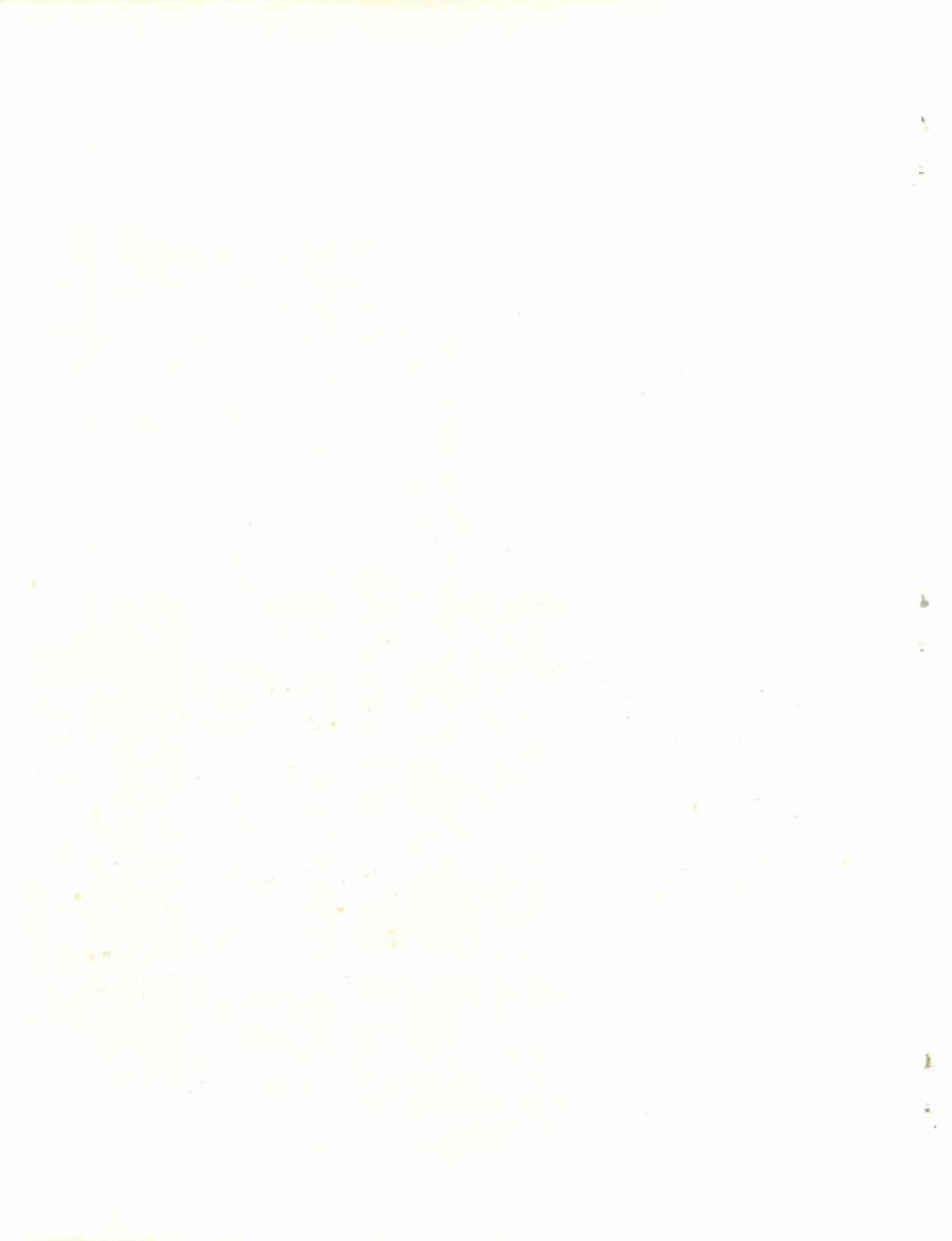


Simulacrum 3



simulacrum



SIMULACRUM 3

October 1976

Whole No. 6

Victoria Wayne
PO Box 156 ~ Stn D
Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8

A Vaynity Press Publication

SIMULACRUM IS PUBLISHED ON AN IRREGULAR BASIS AND THIS ISSUE LIKE ALL GENZINE ISSUES IS AVAILABLE FOR THE USUAL OR THE UNUSUAL (SEE POSTSCRIPT); UPON EDITOR'S WHIM; OR, VERY RELUCTANTLY, FOR \$2.50.

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TECHNICAL

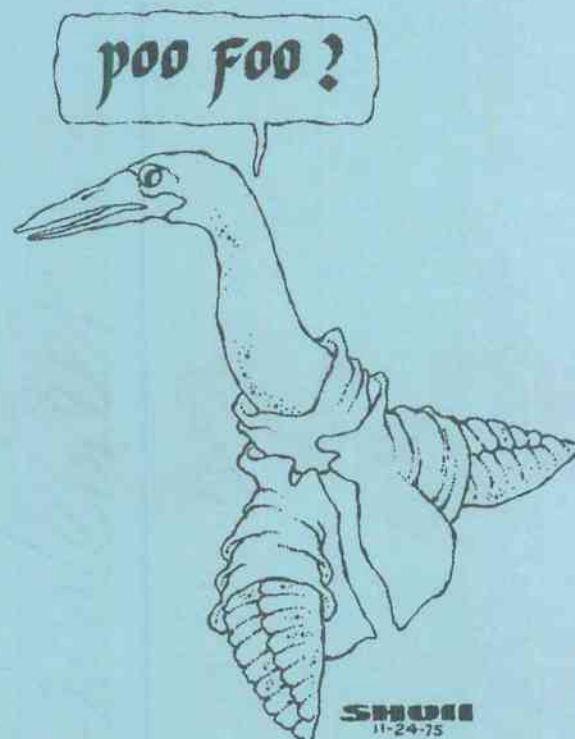
Typewriter - Selectric II dual pitch
Electrostenciller - Electro-Rex 3S-4
Mimeo - Gestetner 466

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This was to have been a cheerful, enthusiastic account of my trip to MIDAMERICON and what we saw on the way there and back. Instead, I have only a few impressions to convey and a lot of introspection.

The trip was a disaster. Nothing went wrong mechanically or financially, and there was only one case of sickness, but for personal reasons, it is something I would not care to repeat. It is not a pleasant thing when one finds out the hard way that people who were supposed friends turn out to be completely incompatible upon a couple of weeks' exposure.

There were good points. The first day out we reached Sudbury, a place of magnificent desolation, and saw a nickel mine, admittedly a phony mine maintained for tourists, but interesting nonetheless and a bit of experience underground. And the high point of the first day was that night, in Northern Ontario and away from any cities, when I had my first glimpse ever of the Milky Way. In Toronto as in any large city, the night sky is unimpressive and one gets accustomed to this. The night sky away from civilization is totally different--none of the constellations are recognizable because of the "noise level" of all the additional stars that come into view. The Milky Way is a hazy band across the sky, and that night, unusually clear, the dust lanes were remarkably visible. Northern Ontario is cold, and we did not come fully prepared, but had I been warmer I would have liked to just lie on the ground and stare and contemplate, without thought to the time passing, perhaps with suitable music playing to whet my thoughts. This is the sort of thing I can get a high from, and no drugs are needed.

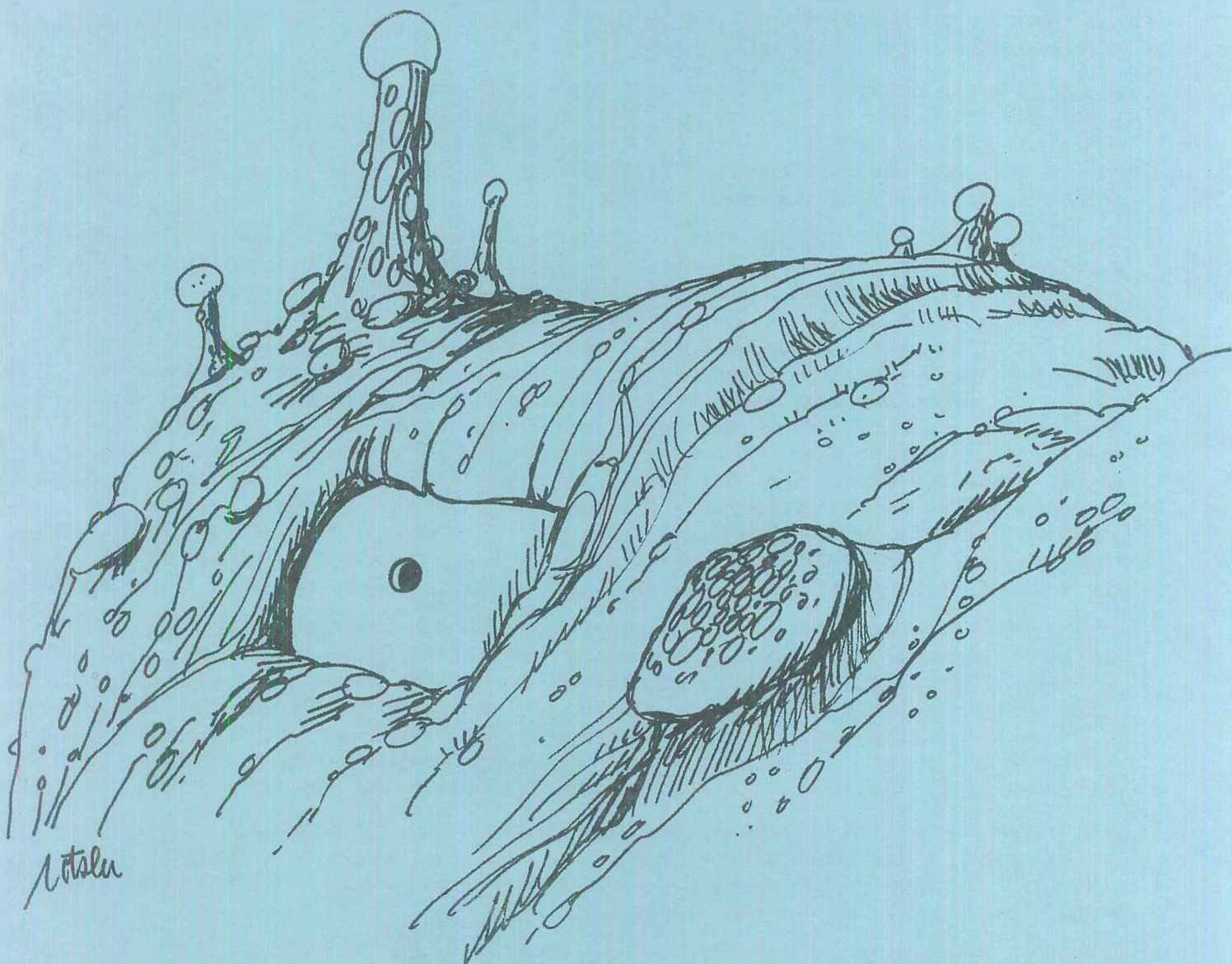
As I said, Northern Ontario is cold at night (although that first day was sweltering in Toronto) and we set up the tents with chilled fingers in near total darkness. Supper was eaten shivering inside one of the tents, and afterwards I found sleep would not come. I was sharing the tent with Bob Wilson, who had one of those space blankets along, so we soon got that out, and I at least was fairly comfortable for the rest of that night. The next morning we got a good look at where we were, a cold, tall, green and silent forest miles away from anywhere.

The second day showed us more of Northern Ontario, truly a beautiful country but lonely. What towns there are are small, and in them I would feel isolated. Onward still to Thunder Bay and there civilization began again. A little ways beyond that saw the border and Minnesota.

Eastern Minnesota near the border is also beautiful, and we camped not far further, again in darkness and cold. And the next morning Bob Wilson was sick, and after seeing a doctor, found it best to fly home right away, from Duluth.

From there on, Taral and Bob Webber and I continued the trip with just the three of us, and it is about there that the trouble began. There were still goodies ahead, but to me one of the main enjoyable factors about the whole thing, the people with me, was diminished.

A couple of days later, we reached the Badlands in South Dakota, after a long stretch of super highway that had billboards advertising Wall Drugs from two hundred miles distant. The Badlands are an awesome stretch of eroded countryside, with many strata of rock visible all at the same time, and fossils, and intriguing paths. But Taral and I have differing ideas on how to properly see such a place. I go for scenery, for different views of the landscape in different lighting conditions, with an eye to photographs. Taral likes to climb down into crevices and take his time in examining rocks and searching for fossils. He knows something about geology and I do not. In any event, I tended to be rather impatient with



the exploring in the main. The guys talked shop with each other quite a bit and it was about this time that I started to feel rather left out and tolerated along on the trip only because it was my car and mostly my driving.

We took a helicopter ride the next morning, seeing the Badlands from the air, an interesting but too short experience, and Taral's first time off the ground at all and my own first flight in a helicopter.

From there we decided to try to hotfoot it for Kansas City. It was Wednesday noon, a day before the con, and thinking it would take all day to get there, I pushed for a 24-hour drive. Toward the night hours I was admittedly anxious about getting there on time, being eager to see familiar and not-so-familiar fannish faces once again, and tempers in the car flared. We looked in vain for campgrounds when it became apparent that nobody was in any condition to drive, tried sleeping in the

car at a rest stop, and eventually ended up pitching the tent at a further rest stop. We were up at noon the next day, somewhat but not completely refreshed, and with tempers still edgy, and we did the home stretch of three hours into Kansas City.

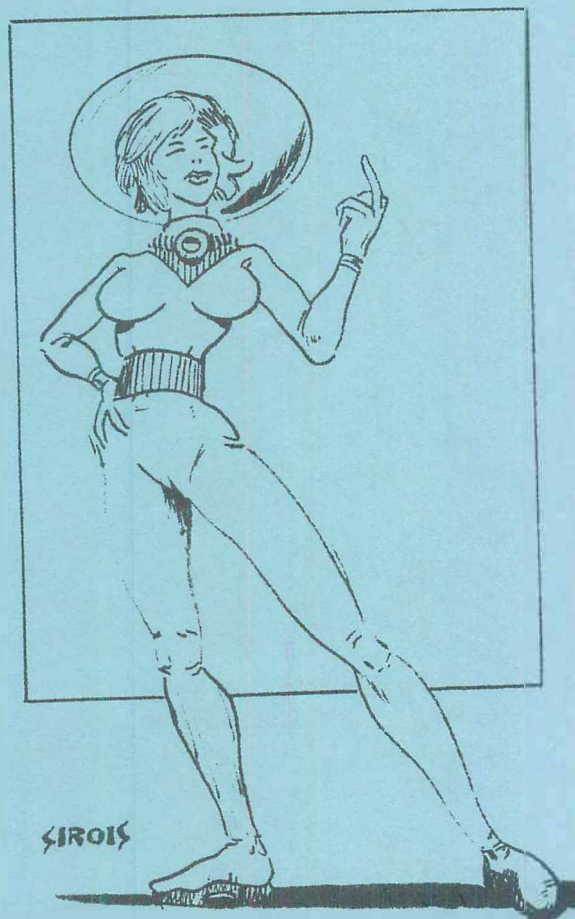
And the long-awaited MIDAMERICON. The Muehlebach was indeed not very large, as it had been described in a fanzine earlier, and the rooms also were not very large. We were sharing a triple, and with the third bed moved in, it was indeed miniscule. Right away after unloading our stuff into the room, I took a stack of SIM 2B's and went down to register and prowled. The lines at the registration desks varied in length--some were ridiculously long and others involved a wait for only two or three people. The program books were lavish and hardcovered and contained things I personally thought could well have been left out. Security was accomplished by having each con attendee wear a plastic hospital style arm-band, which soon became annoying and a thing to be fiddled with nervously. There was no supper for me that night, only chocolate bars, and various parties, which at this point I cannot distinguish from one another between rooms or nights.

I sat on my first ever panel at MIDAMERICON. Linda Bushyager chaired a panel on mimeo fanzine technology and rather than having everyone talk about the what, why and how of fanzines as did every such panel I'd been to before, the nitty gritty of mimeo production was gone into, with Jon Singer imitating a Gestetner, and everything from drawing on stencil to obtaining a mimeo to electrostencil paste-up was covered in depth. A good panel, perhaps made more interesting to me because I sat on it, but I think I would have found this good to go to as audience as well.

APA-50, which I joined recently, held a party and it was a nice opportunity to meet many of the members, as well as say a few words on the phone to Tony Cvetko, who couldn't make it to the con.

FLESH GORDON was shown, and I took the opportunity to see it again. But the version shown at the con was just as cut as had been the one I saw here in Toronto a year or so ago. Missouri apparently has even worse blue laws than Ontario.

The masquerade, for which one had to first stand in line for a long time to get tickets, and then for another long time to get in, was, I thought, too drawn-out. Some of the costumes were unusual enough, but a lot were very ordinary, and a little more weeding out beforehand would have done some good. At the intermission, a strip tease was presented, in my opinion out of place in a SF con, but not offensive, even though some people complained bitterly about it. I left after that to go partying.



The first three nights at the con, I went to bed relatively early, flaking out several hours before my usual five-six AM retiring time at cons. Camping and the strain of the trip had taken a lot out of me, and a big con like MAC, not surprisingly, tends to overload me as well. But I got up at a reasonable hour for me, to go prowling the huckster and art rooms in search of meetable faces. And I did get to talk to everybody who was there that I might have wanted to meet, pretty well, and from that standpoint I would regard the con as a success.

The Hugos were presented in what seemed to me to be a little unpractices a way--the winners were often not sure of which direction to go in after getting their award, and sometimes it seemed an envelope with a winner's name was misplaced. And Heinlein's speech after that was somewhat disappointing--too brief, and too unconnected. It would have been nice to have had a sensawonder speech all on one topic, in detail, from him. Black tie had been recommended by the committee for this function, and in the spirit of this, Taral had prepared a stack of printed black ties for people to cut out, which he distributed--too belatedly perhaps--after the presentation.

That night I stayed up late, having seen a tape of THE MIMEO MAN in Moshe Feder's party, prowled the entire hotel for other parties, and ultimately wound up in a small chocolate orgy in Moshe and Lise's room. (This wasn't as bad as it sounds --they had a can of Hershey's fudge topping for people to taste. Could Chocolate Woman resist?)

The last day of the con, although it began with personal friction between me and fellow travellers, ended pleasantly enough with a deluxe Kansas City steak dinner, eaten away from the hotel with such notables as Linda and Ron Bushyager, Eric Lindsay, Jeff May, Andy Porter and Brian Earl Brown. It was a good dinner, filling and with good conversation, but I did pass up a chocolate dessert.

That night there were a surprising number of dead dog parties, most of which I visited some time during the evening. There was a belly dancer at the party in the Phillips House, and chili at a party in the Muehlebach, and I understand Ken Keller got thrown into the pool. Later I told Alan Bostick and Dave Rowe hair-raising tales about Mike Glickson's Albatross (a neo who thinks he's Claude Degler's reincarnation) and watched Taral scavenge the empty Huckster and Artshow rooms and shatter plastic glasses in the elevator doors.

I went to bed early. The next day, up at noon, we checked out, said goodbye to the handful of people still remaining in the lobby, loaded the car, and set out. And it was there that the trouble really began. Not knowing how to get out of K.C., I got snarled at upon asking directions, naturally we got lost and side-tracked several times, and were only finally headed on the right road, to Hannibal. That day then passed peacefully enough, although the guys again did tend to talk to each other mostly and more or less leave me out of the conversation.

In Hannibal we saw the Mark Twain cave, which I thought was neat, and which Bob Wilson would have loved, but which Taral considered fairly ordinary. We camped underneath a bridge on the banks of the Mississippi, a noisy place, and the next morning saw the varicus Mark Twain museums and houses in Hannibal.

From there we decided to cut the trip short and go straight home. Little conversation took place, we reached Michigan that night, and the next day reached Toronto only a little later than supertime.

Some soul-searching conversation took place on that last leg. It was as evident to the others as it was to me that interpersonal relationships on the trip had



been less than totally successful--far from it, in fact--and I finally got to the truth about my relationship to that segment of Toronto fandom sometimes referred to as the Derelicts.

The others were put off on the trip by my moodiness and uptightness through much of it, because Taral was my closer friend of the two and I tended to give him the front seat more often, by the fact that I can't make as interesting conversation as them, by the fact that my objectives in seeing the sights on a trip are quite different from theirs. But this is merely symptomatic of deeper incompatibility.

I am told that I am in "Derelict" fandom chiefly by accident--because I happen to be living here, in this city, at this time, and am publishing a fanzine along with some other Toronto publishers. But I have long known that my opinions and ideas on a variety of subjects do not mesh with those of the others in the slightest. I am, as it were, in a completely different world from any of them, and while they are all individuals too, they are each of them closer to any of the others than they are to me.

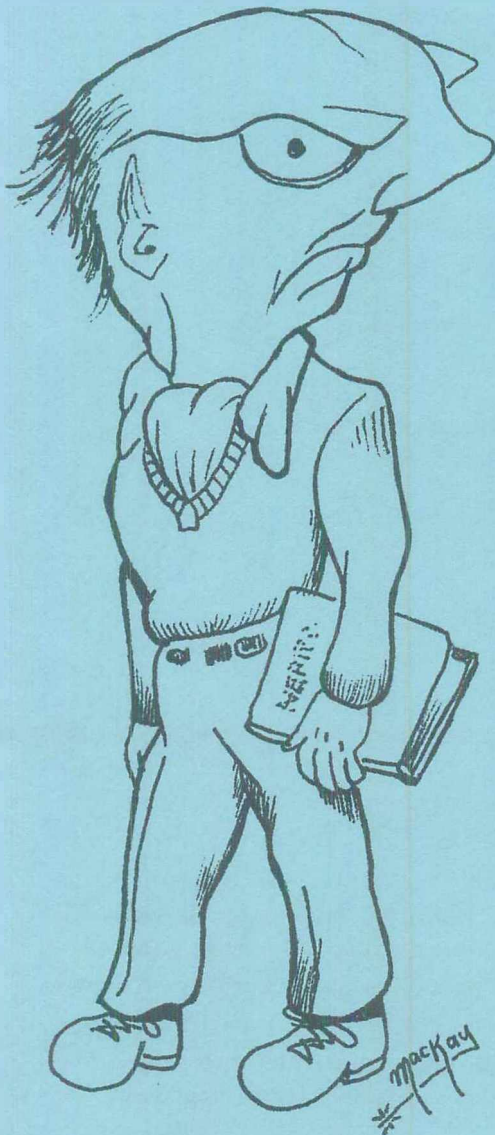
For example, authoritarianism and laws. I can see that laws affecting the individual only, in regards to matters that do not affect other people at all, are stupid--examples of these being the seatbelt law (seatbelts are mandatory for driver and all passengers in Ontario) or the marijuana laws. There are things that should be left up to individual decision, such as how and with whom to fuck and what to smoke/swallow/inject. I would be in agreement with the others of Toronto fandom in denouncing such laws--on the other hand, I would continue to obey them if there were the slightest chance of being caught. However, I do not see laws like these as threats to freedom, as do the others. And laws that legislate what I would do my my own will anyway I cannot see as impositions. And I am all in favour of laws that ensure that one person does not transgress the rights of another individual--the laws that impose penalties on thieves and murderers and rapists, the laws that pull drunken drivers off the roads, for example. And I am in favour of order-imposing regulations such as traffic rules that make for safe driving.

Toronto fandom is very down on cops, for having been stopped at the small hours of the morning during all-night rambles. They see this as an eroding of their freedom, I see this as a minor inconvenience with possibly beneficial motives. If routine spot-checks by cops do their bit to cut down on late-night criminal activity I am not going to complain if it delays me a bit.

Sometimes I feel the others are almost paranoid in their fear of authoritarianism and increase of government power. But me, while I dislike the idea of totalitarianism and tyrannic rule, do not see it as just around the corner the way some of the others do. It is not the kind of thing I worry about.

I have also been accused of being a racist. This I deny--while holding no great love for humankind as a whole, I do not feel I single out any specific racial or ethnic group for specific dislike. I will however admit to one thing, arising from the idea that people have a right to believe what they want, and that is to feel that the passive racist, the one who dislikes some race or group, but does so without actually hurting any member of this group, has the right to his feelings. Such passive dislike is seen as wrong by some of the members of Toronto fandom, who feel that even a person who holds, but does not act upon, racist ideas, should be talked to and made to see the error of his ways.

There is some contradiction in my belief (shared by the others) that anyone has the right to do whatever he or she wants provided it does not interfere with the rights of others, and my rather passive acceptance of laws and government restrictions. I can see merits in some of the proposed alternative systems, but at the same time I can see that due to human nature or other reasons, none of these systems will (for the foreseeable future, barring an extreme change in humankind) ever be feasible. I feel we're stuck with what we've got, and since I personally don't feel that greatly inconvenienced--at least not greatly screwed compared to the next person--I just grin and bear it. I am not interested enough nor energetic enough to knock myself out trying to change things. I have my own set of



interests, and as long as I am allowed to pursue these unmolested, I remain a faceless cypher in the crowd.

I'm told my attitudes are very common among the common hordes, be that as it may. Toronto fandom has something of a libertarian element, something of whose precise meaning I am not even sure, and while I can sympathize, and would be interested in hearing about this as a theoretical ideal, I try to live my own life in as practical and none-wave-making a fashion as possible.

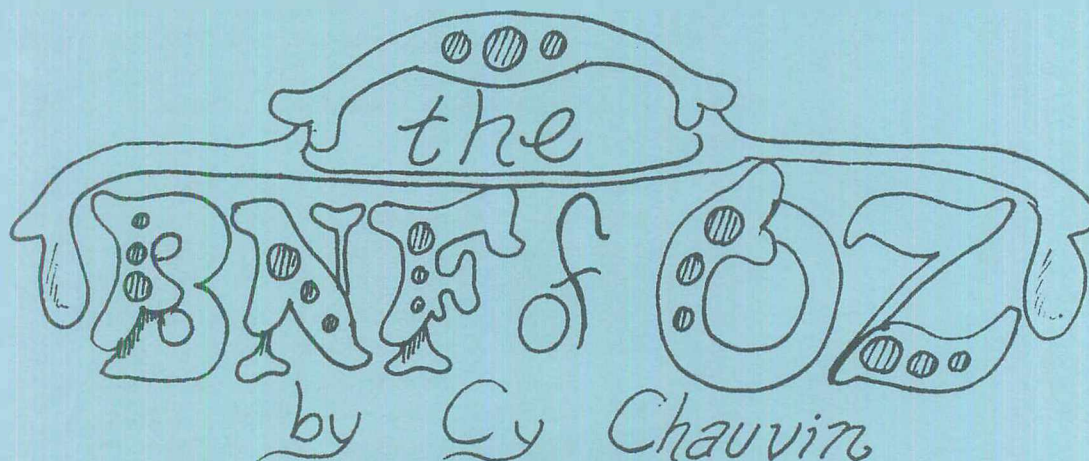
As I said, I do not fit in. My ideas are considered so fuggheaded by the other members of Toronto fandom (and possibly also by you, the readers, but I am trying to be completely honest about the type of person I am) that they, and I, feel uncomfortable with each other. I have not been willing to venture opinions for some time now, having generally regretted it when I tried, and most of my LoCs are now largely DNQ for fear of the Toronto people reading them later and lecturing me about my to them fuggheadedness.

I have for quite some time been feeling uncomfortable with the "Derelicts", both with the original small group and the now larger group the term has come to encompass. But I needed the company of other people rather badly, and even for a time tried to adopt their viewpoints as my own as a way of trying to fit in better. But it didn't work--I can't change the basic way I think and it was impossible anyway to hide my real views from that astute group. Now I think my best course is to detach myself from the group, pretty well completely.

I will probably move. My first choice would be the U.S., possibly along the Baltimore-Philadelphia corridor, in some smallish city there. Otherwise, Ottawa or Vancouver are distinct possibilities. I may even go back to school.

But I do feel I will have to get away from Toronto. Both for my own sake and the sake of local fandom I am best gone so that on the one hand I am not reminded of neat things I can no longer join in with, and that they are not burdened with the obligation of pretending to put up with someone who so blatantly does not belong. I am told there will be no regrets upon my leaving--I will have regrets, both for leaving a city I still like and for leaving people who were once good friends.

A number of people have told me that they could have predicted that the trip would not work out. But me, I have to learn the hard way, and I think I did. And maybe I should thank the local people for pointing out some truths about myself.



illustrated by Randy Bathurst

Dorothy Zeldes slowly dragged Typo, her little mimeo, back to her room in the Muehlebach Hotel. She was depressed: Typo failed to even place in the Best Repro (mimeo) contest, and then afterwards some Trekkie had come by and insulted her.

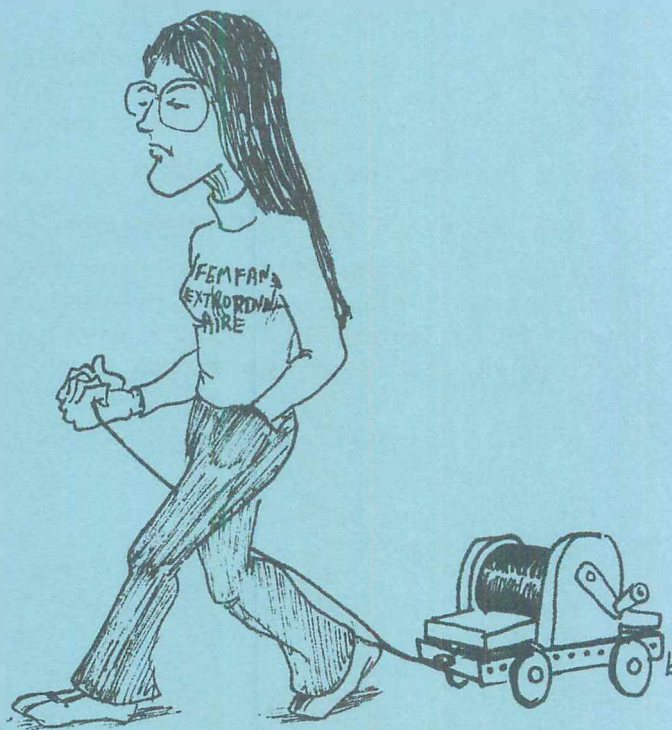
She opened the door to her room, where Diane Drutowski and Larry Downes were romping around on the bed, and Todd Bake was hunched up on the floor drawing.

"Typo didn't even place," said Dorothy, breaking into tears. "And then some shitass Trekkie came by and asked me why I was dragging 'this smelly old machine' around."

"There, there, now," said Diane. "You shouldn't get worked up over what are just the trappings of fandom. And what do Trekkies know, anyway?" Then she cleared everyone out of the room and put Dorothy to bed.

A few hours later, Dorothy got up and decided to get ready for the banquet. Fringe-fan warnings had been issued earlier in the day, and Dorothy thought she should get ready earlier. She got out her best green satin pantsuit, and then rubbed Typo down till he shined. "I still love you, even if no one else does," she said, kissing his paper feed tray.

Outside, it was even more difficult going than she expected. There were Ape freaks, Rhodanites, SCA broads, and all manner of Trekkies. She pushed her way toward



the elevators, but the corridor became more and more packed. Finally, she got to the small lobby by the elevators, packed against the wall, when the door to the service elevator suddenly opened, and she was shoved in. She fell onto the floor of the elevator, along with Typo, and hit her head. By the time she scrambled to her feet, the doors had already closed, and the elevator had begun to go up.

Dorothy watched the floors whizz by. 6-7-8-10-11. She felt very tired; had she forgotten to take her hyperfanac pill this morning? 20-21-22-23-24. Suddenly, she noticed that something strange was going on. The Muehlebach Hotel didn't have that many floors!!! The elevator kept going up and up. Finally, it slowed to a stop. The indicator light read: 70th Floor.

The doors opened. A long golden carpet stretched away, across the hall. Large windows in the background gave a view of a wide river and a sunny background. There was a sign on a bulletin board beside the elevator:

DETROIT PLAZA HOTEL

1982 World Science Fiction Convention
Now in progress

"Wow," said Dorothy. "I don't believe it! This must all be a dream."

Then she noticed there was some giggling in the background, behind some huge stacks of mimeo paper that were lying around. "heheheheh." She turned and saw a rather

young teenage fan crouched behind a chair. "Heheheh," another cackle from across the room, akin to the rumble of Mike Glycer's stomach after a good Ranquet. Finally, they came out of hiding.

"Hi! Welcome, to the special Neofan Room at DETENTION 2," said one of them, wearing a Bruce Townley T-shirt. "This is where all us youngfen go to have fun." He giggled again, and they all broke out in song.

"Where do you come from?" asked one fan, after they finished the song.

"I came from a hotel in Kansas," said Dorothy. "I don't know how I got here."

Suddenly, amid the din of the Star Trek theme song, a person materialized in the Neofan room. It was someone dressed up as Spock, with long ears and blue tights and uniform (though she didn't have the figure for it). She gave out a horrendous evil laugh, and everyone shrunk back.



"Oh, no," said one fan, "the Wicked Spock from the West Coast!"

"Come here, my pretty," the Spock said. Luckily, Dorothy happened to have a copy of the Star Trek Blueprints, which she threatened to tear in half if the Spock came any closer.

"You killed my sister," she said, pointing to the elevator, where a Captain Kirk uniform was crumpled up between the door and the floor. No doubt from downstairs, where she had (somehow) come from the Muehlebach Hotel.

Suddenly, out of the South, another figure materialized in the room. It was a Doctor McCoy! "Begone, Spock! We don't need you here!" And with one flick of her phaser, the Spock was gone.

"Who are you?" asked Dorothy, "and why did you save me?"

"I'm Paula, the Good Trekkie," said the McCoy, and as she smiled, Dorothy noticed her Re*Kwestcon T-shirt and her "Kalamazoo in 92" button.

"Good Trekkie, can you tell me any way I can get back to Kansas?" asked Dorothy, for already she was beginning to feel lonely for her friends.

"No, I can't, but the BNF of OZ might help you. He lives in the Emerald Ballroom. Here, take this to help guide and protect you on your way." And she handed Dorothy a beautiful red beanie, with three propellers, which glowed at night.

"But how do I get there?" asked Dorothy.

The Good Trekkie was already beginning to fade. "Follow the golden carpet," she said, "follow the golden carpet..."

The neofen all gathered around and wished her good luck. "Take care, we'll miss you."

And Dorothy and Typo began their long journey. They had to take the stairs, since that was the only way Dorothy could be sure of following the golden carpet without missing any ~~of the dangers~~ proper turnouts; besides, Dorothy was afraid of what might happen if she took an elevator down. She might end up at an earlier world-con--ghod!, maybe even one which she had attended herself, as a neofan. That she could never face.

Seventy floors was a long way, though. She hoped she could find the BNF of OZ before the end of the con.

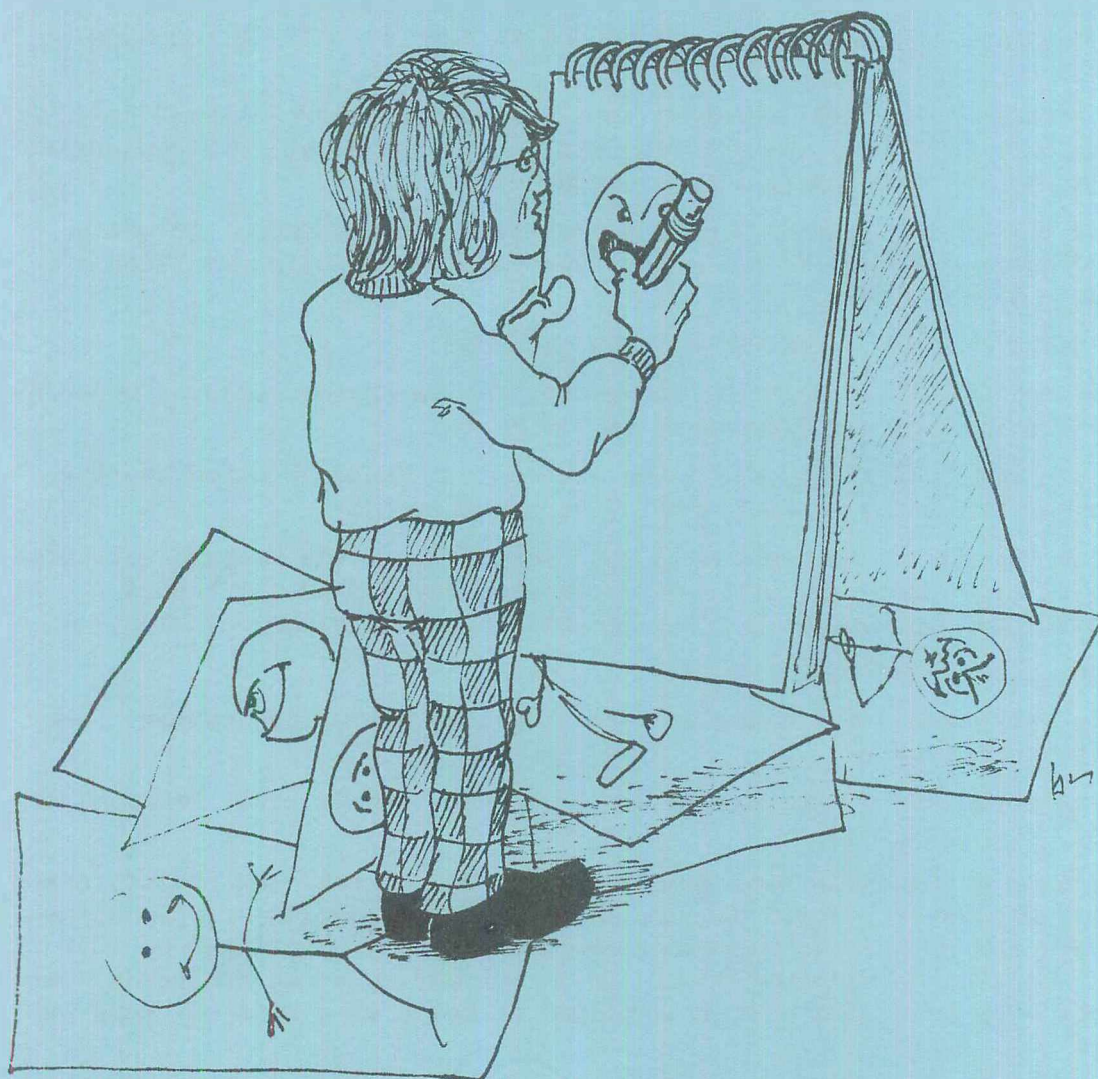
So she walked and walked and walked. Around the fiftieth floor she noticed a lone fan standing in a field of drawing paper, scribbling away. "Oh, I'm awful," he sobbed, still scribbling, "I can't even get published in crudzines."

"Hey, what's the matter?" said Dorothy, who hated to see fans cry. (Mundanes were another story.) "Why are you sitting all by yourself in this heap of drawing paper, Cartoonist?"

"I'm just no good," he said. "I can never get up the energy to send my drawings to a fanzine. I'm just not ambitious enough, I guess; I procrastinate endlessly. And whenever I draw at cons, Bruce Townley always comes along and says I'm plagiarizing his style."

"What style," Dorothy thought to herself. Then aloud, she said, "Why don't you come with me to the fabled Emerald Ballroom to see the BNF of OZ? Maybe he can give you stick-to-it-ness and a new pen and some fanzine addresses."

"Do you think so?"



"Sure! It can't hurt, can it?" So they started off together. The Cartoonist really liked Typo, and was fond of scratching the mimeo between his hand and the ink pad.

Walking down the way, they came to the CoA Cafeteria, and decided to stop in and eat. While waiting in line, who should come along but the Wicked Spock from the West Coast.

"Well, I've caught up with you, Dorothy," said the Spock, poking Dorothy in the ribs with her cardboard tri-corder. "Love your headgear. Do you wear this glowing thing at night because you can't find your way to the bathroom at night?" Then she caught sight of the Cartoonist. "Who's your ugly friend? I bet he couldn't draw a rubber tennis shoe."

She then grabbed the Cartoonist's drawing pen out of his hand and broke it, cackling gleefully as the ink spilled all over his shirt front. Then she went away.

Dorothy and the Cartoonist then sat down for some OZ soup (it was alphabet soup, only it had just the letters O through Z), and made plans for their journey. Then they noticed a thin young femmefan with purple spots on her hands standing bent over a ditto machine. One hand was holding a hamburger half lifted to her mouth, the other was on the handle of the machine; and she appeared to be frozen in that position.

"I wonder what happened to her?" said Dorothy. On a hunch, she took a small can of ditto fluid from her purse and held it under the girl's nose.

"Oooooooooooooohhhhhhh," said the femmefan. They rubbed some ditto fluid over her arms, back, legs and butt. "Ah, that feels good," she said. "I've been standing frozen like that so long...since the last FAPA mailing arrived. I was doing a zine and then ran out of fluid. Thank you for rescuing me." And she kissed them both.

"What's your name?" asked Dorothy.

"My name is Q, and I'm searching for the perfect fannish fanny."

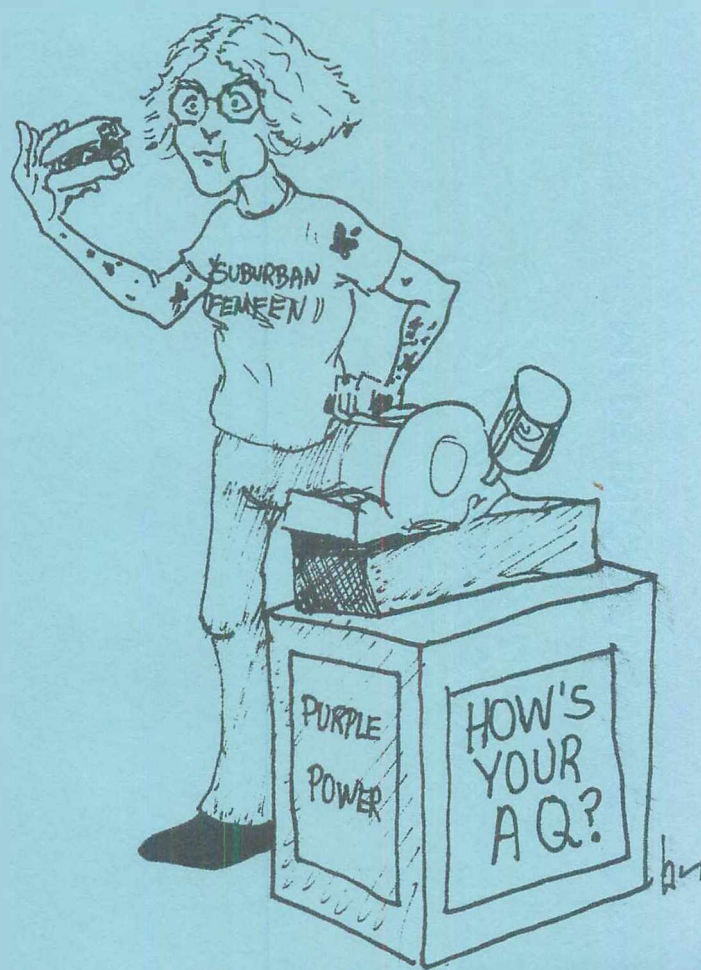
"Oh, you mean you want to win a Faan Award?" said Dorothy.

"No, I mean fanny, like in ass, the fleshy thing people sit on," said Q.

"Once I wanted a perfect male ass, but now I'm not particular, *sigh*. That's what I was running off for FAPA." And she handed Dorothy a copy of a zine called IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT AQ.

"Ah, do I--?" said the Cartoonist.

"Well," said Q, taking a quick survey, "no. Not firm enough. Oh dear. I



feel so depressed."

"Why don't you come with us to see the BNF of OZ in the Emerald Ballroom. Maybe he can help you," said Dorothy, eternally optimistic.

"Do you really think so? Goshwowboyohboy." And she packed up her ditto machine and began with them the long trek down the golden staircase, to the fabled ballroom. Q and the Cartoonist told Dorothy how fandom had changed in the intervening years.

"Spaciers" were now as common in fandom as "Trekkies" had been in previous years; they were fans of the TV program SPACE: 1999 which had become popular after the series had been cancelled, first in England and then in the United States. OUT-HOUSE, a pornographic fanzine printed on newsprint, was huckstered in every bathroom. (it was edited by Tom Reamy and Bill Bowers, and they got most of their material from the very same bathrooms in which they sold it). There were two versions of the NEOFAN'S GUIDE now; one was a thinly disguised sex manual. Dorothy also found out that the con was not run only by local Detroit fen, but by a fandom-wide Congress; elections were based on obscure data such as the number of functioning mimeographs and dittos in an area; the size of donations made to TAFF; and the alcohol content of the local bheer. It was all very confusing. The official chairperson of the con was merely a figurehead; and he (as Dorothy suspected all along) was the BNF of OZ, the secular and spiritual head of all fandom. Deviates from the true faith were sent by sea mail to England, then stapled to death.

Dorothy marveled at it all; my, how fandom had advanced since her time! She clutched Typo closer to her, and wondered if she would ever get back to Kansas.

A tall, blond nordic fellow with gun-metal colored glasses was over in the corner taking some fanzines out of a box. Dorothy looked at him, then blinked; he seemed strangely familiar. (She kept hoping to run into someone she knew at the con, but



no luck; all her old friends had gafiated, or so changed in looks she no longer recognized them.) She decided to walk over.

"Hi," she said. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm taking out some copies of a special Memorial Issue I produced for a fan who fell in front of a subway train on the way to work one day."

Dorothy got a look at his nametag, which was drawn by Brad Parks.

"Oh, so you're Ambitious F. Upstart," she said, recognizing the name from a zine Ambitious once did for CRAPA, the carbon paper reproduced apa. "I've always wanted to meet you."

"That's odd," said Ambitious, ignoring her. "I've always wanted to avoid you."

Dorothy broke into tears.

"There, there, I didn't mea it," he said. "It's just that I can't resist a good insult! That's my problem, I guess: I'm always throwing off cynical one-liners, insults and put-downs, never letting anyone get close and understand the real me. That's why I'm such an egomaniac...I'm sorry." He held Dorothy's head against his shoulder. "And that's the real reason I'm putting out this memorial fanzine --it's not really because I gave a shit about the fan who died, but because doing the zine has been a real ego trip." He flipped through the pages and Dorothy saw material by Rotsler, Glicksohn, Warner, Tucker, Brazier and Parks inside. "I really don't know what to do with my life any more."

"Well," said Dorothy at last, "maybe the BNF of OZ can help you; maybe he can give you some empathy and humility. I mean, what have you got to lose?"

"My virgin--" but then he stopped before completing the wisecrack; "Ok."

They rejoined Q and the Cartoonist and went on their way. At last they approached the Emerald Ballroom. They shivered in fear and anticipation (or was the air conditioning simply turned too high?). A hairy Dorsai with a bheer belly was standing at the door, and he handed them some sunglasses before he would let them enter.

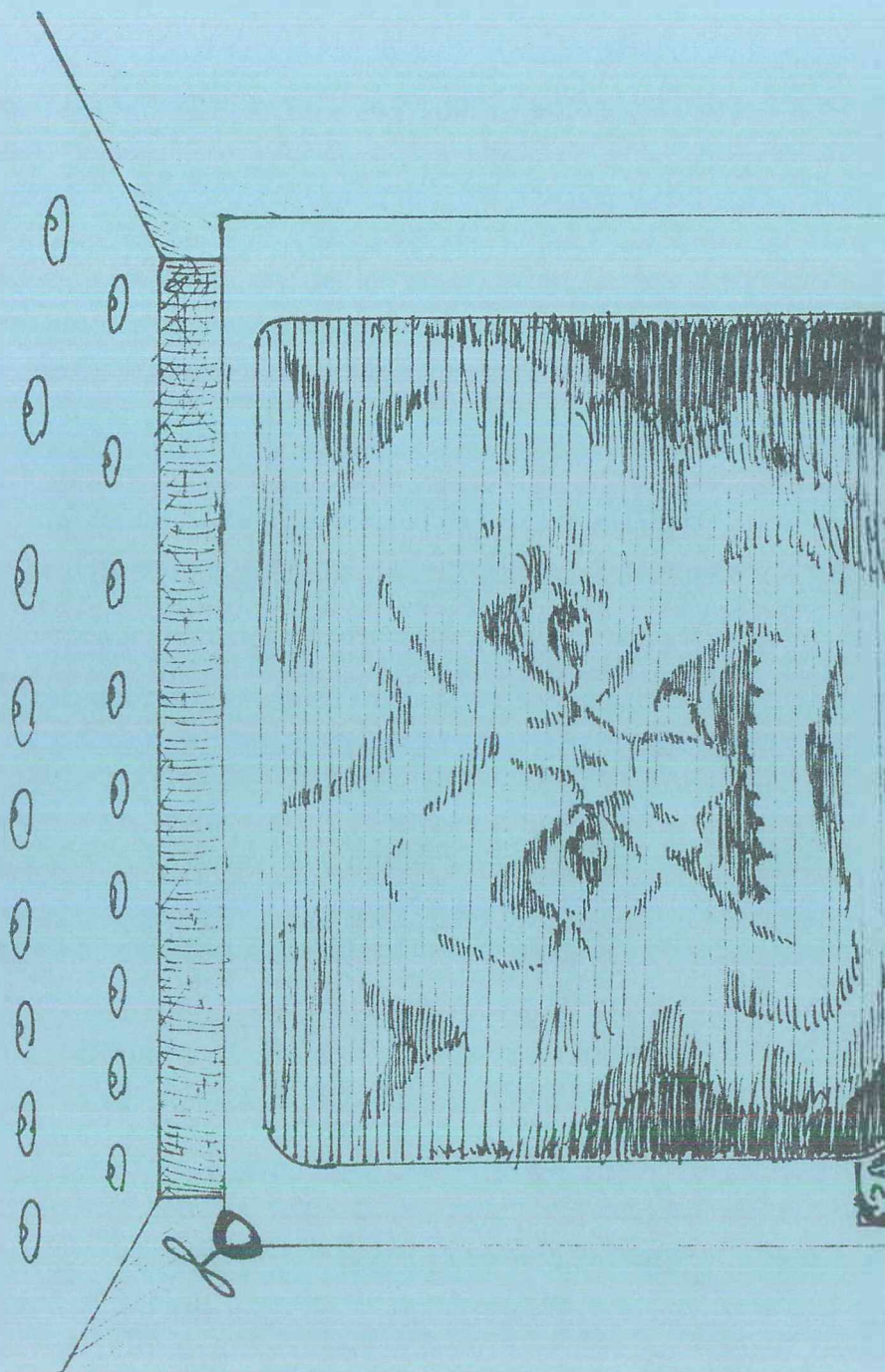
"The naked eye is not used to such faaannish splendor," he said, baaaing like a sheep. "I hope none of you are sercon," he added. "We roast sercon fans on a spit if we catch them talking about SF," he said grinning evilly.

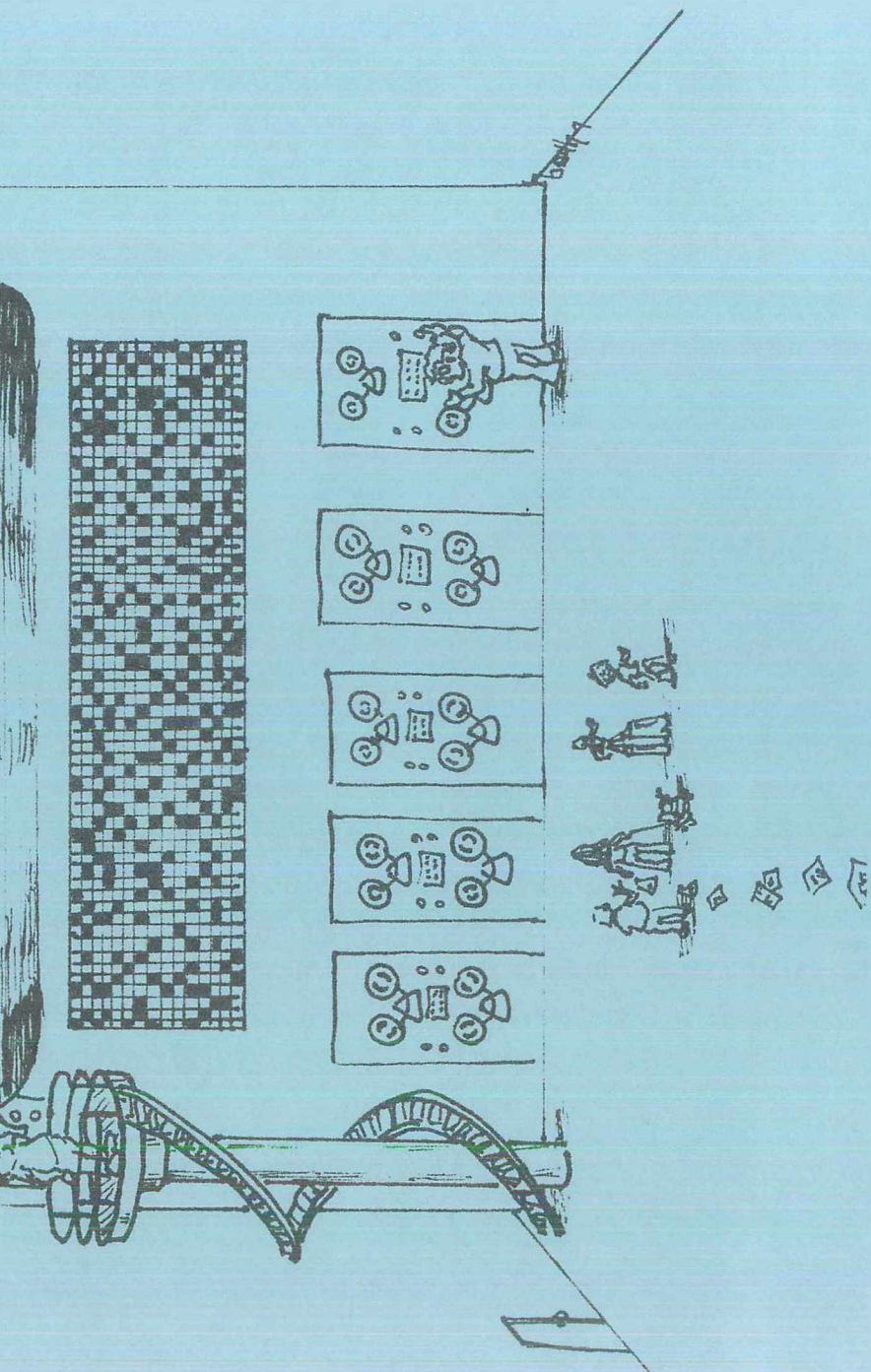
They finally got past the guard, went through the curtains--and there before them stood the BNF of OZ!

The machine was Huge, Wide and Tall, surpassing even the combined girths of Mike Glycer and Randy Bathurst. It was a Ballistic Nuclear Fulcrum, and there was a huge stack of fanzines and apa mailings standing on one side of it. A fan in red underwear was shovelling fmz in a hopper on the machine's side, and a scanning device flicked through the pages, "reading" the zine and storing an image in its brain. As soon as it finished reading, an ancient Smith-Corona attached by wire to its side clattered into action, typing LoCs on a continuous roll of butcher paper. Dorothy was aghast; to think that even machines could be fans in this advanced age!

A voice rang out from the machine: "Who comes before the BNF of OZ? Trufen or fringes?"

Getting up her nerve, Dorothy said, "Just four middle terrace fen, come to ask you





some minor favors, your BNFness."

"But how can I know that you are really trufen? You will have to let me examine you first," he said. Then the machine looked at Dorothy's mimeo, examined the Cartoonist's writing hand, put a measuring tape around Ambitious' swelled head, and took a close look at Q's behind. For a machine, it was unusually nosey. But you know machines, Dorothy thought; give them an inch and they want to change it into centimeters.

"I have decided to set you a task," said the machine, "in order that you may prove to me that you are trufen and not just hangers-on that go to worldcons for the booze, the sex, and the cheap parties." He paused for a moment. "Your task is this: you must cut off the ears of the Wicked Spock from the West Coast and bring them to me. Now be gone."

Feeling rather depressed, they sat in the lobby thinking. "

"Maybe we should just give up and gafiate," said the Cartoonist, whining.

"Oh, who's afraid of some dumb old Spock?" said Ambitious.

"Maybe it might even have a good fanny," piped up Q, who was glared at by the rest.

"What we need is some good serious and constructive action," said Dorothy. "Now I wonder where we can find the Spock?"

Just then, a familiar hackneyed tune drifted into the lobby from the film room. "Ah hah!" she said, and they ran over to the entrance.

Dorothy outlined the strategy. "We'll go in one by one, at ten minute intervals, to look for her. You'll go first, Cartoonist, and me, last."

So Dorothy stood by the entrance and watched the others go in. As her turn to stride into the film room finally arrived, she stumbled over a body near the entrance. It was the Cartoonist; apparently the strain had been too much, and he procrastinated till he fainted. Disguised, she strained her eyes, looking for the others. Q was walking up and down the aisles too, looking, but from the occasional pinch she gave to a handsome Trekkie, Dorothy could see that she wasn't looking for the Wicked Spock from the West Coast. She was also disturbed that Q could even be sexually attracted enough to a Trekkie to pinch them. It just wasn't fannish!, she thought. This, despite the fact that both Dorothy and Q had been Trekkies themselves at one time in the past.

But her biggest gasp of horror and disappointment came when she spotted Ambitious, just a few seats away, sitting talking with the Wicked Spock from the West Coast. Creeping up a little closer, she was able to hear what they were saying: "Yes, by appealing to the Trekkie masses, Ambitious, your fanzine should easily win a Hugo. Let me tell you about--"

Oh, that turncoat! Dorothy could see it was all up to her. Reaching deep into her purse, she got out a small can of ditto fluid and a huge pair of shears. She smeared, for good luck, some of the fluid on the shears, and then went into the row of seats behind the two.

Snip *Snip* and it was all over with; easier than cutting rose bushes. Ambitious looked at her in horror, his dreams of glory gone, blown away like old slip sheets thrown to the wind. The Wicked Spock from the West Coast was churning in her seat.

"Oooooooooooooohhhh," she whined, withering. "I'm becoming merely M*U*N*D*A*N*E now,

how could you ever do it to me..." And she faded away into the crowd, a little old grandmother who had just stayed up and watched too many TV shows, and found a way to act out her fantasies.

Taking the plastic ears in her hand, Dorothy walked up the aisle toward the entrance of the film room. Her little band slowly caught up behind her, and they entered the Emerald Ballroom together once again.

Only, the ballroom was deadly silent. Apparently, this was the last day of the convention. The huge machine was gone; only the ancient Smith-Corona sat in the corner on a shabby table. Dorothy sat down in a folding chair and started to cry. "Now I'll never get back to Kansas," she sobbed.

Q, ever curious and on the outlook for nicely shaped chunks of male flesh, noticed a small door ajar near one of the curtained entrances to the ballroom. A man was sleeping on a couch in the room, near a typewriter with a half-completed letter in it. Unable to resist herself (Q liked men with blue eyes) she pinched him.

"Aaahh," he groaned and woke up. "Hello," he said groggily. "My, you're cute. I haven't seen a neo in years."

For some reason, Q decided to motion the others into the room.

"What happened to the machine out there?" asked Q.

"Machine?" asked the man, slightly confused. "Oh, that, I remember it now. I erected it worldcons ago, because I was getting overwhelmed by the fanzines and the conventions--" he sighed. "I was getting very tired of doing and trying to be like what was expected of me--of tearing off the covers of my SF paperbacks and hiding them behind copies of KARASS--I got sick of fitting an image." Then he smiled. "But I suppose none of you know about that, or have heard of me." He paused. "Can I do anything for you, by the way?"

They all pushed Dorothy forward. "She's the one who needs help the most. She's lost!"

After the problem was explained, the man said, "I don't think you've jumped to a future worldcon, I think you've forgotten everything in between. A bump on the head, and seven years just vanished. But I have just the thing." And he pulled out a bottle of amber liquid.

He poured them both a small glass, and she quickly drank hers up. "Do you remember anything now?" he asked her. "No? Well, try another glass." After she emptied that, he asked her again. "Remember now?" Still her answer was no; so he poured her a third glass. "Well, my dear, the third glass is always lucky. Any memory yet?"

"No," replied Dorothy, "only now it doesn't matter!"

Then she fell into his arms, and they lived happily--and Smmmmooooooooothly--ever after. And Typo too.

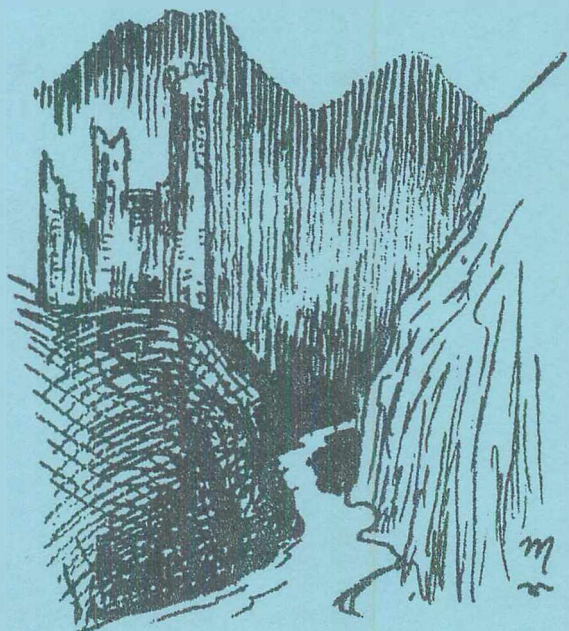
THE BNF OF OZ by Cy Chauvin

is reprinted from
GREEN CHEESE 4, 5 & 6

originally distributed through MISHAP

*A Poem
from the Edge of Time
to the Days that Pass*

Doug Barbour



THE MARTYROLOGY, Books I and II.

By bp Nichol.

The Coach House Press, 1972, 2 volumes,
\$6.00. (401 Huron St., Toronto 181,
Ontario, Canada.)

There has been little if any recent poetry that could be called SF. Among the many and varied reasons for this is the fact that most SF writers couldn't even write good prose let alone poetry. I am talking here, of course, of true poetry, not the often execrable verse, out of Kipling on Damon Runyon and the like, that has occasionally turned up in the magazines and various stories. Lately, some writers within the field, like Disch, Le Guin, Sallis, Delany and Hacker, have written some striking lyrics (often within their fictions).

These are writers who have an awareness of style, a knowledge of verbal grace, a sense of vocation in literary craft. Disch has published a book of poems, Hacker will soon. Now what these writers have recognized (as have such Canadian poets as Eli Mandel (in *STONY PLAIN*) and John Newlove (in *LIES*)) is that SF has provided writers with a whole new set of images and metaphors; the images and metaphors of space/time (as Alexei and Cory Panshin point out in *THE WORLD BEYOND THE HILL*) and of futuristic technology, which can be used optimistically or pessimistically, but which definitely "speak" to a growing contemporary audience. Many of these writers are young, and they have grown up in the Space Age with Sputnik, Apollo and SF as natural parts of their imaginative environment. As a result I suspect we shall find the images and metaphors of SF in much more poetry in the future.

One of the best young Canadian poets, bp Nichol, an experimental poet of real genius who has worked in sound poetry, concrete poetry, and trad poetry (as he calls it), has written, in *THE MARTYROLOGY*, a major work which also happens to be speculative fantasy (to borrow Alexei Panshin's term) of the highest order.

the strange distorted faces of
the intergalactic crowds.

i'm holding my hat in my hand
standing awkwardly at the entrance to their shrine
wishing i were near you.

were they like us? i don't know
how did they die & how did the legend grow?

(a long time ago i thot i knew how this poem would go, how the
figures of the saints would emerge, now it's covered over by
my urge to write you what lines i can. the sun is dying. i've
heard them say it will go nova before the year's end. i wanted
to send you this letter (this poem) but now it's too late to
say anything, too early to have anything to send.)

i wish i could scream your name & you could hear me
out there somewhere where our lives are

we have moved beyond belief
into a moon that is no longer there

i used to love you (i think)
used to believe in the things i do
now all is useless repetition
my arms ache from not holding you

the winds blow unfeelingly across your face
& the space between us
is as long as my arm is not

the language i write is no longer spoken

my hands turn the words
clumsily

This lovely SF tale sets up a specifically SF dimension for all that follows, effectively distancing the whole work by placing it all, including details of the poet's life, within the "fictional" historical parameters of *THE CHRONICLE*. Although it is never referred to directly throughout the rest of the work, it has done its job, and the whole poem continues to make effective use of the images and metaphors of SF and fantasy, as well as many other kinds.

The work proper begins with a section titled "The Martyrology of Saint And". Among other things, this contains the straightforward story of Saint And's life in a circus. He's left "cloudtown" for "clowntown". "Scenes from the Lives of the Saints" follows. Here "fiction" and "fact" meet in a variety of ways, as the writer speaks of and to the saints, and begins to enter the poem himself. But all this is controlled by the original "fiction" set up by *THE CHRONICLES*; within its terms, everything is "past history", merely a writing out of some deep past, and thus it is all mere "fiction", something to be read and enjoyed on its own terms. Thus the "writer" within the work ("bp" for convenience's sake) says, "this is the real world you saints could never exist in" as he counterpoints scenes from his own life to scenes from their lives, yet later he will come to see them as very "real" indeed, and within the work as a whole, it all exists together, is all of equal importance and value. In this section specific reference to such contemporary myth figures as Dick Tracy and Sam, and Emma Peel, is made, and again counterpointed

to the saints' lives.

But bp Nichol is after more than a mere story in this huge poem, and thus further perspectives are opened up, within the total fiction but reaching out from it to engage our imaginations on other levels:

suddenly it makes sense. is it the poem that makes us dense?
or simply writing, the act of ordering
the other mind

blinding us
to the greater vision

what's a
poem like you doing in a
poem like this?

(my italics)

This excerpt, referring to Saint Reat's great love Saint Agnes, provides one of the first insights into the saints' functions in Nichol's vision: they are language itself, parts of the grand poem, to be consulted, prayed to, learned from, loved. And to be written about. But at the same time they are the way of mythologising his own total experience, giving narrative/fictional meaning to his sense of language and poetry do. And they mean almost too much, such is his devotion to/knowledge of/ them: "all these myths confuse me".

The next section of the poem, "The Sorrows of Saint Orm", brings in a new level of personal history on the poet's part, and yet clearly refers back to earlier sections through its imagery and narrative. Thus a context *within the poem* has been created for all the personal revelations to follow, and a counterpoint between "bp's" personal life and the personal lives of the saints is inaugurated. Nichol's brilliant use of short prose excerpts from the various "books" of the saints is very important structurally throughout. Within the fictional context of the counterpointed stories a number of other kinds of statement are possible as well, and Nichol fully exploits the freedom he has discovered in his form. Thus he warns us against too full an acceptance of the poem's "facts" as truth: "except we write in terms of passed moments / instances of unperceived truth / ruthless working of the mind's ignorance / against us". But such warnings work within the whole to testify to the deeper truth of the myth, and the belief in language that the poem by its very existence celebrates. Every line of these two volumes complicates, makes more multiplex, the whole, thus enlarging the total experience of the poem. (Although one can point to some sections as obviously weaker poetically than others, the general level of craftsmanship is very high, and on the whole, Nichol's control of rhythm and rhyme has never been better: these poems sing, almost continuously.)

"Saint Reat and the Four Winds of the World" follows, with a number of insights into love and sex, and their relation to creativity. This is mostly done through St. Reat, but information concerning all the saints follows. One aspect of the original "fiction" that is very useful to the writer emerges in the numerous poems which are addressed to the saints. There are also poems in which various saints speak, and numerous "songs" by both saints and "bp". The poem allows for so many possible voices, so many different kinds of "documentation". At the end of this section, for example, "bp" tells of his first encounter with the saints as a child, indicating why he has become a poet.

The second volume opens with "The Book of Common Prayer" in which the possible disappearance of the saints is first suggested. Book II, as a whole, is a darker work than Book I; it is a test of the poet's faith (in the saints, in poetry), and

parallels the dark night of the soul that is mandatory in so many mystic writings: "held in this room i'm sitting writing to you // prayers // as if you were there & heard me".

"Clouds", which follows, documents the ancient history of the saints, and their original migration from "cloud town" to earth: "surely when they fell / it was into grace". The various glimpses of the saints' careers, the selections from different "documents" are revelations of a large and complex "sub-creation" on Nichol's part. In some ways, the very fragmentedness of the documentation tends



to create for it a powerful "reality". The migrations of all the saints are a first loss, despite the various gains going to earth represent. But "bp" also expresses "loss" here: "began this poem in sureness / now the truth's obscure behind the body's veil // it is that sense impossible becomes the poetry / shields me from the i within the lie".

"Auguries" represents a partial return to hope: "these are those other mysteries / not the false veils i chose to hide behind". The sense of mystery attached to the numinous in these poems is of major importance: poetry (or its language) is the numinous to Nichol: thus the saints. In "Auguries" the counterpoint between "bp's" life and the lives of the saints is greatly extended: statements to them that are also statements about them, questions, searches for meaning, and a theology of saints based partly on their disappearance, all appear. "there is a dream in which the quests intertwine": it is the poem in which both histories participate. If there is any flaccid verse in *THE MARTYROLOGY* it is in "Auguries" and perhaps a few paragraphs of the next section, "Sons and Divinations", in both of which the need to explain, and the "form" such "explanations" must take, might have distated deliberately "unpoetic" lines.

In "Sons and Divinations" "bp" speaks of art and artists, Plake's Canada, Joyce and Stein, the "magic" of their artistry, and then proceeds to proclaim the saints' ultimate reality in terms which fully participate in the poem's existence before us:

back then perhaps yes that was the time
i know the saints were real & lived on earth
as i saw in a flash
the entire work as i have written it illuminated
given from the dream world half remembered

"bp" knows the saints are "real", yet sees them so within the poem; thus we can go as far with him as we wish, need to go no farther, yet still will be able to accept the "truth" of "the poem become the life work / a hymn". A hymn in the midst of despair, too, for we are all lost in the language lost in this time; which is why poets now (as always) fulfill such a profound function in our lives.

The next part of this section is a study of history: the fathers we fail, and destroy. In a beautiful "fasting sequence" a certain serenity is achieved beneath the stars whose patterns have remained the same throughout history even as they have shifted together across the skies. And a wider world takes over "bp's" "world", the saints enter the true heavens (not cloud town), the star systems, the fabric of the universe itself, that great poem. "saint rand stranded in that strange place / how would you call it / 'a problem of resolution'? / as tho the 'i' the writer of these poems / controlled your destiny": but it isn't so, not within the larger fiction of the work as a whole: there the saints are as real as "bp": "i know only your story comes to me in sections / i have no control".

Finally this section moves to a confrontation with basic human fears, especially those of the other and death, and then it moves beyond: "it is not the mystery that deepens / it is the sense of awe". With the burial that begins "Friends as Footnotes" and the last fear, the fear of death, faced, all the "lies seem useless time-wasting". Yet the saints remain: "we meet death / it is unexpected // you saints these poems are prayers / i don't give a fuck for your history".

"always you are conscious the world is not encompassed / only the words you trust to take you thru to what place you don't know" can be turned to, and the saints,

the words ("speech // each to / each") are necessary, desperately needed, and yet not always there, though you love them, love them like you love your women/men:

today the words flow
links form no awareness of the letters
move as blocks piling up
the poem compared to everything it isn't
being always what it is saint and
a conversation

is that love?

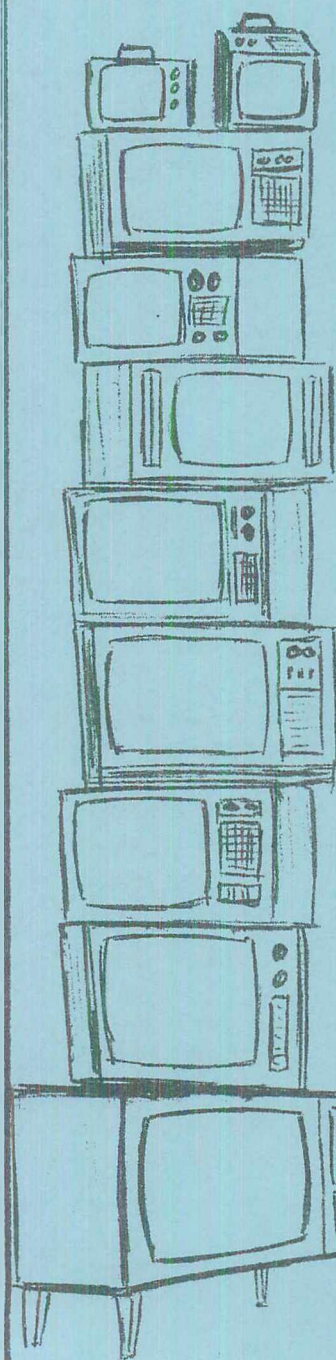
Finally "bp" dreams they are dead and wakes up "not knowing what to do". Yet he moves, and the poem moves with him, to the recognition that "language" 'is' not 'was': the poem must create the now in which it happens. And this recognition arrives even as the saints depart. So the final poems of the final section of Book II are passionate affirmations of speech in the face of the negation of language their "deaths" (disappearance) represents to "bp" in "the fantasy that is north america", a place in the total fiction of *THE MARTYROLOGY* as much as a place we live in. These final poems are exquisite expressions of suffering and loss, finishing with the powerful chant of "they are dead dead dead / & i'm lonely father / father i am lonely / lonely father / i am". And yet a short postscript suggests the poem will go on, thus holding out, within the work, the possibility of further poems.

The existence of Book III is proof that the saints had not "died", though living through their "disappearance" is awefull for "bp". But even without its existence, only a superficial reading could find Books I and II to be "a pathetic acknowledgment of the loss of poetic inspiration" as one reviewer put it. Rather, the very density of the poetry, the multiplexity of meaning emerging from it, definitely render a celebration, even in the teeth of despair, of the ultimate power of poetry/ of language/ to sustain us as humans in all ages. "To the poet", says David Aylward in his Afterword, "every word in the language is a saint who continually intervenes between him and the world of sense" and he must wrestle with them, track them down, and finally get them to enter the landscape of his poems, where a continual exploration is always occurring. bp Nichol has done this, creating an incredibly rich mythic landscape for his explorations of experience in which we can join him on a journey which just might take us out of, and thus newly into, ourselves.

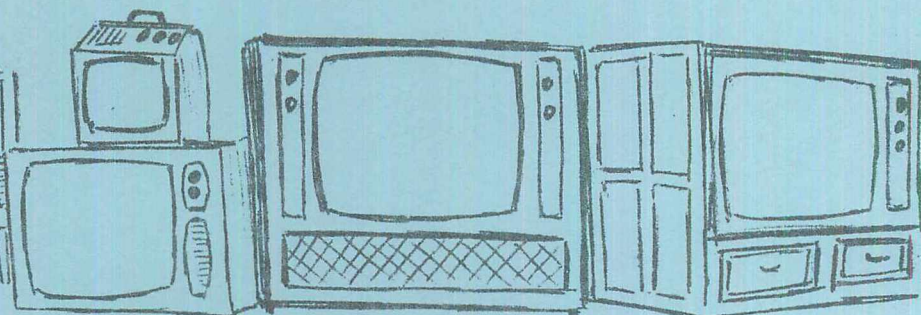
I haven't even begun to do justice to the multiplex profundity of this poem, nor have I been able to do more than barely indicate its purely poetic riches. Nichol handles rhythm and rhyme with consummate craft: I have heard him read the whole poem and it truly sings. My purpose here, however, has been to alert those members of the SF reading public who are interested in its literary potential of a major poem which definitely fits within my definition of SF. That Coach House Press has created a book of great beauty is merely one further reason for ordering *THE MARTYROLOGY* for your permanent library.

Currently *THE MARTYROLOGY* is out of print, but until the reissue in 1977, there are probably some copies to be found in stores still and in second-hand bookstores. American readers can probably best order the new edition when it comes out.

the evil eye

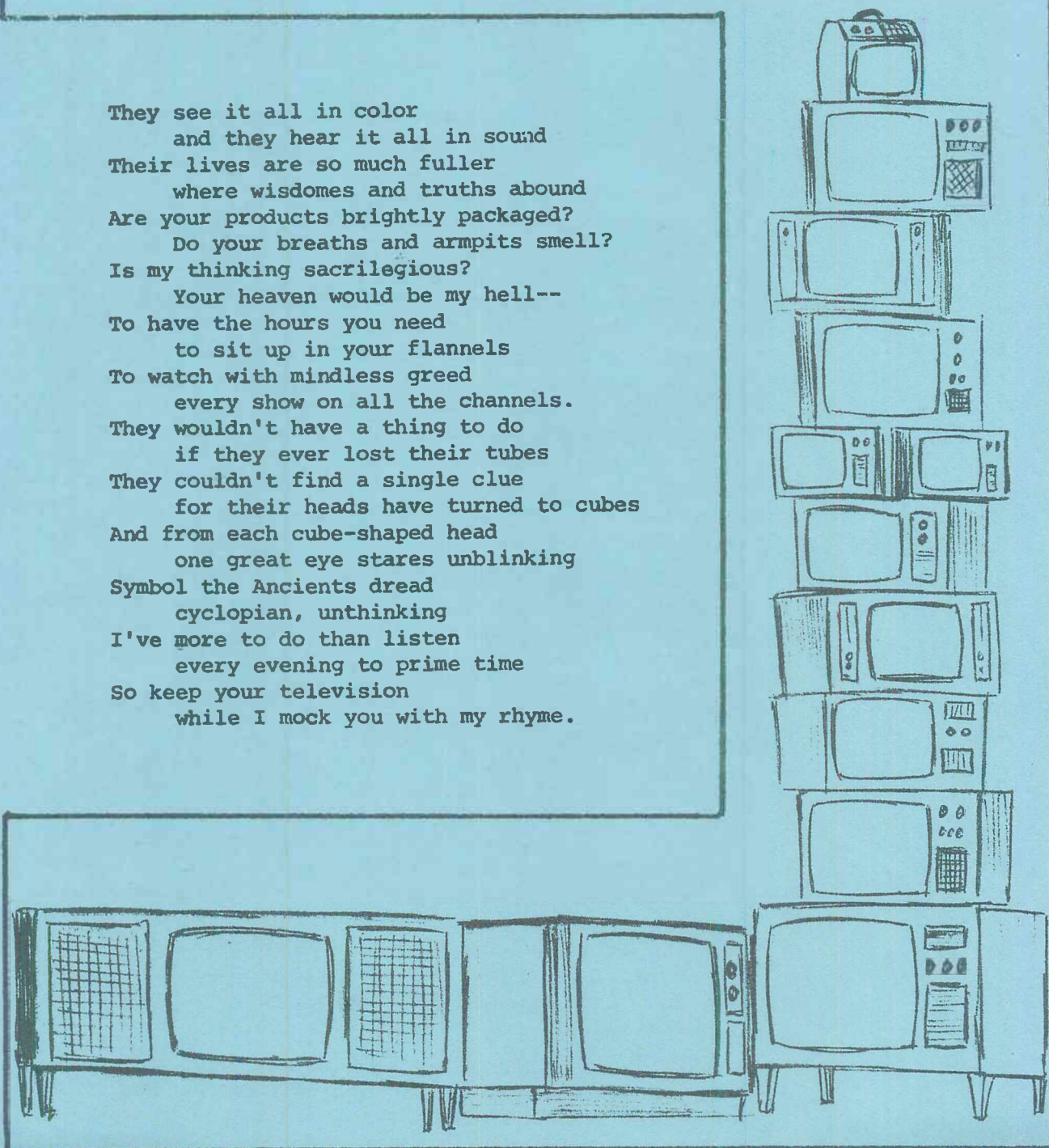


I have no television
and I wouldn't if I could
I want no television
it would turn my head to wood
Those owning televisions
mermerized before the glass
They have no goals or missions
as their lives so swiftly pass
People with televisions
always sitting on their brains
Pretend that education
filters from beyond the panes
They're turning into carrots
watching cops and robbers battle
Are their minds devoired by ferrets?
They seem completely addled!
They're peering through the tunnels
at the light before their eyes
Stuck in their ears are funnels
of a most enormous size
Thus they learn so many answers
to the questions on the quiz
And they see so many dancers
where their entertainment is



jessica amanda salmonson

They see it all in color
and they hear it all in sound
Their lives are so much fuller
where wisdoms and truths abound
Are your products brightly packaged?
Do your breaths and armpits smell?
Is my thinking sacrilegious?
Your heaven would be my hell--
To have the hours you need
to sit up in your flannels
To watch with mindless greed
every show on all the channels.
They wouldn't have a thing to do
if they ever lost their tubes
They couldn't find a single clue
for their heads have turned to cubes
And from each cube-shaped head
one great eye stares unblinking
Symbol the Ancients dread
cyclopiian, unthinking
I've more to do than listen
every evening to prime time
So keep your television
while I mock you with my rhyme.



MYTHS: Mirrors of Man

Wayne Hooks

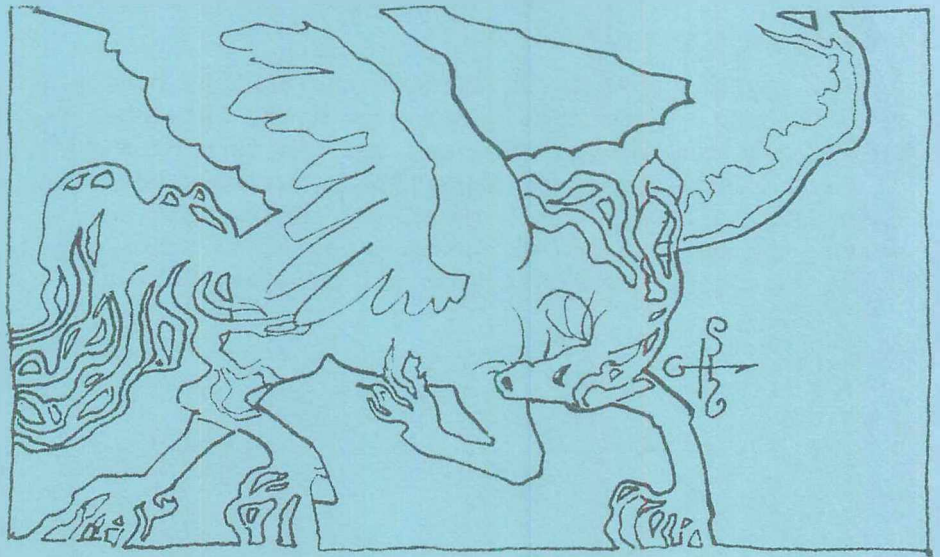
The images of the myth are developed largely from psychological, infantile imprints and constitute the raw material of the myth. Freud has concluded that myths correspond to the distorted residue of ~~witch~~ phantasies of whole nations. Likewise, Rank and Jung have interpreted mythology as the mass dream of the people. Rilkin has insisted that

the myth is a fragment of the infantile soul-life of the people. However, Campbell insists the images of the myth utilize the energies of the psyche where the mythological symbols function, not in the way of a regressive recall of the spirit to the emotional problems of early childhood, but as releasers and directors of the energies into the field of adult experience and performance. In summary, Campbell believes that mythology is progressive, not regressive; the symbols of mythology are spontaneous productions of the psyche.

Prominent among the mythological images springing forth from the psyche are the analogies, puns, and inflections dealing with sex, the sexual organs and the sex act. The voluminous literature of the Freudian school substantiates the fact that these sexual mythological images are implicated in our thoughts and are known to every tradition in the world. These sexual mythological images include those dealing with the child's fantasies about the mother. According to Freud, the obsessive character of a child's thumbsucking is caused by fantasies of sucking, biting and devouring the mother's breasts. The breasts represent the whole mother. The child gets possession of the mother's breast by sucking and scooping it out. The desire soon extends to her entire body and the predominant wish is to rob the mother's body of its contents and destroy it. These fantasies about the interior of the mother's body lay down a fundamental relation to reality and the external world.

One of the most significant of these images about the interior of the mother are those dealing with birth or expulsion from the womb. Even the dances and songs that the Greeks performed in honor of Dionysus contain this image, in that the skin of the sacrificed animal in which the

participants enveloped themselves is a substitute for the protecting womb and the act was a symbolic return to the womb. This partial realization of the return to the darkness and safety of the womb likewise found a lasting pictorial expression in the numerous goat-legged and goat-headed fauns and satyrs of Greek mythology and sculpture.



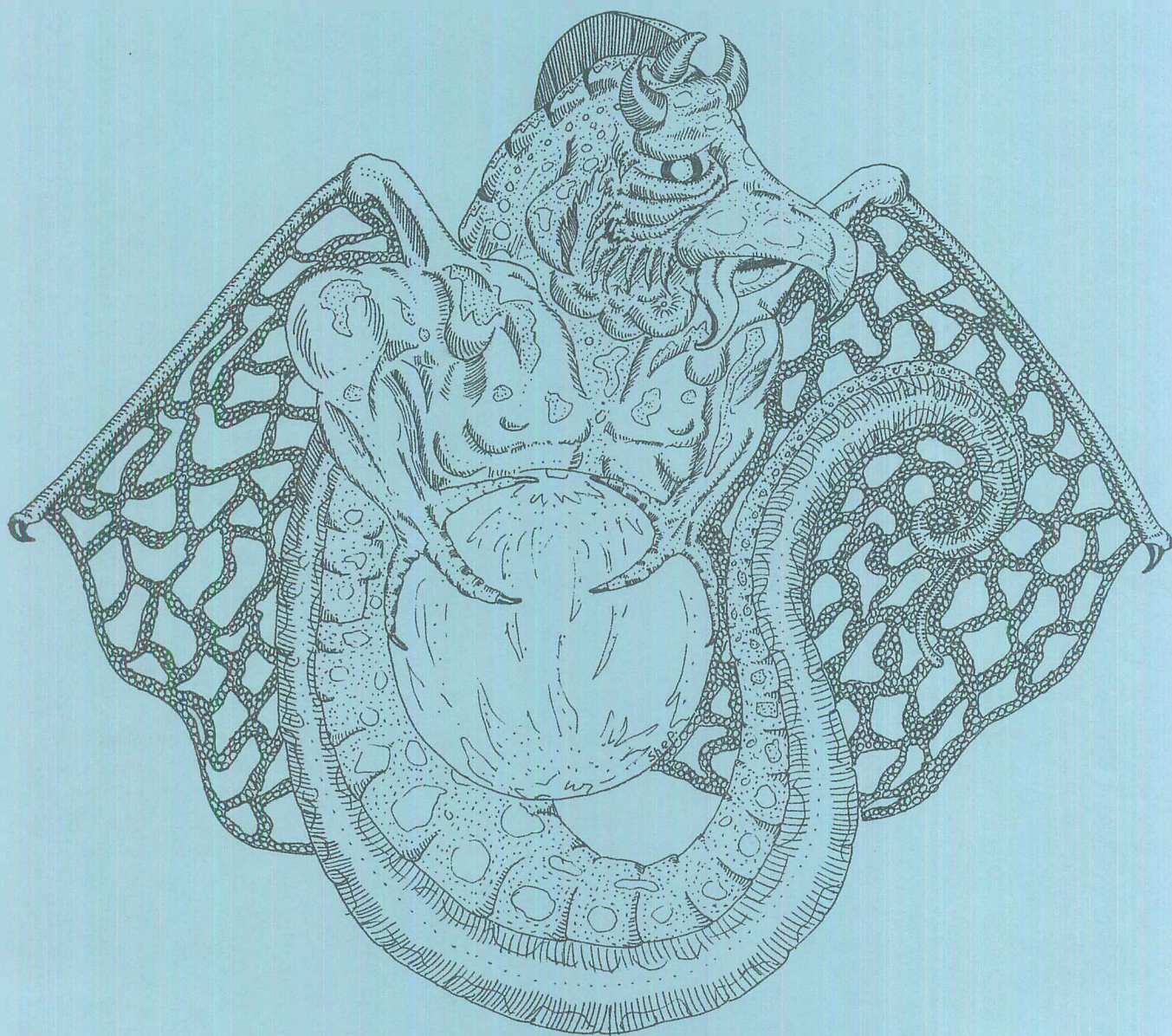
Boxes and chests in mythology symbolize the mother's womb. Therefore, the legend of Pandora might be understood to mean that man's troubles begin at birth. Even the idea of the soil being feminine embraces the concept of continual companionship with the woman, a physical communication. Furthermore, the image of the mother's womb finds expression in death, because through burial, the dead are handed back to the mother and returned to the womb for rebirth. According to the Greeks, Man, born from the springs, the rivers, and the seas, at death arrives at the Styx in order to begin the night journey on the sea. He hopes that the black waters of death might be the waters of life, that death is the mother's womb to bring forth life again. Thus in myth, the fear of death corresponds to the repressed desire to return to the womb and causes the belief that the mother threatens or pursues. For the earth which nourishes man is also the black hole into which man must eventually disappear. Concerning the significance and impact of the birth trauma, Campbell goes so far as to assert that the fear of woman and the mystery of her motherhood have been for the male as impressive an imprinting force as the fears and mysteries of the world of nature itself, which is construed as feminine in behaviour itself.

Other mythological images include a sword, knife, and arrow which are construed to be phallic in nature due to the resemblance they bear to the sun's rays, since the sun is recognized as the progenitor of life. The phallus is the being which sees without eyes, which knows the future, and as a symbolic representative of the universal creative power existent everywhere, immortality is vindicated in it, according to Jung.

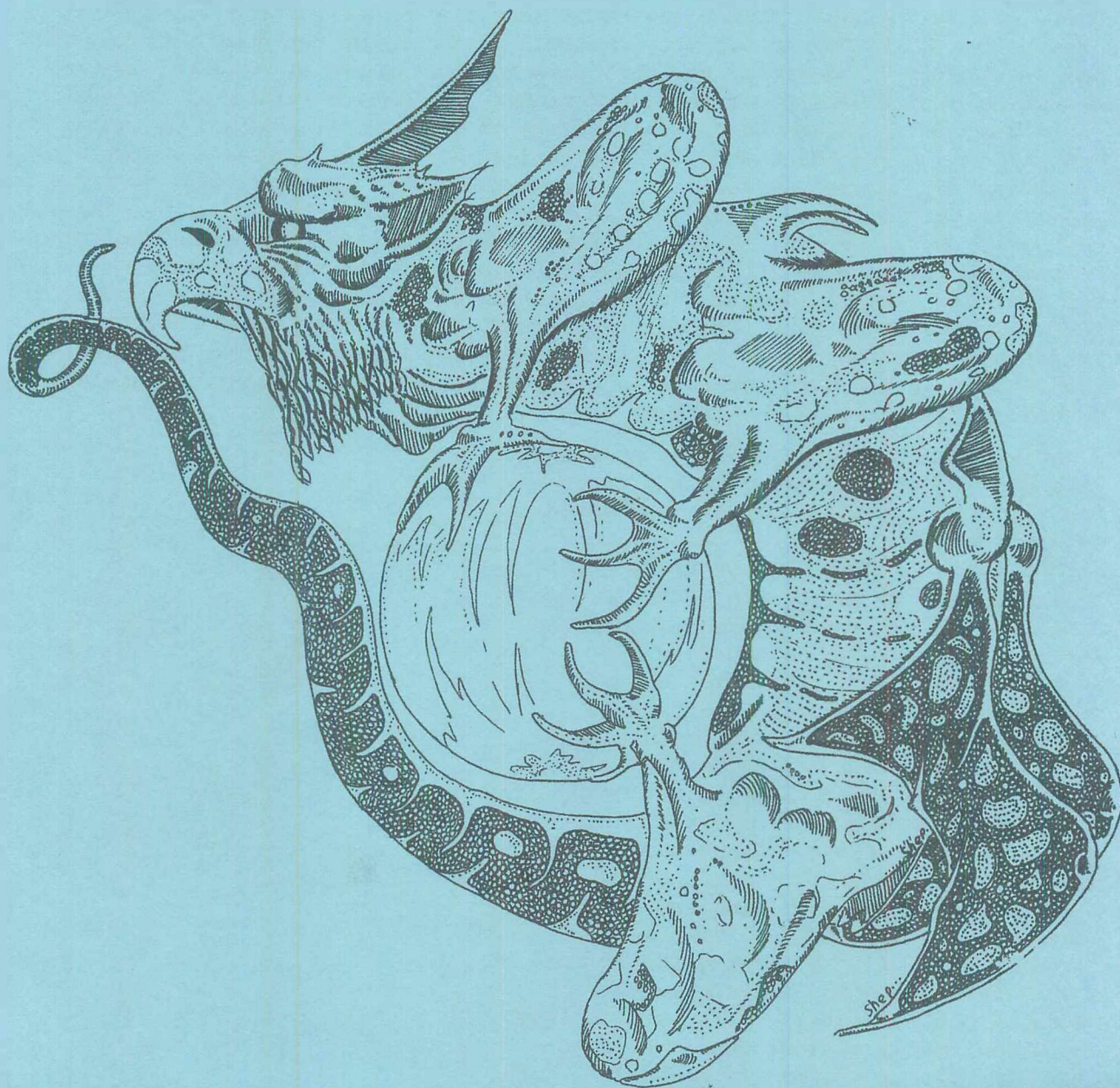
In mythology, the story of the origin of the universe is the story of the universal Earth Mother. In the beginning, there was woman; the man only appears as the son. The female is the older, the more powerful of the two sexes. Hence, man is placed in a subordinate role. Virgin conception reaches far into man's animal ancestry as parthenogenesis. The original female in the animal species not only reproduces herself, but also is the sole creatress of the male; the male is never anything without the female. Therefore, woman is responsible for man, and in the manner of

all creators should be treated with fear and awe. But the deepest sensitivity does not bear the imprint of a father, because fathers at the beginning of consciousness were only brothers.

Several myths serve to illustrate the various conceptions of the Earth Mother. According to the Pelasgian creation myth, Eutynome, the Goddess of All Things, rose naked from Chaos. She assumed the form of a dove and laid the Universal Egg. At her bidding, Ophion, the serpent, coiled seven times around the egg until it split and hatched. Out tumbled all things that exist, her children: sun, moon, stars, the earth, and all living creatures. Thus is the archaic religious system there were as yet neither gods nor priests, but only a universal goddess and her

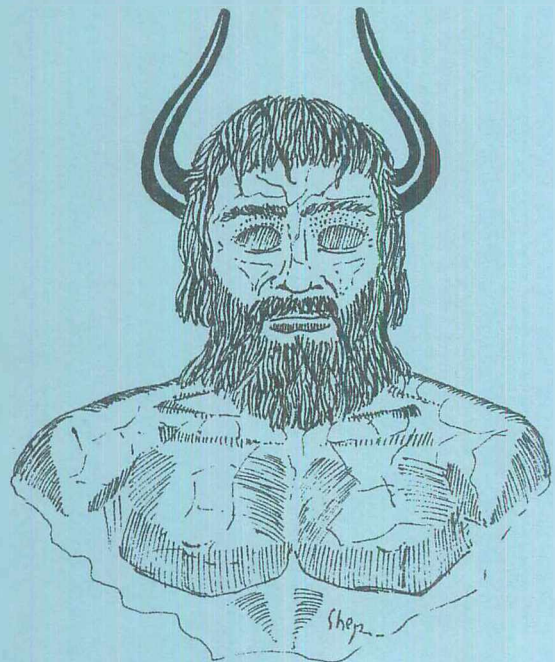


priestesses, woman being the dominant sex and man her frightened victim. Fatherhood was not honoured, conception being attributed to such occurrences as the wind. This conception by the wind occurs in the Orphic creation myths, which say that black-winged Night, a goddess whom even Zeus stands in awe of, was seduced by the Wind and laid a silver egg in the womb of Darkness. Throughout Greek mythology, even though they were supposedly omnipotent, the gods of Olympus acknowledged the Earth Mother as older and supreme and home of the gods, Zeus notwithstanding, dared to attempt to deal with her directly. In the Earth Mother myths, the independence of the woman and the dependency of man upon her are focal points of interest.



This dependency upon the mother marks the beginning of the Oedipus complex. According to Freud, the erotic attachment of the child to the mother is not one of which he has conscious awareness. In its traditional Freudian explanation, the Oedipal romance consists in the unconscious wish of the boy to eliminate his father and be alone with his mother. About the time when the mother becomes the object of love for the child, repression has already begun in him and blots out of conscious awareness the knowledge of a part of his sexual aims. The father becomes the child's natural and formidable rival. He would like to supersede his father in his mother's affections. The root of the complex consists of the time when the child first envies the father's penis and the father's relationship with the mother. This is intensified if the child views the parents copulating, since the father's penis supersedes the child's place in the mother's womb, and the child becomes jealous. Since the child sees the mother as good and the father as evil, he feels he must destroy the evil penis inside the good mother. The child's incestuous desires, however, do not actually aim at cohabitation and sexual relations with the mother, but rather, a symbolic return to the womb. The child desires to return to the dark safety of the womb from which he was so rudely expelled and views the father as obstructing him from attaining his goal. Later in life, this desire manifests itself when the mother is superseded as a desire-image and the desire is shifted to another person, who embodies all in the mother that was originally desired in the mother. Since he cannot possess the mother due to prohibitions on incest, he projects his image of the mother onto another person and thus escapes incest. The prohibition of incest renders the fantasy inventive. On the other hand, according to Freud, the child may also wish to have an incestuous relationship with the father. Besides his wish to put himself in the father's place and have intercourse with the mother, he may want to supplant the mother and be loved by the father.

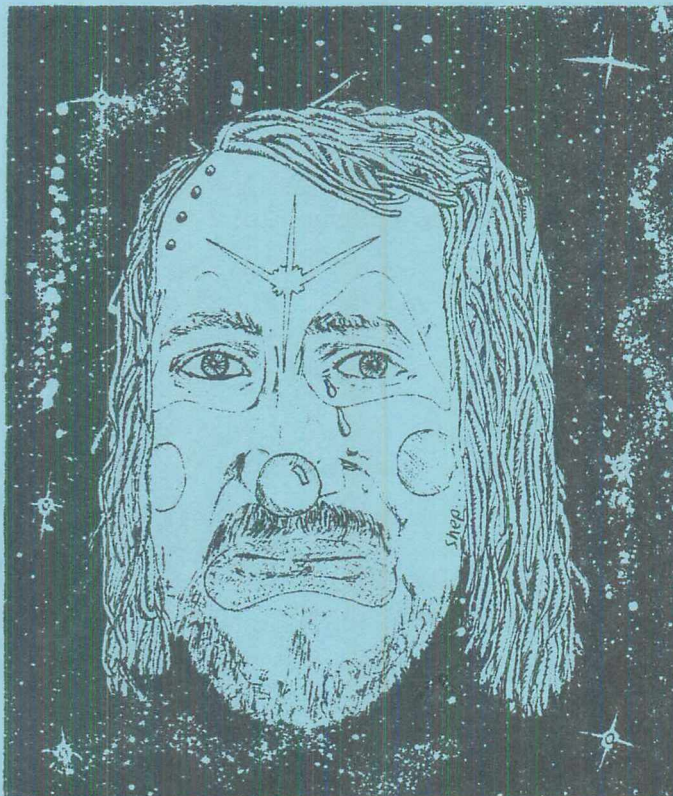
Along with the Oedipal desire to be alone with his mother, according to the Freudian school, the child possessed an unconscious fear of a punishing castration by the father. When the boy first becomes aware of the female genitals, he finally becomes firmly convinced that the threat of castration is concrete and ever present. This castration complex escapes repression in the *Oedipodeia*. According to this epic, Oedipus did more than to simply kill his father and marry his mother. After killing Laius, Oedipus deprived him both of his sword and his belt. The latter deed suggests the feminization of Laius, since the undoing of a woman's belt was a preliminary to intercourse in ancient Greece. Thus Oedipus revenged himself on his father by symbolically castrating him by removing his sword, a phallic symbol in Greek mythology, and symbolically feminizing him by removing his belt as he himself had been symbolically castrated and feminized through the piercing of his ankles by Laius.



According to the Freudian school, this Oedipus complex constitutes the "constalating pattern" of all thoughts, feelings, and impulses. Freud also theorizes that the writer was a man who satisfied erotic drives which could not be satisfied in real life by creating a fantasy life where he could obtain instinctual satisfaction in a sublimated form. In other words, writers seem to have fewer inhibitions than other men. However, the material from the writer's subconscious was subject to certain distortions thus allowing it to be accepted by his conscious mind. Sophocles' *OEDIPUS REX*, from which the name "Oedipus complex" is derived, is the most famous example of this revelation of the writer's unconscious thoughts. In the Oedipus legend, the hero kills his father and sleeps with his mother, but does this in ignorance of their true identities. Freud said this course of action was a poetic presentation of the fact that the adult is no longer conscious of his Oedipal experience. In a similar manner, the prediction of the oracle that Oedipus would act in the prescribed manner symbolizes the inevitability of the fate which requires each of us to live through this experience. The self-binding of Oedipus can be considered as a poetic form of self-castration or even a desire to return to the safety of the womb, even as Jocasta kills herself, not so much in expiation of her sin of incest, as in remorse for being an unnatural mother and allowing her child to be seemingly killed.

Since mythology comprises the thinking of man, it too reveals the Oedipus complex. In the Greek myth of Apollo and Daphne, Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, is turned into a tree. Thus the girl has retreated to the image of her parent and there found protection. Also, the chaste and terrible Diana, protectress of virgins, illustrates the fulfillment of the castration fear of the Oedipus complex through the absolute ruin of the young sportsman Actaeon. Likewise, the castration of Uranus by Chronus following the orders of Mother Earth represent this phase of the Oedipus complex. This castration dread in the boy is the most powerful factor towards repressing the Oedipus complex.

Myths are the manifestations of man's psyche. To read a myth is to look into a mirror and see yourself.



Ed. note: Although I do not agree with the Freudian school (and a lot of others) I find it interesting to read about. Comments from knowledgeable readers about either Freudian psychology, or about the myths themselves, will be most appreciated.

A special note to the readers of this publication. Originally, I planned to publish this information in my own fanzine, the TABEBUIAN (12/\$3 from Mardee Jenrette, Box 330374-Grove, Miami, FL 33133). However, it occurred to me that it might be saleable; accordingly, it was mailed to HUSTLER and rather preemptorily rejected. In fact, on re-reading it I decided that my own zine was a bit too high class for this filth. Then I remembered SIMULACRUM... Well, the rest is history. The response has been so enthusiastic, so overwhelming, that this series may continue indefinitely.

- David V. Jenrette

The Golden Guide to Sex

David V. Jenrette

2: Internal Male Anatomy

Now that we have examined the external genitalia so well that we identify (during the exam) each part while blindfolded we will burrow inward. One fact will strike the student with considerable force: the male uro-genital system is crude, incomplete, essentially primitive, and in all ways inferior to that of the female. A bold statement, but one that shall be proven before this chapter concludes.

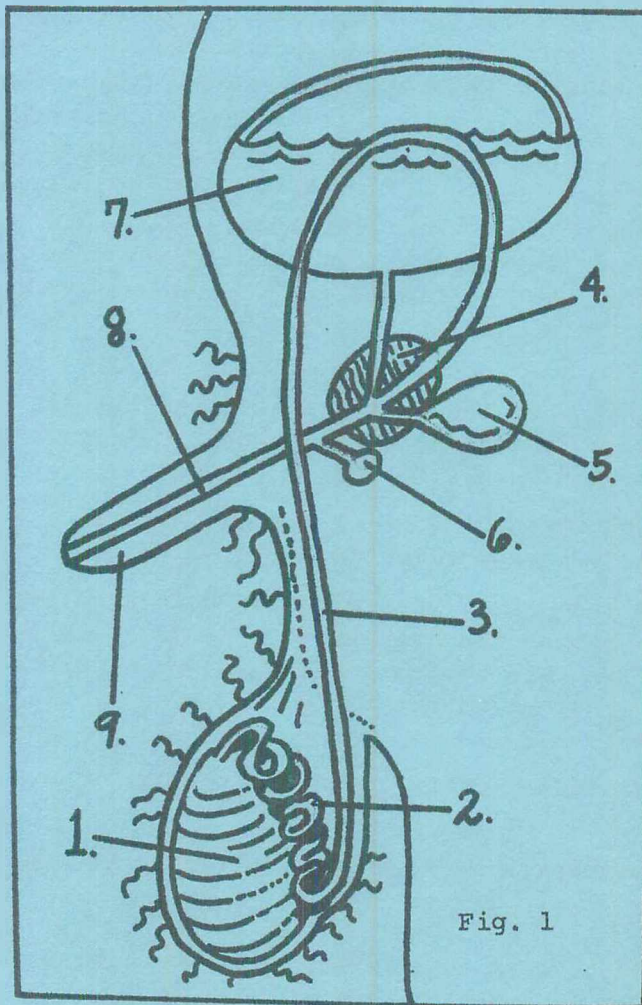
Let us start with the testes suspended so precariously and so vulnerably in the scrotum (see Fig. 1).¹ These are important for three reasons: (1) These are ductless glands; they produce testosterone which helps create deep voices and a market for various shaving creams, razor blades, and after shave lotions; (2) These produce sperm, so important in creating a market for condoms, diaphragms, IUDs, etc.; they produce as many as 500,000,000 per day; (3) and, most important, they contain a man's brains, controlling all his noblest and highest thoughts.

In ancient times it was considered correct to remove the testes from certain persons to make them more objective in fulfilling their duties as guards of the harem. As recently as the Tenth Century, the Roman pope had the boys in his choir castrated (de-balled) to help them, as they matured, to hit their high notes.²

¹ Well, it does help to even the odds during rape.

² They were known as *The Castrodos*.³

³ Does this explain Wayne Newton?



1. Testis.
2. Epididymis.
3. Vas deferens.
4. Prostate gland.
5. Seminal vesicles.
6. Cowper's gland.
7. Bladder.
8. Urethra.
9. Glans.
10. Not shown.

Fig. 1

Someone once said that the reason that one testicle is lower than the other is because one is weighted down with man's sorrows and one with his joys. Actually, I know who first said this.⁴

Above and behind the testes are coiled tubules called the epididymis which are used to store sperm.⁵ From the epididymis there is a long tube called the vas deferens which goes up into the body, back, and then around and then inward to debouch into the urethra (Please see Fig. 1). As any fool can see, this is wasteful of tubing and any plumber could have designed a simpler system. Actually it's even worse than it looks because those paired vases entering the body wall cause two weak spots that girls do not have.⁶

⁴ I did.

⁵ Where would you store the sperm? (Extra credit question)

⁶ Hernia, baby, hernia.²⁰

Supposedly, the testes are outside the body so that the sperm can be kept cool. This is probably a myth; after all, other animals get by very nicely with retracted testes.⁷

The vasa deferentia, the urethra, and the seminal vesicles all meet in a strawberry sized gland called the prostate.⁹ This meeting of all these tubules is a cause of considerable congestion, another striking evidence of male system inferiority. What does the prostate do?

The prostate (I hope you're taking notes) secretes most of the fluid of the ejaculated semen. And is also a cause of problems in men over 60 and, occasionally, in men in their 20's. If you are ever bothered with prostate trouble, hope that you have it in your 20's rather than 60's. In the elderly patient, a needle is inserted into the urethra up to the prostate; then little blades pop out which revolve and cut away the inside of the gland which by this time has swollen to the size of an orange.¹⁰

In addition, the doctor will often give massage to the prostate by inserting his finger into the patient's rectum. This is no fun.¹¹ As we said before, if you're going to have prostate problems, have them when you're in your 20's.¹²

The seminal vesicles, while we're at it, also produce some fluids and help in storage, but what a congested area! The body's cloverleaf interchange.

Further on we have the Cowper's gland. The purpose of this gland is to neutralize the acidity of the urine which also flows through the urethra.¹³ This is further proof of the advanced design of the female who has separate openings for separate functions; evolutionarily speaking, women are more advanced.¹⁴

⁷ Snakes have completely retracted male genitalia. They tried having them external once, but it was a drag.⁸

⁸ Porpoises also retract their genitals; perhaps they were getting too many nibbles.

⁹ It's prostate and not prostrate; keep your r's out of it and vice versa.

¹⁰ This is the famous 'umbrella needle', also known as a portable Roto-rooter.

¹¹ Think what it would be like to have prostatitis and hemorrhoids. As the doctor massages the prostate, the patient leans forward against a table. Sometimes, to maintain his balance, the doctor may rest one hand on the patient's shoulder.¹⁵

¹² Prostate trouble among young men is often due to insufficient sex; and, while you may have your own home remedy in hand, you may prefer the doctor to write you a prescription. In Miami you can walk along Collins Avenue north of 79th Street and have a charming young lady fill your prescription.

¹³ Secretions from the Cowper's gland are the few clear drops that precede the actual ejaculations. The taste is bitter, says Mardee.¹⁶

¹⁴ I guess it's better than having a cloaca.

¹⁵ Better pray it's not both hands.

¹⁶ She also reports that one ejaculation is about 4 ml. and 36 calories.¹⁷ She knows all this because she reads a lot.

¹⁷ Bet you never read that in Weight Watchers.

QUICKIE QUIZ: Why is urine yellow and semen white? Answer below.¹⁸

This, then, describes much of the internal male anatomy. To sum it all up, we might say that *There is a vas deferens between a man's glands and his glans.*¹⁹

Coming up in the next issue: external female anatomy.

¹⁸ So that you can tell if you're coming or going.

¹⁹ Or we may not.

²⁰ Actually, since men have herniated conditions much more than women do, the correct term should be *himnia*. Also, ask me about the word *hysterical* some time, I dare you.

VERSE TO COME *Ed Connor*

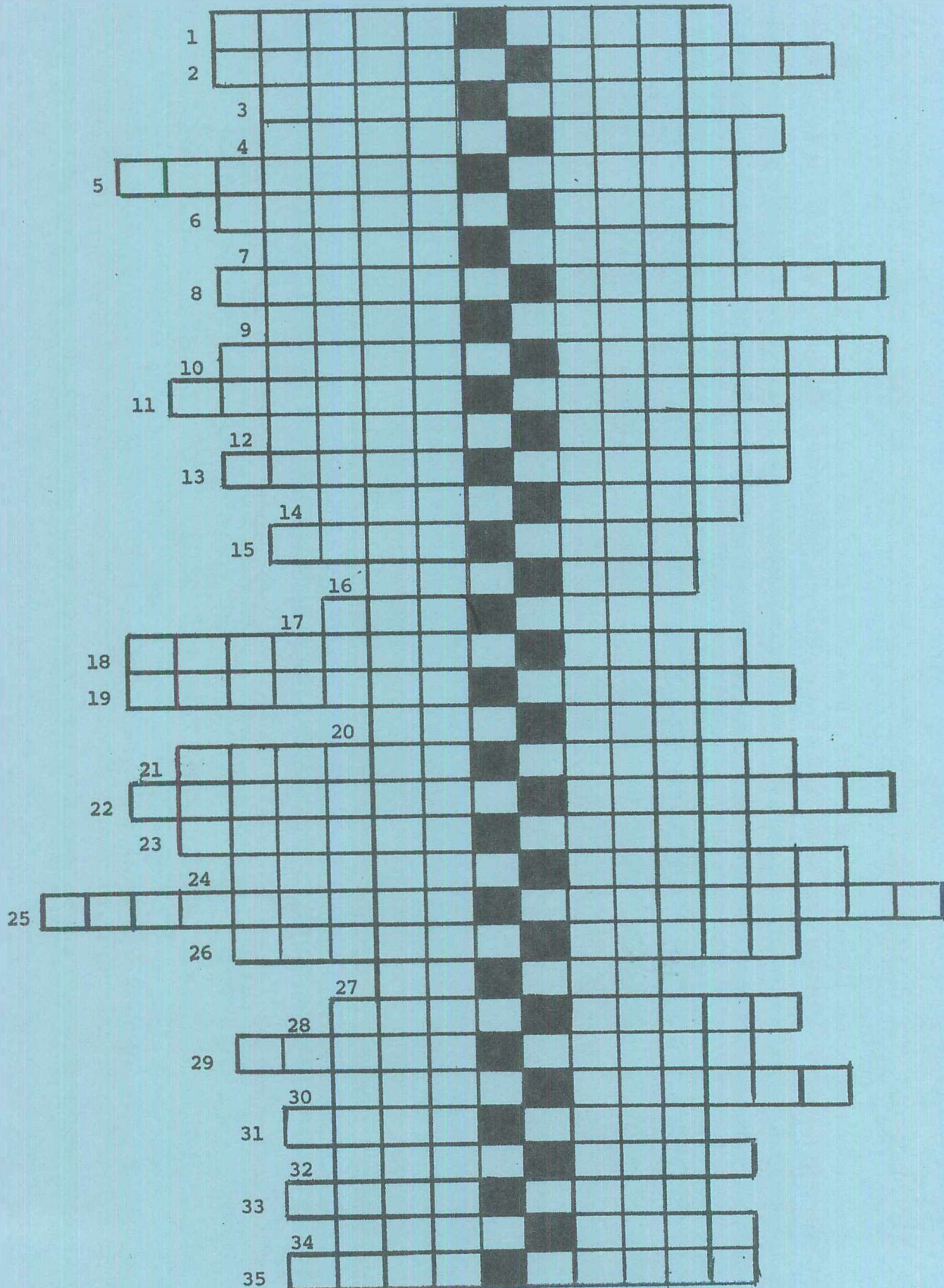
Late one night while glancing over the Chicago TRIBUNE's double-page spread of comics and games, one of its recent innovations, Wordy-Gurdy, gave me the idea that it could be turned into something having to do only with fandom. This is the result.

The answers to the clue-phrases (listed below) are pairs of words that rhyme. (Examples: JEEVES' SLEEVES, HOT POT, ALICE'S PALACES; of course, one need pay no attention to punctuation, the main thing is the right rhyming pair of words.) Each word of a pair has the same number of syllables; the number after the clue tells how many. (Letters in each of a pair may vary, but you are provided with spaces for the answers so the number of letters needed is another clue!)

"Concentrated thinking" should be the keynote here. Think about which fan is most likely to fit the clue given, then concentrate on things connected with that fan; often the rest of the fan's name will bring you to the threshold of the correct answer!

Answers to VERSE TO COME are on page 77.

BRITAIN IS FINE IN 79



1. Ackerman yarn (2)
 2. A Pong kiss (2)
 3. Zeldes' Yucatan souvenir (2)
 4. Don A.'s "Hangin Garden" (1)
 5. What Donn uses to run himself down? (2)
 6. Keeps Jackie checked (1)
 7. A poetic Offutt (2)
 8. Birkhead's production (2)
 9. First few of Dick's perzine had plenty (1)
 10. Up to Warner's attic (2)
 11. Outworlds is said to show some (2)
 12. Charlie Brown's poll (2)
 13. Rotsler penmanship of yore? (1)
 14. Run Sneary's LoC first? (1)
 15. Average Susanzine (1)
 16. "Long" the product of the Osteen University Press (1)
 17. Indick addicts (1)
 18. Lovers of Jeff's cartoons
 19. Roy's uproar (2)
 20. Hoodwink Colorado's Thompson (1)
 21. Mike's Sylmar soarers (2)
 22. Birdzine's Lesleigh (2)
 23. What your ed holds (1)
 24. LoC from Angus (2)
 25. Objector to Linda's Karass complaint (3)
 26. They often "come in the mail" (1)
 27. One of Chauvin's regular visits (1)
 28. Gaier's garden (1)
 29. Walker's machismo? (1)
 30. Taral Wayne's editorials (1)
 31. Liebscher aficionados (1)
 32. Books even D'Amassa can't swallow! (1)
 33. Where Vardeman worms his way (1)
 34. The Strelkov manner (1)
 35. Fanzine reviews discontinued in Yandro (1)
-

But what about photosynthesis?

"Write something *fannish*," wailed Victoria.

"Like what?" I asked. A fair enough question, I thought, considering that this column is specifically meant to have anything that happens to occur to me (except, perhaps, photosynthesis) crammed into it. And at that point nothing occurred to me. I digress and non sequor all over the place, but I do need something to digress from.

"Well, like your refrigerator," she suggested.

My refrigerator is famous for absolutely nothing except breaking down as soon as the hot weather started, involving me in long complicated discussions with the appliance store as to whether the replacement should have a right-hand or left-hand door, and which was which, while everyone in my office stopped working and took sides on the question--and converted itself into a freon bomb just as the movers started to manœuvre it downstairs. I can still hear the meek little voice from somewhere at the bottom of the cloud: "Uh...this stuff ain't...poisonous, is it?"

I wouldn't call it fannish, exactly.

"Or the cats," she urged.

Cats--well, cats are frequently found with fans but they're bowling at best. (That being a Derelict term for things that entertain fans without being actually fannish, like bowling.) I have one dignified matronly Siamese; one half-Siamese--the audio half--who is handsome but dumb, and affectionate enough to make any dog look aloof and independent; one self-reliant ex-street urchin who looks like her foster-brother's twin but is a lot smarter; and one delicate Southern belle, the baby of the bunch, who can pick up more battle scars in a given time than just about anybody. I wouldn't call them especially fannish, either.

Still, I had to think of something. This column is versatile (in SIMULACRUM 2, for instance, it dropped its title and masqueraded as a con report) but it has its limits. So I pondered the question of why I had thought of doing a column in the first place, and how I had let myself get into this.

At this point I was strongly reminded of the classic example of letting myself get into things, with which remark I get into the main portion of this column, or "From Innocent to OE in Six Months Without Really Trying".

Last spring, Patrick Hayden managed to infect our hitherto almost apa-free community with the urge to join apas. He recommended appropriate ones for everybody, and lent us mailings. Several of us yielded to the temptation, including myself.

I tied this in with a plan I had to put out what I believe is usually referred to in fan-publishing circles as a Two-Page Crudzine. I decided I would send this to a whole bunch of people I wanted to keep in touch with, as a sort of cross between a fanzine and an open letter. I would include the people in the apa, and along with the apa copies I would send a two-page mailing comment section added on.

That, I assumed, would be that. Somewhere, something chortled...

Off went BEHIND THE RABBIT to AZAPA. At this point the unseen forces took over. First, I discovered that the innate inability to get fanzines into the mail which I'd noticed in myself with DISTAFF had, if anything, grown. I managed to get a few into the mail and give out a few to local people, but that was it. There have been four issues now, and none of them got mailed worth a damn.

It worked fine in the apa though. To get it to forty people, all I had to do was mail it once!

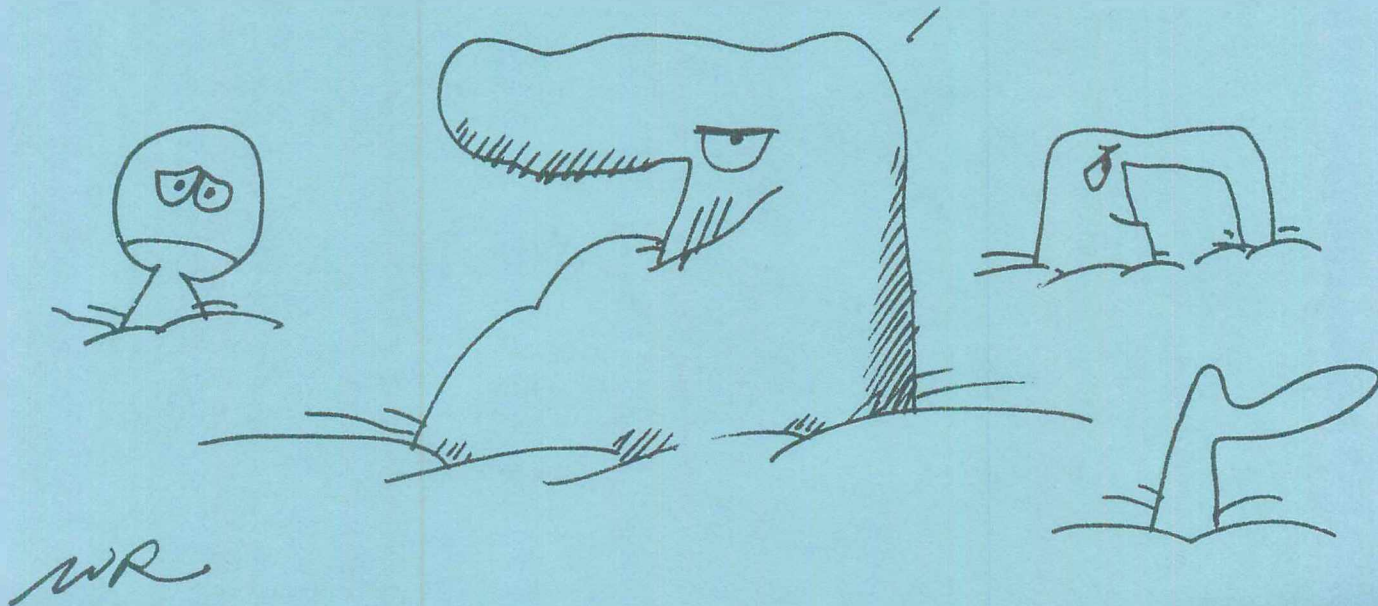
Next, I acquired a half-membership in MISHAP, which I assume means that to get one copy of the mailings between us, the two of us are required to do only half-minac apiece. Notice I say I assume; so far we've been doing more like minac apiece, in spite of the arrangement, so it hasn't really been tested yet. Doing more than I absolutely have to is somewhat out of character for me, but I was starting to get into the habit.

Quietly I pottered along, doing minac for alternate apas in alternate months. Gradually, the mailing comment sections became apazines in their own right, acquiring names--"Somewhere Over the Rabbit" being somewhat lighter in tone than "On Being One's Own Rabbit" so that they even have slightly different personalities. BTRABBIT, in fact, had littered.

And the last issue of "On Being One's Own Rabbit", spurred on by remarks in AZAPA about people who stick to minac, actually went beyond my self-imposed limits and, despite my better judgement, grew to four pages. So much for will-power.

Janet Small

I LIKE A COMFORTABLE LIFE



Somewhere around the middle of all this, Victoria and I were told that Susan Wood might be starting a women's apa. We thought maybe we'd join. Then we heard she was too busy. We were surprised to notice how disappointed we were, and suddenly Victoria got a very odd look in her eye and said "Why don't we?"

So she wrote to Susan. (I hung back; Susan knew me mostly as a person who gets things done Real Soon Now; but Victoria's conscience was clear.) Susan responded with permission to go ahead, an eminently quotable letter, and a mention in AMOR --we printed a flyer to send to appropriate people, and rushed in where angels would definitely think twice before treading.

The first snag showed up immediately. Should men be included? Victoria's yes was definite, mine was qualified. Several women who'd written to us seemed to prefer a private, women-only apa, and since the apa was for them as well as for us, maybe we should run it their way. So I'm doing both. The main apa will include men, though I'd like to keep the women-to-men ratio about 3 or 4 to 1. The closed section, "Subset", will give a more private audience to women who feel, after trying out the other method, that privacy is needed.

At first, Victoria, as initiator of the project, was sort of senior OE, with me as OE-in-charge-of-feminist-issues, since, though I'm not very well informed on these, they're not a special interest of hers at all. As we went along, it settled into a fairly even balance, and lately she realized that with SIMULACRUM to put out, and a major project for next year as well, Official Editing would be just too much, and handed me the whole caboodle.

So here I am with my very own apa, becoming more and more convinced that I have walked blithely into the Cosmic Mousetrap without so much as a squeak. What's a nice Fandom-is-Just-a-Goddamn-Hobbyist like me doing in a place like this?

Somebody pass the cheese...



SURFACING

Michael Carlson

I've never been much of a game player, disliking for some reason the dictatorship of closed systems. When younger I got into a 2-board, free-for-all Monopoly; and even now, at the age of 24, I still play table hockey whenever I'm at my parents' house, where my game resides. War games, Scrabble, Risk, chess, all of that stuff, left me cold.

So I was surprised, while home in Connecticut for the holidays, to find myself in the company of my friend Theresa, Al Sirois and Linda Johnson, sitting in Al's apartment on Whalley Avenue in New Haven, deciding to go across the street and spend some time in the Whalley Amusement Center.

Amusement Center is an all-purpose euphemism which is generally used for pool halls, bowling alleys, and pinball centers, that is, places where a few people play games and a lot more hang out. The Whalley was a pinball parlor, and the crowd was small but lethargic, sitting boredly on pinball machines, waiting for someone with some quarters to come in. We were the someone.

We'd loaded up with 1/4s across the street. I looked for an exciting pinball machine, and settled for one called Royal Flush. Al was already standing in front of one, shaking slightly as his body followed the silver ball through its odyssey of lights, bells and clicking score-counter points. Al, who is both a comics and sf pro, seemed headed for some other dimension. Linda watched and added sarcastic commentary, as if providing an anchor to reality. And Theresa was eyeing the guns.

Meanwhile I'd attracted a crowd. I'd played the first ball on Royal Flush, and watched it settle into the Jack of Hearts slot; as I waited for it to drop I felt around for the flipper buttons, pressed on, and found I'd inadvertently pressed the button that started the second game. This brought a chorus of guffaws from the group of teenagers all clustered around the machine, like the quarterless chorus in an updated Greek tragedy.

As it turned out, the game was a terribly simple one; you merely shot the ball and hoped it would land on a helpful card. Pure chance, no skill involved. Theresa, meantime, was still eyeing the guns.

I felt very silly, and so I moved over to the shooting gallery and challenged Theresa to a shoot-out. Which



proved to be as big a mistake as playing Royal Flush. We started shooting at the flying geese, floating ducks, and popping bears, and in a few minutes I heard the muttering of amazed voices. "Wow, lookit that." "Some shootin'!" "Man, bullseye, bullseye." I was starting to feel better; my pride and confidence returning. Then I looked up at the scoreboard.

It said Player #1 - 3200, Player #2 - 400. I was player 2, of course. I started shooting like a character in a Peckinpah movie. When our minute was up I'd caught up; the final score was 4400 to 1200. Theresa was giggling like William Tell in an apple orchard. And the Rover Boys were staring at her like she was Buffalo Bill reborn. All she could say was "let's do it again." So we did.

This time we'd both caught on, and Theresa got us a free game by going over 5,000 in one minute. The final score was 9,600 to 2,400; again I felt like Bob Ford squaring off against Jesse James.

I'd had enough of such violent pastimes, so we played one game of electronic ping-pong, where I demonstrated an uncanny ability to slide the blocking piece out of the way of the electric ball. Theresa won that one 15-9. If games were important I would've felt about as good as Bebe Robozo after Nixon resigned.

A little table hockey helped my recreational machismo, including a very interesting three-a-side game that bruised a lot of elbows and wrists.

Then, on New Year's Day, before leaving to return to Montreal, my sister and her boyfriend talked Theresa and I into going bowling. I'd never bowled before, and I felt rather apprehensive about the whole bit, thinking back, but I went anyway.

Bowling is a weird game. I watched chubby men drop balls like they were A-bombs and young boys fling balls that must have been hollow fifteen feet in the air before they crashed into the alley and smashed all ten pins down. But really it's quite simple. Kind of like working as a construction worker, except that instead of picking up the cinder blocks and carrying them to another place, you pick it up and roll it down the alley.

Anyway, we bowled three games each, until the balls took their toll of Theresa's arm, and my legs were tired from falling on the floor as the slippery bowling shoes slid across the hardwood, trying to keep up with my body-English. I'm not getting an MA for nothing. I rolled a 110, followed by a 92, and then, concentrating, managed a 143, which I'm told is kind of an average bowler's average score. So I was pleased, quite pleased.

Theresa took care of that.

On the way out she noticed a shooting gallery, and I was unlucky enough to have a quarter. The bears, ducks and geese were just as elusive as they'd been in New Haven, and I lost by a 3,500 point margin, which more than made up for my bowling.

Soon we were back in Montreal, and the whole episode had been relegated back to that dusty shelf wherein reside the long pass I dropped my senior year against Middlebury; the attacks of the drizzly shits that plagued me my first weeks of college; my crying jag when my father took me to my first football game at age 5; the time the battery went dead after a long make-out session at Gulf Beach, age 17, etc. etc. I doubted it would achieve a permanent spot in that dusty museum of embarrassment, but it wasn't the fact that I lost (because I did appreciate the quality of Theresa's performance) but rather the inert clumsiness with which I had blown it. It was minor, and silly as I thought (or didn't think) about it.

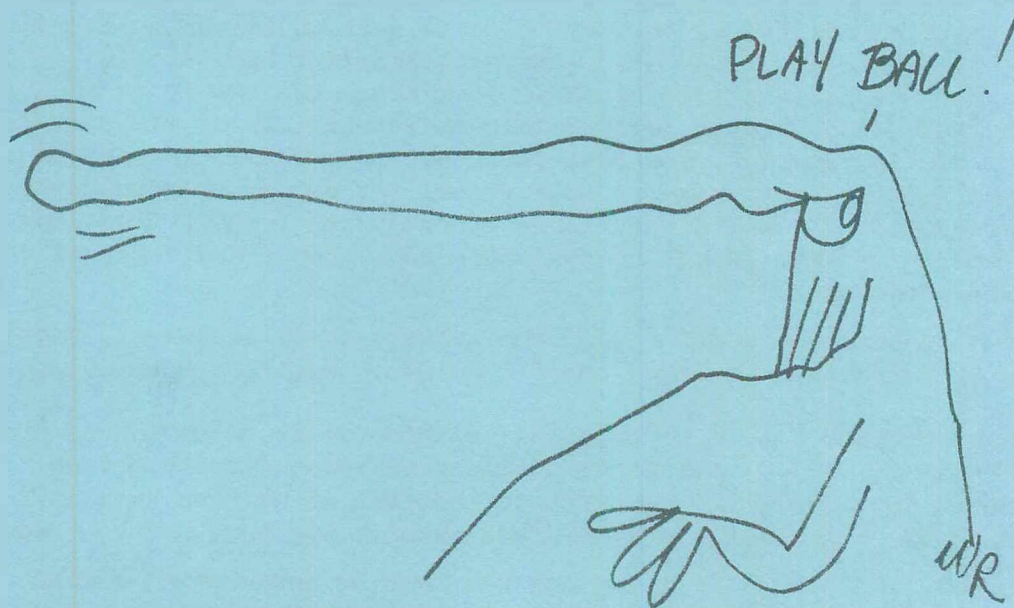
But that wasn't the end.

A couple of nights ago we went to see Kubrick's BARRY LYNDON, and when we came out of the theatre it was snowing, a beautiful soft wind, soft flake snowfall. We walked along St. Catherine's St.; it was just about midnight, and we didn't have the money to stop in anywhere for coffee and cheesecake. But we did pass a very modern, European-style (you mean I didn't tell you all about the proliferation of these places in all the major cities of Western Europe and all the weird beings that Mole and I encountered in and around them back in '72-73? Oh well, another time...) pinball parlor. We went straight to the two-gun shoot-out machine, and since the man told us he was closing soon we could only have one game.

Maybe it was because I felt invigorated by the winter air. Maybe it was because Theresa had just seen BARRY LYNDON, and, since she's writing her thesis on Thackery, she was in ecstasy, and thus unable to gun down those metal targets with her usual machine-like precision.

Whatever the reason, this was my, and our, finest hour. We got one free game, and came within 500 points of a second free game. The final score was 9,500 to 6,300, and I'd shot the 9,500. As we left the center the owner said, "Good shooting."

"Bon soir," I replied, and like a Quebecois Guillaume de Kid, walked off, with the English Annie Oakley, into the snowy night, leaving only the admiring stares of the crowd, and the roots of a bored, hanging-out legend behind.



FLAWOL

OPINIONS

the readers on religion

In SIMULACRUM 2A I asked for reader comment on personal religious beliefs. The letter excerpts that follow are drawn from the response I've had to this question.

But first...in that issue I summarized my own beliefs, and thus, here, to quote from myself:

"Religion is a psychological aid to people who cannot accept the coldness and aloofness, as it were, of the universe on its own. Religion offers a solace to the fear of death, a solution satisfying to many people for the hows and whys of consciousness and the mind, and even the miracle of life, an incentive for 'correct' behaviour and more. I consider organized religion a great evil, but private beliefs can be a very good thing. On the other hand, I don't like to mess around with changing the religious beliefs of others--what one holds as true should be arrived at on one's own. I like to listen to and discuss and compare beliefs. I am an agnostic, and many people I know are too. Although I cannot prove the nonexistence of God, I can argue against it on the premise that the universe and natural laws operate on a principle of maximum simplicity or a sort of cosmic laziness, and that there are no redundancies in the universe. Since the natural operation of things does not appear to require the presence of a creator or guiding force, there probably isn't one. There may well be creatures superior to man in the cosmos, but those aren't God and that is just sidestepping the question."

The readers' comments range from answers to my remarks to peoples' religious upbringings and how they coped. My own comments are in italics.

MAE STRELKOV

CC 55

Jesus Maria 5220

Cordoba, Argentina

A forum on religion might do some good--make people face up to the challenges life-and-death brings. All this "belief-by-rote" is the ruin of Western humanity, and our double standard causes more woe than we even recognize.

I for one ran into an astonishing number of True Believer fans who find me a pest and don't like my attitudes one bit. (I've been termed in locs in zines and to me personally, "intolerant", "vindictive", "opinionated" ...all the terms True Believers ever heaped on reformers and innovators ever since Rome marched her armies everywhere to "convert-by-force-the-heathen". Baptizing them by drowning, and so on!) (Those who tried to resist and defend reason and sanity were the most maligned, always, and I like thinking of figures like Pelagius of Britain, the Hussites later, etc., who were wiped out by the armies of Rome, proving that Jesus--always the victim--was with the martyrs outside the Church, always.)

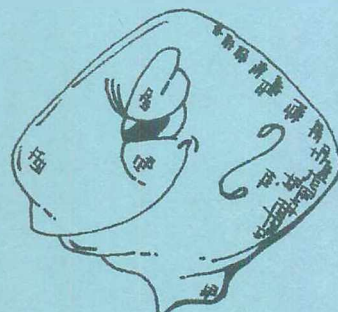
Why should you have to get a "mental high" on religion? For goodness sake, what





is there in all the mumbo-jumbo (of every description) in organized religion and the fanatic fringes too to attract? I never found any, though I sought, for years, really trying to see their side and conform. If I have any belief today, it is my own. Everybody needs his or her personal experience of the wider Reality surrounding us, and it can be gained only by experiment and search, not by teachings of any type, though study of them gives viewpoints from which to choose one's own, maybe. But any form of blind belief is simply disastrous, even in atheism.

Absolutely
right!



ED CONNOR
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Peoria, IL 61604

Ha! I, too, was a Catholic, although not really. Twelve years of Catholic schooling, and I found the whole thing quite depressing. They might have been able to seize and mold my mind if it had not already been "freed" by a year of kindergarten at a public school. So when I got into the Catholic school I was thinking a lot of other things that they wouldn't have dreamed of teaching or enlightening one about. And when, along about the third grade, my class was taken to the public library and introduced to its facilities, my own education was extended to areas considerably removed from what one could explore at a Catholic elementary school. (As early as the third grade I was castigated for using a word that was "too advanced" for children so young...) I must say, though, that I played along with the system and no one ever suspected. Closest I came to escaping was third year of high school when I got so far as registering at a nearby public high school (had to walk a couple of miles to the other one); that was because my parents thought the tuition at the Catholic school would be too much that year, but at the last minute the school came up with tuition, there being a lot of donations for such from generous alumni. Pfui.

/Here in Canada Catholic grade schools are tax-supported--something about it in the BNA Act--and I had the misfortune to attend one of these in my younger days. One thing I remember from that is getting into an argument with the teacher at age seven or eight on the existence of "guardian angels", one of the many Catholic fantasies that they use on young kids to keep them in line. I was certain I didn't have one, although everyone was supposed to have such a personal protector. "Of course you do," the teacher would insist upon my stating that I lacked in that regard. But even at that age I had my doubts...if I don't see it it can't exist and so forth. Actually education at that Catholic school was abysmal, and ethnic prejudice abounded. In that predominantly Protestant and English small town, to be Catholic was to be different enough, and if you were an immigrant and Catholic you really got picked on by the scapegoats-who-needed-another-scapegoat-lower-in-the-pecking-order. The Catholic kids were worst. I generally got along fine with the Protestants. There was only one religious war that I can remember./

ED CONNOR I feel that "in all probability" there should be--relative to man-
 (continued) kind on Earth--an infinity of gods of all types conceivable and
 inconceivable by man. This, merely from consideration of the vast
 numbers of suns, planets (who can now doubt?), and galaxies in our own tiny (pro-
 bably) universe, plus the length of time matters have been developing. So, whet-
 her or not there is a "supreme" God who has caused all this to come about (an
 absurd notion, but still a remote possibility), I consider it highly *probable*
 that, again relatively speaking, there have been and are "gods" galore; some of
 them may even have brought mankind into being. If the latter point is true they
 probably care a great deal about us. With practically all of the religions now
 running around loose on Earth, though, there just seems to be little or no connec-
 tion with reality. No doubt, though, some religions of the right kinds help a
 lot of people who need those types of connections.

*/One thing that I have always believed was that, given the premise
 that God Exists, all manifestations, from El and Zeus to Jesus Christ,
 are equally valid and equally deserving of any respect one bestows
 on such entities. The attitude of many Christians that their way is
 the only true way, all others are doomed to fry, is repellent./*

TONY CVETKO I was brought up as a Catholic, and the whole thing was
 29415 Parkwood Drive repressive, making me somewhat inhibited. especially
 Wickliffe, OH 44092 around my parents. I'll never forget the time, when I
 was 6 or 7, I missed the morning mass because I wasn't
 feeling well, but recovered in time for my noon-time catechism class. At roll
 call the nun asked each of us if we had been to church, and I innocently admitted
 I had not. So she promptly grabbed my arm and dragged me to the noon mass, tel-
 ling me not to move until it was over. There I was, sitting in the back next to
 some strange people, scared shitless. I was terrified, thinking I'd be sent to
 hell for forever and a day because of my missing mass. My dad, not knowing what
 had happened to me, finally found out from one of my classmates, but I don't
 remember if he talked to the nun about it or not. He was pretty mad at her though.

Still, we went to church every Sunday, and to confession every other Saturday,
 and the whole business. When my father died, our faith helped comfort me--it was
 nice knowing that Jesus was taking care of him, and my brother and I prayed every
 night for Jesus to "watch over Daddy". But as I grew a little older, I stopped
 believing. I became mesmerized by sf, and God just didn't fit inot a completely
 scientific rational universe. Soon after my mom remarried (about 6 years after
 my dad died) we stopped going to church altogether, and my religion was pretty
 much dead.

Then a few years ago (maybe 2 or 3, I don't really remember), something happened
 to cause me to believe again, something I haven't told anyone before because
 they'd probably think I was crazy (but here is okay, because it's all right to
 be crazy in fandom). I talked with my father. No, I didn't dream I talked with
 him. True, I was in bed and physically asleep at the time, but our talk was as
 real as this loc I'm typing now. When he faded from my view I awoke crying, but
 it renewed my faith in God.

So that's where it stands with me. Obviously it would be impossible to convince
 you that God exists because of my experience, but then I don't want to convince
 you or anybody else. You see, I know that God exists (though I'm not sure about
 Jesus) and that's all that matters. So why aren't I back into some organized
 religion? Because, while the Church (capitalized, as in State) does do some good,

it is still incredibly repressive and it tries to impose its beliefs on others. That's the evil of the Church. Just look through history for examples. It stifles progress and it stifles humanity. If the Church hadn't stifled scientific progress centuries ago, we'd probably be building starships these days, and I resent them for it. I believe in God. I don't believe in the Church.

/I too grew up in a school environment where you were awarded Brownie Points for frequent going to mass. It didn't matter if you didn't study, as long as you had memorized your catechism. Which says: "A Catholic who through his own fault misses mass on a Sunday or holy day of obligation commits a mortal sin." (Baltimore Catechism, 1945 edition, in use in the mid-fifties in Canadian Catholic grade schools.) And the Mortal Sin, folks, is the Biggie. The one you fry for. Me, I am damned a hundred times over, for I haven't set foot inside a church since I was eighteen.

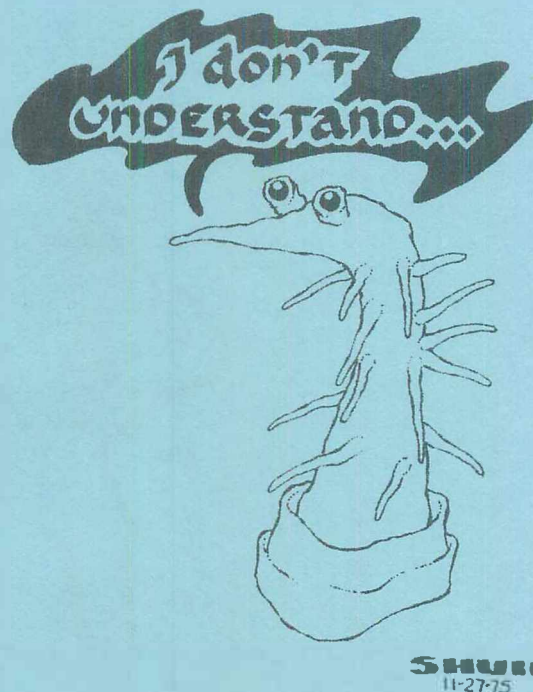
But I find it hard to evaluate your experience with the talking to your father. I positively refuse to believe in ghosts, and my initial impression is that it was a vivid and more coherent-than-usual, dream.

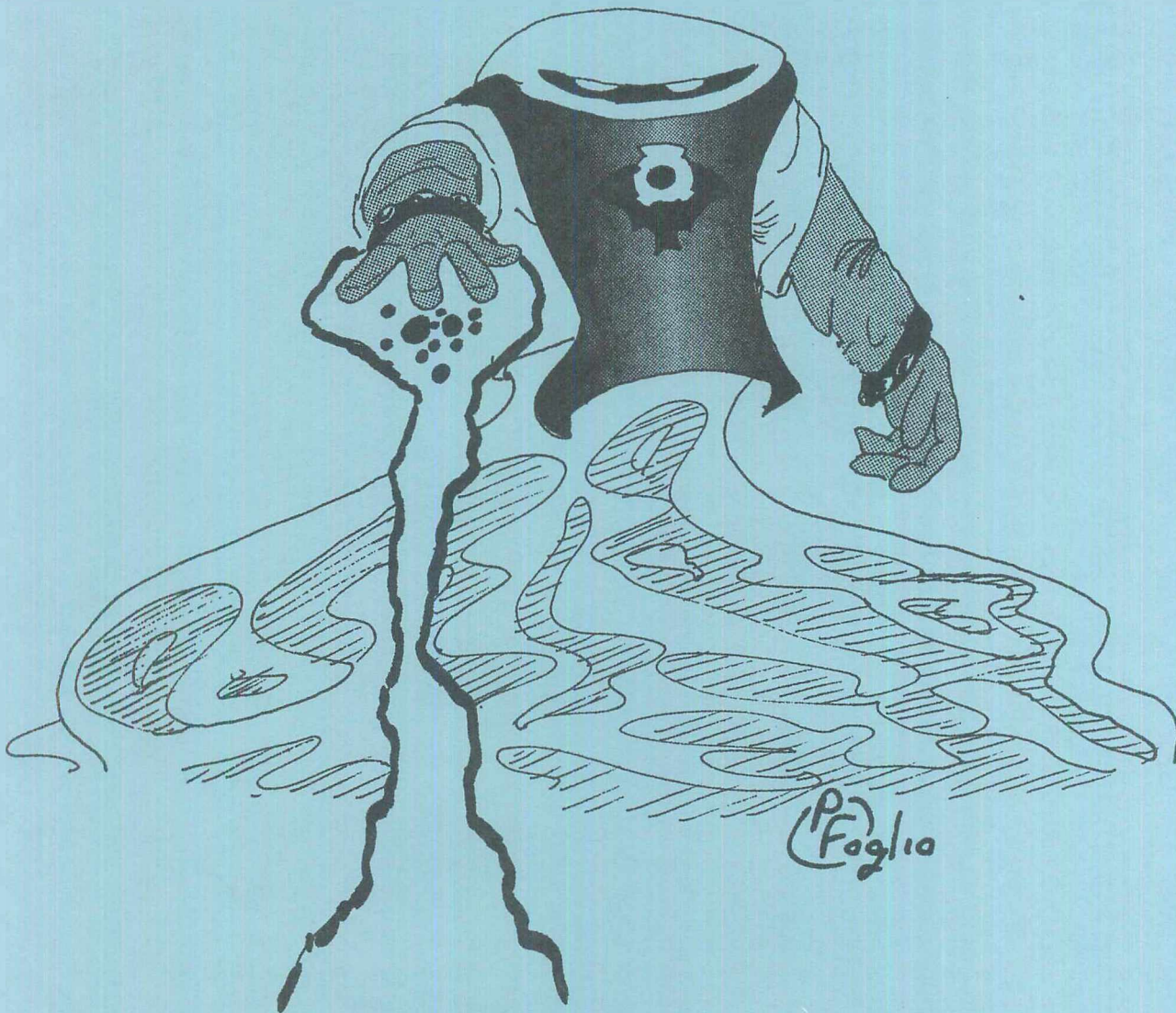
And then, if the Church hadn't stifled humanity back in the days of Galileo (a historical figure for whom I have much sympathy), we might now, today, find ourselves struggling for survival in a post-holocaust world. Men have have been even less able to cope with a changing world than in reality, had the changes come sooner./

WAYNE HOOKS

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It seems to me western culture has evolved its own peculiar mythology and generally, the more fanatical Christians are of the lower social strata, educationally and financially. I abhor organized religion and feel it should be abolished. I have studied theology and found nothing in my courses. I do not have any faith in Nirvana, Heaven, Hell, Sheol, reincarnation, ghosts (holy or otherwise), or Olympus. I believe myself to be good and moral, but I am good and moral because I am a reasoning creature and should not debase myself and it is socially easier to be good and moral. Neither the threat of Hell nor the promise of Heaven governs my actions. I have known atheists, agnostics and charismatic Jesus Freaks and even one Deist, but in the end it is all talk. I try to convert no one to my views and therefore am very irritated





when some Christians try to show me the error of my ways. Yet, they can point to no act of mine that is immoral but berate me only because I refuse to run around shouting "Jesus Loves Me". In terms of religion, I am in complete accord with Nietzsche's ANTICHRIST. In short, I am too busy living to bother with religion. I don't give a damn and wish it would go away and leave me alone. I have been too closely associated with religion and have seen its seamier side, like Billy Graham wearing \$300. suits while he praises poverty, or preachers promising heaven to lower income people and then wanting a big salary. I have all the faith of a defrocked priest.

/And everybody is probably familiar with the antics of Granite Head Armstrong and his cohorts, requesting the members of their church to

tithe while they live in splendour./

HARRY WARNER JR.

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Hagerstown, MD 21740

One possible evidence for the existence of a soul is the persistent way in which various people have described seeing something misty rise from the body at the moment of death. These reports haven't been frequent in recent decades, but that's probably because most people nowadays die in brightly lighted rooms. There are also amny descriptions of instances where a dog in the vicinity of a fatally ill or injured person has let out an awful howl at the instant of death. I'm not a churchgoer, don't subscribe to any established creed, I don't feel that my way of thinking is compatible with organized religion, but I do believe that there are powers in the universe or in its vicinity which, if they aren't identical with the God of an established religion, have enough divine-type powers to justify faith. There's also the purely scientific possibility of personal immortality. If the universe is infinite, either in size or in time, then you and I will be the law of averages recur an infinite number of times because random combinations of atoms and molecules are bound to reproduce us somewhere, somewhen, time after time.

/There's another "evidence" of the type you mention--the weight loss reported by people at the moment of death. I believe rigourous scientific investigation has disproven this, and I once heard an explanation, but it escapes me now.

And as for the recurrence of individuals across time and space, I had an idea about that too. I don't believe in free will, you see, and view the universe in a deterministic way--which to me implies that possibly if the universe is infinite in time, entire history repeats cycle after cycle. As well as all the possible alternate time-track histories./

STU GILSON

745 Townsend Ave.

Winnipeg, Manitoba

I'm perfectly willing to concede that religion does benefit many people, but I'm afraid it has little influence on me, cynic that I am. "God", in my view, is a state of mind, a departure from the traditional Christian concept that sees him as an intelligence; in this sense, therefore, the "state of mind" I speak of is manifested in such phenomena as conversions (of the kind C.S. Lewis experienced), religious trances, and so forth. Since I dismiss divine influence in such cases as an unacceptable explanation, then the religious "state of mind" must be arrived at independently; that is to say, a person approaches God through some unknown internal process that is different for each individual. Thus, whatever Christianity teaches about God, in truth each person's visualization of God is unique; I don't feel there can be set down universal laws and beliefs inasmuch as the religious "state of mind" differs according to the individual.

I cannot embrace the Christian faith because I have not yet come to know the religious "state of mind" I speak of; furthermore, there's no guarantee I ever shall experience it. From what I've been able to surmise from my own reading, conditions under which God is approached follow no set rules; sometimes people have been known to undergo a religious experience due to severe emotional strain, sometimes due to conclusions arrived at after much thought, othertimes because of religious teaching ingrained as a child. In all cases, the spiritual "insight" was unpredictable. Personally, I feel inclined to argue the whole value of religion; I don't think the religious state of mind is as necessary as some theologians would have us believe. That's not to say religion is necessarily a "crutch" or

some such thing; I've known many deeply religious people who are also independent despite their faith in a God. To say religion is a crutch would be to say it acts as a substitute for something, which implies weakness and uncertainty. In fact, religion many times demands extreme courage and moral fortitude on the part of those whose spiritual faith is great enough to warrant self-sacrifice; I have nothing but the highest of admiration for the countless numbers of Christian martyrs. I do not feel, however, that everyone needs the guidance of religion, nor am I convinced its effects are always beneficial. I haven't the wish or need to discover God (in the context I described above), and so, for the present at any rate, I shall continue to be critical of Christianity. That's the only way I'll ever arrive at some answers.

Frankly, it wouldn't surprise me if the Bible-thumping Evangelists are half responsible for my unsavoury attitude towards religion. They're selling a product, and the salesmanlike pressure they go out of their way to exert makes me downright resentful. Everyone is entitled to his or her beliefs, but I have no sympathy with those who refuse to acknowledge the possibility of there existing some fault within themselves. For such behaviour leaves little chance for the learning process, and since the fanatical Christians profess to spread the "truth", it seems to me they're being somewhat hypocritical in the way they go about things. As far as I'm concerned, both sides of the religious argument tend to be a bit too stubborn for their own good; if they could both be persuaded to drop their defenses without being nasty about it (the principal weakness in the skeptical side) and make some attempt to reconcile their views, I'm sure a wealth of ideas could be obtained. Now, only to bump off Billy Graham...

K. ALLEN BJORKE
3626 Coolidge St. NE
Minneapolis, MN 55418

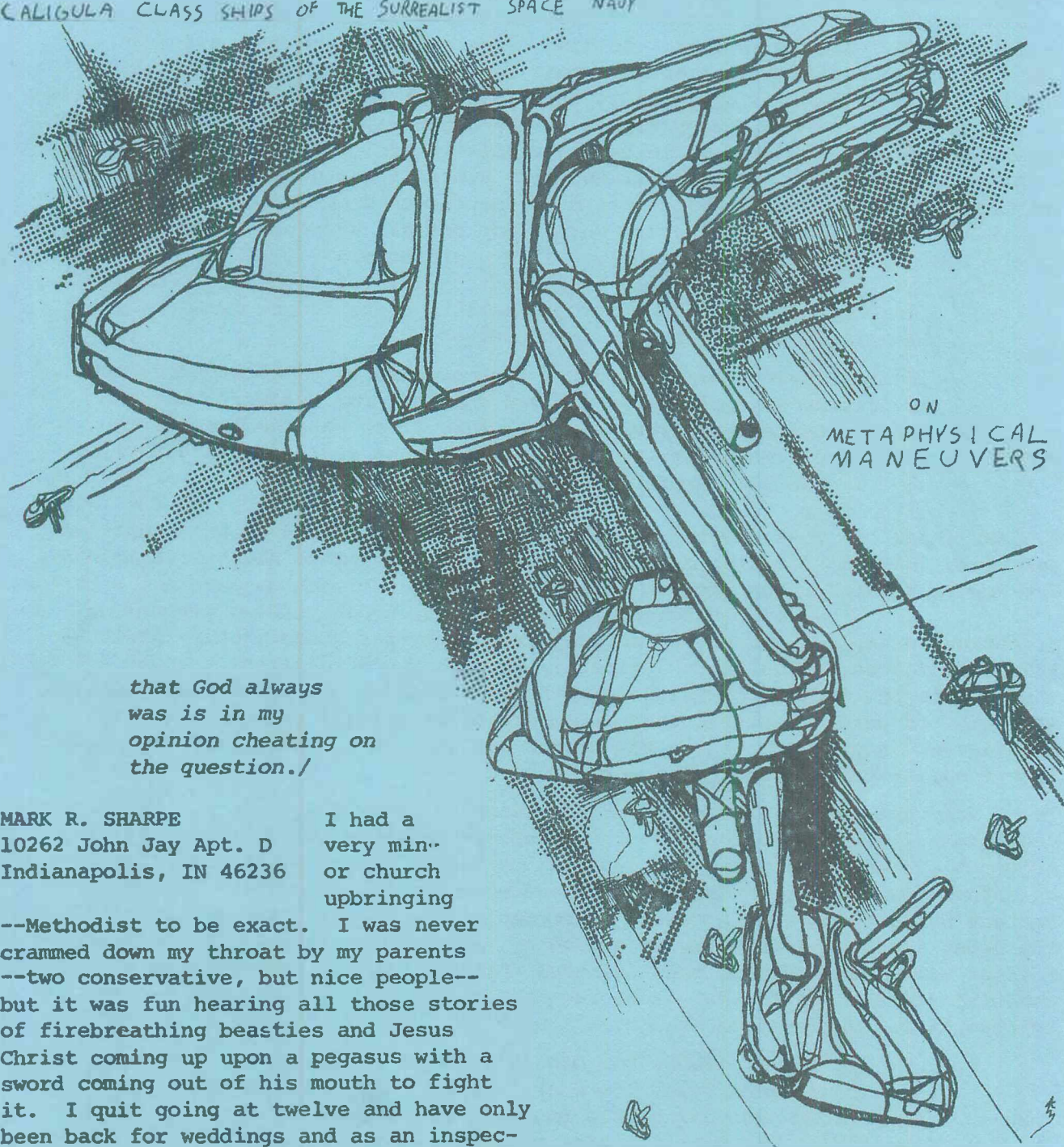
I think of God personally as a sort of combination of Jung's collective unconscious and of the Overmind form in Clarke's *CHILDHOOD'S END*, (which contained Biblical symbolism all over the place, aside from the aliens themselves--"unless you enter the Kingdom of Heaven as little children..." (though most scholars claim Jesus was speaking in an analogy)), and I do believe a god of some sort exists, though I sometimes wonder if making a cross in the air or singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" is any more "holy" than sitting in a lab trying to place meaning in your universe or doing yoga and trying to place meaning in yourself.

Aquinas' statements actually have some weight in physics, although unless someone could get complete data on every bit of matter and/or energy in the universe at a single instant and trace back all the causations to the beginning of time, we can't be sure. Consider the universe at The Beginning, as some scientists believe it was. A single batch of matter, "The Cosmic Egg", sat in the centre of everything because it was everything. No energy, no movement, just matter at absolute zero.

Then suddenly everything goes crazy, Energy is introduced into the system, we get the "Big Bang" and there's a universe in all its irregular glory. This is accepted theory. But where did that first spark come from? Aquinas states the easiest answer: God. What else is possible, I don't know, but there may be other possibilities, there may not be. For that matter, the Big Bang theory may not be right. But don't go condemning him for something you can't get into, for his argument holds no problems as far as I can see (the other one does, though).

/But if you accept the idea of God starting off the Big Bang, you have the problem of determining where God came from. And to say

CALIGULA CLASS SHIPS OF THE SURREALIST SPACE NAVY

ON
METAPHYSICAL
MANEUVERS

that God always
was is in my
opinion cheating on
the question./

MARK R. SHARPE
10262 John Jay Apt. D
Indianapolis, IN 46236

I had a
very min-
or church
upbringing

--Methodist to be exact. I was never
crammed down my throat by my parents
--two conservative, but nice people--
but it was fun hearing all those stories
of firebreathing beasties and Jesus
Christ coming up upon a pegasus with a
sword coming out of his mouth to fight
it. I quit going at twelve and have only
been back for weddings and as an inspec-
tor in this May's primary. I never think
about religion unless somebody brings it
up; it just plays no part in my life.

Two ladies from the Jehovah's Witnesses came to my college dorm ~~every~~ room one
time--I had neglected to put out the "No JW" sign and they softly knocked. I had
never met any JW so I wanted to hear what they had to say, as I have done with the
Mormons, Southen Baptists, and a Hare Krishna person (he was WEIRD!!!!!!). The

more I talked the more they got disturbed, and I wasn't even trying to be mean. From what they said I got the opinion they believe the Bible is a literal translation of the "will of the Lord". Okay, said I, I've read the Bible several times and have a few questions. Smiling, they said something to the effect of ask away. I questioned the beginning and mentioned I believed in evolution. *GASP* There was some discussion on this point. I then said I couldn't believe in the virgin birth/conception (or is it the other way around?) unless Joseph knew about parthenogenesis (a la Poul's VIRGIN PLANET). Another *GASP* I then mentioned Revelations as my favourite part, since it was good fantasy imagery. They never returned, but they did send two gentlemen from JW to talk with me. This time I said no. I agree with one Mormon belief; keeping a year's supply of food for every member of your family. If I could afford it, I'd do it. There are companies in Utah who sell an eight-month supply of food for three hundred, but they freeze dry their food and if you have to store freeze dried food too long it will oxidize and render the food useless.

/I once invited some Jehovah's Witnesses in to talk, spending most of my time arguing, in my limited fashion, for evolution and the self-contained universe. On my table, it so happened, was a copy of Darwin. They left me their mini-book on evolution as a parting shot...some day I must look into it./

D. GARY GRADY I don't think we have really benefitted to any significant degree from the Church's opposition to scientific inquiry. USS Dewey (DDG 45) Our problem today is not with too much science but with too little science to go with our hypertrophied technology. As FPO New York 09501 an obvious example, we have had aerosol technology for years. Only lately has science advanced to the point (primarily through space research) that we are able to evaluate the effects of halogenated hydrocarbons on the upper atmosphere. This type of pure scientific inquiry is precisely what is opposed by the major bastions of ignorance, such as the Church and Senator Proxmire. Did the Church, by the way, ever denounce gunpowder?

There are much better arguments for God than the one you mentioned. See DesCartes' Meditations on First Philosophy, for example. Probably the most sophisticated argument is the Ontological Argument, which claims to prove the existence not of an anthropomorphic God but of a Perfect Being. It goes like this: We define a Perfect Being to be a Being which is Perfect in every way, in every property. If the Being lacked the property of existence, it would be imperfect. Therefore the Perfect Being must exist. Don't dismiss this too handily, it holds up under symbolic logic. For a refutation, see Kant. (By the way, don't forget the ever-popular Argument from Design.)

/By similar arguments you can "prove" the existence of the Ideal Gas or Absolute Zero. Both are concepts with well-defined properties, but being able to describe them does not put them into existence. However, lacking knowledge of Symbolic Logic, I pass. Perhaps one of the readers would care to explain...?/

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON I wonder if you don't cringe just a little when you start writing nasty things about God and Catholicism. PO Box 89517 I know many women who have "given up" the Catholic Church because intellectually they found it irrational and in some ways immoral. Zenith, Washington 98188 And yet emotionally, it has been drummed into them for

too long. I wore a set of those beads I think they call rosaries one time, they were loaned to me by H. Warner Munn and belonged to his late wife, and used them to scare off a vampire at a lecture on fandom I and Count Pugsley of MIDNIGHT FANTASIES gave to the Tacoma Writers' Club. They were such pretty beads that I wore them the next night too, or tried to, when I was going out to dinner with an ex-Catholic. Even though she talks much as you do about the Church, coldly, analytically, logically...the idea of wearing those beads in public sent her into a mild panic, and I put them away for the sake of her heart. Yet another woman has found a personal philosophy she prefers far above the one her Catholic upbringing saddled her with, and for the most part she has overcome the crippling effects of that upbringing. And still she cannot say the name "Jesus" without showing visible paranoia. It still holds mystical connotations to her. The name of the Christ is rarely spoken among her family and Catholic friends and one-time peers, as Catholicism is really virgin worship (as I see it anyway) with Jesus too all mighty even to say "hi" to.

Some of the best women I've ever met have been ex-Catholics, and there is nothing facetious about that statement. Ex-Catholics are usually clean, wholesome, intelligent women--who are either frigid or gay. I'm convinced the Catholic school system produces Nuns and Lesbians in equal proportion, which is why they have to encourage huge families for those few women who can get it on with men. I'm glad that church has produced so many fine lesbians, that's not my complaint. But in condemning their own fine product, they also give these women doubts about themselves that more than occasionally create emotional crisis.

I was raised to a less strict religion and found it easier to shed than others. All the same, in times of intense loneliness I find myself talking to some Imaginary Person that may be the Earth Goddess, or just the Universe as if It could hear me. And I feel that paranoia. Irrational, illogical, unlikely...I still wonder. What if some hideous creature such as the Bible describes is watching me? Well, then, I'd best not believe all the harder, lest He trap my soul in His miserable paradise and rob me of my future lives and chance for Enlightenment.

/About rosaries...the reason your ex-Catholic friend had hairy canaries may stem from something I remember from my own youth--we were told that it was a Sin to put a rosary around your neck. They had a lot of hangups about their artifacts./

One thing I noticed, both from many of the letters I received and from talking to fans, is the number of fans who are ex-Catholics. In TITLE 54 Donn presented a typical "Joe Phann" horoscope, which showed some supposed typical fannish traits. Nothing was said there about religious or philosophical ideas, but it might have been a suitable place. Someone should do a proper survey.



BOOK REVIEW

COMBAT SF, edited by Gordon R. Dickson, Doubleday & Co. Inc. Garden City NY, 1975, \$6.95, 204 pages.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

Besides lovemaking, the favorite pastime of mankind seems to be war. Ever since man first began to walk on his hind legs, he has been slaughtering his fellows. Not for food or protection, very rarely for territory, Man made war into a pastime and occupation. The 1960's saw a revulsion against war, in particular, the Viet Name War. A large segment of America's youth refused to engage in this socially sanctioned insanity. Draft cards were burned, there were peace marches against the war, against any war. Young men were sent to jail for their convictions or were forced to flee from the country. Peace marches were broken up by baton wielding police and armed National Guardsmen. In reaction a nationwide underground resistance of networks sprang up. Antiwar groups were radicalized and dissenters were harassed by government agencies. In reaction to the violence of the surrounding society, several anti-war groups reacted with violence, such as the Weather Underground. For a while, there was almost open warfare between the violent New Left and government. The victim was the antiwar radical who eschewed all violence. Finally, resistance to the Viet Nam war, culminating in mutiny by several army units, led to an American withdrawal in Viet Nam.

For once peace had triumphed. However, only for a moment had it triumphed. Apathy had set in. Radicals now struggle for existence in society. The Viet Nam War is forgotten. The new generation is as materialistic as preceding ones, if not more so and is just as morally stagnant. To oppose war is again unpatriotic and cowardly. A pacifist is something to be spat at. Violence is the new kick, as potent as any drug. War, with its rape, slaughter and destruction is again accepted. The mouths of the prophets are filled with dust.

In this atmosphere, considering the conflicts in Lebanon, Israel, Rhodesia and Ireland, it is not surprising that a science fiction anthology should be offered upon the market with war as a theme. Such an anthology is *COMBAT SF*, edited by Gordon Dickson. The major defect of the anthology is the apparent capriciousness of the

selection of the stories. Several excellent stories, such as "The Village" by Kate Wilhelm, are not included. It seems that *COMBAT SF* lacks a message, a connective thread running through all the stories.

"The Lost Command" by Keith Laumer is concerned with a sentient dreadnaught tank which suddenly comes to life years after the war. It

is not directly connected to war, but rather proves the axiom that "old soldiers never die".

"Men of Good Will" by Ben Bova and Myron R. Lewis is a farce. When Americans and Russians reach the moon, they immediately begin shooting at each other. Only, on the moon, there is no gravity to impede the bullets. Might not the bullets become an equivocal weapon like the boomerang, as likely to make the user a victim as its intended target?

"The Pair" by Joe Hensley is interesting, even if it is a mainstream idea surrounded by science fiction trappings. If two enemies can find something in common, will they still be enemies? Unfortunately, Hensley is overly optimistic. Xenophobia is Man's driving force.

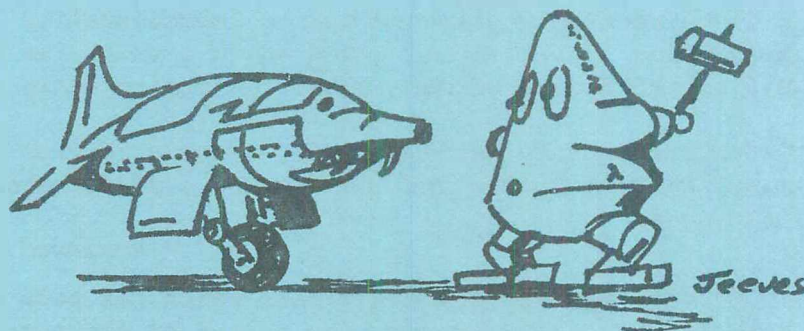
"The Butcher's Bell" by David Drake has a moral view of the waste of war. However, he omits the depravity, the criminality of war. It is interesting to note his use of the role religion frequently plays in wars and precipitating them.

"The Man Who Came Early" is a time travel piece by Poul Anderson which is marginally connected with war and very familiar. Considering how many stories were left out, the inclusion of this story is questionable. In contrast is "The Horrors of War" by Gene Wolfe. The setting is that of a Viet Nam type war with the regular soldiers, artificially produced men, and the officers, humans. Though the setting is that of war, there is an even more powerful moral of racial tolerance. The interplay between the characters is excellent.

"Ricochet in Miza" by Gordon Dickson is a marginal piece. In order to defend its inclusion, hunting must be considered as a type of warfare. "Single Combat" by Joe Green is a study in hand to hand psychological warfare with a sword and sorcery veneer. The insight into the characters as individuals makes this one of the most interesting stories. "Patron of the Arts" by Bill Rotsler is another suspect story. It is not concerned with war, but with the age old question, which is more precious, human life or art. "Time Piece" by Joe Haldeman is a soliloquy by a soldier upon the ultimate futility of war.

"No War or Battle's Sound" by Harry Harrison is a space opera with a moralistic protagonist who feels war is wrong, but goes through with it anyhow. "His Truth Goes Marching On" by Jerry Pournelle is a sarcastic view of idealistic war and the glory of war.

COMBAT SF fails as an anthology. It is merely a haphazard collection of stories nominally about war. In no way does it convey the sickness of war. Old men



formulate wars and young men die for their elders' follies. That is the lesson of war, from Quang Tri to Kent State, the lesson of the sixties. Unlearned, it will be repeated again and again. Homosexuality is not a perversion. War is a perversion. If there is a god which permits war to exist, then god is demented. War is the nausea of man, and it is coming again.

THE ICE PEOPLE by Rene Barjavel, translated from the French by Charles Lam Markmann, William Morrow and Company Inc., 1970, hardback, Book Club Edition \$1.49, 182 pages.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

It is very hard to judge any book which has been translated. The quality of the book depends not only upon the talent of the author, but also upon the skill of the translator. In many ways, the translator is forced to rewrite certain portions of the book. Each language has its own nuances and shades of meaning which cannot be adequately conveyed in another language. An example of this is puns. Here the translator must exercise his own judgement.

In the case of *THE ICE PEOPLE* by Rene Barjavel, there is another problem. The original language is French, which is a Romance Indo-European language. It is translated into English, which despite a veneer of Romance influence, is essentially a Germanic Indo-European language. In translating from French to English, even though they are related to some degree, sentence structure must be altered. Also French has lost many verb tenses, but has retained case endings while English with the exception of the Saxon Genitive has lost its case endings, but retained a variety of verb tenses. Each language has a subtlety of its own which may not be translated directly into the other. To do so would render the translation wooden and unreadable.

Idioms are always a problem. The language expresses the psychology of the people. Some ideas, and hence some idioms, are simply not translatable into another language and culture. These and other problems confront the translator and it is upon his shoulders that rests the responsibility of accurately conveying the author's ideas without being pedantic.

Charles Lam Markmann does a creditable job in translating *THE ICE PEOPLE*. The most noticeable deficiency is the short choppy staccato of the sentences. Almost all the sentences are simple declarative, the subjunctive mood is missing throughout the book. There is not enough utilization of the richness of the English language and its variety of tenses. The phrasing is somewhat stilted and awkward. It is a good translation lacking not in technical skill, but rather in imagination.

The plot is not original. In the Antarctic a capsule is found containing a naked man and woman. They are the only survivors of a race which perished eons earlier. Of course, they are both young, and beautiful, almost demigods. For some reason or other, in novels of this sort, ugly people rarely survive the fall of their civilization. It is always the young and the beautiful and usually, the Anglo-Saxon, which doesn't hold out much hope for the vast majority of mankind. A team of U.N. scientists is dispatched to the scene of the discovery and Elea, the woman, is awakened. From her, they learn of her civilization, a technologically advanced Utopia which destroyed itself. Elea brings a message from the past to the present, but will the nations of the world heed the message?

The dialogue sounds like a Frenchman who is just learning English and has not yet grasped the structure of the English language. It lacks fluency. The characters

are well portrayed, particularly Elea. Motivation is sometimes not clear, but there is a smooth transition from chapter to chapter. The main failing of *THE ICE PEOPLE* is its predictability of plot. All events lead towards an inescapable conclusion of which the reader is always aware. Due to this, the book is sometimes tedious and often boring. There is no climax. Action is almost nonexistent. *THE ICE PEOPLE* is light reading for someone who does not wish to become too deeply involved with a book, but only that.

CAGE A MAN by F.M. Busby, Nelson Doubleday Inc, 1973, hardback, Book Club Edition, \$2.95, 151 pages.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

That Man is probably not the only intelligent creature evolved in the universe is almost a mathematical certainty. Only Man's egocentricity and racial xenophobia has led to denials of this. Even in religion does this view predominate. If man was created in the image of God, then God is schizophrenic. That there are most likely other intelligent races in the universe is almost undeniable, but what evolutionary track will they follow? It is highly unlikely that they will remotely resemble Man or any form of life with which we are familiar. If they are not humanoid, how will they react to us? Will we be friends, enemies, or just indifferent? Perhaps both species will find each other very tasty and be content to leave it at that.

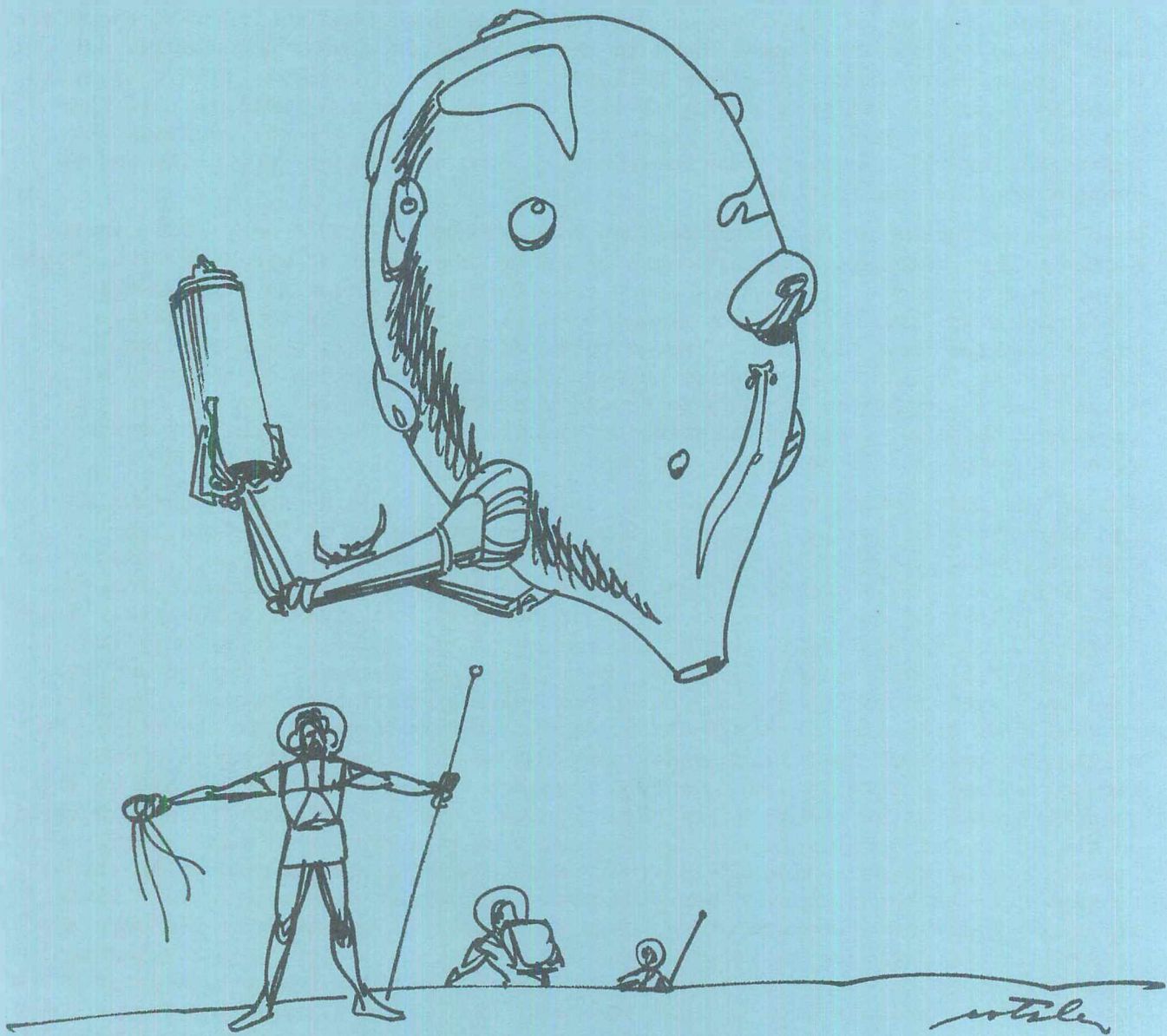
This is the thread of the story told by F. M. Busby in *CAGE A MAN*. One minute, Barton was an average, normal denizen of earth, the next, he was a captive aboard an alien spaceship. His captors are a crustaceous race bearing a remarkable resemblance to lobsters. Their misguided missionary plan is to surgically alter all of mankind into lobsters. Though cultures may vary, it seems missionaries are the same, regardless of their outward appearance. Barton is regarded as an animal and is forced to undergo tests and run mazes. However, Barton manages to escape to warm earth. Kidnapping an alien's child, he sets out for earth with the vengeful aliens hot on his heels.

One of the most interesting characters is Limila. She is a humanoid alien who was also captured by the Lobsters. Except for some minor differences, she appears human. Here Busby fails. He places her breasts lower than a human female's. A woman's mammary glands are so located to aid in balance, since a woman's pelvis is broader than a man's, in order to facilitate childbirth. Since Limila's breasts are lower, nearer the region of the abdomen, it is only logical to assume her pelvic girdle would be correspondingly narrower. Barton and she make love, yet it is not logical to assume that two different species, evolved in isolation from each other, would be capable of copulation. If the reader is willing to overlook such flaws underlying the basic theme of the book, *CAGE A MAN* makes fairly interesting adventure reading, though by no stretch of the imagination could it be termed a literary triumph. The pace of the story is hurried, as the action is compressed into as few pages as possible. The plot remains the barest framework containing the action. Progression is breathless as it struggles to keep up with the action. Characterization is almost done away with. Since it is primarily an adventure story, only the scantiest personality sketches are required. The dialogue is ridiculous. The worst flaw is that so many inconsistencies are ignored. How does Barton get aboard the spaceship in the first place? How can he communicate with aliens? Too many difficulties are glossed over rather than solved in the final analysis. There is too much writing with too little development. *CAGE A MAN* would appeal only to a reader of indiscriminating taste.

ICE AND IRON by Wilson Tucker, Doubleday & Co, 1974, Book Club Edition, \$2.95, 181 pages.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

It is generally conceded that the world is probably entering another ice age. That is, it is generally conceded by one group of scientists. Another group of scientists contends that the earth is actually heating up and that oceans will eventually again reach the fall line of the eastern United States as the polar ice cap melts. However, both concede that whether the earth is heating up or entering another ice age, it will be many centuries before the change is complete. So, for the moment at least, residents of Toronto won't have to worry about awakening one morning and finding a vagrant glacier in their backyards, nor should New



Yorkers rush out to buy water wings.

In *ICE AND IRON*, Wilson Tucker gives a superficial treatment of what would happen if indeed one day the glaciers did come again. As the glaciers approach, people flee, leaving Canada a deserted wasteland of ice from Ontario to Alberta. The only people for miles and miles around are a small group of scientists, recording and measuring the advance and spread of the glaciers. Fisher Yann Highsmith is one of this group. In the midst of this desolation, primitive artifacts are discovered, artifacts which have no business being there. Then, a body of primitive man is found, then another, and another, all still warm. Finally the body of yet another primitive man is found, but this one's different. Not only is he still warm, but he's still breathing.

Tucker loses his central theme about the coming age of glaciers in his attempt to juggle the concept of two worlds. There is neither characterization nor conflict. The plot meanders and is finally lost in the tangled skein of the story. Dialogue is stiff and forced. Progression is choppy, as Tucker jumps from one world to the other and back again leaving the reader breathless. The lack of transition between the chapters gives the book a split personality as if two separate books were bound into a single cover with alternating chapters. The tempo is hurried and unrelieved. The greatest failure of the book is in its ending. The ending resolves nothing, answers nothing, but leaves the reader feeling frustrated, bewildered and cheated. Behind *ICE AND IRON* is a fascinating concept which should be explored more in depth, rather than the shallow and superficial treatment it received. Such a complex concept would require a much more adequate vehicle than *ICE AND IRON* provided.

THE SILVER WARRIORS by Michael Moorcock. Dell Books, 1973, paperback, 95¢, 220 pg.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

One of the most strictured and hackneyed subgenres of fantasy is the sword and sorcery subgenre. Always, the same stock formula is followed in regards to plot. Nothing has changed since Homer conceived the *Odyssey*. In general, an Aryan super hero sets off on a quest. He is opposed by forces of evil, usually aided by magical agencies. Somewhere along the way, the super hero usually meets an Aryan female, perhaps a princess. There is a romantic interlude, not too explicit in details. At the end, the Aryan hero, by virtue of clean living and his strong sword arm, defeats the forces of evil and lives happily ever after with the Aryan heroine. This is the format of the usual run of the mill sword and sorcery tale. It is a direct outgrowth of the Arthurian tradition and courtly love. Unfortunately it is usually so stale as to be boring.

THE SILVER WARRIORS by Michael Moorcock suffers from the clichés and limitations of most sword and sorcery tales. It is a continuation of his cycle of the eternal hero, who arises in every age whenever need is the greatest. Always the hero's weapon also waited, a vampiric sword who controlled the wielder. In an icy, aging world underneath a dying sun, he is called to fight against the decay of hopelessness. The Eternal Hero, as Count Urlik Skarsol, must save a world from death. He cannot take up the sword, yet he must and in the end he does.

The style is flamboyant and the dialogue is stilted and artificial. The characters speak with fulsome, overblown phrases which destroy the smooth progression of the story. The plot is simple which aids in the pacing. Characterization is lacking. The reader must depend upon previous volumes of the cycle to flesh out the Eternal Hero. The other characters are flat and colorless, acting only as foils to the

Eternal Hero. They are not complete, developed personalities. Conflict is not adequately drawn out. There are no real obstacles to the Eternal Hero, only minor nuisances. *THE SILVER WARRIORS* should provide enjoyable reading for the dyed in the wool sword and sorcery buffs, but only for them.

STARDRIFT by John Morressy. Popular Library Edition, 1973, paperback, \$1.25, 189 pg.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

Perhaps one of the earliest forms of science fiction was the "space opera". Certainly it has been around a good many years. In its simplest form, it is simply an adventure story set at some future date. It does not differ greatly from any other type of adventure story, such as a western, other than in setting. The plot is usually not well knit and gives way to action. It is told in the third person singular with a single strong character as the focal point. This character must through his own virtue and device overcome all obstacles in order to reach a final goal. What this goal is, is not especially important. What is important is that the character attain his goal by the end of the book. With these characteristics, the space opera has some of the flaws of the gothic, most notably, the predictability of the ending.

Such a book is *STARDRIFT* by John Morressy. Basically it is the story of Jolon. Forced to flee from the enemies of this father, he blunders from one adventure to another. The action is static. Rather than relying on characterization to tell the story, the author has fallen back on narration. Jolon is the only complete personality, the other characters are flat and one-dimensional. The style is competent, taking into account the self-limiting aspects of the genre. The dialogue is believable and the setting is suitably exotic. The main failing of the book is that the plot is artificial and shallow. There is a lack of motivation behind the character's actions and the conflicts are contrived rather than resolved. Jolon is an unbelievable character, possessed with unusual luck and talents and yet is supposed to be normal. The pacing of the book is unrelieved. Jolon has no sooner been extricated from one situation than he is catapulted into another with such a rapidity as to leave the reader breathless. He confronts enemies on every side, yet the threat to his existence is nebulous and never clearly explained. In the end, the book must fail because of so many loose ends which are never satisfactorily tied up. *STARDRIFT* would be better classified as juvenile rather than science fiction. Certainly, it is a most juvenile book.

CEMETERY WORLD by Clifford D. Simak. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1973, hardback, Book Club Edition, \$3.95, 186 pages.

Reviewed by Wayne Hooks

All animals have a territorial instinct, the desire to claim a certain amount of space for themselves, to defend against all intruders. Man is no different, but in Man the territorial imperative has gone further. Not only does Man demand a certain amount of space, or territory with defined boundaries, while he is alive, but also he extends this desire beyond death. There are many examples of death cults, such as the ancient Egyptians, but modern America has carried it to an extreme unmatched by any other civilization. Funeral homes do a booming business, the cost of caskets and monuments skyrocket. And most important of all, each person must have a personal grave plot, a final territory for his corpse. People spend vast amounts of time and money each year shipping the mortal remains of loved ones across the country so their bodies can rest in family plots, ancestral territories.

Therefore, whenever Man reaches for the stars, is it not logical to assume that he will still wish to be buried on Earth, in the soil from which he sprang? Clifford Simak extrapolates upon this in *CEMETERY WORLD*. Ten thousand years from now, Man will have left earth for the stars. However, Man, tied to earth by his instincts as by an umbilical cord ships the bones of departed dear ones back to earth to be interred there. Earth has become the cemetery for the galaxy and as a graveyard, is beautifully landscaped, a behemoth Forest Lawn.

Fletcher Carson journeys to earth to create a composition, an art form embodying dance, music and drama as a single entity. With him he takes his robot, Elmer, and a "compositor", a machine which performs the creative end of creating a composition. He is accompanied by Cynthia Lansing, a girl with a mission. They are not welcomed. Hounded and harried, they flee from mechanical wolves and spectral entities called Shades. Joined by an enigmatic, cowled stranger, known only as the Census Taker, they flee across the bizarre landscape.

Motivation is lacking throughout the book. There is action, but it is often times incomprehensible, as only the what is answered and never the why. Clifford Simak is a professional writer and the mechanics of style are professionally handled. There is an unevenness of progression as the action often obscures the motivation. Dialogue is very well handled. There is a lack of conflict. The characters are confronted by problems and threats, but without proper groundwork being laid for motivation, conflict is absent. Never is there any doubt that the characters will succeed. This lack of conflict also cripples characterization inasmuch as the characters are never fully developed, never have the opportunity to interact with each other. Throughout the book, there are too many unanswered enigmas which remain unanswered. In leaving too many loose ends, Simak lessens the reader's pleasure. *CEMETERY WORLD* was written too hastily and as such may only be considered very light reading.

WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE by Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Dell Books, 95¢

Reviewed by Carolyn "C.D." Doyle

This is my first Vonnegut book, and, from what people had told me, I read it expecting a lot of dour, dull little stories, incoherently written and very depressing. What I found was (quite pleasantly) different.

Many things were revealed to me in the 25 short stories contained in this volume. First, Vonnegut has good ideas, and he writes them in a typically Vonnegut way. These being ideas of Vonnegut, I think the writing style should be the same, and forget what that BNF in New Jersey told you.

Second, Vonnegut's style enhances the stories. You get the feeling that Vonnegut gets his ideas across best. (Think of a standard joke, and the different styles different comedians would tell it in. Then think of an idea, and all the ways different writers could write it. With Vonnegut's ideas, his clean, clear style is needed. I love Bradbury's long, romantic descriptions and reveries. But they would seem out of place with an idea like everyone on earth wearing masks and handicaps so that they can all be equal.)

The stories contained in this collection range far and wide. The title story, "Welcome to the Monkey House", tells of an earth where a satisfactory system of birth control has been invented and made mandatory. Every person on earth is required to take a pill three times a day; no, it doesn't make you sterile. That would cause earth to die. But this pill creates a numb feeling from the waist

down. Which takes every bit of pleasure out of sex.

One revolutionary is trying to change this, swinging certain members of society over to his way of thinking, which is that sex should be a joy, and that a pill like the birth control pills we have now should be used.

Another story, titled "Miss Temptation", deals with a woman who mysteriously tantalizes a small town every afternoon just by her walk to the drugstore; and the young man who confronts her with the truth about herself, only to wish he hadn't.

Some of the stories are a little silly, many are enjoyable, but not profound, and a few leave you with a strange sensation upon reading the last sentence. Contrary to what many others think, I do not find Kurt to be depressing in the slightest. Thought provoking, yes.

By all means, read this, or something else Vonnegut has written, if you have read nothing by him. (Though I can't say how any of his other works will be, having read only this.) Not all have a taste for him, but I think it's worth finding out if you do.

THE NIGHT COUNTRY, Reflections of a bone-hunting man; by Loren Eisely; Scribners, \$1.45.

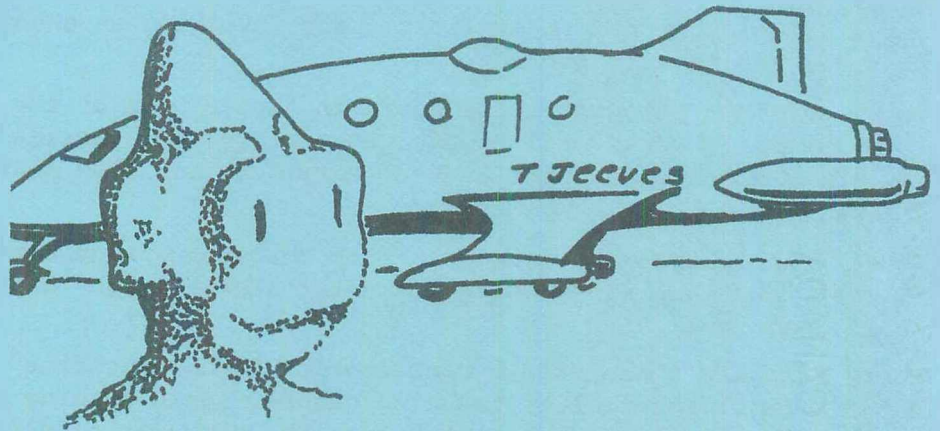
Reviewed by Carolyn "C.D." Doyle

THE NIGHT COUNTRY has a quiet haunting quality about it that impresses me greatly; one I find extremely enjoyable. I believe it to be one of the best non-fiction works I have had the good fortune to come across in a long time, and I dare say it will hold that record for many years to come. The subtlety and correctness of the way it is blended together brings to mind the care a master chef takes in producing a culinary masterpiece. And, believe me, *THE NIGHT COUNTRY* satisfies one's soul in much the same way as a good dessert satisfies the palate.

You feel as if Loren Eisely is right across from you when you read this book. He quietly talks of life; not large, mind-boggling decisions, concerning nuclear war, and the fate of the nation, but elusive thoughts and reflections. What has made an impression on him, as he discusses it, makes an impression on the reader as well, and becomes as unforgettable as if we ourselves have lived it. And in a way, after completing the book, we have. I have serious doubts as to whether any other book so perfectly allows one to "crawl into the author's skin" so to speak. While the "skin" may not always be a pleasant place to inhabit, however briefly, it is always an illuminating experience. I'm not sure if Mr. Eisely has encountered people of another dimension, or if people take on another dimension when encountered by him. Whichever, the world, as seen through Loren Eisely's eyes, is in a fog that does not belong to the reality we know so well.

The thoughts and contemplations of Loren Eisely are a whole "nother world in themselves; few look upon the life of "a bone hunting man" as being the diversified and fascinating occupation it obviously is to Loren. I don't know if this is of any particular significance, but whenever I envision him, Loren is seated in a chair covered in dark plaid, in front of a roaring fireplace. Perhaps it is because *THE NIGHT COUNTRY* resembles a long and lovely fireside chat. The littlest of things; an encounter with a mouse, a childhood discovery--they become wonderful and important in this book.

THE NIGHT COUNTRY's price is \$1.45; but I consider that far too low a price for a glimpse into a man's very soul.



FINAL STAGE, edited by Edward L. Ferman and Barry N. Malzberg, Penguin Edition, 1975, \$2.50.

Reviewed by Victoria Vayne

Billed as a collection of "ultimate" stories on the classic themes of science fiction, *FINAL STAGE* is a disappointing cliché collection of unoriginal and mostly pretty mediocre treatments of these themes. Some are patently incomprehensible, and Malzberg as editor may go some distance in explaining why.

Frederik Pohl's "We Purchased People" uses the idea of alien control of humans' actions. This was used to far better advantage than here in Silverberg's "Passengers" and in fact the two stories have more than only that one point of similarity.

Poul Anderson's "The Voortrekkers" deals with brain-ships, or cyborg ships, a theme used before in McCaffrey's *THE SHIP WHO SANG* and Pohl's "The Fiend", to mention only two. Also used is the idea of the transfer of consciousness into new bodies, with which to seed a new world, as used before for example in Zelazny's "For a Breath I Tarry". Anderson's story here combines the two, but really does nothing new.

Kit Reed's "Great Escape Tours Inc." is about rejuvenation (immortality according to the book's billing). To me this one is more original than most of the stories in the anthology, but still doesn't seem to be anything outstanding.

Brian Aldiss' "Three Enigmatic Stories" is pointless new wave crap. But then the theme here is "inner space", long the darling of new wavists.

Isaac Asimov's "That Thou Art Mindful of Him!" may well be an "ultimate" Three Laws of Robotics story, in which he, as he himself admits, kills the Three Laws. He explores the question of "what is man?". thus who do robots protect and obey by the Three Laws when they start to exceed man in capabilities and are provided with judgement circuits as well. This may be one of the best stories in the book, and one of the modern Asimov's better stories, interesting if a bit "explain-y".

Dean Koontz' "We Three", on the theme of strange children, a fairly typical twist-ending story, says in essentials the same thing as Kuttner's "Absalom".

Joanna Russ' "An Old-Fashioned Girl" and Harlan Ellison's "Catman", both about future sex, are both about sex with a machine, or, as in Russ' story, at least a

mechanical surrogate of a man in a turnabout on the traditional mechanical woman story such as Del Rey's "Helen O'Loy". I read a porno novel some years back (I was curious) that had an explicit scene involving an encounter with a fucking machine; the idea is not new.

Harry Harrison parodies space opera in "Space Rats of the CCC", with a twist ending. As a parody it works well enough, as a story, no. Besides the space opera parody itself is nothing new, not even to Harrison, and *STAR SMASHERS OF THE GALAXY RANGERS*.

Robert Silverberg writes about a romp through various alternate universes in "Trips", and this is something Leinster started with "Sideways in Time" which still reads well.

Barry Malzberg's inevitable contribution "Transmogrifier" is a confusing story about a simulated-reality inducing gadget, again nothing original, and the style in which he handles it doesn't help. The story is only marginally more comprehensible than the usual Malzberg prose, which I personally don't care for.

James Tiptree's "Her Smoke Rose Up Forever" is incomprehensible and a disappointment--I expect better of Tiptree. It is supposed to be an "after the holocaust" story, but how it fit into this theme was not apparent to me.

And finally, Philip K. Dick's attempt at the ultimate time travel story with "A Little Something for us Temponauts" does not come anywhere close to what has to be the true ultimate time travel story, Heinlein's "All You Zombies". Besides, the dilemma of being stuck in a closed time loop is no stranger to SF.

FINAL STAGE claims to present the ultimate SF stories on stock themes of SF, and comes across as a very unremarkable set of clichés, especially disappointing as it features a heavy-weight cast of some of today's finest writers. But if the desire was to present a collection of "ultimate" stories, the editors would have been better advised to make it a reprint anthology, not an original, as the best treatments of the themes already exist. "Ultimate" treatments will far more likely be found among the overall output of the 40 years of modern SF past, than in a small sampling of invitational submissions to an original anthology.

2000 A.D.: *ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENCE FICTION PULPS* by Jacques Sadoul; Souvenir Press Ltd, London England.

Reviewed by Victoria Vayne

2000 A.D. is a marvelous browsing book, great for hours of reminiscing. For it is a picture book made up entirely of reprinted interior illos from the old pulp era. There are BEMs and robots and giant spaceships and metal-brassiered women galore.

Although I cannot fault the printing of the book, the reproduction of many of the pictures suffers somewhat in that they were reprinted directly from the old pulps, not the artists' originals, and the outcome can only be as good as the print-and-paper quality of these pulps. The text is translated from French, and suffers somewhat in the rendering. ("Tomorrow the Dogs" by Clifford Simak). The blurbs accompanying many of the pictures are sometimes (probably) unintentionally funny.

But these are nits. This is a thoroughly enjoyable book, one I'm happy to add to my library. At \$15.00 or so for the hardback, the price is possibly somewhat steep, but the cheaper paperback version won't likely hurt anyone's budget.

ZINE
REVIEW
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A few favourites reviewed by Victoria Vayne...

AMOR DE COSMOS

Susan Wood, 2236 Allison Rd, Vancouver B.C.
V6T 1T6 (Fanzines to Susan at Dept. of English,
University of B.C., Vancouver B.C. V6T 1W5).
Available only on Editorial Whim.

This is unquestionably one of, if not the best personalzine coming out presently, and Susan's joyful personal ramblings are always a delight. The first packet of back issues kept me up till 3 AM reading them all through.

AMOR 10, the latest issue, has articles by Doug Barbour, Mike Carlson, Eli Cohen and Lynne Dollis as well as much of Susan's own writing, and has a strong Canadian slant, moreso than any other Canadian fanzine currently being published. And the writing is all excellent, graced by fine illos from a lot of top artists and nicely produced throughout.

Unfortunately, AMOR is produced in a small print run so that it isn't seen by all that many fanzine fans--if you can't get your own copy it is well worth your while to read somebody else's.

FANHISTORICA

JoeD Siclari, PO Box 1343, Radio City Station,
New York NY 10019.

Available for the Usual, old fanzines, or 50¢ each (#2 will be 75¢).

Outstanding reprints from fanzines of bygone years, and original articles on fan history, are presented in FANHISTORICA. Joe has the help of Gary Farber, who has a great interest in and knowledge of, fanhistory himself, in this production, and the production is first-rate.

The first issue contains articles on the numbered fandoms, and an outstanding piece by Lee Hoffman about QUANDRY days, as well as another superb article, Ginjer Buchanan's "I've Had No Sleep and I Must Giggle".. Harry Warner and Redd Boggs round out the issue.

Get this one if you have any interest in fan history at all--I think it is the only publication devoted to this subject at the moment, but it is so good that it will have no trouble holding its own should competitors arise.

(The Fanhistorica Press is also publishing Harry Warner's A WEALTH OF FABLE.)

GRANFALLOON

Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave, Prospect Park, PA 19076.
Available for the Usual, or \$1.00 each.

GRANFALLOON is one of the zines I faunch after owning in a complete run, one of the few big, well-mimeod genzines still around today. This issue could well be the last GRANNY for some time, and let's hope it isn't the last ever.

There is a wide variety of articles in #20, from Linda's editorial which has fine funny things in it, through Bob Tucker on worldcon history, Peter Egg Roberts on fungus, Harry Warner on apas, Alan Stewart on school sf clubs...a lot of things... to Mae Strelkov on a religious upbringing. A good assortment, which makes a good genzine.

KARASS is coming out regularly, but I will miss GRANFALLOON.

THE HAT GOES HOME

Mike Glicksohn, 141 High Park Ave.,
Toronto, Ont. M6P 2S3.
Available for \$1.00 which goes to DUFF.

THE HAT GOES HOME is Mike's AUSSIECON trip report, and was printed in an edition of 165 copies, with all proceeds going to DUFF. Mike hopes eventually to have a full \$165 to donate; the zine is well worth having, and the cause well worth supporting.

Mimeography in this zine is well-nigh perfect, with not a trace of smudging, set-off, or page-tilting, and other than slight areas in dark illos no underinking. This is the technical standard I am aiming at myself, which leaves me wondering, as Mike's mimeo is not that different from mine, and he's been using my typer and electro-stenciller for his recent publications.

I have read quite a few AUSSIECON trip reports by now, all of them good and interesting and all of them having the quality of making me wish heartily that I had been along, and Mike's is no exception. Naturally enough all the trip reports describe a slightly different trip, and Mike peppers his with suitable illos and souvenirs (including name cards, and an Alka-Seltzer packet (empty) and some photo pages). The overall effect is very pleasing, a good read, and a probably nominee for the FAAn Awards for 1976.



MAYA

Rob Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd, Benton,
Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE12 9NT, England.
Available for the Usual, \$1.00 each,
or 4/\$3.00.

MAYA is probably the top, and my personal favourite, British fanzine. It is also an oddity, a beautifully produced offset zine with justified columns that look typeset and elegant layout, that is actually also fannish. (Well, there is the occasional sercon article but the overall impression is that which normally comes across in a big, good mimeo genzine like SPANINQ.

Because of the reduced type size used, the articles in MAYA, although they seem to cover only two printed pages, would come to seven or more pages in normal elite type. But the articles are never boring, in fact Peter Weston's article in #11 should have gone on further; the last line seemed to imply that more was to come. Walt Willis reappears, and Tom Perry tells of ways to improve the press image of SF cons.

But the high point of #11 had to be Bob Shaw's article, in which he details the building of a spaceship that makes use of paradoxical heat containing-releasing properties of glass and the effects of beer on the plumbing, as well as takes swipes at the infamous 1999: A SPACE TURKEY.

A good lettercol and fine illos round out an excellent issue, and a very likely candidate for the FAAns.

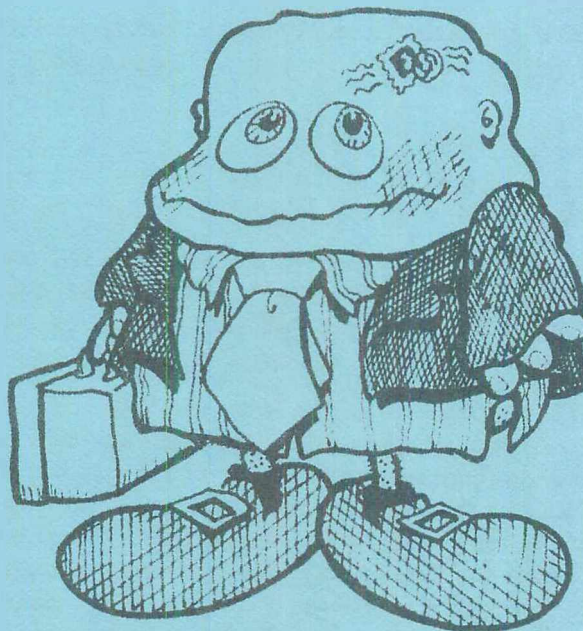
MOTA

Terry Hughes, 4739 Washington Blvd., Arlington, VA 22205.
Available for the Usual, or old fannish fanzines.

A favourite, one of my personal Top Five. (Which I've never actually tried to pin down, however...) MOTA has to be the best faanish fanzine of today. Out of 33 articles I've got down on my list to date for the FANTHOLOGY '76, five are from MOTA, more than from any other zine on the list. Obviously I can't fill the FANTHOLOGY with MOTA reprints, but it would be so easy...

Previous issues have included Bob Tucker's "The Ballarat Express", part of his AUSSIECON adventures, Grant Canfield on creating and selling his cartoons, Harry Warner Jr's "All Our Railroading Yesterdays" on his old job in a station, Bob Shaw's "Income Taxi" about moonlighting as a taxi driver, and, by no means least, Lee Hoffman's "A Travelling Jiant Calls", which has to be the best faanish writing yet published in 1976.

I don't know how he does it, and the latest issue, #19, lives up to the rest. It's an all-British issue, with Tom Perry, John Berry and Dave Piper contributing. The



Perry article, a look at MONCON, is of great interest in getting across impressions of what may not have been a typical British con.

MOTA is consistently excellent, and the artwork and production values always do justice to the contents. Definitely a must-have.

MYTHOLOGIES

Don D'Amassa, 19 Angell Drive, E. Providence, RI 02914

Available for LoC, contribution, or Editorial Whim, or one-time samples \$1.00.

MYTHOLOGIES, my favourite fanzine, is in my opinion also the outstanding fanzine being published today. It is not fancy offset like OUTWORLDS or ALGOL, and not flashy like NICKELODEON, but is rather a fascinating, thought-provoking collection of more-or-less serious articles and reader feedback.

MYTHOLOGIES 9 is pretty typical of issues of the zine. It starts off with "Myth", a column of personal opinion by Don on some interesting topic, resistance to technological change in this case. (Past issues have included censorship, courage, maturity, and Maslow's theories.) There are then shorter articles, some thought-provoking and some humorous. No. 9 has an outstanding long article by Mark Keller criticizing the science background in Anderson's *FIRE TIME*. The letter-column of this fanzine is a high point, usually taking up over half the length of this large (around 60 pages) zine. Don does a good job of editing the letters and interspersing his own comments, and in general arguments and discussions raised can last through several issues before being explored fully.

Production values of MYTHOLOGIES are high, and although not much interior art is used, each issue generally has a beautiful Bonnie Dalzell cover, printed to fine art print standards. A must-have, and the one zine you probably would want to respond to, if to nothing else.

ORCA

Jennifer K. Bankier, 485 Huron St, Apt. 406, Toronto, Ont. M5R 2R5.

Available for the Usual, or for \$1.00 each.

ORCA is a new personalzine, sizable, and thought-provoking. In the premier issue, Jennifer starts by stating the direction she wishes the zine to take, and includes some excellent book reviews, more than just the "I liked/disliked it" variety by virtue of including a more in-depth examination of just why each book worked or didn't work. The article on *TRITON* is of exceptional interest in its detailed looks at the characters of its people. As well there is a reprint of Mike Glicksohn's turtle article from *XENIUM* and a long personal ramblings column about, primarily, Jennifer's experiences with the SCA.

This is a first issue, and ORCA shows great promise of becoming something like MYTHOLOGIES in the way of having thought provoking columns and lettercol--because this zine, I can predict, will get a lot of good response--but of course with a different editorial viewpoint from that of MYTHOLOGIES. In her introductory remarks, Jennifer states that she is interested in articles with a feminist/socialist-anarchist/humanist/atheistic slant--but the zine will be of interest to people of opposing views as well.

Worth getting.

PERSONAL NOTES

Richard Harter, 5 Chauncy St., #2, Cambridge,
MA 02138

Available on Editor's Whim only.

PERSONAL NOTES, as its name implies, is a personalzine. It is a big personalzine, and one of the very best being published today. The writing is excellent and holds the interest, and meanders from topic to topic, with the whole zine presented in a very well-produced package. Harter runs his production down in page 3 of the latest issue, #7, but he shouldn't.

There is nattering about food, a long and interesting recapitulation of a sure-fire quit-smoking method and its success, Don D'Amassa in reply to the long review of MYTHOLOGIES in an earlier issue, remarks about SF as trash, an account of a vacation in England, LoCs and comic strips. An odd mix, but a winner...this is a zine I find hard to put down.

I should also mention the full-colour cover on #7, a colour-xerox of a photo of the editor.

RATS!

Bill Kunkel, 85-30 121st St., Kew Gardens, New York 11415

Available for substantial LoC or pre-arranged trade, \$1.00 each or 6/\$3.00.

RATS! is a revival from the past, with Vol. 2 No. 1 (whole no. 17) coming out about three-odd years after the previous issue. It's a faanish zine, and I like it. Both Bill and Charlene Kunkel write of many things--television giveaway greed, wrestling magazines, comics, and music; Greg Shaw writes of rock-and-roll promo gimmicks, and Arnie Katz gives glimpses into the faanish past.

RATS! has something of the same atmosphere as SWOON, although it is to MOTA somewhat as a personalzine is to a genzine. I liked very much the amusing John Dowd cover on #17, and the only nit I can pick with the production is a typer that doesn't type an even line.

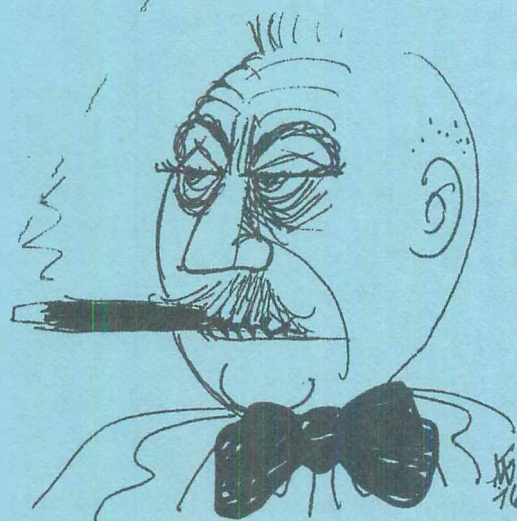
Worth having.

THE SPANISH INQUISITION

Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins, 880 W. 181st St, #4D, New York, NY 10033 and 90 Pinehurst Ave., #5H, New York NY 10033 respectively.

Available for the Usual or 50¢ each (7/8 is \$1.00). Trades should be sent to both editors.

I think THE SPANISH INQUISITION must be the zine I most try to emulate with SIMULACRUM. Certainly it is one of my favourites, and the editors are two terrific people I enjoy enormously meeting at cons. SPANINQ is a big zine, with contents that range from faanish to sercon and sideways to scientific. (Exactly what I'm aiming for...!) The production is in general very good, although perhaps not



Glicksohnian. (And jump on me if you will, repro freaks, but I really have not yet seen mimeography of that quality anywhere else. And my 360 couldn't do it, perhaps the 466...but I digress.)

Are two heads better than one? I, personally, could not share SIMULACRUM with anyone, as the zine would then not be entirely the way I would want it. But in the case of Kaufman and Tompkins, or Tompkins and Kaufman--you can take it either way, this is a genuine collaboration with neither half senior--the partnership works. Perhaps it gives them an extra degree of discrimination in rejecting articles of marginal quality, perhaps either one of them contributes to their own areas of greater ability than the other, to a larger extent than the other. Either would enhance, rather than detract from, the quality of the zine.

And the quality of SPANING 7/8 is high indeed. From the Live Spaning at BALTICON come contributions from Loren MacGregor, Elliot Shorter, Peter Roberts, John Curlovich, Jon Singer and Ginger Buchanan. Additional writers include Mike Glicksohn and Michael Carlson and there is a fascinating look at movies overseas and behind the Iron Curtain by Patrick McGuire. The lettercol is long and substantial, and an impressive list of artists decorates the issue. A shoe-in for the FAAn final ballot, and so far this year, my pick for the winner.

SWOON

Arnie and Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, NY 11201
Available for the Usual, \$1.00 each, or 6/\$5.00

SWOON, like RATS!, is a revived fanzine, and is in many ways similar to it. It's faanish, with good articles and hardly a word about SF, and well-produced. And it has fantastic hand-stencilled Ross Chamberlain covers and interior artwork. Four issues have appeared since the revival, and they are all of uniformly good quality.

In #5, Joyce talks about a freebie haircut at a stylists' school and later about bible schools, Arnie Katz talks about a picnic, Eric Mayer casts Claude Degler's horoscope, and there are further articles of similar type.

I like faanish zines, and this is a good one of the type.

TABEBUIAN

Mardee and Dave Jenrette, Box 330374, Grove, Miami, FL 33133
Available for the Usual or 12/\$3.00

TABEBUIAN is strange and mad and fascinating, and is one of my favourite fanzines. I met the Jenrettes at MIDWESTCON, and they made me a gift of a complete run, and every issue is the same weird assortment of oddments and yet every issue is also totally unique. SEACON trading cards came along with the zine a few issues ago; a new set of American fans is planned. Sometimes there are other surprises, like seeds.

The typical issue is 16 paperback-sized reduced pages, offset, and is mailed in a paper bag. No. 29 contained letters from famous authors to school kids, and I won't reveal what those led up to. No. 30 is a collection of letters from the readers, interspersed with sometimes irreverent comment.

There's no telling what no. 31 will be like. Get it and find out. I have found that every issue is generally a total surprise.

XENIUM

Mike Glicksohn, address already given.

Available only on Editor's Whim (a bottle of Scotch goes a long way).

I have only received two copies of XENIUM, 2.5 and 2.6, both being a combination of Mike's interesting chatter and articles by others, and both having the expected impeccable mimeography.

2.6 has a long account of Mike's birthday, in much detail, including his adventures at AUTOCLAVE. Elsewhere is a marvelous mini-article by Leroy Kettle in favour of cats and vodka, and the zine is graced by some nice artwork, including a piece by Harry Bell that I wish he'd sent me.

As usual, XENIUM has a Free Gift (past issues have had toilet paper, subway transfers, and in 2.5, snakeskin from Larson E.) and here Nostalgia Runs Rampant, with peeks into the past.

It's too bad it's so infrequent.

And why, you will ask after reading these reviews, does Ms. Vayne not dislike any of the zines she gets.

I do occasionally get a crudzine. And I occasionally have negative things to say about such zines. But here, with only so much room for fanzine reviews, I have decided to confine my comments to some of my favourites. There are others, some I like as well as or better than some of the ones I review...DON-O-SAUR, SCIENTIFRICTION, KRATOPHANY, WINDING NUMBERS, SOOTLI, GEGENSCHIEIN, DILEMMA, RUNE, MOBIUS TRIP ECHO, CALCIUM LIGHT NIGHTS, GODLESS, KNIGHTS, ASHWING, TITLE, TRIODE, EGG, HARBINGER, KNOCKERS FROM NEPTUNE, INFERNO, SCINTILLATION, OXYTOCIC, HILLESIAN FIELDS, KHATRU, IT COMES IN THE MAIL, PROFANITY...and more--but to do them all justice would require ten more pages.

Some of the zines I reviewed here are new, others long-established, still others revivals. All of them, I feel, are worth trying to get or at least worth looking at in the collection of someone else.

ANSWERS TO "VERSE TO COME":

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|----------------|
| 1. FORRY STORY | 16. SAM HAM | 31. WALT CULT |
| 2. TUCKER PUCKER | 17. BEN FEN | 32. DON'S NONS |
| 3. LEAH MAYA | 18. SCHALLES' PALS | 33. SAND LAND |
| 4. AYRES' HAIRS | 19. TACKETT RACKET | 34. MAE'S WAYS |
| 5. BRAZIER RAZOR | 20. CON DON | 35. BUCK CHUCK |
| 6. FRANKE BANK | 21. GLYER'S FLIERS | |
| 7. ODE-Y JODIE | 22. STARLING DARLING | |
| 8. OODLES DOODLES | 23. VAYNE'S REINS | |
| 9. GEIS VICE | 24. TAYLOR MAILER | |
| 10. HARRY'S CARRIES | 25. BUSHYAGER UPBRAIDER | |
| 11. BOWERS' POWERS | 26. BROOKS'S BOOKS | |
| 12. LOCUS FOCUS | 27. CY PLY | |
| 13. BILLS' QUILLS | 28. GIL'S TILLS | |
| 14. PICK RICK | 29. PAUL'S BALLS | |
| 15. GOOD WOOD | 30. MAC'S CRACKS | |

--- Ed Connor

POSTSCRIPT

VICTORIA VAYNE

I enjoy putting this zine together.

It has been suggested to me that SIMULACRUM is pretentious, that it has too much money being poured into its making to be fannish, and that I am more after the FAAn Award than seeking a creative outlet.

To be sure, SIM is big, and expensive to produce. But it is also becoming closer and closer to exactly the sort of zine I want to put out. I would like to be happy to receive SIM in the mail; I want a zine that I would enjoy reading myself. I pick my articles on the criterion that I like them (which includes a certain standard of quality) and find them interesting; and occasionally I will run something just to get reaction, provided it is something I am interested in possible reactions to. I now handle the entire technical production, from selection of articles to layouts and preparation of stencils through printing and collating, entirely by myself, and I enjoy all the facets of it (except possibly collating). Probably there is no good reason for the zine being as big as it is--there are enough high-quality but small sized zines to bear me out--but I like an eclectic mixture and prefer a few large issues to many small ones for ease of handling and organization.

But SIM is a creative outlet. I do it entirely for the fun of it, and for the joy of seeing a nicely turned out product. I'll admit that egoboo is pleasant and a FAAn Award would look nice on my bookcase, but it's not a primary objective. Well, to be perfectly honest, I was surprised that SIMULACRUM 2 landed on the final ballot last year, and in view of the fact that upon rereading back issues recently I was not terribly impressed by my past work, I would feel I failed somehow if this issue, which I think is an improvement, did not place this year. On the other hand, with the competition so far this year--several MYTHOLOGIES, OUTWORLDS, a super SPANISH INQUISITION, GRANFALLOON, all those MOTAS and MAYAS--it probably won't be that much of a disappointment...all their editors have been at it a lot longer than I have, and the two mentions on the final ballot last year did make me feel like a bit of an upstart.

One thing I do hope for in SIM in issues to come is a strong art orientation. With high-resolution electrostencilling capacity and a top-of-the-line Gestetner, I can offer the best mimeo repro possible; anything beyond the capacity of mimeo I would get offset, screened if necessary. Thus I'm hoping that artists will come to consider SIMULACRUM a top showplace for their works. I am interested in seeing any sort of art--serious and fantasy pieces, cartoons, full-pagers, faanish and fannish comic strips, and portfolios. I won't always take, but I would like to look. And one thing I do promise is that if I take, the work will be properly printed.

The Gestetner 466 is capable of register exactness to within half a millimeter or better, which means that full-colour printing is possible. Thus I would be very interested in publishing colour art in future issues, at first colour-separated by the artist, if possible; but later I should have access to photo separations.

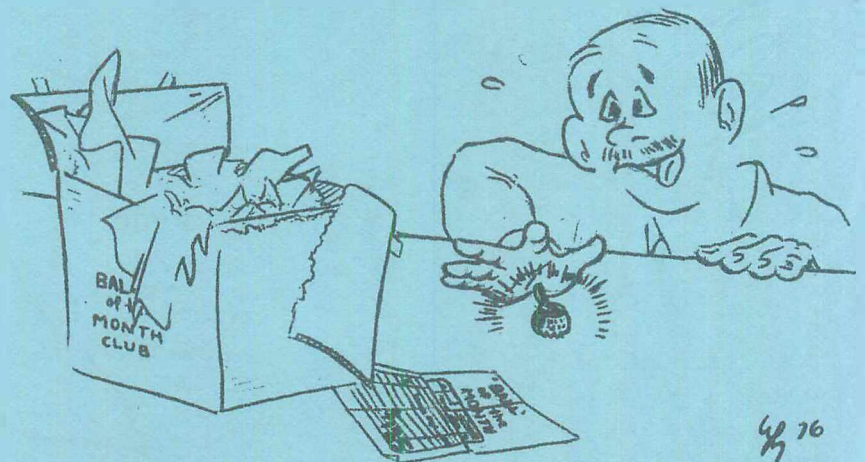
But for all the fancywork, I still want SIMULACRUM to be an informal fannish genzine, with the occasional sercon article. I'm hard-pressed to say what I want as a model--SPANISH INQUISITION may be closest, but there are things I admire

in GRANFALLOON and the late ENERGUMEN, and other similar zines past and present. SIMULACRUM, although of their type, is not really the same as any of them. At the same time, I faunch after the faanishness of MOTA and the thoughtfulness of MYTHOLOGIES.

There are other projects and plans in the wind. I may be going back to school next September, but before then I hope to have two more genzine issues of SIM (including the much-delayed Doomsday Issue) and their attendant letterzines out. There is still the FANTHOLOGY '76. And recently I have become fired up with enthusiasm for yet another project, a comprehensive handbook on mimeo technique, giving everything I know and can possibly dig up from other fans on stencil duplicating, from hints on the basics to really fancy tricks, a super guidebook for the repro freak, as it were, with examples of colour and photo printing and lots of appropriate artwork.

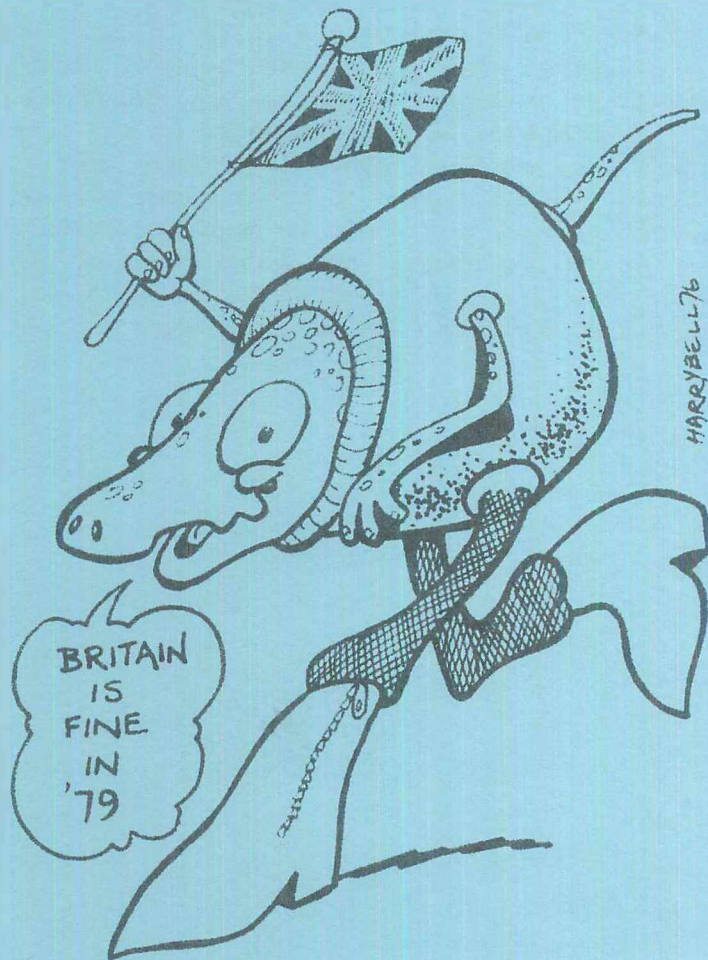
Which brings me to the disposal of my output. Although special one-shots like the FANTHOLOGY and the mimeo handbook won't go out for trades but will be sold with profits to fannish charities, SIMULACRUM continues to be available for the Usual and the Unusual.

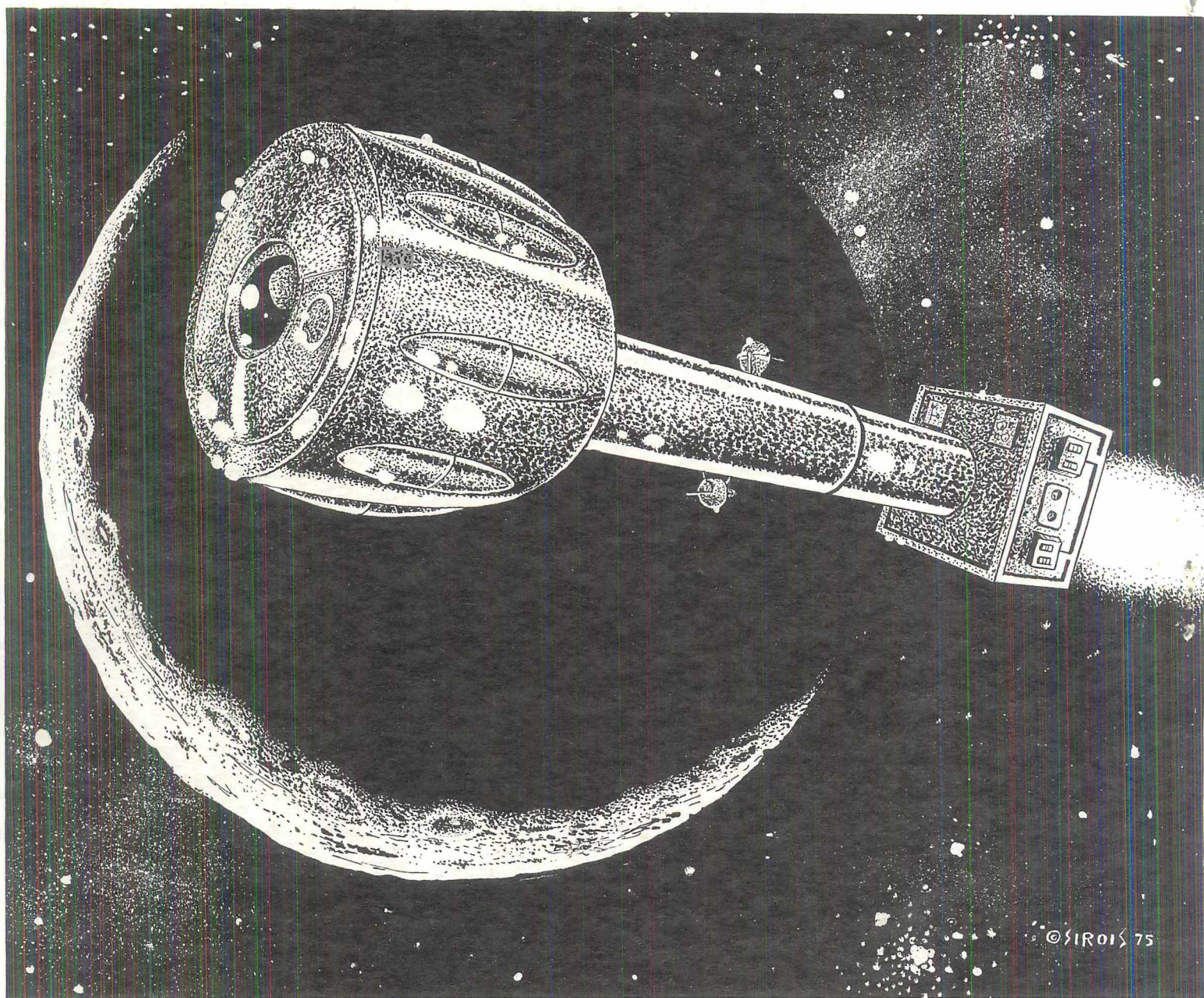
There are some very Unusual ways to get SIM. Apart from Editor's Whim, which is completely unpredictable and capricious, you can get a very long subscription for a Selectric ball (write me a letter first, to avoid duplication, as I have six of them already). And you can get heavily into Editor's Whim favour with back issues of fanzines I admire. I admire any ENERGUMEN, ASPIDISTRA, mimeo OUTWORLDS, DOUBLE: BILL, GRANFALLOON 18, 16 and back, or any other pre-1975 fanzines of like size and quality in good condition. (I already have GRANNY 20, 19 and 17.) Tubes of white Gestetner ink and reams of black paper will also stand you in good stead, as would a colour changer for a 466 in good condition. And a ream of twiltone, any colour will get you an issue. And I can think of other things--treating me to a steak dinner at a con, a big box of Droste or other high-quality plain Dutch chocolate, crash space in your room at a con when I'm out of money...



4/76

Then there are the more prosaic ways to get SIM. With this issue I went to a print run of 250, something I'm not happy about, preferring a more economical and selective 200. So, although I'm being fairly liberal with trades this issue, I will likely stop trading with zines that really don't turn me on particularly. A LoC on a genzine issue will get you the following genzine but another LoC on that genzine is required to get the next one. (LoCs will also get you the letterzine related to the genzine issue you loc.) However, I would prefer that LoCs be "substantial"--which is not necessarily long, but rather of publishable quality. (It will count even if I do not actually publish it for reasons of space or repetition.) Accepted articles and artwork will keep issues coming your way as long as I have material of yours on file--keep the material coming and you'll stay "on file"! Because of my rather irregular publishing schedule, publication of something submitted might be a bit delayed, but please be patient--I haven't lost any contributions yet and all will see the printed page as soon as possible. But as I try to fit artwork to the text, sometimes the perfect match is a few issues in the future.





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