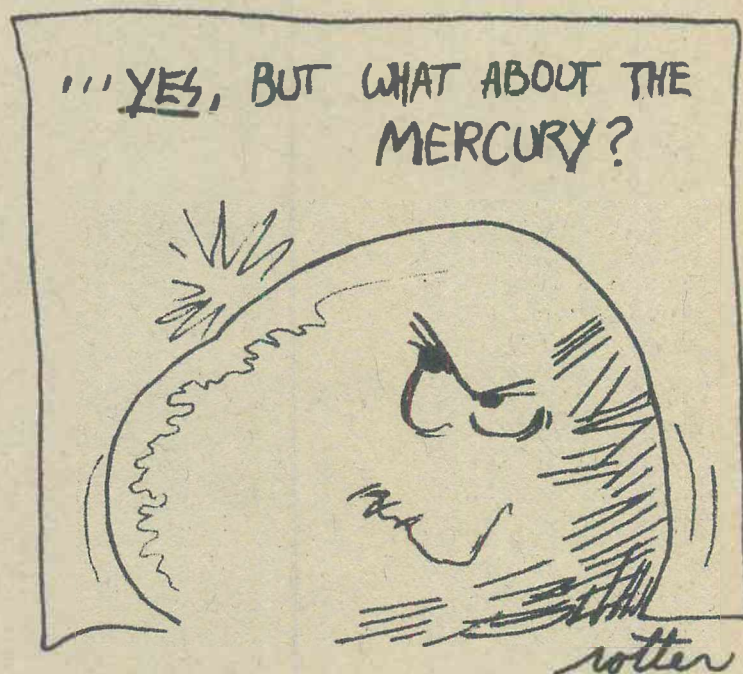


SIMULACRUM 2B

August 1976

special
twiltone
issue



VICTORIA VAYNE, PO Box 156, Stn. D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8

Available for selected trades, substantial LOCs, accepted contributions and art, and Editor's Whim. This issue is not available for money.

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LETTERS in this issue are from Will Norris (3), Mae Strelkov (5), Mike Glicksohn (6), Jodie Offutt (12), Harry Warner Jr. (14), Don D'Amassa (15), Ben Indick (15), Buck Coulson (16), Skel (17), Don Ayres (19), Eric G. Mayer (20), Darroll and Rosemary Pardoe (20), Eric Lindsay (21), K. Allen Bjorke (24), and Jim Allan (24).

ARTWORK in this issue is by David "Shep" Kirkbride (cover, bacover, 7, 19, 23, 26), Taral Wayne MacDonald (1), Barry Kent MacKay (4, 15, 16, 17, 21, 28), Dave Jenrette (6, 11, 13), Alexis Gilliland (9), Alan R. Jones (24), Bill Rotsler (27), and Sheryl Birkhead (30).

OTHER CONTENTS include "Crab Lice" by Uriah Cuthbert Poon (6) and the IAHF's (28).

A VAYNITY PRESS PUBLICATION

NON SEQUITUR

SECOND ATTEMPT AT SIMULACRUM 2B... I started typing stencils for SIM 2B nearly two months or so ago, and only a few weeks ago--a month before Big MAC--I decided that I really was pretty unhappy with the way things were shaping up, and so discarded them...all *sob* \$9.00 worth of stencils. I was using a sideways format, which did not fit into the "standard SIMULACRUM look", and was reviewing, or attempting to, every fanzine that arrived. No way, I thought, as the pile waiting for my attention grew to amazing proportions. Anyway, this issue, the N*E*W 2B, in the O*L*D format, presents all the letters and my replies from the original stencils, plus some additional late arrivals as well, and should be ready for MIDAMERICON. It damn well better be--after the con I intend to go full speed ahead and get number 3 out **FINALLY!**

REQUIEM FOR A GESTETNER... my 360 died. A few weeks ago, scant hours after Taral Wayne MacDonald stuck a "Fonzie" sticker on its flank, the Vaynity Press Gestetner with a gnashing of gears died an agonized death. There is a lesson here--never put a "Fonz" sticker on anything!!! The machine went back to the Gestetner factory, where it was pondered over and pronounced non-repairable for sums less than \$250. So I ordered a newie, a 466. In the meantime, I am using the 466 loaner that the Gestetner people kindly left me to use while the 360 was under repair or whatever. In any event the 360 passes out of fannish hands, the second Gestetner owned by me to do so. (I once had a 120 which I sold, upon acquisition of the 360, to a...uh...well...admit it...Toronto non-fan who had the impression that he could Make Himself Into A Fan by owning a mimeograph.) We don't have a Jon Singer here in Toronto who might salvage the beast, after all. Admittedly the new mimeo I'll be getting is not brand new, but reconditioned, but it has a number of improvements--notably the register feature. With it I expect to grace the pages of SIM with splashes of colour in the future, and will hopefully be using full-colour illustrations. (That is, after I acquire the expertise. Many hundreds will be the pages spoiled in experimentation, I would imagine.)

SPECIAL TWILTONE ISSUE... with the 466 I'll be getting an interleaver, but until then hand-slipsheeting continues. However with twiltone I can get away with not doing it, and as only two weeks remain in which to type this up, run it off, and collate it, I don't want to spend hours pulling slipsheets out as well. This way I can put the mimeo up to top speed (and hope for no paper jams) and perhaps run it all off in one evening. Especially important, timewise, since other Toronto faneds will also be making last-ditch efforts to get their zines out and the Vaynity Press facilities are likely to be in heavy demand.

TRADE POLICY... the latest word, which changes frequently, that is. SIM is *sigh* admittedly I*R*R*E*G*U*L*A*R in a big way. Genzine issues (issues with numbers only) are \$2.00, letter issues (issues with number-letter designations, like this one) are "usual only". Genzine issues, also, are available for the usual, in fact I prefer the usual. Contributions of artwork or articles are always welcome, I would like to at least look even though I may not always take. Due to a limited print run I may not trade for everything but in such cases I will try to at least LoC.

/This issue is another letterzine, like 2A. Letters herein are mostly comments on 2A, a few are comments on previous issues or just plain letters I found publishable and of interest. My comments are in italics and within /.../ marks. --VV/

WILL NORRIS - 1073 Shave Road - - - - - 11 Jan, 1976
Schenectady, NY 12303

The conditioning of society is a very real and possibly suffocating thing. Women must be feminine (whatever truly the hell that is) and Men must be masculine (ditto previous parenthetical comment). Men must not cry, women may be tom-boys while young but are expected to settle down, get married, raise babies, and so on. Boys play "masculine" and "aggressive" games, girls play "feminine" and "passive" or "domestic" games. Stereotype after stereotype imposed upon each of us. The sexual roles are no different in their stereotypical behaviour patterns each is expected to conform to. Example--children. They are expected to be non-sexual beings who at puberty become functional but not active. About the age of 21 or so, or marriage rather at that time, supposedly everything gets turned on.

This is merely a cultural fnord...a conditioned thing. I don't think that a permissive society would have done any more than casualize sex and reduced the "specialness" of it. Here is where the essential underpinning to the question of sex and with whom comes in. It revolves all about our relationships with each other, one human being with another. What is the nature of love? I think far too many people "fall in love" without becoming friends. Here is a point where the language fails us and social conditioning acts against us. And I think here is undoubtedly where the seeds of divorce and attending strife are planted.

The standard definition of "friend" embraces the entire range of relationships from passing and superficial acquaintances to very intimate and very close relationships. It is too broad, far too broad. Society has defined if only by neglect what one human relationship with another should be...like equating love and sex, it doesn't bear out.

What is sex? Or rather, what is the act? At its most cold and clinical base, it is an act involving the appropriate organs of procreation. But that is true on the animal level. On a human level another factor enters in. It has the potentials of being less instinct, less a matter of glands. Still on a simple and perhaps negative level, it offers release...of tension, of pressures, from the world. But let's raise our consideration a bit. It is also, and this is one of the essentials of the case, a means of sharing and communicating a way of showing care and tenderness, a way one person says to another, "I know you, I care about you, you are important to me." This is the highest form of love--perhaps naive...love in the eyes of a "child" with sexual awareness...whatever. Simply because our society has encouraged and conjured up the lower forms of sex (and by that "love" a few lines back I too fell again into the stereotype which pervades us all--so when you read that "love" delete that in your mind for I have something to say about love as separate yet inclusive of sex, but not equal), we must consciously redefine and break the conditioning.

We must learn to exclude from our definition of "friend" those people who are slight or passing and superficial acquaintances. "Friends" should be a term that describes those for whom we share concern, sympathy, communication, understanding, etc. And perhaps ironically and contradictorily enough we should, at least ideally, try to find common grounds, find a basis for this kind of friendship with everyone. Obviously we cannot. Nevertheless, for trying we live to standards hopefully our own and not simply conditioned.

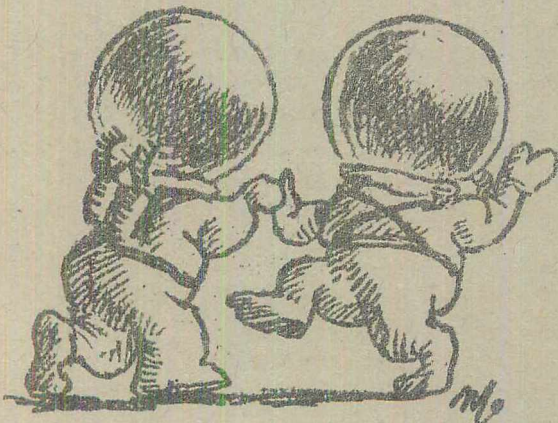
The truly intimate friendships might even involve the nonverbal communication and sharing on the level commonly called by the term "sex". It may, by mutual consent, not be "requirement" of either party. Why is it that "love" is supposed to apply only to our specific life-companion--that person who becomes the person most closely sharing those things we hold and who has ideas and so on that we are most in harmony with--in the current usage, our mate/spouse? Love is not and should not be an exclusive emotion. What is love? It isn't just sex obviously. It's something else. Here are some of its attributes: sharing, caring, understanding, compassion, sacrifice...and many other things. And are those not the same attributes of a good friend? Can you share love with a "friend"--and remember my redefinition of the term--? Would the act of sex with a friend be "casual"? No, not any more than I believe in hell or damnation. Inconsistent if true. We are guilty of over-defining and we have conceptions multiplied by the number of words there are. So what is the marriage type love in all of this? Simply this...

Love and Friendship are essentially synonymous. Neither adequately refers to the commitment implied in a marriage or similar arrangement. Here two people find that they reinforce each other, as well as complement each other. Here the proper change is not friendship to love, for as I said they are merely two different sounds for the same essence, but from Friend to Companion. The two find they work together better as a team than individually. So they decide to unite efforts and resources and work as a unit of companions.

So what is "casual sex" then? On the human level it is also a terminology or way of saying far too many things, with the result that the negatives outshine the positives to the marring of all. It can be just a matter of glands, below the human level. Or it might be the simple human level of which I spoke...that of release. Or maybe it is the misnomer for what two do as another way of relating to each other on a nonverbal level. This latter is equivalent to the highest level but, perhaps, I allow, devoid of all of the additional factors, including the elements of friendship/love. I imagine there is quite a bit of the casual sex in marriages as well as out.

/There is more to this letter than presented here, but that will be in a later issue. Arriving at a possible definition of friendship is something I have been challenged to do but have failed at. Personally I separate the feelings of "love" and "friendship". I don't think I hold the feeling of "love" in the romantic sense for anyone at the

moment; on the other hand if love is considered to be merely a strong positive feeling for another person, with or without feelings of physical attraction, then I suppose I could say that I love some of my close friends. I am uncomfortable with the word, however, I prefer "like very much" or even "am fond of". My closest friends in fandom, without naming names, are generally males, and I think they would be uncomfortable if I "loved" them whereas I don't think anyone objects to being liked. And maybe this is merely a matter of semantics, something I have never been very strong in anyway./



MAE STRELKOV - CC 55, Jesus Maria 5220 - - - - - March 10, 1976
Cordoba, Argentina

,,,Now, re your comments on the ANTHILL versus MYSTICAL BODY concepts on which my LoC briefly touched /in SIM 2/ There is a difference...The "body" idea is obviously at least two millenia old, seeing that you find it in the Bible. (Under the simile of "the vine and the branches" too, as well as Paul's "body".) In one of my favourite books, by F. Heir's *THE MEDIEVAL WORLD* he quotes a Jewish author of the Middle Ages, and it shows they too are perfectly familiar with the old simile, and could see themselves as that body's heart, suffering for the rest of humanity. I liked that very much, and agree. In that sense, some of us are cerebral, some purely genital, some muscular, and so on. When a body has some cell that rebels against the harmony of the whole organism, cancer sets in. (I once made a real study of it for fun, years ago, right down to a cellular basis, making amusing comparisons between bodily activities and humanity, all the way through.)

An anthill is a pitiful thing. (One has only to watch the individual slave-ants scurrying with heavy burdens to see.) Beehives are more delightful. (I'd rather be a bee than an ant, I'm sure. Though I'm sure ants like being what they are. It's simply, we'd not like it!)

But a cell in a body, now, all in one basic unique pattern, yet each cell playing its own lively role in harmony, that's not a mindless business at all, I feel sure. If all mankind agreed simply on ecology, how nice it would be! (If we cared for Earth!) When heart cells are separated from each other on a glass slide, but not yet dead, they begin to throb in unison and creep closer to form a new nucleus of "oneness" again. I've read that several times and find it charming!. I agree with you on individuality being our greatest asset, and yet, unity with others is a tremendous thrill too. I can't unite with those who get their chief pleasure from feeling full of scorn and hate for their fellows, but to unite with those who enjoy and love other people around, remains for me my greatest joy. See what I mean, now?

And I more and more strongly begin to see that the trouble with our Western Civilization is its heartlessness, due to 2,000 years of scorning the "lost" and enjoying the promise of watching their eternal torment "so our bliss may be complete". Is there no hope of cure for us all? Even agnostics suffer from that racial trauma, I fear. The East never did believe in eternal torment...nor did our own pagan ancestors. (They believed in "hell", but only till the sins were purged and the soul could reincarnate, return-to-life!) That's not so cruel... (What sadists St. Anthony, Jerome, etc. must have been. And both grim Augustines, the second quelling the Pelasgian controversy that would have made us a far more humane people, had we defended it bravely, back then.

Endless wars and crusades, genosides and fratricides have been the result of accepting the concept of utter hopeless anguish as a possibility that cannot be solved, and that "reveals God's justice". Paternalistic cruelties resulted for all too long, crushing us "daughters-of-Eve". I get heated every time I think of it, I confess, for in my long life I faced the results of that philosophy, drastically, for reasons I'll not now discuss. Enough that I live where it's in style, still...

/I have to admit that recently I have been feeling more kindly toward humanity. Most ordinary people I have had dealings with in day to day life are perfectly nice people, not friends, perhaps, but just pleasant folk. Trouble is, there are still assholes among the population, and that does sour me on the "family of man" idea. It's not so much "me and them" as much as "us and them" for me now, the "us" meaning myself

and those people I like or at least people who to me seem like good people. Maybe I'm mellowing in my old age.

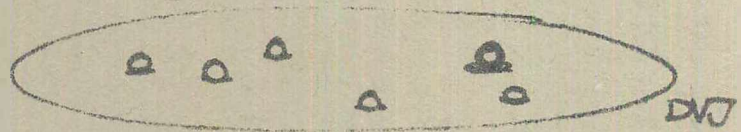
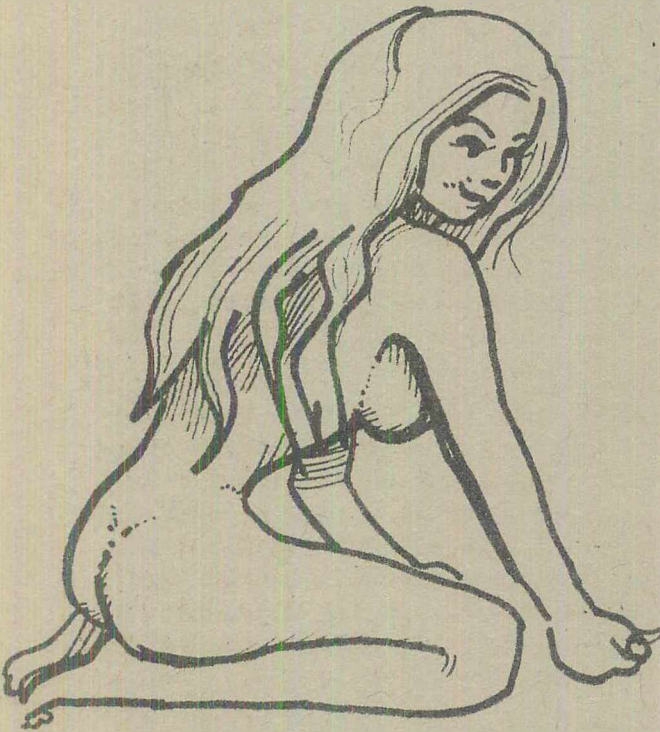
There is a hell of a lot wrong with organized religion, and with the Christian way of belief, but I've said it before. Eternal hell is one way of keeping sinners in line, but most psychologists today would agree that it is one of the poorest, most scientifically invalid, ways imaginable. Positive reinforcement works wonders on many people and positive reinforcement hell ain't./

SIMULACRUM presents...A POETIC INTERLUDE - - - - -

CRAB LICE

Crab lice are insects
Related to head lice,
Which sometimes fasten
On the genital parts,
Particularly the pubic
Hair, and are acquired
From coitus with an
Infected person.
They lead to severe
Itching and scratching,
But may usually be
Eliminated by using
Benzyl benzoate preparations
Mixed with a little DDT
Or other medication
Applied under medical
Supervision.

- Uriah Cuthbert Poon
Professor, Miskatonic U.

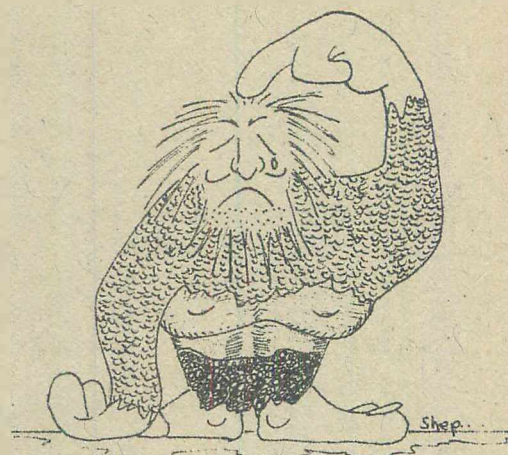


MIKE GLICKSOHN - 141 High Park Ave. - - - - - March 22, 1976
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3

There is no doubt about it, SIMPLELEGROOM is simply getting too damn big! In order to compete against this creeping gigantism I'll have to take Drastic Steps. Henceforth, LoCs on SIMULLAKERUM will not be available for the usual but by subscription only. LoCs on regular issues will cost you a dollar and a half, on large issues two dollars to cover the additional paper and postage costs. Please enclose this merely token payment with each issue for a speedier response. Since this is a

lettered issue, I shall send you a letter. When the next numbered issue appears I shall stay with you and send you a number. For this reduced response alternative a mere dollar will suffice. I'm sure that this new arrangement will be approved by us all.

Now that I have your issue FREE EH? I can once more cast a few ideas and thoughts upon the bread filled waters which flow through your postal box. Taking a copy of this neat but not gaudy issue all the way to Columbus just to give it to me so I could bring it all the way back to Toronto strikes me as somewhat uneconomical in an energy conserving sense but since work is a vector and the two transportations cancel each other out perhaps it's all okay in the cosmic karma sense. I shall momentarily start to read the issue, letting the bumblebee of my attention light where it may as it flutters through these well-mimeod attractive pages and generates responses where they are needed. This may well mean my response will be the first you get which might mitigate against it being less than the best that arrives. (By the way, congratulations on publishing such an attractive looking fanzine; it must be very helpful having Mike Glicksohn show you what to do...)



Cover is okay, as is the back cover, and while you've got a few of Barry's lesser fillos the issue is certainly a pleasing one to look at. I still think you shouldn't have electrostencilled the text on the title page which looks tacky, as predicted, but some people just won't listen to the gentle voice of reasoned experience as it slurs out its alcoholic wisdom. So it goes.

Jean Paul Sartre never locced ENERGUMEN, the francophilic snot, which proves that it takes being a woman to get a response from some BNFs. All those remarks about Simone de Boudoir show he's a sexist pig anyway. And imagine even suggesting that the intimate details of the ordinary boring day to day existence of ordinary run of the mill people leading dull unimaginative lives of stultifying lack of originality aren't significant for their allegorical comments on the human condition (la conditione humaine)! What gallic gall! Next the impudent pseudo-philosopher will be stating that fanzine reviews aren't the quintessential existential expression of the philosophy of alienation! Now anyone could print such shallow anti-intellectualism is beyond me.

As it happens, I'd bet that the majority of SIM readers won't know who created this very fine letter. (No, dummy, not this one here, the one I'm talking about. Internal evidence clearly indicates this letter was written by Boyd Raeburn and Gina Clarke.) Quite a few of Angus Taylor's most imaginative creations were done pseudonymously and as a result he didn't get the recognition he deserved for being possibly the most brilliant and inventive fan writers Canada has ever had.

Wayne is perhaps a little hard on you and that's probably a reflection of some jealousy on his part that you've achieved the fannish notoriety that he's been after for some time and done it in a fraction of the time. Still I agree with his basic advice, if not with the reasons he offers it for. There is nothing wrong with personal writing, or with response to that sort of writing, if it's done well and interestingly. Wayne's negative reaction to the acclaim some people have received by the degree of intimacy they've chosen to put into their writing is merely his own personal opinion

and it may even stem from his own lack of such personal intimacy in his own life. But it's surely at least as valid a mode of self-expression as detailed articles about the history of imaginary creatures. He was right, though, to chide you slightly for protesting perhaps a tad too much about the vicissitudes of life and I think the improvements he was hoping for in the style of your editorials have already made themselves evident.

I am rarely in agreement with Wayne, though (and I wonder how often his desire to "balance" things out causes him to hunt for either positive or negative comments instead of just reacting to a given item on an immediate emotional level?) so I'll have to be careful not to approve of too many of the things he says. I'd have to agree that there is nearly always a market of experimental fiction of even moderate quality but since I've not run across many people stating otherwise I'm not sure his lengthy exposition is really justified. The success of *DHALGREN* shows that the Big Lie can still work, if you happen to think the book is as pure hype as many of its critics claim, or it shows that Sheer Genius can still occasionally find expression, if you're Doug Barbour. But among all the critics I've read I haven't seen accusations of the writing being difficult to approach because of experimental techniques. Boredom is the most commonly levelled criticism. I'm not sure that Wayne's evidence has much to do with the thesis it purports to support.

Wayne says criticisms of his artwork are invalid because I fail to take note of the fact that the drawings under consideration are old, then he apologizes for the quality of the art and says he's improved since then. It would appear that Wayne at least agrees with my conclusions, if not my reasons. And the truth is, as I see it, any artist who allows a piece to be published is offering it for critical reaction, regardless of when it was done. Wayne certainly has improved in the last two years, and he's done several illustrations I've admired greatly, but I still see faults in what he does, and that's more than a simple "like-dislike" reaction. And it surprises me to find an artist laboring under what seems to be the delusion that if something is referred to as a "cartoon" this is an implied criticism. Grant Canfield is a cartoonist, so is Jim Shull, Tim Kirk, Jim McLeod, etc. To me, much of what Wayne does is cartooning, which isn't to say that it's a lesser piece of work at all. That several of my favourite pieces of his work have been what are traditionally referred to as "cartoons" is merely indicative of the fact that I think Wayne has a faculty for this style that he seems positively reluctant at times to admit to. Something like the night club comic who yearns to play "Hamlet". Regardless, I'll continue to offer personal opinions about art, Wayne's or anyone else's, as fatuous and illinformed as they might be: at least it's recognition which is better than the total silence that greets much of the artwork published in fanzines.

I probably espouse the FIAWOL philosophy as heartily as anyone else around but I'd worry if I found myself separating out my mundane activities as Bad and my fannish life as Good. While it's undoubtedly true that I have my most enjoyable experiences in a fannish context, I'm lucky enough to get considerable enjoyment from many of my so-called mundane affairs. I'd hate to reach a point where the rest of my life was merely tolerated as an interruption in fanac. That strikes me as a highly unhealthy attitude and one that cannot help but make much of one's life quite miserable. Conventions may be the high points of my life, which makes anticipating them enjoyable, but if they were the only fun times I'd probably have committed suicide years ago.

I'd agree with Larry that people whose only purpose in going to a con was to get drunk or laid were missing out on a great deal of the more rewarding aspects of fandom but sharing stimulants of one form or another with compatible people can certainly

enhance the other enjoyable aspects of conventions. I could easily have sex with someone I didn't love but I doubt very much I could have sex with someone I didn't respect. This tends to imply a degree of emotional attachment above any purely physical attraction although that's just a personal reaction and I don't suggest that if someone wants to go to bed with someone else just because they like their looks there's anything wrong with that. But it's a different type of experience and probably less satisfying than sex based on love.

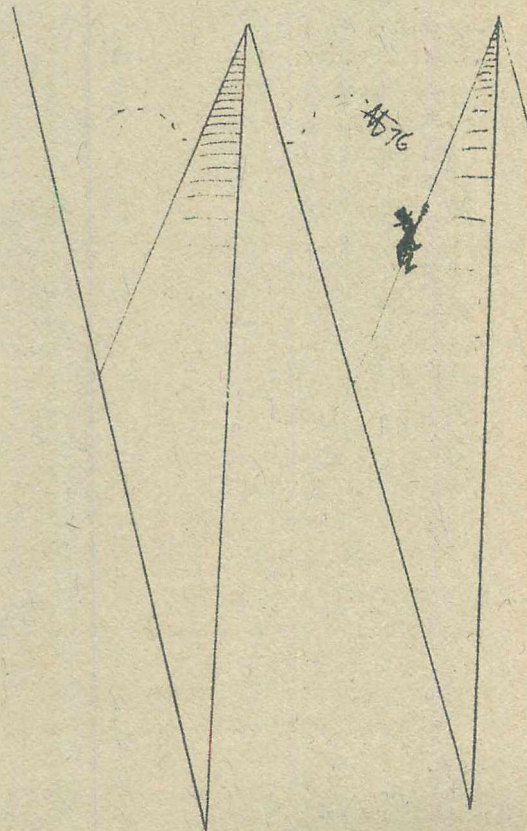
Robert Whitaker's remarks about god falling out of the sky were a little hard to accept but one has to admit they were told in an interesting manner.

I'm in favour of honesty in reviewing even if it means having to say some negative things about a friend. Unfortunately I suspect that friendship imposes blindspots to the point where it's almost impossible for me to be as honest as I'd like to be. (It also helps to have friends who are essentially rather talented so that the likelihood of their making any really major creative blunders is reduced. Too bad there are always friends like Bowers and Downes though...)

I think you and I have already agreed that Wayne is constitutionally incapable of offering straight praise regardless of how fine a job he thinks has been done. Silence is positive approbation where he's concerned and while he's entitled to that way of doing things I don't agree with it. Positive reinforcement is an essential part of life (Who was it that said "Love is simply a random schedule of positive reinforcements"?) and while it shouldn't be offered without cause, neither should it be withheld when deserved.

It's a rare person indeed who doesn't seek the approval of at least some of his peers and I doubt that even Buck is quite that rare. Because he's a man of intelligence, though, the number of such individuals whose opinions he values and whose approval he seeks is very likely considerably smaller than is the case for many of his contemporaries. (We all know Buck has no peers, only contemporaries.) I doubt, for example, that he is indifferent to what Juanita thinks of what he does. My own peer group interest is limited to about a dozen people, and while I never alter my behaviour to suit their needs, I am pleased when what I do pleases them and disappointed when it doesn't. But the opinions either positive or negative of the vast majority of the people I know mean bugger all to me. I suspect that this indifference is behind the somewhat negative reactions I get from certain segments of Toronto fandom who probably think I should value their judgements more. So it goes, though, and I'm happy to be that way. (Good grief, did I just agree with Buck Coulson? Get me a thermometer right away!)

If Jerry Pournelle seriously expects any individual fan will have the chance to ask Robert Heinlein to relate an anecdote at MAC and actually hold his attention long enough to hear it through he has an entirely different conception of how



the con will go than I do. It wouldn't surprise me if I never even saw Heinlein, let alone had a chance to actually speak to him. And that's not exactly causing me to lose much sleep. Let the groupies cluster around him if they will. He has my respect and admiration and I'm damn sure he can live without my fawning admiration.

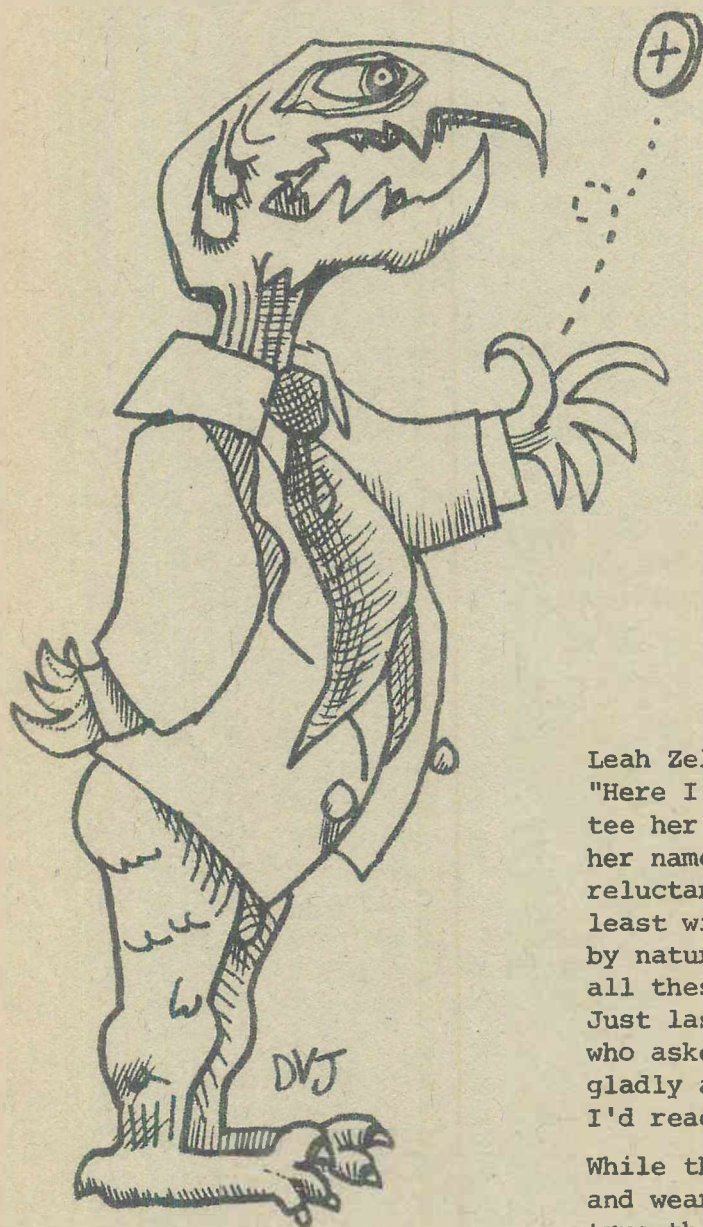
Many Heinlein fans are somewhat blinkered where RAH is concerned. There's no denying that he singlehandedly influenced the field as much or more than any other individual within it, that he was a brilliant storyteller, and that he was at best a competent writer and stylist. He was limited in his ability at characterization which isn't to say that his books aren't still among the most enjoyable in the field and aren't probably still being responsible for bringing a larger percentage of new readers to sf than any other writer. As someone who enjoys Heinlein without deifying him I wish his defendants would react less vehemently to suggestions that his writing was less than perfection.

You ask me pointblank (right there, see? An exclamation mark without a period under it) how I can accept the offer of a GoHship at a con which you claim will suffer from the same faults that made FANFAIR a near disaster. My answer is that I don't see you've any reason to think that will be the case. FANFAIR suffered from a naive committee badly split by internecine warfare: ALPHA DRACONIS has a committee that may be planning a convention entirely different from the sort of convention you or I might normally be interested in but there's no reason for me to believe they'll make the same mistakes the FANFAIR group made. I don't think they'll run the sort of con I'd pay money to attend, but since it's here in town and since some pretty nice people will be there and since they've offered me some freebies and since I think they'll be competent to run the sort of con they've chosen to run I've no guilt feelings about accepting their kind offer. Just because a con isn't oriented towards fanzine fans doesn't necessarily mean it'll be a bummer. Hell, I'd probably go to a Star Trek con or a Perry Rhodan con if they made an attractive enough offer and seemed competent. A variety of experiences makes life more interesting, don't you agree?

People who say sex can be ludicrous and is often overestimated reflect more of their won experiences than the nature of sex. The worst I might say about sex is that its importance is overemphasized to the point where a great many people are rendered incapable of properly enjoying it, which is a damn shame and a condemnation of our society. It is also the theme of a ten page essay which I have mercifully decided not to write at this time.

Excellent letter by Jessica, both for the clarity of the thoughts and the excellence of their expression. I don't agree with her totally--the stylized concept of feminine beauty is a form of beauty, whether it appeals to Jessica or not, and I happen to agree with the standards she mentions as much as she does, so I don't condemn those who find Van Gogh's painting beautiful even though I don't--but I certainly admire the way she wrote it.

I'm almost sorry that it had to be Mark Sharpe who talked about "having sexual intercourse for intercourses' sake" because now he's going to think I'm picking on him but I'm not at all sure I know what the hell that means and I even doubt Mark does. What is "intercourse's sake"? On a simplistic level, the "pure pose" of intercourse is to feel pleasure, so what Mark is in essence saying is that it isn't right to do something just for fun simply because it's enjoyable. I don't buy that at all, even though I'll happily agree that the better the reasons for sex the more enjoyable it can be. But like the old cliché goes, even when it's bad it's good, and there's nothing wrong with the pure enjoyment of sex for the physical pleasure it brings. Some people's minds are so badly fucked up, though, that they're incapable



of enjoying themselves that way. Strike up another goodie for the effects of religion.

There is a disquieting tendency developing in certain areas, he said sternly while wagging his finger, to believe that only the fanac you do yourself is Real Fanac. To put down ALPHA Whatever just because it isn't aimed at you and your friends is a bummer. There are many fans who'd be attracted to exactly that sort of activity that committee has chosen to provide, just as the thousands of Trekkies who'll invade /have already invaded & gone/ us later this summer will probably enjoy the Strekcon they're having here. The fact that you and I wouldn't doesn't make it a bad con and I think you're wrong to warn others off of the gathering. Describe it and let them make up their own minds, that's the only fair way to be.

Leah Zeldes can show up at my door any time and say "Here I am, where am I going to stay?" and I guarantee her a warm welcome. I'll even try and pronounce her name correctly. But like Leah I'm somewhat reluctant to impose upon others in that fashion, at least without warning. Most fans are so good-hearted by nature that a little advance planning will make all these arrangements take care of themselves. Just last week, for example, I got a call from a fan who asked how I was feeling about company, an offer gladly accepted. With perhaps two or three exceptions I'd react the same way to most fans.

While there is nothing wrong with "being oneself" and wearing jeans and a sweatshirt it is equally true that there's nothing wrong with dressing in fancy outfits if that's what turns you on. I recently bought a new suit to wear to Ro Nagey's wedding, for example, and then donned it to act as minor-

league toastmaster to the MARCON banquet. I felt good wearing it, and others complimented me, so what's the harm? (I also wore an orange velour top with the express hope that attractive nubile young ladies would find it sexy and stroke me and it worked even better than I'd hoped for. It turned "Doctor" Jim Huttner on as well!)

Eric's comparison of sex and first fanzines is positively brilliant. In a fairly large issue filled with thousands of words on the topic this stands out as possibly the most insightful comment of all!

/Comments on comments as they come. Firstly, regarding Taral. I think I know Taral well enough to know also that his reactions to commentable situations are honest enough. I am hoping he might write

a LoC on your LoC to clear up some of these points. (Hint, ~~Wayne~~ Taral?) And as for an artist allowing a piece to be published also offering it for critical evaluation, an artist sometimes has no control over when a piece is published, as some editors can sit on a piece for years. Taral has mentioned that some of his three-year old pieces have yet to see the printed page, he wouldn't want to be judged on those as though they were recent, but what can he do short of tracking down each piece and recalling it? The same, I heard, can apply to written articles by rapidly changing writers, also sometimes sat upon by editors for lengthy periods.

(Mea culpa as far as SIM goes--I know number 3 is late. If I sit on pieces for long, you writers and artists out there, it is because I like to have issues planned ahead, in some cases as much as three issues into the future from the one I'm actually working on.)

My mundane life was "tolerated as an interruption in fanac" mainly because until recently I was afflicted with intolerable jobs, kept only because I'd developed an expensive lifestyle and needed the money. I have reduced this now, taken a lesser-paying but more palatable type of job, and this problem is on the way to being solved. (But I'll still keep the two separate names.)

And as for Fringecon and other horrors to be perpetrated upon an unsuspecting SF community by the local media people--I stand firm. The local fringe-and-mediacon will offer nothing of interest to a fan whose primary interest is fanzines and communicating with people. And to repeat my words of the last issue, if you're looking for another AUTOCLAVE pass ALPHA DRACK up. If you're into film and horror and comics there will be something for you here, but how many SIM readers are into those as their primary interests? There is even hostility directed to fanzine people by some of the locals behind this effort, and almost certainly no programming or features would be directed to our group. The same people, by the way, ran the July Streckon, which overbudgetted and lost a bundle, even though I understand the Trekkies had fun.

Lots of comments about sex too, which I will pass. Anti-Mush Woman has bitten the dust anyway, and high time too, but if readers want to comment more, they are welcome to. As for me, I think I've said all I care to on the subject, and you can hardly call me an expert anyway./

JODIE OFFUTT - Funny Farm - - - - - 23 Mar, 1976
Haldeman, KY 40329

...for my part, I'll be glad when the "fannish vogue" of being extremely personal in fanzines passes. I'm often embarrassed, uncomfortable, and--mostly--just plain bored.

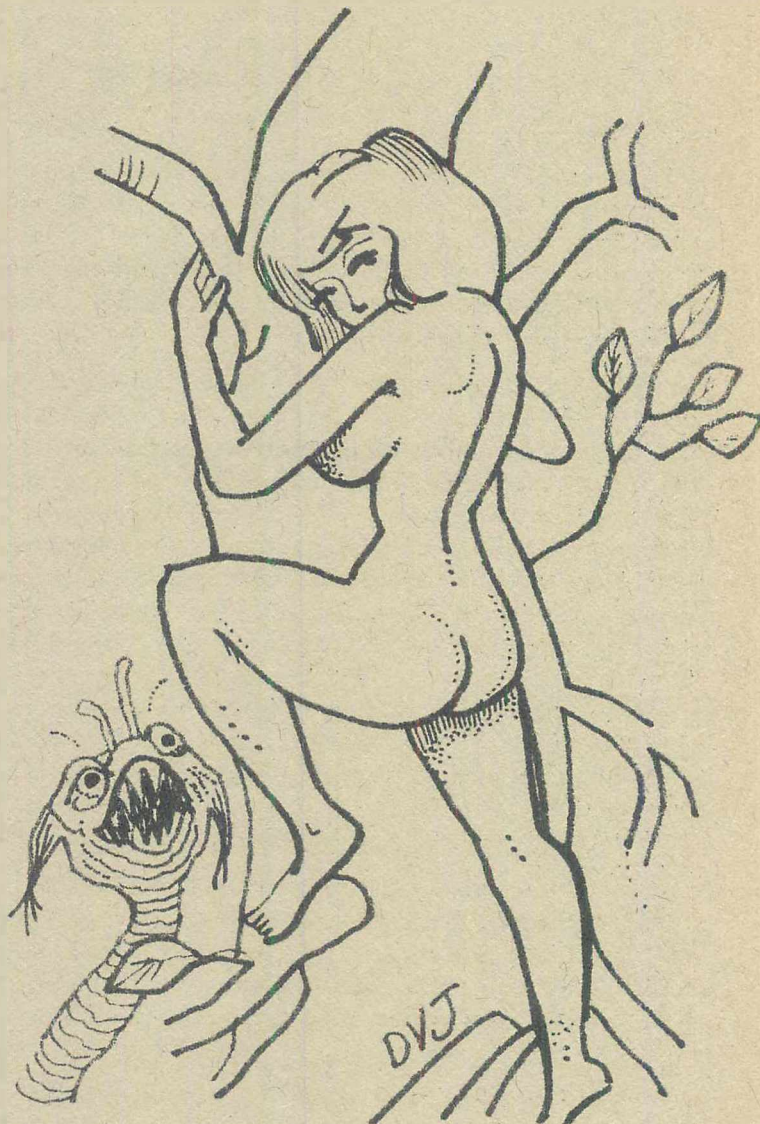
I too was brought up Catholic. I graduated from Catholicism a few years ago. There is no way to get around being bitter and resentful for a while. Eventually, though, one is less emotional about the whole thing and can be almost objective about the experience. Among the reasons I left the church was because I could no longer go along with some of the hangups it maintained. No matter what opinions one might have intellectually, if the emotional self cannot accept them, the conflict is hard to reconcile. It takes time.

One of the nicest aspects of fandom is its tolerance. It is a place where all one's secret always-wish-I-could desires can come out. For many fans that takes the form of weird clothes, or sloppy or kinky clothes, or sometimes no clothes at all. I like clothes, I get a great deal of pleasure from buying and wearing clothes. I don't think it is phony at all. It is one of my hobbies, you might say. That is not to say that some people aren't phony in the affectations they choose, often their clothing. But don't lump everybody in the phony category just because they wear strange styles.

/Speaking of I-wish-I-could desires, I imagine publishing is one of them for many people. When I was a kid one of my greatest delights was in writing books and making them up as "real" as possible, to the point of real staples (one of my treasures was a stapler, which I still use to this day) and stiff cardboard covers with scrap cloth glued to them and painted with watercolours. Once I copied out one of these books, making a duplicate--that was delight, having two.

I think I would have been overjoyed, back when a kid, to have had some sort of minimally working duplicator, like that old Gestetner 120 I once had. I can still remember my father's gift to me once of a box of slightly used Ditto masters, still serviceable, cast-offs from work. He showed me how I could print by moistening a sheet of paper with rubbing alcohol and slapping the master down before it dried. That I guess was my first venture into amateur publishing. Something like this lovely Gestetner 466 I'm using at the moment was far beyond my imaginings at that time. Things Schools Had Which Kids Didn't Know About. Talking to other fans, I find that "making books" has often been a childhood delight with many of them.'

Now that has been a non sequitur. But for me, desires always have consisted more of writing-connected matters than a beautiful wardrobe./



HARRY WARNER JR. - 423 Summit Avenue - - - - - 29 April, 1976
Hagerstown, MD 21740

I was very glad to see another reference to H. L. Mencken by Rich Bartucci. Fans very seldom give any evidence of having read any of Mencken's books, which is strange, because he had the iconoclastic mind and acid style that fans appreciate. Maybe his books aren't as easily found in libraries in most areas as they are around here, since he was a Baltimore resident and wrote a good bit of particular interest to Marylanders. His American Language volumes are fascinating to anyone who is interested in how the language is used and misused, and I love his autobiographical volumes like Happy Days and Newspaper Days. There is even a big book of familiar quotations edited by him which is considerably livelier than Bartlett's more famous collection.

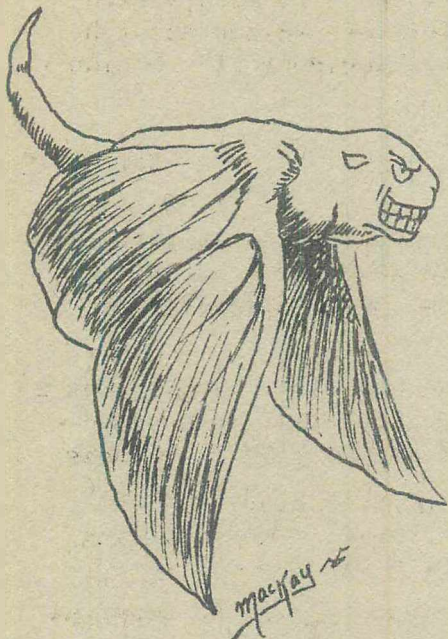
Jerry Pournelle's idea of a special award for semi-pro fanzines had occurred to me too, as a solution to the Hugo for fanzines dilemma. But I started to wonder if such an extra Hugo might not have the unwelcome effect of making too many fans too ambitious. The way the field is today, there aren't more than four or five fanzines which would fit into the semi-pro category. I'm afraid that fanzine publishers everywhere would simultaneously and independently realize that they would have an excellent chance to get a Hugo nomination and a good chance to win a Hugo by converting their publications to semi-pro status, because the competition is so meagre. Within a year there might be dozens of perfectly good fannish fanzines transformed into imitators of LOCUS and ALGOL, their editors would find the Hugo competition crowded badly in the new category, and by then most of them would have lost so much money that their converted publications wouldn't last long. I feel that the FAAN awards represent the best way to get proper recognition to the best small-circulation fanzine activity. Within a year or two, I'm certain that the criticism of them will have subsided and they will be considered quite desirable things to win.

A listing of next week's movies in TV GUIDE and Sam Long's mention of grits in his letter brought to mind the proof that the Maryland-Pennsylvania border is the beginning of the South. A drive-in theatre which almost straddles the line a few miles north of Hagerstown showed that John Wayne-Kim Darby movie a few years back, and on its huge signboard it advertised its current attraction: TRUE GRITS.

I'm tempted to suggest that there should be a third category added to go with the reviewers and the critics. There are also the people who should have a special name of their own because they discuss criticism endlessly without having given any evidence that they've read the stories criticized; they just like to debate aesthetics and critical attitudes and such things.

/I could doubt that too many fans would become all that ambitious --because there would also be a Hugo for the small-circulation fanzine for which they could compete. It takes a lot of money to make an ALGOL; a faned with only a little money might not have the resources to turn his zine into something of that stature, but he might be able to turn his fifteen-page averagely-mimeographed effort into a fifty-page genzine with above-average production qualities, and stand out quite favourably in the "small" section of fanzine-dom. I don't think a separate award would create more ambition than perhaps to create more genzines that look like ENERGUMEN or SPANISH INQUISITION or GRANFALLOON...or even SIMULACRUM. And gigantism isn't all--I am tremendously impressed with such small-sized but high quality zines such as MOTA or SWOON.

Rest of Harry's letter in SIM 3.../



DON D'AMMASSA - 19 Angell Drive - - May 10, 1976
E. Providence, RI 02914

I do as many reviews as I do for two chief purposes --I enjoy doing them because I enjoy talking about SF, and it gets me lots of free books. At the same time, I hope that I have occasionally convinced someone to try a book he might otherwise have overlooked, that I have steered people away from occasional bad ones, and that I have from time to time been able to provide some information about a book that has helped others to deepen their own enjoyment of it.

Have to agree with Mike Glicksohn. I'm supposed to be one of those ivy tower types, despising sports. Not true. I enjoy football, always have, and have lately acquired a taste for basketball. And when I was living close enough to Canada to watch, I used to enjoy curling. Baseball, on the other hand, is too dull, and hockey is rapidly becoming the rival of professional wrestling.

I didn't see the film of ROLLERBALL, incidentally, but in the story, the participants are not entirely voluntary. They are subject to conditioning and their virtual serfdom in the post-catastrophe industrial dictatorship. So if Jessica Salmonson's interpretation is correct, they took considerable liberties with the plot.

John Alderson apparently thought I wrote an article about religion, but it was actually about SF. I broke up the subject into areas I found useful. John's division might be useful, but it would have been an entirely different article.

I also note that John believes that reviewers believe that they could have written a better novel than the novel they are reviewing. This is utter bilge. I know damn well I'll never be able to write as well as Tanith Lee or Gardner Dozois, for example, but that doesn't mean I'll never give either of them a negative review.

BEN INDICK - 428 Sagamore Ave. - - - - - May, 1976
Teaneck, NJ 07666

As for Sartre, I'm surprised he failed to mention me. Probably because he didn't mention his plays. I wrote most of them for him you know. He is so damn uppity he won't let anyone touch his novels, however, and the result is a dull hambone like NAUSEA. Compare it with my NO EXIT, or THE FLIES, and you'll see what I mean. Same thing with Camus; I'm not mad at him like Sartre is, and he didn't give me credit for CALIGULA either (he wrote the others himself). So far I haven't even gotten a Nobel Prize. And as for a Pulitzer, well, next year I understand I have it in the bag, for my REH screenplay...

...MACDONALD!! YOU PRINTED THE NAME! Typical male schtick, pushing his pedagogical superiority by revealing secrets. Bah. After THAT, how can I read the bum? Anyway this is the era in Fandom for letting it all hang out. Don Thompson in DON-O-SAUR pioneered Intimacy in Print (and movingly so too). Many perzines have followed him up with Jackie Hilles being most successful at it--True Confessions without being either banal or embarrassing. Let it hang, Anacinsky.

...Sonofagun, I left out one of Fandom's Class A practitioners of laundry washing in public, Jessica. She is simply the hands-down champion, and I am always afraid she'll get serious some day and stop revealing all those intimate things about herself. Fandom might never be the same. It would be too bad, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it?

BUCK COULSON - Route 3 - - - - - 12 May, 1976
Hartford City, IN 47348

Ah, yes, J. P. Sartre (who is he, really?) has a point. Probably also explains why I won't read con reports. I won't bother with other people's absurdities, and I try not to inflict mine on you, unless I find them humorous, or occasionally to make a point.

I believe I agree with your desire to avoid comment on your sex life. Would that a few other fans would do the same. It's not terribly interesting (not just yours - anybody's) and none of anyone else's business.

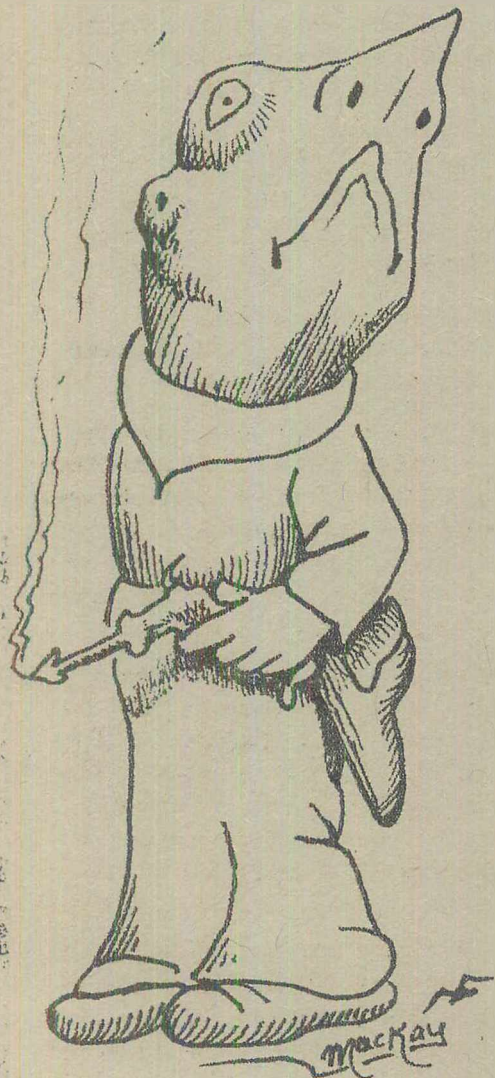
If you are ever abducted by a giant ape and ravished on top of the Empire State Building, that might be worthy of a passing mention.

There's already an adequate phrase to describe MacDonald's passion for argument; it's called "compulsive nonconformity".

There is one good reason for avoiding mention of bad books; it cuts their sales. Any mention - even the most scathing - increases sales. I have said many unkind things about fanzines over the years, but there was only one that I refused to review at all; I returned it to the publisher. (It was from the southern U.S. and touted white supremacy.) Editors of fanzines which I have said nasty things about have mentioned that they always got a few new subs after such reviews, and I assume the same would work for books. I told the editor of the mag I refused that he had a perfect right to his own opinions, but he didn't have a right to space in my fanzine.

The guy who buys a fancy car or the woman who indulges in expensive clothes or brags about her costly furniture or appliances do so because they have no personality of their own worthy of comment, and at least subconsciously they know it. It's the only way they can get attention. (The ultimate example of this would seem to be tattooing, which I've heard is becoming a fad once again.)

Since I've been both reviewer and reviewee, I might lend some weight to Mike's wonder about why any writer would bother refuting fanzine reviews. What the hell difference do they make, anyway? (Particularly since even the bad reviews will



will increase sales by two or three books, at least.) For the professional writer, the old Hollywood dictum holds; "there is no such thing as bad publicity".

Once one is out of the adolescent years, sex as a motivation of life runs a poor second to power (physical, monetary, political, bureaucratic). And even in adolescence, sex is quite often a means to power and influence over one's peers rather than an end in itself. (If it were an end in itself, it wouldn't be bragged about; there would be no need to prove one's self before others.)

Logical gap in Salmonson's letter; she implies a book can't be crud if someone likes it. That just doesn't compute. The fact that she likes it (or I like it, or you like it) does not at all prevent it from being garbage. There are objective standards, and fannish taste is not impeccable.



/On the matter of bad reviews of my own efforts--which have been fanzines up to now--I find that praise or damns are more effective from certain people than others. Praise from someone I know to be picky and discerning I would value very highly, especially if I admired myself what I know that person to admire. Damns from such a person would be truly damning. But if someone doesn't like something I've done and that person is not someone as mentioned above, then I don't let it bother me--or shouldn't, at any rate. Sometimes I do./

SKEL (PAUL SKELTON) - 25 Bowland Close - - - - - 9 May, 1976
Offerton, Stockton, Cheshire SK2 5NW
England

I don't like letterzines. I don't like letter-col issues of OUTWORLDS and I don't like letter-issues of anything else. The letter column is usually the best part of a fanzine, but a diet composed only of one's single most favourite food soon becomes boring and evermore spoils one for that particular dish. Also, the personality of the parent fanzine is not present, which also spoils things somewhat. Your letter-col is a vital and integral part of SIMULACRUM. On its own it falls flat on its face...and what of response? Any letters you get on this issue will have to be comments on comments, a situation known as "The Curse of the Apas". Obviously, for a continuing conversation there must be some comments on comments, but this should be balanced by the constant introduction of fresh topics so that the conversation never dies, it just moves on from one thing to another, smoothly and gradually.

By the way, sexism is very much alive in fandom. You only have to look at the number of LoCs a female faned gets, especially a relatively new female faned. One notices this in respect to yourself and one noticed it regarding Lisa Conesa. The volume of response is out of all proportion to the fanzine and probably is more equated with the seventh power of the number of tits, plus a constant...

I too still harbour certain elements of sexist thinking and Male Chauvinist Piggery. Cas looks good in long skirts and dresses. She knows this and she likes to wear them, because I like "my" woman to look good I encourage her in this. The end result is that though we go out to places wherein a long gown is suitable only about twice a year, Cas has more long dresses and skirts than Soft Mick (and we all know

how many girly things 'Soft' Mick had, don't we...) and only about three or four skirts for everyday wear. Now I know Cas does not 'belong' to me, but in a way she does, because I am a substantial shareholder in a corporation called marriage, which owns us both, on a strictly voluntary basis.

Sexy little girls is a much more difficult topic about which to be honest. Never having been a young girl I can't say whether or not they do have feelings of sexuality much before the age of twelve. Having been a dirty old man I do know that I can look at such a girl and feel a distinct sexual attraction. However, whilst I am all in favour of as much freedom and as little legislation as possible we must bear in mind that legislation must always be aimed at the lowest level. Whilst 99% of us Dirty Old Men would never take advantage of such a child, legislation must cater for that 1% who lack such moral judgement. Such young girls are not capable of 'consenting' in the accepted sense of the word because to consent requires the equal possibility or option: refusal. Children of this age however still have a great deal of respect for adults and have a need for approval from and by them. In a totally free society there would be too great an 'advantage' to the older man, which is why the laws are there in the first place. No one would call it 'consent' if I obtained it by using a gun, why should it be called 'consent' if I obtain it using my greater experience and maturity?

/On the subject of letterzines...big genzine SIMULACRUM's will continue to come out, with letterzines between issues. Rather than include the letters with the genzine, I put them out under separate cover a little earlier, with the possibility of a second letterzine, like this one, between issues. With genzines still coming out, this would take care of the matter of new input to spark discussions, while at the same time, separate letterzines with open possibilities in frequency enable the conversation to go back and forth with more speed and more extensiveness than possible in letters run in the admittedly infrequent genzine issues. I hope to go on a more regular schedule in the future--number 3 is "unavoidably delayed" and had been supposed to be ready back in April or May some time. I would hope, by the way, that people preserving their copies of SIM would keep number-letter issues together with full-number issues of the same number: 2A and 2B go along with 2 and so forth. This group of zines forms an almost self-contained "stimulus-and-response" unit.

On the subject of sexism and response to a fanzine from a female faned--I don't know. Response to SIM has been good--my mailing list now includes more than 200 active names and if I had chosen to do so, I could easily have upped the print run to 300 from 200. (Instead I will be fussier in trading.) It took me four fanzines (VC3PB and three SIM's to get to this size mailing list. But I am handling SIM as an "editor", and not as a female editor--save for some personal remarks in no. 1 and to a lesser extent in 2 (and even then I wonder), I doubt the zines would have been much different had I been male; and in that case the response should have been the same. If it weren't the same, it would be a pretty damn good case for rampant sexism in fandom.

And for sexy little girls and the matter of sexual feelings in kids, I can remember being sort of turned on in an immature sort of way by romantic scenes in novels (didn't read porn then) back when I was 12. This may be a case in point. Much before that I can't remember.

however, I don't think I read books with any mush in them at all then. On the other hand, not much credence should be placed on this in my case--as far as sexual feelings and hangups go, I doubt that I'm normal./

DON AYRES - 5707 Harold Way #3 - - - - - 14 May, 1976
Hollywood, CA 90028

I would argue, however, that it is quite normal for people to hold hands, kiss, and even make love in real life; would you therefore hold that characters shouldn't do this in fiction unless it advances the plot? There is legitimacy to these things from the aspect of atmosphere and to aid in reader identification if it doesn't do anything to propel the story from a strictly plotting criterion. Example: a friend and I were plotting a story involving an unmarried male protagonist who lives with the female protagonist (in a state of sin, the ancients used to say). They have a friend who is along in a sidekick capacity. Fine. The problem came when my friend gave him a wife. I told him that the additional female character was nothing but excess baggage, that she added nothing to the plot that wasn't already present on account of the protagonist's girlfriend. Believe me, they were married in every respect save the paperwork. The truth of the matter, I suspect, is that my friend wanted the supporting character married because he is married and that felt more comfortable to him. That's not an illegitimate reason, and I might have accepted the notion if it wouldn't have made task too difficult, but dividing the action up four ways among the principals simply wasn't in the cards, so I argued against it and he finally came over to my point of view.

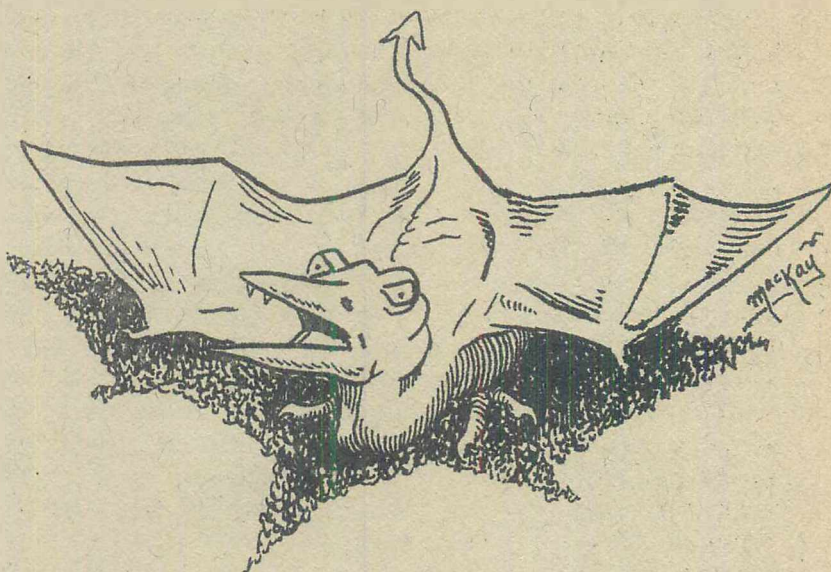
Okay, I think you see what I mean when I suggest some sort of love interest does add to the story. What about explicit sex scenes? For the sake of atmosphere I'll refer, by memory, to Andrew J. Offutt's EVIL IS LIVE SPELLED BACKWARDS (Warner's, probably OP). I vividly recall a scene where a woman prisoner is had both fore and aft--correction, she's performing fellatio at the time--but the effect is not one of titillation, but of revulsion. Precisely the effect that I think the author had in mind. No, the plot would have managed quite well without the scene, but it sure as hell made a difference in the reader's perception of the culture therein.

One problem I foresee is that I'm talking about cases where it worked and you apparently had been running into stuff where it didn't. However, the fact that it usually does not do so does not make it categorically bad to do so, even if the writer fails; how will he even know if he can handle a decent sex scene if he doesn't try? Silverberg's TOWER OF GLASS is full of attempts, including some failures that weight heavily against it, but dammit he was right to try!

/I think now that one of the things that bugs me about explicit sex scenes is the impression that the motives for including it were questionable--i.e. titillation only, and a selling point./



construction of society. What about 'casual sex' in a situation where children were brought up communally among a larger unit, say a hundred people or so? I dislike the subtopian image of the small family, living in a suburban house and uttting themselves off from family or neighbours, living their own circumscribed lives. There are too many families like that, but it's really only a relatively modern phenomenon. Families used to be much bigger affairs, with three or four generations living under the same roof, with various uncles, aunts and cousins too. Even in the towns, where houses were too small to hold that many people, it used to be quite normal (at least it was where I grew up, and that's not so long ago) for relatives to live within a street or two of each other, and see one another daily.



/It's hard to say what will be the future of the family. Marriage seems to be losing its meaning, and fewer people are opting for it, choosing instead to merely live together (something that makes damn good sense to me), and on this continent at least, from the looks of things, many seem to be electing to have no kids at all. And do you count as family groups the many single people who choose to live by themselves? Or people in communes? The question is hazy./

ERIC LINDSAY - 6 Hillcrest Avenue - - - - - 31 May, 1976
Faulconbridge NSW 2776
Australia

There was a young lady called Vayne
With clothes so simple and plain
From erotic display she'd refrain
When questioned on this she'd exclaim
Blue movies just give me a pain
Sex added to books is insane
If that's all life is I'll abstain

Were it not for the paens of fame
Publishing a zine's not the same
So to enter more fully the game
And escape from a life so tame
From the detractions of a mundane name
A decision to alter it she came
Now she hides her identity - a shame.

and there's more where that came from. No actually there isn't. I kept getting interrupted at work, but if I'm left in peace tomorrow I may yet add more misery to

your drab and wretched existence.

I wanna see Trawna, because when I was there for Torcon I hardly stirred from the hotel (except for essential supplies) and that was a mistake. Trouble is, I don't think I understand the language. What are borscht and knishes, for example. Do you eat them, or, terrible thought, do they eat you? I had the same trouble with bagels and lox I recall. In fact, most of the time I was over there I didn't know if I was eating things that I was supposed to eat or not. Terrible thoughts kept creeping through my mind, accustomed as it (well my stomach really) is to lamb chops and peas or steak and eggs. Had I been drinking from the finger bowl? Were those decorations on the table really flowers, or were they the local equivalent of asparagus, tastefully displayed. In the end I took to ordering hamburger wherever I went - even there, instead of being decently closed so you couldn't see the half-cooked dog meat, they were exposed to the air and one's vision, together with a side salad of dubious consistency. What were those little black fruits that the airline served, that looked so fine and tasted so tart - probably samples of a new synthetic seat cover, if the truth be known. Even now they are probably trying to work out what happened to the samples they gave out - they've probably just discovered they're toxic - in ten years time my left leg will fall off. A terrible situation, I tell you. No wonder I returned here looking like the "before" photo in a Charles Atlas advert; I'd been ingesting synthetics for six weeks unknowingly. If I'd had the sense to swallow some iron tablets I could probably act as a stand in for the Six Million Dollar Ham, what with all the other chemicals.

Slipsheeting and mimeoing at the same time is easy. Put the mimeo on the floor, take a string from the ink pump to your right toe, use cushions so you can sit up with your hands in reach of the interleaving supplies, and off you go...Mind you, if it is winter and you haven't central heating you're in trouble, and if visitors arrive it takes some explaining, but trufans will understand your position in a moment, and will take photos for their fannish scrapbooks (and sell the negatives to "Karma Sutra in pictures" just to prove those Indians didn't know everything). Glad to help with information on how to produce a fanzine.

Hot Rubber Whips was wonderful. For a while I was almost convinced, the style was so very right. That means it was Angus Taylor (I don't think anyone spotted his fake review on the back page of a Geg a while ago) who deserves compliments for a fine piece of work.

Taral makes a fine letterwriter. I'd have to re-read the original pieces of SIM to see if I got the same sort of impression. You didn't, from memory, really come over so much as a "pity me" figure, rather as a "here are some things that have made me the way I am" sort of claim, which is a different figure. I don't think I want to talk with Taral. I suspect he'd leave me confused, or even worse, I'd be the one who was confused. I doubt the scientific viewpoint is more correct than the religious. What it does do better is predict. The matching of models is only a bit of it. Newton was entirely wrong, as far as we can see now - but- his model still does pretty good as a predictive device.

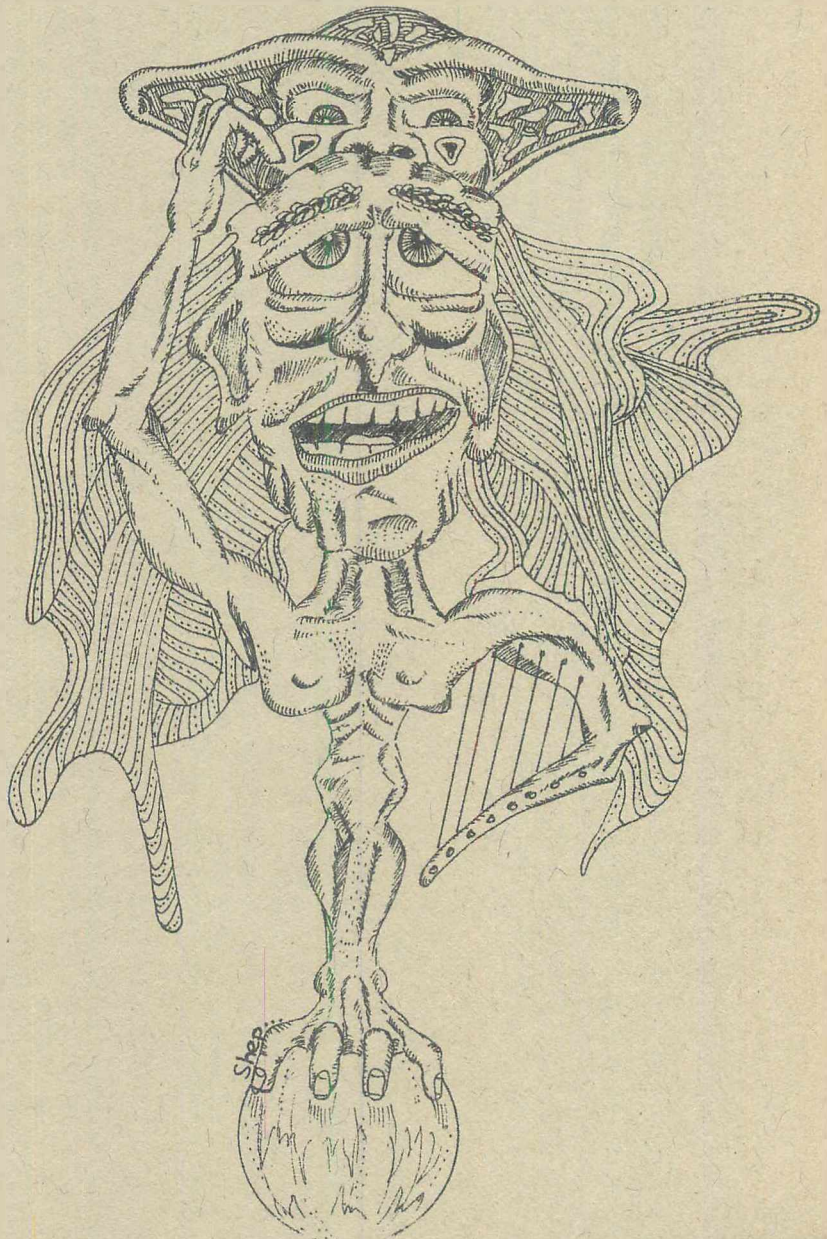
Some people are bound to carry on about your comments on the worthlessness and lack of fun inherent in work. I agree with you, that work is almost totally worthless. Now, if someone wants to give me enough income so I don't have to work, I'll gladly lead by example the pursuit of happiness & worth in life. Someone should do an essay on the morality of using time for things other than those that make you happy or seem worthwhile. We are all, those of us reading this, exceedingly lucky, in that we have shelter, food, warmth, etc. almost guaranteed by living in the countries we do. But, there is so much more to life, so much that businesses and

governments can't and won't and will not ever see, that I sometimes doubt the worth of trying for better things in life. Maybe SF fans are dissatisfied because they have glimpses of a potential in the world that others will not try to see, at least not often enough.

Buck Coulson is exactly right in his remarks about the jackasses who seek conformity and are afraid of their own convictions, and who seek to prove themselves. You are right too, in including silly fashions and weird dances and drinking, or driving fake sporty cars, or trying to keep up with the Jones's. Why, that is exactly what I was thinking the other day, after the pot party, while I was being driven to my club for a quick snort of Chateau Valdara before visiting my optometrist to get my contacts refitted and tinted a pale blue to go with my Squires suit. I said to the hair stylist that very day "The trouble with people these days is that they are not themselves..." Yes indeed, I fully agree.

Did you check that letter purporting to be from Mike Glicksohn? Who is faking Mike's letters, unless it is Sheryl Smith trying to embarrass him by making it look as if he agrees with her for once. On killing for sports, I'm in favour of it, given that the animals being hunted are hunted with weapons of effectiveness such that approximately one hunter is killed per animal. This would be easy for big cats and so on - for hunting rabbits, maybe you'd have to set hunting grounds on a barren stretch of ground and allow only such weapons as the hunters could make themselves (let 'em starve to death, if you can't find an aggressive rabbit...)

Where does Sam Long gather forth all the weird pieces of information he drags forth - I'm looking forward to meeting him. I don't think Leah Zeldes should get upset about her name being mispronounced; a rose



it the kind of thing that would be such a driving force in all our intrapersonal interludes, does it? In fact, even women would rather see a pretty girl selling something on TV than a man, whether the product is soap or cars or airline tickets. And surely you're not going to tell me that all American women (this includes Canada) are lesbians? Why are salesgirls far more popular than salesmen, both in men's and women's buying areas? Sex has something to do with these preferences, but not erotic sex - instead, sexual role-playing. THERE is your villain - not nature but society.

Of course there are a lot of horny people in this world, as well as a lot of fridges, and these things are simply a part of one's personality, whether it's good or bad from someone else's viewpoint...

/I confess that for me FIAWOL is the philosophy, although I like to read in areas other than SF. I also have desires to write, although little time (a full-scale novel is a full-time project, and not something to be worked on in dribbles--and the novel I have had festering inside of me for some time will be a fairly large project if I ever get down to it). Many of my other interests centre around or stem from something originally connected with fandom--my recent interest in the printing process and fancy mimeography for example./

JIM ALLAN - 29 Faith Ave - - - - - 8 July, 1976
Downsview, Ont. M3H 1W2

Sam Long's defense of his explanation of the Hebrew creation myth by the Roman week is interesting indeed. I quite agree that Babylonian mythology had an influence on Hebrew mythology and, at a much greater distance, on Roman mythology. But the specific examples he tries to put forth just don't work.

According to Sam, "we may be sure that he [Ares] was originally one such [a rustic god] before he became a war god." By "a rustic god" I would assume that Sam means an agricultural god, since the theory he puts forth, taken from Graves, requires that whatever god is associated with the planet Mars and the day we now call Tuesday be connected with agricultural. But what would the semi-nomadic ass herding Thracians be doing with an agricultural deity as their chief god? Come now Sam. And because the name Rhea resembles the word rheos "stream" her son Zeus is to be connected with water??!! There is nothing that cannot be demonstrated using that kind of illogic, whence Graves and his ilk can prove whatever they wish.

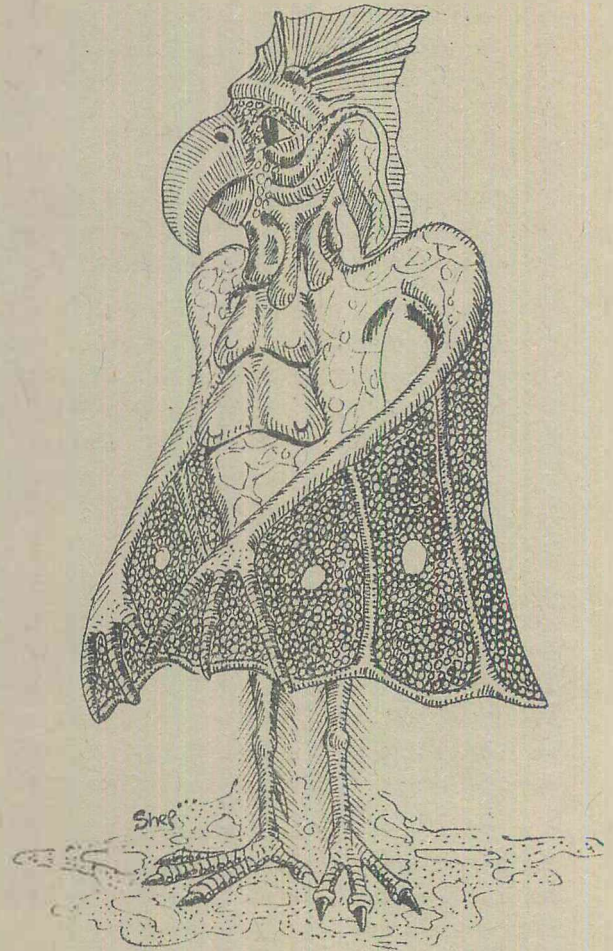
First let us look at Sam's errors, whether taken from Graves or other sources. It is nonsense to claim that Dionysus Sabazius was "correctly" identified by the ancients with Yahweh Sabaoth. Sabazius was a relatively minor fertility god, mainly connected with beer, and so identified with Dionysus the wine-god. We know nothing about what he was like before this connection was made. The identification with Yahweh seems to be made chiefly on the resemblance of the name Sabazius to Sabaoth and Sabaoth is just a perfectly normal plural Hebrew word meaning "Hosts". Some resemblance in ritual would have been enough to pin down this identification. The Greeks were always identifying their gods with those of other peoples on such flimsy grounds. El was the old father-god of the Canaanites (Phoenicians) and not connected with thunder in any way. The thunder-god was his nephew Ba'al Hadad, often simply called Ba'al "Lord". And no, Marduk did not fight "amorously" with Tiamet in any text that survives, nor is there a hint of such a thing.

The attempt to line up the Roman gods with the creation in seven days was weak enough. An attempt to do this with the Babylonian originals of the astrological system entirely fails. For Sunday we get the creation of light, which does fit with

with Shamash the sun-god. For Monday we get Sin the moon-god and the creation of heaven and separation of the waters. No close fit there. Tuesday is Nergal lord of the dead and god of the underworld, associated with the dry burning heat of midsummer and with plague. Hence in Phoenician myth was substituted the plague and war god Reshef, whose weapon was the bow. The most correct Greek counterpart would have been Apollo, who appears as a bow wielding plague god in the first book of the Iliad, but Apollo did not have the sinister aspects that were associated with the planet Mars, and so instead the god Ares was assigned to this planet and this day in Greek astrology. Nothing at all here fits with the creation of the Sea and the bringing forth of plants. Next comes Wednesday and the planet Mercury, identified by the Babylonians with Nabu the god of scribes, and by the Phoenicians with the Egyptian god Thoth whom they had adopted into their pantheon. The only connection that can be made with the creation of the sun, moon and stars, is that scribes did write astrological texts. Shamash the sun and lord of heaven, Sin the father of Shamash and Istar the brightest of planets, or Nergal connected with the burning midsummer sun would fit as well. The next planet is Jupiter, associated with Marduk, the king of the gods, in Babylonian myth, and with Ba'al Hadad in Phoenician tradition. Marduk was pictured as the conqueror of the Sea under the name Tiamet, and Hadad too is the subject of a tale which pits him against the rebel salt water god Yam. But that is a far cry from the creating of fish.

Friday and the planet Venus belongs to Ishtar the goddess of fertility, in Phoenicia known as Astarte. The creation of land animals and birds might be thought to be connected. Saturday, the Sabbath, goes to Saturn. In Babylonian astrology the god was Ninurta, connected with war and irrigation. Somehow, perhaps through ritual or the connection with irrigation, the Phoenicians replaced him with their god El, the nominal head of their pantheon, though Ba'al Hadad was generally acknowledged as the most powerful god. Hadad, the thunder-god, was of course identified with Zeus, and El with Cronos who had ruled before Zeus. El was identified by the Israelites with their Yahweh, and is one of the names translated as God in English versions of the Old Testament.

So there is no connection between the order of creation and the gods of the days, other than that Saturday, the day associated with El whom the Israelites identified with Yahweh, the holy day of the Israelite week, was placed last, at the climax of creation. As to the order of creation, it begins logically with the vast elements of light and earth and sea, and proceeds toward the climax, man, by logical steps. First the unliving things are created and placed in their proper places. Then plants appear, the living things nearest to the unliving (or so they appear). Then



come the heavenly bodies which move about and so have some sort of life, but are most distant from man. Next come fish, then birds, then animals, and then man. It is possible that a creation story could have been composed that would tie in with the astrological week, but this is not it.

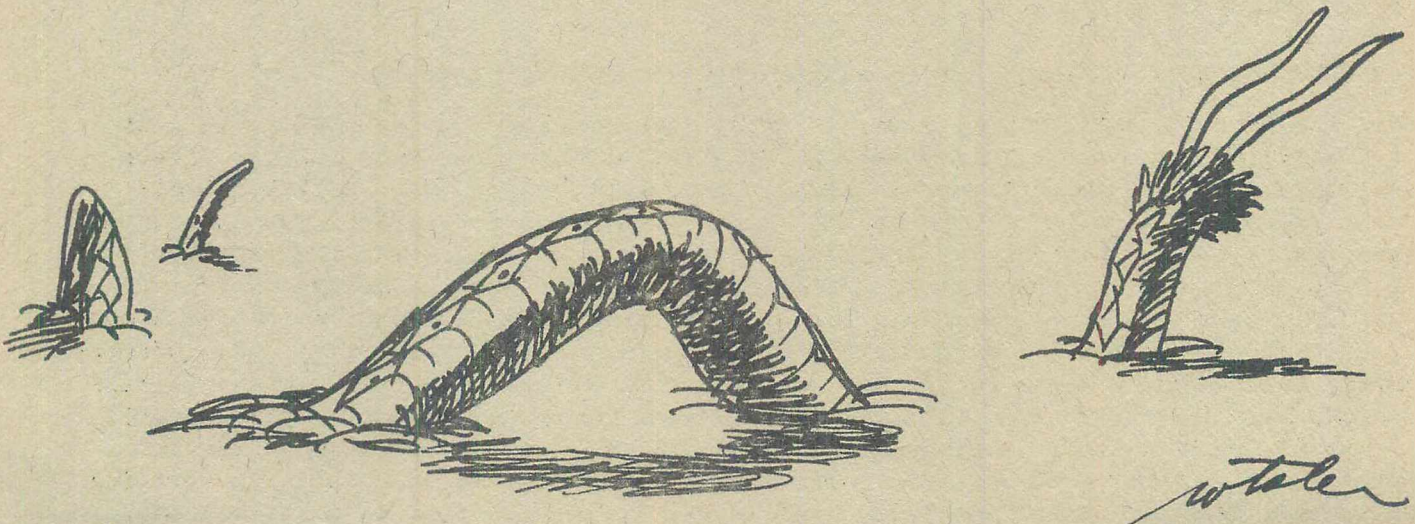
Where does Mae Strelkov get the idea that medieval man wanted to "be first next to God throughout the universe"? Some did no doubt, as some do today. But medieval man also believed in hierarchies of angels and devils and various powers about in the universe, many much higher than himself. Indeed, it seems to me that it is modern man who sets himself up above everything in the universe, turning nature into "natural resources" to be exploited, and thinking to reach and extend his grasp in time to the ends of the space. God is thrown out altogether.

The difference between medieval man and modern existential man is that the former dwelt in a universe in which he mattered. He did not necessarily matter more than other things, but to some extent the universe was created for him and it all meant something. That is what is gone now. We have gained, I think. But it is a stark and cold gain.

Also, Bruno did not get burned alive for believing that stars are suns with other worlds around them, although he did so believe. He was burned for trying to revive what he claimed was the original Egyptian sun-worship, and for practising witchcraft. He was none-the-less burned, and the Holy Roman Catholic Church is none-the-less guilty, but Bruno was no clear-eyed seeker of truth persecuted by those who would hide the truth, but rather one religious fanatic persecuted by other religious fanatics.

/Your move, Sam.../

/And thus ends the LoColumn of this special in-haste-for-BigMAC issue of SIMULACRUM. Some additional letters (writers to be mentioned on the next pages) will appear in SIM 3 in a special section devoted to reader comments on religion and related matters./



I ALSO HEARD FROM...

...a whole lot of nice people who sent LoCs that didn't make it into these pages, letters, fanzines, articles, artwork. Let's see if I can name you all and not forget anyone this time... if you sent something and you're not mentioned here, the Post Office did it.

1. PEOPLE WHOSE LETTERS WILL BE IN THE SIM 3 RELIGION FORUM:

Ed Connor, Tony Cvetko, Mark Sharpe, Wayne Hooks, D. Gary Grady, Harry Warner Jr., Carolyn C.D. Doyle, Stu Gilson, Susan Witts, K. Allen Bjorke, Jessica Amanda Salmonson, Will Norris.

2. PEOPLE WHOSE CONTRIBUTIONS I HAVE IN THE FILES WHO MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE WRITTEN SINCE:

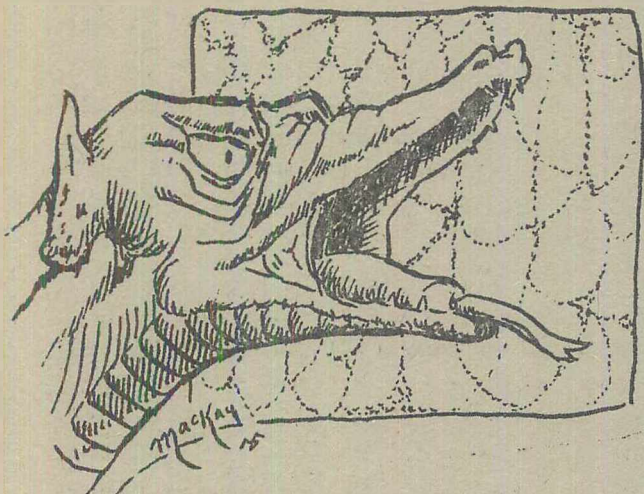
Doug Barbour (3), Ed Connor (3), Dave Jenrette (3), Wayne Hooks (3), Mike Carlson (3&4), Carolyn C.D. Doyle (3), Cy Chauvin (3), Jessica Amanda Salmonson (3), Jake Thomson (?), Ben P. Indick (4), Rich Bartucci (4), Donn D'Ammassa (4). (Numbers in brackets indicate the issue the article is slated for.)

3. ARTISTS WHOSE WORK I HAVE ON FILE:

Grant Canfield, James Shull, Taral Wayne MacDonald, David "Shep" Kirkbride, Barry Kent MacKay, Alan R. Jones, Bruce Townley, Al Sirois, Derek Carter, Phil Foglio, Bill Rotsler, Dave Jenrette, Sheryl Birkhead, Terry Jeeves, Harry Bell, Alexis Gilliland, Tim C. Marion, Stu Shiffman, Mike Bracken. Many thanks to all, and I'm still awaiting work by Randy Bathurst (hint, hint) scheduled for #3. And I nearly forgot two beautiful full-pagers by Stu Gilson, one of which will be forming the front cover for #3.

4. NOW, FINALLY, PROPER IAHF's...(from March 8 1976 to August 21, 1976)

Mae Strelkov (several times, always a joy); Sam Long (a card just before he left for England last March); Brian Earl Brown (various times, at length too); Alyson Abramowitz; Wayne Hooks (several times); Diane Drutowski; Grant Canfield; Skel; Donn Brazier (including a copy of the fanac comparisons for 1975--I was curious to see where I stood...); David Kirkbride (several times, always accompanied with lovely artwork); Al Fitzpatrick; Amanda Bankier (flyer about a delayed Watch); Al Sirois; Mike Bracken; Terry Whittier; Rich Bartucci (fat letters, too); Ned Brooks (about electrostencils); Mike Glicksohn (Long LoCs); Randy Reichardt; Jodie Offutt; Harry Bell (with artwork, very, very nice--I have always liked his stuff); Laurine White; Lan the Mad (George Laskowski Jr. in real persona); Robert Whitaker; Bill Brummer; Bruce Townley (including a lovely illo of a weirdly done-up volkswagen); Terry Jeeves (with artwork); Don D'Amassa (plus an article on doom-day novels for #4); Buck Coulson; Eric Bentcliffe (who agreed to agent for me in Britain); Don Ayres (several times); Susan Wood (mainly about the Women's Apa, but also other things); Tim C. Marion; Bill Bridget; Tony Cvetko; Eric G. Mayer; Roger Waddington;



Darroll and Rosemary Pardoe, (who will be coming to visit here in Toronto in October and also a phone call, my first trans-Atlantic!); Sheryl Birkhead; Ben Indick; Dave Piper; Paul Walker; Bruce Arthurs; Dave Romm; K. Allen Bjorke; Mark Sharpe (several times); Alan R. Jones; Linda & Ron Bushyager; Tom Walsh; Cy Chauvin; Barry Hunter; Eric Lindsay; Jim Allan; Alan L. Bostick; Gil Gaier; Jerry Pournelle; Jan Howard Finder (who gives names of some Dutch fan I could get in contact with...hope I have some time soon!); Graham Poole; Joseph M. Nicholas; Hank Heath; Harry Andruschak; Bud Webster; Dave Jenrette. Many thanks to all who wrote, either LoCs or letters... keep 'em coming; and I hope I'll have more time to write in the future.

PLUGOLA...

FANTHOLOGY '76...Taral Wayne MacDonald and I will be co-editing the FANTHOLOGY '76 next year, with publication by SUNCON. The editorial selection will be by both of us; Taral will be selecting as well the best fan art of the year and also will plan the layout and design of the zine. I will be doing technical production--typing, electrostencils, mimeography. This zine is still only in initial planning stages, but will probably turn out to be about the size of or larger than a typical SIMULACRUM genzine issue--sixty to eighty pages, and will probably sell for \$2.00 prepublication price. If you publish something you consider to be one of the year's best articles/pieces of artwork; remember that we can't include it if we don't see it, so please send us both copies--as Taral put it once, we're both possessive. And any back issues of zines one of or both of us haven't received would also be appreciated for the same reason. Work will probably begin in earnest on this project after MIDAMERICON, later on this year and early next, whenever we can fit it in around our own zines.

ELECTROSTENCIL SERVICE...I cut electrostencils at high resolution for fans at \$1.50 each, on Gestefax blanks, plus 50¢ for the whole lot for return postage. Please, no American cheques and no money orders below \$4.00--rather risk sending cash in the mail, as I lose a lot in cashing money orders. Preferably things-to-be-cut should be mailed to me in crush-proof mailing tubes, which I can use for return; however large (14" long) envelopes are also satisfactory provided you include some cardboard padding (corrugated is best and costs less to mail). If the completed stencil consists of many small illos to be cut apart, I generally cut the ends off and perhaps cut the entire stencil in two smaller pieces for ease of mailing--mention specifically if you do not want me to do this. Full-pager stencils are mailed folded over but intact. Paste-ups should be made on paper not larger than 8 x 13", although material can go right to the edges on this size; and art pieces should be glued down at one spot only (preferably on an edge) with rubber cement. Because of the curve of the drum on the machine, gluing down art at two spots can result in buckling and a bad cut. Also, since a plastic overlay sheet on the machine protects the paste-up sheet while the stencil is being cut, apparent looseness of the sheet does not matter. For precision of sensitivity settings on the machine and my desire to give you the best possible stencils, things are greatly helped if all illos of about the same darkness and line thickness are grouped together--don't put a fine-line detailed illo on the same page as something with a lot of black area. Pencil or blue pen will cut--but keep such things apart from black ink drawings. Likewise, coloured paper backgrounds will cut, but again should be kept separate from illos on white paper. Illos on excessively thick paper do not usually give good results--it is best to xerox them on the best Xerox machine you can find, and cut the stencils from the copies. (I do not have access to Xerox.) Service is usually rendered in two weeks if originals are sent to me first class; I return by first class mail.

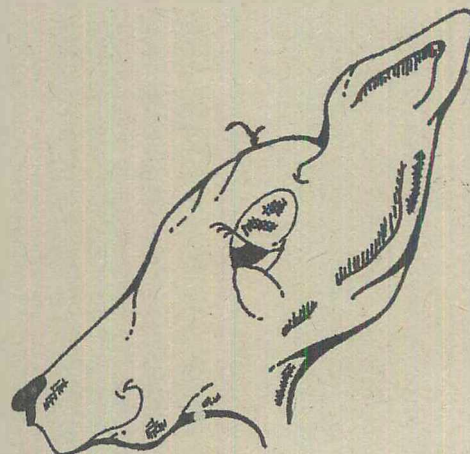
FANZINES RECEIVED as of 20 August, 1976.

ABBA ZABBA 777; AGAIN DANGEROUS CRUDZINES 3; ALGOL 26; AMOR 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10; ASH-WING 19; ASTRAL DIMENSIONS 2; AVENGING AARDVARK'S AERIE 7, 8; BACKSIDE 2; BEHIND THE RABBIT 2, 3, 4; BEYOND THE BARRIER 1; BLACK LITE 1; BLUE JAUNTE 1; BOOWATT 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; BROWNIAN MOTION 4; CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS 3; CHAO 19; CHECKPOINT 65; THE CY CHAUVIN MEMORIAL FANZINE; CYGNUS X-1 3; DFCFR 8; DIEHARD 8; DILEMMA 11, 12; DON-O-SAUR 45, 46; DRIFT 2; ECLIPSE 8,9; EFFEN ESSEF 3; ERED NIMRAIS 2, 3; FANHISTORICA 1; FAN'S ZINE 9; FANZINE FANATIQUE 16, 17/18, 19; FARRAGO 2; FIRST DEGREE 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; FLOCCIPAUCINIHIPILIFICATION 2; FUTURE RETROSPECTIVE 5; GEGENSCHNITT 26, 27, 28; THE GESTETNER OWNER'S BULLETIN 2, 3; GODLESS 12, 13; GRAND DELUSIONS 1; GRANFALLOON 20; THE GRIMLING BOSCH 5; GRYPHON 1; GUYING GYRE 5/6; THE HAG AND THE HUNGRY GOBLIN 1; HARBINGER 3; HILLESIAN FIELDS 6, 7; THE HAT GOES HOME; HOT-POT; HUNTING OF THE SNARK 4; IMPRESSIONS 2; INFERNO 11; IN THE SHADOW OF THE MONOLITH 54, 55, 56, 57, 58; IT COMES IN THE MAIL 20, 21, 22; JANUS 4; THE JOURNAL SUPPLEMENT 199,200; K 2, 3; KARASS 20, 21, 22, 23; KHATRU 3/4, 5; KNIGHTS 15, 16; KNOCKERS OF NEPTUNE 4; KRATOPHANY 8; LAN'S LANTERN 1, 2; LE VIOL ?; LOCUS 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190; LOG OF THE STARSHIP ANIARA; MAE STRELKOV TRIP REPORT; MAGNUS 7; MASTER OF JUNK FOOD; MAYA 10; MAYBE 43, 44, 46; M.O.U.S.E. THE SECOND; MORTIMER KRANKENBAUM: PRIVATE GUY; MOTA 15, 16, 17, 18; THE MUTANT 4; MYTHOLOGIES 8, 9; NAME; NEON LIGHTS FOREVER; NEW DIRECTIONS 25; NUTHIN' FANCY 1; ORYAN 3; THE OUTER LIMITS 3, 4; OV 3; OXYTOCIC 13; PABLO LENNIS 4; PANTEKHNION 2; PARADOX 2; PARENTHESIS 11, 12; PERSONAL NOTES 7; PHOSPHENE 4; PHOTRON 15; THE POINTED STAKE 4, 5, 6, 8; PROFANITY 11, 12; QUANTUM 2, 3; QUERIMONIOUS 6; RADIX 1, 2; RATS! 17; READ-OUT POETRY 4; REQUIEM 9, 10; RUNE 46, 47; SCINTILLATION 3-3; THE SF & F JOURNAL 86, 87; SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 17; SCIENTIFRICTION 5; SCOTTISHE 71; SELDON'S PLAN 38; SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES 2; SOOTLI 2; SOUTH OF THE MOON 12; SPACES 1; THE SPANG BLAH IV-2; THE SPANISH IMPOSITION; THE SPANISH INQUISITION 7/8; SPI 5; SPICY 2, 3; STARFIRE 7; STARLING 33; STARMINION 1, 2; STRANGE DYSTOPIAS 1, 2; STULTICEAE LAUS 5; SUPERFEIN 1; SWOON 2, 3, 4; TABEBUIAN 1-30 complete; THANGORODRIM 27; TITLE 49, 50, 51, 52, 53; UGLY DUCKLING 4; VERT 2; WARK 7; WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT 1, 2; WINDFALL PROPHET 1; WINDING NUMBERS 3, 4; THE WITCH AND THE CHAMELEON 5/6; WYKNOT 4; XENIUM 2.6; ZYMURGY j.

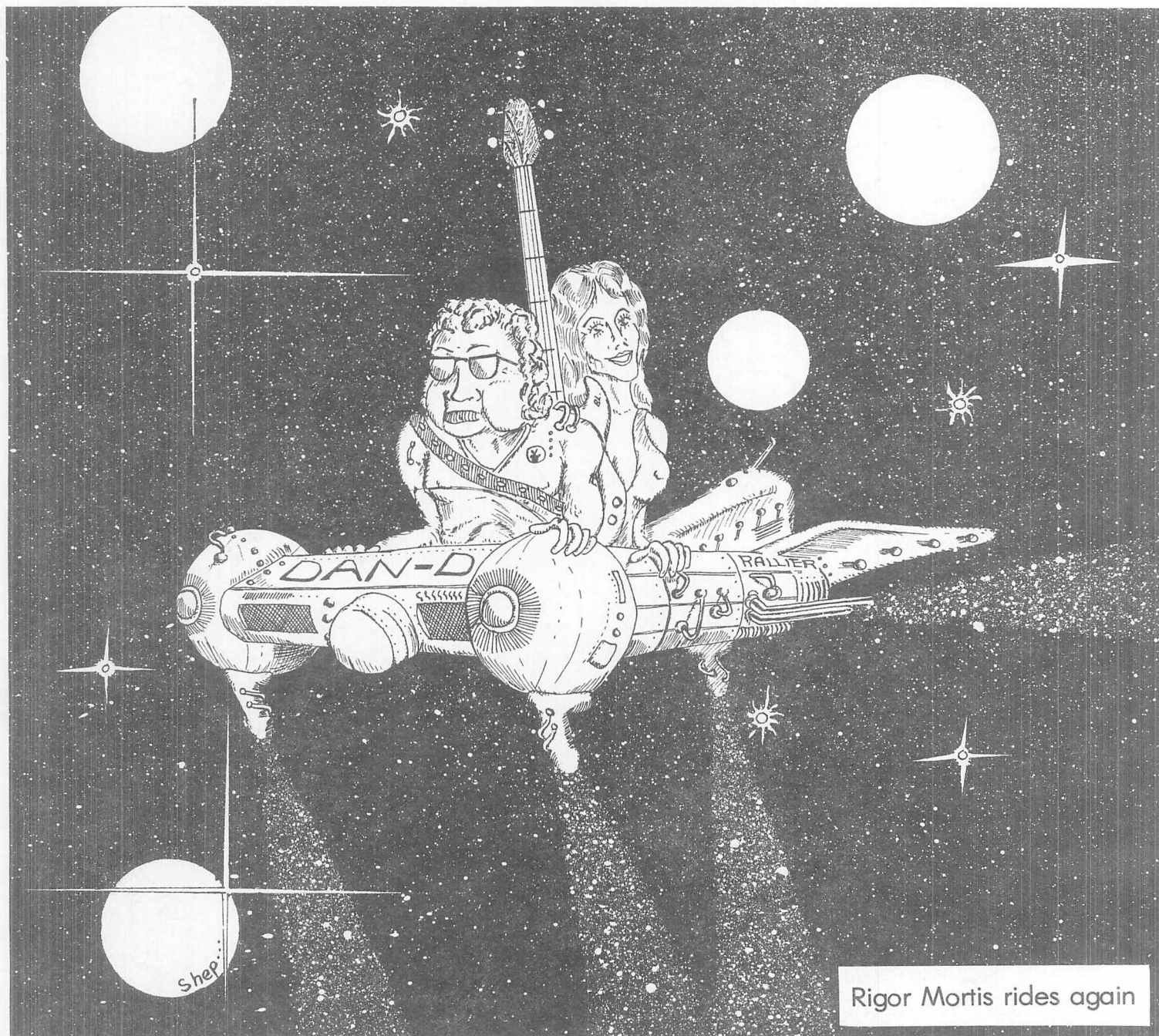
Thanks are due this time to Mike Glicksohn for various sorts of help, from house-sitting to taking the covers down to the printers to supplying free electrostencil blanks for my use, and probably other things I have forgotten to mention here.

Technical data on the production of this issue: Typewriter - Selectric II with Courier 12 and Courier 12 Italic & miscellaneous faces; Mimeo - Gestetner 466; Electrostencils - Electro-Rex 3S-4; Stencils - Gestetner 62-X; Paper - Fibretone mimeo from Walter's, obtained for me by Larry Downes and Brian Earl Brown with importing to Canada helped out by Bob Webber.

arf...?



Completed August 22, 1976



Rigor Mortis rides again