ANNISH.

TWO PORTFOLIOS: SOMETHING A LITTLE DIFFERENT FROM GEORGE BARR, AND AN OUTSIGHT ROTSLER CARTOON COLLECTION. ARTICLES BY NORMAN SPINRAD AND ARCHIE MERCER (AND SOME SURPRISES) + THE REGULAR COLUMNS FROM DICK BERGERON, TED JOHNSTONE AND SALLY CRAYNE. WON'T YOU JOIN US? OUT ON SCHEDULE, IN APRIL.

laurence m.



LAUGH,



# janifer

Somewhere in the criticism of James Agee, that earnest man is found lamenting the fact that there has not yet been an adequate comic treatment of King Lear.

I have no idea what the (equally earnest, far less intelligent, and barely perceptive at all) followers of Mr. Agee think about that lament; if, in fact, they think about it at all. It seems to me one of the matters which our present society usually prefers to ignore — like theology, morals, patriotism, and law.

As a part-time clown, both in person and on the page, an enthusiastic collector of jokes, routines and other such studies, and at least nominally an expert on making people laugh (in so far as a column in an Anniversary-issue VARIETY makes me an expert), I'd rather like to do a little lamenting of my own.

The Mystery Writers of America have, for the first time in my recollection, given their Best Novel award to a comic novel, Donald E. Westlake's *God Save the Mark*. This not inconsiderable straw may point the way to more benedalled winds, but I doubt it. No Hugo, no Nebula, has yet gone to a comic sf novel or collection — and this in the teeth of *Robots Have No Tails*, *What Mad Universe*, *A Bicycle Built for Brew*, and *The Butterfly Kid*, to list the first ones which come to what may be my mind.

More: no reprint edition of *Robots Have No Tails* has ever appeared, and if there's been a softcover incarnation of *A Bicycle Built for Brew* I seem to have missed it.\* *What Mad Universe* is a collector's item, and not reissued; *The Butterfly Kid* remains in print, and I imagine, is selling very well. Please note that the inconsistency of this last item is due not to the fun the book creates but to its "timeliness", its use of psychedelics, hippies, good old Greenwich Village, and much, much more; of this I am, for reasons which will be clearer further along, perfectly sure. (It is also, I think, the funniest of the books mentioned, and just maybe the funniest sf novel ever.)

More: when Randy Garrett and I wrote the three "Mark Phillips" novels, we did not really anticipate difficulty in making book sales. When the readers's poll in ASTOUNDING (which became the readers's poll in ANALOG half-way through the adventures) listed all five parts of novels 1 and 2, and the opening of novel 3, in first place by what was occasionally an astonishing margin, our doubts became even less discoverable. Then the marketing started.

Publisher after publisher returned the books with the sad complaint that they were funny. When, in order to forestall this, our joint agent

\* Anderson's *A Bicycle Built for Brew* was reprinted as half of an Ace Double Novel, retitled *The Makeshift Rocket*, in an absolutely humorless format. Brown's *What Mad Universe* was reissued as a paperback by Bantam, but the latest printing was in 1954. [ed.]

# CLOWN !

developed the habit of informing publishers, beforehand, that the books were funny, the rejections acquired a slightly new tone; in essence, publishers began to say: "But we didn't think you meant really funny!"

Pyramid, under the patient aegis of Don Benson, finally published the series (and printed the original version of the third novel, not the rewritten one which appeared in ANALOG; the original was, and is, funnier, and the only Mark Phillips pieces which did not get first-place ranking in the poll were the rewritten portions of that book), and has more recently reissued one of the novels. It's been a private puzzle of mine, by the way, why they reissued the second of the series alone. Randy, as far as I know, thinks the first was the funniest; I think the last was. I suppose Pyramid has its reasons, and I'm even willing to assume, until I find out some more, that its reasons are reasonable.

To continue, though: the novels were published with covers, and with titles, which did their absolute best to disguise the fact that they were funny. My own *The Wonder War*, later, ran into the same sort of packaging, and now the first of a series which S. J. Treibich and I are doing for Ace has run into it all over again. (For the curious: the title of the original version of that last Mark Phillips was *They're Coming Through the Windows*, my title for *The Wonder War* was *The Overdogs*, and the joint Janifer-Treibich title for the first Ace book, on the stands as *Target: Terra*, was *Small World* -- a phrasing we plan to continue with the second, *Small Menace*, to be published in February under, mirabile dictu, exactly that title,\* and the third, *Small Talk*, on which we are now haphazardly at work; the fourth and last of that series is sketched out as *Small Time*. Both Treibich and I are over five feet ten inches in height, in case you were wondering.)

There seems to be a general belief that sf readers do not read funny books. Of course this is nonsense, as the magazines have shown long ago (ah, the Hobbins, and so much of Fredric Brown, Mack Reynolds's daffy *Of Godlike Power*, a fair percentage of the work of Robert Bloch or Avram Davidson or R. A. Lafferty or William Tenn); but it is nonsense which continues to interfere with your reading, and with mine, too -- not to mention my writing.

In a Guest Editorial for AMAZING/FANTASTIC (date of appearance unknown to me) I have suggested that a major reason for this is that this society is a puritan society, and takes its fun sadly if at all. As sf is usually some way behind the rest of written impedimenta, it retains its no-clowning-around bias while the mainstream, if that's what it is, is slowly shedding it. (Though if you tell twenty people that Joyce's *Ulysses* and Nabakov's *Lolita* are funny, and are meant to be primarily just that, you will get nineteen surprised looks.) The theory seems reasonable to me, but I begin to think that there may be another explanation lying around in a state of coexistence with explanation number one.

This is the theory that comedy deals with unimportant matters.

Television has fostered this (and is now slowly getting rid of it); the very existence of easily-irritated pressure groups had an even worse effect on television comedy than it did on radio comedy, and jokes about religion, deformity, sex, more than eighty per cent of politics, and nearly any specific trade or occupation or ethnic group simply disappeared. The subjects left were, I grant you, unimportant. And more television comedy than can be accounted for by Sturgeon's Law was awful.

The fact, of course, is just the opposite of the theory.

There are good reasons for this. Let us try and find some.



Laughter, to begin with, is an emotional reaction -- like tears, rage, or any other. Now, very few people have emotional reactions of any strength

\* Ace has just announced the forthcoming publication of *The High Hex*, by Janifer & Treibich, in February. (ed.)

to matters they consider small or unimportant; it is rare to find someone in tears because his cousin's wristwatch, even after repairing, runs eighteen minutes slow a day. Clearly, the same thing is going to be true of laughter; what we laugh at is what has, for us, enough importance to warrant emotion.

The above paragraph, of course, is not true.

There are exceptions -- special cases here and there. If you're ticklish, being tickled will make you laugh whether or not you want to. In the same way, a very precise application of timing, tone, or even a set of particular words will make you laugh. In both these cases we're dealing with a conditioned reaction. Brooklyn, for instance, has been funny to whole generations of Americans who know nothing about Brooklyn and don't even want to know. (Brooklyn is also funny to me, who was born there and who still lives within easy ambling distance; but for me Brooklyn has enough importance to be funny on emotional terms -- the reflex doesn't work -- just mentioning the name won't do it.) That particular reaction is fading, now, but new ones keep coming up. There is, for instance, nothing especially funny about: "Here come de Judge". But the phrase has managed to attach itself to a number of jokes, and to a whole context of laughter; by now, mentioning the phrase is the equivalent of presenting its context, and laughter occurs.

The point may be a bit more difficult to see as regards timing and tone; but here again a reflex is being worked on. There is, as every working clown knows, a whole anthology of particular phrase and paragraph rhythms, particular placements of tone within those rhythms, and combinations thereof, which have so often been used as comic structures that, whether an audience knows it or not, it responds to the structure as if it were funny, whether it is or not. The spectre of Milton Berle arises as we consider this: Berle's assaultive, blocky, and rapid timing and pitch made a great many people laugh at nearly nothing. The reaction of someone caught up in that sort of thing is the reaction of a man being tickled against his will: he laughs, but he hates both himself and the cause of the laughter -- the tickler, or Berle -- for removing his own free choice from the world he inhabits; when such reflexes key in, it is next-door to impossible to avoid laughing. It's just as tough, and no tougher, to avoid the patellar reflex.

There is one more point. Some emotional reactions -- some reactions, in fact, regardless of adjective -- are "contagious". The yawn is one. The raised, tensed voice of anger, challenge, or rage is another. Laughter is a third. If a club comedian can get a certain percentage, and not a very large one, of his audience to really responsive laughing, he has the whole audience; the rest are caught up in the contagion -- and, because most people confuse a physical state with the emotional climate which may, but doesn't always, accompany it, persuade themselves that they find the man funny. (Simple test: watch a Jerry Lewis movie on TV. Then watch one in a movie theater. If, like me, you find Jerry Lewis depressing in his movie appearances, you'll sit glumly through the TV experience. But you'll laugh, though perhaps not hysterically or consistently, in that movie theater.)

So much for exceptions. As a minor theoretical addition, I might point out that any emotional reaction is heightened by temporary suppression -- hence the "laughter in church" phenomenon, and hence, also, a good deal of the attraction of Chaplin, who very nearly makes you cry and, while that's going on, almost forces you to laugh; the strain set up intensifies both emotions.

A great many people, though, misled by the exceptions (which, because they are easier, because they do not involve the creation of any comedy, are very common), have come to the conclusion that the proper subject of a comedian is his cousin's wristwatch.

What led to all this was a consideration of the work I'm doing now with S. J. Treibich. *Target: Terra* involves: a) the death of a majority of the population of the Earth; b) a war between human beings and immense numbers of centrally-directed, magnificently-equipped robots; c) the constant possibility of the entire destruction of the human race; and d) the death, by what can only be described as deliberate murder, of a major character with the connivance of every other major character in the book. *Small Menace*, starting where *Target: Terra* leaves off, deals with an alien invasion of Earth, a war between whites and Negroes, and more deaths than I care to recall.



Clearly, none of this is funny.

But it is, I think -- and Donald A. Wollheim at Ace and a number of readers appear to agree with me. The stronger the material, the funnier it can be made -- if you come at it like a clown. I have no idea how to do that, and neither does anybody else I've ever heard of (there are a great many Theories of Humor, and none of them is worth much), but I'm so constituted, as is Treibich, that once in a while I do it anyhow. When I do, the result is funny.

When I don't, it isn't. Comedy isn't all of me, and probably never will be.

But when I'm handed, by my own subconscious or by a collaborator, an idea which is big enough for emotion, and when the idea strikes me as being funny, comedy results. The notion has to be big enough; that's the important fact. Many people are afraid of the results of a meeting between a really big idea and a clown -- so most clowns satisfy themselves with small ideas and make do with the sort of gimmicks I mentioned earlier.

Unfortunately, I don't seem to do that. Nor do the other clowns whose works I've mentioned. I begin to think that publishers and editors are not afraid of humor, but of irreverent handling of large ideas.

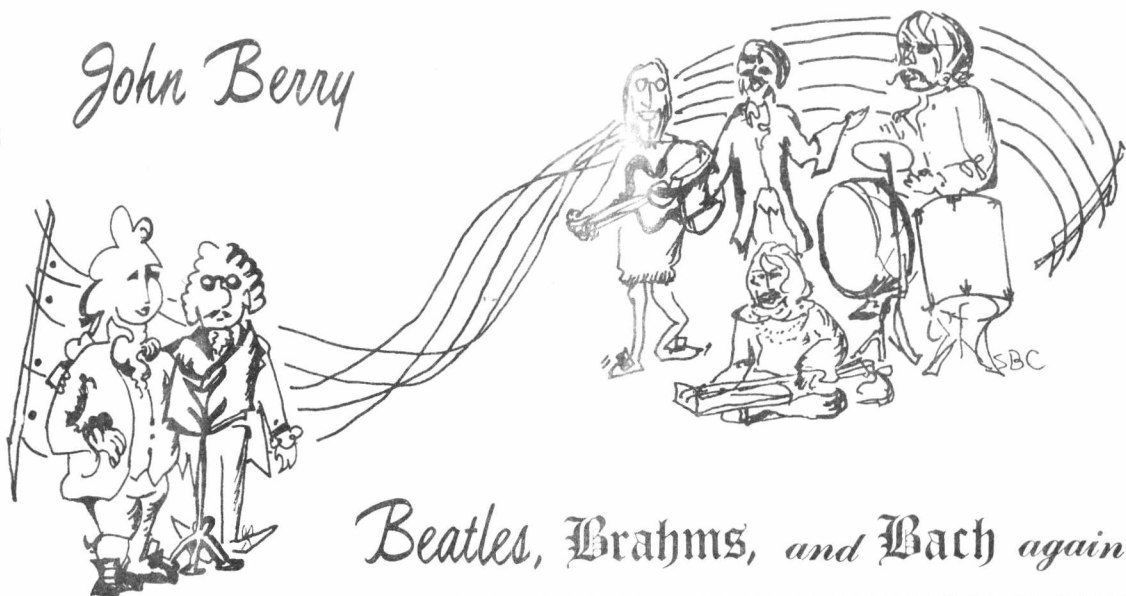
I don't know what can be done about all this.

The careful mulling-over of the theory, though, may be rewarding to some of you out there, while you wait -- as I do, impatiently -- for a really fine comedy about King Lear.

-- Laurence M. Janifer



# John Berry



## Beatles, Brahms, and Bach again

Because I am now an old fan (well, let's say an oold faaan) it seems to be the general opinion amongst young people that I shouldn't and even could not appreciate the Beatles.

I even recall in a fanzine over a decade ago that a young fan was quite bowled over by the fact that I liked rock and roll music; he seemed to think it was a minor miracle.

Of course, being an extremely cultured man, I have attempted to bring up my children in the classical mould, and they have hit back mightily with the exact clique Ken mentions in the editorial of SHAGGY #74: the Beatles, Donovan, and Simon and Garfunkle.

And frankly, folks, I think they are fantastic.

The Beatles are top of the heap. People talk a great deal about their standards, such as 'Michelle', 'Yesterday', 'Can't Buy Me Love', but for me the most beautiful thing they've ever penned is 'She's Leaving Home'. Their own version is superb, but for me one of the most exquisite musical moments in my entire life was watching Esther Ofarim singing that song....it brought tears to my eyes. I felt a sort of sentimental idiot with the whole family watching me, but that's how it hit me. As with many of the Lennon lyrics, they are exactly right....the melody is itself agonisingly nostalgic and sad, and I guess I have to admit that it beats lieder to a cocked hat. Schumann and Brahms, I opine, never wrote anything as magnificent as 'She's Leaving Home'.

I think their greatest single disc (meaning a front and back coupling) is 'Strawberry Fields/Penny Lane'. I recall reading a Beatles' blurb in a newspaper, and Paul McCartney considered that 'Strawberry Fields' was his favorite Beatles song to date, although of course, the duo have written quite a lot of beautiful things since then. I've just heard tracks from their latest lp album (all 73/- of it) and once again there is this (I've got to use that word again) exquisite blend of words and music which must make them the world's best song writers of the moment, of the decade, probably of the century, possibly of all time.

The Beatles have seemed to reach the pinnacle of their achievement time after time, and all I can hope for is that they will continue for many years to come to create music of this feeling and intensity. But after reading excerpts from their official biography, and the apparently slap-dash way in which they are supposed to create, it is even more proof of the natural abilities they have. We are led to believe that they saunter into the recording studio with only the most

vague idea of what they are going to do, maybe with only a phrase like 'Lucy in the Sky' to work on, and they bash chords about and say "I like that, let's keep it" sort of thing, and hence a song is born. Personally, I do not believe this at all. The superior melody and turn of lyrical phrase which is a feature of almost all their work is indicative, I feel, of careful thought and consideration, the lyrics so profound in some cases so as to almost become a musical instrument in themselves, like a concerto for words.

Donovan I consider to be much underrated. His lyrics are attractive, and his subject material original....his 'Hurdy Gurdy Man', in my own opinion, is his greatest song to date, because it embodies musically a mood of tension with something nice just round the corner. For this recording he created an oral vibration of some excitement.

'Lord of the Swans', as performed by Esther Ofarim, is delightful. I suppose anything that the delectable Esther does hits me the same way. Donovan has created a masterpiece with this tone poem.

Pop enthusiasts do not really appreciate Donovan....they feel, they explain airily, that he is a carbon copy of Bob Dylan, and I have to admit that when he first started to perform, his physical appearance was obviously based on Dylan. People also state that his lyrics tend to be mystical, like Dylan's.... but I consider they are poles apart in every respect. I don't regard Donovan as being an out-of-this-world song writer....I just think that he is original, is continuing to be so, and has considerable talent both as a song writer and an artist, and he will still develop.

The Simon and Garfunkle duo have made rapid strides since their early efforts, exemplified by such trivial items as 'Hey, School Girl' and 'That's My Story'. The lyrics were trite and the music unedifying. However, their 'Homeward Bound' is a yearning, nostalgic song, both lyrically and musically, and if not already accepted as such will eventually become a standard. I have been in the situation the song perfectly describes....a looong way from home, and things not going too well, and how fine it's going to be when the homeward journey is completed, and why was I in this mess in the first instance. I think that possibly this song has meant more to me and affected me more than any other 'pop' item. I cannot say I actually agree with all these songs coming under the general category of 'pop' music. Some are classical. For example, the recent number performed by Simon and Garfunkle, 'Old Friends', has Shostakovich-like orchestration, which is good, and although the song doesn't linger it is a memorable item, and the one I specifically purchased their recent lp 'Book Ends' for.

We (meaning my family) have several Bob Dylan lps. It is well-known that Bob Dylan used the name 'Dylan' after the Welsh poet extraordinaire, Dylan Thomas. I hate the works by Dylan Thomas, and think 'Under Milk Wood' to be one of the biggest confidence tricks ever perpetrated upon the general public. But his namesake Bob, whilst probably trying to emulate the Welshman, has his music to raise his lyrics from the mundane. I don't really know what to think of Bob Dylan's lyrics....one is afraid to say that they are stupid, in case there is an inner meaning which is apparent to everyone else....as with some of the Lennon lyrics, I regard the lyrics as being entirely sympathetic to the melody as though the voice is an integral part of the melody, and not accompanying it. 'Mr. Tambourine Man' and 'It's All Over Now, Baby Blue' are examples of this, I feel. Even more this theory of mine is exemplified in 'The Mighty Quinn'. This was performed by Manfred Mann and hit Number One....I asked several people, including my own children, what the lyrics were all about, and they hadn't thought about the lyrics specifically because they were part of the tune. A couple of the Rolling Stones' songs hit Number One and none of the words were intelligible at all. This proves something or other. I think an artist could perform the Telephone Directory in order from A to Z providing the melody would take it along. But to be able to compose meaningful lyrics like John Lennon is a wonderful bonus.

There is a George Martin lp which I haven't as yet traced but which is an orchestral version of a dozen or so of the Beatles' most tuneful efforts. I heard a few tracks quite casually whilst on holiday last summer, and I was immediately struck by the amazing similarity in melodic and harmonic style with the four Brahms symphonies, particularly Symphony No. 2. I don't ever recall anyone else making this comparison, and of course I'm not suggesting by any means that Paul McCartney is as good a composer as Johannes

Brahms. What I am stating is that I consider that Brahms's symphonies (and of course his violin concerto, two piano concertos, and his double concerto for violin and cello) are technically so tuneful and melodious that anyone who appreciates the Beatles' tunes (which are excellent) should, with a little earful study, be equally at home with Brahms. If there are any young fans reading this who are pop music fiends and scoff at classical music, I would earnestly suggest that they get hold of Brahms' Second Symphony and play it through...of course it will not be easy and superficially a new listener to Brahms will perhaps be troubled by apparent complexities. But then I find that some Beale music requires to be played several times before it can be correctly appreciated. The trouble with the current general trend in pop music is that to be commercial a tune must be immediately understandable, so that the teenagers will rush outside and buy it.

I am not just making this suggestion of Beatles-directly-to-Brahms experiment without having tried out a few tactful observations myself. My own children and a couple of other teenagers in the vicinity have successfully made the transition. One young lad, a fellow amateur astronomer, has become a Brahms completist as a result of my subtle hints, and the only aspect of his deliverance which worries me is that it is my collection which he practices on before finally giving a wide grin of dawning aspiration and nipping into town to buy his own record.

From the Brahms Second Symphony, the next one which is, I consider, the most easily understood melodically is the Fourth, followed by the Third and finally the First. At least, this is the way I discovered Brahms several years ago. The one good thing about pop music is that young teenagers do develop the facility to absorb and understand new tunes so quickly. I've already said that the pop market is based entirely on this theory, and pop music enthusiasts, even when they are young, don't know that slowly a metamorphosis is taking place, and, if you'll excuse the play on words, they are mentally attuning themselves for an eventual discovery of classical music.

One phenomenon which has amazed me is that a lot of pop enthusiasts also eventually find out that they like the music of Bach. I've known several recent cases of this. It could be that Bach's music has been popularised by Jacques Loussier....

'The Planet Suite' by Gustav Holst is well known to fans, and the gate is still open for some enterprising composer to score a ten-minute descriptive piece for PLUTO. I'm surprised it has never been done. And entirely due to the good agencies of your worthy editor, Ken Rudolph, I have heard the Pink Floyd, and recollect the Rolling Stones' sf piece....it seems to me that it is well within the capabilities of these bhoys to do the job as effectively as a more serious composer...especially with the new electronic noise-making techniques available. It would certainly be a world-shattering event if a front rank conductor, Leonard Bernstein, for example, played the 'Planet Suite' and as a surprise bonus played PLUTO, and then announced to the bewildered listeners that it was the latest composition of the Pink Floyd.

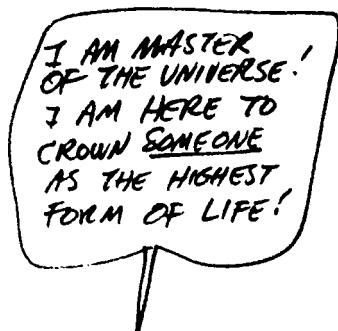
Ken Rudolph pointed out in the SHAGGY #74 editorial about the advent of 'science fiction' music, and I accept his premise that more and more fans will see the significance of this new trend. The '2001' film has probably unconsciously converted a host of people to the subtle fact that music can do as much as the eye to accentuate the utter excitement of space flight, and I foresee in the future that serious classical composers will accept this medium and will compose especially for it. Shostakovitch and Stravinsky are probably the accepted classical composers who could do a good job in this respect. For instance, look how Stravinsky dealt with the creation of the Earth in 'The Rites of Spring'.

Probably the most underrated composer in the world at the moment is the American Charles Ives. Only in the last year has his music become to be recognised as the work of a genius.

I think he would have loved the challenge of space flight as a medium for composition....I'm willing to bet that he would have included Walt Schirra playing 'Jingle Bells' on his harmonica.....



# Tim Kirk



## Do You Believe



# Bill Rotsler



In Dragons?











# Convergence

fan fiction by

Lon Atkins

A warm summer rain was falling in the suburban world of Bart Simmons. It gently pummeled neat trimmed lawns and filled the gutters with mock rivers made for the racing of matchstick boats. Bart had turned his big stuffed easy chair so that it faced out the picture window instead of at the dead glass eye of the television. He had little interest in the NFL game being broadcast this Sunday afternoon. It was so much more satisfying to watch the summer rain and listen to the background noise of Molly bustling about the kitchen and the kids wreaking low-grade havoc in the playroom. Such a secure feeling to be dry while seeing the soft rains dampen everything outside. Comfortable chair. Drumming on the roof. Comfortable life.

*Fourteen years earlier Bart Simmons had been running thru a warm rain, re-turning to his dorm room with a quire of stencils under one arm. He slowed for the dormitory steps, slippery concrete. In his room he hurriedly dried off, then rolled a fresh stencil into his typer. He was eager to continue his apazine. "-- cannot understand why the middle-class is so content to ignore the real significance of youth's dissatisfaction with the Establishment. Why can't they open their eyes? They can lose nothing but their ignorance. They can gain the inner peace that comes with action in the cause of --"*

A car passed slowly up the street, hissing over the watery pavement. Bart watched. "They think they're safe inside that car," he thought idly, "but they could skid and crash. My house doesn't skid." The car passed by and only the rain remained possessing motion. There was no wind to speak of and the drops were falling straight down. The steady accumulation of raindrops reminded Bart of the way dollars were steadily swelling his savings. Some into the savings account -- liquid funds. Some into stock purchase. Some into land. Safety.....for a rainy day. Money can be a comfortable thing.

At the age of twenty Bart Simmons had returned home for the Christmas holidays wearing a beard. He had been both defensive and amused at his parents' reaction.

"A beard is so ugly, Bart."

"The girls say it looks good on me, Mother."

"You look like a hippie. And how can a man wear jewelry?"

"These are love beads. You probably can't understand what they mean. And why is it bad to look like you want to look?"

Somebody was walking out there in the rain. No sense. Not even an umbrella. The walker wore a cheap brown plastic raincoat. Water was streaming down his head. Bart noticed that he had long hair and a moustache. Boots too. Bart wondered what one of them was doing in this sort of neighborhood. He shouldn't be here. He was disturbing the view. Bart had an impulse to watch the NFL game, now that the rainscape had an intruding element. Baltimore would be crunching the Atlanta Falcons. It was always nice to see your team win, even against a patsy. Sometimes it was especially nice to see a big score racked up. Seeing hell beat out of them, of them, made you feel a little surer in backing what you backed.

In his senior year at UCLA Bart did some moderately extensive experimentation with drugs. Previously he had only smoked pot. Reaching his majority had been symbolic of a new depth of involvement with society. Now he could vote his beliefs. Now the law saw him as an adult -- he had seen himself as that for almost four years.

"Now I really know where it's at," he told his friend Gully.

"You joining TAPS?"

"Go to the head of the class."

"It's a groovy scene, man. All the freaks in fandom tell it like it is. No cheap bitching like the Cult."

"Borrow your latest TT?"

"Sure. Give it to you at LASFS."

"Damn. I may not be there. Got a big quiz Friday..... Oh, hell! So I finesse the quiz. School is a bummer."

The walker had turned up the walk to the Simmons' residence. Bart leaned forward in his chair, startled. What did the bum want? Nothing good, that was for sure. The walker was hellishly familiar looking. A vague feeling of uneasiness, even fear, sprang up and diffused thruout Bart. He knew that man.....somewhere past. Almost masked by the drumroll of rain on the roof came a subdued knocking. The walker had reached the door.

The faculty advisor was a skillful talker. "You're much too intelligent, Simmons, to exclude formal education from your survey of what life concerns. Wisdom comes in many guises. I can't deny that youth must find its own way. Don't you make the mistake of denying that there is much of great value in the conclusions of the questing minds that have come before us. At this point your continued attendance at this university depends on your attitude. If you work hard for the remaining nine weeks of this semester, you can salvage your grades. Otherwise... But you know that you're failing. Make me a bargain, Simmons. Take tonight and consider very carefully what possible harm a college degree could do you. Consider what good such a degree could achieve for you later in life. If the good, however small you may think it, is greater than the harm, then you should make the effort to continue this year to its conclusion. Don't tell me anything now. Go think. Let your actions be your answer."

Bart opened the door abruptly. The man who stood on the porch was shaking the loose beads of water from his hair and face. He had opened his rain-coat and Bart could see the bright clothes underneath. The many strands of beads. Love beads. Bart looked into the stranger's lean, well-tanned face and suddenly knew into whose face he looked.

Upon graduation Bart Simmons had briefly pondered his course. Quite an attractive offer from an aerospace industry had decided him. It was actually a part of his education, he had thought, to see how the plastic world functioned. His free time was still his own, and he could maintain his old activities just as well for being well funded.

To interview he had trimmed his beard into a neat Van Dyke. It was a compromise, he was well aware, but not one that it hurt much to make. A beard of any sort was unusual. His fellow workers kidded him fairly constantly about it, and about the hints of his activities that he occasionally let drop. It was a kidding that grew progressively irritating as it failed to cease. Bart had found a challenge in his work and a pride in the competence he was displaying in learning and achieving. He now wanted to go up in this line of work. The social baiting centered about the beard was a menace. After four months he took up a razor.

"Hey Bart! What happened to your pet whiskers?"

"I shaved them off."

"Finally showing some sense. You look human now."

"I'm the same Bart Simmons that was always underneath the beard."

"Can you be sure?"

"Am I too wet to be asked in?" queried the walker. Bart automatically stepped back from the doorway so that the man could enter. The facial resemblance was frightening. Bart's liquid brown eyes flecked with green. Bart's broad flat nose, with the tip hooking just the slightest bit. Bart's

blocky chin. Bart's high cheekbones. Of course the walker's face was not puffed with a layer of soft fat. The walker's hair was not trimmed carefully every second week by a favorite barber. The walker's skin was not pale and unweathered.

"You're very comfortable," said the walker as he glanced about the living room. "I knew this way would lead to comfort. That was why it was such a temptation. I felt that I had the ability to make it whichever way I chose. Some ways had clearer rules than others. --But what are you doing now? Is management?"

"Yes," said Bart. "Division manager. But you. What are you doing here? How?"

"I'm zinging alts." The walker grinned. "To put it a way you may understand, I'm grooving on alternate realities."

"You're me, aren't you?" asked Bart in a hoarse whisper. "Where?"

The walker had picked up the newspaper and was glancing over the headlines. He looked at Bart. "I'm the man you could have been. You're the man I could have been. Where did we split? Sometime before you shaved off your beard. I never did that."

"What did you do?" Bart knew it was a terribly important question to him. He wasn't sure why. No matter what the answer was, he still had his house, his savings, his family, his security.

"I stuck with the jibes. I got a guitar and took up music again. One night I wrote a song. I quit my job and went travelling. I wrote more songs; practiced the guitar. I found new ways to enjoy life."

"Were you sure of what you were doing?"

"Only sure that I was alive and growing."

"How did you get here?"

"You couldn't know now. The mind opens paths."

Molly came into the living room. "Hello. I'm Molly, Bart's wife. I thought I heard voices in here."

"Hello," said the walker. "I was just passing by. I stopped in to see Bart for a moment. He and I used to know each other quite well, but the years have made differences. It's good to have met you, Molly, but I really must be on my way. Good-bye."

"No, wait!" shouted Bart. "Stay for dinner. I want to talk to you. You can't just tell me these things and then walk away."

The walker had opened the door and stepped out. "I must go now," he said. "You know how to bring me back. Good-bye." He began walking down the walk with strong strides.

Bart hurried to the door and started to follow the walker out.

"Don't get wet, Bart," said Molly. "You'll catch your death of cold."

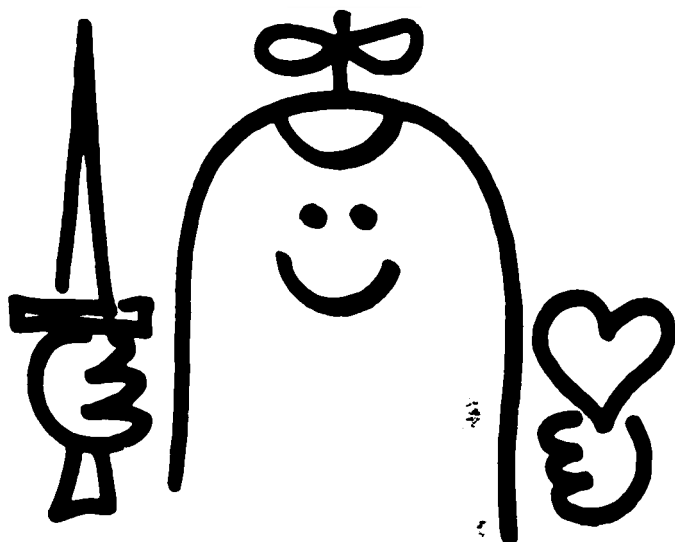
Bart looked at the rain, still falling steadily into the warm summer afternoon. He gazed after the walker, who had reached the end of the block. His raincoat was upstairs in the closet. He had one last question to ask. God, he had run in the rain before. Why not now?

In a dash he was down the stairs and running across the soggy lawn. He was taking care to maintain his footing. He wanted speed and relative safety both. The walker was in the next block now, singing as he went. But Bart was running. He was gaining.

-- Lon Atkins



# Fangdom



Dick Bergeron

## WHERE WAS I?

I guess it really all begins with EGOBOO — the fresh and exciting fanzine which resulted from the brief conjunction of the orbits of Ted White and John Berry. I speak of it in the past tense because this new column is the direct result of thinking about it in the past tense — a condition brought on by my lack of success in discovering if the Planning Board at EGOBOO had any plans or if, indeed, they were still interested in the column I had rashly offered. I was impressed by the way EGOBOO flashed into my mailbox with the frequency of unsolicited credit cards from the First National City Bank and with its free-wheeling informality. Warhoon, a fanzine with which I am involved, appears not often enough to satisfy a desire to address fandom more than once every third full moon. These were the considerations weighing on my mind for an entire evening of browsing through EGOBOO 3 until about midnight when I decided against the whole idea and retired happy I hadn't acquired yet another fannish obligation. The next morning without thinking twice I sat down and typed a short letter to John and Ted inviting myself to become, in a sense, one of the Egoboobs and here is the column. In that time lapse some funny things have happened to Ted White on the way to his destiny: rumors have been published he is cutting back on

fan activity (down to 23 hours a day, I understand), and perhaps it's impractical of me to hope the managing editor of AMAZING STORIES might also publish something called EGOBOO. In the meantime I've been delighted with SHANGRI L'AFFAIR and its Rudolphian touch and the urge to inflict a column on fandom has persisted.

Fan historians will remember in my previous incarnation the editorials in WARHOON ranged from 10 to 14 pages and when the readers were exhausted by those used to hit them again (after they'd staggered through an issue's tightly packed pages) with an additional 8-12 pages of mailing comments. The present WARHOON uses an editorial section limited to 5 pages — a mere nothing I toss off in a month or so — and there is no room for it to grow larger. I should be able to handle this column without risking danger of over-extension and still not be writing as much as I was in the early 60s.

Also as I advance into sagehood I find I'm becoming a loquacious old koot. It's not that I'm saying more, obviously; it's that I'm taking more words to say less. A case in point is that the column offered to White and company was to have been a single page. It seemed a perfect length both for EGOBOO and myself and I prepared the rough of a first installment along those lines. The realization it wasn't going to be used before it was hopelessly out of date and the demands of an impending issue of Wrhn arrived together. Inspiration failing me I fell on the EGOBOO page and the compressed thoughts in two paragraphs were expanded into 2½ pages of editorial matter and you can see for yourself what an 8 line introduction has turned into. Another unused paragraph might become an Ac Special and there are a couple left over semi-colons I could transform into an article for your fanzine. All this is, of course, proof of Laney's remark "if it isn't good enough for an interlineation; you can always turn it into an article". Thus far the EGOBOO page has yielded about 3½ pages. Sorry, Ken, but the pithy epigram is quite beyond me.

Only a doddering handful recall that the role of columnist is not new to me. It has been some 15 years since I did any regular writing outside the covers of Wrhn. At one time I had 4 or 5 columns appearing simultaneously — the only other fan juggling more was Walt Willis at the other extreme of the quality spectrum. You'd think they should have been fairly good judging from the names of the fanzines in which they appeared: CONFUSION, MOTE, OOPSLA!, SF, and perhaps one other, but they were ephemeral and of even less consequence than this editorial if that can be imagined. Unless there's a loud public out-cry against the idea, a future installment of Fangdom may attempt to recapture the atmosphere of those early efforts (though I'm not doing badly at that right now!) and see if we can't determine whatever possessed Bob Silverberg to think I was one of a number of fans "just raring to go out and found Seventh Fandom" — only weeks before I entered a five year gafia. But for now, let's get on with the business of this one.

Though not before a word of appreciation is offered Seth Johnson for the title of this column. As far as I know "Fangdom" is a word Seth coined to describe his world view. It is a world peopled by snobbish apafans and self-righteous directors of the National Fantasy Fan Federation. But its application is really broader: it's an appropriated appellation for a series about our curious assemblage of wounded and wounding egos where one's enjoyment of recognition for fannish work well done is tempered with apprehension for the potential pin-prick that lets out some of the self importance. It neatly describes our fascinating amalgamation of friendships, lawsuits, character assassinations and egoboo.

In short, lovable old Fangdom.

## SIGN OF THE TIMES?

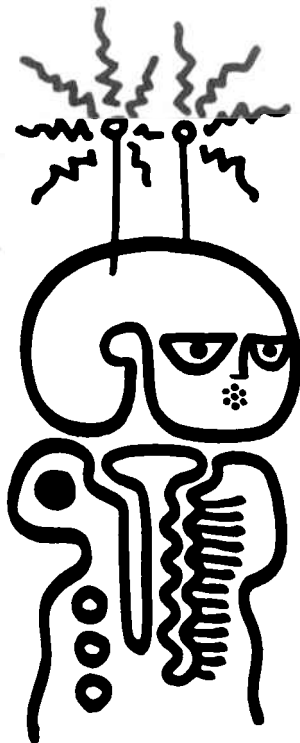
If the value of the rest of SCIENCE FICTION TIMES is comparable to the usefulness of its listing of fanzines published during the preceding month than all LOCUS has to do to drive it out of business is also arrange to report publishing house press releases. That possibility is raised by the November 1968 issue of our TIMES with its mysterious catalog of fan publications. The attempt to convey a hint of the contents of the magazines listed is pitiful and any suggestion of quality, which could be accomplished with a simple rating system, is nonexistent. Thus reader and fanzine editor alike are treated to such plain deservances as: "PSYCHOTIC 27. Richard Geis, P.O.Box 3116, Santa Monica, Calif. 90403. Monthly. 25¢ ea. General." The two misstatements of fact are bad enough but what value is a description which could be applied with equal validity to ESQUIRE? "Admiral" would have been a better term failing something more descriptive.

tive of the most lively and stimulating fanzine of bickering among science-fiction's luminaries I've seen since Cogswell's PITFCS. Wouldn't the readers of SF TIMES enjoy watching the stones fly? I'm not going to check the technical data given for Peter Weston's SPECULATION but one is finally tantalized with the information that it is "Sercon". It seems these deficiencies are not lost on Peter for elsewhere in the issue he has bought space to acquaint the TIMES' audience with the fact he is publishing precisely the sort of magazine they might want to receive (I've just noticed, Ghu help us, that the ad gives a price of 35¢ though the TIMES listing offers it for 30¢!). If I were a pro writer, editor, or reader I would think some idea of the contents of the Geis and Weston fanzines is news fit to print. Finally, to end this item on a note of personal peevishness, I come to the listing of "WARHOON 24. Richard Bergeron, 11 E. 68th St, N.Y. 10021, Irreg. 35¢ ea." Only telepathy gives any indication this 60¢ quarterly is of more interest than STAR ROCKETS which, it might be noted, could also be described as "Sercon" and "General". Wrhn 25 contains James Blish's reply (as delivered from the podium of the Phillycon) to Philip Jose Farmer's Baycon speech (printed in SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, nee PSYCHOTIC). The listing in SF TIMES may award us respectively with "Occasional" and "Discussions". If we're lucky.

## THE RETURN OF BOB SHAW

The greatest fanzine of all time is not HYPHEN.

HYPHEN is merely the greatest fanzine of all time, thus far. I submit the greatest fanzine is still to be and there is hope, yet, for a Doug Lovenstein or an Ed Reed to create that mythical model fanzine. Unfortunately for the aspirants such titles as HYPHEN and SKYHOOK (to cite the twin peaks of the humorous and serious aspects of our hobby) remain the marks to surpass and an applicant should plan on possessing a blend of the best talents of Walt Willis and Redd Boggs as well as the energy of Sam Moskowitz and Lyndon Johnson. Another ability our prospective titan will need is the power to raise the dead. By this I mean our budding editor of the greatest you-know-what must be able to rekindle the fannish spirits of people like Charles Burbules, Lee Hoffman, Dean Grennell, and Damon Knight and draw them into active participation in his fanzine. Unfortunately the chances of surpassing the quality of yesterdays fanzines is slight without the help of fans long removed from the scene like Bob Leman, Richard Elsberry and Terry Carr. The fan who can evoke substantial contributions from the names in this paragraph (though I doubt the prose of Lyndon Johnson is especially fannish) will give even HYPHEN and SKYHOOK a run for their place in fan history. Without them our editor is going to have to come up with a large number of excellent writers who have been unaccountably shy in the current fandom.



Now that you know the secret formula for creating the best fanzine of all time, I'll tell you another secret: it's a lot more difficult than it sounds. For reasons that defy understanding the fans of the past seem quite content with their present obscurity and it will take an as yet unknown combination of personal traits to simultaneously succeed in awakening A. Langley Searles and A. Vincent Clarke. I'm waiting for the fan who can inspire Bob Bloch to revive his OOPSLA! column and persuade Richard Elsberry to produce the department which was the best thing ever published in ODD.

As one who is always willing to try out his pet theories of fan activity be assured I've already discovered that for twin reasons the chances of drawing Chuck Harris back into fandom are dim and James White's present commitments create an unpromising situation for future fan writing. But when Walt Willis casually mentioned he might suggest a collaboration with Bob Shaw on a subject we had discussed, two metal antennae slide silently upward into view from a point slightly in front of the cross cranial fissure and my well oiled head turned implacably toward 6 Cheltenham Park. After a bit of fine tuning the mechanism was set to receive any sensitive fannish vibrations which might emit from the Shaw residence.

Let me pause, seriously for a moment, to make clear I don't delude myself for an instant that I am any more than a lucky fan in the right place at the right time: any ability I might have in luring back the dearly departed is strictly limited to being willing to open the crypt door after they are already frantically pounding on the inside of it. If anyone, for instance, wanted to credit me with resurrecting Walter Breen for the revived Wrhn they should know that after a lack of contact of perhaps 2-4 years my letter to Breen inviting him to contribute was crossed in the mail by Breen's offering to write' (Is it any wonder he is now dabbling in the occult?) And I think Walt Willis was also awaiting the appearance of a likely vehicle for a return because the appeal of oblivion was beginning to pall. Still, it is part of a fanzine editor's duties to be aware of stirrings to life on the part of potential contributors and to make sure the ambiance is fertile for a revival of interest. For a time the transmission of signals continued to arrive through Willis (though one might have noted a mention of Bob in the We Also Heard From section of PSYCHOTIC 25) and in his next letter the indications were clear: "At the moment he's finishing his third book and curiously enough is looking forward eagerly to becoming active in fandom again."

I've always looked on Shaw as one of those secret masters of fandom (unlike public masters such as Geis and Fisher) whose work inspires a mingling of awe and delight but whose sphere of activity seems so far removed from my own that I'm resigned to the role of silent admiration. Another secret influence on the shape of fandom whose work was of superb quality was Burbee who, though for years he shouldered the herculean task of official editor of Papa, one always felt never had enough interest in fandom to produce a two page article. Shaw's work, a long and wonderful series of articles in HYPHEN, the important and ripe for reprinting "Fansmanship Lectures", and co-authorship of "The Enchanted Duplicate" well qualified him for the role of living legend. Redd Boggs noted in November 1960 "Anybody who can beat out Shaw in any given issue of HYPHEN deserves a Hugo of his own. I have been a Bob Shaw buff for years" though I don't recall another single mention of Shaw by Redd in 20 years of fanactivity (and I've just searched through every fanzine I've ever received).

Nothing came of the contemplated collaboration between Willis and Shaw though I doubt there would have been any difficulty in getting it published. The next opening arrived with the first installment of the Harp in which Walt touched on the subject of Shaw's isolation: "Bob had been under what amounted to exclusive contract to me. It was not so much that I jealously hid his light under my bushel, though I admit I did not go about proclaiming his availability, so much that everything he wrote he showed to me first and I promptly published it: and since he seldom engaged in correspondence other fanzine editors sensibly and ethically assumed he was a SLANT/HYPHEN property." In HYPHEN 23 (Nov 59), a 24pa issue containing only 14 pages by Shaw, Walt noted "There has never been enough Bob Shaw writing in fanzines — how could there be? — and this one is no exception" though it wasn't until 9 years later that he explained why.

I'll spare you the details of how my letter of comment on the above quote from the Harp led to a friendship and the return of Shaw the acti-fan. What the details amount to is that the time was right and a minimum of egoboo and interest were necessary to re-activate the author of "Quo Voidus".

The purpose of the above is to provide a demonstration of the importance of redeveloping talent that is often wasting in fandom and sometimes waiting for the proper opportunity to reassert itself. But even on the current scene, to cite a glaring example for those who don't haunt the crypts like myself, is one of the most interesting and witty writers we have, John Bangsund, who appears only three or four times a year in short editorials for AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW. An editor who gives fine reproduction, prompt publication, good circulation, and a lively letter section, might be able to persuade John to write one of the best columns in fandom. (And if you can't or won't provide such services it will be understandably difficult to get work from the better writers.) It's people like John Bangsund and Creath Thorne who fan editors should be convincing that a column can be a rewarding experience (and then up to the editors to make sure that it is) instead of besieging over-worked writers like Roy Tackett and Ed Cox. In fact the columnists who are active should be considered last because if they can be persuaded to over-extend themselves the result is likely to be two columns with half the time devoted to them that the writer was previously devoting to one — with a possible corresponding drop in quality as well — a situation benefiting no one, least of all the editor who succeeds with an over-accomodating author.

In fandom it seems to be the exception that one's idols turn out to have





feet of clay and it quickly became apparent that Shaw was no exception. The following is a short instruction in how secret masters get to be that way.

When Bob sent "The Cosy Universe", a short reminiscence on the comfortably predictable elements in the sf of our youth, for Wrhn 24, he mentioned in an accompanying note "What I would like to do is try to send you an occasional 'Irish Diary' type of thing, not so much recording events here but mentioning IF's current thinking about this and that. If you like the idea I'll start keeping notes right away." Needless to say, I replied that the piece in hand was perfect (as indeed it was) and if he could cough up another couple items we'd have a fine opening installment of what I'd love to see develop into a regular column. Time passed. I returned from a European vacation with about two weeks remaining

to complete the issue in time for the Fapa mailing and some 15 of 60 stencils cut! I said the magic words ("Gafia Press") and changed myself into Superfan — a singleminded monster devoted to one thing: the production of fan activity. This was my mental state when an air-mail note from Shaw arrived. It seems Bob had "contracted a fairly serious eye complaint, known as iritis" and it had completely disabled him for writing. He had started on a short piece but hadn't been able to finish it due to the compleycations: "Must stop now. My eyes are watering like hell, and nobody likes to see a strong man cry". Superfan ruthlessly calculating that Bob had exactly one week to turn his article into a column, aware that Shaw was unaware of the actual deadline, praying that iritis wasn't as serious as it sounded, and hoping it had mysteriously gone away, wished Bob well and hoped (in a needlessly cold blooded pun encouraged by Shaw's unaccountably bouyant spirits) he could see his way to writing the additional material.

Two short pieces arrived on the day 6<sup>th</sup> copies of the issue were sent to the Fapa OE. "The Psychedelic Effects of Phaseolus Vulgaris", a sly commentary on druggy writing in fanzines, was used as the opening of Bob's pages in Wrhn 25. The second item was written in long hand in a moving automobile and the short manuscript itself is a graphic description of FIAWOLism. Superfan begged off publishing this other piece on the grounds it was too topical and would, praise Roscoe, be hopelessly out of date by the time the next issue appeared but the real reason was that if he did everyone would know that Superfan's real name was Simon Legree.

Now that I'm myself again and have no compunctions about exposing Superfan I'd like to present that item here as a reminder that fandom has in it some of the most incredibly obliging people on earth. I give you Shaw on holiday:

#### EYES RIGHT

I'm writing this in the car, on the road from Belfast to Dublin. It feels odd — jotting notes this way — partly because the constant movement of the vehicle makes writing difficult, partly because it's the first time in two weeks that I've been able to put words on paper.

Fourteen days ago the iris of my right eye became inflamed and threatened to gum itself permanently to the lens, which would have cost me the sight on that side. The condition is technically, and not very originally, named iritis, and it hurts. (I stress the word, because it seemed to me that I was in agony, but how does one know what amount of pain constitutes real suffering? Does the exact quantity of pain that makes me pale and silent, cause another person merely to swallow an aspirin and carry on as usual, and yet another to scream or faint? Anyway, I looked it up in the encyclopedia and was informed that iritis is characterized by extreme pain. That made me feel better. Another link established with the human race.)

So for the past two weeks I've been back and forward to hospital, receiving various treatments. For ten days none of it did any good, then the con-

sultant decided to get tough, and gave me an injection direct into the eyeball. Nerve-wracking but not painful, turned the eye snow-white for a while, making it even more hideous than a few hours on Ian McAulay's home brew would have done. But it brought immediate relief, and so I can go on holiday with the family as long as I move the eye along and keep up the other treatments — one set of drops eight times a day, another set twice a day, tablets five times a day, wear dark glasses, don't get tired, don't do any driving.

Incredibly, I'm allowed to read a little and to drink as much liquor as I want, so I'll enjoy the holiday regardless of the other restrictions...

It's hot this morning and the children are sleeping in the rear seat. There's more traffic than usual on the road — this is Horse Show Week in Dublin. I'd forgotten. We reached the border and a bored customs man waves us on through in a bunch of about fifteen other cars without even stopping us.

Heading on south the radio stops picking up the BBC too well and I switch to Radio Eirann, which reminds me suddenly of my father who was a southerner and never lost his brogue, although he spent most of his life in Belfast. Every Sunday night before the war he listened to a quiz on Radio Eirann. It started with the quiz master asking questions worth a penny each, and went on for a full hour, by which time the stakes were up to a dizzy sixpence per question. The atmosphere in the room used to grow tense as hell, but it was mainly because he didn't allow anyone to utter a single word while the programme was on.

Every small town we pass through is full of nuns with collecting boxes. I never noticed that before. It doesn't seem quite right. Perhaps if I take off my polarized glasses they'll all vanish. Basis of an UNKNOWN WORLDS story there.

Time for another drop of cortisone in the eye. I have no pain at all now and the eye feels very comfortable, as though it doesn't need a drop. But iritis is an old enemy (I first got it three years ago) and I don't fall into any traps. Sadie pulls into a lay-by. One drop. Cool, dispersing, like a single snowflake landing on your tongue.

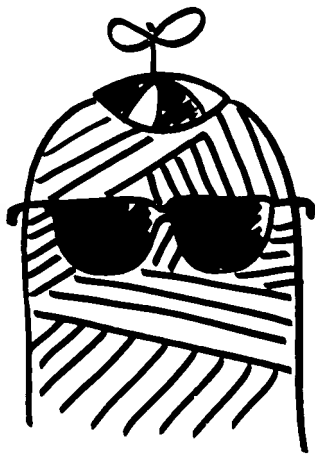
It's still very hot. I think I'll have a pint of beer before lunch. Should it be McArdle's or Smithwill's? Big decision ahead. I'll doze off and allow my subconscious to reach a decision for me. Besides, sleep is restful for the eyes...

Even Superfan had a moist eye when he finished reading that. I did feel a bit guilty but it was characteristic of Bob to disabuse me of any silly delusions I had forced him into critical fan activity: "Thanks for all the nice things you said about Bob Shaw the Martyr, but they aren't true... the truth is I wanted to write that piece in the car on the way down to Dublin because my imagination was captivated by the idea of being in a good American fanzine. If I hadn't felt that way, no amount of pressure, bribery or cajolery would have got me to put pen to paper. Basically, I'm a lazy slob." That made me feel better but the nagging thought persists that the episode reveals Shaw's good qualities more clearly than it does my own.

Bob has kept me posted on his progress and from various clues I deduce the eye trouble is clearing up: clues such as the fact that he read Wrnh 24 and wrote a two page letter about it, a daunting experience under the best of conditions I'm sometimes told, and sent an incredibly detailed drawing on life and times at 170 Upper Newtownards Road as an illustration for Harry Warner's biography of Willis, and four pages of material for the column — I warned him he might out-page Breen and White but the prospect doesn't seem to frighten him at all.

There's a bit from one of his progress reports I'd like to quote because it seems a pity to bury it in my letter files and it'll be many years before the volume of Shaw correspondence is published: "It hasn't been much fun (although one evening when I ventured out with my linen-wrapped head and dark glasses to further reduce the glimmer of light, I encountered two small boys in the street and heard one of them whisper, 'Look out — here comes the Invisible Man'.) but I think I am, at last, making a complete recovery, although one lens of my glasses has to remain blacked out for another week to rest the eye. (I've been compared to an Israeli general, Long John Silver (although my legs feel perfectly all right) and Lord Nelson)."

In a sense the children were right because it sometimes seems Bob is fandom's most famous Invisible Man. An illustration of this occurred in the last SHAGGY: Len Bailes comparing unfavorably the efforts of today's fandom with those of the past mentions the names of most of the important humorists of the last couple of fandoms except Bob Shaw — though he is praised obliquely when Len bemoans the fact that "today there are no Enchanted Duplicators". One might with equal validity note there were none before it, either. But the obvious point is that documents of equal importance can only be found in a fandom capable of inspiring them. So it's imperative we not carelessly withhold our attentions and recognition when valuable fans of the past indicate renewed interest. I don't think we can expect another "Enchanted Duplicator" because it was a manifestation of another time but the active presence of the author's of yesterday's masterpieces will set an example to inspire this fandom's epics.



And if they don't, who will?

#### IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES

While searching through The Collection for some of the more obscure quotes used in this installment I found Lee Hoffman in the OOPSLA! WAWish (July 52) recalling that when she asked Willis if he might someday contribute something to QUANDRY she was "practically floored when he replied suggesting that he might do a regular one-page column for me." If you have a good memory you might remember at the beginning of this column I revealed that "Fangdom" was to have been a one-page item in EGOBOO. It is now as long (in wordage) as a typical issue of that fanzine. :: Also while embedded in the stacks I came upon an issue of Mike Deckinger's HOCUS, subtitled "Fangdom's Finest Fanzine". There's no date on the issue, which is #11, but a toothsome Prosser cover depicting a winged devil ripping the heads off a naked couple in the act of intercourse is dated "59". Seth Johnson was my source for the word, as I mentioned earlier, and I wonder if he was Mike's as well or if someone else coined it? :: The Power of Advertising: After negotiating an exchange of space for artwork I recently placed ads consisting of quotes from my fanzine in PSYCHOTIC, SPECULATION, and AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW. Now I know why good publishers aren't flooding fanzines with pages of advertisements. PSYCHOTIC drew 3 inquiries, SPECULATION 2, and ASFR did quite well but no one wrote to me. They all tried to buy it from Bangsund who has no copies to sell — and John wrote one of the best advertisements I've ever seen in a fanzine!

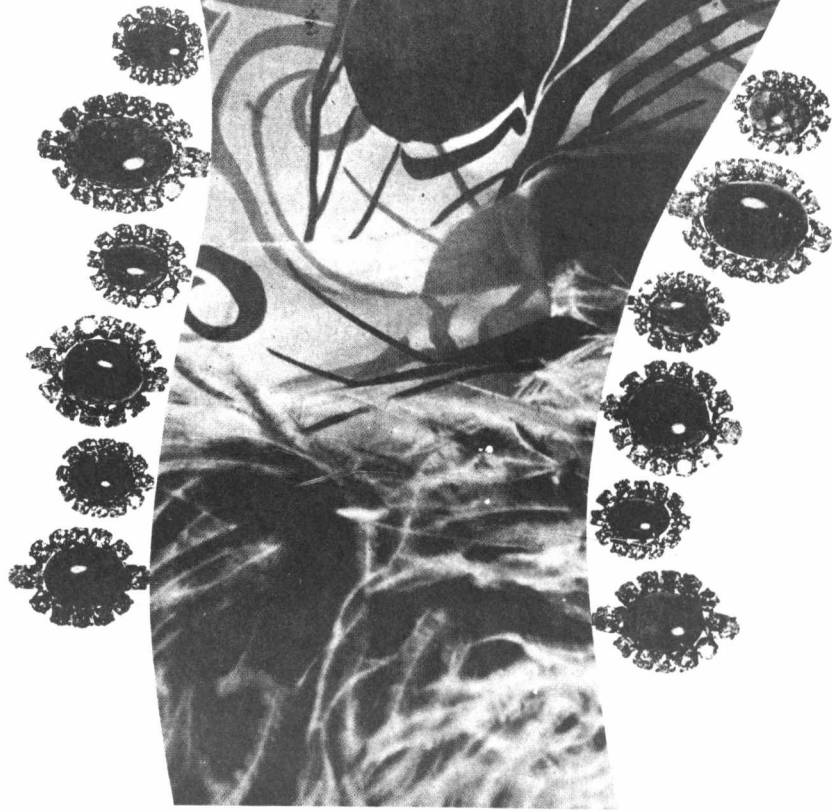
#### FIRST AND LAST WORDS?

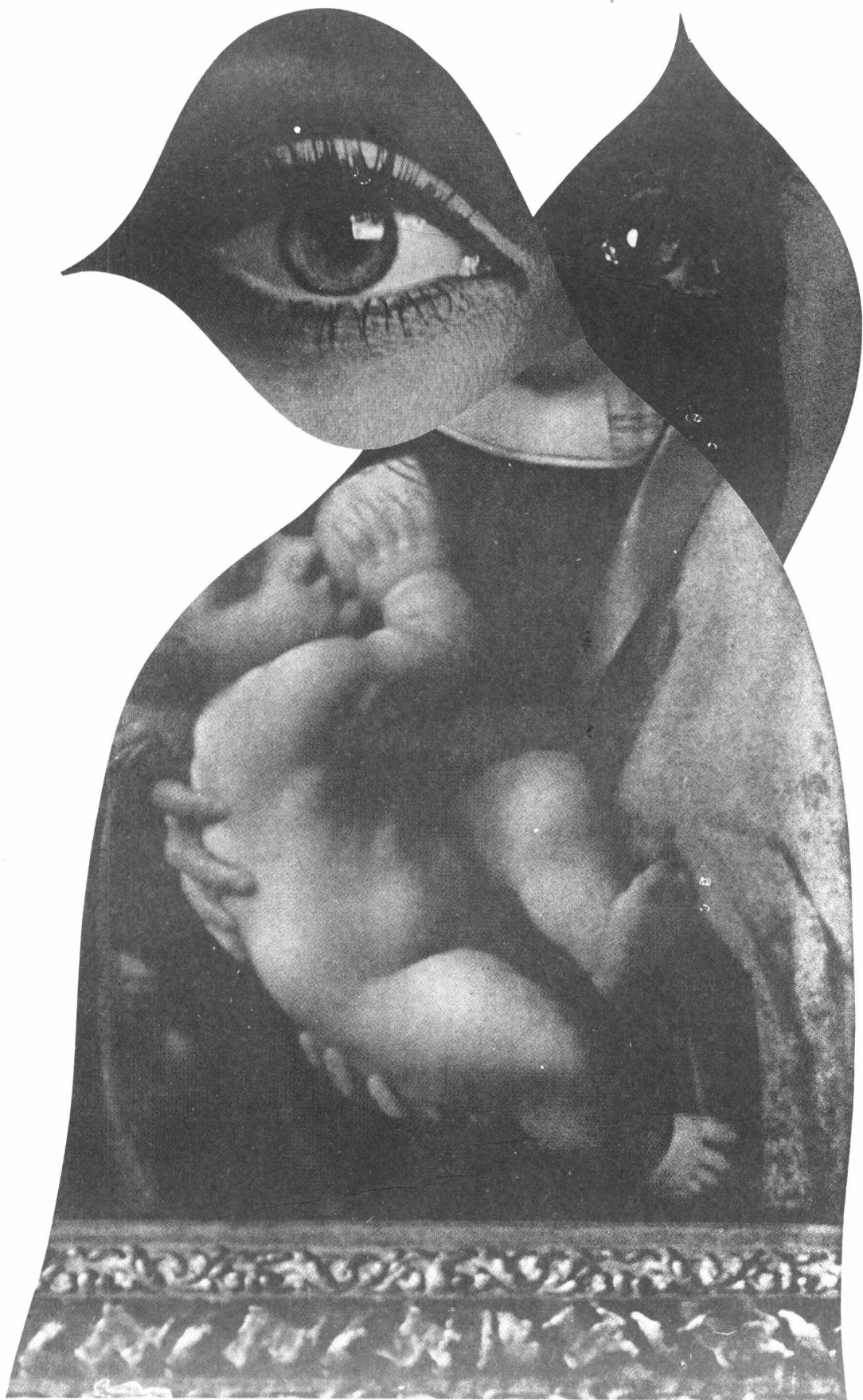
The heralding of non-fiction pieces by James Blish and Bob Silverberg on the January AMAZING STORIES persuaded me to buy the issue but I found the most amazing thing in it was editor Barry Malzberg's editorial. It seems this is his first editorial for the magazine and perhaps it suffers from the condition that there isn't room in prozines for people to say what they mean: he starts arrestingly enough with a confession that as a "fiction writer by instinct as well as bad luck, I have found it necessary to lie almost all the time in order to reflect any kind of truth whatsoever." It would take another 7 pages of this issue to weigh the various possibilities of what that might mean, but even at face value it's not as striking as two sentences which appear a little further on: (1) "A large and increasing percentage of space however will be used for new stories and I think that the bulk of our original material can now be said to compare favorably with that of our competitors." and (2) "Finally, it is my contention that the majority of modern magazine science fiction is ill-written, ill characterized, ill-conceived and so excruciatingly dull as to make me question the ability of the writers to stay awake during its composition, much less the readers during its absorption." The first remark, in light of the second, is actually damning with faint praise: in other words AMAZING STORIES' new material looks pretty good compared to the crud in the rest of the field. He didn't say he thought it was any good, however. The second remark is fascinating for its context and is the sort of observation one expects from readers rather than editors.

LOCUS reports that Malzberg is now an ex-editor. It would appear from the above that his problem wasn't that he liked lying better but that he loved the truth too well.

# Into The Sixth Dimension

Dick Bergeron









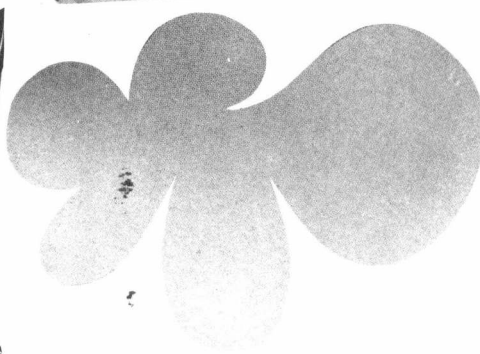
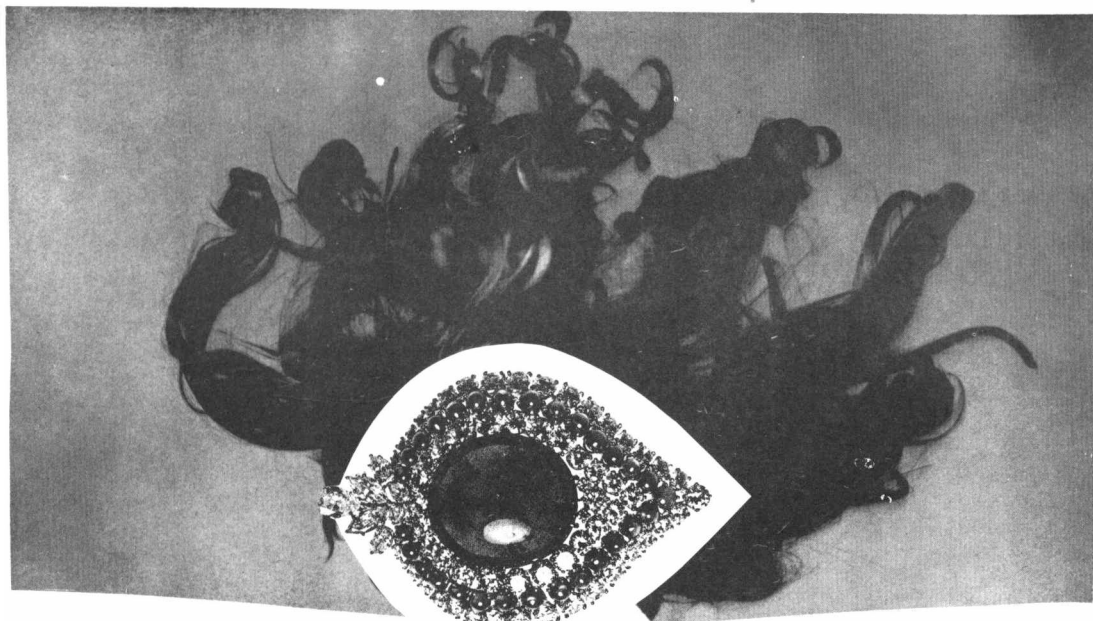






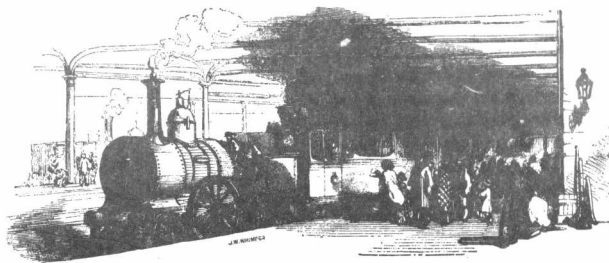






# SLOW TRAIN

by  
TED



JOHN SHONE

## THROUGH GONDOR

By the time this is published and read, the first flight to the moon should be over, and its dates and personnel part of history. But I just heard. They intend to reach the moon on Christmas Eve, orbit ten times and sixty miles, and blast back for Earth on Christmas Day. So even if Christ's birth is hardly worth celebrating any more, we have something else to remember for the next twenty centuries -- something which even Bradbury never suggested. History, it has often been proposed, has a way of coming out far beyond even the most fantastically implausible expectations. Releasing the energy of the atom nearly a quarter of a century before space travel? Not many SF readers or writers would have believed it in 1937.

This is an historic time we share as the seventh decade of the twentieth century Domini draws to a close. Like England in the 1890s, like Germany in the 1920s, like other places at other times, events crowd close upon each other and the structure of the universe seems to be cracking. Adventure has been defined as "great discomfort viewed from a great distance", and it has been my experience generally that this is the case; wars, prolonged catastrophes, times of great anxiety and stress are always recounted or recalled in brighter colors than are less interesting periods. These few years will be remembered clearly when the 1950s, say, are mostly forgotten. The '50s lacked the symptoms of a memorable era like the '20s or the '90s, when all artistic aspects of the culture developed a recognizable stylization, for instance. These are the periods that are imitated, studied, remembered fondly and sung sadly of. They are, in short, nostalgic. These were exciting times, being swept away by the winds of change which have been gusting across the world for most of a century.

Remember wired-in dial telephones, voice-only? Remember when there were only ten or a dozen TV channels occupied? Remember single-unit residences, with windows on all four sides and a little bit of dirt and grass? Remember when you could get real beef steak in a restaurant for a couple of dollars any time you wanted? Remember when you could go walking right outdoors at night and it was dark? Remember "psychedelic"?

A long time ago, when I was reading the classics in first publication, it seemed to me that "The Future" started about 1970. This was the future that included going to the moon, TV phones, anthill living on algae products, and whatever was taken for granted in the backgrounds of the "near-future" yarns (those that gave us a chance to escape Atomageddon). And now it's nearly here. I think what convinced me was a chance prediction that struck very close to home -- three blocks, to be specific. In *The Stolen Dormouse*, de Camp had his hero in Los Angeles getting off the Wilshire Blvd. subway in the middle of a major skyscraper complex at Western Avenue. In the four years I've lived three blocks from Wilshire and Western I've seen two concrete-steel-and-black-glass towers rise on that corner; this week I watched the workers tearing down the old buildings which used to stand on the site of Ahmanson Center; and the Transit Authority has released plans for a three-infinity-dollar plan including a subway under Wilshire with a major interchange at Western.

The Future may not deserve a specific dividing line like "1970"; it'll be growing for some time yet. But not forever. According to the Astrologers, the slow precession of the equinoxes which moves our Terrestrial axis around one full wobble every 24,000 years brings a new sign into dominance every 20 centuries. Indeed, the last time Western Civilization (if you'll pardon the euphemism) underwent such a total change was during a few hundred years about that long ago. I think you will admit that very little changed from 400 A.D. to 1600 A.D.

Whatever the reason, we seem to be in another period of massive rearrangement, on a larger scale than anything in recorded history, and faster. One hundred years ago, most of the human race, including the most advanced, lived pretty much as they had for a thousand years. They farmed the land in the same way, except they used draft animals more; they had no light but the sun and flame; their fastest transport could scarcely cover more than twenty miles in an hour. Our grandparents can remember some ways of life which had not changed

since the fall of the Roman Empire. And now, in a few weeks, men will go to the moon. At the same time, in the most remote, primitive part of the world, an illiterate tribesman stands beside his flock of scrawny goats or squats beside a waterhole, and in his hand a little black transistor radio chatters in his own language about the launch schedule, his government's latest promises and tomorrow's weather, and tells him of the importance of being able to read and write. His sons will grow up to watch television and know more about the world than he could imagine. The winds of change are blowing high, and they will blow higher yet before they fade away, but those of us who survive the storm may see them end. Perhaps wishfully, certainly hopefully, I believe that the decade following the turn of the millenium could be the beginning of a great and happy period for the human race.



This is the sort of statement that gets a writer a reputation for being a fool, should his work survive past its target date. It's still acceptable in fiction, but an uncloaked prognostication, especially one of peace and prosperity, would have an especially bitter taste in the mouth for the victims of a wrecked and collapsing civilization. Nevertheless, I've tried to make a guess at what things might look like, and how they'll get that way. You might not like some of it -- I don't like a lot of it myself -- but this is how it looks from here.

Consider the Japanese. I propose that the Japanese culture is as much a hybrid as the American, without the discontinuity in heritage. Historically, the Japanese have developed very little independently, borrowing instead from all the races they came in contact with, adapting their forms of writing, their cooking, their clothing, their language, and improving on them. In effect, they might be considered a distillation of Asian culture. Similarly, the British were a distillation of European culture, from the Classic Greek onward, and the American way of life now is the result of a second distillation of immigrants added to the basically British culture.

Now the Great Experiment of Total Individual Freedom is beginning to fail in this country. Increased knowledge and personal power require increased responsibility. But knowledge and power can be given, while responsibility must come from within. In another decade or two America will be either an uneasy anarchy or a police state. But for the last twenty years the strongest influence on Japan has been the American occupation, and all reports seem to indicate the development of a new Japan, as different from the old as the 20th Century is from the 15th.

The world is becoming more crowded every day, and soon we will all be just a little bit squeezed and short on food. The Japanese have already evolved a way of life on a small set of islands with a few too many people and not quite enough room. Some of their conventions will have to be copied by other cultures in similar conditions, where certain attitudes will be necessary for continued sanity and survival.

But what of America? It's staggering already, but probably will not fall into ruins all at once any more than Britain did, instead just undergoing a gradual deterioration of world respect and power. Japanese shipyards are already the best in the world. Their Gross National Product is going up-up-up and we're buying more from them than they are from us. By the turn of the millenium, Japan's culture will probably have been adopted or adapted over most of the world. That's relatively okay by me -- from what I've seen of it, this evolving amalgamation of American and Japanese is a lot better than many things that nearly happened, and will probably be reasonably representative of the best of Terrestrial Civilization. And just in time to present a more or less unified front to the rest of the Galaxy. Because in another hundred years, when the Infinite Frontier is effectively opened, there will be release for the forces of violent change which have been bottling up on this frontierless planet for less than a century.

You want to fight? Go Out There and fight. You don't like the way we live? Go Out There and live however you want to. You're an incorrigible criminal? Get Out There and don't come back.

What'll the home culture be like? Take a look at that average world citizen, whose grandfather probably never stirred beyond a hundred miles from home more than once in his life and knew of the rest of the world only by rumor and vague report. Now the entire world comes through a box directly to him, and with comparatively little effort he can arrange to find out personally what's happening. Everybody is finding out about everybody else, and the have-nots are finding out what the haves have, and wanting some too. This is not a stable condition, which means eventually it will resolve. I would prefer to view the resolution from a distance directly related to how quickly it takes place.

Cheap transportation and mass communications have already shaped the new generation in this country. As a rural nation becomes increasingly urban, the young are becoming increasingly sophisticated and more insistent on exercising their new-made freedom. In twenty years their cultural patterns will be part of the new middle class, regardless of the political state of the country.

In the summer of 1961 I dashed off a first-draft comment in my N'APazine based on a recent Campbell editorial concerning the progress and evolution of civilization, from the wandering nomad through the tribesman to the barbarian and eventually the citizen. Using the patterns he had indicated, I predicted a possible next step in the evolution. I will not compound the egotism of quoting my own ephemera by reprinting the article in its entirety, but in part I said this:

It'll be people in constant open communication; people who consider the status quo a mistake; people who are considered by outsiders as disorganized fools ... or anarchists who want to destroy everything civilization stands for. It'll be people who believe in real freedom, controlled by reason and good sense; people who believe in the importance of the individual but are able to work together without being forced; people who have a fairly liberal philosophy of accepting the other guy on his own merits ...

Now people being the way they are, and a Cultural Mass involving a lot of inertia, it's likely to be at least another generation before the edges get worn off of this increasingly popular -- if not yet fully functional -- way of life. According to everything I believe, it should be a better way of life than the old. But I've been wrong before.



The individual has never been more than a statistical unit in the natural evolution of species. Only since Homo Sap developed a mind capable of imagining itself has the concept of the individual had any real meaning, and have single members of the species been capable of the advancement of the whole. This seems to be the latest product of The Long Experiment. Size didn't work. If Individuality doesn't, it'll be discarded the same way. As long as it does work, we'll survive, and over the long run things should get better. If it doesn't, then our world will end and all bets are off until something better evolves.

# The Village Storybook

Several months have now gone by since I watched Patrick McGoohan climb into Kar-1260 and drive off into the closing credits of the last episode of *The Prisoner*. Fandom has moved on to other fads, but my mind is still blown. I feel as though *The Prisoner* is a significant Exposition of the nature of Man and His Society.

My only problem is that I still don't understand the damn thing. Should one try to interpret the series as a dramatic whole on a purely literal level (i.e. "it's about a spy captured by an unknown power and imprisoned in a kind of detention camp..."), or make broad allegorical statements about the meanings of symbols? The following is my attempt to untangle the show in my own head.

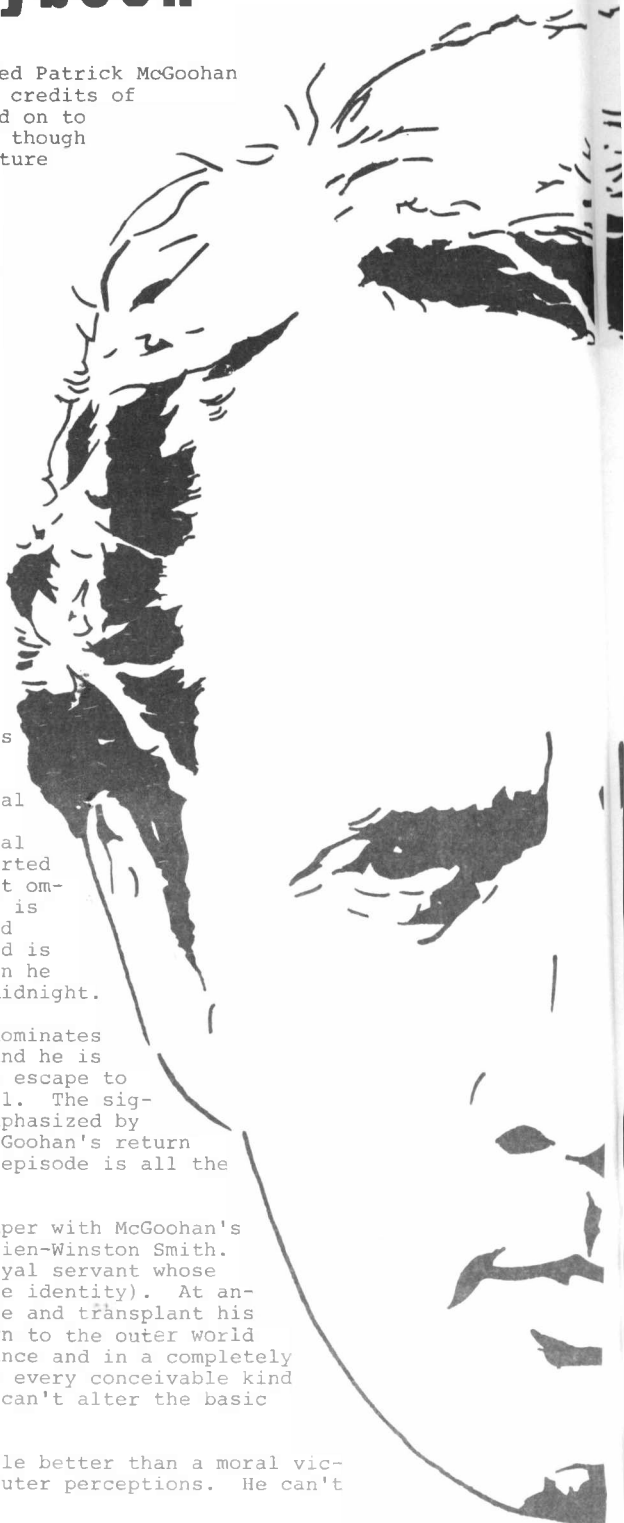
The last two episodes of *The Prisoner* are a mirror image and encapsulation of the first fifteen. In the first fifteen episodes, there is no temporal continuity, but there is a general trend in McGoohan's behavior as the series progresses which indicates that events occurred in some order. Ted White suggested that all of the episodes were subjective experiences in McGoohan's head, and that the show portrayed the same day over and over again. Evidence in the last two shows throws this theory out. There are flashbacks to McGoohan's previous actions in the Village. We can reasonably assume that he was captured, spent X number of weeks in the Village, and finally escaped, the individual shows being arbitrary cross sections of his progress.

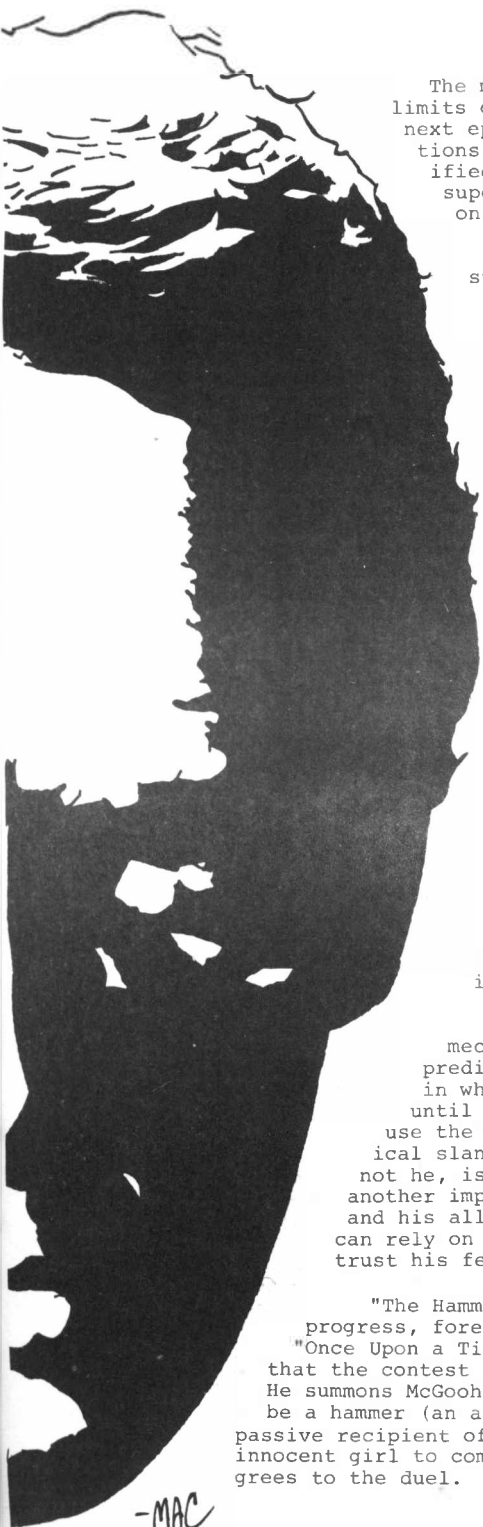
The early episodes deal with McGoohan's initial encounters with a powerful Controlling Authority. The theme is the Prisoner's own survival on a mental and physical level despite an absolute control exerted on his environment. During this time, the apparent omnipotence and omniscience of the Village hierarchy is established. McGoohan can't escape. He is watched wherever he goes. He tries to escape to London and is misled into believing that he has succeeded. Then he notices that Big Ben chimes only eleven times at midnight.

The motif of getting away from the Village dominates the Prisoner completely for the first few weeks, and he is always frustrated. When finally he does manage to escape to the "real" London, the viewer is properly skeptical. The significance of the "real" trees, houses, etc., is emphasized by the previous failures. The tension builds, and McGoohan's return to the Village at the end of the "Happy Birthday" episode is all the more crushing.

The Village demonstrates that it can also tamper with McGoohan's brain and control his inner environment, a la O'Brien-Winston Smith. At one point they make him believe that he is a loyal servant whose job it is to break down the real No. 6 (his Village identity). At another point they wipe out his memory of the Village and transplant his brain into another body. They permit him to return to the outer world several times, but always under complete surveillance and in a completely controlled context. In short, they subject him to every conceivable kind of internal and external coercion, but they still can't alter the basic qualities of his personality.

In the first episodes, McGoohan obtained little better than a moral victory. The Village can control all his inner and outer perceptions. He can't be broken, but he is helpless.





The middle episodes are an extension of the earlier ones. The limits of the game were set up in the first few weeks. In the next episodes, the Village tries more and more bizarre alterations of McGoohan's environment in an attempt to obtain unspecified information from him. (We later discover that this is a superficial motivation. The Village wants the information only because McGoohan won't willingly give it.)

Gradually, McGoohan begins to attack the Village instead of merely trying to escape. The Village still maintains its control on his environment, however. All his clever plans are foreseen and thwarted. He is deliberately encouraged to rebel so that his continued failure and frustration may aid in breaking him. He is given several false pictures of the Village hierarchy, and as an audience we begin to wonder how the Village is really run. (No. 2, the nominal head, is a different person each episode. At one point things are seemingly run by a computer, and at another by a Citizen's Council.)

The fact is developed that the Village wants to use the Prisoner for some purpose. In one sequence, McGoohan participates in a game of living chess as the queen's pawn. This is a symbolic illustration of his future role. We also see more of McGoohan's fellow inmates. It becomes evident that he is not the only man who has been abducted in this way. We begin to learn something about the Prisoner as a person. He constantly attempts to get others to rebel for their own good. He feels compassion for the other prisoners and tries to help them against the establishment.

At an early point McGoohan announces that he intends to separate the prisoners from the warders. The later episodes are a development of this theme. The human chess game episode I described above is a turning point in the series. Here for the first time McGoohan assumes an air of arrogance, and he begins to get away with things. His fellow prisoners believe that anyone who is sure of himself must be a warder, and the warders are used to the prisoners behaving in a subservient manner.

In the later episodes, McGoohan is his own man. On a mechanistic level, he now understands the Village and can predict what form their persecution will take. In the episode in which he is declared "Unmutual", he blusters his way around until the cadre believe he is one of them. He now learns to use the Village's own weapons against it. By practicing ideological slander against No. 2, he convinces the Village that No. 2, not he, is unmutual. In the chess game sequence, McGoohan learned another important lesson. Here he had confided in another prisoner, and his ally betrayed him out of fear. McGoohan discovers that he can rely on no one but himself, however much he may want to help and trust his fellow prisoners.

"The Hammer and the Anvil", the episode shown while BAYCON was in progress, foreshadows the final McGoohan-McKern battle which occurs in "Once Upon a Time" (part one of the final show). No. 2 here determines that the contest between No. 6 and the Village will become a personal duel. He summons McGoohan to inform him that he *will* be broken. A man must either be a hammer (an active force, shaping those around him) or an anvil (the passive recipient of the force). No. 2 demonstrates his power by forcing an innocent girl to commit suicide. McGoohan witnesses this and embitteredly agrees to the duel. He then proceeds to break No. 2 by a series of irrelevant

-MAC

by Len Bailes



tions which pose a seeming threat to the Village. No. 2's own paranoid mentality leads to defeat. No. 2 attempts to read meaning into all of McGooohan's random actions. Finally, in a direct confrontation, McGooohan is able to Fake It enough to convince No. 2 that he is really a high-ranking official of the Village, present solely to test this No. 2's ability. (We also realize in this episode that the Technical Supervisor of the Laboratories and the little major-domo, two minor continuing characters, are higher in the Village's hierarchy than No. 2, even though they are seemingly subject to his orders.) Here we have the final exposition of McGooohan's progress. He has learned to use the system to achieve his ends. He can use the system to make the system break down, but he is still subject to the system. He must still operate by subterfuge and he isn't Free.

"The Girl Who Was Death" is the episode which immediately follows "The Hammer and the Anvil". In a way it is a bridge between the fourteen independent episodes and the final two-part conclusion. It is a much more surrealist script than any of the first fourteen, but not nearly as metaphysical and symbolic as the last two. In it we find Patrick McGooohan in the outer world again in his old job as Secret Agent (his previous TV series). There is no reference to the Village. His job is to stop a Mad Scientist who is threatening to destroy London. The show moves like a John Drake/Danger Man adventure, and may have been included to establish continuity with McGooohan's old series. No. 6 is definitely identified as Drake in the last show, and it is obvious that *The Prisoner* is an extension of the character development of the earlier show. Drake, you'll recall, did not like his job, did not like killing, and had several doubts as to the ethics of his profession.

There may be a relationship between the lighthouse-rocket in this episode, and the rocket which takes off in the last show. Both were commanded by insane villains, and this episode may be meant to foreshadow the end in some symbolic way. Of course, it may be just a pad to spread the show over the requisite number of weeks. When the series ran in Canada and in England it was not shown in the same order as in the United States.

I got the impression that the action was a fictional story invented by McGooohan while he was captive in the Village. The show ends with him closing a book of photograph/paintings and shooing two children off to bed while No. 2 looks on through the viewscreen. Perhaps this is a narration of one of McGooohan's previous adventures, even the one which decided him to quit his job. It provides an added dimension to the character by showing how he functions as a free man. Some of the ambiguities in *The Prisoner* are deliberately open questions, I suspect. When they want you to abstract some bit of symbolism they are usually reasonably blatant about it.

In the last two episodes, the Prisoner regains his freedom. The first segment, "Once Upon a Time", pits No. 6 against Leo McKern, an old adversary from a previous

episode. It is agreed that the Village will use "Degree Absolute" conditioning. No. 2 and No. 6 will do battle and only one man will emerge in possession of his sanity. McGooohan is reduced to the level of a five year old child and is subjected to numerous tests and experiments in order to break him.

The nature of these tests is such that the pattern exactly resembles the pattern of the first episodes. During the first half hour, McGooohan is completely under the regression ray. No. 2 is in command and possesses absolute control over McGooohan's environment.

In probing into the Prisoner's background, the show tries to get to the crux of what makes him rebel. The Prisoner's antagonism toward authority goes back to his attitude toward his father. No. 2 attempts to become McGooohan's father in a number of guises, and McGooohan rebels on an instinctive rather than an intellectual level each time. The musical motif plays "Pop Goes the Weasel" and the two of them do theatre-of-the-absurd stage business around this theme. It's clear that to McGooohan, Pop is the Weasel. Throughout the series the director is very clever with the music. The strains of "Botany Bay" are heard alternating with "The Bear Went Over the Mountain/For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

Just as the paranoid world-view of No. 2 spelled defeat for the Village in "The Hammer and the Anvil", McKern is gradually defeated by McGooohan in the last half hour of this second-to-last segment. McGooohan turns the tables on McKern and becomes the interrogator while McKern becomes the prisoner. Frustrated at his inability to break the Prisoner, McKern becomes careless and neglects to re-expose McGooohan to the regression ray. In a neat bit of symbolism, McGooohan places McKern behind bars, and the major-domo now sides with him. The roles have been reversed. McGooohan cries, "Die, Six, Die!" McKern is now No. 6.

We learn that the Prisoner is John Drake during a sequence in which he has been regressed to his school days. Leo McKern as the Dean tries to get McGooohan to divulge information about another schoolmate. He says, "Drake, see me in my office." A fleeting clue, but it's there. McGooohan's reply? "I may be a fool, sir, but I'm not a rat." Always McGooohan is subject to the system but he will not violate his personal ethic.

We also learn why the Prisoner resigned from his job. "Too many people being killed," he says. "Too many people know too much." McKern sets up a mock situation in which McGooohan is a bombardier, and McGooohan is appalled at the killing he must do.

McGooohan forces No. 2 to break down by setting an example of conduct which makes No. 2 feel inferior and guilty. McGooohan asks why No. 2 submitted to the Village's brainwashing techniques, and McKern can't reply. The Village has done its worst to McGooohan and McGooohan has survived. It was hinted at previous to this that the entire

ordeal was training for McGoohan to assume the position of No. 1, and this is now explicitly stated. Temporal authority has done its best to control McGoohan and failed. Now McGoohan must control it. Hammer or anvil.

"Fall Out" is a rather difficult episode to explain. It's the last. I'm not even sure of what my eyes saw on the screen at one point. It's clear that the Village symbolizes Society (the Establishment). The two-part trial McGoohan watches examines the nature of rebellion against society. The hippie's rebellion ignores society. They threaten to kill him and he tells them "the bones are yours." The council's masks are equally divided between black and white, and the placards in front of them represent the major forces present in an organized society of men. The hippie sings several times and is silenced, but finally the entire jury starts dancing to his music.

The irony is that they all dance out of step, they don't hear the beat. This is clearly Youth vs. Authority. The older establishment can't hear the music...can't keep time, and they hate the hippie for it even though he's done nothing to them.

The second rebel is Leo McKern -- No. 2 brought back to life. He is the loyal servant of the establishment who now rejects it. Whereas the hippie was symbolic of radicalism, McKern is symbolic of reaction. He laments that he resisted the Village for so short a time before giving in.

Both sorts of rebellion, however, are inadequate. Neither one represents McGoohan's rebellion. McGoohan is taken to meet No. 1 in the guise of an omnipresent metal eye. It is clear that no one in the Village is No. 1. When McGoohan makes a speech to the council they don't hear him. All they can say is "I...I...I!" The Villagers want to use McGoohan to fill up the holes in their own identities. To them the rule of Hammer/Anvil is an inflexible one... McGoohan must become the hammer.

McGoohan has other ideas. He goes to meet No. 1 and faces the last deception of the Village. He encounters a masked figure and rips the mask away to see the face of an ape. He rips the second mask away and sees....

Damned if I know what he sees. I've talked to twenty fanatics on the subject and opinion is equally divided. Did he see his own face under that mask, or was it a complete stranger? I myself thought he saw his own face, but I was expecting him to.

What he saw was insane, though, there's no question about that. At the top of the power pinnacle there was nothing but madness. The figure gibbered at McGoohan and vanished into the top of the rocket.

McGoohan grabbed a flame thrower and, joining McKern and the hippie, battled toward the portable truck-prison in the "Degree Absolute" room. He was joined by the major-domo, still loyal to McGoohan for unknown reasons. The rocket took off and the Village was destroyed.

Did McGoohan's insane counterpart escape in the rocket? My instinctive answer is yes, but I have no proof.

The ride back to London portrays the essence of the show. McGoohan and his fellow prisoners use the enclosure of the prison-truck to burst out of the larger prison. Walls can confine in order to protect as well as to persecute. Sir Charles the head of British intelligence, passes the truck on the way to London and he is astonished to see McGoohan drinking a toast and dancing inside the bars. Bars can imprison... but they can also keep out intruders. Yes, all three of them were still caged, but in a box of their own choosing. Each of the three rebels will continue to fight for freedom in his own way. The hippie is let out on the open road, and McKern is dropped off in front of Parliament. The major-domo drops McGoohan off in front of his old London home and goes inside.

Here we experience a moment of sheer terror. The little man walks toward the door and it opens automatically and closes behind him. In the background we hear the rumble of thunder... the leitmotif of the giant bubble which used to imprison McGoohan in the Village.

For McGoohan, all the world is a large Village. He has escaped from the physical Village, but the spiritual Village still hems him in. There will be other battles... but now the enemy is out in the open, and McGoohan has formally declared war. The major-domo is still the servant of the village. They are still watching...

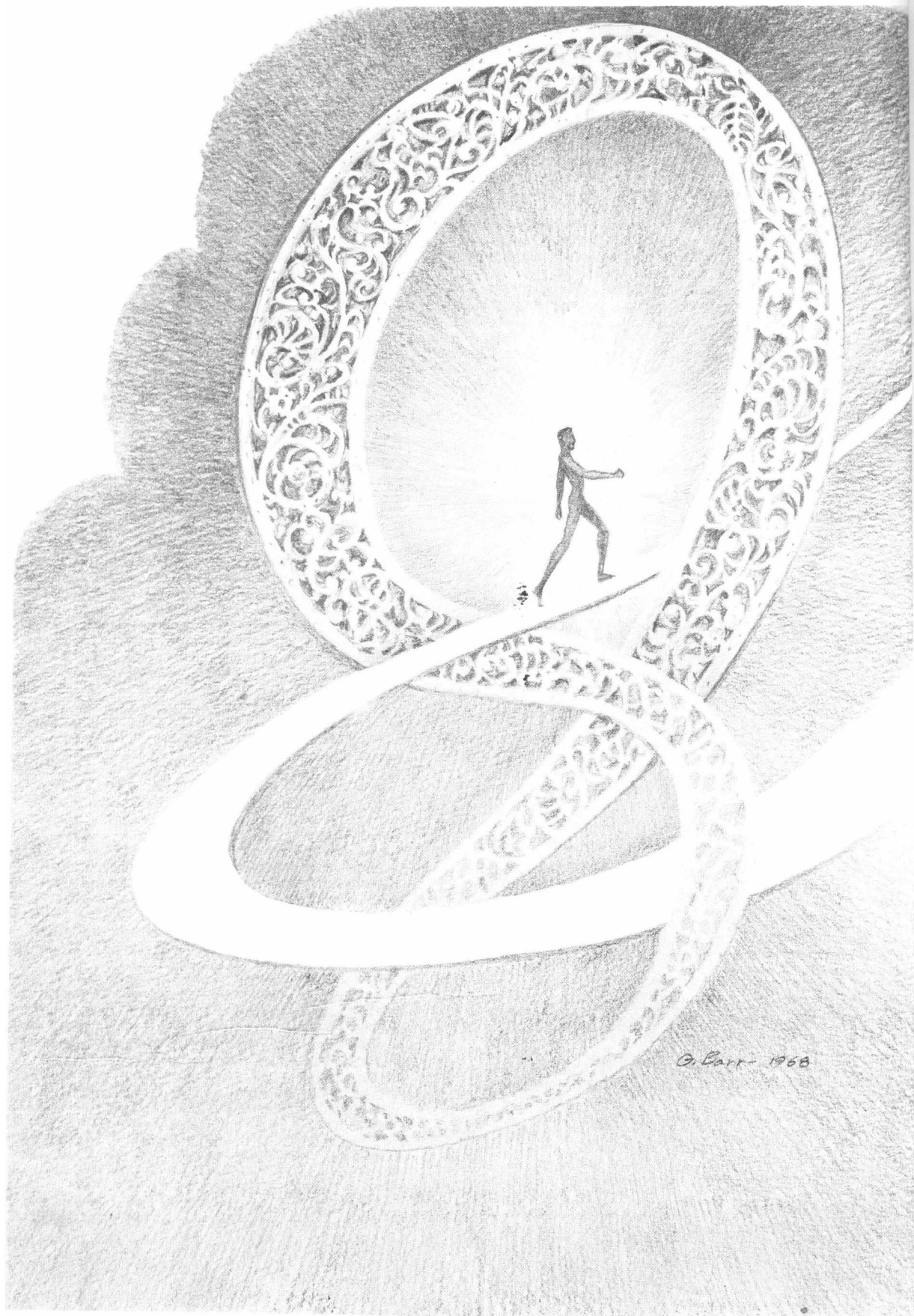
But McGoohan does have his freedom. He dances in the rain, he does the Dry Bones dance. And the little major-domo stays by his side.

Who is Number One? It's obvious that there is no No. 1 in the Village. If any of them had become No. 1 there would be no reason for the Village to exist. The Village worships a simulacrum No. 1 vis-a-vis "God". The rocket-ship returns to the sky and the music sings, "You you you are too divine." The hippie glares defiantly at the jury and sings, "Now hear the word of the Lord." No. 2 is temporal authority.

If the other No. 1 was really McGoohan, the show may be saying that there are two parts to everyone... I don't know... I'll pass on that. The point is that the Village's No. 1 was an insane void. At the top of the ruling hierarchy there are no rational motives. Power for its own sake. Crush anyone who rebels merely because he does rebel. The Villagers are like their high-wheeled bicycle emblem.

The Ordinary.

McGoohan wishes to be neither hammer nor anvil but merely himself, and that is what he is ultimately fighting for.



# a Walk Through Infinity

*I'd like to change the scope of future review sections. For instance: I received record reviews, and would like to publish such a column if the scope of the reviews warrent it. There will definitely be a column of fanzine reviews nextish: my own attempt to further muddy muddled waters after a year of getting a several foot high stack of the damndest collection of writing I can imagine. As long as I'm at it, I'd like to mention three recent books which have blown my mind: Herbert's Santaroga Barrier, Delaney's Nova, and especially Tom Wolfe's The Electric Cool Aid Acid Test-- this latter the closest book to a masterpiece I've read in a while and worth the price of a hardbound.*

-- Kenru

## PIERS ANTHONY ON SOS THE ROPE:

About Bill Glass' review of *Sos the Rope* [SHAGGY #74]: I have the feeling that your summary of its content would be confusing to someone who hadn't already read the novel, and there are errors, but I know how difficult it is to put across a full novel in a couple hundred words. I discovered that when I had to write synopses of parts one and two; my own summaries looked stupid and unclear to me. Matter of fact, I think that editors who try to judge the merit of a novel via summary are fooling themselves; you do have to see the live text to know how it works. Let's, then, stick to the more subtle but important aspects.

The reviewer draws a Lancelot/Arthur parallel to my characters, but I question this. The thing about Lancelot's love for Guenivere was that it was secret and stifled; Arthur did not know about it, or (depending on the version you read) pretended not to know. Sol, on the other hand, not only knew about Sos' liaison with Sola, he arranged it, so that he (Sol) could have the child. Also, it was not a triangle but a tetrangle; Sos, unlike Lancelot, found a wife of his own. And the denouement differs fundamentally. Still, though I question the accuracy of the parallel, and certainly never had it in mind when I wrote the story, there is an underlying connection of mood, and in both cases the basic loyalty of the two men is to each other. I suppose a facet of my own idealism shows through here, for now that I think about it I realize that it shows up in several of my pieces: a friendship between men that is as close as that between lovers, yet without the homosexual implication.

"Bog the Club (A kind of reincarnation of Hoppy Uniatz)" — here I am ignorant again. The name "Hoppy Uniatz" means nothing to me.

The reviewer conjectures that the Mountain/Underworld scene was the original novelette, and that the remainder of the novel was written around it when I heard about the contest. Well — no. There *was* an original novelette that I wrote the novel around when I heard about the contest, but that was not it. What I started with was a 32,000 word chapter from a novel I wrote in college in 1955-56 and used in lieu of a graduating thesis. (To that extent, you might say that I had a BA in science fiction — an accomplishment not many can claim.) It concerned the background of the battle-circle world and the development of the empire; the underworld toolmakers were considered to be gods. I was pressed for time when the contest came and had to work with what was at hand, so I built upon that novelette and wound up with really a whole new story. It was written all of a piece in two weeks (a record pace for me) so if the style seems to change in portions, it was not because of any earlier-later writing syndrome. (Clarification: that two weeks was for the first draft only; there may be writers who turn out finished manuscript in that period, but not me.)

But there *are* changes of pace in the story, and they were not entirely random. I can see how the underworld sequence might be excerpted, but I hope to convince this reviewer at any rate that the novel *is* unified in the particular fashion I intended. I set it up as three climaxes,

or three turning points, which are, simply, the three battles in the circle between Sol and Sos. Ideally I would have had a buildup to the first, then one for the second and so on; but one has to start with action for the contemporary market, and the first battle led off the novel. That introduced the two men and the woman and the situation, and I tried to paint them carefully as they were then: strong, young, somewhat naive yet honorable. If the world of the time seems lovingly painted, it is: I discovered somewhat to my surprise that I really liked it, perhaps better than I like 20th century Earth. Not the fighting so much; I am not at all sure that the best way to settle something is through force of arms. But the basic simplicity and honor--I don't care what the psychiatrists say about compulsive honesty, it appeals to me. Health, integrity, courtesy--if these things were universal, wouldn't it be close to utopia, regardless of the theoretical politics or economics of the time?

It is, really, to correct the prior violation of integrity that Sos challenges Sol a second time. Building up to this, we see another aspect of the society: the habitat of the "Crazies." This is different from the Nomad culture; we learn of schooling and computers and a network of electronic communications. We are therefore armed with more information when the second contest commences, and already the simple, ideal nomad way is seen through slightly alien eyes. What was once familiar to Sos is now strange; he feels alienated, and the familiar is as jarring, in its lack of context, as the unfamiliar. This, then, is the first complete lap of the spiral; we look down from a new level, and see other things, and perhaps are saddened by that broader vision.

The next loop of the spiral brings in the Mountain and the Underworld--and these are merely an intensification of the prior Crazy experience. I hope that the book version (the magazine version had to be cut in the first segment, reasons of space) will show this up more clearly; the serialized version breaks it up into chunks when what I thought I wrote was, as I said, a smooth ascending spiral. Naturally it is more intense; it has to be, in order to fit the normal schoolbook patterning of the contemporary novel. Instead of hearing technology discussed, Sos now sees it in full action; instead of meeting and passing by an available young woman, he is taken into her orbit. But the difference is in degree more than in kind; it is the same world, though knowledge shows its underlying ugliness. The last segment is not self-contained; everything prepares for it, and if it is surprising it is only because the reader was riding instead of walking. If the final relation between Sos and Sola seems farcical, this is only reasonable in view of his own development of character. What satisfied him in the opening is no longer sufficient in the closing, because he has grown while she hasn't.

And something else: that WHAM! remark in the review. Though I disagree with it per the above, it nevertheless illustrates a point. I am the writer; you are the

reader. It is my purpose to sock you in the gut. If I write a novel that makes you yawn and look at the clock, I will not hold your attention for long, and my reputation will suffer. But if I clobber you with authority, you will, perversely, come back for more. This is true for any writer and any reader, as a general rule. So be ready, next time; remember next time you open a book of mine that I have my eye on your solar plexus and my fist cocked, and I will hurt you if I can. You will be meeting WHAM! again.

--Piers Anthony

TO: Piers Anthony, Author  
FROM: Bill Glass, Reader

It is the way of readers, when they must role-play as reviewers, to myopically ride their hobby horses rather roughly through a novel's field of subtle nuances. So, I apologize for any short-sighted rashnesses I may have committed in reviewing *Sos the Rope*. And I thank you for the glimpses into your authorial head.

And Mr. Hoppy Uniatz is the creation of Leslie Charteris, who once [in "The Masked Angel, *The Second Saint Omnibus*, p. 185] described that worthy thus:

"Hoppy's impulses were beautiful in their straightforward simplicity and homicidal honesty. The small globule of protoplasm that lurked within his rock-bound skull, serving the normal functions of a brain, piloted his anthropoidal body exclusively along paths of action, unencumbered by any subtleties of thought or teleological considerations."

Perhaps I should have described Bog the Club as a "spiritual descendent" of Mr. Uniatz; that word "spiritual" protecting me against most cold, Authorial blasts.

What really prompted this little confrontation was *The Ring*, that Ace Special you did with Robert Margroff a few months back. It came out just as I had finished a pair of reviews for SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (nee PSYCHOTIC) of *The Two-Timers* and *SynthaJoy*, praising Terry Carr for not yet running a clinker in the Special line. I bought *The Ring* on double conditioning: it was an Ace Special, and it was partially by Piers Anthony. (The fact that *Chthon* was awarded neither a 'Hugo' nor a 'Nebula' was one of the Great American Injustices of the decade.)

I was terribly disappointed.

You guys just didn't play by the rules.

A science fiction novel is, on one level, a Glorious Game. The author(s) make up the rules, then play by them with the reader. Okay, you and Margroff start off with Jeff Font, exiled spaceman, who returns to Earth for revenge against George McKissick, the man who exiled Font's family to an offworld colony, indirectly causing, in Font's mind, the deaths of his parents.

Font seeks revenge by kidnapping McKissick's daughter, Pamela, only to get a substituted ringer in her place.

Now, you spend a lot of time building and rounding out Jeff Font's future. On one hand, you have the Ring, a remote connection to the computer called "The Ultra Conscience", that is surgically implanted in the ring finger of male criminals and the big toe of female criminals. The Ringee must conform to the dictates of good citizenship -- as determined by the Ultra Conscience -- and is punished according to the degree of deviation: a sharp twinge for a rash profanity, mind-searing agony for thoughts of rape, murder, or removing the Ring.

On the other hand, you have the corruption of the non-Ringed society. The muggers who prey on Ringees, helpless because the Ring won't allow them to use physical violence to protect themselves or others. The social sophisticates who invite token Ringees to gatherings only to mock their imposed goodness. The users of Instant Confusion, the tactile hallucinogen that makes its user believe one part of his body is another -- that an ear is a mouth, that hands are feet, that a loosely clenched fist ... -- and causes ecstatic death after repeated use over the entire body.

And, in the middle, plagued by his developing insights into his own motivations and morality, you have the newly-Ringed Jeff Font.

Fine. You had a good chance to expand and extrapolate on the notion that a legal system may be just an artificial contrivance to force criminals -- the dangerous ones, the wolves -- to conform to the professed morality of a culture, and on the problem of when individual conscience should bow to social conscience.

For a while, it looked as if you two were going to do just that. Jeff Font became a man made impotent by an enforced external set of moral standards. The ideas were thrown out that the Ringees, by virtue of their conditioning, are the only good citizens of the culture (love between Ringees must be honest, with no petty deceptions or casual frictional usings), that they may be the source of leaders for the next evolution of society. And, it was implied that a man, like Jeff Font, strong-willed with a flexible morality can, in time, modify the Ring's conditioning so to become an effective force of good and honesty and truth and light against the unlimited power of lies and corruption and collusion.

You really seemed to be heading towards an ending where Font, still Ringed, but transcendent, would come to some final confrontation with McKissick, resolving both the physical action and the whole social/moral dilemma. Instead, it's *wham, bam, thank you ma'am* -- Font is deRinged, and the whole mess settles to the level of a SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES novelet of future revenge, where nothing is resolved but the action plot.

You bit off more than you wanted to chew. You promised and didn't deliver. You called the hand, then expected us to let you win with the Ace of Blasters. You

didn't play by the rules.

Still, my incipient adulation of Piers Anthony, Significant SF Author, has not been nipped in the bud. I've read, and enjoyed, *Omnivore*. (But will wait for *Carnivore* and *Herbivore* before putting my two bits worth into that scene.) And I will wait ever patiently for *Macroscope*.

But, cheer up. I'm only a fanzine mouth. Nothing I can say or do will reach as many people as that ghodawful packaging Pyramid gave *Sos the Rope*.

-- Bill Glass

DOUBLE, DOUBLE THE WORLD'S IN TROUBLE, or THEY'RE HERE NOW AND HEAD-ING FOR LONDON!

Upon seeing *Double, Double*, John Brunner's latest (1969) from Ballantine (72019, 75¢), my mind flashed to *Stand on Zanzibar*, Brunner's tour de force from last year.

The front cover doesn't tell you much. The back blurbs just let you know that there is the usual Brunner bag of interesting characters whom you know will all interact logically.

The inside blurb tells of Bruno and the Hermetic Tradition, a rock group, Rory Dunstable of Radio Jolly Roger, and Miss Beeding, a strange old bird about to become something hideous. This brings to mind the conjecture of a *Butterfly Kid* done straight (especially since the rock group shuns turning on) in the manner of a well-done British horror flick.

The former half of this conjecture is false, because the rock group is more a catalyst than a reactant through all the viewpoint shifting. However, the latter half is marvelously true.

Take *Quatermass II*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, the concepts of *Who Goes There?* and *The Kraken Wakes*, with a touch of any werewolf flick in the final confrontation at the docks, and you might have some idea of what you're in for when you pick up *Double, Double*.

Here are the young rock group (replacing the hot-rodders of the '50's low budget bombs), the marine scientist and his beautiful wife, the elderly head of the research station, the leering lab assistant and the loud reporter who make waves, the local police who take up the problem, and the faithful dog you've seen before. Here are the man-who-should-be-dead, the disappearing old woman who returns "dazed and changed", the squid with a tail ("But squid don't have --"), the man with the digested hand ("It burns! It burns!"), the chase through the Organ Chemicals cracking plant, the mysterious "puddle" behind the packing crates, and the pyrotechnic conclusion on the docks with the creature-no-bullets-can-stop. Here are the damp, slimy horrors which "feed and reproduce" every two days in a revolting and highly photogenic manner. Here are the man-with-half-a-face, the man who loses his hand, the "zombies" who



look as though they've undergone a sea change at full fathoms five, and the unsuspecting guards who are a dramatic chord away from being digested by one of them. Here are the causes: mutation and radio-active wastes (although it looked as though they were going to blame industrial water pollution for a while). Here are the answers: acid, fire (à la FRANKENSTEIN), and water (à la DAY OF THE TRIFIDS).

Here, you say, why bother? I've seen the movie.

Maybe you have, but John Brunner has studied his telly horror reruns well and put all the elements together in the great British tradition which makes the whole thing work.

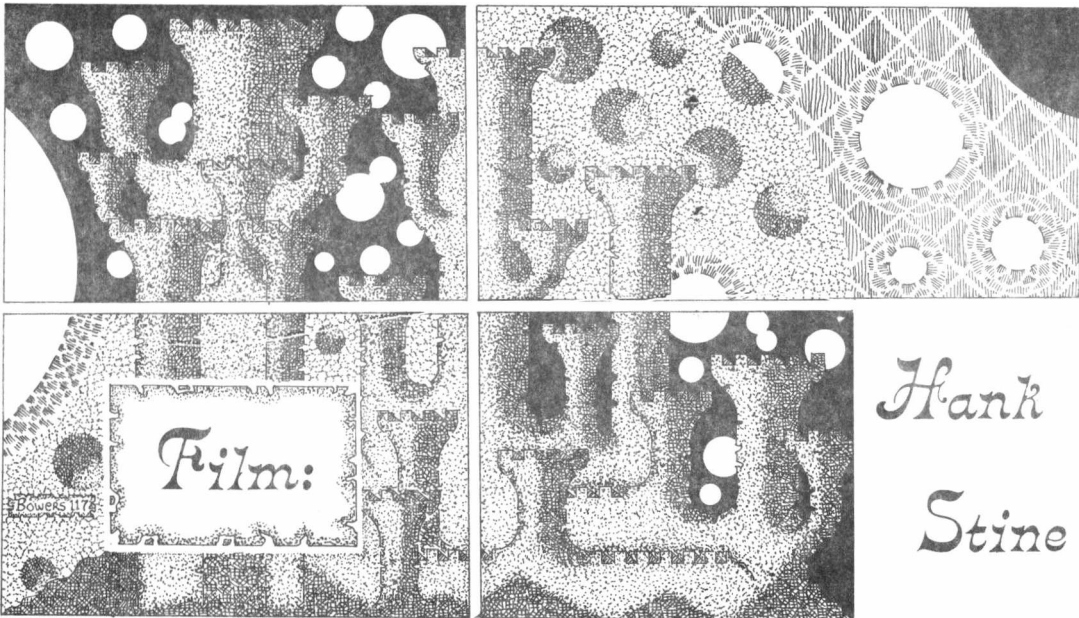
The British put their horror films together differently from us Yanks. It can all be tied to the word "understated". Where we would have a grotesque committing atrocities before or behind the titles, the British let the horror grow out of ordinary people and ordinary events. Where we would roundhouse the horror to the audience with a right to the jaw, making the whole problem graphic, plain,

and simple ("That's the thing we gotta destroy!"), the British jab the audience with fragments of mystery so that it must wait to learn the whole truth before the pinpricks become a pain of horror.

Just as they are slow weavers of horror, the British let their characters build slowly and logically. The cardboard characters are finely cut out of thicker material than that used by Americans. Thus we see the constable falling into the same social trap as his sergeant. We see the reporter become almost human. And we see the dilemma affecting more than just the elite of stock characters.

*Double, Double* is basically a monster movie of the type of the one monster in limited locale with unlimited potential for harm to the human race if not destroyed. Remember THE BEHEMOTH, THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, or THE BLOB? If you remember them fondly, along with THE CREEPING UNKNOWN and ENEMY FROM SPACE, you'll like *Double, Double*, which is better written and only costs 75¢. Your one regret will be that it isn't a double bill.

-- Dick Glass



Well, gang, the other night I saw Barbarella do her thing: and this is my rap.

To give you an idea of what kind of review this is going to be, let me say that while David McDaniel (old wave author of the Man from UNCLE novels) wanted to leave after the first fifteen minutes, I (new wave writer of *Season of the Witch* and *Night of the Zodiac\**) only wanted to crawl under the seat, there to view the film out of the sight of any people of good taste who might, on walking out, glimpse me and

not realize my higher motives for watching the movie...Namely this review/rap.

Jean Luc Godard once remarked that he should be given cinemascope and the Hollywood directors' 8mm on which to work. He seemed to feel that the depth and weight of the average Hollywood movie required nothing more. (A view Gene Youngblood in the L. A. FREE PRESS also holds.)

While a discussion of this point-of-view could lead to the old Hollywood-vs.-European/Underground controversy, which we have no time for, still it is worth bearing in mind when one considers that it was for a European director, Roger Vadim, to use the

\* Essex House, Los Angeles, \$1.95 each.

wide screen with all the technical adequacy of a middle-aged salesman cutting an 8mm home movie.

Or, in other words, baby, BARBARELLA was a bomb.

Not that there weren't a few laughs in it. There were. A few. And no doubt the boys in Kansas City and Idaho Falls got a few snickers; it was about on their level. But they were the "five comics, all different, the kind men like" variety that the boys at the barbershop in nineteen forty turned on with. (Remember the mayonnaise-running-down-the-leg joke?) A vague allusion to a girl's privates and everybody laughs. Well, after exposing Jane Fonda's pubic hair during the credits (and drawing the inevitable snicker), Vadim has shot his bolt and it's all down hill.

To view the movie properly, come in just after the credits, watch the film through, stay to see the credits (the dramatic high point of the film), and leave. They aren't part of the film, just stuck in. You won't have any trouble understanding the plot (no more than normal).

In HOUR OF THE WOLF, Ingmar Bergman's most recent work, there is a scene showing pubic hair. You have to look close, but it's there. The reason I<sup>o</sup> don't object to the pubic hair in the latter and do in the former is that Vadim drags it in from around Robin Hood's barn, just for the exploitation and the money, while it's an integral part of Bergman's film.

Let us understand one thing: that when a film pretends to professional status, it is not its content, not its editing, not its photography, but its technical construction that determines whether it deserves that status. Or, in other words, it is how the film is built -- how its building blocks are stacked -- that makes the difference between "underground" cinema and "professional" cinema. These are the relevant questions: is the sound track clear and effective; do the cuts match, so that when we cut from one angle to the next the characters and objects are in the same relationship to each other; is the lighting good; does it have a continuity of motion and rhythm?

Grade school stuff, you say? Agreed. Why, then, was Vadim unable to achieve a single one? Why did his million-dollar-wide-screen-super-star-epic suffer from faults a seventeen-year-old neophyte working in sixteen millimeter black and white would have tried to avoid?

We shall probably never know. But the fact remains. BARBARELLA is a film so poorly constructed that it is embarrassing to be in the same theater with it. With the hundreds of thousands of dollars spent on it, not a penny appears to have gone to reshooting scenes or checking to make the actors hit their marks in shots that should have matched each other.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\* A minor conceit. I directed over fifty beaver films, the ones you see at low class theaters for high prices, and think I know something about the subject.

As for the acting... well... the less said, the better for the actors' reputations. Were I the agent for any of the people appearing in this film, I would have either withheld the movie, or demanded that they use pseudonyms. Of all the actors, only David Hemmings (who, curiously enough, seems stoned throughout) turns in a professional performance, at times almost suspending the carcass of disbelief which the other actors have already strangled.

Jane Fonda, beyond her truly unremarkable appearance au naturel in the credits is so dismal that her scene in the pleasure organ, where she is supposed to experience a climax, brought mild snickers rather than a tensely indrawn breath. What Jane Fonda experiences is at best a low-class imitation climax, as imagined by a fifteen-year old girl in heat.

Barbarella, the character in the comic was a woman. An innocent woman, but a woman. As played by Jane Fonda, she is only a fifteen-year-old girl's fantasy of an innocent woman. The main character, who might have carried the film, becomes instantly its weakest point.

This, in fact, seems to be the key to the movie as a whole. The entire story as presented is an adolescent's sex-fantasy. It has a great deal of nudity, especially of the female breast (the preoccupation of all adolescents), and a very little sex -- that of the juvenile sort.

Barbarella's introduction to sex is as closely related to prostitution as any teen-ager could imagine. She goes to bed with the man in payment for his saving her life and repairing her ship, not because she wants to.

The only time we ever witness her doing anything like enjoying herself is in the pleasure machine, where she has her "climax". The few other times she is supposed to have sex, all occur off-camera under the most grotesque conditions imaginable, such as in a giant bird's nest with something resembling an angel. These are all up to the lurid dreams of the average adolescent of fifteen years ago.

This is the way Vadim directs the movie, and this is the way it comes off. Boring to adults -- exciting to children.

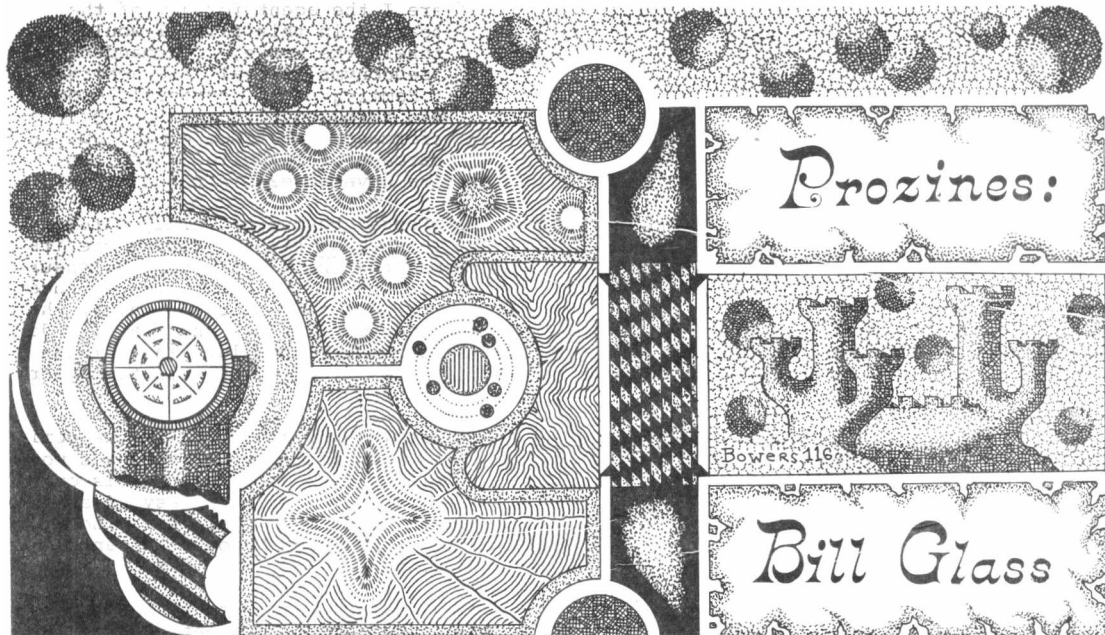
Which, finally, brings us to the special effects.

To those who saw the technical brilliance of 2001, BARBARELLA can only be a disappointment. A faint twinge of compassion forces me to say that the Flash Gordon serials of the thirties were generally better. Vadim wasted no money on effects.

In fact, Vadim wasted no money on actors, direction, or effects. There are a good dozen writers credited for the screenplay. It might prove interesting to see Roger Vadim's checkbook. The money must have gone somewhere!

Summary: Mr. Vadim, you've got to be kidding! But it isn't a very funny joke.

--Hank Stine



The common view of prozines is that they are some kind of bituminous pit that anthology editors climb down through looking for diamonds to preserve. Or, that they are a vestigial tradition left over from better days -- we'd hate to lose the last of them, but why the hell should we read the crap they print?

But a prozine is also a package. A commercial unit that what few publishers still dumb enough to put them on the stands have to sell several dozens of thousands of in order to keep the bread on their tables and in their pockets. A prozine has to first be an attractive piece of goods to attract the nurdled newsstand browser. Then it has to have at least one or two stories of quality to keep the buyer buying.

There has been, since 1943, a small quiet need in the fannish breast for someone to bring out a fantasy magazine to fill the void left by *UNKNOWN*. From mid '53 to early '55, the need was satisfied by the short-lived, but very excellent, *BEYOND*, the fantasy companion to *GALAXY*. But, the powers that be decided the public that was just did not buy fantasy magazines. Until, of course, a great many people began shelling out a great deal of money for Tolkien and Conan and such.

So, in October, after more pre-publication hemming and hawing than *Worlds of TOMORROW* ever had, Galaxy Publishing Company released *Worlds of FANTASY*. This could have been a trial issue, but word has it that GalPubCo has no intention of letting the thing last beyond one issue.

In order to make this "trial issue" a smash, GalPubCo did its best to make the most attractive package possible. The cover painting shows a green, frogoid crea-

ture bottle-feeding a human baby, against a green background. The logo (with all the modern esthetic appeal of a mid '40's English prozine) is printed in high-contrast black in the upper left-hand corner against the dark green painting. The magic names of L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP, ROBERT E. HOWARD, and (also a report on) J. R. R. TOLKIEN are emblazoned in muddy yellow opposite the logo, and ALL STORIES NEW! blasts out from the lower right-hand corner. The mag is printed on the same green paper stock as the Lancer E-Z-EYE gothic novels, implying the quantity (130 pp.) as well as the quality we are getting for our 60¢.

And, on the inside, to titillate and thrill the buyer, Editor Lester del Rey has carefully selected all that is good and fine in modern fantasy. There are two Barbarian Meets Wizard, Barbarian Is Momentarily Disposed By Wizard, Barbarian Kills Wizard stories -- "The Mirror of Wizardry" by John Jakes, and "Conan and the Cenotaph" by Lin Carter and L. Sprague de Camp. To give you an idea of the state of that art: of the two, John Jakes's Brak the Barbarian is the more readable, with a larger dollop of magic and madness. Mack Reynolds has a deal-with-the-devil story. Robert E. Howard has a good historical mood fantasy, "Delenda Est..." Paris Flammonde has a very good last-man-alive story, "After Armageddon". And LASFS's own Bill Warren has a good story of a vampire in love waiting for the sunrise, "Death is a Lonely Place."

To my mind, the best thing in the ish is Robert Lory's "However". It is the beginning (only, \*sigh\*) of Hamper the However's quest for the proper however for all occasions, harried by the king's 3 dorpol hawks, hampered by human inertia, and helped by his innate cleverness's ability to turn human greed to his own ends. It's a

little like Vance's *Cugel the Clever* tales, which is why it appeals to me. Much in the same emotional way that the third re-writes of the same old barbarian stories will appeal to the vast majority of the market GalPubCo was aiming for.

Still, the real strength of *UNKNOWN* and *BEYOND* lay in their lead novels and novellas. There are none here. The people -- Budrys, de Camp, Ellison, Leiber, Russ, even Larry Niven -- are sitting around, waiting to be tapped for a new vein of fantasy classics. Only nobody's tapping.

*Worlds of IF* has also been trying out a new packaging idea. For the past few months, it has bound in, on that same green E-Z-EYE stock, a "complete novel condensation" and a "complete short novel extract". Both stories ran longer than the 32-page green signature, finishing in the rear of the mag, and I found myself unable to bring myself to finish either of them. I think this is the hottest idea since *AMAZING* ran complete novels ten years ago. Remember what happened to *AMAZING*?

Still, *IF* has had two worthwhile stories recently. Both in the September issue, along with Dorothy Jones's ghastly poem "The Elf in the Starship *ENTERPRISE*".

Larry S. Todd's "Flesh and the Iron" is the kind of story you'd imagine Vaughn Bode would write. After some future collapse of civilization, the Earth is populated by settlements of humans and hives of robots. The robots, the Iron, hunt humans for their skulls, which are prestige items to show that they have defended their home Mill. The humans hunt the robots to rebuild and domesticate them, to gather spare metal parts, and to get the antennas -- "The more we wear around our necks, the bigger and hairier and stronger we look in the eyes of the girls." The Iron Marigold and the Flesh junkman Bannock capture one another and are forced into an ambulating Mexican standoff. They educate each other in their own values. The ending, by the logic of the system established, is almost inevitable. Like a Bode strip, not nice, but inevitable.

Dr. Thomas J. Bassler's "Star Itch" is a very finely done procedural sf story. It is time for a new colonial Implant in the Procyon system. People are selected, frozen, and sent. Upon arrival, they discover that all the humans of Procyon Implant One have been dead for two hundred years, and all the orbiting Implant ship can report is, "no humans, and no hazards." The author is an M.D.; the story is strong on soft science. Yet he counterbalances the clinical descriptions with good narrative prose. The problem is thus seen from two viewpoints -- from the view of a character sent planetside suffering the symptoms of the lingering disease that killed off the colonists, and from the view of a second character in orbit trying to find out what is wrong with the planet's biosphere from remote data.

"Star Itch" is Dr. Bassler's first published story. I recommend it highly -- with the reservation that the reader had better be fairly strong-stomached. The

clinical detail is all too real. And there is a marvelously done sequence of man, his metabolism slowed 10,000 times in stellar transit, being eaten alive by maggots. Very evocative. Just like being there.

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The November, 1968, *ANALOG* had some really remarkable stupidities in it. One was J.W.C.'s editorial explaining how he was going to vote for George Wallace in order to preserve the two-party system. I was only reminded of the Interlandi cartoon showing two people coming out of a Wallace rally, saying how nice it was that Wallace had made racism respectable.

The other stupidity was G. Harry Stine's review of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. To give you an idea where it went:

"It's too bad the film is billed as science fiction, because it isn't. It is ninety percent 'gee whiz' science gadgetry and ten percent fantasy nonsense.

"After all, wouldn't you be upset if you made computers and if the film showed a computer as a murderer ... because Kubrick and Clarke did not use or recall Asimov's Three Laws of Robotics?

"[Kubrick's philosophy says] that mankind cannot conquer the universe or himself, is a slave of the technological tools he makes, and will destroy himself. Clarke's transcendental philosophy [says] that mankind's ultimate destiny is the concept of pure mind detached from the purely physical universe, a totally Oriental outlook. Neither outlook has much faith in or knowledge of mankind.

"This plotless romp through the special-effects studio will scare the living hell out of most people because it disintegrates into an unexplainable, nonscientific, anti-intellectual psychedelic nightmare that is guaranteed to produce psychological trauma in any person who does not have his head screwed on tightly. ... In that respect it is dangerous.

"Its length ... could have been cut by an hour. Another five minutes of film carefully written and shot as an ending could resolve the entire epic into a classic.

"...the final scene shows a human fetus gazing down on the planet Earth from an orbiting placenta ... which is a properly sick ending for this insane LSD hippie trip called *2001, A Space Odyssey*."

I really think that Stine wanted a sequel to *Destination Moon*. I think he would have been much happier had the computer been made in Brooklyn, been programmed with the Three Laws, and played for laughs. Until, of course, the brave astronauts reached Jupiter, only to discover that they did not have enough fuel to return to Earth unless they jettisoned ten thousand tons. Then HAL would have suddenly proved his worth by jettisoning himself. The final shot would have shown the two astronauts looking out at the Earth and telling each other how computers were really almost as good as people, and wasn't it wonderful how the noble little computer from Brooklyn sacrificed himself so that man could reach ever outward to the stars.



As if by some strange entropy, the stupidities of the issue are balanced off by one good story -- Jack Wodham's "Split Personality". The protagonist is Rom Mauger, a convicted rapist, who volunteers for an experiment with a ten-to-one chance of survival. He is bisected neatly down the middle, the two sundered lobes of his brain remaining in telepathic contact. Once his head learns to cope with two mutual conflicting sensory stimuli, one half of his body is sent off on a translight ship to find out just why we've been losing all these faster-than-light ships. A good, tight (if you accept the premise) story. A sleeper.

Perhaps the recent slump in *IF*'s quality is due to *GALAXY*'s increased publishing frequency, and that mag's insatiable page count. Whatever the reason (if there is a reason), *IF* has been running a great deal more crap than it used to, while *GALAXY* hums along at its usual hit-and-miss rate.

Its high point, in recent months, was touched by Larry Niven's "All the Myriad Ways" in the October issue. It's just a look at the psychological impact of the reality of possibility worlds on man. Why should you make any decisions, when some you, somewhere, will make every possible variation of that decision with every possible consequence? In some parallel world, you are going to kill yourself tonight, so why not do it in this world, and get it over with? Think about it. Gene Trimble, Niven's protagonist, does.

As I intimated earlier, I am a sucker for Jack Vancean/Dying Earth type stories. That's why Robert Silverberg's "Nightwings" (*GALAXY*, September, 1968) and "Perris Way" (*GALAXY*, November, 1968) appeal to me.

Silverberg has built the color, mood, and history of the Third Cycle Earth into these stories. The Third Cycle Earth, risen from the cataclysm at the end of the Second Cycle that sunk continents; the Third Cycle, where all are divided into Guilds -- Dominators, Flyers, Watchers, Changelings, Recallers, etc. -- Third Cycle Earth, suddenly fallen under the vengeful yoke of alien rulers, once humiliated by the Second Cycle Terrans. "Nightwings", "The Perris Way", and the implied third, and final, novelette are variations of journeys and betrayals. The book will probably show up some day. Get it.

I am also a sucker for good human/dolphin stories. H. H. Hollis, with "Eetetz Ch" (*GALAXY*, November, 1968) has just begun a series of such, dealing with the human and dolphin expansion into space. There are some technological problems -- like a dolphin has very fast reflexes and more precise sensory equipment than man, but he just can't manipulate fine controls. There just have to be technological and biological compromises. And there have to be people to fight the budgeteers. Roal Coatli, Junior Senator from Hawaii, is the governmental rearguard for the dolphin space effort. And Eetetz Ch is a very neurotic and compromised dolphin. And they relate rather well together.

It's nice to see, while man still has problems with interracial understanding, that some people are already worried about interspecies understanding. And, that's why I'm a sucker for human/dolphin stories.

What's your excuse?

-- Bill Glass

E N D

## LETTERS-CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

slated for my own magazine. I hope you can begin to see what I am trying to do. I am trying to win idealistically in a no-holds-barred game of creative existence. It is deathly clear to me that I can face creative extinction if I move wrong now. So I must put college above all else, and I must put my professional "cartooning" second and my fandom cartooning third and commercial illustrating fourth. And what is absolutely clear to me is my inability to do more than no. 1 and no. 2 and on very rare occasions bits of no. 3 or 4...

I am very sorry...really very sadly sorry to do this...

ed.--I'm sorry to see COBALT go myself. Not so much because it was a Good Thing to have in SHAGGY; but rather that I really grooved with Cobalt and Vaughn's bizarre imagery. \*Sigh\* Maybe one day Vaughn will let me publish the 20 or so work sheets he did as background. There are literally scores of characters and ideas which never saw print. Good luck, in any case, VB. I hope you win.

PIERS (ANTHONY) JACOB 800 75th St., North  
St. Petersburg, Flor-  
ida 33716

I see you did manage to duplicate my section-symbol; maybe I can find something else. Let's see: \*? \*? How about the carat, ^? Carats in halfspace make a fine wiggly line: ^^^^^. Or + or =? There must be something you balk at. Ha! Try the degree mark, °; or the ¢ that is a single symbol. See? TH th ¢.

Must confess, it certainly looks as though you mean business. I like your wraparound cover; this is the kind of scene I can begin to lose myself in, dreaming up the story it illustrates. Len Bailes' column helped clarify something I've wondered about for some time. Occupying Fringedom as I do, I never learned what "First Fandom", "Sixth Fandom", etc., were, and naturally not wishing to admit my ignorance, never inquired. Now I don't have to inquire, and no one will ever know I didn't know. I find his theory interesting too--that fandom prospers when the national freedom doesn't (if that is not too clumsy a summary). Certainly there was a change when bright active young Kennedy took over from benign static Eisenhower, and the national picture became much more exciting. Now we seem to be swinging into another repressive cycle, and I for one am frightened to think what could happen when the Button lies under the febrile finger of Richard Nixon. Fandom may, alas, have its finest flowering in the coming years...

You devote quite a bit of space to things like narcotics and astrology. I don't touch the one or believe in the other, yet oddly my commentary on both may be of interest to you. I dislike tooting my own horn (much better to have others toot it for me, if that can be arranged) but see no way to specify the nature of my interest without so doing. So: I invented a psychedelic drug (I guess that's what you'd call it) for a scene in my novel *Omnivore* that I'd like to have comment on from some one of you who knows what it's all about. Of course it's too late to correct any blunders in this novel, but I'll certainly cor-

rect any that are called to my attention in my future work. There is also considerable on such matters in *The Ring*, with another invented hallucinogen. And as for astrology--it was my intention to put the most detailed and authoritative discussion of the subject ever presented in fiction into my large novel *The Macroscopic*. I'm not certain whether Sally Crayne's commentary indicates an interest or merely a one-day curiosity, or whether anyone else is interested in this subject. Assuming that I can keep the editorial blue-pencil at bay, any one who is interested in the serious side of astrology will discover considerable therein. It is more than a matter of being typified by Aries or Taurus or whatever, and if the mind-blowing girl Sally describes is accurately presented, she is really pretty ignorant, regardless how she struck you. A serious astrologer would no more give a snap definition of personality than a doctor would give a snap diagnosis of malignant cancer, and for similar reasons. (But don't rush out to buy *Macroscopic*; I have finished it, but it is still out on submission to publishers; be a year or so before it sees print.)

ed.--Maybe Kim was ignorant of astrology. Since the episode Sally told about, people around here have devoted more effort to try to grok the subject (with varying success). What blew our minds, however, was her enthusiasm and self-confidence as she gave out with this line. I'm looking forward to *The Macroscopic*. It's weird how the attitudes are changing in sf. I remember well how often Heinlein, for example, used to put down astrology and the occult--equating them with illogic or plain fraud. Now, authors seem to be treating these subjects with more of an open mind as with your novel. Then there's Delaney's *Nova*, where he spends pages on the Tarot, treating it as a logical and empirical fact. Another difference between the old and new waves?

WALTER BREEN 2 Swain Ave., Huguenot, Staten  
Island, N.Y., 10312

Instead of Inner and Outer Circle of Fandom, there is developing, like so many ripples on the lake into which someone has flung a handful of gravel, many overlapping circles, large and small, without any discernible central pattern. If this be a mirror of the outer world, so be it; let us skip around the circles in serenity.

Much of the specific approach, language and techniques of fandom of the past can be found now in the underground press and its amateur congeners; and, conversely, many fanzines of today show not only strong resemblances to underground press items but even many of the same names. (A few of these may suffice: Vaughn Bode; Ron Cobb, until very recently; Walt Bowart, long ago fan, is one of the publishers of the *East Village Other*; John Boardman is a letter-hack of the same paper; Paul Williams, of CRAWDADDY!, will long be remembered for WITHIN, and he has lately done SF reviews for AVATAR; Chester (C.V.J.) Anderson, of UNDERHOUND about 1960, more recently of CRAWDADDY! and *The Butterfly Kid*, is now seen in some NYC fannish circles. Many etc



Earl Evers has managed once again to surprise me. "2001" itself is much greater and at the same time far more profound/more occult/less successful in communicating its vision than most people think; but I rapped enough about that in WARHOON. I thought I was the only one to have spotted that the finale takes place in the afterlife; but here is Earl spelling out that it is a Bardo trip. Out of sight.

Doug Lovenstein's remarks made my own blown mind go matching fans I know to buttonslogans.

Earl Evers: MY MENTAL STATE IS HIGHLY ILLEGAL.

Mike McInerney: JESUS WORE LONG HAIR.

John Boardman: SAURON IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Ted Johnstone: THERE'S A HELL OF A GOOD UNIVERSE NEXT DOOR.

and so forth, till we get to

Doug Lovenstein: PSYCHEDELICIZE SUBURBIA.

Alexis Gilliland: The rebuttal you failed to get from #73 can be had in print, but I begin to suspect that you wouldn't read it, judging by the straw men you set up. Your version of "drop out" has no more to do with Leary's than with the average ex-8th grader's. As for marriage, it is strictly a legal/economic arrangement designed to keep people together who might otherwise drift apart a little sooner; many hippies have tried to revitalize marriage as a sacrament, others have gone into common-law pairings, still others are in polygamous scenes. Nor do most of them I've known sound as averse to having or raising kids as you suggest; evidently you've known a crowd altogether different from those on the Haight.

Len Bailes speaks some truth but I think that he's unduly pessimistic about the general quality of today's fanac.

If nobody today is writing quite as well as Willis, Burbee, or Leman, that's not necessarily alarming, because those three fans were active over a span of two decades plus from the earliest Burbee to the last major Leman and most recent Willis creations, and there were some years in that span when none of them were being creative. I believe that the general level of quality in fanzine prose is higher now than it has ever been. Then when I remember that I'm growing so much older than most fan writers, and that they're spending much space on topics which are totally foreign to me like drugs and rock, I'm even more awed by the fact that they impress me so strongly, what with this generation and interest gap that widens steadily. The thought of fandom becoming a really big thing with the public is a fascinating and terrifying one. But maybe there is a less dramatic reason for the mushrooming in fandom: its recruiting grounds seem to have expanded after all the worry over the decline of prozine letter columns. Fifty thousand people used to buy the prozines and maybe forty million people now watch Star Trek; maybe five thousand readers of that zine used to look at the reader's departments to get the same message that is now seen by forty thousand students when a science fiction club announces formation through the student newspaper at a big university.

Sally Crayne is again writing superbly. Yet I'm haunted by the thought that the much-described sense of aloneness and alienness felt by a time traveler as he reaches the future would strike me with full force, if I suddenly found myself in this group. If Sally can make people who

encounter her in person feel as dull and bourgeois and stodgy as I feel, after reading about this subculture, it's just as well we're on opposite sides of the continent. I might lose the small amount of respect for my personality which still survives, under the double impact of actual experience of this utterly different way of thinking and conduct.

ed.--But why should a dramatic piece of music be segregated into a separate ghetto? As long as the music tells an sf story (be it opera, pop-music suite, or whatever), the "dramatic Hugo" category should fit it. ## I'd like to believe that the Harry Warner I know and admire through fanzines would not feel alien and alone in Sally's subculture. In fact I'm certain of it. If you ever decide to give up the Sybaritic pleasures of Hagerstown, come to Shangri LA and we'll prove it to you.

**HARRY WARNER, JR., 423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown, Md. 21740**

The emphasis on music in fandom isn't exactly new. It's just reviving after having been dormant for some years during which jazz was declining as a principal topic of fannish conversation. Starting with Laney in the 1940's, fanzines devoted quite large amounts of space to jazz. Elmer Perdue, Vernon Mc Cain, Charles Burbee, and many another went on at length and in enthusiasm just as today's youngsters are putting so much emphasis on popular music. But I support your general contention that music shouldn't be excluded from Hugo chances by the rules of the awards. Instead of trying to break through into the dramatic Hugo, wouldn't it be simpler to attempt to set up a brand new category for recordings with fantasy aspects? That would probably mean pop winners every time, but it would also give at least theoretic opportunity for a Hugo to be won by something like a recording of a fantasy opera or a spoken arts disc.

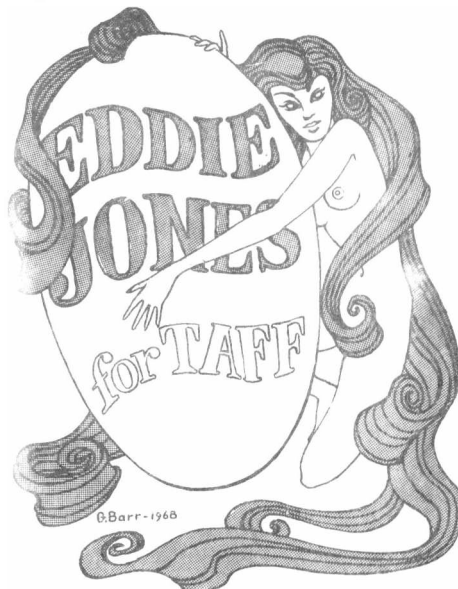


More and more I'm becoming something of a comic fan--not the avid-collector of old newspapers kind or the Captain Zap of Outer Space variety--and "Cobalt 60" is just the thing to show me what an outstanding individual can do. The first strip of Bode's that I saw was "The Man", and anybody that thinks Bode is an irresponsible gore-purveyor should read and look at that. "Cobalt 60" is the private creation of a private individual, and I don't really think its appearance in a fanzine "boles ill for our society." How many children read SHAGGY (besides all you neofans out there)?

Len's article needs somebody to translate it. I know a little about Len; we grew up in fandom together, so I'm offering my Humble Services in the Difficult and treacherous task. In the first place a few of his terms have to be explained. "Golden people" means "individuals who produce material that Len Bailes enjoys." "Fandom" means "the society in which Len Bailes moves." "The West Coast Pop Art Fanzine Conspiracy," Len's article, says the following. "There are no more individuals who produce material that I enjoy in the society in which I move anymore, therefore the society in which I move is dying." The Great Old Faanish fanzines that Len mentions were never the sum total of fandom; the people who enjoyed the Great Old Faanish fanzines were never the only fans. The fact that there are no more Great Old Faanish fanzines or people who are capable of producing comparable material does not mean that fandom is expiring. Only declining. End of translation (with a little bit of rebuttal thrown in, I confess).

BUCK CONLSON, Route 3, Hartford City, Ind.  
47348

I guess according to Ted Johnstone's definition, I'm still an old-style fan. I never knew very many real people that I had any desire to emulate. (I still don't, for that matter.) My closest personal contacts, aside from my immediate family, are with people who live 300 miles away, or more. Unfortunately, I've never been able to understand this "fans are slans" bit, or feel that I'm "close" to anyone simply because he's a fan. (Any more than I would feel close to someone because he happened to be a neighbor, or a co-worker.) However, I am definitely "less social than the Mundanes." I don't dance at convention balls because I don't know how to dance and see no point whatsoever in learning. Having a girl in one's arms is not all that thrilling, unless you're in a position to do more than dance. I don't see anything particularly upsetting in the enlargement of fandom, however. By this time I have my own circle of friends; if a newcomer happens to fit in, great, and if he doesn't, I can ignore him. (Not being a city-dweller, I have very little problem with fans who drop in whether I want them or not, and if necessary I can always tell



them to go to hell. I've done it before.) Traditional fan values will change; acquisition of egoboo and status will perhaps be harder in a bigger group, and possibly will not be awarded for the same achievements. Since I have no particular urge for either one, this doesn't bother me in the slightest. If I happen to like a particular change that is made in fandom, fine; if I don't like it, it can be ignored. I go my way and fandom goes its; it is more pleasant when the ways coincide, but it's hardly a disaster when they don't, and I have no intention of changing mine. (I will make an effort to change my ways for a very few individuals; certainly not for fandom or society as a whole.)

I've been in fandom since 1952, and I don't notice any particular difference in the quality of fanzines. I am less interested in them now than I used to be as a neofan, but that does not mean they are less interesting per se. Of course, Len and I never liked the same things; along with items that I admire, such as VINEGAR WORM and Walt Willis's writing, he includes Burbee, INNUENDO, and Calvin Demmon. Naturally I don't think today's fandom is poorer because I never thought those particular things were all that great to begin with. Quite frankly, I've met more fans that I admire in the last two or three years than I ever did before. (Not all of them, of course, are fanzine publishers.) Hmm. Let's make that "than I ever did before in a similar length of time." I haven't doubled the objects of my admiration in the last two years, but I have increased it considerably. Today's fans are, mostly, a lot nicer people than yesterday's were.

I think it would probably be a good idea to make marijuana legal. As for using it, I see no particular reason for the use of marijuana, alcohol, or cigarettes, though of course the dangers in any of the three is excessive use. So I don't object to making it legal, just as long as I don't have to associate with "heads" (or drunks, or chain smokers).

You go your way and I'll go mine. (Your way is stupid, of course, but it's your privilege as a human to be stupid.)

ed.--If it is stupid, it's a benign stupidity. A "head" is far less likely to annoy others than a drunk or a chain smoker. I'll attempt to make a deal with you: I won't knock your anti-social tendencies (which seem a little stupid to me), if you'll stop making assumptions about my mental state from little or no data at all.

MILTON F. STEVENS U.S.S. Coral Sea, FPO  
San Francisco 96601

In my entire fannish career, I have somehow managed to avoid ever reading any piece of writing by either Walt Willis or Charles Burbee and also managed to avoid every single issue of Xero, Innuendo, Hyphen, Grue and Vinegar Worm (Whatever that may have been). From my position of notable Philistinism, I think Len Bailes is entirely wrong about fandom. He's wrong because of his basic assumption that fandom is primarily an outlet for creative energy. It can be that, but the elements which have made fandom a continuing institution are of a much broader nature.

In a highly individualistic society such as our own, a person needs an excuse to intrude upon the privacy of other individuals. Once upon a time, proximity was considered to be sufficient excuse for the mutual intrusion of a social gathering. With the more crowded conditions of city dwelling, the excuse had to become more selective. In our particular case, science fantasy literature was used as the excuse for the formation of a literary phratry. Once formed, the phratry performed a variety of social functions and created a social environment of a comprehensible size.

Inclination is not always accompanied by ability and so some members of fandom are far better at writing, editing, etc. than others. Some members are very good indeed. There are now and always have been bigger games to play that fandom, but bigger doesn't always imply better. One of the basic reasons fandom exists is that



our urban centers are much too big to relate to. So we have founded a small town spread across the world and from all indications it will continue to exist into the indefinite future.

I. GOLDSMITH Los Angeles, California

Fandom may be a way of life for most fans, but this doesn't make it the best or only way of life. I happen to find fandom to be a very boring and time consuming way to waste a life.

In my opinion, Len Bailes has spoken truth. A truth which the tru-fan must denounce and shrieking thus shrink away in horror at the very thought.

I look around and I see weak petty people symbiotically suckling each other in the limited sphere of the fannish treadmill.

ed.--Terry, I do think you've gone a mite far in support (support?) of Len Bailes. But you're so beautiful when you get mad that I forgive you. (As I ride the fannish treadmill.)

DOUG LOVENSTEIN 425 Coolville Ridge, Athens,  
Ohio 45701

Len Bailes' column strikes me as a very pessimistic one. Sure there will be new Willis's, new Whites, Carrs, Burbees. Calvin Demmon is gone, but he will be replaced. The past is gone, of course, and now there is the future. Dick Geis. He's as good as any of the past fabulous fans. John Berry, me: give us a couple of years, we'll pick up where they left off. So how do I know? What gives me the right to say---since I just wasn't there, then, I just can't really know! Wrong. I refuse to believe that the fans of our Mythical past were gods. They were merely people. And people come and go. Some are talented, some are fantastic, some are schnooks. But they come and go, talented and worthless; they come and go. So maybe Berry and I "fill our magazines with reprints and talk about old fanzines." So what? I have not the slightest doubt that fans of a decade hence will talk about our zines and no doubt reprint random classic quotes and outstanding articles from them. Of course they're there---they turn up in all the decent fnzs. In fact, in a decade I plan to dig out SHAGGY 74 and reprint your column, Len. And people will write long and beautiful locs saying, in essence, "they just don't write like THAT anymore..." Yeah, sure.

...Ah, me. So then Len says, "...in ARIOCH, Ted White's VOID had found yet another imitator". Oh, shit, Len, I never saw a VOID until after the publication and mailing of ARIOCH! 3. So slurp slurp slurp down the drain goes that remarkable observation. So he ends by saying, "Maybe we'll be lucky, and someone New will blunder into us and make us sing praises to his talent. But he won't stay long." Jeez, this is just plain irrelevant. I mean, so what? That little piece of philosophy is true about anything. The greatest genius in

history is born and revolutionizes the world. We all sing praises to his talent. But he doesn't stay long. He dies. And in due course, another great genius is born... and a capital E-T-C! ETC.

A good piece of writing, but I don't agree.

Thank you Kenru! for the compliments in your editorial. The next ARIOCH! will be better than ever. And I am indeed interested in the contemporary scene (for lack of better words)... I may have given a slightly wrong impression in my loc, and I'd like to Clear My Name (for I wouldn't want people to Think Bad Of Me): I would not touch acid with a ten foot pole. I've pushed it, but I wouldn't touch it inside of me. Nor anything else stronger than hash. I just wouldn't consider it. (And maybe not even hash---you can never tell what they put in it. I bought and smoked a gram and later learned it was spiked with opium...GAHHH!!! So I may never touch hash again... I am strictly a grass-head...that's all, just grass...which is fine and if I lose the 'kick'---which is all it is, just a kick, I don't kid myself---then I quit grass. But never any of the hallucinogens---they scare the shit out of me.) So wow! We're all cool and groovy and beautiful! Fun, fun, just have fun... it's better than love, which is fun.

CARL J. BRANDON, JR. Norrskogsvagen B  
112 64 Stockholm,  
Sweden

I must agree with Len Bailes on the State of Fandom: while it's my impression that the average quality of the fanzines is higher today than, say, in 1958, I also think the best efforts of the late 50s are much better than the best things published now. I'm not sure about Len's reasons for this: although I accept that he might be right, I'm not sufficiently in touch with the over-all American cultural trend to be certain. From where I'm watching, there's not that big a difference in general quality of the professional culture. Okay, so the hippies and yuppies and undergrounders are a bit different in outlook from the beatniks, I grant that. I doubt if what they're doing today is better or will have a better chance to survive the next decades than what the beats did, though. This doesn't mean I have any theory of my own as to why the next Willis is slow to show up; it just means that I doubt the reason is to be found in the many new outlets for the sensitive, creative individual. Meaning in turn that I, personally, don't find the average pamphlet of the SDS, the average underground newspaper or the average pop artist (in music or the visual arts) very sensitive, very intelligent or very creative. I think they're more arrogantly self-righteous and anti-intellectual than they are anything else, in fact.

This doesn't mean they can't still be the products of people who might have been fans if the EAST VILLAGE OTHER wasn't there, though. It just means that I doubt there would have been a second Willis in any case.

ed.--Except that the hippie culture



really has left its stigmata on the world. There's strength to the movement which isn't going to be dissipated as was the case with the beats. As for the underground being arrogantly self-righteous and anti-intellectual: all I can say is that I've never seen it that way. Especially the anti-intellectual part.

ED REED 668 Whitaker Road, Stamford,  
Conn. 06904

Fandom is now just ONE of the places that a teenager can do all sorts of things yet it is still one of those places, and notice that Doug Lovenstein (who edits ARIOCH, which is turning into an excellent zine) is in a rock-band. If a guy wants to express himself, why not fandom? Sure, you can't make money--but no trufan is interested in that. Are you? Ted White is a pro--yet he's still a very highly actifan, and I doubt he'll ever gafiate completely. Why, he's co-editing a fanzine now! Sam Delany still does some fanac in letters to ASFR and such, yet he never was as involved as White. Gaughan does a tremendous amount of fanwork--and Bodé is coming around, too. Why? Because fans (Trufen) don't give a shit about those higher stakes, or, if they do, they still remember fandom, which, to them, is just as big a stake as all those other things.

STEVE LEWIS 2074 Pauline Blvd., Ann Arbor,  
Michigan 48103

Len Bailes failed to realize that any new Willis whose light shines but briefly in fandom will probably not be universally recognized, nor will praises be sung to his talent by everyone. Too much of fandom is too hopelessly conservative to hope

that someone New will find complete welcome. Think a bit. It may already have happened.

ed.--Who? From my observations so far I don't think such a person exists. Facile wit seems to have gone out of fandom (but, then again, it seems to have gone out of mundania at the same time.) The age perhaps?

**RICK SNEARY** 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, California

It is such a beautiful morning, after the rain, that I have taken my old portable out on the back porch to write this. Despite the Sun, however, I fear this will appear a rather grumpy letter--as while I'm sure I will find things I like to comment on, it is a strong feeling of argument and irritation that drives me to write.

First of all, I find it hard to make my self believe that this--and the last two issues--are really SHANGRI LA AFFAIRS. I see the signs, and some of the old names/columns, but there is a different spirit about the magazine. One that in another fanzine I wouldn't think much about, but in something that is supposed to be SHAGGY, I find as hard to ignore as an out of beat drummer. Frankly, for all its weaknesses, THE THIRD FOUNDATION has more of the spirit of the old SHAGGY, and the fans I knew. You can argue that your issues reflect the current active membership, of which I am no longer a part, and that is why it seems strange to me. If you did, I would have to admit that you were probably right. But, that does not answer my problem. Admitting that I maybe old and set in my ways, doesn't change what I like.

While it is true that in growing old, many people tend to ossify and stop accepting new ideas -- because an idea is new is no sure sign that it is good or better -- there is also such a thing as personal taste. With no musical training I prefer Beethoven to Shostakovich. With no art training I find I prefer Rembrandt to Matisse. Without training, I can't tell you why. I suspect that it is I like order better than chaos or vagueness. It maybe that I don't like New Wave merely because it is new. It may also be that I find it disorderly and caotic, and not to my taste.

Your complaint about what gets nominated on for a Hugo is a old one. The problem is that the greater the exposer of a given subject, the better its changes of winning, regardless of its real worth. I'm not saying the average fan doesn't know a good thing when he sees it (I'm not saying that!) but that the average fan can't see or read all the good stuff around. He can only vote for what he has seen. If AMRA readers only read AMRA, they can hardly be blamed for voting only for it. The suggestion that has been made to answer this problem in part (made formal by Al Lewis) is the election of a board of judges, who could/would take the time to read and see all the good stuff, and then make nominations. They to put up three names in each category--two more added by general fan vote. This would hopefully

assure that the little known masterpieces at least got up for a vote.

I can't explain my reacting to Sally's writing very well, because I don't understand it... As far as fan writing, she is preovential and neo-fannish, and maybe a little naive (something I find it hard to believe that I can believe). Her world is just a little out of tune with mine, and once in a while an expression or event will grate on my sensitive nerves like an old nail on slate... But, damn it all, she can write... She is quiet, and watches, and seems to think/brood a lot... and it all comes out in her writing. And this is the why of the True Fan... This is... I'm rather sorry her world is so clearly not my world, but I hope she will go on writing about it... Maybe I'll understand what it is I see in her writing some day... Hopefully before she becomes aware of what it is her self and it is spoiled... ((See, Ken, I do like some things!))

Smoking marijuana is rather like the New Wave...it has been around a long time ...and maybe one of the most objectionable features of it as far as those who personally don't like it, is the insistance by those who do that it is The Only Thing... Beware the True Believer.

ed.--The Board of Judges idea for Hugo nominations sounds like a good idea. Sort of what the Motion Picture Academy Awards do with short films, foreign films, and the technical fields. But, Rick, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Especially in fandom!

I've been getting SHAGGY in its various incarnations for about twenty years now, on and off, but I've never seen an issue to match #74 in attractiveness or interest. Bode's strip is awesome (why does he knock himself out that way for free?) and I was particularly taken by the brief but deeply personal con vignettes. Will you be covering the Baycon the same way? I'd love to see you try.

*ed.*--None of the SHAGGY staff seemed to have been exhilarated by the BAYCON enough to do a con report. Frankly, I felt that far more groovy things happened at FUNCON than at the worldcon. Maybe it's just a matter of size. It's easier to encompass a Westercon.

**RUTH BERMAN** 230 S. Coronado #35, Los Angeles, California 90057

You're right, of course, that the dramatic sf Hugo award is a ridiculous category. It's a catch-all for a group of fields which till recently have had very little sf. Which means that with an odd-ball possibility that won't occur to most fans like "A saucerful of secrets," all you can do is try to give it publicity and wait while we see if the current sf boom is going to last long enough to warrant splitting the drama Hugo into a couple or three categories.

But I rather doubt that the current renaissance in pop culture -- and I guess it is that, for clothes and records and perhaps movies seem to be much more interesting -- will affect fandom much. Fandom wasn't a product of the said-repressed-50's. It has now lasted through several changes of society without having its unity disrupted (although, of course, it has mirrored such changes). Fandom reminds me of the White Knight's plan

To feed oneself on batter.  
And so go on from day to day,  
Getting a little fatter.

How nice to know that Scorpios have some very, very heavy doomed things to go through. Bullshit, Sally. But I'll let you know if anything doomish happens to me. Astrology blowhards work by psyching out the people they're with and making up a horoscope to fit. Also by picking traits that are nearly universal so that they can't be too far off or too often wrong. Which would be fine, except that they can't do it consistently, so they resort to the guidelines their nonsense has set up and so can do real harm by mixing in what is taken to be reliable prophecy along with their generally apt descriptions of character. As it happens, Scorpio is the sign where they put a chonk (that's a large chunk) of undesirable characteristics, since they have to have some somewhere to make the assorted niceness of most other signs look halfway probable. This makes us Scorpios just a bit paranoid around astrologers.

I must disagree with your editoria proposing a musical Hugo. I have yet to find anything in the music field that would justify it. I like some of almost every kind of music, but I cannot see any significant difference between the new stuff, the "sf" titles and the rest of the current music. The same goes for fantasy -- the "H.P. Lovecraft" stuff has little to do with Lovecraft, The Hobbits' album "Down Middle Earth" is in no way more fantasy-oriented than a dozen other albums by groups with weird names. I hunted up the "Progress Suite" you mentioned, but I was not impressed, either with the sfness or the music itself. I can only think of two works which I would even consider as qualified for a musical Hugo -- ANIARA, and SEVEN DREAMS. And they are both quite old. It may be that we will need a musical Hugo someday, but I don't think there's any hurry. If we were tried now, I suspect that you would get a smallish field of nominees that 90% of us never heard of, and which one would be purely a matter of chance.

*ed.*--Admittedly the "sfness" of the "Progress Suite" is elementary. Nonetheless it *is* impressive as a measure of the strength of the science fiction idea in what one would normally assume to be a mundane context. Try it again for the content.

**MIKE DECKINGER** 25 Manor Drive, Apt. 12-2 Newark, New Jersey 07106

Although you, and everyone else call it SHAGGY I am having a difficult time matching that fanzine title with the publication I have before me. The last SHAGGY I saw was mimeod in several colors, 8 1/2 x 11, and had names like the Trimble, T Johnstone and Ron Ellik associated with it. The present edition is beautifully printed but bears a stronger resemblance to a literary journal than to a club fanzine. Although you say this is "the Official Organ of LASFS", there is no Jest a Minute under that name or another. Do you foretell the inclusion of LASFS minutes in a future issue?

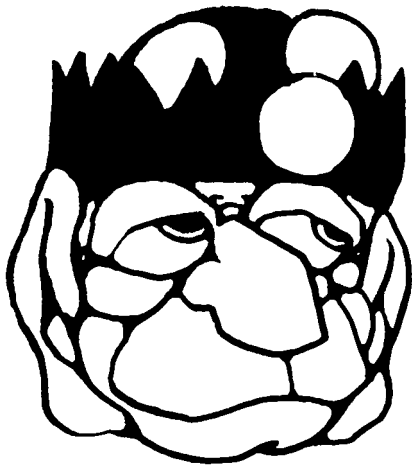
Why is it so ridiculous that 5 STAR TREK episodes have qualified for the 196 Hugo? As you say, there were no movies any value in the year of eligibility, radio is an obsolete medium that delivers news and weather, and the theatre must concentrate on escapist comedies to sell tickets. The STAR TREK nominees merely prove that sf was used more creatively on television than anywhere else. Judging from the number of STAR TREK fans within fandom, it's inevitable that a few episodes will be nominated each year, as long as the show remains on the air. I completely agree that the Drama category should be broadened to include recordings. If this is done you will have to weigh the artistry of a tv show or a film against the make-up of what you consider to be a good representation of sf in the pop field (such as "Progress Suite"). It will also be necessary to publicize the existence of such pieces.



for the benefit of a number of potential voters who will not have the opportunity to approach your selection.

A further point comes to mind. Since you refer to "2001" as a visual experience would you suggest that a specific category for audial happenings without visual accompaniment be established? In this way a drama Hugo could safely be awarded to both "2001" and a suitable rock production without ignoring either worthwhile choice. I think even drawing a comparison between "2001" and any good STAR TREK episode is straining several points. They are both products of two entirely different forms of visual entertainment. STAR TREK must conform to the eccentricities of the commercial medium as well as budget limitations while "2001" need not suffer commercial restrictions, can operate on a much higher budget, and through elaborate projection and screening devices can achieve effects that STAR TREK could not hope to duplicate on a television screen.

Jim Keith's story on pages 12 and 13



would have been a waste of page space if it was run without the Gaughan illos. The layout and placement of these two pages is precisely the sort of dynamic packaging that transforms an innocuous sketch into a condensed epic. Gaughan's illo on page 13, showing the hero mounted on a monolithic face, looks vaguely familiar. I wonder if Jack ever saw Alexander Korda's film "The Thief of Baghdad". And apropos of Gaughan, why is it that only his most mediocre artwork appears in the prozines? I've seen drawings by him in fanzines, and at past convention art displays, that would put to shame the unbalanced scribbles Frederik Pohl buys in such great quantity.

The FUNCON report(s) was excellent. This is exactly the way a con-report should be detailed. Instead of having one observer reporting on both the high and low spots with the expected journalistic bias in mentioning some objectionable feature, the myriad opinions all form a most enthusiastic unit. I'd like to see this format used more often; the BAYCON just cries for such a treatment.

COBALT 60 is a difficult strip to comment on, since I've always seen this style used in delineating a humorous story. I gather that Bodé is quite serious in relating the fable, and not seeking any laughable situations. Parts of it sag in impact, but most of it is quite effective and more memorable than any other fanzine strip with the possible exception of one that Bjo would probably like to forget called "Super-Squirrel". Bodé is immensely talented, and he too should not be judged for artistic talent on the basis of his professional submissions. COBALT 60, and his current strip in ODD, is much better than anything I've seen by him in a prozine.

ed.--LASFS minutes aren't included in SHAGGY because I think they'd be dull. If there were a great hue and cry for initiating such a column, I might reconsider. But certainly there are a lot of things I feel are more interesting and less parochial.

**LAURENCE M. JANIFER** College Residents Club  
601 W. 116 St., Suite 7N  
N.Y., New York 10025

Don't tell anybody; I'm ducking out on work for a little while to write a letter. I finished my third draft of a movie review for AMAZING/FANTASTIC (HOT MILLIONS: see the movie, but don't see it) and went out of my apartment and walked into this box that sank something over fifty feet, and got out of the box and found myself in a lobby, and picked up newspapers and necessities out in the street and came back to find the mail and part of it was SHAGGY, and some time has now passed. I ought to be either on draft 4 of the review (I run from about eight to fourteen drafts on these things, it's writing on the head of a pin) or on draft 1 of two other jobs. But SHAGGY, in all amazement, remains SHAGGY, and gets better. It has been a long time.

The prizes are the FUNCON vignette collage, Earl's piece and SEASON OF THE WITCH. I don't think I know Kim, though she might have been on this Coast any old time, but I know a few people here who do the same thing to me and to other people; I suppose that the worldking of constructive mindblowing is Chester Anderson, but there are some gals, and even nonwriters, who can manage it; I won't mention your names, you know who you are. I'm a sort of lateblooming Pisces (much Aries in the mix) and if this means anything I will eat my own astrology texts. All I have ever known for sure is that I don't understand Gemini people and I don't think they understand me (but how can I tell?). Sally's piece is the finest thing in the issue, perhaps the finest thing floating around at the moment; I have never seen that set of states conveyed before.

Earl's is so far above anything I have seen of Earl's that I almost disbelieve it. I hear more than I see, and the intense use of sound through 2001 is as important to me as anything else in it; the sheer size of the picture can be conveyed to someone who hasn't seen it by playing the ZARATHUSTRA snippet to them and telling them that (where did that one person become two or more people? The world

keeps on getting stranger all the time)... that it is the opening ninety-seven seconds. I have seen the thing four times. I intend to see it again. I have even, miracle for a reviewer, paid to see it.

And the collage makes me wish I'd been at the con. "Beam us up, Mr. Sulu." Yes.

Ted Johnstone: yes, but nobody ever stayed long. We don't remain fans; we just turn into pros, a lot of us; what we never do is stop being fans.

Thanks for SHAGGY, people. I am whelmed.

**CHRIS WALKER** 5111 Old Mill Road, Fort Wayne, Indiana 46807

Tim Kirk has the uncanny knack of putting the truly alien across in a drawing. One of the many people who see my copies of SHAGGY sees faces in the background towers of the cover; are they supposed to be there? I don't see them, myself.

And he understands about dragons. Someday I'd like to do a portfolio of the dragon in fan art; the exuberant steed on page 30 is a little different from my mental image of the beast, but it beats some of the anemic dinosaur-types I've seen lately.

Sally Crayne's articolumns open a window into a magic world; I feel wonderfully at home with people I've never met and at the same time discriminated against and excluded. Even if she exaggerates, it sounds heartbreakingly beautiful, and I'm frantically jealous of all of you.

Escape draws (Bless Ghu!) closer and closer; I've applied to a small liberal arts college within spittin' distance of Wooster and Columbus, both fan-centers. Maybe you've heard of it - Kenyon? Mark (Lords of the Starship) Geston is an alumnus. Ah, well, neither has anybody else.

**STEVE JOHNSON** 1016 N. 31st, Corvallis, OR. 97330

There is something I'd like to say about the drug debate in the lettercol. It's been said before, elsewhere, I'm sure, but I think it's important enough to bear repetition. From my own experience and observations, when people (some people, at least) find out that grass and mescaline are harmless and that the government's been lying to them about the subject for thirty-odd years, they tend to go overboard in the opposite direction, to at least some degree. Whether or not the chromosome business about acid is true or government bullshit, it's obvious that LSD isn't for everyone. And that amphetamines aren't for anyone. Yet their abuse (and the abuse of other drugs) are invited by the existence of a market where anything goes, from grass right on up to opium (if you're willing to wait an extra week or two for special orders...) That is the basic problem with indiscriminate drug legislation in my opinion;

it's the old story about crying wolf. (And of course there's not really much the government could do to change it all now: once it admits it's been lying indiscriminately in the past, who's to say it's not lying selectively in the present?)

ed.--Points well taken!

**DAVE SZUREK** 6326 Perkins Street, Detroit, Michigan 48210

The Pink Floyd's SAUCERFUL OF SECRETS isn't science fiction--it's more like fact. Unfortunately, all too many earthlings will completely misunderstand the mission of the aliens--and the power structure will (already has, in fact) oppose it for their own mean little ends. It is up to those of us who have a better consciousness to set things straight, to turn people on to the truth, and be allies with our visitors. If we don't do this, things are sure to get even more screwed up.

Sally Craynes' Season Of The Witch I enjoyed also! Funny thing I've noticed about astrology is that two signs, Aries and Taurus rarely ever match their readings--are in fact, often the exact opposite of what they're written to be. Strange. Myself, I'm one of those weird characters born under three signs--Cancer, Cancer/Pisces, and Cancer/Gemini. That includes this life only.

I don't believe this chromosome-fucking bit about acid. I've seen too many acidheads bear perfectly normal children to fall for it. And if you're going to complain about L.S.D. altering your mind, I'll just laugh at you--for the alterations it produces are for the most part beneficial and very desirable.



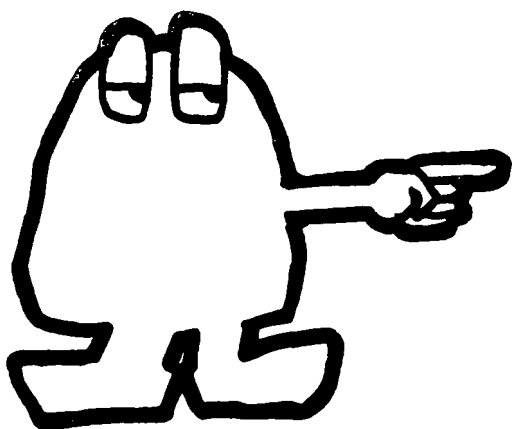
KEN FLETCHER '68

If I'm insane as the result of drugs, I'm glad of it--for if this is insanity, I'd rather be insane than sane. But then some people never want to stop playing the games. I didn't drop acid and see the world in all it's petty ugliness. I dropped acid and saw the world in all it's awesome beauty. Naturally, at the same time, I was able to see the ugliness that stood in the way of the beauty--and that perhaps created even more appreciation of the beautiful. Ah, what a wonderful world this can be.

ed.--Yeah!

**PETER SINGLETON** Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital, Crowthorne, Berks. RG11 7EG, England

This is a real mind-blowing experience, perhaps all the more enjoyable because this latest issue of your sparkling fanzine and the avant garde NEW WORLDS combined provides me with the nearest thing to a trip I've had since being moved to this special security hospital eighteen months ago--six back issues of NW arrived on the same day as SHAGGY and the cumulative effect is quite something, I can tell you. This isn't comparable to a bona fide drug induced experience, but at least there isn't any inconvenient side effect in this case, unless I'm being unduly optimistic. One of the major disturbances I've experienced in the murky past when rashly mixing analeptics and psychotomimetics is the socially unacceptable desire to slash innocents with a variety of sharp objects, with a wildly uncharacteristic intent to kill. Under normal circumstances I'm too timid to be able to defend myself in a fist fight, so I was even more surprised than anyone else when I developed my blind urges to inflict mayhem when under the influence. I hope Earl Evers doesn't have similar problems



TELL HIM TO QUIT BUGGIN' ME  
WHILE I'M STONED.

which can be acutely embarrassing in polite company, if he continues his dangerous experiments to extremes. I was unstable long before I developed my compulsion to take drugs in large quantities, so this is a decisive factor when considering some of the more weird reactions I've been subjecting myself to, entirely beyond my greatest attempts to control.

Yes indeed, Kenru, there is a genuine and pronounced change in tonal values when 'high' which is, however, difficult to convey in mere words, which partly explains the lack of faith in this effect as expressed by non-users, Jim Harmon included. My favourite combination is Bach and Benzedrine, with a dash of propylhexedrine on the side; and I can't stand this so-called psychedelic music, strangely enough. Anyway, I'm certainly not a hippy by any stretch of the imagination because I prefer baroque to barn-yard noises and banshee howls entirely without exception! Yes, I dig Bach, Viotti, Vivaldi, and Jelly Roll Morton, etc. ... I have really old-fashioned tastes in music.

A fanzine, Parr, is an amateur magazine produced without profit by science-fiction fen which isn't available on a commercial basis from general bookshops and newspaper vendors. No repro is specified when evaluating what is a fanzine and what isn't, and if the nextish of SHAGGY appears in Technicolor with gold-leaf borders and justified margins it will still be a fanzine. Don't let mere visual misconceptions mislead you!

ed.--Emphasize the "without profit" and I'll go along with your definition. Gold leaf would be a trifle ostentatious. Now Technicolor...

**DAVE LOCKE** 923 So. Olive Street, #16, Duarte, California 91010

I've noticed that the quality of the written matter, insofar as competency with the written word itself goes, has definitely improved in SHAGGY. However, there's not much in this issue that really says anything. Buck Coulson just wrote me a letter wherein he says, "Most fanzine contributors don't have anything to write about, I've noticed, but they write it anyway", a statement so germane to this issue of SHAGGY that it might specifically have been written as a result of it.

I'm afraid that Earl Evers' impressions of "2001" while he was under the influence of acid were nothing that I could bring myself to appreciate. I expect that anyone who wants to see the movie while high on acid may find some use in reading this. I found it only a fairly interesting illumination of a man overwhelmed by the drug-induced shadow-play in his own mind.

ed.--It's more likely that you never tuned in on the shadow-play that Kubrick and Clarke meant for you to see!



**EARL EVERS 626 So. Alvarado, Box 352, Los Angeles, California 90057**

There seems to be a big debate about mimeo versus litho for fanzines, but I can't see why. The method of printing has never effected my total impression of a zine much -- the important things are the written contris themselves, the illos, and the layout. As long as you don't let your repro method control your contents and layout, it won't effect the impression your zine makes.

When you photoreproduce your art, there's a strong temptation to use only "the best", meaning the most finished-looking illos. And of course the casual, rather sloppy cartoon or funny sketch is one of the standbys of the faaannish fanzine. So you're perfectly right in using quite a few rough faaannish sketches in SHAGGY. (And for that matter why should they be considered "inferior" art if they communicate what the artist intended them to communicate? Anyone who thinks good art has to look finished can find plenty of verbal refutation in the collected letters of Vincent Van Vogt [?] and more concrete refutation in that same artist's work.)

I think Len Bailes makes a valid point when he says "there are bigger games than fandom to play now, and naturally the golden people are going to be drawn to them". Sure, there's very little reason for a person of real creative talent to retreat into Fandom these days. But was there ever? Most of the best fanwriters of the past later went into some form of pro writing or got involved in some other creative activity outside Fandom.

What's important is not that Fandom is no longer a secret refuge for the "golden people", if it ever was, but that it's bigger, more open, and generally more liberal and creative than it's ever been. The fan of 1968 seems to have more interests outside Fandom than the average Trufan of 1958 -- what's bad about that? I think it makes for more interesting fanac and more interesting (and healthier) fans.

More important still, modern Fandom is not something you "graduate" from when you start to make it artistically. There was a time when a writer or artist almost invariably dropped out of Fandom when he turned pro. Now even pros who were never fans before are entering Fandom, and almost every fan-turned-pro maintains at least some ties with the mainstream of Fandom. On top of that, a lot of creative young people who never would have entered the Fandom of the Fifties are at least on the fringes of Fandom -- not fanzine Fandom,

maybe, but they go to fan meetings and cons, and they read SF as just another specialized form of fiction, and I'm sure not as a special obsession.

Jim Keith's story makes a picture come to mind of a world where they have signs in all the parks: "PLEASE DON'T SMOKE THE BUTTERFLIES". And of course now he's going to have to write a sequel and tell us what the high was like...

I see Sally Crayne has had her mind blown by the Younger Generation of hippies, too. Wow, but kids these days are sure ahead of where we were in our teens. I mean at 18 I was just an ordinary, run-of-the-mill juvenile delinquent -- I smoked pot, but only because it was supposed to be a Nasty, Evial, Hoodish thing to do.

The hell of it is, though, just how mature are most of these kids? Sure, they are into a lot more things, a lot earlier. But most of them still have a hell of a lot to learn. Like this chick I was tripping with one time who walked into the corner deli with me and started telling the counter man how she was on acid... And I had the devil's own time explaining to her that you don't shit in the spring you drink out of, you don't blow the deli man's mind wher you live in the neighborhood and maybe might want to get credit from him next week, and all like that. And she keeps arguing "they can't bust you for talking about it", and I keep arguing back, "of course they can't, but there's such a thing as being cool and living in the community without hassles", and I never did get the idea across to her.

Oh, well, at least kids are starting everything earlier, even if they still can't grow up instantly. At least maybe they're getting a head start.



Goshwowohboyohboy! SHAGGY 74's Funcon report is positively beeeautiful! Whee!

Seriously, though, reporting on the convention in this way was a terrific idea. If you're as completely involved in an event as the SHAGGY people obviously were, really objective reporting of the event is virtually impossible. So rather than attempting to write a typical, dry, objective con report, you took a step in the other direction and presented a completely SUBJECTIVE report, talking about the events from the point of view of the participants. This type of reporting, aided wonderfully by Bjo's illos, allows the reader to really get the "feeling" of the convention and for the first time it gave me the impression that I'd actually attended the con myself. This must be the ultimate purpose of a con report, and, so far, this one is just about the only such report to achieve that purpose.

That would have been enough, but here you have 60 pages more....

In his review of *Passage*, Dave misses (intentionally?) a basic (admitted by Panshin) factor in the book--the attempt to use a Heinlein style in a Heinlein-type situation and IMPROVE upon it. Panshin succeeded on this count, too, and in Mia Haverro created a typical Heinlein individual more believable than most of the originals. What we're waiting for NOW is a novel in his own style.

ed.--Personally, I have such a nostalgia for the old Heinlein juveniles, that Panshin could spend his lifetime improving on the Master's style and I'd buy every book he wrote. In hard-back even.

At the risk of taking sides, I agree with Al Snider - fandom is for "soul" and a sense of involvement, that no matter who you are, no matter how small and unpopular, you can write something, publish it and BE HEARD. Just for the egoboo, though maybe that's why some people write. I think it's more to see their ideas in print, to know that other people read what they say, consider it, and maybe write back, agreeing -- or disagreeing -- thus starting a dialogue, a discussion. This is, I think, one of the most vital missions of fandom. It is probably the most literary, intelligent, many-faceted, open underground communication channel that exists today. You know, anyone, even you, can be heard, become known, just for having a strong cranking arm (or, naturally, bread) and an active typer. I don't care whether it looks good or not, just so long as its readable, for that is its purpose. (The reason a litho job turns some people off is it looks so good they feel there is a gap -- they're not that good, ie, its not their zine -- they can just read it. And of course, the all to frequent feeling of jealousy -- I don't like it cause I could never do anything that good in a million years).

Alexis, you are using Aristotelian logic, shame, shame! For that you are assigned to read "THE WORLD OF NULL A". Just cause someone is using drugs or isn't working a steady job doesn't mean they are headed for plastic paradise. Why does everyone equate drug use with total withdrawal from reality. Man, there are many kinds of reality. Many people can use drugs, see through the basic falsehoods society puts on us, and continue to function as before, because they also realize what you say still holds -- you gotta work to eat, you gotta have a steady mate to raise kids, etc. etc. into the night. And people "drop out" so to speak without ever having touched any drugs -- or



just from good old demon rum. Look at prohibition. (I know thats been said before). The trick is seeing which evils are necessary and which are not.

Is Andy the Porter kidding or has he really formed a bidding committee for '74? That's 6 years Andy -- sure they won't drop the bomb or the whosises won't land or something?

**SETH A. JOHNSON** 345 Yale Avenue, Hillside,  
New Jersey, 07205

That cover by Tim Kirk is fascinating. How about running a contest to write a story around that cover? Seems a shame to just let it go at that.

Seems to me the fanzine media should reflect the experience and background of the fan or gang producing the fanzine. Joe Neofan might still use hecto or spirit duplicator while those with a bit more experience would go on to more expensive mimeo. But the longer fandom lasts, why, the more the older and more experienced fans should aspire to putting out something head and shoulders above the field.

Ted Johnstone poses a lot of questions about fans and Trufen, etc. Fact of the matter is that fandom always was an aggregation of cliques. People come into fandom, find most fans just don't have time for them, and soon start writing to other newcomers and pubbing their own fanzines and eventually ooze into some apa or other. They attend regionals and worldcons and of course they meet their own private cliques there just as they do through the mails. The old cliques dwindle as one after another gafiates or goes on to other things, and other more enthusiastic, more recent ones drift together to replace them. I think you actually have a couple of dozen fandoms each centering around the recruits of some period and age. As someone remarked in SHAGGY this ish, he attended a room party and found himself in a circle of LASFS people surrounded by other fans. And each of those other fans were having about the same experience with his own clique of correspondents or "peers".

The question in my mind is if anyone can remember and keep track of more than fifty or so people at any one time. I myself have welcomed hundreds of fans to the N3F over the past fifteen years, and to this day I don't think I have more than some fifty active correspondents whom I contact at fanflabs and the like, and of course robin and correspond with. Check and see if this is not the case in your own experience.

So if and when Fandom gets thousands of members, why, it's simply that there will be hundreds of cliques, each with its own set of values and ideas and fetishes. And it seems to me that this is just about the way it should be. The more of them there are, why, the easier it will be for each newcomer to find his own niche and group of compatible spirits to hobnob with, both through the mails and at fanflabs. The more people, the more variety; why, the more fandom will have to offer and the more people will stick with it instead of gafiating as they now do.



**DEBBIE ATHERTON** 41 Hazel Dr., Pittsburgh,  
Pa. 15228

[Commenting on #73]

Candle castles are indeed marvellous things. We just built (we being the presently-in-town members of Western Pa. SF Assoc.) at an early New Year's party. The party went for twelve hours, and nobody went to sleep, but we did shock the paperboy with our flaming creation at 7:00 a.m. He didn't even say good morning. Although my brother and I have been for some time the neighborhood's resident "weirdos", I have the feeling the end is near. Maybe they won't let us walk through the continuous touch football game located outside our door any longer. Maybe we shall never again see the light of day.

The candle castle served, more or less, as therapy. Anytime a person tired of the party, he would start



working on the castle and be re-absorbed. The result is a heavy cluster of towers leaning on a single gigantic look-out and a silver spiral gate. It's a delicate mass of combined hostilities, and lovely in a strange sort of way. I think it's a new art form. Have you tried Chanukah candles? They're the prettiest of all, and make magnificent fluted turrets.

**HARLAN ELLISON** from his mountaintop series.

How does a writer say thank you for as good, as lucid, and as understanding a review of ten years work as I got from



Bill Glass in SHAGGY 74? I suppose, if he's genuinely grateful, genuinely touched, and genuinely at a loss for words, he simply says thank you. And perhaps I am. Thank you, Mr. Glass.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM...scads of people--over 70 legitimate loc's and maybe a hundred or so additional letters and cards with m\*c\*n\*e\*y (très agréable. SHAGGY costs!) Such response is greatly appreciated; I only wish I had the time to keep up with the promising correspondances. This issue has stretched over an ungodly length of time, during which I was really forced to neglect some people. There's only so much time in the day I can devote to fanac. So, if I owe you a letter, please be patient; most likely I haven't forgotten.

Among the WAHF's were letters from ED COX who especially liked the art and layout (called it "top-notch" which appeals) and liked the way we pub cohesive Art Portfolios ("...it gives excellent presentation to a type of effort which goes begging in most mimeo and ditto zines...")::DICK GEIS who thought the layouts were "spotty and you (or someone) uses that flowery script typeface too much." [blame where blame's due:'twas I.] DICK also likes offset and wonders if Al Snider would stick to mimeo if for the same money he could go offset. "I wonder how much of the purists' purity is based on sheer unspoken and/or unrealized envy."::JOHN BERRY (Irish)--"Particular praise to Don Simpson for the Art Portfolio."::ARCHIE MERCER, commenting on my editorial on SF pop music qualifying for a Hugo: "If a thing is verbal/musical...you have a point. As regards music 'sans parolles' though--I'd say certainly not. A composer writes a piece of music and says it represents such-and-such. It does, to him. A listener... can entirely legitimately see something entirely different in it." [Yes, Archie, but what about "musique concrète"? *Progress Suite* did not communicate verbally, exactly, but made its SF statement with sound effects. It's rather a new type of communication--straight into the brain without words. Reminds me of the "feelies".. Wouldn't such a work qualify?]::DICK BERGERON who wonders what Len Bailes means by the "magic" he found lacking in current fmz's and would like to see a follow-up article.:. Also, JOHN FOYSTER, DON LUNDRY, ROSE HUNT, SETH DOGRAMAJIAN, JAY KINNEY, RICHARD DELAP, PEGGY GEMIGNANI, CUYLER WARNELL BROOKS, LAURIE GRAHAM, DAVID PIPER, PER INSULANDER, MARIJANE JOHNSON, NEAL GOLDFARB, VERA HEMINGER, MIKE GILBERT, GABE EISENSTEIN, JIM ASHE, GREG BEAR, BARRY WEISSMAN, LARRY HERNDON, MATTIWILKS BEARD, NANCY JANDA, and many, many more...(now I know why Geis ends his lettercol this way!) Thanks all. See you nextish. Peace and Love.

*Kenru*

ANSWER TO FAANISH DOUBLE CROSTIC LASTISH:  
Walt Willis: "The Enchanted Duplicator".  
"And now the song of the trumpets filled the air, ringing out across trufandom to the far mountains. 'For the magic mimeograph is the one with a true fan at the handle.' And Jophan found that it was so."

