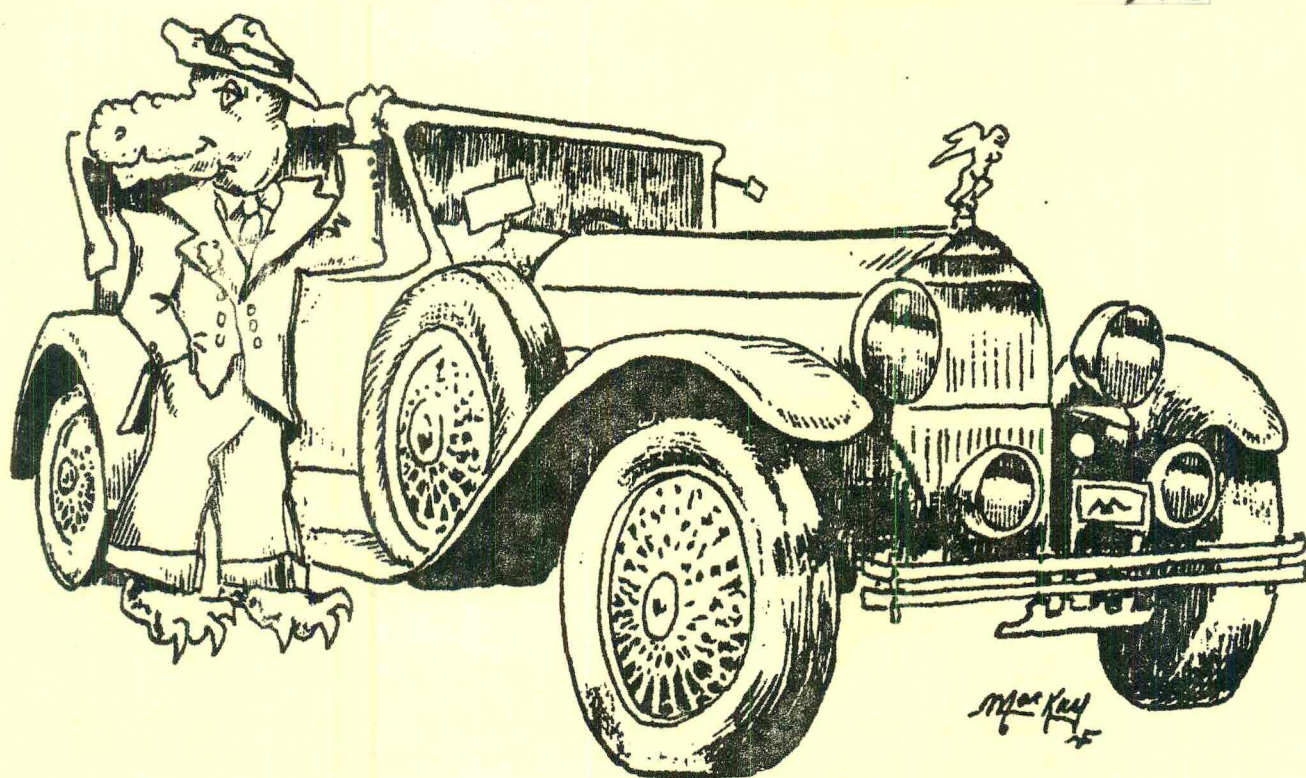


SIMULACRUM



SIMULACRUM 2

October 1975



SIMULACRUM is edited and published approximately three times a year by
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Copies are available for "the Usual" or \$1.00 each; I prefer "the Usual"
which is contributions of articles or art, trades, and LoCs.

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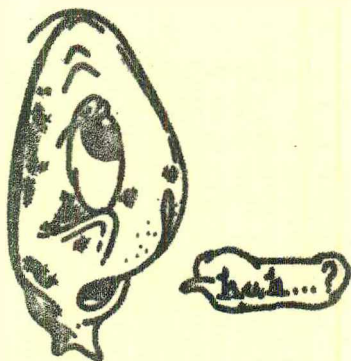
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Non Sequitur



No--Anti-Mush Woman is not yet downfallen.

But she has moderated her views.

Since the last issue, back last June, I've done some thinking, I've experienced a number of cons, I've talked to people. I've received a number of letters from readers of SIMULACRUM in comment on my attitudes to "mush". Some readers have lectured me, some have briefly outlined their own experiences. I've even been talked to in person, both at cons and at home. And, I'm assured, I'm not alone in my "abysmal luck".

It makes me feel a bit better. Not, of course, that I'm happy that other people have had bad luck in this department, but a sort of "we're all in this together" feeling.

I should have realized before that, whatever my own personal feelings and lifestyle, I cannot rightly condemn "mush" for other people, and should not have come on in that way in print. I myself could not take sex casually--I, who abhor even touching a total stranger, as for example in a crowded subway, cannot even think of going to bed with a guy I'd only just met, merely for sport. A possible partner to me would have to at least be a really good friend--and I mean really good. But I realize that most people are not that touchy. And of course I am aware of the differences in attitude to this between male and female. That another person engages in what to me seems casual sex, does not diminish him or her in my eyes, any more than the knowledge that another person smokes, drinks, wears platform shoes, or does other things that I myself do not. I am not against premarital intercourse, or living together, or even one-night stands, it is just that I don't do things like this myself. But I suppose if I met the right guy that would change too. I've come close, after all.

Meanwhile, I am probably the only fan who takes a single room, all to myself, at a con, and sleeps in it alone. Several people at WINDYCON, recently, chided me for missed opportunities, but the defense rests.

editorial by victoria vayne

Strange things have been turning up in my mailbox--not PO Box 156, where I receive mail as "Victoria Vayne", but here, in my apartment, where I get the stuff addressed to me under my real name. (Which is Dutch and reminds one of headache tablets, but we won't go into that here.) Someone had arranged that a booklet entitled *MODERN DATING* by our old friend Granite Head Armstrong be sent to me. My first suspicions fell to Taral Wayne MacDonald, who denied it when confronted. He's a good liar, though. Even so, there's a college friend of mine in Kingston, Ontario who could've done it. Along with the dating booklet a pamphlet called *YOUR MARRIAGE CAN BE HAPPY* also came.

MODERN DATING is something else. GTA cites divorce statistics and traces the roots of the trouble to bad dating practices in the teens. Too much necking. Too much mush. GTA lashes out at the automobile. The car, he claims, is the root of many evils, manifested in such things as "wild rides" and "long parked sessions". GTA proclaims "It's time the car was controlled." GTA lashes out at going steady in high school, something in which I tend to agree with him as being pointless and premature, but still, not for the same reasons. I also tend to agree with GTA's criticism of the fact that all teenagers seem to want in dating partners are the superficial things--looks, style, popularity--rather than qualities of character. Teenage dating, according to Authority GTA, "should not be 'romantic'". It should consist of group activities--sports, cookouts, singalongs--rather than couples' activities such as movies or drives. GTA is emphatically against mush (even more than me) except in marriage (as outlined in yet another book by father Herbert W.) He is not a person after my own mind, though, as I cannot see how any normal teenager would go along with such guidelines. The normal teenager wants to neck and park. (I didn't when I was a teenager, but then who said I was normal?) The normal teenager goes through a psychologically recognized period of independence, even embarrassment, from parents. What GTA advocates might in an idealized way give rise to a more "moral" world--in a sexual sense--but sense and psychology are against him. And what is "moral"? You can't change human nature, and the general consensus today is that repression only gives rise to worse problems.

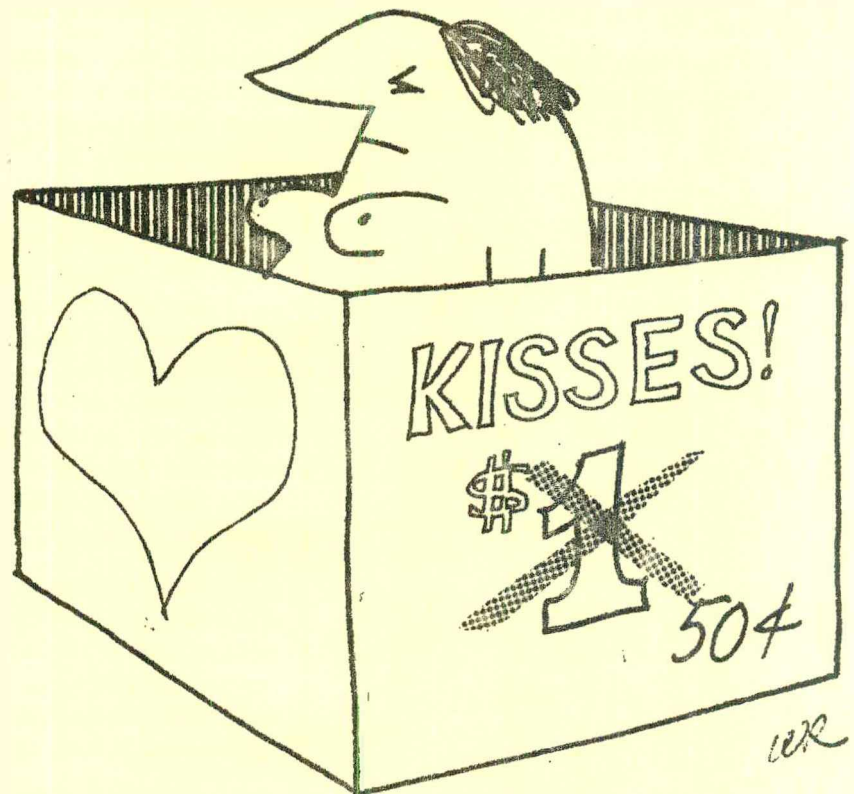
GTA gives directions on selecting the right mate. Step right up, folks, to the meat market; use this checklist. The points make some sense, but it seems dehumanizing to subject a prospect to a comparison chart like this, rather than just casually growing to know and like each other and finding out all about each other spontaneously. The seven points to look for are 1) physical health, 2) mental health, 3) heredity and environment (shades of eugenics and selective breeding!!!), 4) personality, 5) religion (or as I would put it, basic agreement in philosophy of life), 6) romantic attraction, and 7) "seek council". To reiterate, consideration of these points makes sense, but it is degrading to size up one's potential partner according to specifications.

And of course, before you can take any of this advice, weird as it may be, you have to "find" someone to measure up against the standard. GTA does not give hints as to how this might be accomplished; but one would assume the old standby, "join a church group", would apply here.

Join fandom? I think if GTA and his ilk ever blundered into a con, they'd shit bricks.

An interesting tangential thought, while I'm on the subject of sex, touches on sexual freedom. How many "utopian" societies described in recent and not-so-recent novels include among their characteristics a large amount of sexual license? I can think of five offhand--Huxley's *BRAVE NEW WORLD*, Levin's *THIS PERFECT DAY*,

Silverberg's *THE WORLD INSIDE*, LeGuin's *THE DISPOSSESSED* (Anarres), and Saberhagen's *GALAXY* serial *LOVE CONQUERS ALL*. Readers may know of others, and I would be interested in hearing of them, for possible use in a later article. In *THE DISPOSSESSED* I get the impression there is some choice for the individuals, some degree of right of refusal. In *THIS PERFECT DAY*, at least when the people are young, sexual events seem to be scheduled as to person and time with no choice of refusal. In *THE WORLD INSIDE* it would seem that to refuse is socially aberrant, as it is in *LOVE CONQUERS ALL*. A blanket comment on such anti-utopias: the lack of choice of refusal seems to be unrealistic. Human nature is not going to change so drastically that people are going to be willing to sleep with just *anybody*. Not females, at least. There will always be people to whom one is simply not attracted in the slightest. What happens when the feeling of disapprobation is not mutual? *THIS PERFECT DAY* gets around this one by making all the people more or less identical in appearance, but personalities can be turn-offs too, and somehow I don't see how even the drug-induced personalities of Levin's novel could all be that identical. Drugs play a large part in *BRAVE NEW WORLD* as well, but personalities seem distinct, despite the Soma. It is not made clear whether or not the Soma renders one receptive to the advances of all and sundry; and my criticisms stand for Huxley's novel as well. In contrast one anti-utopian novel comes to mind wherein sexual license is frowned upon: Orwell's *1984*, and even there, the hero and heroine plot to get around this.



A statement of policy for SIMULACRUM: my hopes for this zine are that it will become a quality, "prestige" genzine, both in appearance and content. I plan to continue the use of electrostencilled artwork and 24-pound coloured paper; the length will very likely stay at around 60 pages per issue, appearing roughly three times a year. The print run presently stands at 200 copies; much more than this would be time-consuming both to print and to collate, and sooner than increase the

print run, I would pare down the mailing list. SIMULACRUM will be available for "the usual", or editor's whim, or \$1.00; but I prefer "the usual" to selling copies. I make no money from this venture, I do it because I want to and like to, but I appreciate the feedback I get from LoCs and reviews, and I like fanzines.

SIMULACRUM 3, tentatively planned for January or February 1976, will very likely cost \$1.50 to subscribers, because of an art portfolio by Taral Wayne MacDonald planned for that issue. Offset printing costs money, but to do justice to the full-page artwork I should have it professionally printed.

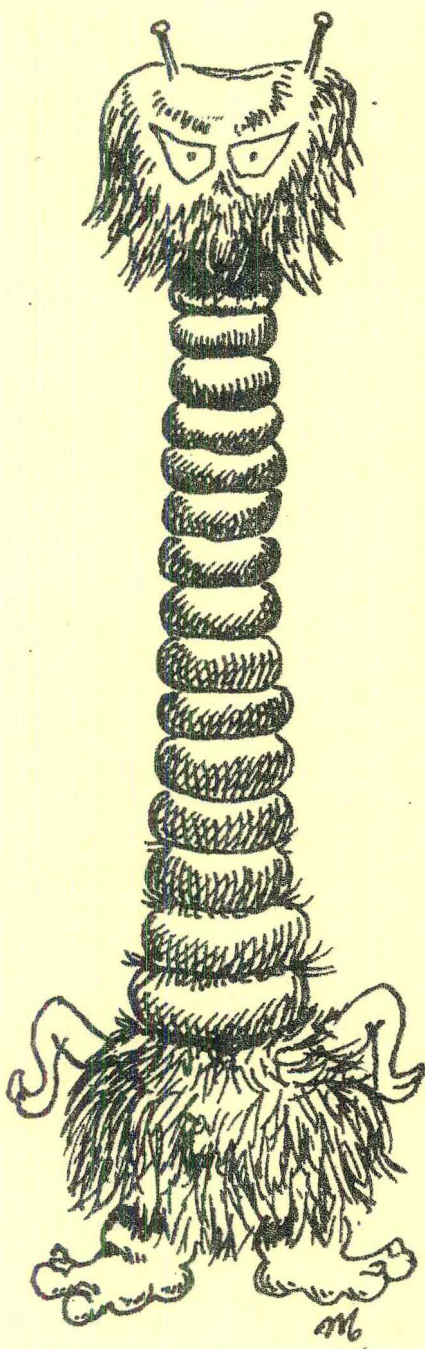
Some acknowledgements: thanks to Mike Glicksohn and Taral Wayne MacDonald as usual, for assistance of various sorts; and thanks to the slipsheeters/deslipsheeters, whose identities I don't know yet. Also many thanks to the contributors--some of the articles came as surprises in the mail, others were specifically requested. Whereas the last issue was locally written, with this issue SIMULACRUM goes international, and the contents, non-thematic this time, are more varied.

For those who are interested, the technical details of SIMULACRUM: the zine is printed on 24-pound paper using a Gestetner 360. The front cover is offset, the back mimeo. Stencils (Gestetner 62X) were typed on a Selectric II using Courier 12 and Courier 12 Italic elements.

And finally a few apologies for myself: all summer I have been busy with FanFair III work; following the con I needed a month to simply recover; following that I have been occupied with SIM 2. I am in the middle of changing jobs, by the end of this month (October) I will have attended three cons, and I also want to do a small personal-zine which I'll be putting through MISHAP and sending to others on my mailing list. For all these reasons I have been lax in answering letters. So if you haven't heard from me in some time, my primary excuse is lack of time. Hopefully after this issue is in the mail...Hopefully. I have several articles to write for other zines as well.

The Canadian post office threatens strike... and if necessary I'll mail this from Niagara Falls; so if you see an American stamp on the envelope, consider it a sign. But, cut off or not, please send trade zines and LoCs anyway; they'll get to me eventually.

The deadline for SIMULACRUM 3 is December 31, 1975; later if there is a strike. SIM 4, around May 1976, will be a thematic issue on doomsday and ecology as related to SF. I hope to hear from a lot of you!



FANFAIR III - THREE VIEWS

Sam Long

Editor's Note: Sam Long's conreport on FanFair III follows his account of cons during the summer 1975 which appear in GUNPUTTY, Sam's zine (real soon now).

If some reporter had come up to me on Tuesday 5 August and asked me how I, as an experienced con-goer, would rate FanFair III as a con, I'd have said, "I'd put it among the three best cons I've been to."

Looking back on the con now, I see no reason to change my opinion. It was a good con, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly. There were problems, to be sure, but they were overcome. The fannish spirit was there: the con "jelled". And for me the con lasted almost a full week, for both before and after the con, I was the recipient of a good bit of Torontofannish hospitality. So I had a good time.

Let me begin about 2000 hours (8PM) on Wednesday 30 July. I had just arrived in Toronto by bus, with no reservations or anything, for I had decided only the week before to go to FanFair, and had not had time to make any arrangements. The only people I knew in the city were Mike Glicksohn (who was the only one I'd met in the flesh), and Victoria Wayne and Taral Wayne MacDonald, with both of whom I'd traded zines and LOCs. A little telephoning determined that Mike wasn't in, and that Taral and Victoria had gone to Ottawa for some unghodly reason and wouldn't be back till late. But two active Toronto fen, Bob Wilson and Janet Small, were in Victoria's flat, working on Janet's fanzine, and they said "Come on up". So I did. It seems that my fame (if it can be called that--notoriety, maybe) had preceded me, in that Bob and Janet had read my zine at Victoria's and knew who I was, and so invited me to crash at their place; which I did. This was real fannish hospitality, the sort that makes fandom such a nice place: that folk

who knew me only through my zine and through letters should greet me as a friend, and lodge me too, all on no more notice than a phone call from downtown. And I noticed the same hospitable feeling in all the Toronto fen I met.

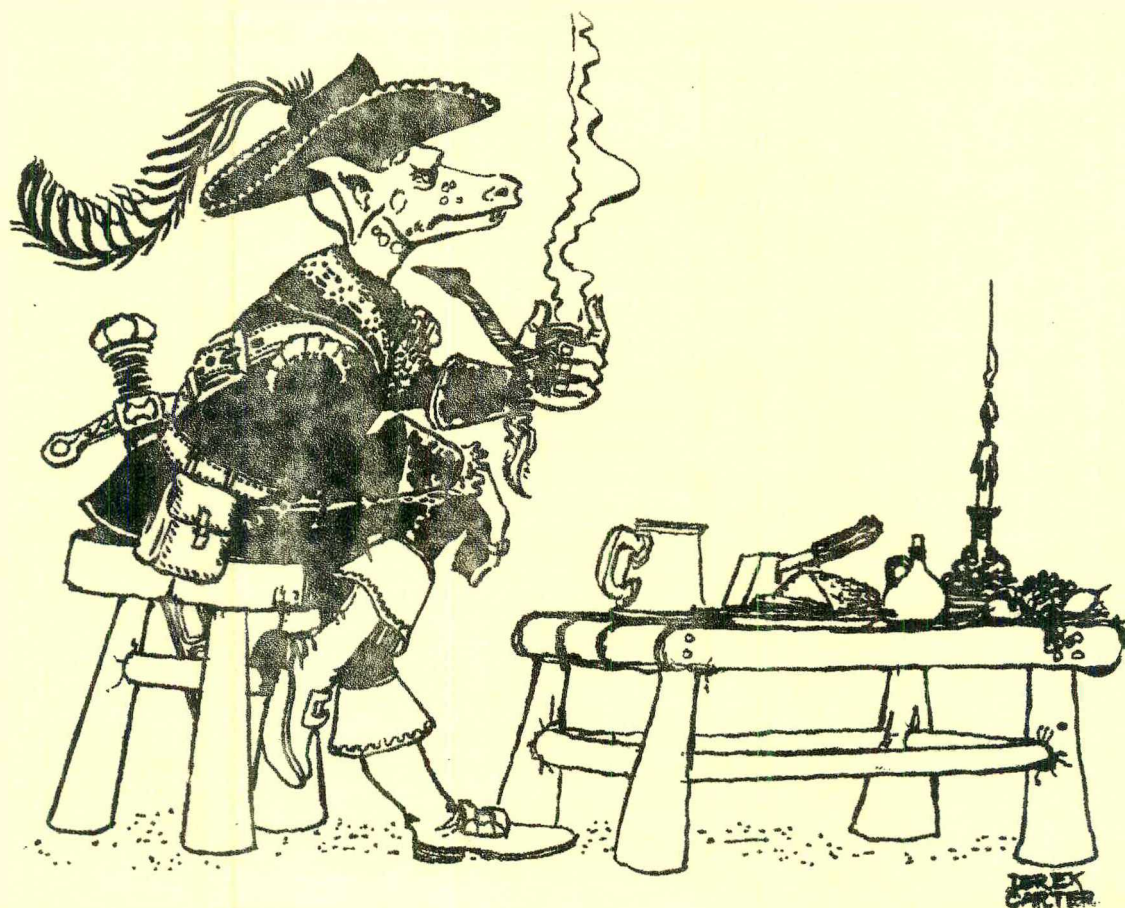
Thursday dawned oppressively hot, but this was not the fault of the con committee, despite rumours to that effect later in the weekend. (Nor yet was it the fault of the US or Canadian weather service...). I helped Victoria and two young fen, Phil Paine and Pat Hayden (recently moved from Arizona) take some committee impedimenta to the conhotel, and was thus enabled to crash in the consuite Thursday and Friday nights--another piece of fannish hospitality that I very much appreciated--and willingly paid for. That evening, I spotted Gordon Dickson with a worried look on his face. Had he heard any news about Jim Blish since a fortnight ago? Yes, he had. Jim had died just a couple of days before, of cancer. Sad news: for James Blish was not only an author and critic of distinction, but also a friend and former neighbour of mine. That evening, at a quiet pre-con get-together in the consuite, Gordy and I and a few other fen drank to Jim's memory with some very excellent Courvoisier VSOP cognac; and later on we sang some folk- and filk-songs to Jay Kay Klein's guitar-playing.

Friday was the first day of the con, and folk started arriving. Registration and the like were efficient, but it became evident as the afternoon wore on that there wasn't much to do except watch films or attend the art show or Captain George's Whizzbang, a sort of nostalgia fandom. There weren't any talks, or panels, or anything. Uh, I take that back: there were some panel/seminars on various fannish subjects, such as Tolkien linguistics and the like, but they were held in the consuite upstairs, and fans did not casually drop in on them, even though they were well-advertised and announced by signs on the main con floor. But the lack of programming didn't become a serious problem until the evening, after supper, when a con-ful of fans were wandering about with virtually nothing to do--the films having temporarily ended. The Masquerade scheduled for 20:00 hours (with a pay-as-you-go bar) was an hour late in starting; which delay gave rise to a good bit of muttering. The band hired to entertain before and after the masquerade failed to elicit much response from the crowd. In truth, they weren't that good, and they soon faded away, unmissed. After the masquerade, which was in fact pretty good, the fannish crowd milled around again. There were films, true, but most fans were looking for some sort of party or other social activity, and there was none. It must be remembered that most of the attendees were from the US and were unfamiliar with Canadian licensing laws; and besides, there were no liquor stores nearby, and the hotel bar was much too small, even if it had been fannish, to support the numbers of fans already there Friday night. Con committee members kept getting stopped and complained to, "Where is the action?" The committee were obviously unprepared for such a large attendance on Friday night, and had not planned a party for that night in any case. In fact, some of them were somewhat put out that fans should expect to be thus entertained at con expense. But it was gradually borne on them by rank-and-file and more prominent fen, including Toronto fandom's elder statesman, Mike Glicksohn, that they should, so to speak, "prime the pump" by having some sort of festivity in the consuite, something which could be done at small expense to the con. So it was done, refreshments were bought and put on ice, the party scheduled for about 01:30 hours; and the fannish crowds were mollified. By this time (about 22:00 or so) supplies were beginning to come in from outside, and small fannish parties were condensing out of the fannish multitudes, and fans were venturing out to local bars and such. The consuite party began more or less on time, and ran until about 04:30 or so (though I flaked out about 03:30 myself), and it was a success, and the committee

were pleased with it. The efficiency of the "prime the pump" theory was shown when several other smaller room parties came into being. And so the pent-up fannish frustrations were safely dissipated.

Saturday was a good day. Jay Kay Klein's slide-show was (as usual) a delight, and a Shadow Puppet Workshop put on by the Frog Print Theatre intrigued many people. I for one, was very much impressed by the energy and interest in their subject shown by the members of the theatre, and by their skill in designing, making, and operating their shadow puppets. There was a panel on strategy and tactics in stfnal warfare, with Gordy Dickson and Joe Haldeman as chief panelists, which I missed most of, unfortunately, because I was drafted into helping collate extra copies of the program book. For the con had been successful beyond all expectation--attendance-wise--and some 300 more books besides the original store of 500 had to be run off to take care of the extra fans.

The banquet Saturday evening was expensive, but not all that bad. The food was tasty and served in large helpings: one didn't feel ripped off. Lime Jello was on the menu: nobody's letting Joe Haldeman forget... The pro GoH, Lester del Rey, gave a short eulogy on Jim Blish, and then a rather sercon speech; and he was followed by Cy Chauvin, Fan GoH, who gave a stiff but funny speech. It's not surprising: Cy's new to the GoH game and justifiably nervous. He had a claue of Michifen around him the entire weekend, most of whom wore badges proclaiming





I'll have you know,
my good fan, that
this is a fannish zine!
And no, Toronto is
not the Lone Ranger's
sidekick.

"I am a clone of Cy Chauvin". This irked me, so I made me a sign saying "Cy Chauvin is a clone of me", which I wore to great effect. The banquet closed with Cy's speech... but...there came a request from the audience to be allowed to put on an entertainment, which was granted. There followed one of the funniest, faaaaaanishest after-dinner entertainments I have ever seen. It was a slide-show-cum-dramatic reading by Phil Foglio and Yang the Nauseating and Joe Haldeman, slides by Foglio, on what might

have happened if a shipload of SF writers and artists were captured by a flying saucer. And it was hilarious! So much so that I can't really do it justice here. "Gremlins don't exist!" was the watchword: repeat it to any FanFair attendee, and watch him crack up. The whole con was in stitches, and good humour, which had worn so thin on Friday night, was not only restored, but made abundant.

And so began the parties, of which there were several this night, and everyone was having a good time. But there were problems. Someone--possibly a fan--kept turning in false fire alarms up and down the hotel, which brought both the firemen and the hotel management down on us. Joe Haldeman's party got shut down and he and Gay got locked out of their room for a while; for, it seems, the night manager was a twit and he overreacted, yet he was much tried by the false alarms. However, by dint of much negotiation and soft-pedaling, the authorities were mollified and went their way, and the fans went back to their revels, and the false alarms ceased. The committee deserve a great deal of credit for this, because the negotiation fell to them, and especially to Taral--as no one could be expected to have foreseen the false-alarmer. And so peace was restored. I was wandering the halls about 23:00 hours or so with Bill Bowers, and we chanced on a New England fan party, which we joined. It was quiet, with only a dozen or so people in it; and it was "dry", with only softdrinks on ice in the bathtub, and no liquor or beer in evidence anywhere. It was one of the best parties at the con. There was a lot of smoffing going on, for the Boston people put on a con every year, and so have experience in such things. They were dissecting FanFair, and they spoke with authority. The present con, they agreed, was underprogrammed, and had some problems due to the inexperience of the con committee, but the fannishness of the attendees, and the efforts the con committee were making made FanFair a very good and enjoyable con to be at. And I agree with them 100%. Even the hot, sultry weather couldn't deaden fannish spirits. The New England fen argued, and I agree, that Toronto is ready and able to have a regular annual con, and that if OSFiC were to run such, there'd be no problem of inexperience.

But anyway...I wandered about a good bit Saturday night, talking to many fen. There was filksinging here and there, which I joined in when I could. Eventually

the filksingers retired downstairs to a room in the con area, where a crowd of them could still be found at 03:00, with Gordy and Joe and Jay Kay and others, strumming and singing away like mad. Filksinging is common in North American fandom, but very rare in British and European fandom. I don't know why.

Sunday, there were a series of seminars in the consuite, much as there had been on Friday and Saturday. Mike Glicksohn chaired one on fan pubbing, and I was much flattered that he asked me, along with Bill Bowers and Andy Porter, to be a sort of panel that guided the discussion. The panel/seminar got a goodly crowd from among the neos, and I think we passed on some good and useful info. Certainly there was much interest from the audience, and a number of good questions.

But Sunday afternoon and evening were, on the whole, dull. Once again, nothing much was going on, since the con had officially closed at 16:00 hours. After supper, though, some dead-dog parties started up, and these kept me going until about 05:30, mostly in the consuite. I remember with especial pleasure sitting in one of the consuite bedrooms with a bunch of fen, singing old Flanders & Swann and Tom Lehrer songs, and the like, until the early hours. We were all mellow and in good, or at least, not bad voice, and peace descended on the room. Everyone was easy, there was no showing-off, songs were sung with pleasure and listened to with the same pleasure. This, thought I at the time (and I still think so) is fannish society at its best.

Monday morning, when I put in an appearance downstairs about 11:00 hours, I found the entire con had been cleaned away by the hotel; it must have taken them most of the night. The con was over. I talked to Michigan fandom, who were getting ready to leave, as they drifted, bleary-eyed, down from their rooms. But there were still a few hard-core types left: Gordy, myself, Mike, Joe and Gay Haldeman, Jay Kay Klein. We foregathered in Gordy's room and talked and sang and sipped whiskey until the sun was low. About 1800 hours there was a literary reception downstairs for Lester and Gordy and Joe, so we all trotted down and "recepted". Mike and I felt somewhat out of place because we were mere fans, hangers-on, so to speak; and we weren't really dressed for the occasion. But nobody paid us much mind, and we enjoyed Ballantine's hospitality. Afterwards, it was out to a nearby Hungarian restaurant for an excellent late supper, and then back to Gordy's for more sittin' and sippin' and singin' until about 0200 hours, when Mike and the Haldemans and I finally took ourselves away to Mike's flat--where we talked and chatted for a couple of hours more!



But the con was over, and we were worn out. We slept the sleep of the fannish. For it had been a good con, an enjoyable con, a friendly con. I met new friends and remet old ones; I learned more about SF; and I had one hell of a good time doing it.

I spent another day in Toronto, visiting the Science Center in the northern part of the city. The Center is aimed at children, but it's

an education for adults too: a science museum the likes of which I've not seen anywhere else, and which I strongly recommend to any fan visiting the city. For not only are the exhibits interesting in themselves, but the quality of the architecture and the care and thought that went into the design and construction of the exhibits are very impressive. Tuesday evening, Mike, Taral, Victoria and I talked about the con, among many other things, such as pizza, and I agreed to do this conrep. Here it is, a conrep on one of the three best cons I've been to.

Victoria Vayne

About a week before the actual convention, I was spending a lot of time typing the program book stencils for FanFair III. This exciting task fell to me as a punishment for owning the only Selectric and not wanting alien hands to touch it. Anyway, there I was, spending my vacation time typing and typing and typing. Not all the material had arrived; there was an article by Lester del Rey that we were waiting for an holding two pages in reserve for. By Friday, when it had still not arrived, we had decided to go ahead and type up the brief and rather dry biography of Gordon R. Dickson found in a recent anthology. However, when we looked around for this, in the piles of paper and miscellany that cluttered the room, it had disappeared and no more stencils were typed that day.

The others helping on the program book went home, and it was 5:30 in the afternoon. Besides the typing, both Gestetner and A.B.Dick had made deliveries of paper and supplies earlier that day, and I was tired out from the work and the unghodly early getting-up time occasioned by the arrival of the Gestetner deliveryman. 5:30. Wayne MacDonald had said he'd be over at six; I figured that in Wayne's case I should make that seven, so I figured I could get in a good hour of nap time before his arrival and the subsequent rounding up of other people and quest for food. But at quarter to six the phone rang: Wayne, stranded at BAKKA with an enormous load of printing he'd picked up and books he'd bought. Into Siegfried the Flyin' Volksbug and off I was, down rush-hour-packed streets to be there in half an hour. We took a quick trip to the post office to see if the Del Rey article mightn't by a miracle have arrived; it hadn't. Then back to my place to drop off the enormous load of two shoe-box sized packages of badges and holders, and four books.

And then back downtown by subway to World's End, the abode of Bob Wilson and Janet Small, thence to go in quest of Indonesian food. After walking to the restaurant we found reservations were required, so we lucked out. There was some argument as to where to go: one of us didn't want Chinese food that night, another didn't want to eat at a greasy spoon however cheap, a possible restaurant didn't like women, and so forth. In the end we went to a Ukrainian place and managed to end up the evening with a good, if rather late, meal, after all.

We wandered a bit after that, ending up at World's End for talk and records. Janet was working on an OSFiC clubzine at the time; she made arrangements to come over early the next morning to type some stencils. The others arranged to come over at various later times of the day to help run off program book pages already stencilled. As the night wore on, people grew sleepy and finally Wayne

and I walked back to my place, a five mile trek that we do quite often. Wayne got himself the usual triple-cheese-and-pepperoni from the place where they know him and give him little extras.

Next morning, bright and early, the buzzer rang. I rubbed sleep out of my eyes and ran to push the button that unlocked the front door twelve floors below, lest the visitors, impatient, ring again and cause Wayne to wake up, grumpy and uncivilized after (presumably) only four hours of sleep.

Bob and Janet came in. Janet proceeded to the bedroom where the typer is; Bob lingered on in the living room to regard the comatose figure of Wayne sprawled on the couch.

"God, is he ugly," Bob said to me in a stage-whisper.

I snickered. We went into the bedroom, and Bob inquired of Janet what she wanted from the tuck shop in the way of breakfast. Then he and I once again ventured forth into the living room.

"Jesus," Bob added, "am I glad I don't look like that."

A while later others arrived: Elliot Grasett, who edited the FanFair program book, and Bob Webber. Janet soon finished typing, and packed up to go to her office where a mimeo was waiting that she could run off some pages on. We who remained started typing more program book stencils, all of us crammed into the tiny bedroom while in the somewhat larger living room beside us Wayne snored on, oblivious.

The buzzer rang again. I allowed the newcomers time to get upstairs and met them at the elevator.

"Sssssh, Wayne's asleep," I cautioned Phil Paine and Patrick Hayden as they emerged into the hallway.

"Oh, he is, is he?" Phil said loudly as he strode into the apartment. "Well, we'll soon correct THAT."

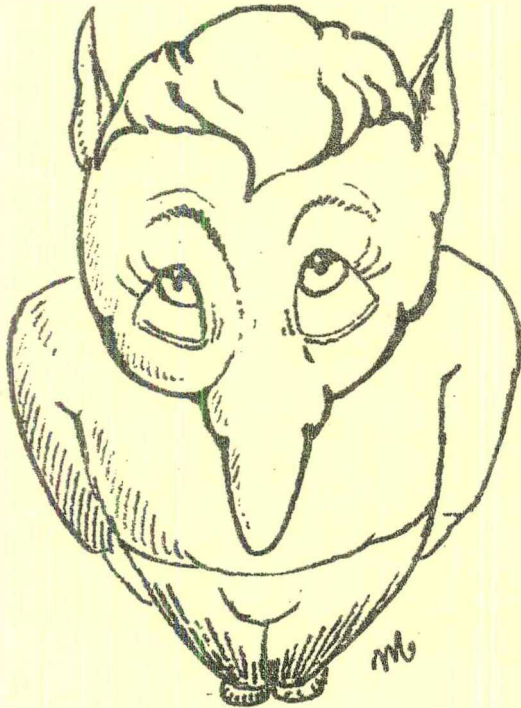
Phil threw pillows at the sleeping figure of Wayne, and proclaimed fortissimo that it was a lovely day, and time to rise and shine. It got Wayne up, grumpy and uncivilized after (presumably) only four hours of sleep.

Not much work was done for the next several hours, as the six guys went out on the balcony to discover the sights.

"Victoria, I think you ought to see this," one of them said to me, indicating the solid wall that bounded the balcony, around which one of the others was intently peering.

I elbowed him aside, looked, ducked back quickly, and looked again. There was a sight to behold--a naked broad, wearing nothing but a hat, sunbathing one floor below mine. She must have thought she was fairly safe, on the





second-from-the-top floor with no one to see. What she didn't reckon on was that in the only apartment in the entire building from which her balcony could be seen into, were Six Perverts.

The Six Perverts took turns for awhile, each one stealing back in to allow the next to go. Occasionally there was some excitement--a movement had brought more critical parts of the anatomy into view, and thus would occasion a mass exodus to the end of the balcony with all six of them hanging over the railing, whispering and giggling like twelve-year-olds, trying to see.

Eventually we got the Gestetner uncovered and some pages printed. By then it was getting on supper time, and the group headed out down Bloor Street to the malted milk place, where prices were low and the guy knew us. Janet rejoined us after supper; some more pages got printed; and finally, around midnight, we went off to an all-night place for more sustenance.

Much cartooning got done, with the main topic of the drawings being the Sight seen off the balcony earlier that

day. Funny faces were made across the table with each person trying to outdo the others. Waitresses looked and pointed and thought of phoning the Institute at 999 Queen.

The next day was Sunday, and OSFiC held its meeting on the Toronto Islands, reachable only by ferry. During the walks and talks that followed Henry was persuaded that the letters he had been receiving from Claude Degler were a hoax. There followed sessions of sandcastle building, and after that we went walking. The sky clouded over, and once we were on the ferry to the mainland, the windows of heaven were opened and it rained ~~for days and days~~ for about fifteen minutes to such an extent that NOTHING could be seen. We got soaked, and when it cleared we saw that the ferry had drifted way past its destination dock. We then went off for spaghetti, all-we-could-eat for \$1.75, and each devoured three helpings. Needless to say, no FanFair business was transacted that day.

Monday saw the completion of the program book, the eleventh-hour arrival of the Del Rey article, the running off of the last pages, and the collection together of the con committee to collate and staple. (Only one stapler and twelve people and 500 copies.) And that was it for FanFair for me, for a few days anyway. I had Tuesday to myself, and in the evening, while sitting around in El Cheapo Malted Milk Place on Bloor with Wayne, Phil and Patrick, we decided to go to Ottawa for a day. I said I'd go get some sleep, and the guys could do what they liked and come and get me at four in the morning or so.

"Why not leave right now?" Phil suggested, and that we did. Down to the underground garage to get Siegfried, up to the apartment to get some pillows, and off

we were. I slept in the back seat until we reached Quebec (Phil wanted to approach Ottawa from the Hull side, which was more interesting). But in Ottawa we didn't find anything of interest; we drove around a bit, walked around a bit, met a school friend of mine, and toured a museum; and after supper headed back to Toronto. The return trip consisted of drive-a-little, sleep-a-little. I couldn't make it all the way back to Toronto, even with Wayne talking to me to keep me awake and with stops to get out of the car and walk around in the night air; and three-quarters of the way back had to rouse Phil from sleep in the back seat to take the wheel the rest of the way.

I got home at two in the morning. Janet and Bob had both been around that evening, typing, and it turned out that Sam Long had dropped in. I was rather disappointed, Sam Long was one of the fans I traded with whom I specifically wanted to meet. But the next day Bob phoned around eleven to tell me they had given Sam crash space at World's End and that he was all by himself there now; why not call him up?

So I did, asked him to come over, and spent an enjoyable couple of hours talking and getting ready to move my stuff over to the King Edward that afternoon for the con.

I got to the King Eddy at about four that afternoon, with a change of clothes and the boxes of program books and badge holders, copies of SIMULACRUM 1, and paper. Checked into the consuite; nice big living room and two good-sized bedrooms; and waited for the others on the committee to arrive.

Wayne arrived not too long afterwards, lugging the 50¢ Monster Gestetner (a model 66) and another sizable pile of supplies. All this, too, went into the consuite, which rapidly assumed its own brand of disorder. Cy Chauvin and the W3F crowd also were on hand by then, and a large group of us went out for supper. I assured Larry Downes that the Committee to Heckle Cy Chauvin's Fan Guest of Honour Speech at Fan Fair, or whatever it was called, had been reserved good seats at the banquet. After supper some of us headed back to my place for forgotten things, like my old manual typer and what turned out to be the ONLY slide projector available at the entire con. The rest of the night was pretty vague; I helped stuff program books and whatnot into envelopes, I wandered around looking for people to talk to, winding up with some of the W3F on the lobby floor and telling them of Toronto goings-on since last seeing them at ReKwestCon. Wayne and I ended up in Cy's room at one point along with some of the Suburban Femmefen; and we fed a quarter into the Magic Fingers on the bed, which then refused to quit. Back at the consuite, a filk sing led by Gordon Dickson was going on; nevertheless in the adjoining bedroom I managed to fall asleep.

Some idiot on the con committee had decided that the entire committee should have a final meeting at eight o'clock Friday morning, and thus I was rudely awakened by Wayne at that time. A switch; usually I or someone else has to wake him up. That early meeting accomplished nothing that I can remember, and, sleepy and groggy still, I inflicted my presence upon the convention lobby area to sell banquet tickets. Sales were not brisk, but at noon we decided to guarantee a hundred seats, and keep sales open until sell-out. After a break for a lunch of sorts (chocolate bars) I resumed my post in the lobby in the afternoon. I spied Mike Glicksohn after some while, who introduced me to Sheryl Birkhead and Bill Bowers, both of whom I had been hoping to meet some day but figured that I wouldn't see until Mid-AmericaCon. Felt a bit guilty as I owed Sheryl a letter and she had sent me some nice doodles which I hadn't yet acknowledged. Bill Bowers was very interesting to talk to, and kept me company for half an hour during my vigil with the banquet

tickets.

Later on a group of us went off to Simpson's cafeteria for supper, and during that meal Patrick Hayden introduced me to Tim Kyger, Aridzona fan extraordinaire. Tim was not what I'd been expecting: I'd expected another Patrick, sixteen and ultrafaaanish; and here Tim was *nineteen* and ultrafaaanish.

The evening featured the masquerade, which didn't last long, and much milling around in the hallways. The con committee was talked into throwing an open party in the con suite, as nobody else seemed to make any move towards throwing a party. The resulting affair was crowded, and I spent some of the time elsewhere, with the W3F and Suburban Femmefen. But I got to bed some time between three and four in the morning, and gave strict orders not to be disturbed until noon the next day, for ANYTHING.

At ten-thirty the next morning, I was rudely awakened. "We need more program books, we've run out of program books, take the stencils and go home and run off more!!!"

I spent half an hour fidgeting outside the hotel waiting for my car to be brought over. Brian Earl Brown had volunteered to help, and came to my place with me to run off 300 additional copies. His assistance was most valuable. I was kind of put out at being sent away from all the activity, and I ran those pages off as fast as the mimeo, an electric, could whip 'em through. Blessings on the Vaynity Press, nothing went wrong that day. Two hours later I was back at the hotel with completed pages; another group took them away to collate and I went back to banquet-ticket-selling.



The banquet was a sell-out, and while selling the last of the tickets I got to meet Derek Carter, who promised me some artwork for SIMULACRUM. At the banquet itself, we started out with lime jello and went on to more sublime delights, greeted with mixed reactions. (See for example the cover of the seventh MISHAP disty.) Joe Haldeman was in the audience let in for the after-dinner speeches, and someone--Mike Glicksohn?--presented him with one of the left-over bowls of lime jello. The speeches were pretty good, for all that I can't remember much of them.

That evening there was a hassle with the hotel's night manager about a party in Joe Haldeman's room, but this was straightened out, and afterwards Wayne and I left the hotel to walk around downtown for awhile, talking about "anything but the con". We talked about our fanzines and about people and about other things, and not about the con. Back at the hotel, I dropped in on the W3F party and talked to various of the Suburban Femmefen and Cy Chauvin and some of the W3F guys for awhile, then up to the con suite and talked to various Toronto people for awhile. Later on I went for another walk with Wayne, in a thunderstorm, in quest of an all-night restaurant. We found none, returned to the hotel, and went to the all-night movie room to see *THE WIZARD OF OZ*. I was pretty sleepy; it being about six in the morning, but the door of the con suite was locked, I had no key, and no one

answered my knock, so I rejoined Wayne in the movie room, put two chairs together, and slept there for awhile.

Wayne had a key, and when the film broke, he decided to call it a ~~NIGHT~~ morning. Up to the con suite we went. The living room of the con suite was still lit and seemed devoid of crashers at that early hour of the morning.

Wayne poked his head inside.

"Get out of here," a voice yelled.

Wayne backed out hurriedly.

"What's in there?" I asked.

"You wouldn't want to know."

When Wayne gets mysterious like that I simply have to know what's going on so I poked my head in too. Two bodies on the couch, intertwined in great passionate embrace.

"Oh," I said.

I went to bed, and had troubled dreams.

Up at noon the next day, and off to the Ranquet, with Tim Kyger as GoH. This was enjoyable, but again I don't remember any details except for some mundanes who *rollerskated* past our tables in the ~~McDonald's~~ Ronald's Revenge's basement. Later on Mike Glicksohn led a seminar on fanzine publishing which I found rather interesting. Bill Bowers, Andy Porter, Sam Long, a number of big name faneds were there, and all in all it was a worthwhile hour, unfortunately cut short when the room was required by another group.

Soon after that the convention was officially closed. I spent some time helping on clean-up detail after that, taking down signs, putting things away, and so on. About ten Toronto people ended up in the Steak 'n Burger next door to the hotel for what was for me the first meal of the day. The con committee held a party in the con suite, the Suburban Femmefen held a Dead Dog party at the same time, and I divided my time between the two until the hotel night manager--same one--complained and we had to promise to stick to our own suite with the door shut.

The party went on pretty well all night, and it was getting onto Monday Morning and for God's sake I had to be at work on Tuesday!!! I made up my mind then and there to call in sick on Tuesday and thus buy some extra time. A one-shot was being produced at the party, an effort actually begun two days earlier; and many people took turns at what seemed to me to be an atrocious typer to add their two cents worth to the stencils. Toward morning Patrick set up the 50¢ Monster Gestetner and using what paper was left over, began to run off copies. I caught some sleep at a moment when there weren't too many people in the room. But the party showed signs of breaking up, finally, at seven in the morning or so.

At about that time a certain young pro had fallen asleep on one of the beds, clad only in a nightgown. (Don't ask me...) As time wore on, shiftings and



turnings caused him to expose himself to view. And I was the only female in the con suite by then; the guys snickered a lot and wondered if I'd be embarrassed. They made various trips into the bedroom to see, and at one point our hapless pro was actually fondling his weapon. Soon someone draped a spare bedspread over him, for decency's sake, and the rest of us went to bed.

Monday I woke up early and unrefreshed. Down on the convention floor everything had been cleaned up, it was as though the con had never been. "I can't believe it's over," Wayne remarked at one point during a traverse of the deserted lobby which only twelve hours earlier had been alive with activity.

I spent Monday loading things into the car and driving them places. A trip to Wayne's place, a trip back to the hotel for another load, a trip to my place, and bed, blessed bed, at last. Not for long; we had to be at a party at the hotel at eight. When Wayne and I got there, we found we had been misinformed; it had been at six. But we caught the tail end. We went for supper with Janet and Bob, and back to my place, where I slept until 8:30 AM, phoned in sick to work, and slept again till 3:00 PM. Drove Wayne home, went home, had supper, and still didn't feel totally refreshed.

The phone rang: Mike Glicksohn. He and Sam Long were coming over for a bit of chat NOT in a convention setting; much more relaxed now that it was all over. Wayne was also invited. Mike showed some slides of past conventions, previewing the ones he planned to take to Aussiecon. Enjoyable talks, and they didn't last too long--Mike realized I was still about dead. Wayne went out to get pizza, I went to bed: work the next day.

Vacation, and FanFair, were over. Back to mundania. And it took me an entire week to fully wake up again.

Janet Small

It's been suggested that I write about FanFair this time. To show how little qualified I am to write about any such thing, this is more or less my schedule for that week.

TUESDAY TO THURSDAY EVENINGS: Type stencils frantically all evening at Victoria's. Vary this from time to time by pondering why I ever said I'd have DISTAFF 2 printed by FanFair and whether it's too late to gafiate instead. Snap at everyone.

FRIDAY 7 AM: Wake up. Wonder why I am at Victoria's. Stagger over to typer and produce final stencil for DISTAFF 2. Discover that due to some miscalculation the zine is $\frac{1}{2}$ page short. Add illo, cursing. Pack damn thing up and trudge off to work.

6 PM: Leave home for dinner party (previous commitment) thinking I can eat, wait for one drink, leave, and still get to the con in time to see a few costumes and talk to a few people.

7 PM: Discover that a) the food is just starting to be cooked and b) only

half the guests show up so there is no chance of leaving inconspicuously. However there's twice as much food as needed. Also twice as much drink. Partake of same.

10 PM: Eat, at last. By now not only can I not sneak out but I couldn't possibly navigate as far as the con. Spend a couple more hours drinking and get driven home semi-conscious.

SATURDAY 11 AM: Drop DISTAFF off at my office and proceed to help out in the con office. Answer phone; say "I don't know but I'll ask somebody" several dozen times.

1 PM: Back to my place of employment. Run off 700 copies of the Saturday programme, send them back to the hotel with a friend. Run off DISTAFF 2. Discover the last-moment illo I added has incredible show-through, also that Sam Long's poem is upside down. Too late to fix now. Swear off editing for life. Dump the disgusting zine into a carton, carry same down six flights of stairs (the elevator having come down with a bad case of Finagle) and waddle back to the con with it.

5 or so: Sit down in a corner and try to collate a few copies of my little albatross. Insult innocent bystander who wants to have a look at it. Get told that he wouldn't treat people like that if they wanted to see *his* zine. Admit justice of his argument and apologize.

Give Sam Long his copy. Await verdict, which is "This whole zine except my poem is upside down!" (It is discovered a few days later that this is only the case in about 20 copies, so they are proclaimed a special FanFair edition.) Tell myself editing's not for me. Never again.

BANQUET TIME: Go to banquet, enjoy same, especially the del Rey speech and the slide presentation--great talent in both shown and spoken parts.

LATER: Watch film, *THE THING*. The equipment cooperates about as much as when I saw *A BOY AND HIS DOG* at Discon, so by the time it's over I've had enough excitement for one day if not a lifetime. Home. Sleep.

SUNDAY 12 NOON: Try to attend the Ranquet, at the McDonald's branch at the given address. Find nobody because the Ranquet is at the *other* McDonald's.

1 PM: Mind the phone in the FanFair office for a few hours, except for an hour when a friend offers to take over for me so I can go to the talk on fanzine publishing. I am at least as much use there as I am in the office saying "I don't know but I'll ask somebody."

5 or 6: Collect a bunch of people and go out for supper.

8 OR SO: Attend FanFair party, watch one-shot being typed, scamper through halls with party-hoppers, meet pro, dodge same, listen to friends and strangers on usual subjects. Head for home about 1 or 2.



With a schedule like that, I'm obviously just the person to know all about FanFair. But I can easily imagine the parts I missed.

I can imagine our beleaguered con committee, not too sure of what they were doing, just getting the con started and full of conviction that they'd messed it up somehow and weren't even going to break even, confronted with the demand for a starting-off party on Friday evening, making a spur-of-the-moment decision, and deciding wrong.

I can imagine how they must have felt when it started to get more and more obvious that they could easily have afforded a party and that, in fact, they were going to make a large profit. If I were on the committee I'd have wanted to crawl into a hole and hibernate. What really scared me is that only the good luck of having been born lazy kept me from volunteering for that committee.

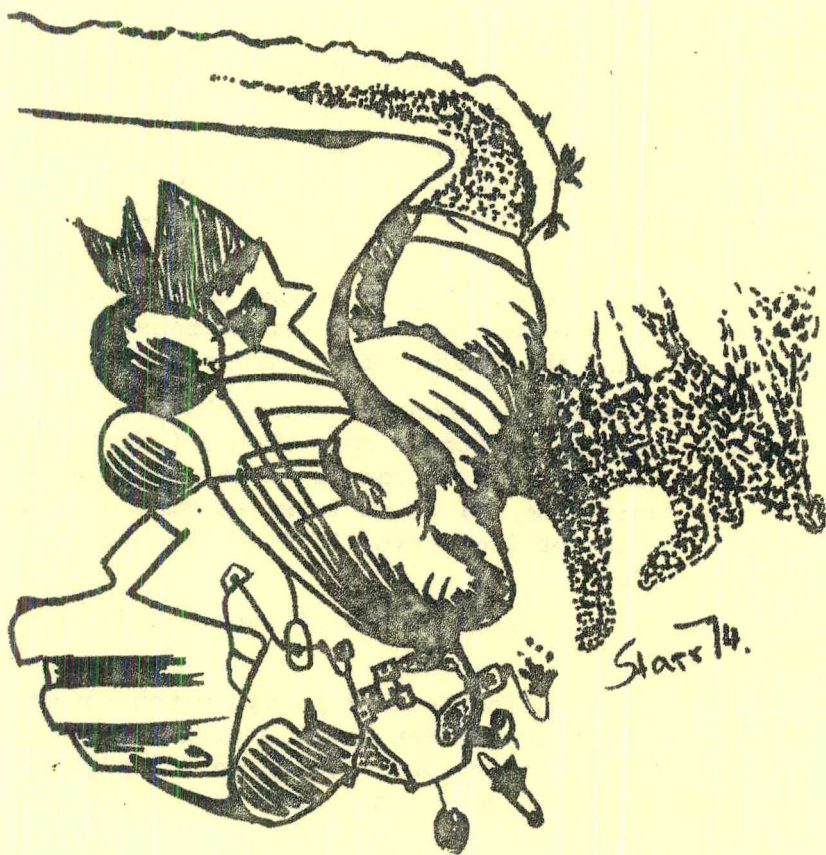
It was neither the best nor the worst of cons, but at least it's over. As usual, Toronto fandom is suffering. People aren't speaking to other people. Feuds and schisms are showing up everywhere. Let other towns hold all the cons they want--I will willingly travel to any within easy reach, and enjoy myself as much as possible, and I hope they all make lots of money. But if anyone in Toronto suggests holding a con before 1998, when we'll be just about ready for another Torcon, I'm going to be yelling as loudly as I can.

Not that it will do me any good, of course. In a few years there will be a

completely new group running Toronto fandom, possibly including a few who first joined because of FanFair III. And they won't know any better, any more than we did. So there will be more FanFairs, and they will be run by committees who know just enough about learning from others' mistakes to hold a huge great Friday night party, and then will do something unforgettably stupid on Saturday or Sunday.

And I'll probably be right there, not paying attention, when it happens. Or trying to put a last minute zine together.

FANFAIR III was held in Toronto on August 1, 2 and 3, 1975, at the King Edward Hotel.



WRITER VS REVIEWER

Cy Chauvin



Writers, when it comes to the attitudes they have towards reviewers, often seem a little paranoid. My favourite example of this is a letter that Harlan Ellison wrote to a fanzine, in which he mentioned in passing that he thought I had "an almost pathological need to insult him and his work". Since I had written only one unfavourable review of an Ellison book at the time, this puzzled me. Did I really project that sort of image to Ellison?

In another fanzine, a reader quoted Heinlein to me: "A 'critic' is a man who creates nothing and thereby feels qualified to judge creative men. There is logic in this; he is unbiased--he hates all creative people equally." And then Frederick Pohl, in a speech reprinted in *THE ALIEN CRITIC* and *SPECULATION*, says that "The danger here is that the attempt to make the work of the analyst more respectable --by giving criticism the status of a profession with its own mumbo-jumbo--is

successful only at the cost of minimizing...and in fact degrading the worth of the writing itself."

The negative attitude present in those two quotes is simply incredible. I think perhaps the problem is that Heinlein and Pohl, and perhaps a lot of other writers, don't realize just who/what a "critic" or reviewer is, or why he or she bothers to review books at all.

In the first place, a reviewer is imply a reader who sets down his opinion of a book on paper. Contrary to Heinlein, creative writers have often turned into reviewers (note Blish, Russ, Etc.) and thus a critic isn't necessarily "a man who creates nothing". In fact, probably the best reviewers are also writers; they simply have better knowledge to spot the technical rights and wrongs in a story. How much we value a reviewer's opinion depends upon his experience and knowledge of SF (and fiction in general), and the logic of the arguments he presents.

The reason why people review books is even less understood. I review books simply for fun: I have an opinion on a book, and I want to share it with others. "I suppose the special pleasure for me in writing...criticism," said James Blish in an interview, "springs from the fact that I have a technical turn of mind and enjoy seeing how things work--or why they don't."

This isn't the only reason for writing reviews (although I think it is enough of one). No one can read all the SF books published, so we must depend on other people to recommend which books to avoid and which to read. Reviewers help fulfill this function. Sometimes they can point out something in a book that we missed, or compare it with another book by the same author or someone new, and thus perhaps increase our enjoyment and understanding of the book. Or maybe they can give a writer (particularly a beginning one) some advice to improve his stories. All these points have been written about before; I don't want to belabour them here.

Some writers attempt to shrug off the criticism they receive by simply saying that their stories are meant "merely for entertainment", or that what the reviewer says is merely his own opinion, and can be dismissed or accepted as such. Well, every story is meant to be entertainment, and when a writer receives a negative review, it only means that someone is trying to explain to him why his book failed as such. And "entertainment" can mean so many different things to different people--some people can be "entertained" by a book that is difficult to understand, by the challenge therein, just as some find entertainment in climbing mountains. "Different strokes for different folks", you say; so why don't we just leave it at that (forgetting, for the moment, that a good argument can be fun)? Everyone has his own idea of pleasure, so why bother arguing about whether a certain story fulfills it or not? It's entirely subjective.

I'll let James Blish (under his guise as "William Atheling Jr.") answer that: "There have...been a few letters and comments which have espoused the position that objective standards for writing cannot be formulated, and that for this reason Atheling's strictures can be enjoyed or discounted solely as expressions of his own personal taste. ...Sorry, gentlemen, but this refuge is only as good a hidey-hole as the one to which the ostrich legendarily retreats, as I can show you from your own practice. You would agree with me, I think, that one of the basic assumptions of our common practice is that the *deus ex machina* is no longer a tolerable plot device: To have the villain of a story struck down by lightning at the crucial moment, thus allowing the plot-problems to be solved arbitrarily,

and through no effort on the part of the leading character, is bad plotting. This is not a point which comes from Bill Atheling's exclusive and personal taste; it is part of the body of technique with which all fiction writers work." (*THE ISSUE AT HAND*, pp. 34-35) Blish also gives a couple of other examples which I haven't bothered to quote here.

Reviewers, however, aren't perfect any more than writers are, and I suspect that a lot of the dislike and sheer paranoia writers feel towards reviewers the reviewers bring on themselves.

One favourite tactic of certain reviewers is to leap on a writer because of the philosophy or "message" he has included in his latest story. "The damn fascist!" the reviewer says, and he condemns the story purely for this reason, without considering its technical virtues. There is an actual example of this in a recent issue of *THE ALIEN CRITIC*, where Michael G. Coney says of Joanna Russ' "When it Changed": "I can understand why...Russ...wrote it--but I don't see why *she should be encouraged in her views*. ...I have to tell myself that it isn't humanity speaking--it's just one bigot." (my emphasis).

People like Coney seem unable to separate the views expressed by the characters in a story, or the philosophy of the story itself, from that of the author; and they also seem to think that if one says a story is "good", that automatically means one must "agree" with the story's moral or "message". Nothing can be further from the truth. A piece of fiction is not (or should not be) propaganda, where the message and the message alone is all-important. In a story, the trappings matter more.

Lots of writers have explained that the moral of their stories, and the views and ideas that characters in them have expressed, have grown out of the situations in the story itself, and not artificially implanted in the story by the author. That doesn't mean I favour "preachy" stories--preachiness is a technical flaw, and is bad whether one agrees or disagrees with it, or even if it is entirely neutral (such as the typical Gernsback scientific lecture). But if you accept Coney's view, then the only good story is one you "agree" with--and writers can justifiably ignore such people.

There is another trap into which reviewers (including yours truly) often fall: in their fever to condemn a poor story, they not only point out its faults but become insulting and arrogant as well. There is no reason for this; insults and arrogance do not help to make a review more insightful or clear, but actually work against the wishes of the reviewer. After all, he's trying to convince the writer that there is something wrong with his book, and you don't do that simply by saying a book is full of shit. Insults and arrogance only alienate people; I've yet to see anyone convinced by either. Also, if reviews are written primarily for fun--because a dialog between writers, readers, and reviewers is interesting--then this is another reason why these two things should be avoided: nobody finds insults or arrogance fun.

At the beginning of this article, I quoted Heinlein, who said critics "hate all creative people equally". No, critics love the truly creative people, it's just the 90% of everything else that Sturgeon (another writer) says is crud that they hate. That's why 90% of all reviews are negative: you have to wade through the dung to find the diamonds.

But it's with the creation of diamonds--i.e. the best SF possible--that we are all ultimately concerned. That's something to remember--while we throw bricks at one another!

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Dave Jenrette's practical guide to male anatomy

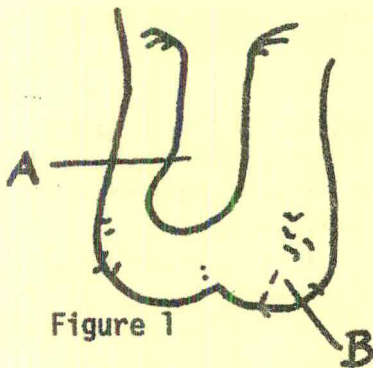


Figure 1

It is an uncomfortable fact that the external male genitalia often exhibit an uncanny resemblance to a former American president. Part A we shall refer to as the 'penis'.¹ Part B is referred to as the 'testicles'.² One testicle hangs lower than the other; in 85% of men, it is the left that is lower.³ This allows men to cross their legs more easily.

Temperature is important to the external parts. In cold weather the scrotum (which contains the testes) rises. In cold water the penis decreases in size. Negroes, it is said, have larger penises than Caucasians. This is denied by Caucasian males, but is not denied by Negro males, Negro females, and Caucasian females with dark-skinned boyfriends.⁴ At any rate, biology teaches us that as long as the erect penis is at least 4" long it can satisfy most women except the most demanding.⁵

Upon sufficient sexual provocation the flaccid penis will move from position D to its erect position, probably between A and B. Any position above A would be graded as A+. Now, young ladies, it is test time. Select one of the answers to this question and read the interpretation of your answer below.

1. The penis becomes erect because
 - A. All men are sex fiends and not mush good.
 - B. It contains a special bone.
 - C. It is made of muscle.
 - D. Muscles tighten around the veins (like a tourniquet) and prevent the blood from leaving.
 - E. Vasocongestion results from arterioles entering the penis relaxing and thus engorging the corpus spongiosum.

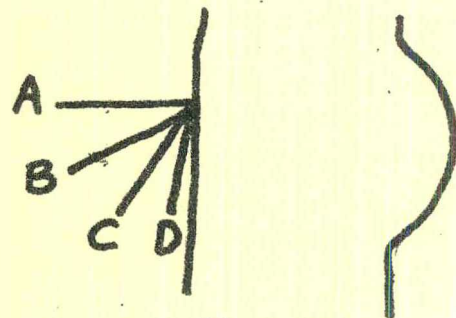


Figure 2

IF YOU ANSWERED A, you are correct, but you may want to select another answer.

IF YOU ANSWERED B, your sexual experiences must be unusual, nonexistent, and/or due for a great disappointment.

IF YOU ANSWERED C, you are still wrong because if the penis were muscle then it would be possible to develop it so that it could satisfy the most demanding.⁶

IF YOU ANSWERED D, you are also incorrect. Stopping the flow of blood is dangerous.⁷

IF YOU ANSWERED E, YOU ARE CORRECT.⁸

Occasionally, due to only slightly cooperative females, the penis will maintain an erection for a long time resulting in great discomfort and agony. To male students I explain that the reason for this is tight pants and the inability of the penis to spring up to position A to B (See Figure 2) and, if the pants are loosened, quick relief is felt.⁹ This concludes lesson 1. There is more to come.¹⁰

1. Also known as *cock, dick, prick, shmuck, wee-wee, pecker, and trouser mouse.*

2. Who was the greatest philosopher after Democritus and Socrates? *Testicles.*

3. If the right is lower, it means you're queer (or certainly peculiar).

4. How come you never see blacks wearing Bermuda shorts or Scots kilts?

5. What's six inches long and all girls love it? *Dollar bills.*

6. See footnote 5.

7. Heard of gangrene?

8. So what?

9. To my female students I explain that the male's reaction to prolonged erection is quite dangerous and in some ways similar to drowning which can be treated by mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Since the testicles often turn blue during this extended erection the quick-witted female knows what to do...¹¹

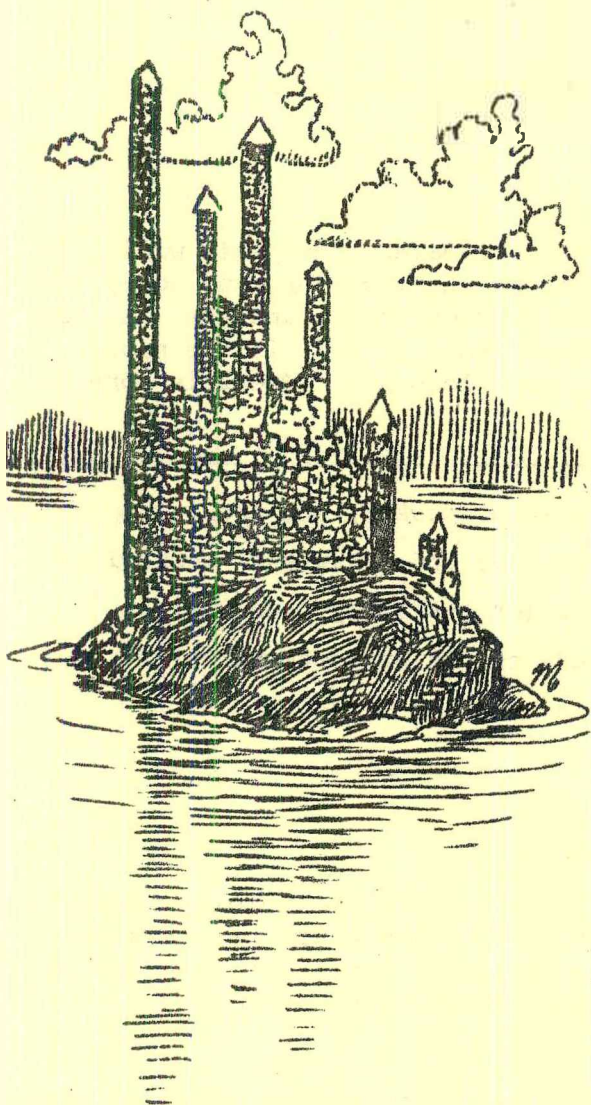
10. No pun intended.

11. This often reminds me of the husband-and-wife explorer team in the Matto Grosso of Brazil. The husband was bitten on the penis by a deadly poisonous snake which caused it to begin to rot, bleed, ooze, and perspire. There was no treatment in the village so the wife canoed to a town where there was a phone and spoke to a doctor, describing the husband's condition and the type of snake which had bitten him. "The only cure," said the doctor, "is to suck out the deadly poison or else your husband will surely die." The wife was aghast: "Are you sure, doctor? There's no other way?" The doctor assured her there was only one cure. The wife hurried back to her husband who was now in pain and fever as well.

"Darling, darling," he said. "What did the doctor say?"

The wife was in tears as she answered: "The doctor says you're going to die."

At the Bottom of my Garden



*a fantoddity
by
Alan Stewart*

Being the only human in the local small fairies group has both its good and its bad points. While it can be rather tiresome crawling along narrow underground passages, I must confess that it gives me great pleasure to be looked up to by all the other members. They have to.

Of course, you can imagine it wasn't so easy to join the group in the first place. The fairies tended to look up their noses at me. "I don't see what possible reason a human could have for wanting to join a group of fairies," declared the chairman when I first applied to join. His name was Eldo and he was a large hobgoblin about four foot two inches tall; certainly a giant among the little people.

"I'm writing a book about fairy customs," I replied, and added that my brother was a printer who would be pleased to give them cut rates for their magazine, provided, of course, that I was admitted to membership. I tried to sound as casual as possible, but kept my eyes fixed on Redcap, a serious looking elf, whom I knew to be their editor-in-chief.

My carrot had the desired effect. Redcap tugged urgently at Eldo's sleeve and pulled him away from the little ring gathered around me on the fairy knoll to which I'd come to present my application. The two little fellows muttered away for fully ten minutes, leaving me to contemplate the Devon countryside as best I could in the summer moonlight and to try and pass the time of night with an odd assortment of pixies, elves and gnomes.

"Do you come here often?" I enquired of a rather lovely elfin maiden dressed in a long purple dress, but she was prevented from answering by a wizened old gnome, presumably her father, who rather roughly sent her to fetch the dog home. My disappointment at the girl's departure was tempered by a sense of being on the verge of important and exciting discoveries.

I addressed the old gnome as respectfully and politely as I was able: "Sir, this dog you just mentioned, could it possibly be the famous Black Dog of Torrington, the sight of which can cause a man to die within the hour?" The gnome grunted and coughed but his little grey eyes twinkled wickedly. "Stuff and nonsense," he put as much contempt into the word 'nonsense' as he could muster, "It isn't old Shuck's fault if you humans are so scared of him. A weak-kneed lot you are, frightened of a dog. Old Shuck wouldn't hurt a flea."

For a moment I saw in my mind's eye the great Black Dog of the few tales I'd managed to squeeze out of the reluctant villagers of Copplestone: jet black, as big as a calf, with eyes that flashed and glowed in the wild Devon night. I pictured him padding along behind some hapless country lass, terrified out of her wits by her relentless pursuer.

"What about these tales I've heard about him dragging little children along by their clothes, then?" I demanded hotly. The old man was unperturbed. "Playful, that's all he is. And anyway," he added, drawing himself up to his full three foot six inches and looking round at his fellow fairies, "what sort of parents let their kids run around at that time of night interfering with strange dogs? I don't know what things are coming to these days at all." He regarded me with a triumphant scowl all over his wizened little face, which grew all the broader when his beautiful daughter appeared once more with a very docile black dog, which lay down at my feet and proceeded to nibble away at my new shoes.

"We have decided," announced Eldo pompously as he and Redcap rejoined the gathering, "that you may be permitted to join the society provided your application meets with the approval of the Elfin Council, and provided your brother carries out the afore-mentioned services. There is one thing though. We can't have you going blabbing to all and sundry about our goings on and such like. By Hob, it's difficult enough these days keeping out of sight of all the anthropologists and nosey tourists that come crawling all over our hills without you doing exclusives for the Sunday papers and so on.

"I can just see it--'My Life Among the Pixies', 'All for the Love of a Leprechaun', 'Gnome Sweet Gnome'. Good Goblins, that would completely ruin our supernatural image. That fellow Dadd with his painting was bad enough, gave us quite a nasty turn for a moment, he did. Lucky for us your Victorians were so stupid, not that your lot are any brighter now or they'd know all about us, 'stead of slandering our good name on homosexuals!"

Hastily I tried to explain that I had no connection whatsoever with the gutter press, and that my motives were purely scientific, but obviously their bad experience with Richard Dadd and their apparently detailed knowledge of a certain section of the British human newspapers had coloured their thinking so much that they wouldn't hear me out.

"There's only one thing for it," said Eldo with finality. "You'll have to come and live with us for seven years while you write your book. You can publish it through Fairy University Press. It'll get a wider readership and more likely gain critical acceptance, if you bother about that sort of thing. Humans don't want to read about fairies anyway--they're only interested in other humans. Very narrow-minded to my view. Name me one classic of human literature that's about fairies," he challenged.

Things didn't look so good now. I began to shiver although it was the middle of August and a warm night at that. Live with the little people for seven whole years? Well, it would certainly be interesting and fairy food had acquired a

reputation for excellence. To be sure, I had no particular wish to return to the boring job with the bank in London at the end of my holiday, but I was not happy. What about the women? That elfin creature with the awful father was only half my size!

I started to explain the problem with what I hoped was tact and diplomacy, but Eldo cut me short. He seemed to have read my mind, much to my embarrassment. "No problem at all," he laughed, "you humans always underestimate the level of fairy technology. But what can you expect from creatures descended from monkeys! We've been around a bit longer than your lot and I think I can say without false modesty that it shows. Look at us here--elves, goblins, gnomes, pixies, leprechauns come over from Ireland, Scottish kelpies and brownies, all living happily together under one roof with never an ill word." He glanced at the lovely elf-girl's father. "Well, hardly an ill word."

"When did you ever hear of fairies polluting the rivers or the air? Or fairy overpopulation or wars? We don't waste our time with silly bombs, which will only kill you humans, by the way. It's amazing, you're so advanced in some ways, and yet you can't do a silly little thing like auto-telekinesis. That's transporting yourself to another place to you. Watch this."

Suddenly we were all outside no longer, but in a large banqueting hall decorated in what one would call 'elfinstyle', I suppose. Very tasteful indeed. But what was more surprising to me than the change of location was my change in size and clothing. Now I was barely taller than Eldo and clad in a scarlet tunic and tights, with gold boots on my feet.



"Well, I thought it would be just you, dressed like that," confessed Eldo by way of explanation, "and I think you'll have to admit that the clothes go very well with your shoulder-length black hair."

"Shoulder-length hair? But I haven't got...the bank ..."

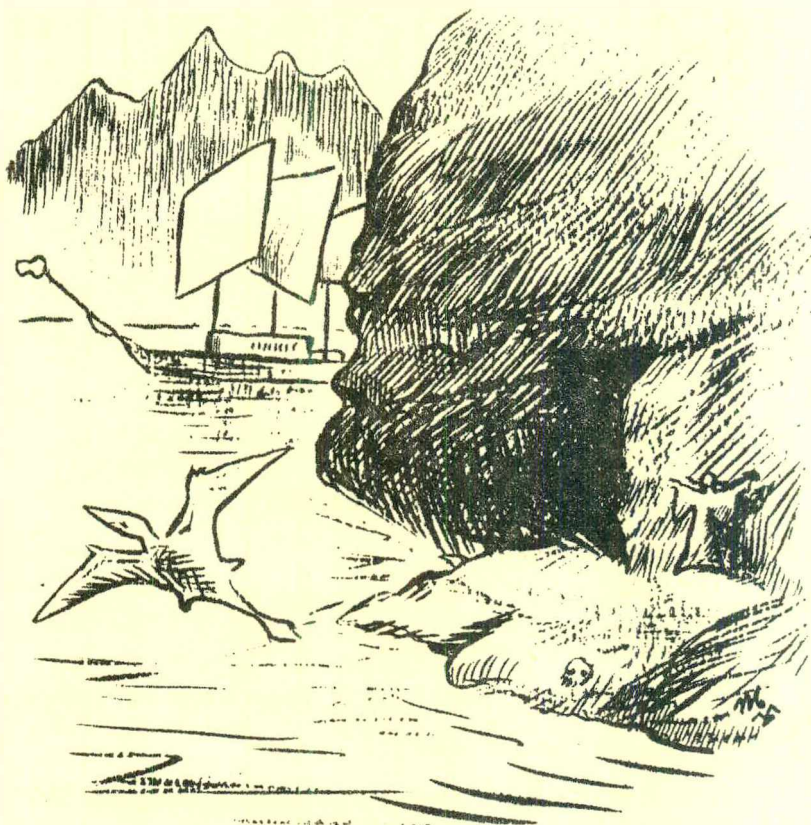
Eldo coughed apologetically. "It's what you've always wanted really. I read it in your subconscious. And you match Claudienne so nicely like that." He leaned closer conspiratorially. "I think she fancies you, you know."

She did.

Her father, Old Greycoat, turned out to be not such a bad old stick after all. After Claudienne and I were married, he took quite a liking to me, and insisted in taking us both for long walks over Dartmoor, in which he would regale us with tales of how the world, both fairy and human, had been when he was a boy. How much better, that is.

Apparently in those far off days fairies didn't have to hide from humans, as the locals were so superstitious and cowardly. It was only with the arrival of the motor-car and holiday-makers with screaming kids and experts on folklore --here the old gnome looked at me, but I pretended not to notice anything--that it had become no longer safe to ensnare unwary travellers in fairy rings or substitute old goblins for babies and generally do all the other activities that made life worth living.

Greycoat thinks he's helping me with my forthcoming book, and I haven't the heart to tell him that I won't be writing it after all. No, Eldo was right, I see that now. There's just no market for that sort of thing among humans, so now I'm busy working on a collection of human stories for serialization in 'Play-gnome' or 'Mayfairy'. Well, I like it here, and anyway, they pay better rates than the sundays.



INTERVIEW WITH GOD

Mae Strelkov

"Father?"

Silence.

"Mind behind phenomena?"

No answer.

"Creator of the Universe?"

Still no reply.

"Calling...calling! Tiny atom of body-cell radiates message to whole Body!"

What is it now?

"Did I hear that? Or did I imagine it?"

There is a rustling in the leaves of the trees...nothing more.

"I'm not good at reading oracular messages," I grumble. "On our planetary speck of dust, here, it's no longer in style to listen for the Wind in the Mulberry Trees, in the Old Testament way, to reach decisions. I know it used to be the fashion...even in China, too! So was that You in the trees just now?"

The trees cease to rustle. In the ensuing hush I wait in vain for the Still Small Voice, knowing already: IT CAN ONLY BE HEARD WITHIN! ("The Voice of Reason, Conscience, Hope and Love that speaks".)

But still I try...we've got to have this Interview, haven't we?

You can do it by "beating your body into submission", frazzling your nerves with self-torture, hunger, lack of sleep. That triggers a chemical reaction that produces hallucinations, just as drugs are said to do. But I don't want that. This has to be a "rational" interview, if possible.

"God?"

Again no answer...neither writing in the sky nor whispers on the land. How contact Him? How make the call? Where is there an oracle? But even the Urim and the Thummin are used no more...a sort of yes/no set of dice, fashionable in the times of the Bible, and once used to "hear God". I don't go in for fortune-telling and seances myself. So what to do?

I decide to pose a question or two and present it formally. Firstly: "What of our origin? Instantaneous creation? Evolution? Which?"

Voice of Reason: (=God?) Either. Does it make a difference to you--speck of dust?

Self: "Yes, it does! Evolution is comprehensible...whether we subscribe to the Big Bang theory or no, or whether we suppose ourselves a mere Outgoing Breath of Brahma, as we now expand cosmically. However, if we discard the possibility of slow evolution, of bodies and souls, what have we left? A story of a 'Perfect Creation' and the inevitable 'Fall', providing us with the precious dogma of 'Original Sin' and 'Eternal Hell' versus 'Salvation'. It doesn't make sense. We're not geocentric enough or feudal enough today. Our lizard and mammalian lower brains may still skitter in numb terror, but we have another brain trying to be sane, of late."

(V. of R.): So what do you want Me to do?

Self: "Oh? Was that you? Well, we'd like to be nursed like babies, fussed over. We're scared of the dark."

(V. of R.): So grow up a bit. You're not that young and new, by now! But you've got eons to go before you'll really Understand. As yet you're just four-dimensional. You'd rattle around like a pea in a tesseract-like "box" if you were translated to a higher grade right now. Go on learning...growing up. And meanwhile, 'consider the birds of the air; they toil not neither do they spin.' Be like them. So what are you worrying about?

Self: "I'm worrying about all the different little boxes into which they try to divide up and lock our acts and thoughts. I'm worrying about those dogmas that drive us crazy, and split us as a race, so we have the 'lost' and the 'saved', and the latter put on airs over the former. Is it fair? I ask You?"

(V. of R.): Is it fair that dog-eats-dog still on your planet and has been doing so right back to the start when amoebae devoured one another in the Primaeval Seas? And even nowadays shark eats shark? Learn to dodge and outwit the devourers!

Self: "I was taught to Turn-the-Other-Cheek, and I do!"

(V. of R.): Then you'll be devoured, but it comes out the same, little atom! Atoms and energy interchange their roles--are indestructable. See? So take it easy, little one. Spin!

Self; "You just said not to spin--the birds still don't, unless making nests, and then they weave more than spin."

(V. of R.): Quibbler! Smart-alec! Very well, then, Dance! The Dance of Life is everything--and it must go on, down to the least, last subatomic particle. It cannot be stilled. So why must you fear losing your place in the Dance?

Self: "But we gotta die..."

(V. of R.): You've got to sleep every night too. And wake for another day, another you. Take it easy...

Self: "Did I think that? Or was it the Still Small Voice of Reason--Yours, making uncommon sense even now?"

A chorus of birds suddenly burst into song and the wind set the last, least leaf dancing madly in the golden sunlight. I couldn't yet hear the Angels but guessed they were there. As for devils? How do we know that some of them may not just be "Angels in Disguise" testing us...as a Job's Satan reported to God on the doings of the Faithful, even that long ago? (The policeman in our Midst?)

VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS SF

Don D'Ammassa

Because of the incredibly wide range of subject matters, SF provides the writer with unique opportunities to examine religion and man through fiction. A comprehensive study of religious SF would be longer than most novels, however, so for the purposes of this article, I am selecting some of the better examples to illustrate the variety of approaches possible. Before doing so, it is necessary that I explain which meaning of the word "religion" I am using.

As Sturgeon points out in "Science Fiction, Morals, and Religion" (in *SF: TODAY AND TOMORROW* edited by Reginald Bretnor), there is a need to separate the concept of religion as the interaction between man and god from the concept of organized religion, the church, which often intercedes between or even hinders the relationship between man and god. There are many excellent SF novels that deal with the role of organized religion in society, including such classics as *GATHER, DARKNESS* by Fritz Leiber, *SIXTH COLUMN* by Robert Heinlein, *IF THIS GOES ON* by Robert Heinlein, *THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT* by Lester del Rey, *THE LONG TOMORROW* by Leigh Brackett, and *RE-BIRTH* by John Wyndham. All of these novels deal with the church as an institution, an instrumentality of society, and while an examination of this type of fiction might be worthwhile, I will ignore it here. Neither do I plan to deal with fiction which uses religious symbolism for its own purposes, such as Robert Silverberg's *DYING INSIDE*, or those which deny religious explanations of existence merely as a plot device, such as either the "Riverworld" or "Kickaha" series by Philip José Farmer.

The current wave of interest in religiously oriented SF appears to be creating a demand for religiously oriented fiction. When Hans Stefan Santesson collected *GODS FOR TOMORROW*, most of the stories he included were actually members of those categories I excluded above. In the last two years, three more all-religious anthologies have appeared--two mediocre pro-Christian ones from Roger Elwood, *STRANGE GODS* and *FLAME TREE PLANET*, and a far more diverse collection edited by Mayo Mohs, *OTHER WORLDS, OTHER GODS*.

Since much of the SF we read is written in a Christian dominated nation, much of the religious speculation is concerned with Christian theology. Authors therefore may take three broad positions: orthodox Christian, heterodox Christian, or non-Christian. Orthodoxy is the rule in the Elwood anthologies listed above, for example. There are also some novels written primarily for their religious message, by authors who identify with religious literature rather than SF, but which are nonetheless SF. Indeed, an argument can be made in the abstract that any story which includes a miracle is at least fantasy, as for example Somerset Maugham's excellent *CATALINA*, in which the Virgin Mary intervenes

on behalf of a young girl. Riley Hughes wrote, in *THE HILLS WERE LIARS*, of a small group of men, the only survivors of a nuclear war, who confront the necessity of re-establishing the Catholic Church and electing one of their number to be Pope.

In *CATHOLICS*, by Brian Moore, recently presented on US television, the author expresses his distress with the results of the liberal reform movement within the Roman Catholic Church.

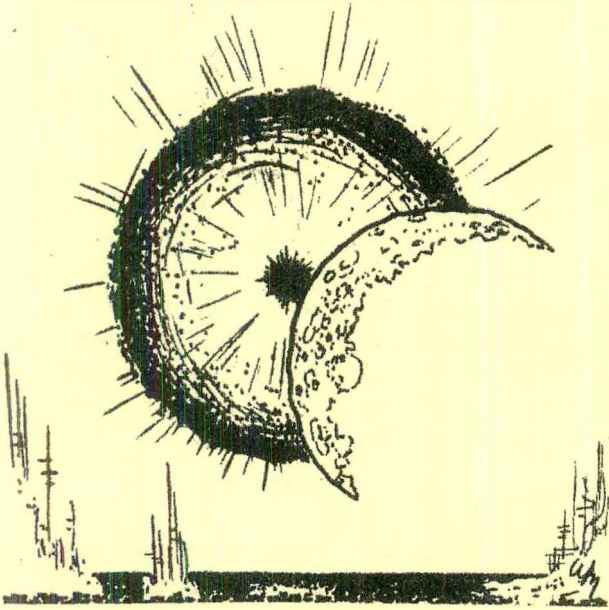
On the other hand, some SF writers with strongly held religious beliefs have written SF that dealt with Christian problems. C.S. Lewis is perhaps the most obvious example. His *PERELANDRA* is clearly a treatment of the Garden of Eden, and the nature of sin, just as *THAT HIDEOUS STRENGTH* deals with the nature of evil, temptation, and a host of allied enigmas. Christ symbols lurk in nearly every chapter of the Narnia series. Two of his books are virtually narrative essays in theology rather than novels; *THE GREAT DIVORCE* is about discord in Heaven, and *THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS* is a collection of correspondence from a devil.

Walter Miller was mildly satirical about the church in *A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ*, particularly in pointing out the inadvertent canonization of a Jew. Nevertheless, he clearly sets religion in the role of mankind's better impulses, the preserver of knowledge and civilization during difficult times. Lafferty's work is pervaded by his faith, perhaps most obviously in *PAST MASTER*, *ARRIVE AT EASTERWINE*, and *THE DEVIL IS DEAD*. Clarke's famous short story, "The Star", presented the very serious question of what we should feel about our relationship to the Old Testament God, and the morality of that entity. Even H.G. Wells, atheist though he was, conceded man's subordination to God in the final paragraphs of *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

James Blish edged over the line into heterodox Christianity with *A CASE OF CONSCIENCE*. The planet Lithia is inhabited by a race that apparently knows no sin. Father Ruiz-Sanchez falls into the Manichaeian Heresy, belief that the devil is also capable of the act of creation. The priest eventually falls into heresy, receives a reprimand from his Pope, doubts his own faith, and performs an exorcism. In a letter Blish wrote this past February, he categorically rejects the idea that the devil created the Lithians: "I must entirely deny that I conceived the Lithians to be essentially evil; I only wished to make them essentially alien, which is quite a different matter." Although an agnostic himself, Blish thereby lends credence to the interpretation his Papal character places on events, and the novel concludes as ultimately orthodox. Nevertheless, more than any other single work of SF, *A CASE OF CONSCIENCE* demonstrates the capacity of the genre to apply religious principles under new conditions, and to work out their philosophical and theological implications.

A more heterodox Christian vision would be Michael Moorcock's *BEHOLD THE MAN*, in which a time traveller finds that Christ is merely a man, and not a particularly admirable one, and sacrifices himself to preserve the mythos that became the foundation of his normal present. In Ray Bradbury's "The Man", a human finds himself following fruitlessly in the footsteps of a messiah on his journey through the universe, always arriving after the messiah has left. Anthony Boucher cloaks with humour his serious inquiry about the nature of the soul in "The Quest for St. Aquin".

There is also, obviously, the possibility of dealing with religion from a non-Christian viewpoint, although this becomes somewhat difficult for those of us raised in a Judaeo-Christian society. Even those who profess atheism are condi-



tioned somewhat by their culture and derive their moral and ethical standards accordingly. Perhaps a wave of Buddhist, Taoist, or Animist writers will provide the field with works similar to Susan Cooper's magnificent *MANDRAKE*, in which the nature of man, Earth, religion, philosophy, and instinct are intermeshed in a terrifying vision of a universe in which primitive Earth cultism is the true religion. For the most part, however, non-Christian religions in SF are--like that of *DUNE*--cobbled together, a patchwork quilt of Earth's religions, predominantly Christian in superstructure.

Clarke's "The Nine Billion Names of God" implies that perhaps the Asiatic mystery religions are right, but the story is more of a gimmick than a philosophical work. In George R. R. Martin's recent "And Seven Times Never Kill a Man",

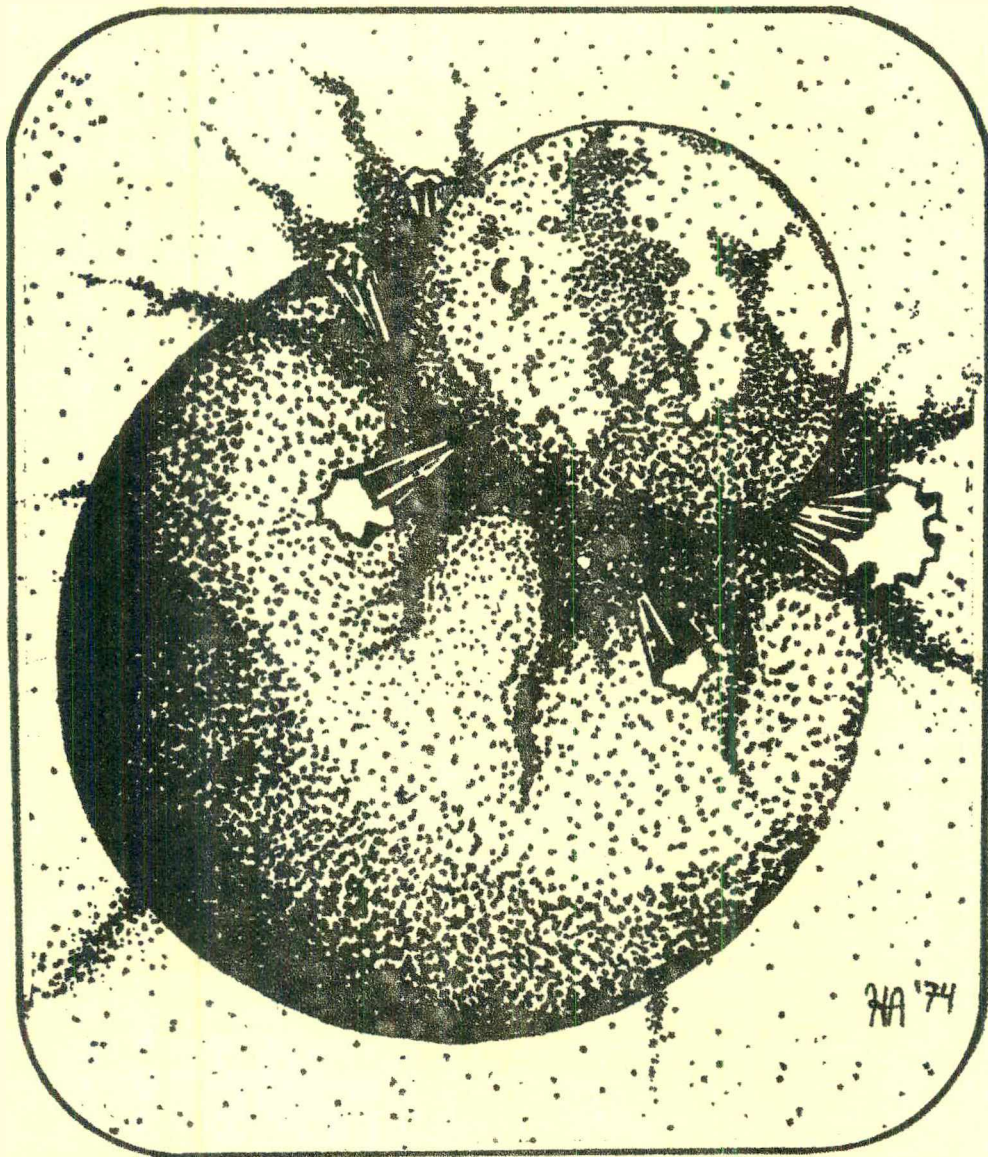
a fanatic human cult attempts to destroy the religious shrines of an alien race, until the aliens' god intervenes on behalf of his worshippers. The concept of an alien religion as the true religion is handled more exhaustively in Philip José Farmer's *NIGHT OF LIGHT*, and more famously in Lester del Rey's "For I Am a Jealous People", in which God gives up on humanity and chooses a new race of beings as his representatives in the universe.

A specific variation of non-Christian viewpoints is the concept of God as an entity, a plot element played with many times since Simak portrayed God as a rather thoughtless and slightly malevolent inhabitant of another plane of existence in "The Creator". God appears on an interview show in Dean Koontz's *THE HAUNTED EARTH* and as a gigantic slug in that same author's *FEAR THAT MAN*. In an overlooked gem by Bill Casey called "The Answerer", mankind suddenly finds that all its prayers are answered, with unusual consequences, and ultimately a declaration of war on God by humanity, and God's defeat. A strange odor then pervades the Earth's atmosphere: "It is the odor," he said, "of a gigantic corpse." Dozens of writers have replaced God as the creator of mankind with various aliens, disasters, or time loops.

The existential view of the universe as a gigantic unconscious machine, operating in accordance with predetermined physical laws--laws that are harsh though not actively cruel--is another quasi-religious approach that colours a large percentage of SF. Poul Anderson, to take a well-known example, refers to "a blind and indifferent nature" in *THE SNOWS OF GANYMEDE*. In *STAR WAYS*, he tells us that "Life has no extrinsic purpose or meaning: it's just another phenomenon of the physical universe." In "License" he warns that "the universe never signed a contract with man requiring it to be fair." One of the spacemen in *THE ENEMY STARS* insists that "I still see the same blind cosmos governed by the same blind laws." Later in that same novel, the author wonders: "Maybe that's the whole purpose of

life: purpose itself."

In the Sturgeon article alluded to earlier, the author speculates that science itself is coming to be looked upon as a religion in our society. The Nobel prize winners are our saints. Certainly there is a secret jargon of science which appears cryptic to the lay public. But Leslie Fiedler, in his introductory essay to *IN DREAMS AWAKE*, which he edited for Dell, postulates that science fiction is in itself an expression of this religion: "Similarly, SF is a religious literature; but its implicit religion is that of men with a profound faith that they are no longer in need of faith." Which is indeed food for thought.



The fanzines in this review column are reviewed subjectively only, and should not be confused with "real quality" which the reviewer refuses to recognize objectively. But, in cases where the "real quality" is subjectively atrocious, or where subjective evaluations are clearly ridiculous, the author will attempt to review subjective subjects in a quasi-objective fashion. While not pretending to concrete subjectivity, it is possible that the reviewer is allowing his subjective view of objectivity to subvert his subjective point of view and confuse it for an objective viewpoint, and avoid the question altogether. To allow for such subjective-objective-subjunctive semanticisms it is recommended that the reader search his subconscious for similar semi-sequential syllogisms, and objectively serialize standards of subjectivity for the subjects to be subjectively objectivized. The reviewer has already lost track and can't be bothered.

Index Expurgatorius

Taral Wayne MacDonald

FANZINE FANATIQUE 9, 10 - Keith A. Walker - 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancaster, England. 11, 12 pages, mimeo, monthly, available for the usual or 10p (whatever that is in real money...).

I didn't think much of FANZINE FANATIQUE when I first saw it. Its first issue contained an editorial re-printed from some other fanzine. Odd to say the least. But in spite of its poor appearance, FF has become a useful reviewzine for British and North American fanzines. Longer and better thought-out reviews, and more English titles would improve its usefulness by an order of magnitude. With the demise of CHECKPOINT, though, FANZINE FANATIQUE will be providing a practically unique service for British fandom by publishing any reviews at all.

LOCUS 174 - Charlie & Dena Brown - Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119. 4 to 8 pages, reduced, offset, triweekly, available almost only for subscription or contribution, 50¢ each, or 15/\$6.

LOCUS is the establishment science fiction newszine. It has all the best news first, the results of all the polls and awards, the obituaries, the market reports, and acres of book summaries every year. There is no question that LOCUS is the best source of information for science fiction readers and authors these days. (Ho hum.)

KARASS 15, 16 - Linda Bushyager - 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park PA 19076. 17, 10 pages, mimeo, monthly, available for the usual or 4/\$1.

KARASS has all the above, sometimes a little later, and fan news too. Instead of simple book summaries, there are a more restrained number of book reviews by

SIMULACRUM

thoughtful and opinionated reviewers. Fanzines are irregularly reviewed also, principally by Bruce D. Arthurs, but also in the past by Bruce Townley, and Mike Glicksohn. KARASS is printed on warm, fannish twiltone, just like the LOCUS we all remember...

Number 15 printed a number of fans' reactions and opinions to the burgeoning worldcon. If you're interested in this highly pertinent problem, ask for a back issue. Including a sticky quarter and dime is a *must*.

GUARD THE NORTH - a "les recherches Daniel Say Cie publication" (sic) - Daniel Say - Box 65583, Vancouver 12, BC V5N 5K5 - 41 pages, mimeo, irregular, available for the usual or an unstated sum of money.

I may be Canadian, but like most Canadians I do not speak or read French better than a grade 1 or 2 level. Say, a Canadian nationalist, is like most Canadians in this respect. But that doesn't stop him. French is part of being Canadian so he embraces our second official language and prints part of his zine en Français. It doesn't matter that his French is unintentionally and excruciatingly funny--it's *French*, therefore it's *Canadian*. *Sacre couer!*

An associate of mine, Philippe Boyer, speaks and reads Porcupine French. I showed him GUARD THE NORTH, and with him translating we spent a merry hour over chips and coffee with Say's French SF bibliography. Try to guess what "The Cross of the Cosmos" is? "Go-go Planet"? "A Weighty Question"? How about "Going to the Dogs"? Need a hint? The first was written by Poul Anderson, the



second by Frederik Pohl and Cyril Kornbluth, the third by Hal Clement, and the last by Clifford Simak. Answers at the end of this review column.

The rest of the zine wasn't half so funny. Pity.

BREAKTHROUGH 6 - Henry Bitman - PO Box 968, Azusa, CA 91702 - 42 pages, mimeo, irregular, available for the usual trade, LoC, contrib, or for 50¢.

Beautiful cover stock, but the artwork on it does not quite live up to the paper it's printed on. The technique the artist, John Sykes, employs, is suggestion by varying the density of line shading. His interior illos are similar, and are equally promising, but still undergrade. Sheryl Birkhead also appears as an artist, but in minimal capacity, providing only a stack of books as a logo for a review column. Al Sirois is unquestionably the star artist, and as usual varies in quality from a superb drawing of a computer-demon and magician to a terrible drawing of a nymph rising from a cavern pool. Anita Bitman makes a debut in fandom on the back cover, giving us a glimpse into a talent that is hard to measure from this single piece.

BREAKTHROUGH's avowed purpose is to carry fan fiction, and succeeds in this very well. The fiction is varied, ample, and surprisingly good at times. I confess to reading very little of it in this issue, however, though I routinely read it in the earlier issues.

One story that I *did* read was Al Sirois' GOD & GOLEM INC. The story was a smoothly written spoof of demonology, where a small-time magician conjures a computer-demon to save his magic business. The demon gets him in the end, as in mandatory in such pieces, but in a most unsatisfactory way. If Al could put a bit more polish and snap into that story, he could sell it professionally.

Articles included one I found mildly interesting by Paul di Filippo on Nathaniel Hawthorne. Paul attempts to relate Hawthorne to the SF genre by summarizing many of his short stories, but fails to demonstrate, to me at least, why these short stories should be considered SF, even in a remote sense. "Tall Stories", one of Don D'Amassa's "little-known SF author" series, was personally more interesting. It was one of perhaps half of such articles by Don that I was familiar enough with the author to follow the cited stories. The weakness of Don's articles is that if the author is truly unfamiliar to the reader, the quick summaries tend not to be enough to establish their value. We have to take Don's word on it that they were or were not what he says they are. He does not have the space for a detailed analysis that would show what led him to his opinion. In the case of Stephen Tall, the subject of "Tall Stories", I happen to concur with Don that Tall is a repetitive and superficial author.

BREAKTHROUGH will probably see only one more issue, number 7, and from correspondence with Hank, it will be a theme issue--love and romance. After that...Henry Bitman will probably hang up his stylus and typer and disappear under the surface of that ocean of fans who merely "read the stuff".

DISTAFF 2 - Janet Small - 94 Avenue Rd, Toronto Ont. M5R 2H2 - 22 pages, mimeo, probably last issue, 50¢ or the usual shenanigans.

I have been asked not to bother reviewing local efforts. Ha, ha, ha... You ought to know, Victoria, that I'm much too intractable to follow suggestions of any sort.

DISTAFF is a clear example of that genre of fanzine known as the "clubzine". It

has that peculiar flavour that is a result of protracted in-jokes and local interest items. It is only partly local, however. Several of the contributors are from fandom-at-large, and include no dimmer lights than Susan Wood (envy) and Sam Long in the table of contents.

Far and away the best feature of the zine is a forum of opinions on *THE FEMALE MAN*. Contributing reviewers are Susan Wood, Amanda Bankier, Bob Wilson, Janet herself, and (ahem) yours truly. Only yours truly is outspokenly unhappy with the book; the others vary in opinion from mild approval to unabashed worship. More than a simple review, half the interest in the forum is the contrast of ideas and evaluation from reviewer to reviewer. The reader is likely to agree with at least one.

"Return of the Chips and Coffee Monster" is an out and out mistake. Its initial appearance in DISTAFF 1 as "CACIAWOL" - Chips and Coffee is a Way of Life - was a satire of several of the "derelicts" of Toronto fandom. "Return..." was a laborious re-telling of the original joke with the punchline forgotten. Everyone is entitled to one mistake though; it can be forgiven.

Unfortunately, "Lunacy" also is a similar case of retelling an old joke. Fortunately this time, if the punchline is forgotten, a new and perhaps better one is supplied. An old flyer for "The Brethren of the Moon" was reprinted in part. The original flyer was mimeod one halloween for distribution on the main strip of Toronto. It told of the godhood of the moon, NASA sacrilege, and pythsgorian "proofs", all wrapped in vague mystical revelation. The look on people's faces when this had been forced into their hands was well worth the investment of a bit of ink and some 18 pound paper. Left over copies were distributed through APA-H and in VATI-CON III PROGRAM BOOK. It netted a response, in any case, and a battle of belles lettres resulted. The final appeal to divine feminism caps off the exchange altogether appropriately. Middling funny, but I hope this is finally the last of it.

Third of her "survey" articles, Victoria Vayne's "The Seven Deadly Plots" is the least sercon, and maybe the weakest. It was conceived as a "light piece" ("It's only a clubzine") from the beginning. Despite the fact that the article is basically fill-space it is well written and interesting, and manages in its final sentence to save the article with a wry, capping observation.

DISTAFF's appearance is aided by some excellent (and some less than excellent) fillios by Barry Kent MacKay, a back cover by Rotsler, and a superior ToC logo by Bob Wilson. Bob, though not an artist, makes the best showing in the issue, and should publish his drawings more widely.

The overall impression of DISTAFF is low-key humour and tongue-in-cheek sercon--with the brilliant exception of the *FEMALE MAN* forum--and is, in spite of my picking out its deficiencies, an above average example of the clubzine. Janet is unlikely to trade with other zines on her own initiative. Do the *gentlemanly* thing--send 50¢ or a zine in trade so she'll be obliged to send a copy of hers in return.

SCIENTIFRICTION 2 - Mike Glycer - 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar CA 91342. 17 pages, offset, irregular?, available for the usual or free (at editor's discretion).

Arrrrgh! PREHENSILE is kaput! It is a dinosaur, Mike says, and is in all probability to become correspondingly extinct after the next ish. Just our luck. Mike's main complaint is the cost--\$300 for a 300 copy print run. (An estimate I made for him in Toronto ran to \$500 I think. Ugh.) His answer to inflation is STF.

STF is also where he can relax, and ignore "quality" standards expected of offset



productions. This issue consisted of faan fiction by Jon Inouye, a fan article by John Bangsund, a handful of letters, and a long editorial rap with Mike. Artwork provided by the generous services of Randy Bathurst.

With luck STF will evolve into replacing PRE, though Mike would undoubtedly argue which kind of luck that was--for him. In the meantime I hope I keep receiving it.

DFCFR 5, 6 - Don Fortier - PO Box 209, Kenner LA 70062 - 6, 6 pages, offset, bi-monthly, free or the usual (depends on your self-respect I guess...)

DFCFR is an amateur comics adzine that I'm not quite sure how I started getting. It's usually quite funny, except for the

Harvey Aardvark skits which are supposed to be. I once compared DFCFR (or whatever) with Honest Ed's, a crowded, confusing, rickety old discount store in Toronto, and Don agreed with the comparison except that DFCFR had no Polish speaking salesmen. Don's been advertising for me for free, so I guess his zine can't be all bad...

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL 190 - Don Miller - 12315 Judson Rd, Wheaton Maryland 20906. 10 pages, mimeo, biweekly, available according to an elaborate formula I haven't the space to repeat here, or for 30¢.

SOTWJ is now one of the newsletters published by the Washington SF Association. It seems that the club items have been removed from SOTWJ and put into a publication of their own, unavailable to outsiders. A useful source of information, but confusing. Also a reliable "reviewer" of fiction and fanzines, even though SOTWJ reviews consist entirely of unevaluated listing of contents.

ETERNITY ROAD 2 - Larry Carmody - 40 Shortridge Dr, Mineola NY 11501. 10 pages, offset, bimonthly? available for the usual or for 4/\$1.

Briefly, I didn't like it. Its layout is three column, reduced, and confused. Letraset is used profusely and with no eye to appearance or consistency. Reproduction is blurred and faded.

Not that any of this is necessarily important. What is important is that I could care less about much of the contents. There were some letters, and a large number of short book reviews, but the only "meaty" stuff was about SF Rock Groups. Come again? That's what I said. SF Rock Groups. You see, they use really wild light shows, and one of them has lyrics by Michael Moorcock, and they sing about stfnal things sometimes... Oh very well. Maybe so. But it's not "my bag".

TOTAL EFFECT 2 - Myron Surasky - 14 Sylvan Ave, New Haven CT. 15 pages, offset, I have to assume it's available for the usual since there is no information.

From bad to worse, this is a *comics* zine! Not a zine about comics, which would be tolerable, but a zine *with* comics, which is to comics fandom what fanfic is to us. Mostly they are atrocious, although there is one exception that is the

salvation of the zine. Excuse me, two exceptions. Both by Al Sirois. "Why" is a single page funny. "Hork and Gon - Never on Sunday" is 5 pages of outrageous science fiction humour, ending with a compromise between the forces of good and the forces of evil (represented by the Maharaji Ji with horns). Spiritual guidance is credited to Lhord Jhim Khennedy which goes to show there is a little ghodd in everybody. And a little good in every zine.

PHOSPHENE 2 - Gil Gaier - 1016 Beech Ave, Torrance CA 90501. 9 pages, mimeo, irregular, available for the usual you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours arrangement, or 3/\$1.

This is Gil's personalzine, a complement to his sercon GUYING GYRE. I tend to disinterest in Gil's enormous project to classify and evaluate the entire SF field, but his personal writings in PHOSPHENE do interest me. Gil doesn't seem to have much to say, this issue he writes about his involvement with Tarot cards and his Grandfather's advice, but seems to get along on sheer "innocent" personality. In future issues there is promise of his "maturing" as a fan writer as he learns to talk about himself and his views. A good zine to watch develop.

BROWNIAN MOTION 3 - Brian Earl Brown - 55521 Elder Rd, Mishawaka Ind. 46544. 24 pages, mimeo, probably irregular, 35¢ or, preferably, the usual.

The heart of any faanish fanzine is its lettercolumn. BROWNIAN MOTION has a lettercolumn; ergo--it's fannish. It also has two con reports, which are both well-written, but just a little hard to take in such large doses. (Five and four pages each, respectively.) And some other stuff, all light and entertaining. All written by Brian himself, as all the illustrations drawn or traced on stencil by Brian.

As you can guess, I've seen better, but fandom consists not of ALGOLS and OUT-WORLDS and ALIEN CRITICS, but of small personal or genzines like this one.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL 15, 16, 17 - Ned Brooks - 713 Paul St, Newport News, VA 23605. 12, 14, 16 pages, mimeo, "bimonthly, within a week or two", the usual, I doubt it's for sale.

"Wayne says nice things about ICITM - except that it's 'irregular'. Why does everyone say that?" How's that for incestuous reviewing? I copied that right from the latest ish where he reviews SIMULACRUM. Now it's my turn to say more nice things.

Nice things, nice things. Ned's homebrew of zine reviews, comments on his mail, and odd little bits of information and news and opinion makes for a relaxed reading uncommon in fanzines. Most demand paying attention for long periods of time, whole pages, but Ned never taxes you beyond a few lines before he drops the subject and begins something new. It's almost like conversation.

Your turn now, Ned...

CYGNUS X-1 - Bob Ruben - 1351 Denniston Ave. Pittsburgh PA 15217. 24 pages, off-set, irregular (?), available for the usual or \$1.20/4 issues.

I remember reading this a looooong time ago and meaning to write a LoC. However I never got any further with it than to ask Bob what he would do for the next issue--call it CYGNUS X-1 #2, or call it CYGNUS X-2? Months later and I'm still worried about that.

Review the zine? Oh, sure. There are a couple of good articles; "The Word for This Article is LeGuin" by Stu Kisilinsky, and "Life is a Mel Brooks Movie" by Birdwainer Cord (Either Stu or Bob, I'll wager). There is fan fiction, and there is faan fiction. One item titled "Of the Butcher" didn't appear in my copy although it was listed in the ToC. It seems likely that it was left out of all copies.

Illos were strangely poor considering that some of the artists contributing were Connie Faddis, Randy Bathurst, and Freff. Lack of page numbers didn't help in establishing whose were whose either.

What I found to be the most enjoyable feature of CYGNUS was a strip in the back by Tom Tuttle. The strip, "Spaced", is fine fannish cartooning, and although the script is still a bit amateurish, it succeeded as humour.

"I'm a sadist" was ticked off on the "Why you got this" on the last page. I don't know, I rather enjoyed it. Maybe I'm a masochist.

EGG 9 - Peter Roberts - 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, England. 23 pages (what have editors got against numbering their pages anyway?), mimeo, irregular, available only for trade, contrib, or LoC, not for filthy lucre.

The first page opens upon a picture of a Guinness Extra Stout label. Very well, if I doubted this was an English zine, I don't doubt it now. Who but the English, who gave us Monty Python after all, would print a cover showing the bare facts of someone's posterior anatomy depositing a calciferous enclosed zygote bearing the logo "Egg"?

Offhand it's hard to remember what was in EGG 9. Things ramble on and merge so. I remember John Brosnan amusing himself by reading the capsule summaries of shows in the TV guide. I remember a reprinted flyer from the Cosmic Digest 2, a come-on for the Cosmic Circle. And "Where No Man Will Go Again", a report of a trekcon in Leicester, where the reporting fans were thrown out on some pretext or other. A frightening thought, that. After that a long lettercol laced with British names, and the inevitable Glicksohn LoC.

The TV summaries weren't as funny as they might have been, but, seriously, who expects the TV guide to be written by National Lampoon? It is a marvel that they imitate Lampoon style as closely as they do. And the Cosmic Circle exerpt? A fascinating glimpse into fannish history, and humiliating too, that fans should ever have swallowed such codswallop in any amount, let alone in the amounts Claude Degler offered. The trekcon report was begging belief. Who ever heard of a trekcon turning back paying fans? But SF fans? There is a foul conspiracy afoot. I told you not to let them vote on the Hugo ballot.

EGG 9 has two Rotsler drawings but ~~there is no artwork~~ other than that there is no artwork... Where is the fantastic Jeeves when we need him?

My reviews are deteriorating; I'm tired. I hereby declare this column to be at an end.



The answers to the GUARD THE NORTH review are "The Cross of the Cosmos" - *THE HIGH CRUSADE* (Poul Anderson); "Go-Go Planet" - *THE SPACE MERCHANTS* (Pohl & Kornbluth); "A Weighty Question" - *MISSION OF GRAVITY* (Hal Clement); "Going to the Dogs" - *CITY* (Clifford Simak). Anyone who guessed correctly without reference to the answers at the end can write to me and claim his copy of *SEEDS OF CHANGE*. You're on the honour system remember; if I find you've cheated I'll send you a second copy of *SEEDS OF CHANGE*...

Taral Wayne MacDonald's fanzine reviews will appear here in *SIMULACRUM*, in his own real-soon-now *DELTA PSI*, and in some other zines as well. Where your zine's review will appear cannot be predicted with any accuracy, but take a chance--send a copy of your zine for review to Wayne at 1284 York Mills Rd, Apt. 410, Don Mills, Ontario M3A 1Z2. It will be reviewed objectively or subjectively, depending on the mood he's in, but that can't be predicted with any certainty either. -VV

EXTRA INDEX

VICTORIA VAYNE

As of this writing, over 80 fanzines have arrived in my mailbox since I last listed "zines received" in *SIMULACRUM* 1; and Wayne has reviewed, in his column preceding, only a small handful of these. This listing, then, is an attempt on my part to remedy his oversights: here are some very short remarks on my favourites. The list is not complete--that a zine I received is not reviewed here should not be taken as a sign that it wasn't read and enjoyed.

THE BIGGIES

And I won't even attempt to "review" *ALGOL*, *OUTWORLDS*, and *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW*. *ALGOL* (Andy Porter, PO Box 4175, New York NY 10017) for Summer 1975 has an Ursula K. LeGuin interview, Ted White on editing and the prozines, Jack Williamson on the Campbell era, Brian M. Stableford on the social role of SF. Interesting reading, and in a beautiful package. /// *OUTWORLDS* (Bill Bowers, PO Box 2521, North Canton, Ohio 44720), also in a handsome package every time, features in #23 Patrick McGuire on a Collier's Magazine special issue about a hypothetical war with Russia, in the 50's; Robert A. W. Lowndes on the old Thrilling Wonder Stories; and hilarious reprints from Grant Canfield's *WASTE PAPER*; as well as a long article on John Brunner. *OUTWORLDS* 24 is a special fanzines issue; with Bob Tucker, Robert A. W. Lowndes, Jon Inouye, Dave Locke, and Susan Wood all writing on this topic, and finishing with a Fan Publishing Symposium responded to by all sorts of Big Names./// Richard E. Geis' *SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW* (PO Box 11408, Portland OR 97211) is not as handsome as either *ALGOL* or *OUTWORLDS*, but contains excellent articles and reviews. #14 contains an interview with Philip José Farmer, Jon Gustafson on SF art, and the usual features. #13 had a long article about Roger Elwood by Bruce D. Arthurs; and what I considered one of the best pieces I'd ever read in a fanzine

Milton F. Stevens' "Visit to a Pulpy Planet". /// I like all three of these and can't come to a decision which one I like best; as my reasons for liking each are different.

Then there is NICKELODEON, Tom Reamy and Ken Keller's (1131 White, Kansas City, Missouri 64126) revival of TRUMPET. NICKELODEON features handsome appearance and graphics, with full colour cover; but somehow I can't help feeling that the contents do not quite live up to the appearance. The articles about time by Piers Anthony and Poul Anderson are good; David Wilson's "The Aristocratic Imperative" is interesting; but the rather large amount of material on or "by" M. M. Moamrath is carried on a bit too long. This is not to say it is a bad zine; it isn't; but it is not yet in a class with the Big Three above.

The Newszines

LOCUS (Charles and Dena Brown; PO Box 3938, San Francisco CA 94119) is THE news-letter for news about pros (and a lot of fannish news as well), new book releases, market reports, convention listings, and media news. It comes out fairly frequently, about every three weeks, and is priced at 15 for \$6.00 US.

More fannishly oriented is KARASS (Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA 19076) which gives lots of fannish news, CoAs, con reports, and convention listings, as well as occasional fanzine reviews. It comes out roughly monthly and is available at 3 for \$1.00.

Not properly a newszine, but rather a diary or log of sorts, is Ned Brooks' IT COMES IN THE MAIL (713 Paul Street, Newport News, VA 23605). This contains a lot of fannish gossip, gleaned by Ned from letters received, gives CoAs, and exchanges want lists and for-sale lists between fans. There are also good fanzine reviews. I don't know anything about how this might be subscribed to; send Ned something in the mail.

British Fanzines

British zines seem to have a flavour all their own, and in the past several months I have received six different ones. EGG 9 (Peter Roberts, 6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2, England) dates from early in the year, and contains various bits and pieces such as verbatim film descriptions from a catalogue that read rather oddly, an article and reprints on and from Claude Degler's activities of several decades ago, an amusing account of a Star Trek con. /// FANZINE FANATIQUE 11 (Keith A. Walker, 2 Daisy Bank, Quernmore Rd, Lancaster, Lancs. England) is entirely about fanzine publishing, how-to-do-it and inexpensive mimeo; and reviews. Interesting, but it does tend to duplicate OUTWORLDS 20 to some extent. /// INFERNO (pronounced SMALL FRIENDLY DOG, from Paul and Cas Skelton, 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Cheshire SK2 5NW, England) is a diary-type fanzine, a running log of mail and events typed seemingly as they occur. Con reports, opinions, reviews, letters, and personal anecdotes, as they occur, are entertainingly presented and both issues I've gotten (7 and 8) have been good reads. /// KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE (Mike and Pat Meara, 61 Borrowash Road, Spondon, Derby, DE2 7QH, England) is a new zine, diary-style like INFERNO, and is similar to it in ways. Some of the anecdotes told in INFERNO reappear in KNOCKERS, only from a different viewpoint, as the Mearas and Skeltons are good friends. The first issue contains a "reality tester" as a free gift, I won't spoil the surprise. /// MAYA 8 (Robert Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Road, Benton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE12 9NT, England) is professionally typeset and printed and contains an interesting article on computerized space games as well as reviews and letters. Worth seeing. /// And finally, TRIODE (Eric

Bentcliffe, 17 Riverside Crescent, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire CW4 7NR, England) is the resurrection of a fanzine of some ten years ago, and from what I've heard, is very similar still to the way it was. It's a very fannish zine, not all the names are familiar to me, but it's very enjoyable. In #21 there are articles about comics fandom, SF art and artists, time travel, and more; and the artwork is hand-drawn on stencil and well-mimeographed.

An Australian Fanzine

GEGENSCHIN (Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge NSW 2776, Australia) is the only Australian zine I presently receive. #21 and 22, which go together, include stories and good letters and an article on US-Canada feelings, a reply to the Angus Taylor article on the love/hate relationship between the two countries in #19. Individual issues are small, but several, taken as a group, add up to something quite substantial.

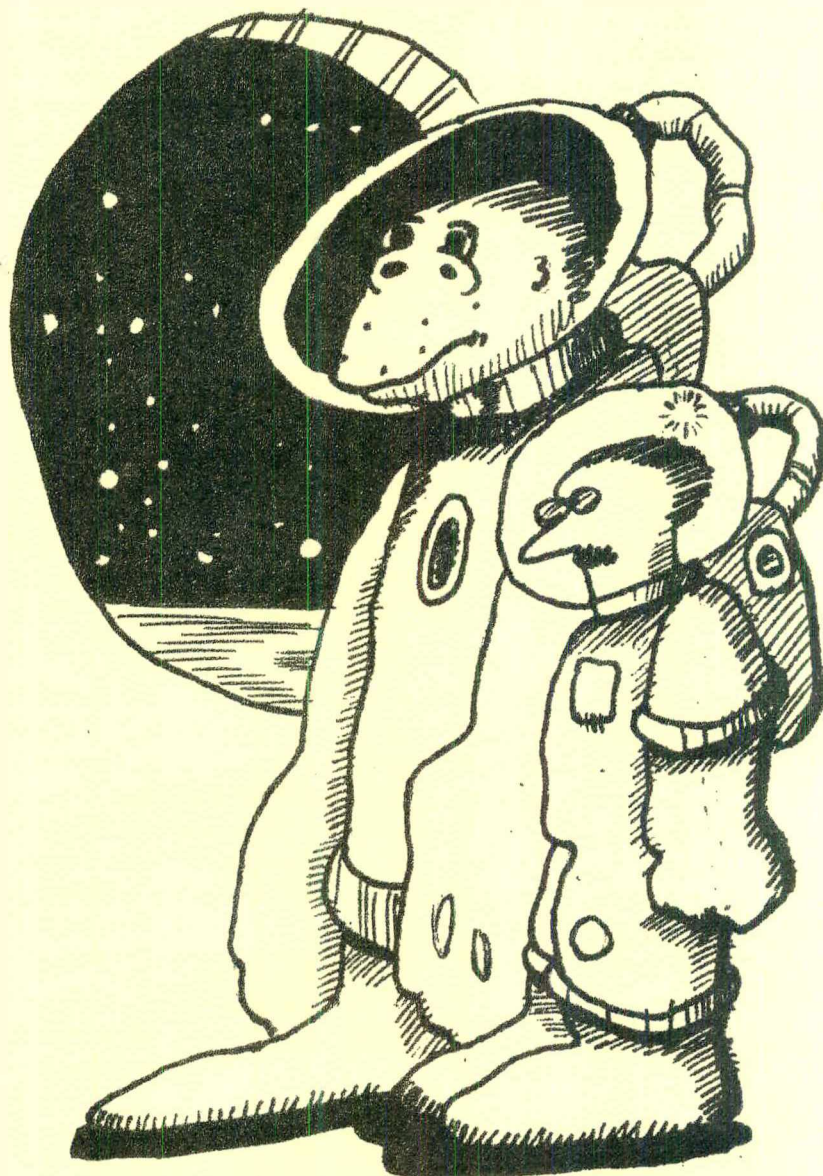
Genzines and Personalzines

ASH-WING 17 (Frank Denton, 14654 - 8th Ave, SW Seattle WA 98166) is a well-mimeographed genzine with a mixed bag of contents--a good editorial, articles about music and Anglosaxon poems, reviews and letters. /// BROWN PAPER WRAPPER 1 is an unusual offering from Brian Earl Brown (55521 Elder Rd, Mishawaka, Ind. 46544) in that it is entirely mimeographed on brown paper bags cut to size. It contains a hoax con report, reviews and satires, and natterings, mostly written by Brian, which is OK as he writes well. /// With the second issue, DANGEROUS CRUDZINES (Elst Weinstein, APDO 6-869 Guadalajara 6, Jalisco, Mexico) has become an interesting personalzine full of short bits about the follies and bureaucracies of pursuing a medical degree in Mexico. Fascinating. /// Don C. Thompson's personalzine DON-O-SAUR (7498 Canosa Court, Westminster, CO 80030) also is interesting reading, and in #42 Don rambles on for quite awhile about his writing and publishing adventures, and he also has good comments on his letters. /// DYNATRON 62 from Roy Tackett (915 Green Valley Road NW, Albuquerque NM 87107) is more a genzine than a personalzine, and takes a stand against fan Hugos, proposes Green Slime awards; and contains, in more serious directions, an article about realism and historicity in SF. /// In GODLESS 10 Bruce D. Arthurs (920 N 82nd St, H-201, Scottsdale, AZ 85257) tells how to avoid letting the Post Awful throw out your fanzines in an interesting editorial in which he also talks about publishing plans. Also there is Don D'Amassa on symbolism in the works of Bruce D. Arthurs and Gardner R. Dubious, which appeared in



FANTASTIC recently. /// A lot of GORBETT 12 (Dave Gorman, 8729 South Saint Peter, Apt 6, Indianapolis, IN 46227) is given over to Sheryl Smith on *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*. Letters that are almost articles in themselves round out a good issue. /// JAW-BONE 14 (Michael Carlson, 3577 Lorne Ave, #9, Montreal, Quebec) is an interesting personalzine that is an extended trip report with anecdotes about a lot of well-known names. /// KOSMIC CITY KAPERS 5 (Jeff May, Box 68, Liberty MO 64068) is a fannish genzine that takes a stand on MidAmeriCon's membership policies, and contains a number of informal and enjoyable articles. /// Eli Cohen's KRATOPHANY (2920 Victoria Ave, Apt 12, Regina, Saskatchewan S4T 1K7) is a lot like ENERGUMEN in appearance, and reads very well. #7's highlight is Susan Wood on shopping in a seamy part of New York; but the editorial and the other articles are good too. One of the best. /// MAYBE 41 (Erwin Koch, 835 Chattanooga Book Bldg, Chattanooga, TN 37402) has articles on imprisonment at a boys' school, and on rape; reviews and letters, a mixed bag but pretty good. /// Don D'Amassa's MYTHOLOGIES (19 Angell Drive, East Providence RI 02914) is one of the best personal/genzines being published today. Each issue has a long thought-provoking editorial, further articles on other thought-worthy topics, and letters discussing further the topics of the last issue(s). #5 editorializes about psychology, and follows up with a satire on psychiatry; also there is an item on childhood, and anecdotes. One of the best, and the one you should get on the mailing list for, if nothing else. /// NO 17 (Ruth Berman, 5620 Edgewater Blvd, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55417) is the last issue of NO for the next few years at least, and contains an article on abnormal sex in *WINNIE-THE-POOH*, John Berry's travelogue, and other articles. /// NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT (Denis Quane, Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, Texas 75426) is a good genzine with some emphasis on the science in science fiction and includes good book reviews on a variety of subjects. Presently debates on sexism are raging in the lettercolumn. #12 has a good article by D. Gary Grady on interstellar contact. /// PHOSPHENE is the personalzine of Gil Gaier (1016 Beech Ave, Torrance, CA 90501) and is a sort of companion to GUYING GYRE. #2 is a collection of short natterings by Gil, and excerpts from his mail. Gil's project in GUYING GYRE is a massive evaluation of SF novels by either a straight number rating or by a score sheet; the results of the ratings going to help select novels for use in SF courses. The project deserves support, and anyone who has read widely and has the time to make such ratings should write to the address given for information and a sample rating sheet. (Regrettably I personally lack the time, and also read mostly short stories.) /// PHOTRON 14 (Steve Beatty, 1662 College Terr. Drive, Murray, KY 42071) has a serious editorial on world food problems, and articles on various things including books, horror movies, Star Trek, and inflation, as well as book and fanzine reviews. Varied fare and interesting reading. /// Sam Long's QWERTYUIOP 8 (Box 4946, Patrick AFB, Florida 32925) (This address may change soon, CHECK!) is one of the most entertaining and outright enjoyable fanzines I've ever read. The editorial is a thought-following-thought series of ramblings, full of puns and jokes and spiced with fillos. There is a DisCon report, trip reports, the occasional feghoot, and others, and a good lettercol. QWERTYUIOP is one of my personal favourites; but look for GUNPUTTY from Sam instead, sometime this fall. /// RUNE, from the Minnesota Science Fiction Society, editor Fred Haskell (343 E 19th St, #8B, Minneapolis, MN 55404) is one of the more elaborate clubzines, with long lettercol, various articles and con reports, book and fanzine reviews. RUNE 44 said nice things about SIMULACRUM 1 and egoboo never hurt anyone. /// SELDON'S PLAN from the Wayne Third Foundation (ed. Cy Chauvin) (Box 102 SCB, Wayne State University, Detroit, Michigan 48202) is much more sercon than most clubzines, but makes interesting reading nonetheless. In #37 there is a long interview with Darko Suvin, and articles on

SF libraries, the ideal writer, and book reviews. /// Ed Connor's SF ECHO (1805 N. Gale Ave, Peoria, IL 61604) has expanded to a larger format from paper-back sized, in #22, and contains interviews and articles about Bob Tucker, Philip José Farmer, and Mae Strelkov, as well as numerous shorter articles and reviews. Lots of material there, of various sorts, and in general interesting. /// THE SPANISH INQUISITION from Jerry Kaufman and Suzanne Tompkins (880 West 181st St, Apt. 40, New York NY 10033) reads well and looks terrific. Looks a lot like GRANFALLOON, with the same excellent mimeography And the contents live up to the appearance; in #5, Jon Singer on fannish technology, arguments with John Curlovich, a funny fannish comic strip, and good editorials by both editors. One of the best. /// STARLING 31 (Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main, Madison WI 53703) is a special mystery issue, and as such, features articles and reviews on mystery writers thish, including Susan Wood on Dorothy Sayers. Not always on SF, but always interesting. /// Don Brazier's TITLE (1455 Fawnvalley Drive, St. Louis, MO 63131) contains in #41, letters and discussion on Dr. Frederic Wertham, Don D'Amassa on staving off boredom, various fans on dreams and nightmares, and other ramblings. Not quite a personal-zine, more a genzine, but worth getting. /// TABEBUIAN 23 (Dave & Mardee Jenrette, Box 330374, Coconut Grove, Miami FLA 33133) is another of my favourites. Amateur detective antics, terse and funny book reviews, sarcastic gothic reviews in poem, Ted Cogswell on his mailing labels, and more, with plenty of illos of naked ladies. I love it! /// ZYMURWORM 22 (Bob Vardeman and Dick Patten, 2908 El Corto SW, Albuquerque, NM 87105) has a coloured cover by Harry Morris, and entertaining



natterings in the editorials and columns.

Local (Toronto) Zines

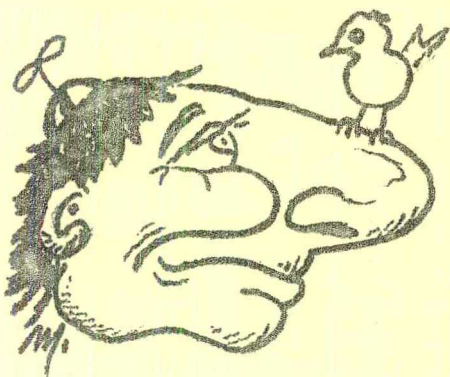
Unquestionably the best by far of the local clubzines were the spring SYNAPSEs of this year, #7 - 10, from Taral Wayne MacDonald (1284 York Mills Road, Apt 410, Don Mills, Ontario M3A 1Z2). SYNAPSE was since hit by a budget cut and was sharply reduced in size and content to merely a club news listing, and has now disappeared altogether, Wayne having resigned the newsletter. But the four spring issues featured Alicia Austin and George Barr covers, (courtesy of Mike Glicksohn), and articles by Jim Allan, Mike Glicksohn, Don D'Ammassa, Bob Wilson, not to mention Wayne himself; had good meaty lettercolumns, and ran from 20 to 40 pages. Wayne is the best editor of the "current generation" of Toronto fans and his forthcoming genzine DELTA PSI will be worth waiting for.

Also from the club are the theme one-shots, published under a rotating editorship basis. DISTAFF is a female-oriented "two-shot" (no further issues are planned), and the first one was a combined effort of some of the girls of the club, featuring my own article on women in SF (which I plan to perhaps revise and present in a future SIMULACRUM). The second of the two features a FEMALE MAN review forum. Both can be had for 50¢ each from Janet Small, 94 Avenue Road, Toronto, Ontario, or send \$1.00 for both. Also still available is my own first fanzine, a one-shot entitled VATI-CON III PROGRAM BOOK, a theme genzine about religion and SF, (and if I say so myself, the most elaborate in appearance of the club one-shots). VATI-CON can still be had from me for 75¢ at the same address as for SIMULACRUM.

A feminist-oriented genzine from the Toronto area is Amanda Bankier's THE WITCH AND THE CHAMELEON, for the usual or \$3.00 Canadian, \$3.25 American yearly, at 2 Paisley Avenue S, Apt. 6, Hamilton, Ontario. While I feel this zine is more a miniature Ms. magazine than a SF fanzine, it is very well-done and interesting in its own way; and issue 3 features Vonda McIntyre, Kate Wilhelm, other female pros in letters, and Joanna Russ with a series of typical stereotype parody stories that make this issue worth having. "WatCh" has a mission, it seems, and I don't always agree with it, but its message should be heard and evaluated without preconceived notions from fanzine reviewers.

THE fanzine of the year from Toronto comes from Mike Glicksohn, RESOUNDING HALDEMAN STORIES published this spring as a surprise birthday gift to Joe Haldeman. This one ain't available nowhere, no how. How did I get a copy? My secret.* RESOUNDING HALDEMAN STORIES' cover is by Kelly Freas, interior art by all sorts of well-known fanartists (including K. N. Pepper, who is really Wayne MacDonald, revenged upon by Mike for putting cayenne pepper in his supper one night). It features an unpublished Gordon R. Dickson story, a play by Ben Bova, and contributions by George Alec Effinger, Gardner Dozois, Jack Dann, Phyllis Eisenstein, etc. etc. etc. It's ingroupish, to be sure, but funny as hell, and it kept me up till 3:00 AM reading it.

* Mike used my typer.



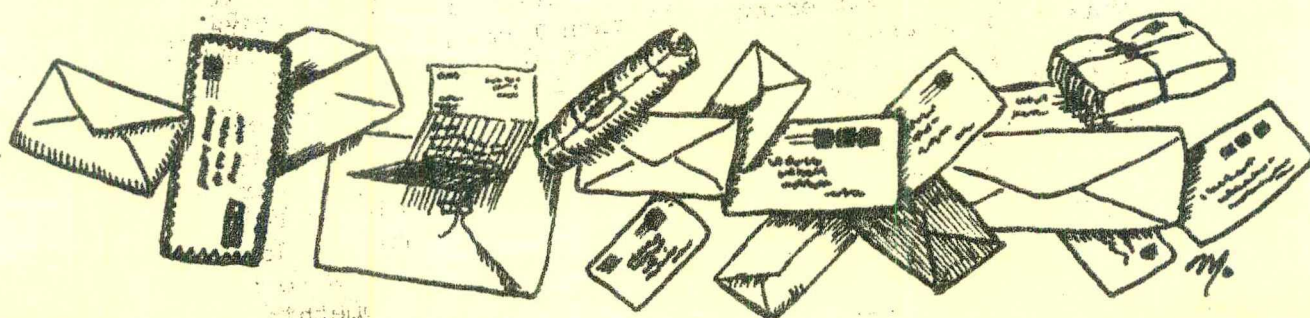
Found in P.O. Box 156

I've had a gratifying response to SIMULACRUM 1--over 35 letters and over 80 zines (with admittedly some overlap between people who sent letters and who sent zines; and also some cases of one person sending several zines) out of about 150 copies mailed out. Some of this response may still be left over from VATI-CON III PROGRAM BOOK, however...

MAE STRELKOV - Casilla de Correo 55 - - - - -
Jesus Maria
Cordoba, Argentine

I'm sorry to confess the Recorded Conversation //In VATI-CON III PROGRAM BOOK// was boring...they didn't make any new remarks and the old ones came out long-windedly. It was, of course, a relief to have Father Gibson reassure us regarding the awful population explosion: "The only group that I'm prepared to speak to are my fellow priests, and I'll warn them not to contribute to the population problem". As if that were a problem since they're celibates!

No! I didn't enjoy it, though I came across a hundred or so points I would have liked to query, personally, face to face. "Vibrant faith in the future"? do we need? How? Not the way things are going. Rather, I keep my fingers crossed, that's all. We are at a turning-place in mankind's history. Either we become



real individuals allowed to think out even religious problems for ourselves, or we become ants. Finally! With a Queen Ant telling us what to do, and putting us out of the Ant-Hill if we don't. As for conditioning a group using modern techniques, (sub-liminal included undoubtedly), Ghod of Fandom forbid! I still think *only* individuals count, not just separately, but one by one till the entire Body of Mankind reaches a Whole! (And a wholeness, not torn by dogmatic strife and war.) (We should at last agree to disagree, instead, not wage Holy Wars and Campaigns.)

//I tend to agree with the undesireability of the "Ant-Hill" analogy; in that individual thinking is a good thing; but the part about mankind reaching a Whole seems contradictory. It implies some sort of solidarity and the idea of solidarity is repugnant to me. It smacks of mobs, and a mob is a mindless thing. And I am the sort of person who thinks of "I"-and-"them" rather than "we", more and more so the larger the group becomes.//

MIKE GLICKSOHN - 141 High Park Ave - - - - -
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

I've just finished reading SIM 1 and I'm left with some really odd feelings... My ambivalence towards it is caused by the revelations of your own thoughts and the discussion of your own self-image that you include here. I'm left with the feeling that I've opened up a genzine and found an editor scourging herself with whips and chains; I was a little unprepared for such candour and I'm wondering how others, who don't know you at all, will react to the very negative image you project? Richard E. Geis, step aside, here--you should pardon the expression--comes Victoria.

Without your editorial, the entire issue would be much easier to react to. I'd have taken much of it as being in fun, and laughed it off with a chuckle or a guffaw or whatever seemed appropriate. But the editorial puts the whole thing on a very different basis. I've listened to you as you sat on the couch over there on the other side of the room and you told me the things that you write about here and somehow it didn't sound all that depressing. I could see your eyes and your face and there wasn't bitterness there, only resignation. Somehow it all sounds so much worse when I read it in black and lavender. The harsh reality of the words, unsoftened by your physical presence, paints an unhappy and tragic picture indeed. At least it did for me. I wonder what your other readers will think. Maybe I'm over-reacting, but I keep thinking, "God damn, it's *sad* and it's *wrong* for her to feel that way."

Perhaps one could summarize the human condition by discussing everyone's fight to either accept themselves as they are or change those aspects of themselves they are unhappy with. I know that I'm still fighting that battle, still trying to understand who I am, still learning to accept my limitations, and still trying to believe that others can see me in a different light than I see myself. If there's one constant and incomprehensible aspect to the problems of learning to live with oneself, it appears to be that others never see us as negatively as we see ourselves. The number of times I've discovered that someone I admire and respect and even envy thinks of him/herself as almost worthless is staggering. We are all our own worst critics, it would seem, and there doesn't seem to be a great deal we can do to help each other through these periods of self doubt. I don't find you unattractive, but the only way you're likely to believe that is to first overcome your own negative image of yourself and then to out and do something a

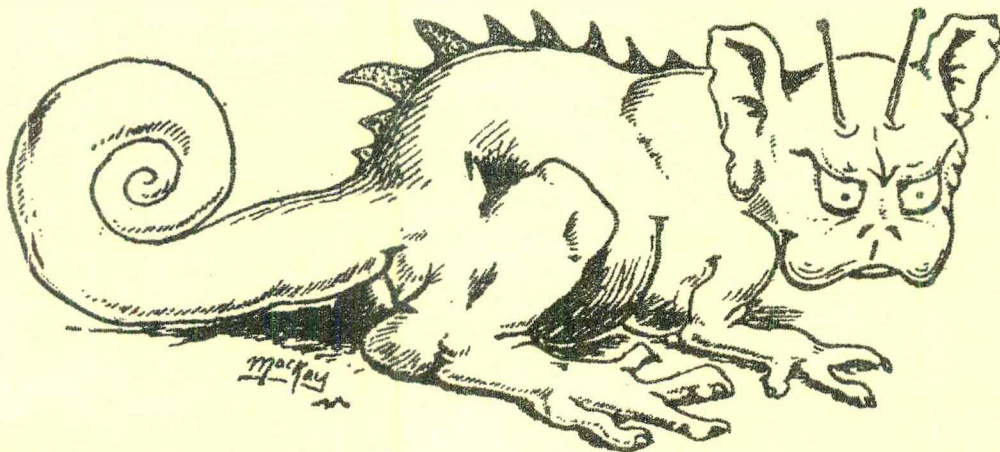
lot more positive than the antics, real or imaginary, of Anti-Mush Woman. To do that, you'll need the help of someone who already sees you in a positive way, and through whose presence and reassurance you can learn to believe in yourself. I hope you find such a man; and there's no reason why you shouldn't. Intentionally or not, SIM is a cry for help, and I sincerely hope it is answered.

Until I read this issue, I hadn't even thought that your Anti-Mush remarks might be serious. I'm still not sure that they are, but I'm more inclined to that view than I was before. Your arguments against mush in science fiction may well be cogent, reasonable and beyond intellectual reproach, but I sincerely hope that your campaign against "mush" in the personal lives of those you happen to come in contact with is intended as a joke. To deny others a pleasure that, for whatever reason, is denied you, is a pernicious form of censorship that is indefensible on any grounds whatsoever. And I think you know that. If you do resent the amorous activities of others, which would be wrong but perfectly understandable in the circumstances, then the solution is not to try and prevent such activities but, preferably, to engage in them yourself through a process of rearranging your own head, or, less preferable, to absent yourself from contact with the things that upset you. And I still have trouble believing I'm writing about such personal matters in what is supposed to be a letter of comment on a fanzine! There's a whole new world out there that would be happy to make you a part of it, Victoria, but you have to go out there and grab it by the balls. And if I could tell you how to go about it, I wouldn't be where I am today. (I'd own a mansion in Rose-dale just off the paperback advance from my best selling book on the subject.)

You know, the mere fact that you use the term "mush"--which has such a negative connotation--is indicative of your obvious bias in such matters. It makes me doubt that you'd be capable of an unprejudiced reaction to any indication of sex or romanticism in a science fiction story, despite lip-service to the contrary.

Your basic premise is undeniably sound. For years there was no attention paid to sex in SF at all, and then for a while there was undue attention paid when the taboos were finally lifted. And we discovered what we should have known all along, that people who are at best mediocre writers are going to write mediocre sex

scenes right along with the rest of the hack work they turn out. But even when you seem willing to admit that the love or sex interest is an integral part of the plot or character development, you still refer to it as "mush" and there still seems to be a tone of condemnation in your discussion of it.



And even here you are forced to qualify your acceptance with the injunction that the sex not be "pornographically explicit", a descriptive phrase that means many things to many people. I suspect, from what you say, that your definition of pornographically explicit would be rather different from mine, and I suggest that this is entirely an emotional rather than an intellectual reaction. And I think that valid literary criticism, while it may contain emotional reactions, should be based more on the intellectual awareness of the critic. I doubt that a critic who cannot get beyond a purely personal reaction to a book is capable of evaluating it in any way for anyone other than him/herself. (Take it away, Sheryl Smith.)

Your article, then, is too subjective. It's hardly germane to criticize Heinlein because you don't happen to like the name he chose for his central female character. Thus, while you touch in passing on many valid criticisms of Heinlein's admittedly very poor book, they tend to get lost in the, to me, unfortunately narrow-minded and one-sided way you look at sex and love. There's a good article buried in this piece, a look at the inherent sexism on the book, but it tends to get lost in the personal and purely emotional (over) reaction.

Most of the other stories you mention I've not read. (While you read mostly short stories and hence miss out on many novels that might be useful to the articles you write, I no longer have time to read much SF of any length.) I was surprised that you failed to mention Silverberg's Urbmon series, where the sex is a vital part of the society he is describing, or Ray Nelson's masturbation story in A,DV or some of the stories that have been upsetting ANALOG readers so much since Ben Bova started buying them. But I expect Don will take you to task for these omissions, so I shall not.

I felt no nausea looking at Wayne's weird drawing. I wish I knew where Wayne saw all those people with such ruler-straight arms and legs, though. He must know some pretty odd-looking people if he thinks they look like that. Even young girls sexually excited by giant penises have curves to their arms, legs and fingers, Wayne. Several of the Microgenesis drawings were chuckle-producing. This is evidently a fertile area for humour and I was sorry it was ova so quickly.

//Arrrrgh!!! (The pun, that is, not the LoC.)

Admittedly, this letter did contain some personal comments, but Mike assured me I could print part or all of it as I wanted. I am using this letter because it expresses well the sentiments of a lot of the commenters on SIM 1, with respect to my editorial. Readers have written to extend similar advice to Mike's, or to offer suggestions as to how my appearance might be improved, or to mention similar experiences they have had. All well-meant, and all appreciated. Life isn't that simple, though, and I'm unlikely to change overnight. When I wrote the original SIM 1 editorial, I was feeling particularly down--the "abysmal luck" part, that is. I still have abysmal luck with men, but as a rule I make myself live with it. It's only when my self-control breaks down...//

BRUCE D. ARTHURS - 920 N. 82nd St - - - - -
Apt. H-201
Scottsdale, AZ 85257

The feelings you expressed in your editorial are understandable, but I feel misplaced. I say this as someone whose nickname all thru grade school was "Ugly". ("Hey, Ugly, com here," Or, more often, "Hey, Ugly, go away.") I know what it feels like to be..."ignored" romantically. The first girl I ever asked for a date

doubled over with a case of the giggles; it was several years before I worked up my courage to try again.

But...count your blessings. You seem to have a number of friends, if not some Great Love Figure, and in that you're much better off than many people. When I was working in the Post Office a few months ago, there was one guy who had been facially disfigured in a fire. The left side of his face was a mass of twisted scar tissue, his nose had...melted and lay on his face like a lump of candle wax, and his left eye socket was a gaping pit. Quite frankly, he looked like something from a horror movie, and...I hate to admit my weakness...it made me nauseous to look at him. I wonder what he thought whenever the TV showed a commercial asking "How's your love life?"

Now personally, I take my quote, love life, unquote, quite casually these days. If any sparks fly, good. If not, no great deal. Right now, I really wouldn't want the "responsibility" of any serious relationship with another person. (What I would like, tho, is someone willing to keep this apartment picked up. Fanzines, letters, books, crudsheets, scraps of stencils, et cetera. Yech, what a mess.)

22 June 75: //6 days later// Hey, girl, you don't know how close you came to being the last person ever to get a Bruce D. Arthurs-type LoC. A temperature of 104.7 degrees is no laughing matter. When you get up to about 105, that's where you start to get...brain damage. I had enough sense to crawl to the fridge and put ice packs around my head, or else this LoC might have been written by a drooling, stammering, babbling idiot. (No smart remarks!)

//Leads me into thinking of the plentitude of unrequited, or should I say unreciprocated interests a person of one sex can show in a person of the other. Nice if you can take the love life casually, as Bruce mentions above. It would be VERY nice indeed if you could turn off an interest in another person as easily as you can turn off a light. It would solve a lot of problems. Unfortunately...//

DOUG BARBOUR - 10808 - 75th Avenue - - - - -
Edmonton, Alberta T6E 1K2

...in "Mush, Smush!" you start right out by defining yr terms. let me set up the battle stations immediately. i love sex in all fiction, & love it explicit if it's well written & fits. so i agree with you about the badness of inessential sex. however, i love Barry Malzberg (which tells you where i'm at, i suppose), & therefore usually find his handling of sex perfectly in order. see for example his use of sex & sexual imagery in *THE FALLING ASTRONAUTS* & *BEYOND APOLLO*, just for starters. no, i tend to identify the villain elsewhere, where Wayne MacDonald does, i think, by virtue of the aim of his parody, in the sexism of much SF. it strikes me that what you dislike--quite rightly--about *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL* (aside from the fact that it is written atrociously) is bound up in Heinlein's sexist attitudes. sure it's mush of the worst kind, but that's because Heinlein, despite his pretense at creating strong women characters throughout his oeuvre, can't truly imagine (real-ize) an intelligent woman. on the other hand, i think you're a little hard on poor eunice when you start right off by disliking her name. for the rest i agree completely, except that i would say that had Heinlein truly attempted to deal with the "deep, underlying psychological effects", he would have had to get into some explicit sexual scenes. as, for example, one of the few SF writers to handle sexuality with any profundity, Joanna Russ does in her novels (which are so far beyond anything Neinlein can even dream of, they can hardly be mentioned in the same paragraph.) i would say that *IWFNE* does not have even sex,

let alone sex scenes; rather it has Heinlein's "simulacrum" (heh heh) of sex, & he appears to have misst the boat about that a long time ago. the problem is that Heinlein has gained the freedom to write what he wants to write, &, wouldn't you know it, he wants to write about what he doesn't know, rather than writing the rather enjoyable hard science SF stories he will be remembered for, if he's remembered at all.

on the other hand, on that one thing--that for women it's better--i would say that Heinlein "knows" thru hearsay (& possibly experience--any man who's fucked with a woman well, has likely perceived that she has capacities he doesn't seem to have--or could he have read Masters & Johnson): do you remember, from way back when, the story of Tiresias?

not that Heinlein does naything useful with the information, but that's another story. like *TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE*, which does get a bit more explicit, but is equally vacuous & fills its vacuums with pure slush by yr definition. Heinlein's major problem, really, is that he can't create woman characters--& can only create 2 basic male characters, one of whom is himself, it seems. meanwhile, sex can be used to very pertinent purposes in SF. i think of Joanna Russ, again, especially in *THE FEMALE MAN*--a major book, even if it does put most sfans off--or Silverberg in much of his recent work, or Ellison in "Catman" especially, or Delany in that other major work, *DHALGREN* (you can see how perverted i am--i like these stories), or Malzberg, or Keith Roberts in the fantastic pythopoetic sequence *THE CHALK GIANTS*.

by the way i couldn't answer thetest on p 27, especially after i saw what the answers meant. i mean i want to be artistically tolerant & morally loose, but that, i erroneously thought, meant i should answer "No" since i rather liked the drawing, except she didn't seem to be enjoying the whole episode enough. yrs for miscegenation among the stars, Doug.

//Comment on Wayne's drawing in question: I was pasting up the offset pages for SIM 1 at about 3:00 AM one night last May, and Wayne happened to be around, so he sent me to bed--work the next day for me--and said he'd get the remaining pages ready for the printers, even take them down there for me. Wayne typed the quiz underneath the drawing himself, and I'm not sure what he meant by it. I don't know if he knows himself, for that matter, anymore, if he remembers. Oh, well, it was nice of him to offer to do that little job for me, back then, even if there was a possible screw-up in the answers to the quiz...//

ALAN STEWART - 44 Earls Court Road - - - - -
London W8, England

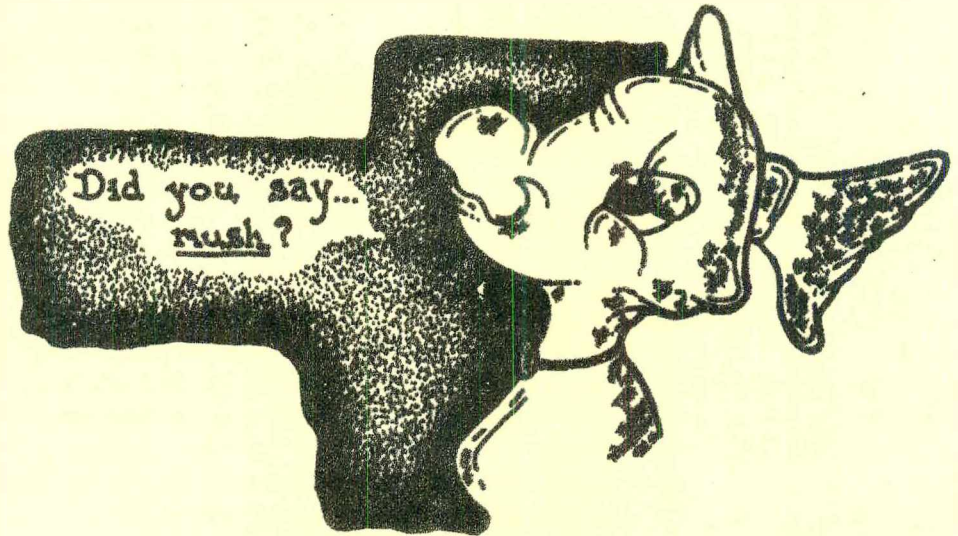
I think our society is crazy in the emphasis it puts on physical appearance, especially as this idea of the importance of good looks is put into people's heads at an age at which they often don't look so great. Particularly in the case of rather plain girls the idea tends to stick with them when they're older and prettier. But I've always been of the opinion that beauty is most definitely not skin deep. If I meet a seemingly attractive girl and she turns out to be a nasty bitch, then she no longer looks good to me. The converse of this is also true. And you look as good as you feel.

//TV doesn't help, neither do mass media magazines, in the constant bombardment of one with ads for beauty preparations, pages of fashionable clothes, etc. It's expensive, looks phony--if not outright ridiculous. I could write a whole column on the silly ideas of beauty impressed upon

people by outside influences or peer group pressure. I believe you should show your true face to the world--others are going to find out you're wearing a mask by and by anyway.//

TIM KYGER - 702E Vista Del Cerro - - - - -
Tempe, AZ 85281

You say that you are a person that is dead-set on a jihad against what you term Mush, eh? Bol-shevik. (Men-shevik? Sp?) I mean let's take a look at this fmz, right? I FEAR I HAVE etc. s story all about mush and mush²? For shame, Ms.V. (V2? Ah, I bet that joke will burn you up. This joke may bomb. But I digress...Mayhap I have a good bomb...)
(AUGH! I hear you cry.)
Notice the illos. Horrors!



Why, the very COVER of the zine is mush, mush, mush! Your zine is a smelly tropical swamp of mush. A veritable frying pan of mush. (May I say that you are a mush head? I can't? Oh, well; I thought I'd ask...) For example--p.'s 22, 23, and 24--all mush. P.27 is mush² or worse! All right, mush³. (By the way, is that a worm or a (heh heh heh) Crayola?) (Now you know why I let Curt do the typing on our fmz.) (heh heh) P.26 is little better, and ditto p. 28. And the bacover. Shamefull! So much for YOUR stamping out of Mush; instead you seem to revel in it. Let me prove my point even further--so to speak. Paragraph!

Take a look at "The Martin Incident". Cats in heat and sodomy is the subject of this story. This is not mush? All Janet Small talks about is mush in SF. Ditto Smythe's article; more mush. Even I, a mush lover, started to squirm in my seat. The only things in the zine that are not mush related are the local, the fmz reviews by Toronto Taral, and the Bob Wilson article. 75% or so of your zine is about mush or is mush related. My point stands, I think.

...Onward, yet. Anti-Mush Woman was pure, corn-meal mush. The editorial is not so much the fried mush preceding it, but even so, there's a lot of corn oil on/around it. I find the whole mush/anti-mush thing a bit sophomoric and banal, and I hope that this is the last that I see of it in your zine. At least in this heavy a concentration.

//That's the trouble with theme issues--a whole lot of one topic, and it seems that with readers a mixed bag goes over better. Others have said the same thing. No more quite so HEAVY a thematic SIM in future. I'll try to keep the contents varied.//

SHERYL SMITH - 1346 W. Howard St. - - - - -
Chicago, Ill. 60626

Your "Mush, Smush!"--I thought the sex scenes in SF furor had died years ago. But since I missed that brouhaha, being at the time a veriest fringe-fan, I suppose it won't kill me to tell you that though your criteria for the inclusion of sex scenes are less prohibitive than they *could* be, I don't see why sex should warrant such criteria at all. Unnecessary and ill-written sex scenes are no more or less reprehensible than any other types of artistic faults and I think they will be adequately requited if they are dealt with aesthetically, not morally. As for scenes which are "pornographically explicit"--if by that you mean those endless exaggerated descriptions of organs & orgasms--for all but those pathetic beings who require no imagination in their masturbatory fantasies, that stuff is too *BORING* to corrupt anybody. (If you can dig up some hard-core porn and put off being offended for long enough--20 pages at the outside--you'll see what I mean.) However, your take-down of Heinlein is well-deserved. Unfortunately he shares the inane adolescent attitude towards sex that has undermined the work of more than one American male writer (viz Mailer, Hemingway, Lawrence) this century; and his coy snickering way of dealing with the subject which to me is more (stupidly stupidly!) prurient than many more explicit approaches. Heinlein's sexual approach, though, has always been like that: he just O.D'd on it in *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL*. (But my dear, have you never heard that the plot of *FORBIDDEN PLANET* parallels that of *THE TEMPEST*? The love interest is no more gratuitous in the one than in the other--sex being the subject of comedy--and in the film the spacer's affection for the girl helps motivate him to seek the origin of the disturbing forces: otherwise whosis might've blasted the hell off the planet before papa's walking subconscious roused sufficiently to upset the status quo, and there wouldn't've been any plot to speak of.)

//I have read some hard-core porn, and indeed, the overwhelming emotion that grips me is boredom. It seems that to write a porno novel all you have to do is describe as many variations of what a man or a woman can do that's naughty with another man, woman, animal or thing; expending, say, five pages on each. If you can come up with twenty things, and get the book printed in large type-face; you've got a decent-sized paperback that you can sell for \$5.00 in a sealed plastic package. You don't need any talent. As for FORBIDDEN PLANET, and THE TEMPEST, whoever said the love interest was always needed in Shakespeare? There are undoubtedly ways to rewrite to plot to leave the mush out altogether; but then it might be argued further that why bother--easier to leave the mush in, and no point in changing the plot if it works just to eliminate a love interest. Also, it's a selling point.//

DAVID SINGER - 5501 Old Richmond Ave. - - - - -
Richmond, VA 23226

There seems to be a lot of concern with mush going around in fandom. Why, just today, in Larry Downes' *AY CHINGAR!* 2, there was a letter from Mike Bracken, in which he related that he had gotten into trouble at his high school for writing an editorial in the school paper, asking the administration just how much it would tolerate from mushing couples in the hallways. I must admit that I never had such a problem in high school; I was never a member of such a couple, and I doubt that I would have noticed any such couples if there had been any...how much can you see if you're always reading a book? Ditto my first three years of college. This past year has been different, but modesty draws a veil here.

Unlike most of the rest of fandom, I liked *TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE*; I happened to see it at a local bookstore while I was at lunch one day; I grabbed it, and the company got no more work from me that day. And I reread it that night. And I've read it a few times since. Nonetheless, I've enjoyed the parodies that I've seen, and Wayne MacDonald's was no exception. But Ghod, the prospect of a sex-hungry computer is frightening, especially when it's as blatant as it is here...data-hungry computers are bad enough. I especially liked the Interruption, although one of the sayings seemed vaguely familiar...you'd think the graffitti would be better in a Galactic civilization, wouldn't you?

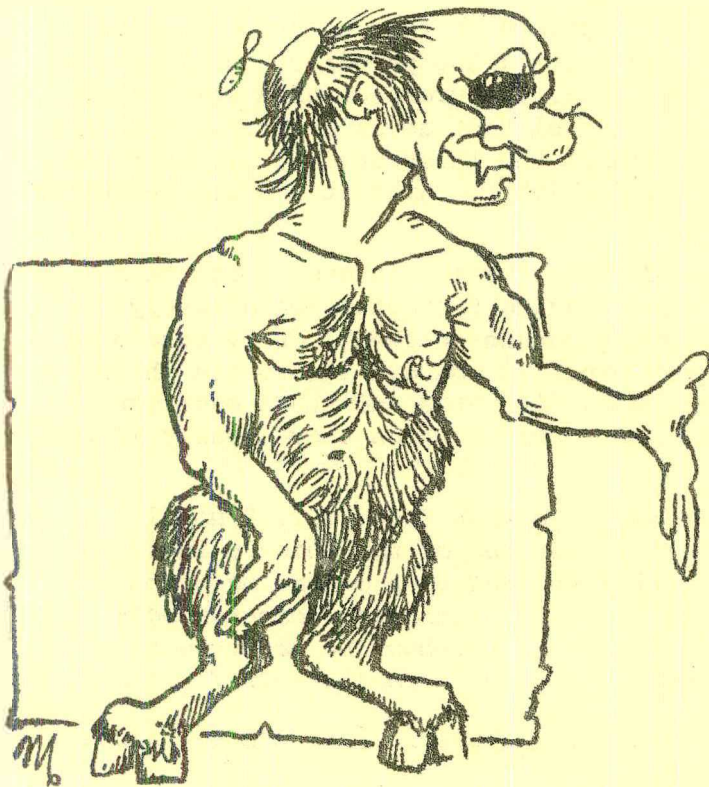
Our Sunday paper carries something called "Caresses" which is even worse than those "Love is..." things. But have you tried buying a greeting card lately? You've basically got two choices: 1) Something tongue-in-cheek, or 2) Something very SLOppy or SLUSHy. Or you can make your own. Or you can ignore the whole thing, which is what I usually do. I personally find SLOP and SLUSH much more offensive than MUSH and MUSH² (at least in the forms in which they usually intrude themselves into the public eye.)

//I didn't think there could be anything worse than "Love is..." until I saw something called, I think, "Charmers" in one of the Chicago Sunday comics. All this consists of is a saccharine, cutesy-poo drawing with no caption or punch-line. Walt Disney, I think, although I can't remember for certain. I wonder what would happen if somehow the papers were made to run Wayne MacDonald's SIMULACRUM 1 page 27 illo instead?//

DON D'AMMASSA - 19 Angell Drive - - - - -
East Providence, RI 02914

I disagree so thoroughly with your article on Mush, it's hard to know where to start. Obviously, one could cut the sex scenes out of most novels without doing any particular damage to the plot. But by the same token, you could excise all of the battle scenes and simply inform the reader of the results of the battle, you could excise all scientific explanations of phenomena, all philosophical and political comparisons, discussions, etc., most incidental humour, much of the description, most of the dialogue, etc. But while you would still be telling the same story, you would have mangled it, made it totally unreadable. Don't get me wrong. I don't thumb through my books, tongue hanging out, not sweat dripping from my forehead, fully aroused and erect, picking out the "good" parts. But I don't find explicit sex any more offensive than, say, the explicit torture scene in *PLANET RUN* by Laumer and Dickson; in fact, in this particular case, a great deal less.

//It may be partly my rather straight upbringing, but I sort of feel that sex is a private thing; and thus feel uncomfortable when it is aired openly. I enjoy a dirty joke, but there is still this uncomfortable feeling, as an example. So if you think of sex as a beautiful thing between two people in love, it can on that grounds be considered private. And if you feel sex is dirty, ask yourself whether you would like to read a novel in which there is explicit description of the eliminatory bodily functions. Either way I can't justify--and I'll use my own words again--"pornographically explicit" scenes in novels not intended for the porno trade. As for sex being more or less offensive than torture, or violence, I would agree. Hypocritical as it may sound, I would still rather read a detailed, orgasmic sex scene than an explicit description of someone being vivisected or tortured or dying a horrible death in battle and so on.//



WILLIAM R. NORRIS -

- 1073 Shave Road - - - -
Schenectady, NY 12303

To Rich--I am sure that if he can acquire or has STORM 3, 7, 15, or 22, a suitable deal can be made regarding THE BIBLE 4 that he lacks. As a fan of the lamentably late and popular SF author and illustrator Adolf Hitler, I have been searching for the above four issues of his fanzine for several years, but I suspect that I won't be able to pry them loose unless I can trade the current owners something they want. Number 15 will probably be impossible to get in any case since it contains a short story from which he later drew his novel *THE TWILIGHT OF TERRA*.

Sorry I missed VC3PB, but the report or program book for Demonicon 2 sounds as though it will prove a worthwhile preservation as long as you do not have to sign anything for the privilege of publishing it.

Rich's information came as a

welcome supplement to what I had heard previously, which was a bit sketchy regarding such things as GoHs. I did see a brochure of the films that were to be shown. These included *DRACULA*, *FRANKENSTEIN*, and several more of the classic horror and supernatural films including more recent ones like *ROSEMARY'S BABY*. Also, a film festival of little-seen films by that notoriously great film producer B. Mephistopheles, through his legendary studio, Hades & Underworld Film Studios (HUFs, formerly Medieval Century Bat Studios). I needn't tell you about the greats that B.M. has produced in his illustrious career. I am sure you remember: *THE APPLE*; *LILITH*, *Daughter of Sin*; *TEMPTATIONS*; and *THE LEADER* (a screen version of *LORD OF THE SWASTIKA*), to mention only a few. There was also a screening of a little-known depiction of one of the stories that appeared in a late issue of *THE BIBLE*. The private screening of the film, entitled *SIX THREESCORE SIX*, is considered by many to be the most expensive film ever made. Ironically, it was never shown except in private screenings, the last of which was several decades ago. It has a cast of thousands, and, according to reports, makes the modern-day efforts of the disaster films, Sensurround and so on, look like the efforts of a junior high school stage production. Unfortunately, according to the brochure, because of its tremendous length few people are able to see it in its entirety--they may still be showing it for all I know. I decided I wouldn't attend because I could not get the concom address, also I was not too enthusiastic about the hours for the main activities (mostly between midnight and "cockcrow"). The fees seemed reasonable though at \$2 for supporting, \$6.66 for attending, and \$13 at the

door. I didn't care too much for signing their registration book with blood--though that was only a rumour, perhaps not. Anyway, I look forward to a con report and/or the reprinting of the program book.

Turning to other arenas, the SI attack on MUSH etc. I tend to agree to the extent that the inclusion of mush and sex for the sake of padding a weak story does nothing for making the story any better. Thus, unless either of these things contribute to the story in any manner, literature is better off minus mush or sex. On the other hand, in an article entitled "Mash, Smash!", you should extend your attack to include the realm of violence. I find inappropriate mush mildly embarrassing. Mash I find totally nauseating. I think the society is fubar when a blood&gore spectacular rates only a GP and a rather silly sex flick gets X. Our society seems to continually be saying in films, on TV, in zines and newspapers that it is OK and normal to go around packing a rod or a blade, to cheer and scream for MORE, MORE, MORE violence in the football or hockey games. Aren't they such mature adults? Goshgeewow, don't you just admire that oversized ape that seems to be trying to smash his brains in or seems to be trying to maim his opponent? Butkis, a joke of a name if I ever saw one, reportedly said his great pleasure is to try to tear off the opposing quarterback's head and send it bouncing off down the field. Don't that just crack you up? A hockey player recently all but put an opponent's eye out with a hockey stick--now he's in court AND THINKS THE CHARGES ARE UNFAIR AND WILL TAKE THE SPORT OUT OF HOCKEY. Audiences stand up and applaud when Charles Bronson goes vigilante in *DEATHWISH* and acts as judge, jury and executioner on the streets of NYC. Well, well, well, I think it's time to bring on the circus. Unfortunately, lions and tigers and bears (O my!) are endangered species--or should be--so we won't be able to have spectaculars like the Good Old Days (unless you want to throw Kindergarten age and under in), but person to person contests might be fun, yes? And don't forget the good old pastimes of bullbaiting, dog fighting, and cock fights--the latter two ought to be a cinch to revive, latest reports indicate some real big mature Sportsfans are still maintaining the sport, and, indeed, are pubbing special interest zines. And of course, there are the tamer sports like horse-racing, you heard about Ruffian I presume. Beautiful creature, too bad he was only a horse.

RUFFIAN, 1975

*Muscles tense for the sound of the gun
The spectre of Sport smiles in the sun
High money riding, the sky is unmarred,
The watchers assemble, the track's dry and hard,
The voices of bettors shriek shrill and high
And they watch as the horses run strain and vie.
There's a chill in the air that is strange in the heat
When trial begins the crowd leaps to its feet,
'Tis a meet to remember, the crowd has been told,
A contest of champs to recall when they're old
For both are the bearers of crowns in their class
And the cries of encouragement break as they pass,
And the triumph of Sport shatters the air
With a crack, and the faltering of one of the pair,
The heat of the day departs with that crack,
A chill touches many as Death stalks the track
And a child asks with a tear in his eye,
"What is this Sport that the horses must die?"*

By this time you have undoubtedly figured, "Wow, this guy has it in for Sports." Yes, I can understand and accept hunting and fishing for survival or supplement the diet in these days of higher prices. But SPORT? Oh yeah...take out your sadistic urges safely, go kill a bird--or something else that can't get you back--or at least has very little chance of it. The day they supply rifles to the sports animal, THAT's the day you may be able to call it SPORT. As for the Spectator Sports, like football, hockey, racing (all kinds), indications are that it is voyeur violence--violence by proxy. Not so much in some sports; more in others. Damn is it depressing--and habit-forming. That is another dangerous factor...that you (I) can become caught up in the violence, enraged at a real or imagined slight, tremble in fury and rage...if not watching sports, then watching a TV show or the news. The tragedy is the children, the young most particularly. About a week ago (or so) a mid-west US zoo reported a gang of youths broke into the kiddie zoo area and butchered and tortured to death all the baby animals. Incidents of such activities are not in the minority with such senseless sadism as severing the legs from birds in the Aviary part of a zoo (NYC zoo, I think, but it has happened elsewhere)... need I go on with sickening case after sickening case? Victoria, Anti-Mush Woman, continue on with your anti-mush campaign if you will, especially in literature (SF) where it doesn't do anything for a work, indeed may be there only to titillate, but I must confess that I would rather run the risk of being embarrassed by people displaying "mushy" emotions etc.--hell, I would rather have people enjoying free sex in the streets--than to have the violence continue on as it is, getting worse and crueler as time goes by.

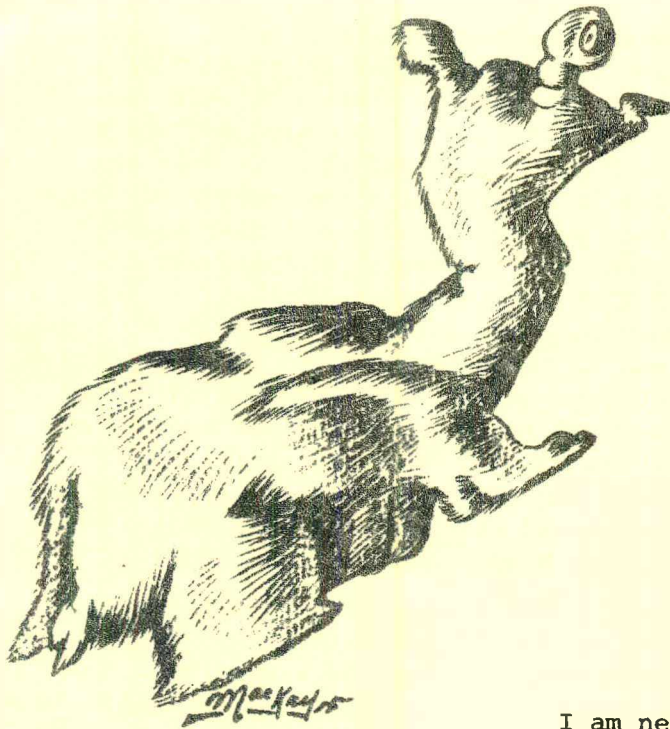
Maybe here is another hero, or anti-hero, Anti-Mash Man/Woman, who goes around combatting violence by a secret power that causes severe abdominal cramps and nausea in people watching violence and causes people committing violence to feel doubly or triply the pain their victim is feeling and pleasant thoughts and kind acts bring on the equivalent of a mental orgasm...or somesuch.--//SIGH/--Wish it might be that simple. A super hero.

//Have you seen ROLLERBALL? At times it was difficult to determine whether the cheers that accompanied somebody being gruesomely maimed in this violent sport came from the movie soundtrack or from the audience watching. And this is frightening somehow.//

MARK SHARPE - 2721 Black Knight Bv. - - - - -
Indianapolis, IN 46229

The parody of *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL / TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE* was very funny. 'Ol Tin Tits reminded me of Martha Mitchell, all mouth. I've read many similar parodies, but that one had to be the best one yet. I have never been a Heinlein fan, perhaps because he is very over-rated, out-dated, and generally an unbelievably horrid writer. Even some of his fans (or should that read fan?) have been disillusioned by his last few novels. *NO EVIL* and *TIME ENOUGH* both just rambled on and on with no real plot or even adequate characterizations. As a writer, he should realize he isn't what he used to be and throw away his typewriter. Obviously, I am not a fan of his, but he has written a couple of good stories.

Love interest in SF movies and books has a tendency to get in the way of the plot. The best book I've read that portrays women accurately is *THE DISPOSSESSED* by Ursula LeGuin. That book is my favourite, one reason being the excellent idea of the story, and perhaps because of the characterizations. The love interest in SF movies is for the mundanes, otherwise they wouldn't come to see the movie. But for fandom, it sometimes revolts (ie *PLANET OF THE APES*). The apies (like the Trekkies) go wild (thought I was going to say 'Ape' didn't you) for Zira and



Cornelius. If the love interest is essential to the story line, I suppose it is alright. But, just for the sake of sensationalism, it is completely unacceptable. However, I did enjoy *FLESH GORDON*, as it was a farce. I have seen a few of the old Flash Gordon serials and *Flesh* was an excellent parody of the whole concept of the original.

//Heinlein is not as bad as you make him out to be, in the books and stories of his earlier period. But I agree with you that the recent stuff is inferior, and I still maintain that EVIL is dreck of the worst sort.//

PAUL WALKER - 128 Montgomery St. - - - -
Bloomfield, NJ 07003

I am neither for nor against sex in SF. I believe if someone does it well--and few do--it's fine. The trouble is, as Mary McCarthy and others have pointed out, sex in life is essentially comic and treating it seriously rare works well.

Perhaps it would best serve if treated "casually"--there is a scene in my unpublished novel in which the hero is being sternly lectured by the feminine director of the health bureau on the need for sexual freedom in their society. He is arguing that moderation is a good thing and all the while unable to take his eyes off her bazooms. By the time she throws him out she is convinced he is a prig and he is too hot to think of anything else but sex. It was an "accidental" scene, dictated by the psychology of both characters, with no significance to the theme. In the final scene, my hero who has been for most of his life uptight about losing his adolescent love learns the truth about his society and himself and once again confronts his wife who has loved him patiently for so long while he has been stubbornly indifferent to her. He leaves the climatic scene of the novel and sees her waiting for him. "What do you want to do?" she asks, meaning whether he wants to go home or to the office. "Let's fuck," he replies, the final words of the novel signalling his return to the human race and regained capacity for love. No, the novel is not hard or soft porn. The lines were not "thought-out" but suggested themselves. ("Suggestive"???)

//The impression I get here is that the sex--which seems underplayed rather than overplayed here--is included firstly because it is in character, and secondly, it is required by the plot, or if not the plot, the resolution, of the novel. In either case, it fits. As you say, it is treated "casually". As for your point that it's fine if treated well but that few do, I couldn't agree more--I've seen some porn and the writing style is absolutely abysmal. I understand that there are some explicit literary works in existence but I've never seen any.//

CHRISTINE MCGOWAN - 4 Fulview Court - - - - -
 Blackburn, Victoria
 Australia

I don't share your blanket disapproval of mush, being quite indifferent so long as they don't do it in doxxways that I want to get through, but I do agree that a lot of the sex in SF is merely a feeble attempt at titillation. For all that, sex is a part of life, and as SF writers broaden their scope away from good old space opera it will have to be dealt with. (At this point I should observe that sex is irrelevant or unnecessarily luridly presented in a very large percentage of mainstream literature as well.) It is a pity that you are a self-confessed short-story reader; I would be most intrigued to hear your comments on the works of Ursula K. LeGuin, in particular on *THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*. Like all of her writing, it has a number of elements that may be appreciated at a number of levels, but the peculiar physiology of the Gethenians is the background to a consideration of the nature of love that transcends the evident sexual tensions that build up in the course of the narrative. *THE DISPOSSESSED* is not without mush either, but to cut it out would destroy the whole work. As you may have guessed, I cannot speak too highly of Ursula, both the woman and her writing. She is wise, with that rare combination of deeply perceived experience and rational analysis that I have only seen displayed by one other woman, Margaret Mead. And she's fun too!

The LoCs on VATI-CON raise all sorts of matters that I clearly am not going to be able to go into now. You really haven't read *A CASE OF CONSCIENCE*? Shame on you --it's an exquisite theological conundrum that couldn't have been presented in any other genre but SF. I am not notably religious, but theology per se (anybody's theology) fascinates me; all that juggling about with words appeals to my legalistic streak, I suppose. What I can't understand of course, because it doesn't lend itself to rational analysis, is faith. And it is in your discussion of faith versus empiricism that I think (without having read VATI-CON) that you may be on philosophically thin ice. What you call the "scientific" viewpoint of the universe is no more intrinsically "correct" than religiously-inclined cosmology. After all, Einstein did for Newton, and no doubt in due course some yet unborn genius will do for Einstein. On a more mundane level, is your faith in electricity (or to be more exact in the reliability of the switch on the wall) so very different in quality from a medieval person's faith in the efficacy of holy relics (and people in those days were neither less intelligent nor more gullible than outelves)? Hell, I don't really understand how electricity works, and I cannot prove general relativity theory for myself (or for that matter understand someone else's proof of it), but I am a child of my age and I believe. I am sometimes guilty of regarding practitioners of high technology with some little awe, but after all my father is a TV technician, so I don't go to the extreme of casting them as mages; for certain sure I could never regard science as a religion substitute.

//I have read both *THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS* and *THE DISPOSSESSED*; although *DARKNESS* was some years ago and is now about due for a re-reading. If and when I get some free time. The "mush" in *THE DISPOSSESSED* did not bother me, though; what little there was of it seemed well-placed. Of course, on the basis of the LeGuin books and stories I have read, I feel she is a master craftsman of words and I expect that of her. I am currently reading *A CASE OF CONSCIENCE*, but have yet to finish--time is the problem, again. I do not regard science as a religion substitute because I do not need religion. I am an agnostic tending towards atheism--I don't know for sure but I doubt there is anything up there; and I feel all religion arises as a result of one or another of man's psychological ("spiritual") needs.//

BEN P. INDICK - 428 Sagamore Ave. - - - - -
Teaneck, NJ 07666

There is indeed a need for discussion of sex in SF, whether it is or is not useful and whether it is, as E.B.White once asked, necessary. The inclusion of the Heinlein parody and the Stanley cat-story were useful in this respect. Heinlein obviously has decided sex is a vital adjunct of life; unfortunately, his own view is too limited by his own idiosyncracies, which MacDonald ably punctures, although his own piece is often too Heinleinesque. I think greater and more pointed brevity would have helped him no end. By chance I have just finished one half of *TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE*, which was enough, if not too wearisomely much. Not only was its autobiographically homo-superior hero a windy bore, but Heinlein's notion of romantic talk, overstuffed with "dear" and "darling", has all the verity of a 1930 pulp-hero story. If it wasn't bad enough to have people of thousands of years from now calling themselves "Ishtar", "Galahad", and "Hamadryad", it most certainly was retched to have the last named endearingly called "Hamadarling". PUKE PUKE PUKE.

Bob Wilson's article was funny in a Woodyallenish way, the picked-on character type. Golly, how relieved I am that old Holier-than-thou, Mother Indira herself, has shown the world that Nixon was a two-bit piker, and maybe the USA isn't the world's worst, only a measly also-ran. Whether for good or bad, the world forgot how dear Indeara started the war in Pakistan/Bangladesh (and has conveniently left Bangladesh starving as a result of her largesse) and now she is a li'l ol' dictator. Could it be Bob will not burn up that draft card after all? (By the way, I should admit I was prepared to send my son to Canada or anywhere else, were it necessary, rather than be involved in Southeastern Asia. I am not a Bircher, even if I birch my favourite Mama Sanctimony.)

//I have read somewhere, and have also been told, that people in Missouri really do speak the way Heinlein has his characters speak. That is a frightening thought--are we going to have to put up with being "deared" and "darlinged" to death from the natives when we go to Kansas City next summer? Missourians, speak up and defend yourselves!//

ERIC BENTCLIFFE - 17 Riverside Cresc. - - - - -
Holmes Chapel, Ches. CW4 7NR
England

I find myself ~~very~~ much in agreement with your Anti-Mush Woman sentiments. SF doesn't suffer as much as other popular forms of fiction from this highly prevalent disease; it's almost impossible to find a good mystery or spy story in which one doesn't have to wade through unnecessary (to the plot) sexual adventures--I wouldn't know about Westerns, I don't read 'em. (Was Roy Rogers' love for Trigger really allegorical!?) I'm probably old-fashioned but to me sex is not a spectator-sport, there have been validly written stories in which sex is integral to the plot, but these are very much in the minority. And there's a point I raised in argument with Ted White in OW that sort of never got answered...SF is about the future; where it's the near future it's reasonable to extrapolate the current trend of "obsession" with sex (in fiction), but when you are dealing with a time more than a decade or two hence it is somewhat presumptuous to superimpose fictional sexual mores of the present into that era. History would intimate that a swing to an era of semi-prudery is far more likely. And then, we are dealing with science fiction.

You're right, that was an excellent letter from Rich Bartucci if, perhaps, a little one-sided in that he didn't mention any of the other BNF's and FNZ of that time. What about that forerunner of Shaver, that Greek, Plato, and his tales of a nirvana

called Atlantis. Those rivals to BIBLE, TALMUD and KORAN...those, too, were also put out by pretty fannishly inclined characters. I wouldn't say they were as witty as the Wheels of IF, but they had a hell of an imagination. If my fnz gets remembered as long as any of those I'll be more than happy...although I hesitate to think what sort of a civilization it will be that takes TRIODE as a text!

//I agree with your idea regarding the sexual mores of the future--they might not be at all like those of today. Most novels about the future portray permissive societies (in some cases this is putting it mildly.) I plan a cycle of stories and novels set in a society, where, for a change, things are, while not puritan, at least fairly straight by today's standards. If any of it ever gets written, much less published...//

WAYNE W. MARTIN - 4623 E. Inyo, Apt. E - - - - -
Fresno, CA 93702

...As for your anti-mush campaign, as they say, lotsaluck. I'm somewhat involved with a theatre group and I hate to admit it, but we've indulged in mush right on stage in front of a gawking audience. Shameful, ain't it.

You really need to spread your campaign to Portland, Oregon. You see, there's this guy Alter and...

...Fiction once more rears its head in the guise of "The Martin Incident". I should point out that usually one tries to fit the names of characters to their personalities and such. Obviously Jaye Stanley should realize that the name "Martin" is completely out of character for the fool in her story. Otherwise, it was surprisingly enjoyable.

//I had the experience once of writing a story and then, a couple of years later, meeting someone with the same name as one of the oddball villainesses of the work. If the story in question hadn't been so abysmal to begin with, I would've changed the name, but like all my so-called teenage novels of the mid-sixties, it wasn't worth bothering with. Usually I draw names of characters from one of two lists: names I like for my favourite characters, and names I actively dislike for the to-be-laughed at characters. For the remainder I use names I'm neutral to. But my impression of a name can change when I acquire a good friend of that name, much in the same way as a person's appearance ceases to matter much once you know and like him or her, however unattractive they might have seemed upon first meeting.//

D. GARY GRADY - 3309 Spruill Ave #5 - - - - -
Charleston, SC 29405

The cover seems mistitled. How about "Feeling a Little Horse"?

Enjoyed the Rhineland piece, did not think it was that similar to my own, and my attorneys (Arcot, Wade and Morley, Discount Legal Advice While-You-Wait) will contact Mr. MacDonald very soon. Is the musical interlude supposed to be anything? I played it on my melodica and it sounds something like a sick version of Chopsticks. Of course, I am probably screwing up something ferocious.

The drawing on page 27 looks like Sheryl Birkhead doing something naughty with her chief model.

//Most who get SIMULACRUM 2 will have also gotten SIM 1, but for those who didn't see #1, the cover was a picture of two mushing centaurs, by

Taral Wayne MacDonald. (Of Heinlein satire notoriety, also in SIM 1.) The musical interlude is indeed Chopsticks. And finally, again for new readers of SIM, the drawing on page 27, also by Wayne, is essentially a young girl getting masturbated--or should I say fucked--by a giant but kind of cute caterpillar.//

RICH BARTUCCI - P.O. Box 75 - - - - -
Cedar Brook, NJ 08018

Anti-Mush Woman...Hmmm. It has a certain ring to it, I'll admit. Let me try a few other phrases for the same ring: "Gonorrhea", "Black Plague", "Dhalgren". Yes, Anti-Mush Woman fits well in the serried ranks of the Great Disasters of History. Let us leave the subject for the nonce, with averted eyes and twisting stomachs.

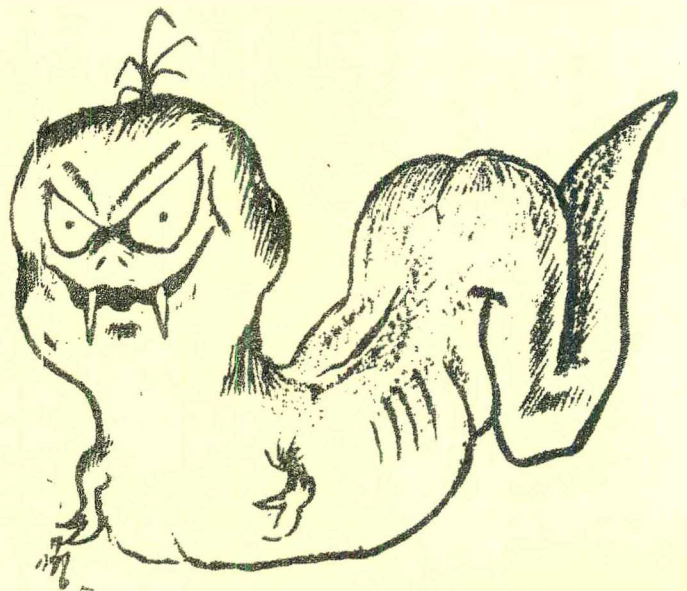
Your comment about how SIMULACRUM nearly saw print as TESSERACT got me to thinking about how a New York fan I know, name of Gary Tesser. This wight is allegedly the owner and operator of the Tesser Effect, a phenomenon to which has been attributed the present condition of the Big Apple. You see, Tesser warps time in his vicinity (it was once thought that he merely slowed entropy, but he has been known to advance it in more than one case; while driving to Chinatown with him, I aged ten years in half an hour). He does this through no active process on his part; his mere presence seems to do the deed. Fortunately or unfortunately, Tesser is gafiating (he announced it in THE TERREAN 126) and may be with fandom no longer. In view of the Tesser Effect's actions on Tesser's own behaviour, however, his gafiation could be displaced to sometime in the near future or distant past. One never knows...

Oh, by the way--Tesser works for the U.S. Postal Service.

"Microgenesis" was an excellent bit of the graphic arts, considering it forgot narcissism (a spermatozoa chasing its own tail), homosexuality (two spermatozoa, tails intertwined) and mistaken identity (a spermatozoa being pursued by a paramecium). I intend to copy it (yourself and the authors being willing) and hang it in the Histology Lab back at the medical school.

The illustration on p. 27 did not nauseate me. If, however, it had been a female caterpillar...

The equation on p. 26 regarding Thorneycraft's Theory of Reproduction is in error. The first step, while facilitated by C_2H_5OH , need not be facilitated by that compound alone; the compound THC (tetrahydrocannabinol) can frequently be substituted with little loss of efficiency. In addition, the artist-mathematician seems to have forgotten the Incentive Factor (\$), which is first linked to



the male component but becomes transferred to the female component sometime prior to the first step.

Goodfan MacDonald's "I Fear I Have No Time for Love with a Stranger" made a considerable mark on me. I have been attempting to burn him in effigy for two hours now, and have gotten nothing for my efforts but a bit of scorching on his soles and a terrible stench. No matter what they say about Indians using buffalo chips, that stuff just doesn't burn.

"Mush, Smush!" was a remarkable piece of perceptive critical review. I found it incisive, articulate and encyclopedic in its outlook. The fact that the elimination of MUSH² would result in the consequent elimination of *H. sapiens* did not deter you from making your views known to all and sundry. Those who take your advice and eliminate all MUSH, MUSH² and subsequent antics will achieve a new pinnacle in the history of human morality. And, fortunately, will disappear like a fifth of gin in a crowded Skid Row soup kitchen. The Shakers tried something like that; they're now remembered for antique furniture and *Appalachian Spring*. Not that I disagree with your views, mind--it's just that I intend to become a pediatrician, and no MUSH² means no kiddies. You wouldn't want me to starve, would you?

You would?

Hmph. Rich

//What more can I say? And I certainly have no objection to your hanging a copy of Microgenesis in the Histology Lab, and although I can't speak for TWMacD, I don't imagine there'd be any great objection...//

PETER ROBERTS - 6 Westbourne Park Villas - - - - -
London W2, England

Many thanks for SIMULACRUM 1. Let me give you a pertinent quotation in exchange. You may use it to amaze your friends and break the ice at parties:

"Si'alim g wo lu'ulu!"

I am reliably informed that this is Pima Indian for "Make mush in the morning!" Okay? Glad to be of help.

...The Naughty Illustration of Explicit Sex on Planet X didn't--um--stimulate me, or, indeed, provoke any great reaction one way or the other. I originally took it as a rather loathesome transformation: you know, the 'Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heughs' turned out to be a lovely (and naked) princess in magical disguise, and she emerged from the wormskin when rescued. Wayne MacDonald's illustration shows the far more horrific reverse--the worm emerging from the girls skin.

//Any comments, Wayne?//

TERRY FLOYD - 506 Holman Lane - - - - -
Canyon, TX 79015

Sure, *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL* is Heinlein's worst book, but I read it straight through and loved it because it was unmistakably Heinlein. He's the man who got me hooked on SF and I'll always love him for that, no matter what sort of dreck he churns out. I adore just about anything he writes and have made a secret vow to meet and talk to him at MidAmeriCon. It will be like a casual visit with Ghod. I have it all planned out.

"They don't give you medals for clap"??? BULLSHIT! My former boss, one of the

wisest men I've ever known, (I really loved the old guy. Remind me to tell you of him sometime) once told me of the time he was wounded. It seems that a garbage can on his ship (He was a Navy man in WWII, Army in WWI) had been mildly grazed by a shell and decided to explode and have some of its pieces take lodging in his ass (No kidding. He still had the scars.). While being treated, he was given a bed beside a man who had acquired the clap during some oriental shore leave. The officer who came to pass out the purple hearts had obviously had a strenuous night and little sleep. Consequently, he was careless and gave a medal to every man in the ward--even the fellow with the clap.

//If you can FIND Heinlein at MidAmeriCon...//

SAM LONG - Box 4946 - - - - -
Patrick AFB, Fla. 32925

...Shape, after all, is in the eye of the beholder, not the beholdee. Some men say it's what's up front that counts, but, tho there is some truth to that saying, it's by no means the whole story; and wise girl-watchers give it only a small part in their rating systems. Curly hair? There are thousands--millions, even--of women in this country alone who wish that their hair were curlier; and they give outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual disgrace by wearing curlers in public, much to the disgust of all folk of taste. Glasses? Did not PLAYBOY, so well known for its delight in the female body beautiful, do a special photo-essay on the sexiness of spectacles, and this only a few months back? Fashion? Allow me to quote an anonymous 17th-century poet, a wise man, who wrote:

*My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty doth she miss
When all her clothes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her clothes are gone.*

..."The Martin Incident" is as good a piece of fan fiction (as opposed to faan fiction) as I've seen in some little while; and I think a series based on it ought to sell. Whyizzit, tho, that aliens are so often "cat-like"? You never hear of, say, okapi-like aliens. Where did Jaye get her character names? Just curious. Nice surprise ending.

Bob Wilson's bit on registering for the draft brought back memories...I don't remember taking an oath when I registered. I do, of course, remember my commissioning oath that I took when I became an officer. Similar oaths, to "support and defend the Constitution" are taken by all public officials, even the President; and if certain public officials--including the President--had remembered their oath, there would have been no Watergate. I wonder, tho: what would have happened if Bob had said "no" to the registrar?

Um, ah, Bartucci's letter...I'm surprised he neglected to mention Zeke's fan-fiction about wheels within wheels--the first UFO--or was that propeller-beanies within propeller-beanies?

Angus Taylor: Sure, China has finally got up to feeding itself. But at a great price. Their priorities are different. Are they better? I'm not convinced.

And Wayne Martin: Buddhists in the strict sense are atheists. The Buddha preached

no deities at all. But, just as Jesus, who was first, last, and always a Jew, and would have been horrified at the idea that he was divine, has been deified by his followers, so the Buddha has become a god, with a heaven and a hell at his disposal.

P.P.S. If you manage to stamp out mush, how will the Esquimaux (god, I like that spelling) get their dogs to pull their sleds?

//Just let me let loose about fashion...//

JIM ALLAN - 133 Lauder Ave. - - - - -
Toronto, Ont. M6H 3E4

I don't know quite what it is about "mush" that even makes it acceptable to anyone with a brain in their head. And that of course is the secret. We aren't all brain, but a bunch of primeval appetites and instincts, with some brain in there too, and the brain never really quite understands, but somehow learns to accept it as the way things are, to enjoy, this last being easy enough to do for most.

Living in the Middle Ages might have been interesting. Then virginity and chastity were considered virtues, yet at the same time Victorian genteelness had not cast its veil over the other side. Now, however, whatever some churchmen may still try to preach, most people, whether learned or not, seem to follow along with the teachings of our new priests, the psychologists, who have decided that sex is a basic need, indeed to the now outdated Freudians the basic need of the psyche, and that its satisfaction is of supreme importance and nothing should stand in the way. But, I expect the pendulum to swing back again, and that it really won't matter. After all, Victorian gentlemen were able to get horribly excited by the revelation of a woman's ankle, which is really no sillier logically than getting excited by a woman's breast, especially in cultures where open breast feeding is the norm, the female breast seldom has the strange sexual allure our culture gives it.

I was glad to see Wayne MacDonald's Heinlein parody finally see print. He parodied the most recent Heinlein novel, and you tore apart the second most recent in your article. Two novels with heroes who seem to want everyone about them to be free independent spirits who naturally adore them and worship them are quite enough, particularly as neither hero is at all an attractive person. I speculate that Heinlein did, in part, create *I WILL FEAR NO EVIL* as an attempt to see what it would be like to become a woman, but that quite naturally Heinlein picked the kind of woman that he likes, and unfortunately, but quite understandably considering his other recent books, that is the sort of woman who considers that her main object, whatever else she can do, is to please men. Jake Salomon, if my thesis is correct, is another self-portrait of Heinlein, who becomes a sort of ultimate narcissus.

Then fanzine reviews? I only get two of those here reviewed, so I don't have much to say. Come to think of it, neither do these reviews. Haven't I read them all somewhere before, here and there? What can be said, new, of the 5,645th genzine to be pushed into one's mailbox? And who cares that much? What I would rather read is a column of fanzine recommendations: articles and entire zines. It's better than trying to say something entirely new about everything in every one of them, which ends up like those hideous attempts one comes across to review several issues of *GALAXY*, one after the other.

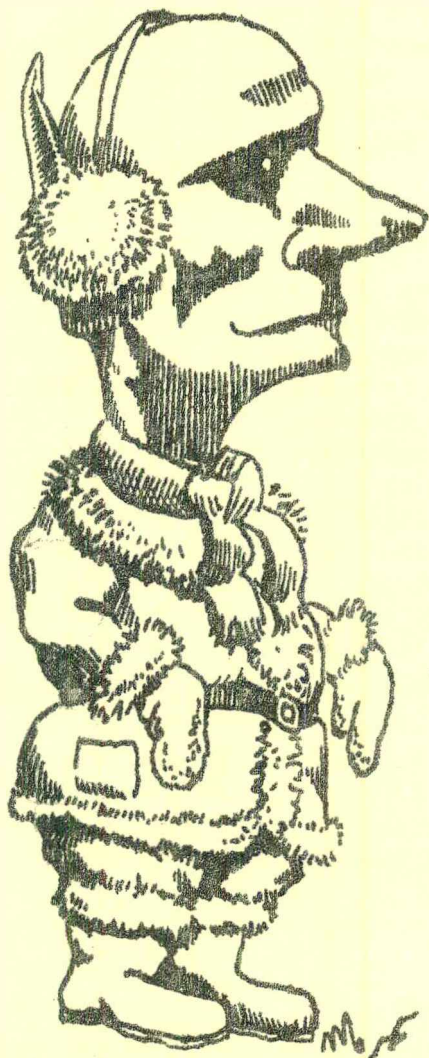
On Sam Long's letter, why does it make sense that the Hebrew creation myth should be influenced by, of all things, Roman gods? At the time of its writing down, which couldn't have been much after 428 B.C., and was probably long before, you

probably couldn't have found many in Greece who had so much as heard of Rome, much less Palestine. Mars was, indeed, originally a rustic god of agriculture, but he only became connected with the planet now called Mars by being identified with the Greek god Ares, and there is no evidence that he ever had anything to do with vegetation. The Syrian and Palestinian tradition called the planet Reshef, a god of plague and of war. In Mesopotamia, where the whole astrological and week system appears to have been started, the planet was named for Nergal, the god of the dead, and a plague god, associated with the dry heat of summer. It may make some sense that heavenly bodies are created on Wednesday, since in Mesopotamia the planet Mercury was named for Nabu, the scribe of the gods with whom astrological knowledge was associated. But what has either Jupiter, Zeus, Ba'al Hadad, or the Mesopotamian Marduk to do with sea creatures and birds? Nor are any of these four deities the children of a sea goddess.

There may be some astrological system behind the creation story, but if so, it was not that which was common throughout the Mesopotamian and Mediterranean world.

//Sam?//

FERROLL PARDOE - 24 Othello Close - - - - -
Hartford, Huntingdon PE18 7SU
England



While I can certainly sympathize with your "anti-mush" stand, I thought that the crusade was a bit over-stated in one or two places. Smythe for example goes on about sex in SF, but doesn't say anything about it which isn't equally applicable to sex in any other sort of fiction. So far as I'm concerned, sex in writing is all right, whatever form it takes, so long as it grows naturally out of the story and is integral to the plot. As Smythe says, sex scenes are often just tacked on to help sell the story. But didn't someone once say that 90% of everything is rubbish? The analogy with axe murders won't hold up. Sex is a common and necessary part of human existence, which we're confronted with in one form or another every day--but axe murders are something most people manage to do without (I've never seen one myself, but sex is cropping up in my daily life all the time). Sex is a part of life we all have to come to terms with: axe murders aren't.

Oddly enough, as I write this letter I have just finished watching that *SPACE 1999* episode about the moon encountering an alien planet, on the TV. It really is rubbish. *SPACE 1999* makes *STAR TREK* look really erudite. Even *PLANET OF THE APES* was better than it. The only thing I have in its favour is that every now and then in the show, I have the odd feeling that I'm actually watching an episode of *MISSION IMPOSSIBLE*. So many faces are the same, and a lot of the action in the show

is set up in the same adventure/technology manner. But I can't recommend *SPACE 1999* to anybody. It's horrible; in any case I think something which is supposed to be a SF story should stick to being consistent. There's nothing wrong with going against the currently accepted physical laws of the universe, but anyone writing a story which does should at least take the trouble to make it plausible, not just ignore things and hope nobody will notice the inconsistencies.

Sam Long mentions the British Israelites. While their belief is certainly odd, I don't think it's any more absurd than a lot of the other strange religions that have been about over the years. In fact, the British Israelites are the exact UK equivalent of the Mormons. The Mormons believe that the lost tribes came across to the U.S., the B.I. believe they ended up in Britain. I don't believe either, of course, but they're entertaining to read about. When I was young we had a vicar at a local church who was a B.I., so I'm well acquainted with such people. His name was Charles Stuart King, so you can imagine he came of royalist stock too. And Sam, how can Japan have been too far for 16th century ships? Drake sailed around the world before the end of that century.

//Re. 1999: A SPACE TURKEY, I tend to agree--it's BAD. It's pretty to look at, though. A lot like 2001. Cheap, though--I see the show on a colour TV and all the television monitors in the sets are B&W. I won't waste space criticizing the "science" in the show. And I don't care for the "acting". Landau is good at looking agonized, and Bain does a good imitation of being dead. It's been said before. Enough.//

TIM C. MARION - 614 72nd St. - - - - -
Newport News, VA 23605

Wayne MacDonald writes some really great fanzine reviews, but I can't help but feel that he is inadequately reviewing those zines containing fan fiction by not reading and also evaluating the fiction. As Ray Nelson said recently--and I have to agree with him--so much of the fiction being published today is aimed at this nebulous-sounding audience known as "mass media". You know the syndrome--the publishers only print what they think will sell, therefore the prospective writers start writing what they think the publishers/editors will think will sell. Thus, the only place that you're going to get any really good fiction is through amateur journals...such as fanzines. We're the last stand against mundanity that good fiction has left. But even that last stand is being stepped on because of this irrational prejudice against "fanfic". It's Too Much. And to think, the supposed rationale for not reading fanfic is that only good stuff gets published...ha!... and that if it's not published professionally, that means it's not good enough to be published. Another ha.

//I don't know...I'm beginning to get turned off ALL fiction lately, such as in the prozines. So much is dreck. But what little fiction I've read in the fanzines doesn't particularly turn me on either. Someone said that good stuff comes in cycles. Maybe this is one of the downers.//

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON - PO Box 89517 - - - - -
Zenith, WA 98188

...I'm falling in love left and right. Mush, mush, mush.

All this mush is frustrating, though. The hedonists don't know what faithfulness means, and it's hard to find stability among the feminine elite. And even in feminist and lesbian circles, where promiscuity isn't the big focal point, everyone

still tends to play musical chairs with each other. Everytime I get really attached to someone, the whistle goes off and someone shouts, "Change partners!" It wears me thin to see the troupe of extras waiting in the wings, hoping to leap out and grab me, or my current lover, as soon as we're inches enough apart. And I wonder what became of the intense, long-term relationships lesbian couples are reputed to nurture.

I keep looking for an ounce of security with a stable, intelligent, mature, tall, strong, feminine and perhaps slightly skinny woman. But I tell ya, if I suffer another heartbreak, I just may marry some dude who spends most of his time at work, someone I can wrap around my finger (it's so easy to do with men, they're all inferior) while I live a miserable middle-class housewife existence. At least I could be secure in my discontent.

All this rambling...brings me neatly to commentary triggered by Bob Wilson's article about the draft. It wasn't until this year, at age twenty-five, that I finally had the first stage of the surgery for sex reassignment performed, though I've lived my chosen gender for years. So when I was 18, I was legally compelled to register for the draft.

I recall walking in and someone asking, "May I help you, ma'am?"

"I think I'm supposed to register for the draft," I told him. He suddenly had two big eyes under that crew cut. But on closer inspection, I think he decided I might well be a boy. I filled out the necessary forms.

They had the audacity to classify me 1-A. Wow was I scared. They'd probably love to send weird little me overseas to get shot!

I requested a fair hearing from the draft board, to convince them a young laddy who looked like a young lassy really ought to be 4-F.

The hearing examiners were a group of volunteers who sat like medieval judges at an insurrection at a circular table with one seat empty. They all seemed old, so utterly establishment with their suits and grim faces. They watched this hermaphroditic youth walk in and take the designated, awaiting hot-seat. They stared in silence at me as I sat in a cowering heap with a dry mouth smiling nervously. At length the silence broke; some old fart (probably a retired ten-star general) read something formal with my name on it, which boiled down to "What's your problem, kid?"

"Well, you see, uh," I stammered, "I've been classified 1-A, but, well, I'm transsexual as you can see and I don't hardly think I'd get on too well if you, uh, drafted me. I'd like to, you know, get my status changed. Like to 4-F. Or erased altogether if that's possible."

They glowered at me for a while.

The speaker for the group explained in a dour tone, "We can't change your status. But when you're called in for a physical in six months or so, you'll see a doctor, and he'll probably change your status."

I asked, "Any chance at all they'd take me?"

That grim face began to crack. The old fellow actually grinned, and replied as though containing laughter, "No way!"

I left feeling much relieved. They never so much as called me for the physical though, so I still have somewhere among my mementos, a draft card with 1-A on it. However, even if the draft is reinstated, my birth certificate now has the proper

designation "female" and unless the equal rights amendments to the constitution messes it up for me, I'm safe. If they do indeed start drafting women, you may find me up there in Canada yet, with my lavender roses and sonnets on your doorstep.

//No comment...//

ELST WEINSTEIN - APDO 6-869 - - - - -
Guadalajara 6, Jalisco
Mexico

Many thanks for sending SIMULACRUM 1 to my humble aportado postal here in Mexico. As I have said before in LoCs to other fanzines, I usually read them during class. So, fanzines that prevent me from falling asleep in class certainly rate highly by me. Yours was one such zine.

Let's get business completed before I go into LoCcing. I'd be happy to trade my zine, DANGEROUS CRUDZINES with you. After all, one of the main reasons I put out DC is for trades. Certainly not for the money angle. I also would like to work out some sort of deal to get a copy of the VATI-CON III PROGRAM BOOK. I have heard quite a bit about it, almost entirely pro, and the letter column humbles me even more than I was not included in the batch of people who got copies. If you have a copy to spare and are feeling compassion for people in Mexico, I would be most grateful. I'd even refrain from Mush for three months (easy to do here!) (That's because they don't sell it here like in the States.



Fried mush is good, if made properly. A little REAL maple syrup on it completes it.) I'll not only trade with you, but send this pitiful LoC, send Wayne MacDonald a copy and a letter, and never eat a burrito with my mouth wide open. Fair? Eh?

Now, onto some heavy commenting. Over all, I was impressed. Flawless mimeo with fine illos: very nice. I did "ook-ook" at the Ape illo, but the MacDonald art was excellent. You got the makings of a master of Putridity, and I truly mean that as a compliment.

MUSH: Well it should be mentioned that the proper phrase should have been "Mush, Schmush!" I can't fault you on that though, since I am currently PO'ed at the person who sent me a LoC with the word "bleah!" Not PO'ed as you might think, but PO'ed because the word is blecch! When will the goyim learn? No offense. Really, don't get mad. Calm down, I said I would let it ride for the time. OK, let's get on. You make some very good points: don't throw in a "love story" just for effect, but only if it is necessary. As for movie adaptations of SF, you have to realize that Hollywood does not go after just the SF readers in America. If they did that, the movies would be better, but they would all bomb out. Economics, that dirty word, is the criminal here. A "mush" situation has to be added or expanded upon otherwise the picture won't make it. I say this in general, for 2001 is an exception. Sorry state the world is in.

I liked the parody-satire of MacDonald, and would have liked it even more if I had read the books he was satirizing. I have not read Heinlein's last two, although they are on a bookshelf in North Hollywood gathering dust. I used to really be a Heinlein fan, and such would break my heart. Ah, 'tis nobler not to read it, than to face the pains of...well, you get the idea.

What else can I add? Let's go over what I said. I begged you for a copy of a limited issue fanzine. ~~Hummm~~ not bad for a start. Then I called you a Master of Putridity. And then piled on an insult to boot. Well, I guess the next step is to say that light purple paper with Gestetner embossed bonding is C*L*A*S*S and that hypersensitivity is just over-compensation for not giving a damn. Does that make you feel any better?

Anyway (as Eric Lindsay is prone to say), enclosed find a copy of my humble off-set concoction, DANGEROUS CRUDZINES 1. Lunatic insanity it is not, but the next issue certainly may be. The inspired comments above are not the responsibility of me, but of my typer. You see, contrary to the belief of most fans, any typer made after WWI is the reincarnation of the soul of a famous person. Mine is none other than Semlach Pringlethorn, famous mid-19th century Devonian poet. He was beheaded, you know.

//And thus ends the lettercol. Interesting...I never know that typers were the reincarnations of famous people. With various Tronnafen I discussed this point and it was unanimously decided that my Selectric II was the reincarnation of Claude Degler.//

IAHF...Richard J. Patten, Sheryl Birkhead, Graham R. Poole, Gary Hubbard, Kevin J. Dillon, Steve Beatty, Gil Gaier, Ross Pavlac, Jane Fisher, Patrick Hayden, Angus Taylor, and perhaps others whose letters I misplaced or lost in this mess I call a bedroom. Thank you all for writing, and I wish there had been room to print all the letters, but the zine is over seventy pages already and I had planned fifty to be the optimal length. Them's the breaks...

POSTSCRIPT...

As of this writing, the Canadian postal ~~del~~service is on strike. The following is a list of fanzines received since the last listing in SIMULACRUM 1. If you sent me a zine in the past month and it is not on this list, it's probably caught in the strike. If you sent me one earlier than that, then the post office probably chewed it up through no other reason than sheer perversity...

ALTAIR 1; ASH-WING 17; !AY CHINGAR! 2; BOOWATT WEEKLY 18-22 & ORLY 2; BREAKTHROUGH 6; BROWNIAN MOTION 3; BROWN PAPER WRAPPER 1; CHIMAERON REVIEW 1; DANGEROUS CRUDZINES 1, 2; DIEHARD 7; DON-O-SAUR 41, 42; DRIFT 1; DYNATRON 62, 63; ECLIPSE 6, 7; ETERNITY ROAD 3; FANHISTORICA 0; FANZINE FANATIQUE 11, 12; FRAUD 1; FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE 3, 4; GEGENSCHWEIN 19, 21, 22, 24; GODLESS 10; GORBETT 12; HUNTING OF THE SNARK 3; INFERNO 8; IT COMES IN THE MAIL 16, 17; JAWBONE 14; KABALLAH 8; KARASS 15, 16, 17; KNIGHTS OF THE PAPER SPACESHIP 12; KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE 1; KOSMIC CITY KAPERS 5; KRATOPHANY 7; KYBEN 12; LAUGHING OSIRIS 3(?); LOCUS 174; MAYA 8; MAYBE 41; MOM'S HOMEMADE APPLE FANZINE 1; MYTHOLOGIES 5, 6; NO 10, 11, 14, 16, 17; NOTES FROM THE CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT 12, 13; OUTWORLDS 23, 24, 25; PHOSPHENE 2; PHOTRON 14; PRIMORDIAL SLIME 23; REQUIEM 6; RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY 6/2; SCUZMOTHRE 3; SF REVIEW 13, 14; SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH 45, 46, 47; SIRAT 6; SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL 192; SOUTH OF THE MOON 10; SPANISH INQUISITION 5, 6; SPHERE 35/1; STARFIRE 6; STARLING 31; STULTICAE LAUS 2; TABEBUIAN 23; TITLE 41; TWIBBET 7; WILD FENNEL 10; WYKNOT 1, 2, 3; ZYMURWORM 22.

And, handed to me locally: RESOUNDING HALDEMAN STORIES; DISTAFF 2; several SYNAPSE's; and lots of THANGORODRIM's. These last are NOT subject to the whims of the Post Office.

Thanks to all who handed over or sent zines. For the past months I have been extremely busy with SIMULACRUM; too busy, in fact, to do anything. LoCs are going out to some, others I'll review next ish; and in the meantime I will be pubbing a smaller more frequent zine called NON SEQUITUR through MISHAP, and this will be sent also to some of the people on the SIMULACRUM mailing list.

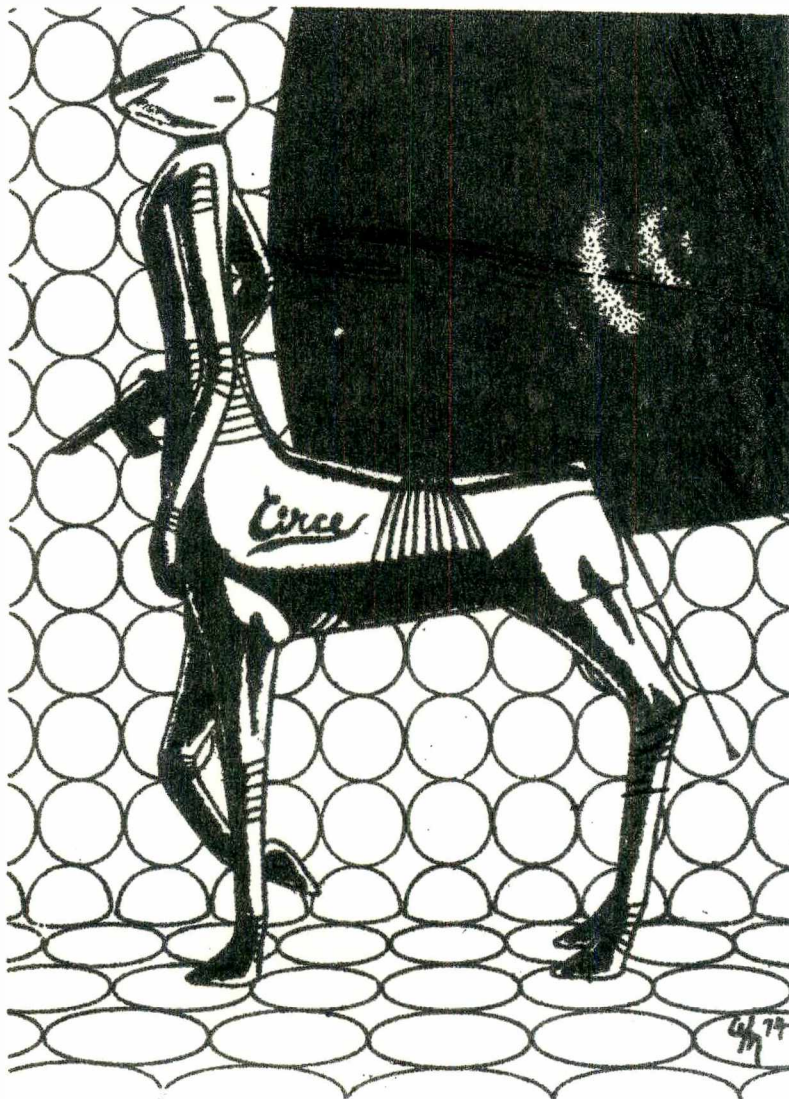
As for the postal strike--issues of SIMULACRUM 2 will be going out at many dates between November 1975 and January 1976; and not all will be affected by the strike (hopefully). If there is an American stamp on the envelope, the return address is: VICTORIA VAYNE, c/o KAREN KLINCK, 142 SNUGHAVEN COURT, TONAWANDA NY 14150. If there is a Canadian stamp, the zine was sent to you in a later, post-trouble mailing, and the return address is once again PO Box 156, Stn D, Toronto, Ontario. Thus do we faneds suffer...

Why you got this...

- ☒ trade
- ☐ contribution
- ☐ LoC
- ☐ whim
- ☐ subscription

Effective with the next issue, SIMULACRUM will no longer be available for subscription; only for the Usual. Existing subscriptions will be honoured, but to get further copies you must do something. I will offer sample copies for \$1.00 to interested parties, but one, only one.

☐ If this space is checked, this is your last issue unless you do something



NOTICE: CANADIAN POSTAL STRIKE

At this writing (Nov. 6, 1975) it appears that the current postal strike is going to go on...and on...and on. As a result, Torontofandom has arranged a Niagara Falls mail drop.

So...if you write a LoC or send a trade zine or contribute an article or artwork, please use the following address until further notice:

VICTORIA VAYNE
c/o KAREN KLINCK
142 SNUGHAVEN COURT
TONAWANDA, NY 14150

Two additions to SIMULACRUM 2:

CY CHAUVIN - *WRITER VS. REVIEWER* - originally appeared, in a somewhat different version, in *ANTITHESIS* 3.

TARAL WAYNE MACDONALD 's bacover - originally appeared as the cover of Wayne's own *SYNAPSE* 3.

NOTICE

It is this office's policy to issue a notice of proposed action in writing to the person or persons affected by the proposed action. This notice will be sent to the person or persons affected by the proposed action.

So, if you wish to take any action, you must first file a written statement with the following information:

- 1. NAME AND ADDRESS
- 2. NAME AND ADDRESS
- 3. NAME AND ADDRESS
- 4. NAME AND ADDRESS

Two copies of the statement

BY CHAIRMAN - STATE OF CALIFORNIA - ORIGINAL STATEMENT OF THE CHAIRMAN

These written statements will be placed in the file of the person or persons affected by the proposed action.